

the
REBEL



spring • 1959

the rebel yell

This issue of **The Rebel** represents a variety of student writing and art work as well as reviews of some of the latest books and an interview with a prominent poet. But the editors feel that the magazine needs a wider range of student participation. We encourage all students to submit any material that they feel would be of benefit to **The Rebel**.

The staff feels that perhaps this is the place and occasion to include a statement of our policy about contributions to **The Rebel** from faculty members. It is felt by us that although **The Rebel** is primarily intended as an undergraduate publication, faculty members could conceivably be interested in submitting work of their own which they consider to have special meaning for the student and the faculty of the college. We believe that the magazine should remain predominantly undergraduate, but we shall welcome from others whatever will give the magazine life, variety, and significance.

Peter Viereck won the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry with his volume, **Terror and Decorum** in 1949. A professor of history at Mt. Holyoke College at South Hadley, Massachusetts, he visited East Carolina College in connection with the Danforth Lecture Series here in February. On February 16th, he recorded an interview with the staff of **The Rebel** in which he discussed his own poetry, student writing, the "beat generation" and problems of general education. The interview was tape-recorded through the courtesy and facilities of WWS Campus Radio.

Special notice goes to Jay Robbins whose woodcut, **Beaching**, supplied this issue's cover. Jay is from Ahsokie, a Senior majoring in Art. Other Artists featured in this issue, whose works are displayed on pages 4, 10, and 16, are Harrely Woodard, Nelson Dudley, and David Mathews.

Rachel Steinbeck, whose story, **The Journal**, was published in the Winter issue of **The Rebel** contributes **A Bag of Gold**. Miss Steinbeck graduated prior to publication and is now serving on Senator Sam D. Ervin's staff in Washington, D.C. Miss Steinbeck is a native of Greenville.

Sherry Maske submits her first short story, **Old Man Sam's Garden.**, Miss Maske is a Junior and a business major from Rockingham.

Poetry appearing in this issue was contributed by Betty Jo Chappell, Lewis Gordon, and David Lane.

Sandra Mills, a past contributor to **The Rebel**, reviews three Doubleday Anchor Books for this issue. Hugh Aqee, former Book Review Editor of **The Rebel** reviews an important work of criticism. Robert L. Harper, who previously has contributed short stories, reviews Erskine Caldwell's latest novel. Bryan Harrison, Editor of **The Rebel** contributes an essay on books about the South, using two recent books for comparison.

Sketch for the short story, **Old Man Sam's Garden**, was contributed by Nelson Dudley. Nelson has been selected by the Art Department to succeed Bob Harper, who is graduating, as Art Editor of **The Rebel**.

THE REBEL

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IN THIS ISSUE

FICTION

Old Man Sam's Garden
A short story by Sherry Maske _____ 13

Bag of Gold
A short story by Rachel Steinbeck _____ 17

ESSAYS

An Old and New Look at the New and Old South _____ 19

WOODCUTS

Harrley Woodard _____ 4

Nelson Dudley _____ 10

David Mathews _____ 16

POETRY

Barbara Jo Chappell _____ 22

Dave Lane _____ 22

FEATURES

An Editorial _____ 11

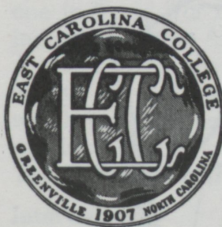
An Interview with Peter Viereck _____ 5

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AN INTERVIEW WITH

PETER VIERECK

Interviewer

When do you write your poetry?

Viereck

Well, the first ideas usually come to me when I'm walking. I walk a lot. We have some beautiful woods - white birch forests and pine forests - where I live in New England. So when I'm strolling along very often the rhythm of my walk determines the rhythm of the verse. In other words, I often have the rhythm earlier than the words, and I'm likely to jot down rhythms as I walk and this is how it originates. The hard work on the poem afterwards, putting in the words and making sense of them, takes place usually at night at my typewriter.

Interviewer

Would you say there is a dominant theme in your poetry?

Viereck

I think that that would be for others to say, really. I don't think a man can judge his own writing. D. H. Lawrence once said one should never listen to the artist about his work, but should listen to the art. In other words, the artist thinks he is doing so and so. (Tolstoy thought he was doing certain things in "War and Peace".) But what he is really doing is quite different, because in the poem, the unconscious of the artist is doing a lot of things that the artist doesn't know and doesn't intend. What he produces may be entirely against his intentions. The poet may think that his theme has some high resounding moral message proclaiming some new philosophy. Milton probably thought that was his purpose proclaiming his Puritan philosophy in his "Paradise Lost", and yet, the real verse may be something he is unaware of - the thing that really gives it beauty and excitement. And this is why I would say of myself and of any poet - don't listen to the poet about his work, listen to his art and decide for yourself what the themes are. I can tell you one little anecdote about the earlier question about whether a poet should self-teach poetry. There is a story of a centipede which had been walking very happily all of his life until one day somebody said to him, "Which foot do you walk with first." After that he could never walk again. Do you see what I mean about a poet teaching poetry, becoming too critical to have spontaneity?

Interviewer

We have noticed a great concern over World War II in your poetry. Is there a particular reason for this?

Viereck

Well, not except to use the cliché, "The best years of one's life." The best years of my life, I was a soldier in the African attack. I wasn't a soldier in World War I. I hope I will not be one in World War III. Therefore, it's only natural that the war in which I was a soldier, marching up and down Africa and Italy, would give me the images and the subjects one has observed. A poet writes about what he sees; otherwise, he lacks concreteness. This was the particular war in which I happened to have fought. This takes me to my first book, **Terror and Decorum**, which was written while I was a G. I., and that was battlefield poetry. The later books, I think, are less concerned because they were written in other places. The book I like best of mine, **The Persimmon Tree**, was written in Italy where I spent two years recently.

Interviewer

Do you think that the poetry written today is among some of the best poetry ever written?

Viereck

I don't know. We don't know what to expect of it. Maybe the good poet of today is not even being noticed, but starving in some garret. I think time will have to tell. I don't particularly think that, though. There is no reason to think that. I think this is an age of over-adjustedness and gregariousness, and it's not an age of exciting individualism, such as the Elizabethan age and the Renaissance in Italy. Today, smugness and mass pressure concerns high living standards rather than the zest for life and individual experience that you have in the Elizabethan age in England or the Renaissance in Florence. My hunch would be that this age will not produce anything to equal Elizabethan.

Interviewer

Do you think there is any good writing at all being produced by the so-called "beat generation" writers?

Viereck

Yes, I would say when they forget about being beat. Also, when they are not grinding an axe or hawking their wares. There's a lot of talent there, but I think the talent will come despite themselves, just as the work of art may be quite different than what the artist intends. So I think that though they have a lot of talent, they misdirect it when they put their talent in the form of manifestos, saying how daring and non-conformist they are. I think that's misdirected because there is a false situation. We all sympathize with the non-conformist as being oppressed and demanding individual freedom. You see, the paradox is that the west coast - the San Francisco - non-conformists are not being oppressed. They are having a wonderful time, making money, getting large audiences, reading their poems in night clubs, and so on. So you have a kind of shadow boxing taking place in which they proclaim how beat they are, and how they are persecuted. Meanwhile, everybody applauds them and makes a success of them, and I think that's a false situation, having the best of both worlds: I mean a lot of conformists saying how non-conformist they are, how they suffer. I think that's false situation and doesn't have the kind of tension that genuine rebellious verse would have.

Interviewer

Who is your favorite contemporary poet?

Viereck

Well, I want to stress contemporary a little to mean not living necessarily, but poets of the twentieth century. Otherwise, I'd have a hard time answering it. I would then answer without hesitation, Yeats, if it means modern poets close to the twentieth century. Yeats, I think, is the greatest lyric poet since Shakespeare.

Interviewer

Do you find college teaching a satisfactory profession to be in when writing?

Viereck

Not normally - no, I don't think so. I think it is for me, personally, very good. As it applies in general to writing, I would say no. In my case I avoid teaching poetry and deliberately teach a different subject - history, so I find it very helpful. But I feel that most poets don't have knowledge of another subject. I have training in college history, meaning my training might be interesting. But most poets have to teach English, that's their only union card, and I feel that if a poet teaches English this is very bad. He becomes self-conscious. He loses spontaneity, and the whole fun and point of lyricism should be its spontaneity. Thus the academic poets tend to be critics and analysts rather than feel the joy of spontaneity, and at that you have so much modern poetry being too critical, too intellectual, too dry, too lacking in music. I think this partly resolves from the academicism of it.

Interviewer

Robert Graves has implied that modern education, or more specifically, modern English faculties have helped to further obscurity in poetry and aided in the decline of poetry. Would you support this?

Viereck

I think that makes sense. We had the pleasure of meeting Robert Graves at our college recently. He came over from England and gave a lecture there and he seemed to be a man with real insight. He sometimes will exaggerate a point in order to sharpen it up, and perhaps the statement as you read it is a little over-dramatical, a little sweeping, but I would say that in general the professional teacher is summed up by the words, "Why say things simply and then make them complicated?" I mean this is the way of the profession. They come between the free air and the poem and they read in the poem things they think are there. Whether those things are really there or not is debatable. It's certainly true of most teachers. It doesn't seem to be true here. The teachers out here seem to be awfully able and sincere people.

Interviewer

We have noticed that college students writing poetry seem to lack a respect for accepted form. Do you have any advice for them?

Viereck

I think that everyone has to go through this little form, not because I believe in being a slave to it, but rather precisely because I think you should be free of it. And you can only be free of form by having learned to discipline and then reject it. A great musician has to know all the finger exercises. After that he can dispense with form and violate whenever necessary, but a person doesn't have a right to violate forms until he knows what they are. Then he should move beyond them. If he sticks to the finger exercises and sticks to rigid forms he may be very dull and pedantic, but he has no right to go beyond them until he has gone through the discipline. In other words, there is no objection to free verse when there is very fine free verse, but first you have to show you know how to use a form before you discard it. In any case it's a very good discipline when considered as something temporary.

Interviewer

Today, in what seems to be a too-materialistic society, what is the place of the non-science major? In other words, as you stated in your recent *Saturday Review* article, "The Unadjusted Man", what is the place of those majors in the "impractical, humanistic, and spiritual studies"?

Viereck

I would say that both are necessary. I hope I am not being maneuvered into the position of being against science. Obviously we need science to survive in the modern world. Military science to survive deadly enemies in Moscow, and also the various physical sciences in order to keep our industrial machines going. You need both and the accomplishment of the scientist is as important as our humanities may be. What is different is the fact that the scientist's contribution is an obvious one and you can see what he is doing, dealing with chemicals to make soil more fertile. In other words, what the humanities man gives is subtler, and if in my articles and books I deal more with that, it isn't because I want to exclude the other, but because it's subtler and less easily understood. To put it briefly, I would say that if science gives us the "know how" which we definitely need, the humanities, man with his understanding of human nature, literature, holding a mirror up to life, and so on gives us the "know why" to match the "know how". If you have only the "know how", what is to prevent our scientific knowledge from being used destructively instead constructively. So the humanities man would give the ethical and the esthetic guidance to the "know how". Does that count in your answer? The "know why" guiding the "know how".

Interviewer

Lately, we have noticed a trend from educational theory represented by the so called educationists, who have made a science out of education.

Viereck

I think it's an art, not a science. I think any attempt to make it a science is ridiculous as, well trying to make anything dealing with human beings a science. You can only have science with

chemicals, dealing with a dead man, but when you are dealing with human beings it's an art that has to be played by ear, and if you try to make it a science it would just make everything pedantic and dry.

Interviewer

Would you say there is a trend back toward education in the fine arts away from this trend toward education as a science?

Viereck

I don't know whether there is or not and I wouldn't be concerned about it. I say and do what I think is right whether it's fashionable or unfashionable, whether it's a trend or not a trend. I wouldn't bother to investigate it. It's very hard to measure trend in a country as big as this. You've got one trend in one college and another trend in another college. One shouldn't worry too much about trends. If one thinks too much about trends it's a kind of a Gallup poll approach. Instead of doing what is right, one begins to have a public relations approach to one's literary training. Think one should just do and say what is right in educational liberty, regardless of whether it's a trend or whether not a trend. If enough people say the right thing they'll make a trend of it even if it's against the grain.

Interviewer

Do you feel high school teachers should have a good background in the humanities?

Viereck

Well not if it's a trade school or something like that, but normally, yes. I think a high school education should not be merely teaching you some specialized trade, but preparing you for life as a whole, and the humanities seem to be the best preparation for life as a whole. There are two aspects of them, you could say. Those with religious and spiritual values, and those that deal with the esthetic discipline, and the spiritual and religious disciplines will teach you how to improve yourself and how to guide yourself. The humanities, to my knowledge, embrace both the esthetic and the spiritual. Without that it seems to me you just become a boorish, narrow specialist at some trade, but you are not going to find life very rewarding nor contribute much to it without that kind of training and self-knowledge which the humanities give. So I would insist on humanities having absolute priority in any general education unless you are going to some trade school and learn to be a good typist.

Interviewer

Would you say that it is a mistake for undergraduates to specialize in college?

Viereck


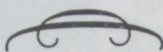
Yes, if they have the choice, it is a mistake. There may be cases of economic necessity where they have no choice, and that would have to be taken into account. But in general, I would say it is a great mistake to specialize that early. The important thing is general training for life. I think if you talk with the big firms, in engineering, and law, and so on, the really big ones, they'll say again and again: "We don't want a man to specialize in our field. He can pick up that knowledge quickly in the office anyway. We want a man with a general training for life such as the humanities give." It's a mistake to think that specializing is helpful. The really top lawyers, doctors, engineers are people with a broad, humane wisdom and understanding of life in general. The number two man, the plodding truck horses, will be the specialists, not the race horses.

Interviewer

We know you can not tell anyone how to write, but student verse writers are always willing to hear what a practising poet has to say about his art. Could you say something to them which would help them avoid some of the pitfalls in verse writing?

Viereck

I think the kindest and best thing I could do would be discourage them as cruelly and sarcastically as possible. Throw cold water on their tenderest dreams. Tell them to burn their most precious manuscripts. Because it seems to me someone who is really born to be a poet, has a real sense of divine calling, will do it anyway. You can't stop them. It's an obsession for those of us who are really writers. One talks of alcoholics anonymous. We could have poets anonymous - an obsession. It seems to me those who clutter up the literary market would certainly be those who are doing it because it's fashionable and it's a way of getting ahead. And so by being as cruel and discouraging as possible I would help to eliminate those who are doing it, not out of a necessary urge, but out of fashionableness and forgetting. In other words, nothing I could say would ever discourage a real poet because he has no choice but to be one.



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editorial

(This editorial appeared in a college literary magazine some years ago; we feel that it has some application to all colleges and universities that publish a literary magazine, and we are reprinting it with the permission of the author.)

* * *

Most college literary magazines sooner or later go the same road. They hold, by virtue of their purpose alone, compromising stands in the collegiate pattern; their subsistence has been due to authorization by publication boards and the more less perfunctory backing of faculty members rather than to general student interest and participation. It is suggested to members of literary staffs that they make their obeisances for having presumed to maintain standards in literary work and that they start again on the so-called semi-humorous basis. College magazines have been promised readers for all jokes and cartoons and purposely lewd stories that they might publish; and this is the compromise that a considerable number of the college magazines make, with a resulting publication that can stand on not one of its own feet and which finally finds itself in limbo. But whether the magazine reaches the greater part of the student readers or not, its purpose still is to publish creditable literary attempts written by students, that being, as the staff sees, its sole *raison de'etre*.

Against the type of criticism existing in the university life, the staff of the magazine wishes to protest, believing it wholly unjustifiable; and that is the unsympathetic criticism that all sincere dramatic, literary, and cultural attempts have received in the last three or four years; not that the teachers and students instigating these attempts are afraid of criticism or are in any way trying to shun it. But they do legitimately ask for criticism from those who are capable of criticizing, from those who do have some dramatic, literary, and cultural discernment. The

limitations upon those persons who are working sincerely for those things are obvious enough; and the burden of discouragement and indifference makes the tasks the more difficult. This is not a veiled plea for high-schoolish praise upon attempts for the reason that they are made by students, but it is a plea for approval upon the honest work that merits approval. A student is the harshest critic that a student has; in fact there seems to be a notion among college students that the first principle of review is a search for flaws.

There has been in the past, at least in the undergraduate school of the university, an apparent absence of any cultural consciousness; there has been a none too eager appreciation of those aspects of college life which can make the individual imprint by which a student is known from other men after he has completed his college training. For the greater part of the students, life in college seems to have been reduced to the simple schedule of compulsory classes, broken intermittently by dances, fraternity smokers, and football games. Perhaps that consciousness, which is atmospheric and must be felt rather than seen, will grow with the years.

The changes in policy which the staff anticipates will be made in the hope of bringing the magazine home, of making it a publication of regional study, and of local interpretation. The staff is of the opinion that more distinctive work can be done by students the more closely they restrict the scope of their study. Most young writers feel that in order to be recognized they must be profound, they must write for literature immediately. It apparently never occurs to writers beginning that they can describe best, that they can say best, what they know best. Almost without exception those works in American prose since 1900 which will continue to be read are those by writers

who have restricted themselves most narrowly to regional interpretations. In survey of these works, DuBose Heyward's *Porgy* might be mentioned, Julia Peterkin's *Green Thursday*, James Boyd's *Drums*, Roark Bradford's *Old Man Adam an' His Chillun*, and Ellen Glasgow's *Barren Ground*; in New England, the poetry of Robert Frost and Amy Lowell and Edith Wharton's *Ethan Frome*; in the West and Mid-West, the poetry of Carl

Sandburg and Vachel Lindsay, Ruth Suckow's studies of common-place life, and Willa Cather's *O Pioneers* and *My Antonia*. This is by no means an adequate but a very general survey.

The hope of the staff will be to capture, in so far as possible, something of this spirit of local study, believing that in that direction its best efforts lie.



THE SEARCH

BOB HARPER

OLD MAN SAM

by SHERRY MASKE

Old Man Sam died on the afternoon of a scorching-hot day in the middle of July. He was sitting on his front porch in the oversized, green-painted rocking chair when his heart stopped beating. I found him there. At first I thought he was asleep. He looked just as he had so many times before as we sat there together talking quietly or in a companionable silence. I sat down in the other green chair and waited for him to wake.

I must have been there twenty minutes before I noticed his hand. It hung limply down by the side of the chair. It was a big, rough hand. I suddenly realized that I had never before seen the hand still. Even when he was idle, the old man's hands shook gently, as did his head. The hands only stopped shaking when they were clasped around a hoe or a water bucket or some other tool connected with his garden. But now the hand was still. The old man was dead.

I called his daughter. Soon the little house was filled with people. I went home and sat down on the back steps. I could still see the little house and the people and Old Man Sam's garden.

The first time I saw Mr. Sam he was working in the garden. It was in the spring of the year. I had just arrived in Lilesville after a serious illness had forced me to retire, at the ripe old age of forty-nine, from my profession, the honorable and poorly-paid profession of teaching. Dr. Phillip James, formerly Professor of English, now a fully-trained and oriented idler. I had come to Lilesville because I owned a house here, an inheritance from a maiden aunt, and because I had neither the means nor the desire to go anywhere else. I intended, when I arrived, to spend the rest of my days doing absolutely nothing, and my first glimpse of the town assured me that it would be remarkably easy to realize my ambition. The town was composed of one street, lined with a dozen or so business establishments, with the residential section extending on either side for several blocks. My house

was several blocks from the center of town; there was a vacant lot next to mine, and the Johnsons lived next to the vacant lot. Beyond their house was open country, except for a small frame house, surrounded by huge old trees, which was set well back from the road. I discovered later that Mrs. Johnson's father lived there; his name was Mr. Sam Cooper, and he was known to the town as Old Man Sam.

Mrs. Johnson called on me several days after I arrived, bringing with her a lemon pie and an invitation to supper - both of which I gratefully accepted. The Johnsons were very nice, I decided; a typical American family. I asked them about the frame house, explaining that I had seen no one about the place at all.

"My Daddy lives there," Mrs. Johnson told me. "We tried to get him to stay up here, but he'd rather be by himself. And since that's what he wants, we don't insist on anything else."

"He's visiting another of his daughters now," her husband added, "but he'll be back sometime next week."

The next week he was back. I saw him giving directions to a man with a tractor. The next week he was again outside, this time working in the space that had been plowed and smoothed. I walked across the open field until I reached him.

"I'm Phillip James," I told him. "I live over there," waving in the general direction of my house.

"My name's Sam Cooper," he returned. "Nice to meet you. Lois and Paul told me about you. If you don't mind waiting a while, we can go over and sit on the porch for a spell."

"Fine," I said, and waited.

He continued with his work and I watched him. He was a big, burly man, probably in his sixties, I told myself. His hair was white and his skin was wrinkled and burned by the sun. His face was almost square, covered now with

a stubby beard. The eyes that he turned to me when he was ready to go were small and a faded blue.

We walked the few yards to the house in silence. Mr. Sam (everybody called him "Mr. Sam" when they spoke to him, "Old Man Sam" when they spoke of him) pointed to a chair on the tiny porch. We both sat, and after that we sat there nearly every afternoon until the sun went down, sometimes talking, sometimes silent.

Old Man Sam worked in his garden every morning except Sunday. The Johnsons remonstrated with him about working in the sun. "He has a weak heart," Lois told me. "He's already had two bad attacks. But you can't tell him anything; he's stubborn as a mule."

Once I asked him why he put so much labor into the garden. He spat a brown stream of tobacco juice over the porch railing before he answered me.

"Been talkin' to Lois and Paul, have you? They think it's bad for me to work, but it ain't near as bad as not workin' would be." He looked down at his hands, lifted them for me to see. "See these hands? They've always worked, ever since I was a kid. Never went to school a day in my life - can't read, can't write nothin' except my name. I got to do something, Phil, and I can't do nothin' except work. I been a farmer and a carpenter and these hands have turned out a mess of work. I don't aim to quit now."

Another day I asked him, "How many children do you have, Mr. Sam?"

"Six - five girls and one boy," he answered. "I got twenty-three grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. You'll meet 'em Father's Day; we always have a picnic up here and everybody comes. The younguns'll prob'ly run you crazy, hoopin' and hollerin'. I got a couple of grandchildren's been to college, though; one of 'em's a English teacher. Maybe she can swap some fancy language with you."

Mr. Sam was proud of his family, and that they loved him was very evident at the picnic. They fussed over him and filled his plate with the very best pieces of chicken and his favorite pie and beans, that had been canned from his garden last year. Mr. Sam pointed out his daughter Sue to me. "She's the most like Dorie," he said.

The next week I asked him about Dorie. "She was your wife?" I asked.

"A-huh. She's been dead twenty-two years come October," he said. "I near about went crazy when she died. I knew there won't no God, else he wouldn't have taken her away from me. I started drinkin', thinkin' it'd help me forget. It didn't. I drunk heavy for near about fifteen years. Then I had a little spell of trouble with my heart. So I started going to church, thought that'd help me get straightened out. But I couldn't feel any God in that church-house full of dressed-up folks and fancy singin'. Then I planted me a garden." The old man paused for a minute, then turned to me and said slowly, "It just ain't possible, Phil, to watch a seed no bigger'n a ant grow into a stalk of corn high'n your head and still believe there ain't no God. I feel like a man again in my garden. It's the only thing I got. I even feel closer to Dorie there. I know I got a bad heart, and I know I could set in the shade and live ten years longer. But I ain't scared of dyin', and I got to take care of my garden. It's all I got left to do."

The next week was hot and dry. The plants in Old Man Sam's garden looked wilted and brown around the edges. I saw the old man look at them with a hopeless look on his face. Then his jaw tightened. "I ain't goin' to let them plants die," he said.

The next morning about 11 o'clock I looked out to see Mr. Sam trudging toward the garden with a bucket in each hand. "My God" I thought, "He can't be carrying water all the way from the spring!" But he was. The spring was at least two city blocks away from the garden. I hurried across the field. "Stop it, you fool!" I shouted at him. "You'll kill yourself!" I was damp with perspiration from the short run; the old man, who had probably been out since early morning, was dripping wet. Great beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. His shirt stuck to his back.

He grinned at me, showing tobacco-stained teeth. "Don't get so het up, Phil, you'll bust a blood vessel if you ain't careful." I watched as he emptied the contents of the buckets on the plants. "I'm through," he said. Every row of plants had been watered.

"Don't do it again," I pleaded. "It isn't worth it, Mr. Sam."

"Come on down and set awhile, son. I

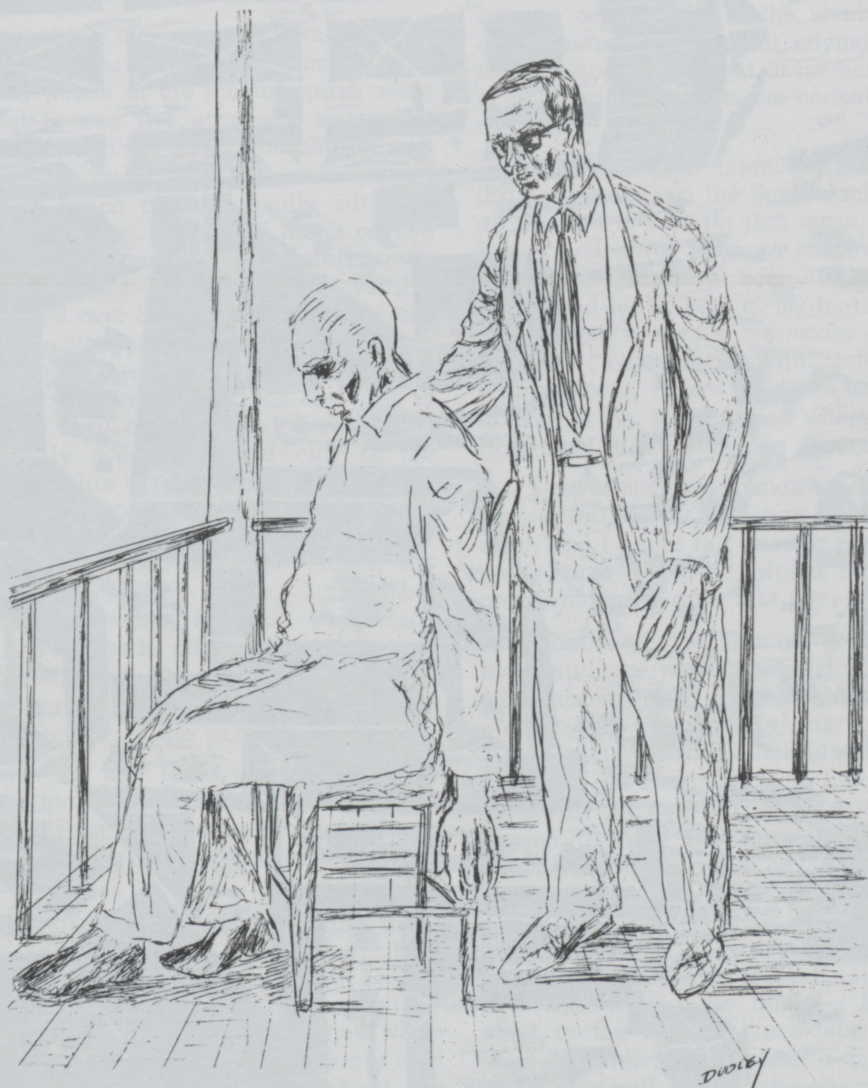
got to rest up a little bit." But he didn't promise not to water the plants again. The next morning he repeated the watering procedure - and the next - and the next. Lois and Paul threatened and pleaded - to no avail. I went to help, but he said no in a way that brooked no argument, so I went home and prayed for rain.

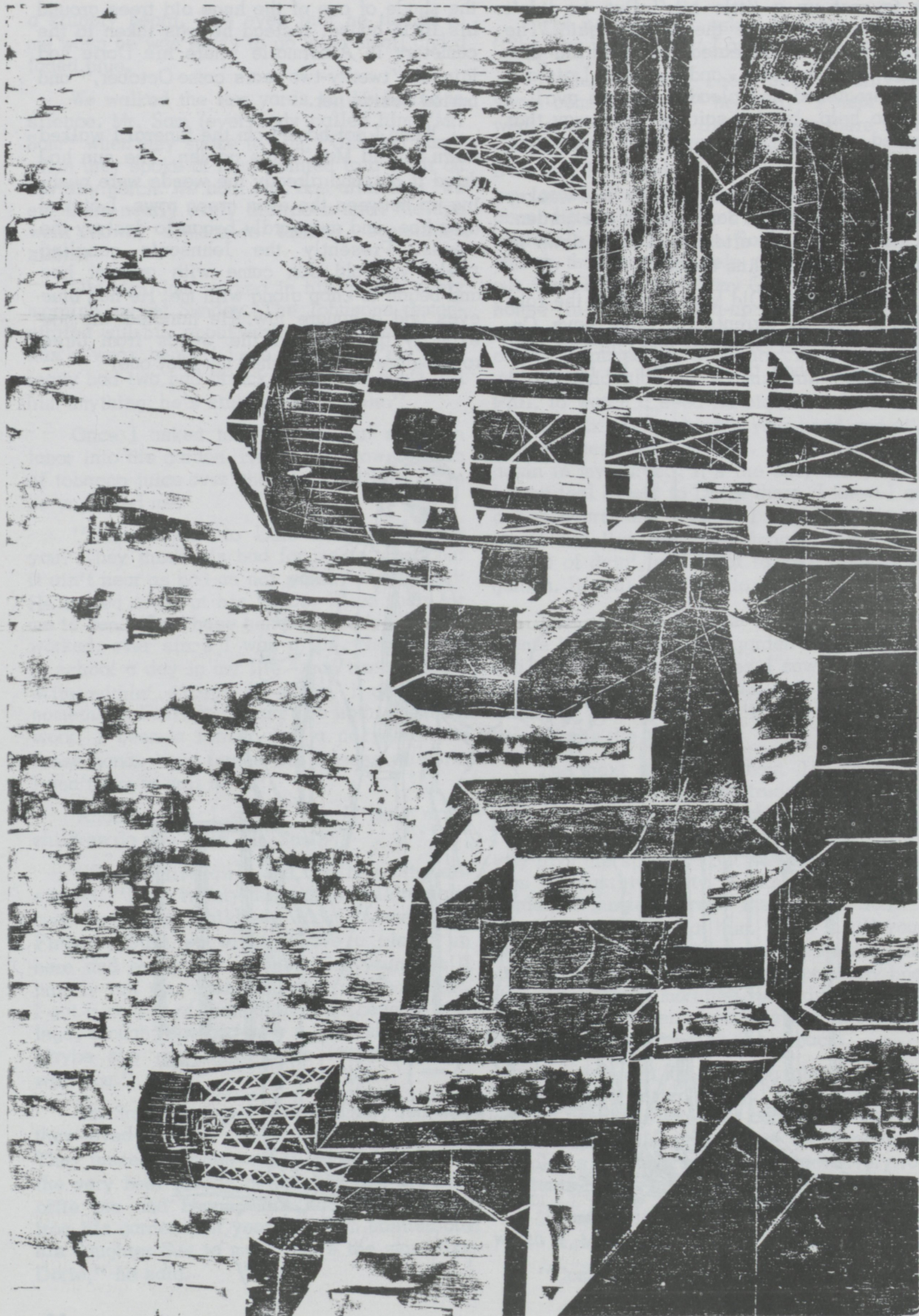
It didn't rain though, and for two weeks, even on Sundays, Mr. Sam watered his garden. On the last Sunday afternoon I went down to see him and found him dead.

The day after Old Man Sam died the rain came. It fell in torrents for three days. On Thursday the sun came out and Old Man Sam was buried. I had thought he'd be buried in

the shade of one of the huge old trees around his little house. Instead he was taken to the cemetery in Albermarle where his Dorie had lain for "twenty-two years come October," and buried beside her.

When I got home from the funeral, I walked down to Old Man Sam's garden. The sun had dried it out, and already the weeds were pushing up between the even green rows. I picked up a hoe, and awkwardly began to destroy the weeds. Presently the Johnson's gangling twelve-year-old son came with another hoe and began to chop along with me. He had blue eyes and a square jaw. He handled the hoe expertly and cleared the weeds from three rows before I had finished my first one.





NATHAN MATTHEWS

SILENT MILL

A Bag of Gold

by RACHEL STEINBECK

In that splendid, old mansion on the hill Jim Cutright is finally breathing his last. I can see him now, lying in his musty bedroom with the mildewed quilt pulled up tightly under his chin. He was like that a week ago when I was there glaring wildly at the cracks in the plaster and gripping the edge of the quilt with vulture-like hands. Luke Rowan was sitting by the iron four-poster which caged his friend and, from what I hear, he is still there.

I was about ten years old when I first saw Jim and Luke. It was early summer and I was pulling weeds in the rhubarb patch when I happened to see two strangers sauntering around the bend in the road. The shorter man was wiping his round face with a bright red handkerchief which clashed loudly with his glistening pink skin. He jerked along on two thick legs which seemed completely overpowered by his pear-like shape. His overalls were stretched over his protruding middle and his light blue shirt revealed its true shade in scattered patches which weren't stuck to his greasy body. The taller man took one step to his partner's two, and his long legs carried him gracefully over the rutted clay of the road. Although his arms swung loosely at his sides, his whole body gave the appearance of delicate strength, like that of a steel coil ready to spring. When he came closer, his ice-blue eyes glittered coldly. I remember shuddering underneath the hot sun which sprayed the rhubarb patch after they had passed out of sight. Then I plunged my hands below the warm earth and tried to forget about the two strangers for the moment.

I saw Jim and Luke only two or three more times that summer. They moved into the deserted Rohrbough cabin on the farm adjoining ours, but they kept pretty much to themselves.

Another man who came by during those vacant months was the cattle buyer, Jake Andrews. He usually visited the farm once a year, and we always were on the lookout for him. That summer he had bought a new white mare on which he galloped up the dusty road in fine style. And his faithful shepherd dog

ran close behind. Dad met him at the gate, and I hung around hoping I would get a chance to rub down the new horse. She was a beauty. I can still feel the hard ripples of muscles beneath her soft skin and hear her hoofs click behind me on the slate slab path leading to the barn. As I was slipping the saddle off, I heard Jake come running and yelling down that path. He stopped for a moment in the doorway to catch his breath and let his eyes become accustomed to the shadows. Then he came towards me without saying a word and tore the saddle bags out of my hand. Hundreds of gold coins fell from the pocket of that saddle bag.

They glittered there in the dust on the dirty planks. Even the dust which rose in the air seemed to contain that same golden shimmer. I had never seen so much money in my life. There must have been at least a quart of gold coins lying there at my feet. Immediately Jake began to scrape the money back into the bag, and I bent over to help. Before I touched a single coin, Jake's shepherd stood growling in front of me. I don't know where he appeared from, but I didn't stay long enough to find out.

I never mentioned what had happened that day. I felt guilty somehow over what I had seen, and I never felt exactly right about that cattle man again. I noticed he never came around any more after that day.

That's what's strange about the whole incident. Jake never came back, but his dog did. That shepherd couldn't have been missed - not by me anyway. He was a large black-maned shepherd with black blotches down his forelegs. His nose was more blunt than a colie's, but he held his head collie-proud and carried his body in a delicate way. Jake used him to herd in the cattle on the different farms, and Dad said the dog was one of the best cattle dogs he had ever seen. I don't know about his being a good cattle dog, but I do know he knew how to protect Jake. You never saw one without the other - the dog even slept at the foot of his master's bed. That used to bother Mom quite a bit when Jake would stay with us, but she always gave in.

One night when he was visiting us, Mom was going to the cellarhouse to get a crock of buttermilk when she thought she heard someone slipping around outside the cow-shed. She screamed and the giant shepherd bounded out the kitchen door. He sniffed and poked around the cow-shed for awhile and then stood patiently while Mom got her crock from the cellarhouse. Later he followed her back to the kitchen. Jake laughed and said something about the dog was just hunting around for someone to protect, and that he was a poor one to need protection. Mother laughed too, but the dog got an extra serving of food that night and from then on he was doubly welcome at our house.

The last time I saw the shepherd was around the last of July. He streaked across our barnyard like all hell had broken loose. I wasn't too surprised to see him in the neighborhood because he had been hanging around the Rohrbough farm ever since Jake had left three weeks before. But I sure was surprised to see him bounding across our farm with Jim Cutright loping along close behind. Jim's long legs easily lifted him over the fence, and his arms waved a double-barreled shotgun willily above his head. They rounded the corn crib twice and then both flew down toward the river. I jumped on old Frank and rode after them. At the edge of the river both Jim and the Shepherd paused, and then the dog pushed himself off the bank and into the water. Jim raised the shot gun to his shoulder and aimed it at the swimming dog. There was a sharp report and the dog sank with barely a ripple. He didn't even yell out. The shot must have hit him right in the head. Jim just stood there for a long time, from where I was, I could only see his tall black shape pinned against the red sky. He didn't look strong then. He just looked tired.

I guess Jim and Luke grew aggravated because the dog stayed around their farm so much. Folks talked like he might have gone mad because of his peculiar behavior.

After the cattle buyer left, we didn't see the dog for awhile until one day when I was up in the north quarter -- where our property joins the old Rohrbough place. I saw that dog jumping over the fence that divides the land. He would jump over at one place, go a couple of steps, and crawl under the fence. Then he would run around a black circle on the other side of the fence where a fire had burned at one time. He didn't notice me. He just kept

on jumping over, crawling under, and circling the charred pieces of wood. His black mane was full of cockle burrs and his sides were beginning to cave in. All the grass was worn away where he had been making that circle. He must have been at it for a long time, because the path was so definite and the grass beginning to cover up the remains of the fire. People said that at night he would just stand over the black dust and howl like his heart would break. I never did understand why Jake Andrews would ride off and leave such a fine animal like that.

Not too long after I saw Jim shoot the Shepherd, Jim and Luke paid us a visit. That was the only time they ever came on our land just to be sociable. They stood under the grape arbor near the barn and talked to Dad for a long time. I didn't hear too much of what they were saying, but I could tell that Jim was doing most of the talking. He would fling those long arms out making swooping gestures toward their farm, and then Jake would nod his funny, round blob of a head. He still had that red handkerchief and was making good use of it that day. His hands shook and his black eyes kept jumping to Dad and then to Jim. I've never seen the heat get away with anyone like it did with Luke Rowan. Dad wasn't saying much. He just leaned up against one of the arbor posts and chewed on a piece of straw. About the only motion he made was to brush a fly away from his bald head. Finally, Dad nodded yes to what must have been a very important question, because Jim's ice-blue eyes lit up. Luke quit wiping with his red handkerchief. Then they all shook hands and Dad came up to the porch where I was. He said, "Son, we just bought the Rohrbough place," and I looked back at the two men who were now leaving. Jim sure was tall. He just stepped right over the fence, while squatty Luke had to crawl through.

Jim and Luke moved into town after they left the river. It seems like they came into quite a bit of money. In fact, John Lovette who works at the bank told Dad that those men bought the mansion on the hill with cash - gold coins right across the counter. John must have known because he counted the gold out himself. Anyway, they have been living up there for years now, and they haven't made friends with too many people. They would rather be by themselves.

Luke sure is going to be lonely after Jim dies.

the rebel review

AN OLD AND NEW LOOK AT THE NEW AND OLD SOUTH

The South, as a geographical area, is, except for its history, little different from any other regional areas in the United States. Its people are possessed with the same faults and virtues, the same prides and prejudices as people generally are. The Southerner has been exposed to the same good and evil forces as other people in other lands. Any realistic analysis of the South will reveal that there is no such thing as a Southern mind, a Southern temper, a Southern attitude, a Southern hospitality, or, for that matter, a Southern violence. The only real thing that distinguishes a Southerner is that he happens to live in a state that once made up a part of the Confederacy.

Yet, for one hundred and fifty years outsiders have assumed that the South is different and have assigned to it a uniqueness which it does not deserve. Because of this assumption, the Southerner has often assumed the role he is expected to play and is, therefore, partly responsible for perpetuating the myths about the South.

And for the same period of time the South has been exposed to constant moral indictment. From the days of New England abolitionists to the present, the South has been attacked for evils, which, though present, are not necessarily indigenous. Such a condition has forced the Southerner to defend himself.

It is not surprising, therefore, that one still find books which do no more than repeat all the earlier clichés of condemnation.

It is refreshing to find a book written in 1959 which seeks to interpret the South realistically and objectively. Such a book is Hodding Carter's, *The Angry Scar* (Doubleday, 425 pp., \$5.95), which tells the awful story of Reconstruction. It is a book which has no respect for professional Southerners or professional anti-Southerners, for it clearly reveals how their counterparts of a hundred years ago engendered a bitterness that is still with us.

After the fighting was over in 1865, the stage for tragedy was already set. The sorry performance and its aftermath is the general concern of this book, which shows how Reconstruction entered into every phase of Southern life, political, religious, economic, and social. It is the story of the carpetbagger, the scalawags, the radical politicians, and the Ku Klux Klan. It is a story of pillage, waste, and human exploitation.

It is an old story, but this time freshly told in narrative form. The author attempts to minimize the sensational aspects of Reconstruction and to relate only those which account for present-day attitudes. In order to account for the present, he must examine the past.

Hodding Carter has made an effort to give his book meaning for the present generation. He has done something good, for he has shown that roots lie deep.

Unfortunately, other interpreters are not equipped with Carter's background and understanding. This includes William Peters, a free-lance writer, who has recently written a book on the South called *The Southern Temper* (Doubleday: 283 pp., \$3.95). Peters is a Northerner who has written about sports, crime, politics, and medicine for nearly every publication in the United States, and has now taken an extensive trip throughout the South.

Peters is an integrationist and his book is little more than a biased account of the movement to desegregate Southern schools. "It is not surprising," he says, "that the literature of the segregationists on the eve of desegregation should bear a strong resemblance to that of the apologists for slavery on the eve of the Civil War." It is therefore, not surprising that the literature of the desegregationists should bear a strong resemblance to that of the abolitionists of the 1850's.

This is unfortunate, for it enables the modern critic of the South to pass off social propaganda for fact.

There is nothing at all objective about this book. Nor is the picture of the South a fresh one. One chapter includes the amazing, almost ludicrous analysis of Southern womanhood. The Southern woman, as pictured here, is sexually suffering from a complex which is somehow related to the racial problem. A far different picture of the Southern woman is found in Carter's story of reconstruction.

The *Southern Temper* is filled with a monotonous barrage of statistics, recorded conversations and glorified accounts of active integratationists. The main fault, as it is with other superficial indictments, is oversimplification.

* * *

The Masters, C. P. Snow, 352 pp. Doubleday Co., Garden City, N. Y. 1959, \$1.25.

This is the best known volume of C. P. Snow's series, *Strangers and Brothers*, on English life during the last half century. The book traces the progress of Lewis Eliot from his lower class provincial background to a position of prominence. However, the story is also a record of the radical transitions that have taken place in English society in the 20th Century.

* * *

The Classic Theatre, Volume II, Edited by Eric Bentley, 512 pp., Doubleday Book Co., Garden City, N. Y., 1959. \$1.15.

Volume II *The Classic Theater Series* presents five German plays. New translations of these classics were made especially for this series. The plays are: *Egmont*, by Goethe; *Mary Stuart* and *Don Carlos*, by Schiller; *Renthesilia* and *Prince of Homburg*, by Kleist.

* * *

Prefaces To Criticism, Walter J. Bate, 218 pp. Doubleday Book Co., Garden City, N. Y. 1959, \$.95.

A brief but comprehensive history of literary criticism, it is divided into two sections: The first section deals with classical and neo-classical criticism. Aristotle, by virtue of his *Poetics*, which mark the beginning of literary criticism, is considered to be the representative of classic antiquity. Sir Philip Sidney, as the first great English poet-critic, represents the Renaissance statement of classicism. John Dayden, who embodied the neo-

classical ideals of correctness, unity, and clarity, and who wrote in so many genres, is considered to be the great model of neo-classicism. Representing the close of the classical tradition is Samuel Johnson, who maintained a conviction that the aim of art is "the mental and moral enlargement of man."

The second part of the book deals with modern literary criticism. William Hazlitt, the main figure of Romantic individualism, exemplifies the union of empiricism with emotional intuition. Samuel Coleridge represents the group of Romantic Transcendentalists. Because of his constant support of the dignity of critical thinking, Matthew Arnold represents the period of Humanism and Naturalism. T.S. Eliot is examined as the central figure in modern criticism.

Through examination of their work, theories, contemporaries, and period, Professor Bate provides a valuable guide to the study of these critics who have so influenced western literary thought and practice.

SANDRA PORTER MILLS

* * *

The Picaresque Saint by R. W. B. Lewis. Philadelphia: Lippincott 317 pp. \$6.00

In *The Picaresque Saint*, R.W.B. Lewis explores a generation of writers, European and American, through the works of its most representative figures: Alberto Moravia, Albert Camus, Ignazio Silone, William Faulkner, Graham Greene, and Andre Malraus. In this study of these writers he unearths a basic clay from which he molds his "picaresque saint" --a saint-sinner-rogue fashioned in some degree after the old hero of the early picaresque novels.

"Paradoxical as he is, the picaresque saint is the logical hero of our paradoxical age", Mr. Lewis contends. He emphasizes the change in two generations by pointing out the almost complete about-face from the artist prototype of the generation of Thomas Mann, James Joyce, and Marcel Proust to the picaresque saint of the present generation. In the former generation, Mr. Lewis finds "a world in which the aesthetic experience was supreme, and one which criticism dealt with properly enough by means of close technical analysis, by delicate discrimination of texture and design." However, the world of the present generation is one "in which the chief experience has been the discovery of what it means to be a human being and to be alive."

Although the trend of the present generation has been away from the "aesthetic experience" of its predecessor, Mr. Lewis calls our attention to the unmistakable debt owed it by the contemporary writers in question. Certainly the picaresque saint of the contemporaries is not without artistic undertones.

Mr. Lewis has written a very important critical work. His observations and conclusions show a genuine freshness of approach, which, in the final analysis, makes the author one of the outstanding young critics at work today.

HUGH AGEE

* * *

Claudelle English. By Erskine Caldwell. Boston-Toronto: Little, Brown and Company, 1958. 208 pp. \$3.75

Erskine Caldwell received first acclaim with the publication of **Tobacco Road** in 1932 and **God's Little Acre** in 1933. In his latest novel, **Claudelle English**, he follows the same formula employed in these books with a poor, earth-tied tenant family struggling to eke out a living on the dusty soil of the deep South.

In Cladwell's early novels he uses as a setting the depression-ridden thirties of the lower South. With **Claudelle English**, however, he has attempted to modernize this South. He put telephones in the tenant houses and tractors on the farms.

As for sex, this book has it. **Claudelle English**, the tenant farmer's daughter, has just been jilted by her lover who leaves her heart shattered. After brooding for half a day, she proceeds to go to bed with almost every farm boy and wayward husband in Smyrna county. Even the Preacher of the Stony Creek Free Will Church cannot resist the seducing methods of **Claudelle**.

Caldwell also uses the one other convention of popular fiction: violence. He winds up the book with a liberal amount of bloodshed.

In summary, the reader cannot say the book is a masterpiece carrying a deep, earth-shaking theme; it is, however, entertaining.

ROBERT L. HARPER

* * *

Joyner Library - Available Books of Interest

The Russian Novel in English Fiction by Gilbert Phelps London: Hutchinson's University Library.

Mr. Phelps traces the reception of pre-Revolution Russian novels in English translation; particularly those of Turgenev, and attempts to show their impact on English and American writers.

Dickens at Work by John Butt and Kathleen Tillotson. Fairlawn, New Jersey: Essential Books, Inc.

An examination of a number of Dickens' novels in light of the conditions under which he wrote them.

Style in the French Novel by Stephen Ullmann

An examination of certain elements in the style of French novelists. The last two chapters dealing with imagery in the novel are particularly interesting.

The Sinai Sort by Norman Mac Caig. New York: The Macmillan Company

The second book of poetry by Norman Mac Caig to be published in the United States (**The first was Riding Lights**.) Mr. Mac Caig's stirring images makes this book worthwhile reading.

Cas I A Play in Five Acts by George Kaiser

An English translation of George Kaiser's second play in a dramatic trilogy that depicts the conflict of social morality and the complusion of power. Kaiser got thumbs down from the Hitler gang for his efforts.

Afternoon of an Author by F. Scott Fitzgerald New York: Charles Scribner's Sons

A selection of uncollected stories and essays arranged in near chronological order to show the pattern of maturation in Fitzgerald's writing. Arthur Mizener writes a cogent introduction, along with appropriate notes with each selection.

* * *

The Nigger of the Narcissus by Joseph Conrad Garden City, New York: Doubleday. 190 pp. \$2.95.

A reissue of the novel originally published in 1897, **The Nigger of the Narcissus** is one of Conrad's memorable tales of men at sea. James Wait is the "Nigger" of the ship **Narcissus**, and around him revolves the struggle of the crew against the sea and against each other.

Conrad's prose style captivates the reader. He sculpts each character with delicate forceful strokes. Wait is a fine example:

"He held his head up in the glare of the lamp—a head vigorously modelled into deep shadows and shining lights—a head powerful

and misshapen with a tormented face—a face pathetic and brutal: the tragic, the mysterious the repulsive mask of a nigger's soul.

Conrad's work is of a quality that deserves to be reread; certainly many readers will enjoy their voyage with the **Narcissus**.

NELL AGEE

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YOUTH VIEWED IN MOOD

Yesterday we walked upon the beach,
(Copper pennies on a gleaming desert)
Flung our laughter skyward
to mingle with the spray,
Clasped hands and watched the crimson rim
disappear beneath fiery horizon.
Then the sand grew cold,
We sought warmth in embrace,
and love was born mid wind and salt.

Then time with malevolent mien,
Caressed our cheeks and hair,
Perfumed our agile bodies
With the scent of death,
And severed Youth's grip.

Today we speak no more of tomorrow,
But fearing the coldness of the earth,
Seek warmth in permanent embrace.

BARBARA JO CHAPPELL

CHIAROSCURO

pneumatic crush-puff snow generalizes rooftops,
fillets fences, butter-welds walls;
all this white, salt-shakered on
the fields (like humus-dark)
on the streets (like soot saved scars)
now all sub-snow.

power cables that once hung like abrupt pencil lines
against the summer sky now hang
wan concavities of thin-lined smiles
drooling ice-rime saliva.

and the trees, the ones behind the wire-squared fence,
stand (stiffened stock) black in the day's late light.
but gently

the silence

and in the snow dusted distance dart
two brilliant, rigid tentacles
really reaching rays
colliding coldly in the air.
but gently the

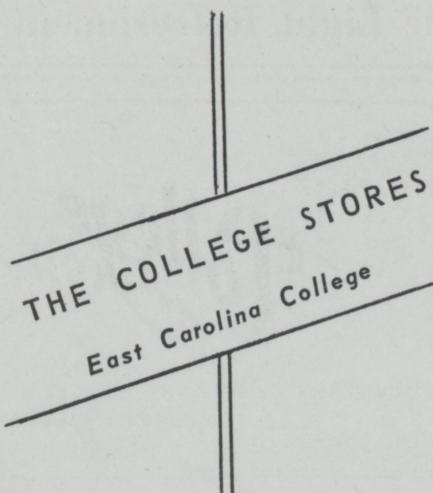
silence

and as I step, my silhouetted legs puncture the vast
pillow-soft plot and
like a fly on dull white paint
I fly-track through the snow;
the wee bit of gravel on the sclerotic coat
and always, though chance vehicles pass,
snow-bulged and mechanized,
even with three hundred horsepower passing by,
always gently

the silence

DAVE LANE

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