

REBEL

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"SILENT SENTIAL"

$\frac{1}{4}$

Rosa Marie Honto

AN INTERVIEW WITH INGLIS FLETCHER

One of North Carolina's most prominent novelists, Mrs. Inglis Fletcher, was generous in affording the *Rebel* a personal interview transcribed on the following pages. Mrs. Fletcher's home, Bandon which is seventeen miles from Edenton, possesses the atmosphere of the old southern plantation. Many of Mrs. Fletcher's manuscripts are typed by her husband, Mr. John Fletcher, who enjoys her work very much. They are both interested in colonial history, and Bandon contains many antiques of that period.

Highlighting the long list of Mrs.

Fletcher's historical novels are: *Man of Albemarle*, *Raleigh's Eden*, *Roanoke Hundred*, *The Scotswoman*, and *Lusty Wind for Carolina*, which was a best-seller. *Cormorant's Brood*, her latest novel, is superbly reviewed in this issue of the *Rebel* by Dr. Herbert R. Paschal. Another of Mrs. Fletcher's recent releases, *Pay, Pack, and Follow*, also promises to be widely read. Mrs. Fletcher is represented on the East Carolina campus by two grandchildren, Carolista and David Fletcher

1. What aroused your interest in North Carolina history?

My grandfather. His name was Joseph Chapman from Tyrrell County. Then he lived in Illinois. On his place he had every tree and plant that grows in N.C. The funny thing about this was that some of these plants are considered weeds here—beautiful trumpet vine across the end of the house—people came for miles to see those; here we try to get rid of them. Joseph Chapman came here in 1688. He had a shipyard on the Alligator River.

2. Did you feel that North Carolina history had been neglected in fiction?

Yes, decidedly. My first book really came about while looking in Satro Library in San Francisco. The librarian suggested that I write a novel about this section because no one had ever written one with the exception of James Boyd, who wrote a juvenile called *Drums*. North Carolinians know their own history and they don't care if anyone else does or not.

3. Could you comment on the locations of your major sources of information? In North Carolina? in England?

A great many papers in the Chowan County Courthouse and in Edenton have helped me. Both contain quantities of papers filled with information. Also, the Library of Congress

and the University of North Carolina Library. In England, my major source is the British Museum. My first information came from the Huntington Library in Pasadena, where there is a great collection of early colonial material. In connection with this question perhaps I should tell you of my new method of getting information on the period. Each semester at the University of North Carolina, Dr. Hugh Lefler has a class which covers this general period. I find out when he is teaching the particular part of the period in which I am interested and I go up and attend his class. This takes about ten days. At the end of this time, after I have "graduated," I address the graduate students of the class.

4. Do you feel that the North Carolina background still remains an undeveloped area in so far as fiction goes? I do, indeed. There could be hundreds of books written even about colonial history prior to the Revolution. I don't think it has been even touched.
5. What are some of your favorite books (fiction) on North Carolina life? I don't know so much about the fiction in North Carolina. I know more about the source material. You know, they say that authors don't read! I think the most extremely interpretative books would be *The Plantation*
6. Do you feel that it helps a novelist

to have others write about the same area before him?

I think you're better off if you come first. It's better to have someone else to keep up to you than for you to by Mr. Ovid Pierce and William Polk's book on *Southern Accent*.

keep up to someone else I was influenced by Sir Walter Scott. I still enjoy reading Scott. He is the greatest of all historical novelists. None of the moderns can touch him. His historical facts were not so accurate, but he wrote a terrific story. Now it's the fashion to keep to the history and in doing this you lose some of the story which really carries the book. So, I think it would help to follow someone. However, I don't think it is good to follow anyone too closely because you've got to have your own individuality and your own methods.

7. Do you feel that historical fiction imposes an additional burden upon the novelists?

It's much harder to write historical novels because you have to be two things—a writer of fiction and a historian. The historical novelist is looked down on by critics as a sort of maverick—one who doesn't belong to anyone.

8. Do you feel that your novels offer a pattern for historical fiction, that is, in so far as they reflect varieties of mood and behavior?

No, I don't write to what is called a pattern. I think that in order to get a mood, you must tell other things besides the action without being obvious about it. For example, the scenery, sounds and smell of a certain locality. This way you put your readers in the background. The same thing applies to characters. If you don't see your characters moving around, talking and acting, you might as well get rid of them because no one else (the reader) will see them.

9. Do you do much re-writing?

Considerable. My trouble is that I have too much material. I rewrote *Raleigh's Eden* six times. I started out with 1200 pages and it turned out to be around 500.

10. Do you revise as you go or wait until you have finished a manuscript? No, I write it right through. You'd

never get to the end of it the other way.

11. Does revision ever change the theme of a novel for you?

The theme is never changed. The theme of all my novels is the same—the land and the freedom that comes from the land. This is just brought out in various ways.

12. Would you discuss your methods? How much do you do a day?

I have an organized pattern of writing. I go to work everyday at 9 o'clock and work until 4 o'clock. No one comes to see or calls until after 4 o'clock. The number of pages per day varies. Some days as few as two or three. Ideas come fast when they start.

13. Do you feel that you are exhausting your interest in North Carolina material?

Oh, no. I could write all around about this part of the country. My original idea was to take a family across from England to North America, but I've never been able to get my heroes out of North Carolina.

14. Would you be interested in coming up to the Civil War period? the modern period?

No, I don't know anything about the Civil War. I have said publically that I would go no further forward than the signing of the Constitution by North Carolina. One reason I like to write about North Carolina is that it is the purest example of democracy as the founding fathers planned it. I think it is the most democratic state in the Union.

15. Do you submit your manuscripts to your publisher in its completed form or do you send in parts of it as they are completed?

That is something I have done both ways. I prefer to send it all in at one time. That's the way I give it to my husband. He types all of my manuscripts in a little two fingered method of his. He never sees the first manuscript until it is all finished.

16. Do you discuss your work with someone—perhaps your husband—for possible suggestions or comments?

No. Generally, I think lots of people discuss their work with other people.

(Continued on Page 20)

Confidentially Russ Warren

by Tom Carson

Paris! London! Switzerland! Neurenburg! He'd seen them all, Russ Warren had. His life as a newspaper reporter had been long and rough.

As he leaned over the rail of the ship, he thought of what it was going to be like now: no racing to get that almighty story; no commie on his tail; no sleeping in crummy, second class hotels.

He laughed aloud and said, "Those damn hotels."

"Yah, did you speak?"

At first Russ thought he had imagined the voice, but after adjusting his eyes to the fog, he saw standing next to him a girl. Yes, that's exactly what he saw: just a girl.

He looked closer and saw a plain face. On that face was a nose too large to go unnoticed, sharp blue eyes jutting out from under unplucked eyebrows, and an oversized mouth with lips untouched by rouge.

Then there was sleep.

Russ awoke with a slow, dull feeling and looked around. Slowly he became

He decided from her accent that she must be Swedish.

A child-like expression crept over her face.

"You are American, huh?" she asked.

"Sure, American," Russ answered flatly.

Evidently the girl didn't catch the bitter sarcasm in his voice, or maybe she was used to it. Russ didn't know and cared less.

"Yah, I know," she replied. Russ leaned again on the railing.

The fog was beginning to lift.

The girl went on. Her broken speech, though crude, was spoken carefully, almost cautiously.

"I, too, am going one time to be American. Do you go alone? I do, but I hear that in America if you go alone, you not so very long. People are all friends: like you."

Russ Warren, You friendly? This he thought to himself: "Damn," again aloud, "Naive."

"I know fella. He a soldier. He say you come to America. We have good time there. So I come."

So I come, thought Russ, as easy as as that. Now she's almost there. So what now?

Russ knew the story so well: G.I.'s, occupation, leaves.

Russ had always looked forward to those leaves.

All of a sudden he found himself remembering a leave which he hadn't thought about in ages.

He remembered receiving his paper entitling him to forty-eight hours to devote to his own leisure — leave. He could remember how he had laughed about having a whole two days to paint the town a fire-truck red.

There'd been only one problem, no town. Oh sure, there was a hint of a village two or three miles up the side of a mountain.

That was one time he had wished to be right in the middle of the hottest war



He saw standing next to him a girl.

over fought.

He'd been out covering an assignment which carried him out in the middle of nowhere, and here he was stuck for two miserable days.

But after thinking it over, Russ had decided to try to paint the village a rosy hue if not a fire-truck red.

The snow fell softly around him as he made his way up the mountainside.

It seemed as if he had walked a million miles, when Russ saw the village: five houses on one side of the little path, on the other side sat the center of activity, the Inn.

Russ walked up on the wooden porch of the Inn and hit his heavy combat boots against the wooden railing encircling the porch.

A light shining through a tiny window and from under the door made a patchwork pattern on the freshly fallen snow.

The door swung open before Russ could knock, and standing in the doorway was a tall, big-framed man.

"Welcome, friend. Bad night, yah?"

"Yah," mumbled Russ and walked in.

A warm bright flame leaped and danced in the huge, old-fashioned fireplace at the far end of the long room.

The furnishings were scant and unattractive, but there was an atmosphere of home and Russ liked it.

Before realizing it, Russ was out of his coat, hat, gloves, and boots and sitting in a tall, straight back chair in front of the fire.

The old man had not said another word since his welcome, and Russ was beginning to feel like a bug under glass studied by a biology student.

Suddenly the old man called to another room, shouting excited commands.

Russ looked toward the door where a young girl stood. She was shabbily dressed but carried herself in a graceful manner.

She carried a beer mug on a wooden tray.

The old man rattled off something in Swedish.

She answered and brought the mug over to Russ and curtsied.

"Papa say he hopes you warm again."

He glanced at her. She was plain, all right, but she had a tranquility about her which couldn't have been mistaken for ignorance.

"Sure," Russ answered and took the mug, brimming over with foam.

"My name Katrine," she murmured and sat down on a small scatter rug near the fire.

"He doesn't speak English?" he asked, nodding his head at the old man gazing intently at him.

"Nah, Papa he only learn few words from soldiers that come through."

Russ looked at her questioningly. He wondered how she had learned the language so well.

She must have understood because she continued, "I young. I learn English easy and very good, huh?"

"Yes," he said.

"Do you and the old man live here alone," Russ asked, not knowing why. Perhaps he was just trying to make conversation.

"Papa and me always live here." Her eyes saddened as she continued, "One time Papa, Mama, and me live here."

He didn't ask what had happened to her mother, but she continued.

"Mama die. She just die. Papa and me miss her, but Papa say Mama in better place, now, so we still happy."

Russ sat there wondering and amazed how such a child and an old man could find such peace when all around them everything was in such turmoil and confusion.

Katrine refilled the beer mug, then poked the fire, adding a few logs from off the side of the hearth.

"You from the city?" she asked and her eyes brightened with interest.

He looked at her. He thought carefully before he spoke. How could he tell her of the horror, of the brutality of the world she had never seen.

Russ glanced down again. He supposed the beer, mellow with age, had the same affect on him.

He talked and talked, Lord knows about what, and she sat there, never taking her eyes from his face. Russ just knew he made things beautiful and pleasant. He did remember saying something about America.

aware of the Inn with its rustic atmosphere, and he remembered where he was.

He saw the fireplace in which lay the burned, charred logs.

Then he glanced down. There lay Katrine, her head resting on the scatter rug.

She had curled up to keep warm when the fire had gone out.

Over his legs someone had laid a big, plaid blanket.

Somehow as he sat there, he knew he had to leave this place or he'd stay.

He couldn't remember what he had said and that worried him.

He quickly rose from the chair and made his way over to the table on which lay his clothing. Noiselessly he slipped everything on.

The old man stirred a little but didn't wake when he opened the log slatted door.

Russ walked down off the porch and out onto the path, trackless from the new-fallen snow.

He didn't look back because he knew that if he had he would have returned. He looked down to see his ring was gone, but even that did not matter at this point.

The rocking of the ship brought Russ back into the present, but he could still see that little Inn.

He chuckled to himself remembering. Suddenly the chuckle was gone and a sharp pang of guilt came over him.

His mind returned to the girl standing beside him and to her problem; at least he considered it a problem.

Russ thought: I must be getting soft. How can I tell her that all G.I.'s look alike in the khakis.

He remembered his uniform. He also remembered how he had never been covered with frontline dirt. Understanding, he hadn't complained. Reporting all during the war had been his "baby." There had been enough human interest back of the lines to keep him busy.

Somehow he never got away from reporting. In civies he had still plugged away at it, that is, until recently. The main office had politely, for his health, they said, relieved him of his job. One thing Russ Warren had never done was pretty up a story.

The guys at the office had weak stomachs, he had reasoned.

Russ glanced up in time to see the girl's eyes straining into the distance. He thought to himself, what sort of person was this guy who could bring such hope to a person? He knew he could never be that convincing.

"How big America?"

"Big enough, kid. Look." Russ pointed

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to the New York skyline which appeared to be big toy blocks stacked in various sizes and shapes in the gray morning fog.

The girl clamped one hand over her mouth.

Russ noticed her large, bony hand held tightly over her mouth.

He could almost feel her tremble with excitement and anticipation.

Then he saw it. On one finger of her hand was a ring. One like his, only he had lost his. He stopped suddenly. There went that pang again. Had he lost it, or given it away?

His cheeks felt hot and his eyes burned.

He suddenly knew that that was his ring.

Without thinking, Russ thrust out his hand towards where the girl was standing.

There was nothing there, nothing at all! He just knew he couldn't have dreamed it.

The fog had lifted!

Maybe you do need a rest, Russ Warren thought.



Standing in the doorway was a tall, big-framed man.



Emily Hale

"BOATS"

Rebel Yell

With the new school year, the *Rebel* has taken on a new face. This issue and those following will endeavor to present a more comprehensive view of East Carolina College and reach more fully its members. Basic changes in policy will be evident in this issue by larger faculty representation, national advertising, and increased publication. Through the efforts of an increased staff, the *Rebel* hopes to bring you during the school year a better magazine giving non-collegiate readers a more favorable introduction to East Carolina College.

The fall issue includes several articles contributed by faculty members. Dr. James Prince is the author of "La Cuisine Des Anges and My Three Angels," a critical essay dealing with the comparisons of the original French play and the popular production. The business department is represented by James H. Bearden with "The World of Hemingway." Mrs. Claire Holt, wife of registrar Robert Holt, presents her work on the organized religion theme of Sinclair Lewis.

Student contributions are deservedly noteworthy in this issue. Kay McLawhon, winner of the Second Congressional District Book Prize presented by the Poetry Council of North Carolina, contributes her award-winning poem, "The Masses." Janice Brand also adds some of her poetic work.

In view of the increased interest in North Carolina literature, an interview with Inglis Fletcher is included. Conducted by staff member, Gail Cohoon from Columbia, N. C., the interview deals with Mrs. Fletcher's approach to writing and her attitudes on contemporary literature. This should be of particular interest to aspiring writers and literary enthusiasts.

For fiction lovers, short stories by Tom Carson and Tom Jackson may be found. The book review section has been

enlarged to meet the demand for more complete coverage. These should provide a larger area of interest for amateur and professional work.

Nelson Dudley, junior from Greenville, heads the newly organized art department for the *Rebel*. His assistants, Jim Roper and Larry Blizzard, are well-known for their previous art work. By posing for the fall cover, Jim Roper illustrates his talents as a "thinker" as well as an artist.

This first issue carries a special welcome to the freshmen. In many respects the *Rebel* and you are both embarking on a new experiment. We will need the combined efforts of the faculty and older students to firmly acclimate ourselves into East Carolina College. However, above all else the *Rebel* will need the support of you, the freshmen, to become the type of magazine worthy of your participation. The staff welcomes you to the college and to the magazine. Contribute actively in both to make both an integral part of your college life.

With student and faculty co-operation the *Rebel* hopes to entertain, enlighten, and instruct its readers during the year. By increasing the exchange program between national and collegiate magazines, the *Rebel* will serve as an example of the student-faculty talents at East Carolina College. To correctly present the total view of the college, faculty contributions will be presented. This does in no way alter the initial purpose of the *Rebel* as a student publication. The policy has been put into motion and the exchanges have been mailed; the worth of the *Rebel* now rests in the hands of you, the students. It is primarily dedicated to your efforts and ultimately designed for your benefit. Only through your interest can the *Rebel* hope to achieve its creative potential.

THE MASSES

The Masses

Entangled

Entwined

In that clinging, engulfing trap of
footless netting,

Grasping

Clutching

Octagonal shapes of pliable, yet
impenetrable threads,

Caught within its sticky grip

Hurling

Stumbling

Fighting against the force inevitable.

Let them fight.

They are the masses whose pious,
hypocritical reasoning

Means nothing to the net which binds
them all with its

Silent grip.

Their cries and sounds of fury beat
against the walls and

Resound again

As though the net-wall were an echo
chamber of all their

Moanings.

The net is unmoved by the masses
huddled there

And with camouflaged strength it holds
them in steel bondage

Deafened to their outraged fury

and even to their

cries of repentance.

DO NOT TAP YOUR TUNES

Do not tap your tunes
upon this wall
however delicate.

The silver egg is
nullity
you will not break
its shell.

BEWARE THE TREACHEROUS HORIZONS

Beware the treacherous horizons.
They daily and intently swim
back within their casual beginnings.
Beware the horizons.
They swim convexly,
lizard-lipped and grim.
Jaws wide,
they clamp upon the tails
of their origins.

The World of Hemingway

by James Bearden

In his critical biography of Ernest Hemingway, Phillip Young says: "Every true novelist has a world of some kind, an imaginary vision of some sphere or scene of life and action which his individual has caused him to see, and which he re-creates in fiction. This is his equivalent for what, if he wrote philosophy, would be a system of ideas. He sees a kind of life going against some background, and he tries to make it coherent and dramatic. He induces us to see it all through his eyes, and after we have done this we ask ourselves questions about the breadth of his vision and the depth of his perspective. We ask if this is a real world, one we can recognize, and accept.

A characteristic not of the world of Ernest Hemingway is his love for the good earth, of cool streams, of clean air, of the fresh smell of woodlands, and of the challenge of a long hike. It is this same type of thing that annually lures the office-ridden and the factory working city dweller to the streams and mountains of parks and vacation spots throughout the country. In this phenomenon is found a kind of instinctive admission that man is a creature of earth and derives his strength and physical well-being from intimate contact with her.

The words of Hemingway convey so exactly the taste, smell, and feel of experience as it was, that we unconsciously translate our own sensations into their terms.

This intense awareness of the world of the senses is one of the things that makes his work seem so fresh and pure. The beauty of the physical world is a background for the human predicament, and this beauty usually represents some form of compensation possible in the midst of the predicament.

Hemingway's world, ultimately, is a world at war. Sometimes it exists in the literal sense of armed and calculated conflict, and sometimes it exists figuratively

as marked everywhere with violence, potential or present.

In the early stories and novels Hemingway was able to realize all he knew in terms of his first education at war. It served him as a barricade against every emotion. The code of his best heroes was the code of war. Either the war went fine, or it went badly. If a man broke down in the war, if his nerves went to pieces under pressure, then he was lost. If he behaved badly in the peace, he was also lost.

In *The Sun Also Rises* there emerges apart from the war of guns and munitions a war between men and women. This too is a conflict that continues through all Hemingway. Through story after story it is love that defeats man of his heroes.

As for the typical characters of Hemingway's world, they are usually tough men, experienced in the hard worlds they inhabit, and not obviously given to emotional display or sensitive shrinking. Or if the typical character is not of this seasonal order, he is a very young man, or boy, first entering the violent world and adjusting to it.

The typical character faces defeat or death. But out of defeat or death the characters usually manage to salvage something. His heroes are not defeated except under their own terms. They are not cowards, and when they confront defeat they realize that the stance they take means a kind of victory. If they are to be defeated, they are defeated upon their own terms. They represent a code, some brand of honor, that makes a man, and that is his claim to the realm of distinction.

"I did not care what it was all about. All I wanted to know was how to live it."

The heroes of Hemingway live in a world beyond moral good and evil. Liquor fails to break down this emotional imperviousness, and they are men of action rather than thinkers. In most of the cen-

tral figures there is a hint of the anti-social and loneliness.

Typical of the "victory-in-defeat" concept is Robert Jordan, in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, as he appears happy lying wounded behind a machine gun covering the escape of his friends and his sweetheart. Similarly, in *The Sun Also Rises*, Lady Brett Ashley has her moment of virtue when she renounces the seduction of a young bullfighter interpreting her sacrifice to Jake Barnes as, "you know it makes one feel rather good deciding not to be a bitch." Again in *The Old Man and the Sea* the central figure, an old fisherman, though defeated in his attempt to reach the mainland with his tremendous catch, emerges the victor.

Hemingway's character is characterized in a statement he once made, "There is honor among pickpockets and honor among whores. It is simply that the standards differ."

The situation in this world of Hemingway is usually violent. There is the hard-drinking and sexually promiscuous world of *The Sun Also Rises*; the chaotic and brutal world of war as in *A Farewell to Arms*; *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, and many of the sketches of *In Our Time*; the world of sport, as in *Fifty Grand*, and *My Old Man*; the world of crime, as in *The Gambler*, *The Nun*, and *The Radio*. Even when the story does not fall into one of these categories, it usually involves a desperate risk, and behind it is the shadow of ruin.

Maxwell Geiswer said that in creating this situation Hemingway "emerges most clearly as the artist of disaster, the poet of catastrophe, the natural historian of the organism that seeks to die in its own way."

Hemingway's principle opposition has come from those who have attacked him for being pessimistic, bitter and for painting only a dark picture of life. Some disparagement of his works stems from his expatriation. Perhaps the "good life" has not been elucidated with the same vigor as the tragic tone, but his portrayals have been real.

The scene shifts in the situations, but the violence remains the typical condi-

tion of life. This tragic sense is the one factor in his craft that sets him apart from writers of the "ordinary life." In a period which has been dominated by the view of man's ultimate and certain triumph, the ability of Hemingway to maintain this tragic spirit has been astounding.

It is quite possible that Hemingway commands most respect as a stylist. The style characteristically is simple, both in diction and sentence structure. The words are chiefly short and common ones, and there is a severe and austere economy in their use. Hemingway has put the raw language of the street, the pool-room, the barracks, and the brothel into modern literature. The typical sentence is a simple declarative sentence, or a couple of these joined by a conjunction. The paragraph structure is usually based on simple sequence. The rhythmic, clipped march of sentences contributes to his narrative power.

The simplicity of style makes for much imitation, but it also is a style that keeps out of sight the intelligence behind it. The sequence in which events are described is the sequence in which they occurred. Writing in *Death in the Afternoon* of his apprentice days in Paris he put it this way:

"I was trying to write then and I found the greatest difficulty, aside from knowing what you really felt, rather than what you were supposed to feel, and had been taught to feel, was to put down what really happened in action: what the actual things were which produced the emotion that you experienced . . . the real thing, the sequence of motion and fact which made the emotion . . . I was trying to learn to write, commencing with the simplest things."

Many characteristics can be listed in the makeup of this style. Impersonal tone, objectivity, immediacy, and economy of prose are but a few of the multifarious elements that characterize Hemingway's work. For good or for bad Hemingway has maintained this style. It has become his trademark; it is Hemingway the man.

In the field of literature, Hemingway,
(Continued on Page 31)

The REBEL

"The Brothers"



Larry Blizard

HERO

by Tom Jackson



We Talked As We Drank.

The juke box was blaring, and occasionally I could hear a couple of words from the song above the roar of the crowd. It was a hot night, and sweat streamed down my face as I struggled toward the door to catch a few minutes of fresh air from the breeze that is always coming off the lake.

The bunch was really in rare form tonight, and I could see Sylvia Jean swinging her hips to the delight of that circle of boys that always forms around her when she dances. She and Raymond really had the beat, and they had been dancing together all night, really having a ball. I think everyone was having a pret-

ty good time, we were all trying hard enough. After all, this would be the last summer that the bunch would be together and really swing as we had all through high school. At least that's what everyone told us, so we were living it up. But I don't think any of us really thought it would end. I didn't, anyway.

I was almost to the door when Jimmy stopped me to get a cigarette. We shouted to each other above the noise for a minute or two, and I was about to go on when, for the first time in my life, I saw Samuel Rowland.

He had just come in and was edging his way through the crowd. I think I was

the only one who noticed him, and I don't know why I did unless it was because I knew everybody who hung out at Sambo's Place, and this was a new one to me. He was a little guy, kind of dried up looking with wrinkles around the corner of his eyes and his mouth. I couldn't tell if they were from squinting or from laughing, but I figured he must be a little older than most of us to have wrinkles so deep.

He bumped into Raymond, and I knew the wrinkles around his eyes didn't come from squinting as I saw a wide grin cover his entire face and spread into the edge of his soot-black hair when he apologized. It was then that I really noticed his hair. It was black and perfectly groomed. Not just plain black, but almost blue-black like a crow or maybe the blued steel of a gun barrel, and it looked like he had just left a barber shop. Funny how that hair made me think of a gun barrel. I mean hair and gun barrels just aren't alike, but his was. The blue-blackness and the precision in combing made me think of it then and often later in the summer when I knew him better, I still thought of the same thing when I noticed his hair.

I went on out and the breeze felt so good that I slipped out to the car and opened one of the beers iced down there and carried it with me up on the dam where that big beech tree blew down a couple of years ago.

As I sat there on the tree trunk sipping my beer and smiling occasionally as I saw an initial that I recognized among the many carved there in the tree bark, I could see a few of the mob spilling out of the door and standing there talking and laughing. Now and then a cackle would break out above the continuous murmur as one of them laughed a little louder than the rest. And above the crowd and the roar of the water falling in the mill house behind me I could hear Jimmy shout out to somebody inside, "Come on, throw me a damn cigarette, will ya?"

Pretty soon I stood up, tossed the beer can into the lake and lighted a cigarette. I watched for a while as the waves pushed the can back and forth slowly filling it with water until it sank. Then flipping the cigarette out over the dark water I headed back for the dance hall.

When I got back inside the music had stopped momentarily and the crowd was milling around the edge of the dance floor. I saw the little guy with the black hair again. He was standing a little further out on the floor than the others and as another record started playing I watched him make his way over to the knot of people standing around Sylvia Jean and ask her to dance. Almost everybody in there noticed him then. Sylvia Jean was the best dancer in the crowd and nobody but the best ever danced with her because she made you look foolish if you weren't really good. She looked at him for a minute and tilted up the corners of her mouth in a little grin. Nobody else started for the floor. We all knew that she was going to show this character up on the dance floor and we wanted to see it. He and Sylvia Jean walked out to the center of the big circle of people that was already starting to form and the talking and laughing dropped low enough you could hear the music. It was a pretty fast record and they just stood there and looked at each other for a while like a couple of chickens fixing to fight. The colored reflections from the revolving lights in the jukebox danced with the shadows on the ceiling and I could smell the sour tingle of the mud flats as a light breeze shift came in from the open back windows and pushed out some of the beer breath and stale sweat odor.

Then they started. With a little twist he was moving all over at once. His cleated shoes clattered in perfect time to the music and they were moving so fast you could hardly see them. He slipped over the floor one way and then the other, doing steps that were more complicated than any of us had ever been able to do and he was leading Sylvia Jean almost faster than she could keep up. He would skiddle sideways and do a quick turn that would get her out of step every time. This had never happened before. She was the best, and he was dancing circles around her. Pretty soon the grin left her face and she started looking as serious as he did. Then he started grinning in a devilish sort of way. The grin spread like a blush over his face and disappeared into that midnight of hair.

Just before the record was over he did a complicated turn that left Sylvia Jean completely confused because she, as well

as the rest of us, had never seen it done but a couple of times in our lives. Just as the record ended he ducked down, quickly swung her all the way over his back, and dropped her right side up on the floor on the other side. During all this he never lost step to the music. For a few seconds after the record ended there was not a sound in the dance hall except for Sylvia Jean's breathing. Boy, she was tired. Then everybody was talking at once. "Who is this guy?" "Where did he come from, and where did he learn to dance like that?" We gathered around him and before the night was over his name, Samuel had been shortened to Sammy and he was one of the bunch.

Sammy and I got to be pretty good friends that summer. I guess it was because he didn't have a car and I did. Anyway we started hanging around together right much. We double dated, we went to Sambo's or to the beach, *we drank together, and we talked.*

Sammy was funny, but he was a great guy too. His body could never be called the "he man" type, he was more of a "97 pound weakling" just from looks, but actually he weighed about 115 and was at least five feet six or seven. He was freckled all over and never had a good sun tan. He just turned bright red and then spotted up when he got in the sun. His skinny freckled arms always seemed just a little bit too little for his body, but then clothes did a lot for that body. In a bathing suit he was all arms and legs, or knees and elbows I ought to say. He could fool you though, because he was pretty strong for his size and had the spunk of a bantam rooster. He wouldn't just get in a fight, he would jump in it. I guess he got in ten or twelve fights during the time I knew him and I never saw him win one yet. But he loved to fight and would do it until he was beat black and blue. The next day he would come around blue all over with both eyes puffed shut and say, "Well he got a good sized meal off of me, but I got a sandwich off the big s.o.b." then he would laugh in that high pitched cackle of his and forget about it.

Sammy never was much for holding down a job either. It wasn't that he minded work so much, it was just that he didn't like regular jobs. He would fool

around every evening until he ran up with somebody that was busy, and then he would do whatever they were doing. It didn't matter to him if they were fishing or digging ditches he'd fall right in and help. Sammy seemed to get in the way more than anything else, but he always got right much done in spite of that.

Once in a while he would get a paying job for a day or two to get a little cigarette and beer money, but he never stayed at work long. He drove dump trucks a little, barned tobacco, painted signs, and stuff like that as long as he didn't have to work over two or three days in a stretch.

Sammy wasn't the kind of guy that would ever really be important, but there was something about him that you had to like. When you got to know him, you wished you had known him all your life. He danced better than anybody around home, played the piano a little, piddled at singing, and could tell dirty jokes all night without stopping except maybe to open another beer now and then or to light a cigarette.

Have you ever tried to eat one salty peanut and stop? That's the way it was talking to Sammy. If you spoke, you had to hang around and shoot the bull a few minutes. When he was serious or even mad, talking to him was still a pleasant experience. Sometimes he'd really get hot about something, but no matter what he said, it came out funny.

As the summer went by Sammy and I developed a kind of a weekly ritual that we both enjoyed. Every Thursday night, as regular as a clock, we would go up town and as soon as Sammy had finished getting his hair cut we would go to Dick's Coffee Shop and sit around talking and drinking beer. Yessir, just as sure as it got to be Thursday night, we were in Dick's with those big cold beer mugs on the table in front of us. Dick always kept his mugs in a big ice cream freezer and they were colder than the beer. When you poured the beer in, the foam would bubble up over the top and run down the side and freeze, making a thin skim of ice on the side of the mug. We would scoop the frozen foam off the top with our fingers and lick them clean before drinking the beer. We talked as we drank and Sammy used to tell me all about Sylvia

Jean. He was dating her right much, but she kept trying to give him a run-around and it worried him sometimes.

Well, we'd sit there and drink one beer after another until Sammy's ears turned bright red and the skin on my forehead began to feel tight and everything got real funny. About the time we reached this stage, Dick would blink the lights three times, which meant it was 11:45 and time to go. We would get three or four beers "to go" and drink them on the way home with the radio turned wide open. Sammy could always out drink me so he drove the car on Thursday nights. We would drive home and he would park in the garage for me and walk on to his house. I didn't think he should have to walk home; but after I ditched the Chevy on the second night I tried it from his house to mine, he had insisted on walking.

Well as you know, things change, and since I left at the end of that summer they have changed a hell of a lot. I've been gone for about two years now, except for one weekend right after basic training and this past time; and it was hard to understand what had happened when I was here the last time.

You see, it's like this. About the same time I enlisted, most of the rest of the little bunch that hung around Sambo's left too. Sylvia Jean finally married a Benton boy from uptown, Buzz went to the army with Dickie and Pete. Ray went to a barber school in Charlotte, Sondra works in Raleigh now and Frankie made it to Duke. Some of them I don't know where they are. They just all left at one time and you never hear from them any more except once in a while you'll see in the paper where another one of them is getting married or shipped overseas.

Well, Sammy was left by himself and I guess he was pretty lonesome because he never could stand not to be in a crowd. I didn't hear from him for a long time and then the last time I was home I ran into Doc Huggins and he told me that Sammy was driving a dump truck for Bud Williamson and had been at it for some time. And he said Sammy was drinking pretty heavy all the time. I was a little surprised to know that Sammy had been driving a truck, but I didn't think anything about the drinking part until sometime later in the day when three or four other people said something

about it to me.

Well I began trying to look Sammy up. He wasn't at home, he wasn't at Bud Williamson's and I was beginning to be afraid that I was not going to find him before my week at home was up, but I did. It was Sunday evening when I finally ran into him.

He was asleep on a bench in Lea's Truck Stop just out of town a little on 713. He had on a filthy green truck driver's uniform and he hadn't shaved for at least five days. There was a long streak of grease on his left arm and his knuckles and both elbows were covered with thick red scabs. One of them was bleeding a little. And his hair, it had grown down around his ears and low on the back of his neck in ragged strands.

I felt as if the very air I was breathing had congealed in my mouth. I watched him for a minute or two, lighted a cigarette, then ground it out and tried to wake him up. He was shaking pretty bad and didn't recognize me for a minute.

When he did recognize me he just stared at me for a minute and then kind of grinned. He got up off the bench and we shook hands and mumbled hello to each other. "Come on Sammy, let's go get a hot dog and a Coke," I said.

Well, we had our hot dog, and our Coke too. And we talked. But it was not the same. In ten minutes we had talked out every possible subject we had in common and were discussing the weather.

He wanted to borrow five dollars, and I let him have it. He said he would pay me back the next day.

Pretty soon after I gave him the money, he said he had to meet somebody; and so, I carried him to a filling station out on the other side of town and left him there where he was supposed to meet him. He said he'd see me Monday.

The next day I tried to get up with him again, but I couldn't find him anywhere. He had just left every place I asked. I didn't find him again until the Wednesday afternoon that I was leaving. I was all packed and started back when I ran across him. I stopped at Lea's to gas up and while I was talking to Bill, the man that runs the store there, I mentioned that I hadn't been able to find Sammy. Bill kind of smiled and said Sammy was there and had gone around back a few minutes before, so I walked around to the

back of the store.

Sammy was there all right. He was lying face down in the edge of the corn field behind the store. His feet and legs were in a little drainage ditch and the rest of him was draped over the bank of it. He had not shaved. The only difference was his hair. It had been cut and combed. He still looked pretty run down. His face was grey except for the black stubble of beard and two eyes that looked like blood clots. Then he turned to me.

On the top of all the filth on his clothes there was a layer of red mud, still wet from the drainage ditch. From his back pocket stuck a half filled wine bottle and he was crying like a baby. He blubbered and slobbered all over the place and didn't make much sense when he talked. It was beginning to drizzle rain again, so I got him up and helped him to a little shelter that stuck out from the side of the building and covered him up with some old cotton bagging I found there, and he went to sleep. I figured he was broke so I left a couple of dollars in his pocket, took the rest of the wine and carried it across the yard to the ditch. I threw the bottle in and stood there watching it bouncing around as the water carried it down the tiling that ran under the highway and to the creek on the other side. It bumped into one bank and then the other as it was carried faster and faster by the water.

I looked back at Sammy, and then I scrambled down the bank after that bottle. I grabbed for it, but the current carried it over to the other bank, and it lodged in some weeds. I went back up the bank and got an old tobacco stick that I found there and pulled the bottle back out of the weeds, but before I could get it, the current had carried it further down. I moved along, just out of reach almost to the tiling until I reached a spot where the ditch had partially filled in and was not as wide. As I stepped out on the little mound of dirt that had washed down, the dull red mud ran in cold and sticky over the top of my right shoe and soaked in my sock. I got pretty wet in the rain, but I finally got the bottle just as it started into the tile.

I carried it back to the shelter and wiped it off with a burlap bag and left it sitting there beside Sammy with the flies buzzing around it.

East Carolina College Music Foundation

Some six years ago the East Carolina Music Foundation was incorporated. It was formed by the members of the Music Department and also by numerous interested people in the community.

The purpose of the Foundation is to provide funds for various types of needs that cannot be included in the state and college budget. Some of the many purposes of the fund are: 1) to provide additional scholarships for outstanding and needy students, both in recruiting and helping keep students we now have, who have financial problems, 2) to bring to the campus outstanding composers, conductors, and clinicians, 3) to bring to the campus guest lecturers of national reputation, 4) to bring to the department guest instructors of national reputation for one or more quarters to teach in the area of their speciality. Other uses of the fund are: 1) to secure graduate teaching assistantships in areas where instructional assistance is needed, 2) to enable the department to affiliate with additional professional music organizations that are national in scope, 3) to purchase additional equipment above and beyond what can be done with our state music budget, (harp, harpsichord, audio-visual equipment, organ-electronic and pipe, and 4) to enable the department to hold receptions for guest artists so students, faculty, and townspeople have the opportunity of meeting them.

(Continued from Page 6)

This throws you off your track. No one has any say so about my work except my editor.

17. Where do you do most of your writing?

In one or two vacant rooms upstairs. In the summer I work in the schoolhouse. This building dates back to 1750 and is one of the oldest plantation school houses.



"Jazz Session"

$\frac{2}{3}$

Rose Marie Bakke

Satire of Organized Religion In Some of The Writings of Sinclair Lewis

by Claire Holt

"Little Harry Lewis of the Sauk Centre Congregational Sunday School could still (as an adult) sing hymns and quote from the Bible, but he had no faith in organized religion. "The moment it becomes organized it ceases to be effective," he said. Thus Grace Hegger Lewis, first wife of Sinclair Lewis, pinpoints the source of one of Mr. Lewis's strongest satirical attacks.

Although one of his novels, *Elmer Gantry*, deals specifically and almost wholly with the war against organized religion, it does not stand alone or apart from other of his works. For throughout the bulk of his writing he carries at least a strain of this thinking.

The religious satire in the novels of Sinclair Lewis may be broken down into three major aspects: the institution and institutions of the church (protestant in the main); the membership of the church; and the leadership of the church — its ministers, evangelists, and lay-leaders.

Lewis depicts the institution of the general church, first of all, as being a tradition-bound organization which is of itself evil and misleading to its membership. In *Main Street*, Carol Kennicott feelingly decries: "Not individuals but institutions are the enemies, and they most afflict the disciples who the most generously serve them. They insinuate their tyranny under a hundred guises and pompous names, such as . . . the Church . . ."

The church, with all its tradition, is seen again by Lewis as being the force from which its members can not free themselves. Elmer Gantry's church "had nurtured him in a fear of religious machinery which he could never lose. . . . (It) had been the center of all its emotions. . . . "He had, in fact, got everything from the church and Sunday School, except, perhaps, any longing whatever for decency and kindness and

reason."

And, further, Lewis views the church as an institution interested primarily in economic gain. This is evident again in the words of Carol Kennicott: "What an eternal art—finding names for our opponents. How we do sanctify our efforts to keep them from getting the holy dollars we want for ourselves. The churches have always done it."

These remarks about the general church are aprons of the many various sects within it. And Lewis is particularly satiric about the variety of faiths that make up the larger institutions, each of them claiming superiority: "The Baptist (and, somewhat less, the Methodists, Congregational, and Presbyterian Churches) is the perfect, the divinely ordained standard in music, oratory, philanthropy and ethics."

Within the individual sects there are yet smaller institutions which do not escape Lewis's sharp attack. A major example of this is seen in his treatment of the denominational college. Before her marriage Carol Kennicott attended Blodgett College, "the bulwark of sound religion . . . Pious families . . . send their children thither, and Blodgett protects them from the wickedness of the universities."

In the same novel, the lawyer Guy Pollock says: "I went to a denominational college and learned that since dictating the Bible, and hiring a perfect race of ministers to explain it, God has never done much but creep around and try to catch us disobeying it."

In *Arrowsmith*, Mugford Christian College is described as a small school with a faculty made up predominantly of ministers and with a curriculum that is vastly inadequate. Such faculty members as are found in the churches' educational institutions are themselves a target for satire. This is depicted in the person of

the president of Elmer Gantry's Terwillinger College, the Rev. Dr. Willoughby Quarlees, "formerly pastor of the Rock of Ages Baptist Church of Moline, Illinois, and than whom no man had written more about the necessity of baptism by immersion, in fact in every way a thoroughly fine figure".

And, finally, the practices of such institutions are satirized. Of Elmer Gantry, Lewis writes, "Though he had an excellent opinion of himself, he had seen too much football, as played by denominational colleges with the Christian accompaniments of kneeling or gouging . . ."

Another practice common in Elmer's theological seminary was the "Mispah sport of looking up Biblical texts to prove a preconceived opinion."

Besides denominational colleges, other Christian institutions with which Sinclair Lewis makes a good deal of sport are the Y.W.C.A. and the Y.M.C.A.

To Mr. Lewis the institutions of the church are made up of a mass of more or less conforming individuals. In a sense, therefore, his description of particular members of the church reflects his larger criticism of the church as an institution. There are at least four elements of members within the churches in Lewis's novels: the overly pious and sanctimonious, the lower class which must be kept in order, the "good fellow" or "booster," and the person who wishes to belong but who has no notion of reasons or doctrines. This latter group takes part of its number from each of the other groups.

A typical Lewis character who is overly pious is the Widow Bogart in *Main Street*. So repulsive is her religion that Carol Kennicott says of her: "If that woman is on the side of angels, then I have no choice; I must be on the side of the devil."

The lower class who must be kept in order are represented by such groups as the strikers who are vividly portrayed in *Babbitt* and the poor Swede farmer in *Main Street*. The strikers are presented solely as an economic group, though individuals stand out in the latter element. Particularly obstreperous and in need of being "kept in his place" is the Swede Miles Bjornstam who meets a deputation from the local church just prior to the death of his wife and baby son with

the stinging words: "You're too late. You can't do nothing now. Bea's always kind of hoped that you folks would come to see her. . . . She used to sit waiting for somebody to knock. . . . Now,—oh, you ain't worth god-damning." And with this, he shut the door in their faces.

The last type of church member satirized by Lewis is the one who, like the "booster," supports the church as a part of the community, though not necessarily for personal gain. This individual feels a kinship with the members, but has no understanding whatsoever of doctrines proclaimed by the institution to which he belongs. *Main Street's* Doc Kennicott is a typical example of this type of church member. "He believed in the Christian religion, and never thought about it; he believed in the church, and seldom went near it; he was shocked by Carol's lack of faith, and wasn't quite sure what was the nature of the faith she lacked."

In all of these types of members, their so-called beliefs are not only mouthed without understanding but application of them is also rarely practiced. The church members' lack of "love of neighbor" has already been pointed out in the Miles Bjornstam incident. Another example of this is the account of Carol Kennicott being taken to task by more ardent church members for paying her maid a living wage. And in *Elmer Gantry* it is pointed up that though there are Jews, Negroes, and foreigners within the American population, it is a "lot safer, to avoid the problem" which they create for a church that preaches brotherhood but whose general attitude is that American born whites are superior.

Generally this lack of a practical application of religion may be summed up in the words: "In Gopher Prairie it is not good form to be holy except at church, between ten-thirty and twelve on Sunday."

Just as the individuals making up the church reflect upon the institution itself, so does the leadership reflect upon the followers. And because the "blind are leading the blind," the total structure of church organization becomes an endless circle of hypocrisy.

In his depiction of the protestant ministry, Lewis is not at his best, for his characters at times do not seem real, but rather as caricatures. And his forced



"Steeple"

Emily Neale

humor and ribald treatment of sex detracts somewhat from what could be satire in its finest sense. Yet even so, Lewis does focus his search light upon many weak spots within the clergy and reveals situations which the church generally prefers not to admit.

The most colorful minister Sinclair Lewis paints is Elmer Gantry, whose career is traced from his religious conversion during college days, through seminary training, through a Baptist pastorate, into a moral slip necessitating his resignation, through a period as shoe salesman and one as a roving evangelist, and finally into his acceptance of Methodist doctrines and subsequent climb in that denomination from the pastorate of a small rural church to that of a large city church. Throughout his entire story Elmer's physical and emotional characteristics take precedence over his intellectual and spiritual qualities. Issue may be taken with Barbara Grace Spayd that Elmer Gantry is a "picture somewhat out of focus" and that he is a caricature. As detestable a character as he is, he does exist, nevertheless, within the protestant ministry. However, he is the exception rather than the rule of ministers. While many a minister has had Elmer's thick lack of intelligence, many his ambitions to climb, many his pompous and pious use of phrases unmeaningful and inapplicable to life, many his sensationalisms, some his characteristic of sex deviations, and some a combination of perhaps two of these, it is the very rare individual indeed whose life contains all of them.

Saron Falconer, woman evangelist in the same story, appears, however, as a definite caricature. While the organization of her evangelistic troop, its economic outlook, and its conduction of religious services are not unknown, Lewis's story of her religious sex orgy is certainly a far-fetched one which is repulsive and which does not captivate any belief on the part of the reader.

Lewis is better in his satire of other evangelists, depicting them as prototypes of Billy Sunday, the controversial evangelistic orator who cast his influence across America during the period of Lewis's writing. For instance, in *Babbitt* Mike Monday, the "world's greatest sales-

man of salvation," wasn't asked to Zenith till it was reported that "in every city where he had appeared, Mr. Monday had turned the minds of workmen from wages and hours to higher things, and thus averted strikes."

The fanaticism of Lewis's evangelists is seen in pastorates and missions also. The Rev. Ira Hinkley, medical missionary from the Sanctification Bible and Missions School, discovered in his mission his school mate, Dr. Martin Arrow-smith, who has come for scientific experimentation with an epidemic of the plague. With a near wildness he exclaims: "Oh, Mart, if you knew how my heart bleeds to see these ignorant fellows going unrepentant to eternal torture! After all these years I know you can't still be a scoffer. I come to you with open hands, begging you not merely to comfort the sufferers but to snatch their souls from the burning lakes of sulphur to which, in His everlasting mercy, (note: not *justice* but *mercy*) the Lord of Hosts hath condemned those that blaspheme against His gospel, freely given—"

There is only one type of minister with whom Lewis apparently sympathizes. His strongest representation is found in Frank Shallard, a young liberal in *Elmer Gantry*. He came from an educated and devout family. Through his keen intellect and study he became aware of contradictions and fallacies within the church. He hopes to improve conditions from within. But from his seminary days with Elmer Gantry, and through several subsequent pastorates, his doubts and conflicts grew. Finally because of his liberal views he was forced to "resign" from his church. Although he did it in a conventional manner, his real desire was to be able to present his resignation by saying: "I have decided that no one in this room, including your pastor, believes in the Christian religion. Not one of us would turn the other cheek. Not one of us would sell all that he has and give to the poor. Not one of us would give his coat to some man who took his overcoat. Everyone of us lays up all the treasure he can. We don't practice the Christian religion. We don't intend to practice it. Therefore, we don't believe in it. There-

fore I resign, and I advise you to quit lying and disband."

Thus, in a really tragic note, Sinclair Lewis directs the reader's sympathy toward the very small element within organized religion who feel their smallness, their lack of understanding of omnipotent things, and who attempt at least in some measure to liberalize traditional forms. Yet, if Lewis does not depict their case as being entirely hopeless, he certainly makes it our to be nearly so.

The difficulties of organized religion are clearly pointed up; yet its solutions are never found. Even in Lewis's most genuine characters there remain varying degrees of hopelessness which, though mingled at times with optimism, present in the main a deep pessimism. His satire is most of the time graphically real. But the real is not beautiful to behold.

The Woodcutter

*by Dr. Bruce Carter
Art Department*

Printmaking is a creative art process, of which the layman has little or no awareness. Prints, which are mechanically reproduced, are too often thought by the layman to be the same as original prints made from wood blocks, etching plates, or lithograph stones. Printmaking involves the creation of an original work of the artist's expression. This product, unlike the Japanese, who combined the group efforts of three guilds of craftsmen, artists, woodcutters, and printers, is the result of one artist, who conceived the original idea, drew it, cut the block by means of a knife and chisels, and printed the inked block on paper. This print is an original work of an artist; and because more prints can be "pulled" from the inked block, each original print is relatively economical for the layman to purchase.

The traditional concept of a woodcut print is the organization of black lines on a white background. Although many woodcut artists are primarily concerned

with this relationship, there is a strong direction on the part of the contemporary printmaker not only to successfully organize the black lines on a white background, but to utilize the reverse, white lines on a black background, in the same print. The tools he employs are a sharp knife, chisels, V-shaped and gouges, nails, wire brushes, blow torches, hammers, awls, and any other tools by which he may create a line or texture on the wood surface to be printed. After the reverse image has been cut from the woodblock, the block is inked with a roller or brayer and printing ink. The print itself is created by the application of a piece of paper, usually Japanese rice paper, to the inked block. The paper is lifted carefully from the block, and the result is the woodcut print.

It is interesting to note that although the original print as an art work is relatively inexpensive, the print as an art form is not as popular with the American layman as in Europe and the Orient. This problem of the contemporary printmaker, in seeking appreciators of his craft and outlets for his work, can be rooted in our art educational systems. We have educated generations, who, unfortunately are too, educating future generations, to the false concept that art is comprised solely of drawing and painting. As an example, the usual remark of a non-art major student in an art class is the trite, old statement, "I can't draw a straight line." This, although meant in jest, too often betrays a very narrow conception of art, which includes only drawing and painting, and fails to include the other forms of printmaking, sculpture, ceramics, weaving, and photography.

It is, therefore, the responsibility of an art educational system to a society, which stresses the rights of individual expression, to broaden the society's conception of art and the numerous forms that it takes.



FALL, 1959

"Auntie Sue"

5

John Phillip

La Cuisine Des Anges or My Three Angels - a comparison

by Dr. Roy Prince

"My Three Angels" is an adaptation of "La Cuisine des Anges," a French play by Albert Husson. Mr. Husson is a government employee, now 37 years of age, whose plays have been well received and have remained popular. For this play he won the *Prix Tristan Bernard*, an important literary prize. The adaptation of this play was made by Sam and Bella Spewack who also wrote "Kiss Me Kate."

When "La Cuisine" was first produced in Paris in January 1952, it was an immediate success. American producers saw its possibilities, and soon the Spewack version was ready and was produced in New York in March, 1953. It was a success at the box office, although the reviews were either mild or antagonistic towards it. It has since been produced with great success by drama groups all over the country, particularly by colleges and little theatres. The movie version under the title of "We're No Angels" was produced by Paramount in 1955. Its reviews were even less favorable than those of the play although it was an interesting movie, particularly for people who had seen the play. The focal point of the criticism seemed to be the immoral doings of the three main characters. However, the reason the play has been less a success than it might have been is that it has been almost universally misunderstood. Actually it should be interpreted as being completely symbolic.

The American play is shorter. The individual speeches of the characters are shorter. The Spewacks made some slight rearrangements in the action. They have made clear some of the subtleties of the language, and the intellectual depth of the characterizations has been made less deep. Neither of the plays can be said to be particularly deep intellectually, although the characters in "La Cuisine" do often say things which would provoke philosophical thought. The French play

seems to have been written with the view of allowing character types to build themselves up, not just be words but also by pantomime and gestures, giving themselves ample opportunity to reveal their abilities and to project themselves to their hearers. Laughter is meant to be provided not just by what the actors say, but more so by what they do and how they do it.

The European idea is to see a play, not to find out how it comes out but to see how the actors play it. Thus, a production would be successful only if it is played by a cast of capable artists. European audiences are interested in hearing how the actors say their lines and also what they do at the same time. They are interested in the philosophical ideas of the play. They like pantomime which can be more forceful than words if properly executed. The American theatre-goers in general do not go to a play to see how well it is done, but to follow the literal meaning of the story, to see how it comes out, to be amused. They do not usually see a play more than once. It is our firm belief that anyone who sees this or any other play will enjoy it far more if he has read or seen it beforehand. When one knows the direction of the action, when he has the thread of the story in mind, and is more or less familiar with what is being said, he does not need to concentrate so much on catching the exact words lest he lose the train of thought. Then he can lend more attention to what is being said, what the actors are doing, and what philosophy the play develops. Thus, he has more time to appreciate the play and to meditate on the problems it has raised.

The date of the French play was 1880; that of the American play was 1910. However, in the important matters the American play follows the French play. If it is taken in its literal sense, the play be-

comes amusing yet bold and has a standard of conduct which is quite shocking to our sense of justice and to due process of law. The French play gives more prominence to reflective thought; the American version depends on rapid-fire dialogue, action and comic situation. The French play has more speeches with double meaning (not necessarily suggestive of evil); the American play says things more directly and positively. The French play opens when a native boy enters a store, and after looking around for a while, he steals a harmonica. No words are spoken for a few moments until he has gone out. The American play says only that a harmonica has been stolen. The seriousness of the previous love affair between the daughter Marie-Louise and her cousin Paul is emphasized in the French play but minimized in the American play. The French play minimizes the forged will; the American play emphasizes it. The French play gives more emphasis to characterizations; the American play emphasizes the setting and the action. Disregarding the language in which each is written, the French play would be better if done by French actors and for a French audience, and the American play would be better if done by American actors for an American audience.

The play tells the story of the Ducotel family who have come to a penal colony in French Guiana to establish a store. Felix, the father, is not a good business man and his store has been losing business and is about to go to ruin. Emilie is his long suffering and loving wife who has more business sense than her husband. Since the business is going so poorly, its backer, an uncle, Henri Trochard, a tough man with eyes only for money, is coming to inspect everything, and the Ducotels fear he will throw them out. Their daughter, Marie-Louise, is in love with a cousin Paul who has remained in France, but who is coming along with his Uncle Henri whose heir he is to be. Marie-Louise believes that her love will at last be fulfilled, but Paul is coming to break off the affair since his uncle has induced him to promise to marry the daughter of a rich man — a union which would further solidify the Trochard business. The two arrive on Christmas Eve night, the same night on which Emilie has invited three

convicts (free on the island but not free to leave it) to spend Christmas Eve night with them. When the play opens the convicts are busy repairing the roof of the Ducotel house. From above they overhear enough of the conversations below to size-up the situation at once and to realize that the Ducotels are in danger of losing everything since business is so bad; the account books have not been kept up to date; and Marie-Louise is being jilted. Only desperate action will save them, and the three convicts are prepared for it. They later decide to release into the bedroom of the sleeping Henri a deadly snake named, Adolphe which they carry in a coconut shell. He does indeed find the bed of Henri and the result is sure. This having been accomplished, and before Adolphe can be recaptured, the convicts find that the nephew Paul has been bitten when he puts his hand into the pocket of his dead uncle. In the meantime one of the criminals has forged a will in the name of Henri in favor of the Ducotels. After Paul has died, the Angels cause Marie-Louise to meet a handsome naval officer, and having accomplished their mission on earth they go back up the ladder to the roof as the play ends.

This play should not be taken at its face value for what it seems to be. If we do take it literally, it is a shocking and revolting story about a trio of criminals who cause the death of two people who they feel do not deserve to live. Thus, we would have a farcial mixture of the comic and the tragic. What may be easily overlooked is that the play is symbolic. Even the title, "My Three Angels," makes this clear. While it may not be the duty of mankind consciously to speed-up the workings of Providence, still much of the work of the Almighty has always been done by man himself. The "Three Angels" should not be looked on as murderers, but as instruments for the execution of divine judgment. Thus, the serpent Adolphe becomes the symbol of the wrath of God and the agent by which His will is executed. The Three Angels become intermediaries between God and man, sent down to earth to carry out in a physical way the ends of divine justice.

Further evidence of this is in the fact that in the play Adolphe bites two peo-

ple and only two — those who most deserve to die. If Adolphe were a mere snake and the Angels base criminals, then it would be asking too much of a snake to expect him to bite only those who deserve death, and of the criminals to limit their activities to committing crimes for the good of others. We would not expect a snake to be so discriminating in his tastes or criminals to protect the needy. In the beginning the Angels were on the roof repairing it. This is a symbol of the fact that they were there to perform actions which would prevent the world of the Ducotels from caving in upon them as it was about to do. In the early scenes every time the Deity is mentioned, hammering—thunder—is heard from above. The harmonica seems to be used to usher in the Angels and set the stage with heavenly music for the coming of the Three. The harmonica plays both on the entrance of the Angels and also on their final exit; as well as at times when the idea of Angels is mentioned. When the Angels enter the scene, it is by climbing down the ladder from above as if they were coming down from heaven. In the French play the harmonica plays a Christmas carol “Le Christ est né”—Christ is born, symbolizing the coming of Christ but in the form of his Angels. Significant also is the fact that the time of the play is Christmas Eve night and Christmas Day.

One apparently superfluous character in both plays is Madam Parole (a significant name). She offers some comic relief because she is a universal type. She warns the Ducotels to be on the lookout for thieves, yet in her manner and by her actions she reveals herself as the worst thief of all since she deals in fraud and deceit under the hypocritical mask of respectability. It seems likely that she was put in as a contrast to the three Angels. She outwardly pretends to be respectable but she has no scruples and swindles anybody she can, but the three Angels, who admit being criminals, go about doing good. It would be dangerous to generalize and say that so it is in life, but no doubt her type does exist.

The Three Angels enter when they are first needed but not until they are needed, although their presence nearby has been

pointed out from the first. They seem to know all, to anticipate everything and to always have the right answers. They are uncannily superhuman in this regard. They hesitate only once and that is when they are trying to recapture Adolphe after the death of Henri Trochard. This could mean that Angels can deal successfully with man but that the ways of God sometimes elude anyone of lesser importance.

Adolphe in his cage is always present except when he is at work. The convicts first met Adolphe when he suddenly dropped down from above on the neck of a cruel guard. Henceforth he was a pal of the three. Again this is an illustration of the wrath of God coming down from heaven to punish an evil man.

When Marie-Louise, disappointed in love, wants to run away to a convent, one of the Three asks her the right questions and makes just the right comments to help her change her mind. He gives her hope because he helps her use her better judgment and good sense to solve a problem for which at first she saw no solution. This is just as God himself might help anyone to solve a problem—through the inner workings of his own mind and the tendency of his better judgment to prevail.

The harmonica plays as “miracles” are being carried out. The Christmas tree and its trimmings have all come from the garden of the Governor—he who could best afford to share. For the preparation of the dinner, the procuring of food, flowers and the serving of the dinner, it is the Angels who unhesitatingly and swiftly provide for everything. Heavenly music from the harmonica towards the close of the first act tells of three Angels who came down to earth. When the toy Angels are placed as decorations on the top of the tree, they are shopworn, bruised and damaged—but Angels nevertheless—fallen Angels—just as these Angels on earth are. Surely the intention of the author to have the convicts become Angels in reality could not be more plain. They could hardly have been pictured as less like what they were in reality or more like what they represented. The things which happen in the play may be shocking to the senses, but one should not take

these murderers seriously. They weren't meant that way, since as Angels they can do no wrong.

The value of any play or of any piece of literature is, the larger number of possible interpretations it can have. "My Three Angels" is an excellent and thought-provoking play, and all who have seen it enjoyed it, but those who are best acquainted with it in advance enjoy and profit from it most.

East Carolina College Playhouse

Director: Dr. J. A. Withey

Assistant Director: Mr. James A. Brewer

President: Bill Faulkner

The Playhouse presented its first production on November 6, 7, and 8. This production, *My Three Angels*, was presented on Broadway and later made into a movie with Humphrey Bogart, Aldo Ray, and Peter Ustinov playing the leading roles. In the E.C. production of this, Mr. J. A. Brewer served as director and played a leading role as one of the angels. Mr. Brewer played this role previously at the University of Southern California. Others in the playhouse who had leading roles in this production were Jim Roper, Ed Barcliff, Leigh Dobson, Lynn Glassford, and Dan Yanchinsin.

The E.C. Playhouse will present another major production during January—*The Diary of Anne Frank*. There will also be the Shakespearean production in the spring.

Other plans for the year include the annual children's play and several workshop plays. Mr. James A. Brewer will work with the Music Department next spring on the annual musical production, *South Pacific*.

The playhouse definitely feels the need for more people who are interested in such things as make-up, publicity, and scenery. For the first time, the playhouse has prepared and sent out a brochure of plays for the year and a list of different classes to be taught concerning different aspects of drama such as acting interpretation

SONG OF THE BOUGH

by Janice Brand

Unter den linden,
 flowering now,
 Sweet leaves of sorrow
Hung from a bough.
Silent, I washed them,
 Pity's sweet brow,
Hung from the linden's
 pondering bough. —
 Shadows from under,
green, like the bough,
 Passion's sweet wonder
sorrowing now.
Sing, minnesingers,
 A linden is now
Sweet from its way-winding,
Stooped with its bough.

(Written as a sequel to *Unter Den Liden*,
Walther von der Vogelweide, Middle
Ages—1400?)

(Continued from Page 14)

undoubtedly, has his own little world. In his book, *After the Lost Generation*, John W. Peridge speaks of the boundaries of Hemingway's world. "The Hemingway of those first stories—printed in the small de luxe way by friends in Paris—had already staked out the dimensions of this world. The boundaries of that world would extend from the Michigan woods to the battlefield at Caporetto and the bull rings of Spain around to the studios along the Paris Left Bank."

Hemingway's world thrives on the utilization of the senses; Hemingway's world is a world at war; the people of the world operate under such conditions as, desparation, apprehension, emergency, and violence; Hemingway's world is one in which things do not grow, but explode, break, or are eaten away

It is easy to protest this world. It is sometimes hard to believe this world exists. It may be hard to distinguish which, of all the worlds our writers offer, will be the ones we shall live in; but no matter which we choose, a little of Hemingway's will be included.



"FEAR"

ROSE MARIE GORNITO

The Rebel Review

The world of the printed word is, as always, full and rich. This world is a self-sustaining and self-educating realm. Its horizons are broad and its boundaries limitless. As one steps into this variegated realm, one sees a single factor which is common to all its component parts. Each has value for us. If we agree with the idea, there is the thrill which can be understood only if one has experienced the sensation of having certain words and phrases leap before his eyes and intuitively knowing, "This is me." If we violently disagree, there results a deeper examination of our own views and the reasons underlying them. In any case, there is *stimulation* of one's mental processes, which is one of the most essential of the life activities.

William F. Buckley, editor of the *National Review* and "enfant terrible of the Conservatives," is the author of a controversial new book, *Up From Liberalism*. Its stated purpose is "To bring down this thing called liberalism which is powerful but decadent; and salvage conservatism which is weak but viable." Buckley lauds McCarthyism as "a movement around which men of good will and stern morality can close ranks." Although many liberals have admitted that liberalism is in need of refining its foundations, it remains to be shown if Mr. Buckley has anything more than a negative approach to offer.

Howells, His Life and Work by Van Wyck Brooks is another interesting newcomer. Because of the social documentary nature of some of his work, Howells has been placed by some in the field of cultural history rather than that of literature. Brooks attempts to "recreate Howells and restores him to his rightful place." It should be noted that if the nature of Howells' work eliminates him from the field of literature, the same must be said of Theodore Driser and Thomas Mann.

Recently published is *The Collected Essays of Aldous Huxley*. This volume has been described as "the spiritual autobiography of its author." Huxley's keen mind probes into almost every area

known to man. In this writer's opinion, Aldous Huxley is unrivaled for sheer force of the intellect.

For an unusual and controversial commentary on the implications of Freud's work and theories, see *The Freudian Ethic*, by Richard La Piere. A professor of sociology, La Piere holds the Freudian ethic and its implications strictly responsible for the ills of Western civilization today.

Albert Camus, a modern enigma in literature and philosophy, is further explored in *Albert Camus and the Literature of Revolt* by John Cruickshank. The author attempts to analyze Camus' ideas and ideology as well as his literary style and significance.

O To Be A Dragon is a thin volume of poetry by Marianne Moore (Her output seldom exceeds four poems a year.) Some critics consider Miss Moore dated and say that she is writing for the Twenties and Thirties rather than for the Fifties and Sixties. Certainly as the only real American disciple of T. S. Eliot, she writes for his school of criticism. Thus she receives her share of the criticism which maintains that modern poetry is too academic and text-bookish. By whose standard should she be judged, those of the criticism she strives to meet, or those of critics who have no appreciation of what she is attempting to do?

Faulkner at the University—As Writer-In-Residence at the University of Virginia 1957-1958, William Faulkner held several tape-recorded interviews. Questions of his audience (ranging from a freshman English class to Department of psychiatry) and his replies appear in this book. Typical questions are "has he tried to picture the South and Southern civilization?" ("Not at all"), "What does he consider the best novel by younger writers?" (*The Catcher in the Rye*).

"I don't know too much about ideas . . . I'm interested primarily in people, in man in conflict with himself, with his fellow man, or with his time and place, his environment," said Faulkner.

Cormorant's Brood

by Dr. Herbert R. Paschal

Inglis Fletcher, *Cormorant's Brood* (Philadelphia and New York: J. B. Lippincott Co., 1959) 345 pp. \$3.95.

For the tenth time Inglis Fletcher has turned to the history of colonial North Carolina for the background of a historical novel. This is dramatic testimony to both the richness of the colonial history of this state and the prolific pen of Mrs. Fletcher.

Cormorant's Brood is a story of life in Edenton and the surrounding plantation country in the 1720's. It is also a story of intrigue in high places as Governor George Burrington, one of the cormorant's brood of the title, seeks to undermine his proprietary master's rule in North Carolina and establish royal control over the colony. Adding further to the intrigue is the appearance on the scene of Anthony Granville, nephew of the Palatine of Carolina, who arrives incognito in Edenton to report to his uncle on the state of proprietary government in the colony. Young Granville soon becomes involved with Dierdra Treffry, well born and beautiful governess in Burrington's household, who spurns him for Allin Gorgas, illegitimate heir of an old and powerful Devon family. Moving through the pages are a galaxy of early North Carolina notables, Edward Moseley, Christopher Gale, John Lovyck, and many others. The most interesting character, and by far the best drawn, is Governor George Burrington. His erratic behaviour has apparently intrigued Mrs. Fletcher as much as it has historians of this period.

In her foreword Mrs. Fletcher writes that this is "a novel about a quiet time." Perhaps this is the explanation for a story that moves much too slowly and at time creaks almost to a halt. One reason for the slow pace of the action may have been the writer's unwillingness to expand her story beyond the immediate vicinity of Edenton and paint her picture on a broader canvas.

Yet she gives the reader an unusually fine picture of early Edenton and of the

petty, partisan politics and intrigue of late proprietary North Carolina. Such actual historical incidents as the Eden will case, the trial of Mary Patten, and the Gale-Burrington feud, are skillfully woven into the tale. Nevertheless, the reader must bear in mind that Mrs. Fletcher is not trying to write history as she would doubtless be the first to admit. Historical events are telescoped, rearranged, and tossed aside as best suits the story. Her contribution to the history of the state is to awaken in the reader an intense desire to learn more of what actually did happen in early Carolina. For this Mrs. Fletcher deserves the thanks of all who labor to unfold the true story of North Carolina's past.

The Undeclared

by Virginia Evans

The Undeclared by George Palocz-Horvath

THE UNDEFEATED winner of *Atlantic Non-Fiction Award*, is a profoundly moving autobiography of George Palocz-Horvath, Hungarian writer and journalist. He describes his physical and intellectual growth in the midst of the most ideological clashes in our age, his deep concern for the people of Hungary, and his fight to free them from injustice by using his literary talents.

His childhood was divided between two worlds, the feudalistic estate of his father's family and friends, and the cultured atmosphere of his stepfather and mother's home in Budapest. George rebelled against his father's way of life on the feudal estate. At fifteen he left both homes for colleges in Hungary, Vienna, and the United States. At twenty-one he returned to Hungary and joined the staff of the liberal paper, *Pesti Naplo*.

As the undercurrents of the Second World War began to be felt, George became one of the most conspicuous anti-Nazi publicists in Hungary. In 1941 he had to leave Hungary because his anti-Nazi work was enraging the Germans. He went to Cairo where he began prop-

The REBEL

aganda work with a secret British organization.

In 1947 he returned to Hungary, and began drifting toward the ideals of communism. As an intellectual he felt that communism's theory of the dictatorship of the party leaders disguised as the dictatorship of the proletariat would be revised under the impact of the mid-twentieth century situation. He felt also that it was the duty of intellectuals from outside the party to help in the rejuvenation of Marxism. Although he had reservations about party discipline, he applied and was accepted by the communists as a party member. He worked and devoted himself entirely to the "cause," but suddenly when he thought he was a true party member, he was arrested by the security police. He was swiftly taken to an underground jail for a confession. He was bewildered and confused by these actions. He was questioned for several hours with glaring lights shining in his eyes, and he was not allowed to sleep for two days. The communists had said when he became a member that his record was beyond reproach; he knew he was innocent and there must be a mistake. He found out from the officers during a "confession" period that his arrest concerned the work he did during the war with the British. The communists never gave him a concrete reason for his arrest.

Tortured, starved, and frozen, he was reduced to skin and bones within fifteen months. The officers always promised him blankets, and better food and clothes, but he never saw the results of their promises. Living a semi-existence with few rations, in verminous cells often ankle deep in water, and a board for a bed, he had to fight for strength to live and to keep his sanity. By daydreaming and giving himself lectures, he managed to keep his mind occupied. Because he was adept in six languages, his hard labor consisted of translating books; he applied himself wholeheartedly to this task. He knew now that he was one of many innocent people imprisoned by the communists while communism was undergoing a major change.

When he gradually had accepted the idea that his beloved party had arrested him without a cause, he felt like "some-

one who is kicked in the stomach by his mother." For two long and painful years in prison, he clung to the faith of communism. Suddenly he saw the utter dishonesty of the "cause," and he began to call himself a "former communist." Then as the years passed he stopped being a "former communist."

Five years later in September, 1954, he was released, and he was declared unfit to be a party member. He started to write articles for the *Literary Gazette*, which had a platform of free writing and proved immensely popular in Budapest. In 1956, poems, essays, and articles were printed attacking party dictatorship. Soon the entire city was in arms against Soviet Russia and communism. Demonstrations and firing started against the security police and Soviet troops. In November Russian tanks poured into Budapest. George Palocz-Horvath again had to escape from his own country through a dark march under Russian bombing of the area. He is now living and writing in London still a political exile. He states, "I am confused and believe in simple things like common sense and common decency."

The Undeclared is a fascinating book. The scenes of the war years in Hungary and the fight of the Hungarians against communism is described in vivid details. It is the story of a courageous man and his country fighting for their right to express themselves against uneven odds. Love, adventure, intrigue, and excitement are interwoven through the fast pace of an unforgettable book.

What End But Love

by Bryan Harrison

What End But Love by Gordon Webber. Little, Brown & Co. 425 pp. \$4.75.

What End But Love is the story of a Northern family who have seen in their time a land of sprawling farms transformed into factory lots and consequently a change in their lives. The head of the tribe, Holly Hobart, still maintains the old home place although on a quiet day he can hear the whistles of the automobile

factories in nearby Flint, Michigan. His many sons and daughters have gone their own ways and he, a widower, is left alone to uphold the Hobart farm and what is left of the family tradition. However, he too finally submits to the inevitable changes of the times and makes a contract to sell the farm to a new production plant.

The focal point of the novel is the annual family reunion where all the sons and daughters, uncles, cousins and aunts, come home. This year many are coming for curiosity, for they have heard the rumor that Holly has torn up his contract and despite his years has decided to take a young wife.

The old man's decision and how he faces it in spite of the pressures of many loves and approaching death is the dramatic climax of the novel. In facing it he must fight a battle within himself and at his age many old memories and relationships enter the fray. The memories and the recollections of the family form the narrative of the book. And through the web of memories and recollections, of detailed description of a rapidly-changing men and landscapes, a true theme emerges; that love, and that which goes under the name of love, is a man's only salvation.

Here is a book that examines the many facets of love; the love of husband and wife, of father and son, of man and nature. Gordon Webber, a superb technician, remains consistently true to his theme, which is expressed in a line in William Carlos Williams' poem from where he gets the title:

*Death will be too late to bring us aid.
What end but love,
That stares death in the eye?*

Advise and Consent

by Dr. Hubert Coleman

Advise and Consent. By Allen Drury. (Garden City: Doubleday and Company, 1959. pp. 616. \$5.75. Book of the Month Edition).

Here is a novel about government that will certainly supplement the civics books. The book is so believable, so true to nor-

mal and accepted behavior in the U. S. Senate, that one is likely to forget after the first few pages that it is supposed to be fiction. There is also the possibility that this novel may disturb the "doctor-patient" relationship between Senators and their constituents. At any rate, set down in this book is a complete exploration of the varied stresses and strains under which government officials operate.

One can see the awful agonies suffered by Senators and other high government officials in making up their minds on issues when the pressures (both good and evil) reach the unbearable stage.

The action in this book takes place chiefly in the U. S. Senate over the nomination by the President of a controversial figure, Bob Leffingwell, to be Secretary of State. The Senate hearings are held against the background of the terrible fear of the Soviet Union, and this fact adds importance to the office of Secretary of State. The Senators know that this is to be a battle of a lifetime, "and each is wondering what it will mean for him in terms of power, reputation, advantage, political fortune, national responsibility, and integrity of soul."

The hearings developed that Mr. Leffingwell while at the University of Chicago several years ago had belonged to a Communist cell. When asked about this the nominee chose to lie about it.

The struggle between the President and the Senate gets rough. Both sides are sincere in what they think is necessary for the safety and defense of the country. The President is sincerely convinced that Leffingwell is essential to the welfare of the country. He uses the great powers of his office, even blackmail, to break the Senators who are holding up confirmation. One Senator committed suicide rather than submit to blackmail by the President. Another key Senator got a written offer from the President that he would make the Senator his successor. This Senator had to decide whether to be President or to be right. He could not be bought. The souls of these strong men who differ are bared to the reader. It is great writing, and the action moves with increasing suspense and pressure to the climax: the

defeat of Leffingwell and the sudden death of the President.

The characters are composite Senators, but close enough to some present Senators to cause a bit of chagrin. The events have parallels in recent history, but they are generally used in different circumstances.

This is a superb novel. It has impact. Moreover, it illuminates the strengths and weaknesses of the operation of the American government. There is also a fine analysis of the bungling that led to the difficulties with the Soviet Union. The book has a fine plot and is beautifully written. It has excitement, suspense, drama, pathos, comedy, tragedy—all skillfully blended to provide the reader with an interesting but sobering experience.

Since Mr. Drury may feel a little chill in the Senate after the publication of this book, the reviewer suggests that he take his pot of gold (royalties) and subsidize himself as a political science professor.

Case For Basic Education

by Hugh Agee

The Case For Basic Education Edited by James D. Koerner. Little, Brown, 1959. 256 pp. \$4.00.

Out of the tumult of the battle over American secondary schools comes *The Case for Basic Education*, a meaningful and hard hitting book that attacks the weaknesses of our school program and offers some possible solutions. The book is sponsored by The Council for Basic Education, and it represents the first book of its type to be written since 1894 when the now-famous Committee of Ten published its recommendation.

The writers of the various essays are distinguished scholars in their respective fields. Each writer concerns himself with the end product of secondary education—the graduate—and not the means to that end. Consequently, as the editor points out in his forward, it is not a book about curriculum, although it is difficult to divorce curriculum from the minds as one reads it.

Clifton Fadiman's introductory essays

FALL, 1959

provides a challenging overture to the reader as he lays bare the need for basic education. His attitude, and a most formidable one, it would seem—may best be summarized in his own words:

The root of our trouble . . . lies in the circumstance that somehow the average high school graduate does not know who he is, where he is, or how he got there. It lies in the fact that naturally enough he "will settle for shallow and trivial meanings." If nothing in his early education has convinced him that Newton, Shakespeare and Lincoln are both more interesting and more admirable than Frank Sinatra, Jerry Lewis and Pat Boone, he will find answers to his questions in Sinatra, Lewis and Boone, and not in Newton, Shakespeare and Lincoln. . . ."

As Douglas Bush points out in his essay on literature "the high school diploma should represent a measure of positive achievement and not simply attendance." Some of our systems are already becoming aware of this fact as they do a reappraisal of social promotions.

Art, music, philosophy, and speech, the electives treated in this book, are pointedly listed as "some electives," and not as the most desirable in any curriculum. They are the most desirable from the student viewpoint, however, as they are most often elected.

It is doubtful that this book will resolve the conflict between the professional educators and the academicians, but it does state the case for basic education very adequately. It also places the problem into the laps of the laymen, who have stood quietly by all too long.

The Years With Ross

by Sherre Maske

James Thurber has written a fascinating and, in places, hilariously funny biography of the founder and editor of the *New Yorker*, Harold Ross. Mr. Thurber was well qualified to write this book as he was on the staff of the magazine for 25 years and was intimately associated with its editor.

Harold Ross was born in Aspen, Col-

orado, in 1892. He worked for seven different newspapers before he was twenty-five years old, beginning when he was only fourteen. He established the *New Yorker* in 1925 and was its editor until his death in 1951. During these years Mr. Ross "contributed something that had not happened before in his country, or anywhere else, to literature, comedy, and journalism."

Harold Ross was an important man and an imposing public figure, but James Thurber has succeeded in removing him from his pedestal of fame and revealing him as a warmly human and loveable person.

Mr. Thurber began the book as a series for the *Atlantic Monthly* and later combined and supplemented these articles to form the book, which took eighteen months to write. The pattern is not one of strict chronological order—the book begins with the death of its subject—and the reader may enjoy each chapter as an entity in itself.

The author says that one of the minor problems, that became a major problem as he went along, was Ross's "virtual inability to talk without a continuous flow of profanity . . . Ross's 'goddam' referred to a god that had nothing to do with the Deity . . ." The fact that Ross was often not conscious of his profanity is apparent in his farewell to a friend: "Well, God bless you, goddam it!"

Ross did not have an extensive literary background; one critic remarked of him, "Ross's mind is uncluttered with culture." He had a seemingly instinctive knowledge of what was right and what was wrong in material submitted to the *New Yorker*, and this instinct served him well as editor of the magazine.

Harold Ross's social habits were eccentric, as Thurber expresses it. He delighted in playing practical jokes on his friends and often persuaded Thurber to help him. He was married "three times to women, and once, and for keeps, to the *New Yorker* magazine." He was completely wrapped up in his magazine and the men and women who contributed to it. Paul Nash, English artist, said of

Ross after his first meeting with him: "He is like your skyscrapers. They are unbelievable, but there they are."

The Years With Ross traces the career of James Thurber as well as that of Ross. Thurber first went to work for the *New Yorker* as "administrative editor. (Ross was firmly convinced that someday he would find a "miracle man" who would run the office with the smoothness and precision of a machine, and he tried everyone who came along in the position of "administrative editor.") Later both Thurber's writings and his drawings became regular features of the magazine. Mr. Thurber describes many others connected with Ross's magazine over the years—Robert Benchley, Alexander Woollcott, Ogden Nash, Peter Arno, Dorothy Parker—to name but a few.

The Years With Ross is more than a biography. It is a history of the growth of the *New Yorker* from a shaky "little magazine" to a "supposedly 'funny' magazine doing one of the most intelligent, honest, public-spirited jobs, a service to civilization, that has ever been rendered by any one publication."

Man Who Would Be God

by Sandra Porter

Man Who Would Be God Haakon Chevalier, G. P. Putnam and Sons, New York. \$4.95, 449 pages.

This is a searching novel. While telling a fascinating story, the author is probing deep and exploring the area of the human spirit and its motivation. Haakon Chevalier attempts a full scale study of the maximum amount of endurance the human spirit can take before reaching the breaking point. How far can one go into objectivity without losing all possible ability for subjectivity? How far can the human move without reaching the realm where comprehensible values become meaningless and communicable principles lose their validity? Questions such as these compose the theme of this book.

The story is set in early World War II.

The REBEL

Dr. Sebastian Bloch, perhaps the most brilliant physicist in the world, is a much admired professor and leader of the liberal left wing group on campus. His communistic tendencies come, not from any practical desire for revolution or loyalty to Russia and treason to America, but from his idealistic humanitarian ideas. When he is asked to head the work on the atom bomb he, for personal reasons of integrity, lays aside all political affiliations and works merely as a scientist for his country. He believes that if America gets the bomb first its propaganda value will eliminate the necessity for using it (this is his goal), while if Germany gets it first she will certainly use it. When America uses the bomb although it was not essential, Dr. Bloch rationalizes this, and it is here that his real deterioration becomes inevitable. The remainder of the book reveals the effects of this and the final degeneration of the humanity of Sebastian Bloch. It is not a pretty picture—human using human, the frailty of friendship, the shaky relativity of truth and principles, the transitory nature of all things and above all, the isolation and alienation of the human spirit.

This book has a valid message for the world today, especially concerning the rivalry between science and the humanities. *The Man Who Would Be God* is deeply symbolic. It is the kind of book that can be read over and over again gaining new inference and ideas each time.

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on the tides of night.*

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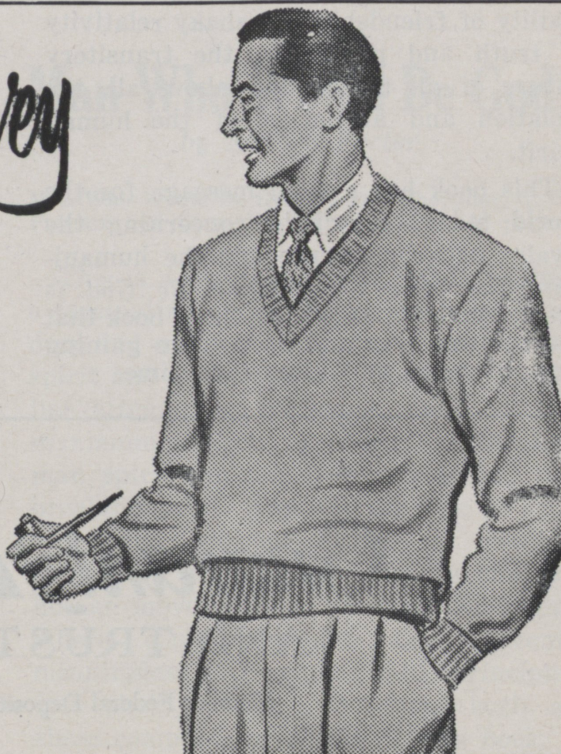
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