



# REBEL

FALL, 1960





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# The REBEL

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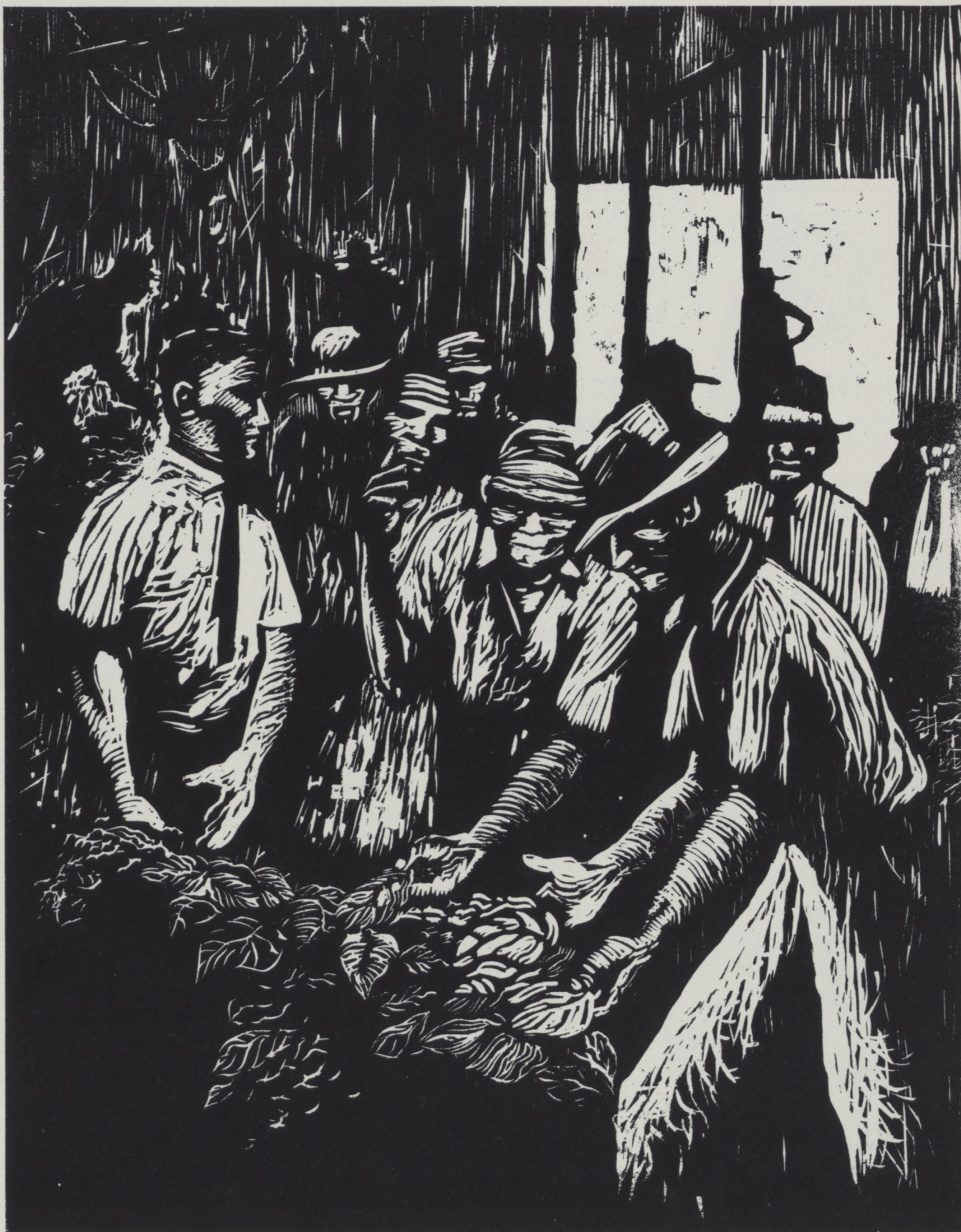
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**NOTICE**—Contributions to THE REBEL should be directed to P.O. Box 1420, E. C. C. Editorial and business offices are located at 309½ Austin Building. Manuscripts and artwork submitted by mail should be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope and return postage. The publishers assume no responsibility for the return of manuscripts or artwork.





*"Tobacco Market"*

(Linoleum Cut)

by AL DUNKLE



## *Interview With*

# HARRY GOLDEN

Note: The following interview will be printed in two installments, the second to be printed in the Winter Issue, and the opinions expressed herein do not necessarily reflect the views of the staff or of the administration of the College.

*Interviewer:* Do you consider humor your most effective instrument in satire?

*Mr. Golden:* Well, I would say that humor and satire are the most effective instruments in all writing. Whether I have been able to achieve it to any great degree, I am not certain yet—I have certainly tried for it. Perhaps, in some areas of thought, I have seen some effectiveness. For example, I do not know of any other speaker in the South, speaking against the continued segregation of the Negro, who has been invited to speak before so many Southern forums. I've spoken in Alabama, Mississippi, Texas, and certainly all over North Carolina and Virginia, and have been greeted with great warmth. I think this is due to the fact that my speech or forms of expression are in terms of a bit of humor . . . and this helps a great deal. This does not mean that I compromise my views in any way, but the presentation of them in the form of some humor has helped greatly—not only in the acceptance of them, but also, perhaps, in their effectiveness. Take, for example, the Negro Vertical Plan, which I promoted before the North Carolina Legislature some years ago. It was a bit of humor . . . at least an attempt at it. When Kresses' Department Store was having trouble in High Point, the manager received a wire from the New York office, which said "Put in the Golden Vertical Plan!" And so, they took the seats out of the snack bar, and everybody stood

up, and ate and drank like mad, and nobody got angry about anything—and that is the way it worked.

They never would invite anyone to make speeches such as I have, who is going to deliver a speech against racial segregation as such. However, they will invite a guy who might make them laugh a little bit. I still give them a straight-down-the-line speech just the same. This is a big help.

*Interviewer:* Do you consider provincialism primarily a characteristic of southern life?

*Mr. Golden:* Well, I would say that the atmosphere of provincialism is slowly, but surely disappearing from southern life—if we understand provincialism. Essentially, provincialism is the attitude in which people are concerned purely with their own affairs. It comes from the idea of someone from the provinces, which to the urban dwellers meant people who live in rural sections of the country, and who are interested primarily in their own local affairs. I think this is disappearing in the South. The South is undergoing a tremendous urbanization and industrialization, which is striking down the idea of provincialism.

Fortunately for me, of course, I have seen this change in North Carolina, which added tremendously to my opportunity as an observer, reporter and writer. These last twenty-one years have produced in North Carolina, and elsewhere in the South, what I think is the greatest domestic story of the twentieth century. I am speaking of the change of the last agrarian civilization into an urban-industrial civilization. Much of this has happened during the twenty years I have been in North Carolina. As a matter of actual statistics,



(since I am writing about this very thing, I am familiar with these figures) in 1940, North Carolina was 65% farm and 35% industrial. In 1960, it is exactly the reverse. This is a fantastic change in the culture of a great sovereign state, and you can multiply this by the other states of the entire old South.

While the industrialization and urbanization have not been as striking as in North Carolina, they had been going at a pretty rapid pace. Even your rural areas today have become semi-urbanized, semi-industrialized, since the establishment of the rural road program by Governor Scott, about seven or eight years ago. The resulting effects of this program have enabled the people to come into town from even the most rural areas. The last figures I had on this from the State Department of Labor show that over 50% of the rural farms in North Carolina, which are still rural and still farming, have at least one member of the family taking that road every morning to work in a factory in a nearby city. In some families, the children go into the factories every morning, so that the family's income today is derived from the industrial-urban society as well as the farm. So the industrialization may be greater than the figures show.

*Interviewer:* Do you think that the Negro-White question, framed as a conflict, will be a chief source of material for much durable writing?

*Mr. Golden:* Of course it will be a source. Out of all controversy, struggle, and pain have come our most valuable writings. We already have evidences of this in the great body of writings, which have come out of the South concerning the racial question. We will have much, much more. We will have some great novels coming of this integration struggle of the Negro. The Negroes themselves — the Southern Negroes — will begin to write. Many of them are at it now. In addition, this whole racial problem in the South, since the Supreme Court struck down racial segregation, will also become a part of the literature of what we have discussed here . . . the end of the last great agricultural civilization on this continent and the urbanization of the South. This will produce a major body of work, and I believe the South will continue to produce the best American writing during the next twenty-five years.

*Interviewer:* Has religion in history been so great a source of intolerance as racial differences, or are the two indistinguishable?

*Mr. Golden:* Religious intolerance has caused many wars and many sorrows. I think, however, it goes deeper than the term "religious intolerance." When you deal in matters of hatred and massacre and murder, you must probe for deeper meanings than the mere dislike of one man for another man's religion.

The Moslems started at the Arabian sands and swept across the world to the Gates of Hercules and up to Spain. They were finally stopped at Tours, but in the process of those few centuries, millions of "unbelievers" were killed.

You have had the One Hundred Years War, essentially a struggle between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, and the burning of John Huss, the massacre of St. Bartholemew, the terror against the Huguenots, the murders of "Papists" in Calvinist Scotland, the Catholic Inquisition against heretics. In our country, we burned Catholic convents in New England, killed Baptists in Virginia and chased the Mormons across the continent, killing some, burning the camps of most of them as they stopped to take a breather for a night—you run out of breath in the recital, don't you—endless, isn't it? And because I am a polite sort of fellow, I haven't even mentioned what the Christian world has done to the Jews since the First Century with ghettos, distinctive garments, dunce caps, confiscation, restriction, isolation, and massacre—massacre in nearly every century—small massacres, practice for the murder of six million in 1939 to 1945—in an era in which we already had brass plumbing, Mickey Rooney, and white wall tires.

I said it goes deeper than your term "religious intolerance." Of course it does! First of all is the lack of conviction—that is basic. When a man feels CERTAIN of his faith—he does not kill someone else who does not believe in the same faith—he pities him—he feels sorry for him. "Look at that poor fellow. He can grab himself a fistful of eternity and salvation and he doesn't have the brains to do it."

. . . Of course, pity, sympathy. But when you get angry at him instead of pitying him, when you grab him by the lapels and shout, "Why don't you believe as I do, you son of a bitch—believe, believe as I do, you bastard—come into my camp or I'll kill you." . . . When a fellow says that, as fellows have said it for a few thousand years—then you can be sure he is not certain about his faith. He wants company. He wants to do something to strengthen that belief of his—he wants to reassure himself. Why the hell is that guy out of my fold? he says. And this disturbs the hell out



of him. Actually religious hatred is the result of many causes, caste, fear of the stranger, myth, fear of economic competition, many causes, but basic to it—at its foundation, if hate and massacre can be said to have a foundation,—at the foundation of religious intolerance, as you put it, is—lack of faith on the part of the one who does the hating, does the intolerating. Lack of faith—uncertainty breeds fear.

At many levels of our history, religious intolerance and racial hatred have been the same thing, although fear of the black man has been a universal myth. And here I do not refer to the Southerners specifically. All cultures in the world—the white races—have had this deep-seeded fear and hatred of the black man. When mothers frightened their children with scary stories, the stories involved the bogey man—who was always black—in my own Jewish culture the worst thing you can say—is a black year on you—black—you should see only black—is a curse of the Slavic peoples everywhere in Europe—Renan once said that the reason the Germans were such violent anti-Semites is that they do not have the black man—the Jew becomes the surrogate for the Negro. I have seen that happen right here in America—I have seen it happen in Alabama, where hatred of the Negro was transferred to the Jew, even when that Jew was an ardent white supremacist, and was supporting the White Citizens Council. Amazing. I always tell the Jews: It won't help you. Nothing will help you when you try to reflect the prejudices of the society in which you live—you might just as well be a humanitarian—you'll get the rap for it anyway.

Here, too, racial hatred is a matter of fear . . . and since it involves the renunciation of logic, no logic can prevail against it. For example, every minority race everywhere has been "accused" of

special sexual prowess—the early anti-Semitic writers spoke of the voluptuous Jewess, and they wrote of it, smacking their lips, and gave you the impression of a rape and a massacre—and the Negro—we are obsessed with our fear of his sex—the history of our lynchings during the early part of this century is also a history of mutilated genitals—mutilated even when the alleged crime was robbery or even when the Negro was lynched because of a violent argument with his "boss man." Sex . . . and every minority has been accused of it—this is part of the myth and no logic can prevail against it. For instance, you can—look here, during the Civil War the Southerner left three million blacks behind with their women, the white woman, and nothing happened—as a matter of fact we have wonderful, wonderful stories of Negro men protecting the white women against marauding Union soldiers. But such an argument gets you nowhere, when you have this fear and these myths by the tail . . . here, too, the reasons involve economics, fear of competition, a sense of guilt and caste—but mostly caste. When a man feels himself to be inadequate, he needs someone below him on the "totem pole". If you take the Negro away from him, where will he find his caste? Ah, and here you have the reason that the upper middle class turned on the Negro, after the Supreme Court decision. Certainly, the upper middle class does not fear social or economic competition from the Negro, but the thought of the millions of southerners, who do need this CASTE, and if the Negro is gone, where will he get his caste? He will get it in the labor unions, and he will begin to vote and he will do a million things within his community which the big man would like him not to do. He will rock the boat and that is bad for many people, who do not want the boat rocked.

---

## *The Love Letter*

It is a love letter  
Blurred and mysterious,  
Written in a delicate hand  
By the mighty sea  
To his brown mistress, earth.

If I could understand  
This ageless message  
Between these ageless two  
The answer of life would come  
To this intruder.

Oh to understand  
This scribbling, scratching, scrawling  
In the sand

It is not an etching  
Made of salt and sun,  
Nor is it the sand piper's  
Forgotten footprints.

—SARAH HANSEN





*"The Resting One"*

(Lithograph)

by NELSON DUDLEY



# A WORD SAID.....

In recent years, East Carolina has made a steady progression away from the nomenclature of "Teachers' College." This has been a distinct move—and rightly so, for no institution of higher learning should arbitrarily be limited to one type of curriculum. During the course of this transition period an upheaval in the cultural life here has been evident. The recognition achieved by individuals and departments prove this fact.

This recognition represents the evolvment of a mature force on this campus which, if nurtured, can be the motivating element behind the eventual creation of an atmosphere at East Carolina, which thrives upon a thirst for knowledge. We cannot deny this force its right to exist. It is vital to the future effectiveness of education, not only at East Carolina, but also to any other institution which has the potential for development of an acute hunger for thought.

In the future development of this atmosphere of learning, apathy exists as the most prominent opposing factor. The apathy which prevails is excusable with understanding. It is due to the times and the type of environment in which we live. In clarifying this, it can be said that today, young people are well aware of the fact that to "get ahead", it is necessary to attend college. In relation to this, what is even more important is the existence of the fact that worthwhile employment is based primarily on the attainment of a college degree. With this in mind, a great majority of college students receiving degrees each year are earning just that—a degree. A vital part of their education has been overshadowed with the "get ahead" concept; thus apathy.

Here at East Carolina, before an atmosphere for learning can be effectively created, it is necessary to coordinate the "get ahead" concept with the cultural elements of the campus. To this end, a graduate of this school will receive a full education—an education which will not only prepare

him to meet the obstacles which life poses, but also will prepare him to interact with his contemporaries in a manner befitting a college graduate.

How can this apathy be overcome? This is a tremendous problem—tremendous in the sense that an interest for creating an atmosphere for learning must be created first. No man can be forced to be interested in anything. He must first be stimulated, and then the interest will develop as a result of the stimuli. There have been proposals offered here in past years, which embraced the desire to create a more improved intellectual climate. There have been such moves as the inauguration of competitive intramural intellectual activity. In addition, there have been many noted speakers brought to the campus, speaking on subjects vital to the better understanding of life for those who will one day be coping with the problems which life projects. All these moves met with little success, and were eventually abandoned.

As another example, this magazine, not only in its infancy, but also at the present, is faced with opposition questioning its worth in terms of the expenditure of the student's money. An education cannot be measured in terms of monetary value. This magazine and other moves, mentioned previously, are symbols of seeds which have been planted in order eventually to create an atmosphere of learning, motivated by the inquisitiveness of the human mind.

It is with these thoughts in mind that the editors and others connected with this publication dedicate their efforts, throughout this year and in future years, to the development of an atmosphere which is dependent upon thought—thought stimulated by an honest desire to consider, explore, and learn. And if we succeed in causing only one individual to think . . . we have accomplished our purpose.

—ROY M.



# THE REBEL YELL

As in past years, *The Rebel* has made changes with the coming of each new year. Many of these changes were made in order to bring to the students a product of student endeavor which would enhance the reputation of East Carolina as an educational institution of great merit.

Perhaps the most notable change in the magazine is in the cover. In this issue, a photograph will be used for material. In relation to this, any student wishing to submit a photograph for possible cover use is invited to do so. The cover photograph for this issue was done by Robert Harper, former Art Editor of *The Rebel*, and alumnus of East Carolina.

Another noticeable alteration in this issue's makeup is the inclusion of national advertising. This, the editors believe, will add a distinctive note to the appearance of the magazine.

As far as material is concerned, in this issue the present editors have followed the policy set by previous staffs, in presenting interviews with some of North Carolina's most distinguished writers. Although Harry Golden is not a native of North Carolina, the editors feel fortunate in having been able to obtain his remarks. The second installment of the interview will follow in the winter quarter.

The poetry section is composed of verse, writ-

ten by Denyse Draper, Tom Jackson, and Sara Hansen. Denyse Draper was a second place winner in last year's writing contest. Jackson presents for publication his poem, "T.M.'s Solitude", while Sarah Hansen, a transfer from Montreat, offers her prize winning poem, "The Love Letter". Miss Hansen was third award winner of the Olive Tilford Dargan Prize in the Eleventh Annual Poetry Day Contest, held October 15, in Asheville, sponsored by the Asheville branch of the National League of American Penwomen.

The short stories in this issue came from the creative writing class. The authors, John Quinn and Lyman Harris, have presented two outstanding works, and the editors predict a promising future for these two writers.

In the art section, past contributors Al Dunkle, Jim Roper and Art Editor Nelson Dudley are represented by a number of drawings. Linda Keffer and Ed Musgrave are newcomers to the magazine this quarter, and future work from these artists will be forthcoming.

Reviews for this issue are by Pat Farmer, Book Review Editor; Dr. Frances R. Winkler of the English Department, Denyse Draper, Jack Willis, a transfer from San Francisco State College; Sherry Maske, Dr. Edgar Hirshberg, and Dr. J. Roy Prince.



# Poetry

by DENYSE DRAPER

## *Night*

I sat watching night  
arrive to the garden,  
Breath and being enclosed  
tightly  
inside myself so I  
would not disturb it.

Ringed worshipful insects  
Crouched  
Stooped in miniature prologue  
spewing  
Myriad incantations to coming  
shadow and image—  
Night,  
clutching swiftly  
Proteus-like  
Obscuring  
Enveloping  
with black profiles  
The temporal colors of day.

Ripe verdancy discarded,  
The stippled garden thrust upward  
moon-silver blossoms  
Cradling their incense  
with half-curved petals . . .  
Welcoming the night.

## *The Red Light*

The red light stares sullenly  
Hurry  
You  
Hurry across wet concrete streets  
To safety.  
(Step on reflections of yourself  
in the rush—  
It doesn't matter.)  
Up there a red light promises  
safety  
So clutch the promise tightly  
And run.

---

## *Waves*

The first wave caressed my feet softly  
with delicate white fingers of foam  
Then reluctantly withdrew, leaving  
Myriad treasures sparkling on the sand  
for me to fondle and store away.

The others that followed  
Pulled at my toes  
with impudent familiarity  
Tickled the sand beneath them  
into quivering laughter  
Heartily smacked my knees  
with pudgy white fists.

I soon grew weary of them  
And left.





Untitled

(Woodcut)

by ED MUSGRAVES



# Gagged To Death

by JOHN QUINN

Perhaps it was because he was so quiet that the bigger boss had called him over for an interview at the main branch. During the bigger boss' frequent visits to the mortgage branch, he had remained studiously reticent, showing neither approach-ability nor respect, disguising himself. He knew silence confused and often annoyed people. Everyone knows, somehow, that talk is a form of love. It must have been that way since men began to grunt and moan at each other. He wondered whether ants communicated by sounds their myriad's singular purpose; perhaps they had some basic set of clicks or scrapes that only ants could hear. He wondered what the bigger boss wished to say to him, what he would say in return.

The young man had never been to the main branch before. Perhaps he was going to be transferred there (was a transfer a promotion?). Perhaps the bigger boss had not disliked his silence but instead was merely transferring him for further training to the main branch, to this main building where other young men like himself handed and received moneys over the long chest-high marble counters, and counted and receipted and classified.

The main branch was a vast, high-ceilinged, marble-like edifice. The center floor space was an enormous rectangle. The whole a curious vestigial church, threatened by no other genus' giant shoe. It must have cost an enormous amount of money to build.

He thought of the cold bright air outside. It had snowed recently, and what remained had, in the night, frozen fast. Yet it was pleasant and he had not minded the cold. He always loved to be outside in the mornings. He thought of the short

walk from the parking lot to the bank for the interview, the frozen slush crunching hollowly under his shoes. It was still beautiful, the mute, far winter air, a buffer zone of light, where the agents of time could not take him but must wait, to which he could escape once more.

Waiting to see the bigger boss, he could envision himself disgraced behind the marble counters, lost in the endless computations, guilty of mistake upon mistake, unable even to feel, at least, equal to his fellows.

The bank was not yet open for business. Employees were still coming in. He would look up to see a young man he had known from the mortgage branch, a transferee, had taken his place at the first section of the north counter, nearest which he sat waiting and behind which, from his vantage point, he could partially view. Other young men could be seen farther off, behind the other southern, pillar-sectioned counter. Their being was a dumb show to him. Yet, he knew that most were gentle.

At the eastern, far end of the enclosure was a center area of darkly polished desks and muted-toned carpeting. These desks were for minor executives whose task was to interview new customers desiring loans, projecting deals or opening new accounts. Behind these desks, facing centerward, embedded in the wall, shone the finely lather and highly polished mechanism of the gargantuan, steel vault's door.

The young man sat on a couch in a desk area which was situated immediately left of the entrance. A girl he did not know sat at one of the two desks in this area. The bigger boss had not yet arrived. He thought of people. He wondered



what they knew of pleasure, whether they had any misgivings about it.

Fight, fight, fight for John McCarlin  
Fight, fight, fight for all his men  
And we'll buy a penny gun  
And we'll make the dollys run  
And we'll never have a dolly any more

## II

The bigger boss he was going to see had a broken leg. It was almost healed now but the injury still required crutches. Sometimes he would be at his desk in the mortgage branch working intently at his mortgage accounts, his Italian-made addition-multiplication-division, multi-operational calculating machine rapidly racketing, and a thump would reach his ears telling him that the bigger boss had come over from the main branch. The bigger boss might thump past his desk to the row of specially built cast-iron ledger-card file bins. There the bigger boss would lean against the bin, on the one good leg, and peruse certain mortgage cards therein, card upon card. It never seemed to bother him to dig and search; his leg, his shoulders seemed indefatigable. Even seated at a desk, checking and cross-checking master cards and ledger cards and yards long machine-posting sheets, the bigger boss seemed irreproachable, oblivious of his numbling cumbersome cast.

The bigger boss's name was Dolan. Coincidentally, that was the name of the younger man's father, the name he would have were he not a bastard. His mother had once divulged the name to him. Yet, that he and the bigger boss should be brothers or cousins was a remote chance. Save for a similar straightness of hair and a certain Celtic frailty, they were not alike.

The men's room was a small one-cubicle room leading directly into the mortgage office, not placed in a less conspicuous place. Once the bigger boss came maneuvering into the men's room as the young man was about to leave. It made him think that the bigger boss must go to the bathroom regularly, habitually, sometimes twice a day, during business hours. The bigger boss' skin was like that; he could tell. Also he knew that the bigger boss would get sunburned easily, despite the heavy beard. Dolan reminded the young man of an Irish grocery man he had worked for in his adolescence, even though the grocery man had had no bearded stubble. A major part of his job in the grocery store (at least, the part he most remembered) was to deliver milk in a monstrous, iron, rattling, green wagon. Sometimes he would get such mo-

mentum pushing the green wagon that he must have looked a fool running around the neighborhood behind it. God knows how many bottles of milk he broke, rattling over bumps. A few times the wagon actually tipped over; it only had three wheels. One time it plunged over when he was running with it around a corner onto a cobblestone street. He was stunned. For a moment after he and the wagon fell in a crash, he knew complete happiness and freedom; until shapes and objects and thoughts returned indiscriminately and without meaning. Then it frightened him, lying on the ground with the big cross bar handle pinning one of his legs. He looked up to see faces of people regarding him as they passed by. However, he found himself able to pull his leg free and set the wagon aright. For all their rattling, the two iron sidewheels of the wagon never broke. Perhaps that was the misfortune of it, they never did break. It should have blown up, the wagon, the milk, the cobble stones, the people, the streets, the grocery man; his bathroom, his six Irish Catholic children, his two gentle pretty daughters!

The wagon was big enough to hold six cases of milk and still have the crate-like cover closed. Sometimes, when he delivered groceries on busy afternoons, he would put an extra box or two of groceries on the grate cover. Once, one such afternoon, when he was going too fast the center front wheel hit a rut in the asphalt and the big box of groceries bounced off the top of the wagon. The tilt came too suddenly for him to save it. Clorox got onto the meat. He saved what he could of the box of groceries and delivered it anyway. The customer, a lady whom he knew and liked a lot, was very nice about it and she and her beautiful daughter tried to soothe him, guilty and embarrassed as he was over the loss, which was considerable. He offered money towards reimbursement, but they chided him jokingly and refused it. They even offered him their customarily large tip. But it was all destroyed, he knew. Delivering groceries to that lady and her daughter, entering their house were the happy moments of his Saturday afternoons. She, the lady, was the most distant customer he had; she lived at least five miles off. Living so far away, the lady would order an enormous box or two of groceries on Saturdays to last her family (including a husband, a brother and a son) for a week. He never minded the long trip. The lady was always so jovial and friendly with him, comforting him with her singing, pungent Belfast accent. He wished such a person could be his mother. If chance had made her his mother his life would be happy and sweeter. It was al-



ways the mother and daughter who received him, when he delivered; the men of the family were never home on Saturday afternoons. For some unaccountable reason, the daughter would always tease him and jokingly flirt with him. She was older by five or six years than he. Her teasing was innocent, almost sympathetic, with no undertone of cruelty or lasciviousness. He was in love with her, in love with her frail and soft wide hipped body. Deep waisted delicate soft and sensual Celtic princess. Chestnut haired love! Somehow she was teaching him about love. He was to learn of many kinds.

For the short half-hours he stayed there each Saturday afternoon unloading the groceries onto the kitchen table, the two women spoiled him as they must have spoiled their men. Even the superabundance of food they ordered seemed to attest to their heartiness and graciousness. The happinesses they offered was beyond his experience.

After what he had done, however, they could not but despise him, he knew.

Often, rattling along, he could feel the shame of life. He sometimes wore a white apron delivering which made him feel more conspicuous when he reflected upon it. But, then the realization that he was very young would soothe him.

### III

He was kept very busy from the very first day. There was a great amount of accounts to adjust. It seemed that nobody had done the work for weeks.

Adjusting the mortgagee's accounts, he often made mistakes. He feared that his incompetence and his slowness could not long be tolerated, the presence of the co-workers made it almost impossible for him to raise his head up from his figures. When the bigger boss appeared and he felt he was being looked at, he could not move his head at all.

His one joy then, in the beginning, was that after work while the weather was still warm and days still pleasant he would go to a bar he had found and drink a few beers before he picked his wife up. The bar had real jazz records which he played when he could. And for a while he felt derelict and free.

But after many times even that was spoiled because he felt that the people in the bar were getting to know him and he didn't know what to do about it. If he could have kept to himself it would have been alright, but he would watch the drinkers and smile at them and enter their conversations and they would look at him, the stranger,

with congenial, blank faces, yet he never spoke and they were confused.

### IV

There was another young man in the mortgage branch. The co-workers gossiped about him. The other young man was a teller in the downstairs floor—the subbranch, banking part of the small two-story mortgage-branch building. He seemed shy and sensitive, the other young man, yet the co-workers called him “the goony bird.” “That guy is crazy!” they said. “I spend three quarters of an hour explaining and telling him how to do something and then I say ‘now have you got that? do you know it now?’ and he smiles and says ‘Yes’ and then I go away expecting him to do it and he just stands there smiling to himself. Just stands there smiling to himself! He doesn’t even listen! I like to try and help a guy but he’s beyond me. Christ! I got enough of my own work to do. I can’t be watching him every minute. He winds up with a difference every day; and in the end all of us downstairs have to try to help him find it. He’s impossible! Just stands there smiling to himself. All day long. The other day he gave a customer five five dollar bills in exchange for a five. That’s pretty good, hannah! He’s a corker! He must be nuts or something.”

He felt sorry for the other young man because he was abused. He would wonder what was the matter, what the lonely teller was really like.

He did talk to him at the Christmas party. It was a big affair held at a country club. Toward the end of the evening he saw the teller sitting by himself in an isolated corner, away from the crowd. He was slightly drunk and the feeling of the party and the Christmas good will ran through him, and he approached the other. He said, “Tell me what is your real vocation?” The other smiled softly and answered, his eyes not looking particularly anywhere, “I’m a teller in the National Bank and Trust.” “Yes, I know,” he said, his voice loosened by the liquor, “I know, but you look like you must be something else too, what I mean is what are you really?” The other answered smiling, “I’m a teller in the National Bank and Trust,” and then repeated it again, “I’m a teller in the National Bank and Trust.”

Disappointed as he became with the other's answer, he could not wholly believe the answer. He wished he had been able to communicate with the other, to inspire trust in him.

The bank discharged the teller after the Christ-



mas holidays were over. He wondered where the other young man went.

## V

His legs were spread, V like, and his arms rested on them as he flipped the pages of the business magazine he held in his two hands, leaning forward. The bigger boss' big blonde secretary appeared in front of him, over him. She spoke to him very cheerfully and personally, looking right into his eyes, surprising him. She said, "Hello, John! What, are you going to be transferred here?" He answered something about he didn't know, that Dolan had called him over for the interview. She said, "Good luck," smiling, and turned back into the inside office. A few minutes later the bigger boss appeared in the inner offices' doorway. For the first time, he noticed the bigger boss'

beady blue eyes. He was also surprised to see that the bigger boss had discarded the crutches for a cane.

Inside, the bigger boss said to him, "John, I've looked over your record and you seem to have done very well on your test scores. But there is one thing I am worried about. You don't seem to say very much."

"I wouldn't worry about it. I am just that way," he said, regretting his clumsy answer. "I can speak," he decisively added.

"I am pretty quiet myself, John," Dolan answered. "Well," he continued, "the people in the mortgage branch seem to like you well enough, and you have done a good job with the Escrow accounts, which were in a bad state before you came. In April I'm going to put you in charge of Mortgage Taxes. How would you like that?"

"That's okay," he answered.

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## T. M.'s Solitude

they called him 'T.M.' when he was young,  
before the black clad scythe bearer's hand  
in a parody, short and viper deadly, unstrung  
events leading to the purchase of one horse . . .  
named Dan.

they tell me a three foot splinter of seasoned pine  
from the buggy tongue  
sent him, after fourteen days, to this recline;  
"unwept, unhonored, unsung,"  
etc.

He's been lying there for thirty some years now;  
the shadow from a tall granite stone  
never quite clears what was once his brow,  
except in early autumn  
and the low sand mound is winter-wind-swept . . .  
he's alone.

even Diane, whose breath quickened at the very  
thought  
of what he once was and could be,  
is not there, but he doesn't need her;  
anyway, not as she needs him.  
it's good, too, that she can't see that twenty-eight  
foot cedar  
whose every leaf and root and limb,  
were first nourished by 'T.M.'s solitude.  
how do they say it? oh, yes,  
'limb from limb'.

—TOM JACKSON



# LARRYMAN

by LYMAN HARRIS



*"Hold it!" Larry hollered.*

My brother's crazy. He's really nuts. I bet he's been lost 18,000 times and I had to drop what I was doing every time and go after him. He's nuts. I don't mean like somebody insane. He just dreams and wanders around and first thing you know, he's way the hell off and nobody knows where he is.

You'd like Larry if you saw him. Especially if you happen to be a girl. Girls go wild over him. Older girls I mean . . . girls my age. I'm sixteen,

five years older than Larry, and he just swipes all my girls. He looks like these kids on magazine covers, except more real. His hair is sorta brown and it won't comb. It hangs down on his forehead flat like he's got bangs or something, and he's cross-eyed sometimes. Actually he can't see too well outa one eye and when he gets to concentrating he looks cross-eyed. Larry's always got teeth missing. He busts 'em out falling outa trees and stuff. Ol' Larry, he won't have a tooth in his



head by the time he's twelve. And he's still sorta chubby. Not fat. Actually he's beginning to get skinny, but his cheeks and legs are still chubby. His ears stick out a little too, and his pants are always worn out at the knees, except on Sunday of course. He's always doing something, like falling out of a tree or getting lost, I mean. You'd like ol' Larry.

Last night topped 'em all. Boy, last night. We were down in the country down near Montgomery where my kinfolks live. And ol' Larryman, he likes it. He can't stand Edna. She's our cousin and she's his age, but he can't stand her. She is sort of a little brat. She's got blonde hair, and I usually like blondes—I dream about 'em—but she's a hell-cat. Rally a spoiled brat, and Larry can't stand her.

Ol' Larry stays away from Edna. He doesn't even pay any attention to her. Soon as we get there he trots over to Hattiesburg. Hattiesburg is what old man Britt named his ranch, if you can call it a ranch. It's one of these old houses with a leaky-looking roof and all the screens are pushed in and stretched all over the place. They don't look like anybody kicked 'em in; they just look all droopy and sagging, and I don't know how they got that way. There's no paint on the house and it looks sorta—well, it's hard to describe, the color I mean. It's sorta like Larry's tongue when he's sick at his stomach. Anyhow, old man Britt named the whole mess Hattiesburg after his wife.

But this old house looks like it used to be something. Like a house Sherman would enjoy burning, you know. There's a fence around it and at both front corners there are two cement blocks with a big concrete ball on each one of 'em. An' a mossy looking eagle stands on the ball with his wings out like he's fixing to rip loose. But he never does, and it gives me the willies.

Like I said, old man Britt owns the place. An' old man Britt—I'd just as soon skip him. I used to think he was a big deal when he would sit out in front of my uncle's store and whittle and he wore these cowboy boots. But now I know. He's nuts. He actually thinks he's Davy Crockett or somebody. He bought him a big brown an' white horse like Trigger and he dresses up like a cowboy and rides all over the place and everybody thinks he's crazy. But he don't. He thinks he's the cat's meow when he does stuff like that.

And Mrs. Britt, boy. She looks like she's had TB for about a hundred years. She's real skinny and her hair is all balled up on top like one of those old bed posts, and she keeps working all the time. I bet she's a hundred and fifty at least but she just

keeps on working. Old man Britt'll be out riding that stupid horse all over his cotton plants and everything with everybody laughing at him but she'll keep on bringing in eggs and milking the cows and doing stuff like that.

She don't have any help. She's got this old negro named Green, that's all the name he's got, but he isn't any help. He just sits on that busted up old sidewalk that runs around the house and don't do nothing. He just sits there, on the sidewalk. And nobody comes to see him. There isn't anybody to come to see him, I don't guess. He didn't have any kids and he doesn't even know who his folks are. That's why his name is just Green. Mrs. Britt gives him a little money and lets him stay in this old shack out back, but mostly he just sits there on that cracked sidewalk.

Well, this is what Larry goes ape over. Ol' Green and the sidewalk and those creepy eagles over him. I could understand if Green was like Uncle Remus or somebody and told a bunch of sexy stories, but he's not. He just sits there and lets the flies eat him while he eats moon pies and drinks RC's. Moon pies and RC's, that's all he eats, besides sardines. I bet his stomach is so rotten if he drank coffee or something just that strong, it would squirt out his navel. He's pathetic. Boy, he's pathetic.

I don't like Larry hanging around him all the time. I'm afraid he'll pick up bad habits like picking his nose in front of everybody or something, but Larry likes him so much I don't have the guts to make him quit.

Everybody always makes fun of old Green. You know—when they scare the hound dogs with fire-crackers, they try to scare old Green, too. And Larry gets mad if he's around. I don't know why. Green can't remember ol' Larry's name from one time to the next, but Larry still gets mad when they pick on him. You gotta watch Larry when he gets mad, even if he is little. He got mad at me once, I mean really mad, and he hit me with a beer bottle.

Ol' Larry got pretty mad yesterday. Some smart alecks came and they told old Green they would give him fifty cents if he would run to the dam road and back as fast as he could. Green jumped at the chance since fifty cents was 'bout two years wages to him. He took off running and these two guys followed him, laughing and cheering him on. It was pretty funny-looking when I think about it, cause Green runs sorta like a chicken with athlete's foot, because of his rotten toes, I guess. Anyhow they hollered at him all the way to the road and all the way back, and it musta been



a mile. Right in front of Uncle Ed's store old Green was laying it on, hurrying back to that sidewalk and his fifty cents. Just then Snake Vines and his wife came out with this big load of groceries and Green piled right smack into Mrs. Vines. Boy. Groceries everywhere. Green picked it all up in about two seconds and nearly wore out Mrs. Vine's dress dusting it off. Snake didn't say anything, but just stared at ol' Green until I thought his eyes would bleed. Green didn't do much staring back. He said, "Scuse me, Boss. Scuse me!" about 18,000 times and sorta sashayed back to his sidewalk. Snake just kept staring at him while Mrs. Vines put the groceries in their truck. And Green crawled about halfway down one of these cracks in that busted up old sidewalk and looked at his feet like he was trying to hypnotize them. But ol' Larry. He stared back at Snake the whole time. I think he would have cracked Snake with a rock or something if I hadn't stopped him. Like I said, you gotta watch Larry when he gets mad.

I brushed ol' Larry's hair down in his eyes so he couldn't stare any more, but Snake didn't stop. He spit in the dirt there in front of the store and mumbled something to the guys standing around and they started spitting and staring too. Pretty soon Snake mumbled something again and they all nodded their heads and then old Snake got in his truck and nearly busted the hinges off slamming the door.

Everybody hates Negroes down there, anyhow. Even Uncle Ed and he's a good guy. If two Negroes are boxing on TV, he roots for the lightest colored one, even if the light one is from France or someplace way off. And if both the Negroes are solid black, Uncle Ed's for the one in the white trunks. He hates 'em.

That'll help explain what happened last night. Everybody hating the Negroes, I mean. They had a big meeting in the field across from Uncle Ed's house. Everybody came all decked out in sheets and all that stuff, and I thought it was against the law but nobody stopped them. There wasn't anybody to stop them, I don't guess, because the sheriff was there with a sheet on too. Everybody was there, but the preacher. I guess he was home watching TV or reading his Bible or something, because he was the only one not there.

Ol' Larry and I went over. Larry was pretty young to be going, I guess, but everybody was there and I figured I'd take care of him. That's what I get for figuring. I should have locked him in the house or something.

Well, like I said, we went and, boy, they got to raising hell. It was just like one of their church meetings except nobody was washing feet. Instead they were setting fires and burning these stupid torches. They got to carrying on about Negroes and called 'em all kinda things and just raised hell. I couldn't figure why because old Green was the only Negro left around there and he wasn't hurting anything. And just when they started, I looked around and Larry was gone! It scared the hell out of me at first, but then I figured he must have gone home, so I didn't worry.

Well, I couldn't tell what was going on, but everybody lit torches. I mean everybody! The whole place was lighted up like a football field or something. Then they started walking and I hung with 'em, sorta out on the edge because the whole thing gave me the willies.

We walked on down by Uncle Ed's store and I figured we would go on down the road like a parade and have some fun, but they turned in! They went right past the store and by old man Britt's ranch towards Green's shack.

All of a sudden the mob stopped and I thought of something. Holy Cow! I got down on my hands and knees and crawled like a roach under 'em just as fast as I could. I crawled through the whole stinking mob like mad, and good gravey! It was just what I had been afraid of, except worse.

There was old Green inside his shack with his door locked and you could see that he had everything piled up in the door. Bed and table and everything. And he was peeking out the window with his eyes about eight feet wide. And out in front of the door was ol' Larry with a BB gun!

Everybody was sorta shuffling their feet like a bunch of bulls and they started moving on toward the shack and ol' Larry gritted his teeth like Humphrey Bogart and hollered, "Hold it!" and shot that BB gun up in the air. I heard the BB go up and hit on top of Mrs. Britt's roof and it didn't even sound as loud as a worm's squeal.

Well, that was it. Snake Vines went after Larry and I took off to get there first, but this guy tripped me and I landed right with my face in the dirt and really got a mouth full. Everybody was boiling and the big guy that tripped me sat on my back.

But ol' Larry, he didn't let up. Old Larryman. Snake came after him and Larry shot him with the BB gun and then, boy, then Larry really surprised him. He took that gun by the barrel and

(Continued on page 27)





*"The Women"*

(Lithograph)

by JIM ROPER



# THE REBEL REVIEW

## "The Czar"

**Peter the Great: Emperor Of All Russia**, Ian Grey. J. P. Lippincott Company. \$7.50.

One of the most dynamic characters ever to step upon the human stage was Peter the Great of Russia: a man gifted with an unquenchable energy and spurred by an ambitious desire. This great czar planned, labored, and played on a huge scale to see his backward and semi-barbarous land become one of the most powerful and respected nations of the world.

His youth was marked by intrigue and violence. As a child, Peter saw his friends murdered before his eyes during the revolt of the Streltsi, and this proved to be a strong formative influence in his life. It taught him the meaning of danger and fear.

As czar of all Muscovy, Peter had a quenchless ambition to his country in the galaxy of stars along with such countries as France, England, and the Dutch Netherlands. Determined to "Europeanize" Russia, Peter became obsessed with the idea of opening "windows to the west". By this, he meant ice-free seaports through which European trade, culture, and traders could enter his country.

Because of his ambition for his country and his quenchless curiosity concerning navigational and technical processes, Peter was to change the

trend of Russian History. In 1697, the czar undertook a tour to study the civilization of Europe at closer range. Upon his return, the Russian people were shaken from their deep-seated conservatism by a succession of imperial decrees. With his own hand, Peter clipped the long beards of his courtiers while tailors stood by to clip the Muscovite clothing of the nobles, thus marking the beginning of European customs into his country. To orientate his subjects to the culture of Europe, the czar sent young Russians abroad to study and invited Europeans to his country. When the people resisted his will, Peter used the knout and scaffold to emphasize his decrees.

A giant in mental attributes, Peter was also a giant in physical attributes. Massively built, Peter stood an imposing seven feet. His handsome face was dominated by his keenly intelligent eyes. The two characteristics which marked Peter and his reign were his ever abounding energy and the grand scale upon which he endeavored to fulfill his ambitions.

In *Peter the Great*, Ian Grey has presented a graphic biography of considerable note. His perceptive view of one of history's most challenging figures gives one a deeper understanding of the Russian people and their background. Mr. Grey's versatile style and concrete historical data gives the reader the most delightful history lesson in a long, long while. . . .

FLIP





*"Time Off"*

(Woodcut)

by AL DUNKLE



## "A Novel and Two Violin Cases"

**The Winter Rider**, Berry Fleming. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott Co. \$3.50.

This book is about a novelist, William Wesley Johns. Mr. Johns has just completed a novel, we are told, and this novel is certain to be a bestseller. It is to be serialized in a national magazine; there will probably be a movie, and maybe even a television series—in short, fame and fortune are just around the corner for Mr. Johns, who until now has scraped along with neither one nor the other. So Mr. Johns is very happy as he starts out one fine winter morning to put his manuscript on a plane (true to the tradition that writers have no conception of the importance of time, the novel is later than it should have been, and unless it is placed on the particular plane which is Mr. Johns' objective, the reader senses, there will be dire results and an unhappy ending for the hero.)

Naturally, something happens to prevent the manuscript being placed on the proper plane at the proper time—actually, several somethings. First, Mr. Johns picks up a hitchhiker—Jo, who is a female and a musician and carries two violin cases with her at all times; moreover, Jo's front teeth protrude, giving her a "diamond-shaped smile."

Then the car, after a few preliminary groans and rattles, stops; Mr. Johns' looking at the motor does not help, as he knows nothing about motors, nor does Jo's playing Bach on one of her violins. The car refuses to move; this would not have been such a calamity in a civilized part of the country, but this road happens to be in the eastern part of North Carolina, which, the book implies, is at least as bad as being in the wilds of Africa. There are no houses, no people, and no other cars—there is, however, a telephone wire, which Mr. Johns proposes to follow, leaving the girl in the car. The girl refuses to be left, as she also refuses to leave the two violins; and, as Mr. Johns refuses to leave his manuscript, they trudge into the woods, following the telephone wire—one man, one manuscript, two violin cases (containing violins), and one girl with a diamond-shaped smile.

In the woods they meet an Indian, with a revolver, riding on a mule, who turns out to be a doctor (the Indian, not the mule). They meet an old man who needs help burying his dead son; and, finally, they take a ride down a wild river with the Indian doctor—a most uncomfortable ride in the midst of winter. This accounts for the title, *The Winter Rider*, I suppose; unless the girl is *The Winter Rider*.

All this time, the girl Jo has been singing the praises of art—real art, that is. Art that is favorably received by the public is not true art; since Mr. Johns' new novel is destined to be a bestseller, it is not true art. Therefore, at the conclusion of the wild boat ride, Mr. Johns consigns his precious manuscript to a watery grave in the river and goes to a hotel and goes to bed. The girl disappears.

Berry Fleming wrote of this book: "It wasn't written to prove a thesis, but to 'be'." It seemed to me that the book did have a thesis, a theory that true art is too abstract to be understood and appreciated by the great majority of the people. It seems to me that the main purpose of writing, especially, is communication; and if there is no communication, the purpose for which the work was written has not been achieved, and it might behoove the writer to examine his techniques and style. I realize that the reader, as well as the writer, must contribute to this process of communication, and that very often the reader is at fault. This does not mean, however, that the writer may not be wrong.

In other words, the fact that a book is a best-seller does not necessarily mean that it is a lousy book; nor does the fact that the American public rejects a book mean that the book is not a great work of art.

SHERRY MASKE

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## "Growing Up Is Hard"

**New Face in the Mirror**, Yael Dayan. Cleveland: World Publishing Company. 1959. \$3.50.

This biographical novel by a young Israeli girl contains much that is interesting, a fair amount of good writing, and a large helping of wasted self-pity. Miss Dayan's theme has been worn thin by too much use—that growing up is a hard, discouraging and disheartening process, with occasional and hard-to-come-by compensations.

Her heroine, Ariel Ron, is so thinly disguised that she would have done better to call her Yael Dayan. Her story details the intensely and sometimes pathologically subjective experiences and feelings of a girl who undergoes two years of military training in the Israeli Army. The girl, of course, is herself. Her thoughts about herself and what happens to her are often complicated, childish, and, on occasion, too silly to make very good reading.

But the insight Miss Dayan gives us into what army discipline does to women is worth having and is well presented. Her descriptions of life in



Israel, when she forgets herself, contain admirable and vivid passages, and the familiarity with which she uses place-names that are enshrined in the religious conceptions of the western world lends a refreshing intimacy to some of her scenes.

She has trouble making personal relationships interesting or even believable. There is too much Ariel Ron. Completely irresistible, every man she meets falls in love with her—which does not do much for her modesty, since the book is written in the first person. Passages like “Our two beautiful bodies enjoyed each other in the golden sand under the light of the moon” do not improve matters. When all her conflicts with herself and practically everyone else in her story finally resolve themselves, you are not quite sure whether you care one way or the other.

Despite its faults the book shows promise that Yael Dayan might some day emerge as an important and interesting writer. She has a great subject to write about—the emergence of Israel as a national entity of extraordinary influence and integrity. On the basis of further personal experiences we can hope that she will produce a better book than *New Face in the Mirror* on her next attempt.

DR. EDGAR HIRSHBERG

### “Strength Is a Gentle Thing . . .”

*The Hands of Cormac Joyce*, Leonard Wibberley. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1960. \$2.95.

In *The Hands of Cormac Joyce*, Leonard Wibberley presents to the Public another rendition of the venerable literary theme Man versus the Sea. It is a story without ornamentation and with an uncomplicated plot. The brief novel deals with the effects of a severe storm on the life of a young boy living on a sparsely populated island off the coast of Ireland.

The primary account of the book is young Jackie Joyce's covetous admiration of the gentle strength of his father's hands. So devoted to his father, Jackie develops a ceremony of dipping his hands into a blessed well so that he upon adulthood will have the same gentle, but taciturn strength. Before the storm, Cormac Joyce injures one of his hands while docking his skiff, but refuses to leave the island for safety on the mainland.

During the storm, Cormac valiantly protects his family and home in spite of his injured hand, causing Jackie to realize that strength is a quality that man must create and nurture within himself.

Mr. Wibberley's treatment is so quiet that it is mediocre, and so simple that it is insignificant. He does better with his whimsical, usual fantasies (such as *Beware the Mouse*, which appeared both in book form and as the movie *The Mouse that Roared*). They are a pleasure to read and, being unrealistic, tax no beliefs (thus minimizing criticism). In *The Hands of Cormac Joyce*, little of that mystic quality or beauty or realism that we have come to know about Ireland through O'Casey, Joyce, O'Flaherty. This story could be anywhere. By picturing Cormac Joyce as not the best fisherman; or the wisest man on the island; and by reiterating the axiom that Cormac Joyce “. . . never answered questions which would in time supply their own answer . . .”; does not render Joyce the Common Man, but just common characterization. The closest Mr. Wibberley comes to capturing lyricism is his representing the storm in Michael Reece's children story that began, “The young trees were breaking and the old trees were bending and the giants were coming into the land.”

JACK WILLIS

### “The Cloister or The Castle”

*The Nunnery*, Dorothy Charques. New York: Doubleday and Company. \$3.95.

For her latest novel, Dorothy Charques has chosen a theme synonymous with English history—the struggle between Church and Monarch. *The Nunnery* is the story of Jane Ingham, a rich, young heiress, who has been placed in the Cokehill Nunnery under the guardianship of the Lady Prioress. It is here in the restful solitude of Cokehill that Jane is to decide between the cloistered life of a nun and that of English Nobility, and upon her decision rests the future of Cokehill Priory for Jane has wealth enough to provide for the nunnery amply. Her decision is complicated by the appearance of Sir John Acock, owner of the priory lands and dashing member of Queen Anne Boleyn's entourage. How and why Jane reaches the decision she does provides educational entertainment for the reader.

Although Miss Charques has handled her historical subject well, she has failed in the development of her characters. Jane, whom the plot supposedly revolves around, seems to be rather like a guest who makes a dutiful, but unenthusiastic appearance during the cocktail hour.

—FLIP





*"The Waiting One"*

(Woodcut)

by KAREN MCLAWHORN





by LINDA KEFFLER

(Woodcut)

"Desolation"



## **"I stood still and was a tree amid the wood . . ."**

**A Primer of Ezra Pound**, M. L. Rosenthal. New York: Macmillan Company. 1960. \$2.50.

This small, compact book is an introduction to Ezra Pound—a short, brilliant excursion into the framework of his poetic genius. It is the key which will ultimately allow the interested reader to enter a "... radiant world in which one thought cuts through another with clean edge, a world of moving energies."

A brief review of Pound's early development and his participation in the Imagist Movement is presented; the author then explains and interprets the poet's basic areas of thought and their relationship to his major poem sequences "Maunderley" and the "Cantos." Throughout Rosenthal's approach to Pound, there is an awareness of the man and his poetry as an integrated unit: to Pound . . . "poetry bespeaks the values of whole peoples . . ." and, more specifically, his own values, ideals, and life-purposes. This is dramatically evident in Canto 14 as the poet spews out his own hatred for the banking system of modern civilization:

"the soil living pus, full of vermin,  
dead maggots begetting live maggots,  
slum owners,  
usurers squeezing crab lice . . ."

The thesis which develops Pound's complete self-work integration is clearly written and illustrated; it brings about a definite understanding of much of the difficult and complex aspects of Pound's more serious poetry. In fact, the whole of the book aims at intensifying the reader's appreciation of Ezra Pound's poetry through an understanding of his basic motives and literary concepts. The *Primer of Ezra Pound* has succeeded in its aim quite admirably.

DENYSE DRAPER

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## **"More Snopes"**

**The Mansion**, William Faulkner. New York: Random House. 1959. \$4.50.

This volume, the third of Faulkner's trilogy, ties together and brings to an end the Snopes invasion of Yoknapatawpha County, Mississippi. Faulkner writes well about the South which he knows so well, but he is not easy to read. If possible, one should read the other two books of the trilogy, *The Hamlet*, *The Town* before he reads *The Mansion*. It is not that there is any particu-

lar continuity which would be missed, since each of the novels is a unit in itself, but reading them in order will lead to a better understanding of the story, the characters and the author since all have matured with the years.

*The Mansion* traced the careers of Mink Snopes, Linda Snopes Kohl, and Flem Snopes and comes to a conclusion with the death of Flem at the hands of Mink with the tacit consent of Linda. Not one of the main characters is admirable, all are unreal in their entirety, yet all contain some universal characteristics.

In some ways this concluding volume is the best of the three since it brings out clearly the conflict of Good and Evil as they clash on Earth, and yet Faulkner shows Good as triumphing on its own merits and not over Evil, while Evil eliminates Evil by its own nature. Faulkner is not specifically pointing out a moral lesson, but in writing a book which has portrayed Humanity as it is, he has let Humanity shape its own destiny and has shown even if by indirection, that Truth and Justice will be eventually eliminated.

Faulkner has painted some unforgettable characters—true to life, but exaggerated somewhat for the effect. Every community has had its Snopeses to a certain degree, and as long as there are Snopes there will be Evil and vice versa. The heartening thing about it all is that although Evil may win a few temporary victories it will be eliminated in the end.

DR. J. ROY PRINCE

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## **"German Poetry"**

**An Anthology of German Poetry from Holderlin to Rilke in English Translation with German Originals.** Edited by Angel Flores. Garden City: Doubleday Anchor, 1960. \$1.45.

This anthology of German poetry is the first of its kind that I have read. Of particular interest to me, as a rather weak student of German, is the presence of the German original following the translation. This is the first opportunity I have had to make an immediate, complete, and direct comparison between the original poem and the English translation without referring to several different books.

The variety of poems included in the anthology is very wide, and therefore interesting and appealing to all tastes. There are long poems and short poems, lyric poems and narrative poems, classical poems and very modernistic poems.

Most of the translations are extremely well





Untitled

(Lithograph)

by JIM ROPER



done. In most of the cases, the translator captured not only the thought and spirit of the original poem, but also the rhyme, rhythm, and meter. In others, a poem which had a definite rhyming pattern in the original German became blank verse or even free verse in English. Not being an expert, nor even a beginner, in translating German poetry into English metrical forms, I cannot truly appreciate nor evaluate the difficulties involved in such translations. I realize, however, that there must be many occasions when a translator must sacrifice form to thought and content, to meaning and message.

There is one mystery, however, that I have been unable to solve. There are a dozen or more poems, written by various German poets, but all translated by Edwin Morgan, which were translated into a Scotch dialect. So far as I can see, the original poem is not in a dialectal German. Other poems translated by Edwin Morgan are written in the Queen's English. Why these few should be in Scotch is a most interesting mystery.

I have enjoyed this book very much because the contents would appeal to every and any mood, and because they introduced to me poets and poems which are new friends.

DR. FRANCES R. WINKLER

## LARRYMAN

(Continued from page 17)

cracked Snake right in the gut! Man! He did him in. Ol' Snake just flopped when Larry did that. Right down in the dirt holding himself.

And everybody stopped. It was crazy. They all stopped and just stood there looking. They stared at Snake lying in the dirt and they stared at Larry. Ol' Larry gritted his teeth at them. Then one of them threw his torch down and walked off sorta ashamed and disgusted looking. Like he was disgusted with himself. They watched him go and then they all walked off just like that. The whole mob, even ol' Snake. And I could see them throwing their torches down gradually as they went.

Boy! That Larryman! He's nuts!

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