

THE REBEL MAGAZINE

SPRING 1965



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THE REBEL MAGAZINE

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MORTON GOULD IMPROVISATIONS

LECTURE AT

EAST CAROLINA COLLEGE

Morton Gould came to the East Carolina 4th Annual Contemporary Music Festival to give a lecture, with examples, on composition, to conduct the E.C.C. Symphonic Band in his *Symphony for Band*, and to hear the E.C.C. Symphony Orchestra play his *Spirituals*.

At his lecture in the Music Hall, Mr. Gould stood before the microphones and talked expansively. Without interrupting himself, he frequently walked over to the piano and interspersed his talk with a few or a number of notes, as the occasion demanded. His improvisations are printed here in part, due to the kindness of Carol Honeycutt, who transcribed them from tapes. Dr. Martin Mailman, Composer in Residence, made the introduction.

Thank you, Martin, for that nice and complimentary introduction. Let's go right in on the target. The subject, if I remember correctly, is "How a Composer Composes." Well, I must tell you that when Mr. Mailman said what we were discussing yesterday on the way in from the airport, I really have been waiting to be invited to talk about world diplomacy and things like that, so nobody really asks my advice on these things and I find myself always talking about music. So, being that I am trapped with the

subject of how a composer composes, we will start on that road and I will attempt to talk and demonstrate the creative act in music — just what is it? How does it happen? In one sense, of course, nobody knows what the creative act is, what it is that makes certain people wake up in the morning and write music or paint or write poetry. This is a mystery and I won't attempt, wouldn't be presumptuous to attempt, to solve this mystery. But assuming, now, that the person has this compulsion to create music, what goes into this? We might not be able to analyze the mystery, but we might be able to talk about some of the specifics.

I think the intriguing thing about the musical creative act is that it starts from nothing. Right now, this silence that we hear, outside of my voice, has in it incipient musical sounds. The sound itself is a part of the creative act, because musical composition is really sound through time—allocated, disciplined, over a span of time. Another intriguing thing about the musical act is that in the hearing of it, the audience, you as the audience, are creators in reverse — backwards, along with the composer who creates going forward, and I'll tell you just what I mean. Were I to play a phrase, just a simple couple of notes, you wouldn't know what this was until I finished it. You have to put this back together in retrospect, you see, because when I play the first note or even the second or third note, it means nothing until there is a certain phrase, let's state it, and then you hear it backwards and you put it together. So that when you hear a new work, a new piece, in that sense you sort of hear it backwards, because you have no idea what this piece is going to do or say, and it's only in retrospect This, to me, is one of the fascinating things about music, and in a creative act, in a sense the composer is both going forward and backward in the chronology of his notes. Now I don't know how many in this room are composers or interested in composition, and of course for an advanced compositional student, there are many things that can be spoken of and discussed in terms of the technology of music. This I will stay away from and I'd like to talk very generally.

Everybody, in a sense, is a creator; all of you in this room, believe it or not, could be called composers. I've had people say to me, "I hear music, I hear things in my head, but I don't know how to put them down," and they're usually self-conscious about it — you know, they say it as if it's not really true, so they're apologizing for the presumption on their part that they might even consider themselves a composer. But it's not presumptuous at all, and it's very true, because a lot of people do hear sounds. A person or a child can go like this and just bang the keys. Now, you know what? This is a composition; I mean, there's no law that says that it's not. As a matter of fact, I've heard some works that were pretty close to that; not as clear, perhaps. The difference — what makes a composer, really, is the act of discipline, the act of selection, of discrimination, and of control, as against a person who can just hear sounds in a kind of spasmodic or spastic expression, without any real, conscious control over where these

sounds are going, without any discipline.

Now what I want to try to do, rather than talk a lot — which I like to do, by the way, and I'm most reluctant to now sit down and start to demonstrate with musical examples — is to get the facts of composition. We deal with sounds, and we deal with notes — sounds on pitch. All of you can make notes. All of you can go over to the piano and pick out many kinds of notes. A composer can work with any kind of notes. The art of symphonic writing — the developed forms in our music — always are based on the idea of the development of a germ, the development of a germinal thought, or germinal thoughts. So that the act of symphonic composition is not the act of writing a melody. You know, very often people say, "Why don't composers use more melody?" They hear a contemporary piece and then say, "Where's the melody?" Well, there ain't no such thing, because melody is subject to all kinds of interpretations. And as an example, what I might think is a melody and what you might think is a melody, or a beautiful melody, might be two different things. The symphonic structure, the so-called serious forms of music, is based on the idea of development and variation and expansion of a germinal thought, and this germinal thought can be just a few notes. That's all you need. A composer can take any notes and make a composition out of it. Now how good the work is and what kind of work he produces of course depends on his own particular chemistry, on his own talent. Talent you cannot control. You might have a little bit of talent, you might have a lot, medium, and so on. You're stuck with that. However you are born, that's it; there's nothing much you can do about it. What you can do is develop whatever talent you have as a composer to its fullest capacity. And develop it with as much craft as possible, and with as much imagination. Now, to demonstrate.

I can move this blackboard, can't I? No, the reason I ask is because I did a series of television programs that have to do with different aspects of music, and in a studio you don't dare touch anything. You have to have an official blackboard mover. When I started to move this, I thought my God, I probably . . .

Now, I'm going to ask for just a few notes. Would somebody start by calling out any note.

"C-sharp."

Another one.

"G."

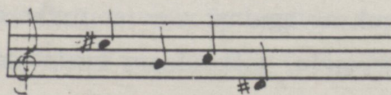
I shouldn't have started this.

"A."

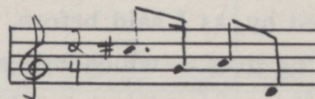
"D-sharp."

Well, I think I'll erase this whole thing and go home.

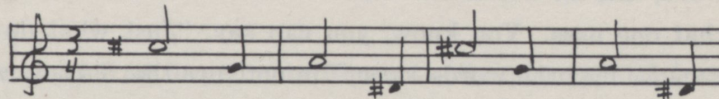
Now, these are the notes:



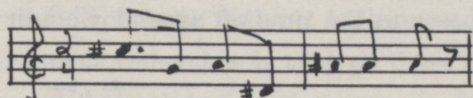
These four notes can be made into many different shapes. You see, as they stand now, these are just four notes; they have no particular character. Now what a composer does is to take these notes and give them character, give them shape. As an example, through a rhythmic variation, you can have:



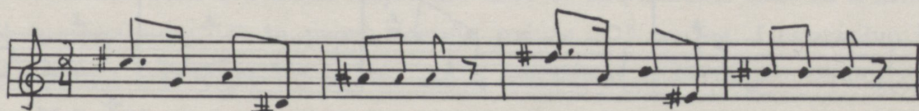
This immediately, you see, takes on a certain kind of character, sort of like a call. Or, you might use it like this:



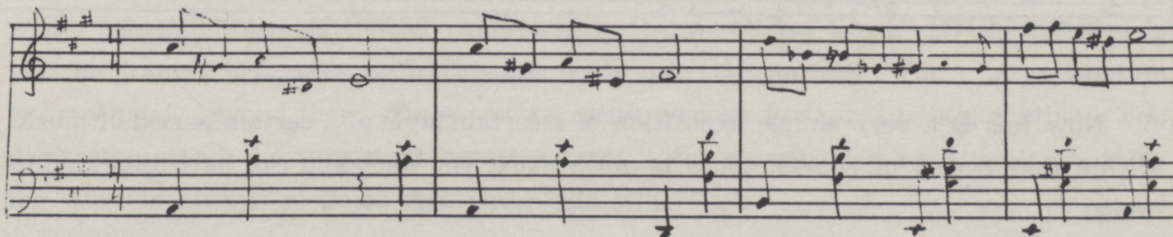
Now, along with the act of taking your basic material — in this case, it's these four notes, unfortunately — there also comes into play of doing, you see, against these four notes, all kinds of other devices. You can harmonize them, you can use these four notes contrapuntally, you can add other notes onto this; that is, in contrast to these. As an example, if I wanted to extend this, I would do something like this:



See, now these three notes are static against the movement. If I wanted to be very obvious, I would do something like:

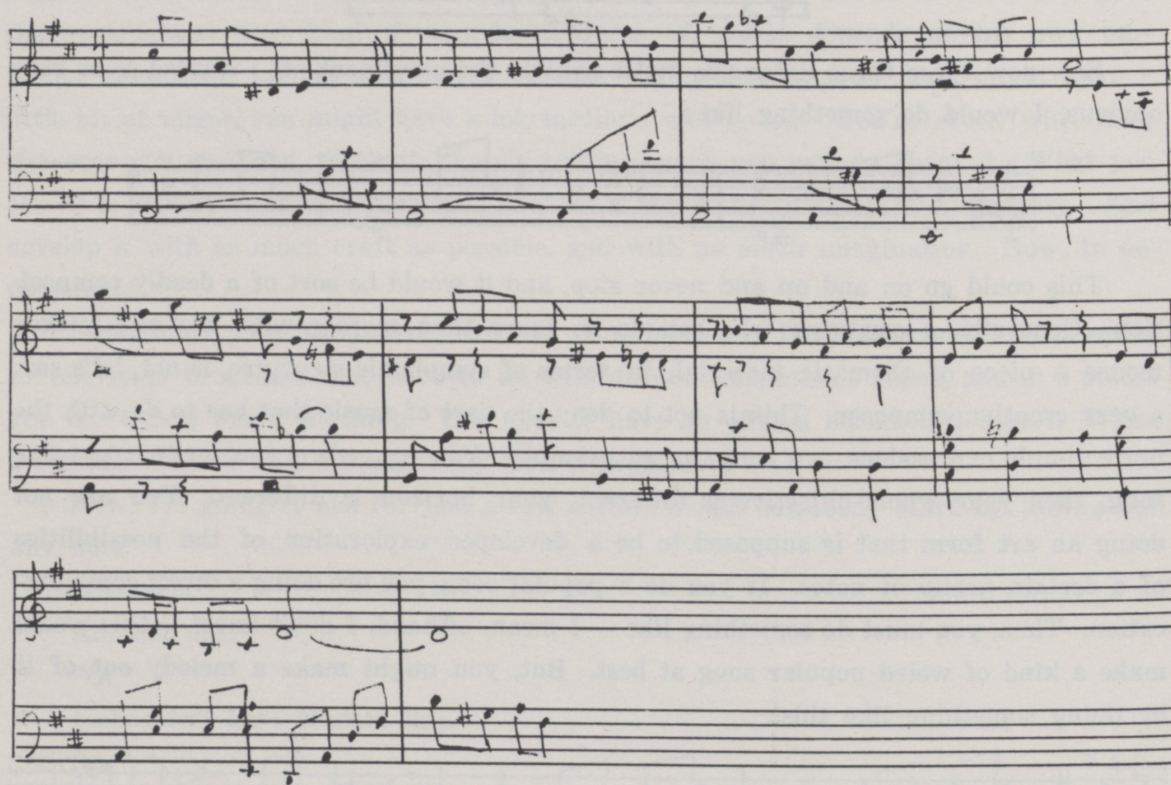


This could go on and on and never stop, and it would be sort of a deadly composition. Generally, a composer who can do no more than merely what we call mickey mouse a piece of thematic material, in terms of symphonic structure, is not, let's say, a very creative composer. This is not to deny the part of music that has to do with the more simple expressions — a song, as an example. You see, when you write a popular song, then your whole objective is different, your horizon is different. You are not doing an art form that is supposed to be a developed exploration of the possibilities of a certain group of notes. If you do a popular song, you are doing a direct communication. Then, you must do something like — I mean, offhand, I don't know — this would make a kind of weird popular song at best. But, you might make a melody out of it by doing something like this:



Now there is a tune, there's a sentimental tune, and it's a melody; so, if you like that kind of thing — there, you can have it.

Now, what happens to these notes on the part of the composer? The composer is conditioned by, as I said before, his particular talent, his particular direction, the time in which he lives — which brings in the idea of style; you see, a composer in the act of composition must have a style in order to have any value. Style is sort of a vague word, like all words that have to do with aesthetics, and you can question every word that one uses. You know, you can say, "Just what do you mean?" Don't question me, because half the words I use, I'm not sure that I know what I mean. I am most comfortable, obviously, when I'm handling musical notes. When I'm talking about them, I am not too sure, but I hope that I sound impressive. Now on the question of the composer and his time and his period and style, if I said to you that this might have been written, as an example, in the romantic period of music, the nineteenth century let's say, around the time of Chopin — because, you see, Chopin was *one* of a school of composers, of an approach to musical composition. These four notes might have sounded something like this if done by a composer at the time of around Chopin — this period:



Now this is a very simple exposition of a certain style of a certain period of music. Within that period of course, there is much more, you see. You can have this kind of thing:



and so on and so forth.

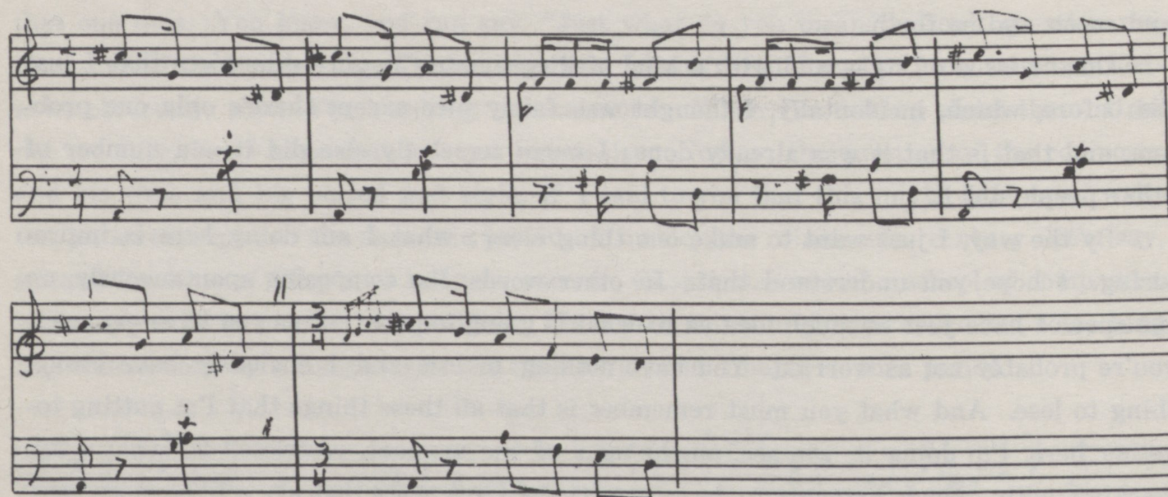
On the issue of style, and with a kind of illegitimate Chopin — the piece that I just did before, which, incidentally, I thought was fairly nice except there's only one problem, and that is that it was already done; I mean somebody else did it — a number of other people did it.

By the way, I just want to make one thing clear: what I am doing here is improvising. I hope you understand that. In other words, I'm composing spontaneously, on the spot. I have just as much idea as to what is going to come out as you have — except you're probably not as worried. You have nothing to lose and I obviously have everything to lose. And what you must remember is that all these things that I'm putting together here, I'm doing it, you see, on the spur of the moment, restricted by what I am working with, which happens to be — sometimes I get notes that are a little more easy to handle. This has such a definite harmonic kind of implication that in a sense makes it difficult to manipulate it to prove certain points. Of course, I can solve it by not proving the points I thought I'd prove. As a matter of fact, maybe I will talk about Viet Nam. Using these four notes.

Now to get back to — I talk in circles, I want you to know, and I make no pretense of ever necessarily getting out of the circle or getting back to what I started to say, so I just hope you go with me, because in a sense, this is part of what a composer does. See, you start out, and although I said that the act of musical creation is an act of conscious discipline and so on, it's also an act of adventuring, and part of what I'm demonstrating here, even of what I'm doing and the way I'm talking, has the element of you're not sure sometimes of just where you're going to go. See, you explore. That's why the creative composer is somebody who is always doing something else, something different. I'm sure you've heard people talk about some of the great contemporary composers. They say, "Why doesn't he do what he always used to do — you know, when he was young, he wrote wonderful pieces. Now, when he gets older, he writes impossible things; nobody understands them or likes them." Well, the idea is that he wants horizons — you're always going over the horizon. You always want to know what is beyond there. Once you get there, you go further, further, further. You don't stop. And the important creative force is the creative force that's always moving, that is always restless, that never sits still.

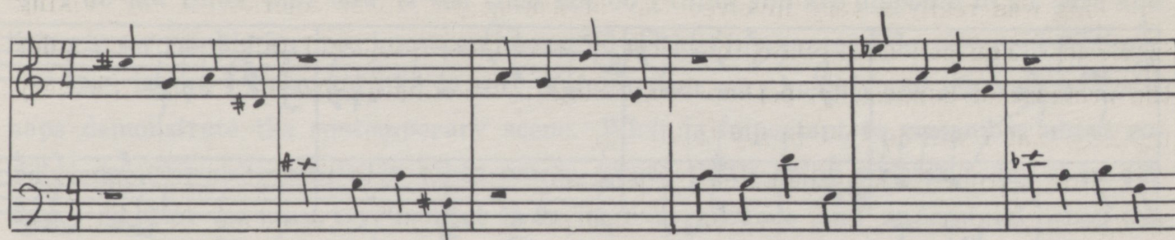
This was really a very involved way of asking you to be tolerant of my talking in circles. You can now relate that back to this idea, because I talk in circles under the pretense of supposedly, perhaps, exploring by talking — new horizons. It's very unlikely that I will do that in my talk

Now to come back to the point of the idea of style where I did sort of a Chopinesque kind of improvisation. If I said to you that these four notes were done by a 19th century composer around the time of Chopin, and this is the way he would have done it:



and I said this was written by a romantic composer, you know, around 1832 or 1840, I think you'd feel that something was wrong, because, you see, this could not have been written at that time, because this kind of vernacular was not part of the musical language, so that the question of style very often has to do — a composer's style — has to do with the things that are available for him to use. You see, all composition basically started with popular music, with popular songs, even some of your supposedly pure, purest music, a great deal of your baroque music — those of you who've studied music, you see the titles. You know, you have all kinds of dance forms: sarabande, allemande, gavotte, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. And these are all very crazy names. You know, they mean dances. I mean, I suppose in that day they were the equivalent of the — I don't know, what is it, the frug and, you know, the monkey, and all these things I see my kids doing, and I assume that one day this will also become part of the . . . a hundred years from now, a very grim musicologist will examine something that we have written, and read in it all kinds of things and it will turn out that the roots of what was written had to do with certain popular expressions that are taken, transformed, and developed into larger forms, into more elaborate factors.

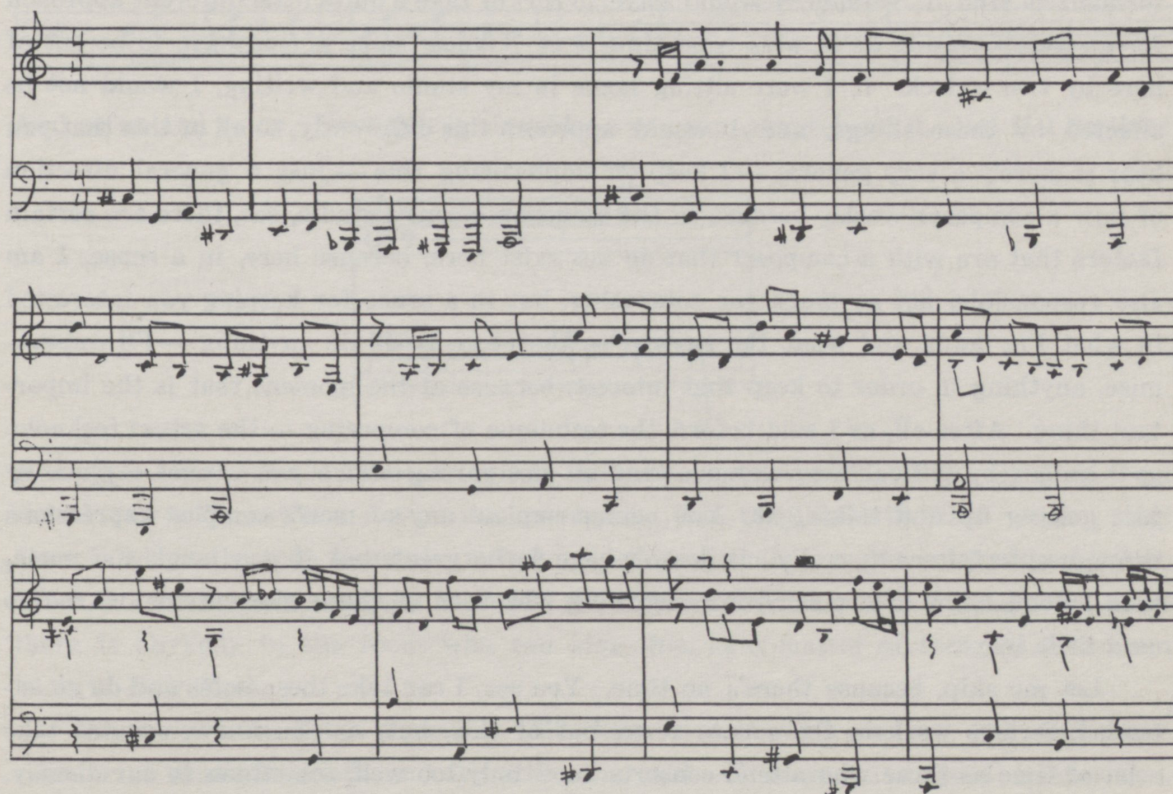
Now, one of the things that a composer works with is taking four notes like this and using different lines: namely, counterpoint. You know. A round, as you all know, is the most obvious form of counterpoint, a straight obvious kind of imitation. If I do this:

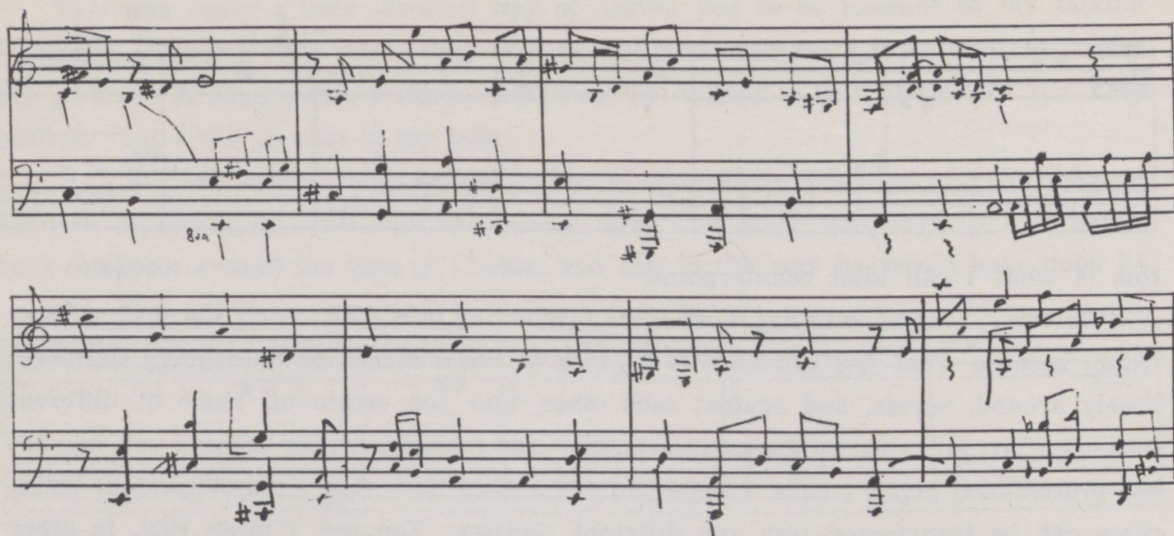


this is what I call idiot counterpoint.

However, counterpoint has much more fascinating uses than merely the obvious repetition, because what you can have is an idea of lineal music, of lines going simultaneously around, across, and against each other, and you create all kinds of different tensions. You see, you can do, as an example—and incidentally, for those of you who are not professional music people, I hope you understand that when I play these four notes, these can be transferred into any different register. You see, I mean that, in other words, that's still cricket in musical composition. You can take this and play it on different parts of the piano or orchestra, if you write for the orchestra, and then, of course, you can also take what I did at the beginning and you can elaborate on this basic idea. Now I just wanted to make that very clear, so that perhaps some of you will have something to hang onto and perhaps feel that I haven't gone too far off this.

Now, let's try and see what comes out of this. I'm not sure that anything will, but let's take a shot at it. If we take this:



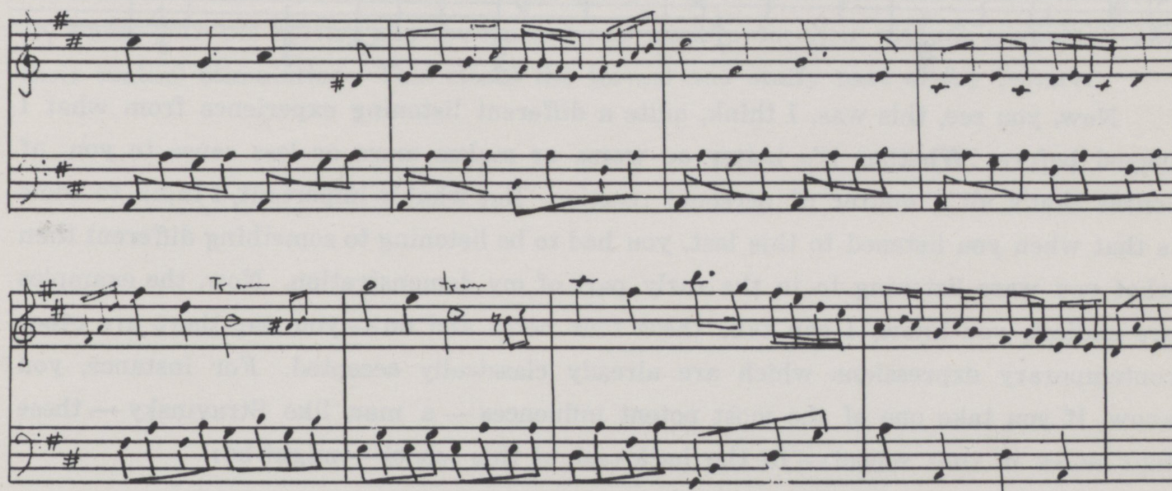


Now, what I did with this was to take those four notes and use it as a ground. There's a formal, there's a very formal procedure that you can do. And now I'll be very honest with you, and that's called a passacaglia — a passacaglia, you know, all it means is that you take a couple of notes and you stay with it and you just build all kinds of variations on those notes. This was not literally that; I started with that and then I thought the hell with it. However, were this a formal act of musical composition on my part; and in which I, you know, suddenly decided that if I went in for a more formalized kind of version, I would have to sort of take a quite little different approach for an improvisation on it, plus what time it is. I know some of you have to be out of here by two o'clock. If I were sitting home in my studio and writing, I would not be affected by these things, and I would approach this differently, so all of this that you hear is merely a very general — I keep on emphasizing this — just a general direction of how a composer works, because in the seclusion of one's studio, see, there are certain factors that are with a composer that do not exist here, because here, in a sense, I am also responsible, not so much for composing, but in a sense for keeping you interested in what I'm doing and what I'm saying, so therefore I will do anything — I'll compromise, anything in order to keep that interest, because at the moment that is the important thing. After all, as I said before, the technique of composing — the actual technology — is a very difficult and arduous kind of disciplining which you cannot explain by just getting up and talking it. You cannot explain any of man's complex expressions through entertainment, really. It doesn't have to be great, but if you laugh too much, then I don't know how much you're learning. So, with all these reservations, let me go on a little more.

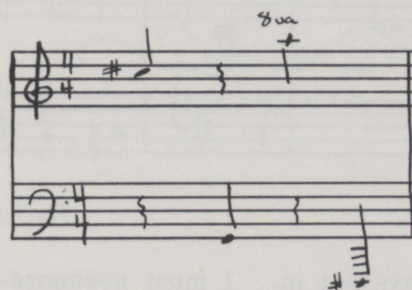
Let me skip, because there's no time. You see, I can take these notes and do an extended, serious work in the sonata form, out of this, but, as you know, sonatas take a lot of time as those who attend concerts know only too well, sometimes to our dismay.

So, I do not think that now is the time nor do I think you are disposed to sit here and listen to me ramble for, you know, an hour, and get lost in a maze of development sections.

But, before I close, I'd like to sort of jump over very quickly and just talk and perhaps demonstrate the contemporary scene. What is important to remember about so-called contemporary music, in other words, music that's being written today — in our time — is that we must try to meet it on its own grounds and understand what the ground rules are and realize that sometimes the ground rules are not the ground rules that we assume they are, or that are ground rules. Now, one of the things that's happened in the development of music has been the breaking away of music in tonal patterns from the concept of voice. You see, all the things that I've done so far as examples are in the classical style. For instance:



And so on and so on. Now this is singable — you can comprehend it. But if I do this:



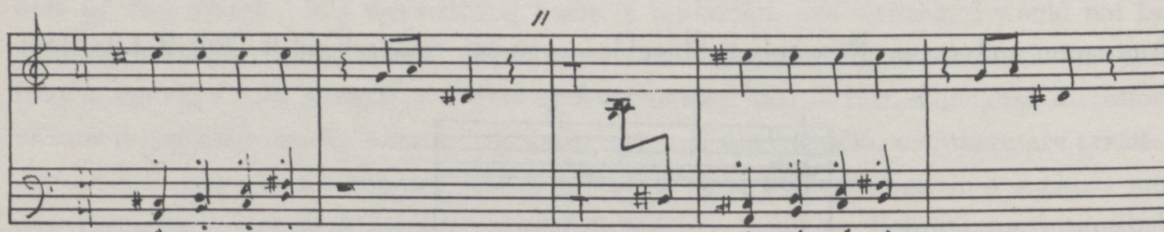
Now, you know what? These notes are the the four notes, but, you see, I pushed them out. I now will use them not on the assumption that they must fit what we can sing. Here is where the trap about the melody comes in. In other words, a lot of people say, "Well, I know it isn't a melody because I can't sing it." Well, you're not supposed to. If there is anybody in the room who can sing this, as a matter of fact, I'll take them back to New York.

Now, we must listen to music. We have music which ranges over the whole register of musical sounds and it's still connected — I mean in a good composition,

you see, there are still lines that go between these, but they are now a little more complex and a little more far-ranging, a little more out in space. As an example, let's see if you can follow these notes — or if I can follow them, as a matter of fact; that's more to the point — in a kind of contemporary exploration. Now, I'll start with the four notes, but in different places, except I'll compromise: the first note I'll play where it is:



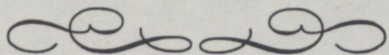
Now, you see, this was, I think, quite a different listening experience from what I played before. Whether it's better or worse or makes more or less sense to you, of course that's all a matter of personal reaction. But what is important, I think, to know is that when you listened to this last, you had to be listening to something different than what you were listening to in the early part of my demonstration. Now, the examples are endless, you know, I can take these four notes and do — you see, there are other contemporary expressions which are already classically accepted. For instance, you know, if you take one of the most potent influences — a man like Stravinsky — these four notes in that school — in the backwash of this school — might be:



Bell rings for 2:00 classes.

This is a little touch I always put in. I must apologize — this was supposed to come in the piece before this. This sort of threw me. As a matter of fact, this was the most creative act of this program. This is what is known as random music. And strangely enough, you see, this very thing that happened, this bell going off, this is part now — this is another part of the contemporary scene; the idea of chance, the idea of random things happening. I started to say before, one could go on and on with all the different possibilities. You see, I can do things inside of a piano, I could hit the bottom of the piano. At the beginning I pointed out that even the silence is part of music, so that I can sit down and say — and, by the way, this has been done — I can

say, "I will now finish with my latest work, which is called *Silence*." Now, there have been concerts done in which the composer sat beside the piano for five minutes. You see, the music, in our lives, is the things that are happening around us. The idea — I have children, and my sons — to them, going to the moon is a very logical thing. Why not? I still am not quite sure how the electric lightbulb works. But none of us, I think, should stand still just by our own limitations. Because there again, as adventurous as I might be in music, if the world depended on me for the amenities of life and for technical progress, we would not have reached the wheel yet. It might be on the way because I am a fairly, I think, progressive and liberal person, in my own way, but we wouldn't yet have the wheel. So, in music it is important for the creator to explore and for the listener to explore. And, of course, the ideal combination is the two together, where both the creator and the listener can explore to their mutual advantage and their mutual stimulation. This closes the formal and stuffy part of my lecture.



MY BROTHER'S BED

Come . . . we cannot lay here.
This is my brother's bed.
It is autumn. The sky is like
A dying leaf.
The spread is unwrinkled. There
Is nothing on the bed, but a polished amulet
A string of stones.
Come, we cannot lay here . . . you can go away.
It is nothing.
This is my brother's room for long ago he lived here.
Now he has forgotten these fading shadows on his bed,
As he lies asleep in the huge cities of Granada, chalked with
Ash.

Autumn is here. A scarf hangs by the window,
Rancid from years of gardenia and sachet.
He found his amulet among the children's tears
And secrets; when he grew older it was polished to a glow;
His curious fingers rubbed the incantation smooth.
The string of stones? Who knows.
He picked them from the road the day he searched for father,
Later he threw them at the scarlet houses,
With the gingerbread men who danced and sang a secret.

I stand old, old, and turn into a curtain.
Wavering, wavering, I am never still.
A cloth shadow dances alone where there were
Whispering figures.

I touch the amulet with old hands
And shake the string of stones.
Stone upon stone echoes an icon upon his ears.
But his ears are deaf . . . and he walks alone upon
The rain-slaked streets of Granada.

Come . . . we cannot lay here . . . this is my brother's bed.

JERRY TILLOTSON





ETCHINGS AND PRINTS BY

DONALD SEXAUER

Formal education: Norfolk Division of the College of William and Mary, 1952-54; B.S. degree at Edinboro State College, Edinboro, Pa.; M.A. degree in printmaking and painting at Kent State University, Kent, Ohio.

Exhibitions and awards, 1963 and after: Madison Gallery, New York City, 1963, First Prize in printmaking at the 1963 National Show for the Association of Academic Artists, Springfield, Massachusetts; 1964 Northwest Printmakers 35th International Exhibition in Seattle, Washington and Oregon; First National Print Exhibition at Western Michigan University; Ultimate Concerns 5th National Show of Drawings and Prints at Ohio University; Academic Artists Award for Printmaking at the 15th National Exhibition of Realistic Art, Springfield, Massachusetts; The Group Gallery, Jacksonville, Florida; First Regional Paint and Drawing Exhibition at the Mint Museum, Charlotte, N. C.; Fourth Annual Mercyhurst Graphics Exhibition, Erie, Pa; One-man show at the Florida Gulf Coast Art Center, Clearwater, Florida; The Forty-Sixth Annual Exhibition of the Society of American Graphic Artists, New York City; Anonymous Prize for Printmaking at the 140th Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design, New York City; 1965 Northwest Printmakers 35th International Show, Seattle, Washington; The 43rd National Graphic Arts Drawing Exhibition at the Wichita Art Association, Kansas; The Sixteenth National Exhibition of Contemporary Realism at the Springfield Museum of Fine Arts, Massachusetts.





"February's supply"

19

L. S. 1963







SEANCE

She would stay
in her room alone
and sometimes the walls,
fading, stared across her face,
pulling the white bee
along her neck until
the choke stopped
her hands from tears.
She smells her hair
while wind breaks curtained —
labor back to when he came
in thought, touched her side
for lying down to his leaning
and the weight upon her mouth,
like solitude, embedded her
for love.
Her neckline speaks
down between her breasts
for milder enclosure,
forming her waist
to a quieter glide
and taking her tan nectar
reticent for more drink.
Her cramped remembrance
forced a newer mark
upon her mind;
that fraction of him
releasing a mellower bird
winding its song to his need
and succulent for more wind
to tread her rightness,
to expose his fine
riding semblance
of love; she wrapped
her feet in cloth.
On the dampness of her bed
sleep found its own
and her thoughts rested
for dreaming.

CHARLOTTE MCMICHAEL

NORMAN MAILER'S AMERICAN DREAM

JAMES FORSYTH

I have always been a bit hesitant about reading a new novel by an established writer, more out of the fear of disappointment than anything else. Reading something new by Norman Mailer is worse than most of the others because I believe that he may have it in him to write that Big Book. On the other hand, he can come out with just about as much nonsense per square inch as any Southern politician.

So, it took a long time to finally get around to reading *An American Dream*. The thing stayed around for days before I even opened it. The design on the dust jacket is terrible and the picture of Mailer on the back is almost frightening.

The novel first appeared, in slightly different form, in eight issues of *Esquire* and is published collectively by Dial Press. On the flap of the dust jacket it says: "Mailer undertook to write *An American Dream* under the same conditions of serial deadline that Conrad, Dickens, and Dostoevsky met in their day." Sounds like a helluva comparison, but that is the sort of stuff that publishers come up with.

My reaction to the book is mixed. Mailer has a talent for being good and bad at the same time. *An American Dream*, written in the first person, is a study of the real and imaginary Hell of Stephen Richards Rojack, who served with distinction in World War II, was elected for a term

in Congress, wrote a book titled *The Psychology of the Hangman*, was a college professor and a television performer, and married an extremely wealthy girl. Sounds incredible. But that is not even half of it.

Rojack met his wife, Deborah Caughlin Mangaravidi Kelly, on a double date with, of all people, Jack Kennedy, who had been a year ahead of him in college. In reality, Mailer was a year behind Kennedy at Harvard and they did know each other after the war. But since the elections of 1960, Mailer has worn that a bit thin.

From here the plot gets complicated. Rojack is separated from his wife, whom he sees about once a week. He goes to a party and decides to visit her at her apartment. It is pretty straight so far, except that he is, or seems to be, under some sort of trance and thinks that the moon is telling him to come. Yes, fly to the moon. When he gets to his wife's apartment, they get into an argument and he kills her, which I suppose is a natural thing for Mailer to think of putting here. But instead of disposing with the body before he does anything else, he is seized by the trance again and goes into the room where the maid Ruta, a German girl, stays. Naturally he seduces her. Then he goes back to his wife's apartment, throws the body out of the window — sort of an answer to the force of the moon which

has been calling him, telephones the police and tells them that she has jumped. This is all in the first chapter. The novel only covers 36 hours.

The police suspect that he killed her, and they have some evidence. But they let him go. In true form, Mailer complicates things even more. Deborah's father, Mr. Kelly, is the one who gets him off the hook by using his influence and probably a little money. The first thing Rojack does when he goes out is meet another woman, Cherry, who was on the street when Deborah fell. Another seduction scene. This is getting pretty bad.

The short time which follows is Rojack's trip through Hell. In this time he finds that Ruta had been employed as Deborah's maid by Mr. Kelly. Not only has Kelly slept with Ruta on a number of occasions, but he has seduced his daughter as well. He did this when she was a young girl and never wished to completely end the affair, so he hired Ruta to keep an eye on her.

As repulsive as this may be, it does give the author plenty of room to enter the trappings of his subject's mind and watch him play Satan against God. For what it is, it is good. But not as good as Mailer could do. The thing which held the novel together for me, that is, made it readable, is Mailer's writing. He can do more with the English language than most writers could think of doing. Through his complicated sentence structure, he somehow gives the words a fluid character which reads with ease. I do not like his use of parentheses, which he uses very often. A master technician like William Faulkner, who used parentheses to create flashbacks, can use them profitably. But when they are used only for explanatory purposes, they damage the tone of the prose. When phrases are set off parenthetically, they carry a tone of depth or seriousness which is greater than that of the rest of the writing. For that reason, most novelists are wise to avoid them.

Mailer's talent is a disgusting thing. Unfortunately, his first book, *The Naked and the Dead*, sold enormously and is hailed by many as a masterpiece. And that is his problem. He probably feels that he really has not got the talent to write another book as good as that. So he claims that he has written the best book since World War II and will not bother to write another good one until someone else writes one just as good. Naturally he will never admit that someone has

surpassed him.

This is not an isolated problem. John Steinbeck became popular too soon and left his art for making money. Although what he writes is better than what most critics usually give him credit for writing. James Jones got fat too soon and has turned out nothing of any value since *From Here to Eternity*. Probably the only way to get them to work is to strand them on an island and take their liquor away from them until they can do something better. But there are laws against that sort of thing.

Since Mailer's initial work, he has produced a number of books which are not very good but show glimpses of genius. *Barbary Shore* was his next piece of work and he believes that it may be superior to the others because "it has in its high fevers a kind of insane insight." But it met a cold public and was panned for its vulgarity. Aside from his latest work, his only other book of fiction is *The Deer Park*, a noble idea which never worked out. It was supposed to be part of an eight-volume novel with a short novel prologue called "The Man Who Studied Yoga." The idea fell apart. There is also a book of poetry and short prose called *Death for the Ladies and Other Disasters*, which is interesting and at times very good.

In 1959 he came out with *Advertisements for Myself*. The libraries, for some reason, list it as an autobiography. It contains short pieces that he has written over the years, excerpts from two novels and his long essay *The White Negro*, and each piece is preceded by an "Advertisement" which either tells something about the work or his state of mind when he wrote it. *Advertisements for Myself* is an interesting account in somewhat of an orderly fashion of what he has done and what he would like to do. It shows the growth of a writer along with his opinions of what others have done. Surprisingly enough, Mailer has a good critical eye for works other than his own. He has no trouble in spotting the weaknesses and strong points in the work of others, but his evaluation of their work as a whole is lacking.

The question still remains whether Mailer will ever take the time to apply himself to something long enough to do it right. From all the indications he has given, it is reasonable to say that he will not. This is probably the fear of putting all he has in a book and its being a failure.

ROSEMARY

Perhaps men are all we said they were
And in their climbing shed all those rings
Of savage love like spirits wholly given
Up to what they cannot care to keep.
Perhaps they are and this was like moonlight,
A license to be cruel,
To hold love's wisdom a little wild
Behind her elegaic urn.

These men and their fabled women who climb
Among our stars, who are stripped bare
Like wind of all the small famille familiars
That give brother unto brother commingling
An ache of their origin in love,
One grave specific like rosemary,
Always and every way rosemary,
And bartered history keep. Cold as on the tombs
They drift among their roses of the resurrection
Cold composed with what must always seem
Some greater vision than our own,
Some seeing past the place where merely breath
Walks supposing what they knew or must know
To be like paradise — a place of golden abnegation;
We feel an air holding the birds against
The breast of heaven,
A high tumultuous turning of small wings.

These then, the shaggy legs are always and our own
Given up to weariness and sleep.
And though all and every dancing master knows
The fiddles tune their magic by the moon
And drums are hot and heavy with midday,
Be still and hear the resurrecting dead
Who know eternal the peasantry of pleasure
Take up themselves their marrow bones
And make the green earth ring
Above their dark encrusted nails.

SANFORD PEELE

FABLES

I

There, where the still sun wheels
perpetual at twelve and the lips
of all green things stand open and aroused,
your body bends its white line back
inscribing you upon the pointed grass
sleep.

I have dreamed of floating a breath above your hair,
my curved horns tipped by the turning sun.
sleep.

Birds that never were
spread an iridescent splendor
like the pine, blue, and blue green
upon our centrifugal earth.

II

Still: I cover you with pine
until you are spiked with green
and gently budding cones.
In my narrow mask of white hair and dull eyes
I bury the outraged bone of you,
turning in small whining circles.

III

Our long necks twine and the slow winter flies
make silky movements in the shafts of our deep breathing.
If we step now upon the white crust of December,
our hooves will sink like broad hearts down to sleeping earth.
You turn, and the unsettling snow
frosts your dark mane and small ears.

IV

The window remains, loosed to the sun's coming,
frayed wood falling gently away
and the dark naked nails gathering the years against their forgotten purpose.
Naked, your feet placed wide apart
you coiled the white stem of you
toward the coming sun
and combed your dark hair downward.
So much hair! I thought the room might drown between you and the sun.

V

The panes are gone,
no jagged teeth to mark their absence.
If the star-shaped ivy
could grow in this stiff earth
it would mount and in its curving hold slip darkly through
where the sun came,
then, each morning, as sudden and sure as birth
spreading the gold and rosate fingers
of wild incredulous children.

VI

How everything is loosed in sleep,
the free moon, forgotten, finds you here,
curved into my side —
I am still and cannot turn to where
your soft mouth glancingly bestows
the pendulum carol of your deep breathing
upon the foliate curve of my own hidden heart.

SANFORD PEELE

CHRYSANTHEMUMS

(For Elizabeth Gartman)

At six I went to school
And having lived six years with flowers
Carried chrysanthemums to give away.
The colors were important colors as I remember.
They were planted by my father, cut by my mother
And given to me as the gift to give that other
Kindest person I had come to know as special.

I climbed that day into the yellow bus,
One speller, one reader and a dozen sheets of heavy paper
Ruled with horizontal lines as large
As the vein that stood out in my father's forehead
And the flowers wrapped in a cornucopia of waxed paper.
I don't remember the riding there
But I believe it was uneventful
Though I must have said something to someone.

We stood in line until the bell rang and she came out
To ask us in, into the low red building so unlike a house
And someone whose face I cannot now see
Stepped suddenly out and took the cornucopia away
Not quickly stolen, but borrowed-like
As though to impress with the possibility of return.

I turned away and watched wide the sun
Until the corners of the air were filled with flowers
Falling in a dark October rain
Most every one found marvelous.
I should have cried, done some final thing
Been meek or found it funny, but breathing clawed
Upward through my throat, hand over slipping hand
Until the harm turned white and fell away.
I don't look at things head on; I didn't then
But see them from their corner turn
With slow insignificant tide
Moving sideways and invidiously lovely out.

Now, at the pearled center of a perfect sleep
I hear the high wind of my world's birthday
Come down among the chrysanthemums she cuts
Her and him who made me, there, twined in their green
Turning gold and I rondo-ringing round them, until
Are wounds as sure as though October had no wind,
And might leave the fragile epitaph forever fallen
In the field of vegetable dismay.
They are gone, gathered in the throat and it is once again
October of the first day, in the first year
And my mother gives me once again
The dark chrysanthemums of peace.
I wear them in my hair, upon my lips and eyes
And cannot care that the yellow bus moves through every October
Since that first, crowned with the skull of childness
Filled with chrysanthemums of fire.

Sleep repeats their purple center,
Enfolding, the frost-frond outer edge of grief is here
Raw in the rumped wind of winter.
I lift myself out of the winding heat of them
Tipsy to the floor-tugged feet of sleep
And open me to darkness, saying the rosary of their good names
Brother, mother, sister, father, friend
Until the stars slip down my face
And burn upon the coldness of the floor.

SANFORD PEELE

ALL ACTS OF SEPARATION

A SHORT STORY BY

PAT OUTLAW COOPER

He wasn't real thin and he wasn't real young anymore, and when he bent over in the tobacco field to break away the lower leaves from their stalks, he had a tendency to stay down longer than was necessary. When he finally lifted his shoulders out of the foliage, he came up exceedingly slow for a man of thirty-two. He laid an armful of tobacco leaves in the narrow body of the tobacco truck and removed a cigarette from between his lips. He looked at it, replaced it, and, squinting his eyes, drew deeply from it. He listened to the crinkly burning of the cigarette paper and made a mental note of where it seemed to stop burning. He straightened his shoulders and loosed the wet blue shirt sticking between them. He wiped his forehead with the upper part of his rolled-up sleeve. The itching in his eyebrows was relieved. He was cooler and ready to bend over again to the leaves.

His name was Napoleon, but it was a long time since anybody had called him that. They called him Buddy.

May Lene tended to the mid-day meal. She

turned down the beans to simmer to keep them warm. She dipped up the cabbage from the dented aluminum pot and placed it in a large crock bowl; with two knives she cut the small green wedges to bits. Then she took the piece of pork side-meat she had cooked with it, which was much less than the size of her own hand, and not as thick, and sliced it thinly. She put it in a painted saucer that had once belonged to her grandmother and set it in the middle of the table near the vinegar and salt. She dished up boiled potatoes with another saucer and flipped the pancake cornbread onto a platter to cool. She took two plates from a stack on the wall shelf nearest the stove and placed them face down on the table. It was twenty past eleven. It was ten minutes before they would eat. Dinner was always served at exactly eleven-thirty.

May Lene passed through the sitting room adjoining the kitchen. She took a seat at the far end of the long front porch.

What had gone wrong with everything, or was it all wrong from the very beginning? She had tried to do the best she could. Could she help it

if he hadn't listened to her? That's what came of bad blood . . . not her blood, but her husband's. Then it wasn't her fault. She could not have made him any different no matter what she had done. The Sunday School lesson yesterday had been about just that . . . the sins of the fathers. She had forgotten now how Miss Crompton had interpreted that. It really didn't matter. She herself understood from her own personal experience. Wasn't that the best explanation for anything . . . personal experience? She felt perspiration in her hands. Rust on the swing chain had rubbed off on her right hand. She swabbed it with a hankerchief kept handy in her pocket.

Looking through the window of the sitting room, May Lene saw the place where he had lain dead in his coffin two weeks ago. She saw his face, the still, long fingers of his hands, one hand folded over the other. She thought about his hair. It hadn't looked dead, but it was dead and stiff too when you touched it, and she had. It had been dark and shiny like her own. She remembered what they always said: the hair grows on for a while after one dies. The nails grow on. How long would they grow? Were they growing now . . . like they didn't know he was dead? She wished she didn't know it. She wished he weren't dead and it all hadn't happened. She suddenly wished her children were small again and she had her time to go over with them. She would make things be different. She would make him be different.

She didn't like to cry. She had never been one for crying, but she was alone now and she threw her hands awkwardly up to her face and cried. After a while she got up and dried her face on her apron, remembering the rust on her hankerchief. After dinner she would wash it and press it and put it back into a clean apron. Everybody said that she was a clean and neat woman, and she was proud that they could say that about her.

Buddy walked through the dirt yard of his mother's house. He didn't like to walk through her yard, but that was the only way to get to his house. He still called his mother's house "home." He wanted to get out of the habit, but it was hard to do. Everything about his mother's house had been homey and comfortable, he thought. He could hear her footsteps in her kitchen as he neared the back porch. She moved quickly and every movement counted for something. She was not wasteful with her energy.

She had always said that time and energy were the same as money. He wondered why she had so little money if this were true. He didn't like to think such thoughts, as the thoughts themselves were acts of disloyalty. He had never liked to question her. A man ought to trust his mother completely.

Ever since Donnie was killed by that crazy, jealous man, things had changed. Maybe, Buddy thought, I am getting old. Maybe that is why I dread to walk through my mother's yard. I would like to be a child again, eating at her table, resting on her porch after dinner was done. I would not be going to the house of an unfeeling woman, my wife, trying to make a place feel like home and finding that it can't be. He was seized with concern for his mother and her grief. He felt a throbbing pang of loneliness for his brother who was dead, but whom he had seldom seen in life since the two of them had grown up.

Buddy had stayed at the grave and seen with his own eyes how they lowered Donnie into the earth. Buddy had gotten out of the Cadillac furnished by the Bronze-Winer Funeral Home for the family to ride in to the funeral service and had gone and stood by his brother's grave until the casket was lowered and the pall bearers had thrown their white carnations on the top of it and turned away. He had turned away with them and walked to the automobile. He had been aware of the eyes of his neighbors on him and he had been aware of the white flowers falling into the open pit.

"Come in, Buddy. Eat with us. I have plenty, such as it is."

He had truly hoped to escape her, he thought to himself, but already he was on the porch.

"I can't, Mama."

But all the time he was walking in and waiting to be asked again.

"I've got to go on to the house. Celie Ann will be looking for me. She has probably got the sandwiches ready by now."

He didn't bother to add that he thought she might also have some complaints to go along with the sandwiches. He did not think he wanted to hear his mother's remarks on that score. She always took his side and made out Celie Ann to be even worse than she was. Women, he thought to himself. If I could just understand them a little. And better still, if I could just walk away from them all and forget everything I ever knew about them. He looked at his mother

again and felt guilty.

"Why, Mama," he said, seeing that she had set his place at the head of the table while he had been busy thinking, "You shouldn't have done that. Putting me a place and all. I can't eat here with you. I have to go home."

"No, you don't go. It seems so good to have you here. Celie Ann won't care. She'll know where you are."

It was settled. Celie Ann would know where he was.

Buddy went over to the shelf that projected from the north wall. He proceeded to pour water by the dipper-full into the enameled basin. He washed his hands with a clean white rag and box-lye soap his mother provided. Then he poured the water, slick and greenish from the tobacco, out the back door and refilled the pan. This time he splashed water on his burning face and wiped it clean in a guano-sack towel.

Yes, he thought, I'd like to be here again, the way I used to be when Pa used to come home drunk. I couldn't ever see why he wanted to do that. I would have to look after Ma to make sure he didn't get hold of her. He could have killed her when he was in his rages, but I was always here and she would say that she didn't know what she would do without me. I'd listen to her afterwards when Pa had worn himself out and had gone to sleep and she would tell me that if it weren't for me, she couldn't stay here at all. I don't know if it really was that she needed me so much, but she needed me some and that's more than at my wife's house.

He looked at his mother, and somehow she seemed more independent than he had remembered her to be and more independent than he seemed to himself. She moved expertly and confidently, pulling out the wooden chair for him. This was his father's chair, and, though it was his whenever he ate with them, he always felt a little foolish sitting in it. He heard his father's steps on the uneven back porch and thought maybe he ought to get up and offer his father his chair when he came in, but he knew he would feel awkward doing that. So he put his elbows on the table and relaxed.

His father did not speak, but poured water in the basin, as he had done, and washed his hands in the same way. And splashed his face too with clean, cool water. His father looked around while drying his face and hands on the guano sack. He looked at the other chair which belonged to the

table and the stool which May Lene had added for another seat. The stool was generally used to hold May Lene's favorite fern, but sometimes, like today, it was used for an extra table chair. He seemed undecided which of the two seats to take.

It is as if he doesn't know his place, Buddy thought. It is like he just followed along. Mama is the real leader. And suddenly he hated his father for never having known his place and for never having been the leader. His father had flopped down in the chair on Buddy's right side, and Buddy could smell him, hot and sweaty like tobacco when it is still green and full of bitterness and sticky gum. He hated the smell of his father, even though he knew he carried the same smell himself. He looked at his father's face and studied the loose flesh, which had fallen and gone to wrinkles. The mouth was partly open, as though it had to be for him to breathe. A lot of his teeth were gone and had not been replaced and never would be, because his father didn't care enough to bother about getting it done. He looked last at his father's eyes. They were yellowish and glassy, without luster. They suggested endurance. As quickly as Buddy had felt hate, that quickly had it gone away.

After the meal, Buddy's father went back to the tobacco barn. Buddy and May Lene went to the front porch where he stretched out and shut his eyes. He rested his head on an old goose-down pillow that was kept there in summer for that purpose. It was as old as Buddy could remember. His mother sat in the swing and moved it just enough to keep up a creaking noise.

"You know, I've been thinking," she said, and waited for some kind of response from Buddy.

He opened his eyes.

"I just can't see what makes some things happen like they do. You do the best you can. You try to be a good woman and raise your children the best way you know how, and then things turn out like this."

He closed his eyes.

"I don't see where it could have been my fault — what happened to him. I never could see why he had to be the way he was, even when he was just a child. And us looking for him and him being away a whole year before we found out where he was. You remember, Buddy? We finally got a postcard. Just one, mind you. And then, the next time we saw him, he was grown and

married to a fair-woman."

May Lene spat out the word "fair." She was talking more to herself now than to him. She must have realized it because she paused. The swing creaked rapidly. She held to the swing chain with one hand, but now she was not aware that her hand perspired.

She said, "Well, you can't help it if you have bad blood. That's one thing you can't help. He had it and I figure that must have been the reason he was the way he was. That man who killed him didn't know he couldn't help being the way he was. It's too bad he didn't know — maybe he wouldn't have done it. But I tell you, Buddy, as much as I hate it happening like it did and all, I know I'm going to see more peace with him dead than I've seen since he was born. I hate to say that, but it's so. He never brought me nothing but worry."

This out, May Lene stopped the creaking of the swing. She took her hand off the swing chain and rubbed it on her apron. She was not concerned about rust or stains. Her heart didn't beat as fast now, and she could take a deep breath.

Buddy, with his eyes closed, had not paid much attention to the first part. He had heard it too many times before — bad blood causes bad things. He had accepted it a long time ago. But when May Lene had gotten to the part about seeing more peace with Donnie dead, Buddy had taken notice and dwelled on her words, each one separately.

He thought about Donnie and the man who had killed Donnie. Somehow, he felt that if this man had known their mother, he might not have killed Donnie. The man had been jealous of his wife and Donnie. They had laughed and walked off together and the man had gone after them with his shotgun. He had killed with reason. Buddy knew how it was to be jealous. He had always been jealous of his mother. Sometimes he had been jealous of his wife too, but it had been mostly his mother. He had always thought that deep in her heart his mother had loved Donnie more than she had loved him, even when Donnie had left her for the fair, and for the fair-woman, and then the last woman. Sometimes, after Donnie had first gone away, Buddy had prayed that he would not come back. That had been a long time ago when Buddy was only about ten. Now he was sorry. It was like his jealousy made him guilty, too. He wanted to look at his mother.

Instead, he stretched his body, flexed his arms, and adjusted the down pillow so that the stiff

corner of the ticking did not dig into his cheek. He turned his mind to the farm and work to be done, turned to his father, turned to Celie Ann making dinner to eat alone; turned, settled, and centered on Celie Ann. "Celie Ann, I think I've made a mistake. I ought to have gone home to dinner. I really should've. Ma, here, she's had me fooled about a lot of things. I don't know now that she ever loved anybody. I hate to say that, Celie Ann, 'cause it might mean I didn't either. I'm a lot like her, you know, and I'd hate to say I never loved nobody because I thought I did. I thought I loved you when we got married. I could have sworn I did. And now, I don't know. I've been pretty mean myself . . . I mean leaving you and staying to eat with Ma anytime at all and not letting you know. I reckon I treated you like a dog sometimes." And then he thought about the dog, Crumbles. Crumbles probably got what would have been Buddy's dinner of baloney sandwiches. That's what Celie Ann would always say when Buddy stayed to eat at his mother's house. "The dog got your dinner." And he had never cared. Not until now.

May Lene had gone back to creaking the swing. Buddy tried to concentrate on his father. He pictured his father at the barn adjusting the heat in the hot barn. Then he pictured him counting out sticks for the afternoon's work ahead. They hoped to get three hundred sticks full of tobacco that afternoon and his father by now may have already counted out the twelve bundles of twenty-five sticks each. They always counted out the sticks and placed them in bundles by the looper's racks and had them ready so as not to waste time once they started. Buddy thought that he really ought to go down there and help his father. He thought he really should've before now. The notion seemed compelling. He didn't see how he could have been so neglectful of work that was rightfully his, too. After all, didn't they share the crop equally?

Buddy opened his eyes, and sat up suddenly.

"Did all that talk sound funny, Son?" his mother asked. "Maybe I ought not to have said what I did about Donnie. I hope I didn't scare you, talking like that. I know it's not becoming to me."

"No, Ma."

"I'm glad you don't hold what I say against me, Buddy. I don't know what I'd do without you sometimes. I reckon I've always thought so much of you because I could speak my real mind to you."

It seemed to Buddy that his mother was really speaking her own mind to her own self. She wasn't even looking at him.

"Well, Ma," Buddy got up from his sitting position on the edge of the porch and stood leaning against the porch post, feeling the dryness of the splintery post absorbing some of the dampness from L's shirt, "I ought to go down there and help Pa. He's getting too old to work near about clean through the dinner hour."

May Lene was glad to be by herself again. She could rest and think. She always could think better by herself. It occurred to her that she had never really been by herself until now.

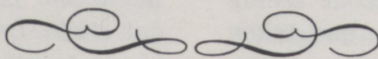
Buddy walked down the dirt path to the tobacco barn. On either side of the path dog fennels grew high. He broke one now and then and they popped, so full they were of summer juice.

He felt the hot sand come up on his shoes as he walked, and he had to lift his feet high with every step to clear his shoes of the sand. As he neared the barn, Buddy could see that his father had finished the work of counting out the sticks and was sitting on the edge of a tobacco truck, fanning himself with his battered old straw hat. He looked more tired than Buddy had ever seen him.

"Pa, I was just going to help you with the sticks," Buddy said.

"It's all right, Boy. I've got everything all ready. It's still a quarter till one."

Buddy straddled the middle of a looping rack and leaned against one end of it, propping his feet on the other end. He tried to think of something to say. There was nothing he could think of that would not sound put on, or maybe *be* put on. He wanted something that would be true and good.



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