



**THE REBEL**



*All American Honor Rating*



COPYRIGHT 1969, THE REBEL. NONE OF THE MATERIALS HEREIN CAN BE USED OR REPRODUCED IN ANY MANNER WHATSOEVER WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION.

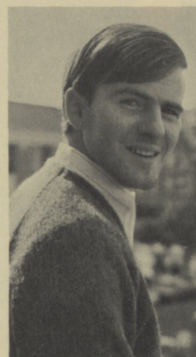


# THE REBEL

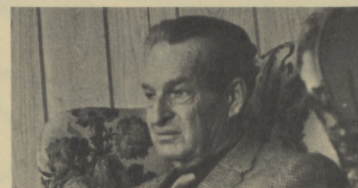
Co-Editors ..... Paul F. Callaway  
 John R. Reynolds  
 Business Manager ..... Skip Huff  
 Co-ordinating Editor ..... Beverly Jones  
 Art and Design Editor ..... Rad Bailey  
 Copy Editor ..... Franceine Perry  
 Poetry Editor ..... Carolyn Griffin  
 Reviews Editor ..... Judy Coggins  
 Chief Photographer ..... Walter Quade  
 Exchange and Subscriptions  
 Editor ..... Patience Collie  
 Typist and Correspondence  
 Editor ..... Cathy Norfleet  
 Publicity Director ..... Keith Parrish  
 Co-ordinating Staff ..... Rod Ketner  
 Steve Hubbard  
 Robert McDowell  
 Charles Denny  
 Lynn Ayers  
 John Sherman  
 Chuck Kalaf  
 Bill Suk  
 John Fulton  
 Adviser ..... Ovid Williams Pierce

**The Rebel**® is a student publication of East Carolina University. Offices are located on the campus at 215 Wright Annex. Inquiries and contributions should be directed to P. O. Box 2486, East Carolina University Station, Greenville, North Carolina 27834.

PRINTED BY THE GRAPHIC PRESS, INC., RALEIGH, N. C. 27603



Callaway



Green



Jones



Morgan

## Contributors

**Paul Green**, North Carolina's Pulitzer Prize winning dramatist, author of "The Lost Colony" and "In Abraham's Bosom," provides one of two featured interviews in this issue.

A narration by **Green** about one of his childhood friends provides this issue's short story.

**Robert Morgan**, North Carolina State Attorney General and Chairman of the Board of Trustees of East Carolina University speaks on capital punishment in a featured interview.

Featured poet for the winter issue of **The Rebel** is **Gale Morgan**, an inmate of Caledonia Prison in Tillery, North Carolina. **Morgan** has been printed in various magazines, including **The Rebel**.

**Beverly Jones**, Coordinating Editor of the **Rebel**, contributed many hours work to this issue.

Poetry contributors for this issue are **Lyril Spence**, **Claire Pittman**, **Jean Brown**, **Annette MacRae**, and **John Sherman**.

Lastly, **The Rebel** is fortunate to have had and sad to lose co-editor **Chip Callaway** who was recently elected editor of the student newspaper. His work can be found throughout the magazine and will be greatly missed.



## Contents

untitled	3	john d. fulton
letters to the editor	4	
legal murder	6	
paul green	7	pfc, bmj, wgs
poetry	13	gale freeman morgan
a narration	18	paul green
photoessay	22	
robert morgan	27	pfc, chn, rrk, rbr
soul on ice	31	robert mcdowell
the quiet vengeance of words	32	annette macrae
they	33	patsy wofford
untitled	34	lyril spence
dark rider, heart's desire, man creates, schism	36	annette macrae
the sacrifice	37	claire pittman
the big man	37	rod ketner
my slow course	37	john sherman
just after winter	39	linda faye bryant
untitled	39	jennifer salinger
from observations	39	jean brown
snow	40	chip callaway



Pipes go spinnin' round and round  
I go jumpin' up and down  
We're all crazy

It don' matter who you are  
It don' matter who's your pa  
You and me.  
We got a lot of gall  
But we're brothers  
You and me  
We're brothers

I like to use toothpaste in the morning  
Makes my mouth wan' to go roarin'  
I like that  
I use green stuff  
What do you use  
Its all the same  
But I like mine better'n yours  
Which proves somethin'  
We're different  
But we're brothers

Pipes go spinnin' round and round  
I go my way, you go yours  
We'll see each other when we're there  
Hurray

"Birds of a feather stick together"  
But those pipes and you and I  
We're somethin'  
We all come from the same damn place  
We're brothers



Dear REBEL,

I was very pleased to see the contributions of Mrs. Pittman and Dr. Sorenson among the offerings of the latest *REBEL*. To include faculty members' literary accomplishments among those of students, is, I believe, to move in the right direction toward more faculty-student interaction.

In future issues I look forward to seeing more work of ECU faculty.

Sincerely,

Jane A. Winborne

## l e t t e r s t o

To the Editors:

I don't know what the rationale behind your Fall *REBEL* cover was, but to me the picture of an infant lying on the American flag is symbolic of a new and better America where the individual right of conscience will be assured—an America which will protect and profit from such individuals as C. D. Stout, rather than force them to adhere to such an antiquated and inhumane system as the draft.

The term "selective service" could apply to an ideal system for filling the army with soldiers, but it hardly applies to the system used at present.

The problem the *REBEL* presented is not a new one, but your optimistic treatment of it is unique. Good work!

(Name Withheld)

*The views expressed in The Rebel solely reflect the views of the student writers and the editors of The Rebel. They do not necessarily reflect the policies of East Carolina University.*

my

just at

untitled

from observati

snow



Dear John, Chip, and Staff,

Having been present at the campus vigil for conscience last fall, seeing the *REBEL's* photographic essay brought back mixed memories.

I wonder how many of those present were aware of the irony of the situation—I mean, of course, the presence of the counter-demonstrators who were no doubt sincere in their intention to “stand up for America.”

Your photography expressed my own sentiments very well, with the stark clarity that only pictures can sometimes convey. I believe with all my heart that those Americans who deplore the horrors illustrated in the *REBEL* are those who are really closest to the ideals cherished by our founding fathers.

Thank you for saying this so well,

J. Campbell

## t h e e d i t o r

Dear Sirs:

The fall issue of *The Rebel* has provoked me to write this letter.

The entire issue was very good both graphically and editorially. However, I must tell you that the horrible photo-essay on the war in Vietnam was uncalled for.

First of all, you used student money to publish a magazine that expressed an opinion that was not that opinion shared by the majority of students here at ECU. And, I never thought that you would do it. You stooped to sensationalism with that horrible picture of the napalm-burned baby with its mother. You know, the Viet Cong use these same type pictures in their propaganda war against the U.S.

Again I admire your work in all of the magazine with the exception of the photo-essay.

Sincerely yours,  
Julie Gailliard



# EDITORIAL...

## LEGAL MURDER

North Carolina's legal system is paradoxical.

She has one of the most progressive systems of prisoner rehabilitation in the United States, yet she retains one of the most barbaric legal murder systems ever devised by man. North Carolina feels that she is justified in the murder of men with mutilated minds—men incensed by the alcohol that the state legally sells—men who are drugged by the drugs that are legally sold in the state—men who are temporarily enraged beyond self control.

In this issue of the *Rebel* we examine capital punishment in North Carolina. State Attorney General Robert Morgan provides us with some humane political ideas on the subject. Paul Green, a Pulitzer Prize winner and noted North Carolina playwright and author spoke to us about his lifelong work trying to rid the statute books of North Carolina of the horrible death law.

Logical man laughs at the death penalty. It has been practiced since the birth of the Republic and still it remains on the statute books. The courts have challenged it time and time again. Countries not half so wise and experienced as we in jurisprudence have long ago abolished this insane mode of punishment and prevention.

Christ came and changed the law of Moses that required "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." He said, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." Yet Christians will sit on a jury and hand down a death penalty, temporarily disregarding this law of Christ and the law of God that says, "Thou shalt not kill."

Last year there was no legal murder in the United States. There were no hangings, gassings, or electrocutions. Maybe this year there will be. Perhaps not, though. For our executionless year can be written into law. In North Carolina it is a possibility that next year the state will not have provisions for legalized murder. A bill was introduced by three North Carolina legislators on Monday, Feb. 17, 1969, that would abolish the death penalty while strengthening the parole system. Hopefully, it will pass.

This is not the first time that this law has been introduced. For years and years the provision has been introduced by concerned individuals and each year the movement has gathered support. But the fact remains that there are human beings at Central Prison awaiting their Friday when they will be taken from their cells and murdered for the sake of society.

What could be more cruel than this horrible rotting process in the cell? Are we not punishing the family of the prisoner more than we are punishing him? Are we not committing a heinous crime against God as well as man?

How much is one man's life worth?

Is it worth a dollar or a thousand dollars?

Is it worth an idea?

Is it worth the life of another man?

We must not allow our traditions to be sacrosanct when we consider the life of a human being.





**Paul Green is a humanitarian.**

**His writing and his life's work have illustrated this point time and time again.**

**For the past forty years, Green has been intensely involved with capital punishment in North Carolina. He has been instrumental in the commuting of numerous death sentences, and in one instance his efforts saved an innocent man's life.**

**Green received the Pulitzer Prize for drama in 1927 for "In Abraham's Bosom" and is the author of "The Lost Colony" and numerous plays, folk tales, poems, and movie scripts.**

**He is the kind of man who makes you believe in life and mankind — all over again.**



## **interview**

# **PAUL GREEN**

**How close do you think we are to abolition of capital punishment and through what channels can this be done?**

I think we'll have abolition within a year or two. Often a very terrible crime can happen and inflame everybody locally but it looks as if the United States Supreme Court is going to take precedence in this action in such a way that the states will be relieved of any final action. I think that it can be proved that it is inhuman and contrary to the Constitution. But unless a big accident happens within a couple years, I think it will be abolished throughout the whole United States.

Killing is wrong, it's just wrong.

The subject is one I could talk about forever. It's cruel, inhuman, wasteful, tragic, blind, final, and I think completely evil, disgraceful, debauching, and infectious, — has an evil, infectious nature.

No one, whether a private citizen or a group of citizens known as the state, has the right to play God over the life of any human being, by putting a deliberate end to him—to write him off as forever unredeemable. In our hearts we know where there is life, there is hope.

Let's not kill our poor and underprivileged and ignorant and blind and confused and unredeemed ones. Let's educate them. Let's train them. Let us help and guide them.

Laws? Of course. Sternness? Of course. Justice? Yes, wherever possible. Mercy? Yes, always Mercy.

**Why are you against capital punishment?**

In quick summation I am against capital punishment because:

It outrages the human instincts.

Killing begets killing, and a legal murder is still murder and perhaps the more depraved because it is legal.

Its example infects the very society it is supposed to cleanse.

It is unfairly administered—the poor and ignorant being those who suffer death, while the rich and politically strong escape.

The lingering and rotting process on Death Row is extremely cruel. Thomas Jefferson declared, and it is also written into our basic Bill of Rights and Constitution, that excessive punishment is a crime, and so in this particular case the state does commit a crime—and in so doing ironically becomes a criminal. One of the men now awaiting execution on Death Row has been there for ten long years. He was first sentenced to die in 1959. What inhuman cruelty we have already visited upon him!

It denies the possible reformation of the human being concerned.

It contradicts and makes a mockery of all religious contention, and violates the law of Christ—"Thou shalt not kill."

It is a negative and irrational approach to the problem of crime and is contrary to the whole trend of modern social science.

Its cruelty is visited not only on the criminal but on the innocent members of his family—his wife, children, his mother, father, brothers and sisters—and often his love.

It is economically wasteful in dollars and cents. In capital crimes the suits and countersuits, the appeals and denials and hearing, the wear and tear and upkeep cost the state many times over what the sure just verdict of life imprisonment would cost.

**What are the arguments for capital punishment?**

The argument goes that capital punishment is necessary for its exemplary value, necessary as a warning to others. People are smothered, hanged, guillotined, strangled, beheaded, shot, drowned, disemboweled and destroyed in various so-called legal ways in different parts of the world to intimidate anyone who might wish to imitate the crime for which the punishment is meted out. So the



argument goes. Society contends that it does not take revenge. It merely wants to forestall further crimes. As Albert Camus says, "it waves the head, as it were, of the actual murderer in the air to warn others from such a like judgment and damnation." But in putting criminals to death, society—the state,—does take revenge, does practice the old outmoded Mosaic law of an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. We remain custom's cruel slave even so.

The truth is that we in North Carolina—and anywhere else in the world where this terrible evil is practiced—do not really believe in the exemplary, the intimidating power of capital punishment. If we did, we would have all our executions take place in the most public ways possible—with a big fanfare of music, barkers, and broadside publicity, depicting the actual occurrence through radio, motion picture and television, giving closeups of the actual execution. Closeups, yes, of the struggling, gasping, criminal, aiming the camera on his pitiful tattoo-beating hands, his quivering strapped-down legs, all with loud clear sound effects of his violently beating heart, of the horrified gasps and suckings for breath of his bursting lungs—as his body lunges and jerks, muscular spasm after muscular spasm, this sometimes lasting for more than a quarter of an hour, lasting until this strangling heart finally gushes full of clotted blood and stops, and he, now a nothing, is one with nothing.

Instinctively and in our souls we are ashamed of this terrible atrocity we commit. But we still commit it—either through human sadism, waywardness or deadly custom. And so we hide away these executions behind the gray walls of our prisons with just enough spectators to fulfill the legal requirements. We are not ashamed enough. We should be so ashamed that we stop it all and at once—and forever.

We instinctively are ashamed of the men who pull the switch or fasten the noose, kick the drop, or fire the shot or let loose the hissing blade. The hangman or executor never receives any congressional medal, nor does any city vote him the citizen of the year. And

his children never go about bragging on their dad and his good work—even though they are raised on the cruelty of American television. The poor fellow is an embarrassment even to his associates.

Raleigh, for instance, has never given an award of merit, any certificate of valor, to the warden or his assistant who pulls the switch there in the death house and releases the deadly pellets that send their smoky, snaky death upward to crawl into the mouth and nostrils of the stripped and tied-down human being to bring on his fearfully, silently screaming and vomiting destruction.



### **Does capital punishment help prevent or deter crime?**

There is no proof that the death penalty ever made a single murderer recoil from his crime when he had made up his mind, when he had become obsessed by the urge or the plan to commit that crime. And certainly crimes of blind emotion and passion are not affected by it.

The very reverse is true. The repulsive and brutal example of capital punishment contaminates the public morals and helps increase crime rather than to decrease it, helps the commission of murder and other capital offenses and not to their omission.

### **What should be done with the criminal?**

The cure for the criminal—whatever cure there is—lies in scientific work, care, education, justice, opportunity, challenge. And even then in the best of societies we know there will still be error and wayward debasement of body and soul. And these we must deal with—deal with them logically, firmly and with understanding. But to try to deal with them in one big smash by practicing this worst of evils which the criminal himself has already practiced is simply to encourage the evil and not to alleviate or cure it.



Many times it has been said that when the subject of capital punishment came before the North Carolina legislature many of the arguments centered around the question of the money it would cost North Carolina to keep these people in prison for the remainder of their lives. What kind of logic do you apply to that?

Well, that's silly! The Russian system of penology is so far ahead of ours. The whole point or view in Russia now is rehabilitation. Not punishment, not vengeance, but rehabilitation of the people. . . . I used to write a lot of motion pictures and I wrote several for Will Rogers. Will and I used to chew the rag a lot. One day we were talking and he said, "You know, I've never met a son-of-a-bitch—never have. I've come pretty near it, but I've never met one." Which is to say that everybody, all human beings tend toward the light. Of course you can be sick and perverted. You can be sick and irrational and plain evil because you're sick.

The idea of rehabilitation, it seems to me, is in line with science, with the actuality of human beings. So you've got something to build on. If that's true, and I think it is true, then everybody can be made useful. He can earn his way. You don't have to keep him up there in a state-supported place. Let him work to support himself. So that would be my comment there.

Also, take the case of Booker T., named after Booker T. Washington. Nell Lewis, who used to work for the **Observer**, called me and said, "You know Paul, they've got a 15-year-old boy over here condemned to death." I said, "Well, you can't do that; you can't execute children." She said, "He's been tried, and sentenced to die. He's a child. What do you do?"

He broke in a woman's hotel room in Asheville and tried to rape her. Same old story, rape, rape, rape. I went over to see Governor Hewitt. Governors have always been very nice to talk with you, so I talked to him about it. He said, "Paul, I know how you feel about it but you're wasting your time. You ought to go out there and see him. He weighs 185 pounds. He's a great big Nigger.

"Yea," I said, "but he's only 15 years old."

"I know, but he's a great big fellow. He's a big man. Ain't going to do a thing for him. He's done such a terrible crime."

I went to see him again. They were kind enough to let me in. The Governor pulled out a pile of letters and read the first one from the sheriff of Buncombe county.



It said: "I hear that there are certain misguided people who are trying to save Booker T. from the electric chair. I want to tell you, this is a bad Nigger. He's bad. He's got a bad history. If you let him out, you needn't look to Buncombe county for a single vote when you run for the Senate. Governor, this Booker T. has been a marauder ever since he was a kid. I remember one night when I was in the hotel there, hearing a terrible clatter down below. I opened the window and looked down and there was a little Nigger boy robbing the garbage can. Yes sir, out at three o'clock in the morning robbing the garbage can."

Well, Lord if I didn't preach a sermon then. I said, "Jesus Christ, Governor, think of it. A little boy, hungry, so hungry he wouldn't have been there if he wasn't hungry or something. If you let this boy die, shame shame!" I really preached a sermon. I was so upset.

I could see that it weakened him. To make a long story short, he did commute the boy. He didn't die.

But that was the kind of thinking. Here was a little boy robbing the garbage can to show how mean he was. He used the word "robbing" rather than saying he was in there looking for something to eat.

#### **How many persons have been executed in North Carolina?**

The first execution in North Carolina occurred on March 18, 1910. Previous to that the counties had handled capital cases. The first gas chamber execution was on January 24, 1936. To date there have been 172 electrocutions and 190 gassings, a total



of 362 persons since 1910. Two hundred and eighty-two were colored males, 2 colored females, 73 white males, no white females, and 5 Indian males, and almost all were poor and ignorant. The crimes were 280 for first degree murder, 11 for first degree burglary and 71 for rape.

Currently there are four Negroes and one white man on Death Row in Raleigh. They have been there a total of some ten years rotting and awaiting the agony of execution.

**Do you think television and motion pictures have affected the crime rate?**

I think this suction, this death wish that Freud talked about, the downward pull, the more death and destruction you deal in the more of a pull there is. You see it on television; the gun motif in American life is so powerful. It's just become a pathos until it's imitative suction as such.

When I was lecturing in the Orient in many different countries — Burma, Thailand, Malaya, and so on—I would meet up with these little boys with two guns, adopted from the American motion picture. There's that pull. In Japanese drama, there's the same pathology in the use of the sword. You'll notice that in their motion pictures or even the Noh drama it's the sword and we have the gun. I know in writing motion pictures that if you have a gun or a pistol as part of the props that anytime your story gets weak you can have your fellow pull the gun and start shooting and your excitement jumps right up. It's an easy way. So this death house, this electric chair, the gas chamber all have that suction, that imitative pull. Of course it's obvious that somehow in our rational being we don't believe it, but in our furious and fermenting selfish motives and emotions we do, because if we really believed in the deterrent power they'd have the executions absolutely public so that everybody could see it, if it were a deterrent. But we hide it away behind the walls.

**How did you form your attitude toward Negroes?**

My course hasn't been normal as far as the Negro is concerned. My relationship has

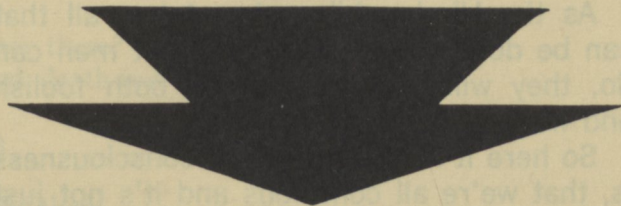
been one in which I have always been sensitive to humanity and inhumanity. I've seen cruelty.

Once I was working in a sawmill with a fellow named Moody. One day he said, "We ain't going to work this evening." I said, "Why not, Mr. Moody?" He said, "I've got to go to Sanford and help lynch a Nigger." That was when I was 18 years old. He boarded at our house and that night when he got back we were eating dinner and I kept looking at his hands and wondering what he had done. After supper we sat on the porch and I finally said, "Mr. Moody, what happened?" "What happened, what?" he said. "What happened at Sanford?"

"Oh," he said, "I got there too damned late. They had already lynched him. But I'll tell you what I did do. I put three bullet holes through his head."

I have a little book I just brought out last week called a "Word Book." I take up words and in here is the word barbecue—"to kill in the electric chair." [This story might explain.]

"Well, yesterday was Friday the 13th," said Mr. Mac, (Mr. Mac was an old friend of mine) "and it was unlucky for some folks over there on death row. Three men were put into the electric chair and barbecued one after the other. Jimmy Fowler from Dunston saw the first of the executions, and he along with the other number of legal witnesses was looking through the wide glass partition as they brought in Roscoe Adkins, a big strong white man who had boasted that he would not call on Jesus at the last, but would just ride the "black cat off the deep end to Hell." They strapped him into the chair and put the black cap over his face and there he sat, naked to the waist and his big, hairy chest showing.



And Jimmy said that when they shot that juice into him, that 2,000 volts, Roscoe's body lunged against the straps like it was alive. And then, when they shot it to him the



second time, the hair on his chest caught fire and sizzled away.

At that, Jimmy said he couldn't take any more. He turned sick at his stomach and he heard himself saying, Let me out of here! Let me out!

And they did. And he lost all of his breakfast before he could get down the outside steps.

Then he said he used to believe in capital punishment. But no more. "It's the most brutal killing a man can imagine, and it's a crying shame for the state to do it," he said.

### **What do you feel about human life, the individual?**

What I believe is that all that is, is. It's foolish to say forever and ever or inside and outside. All that is, is. We are in all of this. These dreams that there is God that created this and that is just nonsense. It's part of the folk culture of people because they want final causes. When Einstein speaks of all that is as being a great sphere, you speak of something being outside the sphere. No, there is no outside.

I used to chop cotton and look at the sky when I got bored and tired and think that you could go on forever and ever and ever. But no, there's no beginning to all of this. It just is. It's always changing and will always change. Stars will blow up; other stars will be formed. People will die, people will change. Where you and I are sitting, someday the ice will be 200 feet thick. Shakespeare will be gone and forgotten. Men will tell the story. Other creatures with four eyes in the back of their heads and one in front with five legs whom women think are beautiful may exist somewhere. It's all unutterably created.

As the Hindu philosophy states, all that can be done will be done. All that men can do, they will do. That means both foolish and wise.

So here it is. I'm sure that consciousness is, that we're all conscious and it's not just a dream. So when you look at it, feel the glory and wonder of it, you say that soon you die and be in the ground. That's right. You're part of all the eternal, part of the rain, the

sun, the flowers, the bees. You belong and that's it. Then you say, "Well, for what purpose?" No purpose, it just is. "Well, what about me?" Well, that's different. You're all purpose. "What is my purpose?" My purpose is to be the best I can. When the story is all told, which it will never be because it's always telling, "he was a good man, she was good, she was kind. In this great darkness and mixture of light and darkness, he was kind."

Every night Walter Cronkite will say, "They killed 129 of the enemy; the Communists. What they did was kill boys, boys like you. But they lump them as enemy, Reds as they call them. So to answer your question, the greatest thing is a man's life. When you've taken his life, you've taken his all.

Wars are the greatest shame. We poor, pitiful, blind human beings erect monuments. We don't want these boys to die in vain. Of course, they've all died in vain. They've died for the cause.

The young man's life is the cause, it is **the** cause, no better cause. I'm so sure of that.

### **What do you think the future holds for the present generation?**

I believe that the next age is the beautification of the world. Young healthy people, nice houses, flowers, the abolition of poverty, the whipping of cancer, and all those wonderful things that ought to be done. We can because we have the means now. We have these mechanical slaves. They don't get tired, they don't eat when you're not working them, and it's all fixed. The program is wonderful. A united world and a great system, a "parliament of man" that Tennyson talked about.

PFC, BMJ, WGS



# POETRY

By Gale F. Morgan

## And Hornets Wail, By Children Stung

I sit and watch—  
Of all possible times and places—  
In a prison-yard;  
Seeing,  
Oh, too clearly now,  
How prisons are for sissies:  
Not  
For little old ladies  
Who lean toward pretty pussy-cats,  
Hairy, lumpy lovers  
And toughness—  
Who like their cats are durable;  
Who like their cats are tough,  
Too, and free—  
Who believe in capital punishment  
(but only in a clean room),  
Who visit prison-houses to see  
The Chapel,  
The School,  
The Kitchen,  
The Laundry  
and the  
Dying Room:  
Who look askance at scowling convict-faces,  
And who, all aquiver then,  
(Twittering among themselves in little, bird-like  
voices)  
Speak  
of deeds foul and fearful,  
Of the responsibilities of freedom,  
The rights of the innocent.  
What do they know, a-flutter there?  
When men from high-arched death-row windows  
see  
(Should they care to look)  
Across the street outside  
Where lives a little old lady there  
Who has thirty-nine howling, fighting,  
Fornicating cats,  
And not one bird.



**OF**

**COLLARDS,**

**CONCEPTIONS,**

**AND**

**BEANS...**

**A**

**REJOYCEING**

Once,  
Let us say,  
Around a time divided by two—  
Tho thinly then—  
Two early called it a day  
(for lack of a better term)  
who  
Having fed that term of day  
On time, cold collards and beans  
Knew hunger  
And opened up another can of love.

Are you still why?ing, Job?  
Alas babbleon  
Man is born of boredom  
Not of malice.

Come  
Someone said  
In the word was the beginning  
And I  
Time's last miracle gone stale  
Uniquely to become  
Unasked became  
And having come—  
Consuming all of early  
And a little late—  
Can Truth estate: I know beans,  
Having opened a can or three  
Some laughs . . . a life or two  
After the fashion.

Gentlemen be sated  
Unto the age a child is born.  
Re-joyce, or,  
Hav udrunkthefearthatmade  
Mine hat on famous?

Are you still listening, Whitman?  
I hear America belching  
But ne'er you mind, poor Walt,  
We'll set our burps to music  
And there'll be dancing  
To the murder in our streets,  
A la mowed . . .

Oh, mein Freud, mine void!  
Must Reason dig you later?  
Pure streams unconsciously embryoid  
Swing sullied back to mater  
"Love." lies the kinging void.



To bed to board to suckle consume  
Such is the pain's unvoicing  
Like T. S. man I'm wasted too  
Tho with a bang rejoyceing . . .

Between Master Bayshun and Ma Turity  
Lied the womb (wasted basket to a doodler's day  
Psychatrix for a wounded want)  
To pray?  
Neigh!  
To pill or not to pill  
That's the question  
(The pope paupered the question?)  
(The flock flunked the Flesh?)  
(The quiddity queered the quo?)  
Whoa!  
Now the bastard's gone too far  
(Which one had the phony?)

Deep.

Sleep, Dream Boy,  
We have hopeners  
Geared to the glut on taste  
Andsoonagainnowcomeshogkillingtime.

Meanwhile,  
A head in the jungle  
Died the nearest thing to Christ.  
Wait on! Schweitzer awry!  
Tiger! Tiger! burning blight  
On our lily souls so right  
O, common Al, don't let it all hang out,  
Else we right see . . .

Once,  
(Lettuce pay)  
Around a P  
A poured Tea—  
Tho thickly then—  
Mr. Hay, sez Pea, sez heh!  
Supermockery is not my line  
But some lays is faire, cuz,  
Else Ol' heafenfarb  
Hadnamaidsex  
Cheapern  
Beans.



# New Insight

Jesus.  
What a waste.

Once  
I saw the stars  
And could I have but reached them,  
Would have torn them from the sky  
And hurled them hard into the face of God,  
For I was a child  
And children have a way of hurting.

Older now,  
And looking back,  
I do not think  
It would have helped matters any.  
Blueberry pie might have turned the trick,  
But never stars.  
Heaven knows  
To be star-struck is to Be,  
But warm, blueberry pie  
Running down the face  
For All to see  
Surpasses pain,  
And might have placed things  
In their proper perspective.

And this could be a time  
For love and pity.

## Parvenu (1964)

If I were versed in phrase and ambage strong,  
I'd never sing a fuzzy-wuzzy song:  
I'd lay Truth on the line where it belongs,  
In status-quo above just-so jargon.

Nor give it attribute of aimless worm,  
To weave plae patterns through a clod of terms;  
I'd paint it proud lest prouder terms affirm  
That Truth, forsooth, fell victim to its germs.

Phrom Phreudian phrase my phancy phairly phlies,  
I am the bull the china shops despise:  
And though I'm crude, and though I'll win no  
prize,  
Yet, grant me this: I do have poet-eyes.

But I must needs refrain from fratricide,  
Nor point a poison pen at poet-pride:  
For since I know for sure that's suicide,  
I guess I'll go along just for the ride . . .

Hey diddle-diddle  
A cat on a griddle  
In a fog of immutable myths,  
Hacks at the air  
With clause debonair  
And amazingly mutable scythes.



## Deferment

One of these days  
These foolish games we play:  
This hide-and-seek with words  
And gods absurd  
Will pass away.  
We'll sing no lays  
Of little lost boyhood  
To lost and little boys  
Who kill with toys  
And rancored naes.  
We'll come of age  
To walk this earth like men,  
And pity those who say,  
"One of these days,"  
One of these days.



# A NARRATION

## PAUL GREEN

When I was a little kid, my best friend was a Negro boy. We grew up together on a farm. I started out with Negroes. As I came along I saw more and more of this capital punishment applied to Negroes. It's been mainly Negro people that have suffered the terrible punishment. I guess my natural sympathy and knowledge lie with the Negroes.

This little boy that grew up on the farm, I met when I was four years old and I have a little story about him.

This little fellow always carried a Barlowe knife. I still carry one in memory of this fellow. We just played. He taught me how to chew tobacco. He was the smartest little fellow I ever saw. As we grew up he taught me how to put dogwood berries up my nose and hold one side and pop them out in a snort. And he taught me all kinds of things, how to yoke little pigs. We used to catch little pigs, put a yoke around them, run these pigs and watch them turn somersaults.

One day he said, "You can't swim, can you?" I said, "No, I can't swim." He said, "I'll teach you how to swim. We'll catch us a fish and get that swimmer. (He called it a swimmer, that little inflated sack inside a fish.) You get one of them and you swallow it and you can swim like a fish."

And so we caught us a little fish, cut him open, and there was this little tiny sack. So I stuck it

in my mouth, and ran to the branch right there and took a swallow of water and swallowed the darn thing. He said, "Get off your clothes and hop in there. Now you can swim."

So I did and I went to the bottom just like a rock. And I'd have drowned, I reckon, if he hadn't pulled me out of there. And he laughed up and down, whooped and hollered. He said, "I was just fooling you cause that's the way a man fooled me."

He was so smart and I loved him. I used to tell my mother and father, "I'm going to live with Rassie." Rassie was his name. He was little Erastus and they called him Rassie. He lived in a tenant house on my father's farm.

So finally they said, "All right, go down there and live with Rassie." I went over to Rassie's. When suppertime came Old Zelda, the big mother, put us around the table and poured out some molasses and got out some bread. I was a little tiny fellow then. Boy, the flies were humming and the smell was bad. Gosh, I'd been getting more and more lonesome and all of a sudden I knew I was going to cry. Zelda said, "I know what's the matter with him; he wants his Mammy."

Rassie came around and hugged me and said, "Don't cry." But I was just so lonesome.

The father, Will, took me home. And then they all laughed at me.







One day Rassie and I were working and he cut his finger with his Barlowe knife. I was a teeny little fellow. His blood ran out red and I said, "Why look at your blood!" He said, "It don't hurt," and wrapped a leaf around it. I said, "Yes, but it's red."

He looked at me astonished and said, "Sure it's red." Then he caught on, looked at me and said, "Cause you're white and I'm black you thought my blood would be black."

If it had been black blood I guess I would have been surprised too. Somehow it just didn't seem right that he should have red blood like me.

I learned a lesson that day. The blood of all human beings is red . . . the same. I never forgot it. That little fellow already knew it. He already knew of the brotherhood of man.

But then he caught typhoid fever, Rassie did. My sister went down and waited on him and they wouldn't let me go. Every day I would say, "How is Rassie?" She would say, "Ah, he's all right. You stay away from there, the doctor said."

So one day I went down there anyhow. When I got near the house I saw the doctor's horse tied there. When I got up to the house I heard this moaning. I peeked in and Will and Zelda, the two parents were down in the floor bowing their heads up and down saying "Oh Lord! Oh Lord!"

Over in the bed I could see some turning figures with wild, delirious eyes. There were the two other sons, Preacher and Hansen, they called them. They had typhoid fever too and they were delirious. The doctor was there.

I kept looking for Rassie. My sister was in there and she came in from the lean-to with a pan of water and a little rag. She went over in the corner and I looked over in the corner and saw Rassie lying on the floor. I called and he was asleep. I thought he was asleep. She said, "Go on home, I tell you." (It was my older half-sister. She's sort of a nurse.) I said, "I've come to see how Rassie is."

"He ain't no-how," she said, "He ain't no-how."

That scared me. The doctor looked down and said, "Let him come in. Let him die. Let 'em all die." He was really tired. In those days typhoid fever was like a scourge among the people. So I crept into the room and there was Rassie lying with his head on a little pillow and an old skirt over him. He was dead, dead as a door nail. I

saw this purging stuff on his lips and I yelled, "Rassie!"

My sister knelt down beside me and said, "Yea, Rassie's dead. He died this morning." Boy, did I have a fit. She ripped the garment off of him and there he lay, his little stomach all puffed up. She was washing him. She tore the rag in two, handed me a piece, and I knelt down and we both washed him.

Rassie had hurt his toe running after pigs. My sister got up and left me to wash him privately and I'll never forget how I looked at that toe where he had hurt it. It's funny, I didn't think about it until later but I didn't wash his toe cause I didn't want to hurt him.

Then she came in with a white nightgown in her arm. She unrolled it and it was my little night gown. She said, "I reckon you don't mind. I brought it down here to put on him." I said, "No, I don't mind." Then we put it on him and she reached up on the mantel and said, "Here's a Barlowe knife. (See, he and I used this Barlowe knife for cutting yokes and things that we had). He rared up this morning and before he died he said he wanted you to have his knife. She said, "I reckon that's a good swap; he gets the night shirt . . . and you get the knife."

Now this sounds like a lie but it's the truth.

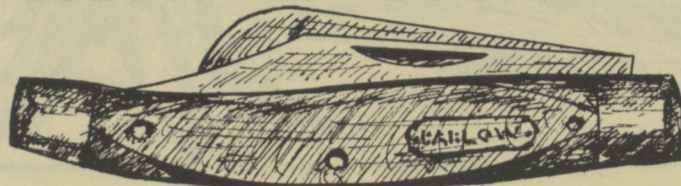
Where are we going to bury Rassie?

Old Will, the father, came down and said. "Mr. Billy (my father's name was Billy), you just bury him where you please. I ain't got no heart to do nothing."

Sometimes they would find a great big cedar tree and start burying people. My father looked up in the field. We had a cedar tree up there and my father said, "How about burying him up there?" Will said, "Anywhere you please."

So my daddy and I went home and we made his coffin out of pine planks. I got some cotton to put his head on. We toted his little coffin down to his place, put Rassie in it, and took him up there and buried him.

I said to my father, "Ain't you going to say something over Rassie, sing a song, or something?" My father was sort of embarrassed and recited "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Rest in peace, Rassie." Then I put a little board up to his head and we left him.





I walk through the woods, and I walk through the hills,  
And I ask you to tell me if you can—  
You know what a tree is, you know what a rock is,  
But what is the soul of man?

You know what the moon and stars may be  
And the width of the salt sea span,  
But where is the tongue that can answer me this—  
What is the soul of man?

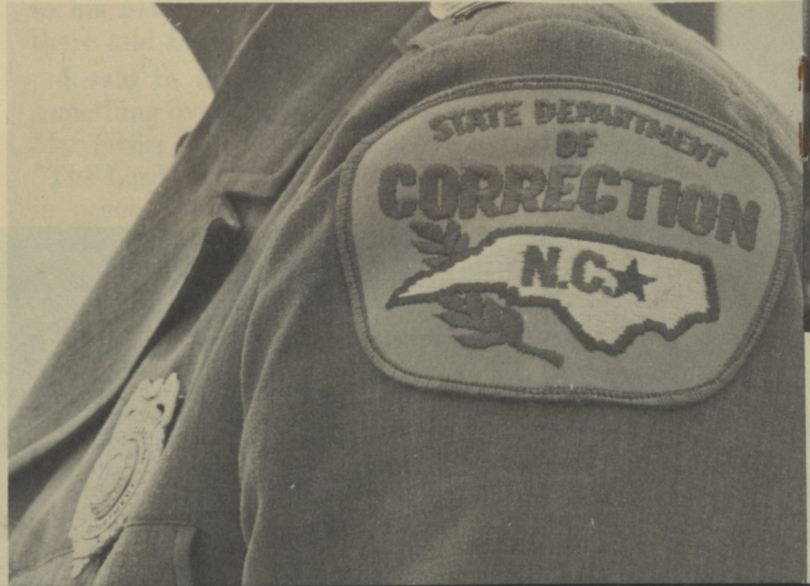
I turn to the east and I turn to the west,  
And they tell how the world began—  
You know what a day is, you know what a year is,  
But what is the soul of man?

I searched the broad earth, I begged the fair sky,  
I questioned the rivers that ran,  
But never a whisper to tell that they knew  
Aught of the soul of man.

I bowed down at evening, I bowed low at morning,  
I prayed for some proof of God's plan—  
When lo, the glad answer—the Word with its Light!—  
Love is the soul of man.

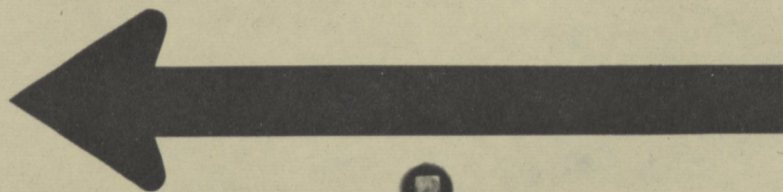
by Paul Green







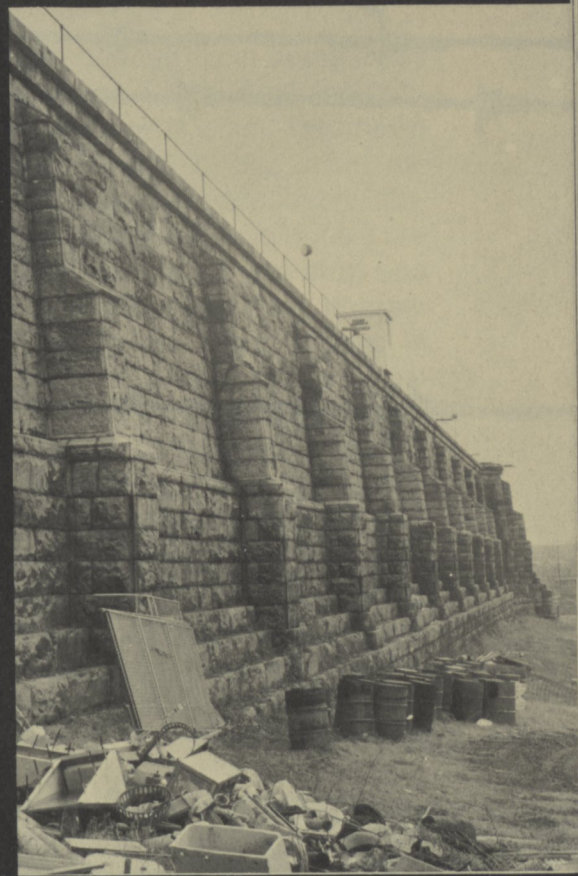
**CENTRAL  
PRISON**













What's it like to be caged for life  
to die when the pellets fall  
a naked bulb  
stares down from space  
What's it like to sleep one last night  
to be well rested for the dawn  
You won't sleep well  
In your cold stone cell  
there've been better nights  
and better times  
in better places  
not quite so cold and damp  
The time's acoming  
Use what you've got  
Left  
the bars are nice  
thin sculptured steel  
made in Bethlehem Pennsylvania  
You've one last meal  
It'll make a feast  
But your mouth will be too dry  
it's a long corridor  
time

John Fulton





# INTERVIEW . . .

## ROBERT MORGAN



Robert Morgan, chairman of the East Carolina University Board of Trustees and newly elected State Attorney General is a dynamic young leader.

Here Morgan espouses perhaps the most liberal executive opinion on capital punishment of any recent North Carolina official.

The theme of the magazine this time is capital punishment and most of our questions will be centered around this subject. What will be the effect of the Fourth District Court of Appeal's decision on the North Carolina death law?

That is on appeal to the Supreme Court at the present time, but I suspect that as long as this decision stands, it will have the effect of abolishing capital punishment in North Carolina unless the Legislature clarifies it.

Is it true that the State of North Carolina must spend an enormous amount of money keeping a man in prison for life?

Well, yes, it is very expensive to keep anyone in prison and certainly, to keep a man in prison for life.

This is one of the difficulties in doing away with capital punishment. I think that the general public would say that it would be fine to abolish capital punishment if you could assure them that once a man has been convicted of a capital crime, he would be confined for the rest of his life. If you stop and think about it, you will see just how impractical that could be. If you have a man in prison with no hope of parole or being released, then this man is certainly going to be incorrigible and he would be subject to kill in prison or anything else.

The general feeling of the penal officials is that if you have to abolish capital punishment and in doing so you have to say that he is not entitled to parole, then don't abolish it. For example, Mr. Randolph, one of the most progressive directors of the state prison



system we have ever had, is very much in favor of the abolition of capital punishment. But, he says that we must not abolish it if we must remove all hopes of parole.

**Don't you think that the individual himself—if he had a choice of being imprisoned without parole or being killed—would rather live in a state of confinement than die?**

At present, there is no such thing as a man being in prison without chance of parole. Our law says that when a man has served one fourth of his sentence, he is eligible for parole. And this is one of the common complaints of those who are in favor of capital punishment. They say, "Well, a man is convicted for life and then after ten years he can be back in the community and even commit the same crime again."

A man goes on to prison, and if it is his first offense (as it is in the case of so many murderers) and if he conducts himself properly, there is a very good chance that he will be paroled. And this is the bone of contention. The question is "If you are going to do away with capital punishment, why not fix it so that the man will never be eligible for parole?" Now I am opposed to that, and I think that anyone who understands the system would be opposed to it.

**Is there any case on record in North Carolina of a man who has been paroled of a capital crime and then commits a second offense?**

Yes, I can't name you the specific case, but there are cases on record in which this has happened.

**When I looked at the statistics, I found that there were 282 Negroes executed and only 73 whites. Proportionately, Negroes are no more prone to crime than are whites. So, it looks as though a person's skin or social prominence — or skilled counsel — could be the thing that has kept many whites from execution.**

Well, of course there may be some truth to your contention, although I wouldn't say it were absolutely true. For instance, there

has been a white man executed, from Johnston County, just within my lifetime, from a very prominent family—a very wealthy family. There are tales today that he may not have been gassed and maybe he is alive somewhere else.

It's true the crime rate has been higher percentage-wise with the black people. But I think that in times past it could have resulted from lack of adequate counsel, although as far as I know, in this state it has always been true that a man charged with a capital crime was provided with counsel. Now I think that this question has been removed because now the courts will not only look into the fact of whether or not he had counsel but whether that counsel is competent and experienced.

**Often in North Carolina a man has gotten a reprieve just a few days before his execution date. In the case of Mason Wellman, this reprieve made it possible to prove his innocence. In California there was a case in which an innocent man was executed because his lawyer was unable to reach the Governor on the day of execution. I feel that to abolish capital punishment altogether would be preferable to letting one single innocent man die.**

**What do you think about the risk of killing innocent men?**

Well, I'm not going to argue with you on that. In fact, you might as well know in the beginning, basically, I am opposed to capital punishment. I would never sit on a jury to try a man for his life. At one time in my life, I was employed as private prosecutor to prosecute a man for his life who had committed a horrible crime. We asked the jury to take his life, and they voted to do so. But, he appealed it, and I would have to say that during the time he was sentenced to death until the time that the Supreme Court reversed it, that it gave me a great deal of concern. When they came back for the second trial I refused to participate in it. I just was not going to ask that jury . . . any jury, to take the man's life.

**Would you explain the justification used by the Fourth District Court of Appeals in nullifying the death law in North Carolina?**



Under the present law, if a man may be charged with a capital crime of premeditated murder, arson, rape, or first degree burglary, and if he is convicted by a jury the penalty is the death penalty, unless the jury recommends life imprisonment. Now that part is not under question at all. But, there is another statute which was enacted for humanitarian purposes which says that if a man will plead guilty to a capital crime and if the state is willing to accept this plea, then he can escape the death penalty and get life imprisonment.



Now what the circuit court said was that this puts a premium on a man's pleading guilty to a crime he might not be guilty of in order to avoid the risk of the death penalty. This will be the point that will be taken to the Supreme Court in Washington. Now the fault that I find with this ruling is that the man in the case involved did not plead guilty to first degree murder. He pleaded guilty to second

degree murder. Therefore, that is why I say that this is not up to this court to decide. It is like trying you for driving drunk and the courts suddenly decide that the speeding statute is unconstitutional.

**Do you think that the state "stacks the cards" against the prisoner when they ask all prospective jurors if they believe in capital punishment before they are allowed to sit on the jury in a capital case? If they answer that they are opposed, then they cannot serve.**

I do not think that the mere act of asking the question makes it unconstitutional. But, just to excuse him from the jury solely because of that does deprive him of his constitutional rights. It does not make any difference what the juror's personal belief is. The question is, notwithstanding your personal beliefs, can you listen to the evidence and render a verdict based on the evidence and in keeping with the law as the judge instructs you? So, I feel that a juror's personal belief has no bearing on the case at all.

**I believe that some people are asking for a test case in light of the "cruel or unusual punishment" clause in the United States Constitution. Do you see an indication of this being sustained by the court?**

I doubt that it would. I know that times have changed and that the outlook of the people has changed, but at the same time, as much as it has been used throughout our history I doubt that the courts would say that it is cruel or unusual. Necessarily, that is not my personal opinion, but it is what I feel that the courts would decide.

**In "The Idiot," by Dostoevsky, the author says that to kill for murder is a punishment incomparably worse than the crime itself. Would you comment here?**

What he is really saying is the same thing that Christ said when he changed Moses' law of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." It really just comes back to the question, "Do you believe in capital punishment?" And as I have said before, I have serious,



serious doubts about the advisability of it.

**One serious gripe with capital punishment is the inhumane cruelty of leaving a man on death row while waiting for execution or appeals. Marion Frank Crawford, a Negro who has been sentenced to die for rape has been on death row since 1959. This just seems to be unjustifiably inhumane.**

Well, I think that this would be unbearable too, but you have to understand the point of view of those who do this. In their eyes, he has been convicted by a jury of a terrible crime and until his conviction is overturned or upset, in the eyes of the law, he has been convicted. There is generally a time lapse of years between the time all of the appeals have been exhausted to when he is executed. I feel that it would be a horrible wait.

**Do you feel that an abolition law will come before the Legislature this year?**

I am sure it will. I feel that I ought to make it clear, now, that I am speaking from a position I have never spoken from before. Regardless of my personal views, my job is to uphold the laws of the state of North Carolina and to present the arguments that tend to support the laws of the state regardless of what my personal views may be. I have never been in that position before, since I have always been in the Legislature where I could say what I wanted to and when I wanted to. But, I cannot do that anymore.

**With all of the marvelous work being done in the state prisons with rehabilitation of prisoners, do you not think that these methods could do just as much good for the murderer as they have done for a person who is returned to society after having served a term for, say, assault with intent to kill?**

The question here is, and it is a difficult one, when are you going to say that a man has been rehabilitated? So many of the released prisoners will, after they are released, violate the laws again. If the parole board takes the responsibility of releasing a murderer and he commits a capital crime again, the public will say "We told you so." They

have a most difficult job.

**Do you think that capital punishment has seen its day in that it will be ended in fact if not by law?**

I suspect that is true. I think that you can safely say that capital punishment is, as a practical matter, on the way out.

**What is happening in the North Carolina Prison System now regarding the rehabilitation of prisoners with terms of life imprisonment?**

I can't tell you about the particular question on those who are awaiting the death penalty, but I can say that North Carolina is as progressive in its prison system and its work with rehabilitation of prisoners as any state or country that I know of.

Some time ago, I was appointed to defend a young Canadian for murder, in my county. He came from a rather well-known family in Ontario. They sent a top reporter down, who spent two weeks doing background work in North Carolina. I took him through the Youth Center in Lillington, where he saw grown men and young boys in one classroom doing junior college work. He was just simply amazed. He said that this was where North Carolina was light years ahead of Ontario in our prison system. Now, we haven't done all that we ought to do, but we are doing a great deal, and I say that we have made great bounds forward.

Our prison system in North Carolina is doing a tremendous job in rehabilitation now. I know when you talk about rehabilitation in prisons that you are subject to incur the wrath of people who say that we are coddling prisoners. Let me make it clear, there are a lot of tough ones that you can't really do much toward rehabilitating. But at the same time, when you remember that over ninety percent of them will eventually come back and live in the midst of our society, purely from a selfish point of view, it behooves us to do what we can for them so that they can become useful citizens when they come back and live in our midst.

PFC, CHN, RRK, RBR



# REVIEWS



(*Soul on Ice* by Eldridge Cleaver, New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, 1968, 210 pp. \$3.97)

The voice is the voice of the jungle raised in carnal blackness. The language of the streets breaks through like clots of garbage or the droppings of rats in tenement hallways. Obscenity? No, obscenity is a word for the inflictors of the pain, not the victims. In other manuscripts such language might mar the eloquence of the prose, but in the context of suffering it goes a long way to describe the anger and the pain.

Autobiography is often a tedious medium, filled with self-satisfying introspection. Not so with Cleaver. His prose is clear and concise; his pace is terrifying. He "pushes himself forward like a train." There are no pretensions. Eldridge Cleaver

is a convicted rapist serving a fourteen-year sentence; he is writing from prison. He makes no attempt to hide his situation or justify it; his sole purpose is to expose the forces that tormented him, to catalogue them in writing so that he can face his devils and exorcise them.

*Soul on Ice* emerges as the chronicle of the struggle, not only Cleaver's struggle but also the struggle of the black race, to overcome the forces of oppression that limit the Black man's role in the American dream to the menial and the meaningless.

The forces that drove Cleaver to crime, the frustration and the fears, are by-products of a system of racial domination which places the white above the black in a Master-slave relationship where the white man becomes the "Omnipotent Administrator" and the black man becomes "Supermasculine Menial," renowned for his prowess in the athletic arena but relegated to a position of servitude to the "brain power" of his racial superior. Cleaver develops this view of America's racial caste system to its most far-reaching consequences, exposing the sexual nature of racial conflict brought about by the white man's fear of impotence when faced with the black man's overwhelming physical superiority. The white man's elevation and overprotection of the white female is just one evidence of his fear that the black man will replace him in the bedroom.

The continued efforts of the white community to emasculate the Black man or subject him to ridicule via "Amos-and-Andy" type distortions of ghetto life are the objects of Cleaver's rage. In the jungle of the ghetto he struck back at his frustrations:

"I became a rapist. To refine my technique and *modus operandi*, I started out by practicing on the black girls in the ghetto—in the black ghetto where dark and vicious deeds appear not as aberrations or deviations from



the norm, but as part of the sufficiency of the Evil of a day—and when I considered myself smooth enough, I crossed the tracks and sought out white prey. I did this consciously, deliberately, willfully, methodically—though looking back I see that I was in a frantic, wild, and completely abandoned frame of mind.”

He committed rape. He was caught, tried, judged guilty, and imprisoned. But the story did not stop here as it does for so many Black men. The story began in prison proceeding through the record of Cleaver’s subsequent rehabilitation. Cleaver was returned to society and took an active role in the Black Panther Party until his parole was revoked. Today, he is a fugitive. Some say a fugitive from justice; others say a fugitive from political prosecution.

At any rate, his words remain; the record of his struggle on behalf of the Black man remains. *Soul on Ice* is a warning and a promise:

We shall have our manhood. We shall have it or the earth will be leveled by our attempts to gain it.

Robert McDowell



*The Quiet Vengeance of Words — poems*

(*the quiet vengeance of words*. by Antoni Gronowicz, 32 pp. The Polish Institute of Arts and Sciences in America, Inc.)

Written in the modern, apparently unprincipled style which affects neither capital letters nor punctuation, this collection of poems reprinted from the Winter 1968 issue of *The Polish Review* is the sort of slim volume one is tempted to throw down after a first, quick glance. One of the hidden benefits of being a reviewer, however, is that he has to take a second look, and thus sometimes happily discovers unexpected pleasures in reading.

At second glance, the poems which seem to zigzag aimlessly across the page sometimes create stark linear images on the page. But the imagery within the poems is more pleasing. In his poem “evening,” for example, Mr. Gronowicz describes the onset of evening as a deer leaping:

“out of mysterious shades  
i come

scattering

sunlight . . . ”

The sunset he personifies as being the sun god who becomes bored with the ecstasy of day and

“wastes the last  
armful of his  
colored plumes  
and mound

by

mound

lazily

climbs

down . . . ”

These are provocative images, and fresh. Unfortunately, his linear imagery is neither:

“night is a black skull  
split by importunate stars

scanty and vain . . . ”

One does not think of the night sky as having the characteristics of a skull, nor of stars as being “importunate.” Nor can one picture this:

“beauty  
holds us  
to  
her breast

before

a

rainbowed

miracle . . . ”

The range of subject matter in the poems is reasonably varied, but the poet favors the comings and goings of day, and topics of national interest. He builds a concept of war which expresses in a few tense words the most tragic aspect of man’s battle against man:

“corpses

corpses

corpses

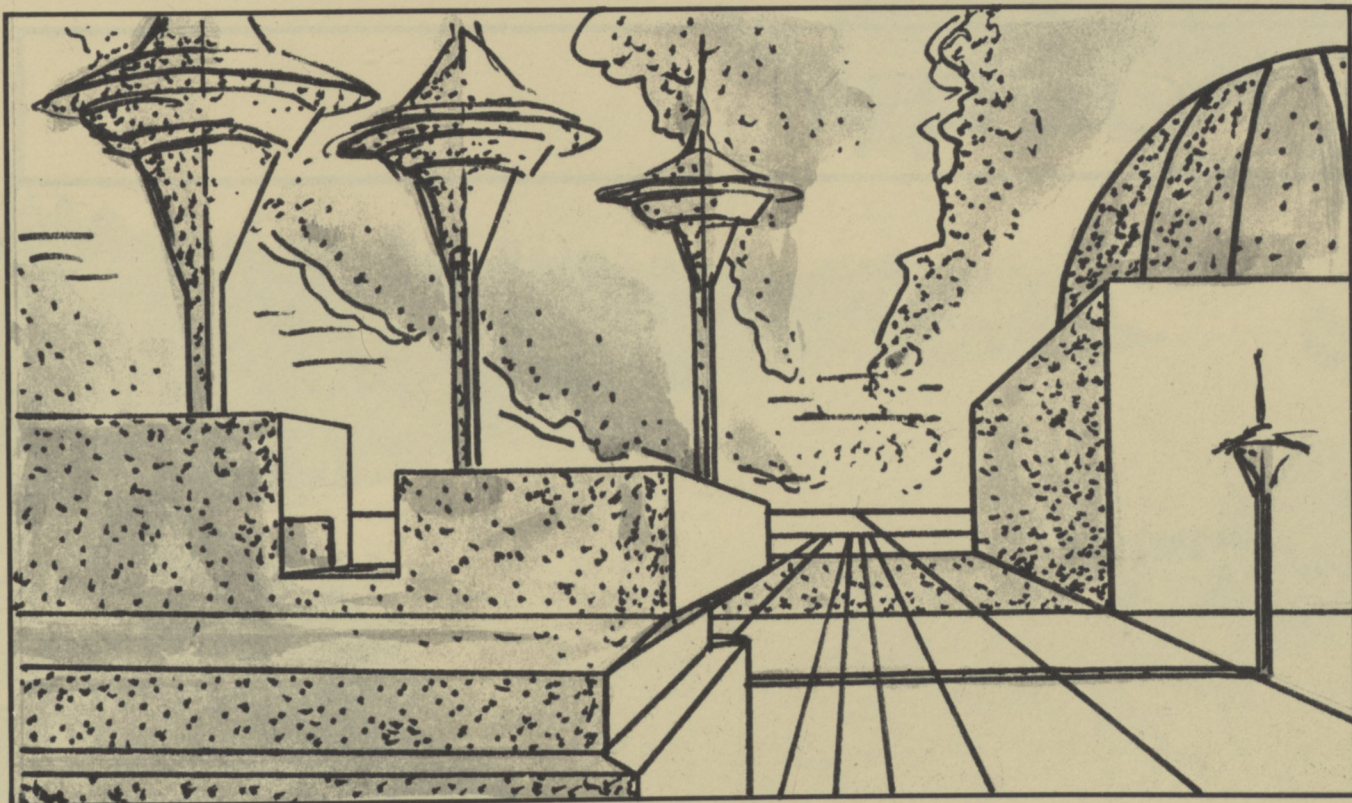
devils and saints piled dense . . . ”

Properly, devils and saints should be separated, but war upsets man’s neat categorizing.

While one would find it difficult to become enthused about Mr. Gronowicz’s poetry, it certainly provides some quiet pleasure through his moments of perception.

—Annette MacRae





(*They*, by Marya Mannes. Doubleday, 1968. \$4.95)

I don't know which came first, the movie or the book, but it doesn't matter. It's the theme that counts, and it is a theme which is becoming more and more popular—what the future holds is anybody's guess. *They*, by Marya Mannes, is slightly reminiscent of Orwell's *1984*, a relatively recent book which prompted cynics to begin learning Newspeak in order to have a head start by the time The Year arrived. But it is even more reminiscent of a movie I saw during the summer called *Wild in the Streets*, in which fourteen-year-olds obtain the right to vote and twenty-three-year-old radical Max Frost is elected President of the United States. Since the motto of Frost and his "troops" is "Don't trust anybody over 30," the only logical course of events is to herd all of the old fogeys into buses, dress them out in flowing gowns *a la* Maharishi Yogi, sack 'em out on LSD, and let them live happily ever after on communal farms.

I was reminded of the movie (which I thought was rather asinine) while I was reading *They*, and I thought that the "oldies" in both instances were given a raw deal, but at least in the movie they were given ample opportunity for travel, what with LSD's being pumped into their drinking supply. In *They*, five people who have passed the cut-

off point of fruitful existence, the age of 60 (Mannes is a bit more lenient with regard to age than Max Frost), are together in an isolated beach house. We see no action taking place in this short novel, but by the reminiscences of the people several points become evident.

Upon reaching the age of 60, persons are isolated from the rest of the world—the useful faction—and are given the necessities of life (food, shelter, clothing, and computerized medical care). They are allowed to continue in the do-nothing environment until the age of 65, at which time they are given a pill and die a peaceful death. Euthanasia is the name of the game, and youth takes the stakes. All this playing the Fates is done by the young, who are running the country, and for whom the old bit about the sagacity of the aged has become the new bit about the senility of the sages.

*They* is pathetic at times—when the oldsters talk about the productive lives they led in the world of the sixties, for example—even pathetic to the point of being sentimental. *They* is a stimulating book and it reaffirms the aphorism that old age is a time of loneliness. It fails, however, to make one skeptical to its contents ever becoming reality. But, who knows what the future holds? We used to see heart transplants only on the grade "B" Saturday morning early show.

—Patsy Wofford



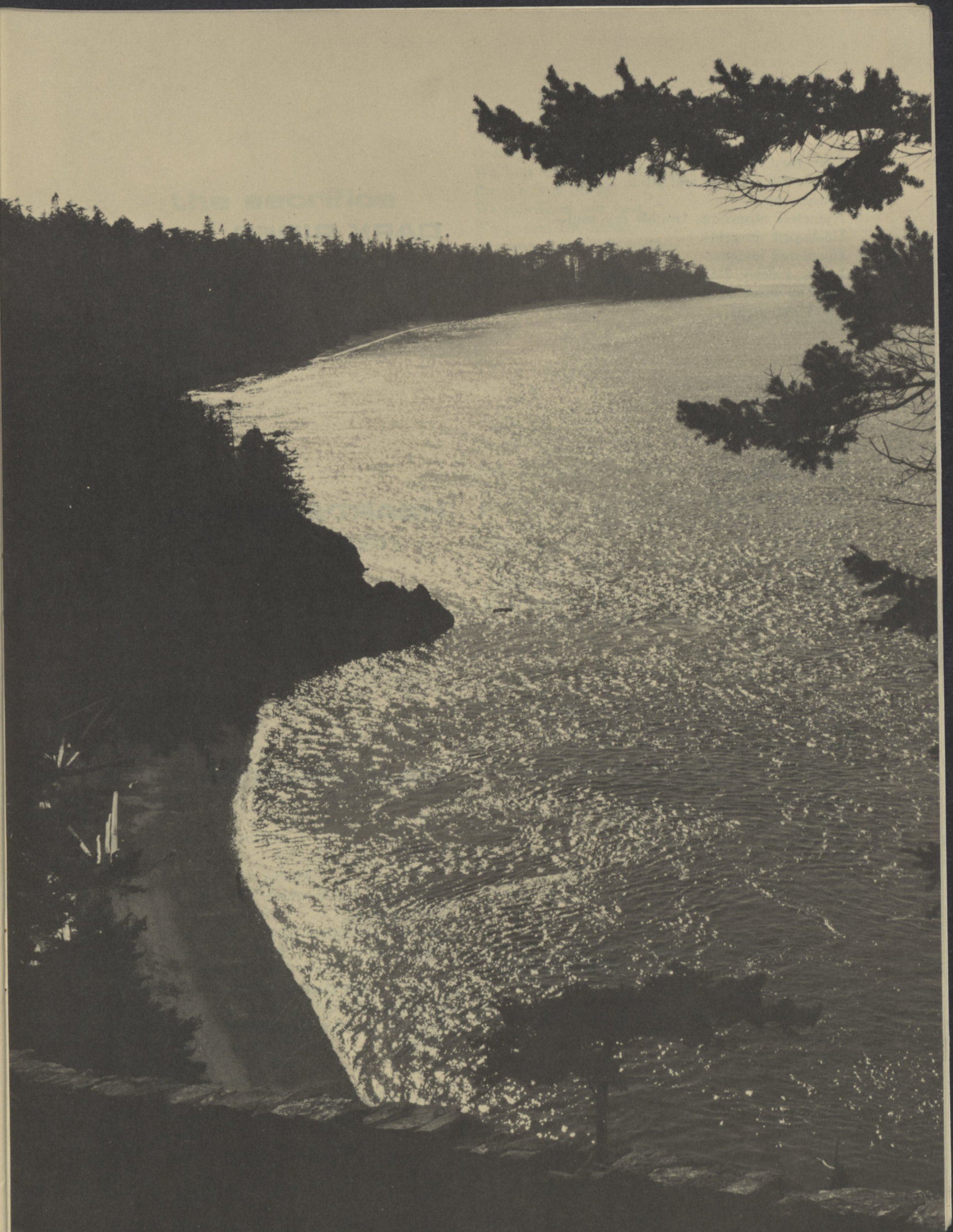
# POETRY

wandering through rows  
of daffodils  
speaking in a light way  
saying so much and nobody  
guesses it  
where the wind blowing still  
makes you feel it  
and the wind blowing still  
makes you make it

then on into a notpath-known  
where vines and bush all  
overgrown  
sound asleep  
while the wanderer weaves  
patterns  
beneath his feet  
and Our notpath-known accepts  
defeat  
—for now—

Spence







I am fury ridden.  
 Words roll and boil and pitch  
 Within me.  
 Nameless obsessions trouble my soul—  
 Unshaped thoughts,  
 Uncolored images.  
 I dare, I drive, I taunt and curse,  
 But the anger angers me  
 Till I am spent.

## **DARK RIDER**

I burn.  
 Not ocean breeze  
 Nor Greenland's ice  
 Can cool my heart's desire.

## **HEART'S DESIRE**

I want.  
 Nor all the art  
 Of human mind  
 Can take away the fire.

The sculptor cut and shaped and molded,  
 Happily working his bid for fame.  
 Whistling, singing the plastic tune,  
 He pushed and pulled and measuring firmly,  
 Shaped on features, turns of limb,  
 Fashioning the form of man—  
 Who breathed in Life  
 And promptly walked away.

## **MAN CREATES**

## **SCHISM**

There is an age in which  
 Flesh grieves,  
 And wonders what ails  
 The spirit.

There is a full eternity while  
 Past dies,  
 Then future, like the phoenix,  
 Rises

Annette Mac Rae



## **the sacrifice**

Holy of holies,  
O Exalted,  
O Most Glorious,  
We bow before thy Majesty.  
Have mercy on us,  
We sacrificed our best,  
We passed the bloody test,  
Our love for you is written  
In blood;  
We always kill the good.

Claire Pittman

## **the big man**

Let all who love stand and tell the man and tell  
him why. A  
Box of rotten, juice dripping, stinking lives  
All thrown in a heap and allowed to wiggle and  
squirm until  
They think they are satisfied, knowing all the  
time that they  
Are lying to themselves, to their fellows, and to the  
Big man gazing down through the barrel top

Rod Ketner

To this ever loathing world,  
Nay do I belong,  
Nor do I wish to belong.  
To stand back, to know;  
Seeing in this patch of blue,  
What is, but shouldn't be:  
Seeing all wrongs, save those of my own:  
Knowing the course of every man  
Except the direction I face;  
Knowing not the way I go, only that I go;  
I move on in my aimed way slowly,  
On one foot following the other,  
Each day I move, closer I fair . . .  
To what someday will be me.

John L. Sherman

## **my slow course**







## Just After Winter

Methodized miracles happen.

Lovers are seeds  
that sown, shed coverings and sprout.

Rain swells rivers, muds banks.  
Caramel slush sucks at shoes.

Intuitive trippers wing home.  
Clouds pillow the sky to rain, shade or show.

Pulsars from this particular planet  
baffle the thinkers . . .

Enlighten the fools.

Linda Faye Bryant

It's over now,  
That which is done  
Given  
To no one  
But taken from me.  
That part is over.

I toss them back and forth  
In the palm of my heart  
One weighs heavier  
Then  
The other  
One tosses me  
Back and forth  
I decide  
Over again.

Jennifer Salinger

## From Observations

How little we value our lives, Not knowing  
The precious possession they are, Till going.

I long for things on a distant shore,  
And not obtaining desire all the more.  
I want to sift starlight through my hand  
The way I play with grains of sand.  
But starlight and moonbeams can't be caught,  
And I have not the deed, only the thought.

Jean Brown



## SNOW

Snow is a leveler of forms,  
A rounder of sharp angles,  
A smother of jagged edges  
Like a carpenter's plane in the great hand of a  
working God.

Snow is a straightener of wrinkles,  
A balancer of curves,  
Like the square rough hand of an old mother  
who makes up a bed, laughing,  
and strokes the bedspread smooth.  
Snow is a hider of red dust,  
A coverer of yesterday's phlegm,  
A bandage for bleeding sores,  
A humped old peddler who sells the garbage a  
white hat  
to wear in the morning.

### II

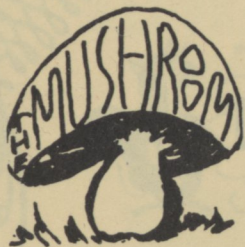
The wet snow is like a woman: a maker  
of waiting,  
A demander of patience—  
The cool snow will lie down  
and sleep long  
And say, *I don't care*; why should you?  
The snow of the morning tosses its head  
And takes a never-mind of the new  
plaid suit,  
Couldn't care less for the gray limp  
work-shirt  
full of last year's holes and this  
week's dirt.  
The snow of the evening is a fighter,  
A giant wrestler who throws us down  
And keeps us there and says:  
Damn you, damn you, while I've  
got you down, why don't you think  
a minute? Why don't you stop a  
minute?

### III

The snow of a Sunday is an evener of  
grudges:  
Black man and white man together  
spin useless wheels in frozen cars;  
Snow slithers into the boots of the  
heathen and the faithful;  
Snow melts on the master's floor as  
well as the slave's;  
Snow is as bluey cold to the president  
of the Garden Club  
as it is to the saggy-breasted old  
nigger who sweeps the floor at half-  
past six.  
Snow will sit and wait:  
It is the reminder that God can hamper our great  
speed.

Chip Callaway





Greenville's  
Most Unique Shop

## *The Mushroom*

Fine Art by Faculty  
and Students of

East Carolina University School of Art

Plus

Notional whimsies attractive to quodlibetical

Humans

Do come in and browse! 11:00 a.m. - 7:00 p.m.

Closed on Monday — Friday evening 9:00 p.m.

Georgetown Shoppees, 521 Cotanche Street  
Donna Tabar

Exclusively in Greenville,  
at . . .

**Blount  
Harvey's**

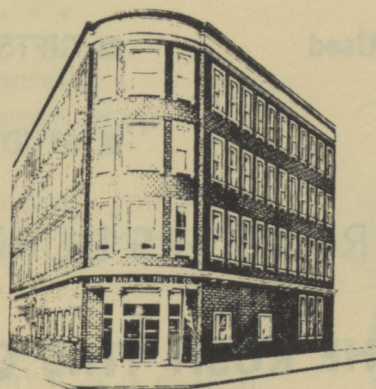


Most Florsheim styles \$1995 to \$2795 / Most Imperial styles \$3795

## **FLORSHEIM**

NEW SHOES FROM A TRUSTED NAME

# *State Bank and Trust Company*



Greenville, N. C.





Compliments Of

# Pitt Plaza Shopping Center

264 By-Pass

Open Until 9:30 p.m.

## Ariane's Gift and Decorator Shop

Barber Shop

Jerry's Sweet Shop

J. C. Penney

Beth's Cosmetic Studio

Mitchell's Beauty Shop

Rose's Inc.

Brody's Inc.

Mitchell's Flowers

Singer

Butler's Shoe Store

Music Arts

Steinbeck's

Colonial Store

Planters National Bank

Surrells

Dairy Bar

Plaza Cinema

Three Sisters

Eckerd's

Zales



## UNIVERSITY BOOK EXCHANGE



■ TEXTBOOKS New and Used

■ GIFTS and NOVELTIES

■ SUPPLIES

■ STUDY GUIDES

– 10 EXTRA REGISTERS DURING RUSH –

**AVOID THE RUSH THIS QUARTER**

528 S. COTANCHE STREET





203 E. 5th Street

*Exclusive  
Purveyor*



"Taste that beats the  
others Cold . . .



*Pepsi pours it on"*

# Belk Tyler

**Cruise on Down . . .**

and take a look at Greenville's  
Most Complete Sportswear Shop!

All the famous name brands you love  
and the latest, up-to-date fashions.

*Remember . . . if it's new . . . if it's  
the IN LOOK . . . you'll find it first at  
Belk Tyler — Greenville's Finest!*



In Downtown Greenville — Open Mon., Thurs. & Fri. 'til 9 pm.



## **Taff Office Equipment Company**

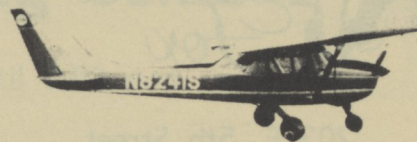
REMINGTON STANDARD AND PORTABLE  
TYPEWRITERS

COLLEGE SCHOOL SUPPLIES

214 E. Fifth Street

Greenville, N. C.

## **PITT - GREENVILLE AIR SERVICE**



FAA CERTIFIED  
FLIGHT SCHOOL

FAA APPROVED AIR TAXI  
AIRPLANE RENTALS - SALES  
PASSENGER RIDES

DIAL

**758-4587**

AIRPORT

GREENVILLE

## **LARRY'S SHOE STORE**

FIVE POINTS

