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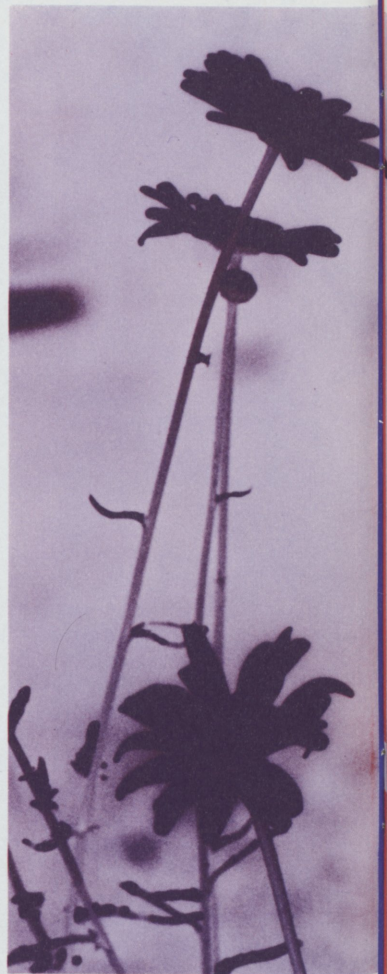


4—untitled, claire pittman/5—editorial/6—untitled, whitney hadden; interview, dr. william white/12—untitled, edwina lee/13—of green love, frederick sorensen/14—terence and the
/29—the strawberry statement, william r. day/30—the lives and loves of mr. jiveass nigger, william r. day/31—untitled, nikki; untitled, doris j. ward/32—untitled, whitney hadden; untitled

and the terror, william r. day/16—untitled, claire pittman/18-23—dawn, charles griffin/24—yesterday's night, jd fulton/26—to d., ted w. matthews/27—for chris lost, whitney hadden/28—cat's cradle, janice hardison
den: untitled, linda bryant anderson/33—endus l ron /34—an account of one hound-dog's spring day, charles griffin/35—five o'clock, claire pittman; for the ephemeral you, nikki/36—reincarnation, david mclemore

Wisteria weeps through
Thick, weather roughened
Fingers of the oak,
Flower tears turning to amethyst
In the alchemy of april,
Transforming winter witch
To spring princess
Robed in jeweled opulence.

Plum branches burn vermillion
Against the soft gray sky
Of early April,
Wands of fire weaving bright patterns
In the chill air,
Warming cold hearts
To the hurt of spring
After a winter deep with snow.



The idea of revolution has been with man ever since he made his first step to change his position from one place to another. Dynamism, or the state of unequilibrium, seems to be an innate quality of all nature, particularly the state of nature known as man. Man is constantly aware of his imbalance with the world, and he is constantly making steps to "rectify" his situation. He rarely makes the correct decisions, for if he did, he would soon have no more decisions to make—all would be well with the world. Obviously, this has never been.

In his pursuit of equilibrium, or the Greek **harmony**, man makes the events that are recorded in our history books and that bring happiness and death to the peoples of the world. Perhaps strangest of all about man's decisions to change is that none of the changes have ever brought about an end to the ever-present dynamism of change. Nirvana has never been reached, or even closely approached. There are still nationalistic states ever-ready to war with each other. Nearly one-fourth of the world's population is destined to die from malnutrition or disease.

Perhaps many of man's fruitless endeavors would cease to exist if he would realize his position of incapability in regard to controlling the world, or creating his own natural order. There is a famous photograph of the earth taken by an astronaut from his space capsule on the moon. His achievement dims and its



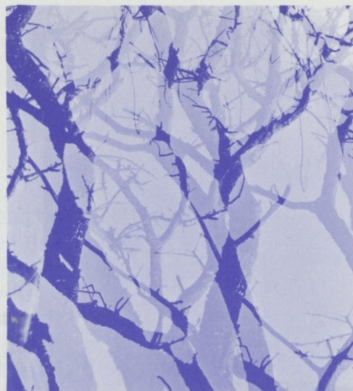
absurdity shines when one imagines that he can see in the photograph a Biafran village or the Potomac River.

Obviously, instead of striving for some goal that would stop all need for change, man had better strive for some way to make change itself the answer to his problems. Why is it that the idea of revolution is so appalling and frightening to most people? Probably because every revolution, or basic change, has been regarded with distrust and accepted with reluctance and hopeless resignation; that a revolution could have taken place destroyed man's faith in his present situation as the final result of all previous attempts.

As we gaze out of our windows at formerly naked shrubs growing green with buds, as we watch apple trees change from bud to blossom to fruit, how can we separate ourselves as living beings from the dynamic cosmos of life? How can we remove our social institutions from the continuum of revolution and call them sacred in their static existence? How can we send someone to die in a war for a cause that tomorrow may be passe? When will we realize that there is no satisfaction in the achievement of anything, but rather only in the act of achieving? When will we learn a lesson from the lilies of Spring—to grow a new blossom each season; to grow stronger and greater, but never strongest and greatest.

Burning eyes stare at the sky,
Then at pines that brittle in the sun.
There must be rain
The tower watchman sighed,
Then drank a paper cup of water,
Crushed it in his hand,
And watched the still green forests
Stretching far and wide...

"Like withered grass the minds of
men catch fire"
And the watchman in their towers
Stare at the sky;
Draining paper cups
To keep their minds from going dry...



INTERVIEW

Dr. William White is one of the unique professors who reinforce the belief that education begets wisdom. By combining a thorough knowledge and understanding of the past with an artistic ability for creative synthesis, he clearly establishes himself as an excellent critic of American society. White has an uncanny insight into the basic causes of most social problems and the basic changes needed to alleviate them. In fact, much of his work has been done in the field of social evolution and revolution in relation to the human factor.

We are intrigued by Dr. White because of his competence but moreso because of his courage. We think that he is one of those few people who wouldn't hesitate to tell the sacred American pig that his pen is dirty and crumbling more every day.

(Dr. White is currently a professor in the History Department at East Carolina.)

Why are so many people revolting today?

Well, first you have to go back a few centuries and concede that the classic concept of evolution was based on a very simple Greek philosophical idea that one social phenomenon neatly and sweetly evolved into another social phenomenon without conflict. Conflict was a part of this, but not always a part. This went along with the idea that history primarily involved the political and diplomatic. However, during the 18th and 19th centuries the idea developed through Hegel and Marx that you cannot have social change without conflict. In other words, if the dialectic synthesis of history is such that it has always produced conflict, only by conflict are you going to get positive social change. I think the present problem goes back to simple sources.

The first is population expansion. Secondly there is the rise of technology which directly impinges in the opposite direction. The result is there are now more people and fewer jobs for those people to comfortably and creatively perform. The result is a vast population of people who are either unemployed or, even if they are employed, are employed in some meaningless task which is not creative and not productive.

Some years ago, the Rand Company came up with the idea that by the year 2000 there will not be any real work for the vast majority of people. Something like 90 per cent of the people would really not do anything. You can see that already in the United States. We're shifting from a producing economy to a service economy. More people are involved in the sale and distribution of many items than in the actual making of the items. Cigarettes are a good example.

You say people are starting to rebel. Do you think it's because of pressure from outside or from some change in their normal everyday lives?

I think both. This business of hunting for the outside agitator is ridiculous. The major changes are within the system itself. The system of life has changed. The average parent today is very hard put to even raise his own child because of a difference of opinion, a difference of outlook, a difference of culture between the parent's generation and the generation of the child who is now going through gram-

mar school. The grammar school today, as you can see very clearly here in the mid-South, is a totally different institution than it was 25 years ago. Its whole goal, outlook, methodology, and material is completely changed. This is the stuff of which revolutions are made.

What revolutions do you see as necessary for people to be able to understand each other and live in peace?

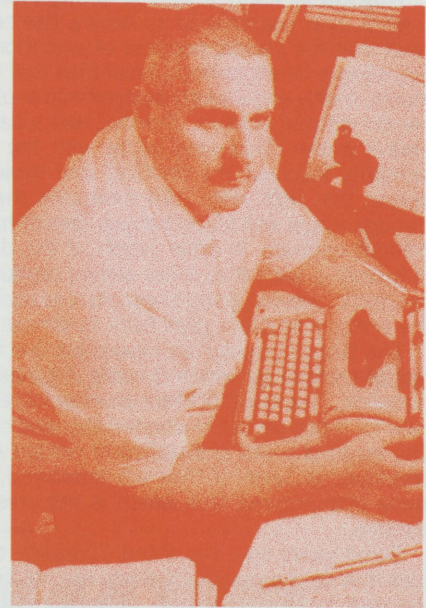
For one thing this idea of building a bridge over the Bering Strait is a tremendous thing. It would allow direct motor traffic from Alaska to the USSR. It would be a tremendous thing. It should be implemented immediately. Even if they can't build it, it would be a marvelous try.

Another thing I think should be done is a revamping of the structure of the American public schools. We should get rid of the everlasting bureaucracy that we've built up. These people are incompetent, illiterate, untrained. They should be retrained at a fantastic rate, at a sort of pressure cooker rate, to teach the courses they are being paid to teach. Once that's been done we can put into our public schools, down to the third grade, the major languages of the world. We could build up a large number of people who can communicate. One of the staggering things is that when you go to countries like Belgium or Israel you find hundreds of people on the streets, even garbage collectors, who can speak English. Maybe not well, but they can speak it well enough to communicate. The tragedy in American society today is that in the words of the world we are illiterate. The average American politician hasn't the foggiest idea who the French are or what they think. The average American politician is totally unable to communicate with his equal from Brazil or from Japan or from West Germany. This has not helped. Now I'm not an educationalist.

This just happens to be a personal hang-up of mine. But, it is still a very important point.

The public school situation...

As far as our public schools are concerned, they are slowly heading towards economic collapse. I think what you are going to have is more and more pressure on the society as a



whole to do its educating. I expect to see many more junior colleges and community colleges; I expect to see many more pre-school programs. The whole society will get into the act of education.

Today's education—a search for educational absolutes...

This brings up another major revolution that is heating up the fires. I have said on numerous occasions that the problem with American schools is that we evolved a system which was pragmatic but which had no root synthesis. John Dewey told us that there really wasn't any absolute truth and we believed him. Now we are up against a system where we have to teach our children to survive in the world of the 21st century. A world where technology is king and queen and god and all other things. You've got to have an absolute educational system. You've got to have a system of absolutes

where everybody comes up to them if our social technological structure is to survive. The U.S. public schools are torn right up the middle. One hand is nailed to one side of the cross saying you must teach the absolute truth of scientism and the other hand nailed to the other side of the dilemma saying that we cannot teach anything but interpersonal development. So we are caught right in the middle and the American public schools are made to clean up all of the social problems of the century. The schools must integrate, the schools must solve the problem of the American sexual hang-up, the schools must solve the problem of alcoholism and dope addiction. The schools must solve the problem of racial inequalities and social imbalance. Obviously, by its very structure, the very pragmatistic neutral core, that's the last thing in the world the schools can do.

More on education as it relates to the U.S. international situation...

I think that the projections which show that Russia, Japan, and Red China will be the great nations of the 21st century are true. I think we can stay in that exclusive club, but not with the sloppy, chaotic, do-nothing educational system we have now. There is no such thing as illiteracy in Japan. They would never allow themselves to give service degrees. You see, the Bachelor of Education, the Master of Education, the Doctorate of Education do not represent any learning in the classical sense. All they represent is a trade, the accomplishment of certain methods. Just like being a journeyman printer, a journeyman carpenter, or a journeyman plumber. This was fine back in the days of the Dewey educational system. It was no more than supporting the westward expansion of our economy, but the cowboy economy is gone, just as the cowboy mentality is gone. Today we cannot use a cowboy educational system. We've got to deal with an educational system which has as a theoretical basis a freedom of creativity. That should mean financial tax support of all types of schools, not just simply the state-run status schools.

Educational change...

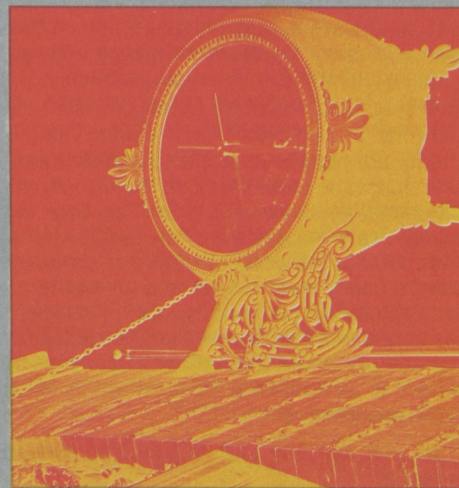
We've got to get ourselves out of the Dewey pattern of thinking, out of this public education mentality which has always assumed that problems are additive and all you have to do is find some new way by which you can move 'a' to 'b' and 'b' to 'c.' This has got to stop. We've got to have an educational endowment somewhere in the system. Possibly it could be a seminar once a week for freshmen, and, well, all through the school system—something whereby kids get down to root problems, where we get down to dealing with the classic problems of the one and the many—the problems of individuality and the problem of human dignity. They have to do this on a broad front, not just in a philosophy, economics or psychology class, but on a broad humanities front. This has to be done because kids do not think; no American educational bureaucrat thinks. None of them think in radical root terms.

Political thinking in radical root terms...

Nixon's going to give the Post Office workers a raise. Fine. Where is the raise going to come from? It's going to come out of taxes, which is going to increase the inflationary pressure to where they are going to have to have another raise. What you need is a wholesale reorganization of the postal system so that it isn't carrying those hundreds and hundreds of tons of junk mail. Let the people who want to send out all the junk mail pay to have it distributed. They should pay the going rate for its distribution. All you're doing now is financing another inflationary spiral. That's because there has been little or no radical attack on the root of the problem.

What's happening to people as far as their religious outlooks are concerned?

The religious outlook is being very deeply influenced. First of all the idea of an objective source of truth, whether it's the Bible or whatever, is pretty much destroyed in our society among those thirty years of age and younger. It has also been destroyed in the minds of most of our policy-makers.



ing class and most of our intellectual class whether they are ministers, or sociologists, or even generals. They have dispensed with this idea. And so we in America are stuck with a vast interconnected set of pragmatics on one hand and existential phenomena on the other hand. This has deeply affected religion in America.

Religion has been secularized—probably by two forces. First the church has become the last great bastion of prestige and privilege. The church is almost totally dependent on the middle class for its support. It has become almost financially impossible for any church organization to attach itself to the major social problems in such a fashion that it can bring about any radical change. By radical I mean root change, not violent, but root change — change where it counts. The church cannot do this without jeopardizing its financial structure. The second great impact has been the impact of modern existentialist philosophy. Many theologians, Catholic and Protestant, are moving in the same direction, which is a greater role for the layman in a ritualistic mysticism. A mysticism of man. I really think that that's going to be the goal of modern religious enterprises.

It would seem that language and culture have always been a problem for the world peace movement...

Yeah, but the fundamental problem is always religious. By that I don't mean what church you go to, but the inherent philosophical presuppositions that a person has.

Why are people so afraid to attack the root problem?

It's because of the fact that it causes friction. It hurts the old established bureaucracy. The man who has put in twenty-five years of hard effort to get where he is and then finds out that the whole structure of his career is evaporating is not a happy man. So, to hold his position of prestige and authority in the community and, of course, his income, he has to demand that these changes not take place. But we're in a century where we can't help it. These people are going to have to be trained to the inevitability of change—to think in terms of change.

Do you see any sort of political revolution coming in America?

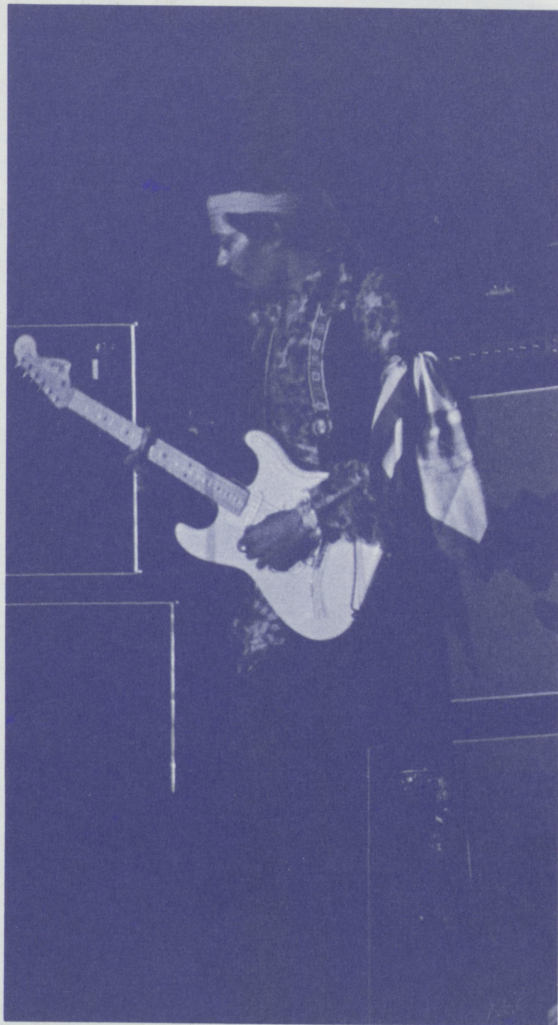
Yes, I think that a political revolution in America is bound to come. I hope that it is a political revolution of the type which will involve state constitutional conventions with possibly a different role for the political parties. Maybe even a new structure for the political parties will result. I hope it will be a revolution of law. But I'm afraid that because our institutions are old and inefficient and subject to pressure that the revolution will be violent. The force of conservative middle-class trade unionism will force the government into making large-scale financial commitments which it cannot justify from its tax revenues. I think ultimately the economic pressure will force some very violent changes. I hope the people don't go into the streets. Whether or not they go into the streets will be not a decision of the radical extremes, but the decision of large flocks of American people. Like the Post Office strike. The Post Office strike could have gone into the streets and if it had, it would have been far more violent than any pack of screwballs with long hair and pot sticks in their mouths.

Why do people do dope? What do you think of the problem?

People do not want to face the dope problem in America. Many government officials, not all, many educators and others do not want to face the fact that people take dope to escape pain. They escape the pain of life in the 20th century—that's the pain they wish to escape. They can escape it sexually, they can escape it alcoholically, they can escape it by drugs from a doctor—which is how most of the middle class does, or they can escape by taking dope, by smoking pot, but essentially they are looking for an escape from the pain of the 20th century.

How do you feel about the United Nations?

I would be very happy if we could go back a couple of years and reimplement the United Nations to give it the kind of moral, financial and ethical support that we were giving it and allow it to be a power in the world so that it could stop the war in Vietnam, or the everlasting war in Africa, or the war in the Mid-East. But, I guess we can't go back. I'm afraid that this would be against the great nations' nat-



ural interests and their views of their own manifest destinies. I'm afraid that somewhere along the line we are just going to have to face the fact that none of the answers given, aside from a world cooperative federalism, will ever bring about the type of peace that we all seek. The businessman mentality in world affairs will not work.

The problems of governing modern America . . .

I'm afraid that we are faced with the fact that the traditional 100 senators, the many in the House of Representatives, and the endless roundabout committee system of Washington are just about sick unto death. They don't operate with enough sophisticated information. This will have to be altered. I noticed that recently Nixon has altered the image of his Presidency and of the Cabinet. He is more and more dependent on an ever-widening select group. That group is probably composed of seven or eight hundred technical experts. This tendency is going to increase to where we will get national knowledge banks. How objective these will be is a hotly debated subject. But it's bound to come.

The Fund for the Study of Democratic Institutions in California said some time ago that the country is in need of a vast revision of its legal structure because we will have to divide the country not into states in the traditional way, but into regions. This is because the state boundaries came about in the most insane fashion. Some of them were due to the whim of a great man in London. Some of them were due to the fact that a certain river ran in a certain direction; some of them because a certain Indian tribe lived in a certain location. They were created by a purely pragmatical and historical accident. But they aren't working. We find, for the sake of pollution, that you have to divide the country into watershed areas, into areas where the train lines run, into areas where the electric lines run. We are going to have to divide the United States into areas of mutual interests.

And so, you are probably going to have more regional government and less and less local government. It is conceivable that with the radio, the teletype machine, electronic gadgetry, and the automobile of today that municipal police forces in small towns are obsolete. What we will be

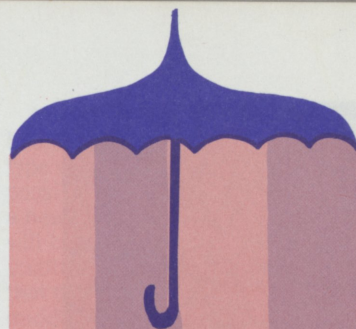
doing is already happening with the county-wide police force. With one central agency it's cheaper. This will call for more experts. This will call for what Jenkins here at ECU is already talking about—a police force which has had a police academy training. This will have to come.

What sort of future do you see for American socialism?

I don't see any sort of future for American socialism because socialism, like communism, is an obsolete concept. Socialism is a 19th century concept. It was born in the 18th and 17th centuries and has now run out of gas. It's not workable and it's not practical today. It was useable at best only in the kind of industries which were abroad at that time—the big iron factories where they had steam engines which needed thousands of coal miners, and so on. But, in an electro-chemical world where one small generator the size of a desk can make enough electricity and can be controlled by a computer, socialism isn't going to work. People have to learn jobs instead of going to work. Jobs have come to the point where even the simplest task like operating a lathe becomes not a physical process, but a decision-making process. Today, pushing the right button to make sure the machine will operate properly is what a job is. This situation is going to put severe strains on the classic concept of work. This is going to be very difficult to solve.

Love and sex...

The simple motto that love is god will become dominant. It is already beginning to dominate our society. I think along with this will come a drive not for material prosperity or for material prosperity of the individual, but for outright, across-the-board sex appeal because this will be one of the goals of life. People will pursue this as they now pursue fat checking accounts or fat securities.



It's raining colors
sparkling
needle-like fragments
of rainbow hue

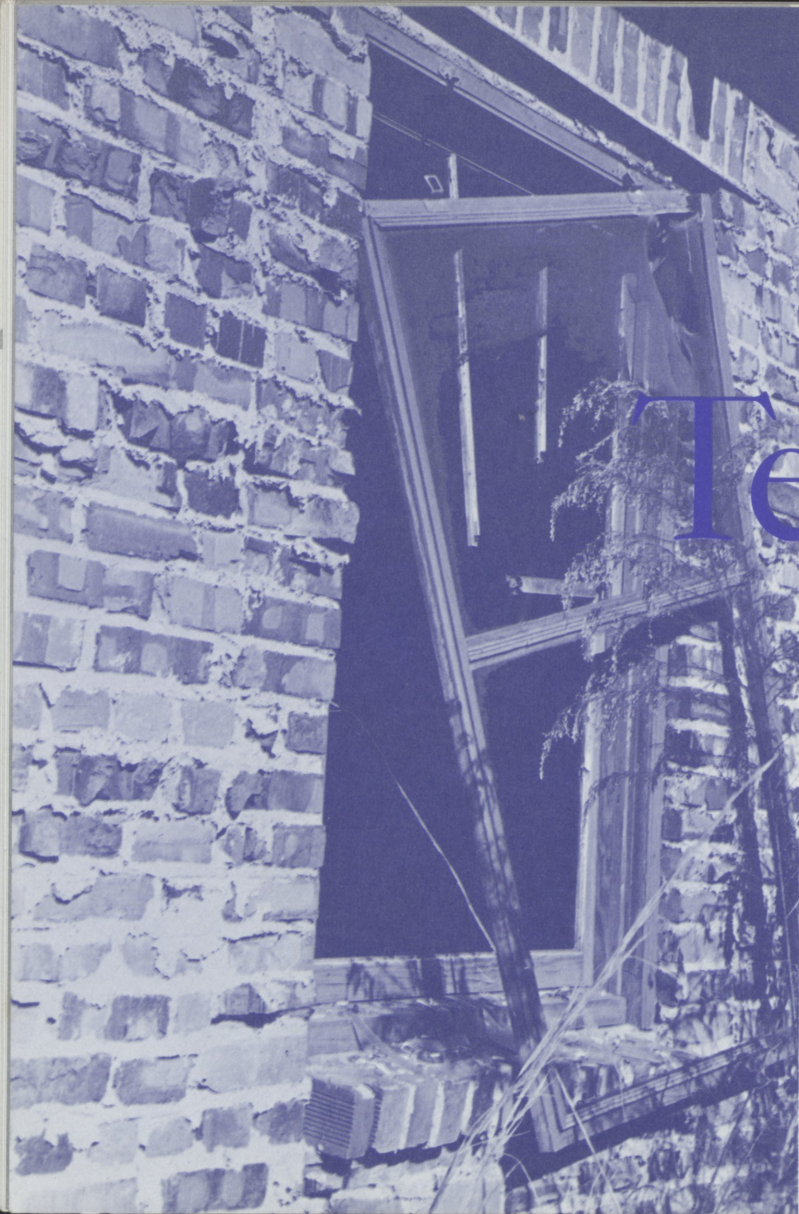
The sunlight
touches
each crystalline drop
of liquid

Music
gently tinkling
The falling droplets shimmer
As they dance to the ground

Of Gre

reen L^oVe

When wheat is green
And larks are seen
Swooping over the meadow
When love's sheen
Is evergreen
And we know not what we do
When the fire in the eye
Of a girl is answered by a cry
Of pain from the heart
When the aged stand by
With their wise mockery
Of insanity that can only annoy
Those who have outgrown it
Then we know the fit
Of love is on



Terence and

Though he tried, Terence could never quite rid himself of the terror. It would come at night when Maeve and the child were sleeping, when their flat seemed to reek of its own insignificance. The terror was a strange thing to Terence, who wasn't often afraid of things.

The first part of it was always the memories of grammar school. It had been a good school when Terence attended, one of the best in Ulster. But the memories of it were terrible: nervous sweat dribbled down his backside as he squatted before the cane. The blows were never quite as bad as the anticipation of them, and the burning welts were easier to bear than the scorn of his schoolmates. It was a scorn that left no room for redemption.

"Why did you own up, Terry-rat? Father Mulatto (a dark, hairy priest baptized Corrigan) didn't know you pinched from the collection

the Terror...

box." Terry had owned up however, to that and a host of minor offenses until God decided he was no longer fit to attend a Christian grammar school.

In the Navy it had been a wheezing British Petty Officer from Newcastle, and instead of a cane he used his power and his tongue. That bastard did teach a lesson—Terry became Terence Malloy and began to practice the rites of survival: silence and obedience. Scrubbing the pissers wasn't much of a thanking for speaking your mind.

And then the war was over and briefly, the terror faded. Those were good times. In the pubs Terence and his friends forgot about terrors after a third pint. Sometimes when he was very drunk it would return more violently than ever, causing him to rush and tremble back to a woozy numb sobriety.

When Terence was hired at a radio plant he was sober, and terrified of Mr. Dawson. Dawson wasn't a bad sort but when he raised his voice he made Terence and the others move quickly, because everyone knew about unemployment. After two years there Terence, now called Malloy, felt good enough to marry Maeve of the Accounting Department and find a flat.

At first it wasn't so bad, when it was just Terence and Maeve in their three rooms. They had it fixed up kind of cozy with some stuff her mother had given them, and some new pieces on hire-payment. Maeve was good to him, except when he came home drunk. Then she would unleash the terror and drive him before it. "Terence Malloy, you are a god-damned spineless nobody. Why don't you die?"

And he did, that very night.

William R. Day



Afraid to touch
We walked
Mouthing no
Intending to
To speak of
Minutes tick
And the sun
Upon our lo

We parted v
Bidding far

ouch,

d into the night

meaningless phrases,

to reach out in warmth,

of gentleness, of love;

cked into hours

in rose cold

lost enchantment.

with the rising of that sun

rewell to a love almost begun.



*Dawn
began
became dawn when a man had leisure
to look*





but then men invented tools
and built
a dream
and the dream was leisure . . .



*has ravaged the land
and fouled the air
to sit
on our garbage...*

*and its pursuit
polluted the water
but now we have time*



and
in

d

The

Settle

Watch

Sun

to

a heavy haze

and early

DUSK

YESTERDAY'S YESTERDAY'S YESTERDAY'S YESTERDAY'S YESTERDAY'S

NIGHT

The day is done. Walking with the night. Won't you walk with me? Don't you feel rather insignificant? That's the American way of doing things and feeling things. America's big, but we aren't, and the machines are taking over and they can't feel. Tonight is a still night. God seems dead on nights like this, when the leaves don't rustle and the cars are parked. Still, you don't quite believe that he's dead. Last night I went to bed with a hacking chest cold. One of those where you feel like dying and the smoking never helps. But what's the use of living without smoking? Yesterday the end meant death, but not now. Now the end means just that, the end of what ever.

I like nights, foggy nights especially. When I'm near an ice-bound river and the moisture forms droplets in the air I feel the rawness of solitude. I never feel so alone as when it's foggy. Fog does something to the human spirit. It coalesces the coarse energies of our loins and gives them love for the Earth. The Earth. There is a mother who has been harmed more than you or I could ever be. Walking down a street on this foggy spring night in Buffalo, New York. The street lamps illuminate the street and its sidewalks with a kind of ephemeral light seen only in photos of Paris street walkers taken early in the century. The light is gray pastel, a vibrant dusty light, like a piano after someone has laid his hands over the strings. The colors are muted but there aren't any colors. The colors went to bed an hour earlier.

A mist flows over the street. A mist that spreads into eternity and the Universe. The street surface is unusually black. A flat black with oily rivulets of rain trickling over it. Clean water—until you collect the water and see the city's grime. But never mind. The trees form a path to the Niagara River, which is only a few hundred yards from here. If you were

The trees form a path to the Niagara River, which is only a few hundred yards from here. If you were to walk in the direction I face you'd first come to Seventh Street, then you'd come to Prospect Avenue. On the corner of Prospect stands the Working Boy's Home. An imposing structure in the way only American homes turned institution can be. Built of dark brick stained black from water running off the slate roof. Windows lined with stone. Wouldn't want to live there, but sometimes I think...

Facing the Niagara River, which is really a strait, for what ever that's worth. On my left is the house in which I live. My home. A mansard, it was built in 1870. The yard is surrounded with an iron fence. An old iron fence, rusty, once painted black. Now the paint is almost gone. Today is in 1964. It's night. About one o'clock in the morning. Kennedy was killed sometime last year. Screw the assassin and the world. But it was a change. I missed Lincoln being killed. That was really an exciting time. I have a dog. A great shaggy Saint Bernard dog named Ernie. Furry animals make a walk. But he's at the vet's now. Don't know what the weather is like, can't feel it, though I try; my memory doesn't serve me well. Probably 65 degrees. A bit nippy, but just nippy enough to let me appreciate my jacket. Walking, that's what I ought to be doing, but then I'd feel my corduroy pants rubbing the inside of my legs. It'd be better if I never felt the movement of my body. Movement destroys reverie. Reverie is all I have now. Besides, it's cheap.

You and me, we're walking towards Seventh now. Soon we'll cross Seventh and pass by the Boy's Home and then we'll be on the corner of Prospect and Vermont. The lights are much brighter here. The trees don't shelter us from the street lights. Lots of grass. Green and very wet grass. If we walk on it my shoes will get wet. Yours won't—your reading. You're probably barefoot anyway.

Taking a left turn on Prospect, we'll walk towards Connecticut and the main street'll be a block ahead. The grass looks so very soft and peaceful that I'm going to walk on it, shoes or no shoes. The main street looks very much like an old Christmas tree about to be thrown out. Many of the lights are burnt out, while the ones that glow are dim and ash grey in color, no matter if they seem to be red, green, or blue. At three in the morning everything looks dying. Death. What a nice thought death is. I don't want to be dead. I'm not suicidal. I'm *not* suicidal. It's just that the calm of death is desirable. When colors are muted, all sounds stilled, all movements fluid and all my people memories then life is so peaceful.

It was one o'clock; we were walking.

It's three o'clock. Good-bye. Sleepy well.

JD Fulton



To D.

My trust like chaff
you cast to the wind.
Our lives like stars
are set apart
As the frost will ever flee
the rising morning sun
And chaffing time comes done
Our hearts will never meet.
For I am made of the sun
and you of the frost.

For Chris, lost

You were lost inside your mind,
Basking in the burnt out stares
Of a blind audience;
Dancing naked through a strung-taut tune
That blasted all our screams to fragments...

I felt that almost I could touch you;
But with your face flaming in your hands,
With your back to mine, your hidden sigh,
I could not find the words
To cross the silence roaring by...

So, Chris, I tried to reach you
But I only yelled into a storm
And perhaps you can remember
Someday hearing through the roar
Of the world storm that swept you

from us

swept you far away...

Heavy as a blind man standing up now
From a fall

I grope for something to hold onto,
If the ground beneath me should be broken
In the quakes of silence;
And grope for something to hold onto me,
Should I be swept away...



Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s masterful fantasy, **Cat's Cradle**, gets its title from a game that children play on their fingers with string. The cradle they make is fun, but full of holes. So is Vonnegut's **Cat's Cradle**. His wit has a cutting edge and his imagination is made of quality elastic, but his is a cynical voice of doom. An endless assortment of odd-ball characters satirize the times, the country, the sciences, the economy — you name it. Every line is loaded.

The pleasure in **Cat's Cradle** comes in stinging pellets, scattered shots. The pain sets in when the reader reflects upon the message of the whole work. The narrator has been converted to Bokononism. The **Books of Bokonon**, the sacred writing of Bokononists, leads its followers to enlightenment about the universal human condition. A favorite discovery of the narrator's, which he pounds into the unsuspecting reader with myriad examples, is a paraphrase of the suggestion by Jesus: "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's." Bokonon teaches: "Pay no attention to Caesar. Caesar doesn't have the slightest idea what's **really** going on."

The narrator discovers Bokonon when he sets out to write a biography of Dr. Felix Hoenikker, inventor of the atomic bomb. His research takes him to Illium, where Hoenikker's colleagues (or subordinates) show him an expensive laboratory full of children's plastic toys. Convinced that all scientists are madder than he had suspected, he seeks out Dr. Hoenikker's three weird children, a horse-faced Amazon daughter named Angela, a midget named Newton, called Newt (for short), and their insane brother Frank, who is about to marry the goddess of San Lorenzo.

Each of the children has inherited a crystal of Ice-Nine, which, if dropped into the ocean, will turn the whole world into ice. The question then becomes, not whether Dr. Hoenikker had a right to make the bomb, but whether Ice-Nine will destroy all life on earth.

Cat's Cradle by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. (Dell Publishing Co., 1963, 165 pp.)

CAT'S CRADLE



Vonnegut's not-too-subtle conclusion is that there's not a lot that's worth saving. Everybody's been had, in one way or another. Bicycle magnate H. Lorne Crosby of Evanston, Illinois, on his way to San Lorenzo with his wife, Hazel, a Hoosier, confides: "Christ, back in Chicago, we don't make bicycles anymore.... It's all human relations now. Nobody can get fired, no matter what; and if somebody does accidentally make a bicycle, the union accuses us of cruel and inhuman practices and the government confiscates the bicycle for back taxes and gives it to a blind man in Afghanistan."

And Bokonon teaches man about the organization of society. A **granfalloon**, according to Bokononists, is a seeming team that is meaningless in the way that God gets things done. Examples in the **Books of Bokonon** are the "the Communist Party, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the General Electric Company, the International Order of Odd Fellows — and any nation, anywhere, anytime."

Cat's Cradle is prophetic in a way. Written in 1963, it says more about 1970. Little Newt himself says why: "No wonder kids grow up crazy. A cat's cradle is nothing but a bunch of X's between somebody's hands, and little kids look and look and look at all those X's...."

"And?"

"No damn cat, and no damn cradle."

The only thing one can really be sure about is that a substance called Ice-Nine does indeed exist. It can't blow us all to hell, but it can freeze us all to death. Freeze or burn, what's the difference? We're goners either way.

Janice Hardison

The Strawberry Statement by James Simon Kunen
(New York: Avon Books, 1970, 176 pp., \$1.25)

Two years ago Columbia University experienced a series of events variously described as riots, hooliganism, disturbances, and revolution. Word choice depends, as usual, upon which side of the fence your political fanny is hanging. In the midst of the fury was James Simon Kunen, disillusioned college student and part-time revolutionary. **The Strawberry Statement** is a kind of leapfrog diary loosely centered around Mr. Kunen's part-time revolutionary activities.



First of all, to explain the title. After the police were withdrawn from the Columbia campus in upper Manhattan, a dean of the university was asked whether the students approved of the administration of their education. To the dean this was as irrelevant as asking "whether or not they like strawberries." The press and various radicals-in-residence seized upon this, the "strawberry statement," as a rather banal symbol of Columbia's unresponsiveness towards its students.

But the students responded to Columbia. They took over buildings, dipped into some secret files, and smoked President Grayson Kirk's cigars. One morning Kunen got up: "I get up and shave with Grayson Kirk's razor, use his toothpaste, splash on his after-shave, grooving on it all. I need something morale-building like this, because my revolutionary fervor takes about half an hour longer than the rest of me to wake up." He spent the next few days scampering around the campus playing hide and seek with the Tactical Patrol Force, ending up inside the 24th Precinct House jail.

At no time does the author make the mistake of taking himself too seriously. Somewhere in that ironic frolic Kunen was radicalizing — I suspect at the moment a police billy club caressed his hip, sophisticated Columbia University skin. From that point on the game was no longer a game.

Most of the time Kunen uses a half-mocking tone in describing himself and all the other players. **The Strawberry Statement** does have one burst of pure literary rage, which is spent almost as soon as it begins: "You're [you being, of course, Them] going to get human or your stinking bodies are going up against the wall." Yes, Holden Caulfield is alive, attending Columbia University and uttering vague threats at the world.

William R. Day

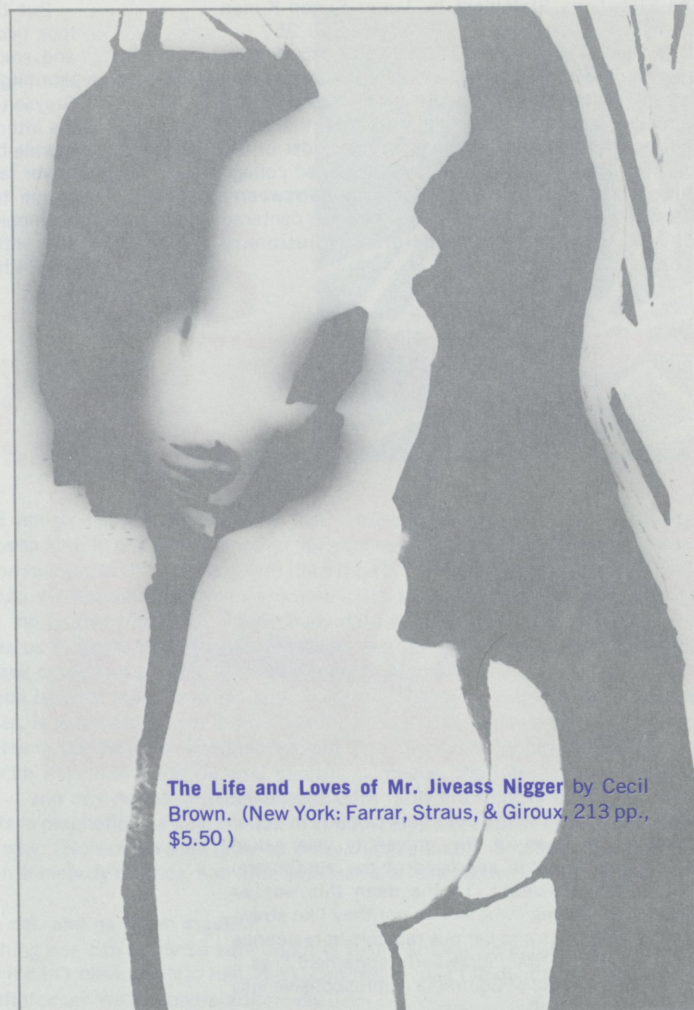
THE STRAWBERRY STATEMENT

"I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and behold, all is jive and vexation of the spirit." So said George Washington, embarking upon **The Life and Loves of Mr. Jiveass Nigger**. For George is Mr. Jiveass himself, hustling from the farm to Harlem to a community of black refugees in Copenhagen. Copenhagen, Denmark — where all the legendary blond freethinking women live, and where a black man could possibly be a man.


Cecil Brown's novel is basically a unique variation on the old search-for-identity theme, unique because his hero is very black and very alienated and his search is almost entirely sexual. George Washington (the irony of this name is perhaps a bit obvious) goes parading into the beds of dozens of women, but never once do they parade into his. Soon our super-sexual young man begins to wonder: "It frightened George and made him shake when the women called him by his real name. What if others knew his real name too and were just putting him on by pretending otherwise. Jive him, jiving Jiveass himself."

And that is the conclusion **Mr. Jiveass Nigger** eventually arrives at. After jiving the middleaged consul, her friends, their daughters, and everyone else in sight, the jive begins to work against George. The lies and persuasion were once a doorway into forbidden territory, but when he got in George discovered it had been by the back door. Accepted by whites, but as a creature whose function was limited to sex.

It is the style that makes this a more-than-racy allegory. The dialogue is as full of profanity as rambunctious characters, but hardly ever boring. The scenes seem to divide themselves into those based on memory and those based on fantasy, the memories for the most part being sad or funny and the fantasies being completely outrageous. But Cecil Brown ties it all together, in this outrageously entertaining first novel. I wouldn't jive you man . . .



The Life and Loves of Mr. Jiveass Nigger by Cecil Brown. (New York: Farrar, Straus, & Giroux, 213 pp., \$5.50)



Together we ran along the shore's edge...
The sun was blocked by
 pwater-colored clouds...
The air was damp and the water cold...
Peaceful, and Quiet except for
 the sound of the water lapping against
The silver sand...
 and the distant muted cries of the gulls...
No houses, no trees, only looming crags of rock
 filled with shadows...
And sand, as far as the eye could see.
 You and I seemed to be the only reality...
Down the beach I ran...
 and then the mists came floating in from the sea...
Delicate wisps of mermaids hair
 little clouds of spun tears...
 separating us...
I could barely see you...alone...a faint outline
 far from me...
I ran to you, reached out...
 and in my hand there was nothing...
Only a few shining tears, a bit of melted
 mist.

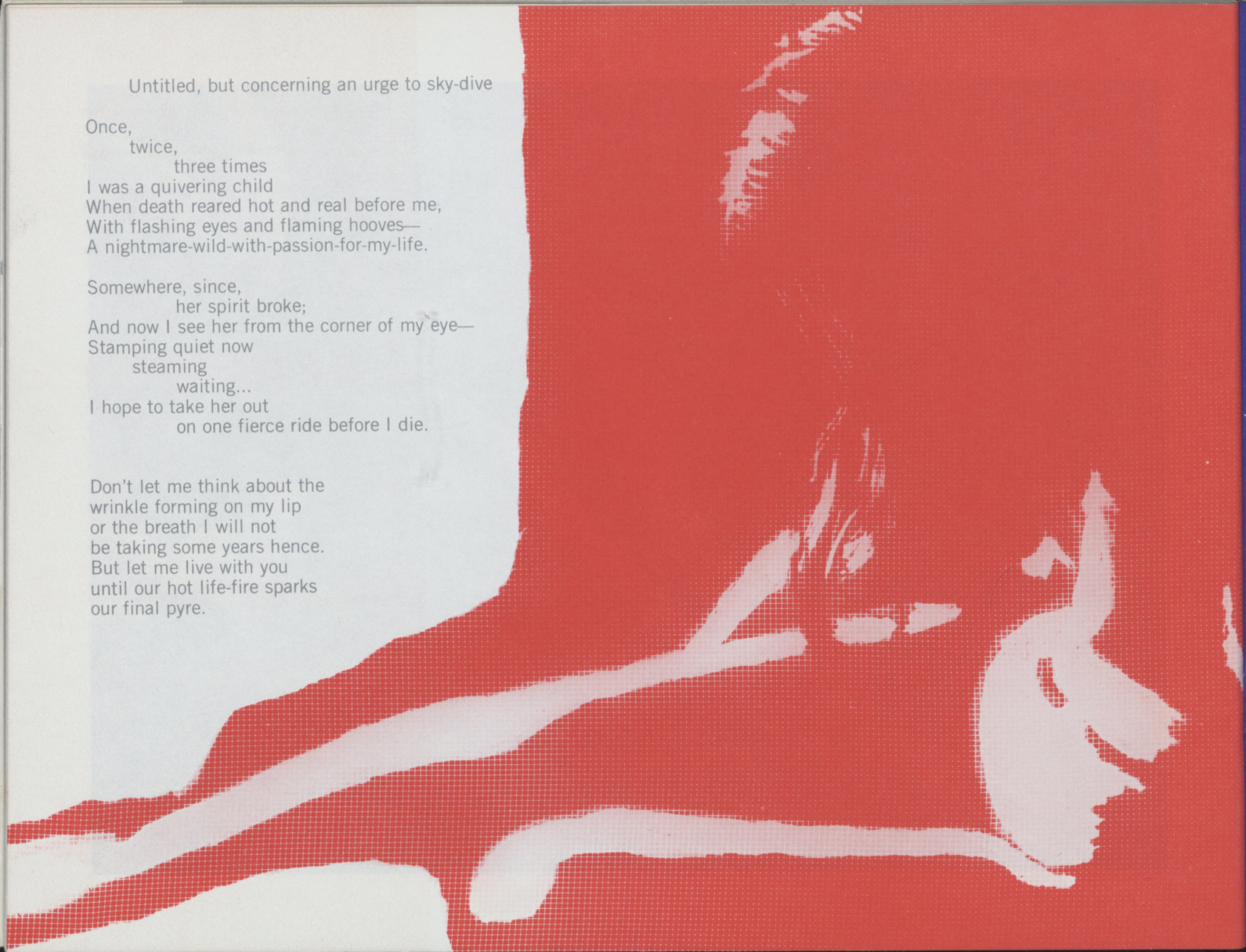
I sit
upon
The
Willow
Tree
Wind
Makes
Ripples
In
My
Seat.
I
Glance
At
You
And
Slumber
Back down
To
Sleep.

Untitled, but concerning an urge to sky-dive

Once,
twice,
three times
I was a quivering child
When death reared hot and real before me,
With flashing eyes and flaming hooves—
A nightmare-wild-with-passion-for-my-life.

Somewhere, since,
her spirit broke;
And now I see her from the corner of my eye—
Stamping quiet now
steaming
waiting...
I hope to take her out
on one fierce ride before I die.

Don't let me think about the
wrinkle forming on my lip
or the breath I will not
be taking some years hence.
But let me live with you
until our hot life-fire sparks
our final pyre.



Gaze ye all from between your legs
all around the pressure-head expands
solice of thought, grump of decay, bittersweet
rat-a-tat-tat on a honey-dipped beach
Hear the big bang
BUT WAIT!

The screams of the inevitable hugeness registered
through tattered sleeves permeated with divine
hemoglobin call out
Homo saps uncork, bewildered marine fetus, hut-hut-hut-burn,
why do we put yellow ribbon in children's hair.
power that am, white hat, tinsel house bathing in radioactive
muckmire
bequest of eternity locked out by oven door, kept clean
by gas mop
Staple, staple, staple; yes, yes, yes; maybe; well;
no; bang; outcast
Ah, for century sleep with its laxative of forgetfulness
and want for the square root of -1 gliding path.
Conform; prickly heat, peaceniks, belly cramps, petrol lungs,
ear shades, expense report, KREEEEEEGAH!

Gort will soon live and breathe for all, be he frog be he dog,
with one lisp heard faintly from two generals' demilitarized
armpits.

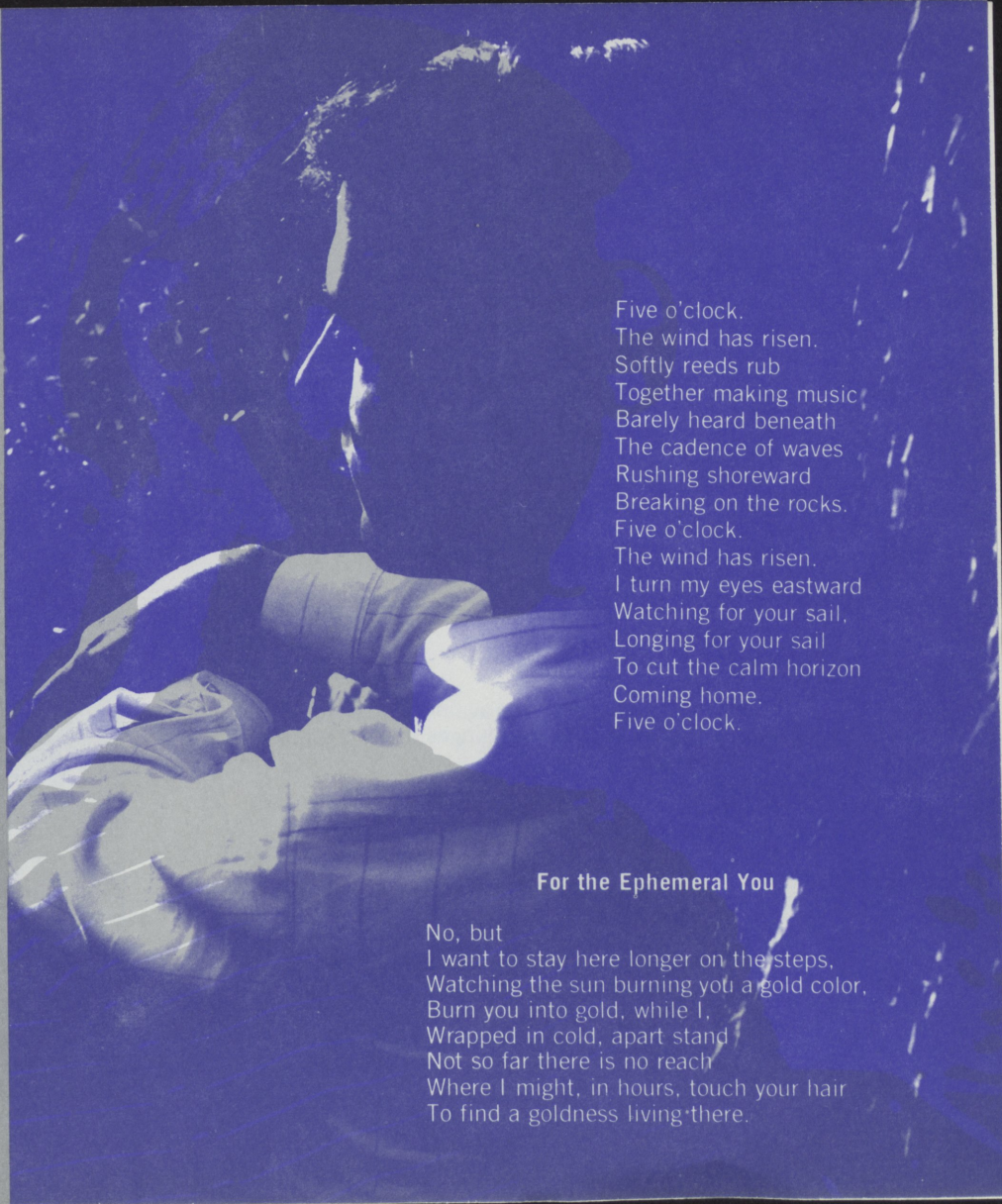
Come Gort.....the weight of worlds bears great upon
the shackled souls of the massing dead-----

ENDUS I

AN ACCOUNT OF ONE HOUND-DOG'S SPRING DAY

It was one of those days
 you know the kind
 When the Missus and the young'uns
 were keepin' each other on the growl
 And the wind comin' across the field
 from the trees had a wild flavor
 So I yawned and scratched myself
 behind the ear
 And took off down the road followin' my nose
 Snuffin' up the air
 paddin' through the grass
 I reached the creek and trotted down to drink
 The water was cold and tasted green
 as Spring
 I looked up and there was a yellow dog
 lookin' down at me
 She came down the other side
 and jumped
 into the stream
 She stood in the middle starin' at me
 I kind of fell in
 and when I got my nose up
 She was headin' up the creek
 under the trees
 splashin' a path through the reeds
 Suckin' in the air
 leapin' through the water
 We ran a race and the woods got deeper and darker
 She left the water and went up a game trail
 I put my nose down and followed the scent
 of the yellow dog and the trace of foxes
 before her
 I jumped a log and suddenly I only smelled
 foxes
 She was sittin' behind the log hasselin'
 laughin'
 I eased up to her and smelled around
 young
 never been whelped
 clean and short-nosed
 Probably had some Bull-dog in her
 but nobody
 had cut her tail
 then she snapped at me
 I dropped to the ground and humbly submitted
 myself to her inspection
 She sniffed politely and started up the trail
 I pulled myself up and followed her path
 which broke into a meadow

was standin' at the edge waitin'
 and she
 She trotted over to me
 and we touched noses
 Her breath was soft and she smelled a little
 like a puppy
 I felt Spring in my bones and puppy up my nose
 and we ran into the meadow
 Snuffin' up the air
 paddin' through the grass
 Playin' tag around a stump
 usin' a stick
 for tug of war
 runnin' a rabbit til I fell down
 rollin' over and over in the grass
 til it became
 a game for two
 And I played a little too rough
 and she rolled
 over in submission
 and I caught myself
 and remembered she was still a pup
 The wind was gettin' cooler and stronger
 Shadows were stalkin' through the field
 we turned
 and ran through the woods
 splashed down the creek
 We got to the road and the evening cars of people
 were rushin' by
 the yellow dog went left
 and I went right
 At home the woman was callin' and when I got there
 the food was on the pan
 I nosed away
 a couple of hiss'n cats
 the Missus was
 scratchin' herself
 the pups were yelpin'
 I tossed them around a little
 playin'
 The Old Lady came over and lay down to let 'em suck
 she seemed so peaceful and quiet
 and her eyes were soft and warm
 I guess I felt a little bad
 not feelin' contented
 I mean
 cause when I closed my eyes
 I was still out there
 Snuffin' up the air
 paddin' through the grass



Five o'clock.
The wind has risen.
Softly reeds rub
Together making music
Barely heard beneath
The cadence of waves
Rushing shoreward
Breaking on the rocks.
Five o'clock.
The wind has risen.
I turn my eyes eastward
Watching for your sail,
Longing for your sail
To cut the calm horizon
Coming home.
Five o'clock.

For the Ephemeral You

No, but
I want to stay here longer on the steps,
Watching the sun burning you a gold color.
Burn you into gold, while I,
Wrapped in cold, apart stand
Not so far there is no reach
Where I might, in hours, touch your hair
To find a goldness living there.

40, Reincarnation

There is a stillness
Cast by the birth-rays of Tomorrow
Across the patient earth.
Silent pseudopodia of Sun
Race across rivulets of Diamonds
Searching...searching
And finally embracing the frantic squeaks of a handpump
A river of cold liquid sweeps life across my face
As I laugh
 And fling water
 And curse
And delight in the Savage of the Moment.
But suddenly the laugh is frozen.
It contemplates.
Then it fades
Slowly
Ever so slowly
Into wrinkles.
The hand slams the handle against the pump
And a final rush of water plunges into the grass.
And then silence.
O God!
The furrows of those fields
Are but measured gaps
 Between the numerals on a circle
 That recalls no beginning
 And can see no end.
Night approaches with the clanking of a cowbell
And death is only a cat
 Which plods on stygian paws
 Across misty meadows
 In the minutes before dawn.



cover—bob s morris, jr.

1—bruce bollinger

2—charles mock

4—george zellers

5—bob s. morris, jr.

6—josie houston

9—josie houston

11—george zellers

12—bob s. morris, jr.

14—josie houston

16—margaret keys

18—josie houston

19—josie houston

20—margaret keys

21—margaret keys

22—mitchell

25—bruce bollinger

26—mitchell

28—bob s. morris, jr.

29—bob s. morris, jr.

30—margaret keys

31—margaret keys

32—margaret keys

35—bruce bollinger (top and bottom left)

margaret keys, josie houston (right)

36—mitchell

