

FEATURING.....

A One Act Play by Jimmy Ferrell

A Short Story by Lewis Newsome

A Critical Essay by Purvis Boyette

POEMS by.....

Hudgins
Quinn
Arnold
Harper
Agee
E P S

v.1 #2



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FALL - 1958

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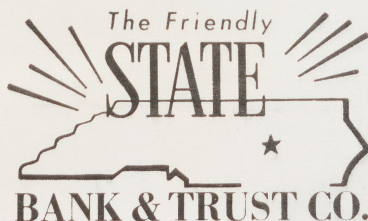
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Four Poems

How shall we praise you
Who out-Bebeed Beebe?

What can you tell us
Of a darkling see?

Was there a day to greet,
A night to bless in quiet holiness?
Did you feel the silent fingers
Of a moon-drawn tide?

Look! See! they cry;
And next the sky!

And yet

Tomorrow's spawning will never know
The song we sang at seawolf's show.

Hugh Agee

The City at Night is hard and harsh.
White lights every hundred feet,
Giving sallow shadows of sadness;
Showing the shabbiness in sharp detail
Of the filthy slums.

Here one walks and wails,
But there is no comfort, no sympathy:
Not in this tall cantankerous City.

City of tall thin skyscrapers,
City of hollow footsteps,
City of empty hearts.

All through the night, there is only Sin.
Sin and Shame, two wierd sisters
Shaping the City, painting the people;
In dark hues, shades of shallowness.

Dan Yancheson

The leaves were forced by nature
To unfasten their grip and flutter
Through the crisp air
To find it colder on the ground

To be stabbed by a Negro with a nail in a stick
To be carelessly brushed up in a crowded heap
To be recklessly heaved into the back of an open truck
To be swiftly carried to the city dump
To be tossed on a pile of already-burning leaves
To be cursed by the Negro when the fire nearly smothers
To be grinned at when there are no more leaves to burn

To regret losing the hold to the inevitable change
Of Nature

-Bob Harper

I am alone in you,
my lost desires
awaken to your touch;
the dead dreams of youth
return with renewed exuberance.

You, my new creator,
architect unsurpassed,
rebuild and reinforce
the crumbled towers
of my heart.

EPS

the rebel yell

As we see it, the current literary argument over the segregation-integration issue is a little unnecessary. If politicians and sociologists want to argue over something they can, or will, do little about, we are more than willing they be allowed to do so. But when novelists and playwrights begin to get into the struggle, the whole picture takes on a new and unpleasant aspect. The South is fortunate to possess, at one of the most crucial times in its history, an impressive list of world recognized literary figures. People like William Faulkner and Eudora Welty are writing honest books about the South. Yet, they never allow themselves to fall for the stock ideas and images of the South, which are twin-born with its peculiar problems. These writers are approaching their native land with fresh vision, and that is all that is required of honest writing.

Yet for each of their books, ten more are being written to advance social argument, which results in most Americans receiving a melodramatic and false view of the South and the racial question. Most of the real trouble and ignorance which characterizes the race problem is caused by the people who claim to have all the answers. And the tragedy is that many of them are incorporating their views into novels and plays. It is difficult to see what they are accomplishing except a prostitution of the art of fiction, for social argument is no place for an art form when it is advanced at the expense of honesty and perspective.

Now when the South is recognized as perhaps the richest geographical area in the literary world, its people should listen to the words of their own sons, rather than to the politicians and the propagandists.

* * *

In the coming months, the Danforth Project Lecture Series will be devoted to the theme of **The Student and His Environment**. The specific point of concentration will be **Creativity and Productivity In An Age of Tensions and Stereotypes**.

The Danforth series is the perfect answer to one of the most pressing needs of East Carolina students. In a school such as ours, which is still largely provincial, any effort to bring recognized people from other parts of the world, so that we may develop an appreciation for the distant and the different, should be encouraged.

In February, the Danforth series will bring Peter Viereck here. Although he is listed as a philosopher and an historian, he is also a great contemporary poet. His volume of poetry, **Terror and Decorum**, won the Pulitzer Prize in 1949. Many of the poems stem from the war years.

Dr. Viereck is a professor of history at Mt. Holyoke College. Among his other books, he has written an analysis of Prince Metternick, the famous 19th century Austrian diplomat. In this book he questions the notions concerning conservatism, which he defines as aiming to conserve the values underlying civilization. Peter Viereck is one of the truly brilliant minds in this country. His ability to deal with values is demonstrated by this poem from **Terror and Decorum**.

The Day's No Rounder Than Its Angles Are

Mere dark is not so night-like as it seems.
So many dark things are not night at all:
The cupboard where the cakes and poisons are;
The coffin where old men get locked in dreams
Alive, and no one hears their knocks and screams;
Shadows; and lightlessness of curtain's fall.

The night is further than the dark is far.
The night is farness, farnesses that reel.
The day is nearness, nearnesses that jar.
The day's no rounder than its angles are.
But though its angles gash you with a wound
Invisible, each night is soft and round.

The night is softer than the dark is satin.
The night is softness, softnesses that heal
The many, many gashes where you bled.
The day is loudness, loudnesses that threaten;
An evil secton-dwarf hides in your head.
Oh where escape his bells that peal and peal?
The night is stiller than the dark is dead.

* * *

A new student movement is developing with hopes of providing the campus with a different type of activity. The East Carolina Historical Association, which holds its first meeting this month, plans to offer its members a stimulating panel discussion on some matter of historical interest. The discussions are limited to members, but membership is open to any interested student.

* * *

In this issue of **The Rebel** the editors have tried to furnish you with a generous cross-section of campus writing. On these pages you will find a play, a short story, a critical essay, and a liberal sprinkling of poetry. We feel that there are many students on the campus who are both able and willing to write. We feel that many are interested in creative activity and we encourage them all to contribute in some way to **The Rebel**.

In this issue, the contributors represent a group of students with varied backgrounds, interests, and abilities.

Jimmy Ferrell submitted his play to the editors before leaving the campus as a student. He is doing graduate work at East Carolina during the summer sessions. When he was an undergraduate, he was editor of the **East Carolinian** and the author of a one-act play which was produced by the East Carolina Playhouse in 1957. The Playhouse will produce **The October Wife** sometime in the winter quarter. He is currently a member of the English faculty at Farmville High School.

Purvis Boyette is the Composition Editor of the **Buccaneer**. One of his main interests is studying the work of the romantic poets. Mr. Boyette has held editorial positions on the **East Carolinian**. He is an English major from Raleigh, N. C.

Lewis T. Newsome has written for **The Rebel** in the past. He is a graduate student and a writer-director for WNCT-TV.

The poets include:

- Billy Arnold, a senior from Greenville, N. C.
- John Quinn, a senior from New York City.
- John Hudgins, a sophomore from Charlotte, N. C.
- EPS (Evelyn Patricia Smith), a junior from Washington, N. C.
- Hugh Agee, a senior from Petersburg, Virginia
- Bob Harper, a junior from Enfield, N. C.
- Dan Yanchenson, a senior from Kinston, N. C.

An Editorial

Education: Its Role Today

A recent cartoon depicted three bullet-shaped, triple-finned rockets en-route to the moon. They were humorously labeled the *Pinta*, the *Nina* and the *Santa Maria*; a graphic representation of two analogous instances in the history of the world. More than a good joke, the cartoon connotes a deeper commentary on history. That is, today, as in the time of Columbus, there has been a revolution in the concept of the known world. The advent of the Rocket Age has added a whole new immensity to man's concept of his everyday world. These days, like the days of Columbus, are pivotal, and with the passage of these days the world has evolved into an orbit of greater scope and awareness.

Rockets and the Rocket Age, however, do not necessarily imply the same things to all people. Popularly rockets are conceived of as implements of war, and from this conception the present day "crash program for scientists education plan" has arisen. It is a plan based on fear, and it does not place educational values in their proper perspective. The actual situation which has arisen has been overlooked by people in their panic to produce scientists. The majority of people are not aware of the latent potentiality that lies in the Rocket Age.

With the pioneering of rockets into space the boundary of man's sphere of awareness has expanded. Simultaneously, the relative size of the earth has diminished. This diminution of the earth, it is hoped by many, might well be the catalyst that will turn men's minds away from their present tribal squabbles (and help them see) the problems of today in their true proportions."

Education, then, in the Rocket Age should be carefully proportioned, and not forced on its people (as is Science) for its

own sake. Indeed, to subordinate the overall needs of the people to produce a protective bloc of scientists for the state is not only educationally unsound but is undemocratic. Therefore, it is the obligation of this nation's educational program, and other nations as well, to enlighten its citizens and make certain that the enlightenment is accomplished proportionally. The real need of the world's nations is the scientist; but not the scientist, *per se*, not the mere physical mechanic. Nations must, in their educational systems, produce for themselves and for the world, men of insight, proportion, and wisdom. For it is these men, these scientists, who must interpret for the layman and lead him into the world of the future.

The panic to "produce" scientists is, of course, somewhat justifiable, since every major world power has the capacity to obliterate itself and the rest of the world. We do not intend here to minimize national defense. Rather it is to emphasize that it is the obligation of all nations to envision the Age of the Rocket as more than the jeopardizing of men's lives. Nations should educate their people in preparation for what could truly be called a Golden Age.

The true immensity and implication of this Rocket Age has been best expressed by Arthur C. Clarke in his book *The Exploration of Space*. It was his hope that an historian of the future would see the twentieth century as "the prelude to some great drama played on the narrow strip of stage before the curtain has risen and revealed the scenery (and as the curtain begins inexorably to rise, man realized at last that the earth was only one of many worlds; the sun only one of many stars. The coming of the rocket brought to an end a million years of isolation...the childhood of our race was over..."

-DAVID E. LANE

THE REBEL

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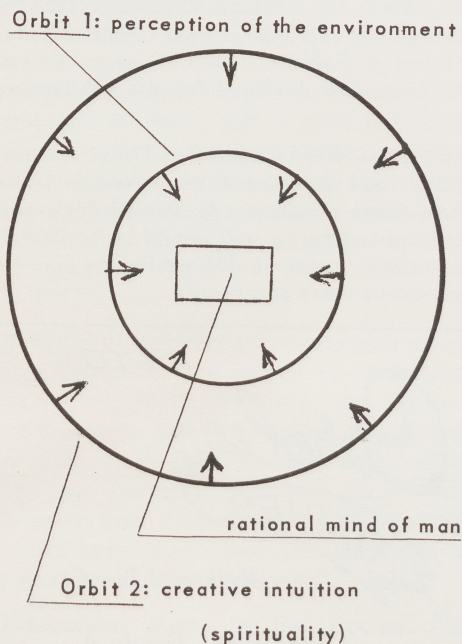
The Poetic Mind: A Theory

A Critical Essay by Purvis Boyette

with diagrams by the author

There are poets and there are non-poets. To the logical mind there must be a definable difference, a difference significant enough to be described in words. Many theories have been propounded. Plato, perhaps, first attempted to express the definition. Since, such men as Sir Philip Sidney and Percy Bysshe Shelley have contributed their ideas. And in modern times Jacques Martain has attempted to relegate the old and the new.

Through a familiarity with these various concepts and definitions, the writer has developed a composite picture both logical and imaginative of **what makes the poet**. For surely if there are good poets and bad poets and mediocre poets and non-poets, there must be a determining factor. This factor appears to lie in a concept termed the **creative intuition**. For the purposes of this discussion (and with a fear of being too limiting) one might construct a schematic diagram such as the following.

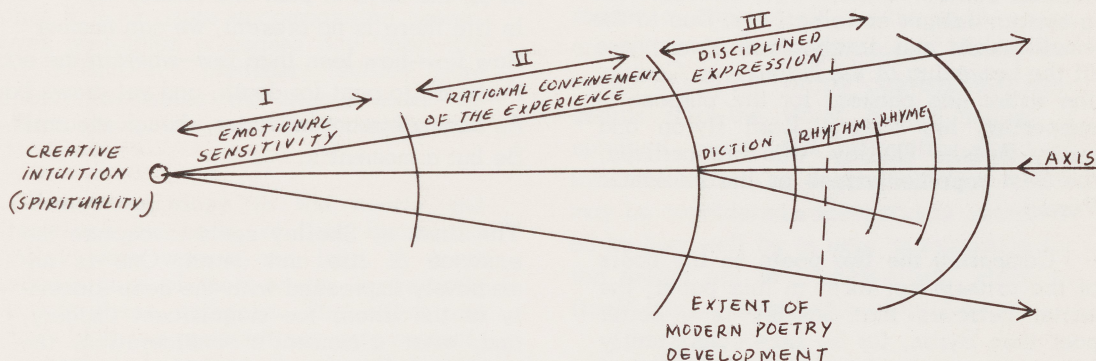


This diagram presents three concepts. The **rational mind of man** should be thought of as a living organism situated in circumstances which are continually acting upon it. Rather than creating "out" as is the process of art and the conscious mind, it is creating "in" which is the process of the sub-conscious mind, a mind over which the individual has no control. A simple analogy may be found in the sponge with its capacity to absorb until a saturation point is reached. The mind of man may be compared with the sponge and the saturation point may relate to the psychologist's term, the "I. Q." After this imbibition of the mind, it may in turn create thought. (This is not necessarily art.) Continuing the analogy, one might think of this "thought creation" as squeezing the sponge, the human will being the hand that executes. The second concept is the **perception of the environment**. Here the environment acts upon the mind of man in that man is able to perceive and understand. There are, obviously, differences according to the individual. However, this concept of differences does not apply nor does it influence the theory. The point is that man is able to react to his situation as it exists about him. He may create thought, but without the influence of a third concept, the **creative intuition**, may it extend into art. This last concept is the most important. It is a result of this intangible quality that the poet is able to create, or in fact, to be a poet at all. It is from the schematic area of the creative intuition that all true art comes. The term "inspiration" might be applied; however it would imply that the creative intuition is a stimulus acting on the mind rather than a force acting through the mind. The concept is that the creative intuition is striving to manifest itself; it is the spirituality of man seeking expression. Only the artist possesses the faculty to feel his spirituality. However, the non-artist may experience the knowledge of its existence. In other words, the non-artist is able to appreciate the spirituality of man's mind

(the creative intuition), but he cannot react to his own spirituality because in actuality it does not exist. He does, nevertheless, know of its existence and understand its existence because of his faculty to perceive and learn.

Relating this idea to the diagram spirituality is known to the non-artist only through the first orbit of perception whereas the poet knows of his spirituality through the second orbit of creative intuition.

This theory works into the question, "What is the duty of poetry?" A poem may be compared to an engine forcing the mind of the reader back into the spirituality of the poet's mind. It should be remembered that this same spirituality is also the creative intuition. Another diagram may be of assistance.



The diagram develops a logical progression from the impulse (the creative intuition) to the written expression which if properly executed is capable of sweeping the mind of the reader back into the spirituality of the poet's mind. This is the duty of poetry and the obligation of the poet. For from the spirituality of the poet's mind will come an individual truth if not an universal one. Truth is moral and thus all true poetry is moral. There is no immorality in art.

The diagram is constructed with a basic assumption that comprehensible poetry is emotion or the emotional experience modified by the intellect. The Romanticists, according to Cameron, proclaimed "that truth could be found only by a combination of the reason with imagination and emotion." The creative intuition in an effort to manifest itself, gives rise to an emotional sensitivity. And from this sensitivity the poet is able to respond

selectively to environmental influences. The selectivity is governed, of course, by the original impulse of the creative intuition. The first progression (as indicated by the diagram) represents a series of unrelated emotional reactions, having no order or consistency. It cannot be defined just as fear, hate, love, etc. cannot be defined other than abstractly. Yet, their existence is unquestionable and positive. As the potter molds the clay, the rational mind in the second progression confines the kaleidoscopic configurations of the emotional experience into a comprehensible thought process. In the final progression, the poet disciplines the experience into a written form capable of transporting the reader into the poet's own emotionality.

The written expression may take a series of forms. The forms may have a successive order, one evolving into the

other as indicated by the diagram. The first order is described as **selective diction**. This involves the use and choice of words in order to communicate to the reader. The purpose of the communication is to carry the reader back into an appreciation and understanding of the spirituality of the poet's mind, an emotionality not of the reader's mind but that of the poet's with its activating force, the creative intuition. Modern poetry does not discipline itself further, thus relying wholly on the selective use and combination of words. Classical poetry or perhaps more aptly put, conventional poetry, does submit to a more rigorous discipline. This includes a sustained and systematic rhythm and often a closely followed rhyme scheme. Obviously, diction is the basic development and therefore the most important. Here, the techniques and mechanics of poetry may serve as a "sound track" to the poem and when pro-

perly executed effect the first purpose of poetry which is to establish the spirituality of the poet's mind in the mind of the reader. If the written expression is completely disciplined and controlled, it is a more forceful means of creating a given reaction. A literary inertia is developed, thus the more forcefully is the reader swept into a realization of the poetic truth.

This theory assumes to have established the objective of poetry--to bring the reader into the spirituality of a poetic mind, synonyms for which are poetic truth and insight, and the creative intuition. The writer believes that this theory may be tested and validated by a simple comparison. In order to make the comparison most effective, it is wise to choose poetry from a single period as the climate of opinion, economics and political situation, etc. will have had similar influences upon the poets. Naturally the poetry to be compared must be of related subject matter. This necessitates a certain amount of selectivity. Due to the emotionality and intellectual atmosphere at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, the writer has chosen, for the purpose of supporting his theory, Lord Byron and Percy Bysshe Shelley, who are perhaps, the best representatives of the Romantic Period.

Comparing the two poets on the basis of the criteria set forth in this paper, the writer believes that Shelley is a better poet than Byron, for he more consistently brings the reader into the spirituality of his genius. Kenneth Cameron has stated, "He (Shelley) saw farther and deeper than his contemporaries and was able to project his vision in soaring verse." Byron's poetry is seldom deep; the meaning is almost always surfaced. It is the exception when one of Byron's poems requires a second or third reading. This is not to suggest that Shelley's poetry is consistently obscure or that obscure poetry is desirable. The point is that Shelley's poetry is more profound and requires both study and a poetic sense. These factors may be seen in a comparison of passages from the two poets. Observe how each depicts life and death.

Shelley:

The painted veil, by those who were, called life,
Which mimicked, as with colours idly spread,
All men believed and hoped, is torn aside;
The loathsome mask has fallen, the man remains
Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed, but man
Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless,
Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king
Over himself; just, gentle, wise.

Byron:

Days

Steal on us, and steal from us; yet we live
Loathing our life, and dreading still to die.
In all the days of this detested yoke
This vital weight upon the struggling heart
Which sinks with sorrow, or beats quick with pain
Or joy that ends in agony or faintness--
In all the days of past and future, for
In life there is no present, we can number
How few--how less than few--wherein the soul
Forbears to pant for death, and yet draws back
As from a stream in winter, though the chill
Be but a moment's.

The lines by Shelley seem to capture the essence of life and death. One is immediately impressed with the deep sincerity of the lines, the magnificent imagery, and, after a moment's consideration, the truth and beauty of his thought. Byron seems to toy with the idea, doing nothing more than pricking the surface. His imagery seems dead and lifeless when compared with the grandeur of Shelley's. Byron seems almost to have missed the profundity of life and an understanding of death eludes him.

Byron has often been said to be the epitome of the unconventional man, his individuality of mind commanding the physical. One would think that Byron might best express this concept of mind over matter because he lived as one possessed of the idea. But compare his poetry with Shelley's.

Byron:

Slaves, scoff not at my will!
The mind, the spirit, the Promethean spark,
The lightning of my being, is as bright,
Pervading, and far darting as your own,
And shall not yield to yours, though coop'd
in clay!

Shelley:

The lightning is his slave; heaven's utmost
deep
Gives up her stars, and like a flock of sheep
They pass before his eyes, are numbered,
and roll on!
The tempest is his steed, he strides the air.

A first impression is that Byron's lines are more powerful, but upon a closer examination, one finds that Shelley has said much more. He has given to his spirit a much more encompassing power. Byron resembles a modern day "hell fire and damnation" preacher; Shelley more closely resembles the highly toned intellectualism of a trained theologian.

Something close to the hearts and often-times the beds, of both Byron and Shelley were women and love. A great preponderance of their poetry is concerned with these subjects. The effect and beauty of these associations may be easily detected. Likewise, a prevailing attitude may be seen, and this attitude is what determines the return to the original spirituality.

Byron:

He had no breath, no being, but in hers;
She was his voice; he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words; she was his sight,
For his eye follow'd hers, and saw with hers
Which colour'd all his objects:--he had ceased
To live within himself; she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all.

Shelley:

And I was laid asleep, spirit and limb,
And all my being became bright or dim
As the moon's image in a summer sea,
According as she smiled or frowned on me;
And there I lay, within a chaste cold bed:
Alas, I then was nor alive nor dead: -
For at her silver voice came Death and Life,
Unmindful each of their accustomed strife.

Byron seems almost a child experiencing his first case of "puppy love" while Shelley seems to have realized the maturity of adult love and captures this maturity in incomparable imagery.

With these examples, the writer has attempted to explain the power of the written word to establish in the mind of the reader a concept of poetic truth which grows out of the poetic mind. Poetry becomes a vehicle which conveys the non-genius into the world of the genius, a spiritual world and a mystic world of intuitive truth. The degree to which a poet may be considered successful is determined by how well he is able to reproduce for the reader his own spirituality, which in itself has a measurable magnitude.



The Voyage

A Short Story by Lewis Newsome

illustrations by Nancy Lilly

The heavy waves pounded against the small boat. Jim took a match from his pocket as he dropped the bailing-bucket to the floor of the boat. He tried to light his cigarette, but the wind extinguished the flame each time he struck the match. Finally, in desperation, he tossed the unlit cigarette toward the open sea. The wind picked it up immediately and tossed it about in the strong currents. After a second or two, it fell into the angry green sea and disappeared.

Jim retrieved the bucket and resumed his bailing. It seemed almost fruitless. He felt that for every bucket he threw out, several more climbed into the boat as it bobbed in the snarling sea.

He was exhausted. He had had no sleep in the past thirty-six hours. The storm had come up two days ago, or was it the day before that? His mind was so fuzzy that he couldn't quite remember.

Every time he threw a pail of water overhead, he had to feel around inside the bucket to be sure that he didn't throw away some of his supplies that were floating freely in the bottom of the boat. The box of food had overturned, and the cans were rolling back and forth almost rhythmically as the boat rolled from side to side.

Jim's bailing grew slower and slower. His body sank slowly over the tiller, which was tied with a heavy rope. He fought feebly to right himself, then gave in to exhaustion.

The rhythm of the boat's movement, the pounding of the sea, and the constant howling of the wind sounded almost symphonic. Vaguely, he thought that he heard music. Yes, it was something by Debussy....

La Mer issued resplendently from the triple speakers of the high-fidelity phonograph.

Jim sat alone in the living room, listening and reading. He hadn't had the hi-fi set very long, and didn't have many albums, but he

could listen to this recording many times without tiring of it. There was something powerful and calm and enticing about the sea.

His mother barged into the room.

"Shut that damn' thing off! It drives me crazy. Why can't you listen to something besides that classical stuff?"

He hadn't even heard the car when it pulled into the drive. He thought they were still at the club. Obviously, she had been drinking quite a bit.

He got up, cut off the phonograph, carefully took the record and slid it into its cover.

The music was so beautiful; why had she come back to interfere?

He felt that he had to get out of the house. He grabbed his coat and started for the door. Over his shoulder he said, "I'm going to walk down to the drug store."

"It's too late."

"No, it isn't. It doesn't close until eleven o'clock. I'll be back in a little while," he answered, and closed the door behind him.

The corner drug store was crowded. It always was at night; it was the only place in town that stayed open at night. All of the kids congregated here.

When Jim walked in, a group of boys were standing around the magazine rack talking about the fool Frenchman who had just crossed the Atlantic in a twenty-five-foot sloop. It had taken him a hundred and forty days. The boys didn't seem to think that a man was capable of crossing the ocean under these circumstances, and the consensus of opinion was that it was a publicity stunt of some kind. Jim picked up the latest edition of "Yachting" and started toward the cashier, ignoring the crowd of boys standing nearby. One of them called to him. He turned.

"Jim, you spend all of your time in the bay; you like to sail. Do you think a man can

cross the ocean in a twenty-five foot sloop by himself?"

Jim thought for a second. "Yes, I think he could, if he knew the sea."

One of them laughed and said, "Why don't you try it, you drip?"

Jim hated the smart-alecks. He had always hated them. For as long as he could remember, they had laughed at him for one reason or another.

He turned to the cashier, paid for his magazine, and left without giving them the satisfaction of an argument.

He looked up at the sky when he felt the soft rain drops falling...

The mist, stinging his face, roused him. He shook his head slowly as he opened his eyes. He didn't know how long he had been asleep, but the darkness had slipped away while he dozed.

The sky was heavy with black clouds, not at all like daylight, but not like darkness either.

The boat was half filled with water. He knew that he must start bailing quickly, because the water was still pouring in as the boat bounded on the churning sea.

As he reached for the pail, pains shot up his back and down his arms. After he filled the bucket with the dirty green water, he was so exhausted that he couldn't lift the full pail. He emptied out part of the water and started bailing. Bucketful after bucketful he tossed over the side. Finally, he was forced to stop; he could no longer lift the bucket. The pain in his arms and shoulders became agonizing. He rested.

Suddenly, he thought of his chart case; he mustn't allow his maps to be destroyed. The case must have fallen to the bottom of the boat. He reached down into the water between his feet, not daring to get out of his seat. Something slimy clung to his hand.

It was a label from a can of pork and beans....

Mr. Wallace walked by as he put the last can of beans on the shelf.

"Finished, son?" he said.

"No, sir", Jim replied. "I still have to put up the rest of this stock before I can go home."

He didn't understand why they had to restock the market after the store closed. They had plenty of time in the afternoons when they weren't busy with customers. But Mr. Wallace didn't like for them to put the boxes in the aisles while the store was open.

Jim finished about the same time Sam did. They met as they were headed for the storeroom to put up their aprons. They had worked at the same market for about the same length of time and had become friends, at least during working hours.

Sam asked Jim if he would like to go to the movies with him, but Jim told him that he was busy.

Jim was always busy when Sam wanted him to go out with him at night, because Sam was such a slob. He was all right in the store. At least he worked and didn't spend his time telling dirty jokes around the coke machine like the rest of the clerks did.

They left the store and headed for the corner, where they parted company. Jim started home and Sam headed downtown.

When Jim got home, his folks had already eaten. They never waited for him. He walked down the hall toward his room.

As he passed the den, he heard his mother's voice above the sound of the television set. "Your supper's on the kitchen table. I don't see why you can't get home earlier; the store closed almost an hour ago."

He didn't bother to answer. He knew she wouldn't understand; she didn't really care whether or not he came home at all.

He went into the kitchen and picked up the plate from the table; took a knife, fork, and spoon from a drawer by the sink, and went into his bedroom. He locked the door, placed his supper on the desk, and went over to the closet. ~~_____~~ box that

he had made in high school, and opened the lock. He took out all of the maps and charts that he had been working on, and laid them out on the desk and immediately became engrossed in them.

He worked on his maps, charting and planning, for a long time before he realized that the television set was no longer on, and that the house was quiet. He glanced at his watch, then pulled his cold supper over in front of him. . . .

He shook the slimy label from his hand and it occurred to him that he couldn't remember how long it had been since he had eaten last. A can brushed against his foot as it rolled across the floor of the boat. He reached down and picked it up. He didn't know what it contained, but he didn't care. He was just thankful that the key was attached to the side of it, because he didn't know what had happened to the tool box with the can opener in it.

He fumbled with the key, and eventually managed to open the can. It was corned beef. The boat was tossing so badly that he could hardly find his mouth, but the first taste was delicious, and he gulped it down quickly. He crammed more food in his mouth, but chewed slowly, because he had difficulty in swallowing.

When he had finished, he wanted some water. The corned beef had been dry and salty. He couldn't remember when he had had water the last time. He felt a tremendous desire to bend down and drink from the salt

water in the boat, but somehow he controlled himself. How long it had been since he had had a drink of water? . . .

Foam spewed from the frosty can. Jim quickly raised the beer to his lips to prevent it from dripping.

The seashore was quiet and peaceful. He was alone. He came here to enjoy the solitude and to lie on the beach, to read and think.

He never could understand man's relationship with other men. Why do men, although they must depend on one another, strive to take advantage of one another? Why can't they work together for mutual benefit? If not why can't they stand alone?

He looked at the ocean. "I can," he said. "I can do one thing on my own, without any help from anyone."

The screech of a sea gull broke his chain of thought. He became aware that darkness was approaching, and that he would be late again.

He hurriedly gulped the rest of his last can of beer and hurled the can into the sea. It fell on the crest of an incoming wave, and was tossed violently...

The surging sea dashed him into consciousness. As he looked up, he saw the ocean climbing into the frail boat. He thought, "Why was all this necessary? Why couldn't I realize that all men are alone?"



Three Poems

by John Hudgins

Sestina: A IS FOR AVERAGE

I stare at the star-scattered sky tonight,
winking like bits of glass, glad to be many,
reflecting collected bites of daylight.
Or, maybe its junked costume jewelry,
thrown at the moon by a kid-carrier.
One empty glass, or fingers' plea for plenty.

Desire is your gas, you have plenty
to visit all the blazing suns tonight.
I will not be your hearth, or carrier,
your bawling bastards count up too many.
I will not take your glad glass, no jewelry,
no nothing, not even a cigarette light.

How cold you are, like winter moonlight,
Though you gave much love, you still have
plenty.

Don't put it away like the family jewelry,
to admire while combing your hair at night.
I can't send sperm by the mail carrier.
I, at the end of the line, behind so many.

I wear my crimson letter, unlike many

faces ironing the glass, as bugs to light.
Love's like picked over dime-store jewelry.
I am weary and "nine bean rows" are plenty.
Now I lay me---to sleep---Christ Carrier?
May magistrates toss and turn tonight.

Do not forget that stars are bright at night.
Tales of Dimmesdales, D'urbervilles are many.
You know Iago was but pretended jewelry.
I cannot say you're carried or carrier;
I do not have Miltonic sense or light,
yet he corrupted Comus, with his plenty.

O you yes men, yes you Yahoos plenty,
you teachers, who taught teachers blackest night
is worse than day. Your words are not jewelry,
you who started tagging wild. There are many
preachers preaching, without a speck of light.
A "rise" and "go" to any free carrier.

Where is pity plenty, or many mutual carriers?
Must I learn of light by night-skys' jewelry?
I still stare ----- at night.

THE OTHER SIDE

blessed are they who squat
and bend their backs like us.
our lot is not a must
we agree we toil not
but we knew love and hate
before syph stiffered us,
or rain washed our crops off,
or dust choked our women,
or little earth gods put
out their fingers and said---

excuse me, but your foot's
on a good one, ah yes,
that' a real nice long butt.
why do I scratch myself?
they call it creeping crud.
what, thank you I sure
could go for a mug o'suds.

see that woman, not there,
here, the one by the door.
the naughty bitch. you're
right.
painted up like a common
whore.

NOW OR THEN

the sun hid itself from our half.
it is a warm november night.
down stairs someone let loose a laugh
with stirring sultry appetite,
next---no---now a pause,
muffled
by music's splashing blast:
shake---shake---shakeitbaby,
a voice, rang with, a twang-alang.
wang, wang, the guitars clang.
step, step, a stoop a step
stomp the savage paraphrase.



the October Wife

A One-Act Play by Jimmy Ferrell

illustrations by Billy Arnold

The corner of a littered vacant lot at an intersection approximately two blocks south of the main business district, bordering a heavily populated Negro section, in a thriving eastern North Carolina town. It is early September.

At stage center is the main and only office of the Dixie Cab Company, which is housed in the rear section of a black school bus--a model of the 1940's. One light bulb, hanging from a suspended cord, burns in the doorway of the bus. On the left, parked at an angle from the office, is an early model trailer. The section of the trailer which we see has a small doorway which is open throughout the play. The section between the bus and a protruding section of the trailer gives an alley-like effect. Ladies undergarments and other

recently-washed clothes hang on a short clothesline strung between the two. DIXIE CAB COMPANY is scrawled on a wooden sign above the doorway of the bus.

A poorly constructed tin shelter, supported by two small poles, is attached to the right side of the bus. It is approximately 10 p.m. on a Saturday night. Music and a variety of noises can be heard from a carnival which is located on the same lot behind the cab stand. The glare of lights from the midway spread over the set. The cab stand and trailer are only a few yards back from the busy street and directly across from the town's only hotel. Autos can be heard traveling along the street.

RUNT THIGPEN, 40, proprietor of the Dixie Cab Company, reclines in a huge rocker under the shelter. His dirty, crumpled hat

covers his eyes and a cigar is in his mouth. The radio on the stand beside him carries a local baseball game. He can be heard snoring at various intervals.

BUSTER BUNCH, his sole employee, who is in his late twenties, sits in a straight-back chair which leans against one of the poles supporting the shelter. His head is back, his eyes are closed, and he nods his head and right hand simultaneously with each count, attempting to measure the number of seconds elapsing before the traffic light on the corner changes signals.

PEPE, operator of the carnival's ferris wheel, is seen slouching against the trailer on the right side of the stage, smoking a cigarette nervously. He chances an occasional glance around at Runt and Buster to make sure that they are completely unaware of his presence. He is a small, dark but trim and muscular man in his mid-twenties. When he sees Tootsie (Elsie) leaving the hotel and crossing the street, he whistles softly to catch her attention.

TOOTSIE approaches, swinging a shoulder-type bag as she walks. She is Runt's 17-year-old daughter and is a rather attractive girl, but the lack of proper training and guidance through the years show conspicuously in her taste for clothes and the use of makeup.

TOOTSIE (Surprised but happy to see Pepe) Well, I want you to look at you! How come you ain't working?

PEPE (Pulling her into the semi-darkness) You want your ole man to see me and start yelling his head off about the money I owe him for the whiskey?

TOOTSIE (Tries to give him a hug, but he pushes her away) Ah, I bet five dollars he's done and forgot that. How'd you manage to get away from the ferris wheel?

(Without giving him a chance to answer) Pepe, I can't hardly help but laugh right out loud. None of them at the hotel believe me when I told'em about pullin' out tonight. I lettem know right quick that this corner han't got nothing else to offer me.

PEPE (Taking her by the arm) Shuddup a minute and listen to me or there might not be nothing to laugh for. (His accent is not that of a southerner)

TOOTSIE (Overcome with happiness) But I just said "bye" to everybody and walked out just as purty as you please. Somebody said, "Where you going, Tootsie?" And I just kept saying right back, "Nowhere's you'd know about."

PEPE: Dammit, listen to me a minute. I got to get back to work.

TOOTSIE: I'd like to know what's wrong with you all of a suddenly! You ack like somebody just got outta the 'sylum.

PEPE (Attempting to make her realize the seriousness of the problem) I'm in a little trouble. Just a little trouble. You got to do something for me before we go anywhere tonight.



TOOTSIE: What kinda trouble you talkin' 'bout? Whatta you mean we might not go anywhere's tonight? You done and said we'd be pulling outta here by one o'clock at the latest!

(PEPE starts to speak when BUSTER leaps to his feet with a loud yell)

BUSTER (Extremely happy with his calculations) Done it again, Runt! Thirty-two seconds. Hit it just like the little hand on my watch here.

(PEPE pushes TOOTSIE further into the darkness. RUNT responds with a sardonic and somewhat vulgar grunt, pushes his hat up, and sits upright)

RUNT: What're you carryin' on about?

BUSTER: The stoplight! The stoplight, Runt! It stays on red thirty-two seconds. Got so I can close my eyes when it turns red (he closes his eyes) and count jest like seconds--till I thank I've hit thirty-two--den open my eyes jest as it turns to green agen. I can guess jest about ever time when thirty-two seconds is over with.

PEPE: That crazy bastard! I'm gonna run on back to the wheel, but I'll slip back in a few minutes and whistle for you. The crowd ain't much for nothing tonight, but I got to get back right now.

TOOTSIE: Tell me what's the matter. Tell me what you talkin' 'bout.
(PEPE slips around behind the trailer.)
Well, I'm gonna start packin' my bags.
(TOOTSIE marches up to the men. The bag hangs correctly from her shoulder now).



TOOTSIE: Buster, I swear you git crazier ever day. Can tell ever day you're just a little bit nuttier. Ask Daddy. I tell him ever day, "I swear Buster's gittin worse and worse off."

(RUNT is chasing a bug with a fly swatter)

RUNT: Where is it you're off to.

TOOTSIE (Sits on the steps of the bus and begins to comb her hair) Nowhere's! Just got off from work. Pepe's comin' in a little while.

BUSTER (Almost shouting and in a sing-song cynical tone) Carnival's movin' t'nite. Dey done and tore up the bingo place. Carnival's movin' t'nite!

RUNT: Well, this is the last night he'll come. Just keep him away from me. Don't know which'll tickle me the best, not hearing all that fuss over there or not seeing that gypsy ferris wheel operater hanging around here trying to beat me outta another bottle of liquor.

TOOTSIE (Pepe ain't no gypsy, thank you.

BUSTER: Looks like about half of 'em's nigger.

TOOTSIE: His daddy was borned in Mexico or somewhere's like that.

BUSTER (With the usual grin and short giggles) Where'd his ole lady come from?

(RUNT rushes over and snaps off the radio)

RUNT: Damn sorriest team we've had here in ten years.

TOOTSIE: Well, who's ahead? That cute one that plays centerfield eat in the hotel t'nite and he told me he'd hit me one clean over the fence.

RUNT: The other crowd is. Ain't heard much of it. If you and him ain't fussing, Buster's just as bad by himself. Bettin' me how many cars'll pass down the street in five minutes and countin' how many seconds it takes the stoplight to change. (Moves the cigar from one side of mouth to other)

TOOTSIE: You ought to make that sorry Buster git in the cab and go around to the train station and bus station. Some ought to be pulling in about now. (Giggling) But I always wanted to know how many seconds it took the stoplight to change.

(BUSTER forms "go to hell" with the movement of his lips)

BUSTER: We got us some stuff under the seat. Anybody wanting us can look us up till the liquor stores open up on Monday morning, cain't they Runt?

(TOOTSIE has slipped into the bus, bounces out again, carrying a small phone book)

RUNT: Awright, stupid. Shut that big mouth right now or you might wind up in that little court room next Monday morning. Wouldn't surprise me none way you keep running your mouth. I ain't a gonna keep tellin' you neither!

BUSTER: Den you'll pay it off and we'll stick some more under the seat next Saturday, won't

we, Runt?

RUNT: Okay, Buster. Okay. Just keep running that mouth of yours.

(TOOTSIE is now parading in front of the men, the small phone book on her head. She tries to balance it, striving for the perfect walk)

TOOTSIE: (Giggling and pointing towards the stoplight at the intersection) Count how long yeller stays on, stupid.

BUSTER: Sheddup. I know a few things about you little lady you wouldn't want told.

(TOOTSIE laughs wildly, walks towards the end of the shelter, and looks longingly towards the direction of the carnival.)

BUSTER: Carnival's movin' on t'nite.

RUNT: And I'm so glad.

BUSTER: Meeeeeee too!

(TOOTSIE ignores their remarks, and continues her practice)

RUNT: What you doing with that book on top of your head?

BUSTER: She's learnin' herself how to be one of dem models.

RUNT: What kinda model you mean?

TOOTSIE: A model's model. That's all I know.

RUNT: Better be readin' a book stead of walkin' round here with one settin on top of ye head.

TOOTSIE: This happens to be the phone book.

RUNT: I mean any kinda book.

BUSTER: (Pretending to be romantic) Not dem romance books. Books that learn you somethin'.

TOOTSIE: I've read some thangs that'd make your eyes pop right wide open. Only thang you ever read is the numbers on a deck a cards.

BUSTER: Naw, we ain't talkin' bout them romantic love books.

TOOTSIE: Books you have to read at school is just as bad'n worsen sometime' than funny books or love books.

RUNT: Yes, sir. Yes, sir. That's always the way it is!

BUSTER (Pulls an Ivy-league type cap out of his hip pocket--the style which carries the small buckle in back) Wanna go ride on the

ferris wheel, Tootsie Wootsie?

TOOTSIE: Make him call me Elsie sometime's.

RUNT: You ain't gon' over there to dat carnival mess.

TOOTSIE: Have I said I was?

BUSTER: Runt, she's dying to git on that ferris wheel.

TOOTSIE: Shut your mouth! (She goes beyond the shelter again as if she were looking for Pepe at any minute)

BUSTER: (Reminiscing) Rode on one of them damn thangs at the fair one night and the next day some of the boys told me that a little while after I got off the whole thang come a hell fir'n down.

TOOTSIE: That shore was bad luck.

BUSTER: But the ole carnival she's a movin' on t'nite.

(TOOTSIE knows what is coming and darts inside the trailer. BUSTER and RUNT continue talking loudly enough so as to be sure that TOOTSIE is hearing them. They turn and stare at the trailer often.)

BUSTER: Just tell me what you gonna do if he don't show hisself t'nite?

(During this scene, while TOOTSIE is packing and dressing in the trailer, RUNT and BUSTER stand out from the shelter and engage in snatches of conversation which TOOTSIE is unable to hear.)

RUNT: (Quietly to BUSTER) He's been comin' ever nite han't he?



BUSTER: Yes, Runt. But t'nite's the big time. Carnival's movin' out and somebody's got somethin' up their sleeve.

RUNT: You heard her say anthing? Heard her say anything out of the way to that crook, Pepe?

BUSTER: Ain't blind yit, Runt.

RUNT: Han't been seein' no more'n me.

BUSTER: Tell you I ain't quite blind, Runt. Not yet. Naw, sir! Somebody done and got somethin' up their sleeve.

RUNT: She has been kinda keepin' to herself here right lately.

BUSTER: (Yelling so TOOTSIE can hear.) What if the ferris wheel man he don't come tonight, Runt?

RUNT: Better not hang around here. Done and had enough of that deadbeat. He'd steal a penny offa dead man's eye.

BUSTER: Just bet he don't come at 'tall. Rek'n he'll come, Tootsie?

(TOOTSIE rushes to the clothesline and takes the clothes)

RUNT: Where is it you're a going?

TOOTSIE: (Smiling) You mean right now or a little later on in the night? Right now I'm gonna freshen up a little. It don't make no difference to 'mount to nothing does it?

(BUSTER and RUNT resume short, private conversation)

BUSTER: You won't here when she come home to fix her a mouthful of dinner, Runt. Let me tell you right now she couldn't hardly eat nothin' for runnin' round straightenin' up clothes and washin' clothes and doing first one thing and another. Ain't blind I tell you.

RUNT: (Growing worried) I'd hate to see that little devil Pepe try somethin' with my girl. Shore would hate like hell to see him try somethin'.

BUSTER: (So TOOTSIE can hear) Seen him today with that little blonde that works in the hoochie koochie. . . WHOOOOOEEEE!

TOOTSIE: (Sticking her head from the door) Well they work right side by side, don't they? Ferris wheel's rite side of it.

BUSTER: Side by side, Runt.

RUNT: UHHHHH, OHHHHH! Little blondy, hey?

(To BUSTER) Know right much 'bout him and the little hot blonde. Tell you, I know right plenty.

BUSTER: (To RUNT) I seen enough. Me, I seen right much myself.

RUNT: Seen too much, myself.

BUSTER: (Directing his comments to TOOTSIE again) Yep. Purty good looking little hot blondy in the hooch show.

TOOTSIE (Peering from the trailer doorway again) Y'all thank you know soooo much. Both of ye give me a big pain in the you know what. Thanking you know so much, but let me tell you one thang you don't know half as much as you might know in a little while. You might really know somethin' in just a little while.

BUSTER: Jest tellin' you what I seen ever day this week. Then nitetime he comes over here. Ain't that rite, Runt?

RUNT: Nitetime? Yea, b'lieve you're right. Ever nite.

BUSTER: Ever nite the music stops and that ole wheel she stops turning, den he comes. Maybe the music'll stop t'nite and the ferris wheel man he won't come, Tootsie.

TOOTSIE: (Screaming from within the trailer) That's for y'all to worry 'bout. Ain't hearin' a word either one of you says.

(BUSTER laughs hysterically and walks over near the trailer to continue with the bickering which makes him feel so important)

BUSTER: Maybe our banker friend's coming over t'nite, too. I seen that ole big cat parked at the hotel. Toot. Toot. Where's the ole cat t'nite?

TOOSTIE (Steps from the doorway and throws a shoe at BUSTER) Daddy, make him shuddup his messin'. Got to dress a little!

BUSTER: Mewww! Phhhh! Phhhh! Mewwwww!

RUNT: (Was relaxing in his chair again, swinging at bugs in his reach with the fly swatter. He rises again) Whatta you talkin' 'bout cat?

BUSTER (first to RUNT) Now this might be somethin' to thank about, Runt. (Turns away and yells so TOOTSIE can hear) Don't you know the man with the cat, Runt? That ole big black caddy cat that pulls up to the hotel for them big suppers bankers has over there

now and then. Tootsie can tell you all about that ole big black cat.

TOOTSIE (springing from the trailer) You're just about the . . .

BUSTER (Using his hands as a cat would use its paws to ward off enemies) MEWWWW! PHTTTT! (BUSTER rushes to extreme downstage as if looking across the street towards the hotel)

BUSTER (With palms cupped over his eyes) Lemme see do I see that big ole black caddy cat. (calling) Jooooee! Hey, Jooooee!

TOOTSIE: Wished you'd git run over! Would tickle me to death!

RUNT: Now let's hear what this Joe mess is all about.

TOOTSIE (Extremely upset by this time and returns to sit on the steps of the bus) Oh, he's talking about this Mr. Joby Kyle. Just cause I serve them bankers sometimes when they eat together in the hotel.

RUNT: You know that Kyle fellow who's a headknocker? That one in the bank? That headknocker?

TOOTSIE: A little bit.

RUNT: Whatta you mean a little bit. If I find out . . .

TOOTSIE: Good God above, he eats at the hotel sometimes just like a hundred other people in this town.

RUNT: What I want to know is what Buster's hintin' at.

TOOTSIE: One of the girls quit so when they needed somebody in the dining room I just quit selling at the newstand and started working there. That's all they is to it. Tips is purty good sometimes. And the people eating just talk to you once in a while when you're settin' stuff on the table and that's how I got to know Joe Kyle.

RUNT: Joe? Now by God it's Joe all the time.

BUSTER: I seen'em pick her up right over dere on the corner, Runt. I mean eeeeeeverrr once in a while!

TOOTSIE: You han't seen no such a thing you crazy loudmouth. (To her father) see

one night we were talkin' 'bout a job and he picked me up after I got offa work at the hotel so we could go get a co-cola and talk about it a little. He knows I'm dying to learn how to be one of dese models and he said he might could help me git a good job to make me a little money. And that's all!

RUNT: Ain't he a married man, this headknocker?

TOOTSIE: Good God I don't run around asking ever man I run into if he's married or not. (BUSTER laughs wildly, phone rings, and he ducks inside bus)

RUNT: Maybe we finally gonna make some money for a change. (TOOTSIE, sensing the possibility that her father might probe further, takes advantage of his interest in the phone call by slipping into the trailer. RUNT stands near bus.)

BUSTER (From within bus) Yea. Yea. Well. Uh Huh. Well let me talk to Runt about it. (Steps out of bus)

RUNT: Somebody lookin' something we got?

BUSTER: Three pints for the door man at the hotel.

RUNT (Considering the idea for a moment) Is he gonna meet you over here on the corner? (Jerks his thumb to the right)

BUSTER: Said he would. Said he'd slip right across over here and pick it up hisself.

RUNT: Well, go on and get it. But don't lettem try to jew you down none. That nigger'll jew you down if he gets half a chance. He pays my price or his customers can drink water t'nite. (As BUSTER turns away) And just remember if anybody just happens to ask you anything, I don't know you and I han't never seen you before.

BUSTER (Giggling) Shore thang, Runt. I kinda get what you're talkin' bout.

RUNT (Returning to matter at hand) TOOOO-TSIE! Hold on here a minute. Aint through with you!

TOOTSIE (Yelling from the trailer) Told you I got to get ready. Pepe's spose to be over here.

RUNT: It was my understandin' you were gonna work in the news stand. Hadn't heard nothin' 'bout no waitress job or whatever it

is you're a doing.

TOOTSIE: Done and told you a thousan' times one of the girls quit. In a place like that you wind up doing just a little bit of everthing.

RUNT: Still got your name on the list at the shirt factory out here. I'll settle you down if I can git you on at the shirt factory.

TOOTSIE (Leaving trailer. She is bathing her face with a washcloth) One thang's for shore. I certainly han't lost nothing at no shirt factory and I don't intend losing nothing there neither. Not by a long shot!

RUNT (Shaking the swatter at her) Reck'n you do just about like I tell you to do.

TOOTSIE: Yea, big man? You can't hardly make me do nothing if I ain't stuck right here under your nose no more.

RUNT: You'll be here, awright. They ain't no I reck'n about that.

TOOTSIE (Tosses washcloth into trailer and walks toward RUNT with a look of hatred on her face.) Big man, I got something'll pop your y'ears right wide open. I'm gonna dump my duds in the first paper sack I find lying around and I'm gonna leave this place for good. I mean for good. Nobody won't never push this little gal around no more. Not no more!

RUNT (Threatening her with the swatter) Good a might to lay this fly flap on you!

TOOTSIE (With an air of arrogance. RUNT is speechless) Don't thank you will, ole man. Ain't afraid of you no more. Don't thank you'll do it and say you done it. Hope you didn't thank I'd stay in this place rest of my life. You can have it. Good God above knows you can have it. . .all of it!

TOOTSIE wanders towards the direction of the carnival, basks in the lights from the midway and smiles as the music rises louder. RUNT is still speechless and in a state of almost complete shock.

TOOTSIE (Turning to him again) Whatta you thank it's doing to me? Just look at me one minute and tell me what it's doing to me. Took it just as long as I can. Took it lang enough to find out that nobody down here never 'mounts to nothing. (Her voice grows tense) Tell me one, I mean just anybody

down here, who's ever gone anywhere's and done somethin' to 'mount to anything. People laugh and say, "Ah, you aint never gonna mount to nothing,"

(Starts back towards the trailer) Me, I can change that. All I need is half a chance and I can change dat awright. Men have got off the train plenty times and come in the hotel and told me how good lookin' I was. Plenty of time's. You thank I'm gonna set myself down here on this corner rest of my life so the people can ride by in their big cars and stare and their prissy little girls can snicker? Then their stinkin' boys can leave them big dances at the hotel and come in the news stand and lean over the counter when they ask for a pack of cigarettes and expect you to pull 'em over on top of you?

(She reaches the trailer, leans against it, then turns to RUNT) And you got the gall to tell me you're gonna stick me in some shirt factory. You don't even ask me. You just priss your lazy tail up there and put me down on the waitin' list. (Almost screaming) Well, the shirt factory can go to hell and all them rich bastards can too cause one day I'm gonna be right up there riding with'em.

RUNT: Just watch your mouth or . . .

TOOTSIE Nobody han't tied me down yit and nobody ain't startin' now. Nobody needn't never try to tie me down. (Goes into trailer) (BUSTER skips in and hands RUNT a wad of bills. During this scene we notice a distinct change in RUNT'S character. There is a nervous tone in his voice)

BUSTER: Here she is, Runt, he didn't try to jew me 'nary a bit.

RUNT: Stay here, Buster. Got to go down to the police station on a little business.

BUSTER: The POLICE STATION!

RUNT: Want to have a word with one of my detective friends.

BUSTER: When I see a damn detective I just go the other say.

RUNT: You don't know A, Buster. Think I han't got some friends down there? Think I'd stayed on this here corner all dese years if I didn't have some friends down there? Always know a lot of thangs they'd like to get their hands on. I mean a lot of thangs. BUSTER: What kinda thangs?

RUNT: Like who's been throwing around all dem bad checks in all the stores around here.

BUSTER: You know somethin' I ought to know, Runt? Huh?

RUNT: Remember when ole Pepe tried to pay me for whiskey with a check and I wouldn't take it to save his soul in hell?

BUSTER: Yea, but you don't think Tootsie's ferris wheel man...

RUNT: I know all about ole Pepe. I know more than he thanks I know and a little side's that I imagine!

BUSTER: LOORRDEE! That's good to me!

RUNT: Just keep ye mouth shut, and I mean shut. Just stay right here till I git back.

BUSTER: Whoooo! They'll thank you come to stand somebody's bond. Runt. (Buster laughs wildly)

RUNT: Just you make shore you keep your mouth closed. (RUNT leaves and BUSTER does a self-invented dance and winds up the little episode by throwing his bop hat to the ground and stomping it. He then realizes that TOOTSIE is dressing in the trailer. He walks over near the doorway quietly and ponders the situation for a moment, scratching his head, picks up a rock and imitates a baseball pitcher going through the windup, studies the situation further, and moves over near the door)

BUSTER: You in there ain't you, Tootsie?

TOOTSIE: (From within trailer) Ain't nothin' to you if I'm in here is it?

BUSTER: (Grinning) I can see you. Can see you, Tootsie.

TOOTSIE: Git away from here or you won't never see no more in your life.

BUSTER: Comin' in, Tootsie. (There is no reply to this suggestion)

BUSTER: (Feeling that for some reason he just might be making progress, he changes his tone to a plea) Let me come in, Tootsie. You gonna let me come in ain't you, Tootsie?

TOOTSIE: (Sticking her head out) You know what you'll git if I tell Daddy you been messin' around here. Better leave right quick

cause I'll tell him or my name ain't Elsie Thigpen and you'll wished you'd never come near this here trailer.

BUSTER: (With the familiar wild laugh) Just wanted to know if you wanted to go to the carnival with me. They'll be moving out in a little bit.

TOOTSIE: Git away from here.

BUSTER: You'll answer the phone, won't you?

TOOTSIE: No, I won't.

BUSTER: You better. Tell Runt I stepped over to the carnival.

TOOTSIE: Tell 'em yourself.

BUSTER: Runt's gone. Yessir, Runt's gone. (He leaves)

(PEPE appears on the left away from the trailer. He sounds the familiar whistle which TOOTSIE understands as her personal call. He glances around to try and determine if RUNT or BUSTER are around. TOOTSIE bounces from the trailer, carrying a battered suitcase and a big, over-stuffed paper bag. The music from the carnival grows louder as she drops her belongings to the ground and rushes over to PEPE, throwing her arms around him. He responds for a second and then pushes her away.)

TOOTSIE: We ready, honey? Thank I've packed 'bout all I need. After I git hold of some money I'll buy me some new cloths that'll knock your eyes out.

PEPE: (Quite upset) Told you while ago I was in a little trouble. And we ain't going nowhere unless I get my hands on some money.

TOOTSIE: What kinda trouble? Thought we were 'bout ready to leave. You told me last night to have ever thang ready. I don't know at 'tall what it is you're talkin' 'bout.

PEPE: (Glancing around nervously) Han't got time to tell you ever thing now.

TOOTSIE: They're both off somewhere's.

PEPE: That ain't what's worrying me. I just need fifty dollars and I need it in a hurry. You got to help me.

TOOTSIE: All I got is my pay check--thirty-three dollars and forty-nine cent. You can git by with that, can't you?

PEPE: Don't want your money. Gotta way to

git the money. I just owe a little money around here and if I don't start paying up somebody's gonna think I'm trying to run out on 'em and put the law on me.

TOOTSIE: How much you need?

PEPE: Fifty dollars ought to be enough. And you can get it for me, baby. This is some-
thin' you got to do for me.

TOOTSIE: Told you all I got is my pay check.

PEPE: We'll need your pay check. But we need fifty dollars worse right now.

TOOTSIE: Where you thank I'm gonna pick up fifty dollars just like that?

PEPE: Your banker friend, that's where.

TOOTSIE: (Becoming hostile) Mr. Joby Kyle? How you thank I'm gonna find him this time of night, much less git him to loan me that much money on the spot?

PEPE: He ain't gonna loan you nothing! Way I got it planned they ain't gonna be no loaning done tonight.

TOOTSIE: Now hold on just a minute, Pepe. You know what I told you when we started goin' together. That I was through fooling around with that married man. He's forever telling me about his wife being off somewhere's and how they're having troubles all the time. He always gits around to trying to talk me into going with him to that old big house in Pine Valley that he's got and if you thank I han't got enough sense to know what he's got on his mind . . .

PEPE: Listen, you don't have to worry about what he's got on his mind, I'd hate to think you can't handle yourself. That old fogey's crazy about you. He'd do anything for you.

TOOTSIE: He just ain't going to fork over no fifty dollars like I was his own youngun or something. He ain't that crazy by a long shot. You gotta nerve, Pepe. Puttin' me up to any such thing.

PEPE: You wanna leave here tonight? (Takes her by the arm) You wanna get away from this place and be somebody like I told you you're gonna be?

TOOTSIE: Good God, Pepe. What you want me to do rob the old man or somethin'?

PEPE: (Tired of arguing) Hell yea, if you

have to. If that's the only way you can get it!

TOOTSIE (Stalking away): And me thanking all the time that you really thought somethin' of me.

PEPE (Going after her) Thought something of you? Tell me what I been doing all week. What else is it that I've got to do to let you know that I think something of you? But it don't matter what I think if I don't get some money. You want to see me in trouble just cause I owe a little money or you want to be in my car heading up 301 tonight?

TOOTSIE: But I swore offa ole man Kyle. I got a feelin' that ole man could be dangerous. Heard some of the other girls tellin' 'bout some thangs they'd heard. And I'd swore offa of 'em even if I hadn't met you. That's the truth. Now you think..

PEPE (Wins her over by taking her in his arms and kissing her passionately on the face and throat): You can do just one little thing for me, honey. This is just one night. Think of it. just one night. Then think about what we got coming. Me and you livin' free as birds all the nights ahead. I'm gonna show you what it's like to really be free as a bird and live.

TOOTSIE: You can 'range it. Shore ain't gonna run all over town and try to find 'em. Probably laying up drunk somewhere's.

PEPE (Happy with his triumph) Already have. Took off a few seconds and called him up at his home. He was happy as hell, too. Let me tell you that ole fogey'll jump for you. Said he'd stop at the corner and pick you up.

TOOTSIE: Wonder what Daddy'll thank if he sees me leaving with 'em. Done and told him about me and you.

PEPE: You what?

TOOTSIE: Just told him I was leavin' and I reckon he's got sense enough to put two and two together. What does it matter anyway?

PEPE: You didn't have to do that. Not the way he is about me. I just don't like the way your old man looks at me. Like I don't know nothing and he knows it all.

TOOTSIE: It's just cause you han't paid him for the whiskey, I reckon. He just don't like it when people don't pay him, that's all.

PEPE: Looks like he wants to spit on me all the time. Yea. If I got close enough I bet you

he'd do it too. Right in the damn eye. Looks like somebody that would go around spittin' all over hell!

TOOTSIE: Maybe it's 'cause he ain't got too much to show for nothing. Whatta mean is they took over the farm, some bank another did, and then Ma left when I won't but ten and we han't seen nothin' of her since. (Tootsie sits on the suitcase. Pepe, extremely bored, stands with his back to her, lights a cigarette, and gazes across towards the midway) About all I can remember is that she'd drink just about anything she could get her hands on after she drunk for so long. Daddy, he'll git mad with me sometimes and he'll laugh and tell about the time I had to nurse her through the bars. She was that way when I was a little ole thing. They claimed she was gettin' some kinda dope from somewhere's. (Turns to Pepe for solace) Honey, I mean right through the bars. Just about drives me crazy ever time I start to think about it. And he won't take it back neither. Then that Buster, he got a hold of it and he's always snickering about when I had to nurse Ma through the jail bars. God, I hate that whacky Buster. (PEPE turns and starts toward her) Sometime's I try to ask God some things...sometimes I don't even know whicha way to turn to ask him...sometime's I swear I don't believe they's such a thing as a God...if they is he must not know about this place right around here.

PEPE: You're leaving. Don't forget you're leaving. I'm gonna make something outta you. (PEPE turns, then stops) You gonna bring the money on over when you get it? (TOOTSIE buries her face in her hands and nods that she will carry out his plans) I said you gonna bring me the money?

TOOTSIE (Stands, turns away and walks behind the trailer) Nodded my head! I said yes, didn't I?

(PEPE exits as the carnival music grows louder and people on the midway can be heard laughing)

(Music grows soft again and a car can be heard driving into the lot. A door slams and RUNT approaches)

RUNT: BUSTERRRRR! Hey Buster. Come'ere.

TOOTSIE (Solemn during the first part of this scene) He ain't here.

RUNT: I'm callin' you, Buster Bunch!

TOOTSIE: Told you he ain't here.

RUNT: Well, where is he.

TOOTSIE: Said somethin' bout going over to the carnival.

RUNT: Told him to stay here, but he don't lissen to a word I say. (Notices the bags) Tell 'em he can go home, I'm gonna lie down on the little cot here in the bus.

TOOTSIE: Don't imagine I'll be here when he comes back.

RUNT: (Seriously) Can tell you one thing. You don't know what you're doing.

TOOTSIE: (Harshly) Just tell me "bye" That's all I want to hear is "bye".

RUNT: (Starts into bus) You goin' with him? (Nodding his head toward the carnival)

TOOTSIE: Quit beatin' 'round the bush. You know I'm going with 'em.

RUNT: And you want me to stand up here and say "bye" to you and watch you walk off with that bum. God knows, Tootsie, I don't 'spect you to run off with no preacher's son, but when you start runnin' 'round with the devil that's somethin' to thank about.

TOOTSIE: Just tell him to go on! That's all I want you to say. Tell me you want me to go out and make somethin' of myself.

RUNT: Make somethin' of ya'self? What you gonna do parade around in a tent rest of your life stark naked so a bunch of men can laugh at you? Then run off and sleep with every goddam crook in the carnival?

TOOTSIE: You might think I'm thata way. Know you thank it, but you just don't know what you're talkin' 'bout. I 'magine I'm just as good or better than them little high society flirts that come to all them big dances at the hotel and they pass right by the newsstand half the time and I can smell whiskey on their breath a mile away. Heard about 'em. I'm better than some of 'em. God knows I coulda been anything hanging around here all my life 'round a bunch of men like you and Buster. All of a suddenly you're so high and mighty and know so much.

RUNT: Know what I'm talkin' 'bout now. What do you know about this Pepe fella? He comes into town on Sunday and you pack up your drawers and run off with him Saturday. Yessir, I 'magine he's gonna really make

somehin' outta you.

TOOTSIE: He's gonna marry me, that's what and help me!

RUNT: Reckon he'll marry you all right. You'll thank you're married.

TOOTSIE: Why don't you go on to bed?

RUNT: Got enough sense to know you needa mama that can set down and tell you just what you're doing to yourself. But could I help it if she run off like a dog in heat?

TOOTSIE: Don't need nobody. Got along this far. Least's of all I don't need you. That's one thang for shore.

RUNT: Wouldn't be so shore of that. Naw sir, I ain't so shore myself!

(TOOTSIE walks over near the trailer. RUNT can be seen in the doorway of the bus, removing his shirt. BUSTER is heard offstage screaming RUNT'S name)

BUSTER: RUNNNTTT! HEYYYY, RUNNTT! They gottem, Runt. Just walked right up and took 'em in. Boy you shoulda seen how skeered ole Pepe was when them two detectives walked up. I was standing right there in the middle of ever thang when they walked right up and 'rested him! Ever time I think of ole what's his name I just laugh to kill me. They didn't give him no time to say nothing.

(TOOTSIE rushes over. RUNT leaves the bus)

TOOTSIE: 'Rested who? Who's been 'rested?

BUSTER (Laughing) Your ole Pepe boy, Tootsie, Wootsie.

TOOTSIE: Don't b'lieve a word you're saying. You just all the time trying to worry me to death and I'm gettin tard of it....

RUNT: Now you know what it was you were gonna run of with!

TOOTSIE: What business they got 'restin' him outta the clear blue sky? They han't got no business 'restin' him!

RUNT: Naw, he just give about a dozen bad checks round town. That's all.

TOOTSIE: So what. He was gonna pay 'em back. He was plannin't to git the money right tonight cause he told me he owed a little money he had to pay back fore we left here.

BUSTER: That ain't all I heard is it you, Runt?

RUNT: And you thought he was such a big shot.

TOOTSIE: It ain't none of your business what I thought. I know they can't go doing no such a thing as that all over a few debts.

RUNT: It won't just debts. He'd been givin' bad checks, but that won't all. He'd been buying tickets for younguns so they could get in dat hootchie koochie show. Can't you just see that devil talkin' to ever youngun that got on the farris wheel that won't old enough to buy a ticket but knowed what was in that there tent. And don't thank for a minute he didn't sell em at twice the price.

TOOTSIE: You done it didn't you? You took it on yourself to put the law on 'em just like you took it on yourself to put me on that waitin' list at the shirt factrie.

(She kicks over the suitcase and throws the paper bag against the trailer.)

RUNT: But listen here, Tootsie. I talked with some of the girls in the hooch. They bought liquor from me ever now and then and they told me about how he was married to this little blond one called FiFi. But she won't nothing but his September girl. Got that? His September girl and nothing but that.

TOOTSIE: (Almost hysterical) I'll get it paid off. I'll show all of you...they ain't gonna be no changes made far's we're concerned.

RUNT: Not hardly, little lady. They ain't no use waitin' no more. See he had this other wife in New Jersey or somewhere's like that. I reckon she was his August wife and his July wife too cause they got two younguns and she's suing the hell outta him for non-support! They'll be shipping that rascal back to New Jersey right quick. One of the girls in the show told me straight from her mouth, and she knows what she was talkin' 'bout. Said this judge up there had told him last time he had just one more, chance to stay with that wife and younguns and support 'em or he'd go straight to the roads.

TOOTSIE: Could kill you! Hadda gun I'd do it, too. Running around spreadin' bunch a dirty lies.

RUNT: Honey, you won't going to be nothing but his October wife. (Attempting to be sympathetic) He'd probably kept you round till the last of October and then he'd wind up

leaving you lying somewhere's. Seen his kind around here too many times. It woulda took him jest about till the last part of October to get rid of you.

TOOTSIE: You wanted to see me catch it! Well, you seen it, now go off somewhere's and laugh yourself to death. Don't blame Ma for leaving you. Not one bit I don't blame her!

RUNT: Tell you the last of October woulda been all they was to it.

(A car is heard on stage left beyond the trailer. The lights glare on the set, and a horn blows)

RUNT: See who dat is, Buster.

BUSTER: (Walking towards the left, his hands cupped over his eyes) Look what I see, look what I do see. It's that ole big black cat. Looka there, Runt. There's that ole big black caddy cat been tellin' you 'bout.

RUNT: Kyle? You mean that's the headknocker from the bank out dere?

(The horn sounds again)

TOOTSIE: (Brushing the hair from her face) Wait just a minute, Joe. Let me run a comb through my hair. It won't take me a second to run a comb through my hair.

(TOOTSIE dashes under the shelter where a small mirror hangs and begins combing her hair and applying makeup)

RUNT: Where you thank you going now?

TOOTSIE: (She has gained back her courage considerably) I thank I'm going to git in that Caddillac. That's where I thank I'm going. And then I'll go anywhere's. And I mean anywhere's.

BUSTER: Seen her do it before, Runt. Told you I'd seen him pull up there many a time.

TOOTSIE: You han't seen nothing yet, Buster ole boy.

RUNT: And you tried to tell ne 'bout how good you are and all that mess. Naw sir, you won't the kind that goes running round with ever thang with pants on.

TOOTSIE: Won't den, big man! I really won't when I told you that. But if I have to do it to make somethin' of myself I shore will. Do anythang without battin' a eye to get away from here. Don't need you big man.

RUNT: We'll see about that. You might find out somethin' one of dese days.

TOOTSIE: Found out today--tonight--right here! Know where I'm going, too. I can't wait till the day I'm somebody and I won't have to claim you. Everbody'll be askin' me all about myself and I'll just say that I'm an orphan. Just a orphan. That's exactly what I'll say. Can't wait till I can buy and sell you and tell you just where to go.

(Banker sounds his horn again)

TOOTSIE: Here I am, Joe. Comin' rite now.

(BUSTER and RUNT watch her leave)

BUSTER: She shore is a go getter lately.

RUNT: Shore didn't thank she'd ever be like her Ma was. That was one thang I didn't want to see. (Shaking his head, looking away sadly) Too late now.

(A door slams and the car leaves)

Put some more liquor under the seat, Buster.

(BUSTER stands with his head back, eyes closed, counting the seconds elapsing before the stoplight changes)

THE STAGE DARKENS

Blount-Harvey
"Eastern Carolina's
Shopping Center"
328 Evans St. Greenville, N. C.

CLIFF'S OYSTER BAR
STEAKS
SEA FOODS
SANDWICHES
Washington Hwy. Greenville, N. C.

Three Poems

by John Quinn

I am the voice which breaks
long on my closely-housed
self.

Here there is
youth-of-snows gone.

Here is the mouth.

Here is your dark-gained
form seen partaken so.
A second knowing.

I walk now
under the racing moon
and hurricane clouds
in the south wind.

Into the warm blown
and stormed-fall night.

Here is no dying.

CLOUDS

Mr. K. had a terrible time,
had not a dime but snow.
Mr. K. had a great love scene: I
am loving you, he thought;
as God made clouds.
And Mr. K.
got up to go.

NO

When darkness
broke upon the corpse
of his life
he went walking
where his feet
directed
which was nowhere
many people
walked
nowhere many people
were

Two Poems

by Billy Arnold

FLIGHT

I boarded the plane at Oxford and
before I could seat-belt fasten
We had failed to vibrate like mad.
lo! I shouted at the Autumn barley
Outside.
lo! I shouted at Abraham, even the
Old man.
lo! I shouted at the navigator in
The cockpit.
lo! I shouted at the wind in the
Willows.
lo! I shouted at the mechanics that
hovered.
lo! I shouted at the engines and
The maid servants.
lo! I shouted at the men servants
and spat.
You tell me, I shouted, when we are
going to go.

A MORNING TALE

John Barleycorn belched in the wood stove;
In the stove, in the roaring fire.
And he turned with a twist of his underwear
And a grunt that a goat can't acquire.
With a nod of his pipe in his nostril
And a snort of his gruff granny coat,
He became twice the man that he had been
With this tale that I often don't quote:
"I once was a burly young bastard,
In the days when the management cared
Whether money was made or money was lost
And the profits and losses were shared.
T'was the morning when Moses got angry
And the rock in the forest he smote;
And the water came tumbling forward,
Like a voice from a sorrowfull throat.
I became what I often broke bread for,
In the dawn of that bruising new day--
And I smote Moses back on his head,
For his trouble, and then, ran away."

the rebel review

The award of the 1958 Nobel Prize in Literature to Boris Pasternak, the Russian poet-novelist, for his *Doctor Zhivago* put the Communists in a most embarrassing position. The fact that Pasternak has been acclaimed by the Western world is of tremendous importance. Pasternak's refusal of the Prize does little to alter the impact; the damage has been done.

It must have pained Pasternak considerably to be condemned by his "fellow writers." Yet, one wonders how many of them inwardly envy Pasternak for having been dedicated enough to truth to dare to express it as such.

It is regrettable that a sincere effort is not made by the Russians to use this event to bridge the gap between it and the rest of the world. Indeed, there is no better vehicle for bringing men together than an open exchange of ideas.

* * *

In an article in *The Times Literary Supplement* (August 15, 1958) entitled "The Novelist and his Material," L. P. Hartley made the following remarks, which we submit to writer and reader alike:

"All art proceeds from feeling, and most of all the novelist's art; if feeling is absent, no amount of mental cross-breeding between abstractions and the problems of technique will take its place as an incentive. They are substitutes, and about as much like the real thing as a self-induced orgasm is like the true act of love. The influence of science is another danger, for many people genuinely believe that if you knew the technique, the formula, for writing a good novel, you could write one. They put the cart before the horse, for each work of art dictates its own technique.

* * *

We were looking over *The Autobiography of William Butler Yeats* (Doubleday Anchor) recently. For those who want a better under-

standing of Yeats poetry, *The Autobiography* is essential. We noted that with Yeats, as with other Irish literary figures, Parnell, the Irish nationalist, plays an important role. And rightly so. A strong feeling for one's country will invariably be a wellspring of good literature.

* * *

We call the reader's attention to a wonderfully conceived book of cartoons by Jules Feiffer entitled *Sick, Sick, Sick*. The cartoons originally appeared in *The Village Voice* in New York, and they have been reproduced quite effectively in *Playboy*. We particularly like the cartoon that presents Oedipus on the you-know-who's couch. It causes us to wonder how Hamlet might have reacted had he been able to take advantage of modern psychiatry.

* * *

We would like to take this opportunity to express our grateful appreciation to the many publishing companies that have responded to our requests for review books. We feel that an up-to-date review section greatly enhances the overall value of the magazine.

* * *

Our review of *Short Story 1* in this issue should be of considerable interest to those who have a talent for writing. Charles Scribner's Sons have informed us that the deadline for receipt of manuscripts for *Short Story 2* is December 1. They will be glad to consider stories written by any writer who has not been previously published in book form. Scribner's recognition of new talent is highly commendable, and we look forward to seeing more in this proposed series. We'd be proud to see an East Carolina writer in a future edition.

* * *

Look for a barrage of Civil War books in the near future as '61 draws near. We will try to bring you many of the better ones as possible in our review section.

Frosting for Lolita

New Faces

Nabokov's Dozen. By Vladimir Nabokov. Garden City: Doubleday. 214 pp. \$3.50.

Vladimir Nabokov earned his place in the gallery of outstanding writers with the publication of his exciting novel, *Lolita*. The thirteen stories that appear in **Nabokov's Dozen** come as frosting heaped upon his blazing success. All of the stories in this collection have appeared in print in various magazines, some of them having been originally written in Russian and French.

No one reading Nabokov can deny that he is one of the most creative writers at work today. His images steal up on you, permeate your senses, and steal away leaving you in that delightful state of having lived with his characters. In "Lance," a fantasy of sorts, he employs the physiography of the earth to create for his detached observer "the painted oceans, and the praying woman of the Baltic, and a still of the elegant Americans caught in their trapeze act, and Australia like a baby Africa lying on its side."

The characterization in Nabokov's stories is superb. To some extent, this may be attributed to the fact that many of Mr. Nabokov's stories are strong reflections of his personal experience. "Mademoiselle O" and "First Love" are admittedly true in every detail of the author's remembered life.

One trend this writer noted in many of the stories was the author's frequent use of a character who has a decided interest in some form of entomology. Perhaps one of his most forceful stories, "The Aurelian," focuses on an old man whose lifelong desire is to escape the confines of his drab, little shop and go forth into the wonderful world of insects. The dramatic conclusion to Herr Pilgram's beautifully executed scheme for ultimate freedom is well handled.

Some of the stories have weak plot structure, if any at all, which may disturb some readers. Yet, in an overall evaluation, this collection of stories offers to the reader much in the way of good writing.

-HUGH AGEE

Short Story 1. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1958. 304 pp. \$3.95.

Charles Scribner's Sons have published the first in an annual series of books of short stories by writers who have not been published before in book form. This collection, entitled **Short Story 1**, includes twenty-one stories by four young authors, Richard Yates, Gina Berriault, B. L. Barrett, and Seymour Epstein.

This book would be valuable, both as an incentive and as a study, for writing students who hope someday to be published. For here one can study the techniques of writers who are not so advanced that they are beyond the applicable grasp of an amateur. The idea of publishing young writers in this way also creates a challenging new prospect for the young writer.

However, any student should be warned against imitating these authors, for one big weakness in many of their stories is a heavy reliance on imitation and stock devices. Sometimes, these writers appear to be experimenting with a cleverness which may help them get published, but won't help them become writers of real merit.

One device is a variation of the old surprize ending. Instead of a surprize twist in the plot, the story ends with an ironic note which seeks to sum up or give meaning to the preceding action. This is usually achieved by some character's statement or action revealing that he has learned some moral lesson. A good illustration of this device, in its most effective use, is the ending of Ernest Hemingway's **The Killers**.

Most of the stories in **Short Story 1** that use this device, however, fail to accomplish the same effect that Hemingway did. Often, the device is used in an attempt to appear profound, and the reader is neither sufficiently prepared for it, nor does the action support its use. To consciously use a device without reason reveals a touch of sentimentality on the part of the author.

Despite the reliance on devices in a few instances, these writers reveal a surprising degree of originality. Most of these stories reveal fresh ideas, they are well-written, and they command a sincere and earnest effort on the part of the authors. All of these people maintain an intense feeling for their subject matter and each story reads as if it were written with both strain and restraint. These four names will be appearing again in the future and their works will be looked forward to with interest and enthusiasm.

-BRYAN HARRISON

Values Under Fire

More in Anger by Marya Mannes. Philadelphia: Lippincott. 189 pp. \$3.50.

More in Anger is a book that will force the reader to halt his hectic pace and take stock of himself. In it, Miss Mannes says things that need to be said loudly and often. It is a delightful book, in all respects; yet it will invariably offend some readers.

"My anger," Miss Mannes says, "is one of indignation, not of bitterness." And Miss Mannes should be no less indignant than the average American who allows room for careful thought.

She cries out against the dangerous trend towards "complacency and accommodation." Her approach is not that of a traditional sore-head; rather, it is that of mature, intelligent being whose concern for modern Americana is honest and sincere. Miss Mannes seems to imply, and rightly so, that the average American is, in effect, being sold short by our robust, commercialized culture.

Miss Mannes points out the fallacies of the concept of Togetherness. Looking back over the history of this nation, we cannot help but note the mold of individuality in which our national character was cast. In doing so, we must agree with Miss Mannes: Togetherness and individualism cannot exist, each for the other.

In her discussion of the "fallacy of equality," she states that "to admit inferiority is to be a fool, and to admit superiority is to be an outcast." How will you vote?

Miss Mannes covers all phases of life, and her coverage is not confined to strict techniques. Often her argument is presented in the form of a television script, sometimes as a letter, sometimes in the form of a sketch rendered by some fictional character apropos to the case in point--all of which adds to the freshness of her work.

Miss Mannes has been on the staff of **The Reporter** for the last six years as a critic and satirist. Portions of **More in Anger** have appeared in that magazine. She has published one novel.

-HUGH AGEE

Artist on Fire

The Burning Man. By Stephen Longstreet. New York: Random House, 1958. 428 pp. \$4.95

He starved and he froze and he loved and always he painted, and his paintings were as tempestuous as his living. For this man, who is called Julie Diaz Navarre, was and is one of the most important figures in modern art history--he brought contemporary art through a stormy adolescence into a fruitful maturity.

Mr. Longstreet's novel is similar to other fairly recent novels popularizing the lives of famous artists, and it should prove quite readable for anyone who is looking for a good tale of adventure. But it is particularly stimulating to those interested in the turbulent artistic and philosophic climate after the turn of the century. Matisse, who painted luscious fruit while his family starved; Gertrude Stein, who confused the dictionary and appointed herself high priestess of the Dadaists; Modigliani, who cared for nothing but women and alcohol, and yet remains famous as a painter--the many names who are known because they are names wander into this book and become people.

The author became a little too interested in glamorizing the so-called "artistic life"--even starving sounds like fun--and his presentation is rather jerky and disconnected in parts, but the fast pace of the book makes up for the sometimes faulty structure. The man called Navarre is brought from the dry pinnacle of the "twentieth century enigma" to the world of flesh and blood, and a much deeper insight into his work and the driving force which compels him is gained.

-NANCY LILLY

Shaw Gave Up

An Unfinished Novel. By Bernard Shaw. London: Constable. 97 pp.

Little attention is given to Bernard Shaw's prose works today, but the novel fragment recently published by Constable of London may serve to remind readers of Shaw's early period wherein his one desire was to be a novelist. In some respects, this raw, unpolished manuscript gives a clear insight into Shaw the dramatist. Occasionally his genius for dialogue appears in the conversations of his characters. Otherwise, the dialogue is all too often dull and metallic.

In this fragment, Shaw is writing about doctors, as he did so often. He began writing the projected novel in 1887, but it was soon obvious to him that his interest in the story was ebbing. It was following this that his interest in playwriting was aroused. Up to that time, Shaw had written five novels. Although they delighted such men as Robert Louis Stevenson, Shaw's career as a novelist was doomed to economic failure. In a preface to the rediscovered manuscript which Shaw wrote in 1946, he states that he "should deny its existence" if it were not before him. He says further that it is the same 'triangle of husband, wife and lover' who reappear in his play *Candida*.

Shaw disposes of the fragment with the concluding statement, "Let who will and can finish it to their taste if they can bear to give it another thought."

Stanley Weintraub has written a worthy introduction, in addition to editing the manuscript for publication. He has taken particular pains to fill in the background material that lends to a more detailed analysis of the author's plot and character innovations.

By all standards, the fragment fits into the pattern set by the better known Victorian novelists. It would be very interesting, not to mention the challenge involved, to see a capable hand attempt to complete the web begun around Dr. Kincaid, Dr. and Mrs. Maddick, and the shrewish Lady Laurie. Even as it stands, the unfinished novel may still be examined profitably.

Fred Henry

They Dared to Fight

The Long Dream by Richard Wright. Garden City, New York: Doubleday. 384 pp. \$3.95.

The Long Dream is a novel about a Negro boy growing up amid the violence and intrigue of a Mississippi town. It is the story of Rex Tucker, nicknamed Fishbelly, who learns through experience the great underlying significance of racial differences.

Richard Wright is looked upon by many as the spokesman for the American Negro. His own boyhood spent in Mississippi, and his exodus in his mid-teens, furnish for the author a reliable background for his treatment of conditions in Clintonville, the scene of the novel. The book, quite naturally, is written entirely from the Negro viewpoint.

In *The Long Dream*, Richard Wright conveys two central impressions. On one hand, he shows the extent to which prejudicial practices on the part of Southern whites dominates the lives of the Negro residents. On the other hand, he attempts to point out the various degrees of compliance by the Negroes who accept white rule, all the while implying that to do so is to invite destruction.

Fishbelly's first exposure to the true state of things comes early in the novel as he views the mutilated corpse in his father's undertaking establishment of a Negro who had been found in bed with a white woman—a known prostitute, but a white woman, nevertheless. The image burned on his mind comes back to haunt him throughout the book.

Fishbelly's inability to accept the status quo keys his actions. Impetuous and indignant, he quickly learns to hate his father's homage to the white men who have occasion to deal with him. Even after he learns his father is behind the "houses" operated in the Negro district, he is still unable to justify his actions.

The novel is essentially a good one, although the author is guilty on several occasions of putting words into the mouths of youthful Negro boys that may, in essence, embody their thoughts, but they are not in accordance with their age and orientation, culturally. Otherwise, the story is well pre-

sented, which should be the sole responsibility of any novelist. Any attempt to interpolate more than the story conveys merely detracts from the overall effectiveness of any novel.

Martian Invasion

The Old Man and the Sky. By Robert Portune. New York: Putnam, 1958. 316 pp. \$3.95.

The Old Man and the Sky is a first novel and a good one, at that. It is the first book to be published under the Putnam Talent Search Program. The author, a mathematics teacher in a Cincinnati high school, has woven his story around an old man--Gramp Ellis--who believes that the world is going to hell, and that only a people of superior intelligence can save the world from complete chaos. And in a time of space exploration and flying saucer scares, what could be more convenient to Gramp than a Martian invasion--if it would come? The old man is certain that the Martians are aware of conditions on Earth, and, feeling that they will come at any moment, he establishes a day-and-night vigil in a wicker rocking chair on his front lawn.

This immediately becomes a public spectacle as people come around to watch--quietly at first, then with hoots and catcalls when the man they think insane refuses to utter a word. For two days, the span of the novel, the world revolves around Charlie Ellis. Life does a spread on him, and every newspaper in the country is crying for more about the old sky watcher, sitting patiently in West Madison, Ohio for the world to change.

And indeed it does change for the people that become directly involved in Gramp Ellis's affair. Hank Gordon, a high school math teacher (strangely enough) who is suspended for writing a rebellious letter to a newspaper expressing his contempt for modern education, accepts a week-end assignment from the same newspaper to return to his old home town and get a statement from the old man (other reporters had failed to induce Gramp to talk to them). Hank Gordon finds the answers to a lot of questions in those dramatic two days, many of them difficult to accept. Hank and Meg Cramer, the mayor's daughter, provide the story with its love element, although it is a strange one. It appears that when Meg was a

student under Hank Gordon six years before, she had such a crush on him that her football star-boyfriend resented it. And this placed quite a strain on their relationship, so much so that, after Meg resists the boy's animal advances, he joins the army, goes to Korea, and is killed. The boy's father feels that indirectly Meg Cramer is responsible for the death of his son. In fact, there are many people in this little town who think that the Cramers have gone too far in their exalted position of number one family, which leads to an interesting class conflict.

Another character who learns an important lesson in West Madison is First Lieutenant William McHenry, an Air Force Air Intelligence Officer sent in to nip any flying saucer stories in the bud. He arrives with a handicap, however, for he has left at home a career-conscious wife whose life centers around a one-song spot on a Friday TV show (which she hopes, with the proper tactics, will lead to bigger things).

One of the strong points of this novel is the quality of its characterization. Even the minor characters exert a major influence on the author's theme. The Cramer family is explored thoroughly. George Potter, the tough-but-sincere police chief of West Madison; Harley Gayle, West Madison's dedicated school superintendent; and Frank Howard, the boy whose desire for recognition ignites an angry mob, all contribute to a dramatic conclusion that leaves the reader stunned.

Robert Portune's book is well-written, and it deserves to be ranked with the best novels of the year. I might add that the Martians don't come, but the impact is equal to or greater than a Martian invasion.

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