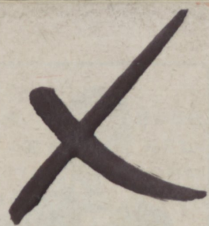


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# REBEL



winter 1959



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Published by the Student Government Association of East Carolina College. Created by the Publications Board of East Carolina College as a literary magazine to be edited by students and designed for the publication of student material.

NOTICE -- Deadline for material for the Spring issue of The Rebel is April 8, 1959. Contributions may be submitted in person to the editors or by mail: Box 1420, ECC. Editorial and business offices are located at 309½ Austin Building. Manuscripts and artwork submitted by mail should be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope and return postage. The publishers assume no responsibility for the return of manuscripts or artwork.

# the rebel yell

If recent events on the campus proved anything at all they clearly revealed how a mature body of men and women can divert its energies to matters of secondary importance. If each minor crisis can cause a student body to lose its perspective, it can be concluded that it has not created for itself an intellectual climate.

Recently we have become increasingly aware of the importance of atmosphere on the college campus. Perhaps this year does mark a turning point in our school's history. If so, it is time for intelligent criticism and honest introspection. We must begin by making an honest and intelligent inquiry into the standards and values by which we live.

First we might ask if ours is an institution which provides for an intellectual atmosphere. As East Carolina begins to share an increased load of the state's educational program, it does so primarily as a place for teacher training.

Consequently, it means that most of our students are specializing as undergraduates. We may discover that they know how to teach, but that they lack a basic knowledge of their subject matter. Furthermore, the demands of specialized education seriously limit an intimate study of the humanities and natural sciences.

Undergraduate school should be a place where the student is presented the essential questions. It should be a place where the student learns to think for himself.

Mark Van Doren, a celebrated teacher of English at Columbia University, points out:

In school they (the students) were expected to memorize and learn; in the final stages of education they will be expected to specialize; but in college, and nowhere else, their business is to discover their own minds and to start using them in the best way of which they are capable.

Are East Carolina students discovering their own minds and using them in the best way? If not, we may ask are they being forced to too much memorizing, too much specializing?

Also, deadening of our atmosphere may have resulted from an abundance of dead weight on the campus. Of course, in a democracy we want to provide for everyone as much education as possible. Nevertheless, we can carry our concern for democracy too far---if the penalty imposed on the select few is too great. It can be said with some justification that there are many people here who do not belong in college. And, often as not, these people dictate the tone of the entire school.

It is difficult to see how people who have not become sufficiently exposed to a concern with permanent values can produce an enduring and healthy atmosphere. And it is indeed impossible to create this atmosphere among people who are not even capable of perceiving those permanent values.

Most of our students are able to think for themselves and are discovering their own minds. We should provide for them an opportunity to enjoy intellectual activity on the campus. It should be these people who control the atmosphere of the college.

This is one task with which we must come to grips. Is ours to be a school of irresponsible people clinging to false notions and to secondary preoccupations? Or is ours to be a college of vigorous and active people whose energies radiate from genuine intellectual interest?

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Great art transcends time and place. The following was written by Su Tung-P'ao, a Chinese poet who lived from 1036 to 1101:

I am old, sick and lonely.  
I make my home on East Slope.  
White, sparse and unkempt  
My beard mingles with the wind.  
Often my little boy is delightfully astonished  
To find roses on my cheeks.  
How should he know, I smile,  
That they are the redness of wine.

\* \* \*

One of the many problems student writers must be concerned with is the problem of concreteness in writing. Especially since the advent of the so called "beat generation." Writers who embellish their meaning in vague abstractions and pointless gimmicks are, of course, inconsequential to the main stream of good writing.

They are guilty of an indolence which has no place in writing, and no writer will ever be a legitimate one until he imposes on himself a discipline that the art form demands.

Whether or not they are influenced by the modern fad, students often fail as writers because of an inability to write in concrete terms.

The fact that writing demands specific language can be demonstrated by an observation of Ortega Y Gasset, a famous Spanish critic of art and literature, who, in one essay, said:

"When I read in a novel "John was peevish" it is as though the writer invited me to visualize, on the strength of his definition, John's peevishness in my own imagination. That is to say, he expects me to be the novelist. What is required, I should think, is exactly the opposite: that he furnish the visible facts so that I obligingly discover and define John to be peevish."

If students learn nothing else about writing in college they should realize the validity of fresh and clear language.

\* \* \*

In this issue of *THE REBEL* you will find, we hope, the best fiction being produced on the campus.

*The Journal* is a short story by Rachel Steinbeck, a senior from Greenville, N. C. Although she has been interested in writing since entering college this is her first short story. Miss Steinbeck plans to graduate this quarter.

*Black Man's Requiem* is the first published short story by Robert L. Harper. He has been a steady contributor to *The Rebel* and has maintained a high interest in writing. He is a senior from Tarboro, N. C.

*The Knife* is by Mary Margaret Kelly. Although this is her first short story she has been active as an artist and an actress while on the campus. Recently she played a leading role in the East Carolina Playhouse production of *The Potting Shed*. She is a senior from Salisbury, N. C.

Evelyn Patricia Smith (EPS) has one previous poem published in *The Rebel*. Miss Smith has written poetry consistently her three years in college. She is from Washington, N. C.

John Hudgins, a junior from Charlotte, has published poetry in all three issues of *The Rebel*.

*Forest Fire* is Dorothy Flynn's first poem. She is a sophomore from Richmond, Va.

## The Poetry of EPS

How many minutes will wander past,  
Before I reach my goal?  
How many hours will tread, not fast,  
Before I find my soul?

I've watched it glide so slowly by,  
Quite close enough to reach;  
But now it's sailed again to hide  
On some forgotten beach.

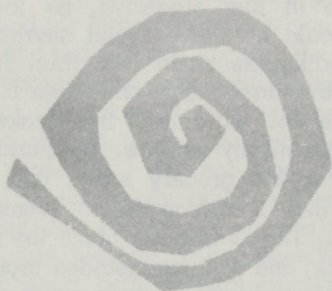
The days march on a legion,  
No human power can hold.  
With restless step I seek ----  
My soul to find and keep.

My feet sink into the sand  
making small patterns along the beach  
ever-changing patterns  
never alike -----  
but each related to each.  
Tomorrow if I walk this way  
the patterns will be gone  
washed by the tide -----  
but new patterns will appear  
side by side -----  
for footprints on the sand cannot hide.

Enveloping black  
silent black  
deathly stealthy creeps around  
tiny fingers of light seep  
through the darkness  
pointing the way  
into laughing living day

I float far out into space  
where no one can see me  
and I can perceive no face  
where nothing can touch me  
and I can not desist.

I drift aimlessly upon the deluge of eternity  
where I can not achieve my desires  
and no desires can be consummated in me.



# The Journal

by Rachel Steinbeck

**June 10, 1956:** Well, I am in the salty town of Highport, and it is all I expected. My hotel is rather rustic, (a little too much to my liking) but the food is good and the view is refreshing. I thought I would keep this journal to help me remember my days here if I ever care to reminisce.

This afternoon after I arrived, I walked down to the main part of town to view the docks, etc. Everything appeared sleepy and peaceful. I talked to the owner of the grocery store, and he told me about the big fishery just a few miles from here. He said he would like to show it to me during my stay, but I declined. He was nice and didn't smell too highly of fish, but one can't be too careful. (There, I used two too's in that one sentence --but since this is my vacation, I'll let it stand.)

At 3:35 I was back at the hotel, and things were extremely quiet. Since no one was about, I decided to stay awhile downstairs. The parlor is a large room with three divans and many large comfortable chairs. One wall--the outside one--is completely covered by large windows that overlook the sea. I remember thinking as I stood there that I had seen the ocean only a few times in my life. When Mother and I went, we never went swimming because she said there were too many diseases carried by sea water. The ocean may carry diseases, but it is also beautiful. I can hardly imagine anything harmful coming from such beauty.

We had our evening meal at 6:00 and afterwards we broke up into little conversational groups as people do in such circumstances. I talked with a professor and his wife who

know some friends of mine in Baltimore. The professor has retired now, and he and his wife are resting up before going abroad for the summer. We had a stimulating talk about some of the more impressive European writers, and we were quite in agreement on several matters. I enjoyed the evening.

**June 11, 1956:** I woke with a start this morning to find that it was already 8:30. It took me less than a half an hour to get dressed and go down for breakfast. I ate leisurely by myself and then the whole day lay open for me to rest. What a problem I make of resting! I laugh to myself when I think of how many people would rush about in order to have time to rest. My afternoon was spent in painting. I've started a scene of the docks. It may not look very realistic, but all the boats will have clean coats of paint in my picture. Churchill said that nothing frightens a man more than a blank piece of canvas before him which he knows he must fill. I felt that way, too; and I moved my easel eight or nine times before I found my exact spot. So far I have blocked in the boats and part of the docks.

Last night I slept well. The ocean crashed outside of my window all night, but it didn't keep me from going to sleep quickly. Tonight I don't feel very tired.

**June 12, 1956:** All day the rain has poured. I went down to the dining room for my three meals, but the rest of the time I've been in my room. Since everyone had to stay indoors, the house seemed rather crowded; and there was nothing special to do. The ocean has tried to beat itself out, I believe. I opened the window just for a moment this afternoon, and the roar was deafening. One could imagine all sorts

of voices in the ocean if he listened hard enough. Even I thought I could hear Mother down there, but I shall never breathe that to a soul.

The professor was in the parlor without his wife for awhile this morning; and when I walked in, there was a definite note of welcome in his voice. We talked only of the weather (and actually not long about that) but he was disappointed when I started to leave. I shall watch him closely from now on.

Since I haven't mentioned my room in my journal, I shall do so now. It is small--11' x 9' at the most. On one wall that is at right angles with the window stands the dressing table and next to it is the closet. Across from the window is the door to the hall and beside the door is a wash basin (situated in a very poor position, I might add). On the third wall is the writing desk at which I am now sitting, and beside me is the bed. That is the only thing at all singular about the room--the bed. It must be old, because the last bed I saw--which even closely resembles this one--was the one I slept in at Grandmother's when I was a child. It has four large posts and the headboard is completely covered with a carving. In the center of the headboard stands a naked cherub, and he has gathered around him all kinds of animals and flowers. The little boy stands so high above everything else that only his feet have any connection with the rest of the headboard. Someone has taken a great deal of time to make such a piece of furniture.

**June 14, 1956:** Yesterday was like the day before, and today has been like the preceding two. I feel that the "wrath of the Gods" is upon us, and this rain will never stop. The professor was not quite so subtle today when we met after breakfast. I had taken my coffee into the parlor to drink it while I read the daily paper; and after I was finished, I glanced around to find a table to place the cup on. (Of all the times I've said never to use a preposition at the end of a sentence, and now I just used one!) Well, as I sat there, the professor and his wife came through the room; and he leaned over to take my cup for me. His hand brushed mine for only a moment, but I know that he had it all planned. I acted as if I didn't notice, and he took it just as calmly.

Tonight I had supper in my room. I am getting so I like to look at the little cherub standing above my bed. His smile is very

sweet for such a wooden baby. As I sit here and gaze at him sideways, he looks real. Mother could not have found anything wrong with a noiseless child like this. I dreamed about Mother last night, and when I woke her voice was still with me in the breaking of the waves beneath my window. I explained about the man at the grocery store, and she was pleased that I had made no plans to see him again. Then I told her about the professor downstairs, and we have decided that it would be better for me to remain in my room than to be exposed to something which may turn out to be embarrassing.

**June 15, 1956:** The sun came out this evening just in time to go down, and the paper says there will be fair weather tomorrow. When the rain stopped today, we all left the house. I had my sweater hanging in the closet at the bottom of the stairs; and when I reached for it to put it on, there stood the professor to help me. He smiled a very secret smile at me which I am sure his wife didn't notice even though she was standing right there. Some women never see what is happening right under their noses. They invited me to walk with them, but I am certain the atmosphere would have been strained if I had done so. Because the day was so nearly gone, I had no time to continue my painting. I shall do that tomorrow.

Right before I fell asleep last night, I changed all the covers on my bed to open at the foot instead of at the head of the bed. That is so I can look at Jonathan before I go to sleep. (I have named the wooden cherub "Jonathan." It seems to me he should have a name as the rest of us). I was right. Mother does like him, and that is very important. She said he had a "right" look about him which few children have now. I don't think I actually saw Mother last night since I was already in bed with the lights out, but she saw Jonathan well enough to give him a thorough inspection. I just wish that he didn't have to stand in the same place all day. He would be such a comfort to me if he could go with me on my walks and watch me while I paint.

**June 16, 1956:** I slipped from the house early this morning and almost completed my boats. I saw the professor and his wife walking down at the docks and they waved to me. The professor is trying so hard to be casual, but I have decided not to speak with them anymore. It will be best.

How hard it was for me to leave Jonathan today! We have been together almost a week,

and I feel that he is partly mine. He and Mother get along well together. Last night she sat at the head (or foot -- whichever you prefer) of the bed and fed him his supper. He didn't say much because he is only a child, but his eyes danced at the jokes Mother was telling him. I felt too foolish to ask for baby food at the grocery store for I did not want to explain. Finally I ended up by taking several jars of vegetables and meats and leaving the money near the cash register. It had been a long time since my heart beat so excitedly. I ran most of the way back to the hotel and was so happy to find Jonathan still waiting for me. (Poor boy! He dislikes standing in one place all day just as badly as I hate to see him unable to move.) I thought it over and decided to take a small file and see if I could gradually saw him away from the headboard. How could a little boy put up with all those dreadful animals all day? And they are wooden at that!

June 20, 1956: My days have been so full lately that I have been unable to keep up my journal every night. The day after my last entry I went back down to the town to buy a file. When I came back I asked the hotel manager if he would have my meals sent up to my room from then on. My work keeps me too busy to go downstairs to eat. Mother is with me most of the time now. She is sitting at the dressing table combing her hair. The breeze from the ocean becomes forceful at times; and tonight, when she came in, her hair was blown all about. I listen very carefully when she is not here so I won't miss her when she knocks on the window for me to let her in. It gets chilly standing out there and I did not bring any cold tablets with me.

Jonathan doesn't like the baby food too

much, but he seems to be terribly impatient for me to finish my filing. So far I have filed a line about 1¼" long where his feet are attached. The progress is very slow.

June 23, 1956: My work is about over. Tomorrow Jonathan shall be free! He and Mother and I are going to have a celebration after my task is completed. I can't write more now because my hand was cut today when I slipped with the file, and it is painful for me to write.

June 24, 1956: Jonathan can play around now till his heart's content. A child does so much for one. I even believe Mother is beginning to see how much he means to me. We talked a long time today, and she says she is getting tired of going back and forth. Tomorrow will be her last time to come, and she wants me to go back with her. There are many things to do if I do take the trip. Jonathan is enthusiastic!

June 25, 1956: I have packed my clothes and put the baby food on the top shelf of the closet. There is no need to take it if Jonathan won't eat it. We plan to leave in a few minutes. Mother is here and she keeps running to the window and back! We want everything to go just right. I will wait for my evening meal to be brought up so that the tray won't sit outside my door all night. I am too excited to eat! This is it! This has been a glorious vacation!

#### **The Highport Chronicle June 29, 1956**

Late yesterday afternoon two fishermen stumbled across a woman's body lying with some driftwood on the shore near Point Star. As yet no positive identification has been made, but parts of a suitcase found nearby indicate...

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# Black Man's Requiem

by Robert L. Harper

Father used to say that Mutt was the meanest nigger that ever lived. Mutt lived on our place for two years before father ran him off. He was big and black, as black as midnight with a long, crooked razor scar on his face. That scar was the only white thing about Mutt, and that wasn't really white, but kind of pinkish.

It was in the fall of the last year Mutt stayed with us that father said he was gonna get rid of him and Sally Ann --- that is, after we cropped tobacco and settled up. Father was scared Mutt was gonna kill Sally Ann and he didn't want no killing on his place.

Sally Ann was Mutt's wife, or at least they lived together and had two children. Mutt used to beat her almost every Saturday night after he came back from Johnson's Cross Roads, full of wine and feeling mean.

Billy, my older brother, and I used to sneak down behind Mutt's tenant house on Saturday nights and listen to him beat Sally Ann. We could hear Mutt cuss and yell and Sally Ann scream like bloody murder. Several times we thought he'd killed her, but she always showed up Monday morning looking bruised and beat up, but still able to work.

One day, when Mutt was shrubbing the ditch banks down by the south pasture, Billy asked him why he beat Sally Ann. I was scared it would make Mutt mad, but he flashed a big white-toothed grin and said, "She's my woman and I gots to make her 'have.'"

Mutt swung the shrub blade a couple or more times and looked at Billy and me. "You white folks don't understand us colored people," he said. "I'm a good worker and

Cap'n Thomas knows it. I like to stomp around on Saturday nite, and dat's all right."

Mutt started back shrubbing and didn't notice us any more, but muttered something about the good Lord making him the way he was. Billy and I went back to the house.

We finished cropping tobacco and, after it was sold, father settled up with Mutt and helped him move with the truck. Mutt moved to Mister Winston's farm across the creek, about three miles from our place. He didn't get mad at father for asking him to leave. Mutt said father was a good boss man, and he couldn't stay at one place too long no how.

We didn't hear much about Mutt that winter or next spring. Once or twice Billy and I would see him down at Johnson's Cross Roads and he would act right nice, calling us Mister Billy and Mister Joey. Sometimes he'd give us a piece of candy, then he'd walk over to the nigger store where there was a pool table and juke box.

It was early summer when we were topping tobacco, when we heard about Mutt's trouble. Mutt had been down at the Cross Roads drinking wine and raising cane, when this creek nigger came at him with an empty bottle. It was over some high-yellow gal. Mutt ducked the bottle and cut the creek nigger about thirty stitches worth. The sheriff caught Mutt the next day and carried him down to the county jail. Two days later Sally Ann came over to our house while Billy and me were playing in the yard.

"Mister Billy?" she said. "I wants to see Cap'n Thomas."

Billy ran into the house to get father

while Sally Ann waited at the back door. She didn't look bruised or beat up, but she looked like she felt mighty bad over something. Father came to the door smoking his pipe.

"Well, Sally Ann, what can I do for you?" he asked.

Sally Ann looked down at the ground for a while before she answered. "Cap'n Thomas, Mutt's in jail," she said. "Cap'n Thomas won't stand his fine."

Father took a long pull on his pipe and studied the nigger woman for a long while. "How much is Mutt's fine?" he asked.

"Twenty-seven dollars and cost, according to the judge, but we pay it back, honest, Cap'n Thomas," the Negro woman pleaded.

Father muttered to himself a few minutes, acting like he was going to bite the pipe stem off.

"Well, I might ride into town tomorrow, but I ain't promising nothing," father said as he turned back to the house.

"Thank you, Cap'n Thomas, thank you, suh," Sally Ann said to father's back. Billy and I watched her walk slowly out of the yard.

Father drove into town the next morning in the pickup truck. The county jail is a big gray stone building near the warehouse area. It smells of fried fat back and molasses. The jailer led father back through the cell-block to Mutt's cell. When Mutt saw father he jumped from his bunk and rushed to the barred door.

"Cap'n Thomas, Lawd Gawd, Cap'n Thomas, I'm glad to see you," Mutt yelled.

"Mutt, you're a sorry nigger," Father said.

"Yes suh, Cap'n Thomas. Please, suh, can't you get me out of this place?"

Father studied Mutt a long time, pulling on his pipe and looking serious.

"Mutt, you're a mean man. Don't you think it would do you some good to pull a little time? It sure wouldn't hurt you," Father said.

"Cap'n Thomas," Mutt said, looking at father sorrowfully, the scar on his face growing almost white. "I ain't mean, Cap'n Thomas, I ain't done nothing wrong. I just do what I got to do. Don't let me go on no road, Cap'n Thomas, please don't," Mutt breathed deeply. "I was on the road once, Cap'n Thomas. I ain't the kind of man to be on no road gang."

Father paid Mutt's fine and got back home by dusk dark. He didn't mention Mutt for the rest of the summer, but Billy and me talked

about him from time to time.

It was early October when it happened. Father learned of the murder at the Cross Roads. Mutt had killed Sally Ann that Saturday night. He'd beat her once too often to "make her 'have." The sheriff tracked him with hounds down the creek bed. Tuesday afternoon Mutt was captured.

Father went to the trial, but he never went to see Mutt. His sentence was for twenty years and he stayed in the county working on the road gang out from the prison farm. The gang did most of its work in the fall, repairing the dirt roads for the market season. Mutt's job was to handle shovel and pick while three guards watched over him and the other convicts. The three men were armed with two shotguns and a 30-30 lever action rifle. The guards seldom concerned themselves with the prisoners, but Mutt attracted attention from the head guard.

"He's a good worker," said the head guard with the 30-30. "But he's got that look about him. He might just make a run for it some day."

"He'd never make it," the short fat guard answered. "He ought to know that."

"For his kind, it don't make no difference," the head guard said.

Mutt worked hard, for he always had, but he never laughed with the other convicts or showed his white-toothed grin. And he did make a run for it.

It was close to quitting time, when Mutt layed down his pick, jumped the ditch bank, and walked slowly across the cotton field.

"Halt," cried the short, fat guard. "Halt, or I'll shoot."

Mutt kept walking. "Halt, you damn fool," the guards yelled.

"He ain't gonna stop," said the head guard as he raised the 30-30. "His kind don't stop."

The rifle made a loud report. It could kill a deer at a hundred yards. It killed Mutt at fifty.

One of the guards turned the dead man over with the toe of his boot. Mutt was a black nigger, black as midnight, except for the razor scar.

"Reckon he didn't know we'd kill him?" asked the fat guard to no one.

"I think he knew," said the man with the rifle.

# the Knife



by Mary Margaret Kelly

Jody noticed immediately the small card fastened to the locker with three bold strips of scotch tape. It was a white note card of the type Jody himself had often used to take down notes which the English department required of struggling freshman English students. The letters were neatly printed in black ink. It wasn't the note card itself that attracted Jody's attention. Other boys coming in from their gym classes paid little or no attention. In fact, probably not five out of the hundred or so boys who passed through the locker room could have told him that on that particular morning, a note was taped to the door of locker 347; but Jody saw. The small rectangle attracted his attention as if it had been framed in a flashing green and red neon sign.

The note read, "Anyone knowing the whereabouts of my two-blade pocket knife, please let me know. It is black with silver trim. There is a small V-shaped notch in the large blade near the handle."

Jody looked around. By now the crowd had thinned out of the dressing room. He walked over to his own locker. Slipping the catch back, he opened the door. A crumpled shirt lay on the shelf. Lifting it, he looked at the object lying on the green metal beneath. It was the pocket knife, black with silver trim.

Glancing around to make sure no one was near, Jody picked up the knife and turned it over in the palm of his hand. It lay there, heavy and cold. Jody opened the blades carefully. There were two of them. They were ordinary-looking pocket knife blades. The large one had evidently been used to cut something too strong, for near its base was a neat V-shaped chip.

Jody closed the knife with a snap and placed it in his pocket. The clock on the wall told him it was almost time to be at the hardware store where he worked every afternoon after classes.

As he walked down the street, the knife jostled heavily against his leg. It was heavy -- heavier than he'd realized when he first saw it yesterday morning. He hadn't meant to open the locker. His shoulder bumped the catch as he passed and the door swung open. He stopped to close it and saw a silver gleam inside. Pausing a moment he saw the gleam come from an ordinary pocket knife lying just inside the door. A wallet, a ring, and some change lay nearby. He picked up the knife to look at it more closely when a sudden noise caused him to shut the door quickly and whirl around. "Gosh," he thought, "someone might think I was plundering in someone's locker."

He walked quickly to his locker, intending to get his books when a cold weight bumped against his leg. A quick grab into his pocket produced a slender black knife bordered with silver. The knife! How could he have it? He didn't mean to pick it up. What could he do? The only logical thing -- turn around, walk back to the locker, and put it back. Retracing his steps, he started to carry out his decision when the sight of a tight group of boys standing around locker 347, stopped him. A voice rang out, "Somebody's taken my knife, the one Grandpa gave me. That makes me mad. Who got it?"

Why hadn't he stepped up and said, "Here's your knife. I took it from your locker." But he hesitated. A strange thought occurred

to him. What if he returned the knife and saw a hostile look in the eyes of the owner? Suppose he turned and saw that same look mirrored in the faces of the others around him -- the look of disbelief. The look that would brand him a thief. "Once a thief, always, a thief." The words floated over and over in his mind. He had hesitated. The moment for his escape passed.

Now he would wait until the boys left and would sneak the knife back into the locker. Yes, that was it. No one need ever know. Until he had heard the footsteps retreating, echoing down the long corridor of green, still lockers, he pretended to be tying his shoelace. Then and only then did he dare to look up. They were gone and he had been granted another chance. He casually slid his hand over the square boxes until it came to rest on locker 347. With a furtive glance, he casually slid his hand down until it touched the padlock. The cold steel of the lock held the door to the locker immovable. Nausea gripped him. He sat heavily on one of the low wooden benches. His escape was cut off.

He hadn't slept at all well that night. Visions of accusing fingers troubled his sleep. Once toward morning he fell into a deep dream where he saw the knife creep from its place in the dresser drawer and wrap itself around his neck like a snake. He woke with a strangling sensation in his throat and a ringing in his ears.

And today there was the small white note card on locker 347, "Anyone knowing the whereabouts..." Why, that was the way the posters in the post office began. Jody shivered involuntarily. He was no criminal, not like those mute, tightlipped men of the posters. He had done no wrong. Today he almost walked right up to the knife's owner and told him the whole story; but at the last minute his knees weakened and his courage failed. Why would anyone believe so improbable a tale? People just don't go around accidentally picking up knives from other people's lockers.

He had lived the moment of return in his own mind many times that day -- the explanation, the giving of the knife to its rightful owner, the look of surprise changing into doubt and accusation. Even to his own ears, the words he rehearsed so carefully sounded hollow and flat. "Here is your knife. I accidentally picked it up."

As he walked in the door of Hodges Brothers Hardware Store where he worked,

Jody once again revived the thought that he had tried all day to ignore. There was another solution. He could keep the knife. If he were careful... He quickly shut this thought from his mind. Perhaps he really meant to slip the knife into his pocket and was only fooling himself with excuses. He shook himself mentally. Of course not, he thought. But still, was he capable of such a thing?

He was so wrapped up in his thoughts, he hardly heard Mr. Jim's cheerful, "Good afternoon," but he answered from habit. He quickly slipped on his working apron and busied himself sorting nails in a big wooden bin. As usual, the hardware store was busy. Jody worked steadily, filling orders by instinct. He had worked for Mr. Hodges for three years. He could tell you where the Phillips screws, the miter boxes, the horse muzzles, or the three-penny nails were located without having to think. He liked the smell of leather and metal. He liked to climb the tall ladder which rolled along the front of the shelves on greased rollers fastened at the molding.

This afternoon, however, the store was not a friendly retreat but an oppressive chamber. It was as if the pile of woolen horse blankets in the rear of the building had been unfolded and spread over the entire store. The heat and dimness seemed to close around Jody and hold him prisoner. Familiar objects took on fantastic shapes.

The only thing real to him that afternoon was the large glass case in the left hand corner near the front of the store. It was a painful reminder of the lump in his pocket for it was here that Mr. Hodges kept the complete stock of knives. To Jody the case seemed to grow as the afternoon wore on. Now it was a black square monster in the late sunlight. Jody could hardly stand to know it was there. He tried to keep his mind elsewhere but his eyes were drawn to it again and again.

It was about five thirty, almost closing time. The front door opened and one of Jody's neighbors, Mr. Madison, came in. "Hello, Jody," he smiled. "Can you help me? I want to buy a pocket knife for my grandson's birthday."

Suddenly it was more than Jody could bear. He paused abruptly. "I'm sorry, Mr. Madison," he said. "Perhaps Mr. Hodges can help you. I've got to go."

He walked quickly out of the store and

down the street. At the edge of town he broke into a run. He ran until he came to the woods which separated the town from the countryside. In the distance he could hear the river. Stumbling over roots and frantically dodging clutching vines, he came at last to the edge of the rapid river. He stopped and reached into his pocket. Slowly he drew out the knife.

He looked at it lying in his palm, cold, metallic, and impersonal. He looked at it long and carefully, turning it over and over. After a quick flick of his wrist, it flew out over the black water. The late afternoon sun flashed on it for a moment as it arched through the air. Then it descended with a soft kerplunk and sunk to the bottom.

## Forest Fire

by Dorothy Flynn

Flaming Flashes turned dark to light,  
Crackling, clashing, dancing in the night,  
Burning, turning all the forest dark,  
Heedless, hideous, thoughtlessness had sparked  
The sickening roar of fire.

Howling, growling, wailed the scented trees,  
Flipping, flapping wings of birds and bees,  
Fleeting, fearful animals made haste  
Running, shunning, trying to escape  
The wicked roar of fire.

Calm, deserted, black against the sky,  
Vacant, vain, despoiled lands comply  
To smoke, stifling air that has no breath;  
The wounded, wanting, lifeless forest left  
By the wicked roar of fire.

Little can be said for love  
Except that it is sad.

It is sad at the first parting of lovers;  
It is sad when lovers quarrel.  
It is sad when lovers lose themselves in one another;  
It is sad when it is ended.

Little can be said for love  
Except that it is sad.



MARY ELLEN MARSHBOURNE



MARY ELLEN MARSHBOURNE

# Her Immortality

by John Hudgins

finished, we looked up through the trees  
and heard the whisper of the leaves.  
the pine thistles whistled softly.  
sometimes, sad Rena burped, or belched  
his song above the crazy cricket jazz,  
deep throated, mournful forest song.

along the woody avenue  
wings whirl like 'lectric fans.  
the nocturnal noises never cease  
more distinct because the quiet increased.  
and sights of living neon signs  
are seen among dark evergreens.

screened light lay on her face and traced  
the silhouetted leaves, black lace.  
now she sleeps, I hear her when she breathes  
above the rustling of the leaves.

## Kaleidoscope

by Lewis Gordon

Through nightness, blackness damp  
Over fluid covered linear organs  
My auto rolls, touching at circle point,  
(spinning licorice doughnuts on the silver on glass reflections)  
Swiftly towards an ephemeral triumvirate of  
Fall-fire red  
Quick top-of fire yellow  
and the final gutter-coal green glow  
and then the road home.

Another stringy, tar-humped, thread-patched stretch  
That extends into perspective  
Around the girl-cheek curve that leads,  
Not out of town,  
But through a screwhead where a railroad runs on top.

And I turn left; the rare-green glow on dashboard arrows  
And the soft, dry-mush sand  
Crumples, like a bed-warm blanket as I turn .

Then sound sequence:  
The metallic cricket gritter of handbrake,  
Quick click of ignition off  
And the last of spark-timed breathing  
And the last of muffled fume.

# the rebel review

## *The Poignancy of the Past is Here*

**The Post Reader of Civil War Stories.** Edited with an Introduction by E. B. Long. Garden City: Doubleday. 331 pp. \$3.95.

**The Post Reader of Civil War Stories** contains some of the best fiction written about the Civil War. For the most part, these stories are on a far higher level than the average Saturday Evening Post short story. It includes works by William Faulkner, John Marquand, Stephen Vincent Benét, McKinlay Kantor, Clifford Dowdey, James Warner Bellah and other recognized writers.

The introduction to this little volume is the best statement on Civil War fiction I have seen. E. B. Long, a Post editor, explains: "It is past time for the historians to do their work. It is time now, perhaps past time, for the statesman, the politicians, the citizens to do theirs. Then, too, there is room for the dreamer, the creator, the weaver of story, to do his. All of these must pick up the challenge left by the 32,000,000 or more souls of the dis-United States of the 1860's. It is for each of us in his own way to make use of this cataclysmic human experience. For it will be there anyway, ours for always and always. We cannot blind ourselves to it. We cannot forget 600,000 lives sacrificed to Civil War. We cannot, we shall not, escape it."

The writers in this volume pick up the challenge. They catch the spirit of the time, the place, and the 32,000,000 souls. After reading the entire book you feel as if, for a moment at least, you have lived through the War. You get to know the young officer who failed in battle, the general who relies on a private to turn the tide of a campaign, and the men around the campfires--gaunt, hungry and battle weary.

You meet the young widow who is besieged by a life of drabness, the little boy who learned the meaning of war and death, and the yankee soldier who found love through an enemy.

You are able to see, in retrospect, the human problems and emotions created by our history's most important crisis. This book is more fascinating reading than Civil War his-

tory, which is in itself good reading.

You will find William Faulkner at his best in *Ambuscade* and *Mountain Victory*; the poetic language of Stephen Vincent Benét, the warm imagination of James Warner Bellah, and the authenticated description of McKinlay Kantor gives to the volume a unique variety.

"These stories will not solve the questions of the Civil War. They will not clear up the perplexing issues of that day, or our day. That is left for the historian, and, we hope, the politician. But these writers have felt a challenge and have met it. They have told their stories of the greatest emotional turbulence this nation has ever endured. To them it was not a dream. The poignancy of the past is here, and with it those who have bequeathed their fields, forests, mountains and battlefields for us to ponder and perhaps to understand."

-BRYAN HARRISON

## *A Dream and Red Dust*

**Dream of the Red Chamber.** By Tsao Hsueh-Chin. Garden City: Doubleday Anchor. \$.95.

This translation of one of China's greatest novels is likely to prove both interesting and frustrating to the reader. The general theme of the book, that despite the apparent glamour of earthly life (referred to as the Red Dust), the only real joys and true fulfillment are to be found in a spiritual type of life, is presented interestingly enough. The futility of worldly life, even among the rich, is clearly shown in the story.

However, several obstacles tend to prevent the reader from gaining a full insight into the thoughts expressed by the author. Although the material wealth of the family with which the book concerns itself approaches the amount of luxury in many American homes today, and although the reader can appreciate many of the problems the characters are faced with, there nevertheless remain differences,

both obvious and subtle, which prevent the American reader from feeling the way about a situation that a member of the house of China would. Possibly some of this difference is caused by the fatalism of the East, but in any case it gives the reader the feeling that he is not quite seeing things in the light the author intended him to.

The introduction of a mystical element at the start of the story, and the references to Buddhist and Taoist concepts are hard for the reader to grasp, even should he have some acquaintance with Oriental thought. Then too, there are places when the reader may sense that the translation is unable to express some of the finer shades of meaning, thus placing drab phrases where the reader will feel something more descriptive ought to go.

All in all, the *Dream of the Red Chamber* is quite interesting, especially to someone with a little background in Oriental thought, but it is also a hard book for the reader to gain a completely clear insight into the situations and thoughts expressed in the story.

-NORMAN KILPATRICK

## *Intriguingly Evil Man*

*Francois Villon*. By D. B. Wyndham Lewis. Garden City: Doubleday Anchor. 452 pp. \$1.45.

Francois Villon is one of the most colorful and mysterious characters in all of literature. Among the more outstanding of the French poets, he is the product of fifteenth century France where he spent his known life, disappearing from the pages of history forever in 1463. Mr. Lewis has done considerable research to make this a factual biography, but the utter lack of material available make the result an interesting and rather authoritative **assumption**. Little is actually known about this blackguard of French poets and yet Mr. Lewis has full account of life...how is it? Dr. Samuel Johnson said, "Nobody can write the life of a man, but those who have eat and drunk and lived in social intercourse with his." Lewis replies, "This I believe is true and I have done it. Villon I know now almost as I know some of my friends-or more...I know his temperament. I know his faith, and I have at one time or another fallen into some of his follies..." Villon, he must have known, for the picture he paints is vivid, life-like. Lewis explains that he has walked the same Paris streets where Villon trod five centuries ago; he has handled Villon's original manuscripts.

In the foreword he warns any but the-

more diligent student from proceeding further; the pendant and haphazard scholar will be wasting his time. On the contrary, the book is designed for "...those dear souls who love high poetry..." and for any who have suffered misfortunes such as Villon suffered. This "high poetry" abounds. Fortunately for those of us whose meager French comprehension doesn't encompass fifteenth century poetry, all of the French is translated; however, as is usually the case, much is lost in the translations (most of which are very liberal rather than literal) and it's well worth the time of even a mediocre student of French to have a go at the original.

Mr. Lewis has divided his work into four basic segments. A brief "Preliminary" lays the foundation, giving a candid view of the history of the times, and a glimpse at the France and Paris of Villon's time. Paris with its stench, its dingy little quarter for students, its monasteries, and its muddy streets are painted in living detail.

The second part is "The Life," formerly Francois de Montcorbier (after his real father). Villon was the surname of a relative who adopted the child. This confusion is typical of Villon's life---student, thief, poet, chaser of women, and twice condemned to death. France was a disturbed and petulant country during Villon's life. Dishonesty and immorality were the rule rather than the exception; Villon was no exception. At the last death sentence, late in 1462, we lose Francois Villon. He was not executed, this we know, but then?

The last two sections of the book contain some of his works. "The Works," and "The Cream of the Testaments," give a notated and translated capsule of the outstanding works of a truly great poet.

Francois Villon was an intriguingly evil, mysterious and extremely intelligent man; his poetry is artistically beautiful and intrinsically great; his biography is poignant and inspiring.

-CHARLES JENKINS

## *They Die As They Live*

*The Flesh of Kings*. By Armin Frank. Garden City: Doubleday. 276 pp. \$3.95.

*The Flesh of Kings* is a novel of a man and his two sons who live in the back country of Southern Ohio. The father, Coit Disko, spends his life with a guilty passion over the

death of his wife. His sons are molded by his passions. They die as they live---self sufficient, withdrawn, immune to the laws of other men, and convinced that they must do what they must, regardless of the consequences.

Armin Frank's characterization is excellent. He himself never says that the Discos are unorthodox characters, but lets them tell the reader through their own conversation and action. In the novel the Disco's enemies are not merely foils, but are portrayed as living breathing people.

Another strong point of this novel is the descriptive passages. The author describes the country-side of southern Ohio and its people with equal depth and perception. Good characterization and vivid description are elements of a compelling novel and that is exactly what *The Flesh of Kings* is.

However, Armin Frank sometimes tells his story in a mystical manner. The reader feels the action is obscured in shadows. And at the end of the novel all the shadows are not completely cleared away. At times, the author speaks of death, doom and inevitability in an elusive manner.

All things considered, the novel is worthwhile reading. The suspense is fascinating and once the reader begins, he will be forced to finish.

-SANDRA PORTER MILLS

## *A New History*

*A History of Europe* by Henri Pirenne. Garden City: Doubleday Anchor. Volume I From the End of the Roman World in the West to the Beginnings of the Western States. 278 pp. \$.95. Volume II From the Thirteenth Century to the Renaissance and Reformation. 349 pp. \$.95.

"*The History of Europe*," says Jacques Pirenne, the author's son, "is the outcome of all the research which my father had undertaken during the thirty-five years which he had devoted to history before 1914; it is the synthesis of all his knowledge, ripened in meditation..." In light of this statement, these two volumes can scarcely be overlooked.

Pirenne began the first draft of his *History* in 1917 while a prisoner of the Germans. He died in 1935. In between these dates the author never had the opportunity to go back over his manuscript and amend it with more detailed references, which may account for some of the rough spots in his work. Nevertheless, it is an outstanding effort.

In some places, Pirenne seems to be re-

peating what others have said before, but he offsets this with vaulting observations and challenging conclusions.

In Volume I, Pirenne points to the expansion of Islam in the seventh century, which resulted in the isolation of Europe with the closing of the Mediterranean, thus forcing it to become "a world apart, able to count only on itself, and in respect of its further development it was thrown upon its own resources."

It was the cities that created a new order of things, and with this new order came the bourgeois, which was instrumental in the development of national characters.

In his overall view in the second volume of seething Europe, torn between the material and the spiritual, Pirenne lays the groundwork for the Renaissance and the Reformation. In it he says that "the influence of the Renaissance upon civilization was by no means as efficacious as its early years might have led man to expect. Another force, even more powerful--the religious Reformation--began to clash with it at the very moment when it was beginning to trace the direction of intellectual progress, and it was their twofold actions, sometimes combined, but more often opposed, that determined the destinies of the modern world."

Pirenne's *History* is a work which may be enjoyed by layman and historian alike, for it is written in a clear, fluid style. In comparison, however, it is doubtful that this work will ever equal in stature Pirenne's history of Belgium.

-HUGH AGEE

## *A New Literature*

*The Goncourt Journals, 1851-1870* by Edmond and Jules de Goncourt. Edited, Translated, and with an Introduction by Lewis Galantiere. Doubleday Anchor. 377 pp. \$1.25.

The *Goncourt Journals* strike a warm note in the reader's veins, for the brothers Goncourt have written about people, and what could be warmer or more entertaining? In these excerpts taken from the original nine volumes, Edmond and Jules de Goncourt present to the reader valuable insights into the lives of such greats as Flaubert, Beaudelaire, Victor Hugo, Zola, George Sand, and Gautier.

"It is stupid to live in a time of growth," the Goncourts reflects in 1860, but their existence, and the work that they did was anything but stupid. If the journals are at all accurate

(and there is little reason to doubt their accuracy), then Edmond and Jules de Goncourt certainly rank among the most dedicated writers of all time.

The style of the *Journals* is delightful. The Goncourts were truly masters of words. Any writer could not help but profit by reading them.

Poe, whom the French have taken to heart, appears often in the *Journals*. "Reading Edgar Allan Poe," the Goncourts say, "is a revelation of something that criticism does not seem to suspect the existence of Poe, a new literature, the literature of the twentieth century: the scientific miracle, the creation of fable by a + b; a literature at once monomaniacal and mathematical." And this written in 1856.

The reflections of Flaubert concerning his own work are particularly interesting. At one point, he is quoted as saying, "When I write a novel, I have in mind rendering a colour, a shade... In *Madame Bovary* all I was after was to render a special tone, that colour of the mouldiness of a wood louse's existence... My first '*Madame Bovary*' was to have been set in the surroundings and painted in the tone I actually used, but she was to have been a chaste and devout old maid. And then I saw that this would be an impossible character."

The death of Jules in 1870 marks the end of a fruitful era for the Goncourts. In time, perhaps more of their work will be translated into English. If the *Journals* enjoy the reception they warrant, then that time will not be too far off.

HUGH AGEE

## *Esprit On the Yalu*

*Band of Brothers*. By Ernest Frankel. New York: The Macmillan Company. 360 pp. \$4.50.

Ernest Frankel is a native of North Carolina and *Band of Brothers* is his first published novel.

*Band of Brothers* is the story of a company of 250 marines and their mission to take and hold Bad Girl Ridge for four miserable days and of their part in the strategic withdrawal of the United Nations' forces from the Yalu River.

In weather 20 below zero, with bodies numb, limbs frost-bitten, stomachs empty, muscles fatigued, and thinking power slowed, the marines fought off attack after attack by

the hordes of Chinese "volunteers" and held every frozen inch of Bad Girl Ridge until the mission was complete.

*Band of Brothers* is a story of the Able Company CO, Captain Bill Patrick, and his fight for command, leadership, his men's confidence, and most of all--confidence in himself for leading men in combat. It is a story of Andy, the 1st Lieutenant of the company, who stood erect while enemy machine gun bullets sang by his head. Of the men, there was Firesteen, waiting for a letter from his wife to see if he had left a kid in the oven; the Negro, Huckabee, a Navy medic, who cared for the wounded and dreamed of being a great surgeon; Dorn, a U. S. Army soldier lost from his outfit, who crossed over to Bad Girl Ridge and later said, "Once a marine, always a marine"; and Choy, the South Korean interpreter, who insisted that American civilization was on the inevitable decline.

*Band of Brothers* re-emphasizes the old theme that war is hell. It increases your knowledge of the Korean War and makes you more appreciative of the men who fought it; because "somebody had to do it." It is the story for Americans, about Americans, U. S. Marines, their esprit de corps, their Semper Paratus, and their "come and get us you sonofabitch" spirit.

There is an unusual amount of combat in *Band of Brothers*. It is filled with laughs and sentiment; sentiment not just for those who fought, but for those who are unconcerned and will never know and understand the price paid so painfully by so few for such little glory.

SAM DAVIS

## *Holly Goes Lightly*

*Breakfast at Tiffany's*. By Truman Capote. New York: Random House. 179 pp. \$3.50.

Holly Golightly goes lightly through these pages. She is observed by a writer who looks at her objectively, but falls in love with her as she goes. The reader will fall in love with her, too. She will be one of the most fascinating women you meet in a current novel.

This is the story of a young woman who wanted to have breakfast at Tiffany's. She is always surrounded by admirers, is offered a movie contract, but turns it down, and has periodical spells of "the mean reds" which is distinguished from the old fashioned "blues." We think that Holly has lived this way all her life, until her husband shows up to take her back to the farm.

All of Holly's friends are, in their own way, just as amazing as Holly herself. Truman Capote has created some beautiful characters, although I don't feel that this book represents the best he can do. In his past writings we realized he was a prodigy, but now he is a grown man, who has gained a reputation for things other than his writing. And certainly he should be expected to do better than **Breakfast at Tiffany's**.

Capote has a great natural talent. He has a fascinating control over the language. But his vision is at this time definitely limited. **Breakfast at Tiffany's** is a clever, delightful novel and an evening devoted to it would be far from wasted.

-JOE SWARTZ

## Haiku

**An Introduction to Haiku.** By Harold G. Henderson. Garden City, New York: Doubleday Anchor. \$1.25

It is doubtful that the average reader in this country who includes poetry in his menu will know much about Japanese poetry, particularly haiku. However, there appears to be a growing interest in this delightful and unusual (by Western standards) form of poetic expression. **An Introduction to Haiku** will prove to be of great value to anyone who seeks to know more of the magical, seventeen syllable poems that have been popular in Japan for centuries.

Mr. Henderson's book is patiently and painstakingly presented. He strives to capture the full impact of the haiku in every case,

and where his translations appear inadequate, it may be attributed to the Herculean task of bringing a synthesized image across a formidable language barrier.

The study of Japanese poetry necessarily requires one to put himself as much as possible into the Japanese frame of mind for the fullest enjoyment; yet, many of the poems have the necessary quality of universality that renders them enjoyable under any circumstance.

HUGH AGEE

## Of Modern Love

**Balthazar.** By Lawrence Durrell. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co., 1958. 249 pp. \$3.50.

In the words of the author, the central topic of **Balthazar** is "an investigation of modern love." And yet it is not a sensual novel in the physical sense--it is a created mist of feelings and sensations, not objects. It is a strangely beautiful and extremely sensitive book.

This is not a "once you pick it up, you can't put it down" book. In fact, the poetic imagery of Mr. Durrell is better savored if the reader does not attempt to gobble it voraciously at one sitting.

Taking place in and around the city of Alexandria, the novel investigates the mysterious intermeshings of its many characters --Justine, Nessim, Melissa, Scobie, Cleo, Pursewarden, and a host of others. The culmination of this is a macabre murder at a party--a murder with a mistaken victim.

NANCY LILLY

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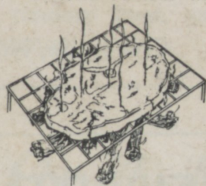
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