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# THE REBEL

WINTER 1967

EAST CAROLINA COLLEGE  
GREENVILLE, N. C.

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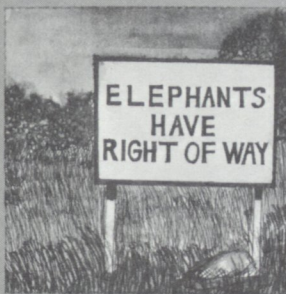
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THE RE

## THE U.N....TO BE OR NOT TO BE

When I was eight or nine years old, my friends and I decided to build a clubhouse in my backyard. We started building in the first part of June, and by July we had one of the finest clubhouses that we had ever seen. For the rest of the summer we played happily, and even though we suffered some setbacks such as a leaking roof, we managed to overcome them and appreciate the clubhouse even more. But when the end of summer came, the neighborhood bully came back from his vacation and had a great idea—that we should move the clubhouse to his backyard. Since he was the biggest and oldest kid around, no one dared to oppose him, and we dutifully tore down our clubhouse and transported the materials to his backyard. Before we could start building, however, the bully's mother came out and said that we could not build anything in her backyard.

An analogy to the present United Nations dilemma can be discovered in the preceding anecdote without unduly straining one's imagination. Particularly in our part of the United States, one hears over and over such phrases as "Get rid of the U.N.," "The U.N. is run by the Communists," and "The U.N. has never accomplished a thing." Because of a "leaking roof" people are ready to tear down and destroy the accomplishments and progress of the U.N. in the past twenty years without having any idea of how to rebuild it or even whether or not we can rebuild it.

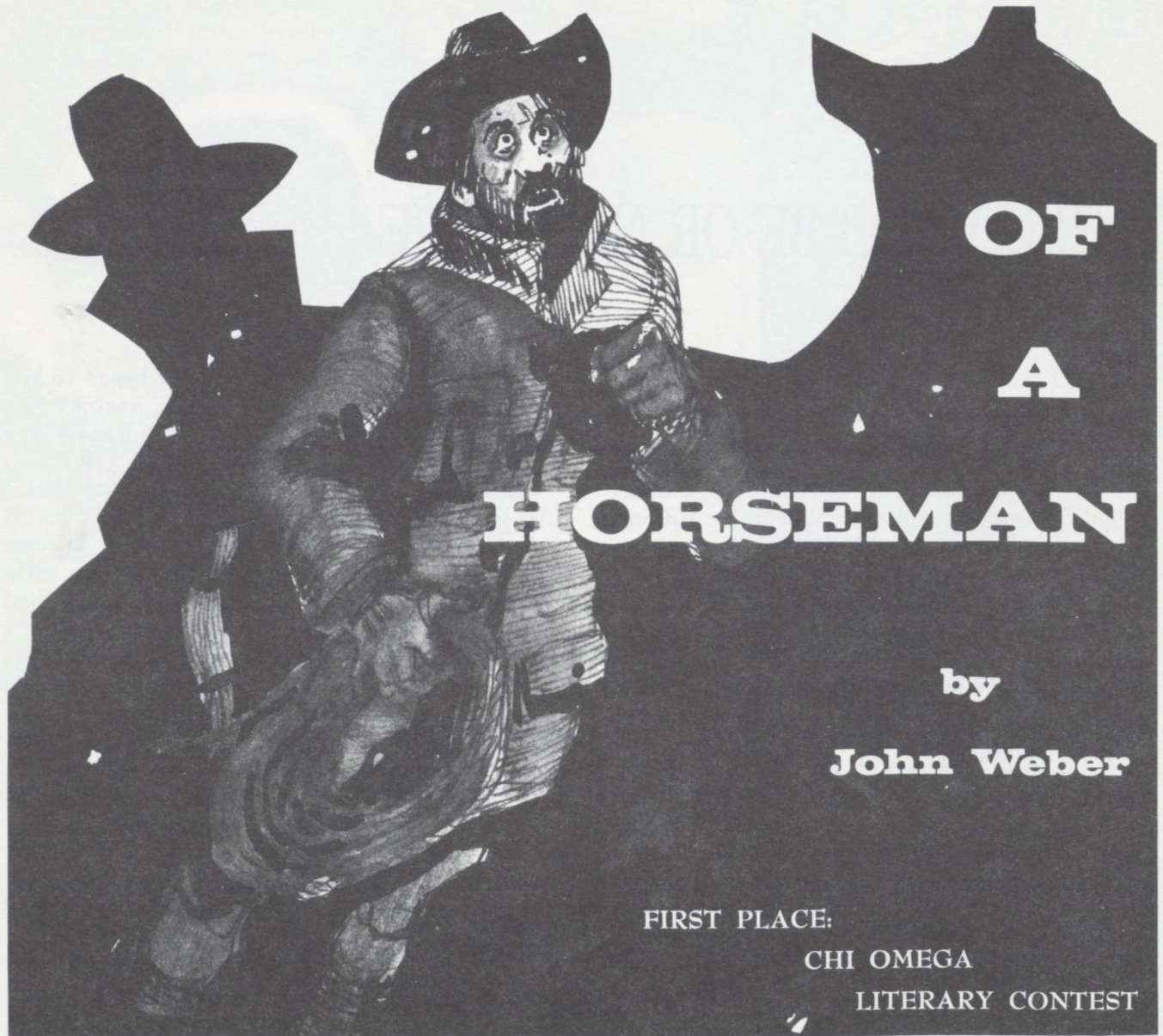
Perhaps the problem lies in the hopes and confidence that the American people placed in the United Nations. Most Americans probably conceived of the U.N. as a super-world government that would automatically solve all problems of international proportions with a solution which would be just, firm, and final. The only catch here is that most Americans felt that whatever the United States wanted would be just, firm, and final; or, to phrase it more bluntly, the United States would always be right. When other countries decided that the United States was not al-

ways infallible, the American people began to lose faith in the United Nations. And it was not long before people began advocating withdrawal from the United Nations.

Just what would happen if the United States did withdraw from the United Nations? Undoubtedly, the United Nations would crumble, or cease to operate effectively if the United States withdrew. No organization of the scope of the United Nations can hope to operate without the resources and influence of the richest, most powerful nation in the world. And without that nation exerting its influence, the world would soon be a hodgepodge of conflict and war. Such mass chaos would disrupt the economy of the United States, increase the likelihood of more troop commitments, and give many nations a freer hand in pursuing policies that would not be in the best interests of the United States. In short, the United States would be in far more serious trouble without the United Nations than it is with the United Nations.

If tearing down the existing structure will not work, then the only thing left is to strengthen that same structure. Such a strengthening can be accomplished in many different ways, and a person can choose his own, depending upon his political ideology. The important thing to remember, however, is that America is not in a world by herself. She can no longer remove herself from the activities of the world and not expect to become involved in the consequences of the acts of other nations. And only through the United Nations is there any hope to control consequences that could be harmful to the U.S. or to the entire world.

The United States has a responsibility. The time has now come to cease the emotional responses to every action that goes against the best interests of the United States. Instead, the United States needs to accept its responsibility and become the mature leader of the world that it should be. Only through the United Nations can such leadership be earned.



Cobb was guilty—that was understood from the beginning. As sure as the cold winter was approaching, he had killed Buster Lambert and left his body on the plains. That was a fact. It was the trial that was wrong. Two of the boys rode into town with Lambert's lifeless body thrown over a saddle horse. They stopped in front of the sheriff's place, where they found a waiting, curious crowd that had already heard of the black deed. Jackson, the sheriff, asked for the details and after a long, useless discussion that led to nothing, somebody remembered the fight between Cobb and Lambert the night before last. So Jackson organized a posse and rode over to Cobb's ranch, where he fired a few shots at the posse, decided it was over and came out, guns first, then hands up. That was that. He was guilty and had obviously admitted it

when he fired at Jackson's men.

Although no one actually said so, there was an uneasy feeling about the trial. It was there from the start, as if a bad stain would be left when it was over. Not that the killer didn't deserve hanging. Even if he hadn't shot Lambert, he probably deserved it. Cobb was the most hated man in the territory. He was a half-breed and a bully, and the memory of what the Pawnee did to the earlier white Kansas settlers was still an important thing to remember. There were some who believed Cobb was a good man. "Hadn't he helped Luke Johnson when the freezing snows wiped out everything Johnson had?" they asked. "He needed Johnson. He was going to go in business with him to save his own place," his accusers replied. "Doesn't he have a wife like your own and a child who plays

with yours?" his defenders had stated. "He's still a half-breed, and a killer's a killer." That was the truth—as simple as the folks who kept it.

So Cobb had some good in him. So what! Hang him—it wouldn't be the first time Blithe, Kansas had hanged a citizen at the end of a rope. It would do more good than harm. That's what they said in the Horse's Snort Saloon that morning. The snows would soon be back and the ranchers were in town to stock up on provisions for the winter. The snows were at least two weeks away, but it was good to be ready, just in case.

Cobb was safely in jail where he belonged. It was Slade who, in the saloon, asked about the trial and, when he learned that the circuit judge from Wichita wouldn't arrive for weeks, suggested that the trial be held that day. Slade hated Cobb more than any of Cobb's accusers. It was said that there had once been something between Cobb and Slade's wife. But that was just gossip and not to be taken seriously. The good people of Blithe would never stoop to gossip. "Accuse and hang, yes—but gossip, no," Jackson had once said. He lived with his people and thought he understood them, but Jackson had a habit of fooling himself. He prided himself on the way he could face the Kansans and influence them when the need arose. So when Slade and some stirred-up ranchers marched over to the jail and asked Jackson why they couldn't try him right away, Jackson did what he could to change their minds. "It's not fair. He should get the same protection of the law that anyone else would," the sheriff said. "We don't have the proper facilities to try him now. Anyway, we don't know how to run a trial."

But after Jackson's argument, someone pointed out that the snows were coming, and everyone had to get back home to prepare. Then Jackson said, "The snows are weeks off still, and the trial can be carried on perfectly well without the ranchers around." Slade stated that every rancher who knew and loved Lambert should be in town after the trial to pay his respects to Lambert by "watching the skunk hang." So Jackson gave in, like he should have done in the first place and, as Slade put it, "saved all that precious time." Jackson set the next day for the trial.

The next morning was bleak and there appeared to be snow in the sky. But that was ridiculous, so the trial proceeded. It was held, naturally, in the Snort Saloon, and although it was only Tuesday, the bar was closed, not out of respect for justice, nor to keep the jury from getting drunk, but because the owner of the place, Albert, decided that he didn't want to have anything to do with

it. That was where the problem was. The trial was kangaroo, and no self-respecting man would be there. So when the jury and judge were selected before the trial, it was obvious that Cobb wouldn't stand a chance.

That's how it went. The judge was honest enough, but he didn't know anything about law and was elected by a show of hands. There were only five jurymen selected, and all were ranchers. Every man in the courtroom was pitiable, but none so much as Cobb. He knew his fate and uttered not one word through the entire ordeal.

No one saw the killing, so there were only two kinds of witnesses—the ones who were with the posse when Cobb fired his guns and the character witnesses, all against Cobb as if he were the devil and they were his victims. Luke Johnson wasn't there. He had been dead for two years.

For six hours they cut the man, and when the jury was asked to convene, there was no need to do so, and the sentence was passed. Cobb would hang sometime the next day.

At four o'clock, Albert was persuaded to return. The bar was opened, and the satisfied seekers of truth began a revel that lasted until early morning.

Only the people on the other side of town were protected from the blasphemy of the men in the saloon. They heard nothing except the bark of a dog here and there and the wind that had risen from the north, slight but noticeable—and then the sound of a horse, the slow, steady, hollow sound of a horse's hooves on a ground that had suddenly hardened, and the whinny of a horse in an air which suddenly chilled. No, it was more of a whine, or even a cry. Then the hooves stopped, leaving a silence that was more conspicuous than the hoofbeats, and the people had to look out of their windows at the horse which made the unfamiliar cry. The curious people saw nothing outwardly strange when they looked. A man on a horse, nothing more. He wore an old brown jacket, an older black hat and a torn bandana around his neck. He was nothing but a bearded cowboy, an ordinary drifter on a worn black horse, and both were common sights to be seen. The man was ugly, but familiar, the kind of face everyone had seen before and would probably see again. There was nothing in his eyes, wisdom or perhaps warmth or maybe hate. The horse was aged, but proud. It was a sight that should have given the observer a feeling of relief, but it didn't. The sight of that common cowboy and his tired horse was as strange and frightening as the cry that had aroused the citizens, who were busy forgetting about the spectacle down the street.

The rider and his horse were steadfast and the man's grey eyes scanned the town with a fiery scorn. He sat motionless and no one that saw his eyes could release himself from the visual demand that the stranger forced upon them. Finally, the outsider and his steed began to move. The pounding hooves were louder than before. But now they affected more than the ear. Now they chilled the very soul until the nameless horseman was out of sight and sound. Then there was quiet.

By early the next morning, the slight, northern winds had increased, and it was still dark with only a trace of light in the east, when the first flurries floated to the earth. The snow increased and within an hour the plains were covered. It was the unusual brightness that stirred some of the men in the saloon, who had been there all night. The young boys of the town had already found the premature snow, and their shrill cries spread the news as quickly as the snow fell.

Charley was the first to wake. He nearly rolled off the table he had been lying on the night before. Slade was on the floor near him and was slowly aroused when Charley stood up. Charley and Slade had been friends for two years. While Slade had more influence with the ranchers, it was Charley who was the older of the two. Slade was young and hot-headed, and Charley had saved Slade a number of times from his foolish actions. But now Charley had made a mistake. He didn't want to go along with Slade, but the men were behind him, and Charley was influenced by this. Staggering to the window, Charley stuck his head out in the cold air, and the whiteness drilled his red eyes for a moment. It was not until he realized what had happened, and what was happening, that he noticed the vague outline of a man on horseback in the snow. He strained his eyes, and his heart tore at his throat when each detail of the stranger began to fall into place. Charley remembered that he had seen the man before and was even more staggered when he remembered where.

"Slade, come here, hey, Slade!"

Slade arose slowly holding his head from the impact of the previous night. "What the hell's the mater with you?" he mumbled. "Is it time for the hangin'?"

"No, not yet, and there might not be any hangin'!"

"What are ya' talkin' about, Charley?"

"Look out that window, Slade. Quick!"

"What for—?"

"Just do what I tell you, Slade."

Slade groped his way back to the window, and Charley stood aside as Slade looked out.

"Good God, Charley, it's snowin'!"

"Not that, what else?"

"Whadayamean, what else?"

"The man, damn it, Slade, the man!"

"The man? What man? What are ya' talkin' about?"

Charley shoved Slade aside and looked himself. It was snowing harder now and it was more difficult to see, but not so difficult that Charley could see that there was no one there. The man was gone. Charley stiffened and then, with a pensive look, walked to a chair in the corner of the room and sat down.

"Well, Charley, what man?"

"Skip it, Slade. I was mistaken." Charley held his head in his hands.

"You got me up with my head the size of a melon and had me walk to that window to see a bunch of—" he stopped himself.

"Sorry, Slade, I guess I was still drunk."

Slade didn't hear that, he was already on something else. "Weeks, Charley," he said, "It wasn't supposed to snow for weeks!" Slade faced Charley. "C'mon, we gotta get these bums up and hang the half-breed before we're snowed in. Gotta get back to the ranch."

Charley just sat as Slade began shaking and kicking the men. It was a short while later that all the men were up and marveling at the blizzard.

There was a rope tied in a noose hanging from a lantern which one of the besotted cowpokes had placed there earlier. As Slade pulled it down, Jackson walked in, brushing off the snow. He had thought of what was to be done and was annoyed, not at losing a prisoner; but of the report he would have to make and the questions he would have to answer when the judge arrived. He was also irritated by several people who stopped by that morning to talk about the snow, as if there were no hanging today. But he had sensed that they were afraid of something. Some of them had mentioned about a stranger seen riding around. "Some stupid malarky about this maverick being different," he thought. He was perturbed. Today there would be a hanging as a result of a trial that shouldn't have happened in the first place, and everyone was concerned over an outsider they never saw before.

"Well, Jackson, you gonna join our little party this mornin'?" Slade sneered, handling the rope.

"Slade, you sure you should use that thing today?" asked Jackson, looking at the rope.

"Why, sheriff? You afraid of a little blizzard?"

"Sure, Slade. It's not fit out there to hang a dog." Jackson was mincing and Slade knew it.

"You ain't changing' your mind about this, are ya', sheriff?"

Now Jackson spoke in a lower tone. "You know that trial wasn't fair, Slade."

"What's the damn difference, Jackson. The injun's guilty, ain't he?"

"He's not an Indian, Slade. He's not even a real half-breed."

"All right!" Slade was shouting now. "All right, Jackson, you listen! You had your chance to stop the trial yesterday and you didn't want to, remember? We have the law on our side! We had our little trial and it's over! Finished! Understand?" Then he leaned toward Jackson and talked softly in his ear, "And there's nothin' you can do about it, mister!"

Jackson could say nothing. He was unable to look Slade in the eye. And then he knew something he hadn't realized before. He was afraid of Slade and Slade was dominating him. He was telling Jackson what was to be done. Now he knew that Cobb would be hanged and Jackson was helpless. He wanted to say something, but he had to think. Slade was already moving toward the door with the rope clutched in his hand, his men behind him. Jackson was dumbfounded. The door was opened and the wind became paramount—the wind and the sound of a horse.

"Who in their right mind would leave a horse out in a blizzard?" queried one of the men.

"Let's go!" shouted Slade ignoring the question. He stepped out of the saloon into the white fury, where everyone lost sight of him. By now the brightness of a morning snow was replaced by the veils of a raging blizzard, and Slade was gone. No one ventured after him because the men were afraid. None of them had ever known such a storm as this. The men watched until the wind lashed at their faces and then they retreated back into the building.

Charley watched the men return. He was the only one who remained away from the storm. The silence of bewildered men hung over the room. Now they could only wait for Slade. Their leader was gone and they could do nothing without him.

They waited only fifteen minutes for Slade, who walked in half-frozen. It took an hour for the men to warm the man. By that time the day had turned to darkness, although it was still morning, and the blizzard showed no signs of slacking. Slade had little to say except that a man on horseback had approached him and whirled him around so that his sense of direction was gone. It took him a while to find his way back to the 'Snort.' All the men were safe, the jurists, the judge, Slade,

Charley, Jackson (who had drunk a great deal in the past hour), and Albert, who lived in the back and figured a blizzard was no reason for a business to go bad.

Until the storm died, there would be nothing to do but talk. One of the men wanted to know more of the invisible stranger who had knocked Slade over. Slade had no idea, and said that he had never really seen him. No one in the bar room had seen him. Then Jackson, who with Charley were the only one who had remained quiet, said that it was probably the same rider who had frightened some of the townfolk earlier.

It was then Charley's turn to break his own silence. "I know who the rider is," he stated sullenly.

"What?" asked Slade, as if he never heard Charley's voice before.

"The man, the rider, I know who he is," Charley repeated.

"Well, now, Charley—just how do ya' know him? Ya' ain't even seen him."

"I saw him, Slade, this morning, remember? He wasn't there when you looked."

"Charley you're drunk!" announced Slade, then wondered if perhaps Charley did know something. After all, he had been quiet for a long time. "All right, then. Who is he?"

"I don't know his name or even if he's a who."

"Huh?"

"He may be a what or an it. Yeh, I think he's a thing."

"Charley, are ya' tryin' to say that man ain't human? C'mon,—do ya' know who he is or not?" Slade was impatient, and Charley wouldn't tell his story to an impatient man.

"Listen, Slade, listen real good because I'm only going to say this once." Slade remained silent as Charley slowly gathered his thoughts. "Two years ago, I was in a town about five-hundred miles from here. I don't even remember the name of it, but I was looking for a place to settle. I was tired." Charley asked for a bottle and poured some of the whiskey into his shot glass as he continued. "Like I said, I wanted to stay there. It was a nice little place. But it had faults, mainly the people. There was a stockade in the center of town. The Indian wars were still on, and they used it to hold the Pawnees who were captured. Well, one day a couple of buffalo hunters brought something in worth a hell of a lot more than buffaloes. They had with them a young brave named Little Fox, who was big stuff. He was the leader of a band of Indians who were right in the middle of an uprising. What a prize he was! Well, they threw him

in the stockade with the rest of the redskins. That was a stupid thing to do. He immediately stirred them into a rip-snortin' dance that had to be the noisiest, wildest sounding thing ever to happen in that place. It sure as hell scared the living daylight out of the whole town. Everyone was afraid of an attack anyway, so all the men grabbed their rifles and went to the stockade to quiet those wailing redskins down." Charley paused for another nipper and then stared down at his glass. "There was a panic, and every Indian in the place was shot down except Little Fox."

Several men nodded their heads in recognition of the town and established that the place was called Red Rock.

Charley continued, "They were going to hang Little Fox, just like we were going to hang Cobb. They dragged him out to a tree, fixed a noose around his neck, and put him on a horse. Just then, from out of nowhere, this man rode up to the tree and stayed there looking at the crowd. He had a gaze that paralyzed the whole mob. Not one person raised his hand to slap the pony out from under the boy, except one man who pushed others aside to get to the pony. He defied this stranger no one had ever seen before by slapping the back of the pony."

"So the boy hanged after all," thought Slade aloud.

"No," said Charley.

"You said he slapped the pony didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, then he hanged, right?"

Charley glanced from man to man with an earnestness in his face that showed them that he wasn't a liar. "The rope broke and Little Fox fell to the ground unharmed. Then they put him back in the stockade."

"What did the stranger do?"

"Well, he gave the man, the one who had hit the pony, the hardest, cruelest, most vicious look I have ever seen on any man's face. The next day, the man had left town, scared to death."

"God," swore Slade. "And this man, or whatever he is, is the same rider?"

"The same man, the same horse, the same face, the same torn bandana around his neck."

"And I suppose he brought the snowstorm with him, too."

"No, dust, he brought dust with him to Red Rock. The most blinding dust storm I have ever seen."

On any other day, Charley's story would have been impossible. But not on that day. Every man in that room believed what Charley said, even

Slade, who was so obsessed by the idea of hanging that he refused to admit it.

"My god, Charley, a damn miracle man who goes around Kansas savin' redskins is too much for me to stomach." Slade reached for Albert's rifle which was leaning at the end of the bar.

"Hold it, Slade, where are you going?" demanded Charley.

"I'm gonna kill me a ghost, Charley! I'm gonna show you what's real and what isn't real!" Slade had the rifle and headed for the door.

"Slade, why are you determined to hang that half-breed?" Charley yelled after him. "Is it because of your wife?" He had to stop Slade somehow.

Slade stopped and turned. "What did you say?"

"I asked you, Slade, if it was because of your wife?"

Slade gave Charley a savage look, "You damn —" and turned back for the door.

"Slade, wait!"

It was too late; Slade was outside and the howling, vicious wind engulfed him.

The wind was finished and the snow had stopped falling. Charley, Jackson, and Albert stood looking down at a rifle in the snow. "He grabbed a bad rifle," Albert said. "It probably misfired on him. It does that once in a while."

"I guess the hanging's off, anyway," Jackson assumed.

"It's a good thing," said Charley. "Now he won't stay long."

"He'll stay?" asked Albert.

"For a while, to remind us of what we almost did."

"What is he, Charley?"

"I don't rightly know. I have an idea though. I don't think he's good. I think he's some kind of hate. Our hate. I dunno, maybe we created him."

"What about Slade?" asked Jackson.

"Oh, he's probably gone, running away. That's what I did."

"What you did?"

"Yes, that's why I left Red Rock." The trio began heading back to the saloon. "You see, I'm the one who hit that pony under the Indian, and I've never forgotten the look that rider gave me. I never will. I thought about it for two years."

Albert and Jackson were startled. "Will you stay in town with the horseman here?" they asked.

"I will. I won't run anymore. Maybe he'll leave if I can face him."

They all thought of Slade for a moment, and then went into the Horse's Snort where Albert bought a round of whiskey.

# BETTIE ADAMS---

Let me lie in the leaves  
With my knees in the air,  
My hands flat on a tree root over my head,  
My kneesocks making funny marks on my legs,  
My hair spread on the ground and leafy.  
I feel the pulse of something pushing through  
the earth against me;  
Something that tickles,  
Then cuts my skin,  
Grows into my body.  
Something like a perfect melody  
That makes me die with its perfection.  
Something like a beautiful man  
Who makes me want to worship life.  
A man and a melody?  
I am a child.  
I must shake the leaves from my hair  
And leave.

SECOND PLACE:

CHI OMEGA

LITERARY CONTEST

A calm night.  
A gentle man.  
He pulls my hair  
Trying to make it reach the ground.  
He pulls me  
Trying to make me as tall as himself.  
He pulls life  
Trying to make it fit him.  
I'm learning to pull too:  
My hair plays in the leaves,  
And my ears catch the hoofbeats  
Of horses made from cloud drops.  
To pull—to fit him—to be long.

It's a day for flowers and unicorns—  
One daisy and a hornéd beast.  
The stem in my hair  
And my legs crushing and caressing his muscles.  
We'll ride through the brandied hills.  
The dancing girls will shout with me;  
Their hair is golden and mine merely brown.  
No matter—my unicorn carries me down to the  
temple,  
And I fall to worship myself  
For I am alive and the world is fair.  
My daisy turns to stare at me  
With a lazy eye among the yellow  
And laughs at my unconcern for my prayer.  
I rise and mount and ride again.  
No more—the dream is mine for dreaming,  
And my unicorn too fast for you, dear.  
One daisy and my hornéd beast  
And a ride of leaping yellow.



**Interview with**  
***JAMES GARDNER***

*On January 18, 1967, members of the REBEL staff interviewed Congressman James Gardner, the newly elected member of the House of Representatives from the Fourth Congressional District of North Carolina. We found Mr. Gardner personable, frank, and not one to mince words. While it is true that the Honorable Mr. Gardner is a freshman Congressman, his views are valid not only because of his being a Republican in a traditionally Democratic area, but also because he is an example of the growing number of young men that are found in politics. The interview as printed here deals solely with the United Nations. (The words printed in italic letters indicates a member of the staff speaking.)*

*I suppose the first question that we will ask here is what is your personal feeling concerning the United Nations? Do you have any ideas about it? Should the United Nations be phased out or lessened in importance? Should it be strengthened?*

I really don't know that there is a Republican position on the United Nations. I think everyone who is intelligent has thought about why we have the U.N. and will agree in the final analysis that it has served a purpose in the world. I am sure that, had it not been formed in 1945, there would be dire need for it today and there would be a U.N. of some sort. The problem we have with the U.N. is an organizational problem because it has changed greatly over the years since it was originally formed. For example, the people now paying ten percent of the finances are represented by two-thirds of the vote. This is a tremendous imbalance that we have now in the U.N., and, as you well know, this has come about

because of the emergence of a number of new small nations, particularly in Africa and in that section of the world. Again, the problem we face is one of organization. We need to go back and not phase the U.N. out, but we need to strengthen it. There are a number of ideas and problems that have been brought about in the last few years. There has to be a greater balance between voting rights and financial rights. There have been plans along the line of voting that are based on national product, population, and contributions to the U.N. The principal thing that I find in the U.N. today, as far as our interests are concerned in the United States, is the fact that without our financial aid, there would be no U.N. We have always paid in any circumstance, whereas this is not true of the Russians and the French and of various other countries who paid only when it suited their interests. I think we are in a position today, and no other country in the world is in this position, to make demands on other nations in the U.N. and to make it absolutely clear that we will only participate in the future on a fair and equal basis. For example, we will not pay our dues when it concerns an issue like the Congo and allow the Russians not to pay theirs and allow the French not to pay theirs. Everyone will have to pay, although paying will not always suit the best interests of the U.S. However, if we are going to be part of a world organization which has done good in many areas, then I think we have got to be willing to accept some things that possibly on the surface might not be to the best interests of our country. I am speaking strictly as far as the U.N. is concerned. I do think the U.N. serves a definite purpose. In the world of today, with the tremendous capabilities of the nuclear weapons, we have to have a world body to maintain peace, a world body constantly investigating new ways of obtaining permanent peace.

*In a way you are rejecting the ultra-liberal stance that says "Regardless of what happens, we should totally accept everything that goes on in the U.N. and censor Russia or France for non-payment" and at the same time you are rejecting the ultra-conservative stance that does away with the U.N. "It's of no use."*

Yes. And I particularly want to dwell for one second on the latter. With the capabilities of destruction in the world today, I don't think there is any way that the U.S. can take the position of isolation, that we will be strictly concerned about the U.S. and its capabilities, and forget the rest of the world. We are in a very unique position, whether we like it or not, in having to maintain

peace throughout the world. Viet Nam is a fine example. Korea is another fine example. I think we also have a responsibility as the leading nation of the free world to constantly seek out any possible avenue of maintaining a permanent peace in the world.

Times have changed. We are not thinking about 1945, when we sat over here far removed from the war. The Russians and the Chinese in the near future will have the capability of destroying the city we are sitting in right now, Washington, D. C. I think this country has come far in a few short years, has progressed too much to see it all destroyed because we refuse to sit down and investigate and do everything that we possibly can to find some permanent solution to the world problem of disarmament. I want to make it absolutely clear at the same time that we should maintain the firmest possible military position, that we should in no way endanger the safety of the U.S., and I think this can be done. I think we can remain strong militarily. We can keep up the advancement on our weapons. But I think, at the same time, that thought and money and time and effort should go into trying to sit down with our adversaries and work out some lasting peace. This is where the U.N. comes in. This is the body that should be responsible for carrying out this job. As I said before, I think the problems in the U.N. today are internal problems. With the emergence of new nations, we have gotten an imbalance that needs to be brought back into line. Who else carries a bigger stick than the U.S.? If we sit down with our fellow countries and make it clear that we are not going to accept the type of U.N. organization that we have today, they will have to listen to us. As long as our position is a fair one, I don't think anybody will have any complaints.

*Again, do you think that our statesmanship has been as firm in the U.N. and in the world, in fact, as it should be?*

I do not. I attended a briefing of the State Department yesterday, and Secretary of State Dean Rusk was in charge of the briefing. The fact is that that I have been a very strong critic of U.S. foreign policy. I think we have made the same mistake and are making the same mistake in Viet Nam that we made in Korea, that we made in the second World War, that we made even back in the early 1930's. To this respect, I think the American position is clear to other countries throughout the world. I don't happen to like what Charles DeGaulle is doing, for example. I can't criticize him because his sole purpose is to build a strong

France. He is a Frenchman. This is his job and his responsibility. I think also there is some validity in the thought that DeGaulle has lost faith in the American position. He is not exactly sure in his own mind what the U.S. will do in case of an attack on Europe. You can go back and you can cite prime examples of where we have failed to act. Those examples strengthen this argument. We have never gained anything by having a weak position. I think in the late 1930's, when Hitler was overrunning Europe, that President Roosevelt made it absolutely clear in speech after speech that America would not become involved in European conflict. In a famous speech in Madison Square Garden in 1939, when he was getting ready to run against Mr. Wilkie, he said that there would be no American boys fighting on the battlefields of Europe. I think Hitler, Mussolini, and the Japanese interpreted this to mean that under no circumstances would the U.S. be pushed or become involved in this conflict. Consequently, they started running completely all over Europe. This forced the U. S. finally, after Pearl Harbor, to come into the war. In 1949 in Korea, when President Truman said this, I think the North Koreans interpreted this to mean that again, under no circumstances, would we become involved in Korea. Consequently, they crossed the seventeenth parallel, and we were involved in another war. Here we are again in Viet Nam, and I don't think the North Vietnamese, or the Russians, or the Chinese think in their own minds that we want to win this war. We are certainly not doing everything that we could. It's hard for me to understand in my mind how we can say that this is a major war, a major American involvement, and that we want to win this war, while we continue to trade with the Iron Curtain countries. There will be a bill coming up this session of Congress to greatly increase our foreign trade with the Communist bloc nations—Yugoslavia, and a number of other countries, even the Soviet Union. These very countries who are receiving American foreign aid dollars in a very large amount are trading with the North Vietnamese. They are trading in military weapons that are being used against our American soldiers. Traffic goes in and out of Haiphong on a daily basis. We do absolutely nothing about it. We are fighting a war in Viet Nam today with one hand tied behind us. I think that if I were Ho Chi Minh, I would interpret this that the U.S. doesn't want to win this war. Consequently, it can go along forever. I don't understand our position in Viet Nam today. I heard Mr. Rusk say yesterday, and I heard him say it before, that the Am-

erican position is to convince these men and other Communist leaders that we will not tolerate aggression on the part of Communism. It is our job and our responsibility to stop it, and yet here we are involved in the same type of conflict that we were involved in Korea. There is no purpose in winning this war. As General MacArthur said years ago, the sole purpose of a war is victory and yet we don't find this today. We are faced with severe problems of morale in Viet Nam. We are losing pilots and having to extend the tour of duty of our pilots because our loss ratio is so great. We are losing very expensive planes. We are losing, most of all, men. We are hitting targets that I don't think are strategic targets. And this is not just one freshman Congressman saying this. General Eisenhower has said the same thing. General Curtis Lemay has said the same thing. Senator Richard Russel, Chairman of the Senate Armed Forces Committee, said the same thing. Congressman Mendall Rivers, Chairman of the House-Senate Armed Forces Committee, has said the same thing. Yet our top leadership is still moving along the same path of building up the total commitment of American troops without doing everything we can do to end the conflict. So I think that we are in a weak position and that the North Vietnamese interpret this to mean that the war can go on for many, many years.

*Do you think that the U.N. could be used effectively to end the Vietnamese conflict for our own purposes?*

No, I don't think this could be today. I really think that SEATO could be more effectively used. This is another very gray area as far as the U.S. is concerned. We have signed pacts with the SEATO members; we have signed a similar pact with the members of the Western Hemisphere. And yet, in SEATO, for example, where there are a number of nations involved, we are carrying ninety-nine and one half percent of the load in total number of troops and particularly in financial aid. I think President Johnson, when he went over to Manila to meet with the fellow SEATO members, should have made it absolutely clear to them: "Look, certainly we belong to this pact and we will carry our share of the responsibility, but you fellows have been here for a free ride and the free ride days are over. You have got to commit troops, you have got to commit financial resources to this effort in Viet Nam and help us." We are in a position to make demands on people and yet we don't do it. We just dole out American tax dollars in an almost endless rate; we make almost no restrictions whatsoever to any country. And yet

when there is a conflict somewhere, as in Cuba, in Viet Nam, in Korea, we always find that the U. S. is carrying the ball. Not ninety-five percent, eighty-five percent, but about one hundred percent of it. I think this is wrong. As far as Viet Nam is concerned, I think we ought to put tremendous pressure on the fellow members of SEATO to ante up any of their share of the responsibility.

*Do you find it encouraging that South Korea, a country that was saved by U.N. intervention, has sent the most troops, other than the U.S., to South Viet Nam?*

This is not only encouraging, but interesting in that these people have experienced before what we are now going through. I think they fully realize the consequences involved. Had the U.N., which was principally the U.S. at that time, not come to the aid of South Korea, there would be no Korea as we know it today. It would all be Communist.

*What are your own solutions to the Vietnamese problems?*

First, I think we ought to tighten the screws on North Viet Nam. We ought to make it absolutely clear that the U.S. is going to end this war and any war that breaks out in any other country. We are the strongest military power in the world first of all, and there is no need to be ashamed of it. We should meet our responsibility head-on. I am not talking about dropping nuclear weapons. I am talking about items like cutting off foreign aid to any country dealing with the Communist nations or with North Viet Nam. I am talking about putting a military quarantine on the port of Haiphong and hitting strategic military targets in North Viet Nam. If we do all of this I think you will see a change in attitude, not only of the North Vietnamese, but also of the Red Chinese who are heavily involved and of the Russians.

*When I mentioned the U.N. helping in South Viet Nam, perhaps I should have mentioned that I was speaking of an area other than the military one. Do you think that the U. N. could help economically to bring Southeast Asia a measure of stability? For instance, if the U.N. just equalled the amount of economic aid that the U.S. puts into Southeast Asia in the form of hospitals, and stations, and economic recovery plans do you think that this would help?*

Yes. Right now I think it would be impossible to expect any military aid on the part of the U.N. They very definitely could assist in the economic development of this part of the world.

# Return of the Stolen Hour

Twelve o'clock  
Gallop,ing,  
A white and a brown one-  
Deciduous  
Tree stretching over them-  
Wooded path.

Two riders,  
One on a brown one,  
One on a white,  
A female on the white one,  
Male on the other.

Both the people,  
Wearing each a black sweater  
And blued pants-  
and boots that were shoed them.

Unsaddled,  
The back of the white one,  
The brown one,  
Racing upon the race ground.

Day, lighted,  
The heartwood silver,  
And spotted  
The white sky with the yellow petioled  
To darkness of grey twig.

The girl smiling,  
The boy smiling back at her,  
Riding—fast!

A Yellow swirl smeared  
Across the girl's black Sweater—  
Yellow scarf held fast, as they scoot,  
Rushing at the still air . . .  
Placid like the slow growing plumule  
Of the bean.

Smiling, riding,  
On the brown, on the white,  
Onward sounding against the earth,  
Thundering on a ground of leaves—  
Smiling yellow, (it seems),  
At the white sky.

A thing ahead,  
Deadwood,  
Like a black bone,  
Two feet in diameter,  
Across the width  
of the path.

The brown one,  
The white one stop.  
The smiles sober.

Time,  
The cruel sadness  
Of the Pinching hour,  
Pinching their unsmiling  
Teardrops  
Into smears,  
Upon the whetted  
Leaves of eternity.  
Sharp upon the pinch  
Of one hour—  
1 o'clock.

MICHAEL POSEY

# A Learning Process

Art Portfolio

by

James Weaver

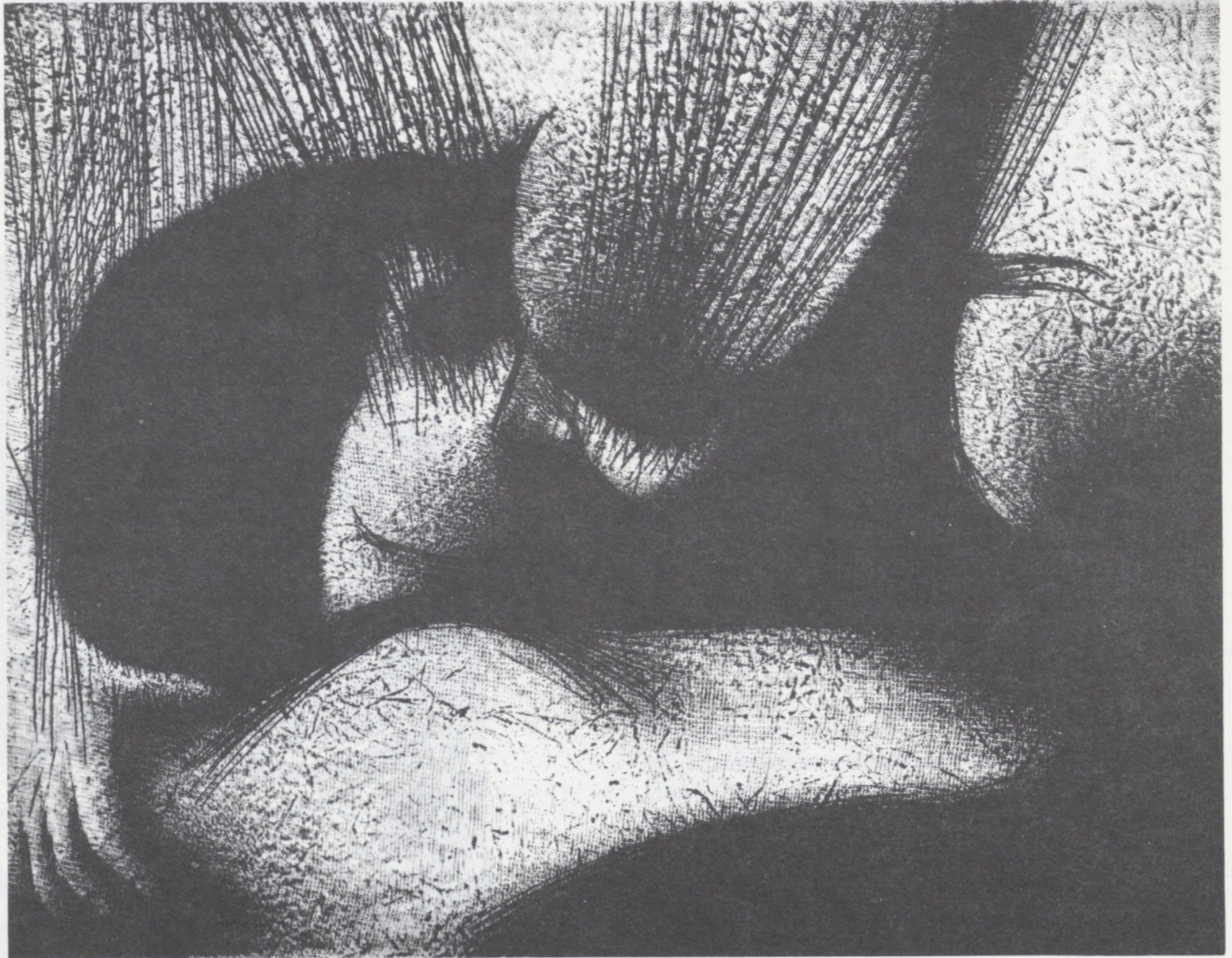
In my prints, I have been more concerned with the processes inherent in the medium of printmaking than in the subject matter itself. Since the subject matter is not overtly obvious, it functions as an element of design for breaking up the picture space.

The most important thing about my prints is that they illustrate the learning process that I have experienced. The process of learning techniques found in printmaking and my being able to control this process have been the main factors of the work. The techniques would be useless to me if I could not control them; therefore, knowing what will happen if I add a certain texture in an area has made my work faster and easier.

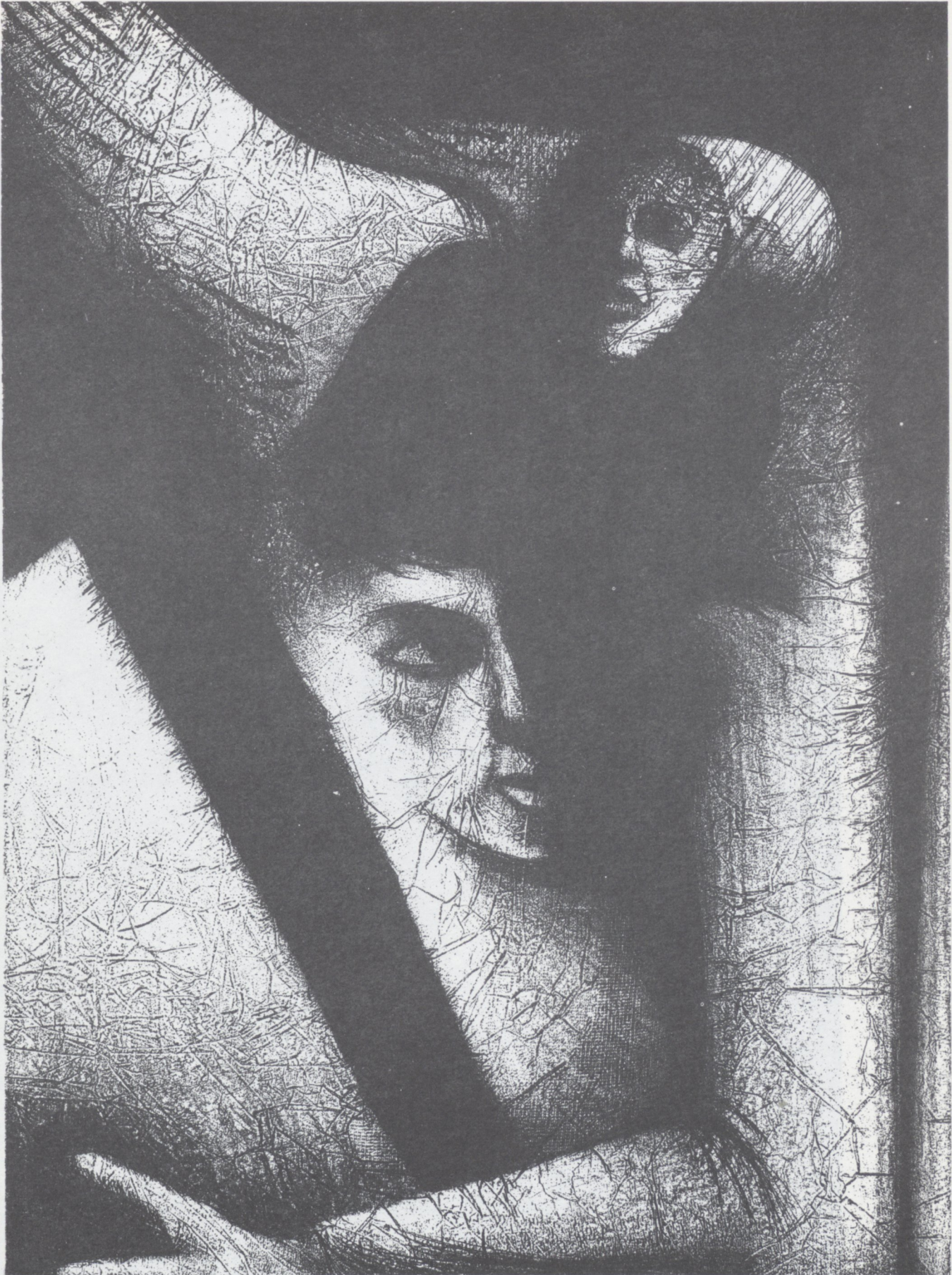
At this point, all the plates I have begun have been different. However, I do not set up a problem and then search for its solution. The primary aim I have in beginning a new plate is, for example, to experiment with a new texture or a texture that I can control in a different way.



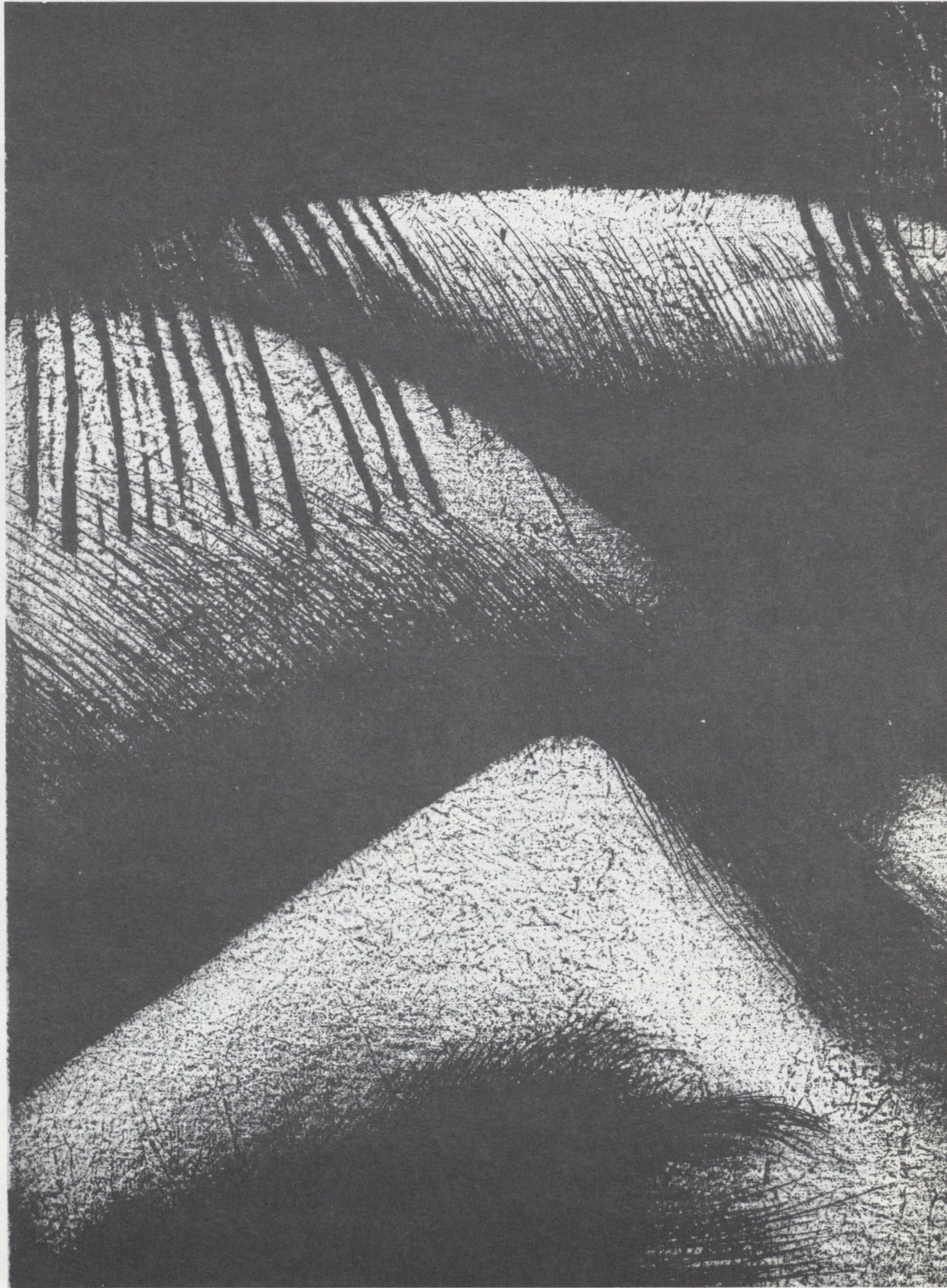
*Man*



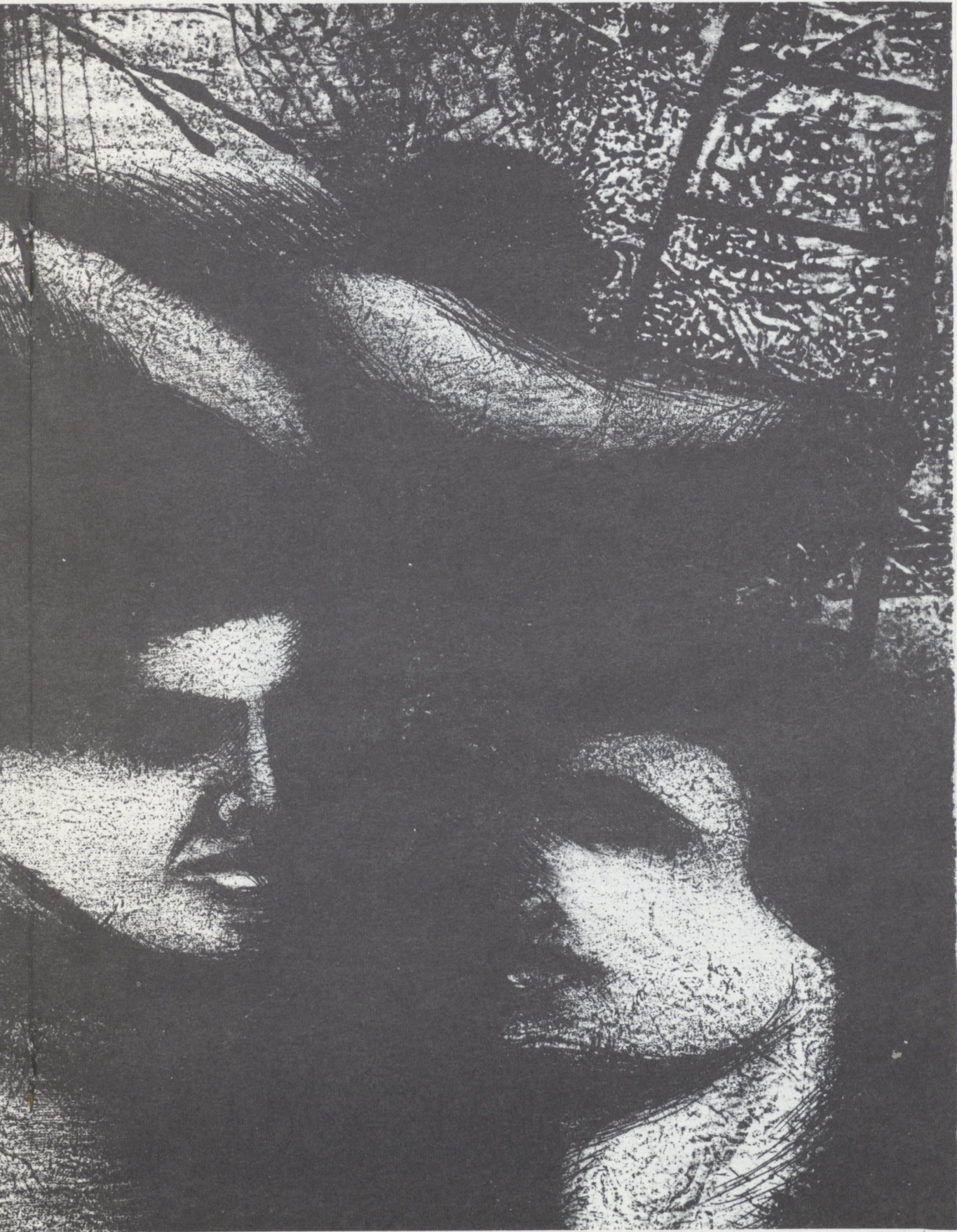
*Kiss*



*Stolen Covenants*



*Jacob's Ladder*





*Nude*

**THE  
INTERNATIONAL  
BALANCE OF  
PAYMENTS PROBLEM  
OF THE  
UNITED STATES**

**BY**

**MICHAEL**

**J.**

**CONLEY**

**FIRST PLACE:**

**DELTA SIGMA PI**

**BUSINESS ESSAY CONTEST**

The United States balance of payments problem is both simple and complex. It is simple in that it is relatively easy to understand the problem and its causes; it is complex in that it is difficult to find solutions to the problem. This problem has been the serious concern of two administrations. Just as one means of easing the problem has been found, another factor has shifted enough to wipe out any gain. As I will show later this seems to have been the case for the year just ended.

A deficit in any one year would probably be devoid of any serious harmful effects. But the United States has been running a balance of payments deficit for fifteen out of the last sixteen years resulting in a steady loss of the United States' gold reserve and a weakening of confidence in the United States dollar by many European. Both of these consequences deserve careful attention.

At the peak in 1949, the United States had approximately seventy percent of the world's gold supply. This was an abnormal amount due primarily to the dislocations created by World War II; thus there was little alarm when this amount began to shrink back to a more normal condition. But what has caused alarm is the sharp drop in the gold reserve beginning in 1957. At that time the United States had 22.9 billion dollars or fifty-nine percent of the world supply. Now the United States has less than 14 billion dollars, or less than thirty-five percent of the world's supply. Why has this come about? Simply because we have been running a balance of payments deficit with the Western European nations enabling them to purchase our gold. Of course, not all the claims against the United States' gold have been pressed. If that unlikely event ever occurred, we simply would not have enough gold to pay everyone. But a more likely danger is that we might not be able to meet a strong series of foreign claims and still maintain the gold reserve required by law to back up United States currency.

The second threat ties in with the first in that a loss of confidence in the United States dollar caused by a continuing balance of payments deficit would certainly result in a further loss of United States gold. But the harm would be more serious than the inability of the United States to back up its currency. For a serious dollar crisis would result in a damaging blow to the prestige of the United States. William McC. Martin, Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, has stated that "if the financial standing of the United States

declines, the power and influence this country yields in world affairs . . . inevitably will decline as well." Already there are signs from around the world, particularly from France, of a loss of confidence in the United States dollar. President DeGaulle has advocated the replacement of the United States dollar as the world's monetary standard.

What are some of the causes and methods of solving the balance of payments problem? I will first examine some of the major recognized causes and then look at some of the suggested remedies. Finally, I will evaluate the current situation in terms of any gains achieved. There is a general widespread agreement among economists regarding the causes, because the major problem areas can readily be identified by examining the data of international monetary flows.

A major area to consider in discussing international balance of payments is the balance of trade, a comparison of a country's imports with its exports. The United States has been running a favorable balance of trade, and this has prevented its balance of payments deficit from growing much larger. However, the favorable balance of trade has been reduced as increased technology in foreign countries has enabled them to compete more effectively in the American market and more recently as inflation in the United States has reduced the competitive position of American goods in the world market.

From the preceding paragraph, we can see that both inflation in the United States and increased technology abroad are causes of the problem. Lack of trust in the dollar has also been mentioned above as a contributing factor. Two other causes merit attention. Government spending abroad in the form of military and economic aid and in the form of troops stationed abroad contributes heavily to the problem. In order for the government to continue this spending without creating a serious balance of payments problem, the balance of trade must be favorable enough to offset the spending. As I have pointed out, however, due to other factors the balance of trade is no longer increasing in favor of the United States. This would seem to indicate that the government should consider very carefully its programs of foreign aid. Indeed, many senators have suggested this problem as a reason for a reduction of American troops stationed in Europe.

Other causes that should be listed are foreign trade barriers against American goods. These restrictions are being lifted in many cases through trade negotiations. Finally, heavy investment by

American firms in foreign countries in order to obtain a higher yield must be listed as a major cause of the problem. This becomes more acute as investment potentialities appear to be limited at home.

Professor Paul Samuelson of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology lists twelve possible methods of dealing with the problem; some of course appear to be more practical solutions than others. First of all, we could appeal for increased technical productivity in the United States. Increased aid for research might help the problem in the long run. Secondly, we can stress the increased sale of American exports abroad. Of course, foreign nations will be applying the same strategy. Also, as previously mentioned, we can urge a further reduction in foreign restrictions against American goods. Furthermore, we can ask our allies to assume a larger share of the burden of defense and foreign aid.

The next suggestion would not be a popular one to put into effect. It advocates depressing the American economy in order to reduce the demand for imports. This action might, however, lead to adverse effects, such as stimulating American investment abroad. The next possibility is a depreciation of the dollar compared to foreign currencies.

Other methods would be a requirement that those who receive our aid must purchase their goods from the United States and a reduction in the amount of money tourists can spend abroad. Both of the above suggestions have been put into effect. The next suggestion was also adopted by the Kennedy Administration. This involves restrictions placed upon American investments abroad. The suggestion that we return to a protective policy would probably have unfortunate political consequences. We could also attempt to solve the problem through a manipulation of our interest rate structure. The final suggestion is that we can anticipate an inflationary rise in the economies of our primary trade competitors. There are some signs that this might be occurring in Western Europe.

Mainly because of the change in the balance of trade, the balance of payments situation became more serious for the United States in the year just ended. The war in Vietnam, by increasing domestic inflation and by increasing military spending abroad, has created additional stress. It will be necessary therefore for the government's economists and the members of Congress to carefully examine possible remedies for the problem and to enact the most promising.



# THE PRESENCE

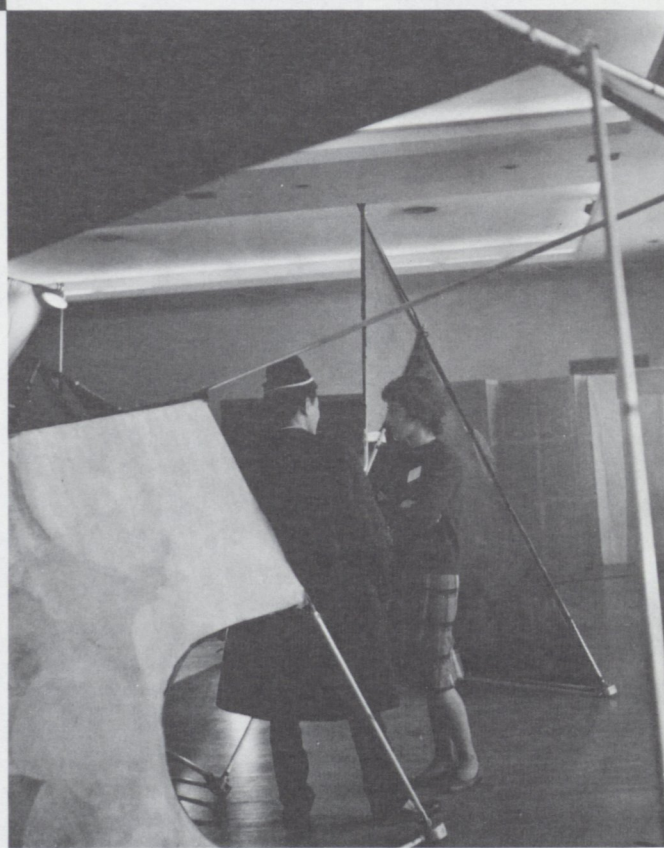
A PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY BY GRAHAM ROUSE



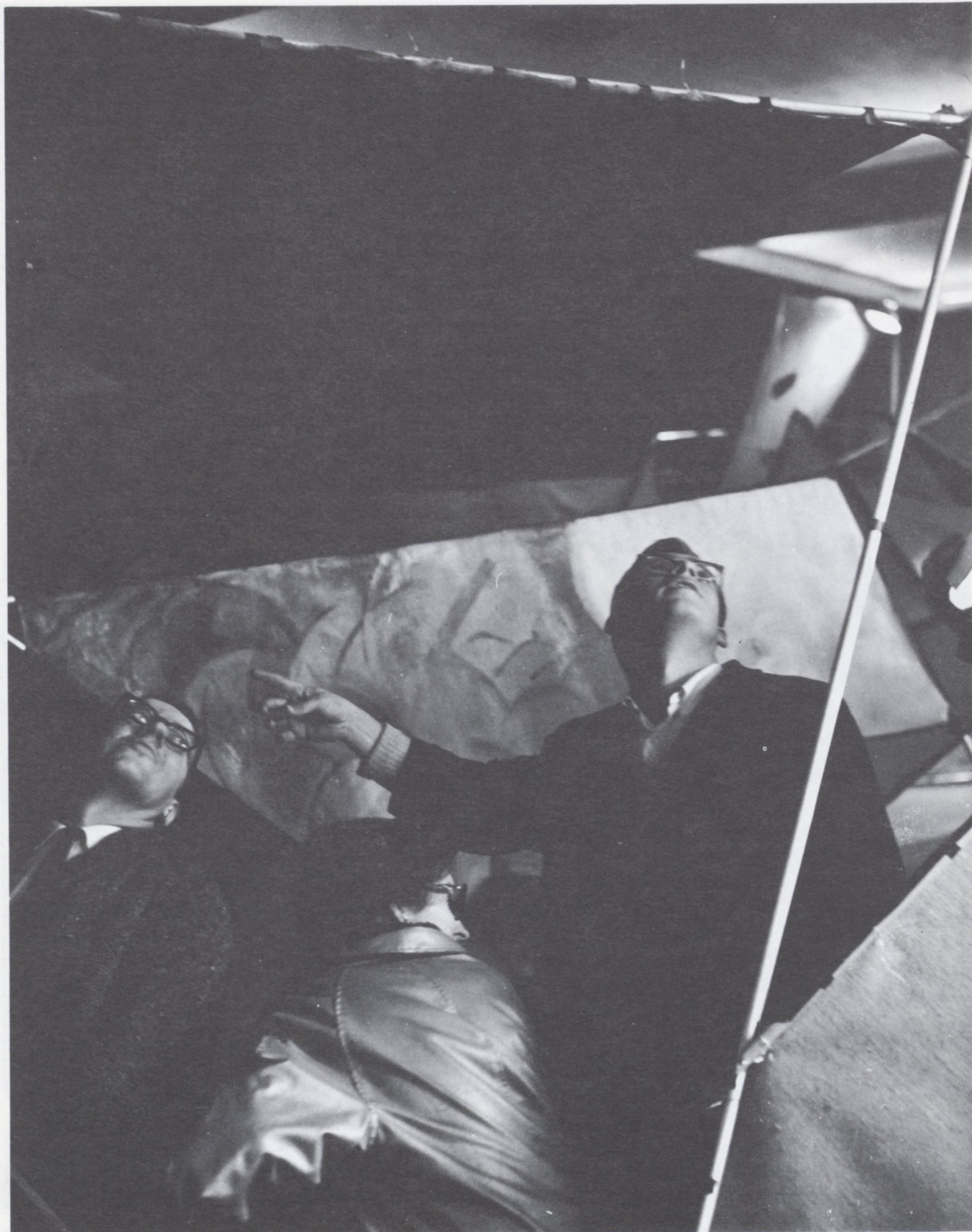
SHAPES,  
LINES,  
MOVEMENTS...

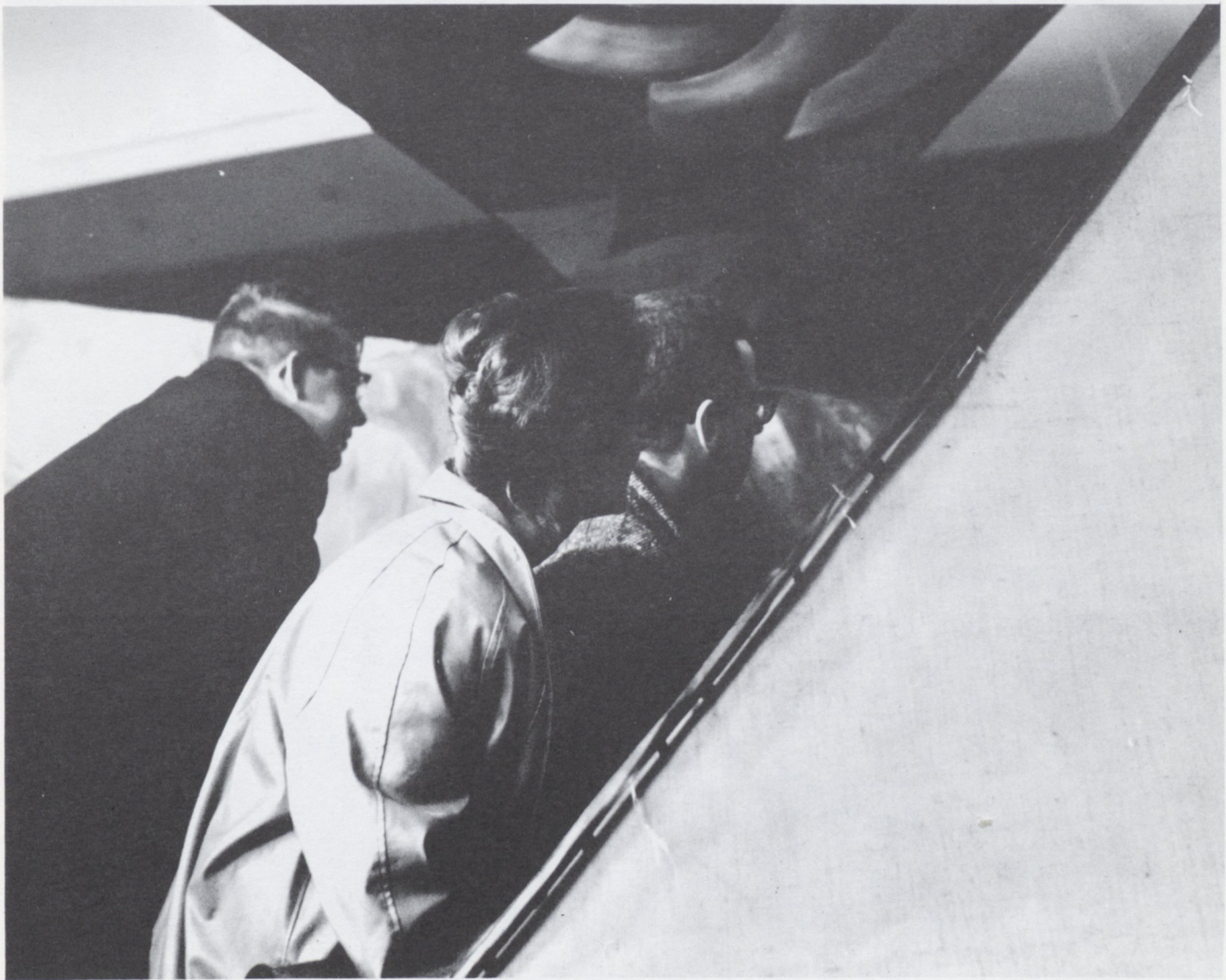
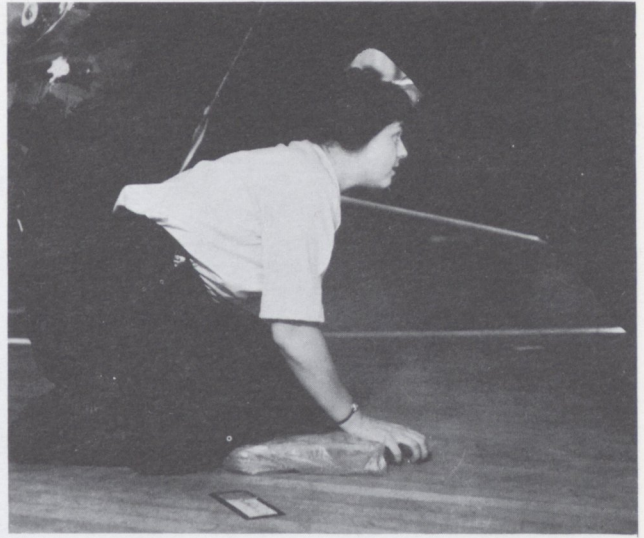
*The Presence*, a space and time painting by Lynda McNeur, art consultant for the United Presbyterian Board of Christian Education, is an arrangement of abstract paintings which take the viewer on a vicarious journey through life. Photographer Graham Rouse has managed to captivate in his photographic essay, the uncertainty, puzzlement, and deep study that *The Presence* provokes in all its viewers. As Lynda McNeur said, "The viewer is invited to pass quietly thru the exhibit, allowing himself to become involved with the colors, shapes, lines and movements of the paintings, as well as to give himself up to the movements suggested to him by the arrangement of the paintings in relation to each other."

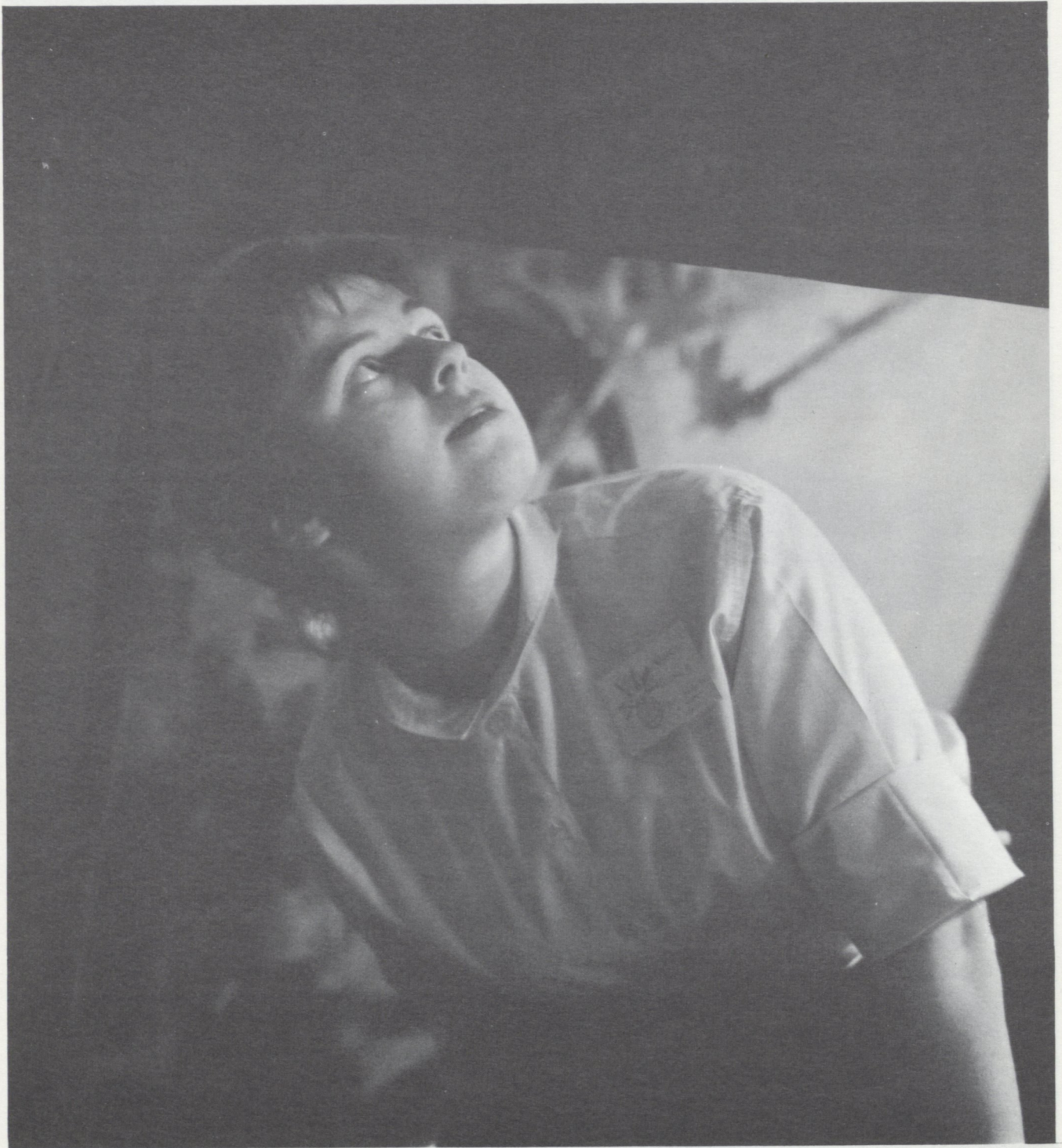
The photograph on the preceding page involves a multiple printing technique and captures more than any other photograph the essence of *The Presence*, according to Rouse. The photograph on the opposite page is of artist Lynda McNeur; all others are of various aspects of *The Presence*.

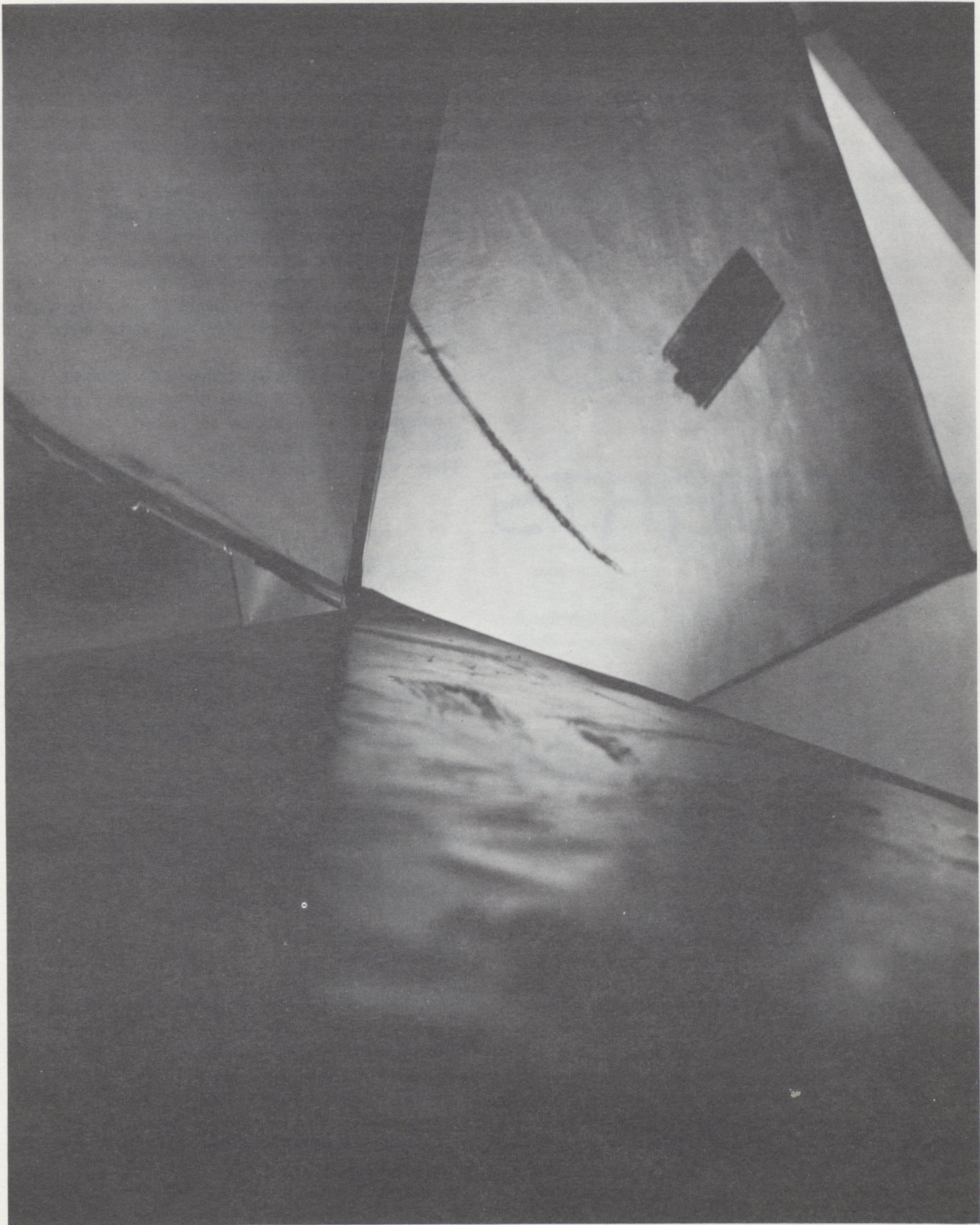












# SECOND THOUGHTS

by

GAIL  
LUCAS

## PELE'S GOOD-BYE

The mountain trembled and spewed clouds of  
smoke  
Pele sent flares almost to heaven  
The earth shook as though with a chill  
Ravines appeared in solid earth  
With a magnificent fiery force the guts of  
The volcano vomited over the side  
And the blood of the mountain gushed straight up  
And slowly, slowly ran after the green below  
There was stillness  
A muted cry deep within the earth became a  
Bellow of pain and then the mighty roar of a  
colossus  
When it reached the mouth  
There was only the black stench of nothingness

## WIDOW WOMAN

the shattering silence of peace after void  
and darkness and war  
cannot withstand a sigh  
and the copper rain keeps tapping  
on her window  
but still she waits  
forever waiting  
never to know  
always to remember  
her thin arms holding his old cloth overcoat  
as she would her first-born  
(now nestled in a tiny coffin)  
staring at copper rain and hearing  
explosions of hatred and shrapnel  
and the sound of a tank crushing the insect-bodies  
of dead soldiers  
and a thousand, thousand times his  
dying scream faintly scratches  
the shadow of her brain  
but still she waits  
having confused hope with his old cloth  
overcoat

# LONGINGS

W.B. YEATS

Strong and violent fingers have the words  
Of this man's poetry, some dreadful fascination  
In their catching one another, clinging, interwoven  
Fingers of words;  
Poetry constructed of various epiphanies, all deny-  
ing  
Explanations from the intellect;  
Symbols begotten of the dawn . . .

Strange how one man, a simple organism on the  
whole  
At his disposal only those same words in any  
hardbound dictionary,  
Calls forth so easily the piercing golden note  
Sounded out by some angelic vigilante posted tall  
and watching  
Deep within the workings of the world;  
Announces and unfurls so carefully  
Each ancient and reluctant truth.

Strong and violent fingers have these words,  
Tracing out delicious epitaphs  
On virgin regions of the soul.

## VERSES TO MY FAMILY

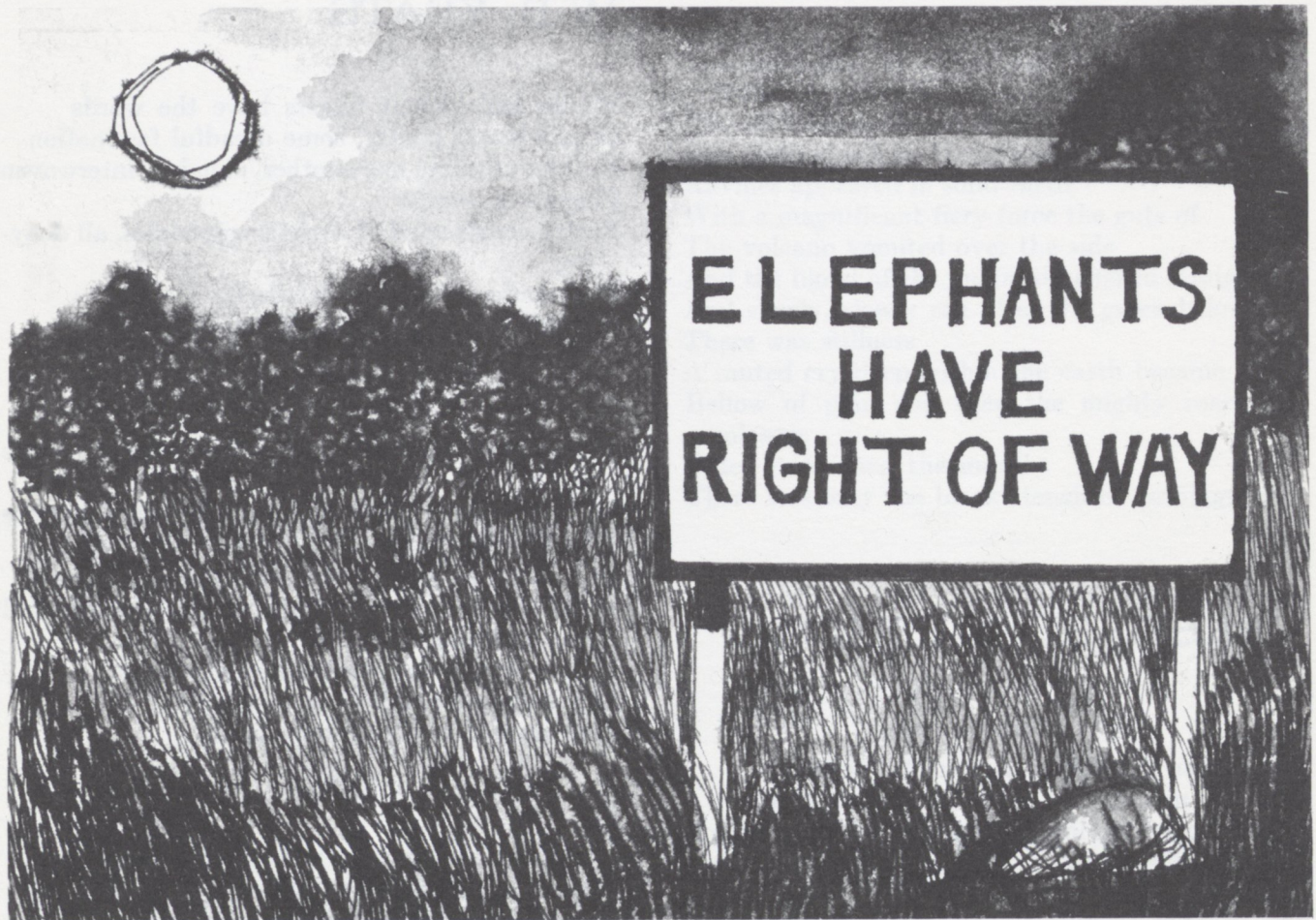
Being ever mindful of a youthful skin  
And the necessity of such for Beauty's sake,  
I seek a balm for lines about a mouth from which  
Harsh words escape in times of tangled circum-  
stance.

The gentlest people—  
Those who find a very real enchantment  
In first blooms born of forgotten bulbs,  
Who so rejoice in children's tiny hands and special  
faces,  
And gather with great pain and personal expense  
across the tears  
Heavy bits of wisdom given easily to family and  
friends—  
These gentle ones, whose loves are tall and strong  
and know  
No human end, are those most wounded by the  
words  
Which somehow fashion arrows out of thoughtless  
innocence,  
Swords out of careless pique.  
Being kin of such,  
I seek a balm for lasting lines I get about  
This mouth so full of carelessness  
That words and arrows manage to slip out across  
This most-loved landscape of my home.  
We all must be so mindful of our skin . . .

*WORTH*

*KITSON*

# REBEL REVIEW



## THE MODERATES LOSE AGAIN

*South West Africa, The Last Pioneer Country.* By Thomas Molnar. Fleet Publishing Corporation, 1966. pp. 156. \$4.00.

It has become fashionable in our country to write from one of two viewpoints: the ultra-liberal or the ultra-conservative. Unfortunately for the reader who, on any topic, likes to base his decisions on objective facts and analysis, there seems to be very little material written in this manner. *South West Africa, The Last Pioneer Country* written by Thomas Molnar is no exception.

Mr. Molnar's stance is a somewhat typical ultra-conservative one in that he denounces almost every country or organization in their attitude toward South and South West Africa. While it is true that Dr. Molnar's views on Africa are in a distinct

minority, and that, if for no other reason, his book would be valuable as an opposite viewpoint, his somewhat dogmatic conservatism weakens his entire argument. Dr. Molnar seems to have fallen into the age-old trap of sensationalism, a trap which he is quick to point out as one being used by the ultra-liberals in their viewpoint. What Dr. Molnar does not seem to realize is that an objective approach to any problem will convince far more people than any emotional approach. The dogmatic person of either extreme is already convinced that his position is right, and no amount of argument in any form will persuade him otherwise. But the person who does not belong to either extreme is far more likely to be convinced by an appeal to his reason; an appeal to his emotion

will most likely send him running in the opposite direction. Of course, if Dr. Molnar's purpose was to give faith to the ultra-conservative, he did his job well. However, this reviewer does not think that the purpose of a man as intelligent as Dr. Molnar was such. Hence, if his purpose was to persuade the moderate, then Dr. Molnar failed miserably. Even though much of what Dr. Molnar says is undoubtedly true (one does wonder how a country such as South Africa could be guilty of all that our liberal press accuses her of), his exaggeration and continued attack on the United Nations will convince very few that he is correct, and his attacks on the United States will win him few friends from that quarter.

From a journalistic viewpoint, *South West Africa, The Last Pioneer Country* is very well done. Dr. Molnar's vivid descriptions of the African landscapes and his clear language make the book very readable and enjoyable. And he states his position openly: the United Nations and the liberals are wrong in their position on the apartheid policies of South Africa. If he had not made the same mistake as those of opposite viewpoint so often do, he may have convinced more people.

RONALD WATSON

## CHEERS, TEARS, AND SILENCE

*When the Cheering Stopped.* By Gene Smith. New York: Time Reading Program Special Edition, 1966. pp. 295. \$1.45.

Millions cheered him in Paris. The king gave him a state dinner in England. "Welcome to the God of Peace" said banners in Italy. Everywhere he traveled men, women, and children hailed Woodrow Wilson as the savior of Europe. He was the leader of America, and America had gone to war to make the world, as Wilson had said, "safe for democracy." He was in Europe to negotiate a peace treaty with the leaders of the various countries, and while there he promoted his idea for the League of Nations.

But back in America his plans for a world peace union were thwarted by American politicians who did not want the United States responsible to or involved with European powers. The wild cheering stopped, and Congress began to fight over Wilson's dream. Refusing to compromise or accept

the revisions Congress wished to make, Wilson decided to take his fight "to the people," and left for a cross-country speaking tour.

It is at this point that the main portion of Gene Smith's *When the Cheering Stopped* begins. In a well documented and researched book, Smith concentrated on the story of Woodrow Wilson's last years. Though Smith does tell a little of Wilson's earlier life and his activities prior to his illness, Smith's main interest is in Wilson's last years as President. After his minor stroke in Europe, Wilson taxed his health to the point that he suffered a complete physical breakdown during his speaking tour of America and was confined to his bed in the White House.

Historians often wonder who really ran the country during the last part of Wilson's administration: the President or his wife. Smith leaves that question for the reader to answer, but he gives a detailed, almost day-to-day account of what happened in the White House while Wilson lay in Lincoln's bed, partially paralyzed and hidden from the world outside the White House. The author relates how Mrs. Wilson, wanting to protect her husband from those who opposed him, was careful to keep bad news and unfriendly politicians out while digesting daily news into small doses and feeding them to the President. Very few people were allowed into the sickroom, and then, Smith says, were only allotted a few minutes of the President's time. Various branches of the government sought Wilson's advice or consent on matters, but were either ignored or rebuffed. Even some of Wilson's former closest aides were not allowed by Mrs. Wilson into the sickroom. His Vice President was never consulted, and, according to Smith, when his cabinet tried to hold meetings without him, one of their members was fired. When Wilson left the White House in 1921, his party had been defeated at the polls, his administration revoked by the voters, and his League defeated by the Senate. His health continued to fail him, and he died in 1924.

Writing on a facet of Wilson's life never approached in such depth, Smith gives a poignant portrait of Woodrow Wilson and those around him. But his portrait is also a lesson to modern-day America. *When the Cheering Stopped* shows how a country could be run by a paralyzed man and his wife and doctor. In the days when a strong President as well as an informed country and Vice President is important, Smith's fascinating account becomes frightening when one realizes that it did happen once and could possibly happen again.

PAT WILSON

## ADVICE, "ART," AND MORE ADVICE

*Not Quite Posthumous Letter To My Daughter.* By Caitlin (Mrs. Dylan) Thomas, Little, Brown, and Company, 1963. 174 pages.

One hundred seventy-four pages of advice from one's mother is a difficult dose for any eighteen-year-old, but Caitlin Thomas' *Not Quite Posthumous Letter To My Daughter* is, admittedly, not average advice from the average mother to the average daughter. The not-so-typical counsel Mrs. Thomas gives her own eighteen-year-old ranges from "Watch out you don't marry a peniless no-good bum" to "Take it from me, if you wish to live with a man in harmony while you can, there is no other way but play-acting." Included in the letter—indeed, dominating the letter to the point of deserving a separate reprinting—is Mrs. Thomas' not-to-be-taken-dead-seriously handbook of etiquette in which she discusses the Art of Conversation, the Art of Dancing, the Art of Cooking, the Art of Dressmaking, the Art of Beauty, the questionable Art of Hairdressing, the Art of Elegance, and the Art of Behavior at a Party. The last-named section features a series of acidly satirical portraits of the various types of party-goers a girl can expect to meet and deserves forewarning of: the pervert, the decadent, the artist, the sculptor, the guitarist, the provincial, the gentry, the journalist, the colored people, the pappagallo (who merited ten pages!), the intellectual, the dipsomaniac, the fanatic, freaks and eccentrics, the neurotic, the psycho pedlars, the professional man, the dentist, the police, the lawyer, the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker. If the portraits are tedious to list they certainly are not so to read, for Mrs. Thomas' canny wit, irreverence, and blatant scorn seldom fail to lift her out of her own verbosity.

The *Letter* is both highly personal and authentic, a sincere attempt on the part of one who has "been there" to communicate with someone who evidently has not. For the same reasons, Mrs. Thomas' writing is highly colored as well as colorful, laced with cynicism as well as with calculated humor, and deftly sarcastic as well as warm and

authoritative. Her role as a mother (for that is her main role by her own admission: "Perhaps my greatest wrong was putting you children before Dylan") found itself overtaken more than once by her instinct as a writer: words seemed to come more easily than advice on several occasions. Mrs. Thomas' trying role as a wife was, sadly enough, left in third place, so that the book is of practically no use to the reader who is simply curious about her curious life with the curious Dylan Thomas.

Mrs. Thomas and her husband share certain things as writers: their common fascination with the sounds of words, a degenerative effort in Mrs. Thomas' work since the confused and cacophonous syntax is an unfavorable reminder of the peculiar and unbearably beautiful music of her husband's verse; also the incessant use of imagery (even where imagery was forced and a bit hokey in Mrs. Thomas' work, something which almost never occurs in Dylan's poetry).

Punctuation, the reviewer hopes, was ordered by Welsh custom and not by Mrs. Thomas' whim, for it was, if not excessive, at least misleading. Semicolons and commas seldom find themselves in such in- and out-of-the-way places in standard American—or even British—writing.

Perhaps Mrs. Thomas' real role in the book was simply that of observer and reporter, for one is continually stumbling over poignantly phrased, simply asserted "universal truths," or whatever the popular phrase is for such gems. Short and sweet though they were, they were close enough together to merit the book's lasting appeal, especially to girls the age of the addressee, when the letter actually is posthumous.

PAM HONAKER

## DEAD FAIRIES AND DEAD BOOKS

*The Dead Fairies.* Richard Danen. The Armadeus Publishing Co. Cambridge, Massachusetts. 451 pages. \$5.95.

The name of my book is *The Dead Fairies*. It was written by one R. Danen who, if not before, is surely a dead fairy himself by now. Or at least a dormant fairy who has lost contact with everything but hysterical plots, pseudo-intellectual themes and weak characters. One wonders in which fantasyland Mr. Danen abides if he believes the general public will read his book with any enthusiasm. In other words, *The Dead Fairies* is a brilliant example of unstimulating trash that insults the intelligence of any man of the street.

Anyway, back to that plot. I assumed the book had a plot. I was told it did, at any rate. Had I not been told, I would never have guessed. Boy meets girl, boy gets girl pregnant and eventually marries girl. Later, boy and girl get a divorce and each go on their merry way. That's the plot, gentle readers, and anything simpler one could not ask for. Perhaps Mr. Danen is alias Dr. Suess. If Mr. Danen is Dr. Suess, and who can really be sure that he isn't, then it is sad indeed that it took him some three hundred pages to divulge this uninteresting action to his readers—if he has any readers. The action is presented to the readers through a series of letters—a form so worn that even Anne Frank tired of it. These letters, unfortunately, are all slightly short of intimate—"My darling, my life, my bride," and give one the uneasy sensation that he is illegally prying into someone's love life and will surely be sought out and shot at sunrise.

So, to be euphemistic, the plot is bad. How about the characters? Earlier I called the characters weak, but I think *unsubstantial* is more descriptive. The characters have no definite character. For example: "You call me lazy, apathetic, and lethargic, even though I am working very hard to become a good teacher and a better-educated person. Obviously, what I represent has no value in your eyes. The only times you feel love for me are when you do not see me as I really am—you love a 'Wild Duck' illusion, not me. Therefore, I will destroy your illusions, because I want you to love me as I am, or not at all." No one with character would put a stamp on a cliché like that.

The theme unfortunately is more distressing than either the plot or the characters. One unknown creature was quoted as saying that *The Dead Fairies* "is more than a story: and it is more than a scientific study. It is a statement of faith—a statement of faith in the value of Truth in a world in which truthfulness often seems to be disadvantageous; it is a statement of faith in humanity, in spite of the frailty of human beings; and it is a statement of faith in the ancient Judeo-Christian teaching that love is the only satisfactory solution to life." Now *there's* imagination. In fact, this one review has more potential in the literary world than any of Mr. Danen's ideas.

If Richard Danen represents our current American writers, if he does, and I see no recent proof that he does not and if the book in question is as it boasts a "psychological drama", then we should all chain ourselves to the ignorance tree before books like *The Dead Fairies* do it for us.

BRENDA HINES

## ONE WHO GOT AWAY

*Spur Line*. By Thad Stem, Jr. Charlotte: Heritage Printers, Inc. pp. 84. \$4.00.

*Spur Line* is a collection of poems and short prose pieces touching on and sometimes elaborating on everything from superstition to the well-known eccentrics found in all small towns. The book is quite personal, and Mr. Stem's humor and observations on small-town society are refreshing in their honesty and wit.

The short prose pieces following the poems are often more interesting than the poems themselves. As Mr. Stem says, "The poems suggest certain things and the prose explains certain things." The author's personal prejudices and ideas are revealed in his prose pieces, as in this comment, "It wasn't until Mr. Nixon ran for, or from, the Presidency that I realized that 'however' can be a paper hoop-skirt, big enough to cover the world and still not touch anything." Mr. Stem also writes a humorous satire on war in which he imagines armies that use wedding cakes for mortars, Mix-Masters for motorized troops, and cherry pies for bombs. Naturally, the Congressional Medal of Honor is given only for acute indigestion.

Free verse is the style most prevalent in the poetry, and Mr. Stem handles it quite well. He plays with his words and creates imagery that is stark and concrete. He speaks with realistic originality of subjects that have been oversimplified in too many poems. Perhaps vitality is the best word to describe the poetry, for one immediately feels drawn into it and carried into the involved allusions and satirical bounciness of the lines.

Mr. Stem does not protest, or absorb himself in self-pity, or hate the world, or find people ugly. He stands back and observes, and loves, and laughs, and feels. His comments are new, his topics old. The reader feels that most people have missed something somewhere along the way, not stopped long enough to enjoy girls riding bicycles or the sounds that trains make rolling over steel rails. One notices a deep appreciation for life, a willingness to live, and an imagination which makes everything fun.

"The sum of an era, or a life, is a fabric of moments. History becomes moments. But there are rare, exultant moments that could last lifetimes, aeons, in fact. That's the way it has to be, although it hardly ever is because we have to try to put the wind into a bottle. We have to try to put a fence around the dew."

BETTIE ADAMS

## Contributors' NOTES

This is Bettie Adams' first contribution to *The Rebel*. A junior English major from Oxford, she won second prize in the writing contest.

Don Dunaway, the talented Art Editor of *The Rebel*, is a new addition to the staff. He is a senior art major from Greenville.

Brenda Hines, the second place winner of the writing contest in this year's first issue, now contributes a book review.

One of the most talented members of the staff, Pam Honaker writes a book review for this issue. Her outstanding poetry won first prize in a previous issue. Pam is a freshman English major from Portsmouth, Virginia.

Worth Kitson, a junior English major from Kinston, again contributes excellent poetry to *The Rebel*.

A senior philosophy major from Plymouth, Gail Lucas makes her first entry in the magazine.

The staff is sorry to say that Guy le Mare was unable to contribute to this issue. It seems that an outbreak of forest fires has made it necessary for him to return to Gardiner, Montana.

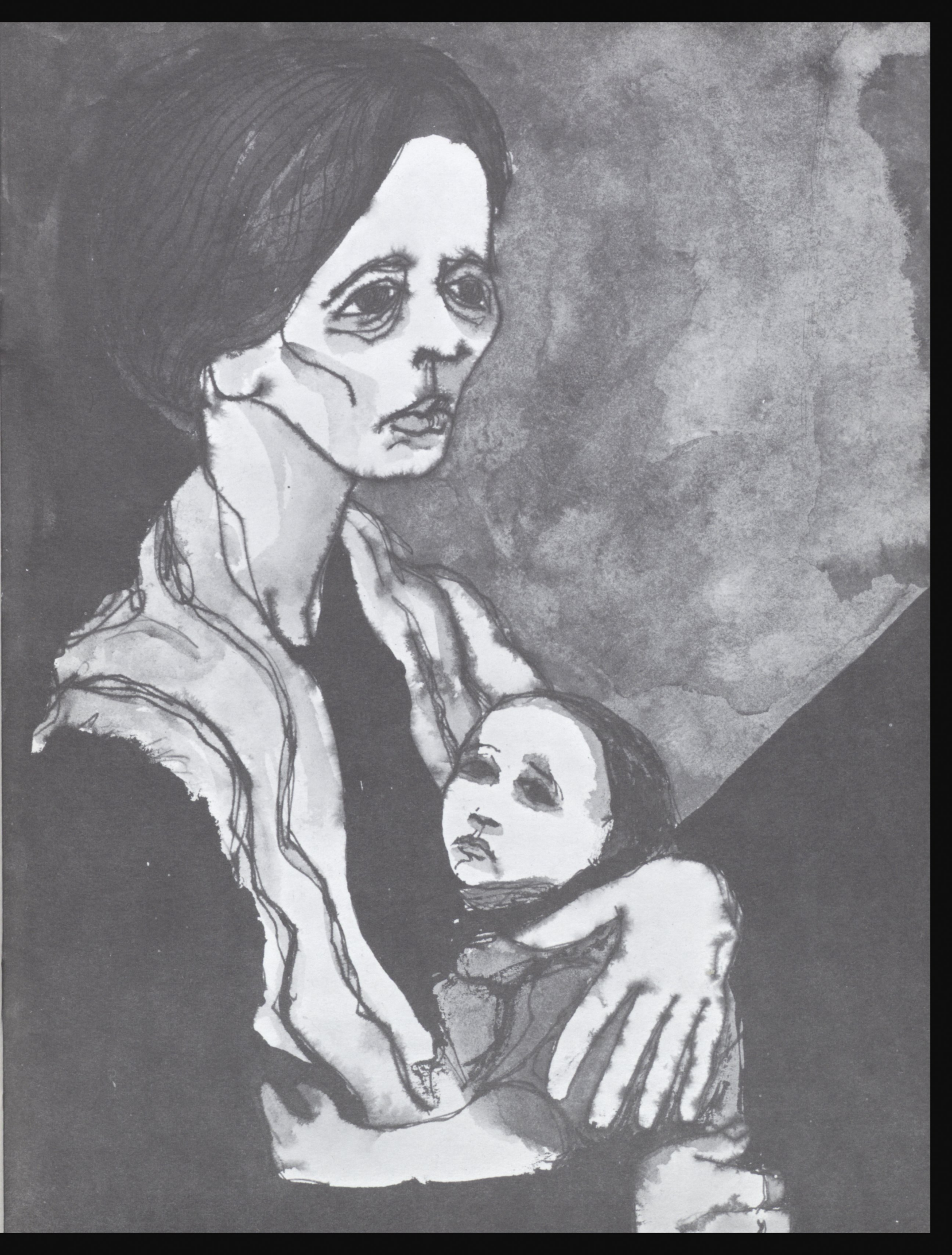
Michael Posey, a junior from Greenville, makes his first contribution to *The Rebel*.

Graham Rouse, a senior psychology major, again contributes an excellent photographic essay to *The Rebel*.

Ronald Watson, a book review contributor in this issue, is the editor of *The Rebel*.

A senior from Salisbury, James Weaver contributes an interesting art portfolio to the magazine. He is majoring in graphics and commercial art.

John Cameron Weber is a senior history major from New Jersey. A first contributor to *The Rebel*, he won first prize in the writing contest.





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