

the REBEL

Song

UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES & RECORDS CENTER
RECEIVED
JUL 0 8 1999



the REBEL

Editor	John R. Reynolds
Art Director	Sid Morris
Business Director	Preston Pipkin
Associate Editors	John Fulton, Rod Ketner
Copy Editor	Franceine Perry
Poetry Editor	Charles Griffin
Reviews Editor	Robert McDowell
Photography Editor	Walter Quade
Advertising Director	Grey Upchurch
Exchange and Subscriptions Director	Patience Collie
Typist and Correspondence Director	Catherine Norfleet
Publicity Director	John Sherman

Staff: Pat Arnold, Margret Gorrell, Stephen Harrison, Stephen Hubbard, Keith Parrish, Bill Suk. The Rebel is a student publication of East Carolina University. Offices are located on the campus at 215 Wright Annex. Inquiries and contributions should be directed to P.O. Box 2486, East Carolina University Station, Greenville, North Carolina 27834. Copyright 1969, The Rebel. None of the materials herein can be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission. Subscription per year, $6.00.



Untitled	5	claire pittman
letters to the editor	7	
editorial	8	jrr
doris betts	9	jrr, sh, wq
if i know you	15	lynn quisenberry
silence	16	claire pittman
flowers bloomed	16	claire pittman
photo-essay	18	walter quade
john jr. is a jew	25	albert pertalion
catching saradove	28	stephen hubbard
tar river poets	28	eileen barnum
the dillinger days	30	robert mcdowell
paul paul and more paul	33	robert mcdowell
the snow is muddy	34	joseph harrison goodwin
oh, yeah	35	archie gastor
to h.b.	36	eileen barnum
october	36	eileen barnum
on the summer's pier	37	rush rankin
love, song of the seasons	38	charles griffin
eastern north carolina arts festival winners	41	
photography		walter quade
art and design		sid morris
cover		sid morris, walter quade

Editor's Note:

I have worked on seven issues of **The Rebel,** beginning back in the fall of 1967, and this is my last one. It is a very rare thing in life when one person is allowed within such a short period of time to count as his friends so many wonderful people. I would like to take this small space to thank all the members of the staff for all their toil, and their patience, and, especially, their friendship.

Lastly, I would like to dedicate this book to one very special friend — 'my heart moved only by you.'

Letters to the Editor

light loops the limbs
of the old magnolia
spilling silently into ivory bowls
that cup the crystal dew;
the spiralled buds, tight-twisted,
guarding with mute tenacity
the exquisite secret of beginnings,
like ancient yellowed scrolls
enfolding a clue to life,
will slowly, then inexorably,
burst forth with the sweetness
of a thousand centuries
unpetalled from the past

—Claire Pittman

light loops the limbs
of the old magnolia
spilling silently into ivory bowls
that cup the crystal dew;
the spiralled buds, tight-twisted,
guarding with mute tenacity
the exquisite secret of beginnings,
like ancient yellowed scrolls
enfolding a clue to life,
will slowly, then inexorably,
burst forth with the sweetness
of a thousand centuries
unpetalled from the past
—Claire Pittman

Dear Editors:

How nice it would be if every North Carolina state legislator could be furnished with copies of the Winter REBEL! Your interview with Paul Green, one of our most distinguished humanists, and Attorney General Morgan shed optimistic light on the cause of the abolishment of capital punishment in our state. It does appear that this dire need of legislative reform might be effected before liquor by the drink!

C. Johnson

To the Editor:

Having just read your Winter issue on capital punishment, I would like to give a quote some twenty-five hundred years old upon the subject of punishment. So, from Plato's *Protagoras*, "No one punishes the evildoer under the notion, or for the reason, that he has done wrong—only the unreasonable fury of a beast is so vindictive. But he who desires to inflict rational punishment does not punish for the sake of a past wrong which cannot be undone; he has regard to the future and is desirous that the man who is punished, and he who sees him punished, may be deterred from doing wrong again."

(name withheld)

Dear Chip:

I have had time now to examine *The Rebel*, which I picked up in Raleigh yesterday. I must tell you that in my college days at the University of South Carolina, I was editor of *The Gamecock* (the weekly), *The Carolinian* (the monthly) and *The Garnet and Black* (the annual).

Your magazine made me feel so ashamed of my puny efforts in the college literary field.

You really have a dynamic publication of which to be proud.

I have made arrangements for a copy to get in the hands of every member of the House and Senate of North Carolina as well as certain State Officials. I am sure that such a well designed and conceived magazine as *The Rebel* will have a significant impact.

Again, congratulations on your issue.

Marion A. Wright, President, North Carolinians Against The Death Penalty

Letters to the Editor

editorial.

Positive moments are rare. But, on a day like today, it is a good time for writing editorials. Today is the first day that the Crab Apple trees bloomed in pink, beautiful blossoms on campus. (This editorial is mostly for the people who have taken the time to notice those trees, in front of Rawl and New Austin Buildings) on days like today.

The Rebel office is right across the street from Rawl and you can see the trees from the windows.

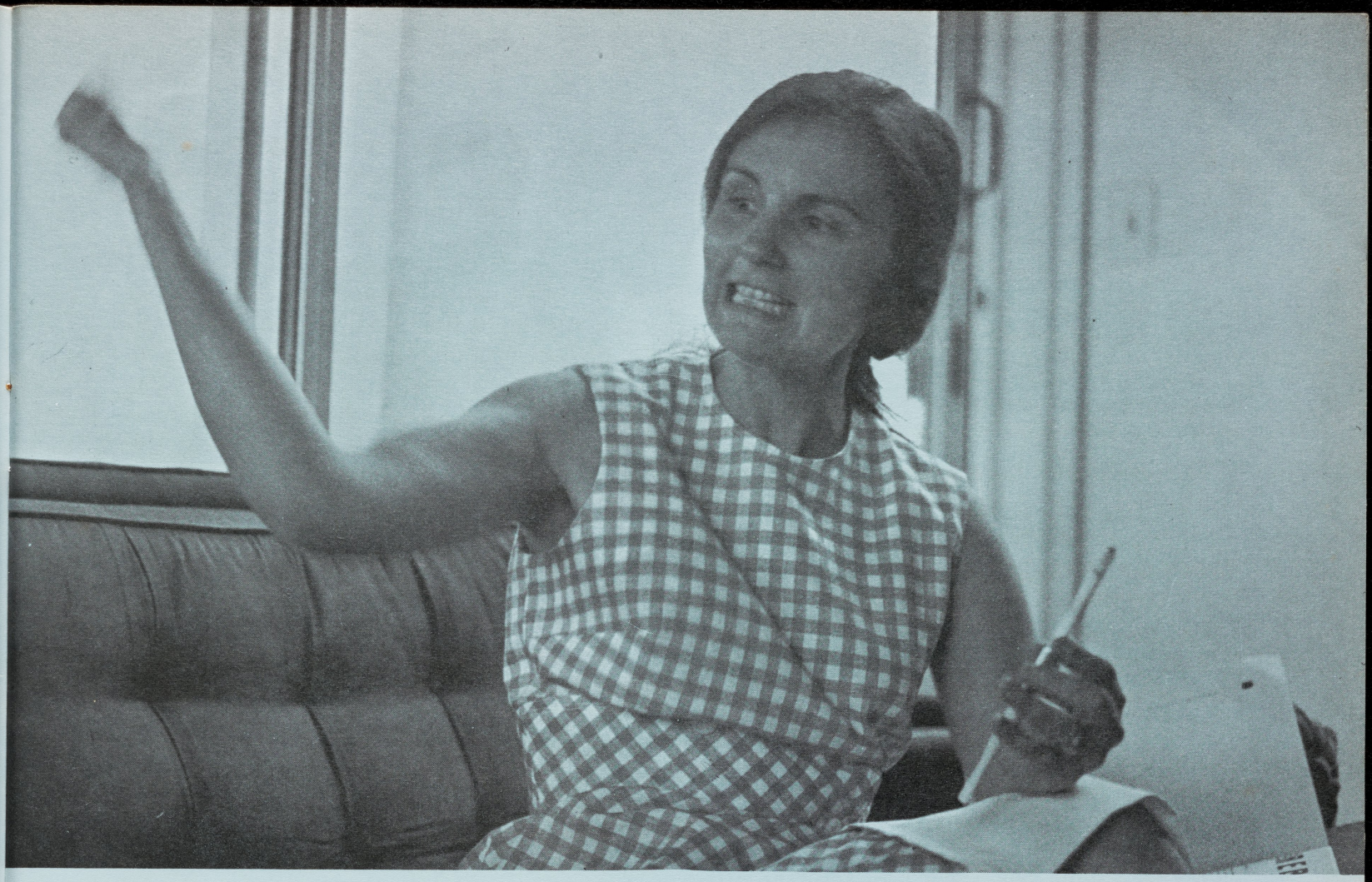
This whole issue of *The Rebel* is about those trees. Those trees represent springtime. But, they represent much more to the people who take the time to notice them. Springtime is a time that seems to say, "there is much goodness in life, in living." The same day that the trees bloomed was also the day following a bombscare in Rawl. It was the day following the day that four black students were arrested in the cafeteria for disturbing, 'the normal operations of the university.' It was the day following a night of unrest among black students and white students. It was two days following an address by President Jenkins outlining what steps had been taken to meet the black demands on campus. The whole point is—which of these events was more important.

In a time when young people, especially, seem to be absorbed in the issues and realities of the war in Vietnam, or racial confrontation and crisis; when the mass media seems to dwell on these subjects, it seems that some outside force is at work to deprive youth of the pleasures of being young, of noticing a Crab Apple tree in bloom, and letting that event be the major event of the day.

What we have failed to realize is that perhaps more attention to these beautiful things in life could lead us to a deeper appreciation of what it is to be human, could give us a better method of dealing with each other. To put it simply, perhaps the lesson of life is learning to appreciate it.

In the past issues of *The Rebel* we have dealt with the problems of the poor in Greenville's slums. We have dealt with the problems of the war in Vietnam, and the draft. It the last issue, we dealt with capital punishment in North Carolina. In this issue, we would like to deal with spring time. All these issues and problems of our time have their place of importance, but so does the enjoyment of spring.

What we have tried to do with this *Rebel* is provide a release, relief, escape from the constant bombardment of our minds and souls by the mass media with the gruesome realities of our time. We have tried to produce something similar to a spring day. Perhaps, somewhere between these pages, we have caught a glimpse of it.



doris betts

Doris Betts is an outstanding Carolinian, teacher, author and critic.

She is the author of Tall House in Winter, winner of the 1957 Sir Walter Raleigh award for best fiction; and The Scarlet Thread, Sir Walter Raleigh award for best fiction, 1965.

She declares that she is not a novelist, however, but a short story writer. Among her collection of short stories are The Gentle Insurrection and The Astronomer and Other Stories. In addition, she has contributed to various anthologies and magazines.

HOW do you do these interviews? Do you just talk a long time and then take whatever suits you? I don't want to panic you. I know you've got to get back to Greenville.

Well, we edit them. . . .

There's a good interview with Sylvia Wilkinson and one with Terry Sanford. In fact, that's the first thing I read in The Rebel.

The interviews have been the trademark of The Rebel for a long time.

Its the closet thing we have to the **Paris Review** interviews, in the Southeast, certainly. Not many magazines do it, anyway.

You worked on The Record and Landmark, a daily newspaper in the early 1950's in Statesville, N. C., didn't you?

Yes. I'm from Statesville . . . it was such a liberal paper then, a real crusader. I don't know what's gotten into Jay Huskins lately. It sounds like Jesse Helms . . . Yes, I worked with the newspaper then. I also have worked with the Chapel Hill Daily and the Sanford paper. I still do some reviewing.

Do you think a newspaper career is a good avenue for writers?

No. I don't think so. When you have been writing all day for a newspaper, worrying about periods and commas, you are not going to go home and write. Now, its all right if you work for a newspaper and then take a year off to do your writing—that works. You do get an interesting life out of a newspaper career. Exciting things happen.

WHAT are your hobbies? What do you do for relaxation, to get away from writing?

Well my latest thing is a Honda, that I'm trying to learn how to ride. I haven't learned how yet, but I am getting there. Have you ever pushed a Honda three blocks up a hill to your house because you couldn't get it started? . . . And then, Chapel Hill has been a great release for me. I teach classes there twice a week. For five years I lived down here in Sanford thinking I was a Jane Austen or somebody. And I wasn't. You know its good to be with young people. They are always bringing you books or getting you involved in things. Most young people I know are by far more intelligent than adults. Also, I have my duties here around the house, three children, two teenage girls and a boy who will be nine this month. You know, I have the chores of washing the dishes and cleaning the house and fixing supper. And then when I go up to Chapel Hill, along about Pittsboro it seems that one door closes and anther opens. A whole new kind of experience. And it results in a kind of schizophrenia. Is Bertha Harris teaching a creative writing class at E.C.U.?

No. She's teaching some general courses. What did you think about Bertha Harris' book, Catching Saradove?

I reviewed it for the **News and Observer,** and what was so surprising was they took out my critical remarks. I had reviewed the book favorably. But they took out my criticisms. I have never had an editor do that before and I really don't know why he did. I enjoyed the book, the parts about North Carolina were especially good.

HAVE you got any new things on the drawing board?

I've been working on a novel so long it's embarrassing to mention it anymore, either in public or to my editor. Yes, I've got a novel, and since September I've done about ten short stories. There's something about teaching that's very exciting for a writer. Or, I find it so. That's the reason why I asked what Bertha Harris was doing at school, somehow I thought she would be teaching some writing classes. Maybe after three or four years of teaching it would get to be oppressive and tiring and use up. . . . But, in answering your question, I have written ten short stories since September, which for me, anyway, that is a lot of production. And they are out, two or three have been taken. I'd rather write

interview

short stories and never have to write another novel.

Who was the composer who worked about eight years on his first symphony? Maybe its going to be your best. . . .

No, I don't think so.

The Scarlet Thread? Better than The Scarlet Thread?

Well, that wouldn't be saying much. I don't think I'm a novelist. And, I don't . . . I've never written a decent chapter, to say nothing of a decent novel. And, I would never fool with them if publishers didn't insist.

I enjoyed The Scarlet Thread. Maybe it was because . . .

It was a bad book.

Maybe it was because I related it to . . .

Statesville.

Statesville.

Yes, well I did too. That's the only excuse . . . Well, I really think there's something entirely different from short story writers and novelists. Some day, some foundation is going to do a study and they are going to find people who are good at short stories have a certain kind of metabolism; and they move at a certain rate; and they digest food at a certain rate; and their thyroid is thus and such and, novelists are some other breed of cat entirely. Very few people are good at both. They are usually one-sided. The good short story writer is not the same as the good novelist. And, of the two skills, I would like to be a good short story writer.

Do you think everyone has a book in them, if they are a writer? At least one book?

It may be a novel. I have two students right now who are working on novels. And, I have a feeling that if you have a novel in you as a young writer, it's always shaped. It has an organic form, and all the teacher can do is stand out of the student's light a little bit and hope that he will get it out in the shape his life has made of it thus far. The second novel, one reason I think that it is so much harder, is because he is not drawing on that energy and well spring that has accumulated. Now, he is beginning to do it consciously. And, that's a disadvantage in a way. It's a harder hurdle.

But, I think it's unfortunate that most of our creative writing classes have to be the short story form, because I think there are fewer people who are good at short stories. And, young writers, particularly, I think, have a certain contempt for the tight discipline which really a good short story requires. And, I'm not sure that a beginning writer ought to start with tight discipline. He ought to start with hanging just as loose as he can hang.

You say that the short story is a secondary form? In other words the novel is preferred?

No. Well, the novel is more popular in America. I think the short story is much harder to write, requires a great deal more skill, and never has as much popularity. It is no more than people who prefer a string quartet to symphonies. There is a difference in size and scope, that makes one more appealing than the other.

WHY is it that you feel that the short story is more difficult than the novel?

That's not just my opinion. That is a general opinion. Faulkner said this, that he first wanted to write poetry because that's the hardest and then short stories and then a novel. Because in the novel you can be careless, you've got so much space to work with.

So much time.

So much time, scope. . . . Size alone will carry your mistakes. And, in the short story they just show up terribly. . . . They're just glaring. And, I think Frank O'Connor said that he thought many novelists had been inferior writers, but few short story writers. And none of them had lacked a sense of theater. So, I think the short story is much closer to poetry. Both have to be very distilled, very compact. And, much closer to the play . . . where what is significant is what you leave out. So, that what is left tells it all. And, I think it's much harder to leave out than to put in. Nobody likes leaving out. That's no fun. You feel you are leaving out the adjectives that you did the best, and that you loved rolling on your tongue. So, it does require more discipline. And, I'm not at all sure that's what young writers ought to be doing in college classes. Although, the writers of the sixties are sort of soured on discipline anyway.

I can think of any number of very fine short story writers who have begun to turn the form upside down and inside out. And, that's all to the good. Because the trouble with the disciplined form is something like the sonnet—you always run the risk it's going to freeze in place and die. It's not so hard to learn some kind of story form. But, then if you freeze it and it loses vitality it's just an artificial, hot-house flower kind of thing.

Who do you think are the best short story writers, right now?

That's a mean question . . . Well, among the women . . . Eudora Welty, a southerner; Katherine Anne Porter, Tilley Olsen. I'm trying to think of some of the late ones whom I've read . . . I think Max Steele is a fine short story writer. He teaches at Carolina.

I think the best short story writer and the one everybody ought to read if they want to write short stories is still Chekhov. Because we all forget how much he did at the first of the century. Everybody thinks present tense is brand new, you know, but he did many stories in the present tense. He is the one you can read the longest with the most profit. And, his economy fascinates me.

His letters are really . . .

Yes. That's wonderful advice for writers . . . in those letters. . . . He had that kind of temperament. He started to say, the older he got the more he wrote. The more it seemed to him nothing was sufficiently short. That's the short story writer's problem. To know how much you can leave out, and still have your cup run over in some fashion. Still have that luminous quality.

I still think . . . I feel like Faulkner, if one were really gifted one would write poetry, next to that short stories. Then if you have large, expansive personality and material, the novel.

WHAT about Chekhov's statement that it should be just like the thing itself, if people are sitting at a table having a meal, it should be just like that. But, it should somehow say (and that's the problem) it should somehow say that these peoples' lives are being torn up.

You pick the one moment that, that distills everything that's worth saying about these people, or seems to be.

It seems to be a more realistic, or more accurate description of life than . . . than like you can find in James, or . . .

Well . . .

NOBODY likes to say anything bad about James because he is like God.

Oh, I do. I think he's a terrible bore. James has gone out of style. Edith Wharton has gone out of style. Because they worked on that realistic level, supposedly. And that linear level. And, in a way, I think what's happened is that the poem and short story have gotten much more alike. They are dealing more in images and quick associations. You don't need all that junk. You don't need to get him up early in the morning and take him through all this process. . . . Henry James, now there is an example. When Henry James wrote short stories they had all the grace of a wet cotton bale . . . big, bulky, endless things. The novels are another matter. You can enjoy the fact that he gets discursive for its own sake. But, in the short stories you couldn't put up with it. And, he never did learn that he couldn't run his mouth that way. Not in the short stories.

You think his plays are about the same way? The plays seem to be . . .

I better not get on to sounding like an expert on Henry James, because that would sound like I read him a great deal, you know, for my own edification. And, I read him as little as possible, except for the prefaces to the novels. Now, he had a lot of good things to say about writing. Also, I don't think the reader today is as patient with that sort of thing. Maybe it's what McLuhan says—that we are really not patient with the left to right, and the whole slow build-up when we have been accustomed to getting things pictured, and all their associations right there . . . which ought to mean the short story is going to come into its own. But, I have no faith in that.

What do you think about McLuhan's The Medium is the Massage?

It just knocked me out when I read it. And . . . well, I thought at first that he was kind of spitting in my temple. He's saying, you know, all the time we're spending learning to do this, and learning to do it better . . . You don't realize that you are a monk still working on that illuminated manuscript, and meantime Gutenberg's got the printing press coming over here. And, you don't realize it, but you are sliding down, becoming obsolete. So, I resented that, bitterly. But his arguments were so good, I had no very good answers for them. . . . I hope he's wrong.

Especially when he confronts you with the simple thing—the simple little box called the TV, that you had never really paid that much attention to, because you were oriented toward a different medium. And, then he tells you that is the major fact, that is the major conditioning element.

That is the nervous system now of the global village, so he says . . . I do think from listening to students that many more students are turned on creatively toward film now, than they are toward writing of any kind. Or, that if you have a student and he's good at writing, maybe he's not good with the mechanics of writing, but he has whatever that X-quality is, that shows that he looks at things differently, and sees all their implications, one time, in the synthesis, he's apt to be taking film also, and gravitating toward film, I think. I think if I were in college now, and wanted to be creative, I would certainly have a fling with film. . . . Do you have much of a film department?

None at all. It's really pitiful.

That does seem to me where it's really at now.

IT'S a terribly interesting field. And, there is just so much you can do. Visual communication has just really gone out of sight.

And it is something that you can now teach for more than making a living, which used to be the way you taught it. You know, you are going into TV, or into filming. You can teach it as you do art or music, for a creative kind of joy.

You think the writer and the typewriter is on the way out and the filmmaker and the film editor is on the way in?

I don't know. In my bleak moments, yes, I think so. . . . I don't know. I think perhaps writing and reading will go back to being what it used to be. Something that belongs to a smaller segment of the population, and goodness knows it doesn't belong to a very large part now. Still, considering mass education, there's still a very small number of people in this country who buy books, and read books. I sometimes think there are more people who want to be writers than there are who want to be readers.

WHAT do you think about the new generation, these people who will be the writers of tomorrow?

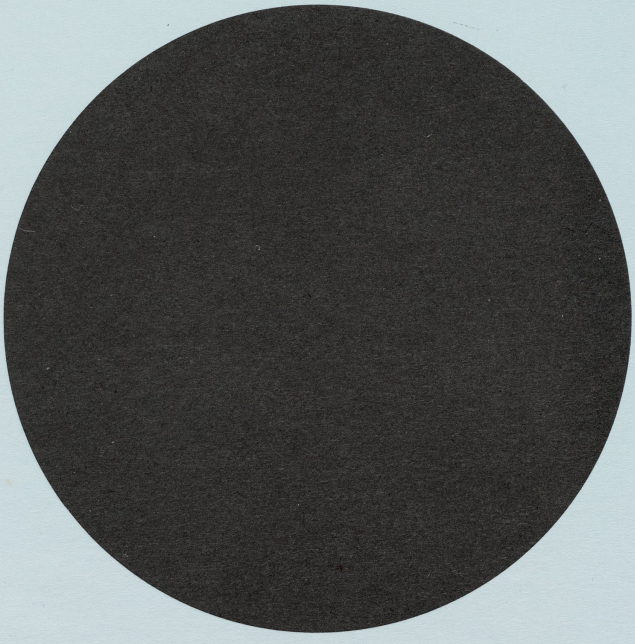
Well, from watching students at Carolina, which is the closest end of the funnel that I have to look through, I think they are very impatient with nearly all the old things. Which is great. That's healthy, that's good. The themes of many . . . well, I will back up and tell you this. Max Steele teaches with me, too. He is in New York this week, as a matter of fact. He is giving a speech to a psychologist's group. And it came about because he made a talk at an alumni luncheon, and the speech was picked up and appeared in the book section of the **New York Times.** It had to do with the fact that students nowadays are writing about how alienated they are. And, that you are standing up there all the time saying what fiction is about, it is relation of person to person. And the students are saying, you are always saying write out of my experience and that's not what my experience is. My experience has to do more with isolation. So you just hush up and let me write what I'm writing.

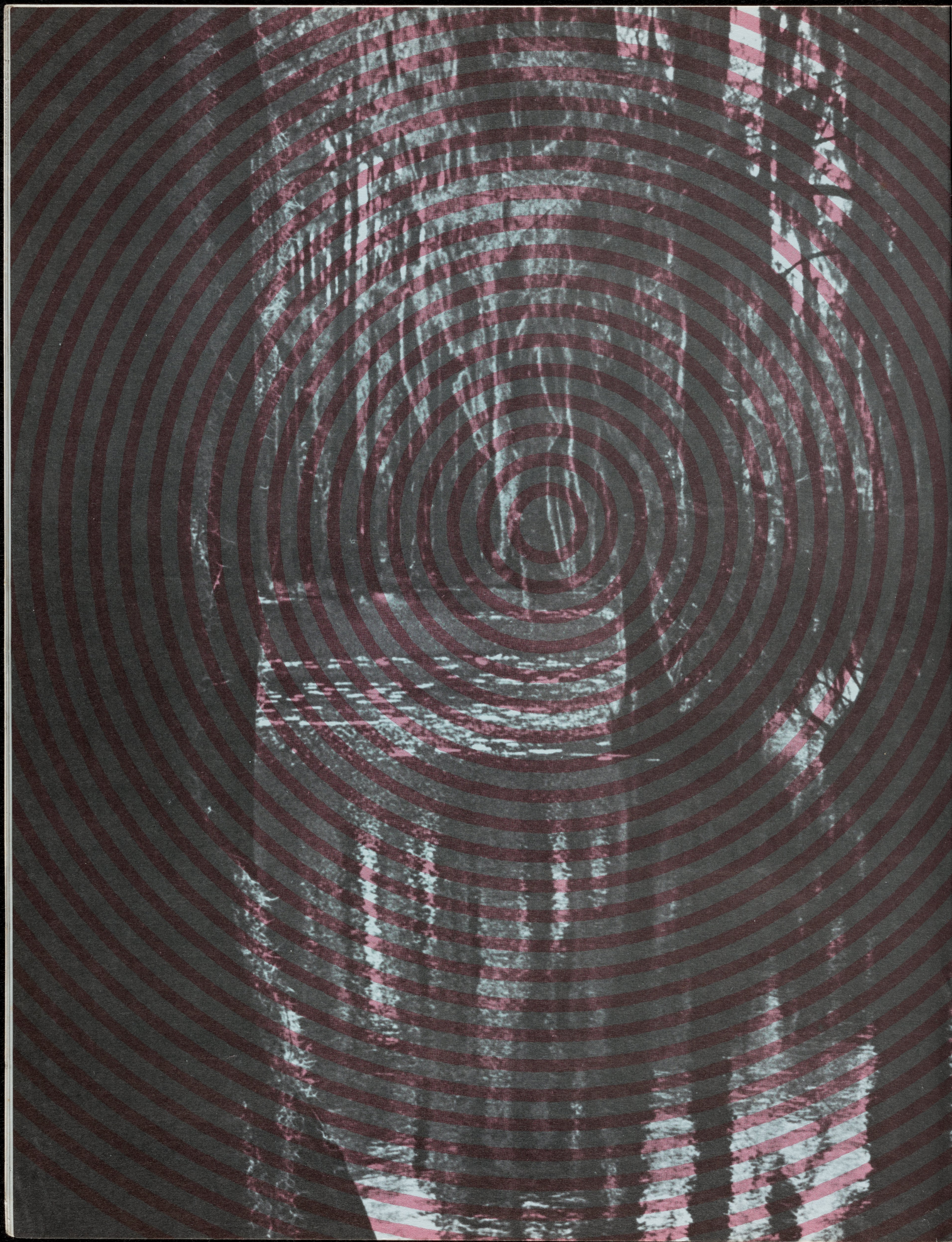
What Steele is going to do is give the plots of two or three stories that he has recently seen. Let me tell you one of them, because I think they have more to say about writing nowadays than any principle would do. One of them, for instance, is about a soldier boy who's standing outside a telephone booth, and there's a sergeant inside making a call. And, it's pouring down rain. And, the only other telephone booth is two miles away. He's been out there now for fifteen or twenty minutes, and every now and then he taps on the glass door to see if he can get in. And, the sergeant waves at him and goes on talking.

What he wants to get in for is he's being shipped out to Vietnam and he wants to call home and tell his family that he's going. This goes on and on; the rain comes down, and he keeps tapping on the glass. And the sergeant doesn't let him. He's been out there maybe an hour, two hours, wet to the skin. Finally, the sergeant opens the door of the booth, reaches behind him to the receiver and yanks it out of the wall, the wire out. Then, he steps out and hands it to the soldier, and goes away. And, the soldier of course is totally disconnected from what he can hear, but he comes in and dials the number and then begins to give his message, without knowing how it is received, or how anybody will react. And, that's the end of the story. It's a story of non-communication, or one way communication, or isolation. Lots of students are using the telephone. And, I think that's a real modern symbol for something.

And what you say about these stories is, well what's the plot, what's the motivation, what's the build up. And the thing is, you just can't say some of the same things. . . . These stories have something to say. They seem to say something terrifically about life.









If I know of you
it is in ambers,
with life beginning in mountain streams
frosted and dragons wings of mist,
rills and ridges cascading mindlessly yet
entangled in their form.

If I dream of you
let it be in verdes,
a morning bud awakening to unfolded wonders,
a dancing wind frisking to a cloud of green
mellowed to new, beginning to ripen
palest forest tints of bronze.

If I be of you
it is of opaques,
a frosted gloss guising
a burnt sienna of knowing,
a lake of gentle violet
adrift to the gulls signal freedom

But if I stay in you
let it be in azure opals
twirling in a shell of marble,
let it be in pink-soft dawn of
pearled fantasies
and etched blackness of lifes ways,
let it be in muted tones of chances
blended fortunes,
and let it be in frail found
rhythms of perchance.

—Lynn Quisenberry



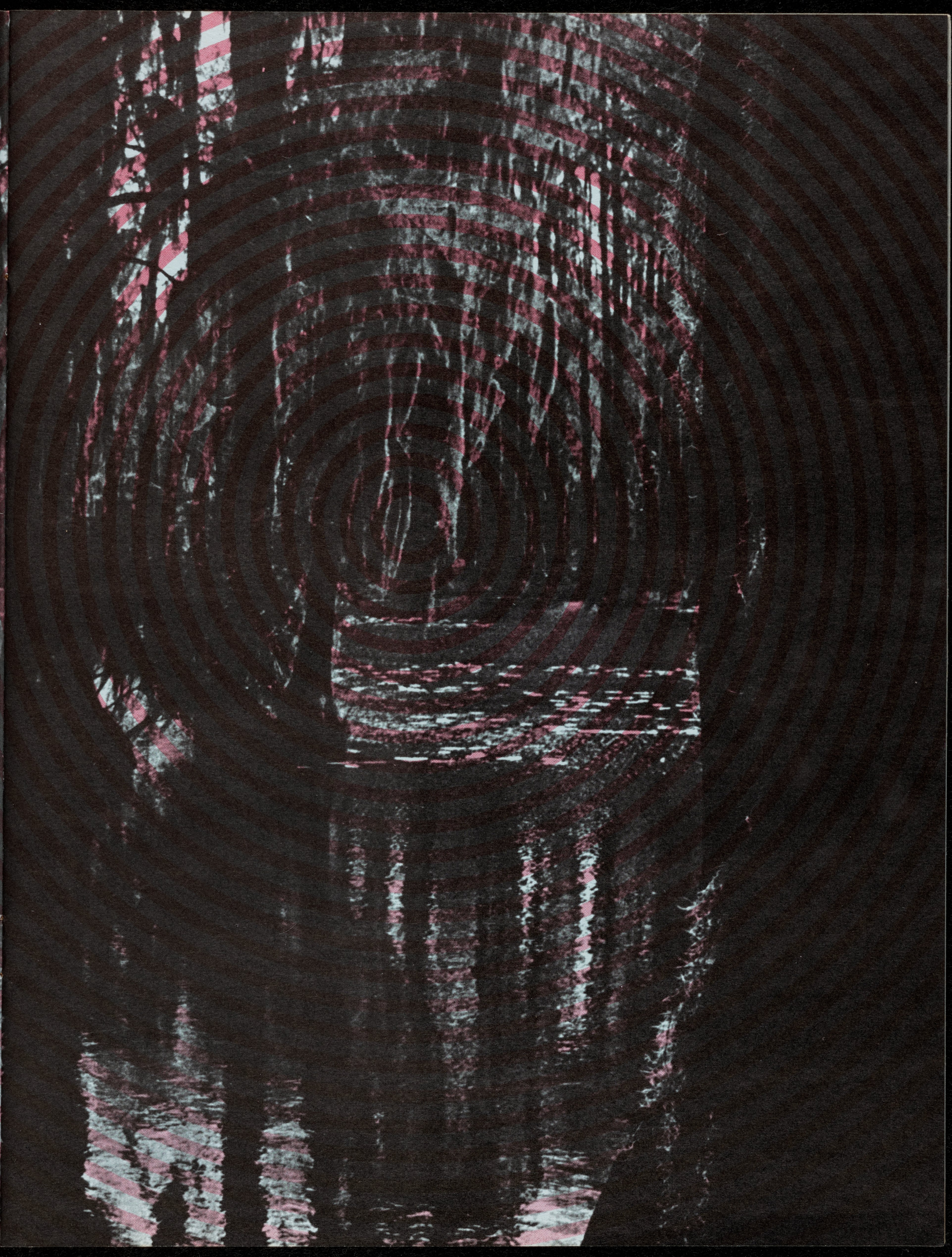
Silence

Flowers bloomed sweetly and strangely in Eden
And softly fell fruit to the ground;
A man and a woman walked slowly, talked lowly,
Now there is not a sound.

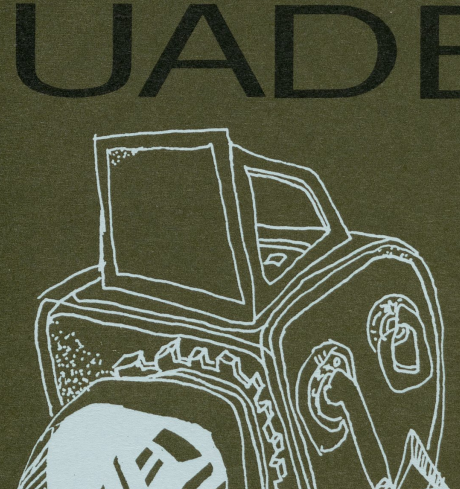
—Claire Pittman

There are signs on April
Saying, "Do Not Enter,"
Spring is a one-way street
And there is danger
For an old man alone
Who cannot see the way.

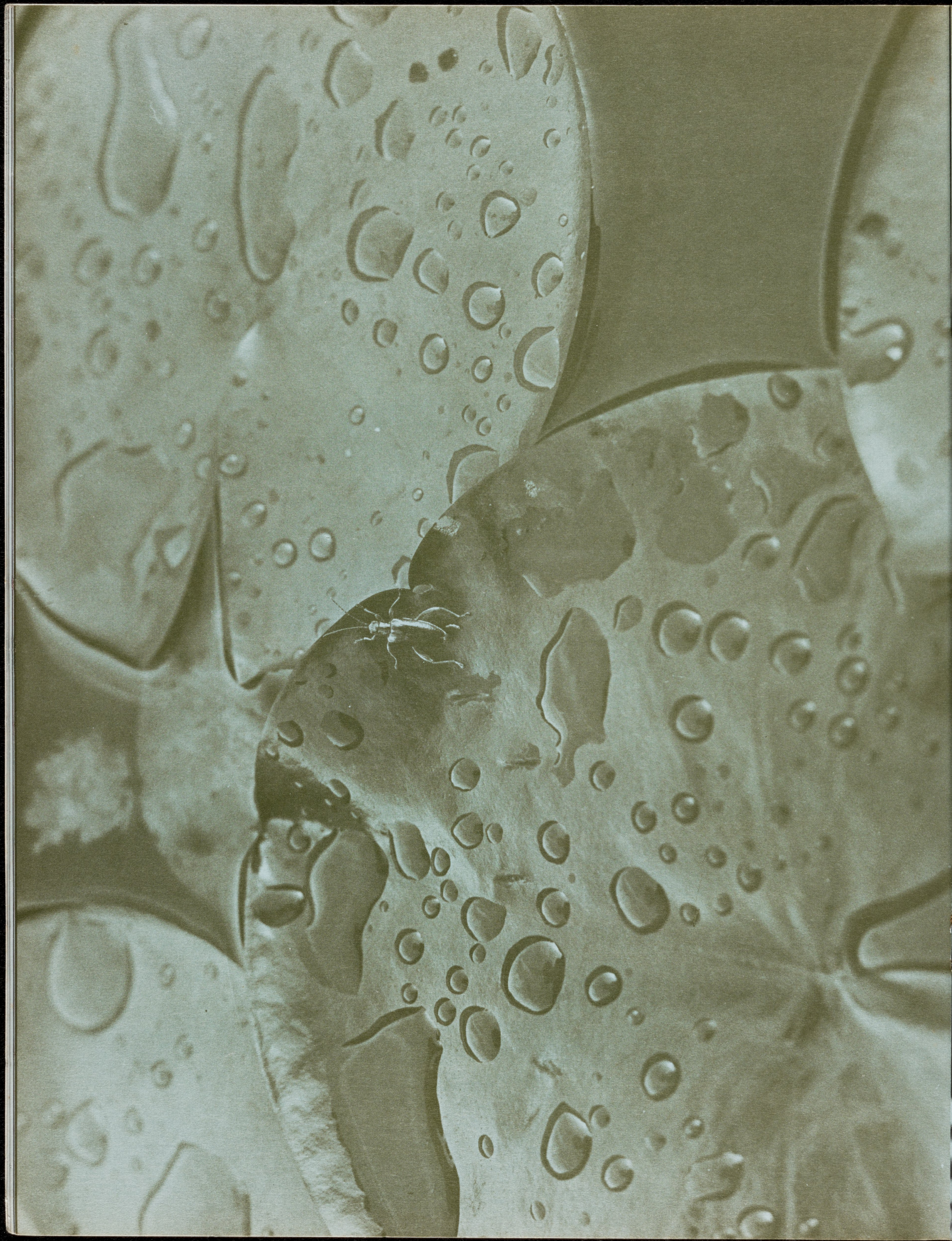
—Claire Pittman



WALTER QUADE





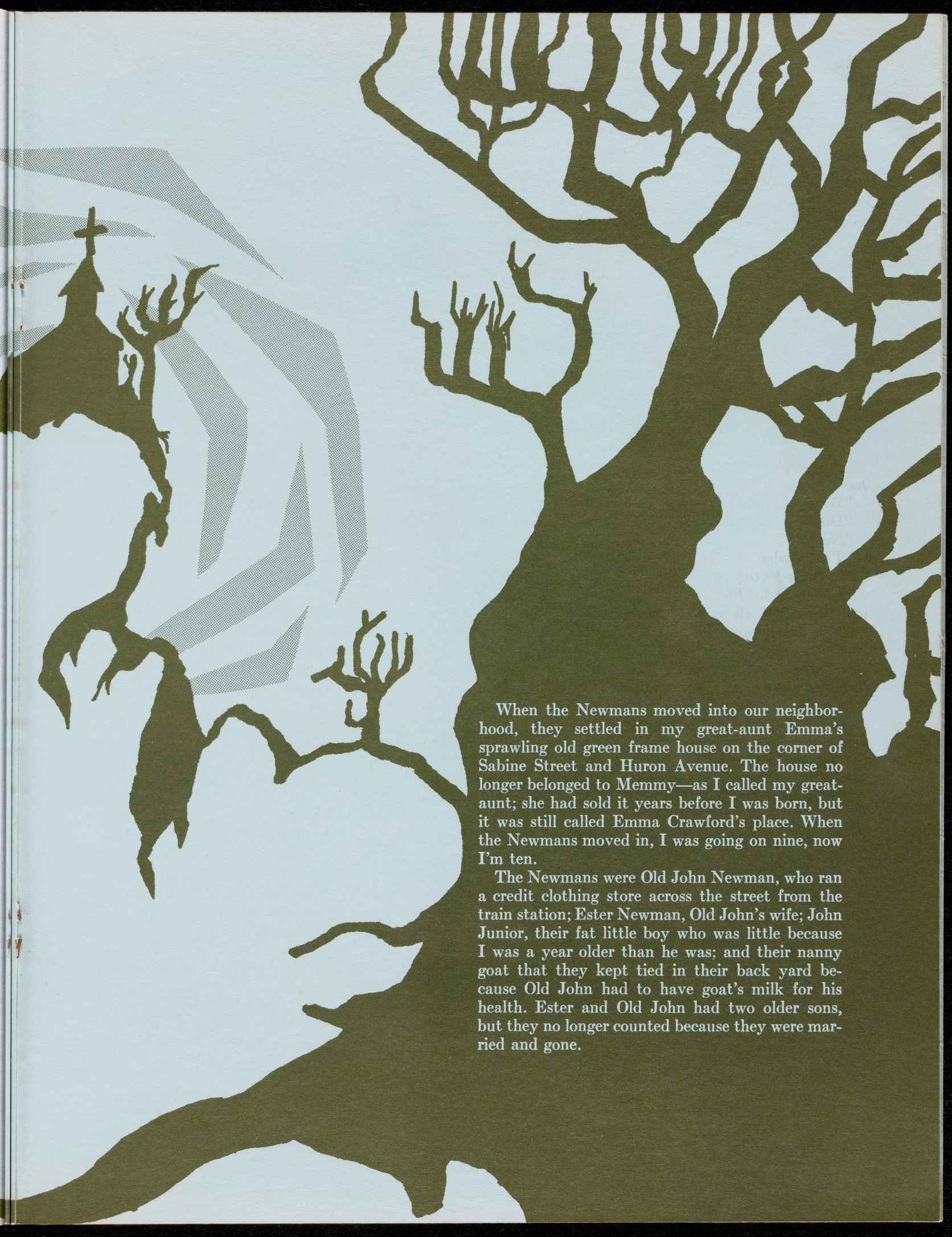












When the Newmans moved into our neighborhood, they settled in my great-aunt Emma's sprawling old green frame house on the corner of Sabine Street and Huron Avenue. The house no longer belonged to Memmy—as I called my great-aunt; she had sold it years before I was born, but it was still called Emma Crawford's place. When the Newmans moved in, I was going on nine, now I'm ten.

The Newmans were Old John Newman, who ran a credit clothing store across the street from the train station; Ester Newman, Old John's wife; John Junior, their fat little boy who was little because I was a year older than he was; and their nanny goat that they kept tied in their back yard because Old John had to have goat's milk for his health. Ester and Old John had two older sons, but they no longer counted because they were married and gone.

WHEN the Newmans moved into Memmy's house, they transferred their letter to our church, Superior Avenue Baptist. The old people in the church were always talking about how Old John was still a Jew, but he joined the Baptist Church because it was good for his business. After all the kids heard this we would sometimes go over to the corner of Sabine and Huron when there wasn't anything else to do on a Saturday and call John Junior a Jew.

"John Junior's a Jew. John Junior's a Jew." Everyone would sing-song sort of silly. John Junior would get mad and say that he wasn't a Jew.

"I'm a Syrian; that's a lot better than a Jew," he would say.

One day my mother heard of this and called me inside.

"Foster McTaggart, I don't want you to call John Junior a Jew, do you hear?"

"Why, Mother?"

"Do you know what a Jew is?"

"No."

"That's what I thought. Foster (Mother used her *talking-to* tone of voice.), a Jew is someone who believes in Judaism. There's nothing wrong with that, but all you children are calling John Junior a Jew because you think it's something bad. He knows that and it hurts his feelings. Besides, the Newmans aren't Jews anyway; they're Baptists just like we are. Now promise me you won't say that anymore."

No sound.

"Do you hear me, Foster?"

"Gol-lee, Mother."

"Well . . .?"

"All right, I promise."

THAT did it. I couldn't call John Junior a Jew any more. I could never intentionally break a promise to my mother. The few times when I had gone against my word, mother had always cried. She wouldn't punish me; she just cried, and sometimes she'd ask herself, "Where have I failed?" I couldn't take my mother's crying.

"Besides," I thought, "what good is it calling John Junior a Jew if it was just some religious name?"

One day not too long after the Judaism talking to, we were all sitting around on my porch not doing much of anything when Tooty Gibbons walked up and announced that he knew something about John Junior that we didn't know. Tooty was about a year younger than everyone else and he was always bringing up some secret he knew so he could tell us and be in the group—at least for as long as the secret was new.

"What?" someone asked.

"John Junior doesn't wear regular shorts."

"Whatchewmean?"

"He doesn't wear regular underwear like we do."

Regular underwear was white boxer shorts that we all wore so we could use them for swimming if we forgot our trunks when we went to the gravel pit. I thought only Catholics wore those jockey shorts.

"How do you know?"

"MY brother figured it out. Old John and Ester haven't got any daughters and the only men's underwear that they ever have drying on their line are Old John's one-piece union suits. My brother says Old John probably makes John Junior wear the rotten old girls' britches that he can't sell in his store."

Everyone stared at each other, and then we tore off to look at the wash behind John Junior's house. Sure enough, there were the large one-piece union suits; some large woman's stepins; and some smaller girl's step-ins hanging among the sheets and towels of Ester's laundry.

This was unbelievable. But it must be true; they were hanging right there.

"I still don't believe it," I said.

"What d' you mean, Foster? You see them hanging there?" Popsey Lively said. Popsey was the oldest member of the gang and the leader. The step-ins hanging on the line were all the proof he needed. He began to make plans to get John Junior.

"On the way to school tomorrow, we'll take his trousers off and settle it for sure," Popsey said.

The next morning everyone was hiding in Mr. White's garage by 7:15. School started at 8:00 and Popsey had insisted that we should be hidden in plenty of time to catch John Junior when he came by. John Junior walked to school by the alley that ran behind Huron Avenue, and Mr. White's garage doors opened onto the alley, making it a perfect spot for an ambush; Popsey's mind had hit on the idea almost at once.

The victim came by about 7:30; and after the

excited, giggling, snickering wait, everyone burst out of the garage and surrounded John Junior before he could run.

"What d' you want?" John Junior asked around the circle.

"Don't be afraid, John Junior," Popsey stepped forward. "We only want to see what kind of underwear you're wearing."

My part of the circle was close to Popsey, so I had a good look at John Junior's face. It turned white as a fish belly when he heard Popsey's words, and the body connected to that face grew stiff as a poker. The circle closed in and knocked John Junior over. Popsey loosened his belt and fly and pulled down the grey poplin trousers. John Junior rolled over, hiding his face; he was crying. We could hear him sobbing.

Everyone started grabbing for books and running away toward school. In the frenzy of the getaway, I ran too, staying with the group for about fifty yards. Then for some reason I can't remember, maybe because John Junior was crying so, I did something the gang never forgave me for doing. I stopped running and walked back to where John Junior was lying in the alley.

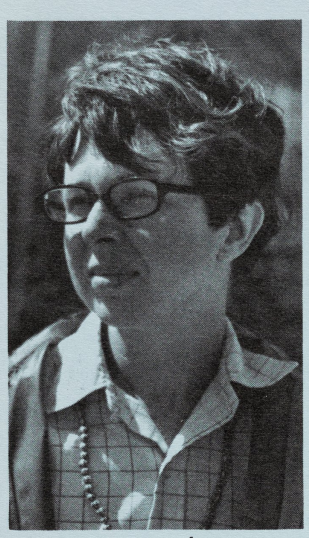
He had pulled his trousers up, but his face was still hidden and I could hear sniff-sniffing coming from under his arms where his head was buried.

DON'T cry, John Junior, don't cry. Everything will be all right. Tell your mother to get you some white underwear, then you'll be like everyone else." After I said that, John Junior turned and looked at me for the longest kind of time.

Then he got up and headed toward school. He didn't take the short cut through the alley the way we all went, but walked over to Superior Avenue which took him to school the long way.

John Jr. is a Jew

by al pertalion



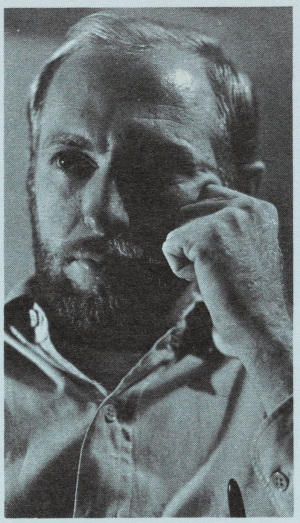
harris



sorensen



capps



griffin

Catching Saradove, by Bertha Harris, (Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., 1969, 240 pp., $4.95.)

Saradove Racepath loves, runs, dreams, feels, cries for herself in Miss Harris' first "extraordinary" work. The author combines unique ability with ungraceful flare suitable for the adolescent to marvel with beneath bed linen and behind the eyes of the American married couple.

Saradove in the beginning of the book is the mother. Suddenly, she is the adolescent in sunny North Carolina. Moments later, she is with her radical demonstrator, and then with her female lovers. Last, she begins life again in the world where the young try to become older.

The name Saradove remains a part of the fantasy creation of the author. The white wings of Saradove's flight, however, get soiled in the course of the book. She becomes Saradove for love to escape the loveless state of her parents, Olympia and Duncan, and her dreamland spreads quickly to all of her world where she learns to love her own kind of people. And Saradove begins her many escapades and loves all within her dreamland as the reader becomes entranced with Saradove, the mindbender.

In *Saradove,* Miss Harris masters the art of conversation. The dry sentences of Hemingway are gone. Joyce's flavored gems are improved. Her dialogue is like the tape-recorder conversations of modern novelists. The characters are real even within the realm of fantasy. One weakness is that the book lags at times and the reader lags with it. Some parts are easily put aside. Still, however, there remains the $4.95 work of art for people to buy and wonder at.

—Steve Hubbard

Tar River Poets, (Rayford Printing Company, 1969, 30 pp., $1.00.)

Don't call this a review. Call it a letter, or "just words." I don't believe in that demi-god, demi-savage known as the critic. He spends too much time enjoying the exercise of his omnipotence. At any rate, I am not a critic. I don't believe in good and bad. I don't think anyone can really be objective about poetry, no matter how hard he pretends, and I choose not to pretend . . . the point being, read this book and write your own words about it, as I am talking to you, as I am talking to three poets who have talked to me. All I can tell you is what I have heard them say.

Frederick Sorenson talks about war and peace, about the seasons, the Civil War, and life on the Tar River. His poem "Farmer's Warehouse" well exemplifies the style of life in a town where tobacco is mayor, treasurer, and sometimes, God. Romanticism trickles through the lines of his poetry, with a use of simple words and free verse which are continued in the works of the other two contributors.

An exception is in the poetry of Richard Capps, where his use of rhyme throws an extra barb into the sarcasm of his words. Capps speaks out against a lot of institutions, such as too many sidewalks, pseudo-archaeological expeditionists, and fundamentalist Christian doctrine. After having read "The Word" in the *East Carolinian,* I was particularly pleased to find someone willing to speak out who took more of a Nietzchian view of religion. Capps' "Observations in a Business Office" could serve as a prophecy for the majority of male graduates from E.C.U. this spring, given another ten or twenty years. His poem "Between" is worth

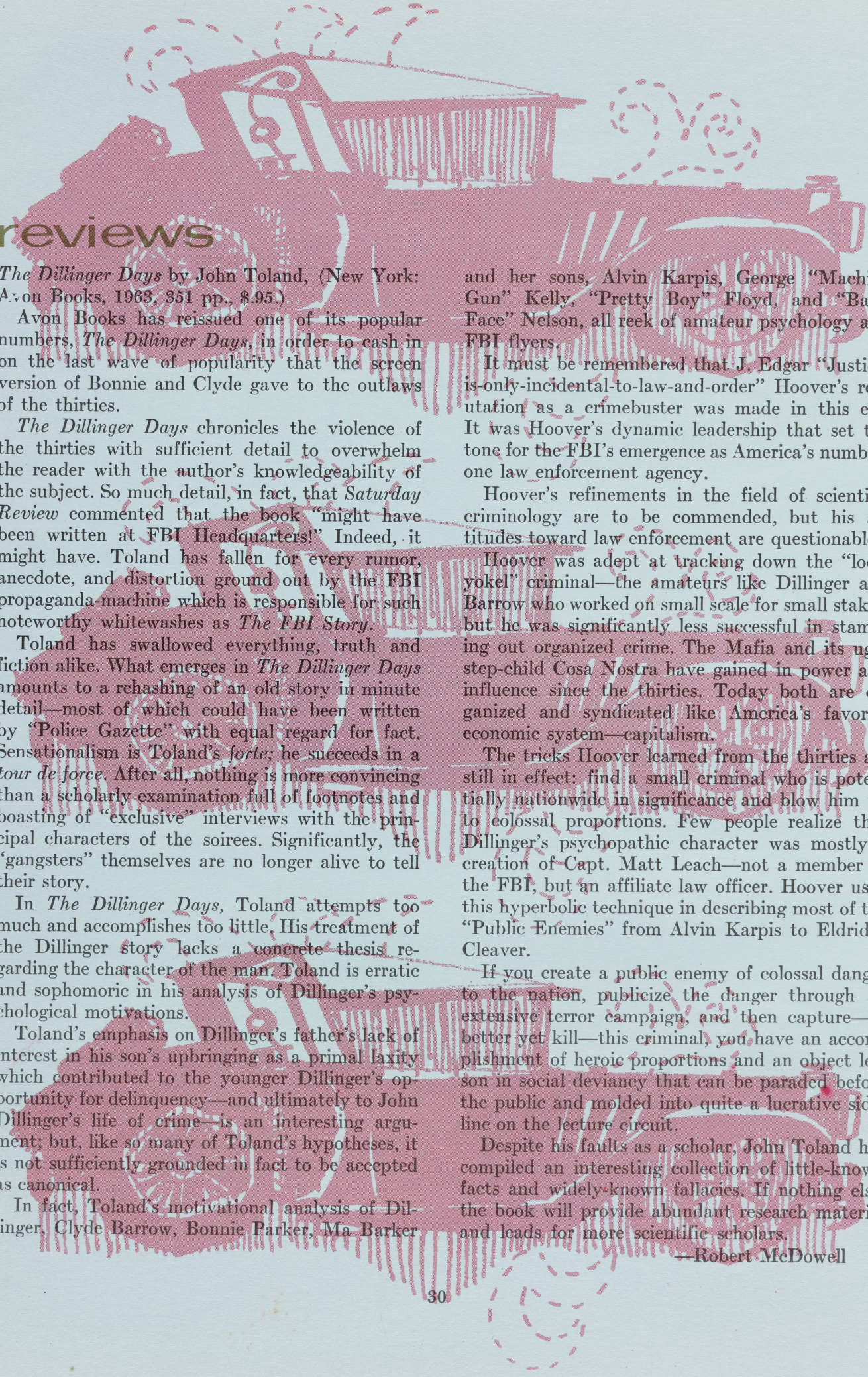
remembering. It is the epitaph of his businessman: " 'Born' and 'Died' and 'Now here lies' with nothing in between." If a man can hold onto words like this, they will keep him from falling into such an eventless life and nameless death.

The section of Charles Griffin's poetry begins with "Are You a Ninety-Seven Pound Weakling." After reading this poem, one begins to wonder whose side of the fence Griffin is on, if anybody's. The final irony of Griffin's irony is that his meaning gets lost in the act. What he is saying in "A Married Man's Opinion" is the truth, as anyone knows who has seen Griffin's beautiful baby girl. In "The Storm Trooper," Griffin gives a pointed example of how environment can have devastating effects upon an individual's outlook. One powerful description of young men today is in "For a Fretful Rebel: 'Cannon Fodder.' " Every time one sees a troop of green boot-camp recruits in file, those lines are apt to come to mind.

I think this book could have borne a title more appropriate than "Tar River Poets." At least in the case of Charles Griffin, the experiences related encompass life far outside the realm of eastern North Carolina. The major flaw I find in this book is that most of the poetry is not exciting. The poetry would make good prose, but it is an inherent quality of poetry to be a mode of expression which transcends the prosaic. Some of the poems represented here would have to do a little transcending before they could be considered as such. However, this book ought to command attention merely because of the series it represents—an attempt to foster an air of intellectualism on the E.C.U. campus. When the campus blooms intellectually, so will the books published in the East Carolina Poetry Forum Series.

—Eileen Barnum

reviews



reviews

The Dillinger Days by John Toland, (New York: Avon Books, 1963, 351 pp., $.95.)

Avon Books has reissued one of its popular numbers, *The Dillinger Days*, in order to cash in on the last wave of popularity that the screen version of Bonnie and Clyde gave to the outlaws of the thirties.

The Dillinger Days chronicles the violence of the thirties with sufficient detail to overwhelm the reader with the author's knowledgeability of the subject. So much detail, in fact, that *Saturday Review* commented that the book "might have been written at FBI Headquarters!" Indeed, it might have. Toland has fallen for every rumor, anecdote, and distortion ground out by the FBI propaganda-machine which is responsible for such noteworthy whitewashes as *The FBI Story*.

Toland has swallowed everything, truth and fiction alike. What emerges in *The Dillinger Days* amounts to a rehashing of an old story in minute detail—most of which could have been written by "Police Gazette" with equal regard for fact. Sensationalism is Toland's *forte;* he succeeds in a *tour de force*. After all, nothing is more convincing than a scholarly examination full of footnotes and boasting of "exclusive" interviews with the principal characters of the soirees. Significantly, the "gangsters" themselves are no longer alive to tell their story.

In *The Dillinger Days,* Toland attempts too much and accomplishes too little. His treatment of the Dillinger story lacks a concrete thesis regarding the character of the man. Toland is erratic and sophomoric in his analysis of Dillinger's psychological motivations.

Toland's emphasis on Dillinger's father's lack of interest in his son's upbringing as a primal laxity which contributed to the younger Dillinger's opportunity for delinquency—and ultimately to John Dillinger's life of crime—is an interesting argument; but, like so many of Toland's hypotheses, it is not sufficiently grounded in fact to be accepted as canonical.

In fact, Toland's motivational analysis of Dillinger, Clyde Barrow, Bonnie Parker, Ma Barker and her sons, Alvin Karpis, George "Machine Gun" Kelly, "Pretty Boy" Floyd, and "Baby Face" Nelson, all reek of amateur psychology and FBI flyers.

It must be remembered that J. Edgar "Justice-is-only-incidental-to-law-and-order" Hoover's reputation as a crimebuster was made in this era. It was Hoover's dynamic leadership that set the tone for the FBI's emergence as America's number-one law enforcement agency.

Hoover's refinements in the field of scientific criminology are to be commended, but his attitudes toward law enforcement are questionable.

Hoover was adept at tracking down the "local yokel" criminal—the amateurs like Dillinger and Barrow who worked on small scale for small stakes; but he was significantly less successful in stamping out organized crime. The Mafia and its ugly step-child Cosa Nostra have gained in power and influence since the thirties. Today both are organized and syndicated like America's favorite economic system—capitalism.

The tricks Hoover learned from the thirties are still in effect: find a small criminal who is potentially nationwide in significance and blow him up to colossal proportions. Few people realize that Dillinger's psychopathic character was mostly a creation of Capt. Matt Leach—not a member of the FBI, but an affiliate law officer. Hoover used this hyperbolic technique in describing most of the "Public Enemies" from Alvin Karpis to Eldridge Cleaver.

If you create a public enemy of colossal danger to the nation, publicize the danger through an extensive terror campaign, and then capture—or better yet kill—this criminal, you have an accomplishment of heroic proportions and an object lesson in social deviancy that can be paraded before the public and molded into quite a lucrative sideline on the lecture circuit.

Despite his faults as a scholar, John Toland has compiled an interesting collection of little-known facts and widely-known fallacies. If nothing else, the book will provide abundant research material and leads for more scientific scholars.

—Robert McDowell

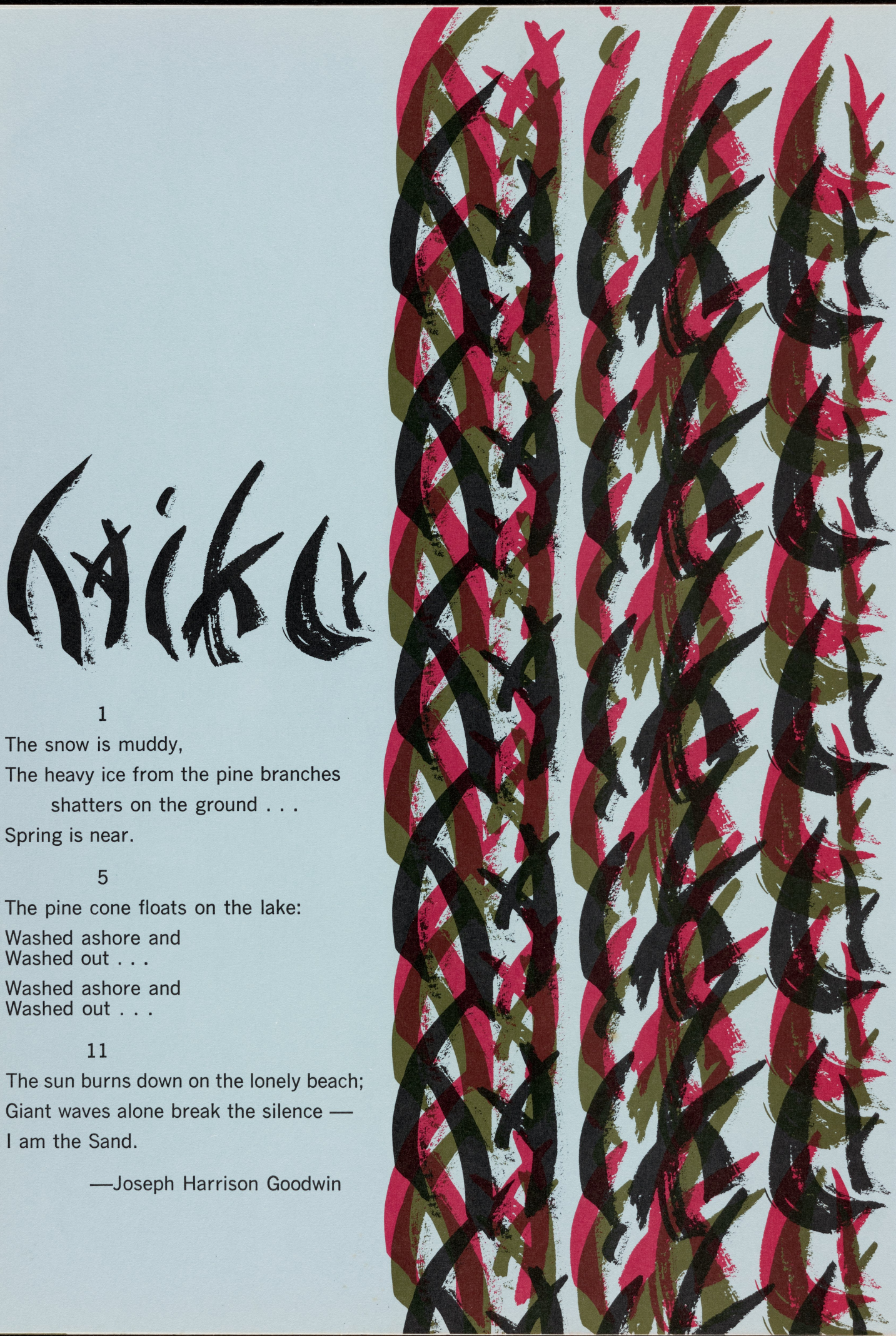




 aul paul and more paul
& clip-clop the magic mule
apostate paul world-traveller
mender of miles—and souls
regular contributor to the corinthian book-club

nobody remembers how he died
but you can't live without him

—Robert McDowell



1

The snow is muddy,
The heavy ice from the pine branches
shatters on the ground . . .
Spring is near.

5

The pine cone floats on the lake:
Washed ashore and
Washed out . . .
Washed ashore and
Washed out . . .

11

The sun burns down on the lonely beach;
Giant waves alone break the silence —
I am the Sand.

—Joseph Harrison Goodwin

Oh, yeah.
Life's a mystic woman,
And all your thoughts are bare.
You're just another moment,
Oh, yeah,
Why should she care?

Oh, yeah,
why should she care?
She's seen everything,
Been everywhere.
Oh, yeah.
Why should she care?

You starve the light of new tomorrows,
To dodge more heartbreak so you say.
Your flowers all turned black from sorrow,
You spread your wings and fly away.

I could tell her you wear flowers in your hair.
I could say you wear shoes of solid gold
I could tell her you expect her to be fair,
and that you speak not to the ear, but to the soul.

—Archie Gastor

To H.B.
Time has stopped
At twelve
Beneath its chiming blade
My ogres' blood-reeking
Breath draws me
Into their more-empty
-than-loneliness hunger,
Vacuous, insatiable;
While you,
Planter of crimson
Flowers that grow only,
Are not near enough
Or strong enough,
Being only human
I doubt,
Deeply,
Whether life is worth
Dying for . . .

—Eileen Barnum

October
Maim virgin beauty
with ten thousand black
gashes and blood

10:00 comes tomorrow . . .

Pierce tender gypsy ears
November brings

a silver tambourine . . .

Pawn the heavy flesh
for angels' wings

with a two-week guarantee.

I want to taste you naked
Melt
Into your flaming soul;
Mold
My liquid with your firm hands
Gently
Whisper the breath of love
Lips pressed to mine,
Fill me
With your strength that I may face
life's subtler atrocities.

—Eileen Barnum



on the summer's pier
poked in the ocean's eye
we cuddle in the cheek

of dawn each day
waiting for striped trout
to strike our lines

and when she strokes
my chest and asks me
if I still love her

I tell her each dawn
that yes I do
even when I don't

perhaps the tenuous thread
of some diurnal fear
keeps her hanging on

. . like a delirious fish
that struggles
on a barbed hook

to stay hung
and I keep reeling
gently, gently

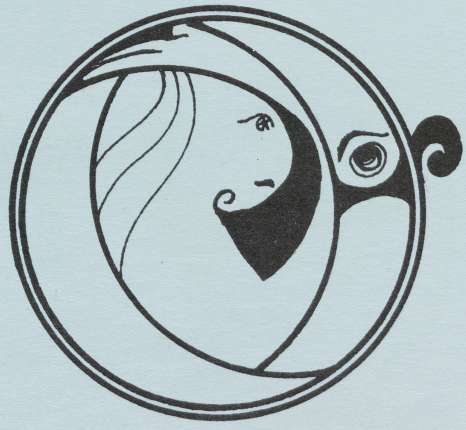
—Rush Rankin

IV

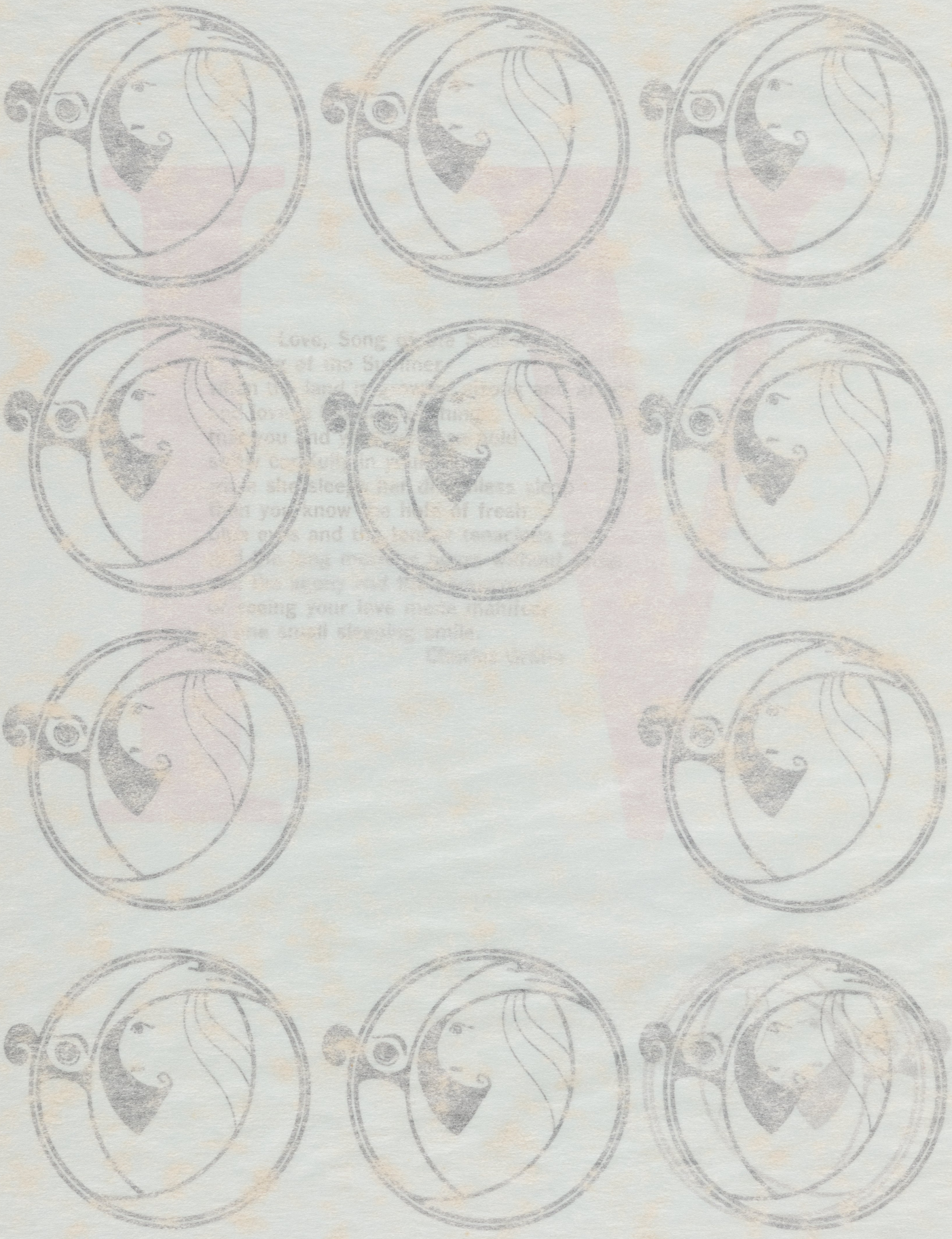
Love, Song of the Seasons IV

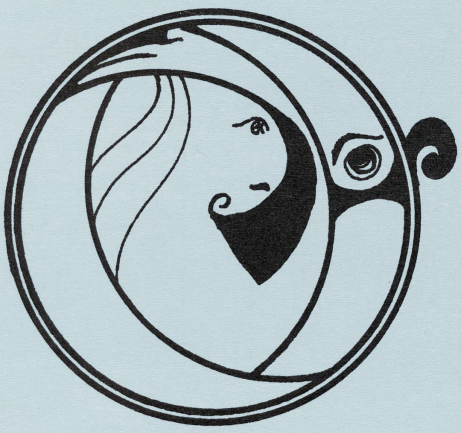
If I sing of the Summer
when the land is growing strong and green
and love is the kind of thing
that you and your wife can hold
softly carefully in your arms
while she sleeps her dreamless sleep
then you know the hold of fresh
blue eyes and the tender tenacious grip
and the long morning hours without sleep
and the agony and the pleasure
of seeing your love made manifest
in one small sleeping smile.

Charles Griffin









the end

Taff Office Equipment Company

REMINGTON STANDARD AND PORTABLE TYPEWRITERS

COLLEGE SCHOOL SUPPLIES

214 E. Fifth Street Greenville, N. C.

PITT-GREENVILLE AIR SERVICE



FAA CERTIFIED
FLIGHT SCHOOL
FAA APPROVED AIR TAXI
AIRPLANE RENTALS - SALES
PASSENGER RIDES

DIAL
758-4587

AIRPORT GREENVILLE

the Snooty Fox

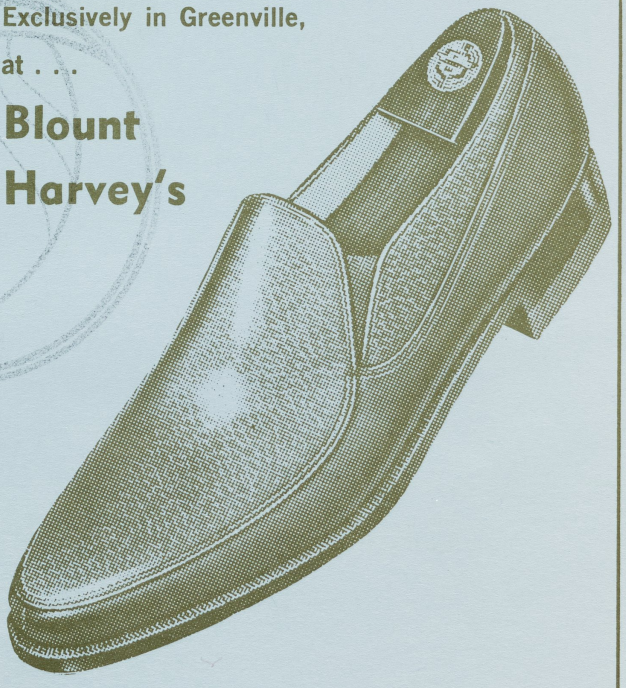
203 E. 5th Street

Exclusive Purveyor

The Villager

Exclusively in Greenville, at . . .

Blount Harvey's



Most Florsheim styles $19.95 *to* $27.95 / *Most Imperial styles* $37.95

FLORSHEIM

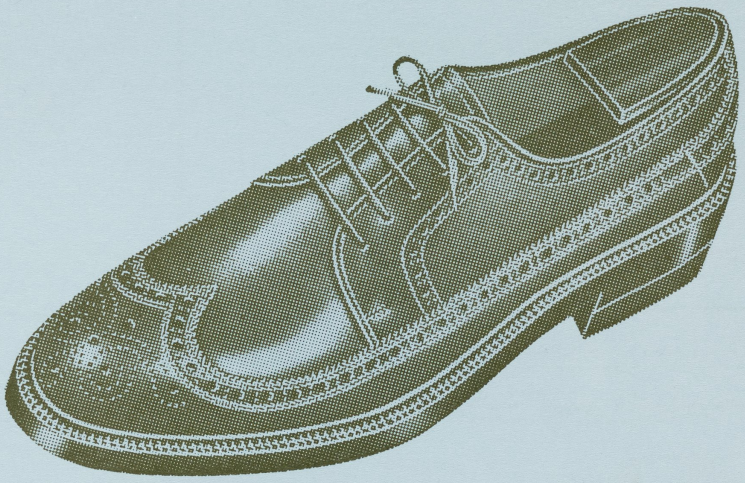
NEW SHOES FROM A TRUSTED NAME

THANK YOU FOR SHOPPING AT

Downtown and Pitt Plaza

Brody's

LARRY'S SHOE STORE



FRENCH SHRINER

CAROLINA OFFICE EQUIPMENT COMPANY

Olivetti Underwood Office Equipment

Electric, standard and portable typewriters

Printing calculators, electric and manual adding machines

School supplies — Furniture — Office supplies

320 EVANS STREET GREENVILLE, N. C.

THE MUSHROOM

Greenville's
Most Unique Shop

The Mushroom

Fine Art by Faculty and Students of

East Carolina University School of Art

Plus

Notional whimseys attractive to quodlibetical Humans

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

('til 6:00 p.m. on Saturday)

Georgetown Shoppees, 521 Cotanche Street
Donna Tabar

"Taste that beats the others Cold . . .

PEPSI-COLA®

Pepsi pours it on"

Belk Tyler

Ask about our convenient Lay-away Plan!

Groove With in the Beach Scene . . .

Headed for the beach? Stop by Belk Tyler first for all those beach fashions you'll want. We have a complete line of swimwear to suit every taste and a wide selection of matching cover-ups.

IN DOWNTOWN GREENVILLE.
OPEN MON., THURS. AND FRI. NITE 'TIL 9 P.M.



SWIM THING

☆ UNIVERSITY BOOK EXCHANGE ☆

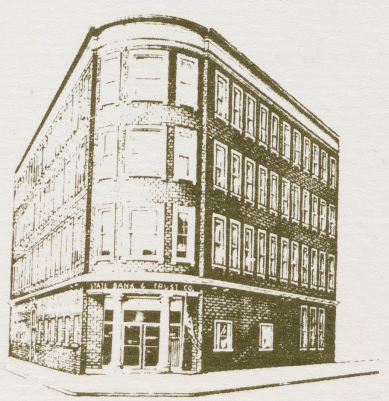
- TEXTBOOKS New and Used
- GIFTS and NOVELTIES
- SUPPLIES
- STUDY GUIDES

– 10 EXTRA REGISTERS DURING RUSH –

AVOID THE RUSH THIS QUARTER

528 S. COTANCHE STREET

State Bank and Trust Company



FULL SERVICE BANK ®

Greenville, N. C.

FDIC

NONPROFIT ORG.
PERMIT 110
GREENVILLE, N. C.

DR. FRANCIS SPEIGHT
EAST CAROLINA UNIVERSITY
GREENVILLE, N. C. 27834