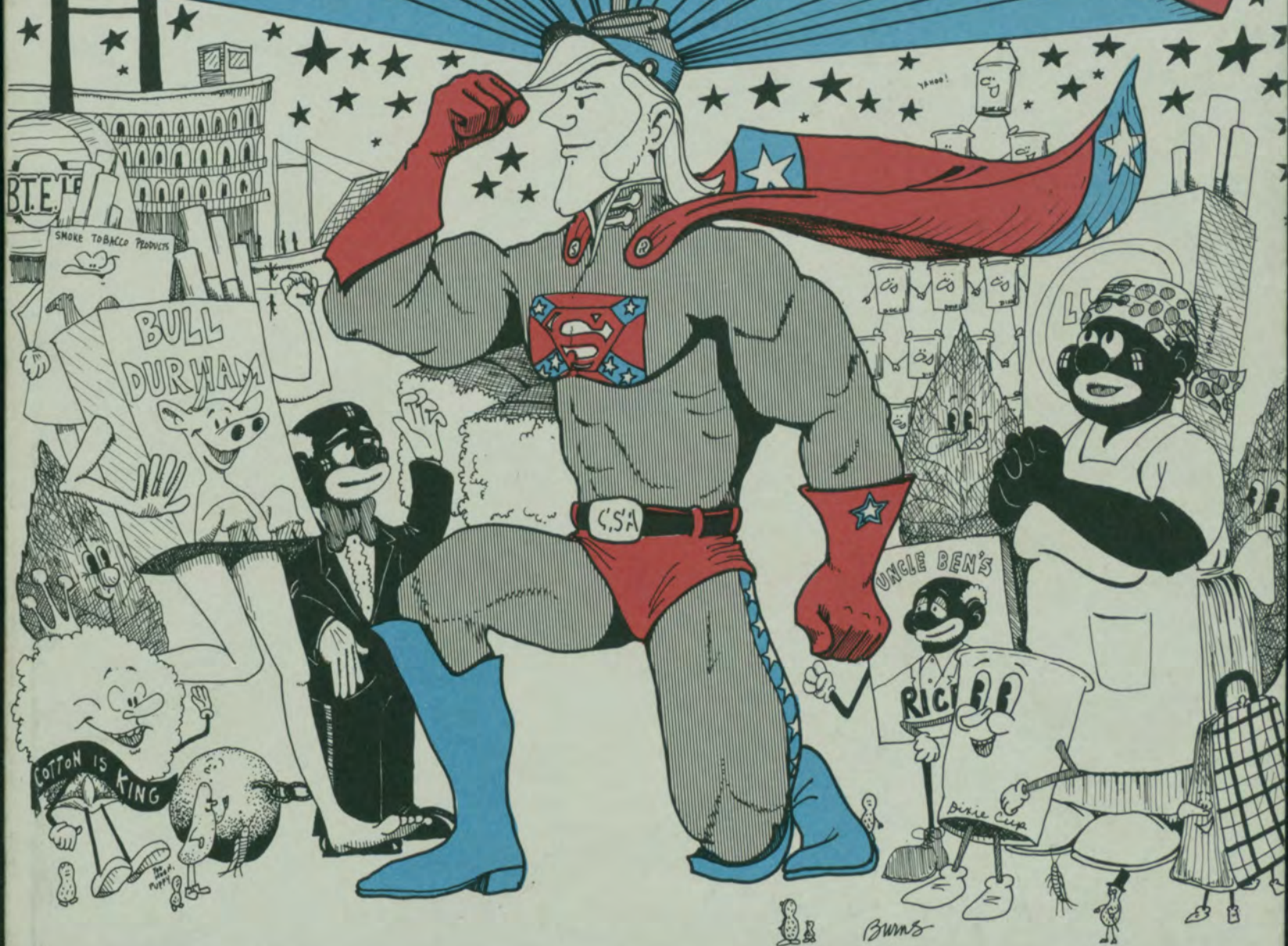
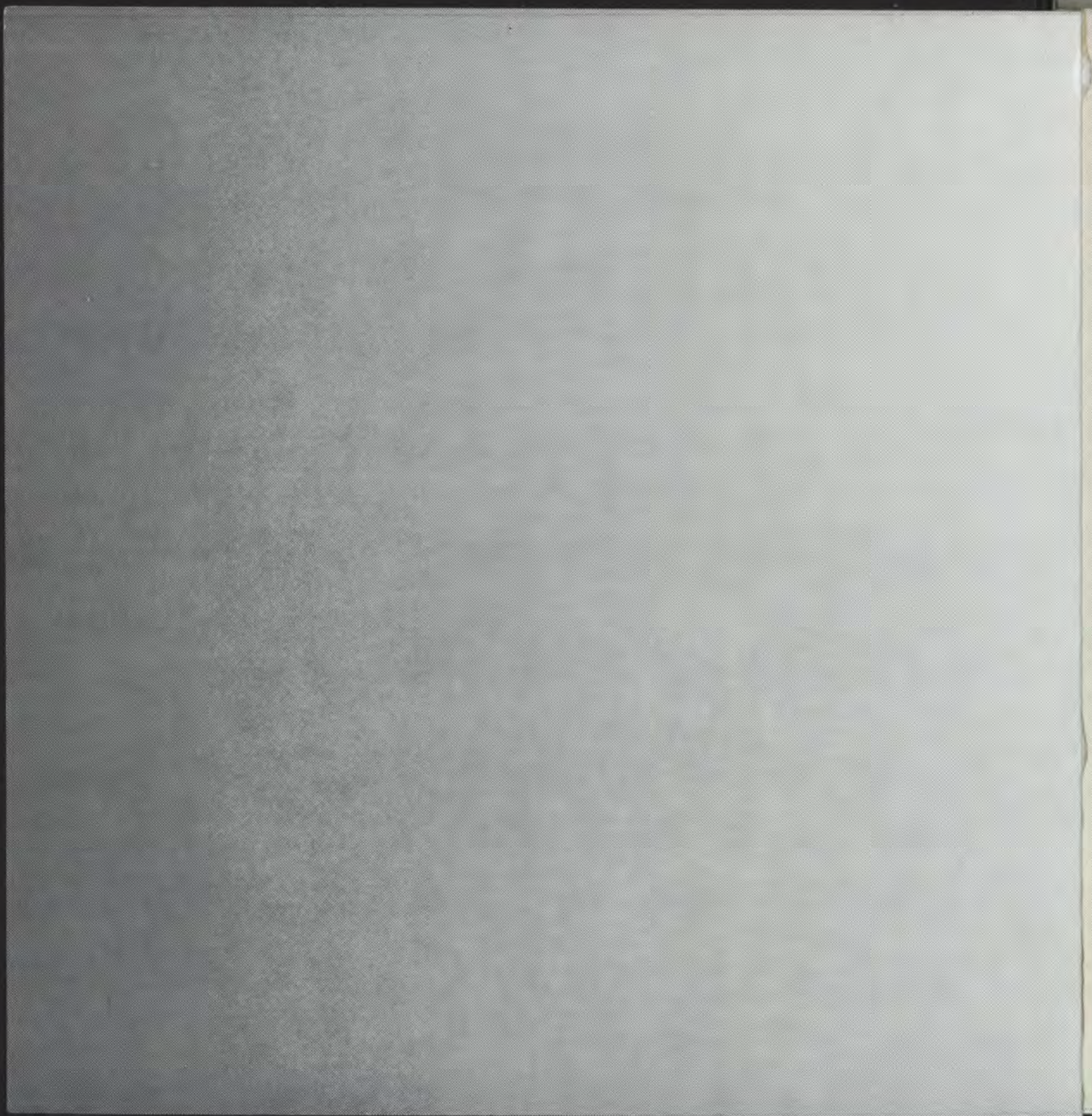
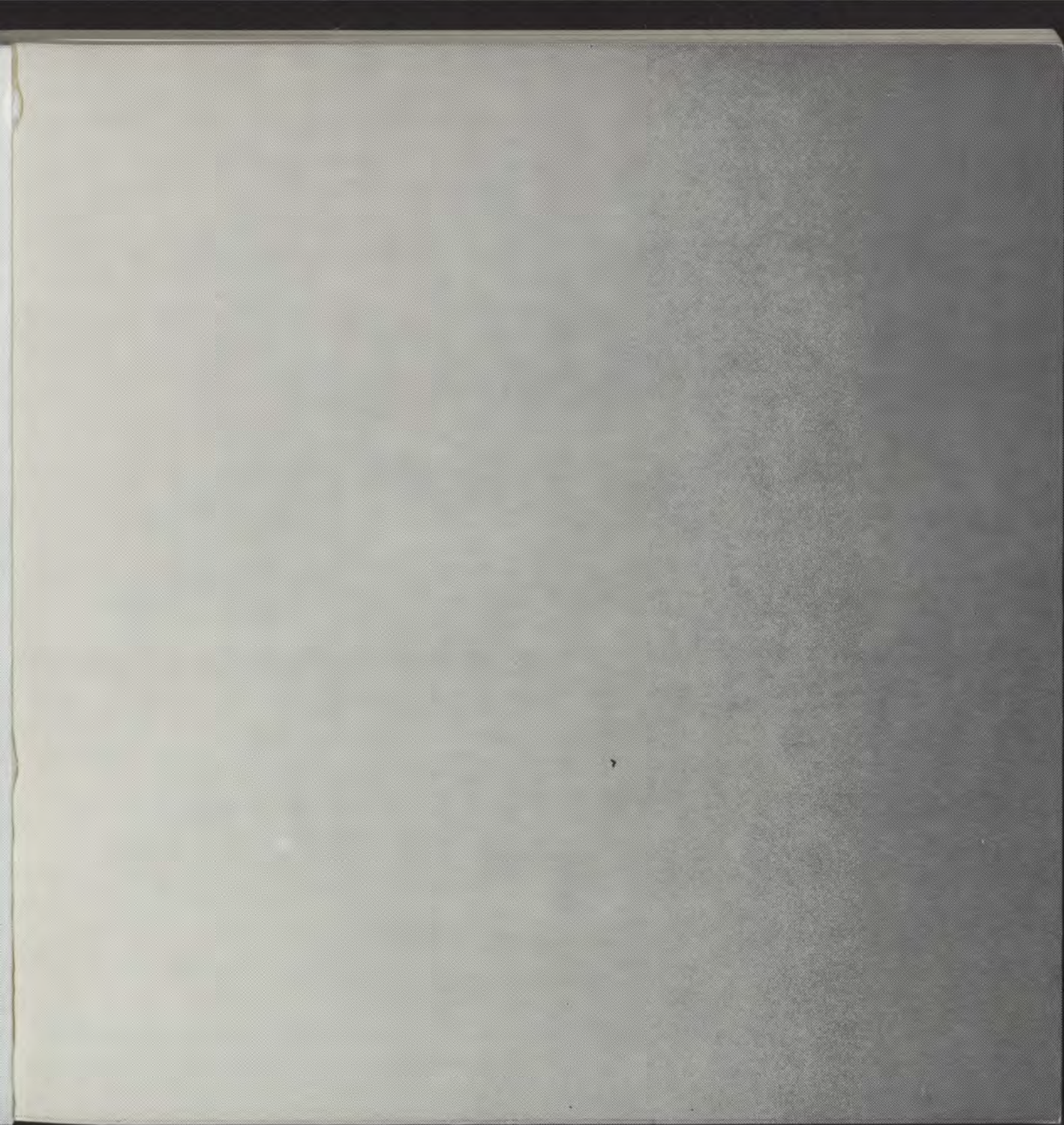
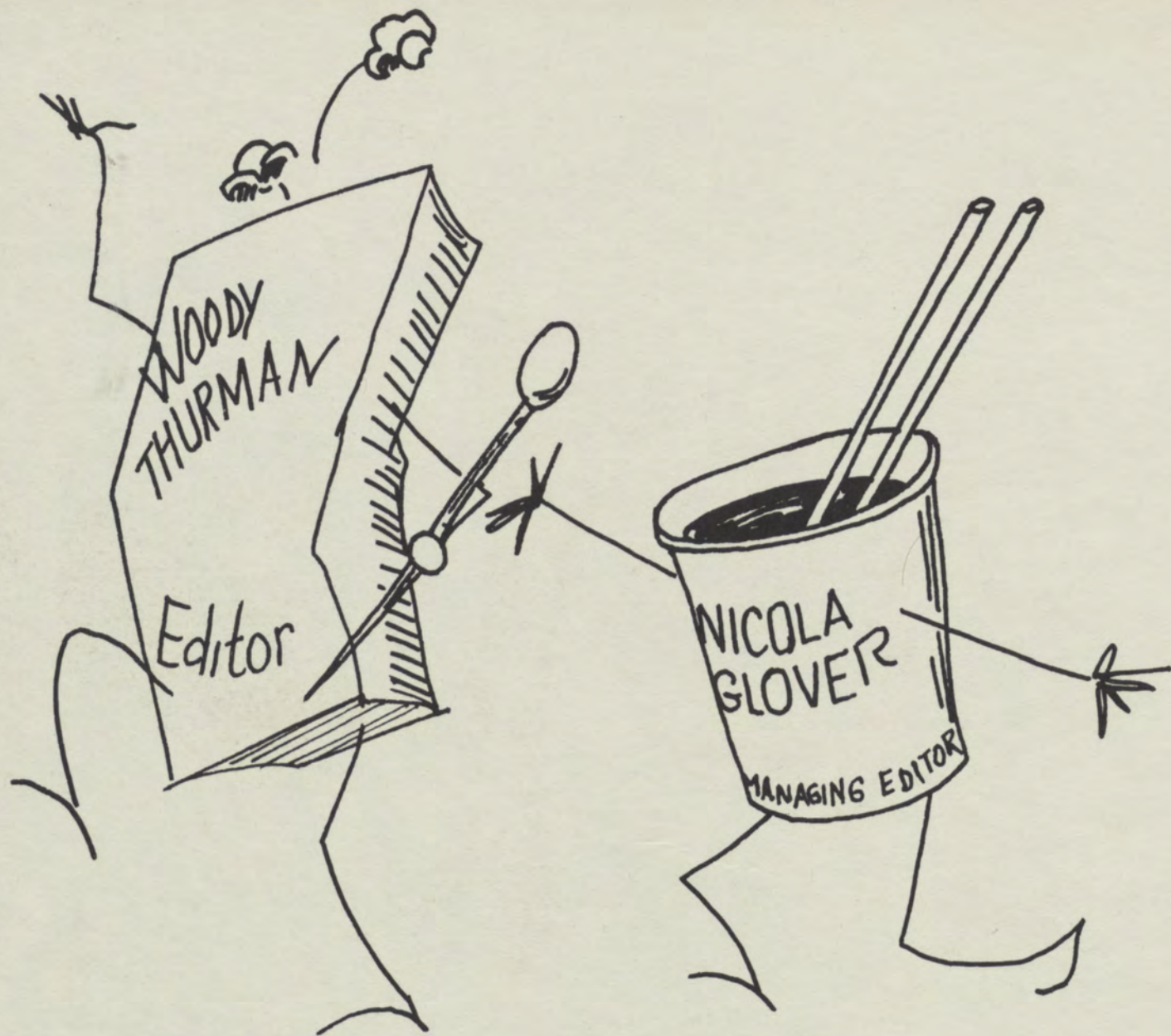


# SURAH REBEL





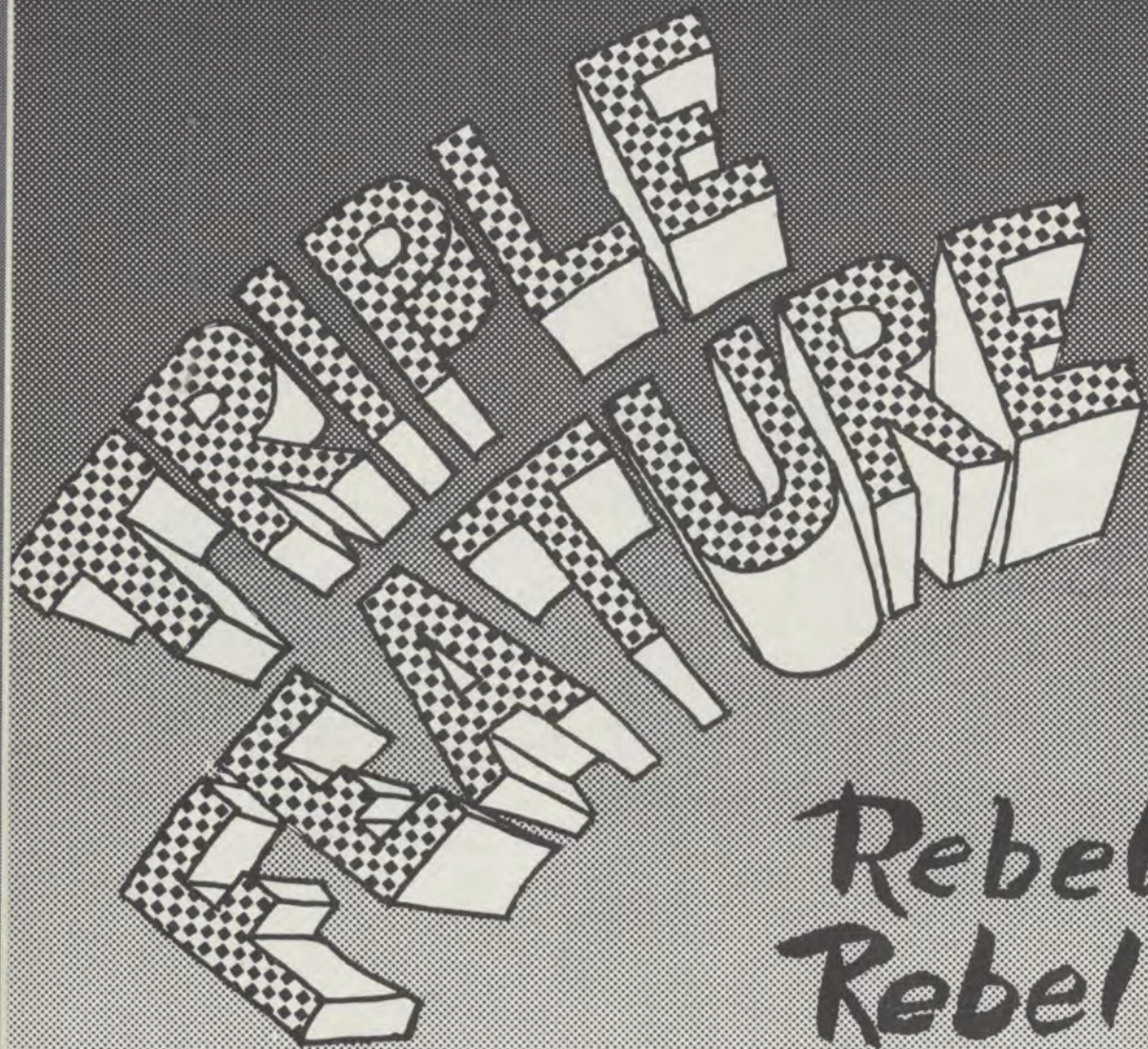




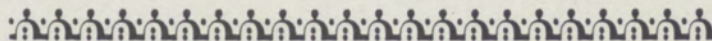
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Rebel Fall  
Rebel Winter  
Rebel Spring  
1971



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editorial

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Consider what has happened to art since the late sixties, when greed finally outgrew itself and brought to a close the period of American life which historians will conveniently pigeon-hole as 'post-war prosperity.' For the last decade, growing numbers of people have been more or less united by a mutual sense of intuitive existence. This general view of life has necessarily come into conflict with systems based on the pragmatism of a society which is, to a large degree, technologically oriented. It is impossible to say for certain, but it would appear that the resulting political and social polarization was initiated by an earlier aesthetic polarization. If this is the case, then the artist is indeed on the spot.

Sometime between the '68 presidential election and the night Joe Frazier took out Mohammed Ali, it became apparent that the old symbols would never again be the same. The artist, who was not quite sure of his position to begin with, was told to put up or shut up. Involvement took on new meaning and propaganda became a poetic device. What once was regarded merely as taste became a spiritual dichotomy which by its very nature could only be defined in terms of one side or another.

So what? Nothing really, except that today's artists feel the need to communicate something in terms of final statement which will be considered "relevant." This conscious attempt to be "relevant" reflects itself in a style, which at its best is painfully limited. This approach to art leads to a "choosing up sides" type of farce which either forces the artist to sell out completely or intellectualize himself out of existence. Even if he can avoid these pitfalls, he will be unable to communicate within a system which places only token value on the intelligence of its leaders.

An upheaval which began because of aesthetic differences cannot be resolved in the halls of Congress. Nor can the immediacy of art be explained in factual relationships. The artist must maintain the honesty of his craft or he will be blurred by his own attempts at over-extension. Whatever the individual artist may be dealing with, he must maintain his personal honesty without neglecting his artistic suppositions. But not until brickmasons and abstract expressionists can understand what they both are up to individually will art attain its proper place. To quote from an anonymous poet of the Old School, "Many are called, but damn few are chosen."

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### THE SACRIFICE

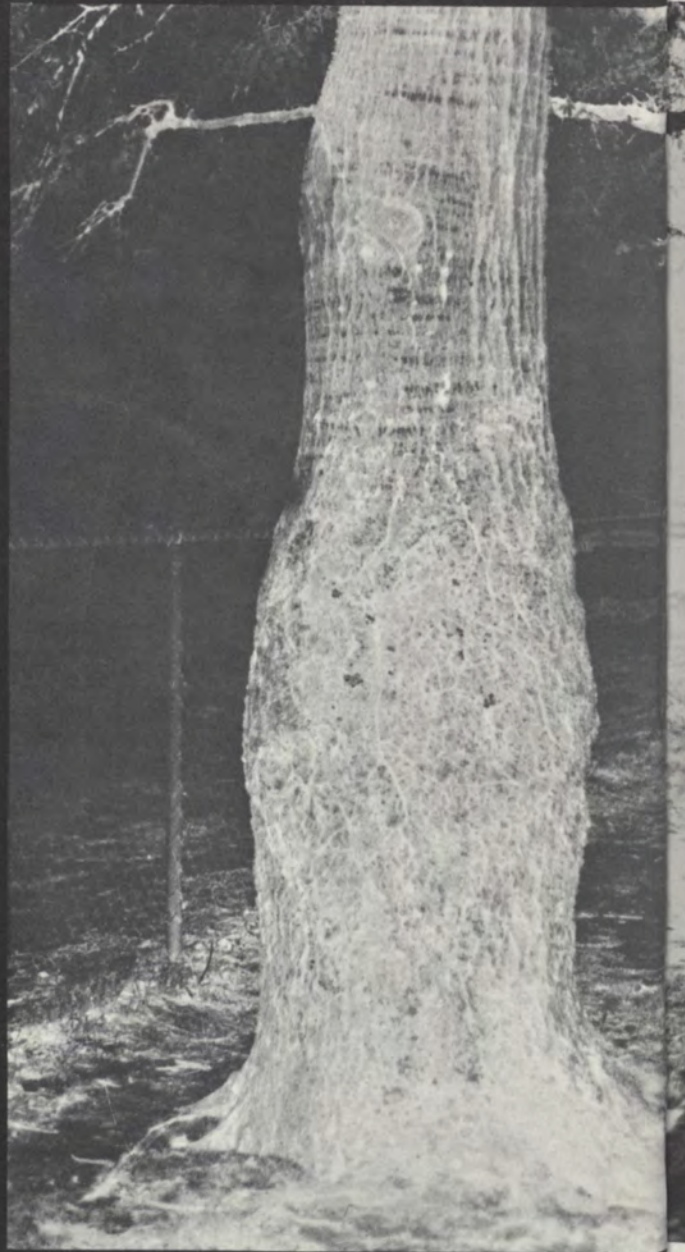
Frigid concrete  
grates on the eyes of fever;  
muslin, starched with virginity,  
smears, and raws the flesh;  
magnets of gray steel  
brace the clinging fists.

The skin, taut  
with bruised chicken scratches,  
bumps and grinds  
to life.

The pain swells, tightly,  
into a consuming knot,  
regressing slowly  
to exhaustion.

Wailing screams  
smother the mind with terror,  
sterile hands  
soothe the trembling arms,  
fleeting pin holes  
abort the ball bearing rhythm,  
stirrups  
seize the legs,  
leather  
straps the body.  
The mask!  
Desperately sucked  
Relief . . . one life away.

Nicola Glover





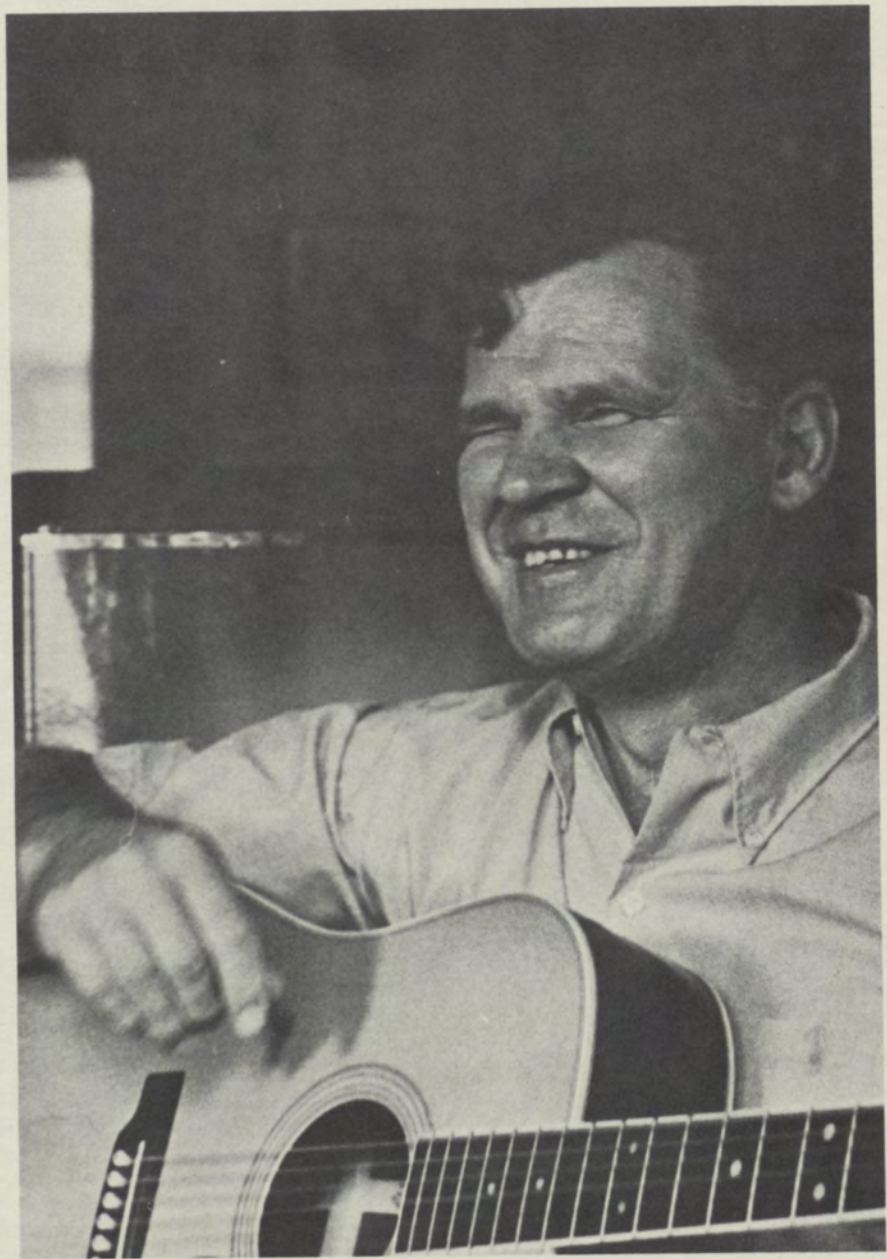
beach scene (1)

she sits  
    in the autumn of pregnancy  
    cumbersome in sun and sand  
watching his athletic  
    ball-less forays from surf  
to her bloated presence,  
    commanded as tribute  
to his manhood.

beach scene (2)

he stands on boardwalk step  
slender gulls of perfume gliding  
left wrist draped by towel  
    right by silver chain  
identifying more  
    than name and address  
surveying muscular bodies  
calculating beside which  
    might be the perfect spot  
    to be browned  
    in the sun.

Edwin Page Shaw



# doc watson

OCTOBER, 1970

Doc Watson lives in Deep Gap, North Carolina. And he picks a guitar sweeter than a nightingale's song. Doc picks and sings what he calls "traditional American music," which is the offspring of bluegrass, country and western, mountain music and Doc Watson. He has mastered the expression of a form of music which sprang from the mountain people, who were isolated from the trend of Western art.

The life of the mountain people is a gentle, yet far-from-simple way of life. What can we, who daily are affected by the unrelenting structure of the city, learn from a man who could hold city audiences in his hand but prefers to live on the side of a North Carolina mountain in a house which he wired himself for electricity? (Doc has been blind since birth.)

## **What changes do you think have come about in folk music since the early sixties?**

For my love of old time music, the music itself hasn't changed. What people like to hear in concerts has changed a little bit, but on the other hand, you'll find groups all over the country that still like the old traditional music—the "old timey" sound, if you want to put it that way. When I play music I have to be myself. I'm not just given to playing the flat old time country sound; I have to put some of my own notions into music. At our concerts now we play quite a bit of bluegrass.

## **Some of the scholastic folklorists believe that old time music as we know it now, (the type of music that you play—real country music) in the next 20 or 30 years will again be oral tradition music, played for personal entertainment only. Do you feel that this will happen?**

I don't know. I know the interest in bluegrass music, which has been including sets by Merle and myself at lots of the bluegrass festivals during the summer, is growing. I don't know how long that will last, if the upturn will hold its own, or if it will drop off again. If we had a big upsurge in popularity, we'd say "well, this ain't never gonna quit". It's anybody's guess, in my opinion. A lot of people I have talked to say it will never die out, it will have upswings and downswings. Since it's been brought back people have found a true and honest interest in the music because it's not something complicated, not something you have to sweat over and learn how to read. If you can hear and you're talented a little bit in music, then you can learn it by ear. I doubt if it will ever die completely.

## **I've noticed at the fiddlers' conventions at Union Grove, Galax, Reidsville, and Beanblossom that many people at these festivals and conventions are the young people 25 and under. A lot of college students seem to have found something in this type of music which they feel they can identify with. It hadn't been part of their lives until being introduced to it—ironically—when attending college.**

That's exactly what I was trying to get at. The music has something to say to most people because it's down to earth—it's not complicated. You know, the modern rock sound (I'm going to say this al-

though I might get crucified for it) has excitement for the young, as it would have had for me when I was Merle's age (21). But it really hasn't much to offer musically. It's just an exciting beat, a sound, and it really doesn't live in your mind very long. You go on to the next fad or slight change in the loud guitars behind the beat. And when it goes, and it will, what are these folklorists going to lean back on as real music? What's gonna replace the good sound of country music?

**Doc, you've played all over the country. If you can, I'd like for you to tell us why you chose to stay here in Deep Gap. What keeps you here when you could be in other places of more success in material means?**

I'd like to ask you a question. You're young, but maybe you could tell me why. Was there ever anything that wasn't worth much to anybody else, to the average worldly person, the city man? Was there ever anything in your life that there was an unbounding love for, that you couldn't quite explain, but it was there? My family and my native country, the part of the country where I grew up, mean more to me than anything in the world. I figured I could do a limited number of engagements in music and try to get enough publicity to keep myself going for a reasonable number of years and still stay here because I love this place and I love my family and I don't want to go on the road solid. I want to earn a good enough living so I can lay a few dollars back and some of these days build me a good warm house, and things like that. But as to want to pile up umpteen thousand dollars in the bank, that's for the birds. A man might strive real hard and pinch pennies and make his wife wear patched jeans and save, but what good would it be? I'll spend a little along and earn a little along and try to keep things going here and keep me a little hospitalization if I get sick.

**For a long time, simply because of the geographical location of your home, the mountain people were more or less isolated. Do you think because of this isolation, the mountain people have developed this closeness and a feeling for the land that is not found so strong anywhere else?**

I really don't know why I love the mountains the way I do. The mountains and no other part of the country have that feel to me. If a man is raised in the country, he puts down more roots. Maybe it's the closeness to nature. I don't know why we love the country the way we do. But I can safely say this, most of the people that you'll find up in here like this country and wouldn't swap it for no where.

**Merle, you're a different generation and you're still here. Evidently you feel the same way about the mountains that your father does and you were born more or less in the age of technology, after the 2nd World War. How do you feel about your home?**

Well, I just wouldn't leave. I don't think I was born exactly in the age of technology, maybe in the age but not in the middle of it. (Doc: What he's trying to get at is he was born in the country just like I was.) In the same place in fact, I wouldn't give that for anything, especially the city.

**Doc, you play blues as well as any white man I've ever listened to, but although you do blues so well there's a lightness about your music. When you think of the typical Doc Watson song, you think of a driving flat picking thing like "Nothing to it" or some of the old mountain songs you do such as "Sing Song Kitty" or "Froggie Went a-Courting". There's a spirit about the songs, a happiness that communicates through the record. How do you feel about that?**

Well, I play the way I feel. That's the best way I can answer that. If a man is singing about a fast train, there's no use dragging it along.

**At one of the concerts you led a standing ovation for Elizabeth Cotton. Was there a time during your development that you sought to emulate that type of playing or did it come from somebody else?**

Not really, it must have come from hearing John Hurt playing. If my playing has been influenced by anyone, it was John Hurt because I didn't hear Elizabeth Cotton until the mid-sixties.

**One of the Kingston Trio's biggest hits was "Tom Dooley". I noticed their version was quite a bit**



**different from yours. Would you relate to us the true story?**

Tom Dooley was born before the Civil War started. When they were conscripting men into the army he was about 14 years old. He was one of those boys that grows up right quick and passed off as an 18 year old and got into the army. They say during the period from the time he was 14 until he was 20 he lived half a lifetime in experience.

Tom dated Laura Foster and Anne Melton and so did Mr. Grayson, the sheriff who pressed the thing against him. The Kingstons say it was a triangle, but actually it was a quadrangle affair, with two fellows and two gals. All the accounts that are handed down affirmed that Anne Melton murdered Laura Foster. Tom Dooley helped cover up the crime. He figured if he tried to put the crime off on who should have took the credit for it, people would just laugh him off anyway because Grayson turned everybody against Tom Dooley. Dooley didn't try to blame the crime on Anne Melton but they had her in jail on suspicion for a while. She bragged and told them her neck was too pretty and white to put a rope around. Looking with those sweet eyes at Mr. Grayson, I guess she persuaded him that she wasn't guilty. Anyway he got her off the hook and later married her.

They say that just before she died she called her husband into the room and told the secret. She told one of the older women who helped look after her when she was sick that "if I knew I wouldn't get well I'd tell you something that happened to me in my younger days. But I might get well so I can't tell you." But before she died, she did tell her husband—he almost lost his mind, realizing what he had done and moved completely out of this part of the country. He couldn't stand to face his neighbors, knowing the guilt.

**You seem to have made a fantastic adjustment to being blind. How has your life and music been influenced by the fact that you have always been blind? Has the music helped compensate for the lack of sight?**

Well, I'll say that the music may have helped me in many ways. One thing it did, it gave me an opportunity to meet an awful lot of folks and go a lot of places that I never would have gone. So in



that respect, it helped me, because the more people you meet the more insights you get into life and into living life. I think with each new person you meet you begin to understand people in general a little better.

I think that if the good Lord takes one of our senses away from us, or He allows it to be taken by circumstance, that He endows us with just a little bit extra on the others so we can get an understanding of life and maybe we try just a little harder. Maybe the absence of my eyes was for a purpose. I've thought about it this way—there's no telling what kind of unruly snob I might have been if I had been a sighted person. Maybe the good Lord knew that and He let circumstances take my eyes so that I'd be just a little more humble and take a second look at things. I think that if you are minus one of the senses, you learn to appreciate the others a little more.

**Do any of the people you know still compose ballads about everyday life the way they once did?**

No, people don't do it any more hardly. The last ballads that I know of—genuine ballads written about things here in the state of North Carolina—were done by Norman Woodyly and the Carolina Buddies. They did the "Ballad of Otto Wood" and the "Ballad of Charlie Lawson." They're the last two that I know about that can be authenticated. "The Ballad of Otto Wood" was written in the thirties right after it happened.

**A lot of so-called folk singers in the popular type folk song, do the folk song as a protest song. Without preaching to anybody, your songs contain more social comment than any other performer I've listened to. What is your feeling about using the folk song as a protest song?**

I don't think any good music that is solely from the heart of people should be used to further somebody's political aim. The early country boys did quite a few songs that complained a little bit about environment and the conditions they lived in. Actually if you listen to those songs they are poking fun about their troubles. Singing about them kind of put them down rather than raising hell about it, if you want to put it that way. I don't feel led to use politics in my music in any way and I just ain't gonna do it. I don't sing protest songs as such, if I sing old time songs like "Cotton Mill Colic" it would be for the fun of it.

Merle, what shall we pick?



### THE FLOWERETS

The pain pricks,  
and twists  
deeper  
with the clock stare  
and the whisper  
of another meeting  
after the hands  
have passed  
slowly around.

If no others are shared  
what remains  
but a needling pain  
which happy j's and silly brew  
only ease, never cure,  
and speed the hand  
around.

Pain . . . loneliness . . .  
empty words  
loudly spoken by those  
who whisper  
queer.

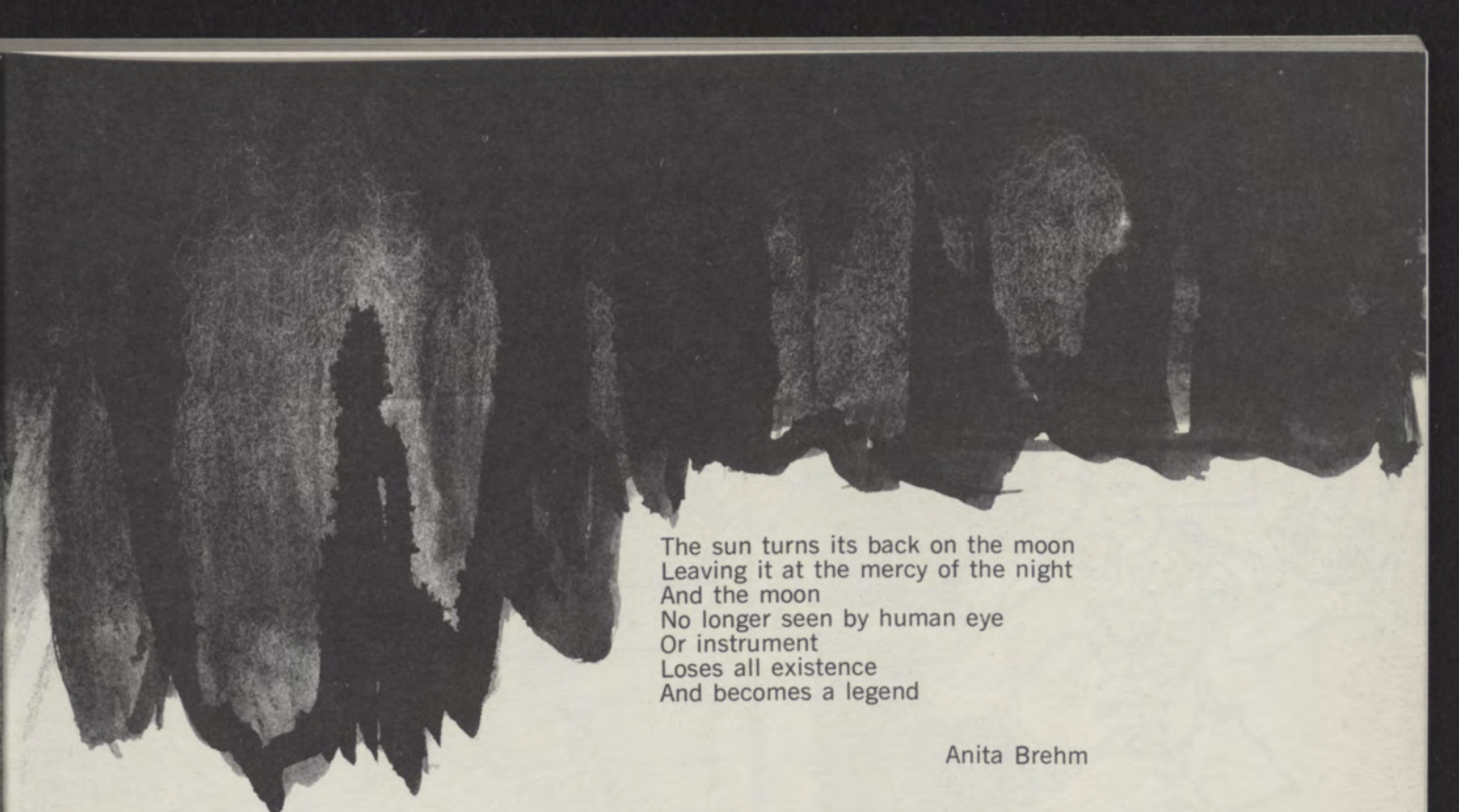
Nicola Glover

Dead-flower wilted flags  
hang  
waiting to be picked  
and thrown away  
by children  
who only want  
to drink  
rainwater.

Regina Kear

The coyote howls  
Down the chimney  
And through  
Frost-lined window sashes  
Begging to come in,  
While the plush tiger  
Stuffed with straw,  
Sits in front of  
A false fireplace  
Trying  
To keep warm.

Anita Brehm



The sun turns its back on the moon  
Leaving it at the mercy of the night  
And the moon  
No longer seen by human eye  
Or instrument  
Loses all existence  
And becomes a legend

Anita Brehm

### OUT OF THE GARDEN

A small child found  
the dove  
strangled in the weeds:  
her feathers  
wet from weeping  
and  
her wings  
broken from trying to fly  
where there was  
no sky.

Regina Kear

### FERRIS WHEEL

all the drunk delirious lights  
and the seasick screams  
and the cotton candy no one meant to drop  
all the candied apple cores  
I'll give you back the  
torn tickets, piece by piece—  
and the laughter  
and the ride's  
slow  
shaking  
end. . .  
and the smell of fear  
along the ground

Robert McDowell





# The Music Lesson

Thomas Jackson

Just as Robin thought he would have to give way and let her onto the porch, Miss Woodward's frail hand plucked from inside her taffeta sleeve a lavender handkerchief. She fluttered it nervously about her face and dabbed at a veined V of white flesh beneath the folds of her neck.

"Goodness, it's like the middle of summer today, isn't it, Jonathan?"

Robin neither moved nor answered. Miss Woodward was thinking hesitantly about climbing around him instead of asking him to move when Robin's mother called through the dark screen door: "Hello, Blanche. Come on in for some lemonade. J. Robin, move off the steps and let Miss Woodward by."

"Why, thank you. Robin, are we ready for our lesson?"

"I'm a mechanical man," Robin thought, and leaned forward until he almost pitched to the sidewalk at Miss Woodward's feet. Then suddenly swinging his shifting weight upward, arms dangling, he did an awkward about-face and marched with stiff legs across the porch, did another about-face and fell into one end of the squeaky swing. He drifted there, holding his legs straight out to clear the floor. Robin imagined a spring-driven motor running down somewhere behind his navel. "Whirr, clickity click." The cold muscle of blued steel spiraled outward. Brass-toothed wheels flashed like spinning coins.

The two women smiled and politely laughed each other into the dimness beyond the screen door. He listened to the squeak, squeak of the swing and heard, "... yes, and my nasturtiums are beginning to wilt. . . ." as they went into the den for the weak lemonade and cheese crackers he had had earlier. As the spring uncoiled, Robin dripped one leg, then the other, and let them drag the floor until the pendulum swing hung still.

Robin watched a bumblebee worry the shrubbery by the steps and thought "shit" several times—savoring its newly acquired wickedness—and finally said it aloud, but low enough not to carry through the open windows into the house. He suddenly thought how funny it would be to empty from the porch roof buckets of his own excretion over Miss Woodward's head and watch her run dripping down the sidewalk. He had flung the liquid net spinning outward from the roof when his daydream was interrupted: ". . . well Pauline, it does take time, even for the talented boys." The two women emerged from the dark door and sat in pale green chairs opposite the swing. His mother's chair creaked as she crossed her legs and tugged at the hem of her skirt.

Robin worked hard not to hear their conversation. He concentrated on the cracks and peeling grey paint on the floor beneath him, remembered his dream of slinging shit from the roof, saw his spring-wound insides—but certain phrases bumped at his consciousness: "recital," "More practice," "perhaps a metronome." Robin's dream flinched. The clean blue spring, like concentric circles on dark water, wavered, vanished.

As he strained to push the women's words away, a bright ghost, blown by an invisible wind over the

lawn, flashed into the porch and out again. The large monarch fluttered up and up, then dropped back toward the drooping shrubs as abruptly as an awkward kite. Robin watched.

After bright and nervous indecisions, the butterfly selected a ragged shrub beside the steps. He touched, sailed up, touched again and was still. The women faded. The blue spring coiled. Robin quietly slipped to the floor. Half-sitting, with hands and heels he awkwardly slid himself toward the steps, stalking quick prey. Slowly, carefully, never taking his eyes from the orange patch, he felt his way to the edge of the porch. One foot had reached the top step when Miss Woodward noticed.

"Pauline, look—a butterfly. The first one I've seen in I don't know when. Isn't he beautiful?"

Mrs. Guntz answered in a voice like thin syrup, "Ahhh. Isn't it gorgeous."

And Miss Woodward: "After what the paper said, the spraying and all in the tobacco last year, I didn't really expect to see any this spring. Oh he's absolutely beautiful."

And Mrs. Guntz, with thicker syrup: "One of God's own. Every time I see one I remember that Sunday the young man came. From Tennessee I think. You remember, the one that hadn't been ordained. . ." They both wandered off into the dim sanctuary of the Westlake Baptist Church. The butterfly and Robin were forgotten.

From where he had frozen when Miss Woodward first spoke, Robin moved again. He was on the second cement step, then the bottom, and finally on the walk, the rougher cement harsh beneath his palms.

Robin unfolded above the shrubs and swiftly pinned the Monarch's wings together between thumb and forefinger.

His mother saw him: "J. Robin Guntz, you turn that beautiful creature loose this minute." The butterfly exploded upward, above the roof, and Robin felt fine dust slick on his fingers.

"And come right here."

Robin dragged his feet across the grey floor and stood by his mother's chair. He looked at the string of orange beads about her neck, the silver triangle at each corner of her glasses, the emerald perched like

a wart on her finger, and tried not to hear her. "She's a parrot," he thought, "A green parrot talking a jungle language and I don't know a word of it." But he heard dim phrases in the jungle—gaudy fragments of the parrot's squawk: ". . . God's creatures. And they should never be hurt . . . squawk. . . Why what would He think, Robin? Tell me that. What would Jesus think if. . . squawk. . ."

The purple toucan butted in: ". . . scraank . . . like music, Jonathan, and you should never harm. . . scraank . . ."

And finally: "Now go right in for your lesson, and pay attention to what Miss Woodward tells you. Do you hear me?"

Miss Woodward followed Robin into the dim house and soon Mrs. Guntz, still sipping her lemonade on the porch, heard the piano scale stumble: "C-C-D-E-F-G-A-B-C, C-D-E-F-G-G-G-A-B-C, C-D-E-F-G-A-B-C-, C-B-A-G-F-E-D-C. Later she hummed out of tune with Robin's stiff "joyous Waltz," and the butterfly returned to flutter, through Robin's music, from shrub to shrub around the L-shaped porch. Mrs. Guntz did not notice him.

When she was nearly asleep, and the column of ice cubes in her glass had crumbled and fallen, the screen door banged. Miss Woodward and Robin came out. Miss Woodward's face was slightly flushed and her lavender handkerchief fluttered around the white V. Robin's mouth twitched, Mrs. Guntz noticed, and she decided he needed to blow his nose.

Robin sat on the swing, upright this time, and Mrs. Guntz fumbled in her purse for a five dollar bill: "Blanche, you must stay for supper."

Miss Woodward edged, sideways and smiling, toward the steps, fluttering her handkerchief, and said "I can't. I really can't. My niece is coming over for a lesson later this evening." Mrs. Guntz was inside the house before Miss Woodward's crepe soled shoes had sucked out of hearing.

It was hardly four, but the sun flooded warm hints of sunset on the lawn. Robin noticed the butterfly at the far end of the porch near a large First-Breath-of-Spring bush. He glanced at the door and began to untie his tennis shoes. When both shoes and two red socks were heaped beneath the swing, he pulled the

bright striped tee shirt over his head and left it where he had been sitting.

The Guntz house, like many of the older ones in Westlake, was not underpinned but rested on periodic brick pillars high enough from the ground for a dog to run under. Underneath, no rain ever blew. From beside the cement steps Robin now crawled on his knees into the powdered red dust beneath the porch. The quiet was dim and cool about him. He paused and spit on his right forefinger; then, touching it to the red dirt, he smeared two pale streaks on each cheek. Then crawled toward the horizon of light at the other end of the porch.

As his hands reached the fringe of weeds and grass the boy could hear the blood swish deep in his ears. He opened his mouth: the breath in his nose was too loud. After a frozen moment, he turned on his back and wiggled completely from beneath the house into the hiding lower branches of shrubbery.

Carefully, branch by branch, Robin snaked his arm up through the First-Breath-of-Spring. He missed one wing, but caught the other and tore it before he could use both hands to pin the struggling bronze monarch. He dragged his feeble prisoner down through the branches, blinked fine wing-dust from his eyes, and wiggled back into the dimness beneath the porch. Soon he was near the dark center of the house. Over his head, from the underside of the den floor, ancient spider webs draped a cool and silver silence.

Robin tied the insect, wrapping a piece of thread pulled from the hem of his pants around and around until wings, body and legs were well entangled. With his prisoner secure in a scooped-out-hole in the dust, Robin formed a small earthen mound in which he stuck a weathered ice cream stick. Then, careful not to crush his prisoner, Robin tied the butterfly to the stick with another piece of thread. He took two candy wrappers from his pocket and arranged them.

With the forbidden matches that he always carried, Robin lit the gathered paper. Flames singed the darkness. Light tore at the spider webs. When his prisoner blistered, clawing with one free leg at bright pain, Robin cried aloud.

My year is nearly drawn  
not one complete circle  
of time  
but broken  
fragments of round  
connected  
by a child  
making bold (but shaky)  
lines  
with a  
bright orange crayon.  
Words of two  
continents  
separated by  
an ocean  
and three thousand miles  
of lines  
in bold (but shaky)  
bright orange crayon.

Regina Kear

no weaver, my Penelope.  
she knits and purls  
    the yarn of me  
    into whatever i wish to be,  
    now lover  
                    again singer  
    sometimes poet  
and binds off fear  
    of night ravel.

Edwin Page Shaw



Against the WINDOW

I loved old Furniture as a child —  
Its distilled scent of  
Generations  
Perfumed many tender dreams

Now I know the world  
All freshness has turned stale  
Noise crows silence

Out There  
An intrepid world  
I feel its heartbeat in mine  
I grope through myself  
Toward the locked window

Rust of ages seals the latch

Out There  
Leaves and birds sing of  
Freedom and fulfillment  
Sea gulls shriek  
Awakening winds gather might —  
Gentle breezes and hurricanes

Time scatters what has been mine  
Once precious  
Today worn Antiques

Rust of ages seals the latch  
My once gentle hand  
Grips a vulgar brick —

As a shadow clouds the pane  
No dead matter any more  
It is Living!

Maxim Tabory

Purple pleats that  
loosely bind the  
bouncing boom of her,  
become the girl.  
Wild laughter  
and soft lines puckering  
the funny corners of her mouth,  
become in pleated fancy  
the essence of  
her.  
Relative descents mar  
my perfect understanding.  
Wandering birds? — A falsity.  
only humans wander quite  
so lost in their created  
emptiness.  
The endless hollow of a coffee cup  
becomes the sea  
when held close  
to a human ear—  
A gravel driveway  
crunching under baby feet,  
becomes "back home"—.  
And purple pleats  
that bounce and swirl  
behind  
an echo-chambered laugh  
become  
what once  
allowed me to believe  
I had a soul.

Jackie Sweeney

### THE WINO

Wino,  
with ripple-red face  
and hair  
like rotting birch bark  
staggers  
into a cluster  
of gently swaying  
flower children  
and stares  
at the blown-out  
blazing suns  
of the rising generation  
and says,  
"I'm just like you."  
Wide eyes  
look up  
and see the  
shredded black remains  
hanging  
on the splinters  
of what was, maybe,  
a great man.  
They look at each other  
and laugh.  
After a while  
everyone gives the wino  
a dime  
so he will leave  
but he stays  
and the laughing stops.

Regina Kear



## Auction.

Selling is never easy  
except in shops where the very rich or the poor buy  
things they can or cannot afford.

But under one slight tree  
too late turned green,  
too little leaved, people  
do not much want to buy.

The most exchange is news,  
a carpet reminds, a chiffonier confuses:  
"that rug was laid when Sara was a girl.  
that chest—was it always in the family?"

And people talk  
and stare idly at the goods  
they do not want  
but could not wait to see  
for seeing makes an escape from doing  
and doing is dull inside country houses.

Selling is never easy.

It gives the auctioneer a sore throat  
and the bidders guilt for aimless greed  
and fills the road and drive with too many cars  
causing stray cats and tree-settled birds  
too much confusion.

Selling is never easy

for any few gathered there who walked  
upon the rug, or kept hairpins on the chiffonier  
and see the rug now rolled,  
the chest labelled and pushed to the front,  
tapped and turned from some familiar thing  
into some shrill-voiced bargain.

Selling isn't easy.

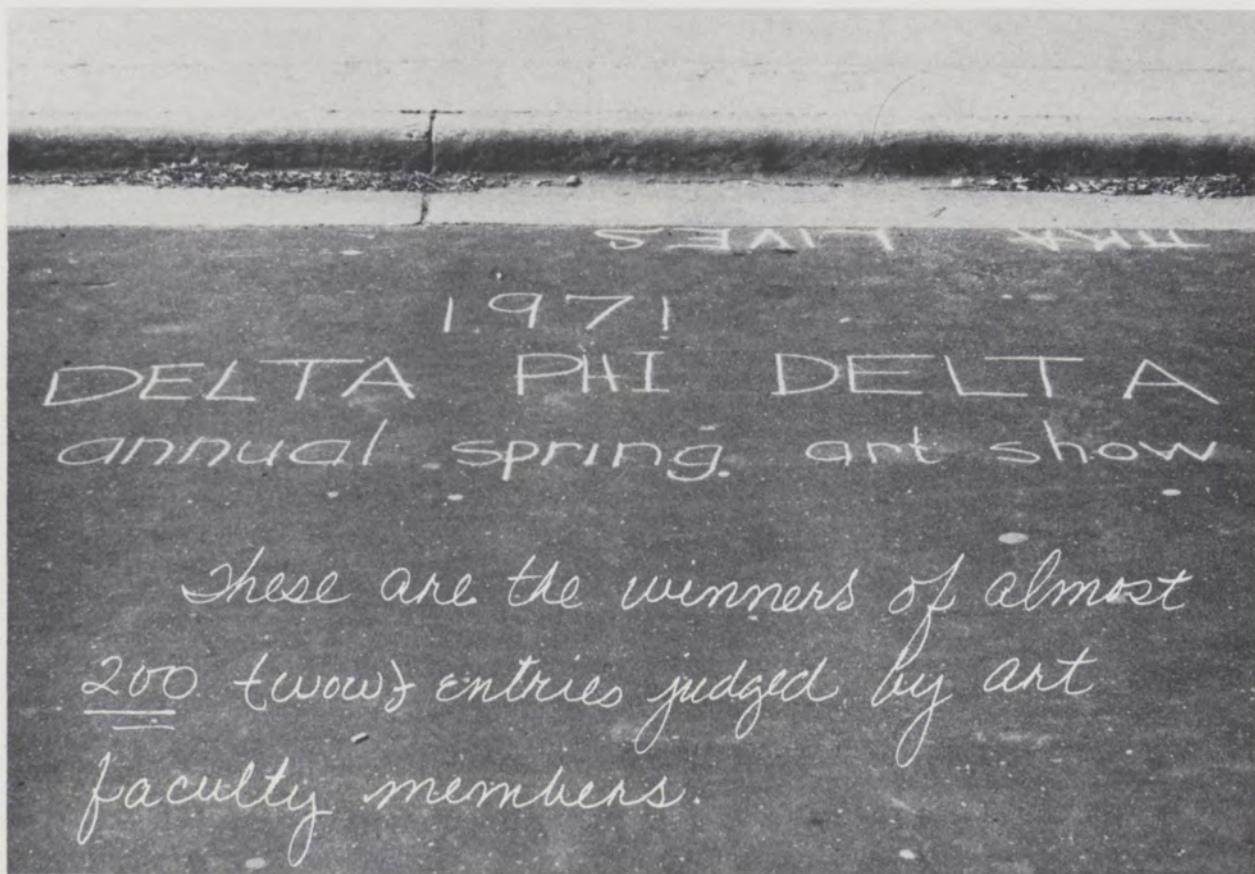
It only may seem so  
on those auction days  
when one's whole life  
sprawls jumbled  
on some lawn  
and silence  
catches on the note  
of some startled bird  
or in the shadow  
of some scattering cat.  
Then the eye of that seller,  
who is not paid to sell,  
breaks across  
the dying commerce of the day  
and in a moment's  
ultimate horror  
begs the bidding  
to go on.

Selling isn't easy.

Yet, we do it.  
Here under the skinny tree  
all the mad scruples of our age converge  
to raise the dead  
and set in high, uneven relief a life  
only finally finished.

We let nothing go to waste.

Sharon Shaw



These are the winners of almost  
200 (wow) entries judged by art  
faculty members.

"Splat," a  
watercolor  
by Carol  
Wood, won  
"Best-in-  
Show."

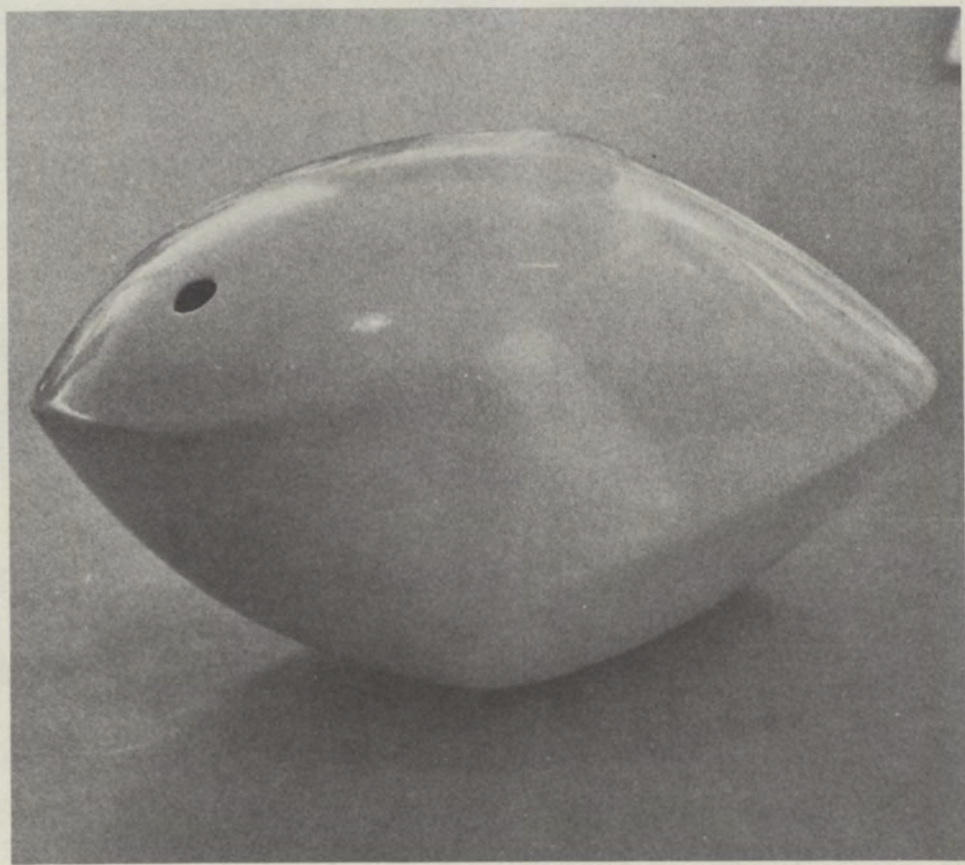


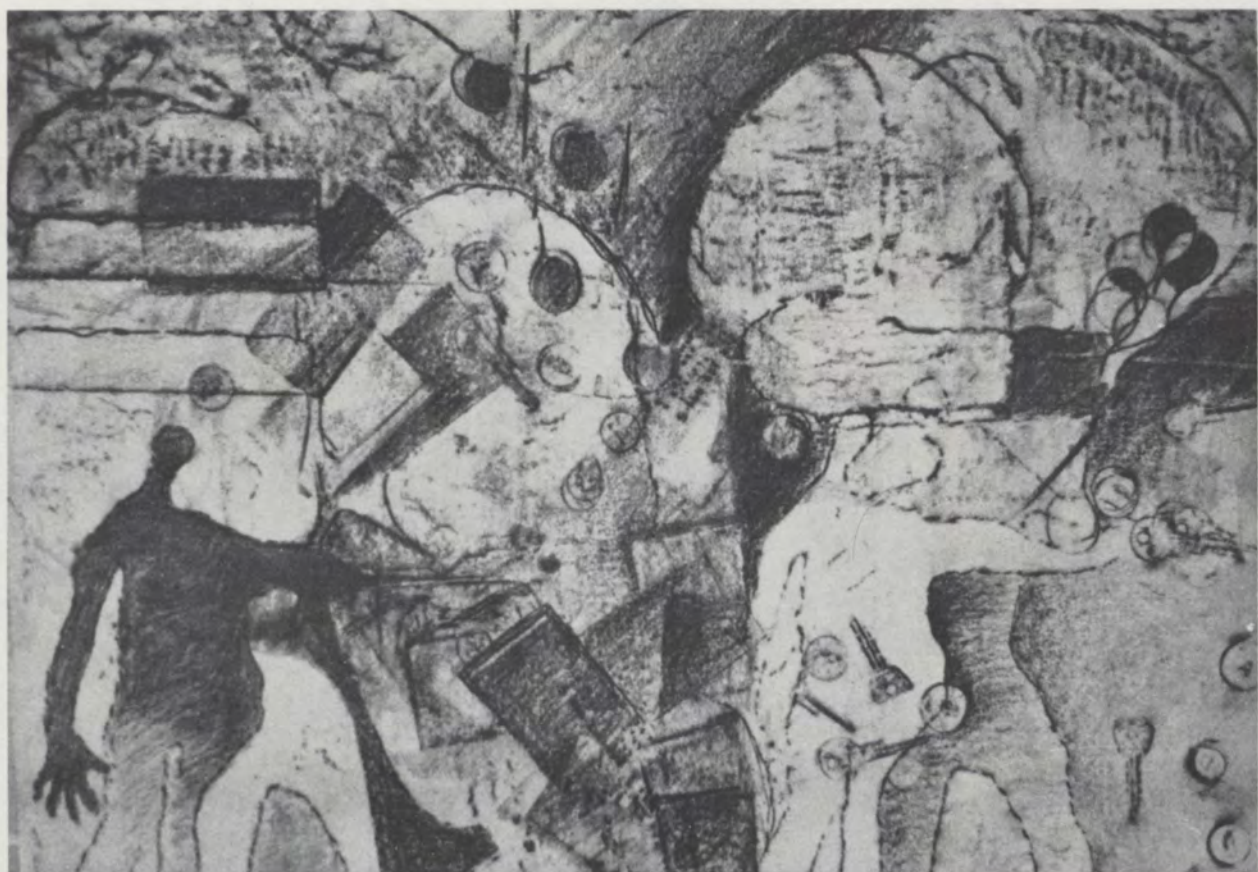
"Self-Portrait" by Fred Brooks won  
1st prize in painting. No, the artist is not poking his head through a hole in the painting - that's a photo of his face. Funny thing about a photograph of a photograph - it looks like the real thing.



1<sup>st</sup> prize in sculpture is this little  
(it's about 4 or 5 inches tall) untitled  
work in polychrome plaster by Michael  
Sharf.

It's shiny  
white and  
the dot is  
a red  
dimple.





The 1<sup>st</sup> prize drawing is "Calliograph Revised" done by Madeleine Brake in pencil.

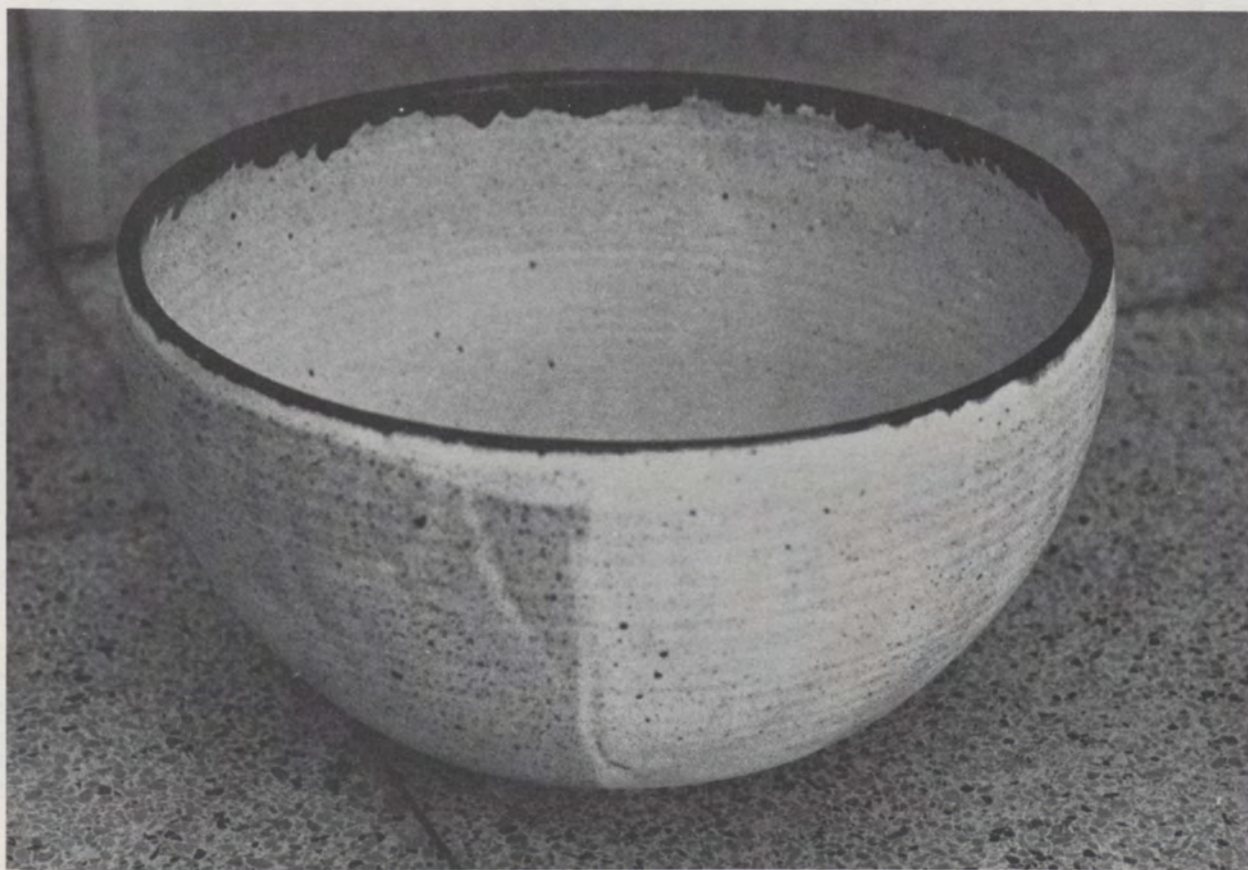


"Two Corbies", a woodcut by Raymond Brown, won 1<sup>st</sup> place in the print-making category.

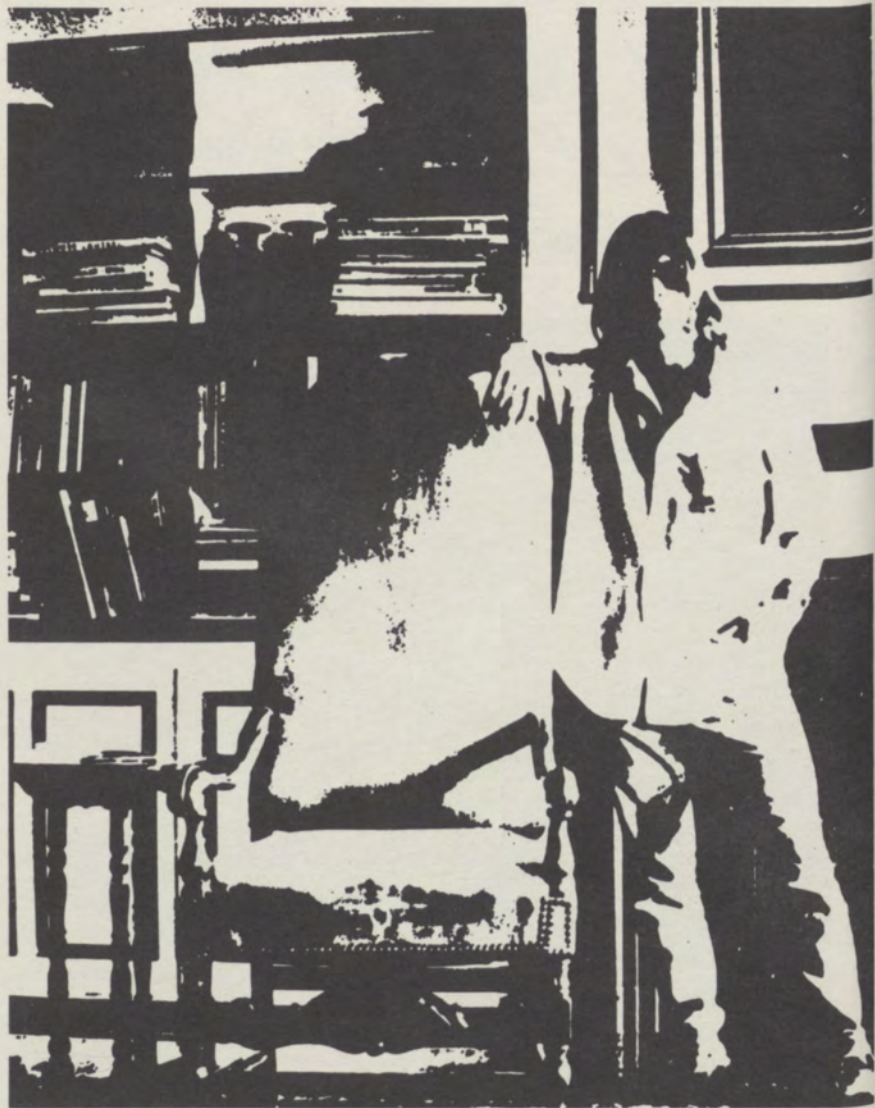


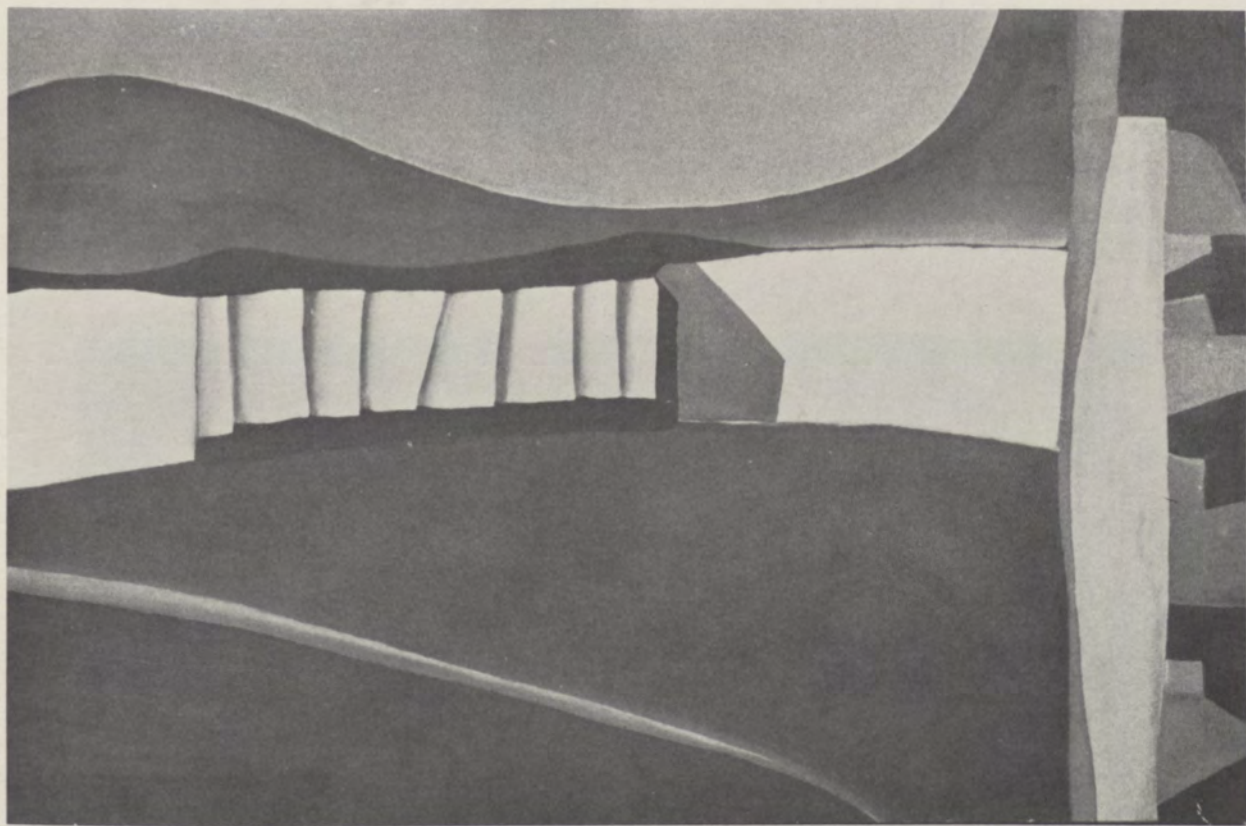
In Crafts and  
Design category  
this silver pendant  
by Dede Clegg  
took first place.

Ceramics had a category all to itself in which Pat McMillan claimed the prize with a wheel-thrown bowl that's about 2 feet in diameter.



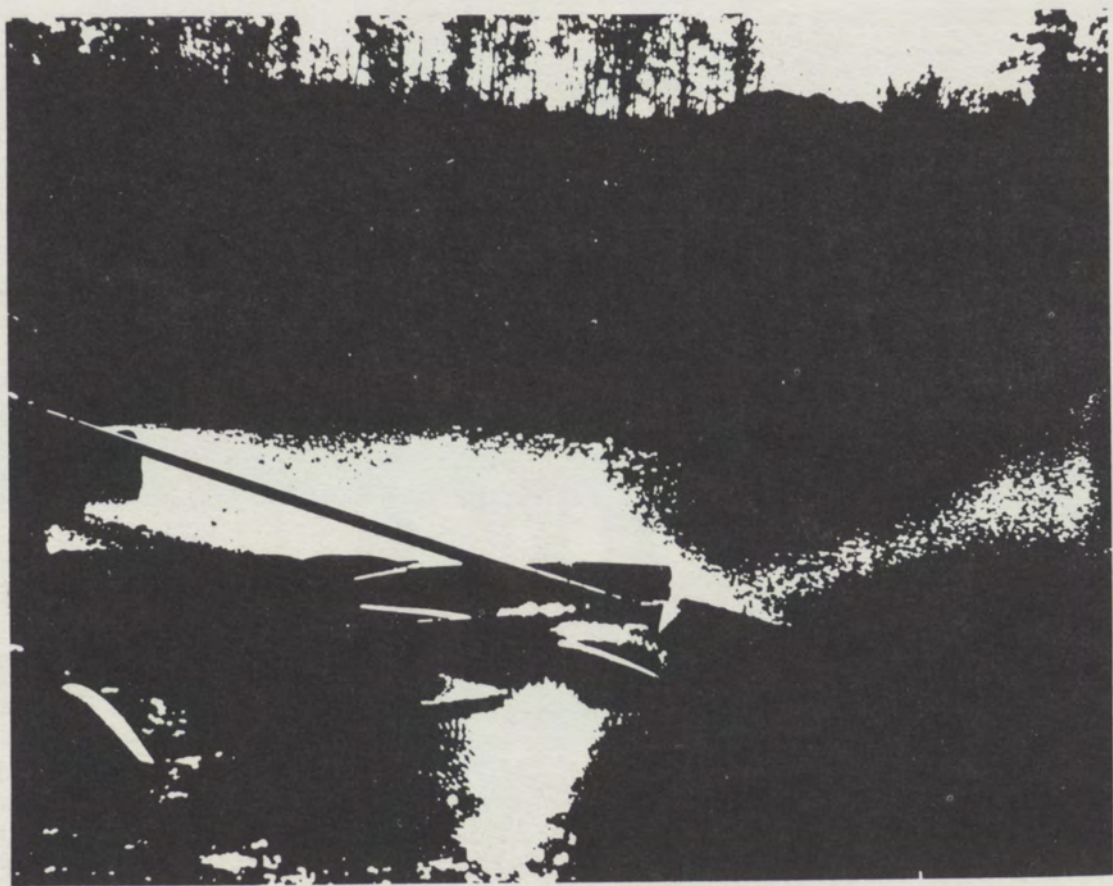
First place  
in photography  
went to  
Mike Nelson.



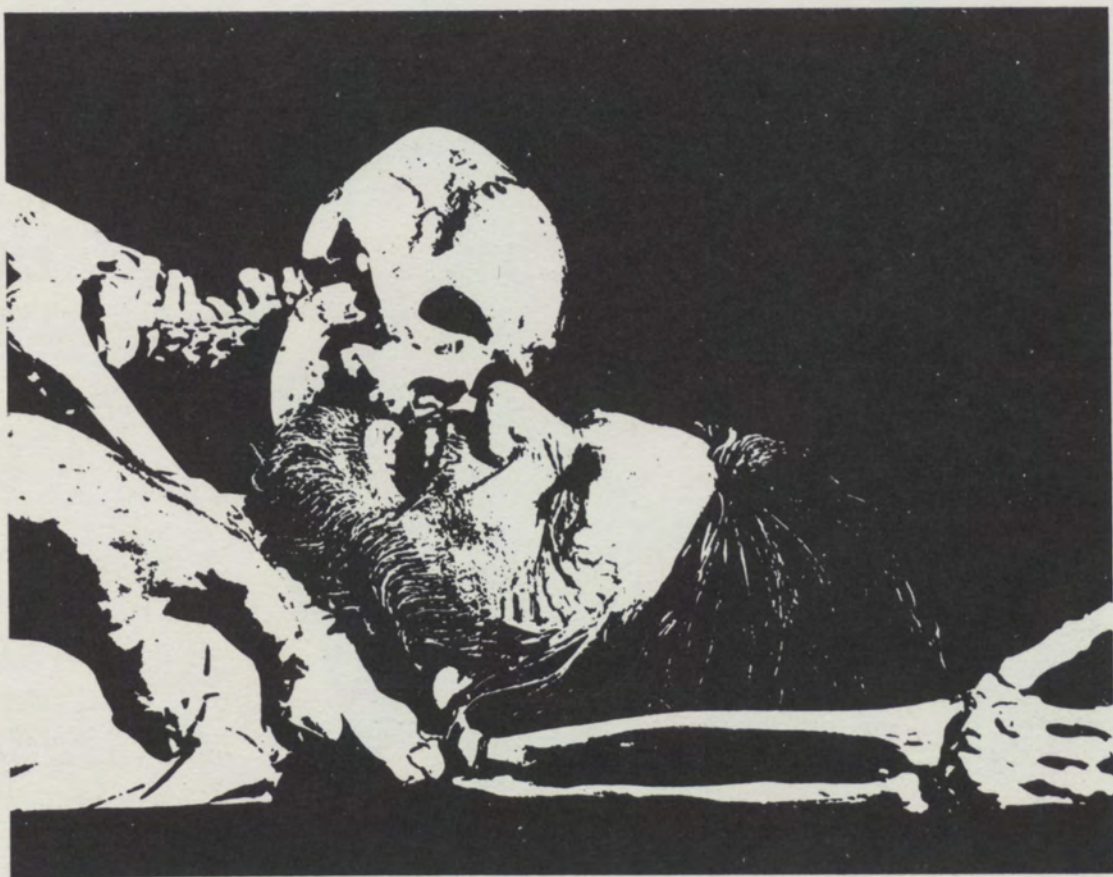


Honorable mention - an acrylic painting, "Vented Scape" by Barry Scharf

Honorable mention - photography  
"Reflections" by Leon "Ski" Kislawski.  
It's a photographic mural - 30" x 40".



Honorable mention. Another  
photographic mural - this  
one by Rich Griendling.

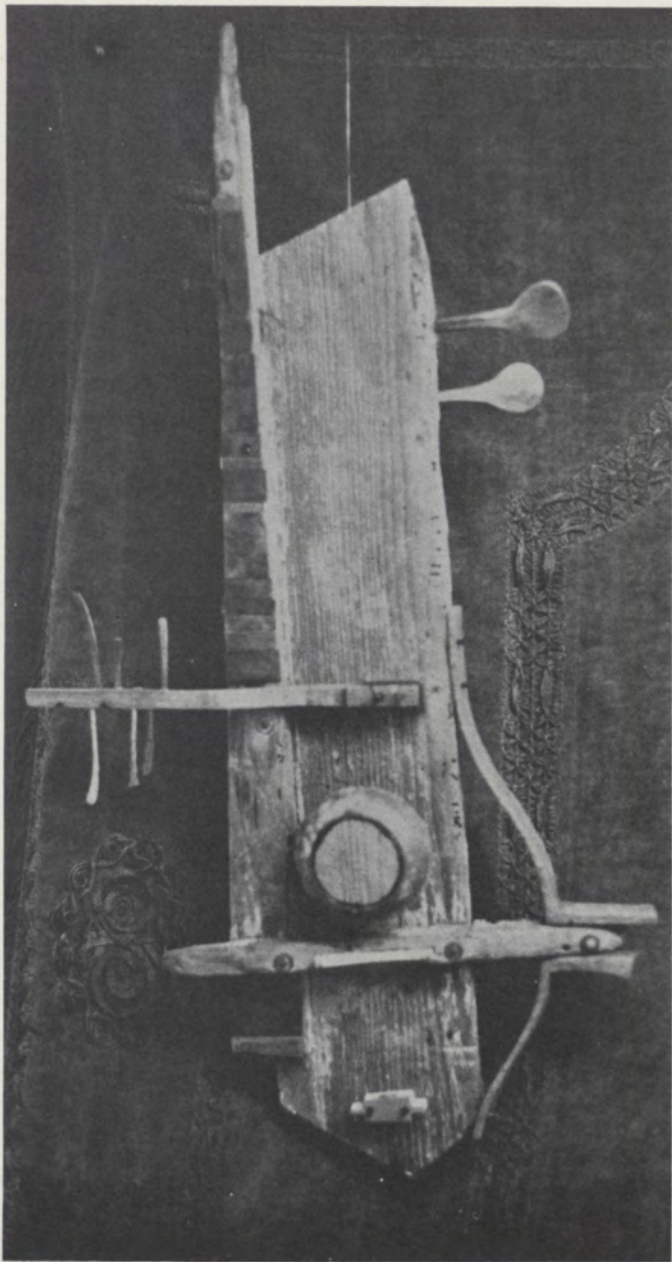




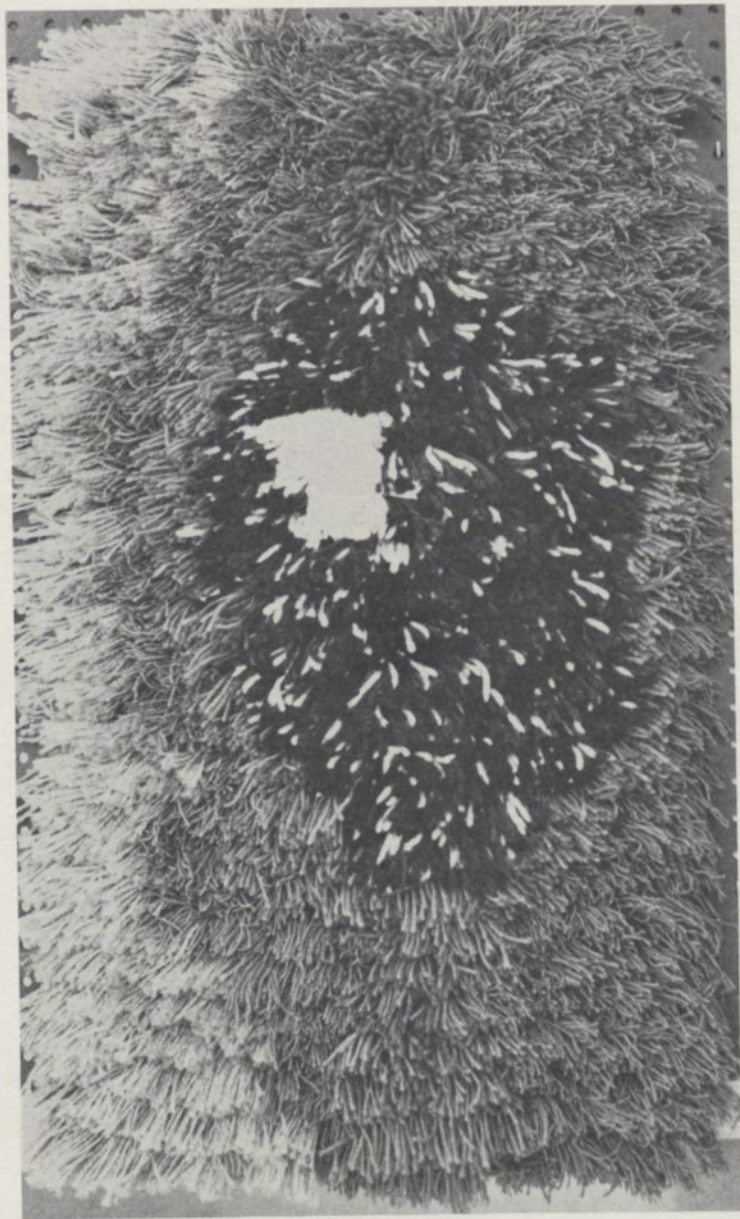
Honorable  
mention -  
"My Metora",  
a woodcut  
by Lois  
Stator

Honorable  
mention - a  
swooncut by  
Michael Gaston,  
"limited in his  
nature, infinite  
in his desires,  
Man is a  
fallen god who  
... remembers  
the heavens."





Honorable  
mention -  
"variation on  
An instrument"  
in leather, wood  
and bronze by  
Billy Stinson.



Honorable  
mention —  
a woven  
rug by  
Kate Gossett

Honorable  
mention -  
an ink  
drawing,  
"Ah Theatre!"  
by Carol  
Wood.



### The Meaningfulness of Art, What is

Unless you're inclined to be president of General Motors, art is the only valid manner to while away your 72 earthly years.

What do I mean by that! Well, for one thing I don't mean art is drawing pictures or whatever activities are currently considered "art" by the "cultured." Art is, rather, a verb, a way of life, a way of doing, which means a lapse of purpose-consciousness that unselfishly turns attention to the method of achievement and by doing so, creates an experience satisfactory in itself, a disinterested sense pleasure. Another happy result is that quality usually goes up when pleasurable care is taken in the doing.

If this feeling of art is applied to all human activities, then life is good (but, too, if you know the definition, life will be oh-so-hard without it). On the other hand, if you want to be president of General Motors you aren't interested in pleasure and you'll be able to afford enough diversions so you won't have to think about it—or anything if you choose. But remember, once a person asks "What is it all about?", art is vital. Philosophy and religion are concerned with the purpose, the end (unless they are done with a sense of art) but art is what gives life to the time students of the world spend questioning, before they don't find the answer.

She finished the dishes, rinsed out the sink, wrung out and hung up the dish cloth, while staring out the window. She thought, "Breakfast is over. Lunch is hours away. Here I am between meals again. What shall I do (period. no question mark) I may live another 50 years.

Art gives meaningfulness to your 72 years. It is unChristian. That is, it doesn't count on heaven for happiness. Art is the present.

Old Master: I churn the clay by hand and pack it into my brick forms here with my hands.

Young Upstart: It'd be real easy to rig up a crank and funnel that would do it twice as fast.

Old Master: Yes, it would.

Young Upstart: Well, why don't you do that?

Old Master: Because I like to do it with my hands. I know each brick that way.

Can the Old Master tell Young Upstart his reason? He can come close with functional, practical, efficient words, but the communication will be complete only when Y.U. "gets it." When he lets the manner of the old master's work show him the beauty of the bricks, the beauty of living.

Some things are best said in words; others are fluid and elusive and best represented by images

or actions. Such expressions restrict the audience because they require (-intuition?-) but they widen the range of communication and raise the quality for the reason that they restrict the audience.

Perhaps a word about words is due here. There are two "words" as there are two "arts." These immediate words you are seeing here are functional. However, the words in the scenarios above manipulate images, and are artful. Get it?

So, let's see, where are we? It seems like I've said—can it be true— anything can be art? Even washing dishes? Sure. It can be an art. But just as "art" and "words" have at least two levels, so do artful activities. Objects produced with no ulterior function but sensual pleasure are the noun form of our previously defined verb, "art." They are things said with visual or sensual media and they are true only in their own realm. If philosophers or critics attempt to say "This painting, or whatever, is -----," it may or may not be true. It translates poorly. Just as you must judge whether a written or spoken statement is true, you must do so with art—without translating. You have to learn to think in the language, my Spanish teacher told me.

We must learn to derive meanings from perceptions on their own level, which means we cannot submit to laziness and accept a second-hand judgment. Is it really a wretched day? I believe, say, that the world is round, but I **know** the difference between dirt and sand. I know it with my feet, my hands, my eyes, my nose, my ears, even my mouth and tongue and teeth. And furthermore, I can **tell** you what those differences are—and it will be **almost like the real thing**.

Of course, this means that we must also learn to trust our interpretations.

The lean adolescent, twixt undershirt and training bra, held her head carefully high and still as she talked. "Mother, what is love?"

"That's a hard question." The scissors clicked slowly across the fringe of tawny brown hair on the child's forehead. Mother stepped back, discerned that the left side was higher than the right and stretched her scissor hand forward to correct the error.

"Do you love Daddy?"

"Yes," she replied, looking at her daughter's face now, instead of her bangs.

"How do you know?" It was an honest question.

Devoting all her maternal concentration on the problem, she said, "You just know."

---

The music was even louder than before. The room smelled of tobacco and gin. Only a dozen or so guests remained. As I carried my empty glass back to the trough, I passed two men I recognized from my visit to The Company, one considerably older and rounder than the other. The More Rotund said, "Yes, but is it art?" The young slender junior-executive face of the second man showed clearly that he did not know.

Art must, by its nature as we have defined it here, have a truth. An artist knows that truth and expresses it. The work of art becomes an energy trap for that truth. If it is understood by a perceiver there is communication; if not, there is an expression and still a truth.

What is the meaningfulness of . . .  
meaningfulness?

A Poem by its Author:

I know

that I don't understand

of 3

categories:

You don't understand

but you think you do

or

you think that you

don't understand and everyone else does.

So you make riddles, not I.

But, I lie.

jbmcc

...OF SILENCE AND STOPS TIME

From a distance it seemed an orderly world with neat pastures and fields of fig trees and wheat following one another along the road and up the sides of the valley. But seen from a closer point on the winding dirt road, the squares and rectangles of the old farms encroached upon one another and the geometric pattern lost its fine clarity in the gnarled confusion of ancient growth.

One piece of land was mostly pasture with fig trees in the far corner and a herd of black goats moving in slow circles. In the center was a cone shaped white dwelling half shaded by a grotesquely twisted olive tree. On a bench in the shade of this tree Ionnis ate methodically from a long loaf of bread and cast a watchful eye toward the goats. Once he raised his hand to his forehead and removed the black handkerchief he wore when he worked in the sun.

As he ate the bread slowly his eyes left the goats to trace the three blocks of land that were his. A hundred yards away he could see Sophia moving about gathering rocks and piling them into mounds so that tomorrow when he began to work, the plow would not hit the stone and break.

Ionnis watched the woman moving in and out of the shadow of their oldest olive tree. Occasionally she walked far to the right to place on a special pile the small pieces of wood she found. He remembered a day like this when a much younger Sophia had gathered stones and firewood on this same piece of land.

"Ionnis!" she had called and, turning toward her he had seen that she held a large object in her hands. "*Vlepete! Vlepete!*, Ionnis." She had hurried to the house and motioned him nearer.

"It is only a clay jar," he had said looking closely at the brown shape.

"Yes," she had answered, wiping one side of the jar with the corner of her apron. "But look, Ionnis, here beneath the mud are colors and here," she wiped harder, "the head of a man!"

"I will hold it. You get a clean cloth and water and we will wash it."

He had held the jar while Sophia washed it. Then they filled it with fresh water from the spring and put it on the wooden bench in the shade. After that, every summer they left the jar on the bench and they always had cold water to drink. In the winter they filled it with wine and left it inside on the rough wooden bench between the olive oil and old bottles filled with rice and flour.

Ionnis ate the last of the bread and reached for the jar which rested a few feet away. After a drink he re-tied the black band around his forehead and reached for his long stick. The goats were beginning to stray.

Past neat piles of stones arranged like small pyramids and looking like Indian grave markers walked a tall young man in khaki trousers and a short sleeved red-checked cotton shirt. With the back of one hand he wiped the perspiration from his forehead. Strapped to his back he carried a knapsack from which could be seen one corner of a blanket and the thumbworn edges of several notebooks. At his side hung a scarred

leather camera case. His only other burden was a pair of thick sunglasses which he had removed and carried carelessly by the bows.

"*Kalimera*," he said to the woman piling the stones. She returned his greeting, pausing to examine him quickly and carefully, then bent again to her work. Strinton walked on through the field toward the white house still some distance away. The day was hotter than any March day he had ever known at home in Michigan, despite the discomfort caused by the weather, Strinton thought Crete even more exciting than it had seemed to him six weeks ago when he first stepped off the boat from Piraeus.

Looking ahead as he neared the dwelling he saw with relief the shade cast by the olive tree. Beyond the house the goats moved noiselessly. Strinton saw Ionnis pause halfway between the herd and the house, lean lightly on a tall stick and patiently await his approach. Slowing his own pace imperceptibly, Strinton imagined for a moment that the old man was a shepherd from the classical past. His posture against the somber quietness of the animals so mimicked antiquity that Strinton was practically upon the house itself and the old man had dropped his stick and moved to meet him before the vision faded.

"*Kalimera*," he repeated to the man.

"*Kalimerasas. Ti Kanete?*"

Strinton was fine, but hot and eager for a drink of water. "*Poli Kala. Parakalo, kirie, thipso.*"

"*Nai. Nai.*" Ionnis nodded and motioning Strinton to a seat on the bench he walked into the house. Returning a moment later with an empty wooden box and another glass he sat down on the box and reached for the water jar. Strinton had dropped his knapsack to the ground beside him and reached gratefully for the glass the old man handed him. For some moments neither man spoke. Strinton drained his glass and brushed his forehead with his hand, but he was perspiring less now that he could relax in the shade. Ionnis, however had shifted his box almost directly into the sunlight and leaned forward resting both elbows on his knees.

As the men talked languidly punctuating their conversation with long silences, the goats grazed quietly. Sophia gathered the last remaining rocks and was stacking them in a small pile. Propping one foot on his knapsack, Strinton gestured toward the land about him.

"Beautiful."

Ionnis half closed his eyes and accepted the praise with a smile. "Yes, it is beautiful. It is mine. You are American?" He moved his box to face Strinton and poured more water into the young man's glass.

Strinton nodded, then asked, "Where did you get this jar? It is a fine looking thing."

Konnis placed the empty jar on the sunlit end of the bench. "It is broken a little and I think very old . . . *poli palyo.*" He repeated the last words watching Strinton and



thinking how all strangers looked alike. "The woman found it while gathering stones in the field. Once in a museum in Iraklion I saw jars that were chipped and beautiful like mine."

Standing up Strinton looked at the jar for a moment then at Ionnis. After a moment he lifted the vessel from the bench and walked back and forth before the house, holding it carefully and looking from the jar to the fields.

"You are like all the others," Ionnis told him. "All the others who come here tell me this is a very old jar and then they look at it and at the fields as you are looking at them now."

Without answering, Strinton returned to the bench and placed the jar just where Ionnis had left it. Then he backed off without taking his eyes from it. Against the white house the jar cast a sharp clear shadow. "It is very beautiful," he said.

"The sun shines brightly on the colored figures," Ionnis remarked watching him. Strinton nodded and moved closer to trace them with the tips of his fingers. Ionnis laughed. "It will not break if you touch it. The pictures are old but they will not fall off." He laughed again at the careful way in which Strinton touched the jar, and this time his laughter was so loud that Sophia turned from the field and waved to him before she gathered the small pile of wood in her apron and began walking toward the house.

Ionnis, watching Strinton would have said *themberazi* but he knew it was no good saying never mind" to such young men. Instead he said, "Vases and old jars are good for museums and good for people to see but not as good as rows of fig trees and olive trees."

Slowly Strinton withdrew his hand and moved a little so the sun threw his shadow across the bench. Ionnis had stopped laughing. "You are different from other strangers," he said, turning away.

Strinton stared hard at the jar. He thought of Knossos and the huge jars that stood there behind heavy wires, and of the bronze head of Sir Arthur Evans that rested by the entrance to the palace. He thought of the woman piling stone, the old man in a moist black headband and the water from this jar that had tasted so cool. He turned away from the jar and he and Ionnis stood smiling as Sophia approached.

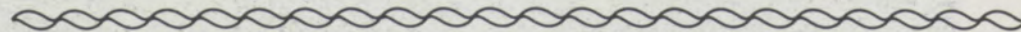
"*Ti Kanete?*" she called across the brief expanse of land "How do you like our jar?"

"It keeps the water very cold," Strinton called back.

"Yes, it is good."

"The goats are beginning to stray," Ionnis said, moving away. "We have lamb . . . you must eat with us."

Strinton nodded and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.





### WITH YOUR MUSKET, FIFE, AND DRUM

When he was six and tough-guy  
and she had chocolate on her face,  
he said, 'I want to be a fireman',  
and went on climbing trees  
against the sun's dumb blazes  
far in the upper leaves.

She stayed below  
full of lollipop attention  
and reeled off miles of hose  
from the garbage can.

Then he was twenty  
and she was his wife,  
anxious to suffer the paradise  
of plastic dishes  
and cold linoleum  
guarded by a sometimes car.

And two months later  
he was shuffled off  
to a din of drunken hero fanfares,  
to a nightmare land of funny men  
and jungle death ten thousand miles away  
from the toy town trees.  
She made a real religion  
of the coming of the mail  
and answered with the sacrifice  
of anxious prayers, stale cookies.

On this mute Sunday  
there is no one at the station,  
except the boys who do a regal two-step  
around the hearse and slam the door  
like so many potentates  
at a clerk's coronation,  
perfunctories for the defunct who drive away  
and, out of sight, light cigarettes  
and talk about old ball games.

The show is cardboard.  
There are no more tears  
for the awful ride  
to the cool old home  
beneath the burning branches  
when dogs were bears  
and every garage was really  
a den of japs.

David Lawson

## AFTER GRANT WOOD

Now you are dead, all of you.  
And with you died the body  
of three generations' tyranny,  
the absolute and sphynx-like disapproval  
of everything from love and whiskey  
to quiet April rain.  
Even your children  
in the echo of your rusted chains  
are now too old to change their lives.  
They walk with the inarticulate  
ghost of guilt  
half-smothered  
in monotonous meals and payment books,  
the weekly rags which culminate  
in a thousand restless, deathsome Sundays,  
the four o'clock fear  
and terrible twilight  
when the scripture starts to quiver on the shelf.  
You schooled them in your churchy ways  
and never smiled without purpose;  
every word a quote or couplet:  
Timothy minus the fermentation,  
Franklin without the whimsey.  
You preached God's light.  
But Christ!

In the middle of a midnight sweat  
when Satan grinned  
on the landing bannister,  
each floor creaked with enough conviction  
to make old Calvin re-consider sin.  
And now secure in your martyrdom,  
breathing the wispy hymn-filled air  
beside your celestial, sexless fathers  
in the Beulah Land  
for which you lived and trudged  
with downcast eyes  
through eighty years of allegory  
and middle-class privation,  
can you know the measure of your victory?  
We walk like half-believing prisoners  
recently pardoned  
for a crime beyond memory,  
now that you are dead,  
almost all of us?

David Lawson

IN A CABIN AT NAG'S HEAD WHILE THE  
WIND ASSAULTED

We were by the stove  
while the ocean threw a tantrum  
and the wind assaulted the outside walls  
to pummel itself on the rooftop.

It was a tar black night  
but the coffee was strong as turpentine  
and the cigarettes tasted  
good enough to eat.  
the cheap chianti,  
un vino simpatico,  
rattled our heads and we talked about  
our neurotic friends all over the nation  
and the trouble with civilization.  
Then somebody tried to quote Yeats,  
and somebody chortled.

On the shore in the morning  
was a slick fat fish.  
His tail had been cut clean  
by a passing boat.

David Lawson

MESA VERDE

**The dead boiling up  
In the ground**

I have been to a great cave  
Where the dead lived  
Dead Indians  
From a long lost age  
I have climbed  
Their ancient now-renewed  
Ladders  
Peered into the places  
Made to store grain  
Climbed from level to level  
In houses where even stocky men  
Must have had to stoop  
Drunk from the spring  
Where they got their drinking water  
Looked out  
Over miles  
Toward the horizon  
As they must have scanned it  
Searching for the enemies  
Who finally overcame them  
In that time  
Long ago

Frederick Sorenson



# INTERSECTION

BY LAWRENCE CLINE

As the traffic signal changed from green to yellow to red a pale blue Falcon slowed routinely to a halt. Small crowds of late evening shoppers hurried from corner to corner seeking temporary shelter from stinging November winds.

Inside the car Christopher Lamonde glanced disgustedly at the small black knob on the dashboard labelled "DEFROSTER." With glove-covered hand he reached to clean the driver's portion of the foggy windshield and inadvertently sprinkled cigarette ashes across the opening of the defroster vent. After taking the last possible puff his cigarette could offer, he carefully balanced the filter on a growing pile of butts in the ashtray. "God, it must be cold!" Christopher shuddered as he gazed through his self-made window. He was delighted to discover the flashing First Federal sign a block down the street. Twenty-three degrees at six forty-one. A quick look at his wristwatch left him smiling. His watch was truly independent. Another group of shoppers passed by. Smiles were absent, not so much due to unfriendliness as to a fear of splitting stiff chapped lips. Fingers burrowed deeply into overcoat pockets, leaving the warmth reluctantly to aid a red runny nose. As the last of the shoppers filed by, Christopher realized the light was once again green. A loud horn blast from the car behind accompanied his left foot as it eased out the clutch. The unexpected reminder caused the Falcon to jerk into motion. Simultaneously a carefully balanced filter rolled off a pile of cigarette butts and fell to the floorboard. "Son-of-a-bitch!" barked Christopher instinctively.

Quickly he changed from first to second gear and smoothed out his jerky start. Looking to the rear-view mirror, he strained to see the driver of the impatient car. A foggy rear window restricted his vision, and brought a wry smile to his face. He didn't really want to see the son-of-a-bitch anyway. Strangers were good people to know, and Christopher wanted to keep it that way.

With the time and temperature of the First Federal sign several miles behind him, Christopher turned into a well-lighted gas station. The double ring of the service bell announced his arrival to the attendant, who buttoned the top of his coveralls and came outside. Christopher rolled down his window in order to open the door with the outside handle. Stepping from his car and slamming the door shut, he heard the attendant's greeting. "Filler up, felluh?" The attendant's name was Jack unless he was wearing someone else's coveralls.

"Yeah, and check the oil if you don't mind."

"Don't mind at all, felluh. That's what I get paid for." Christopher nodded in agreement and headed for the warmth of the building. Pulling off his gloves, he searched his pockets for cigarette money as he crossed the oil-stained concrete. The search yielded only two dimes and a couple of cold brown pennies. Unable to pay off the vending machine until Jack returned with change, Christopher looked for the restroom. Outside another car had just pulled into the station. Jack placed the gas pump on automatic and left the blue Falcon to drink by itself. He obviously knew the driver of the other car, for he went directly to the passenger side and hopped in. The driver of the car was a woman but Christopher could not get a clear look at her. She must be a real beauty if Jack could jump right into the front seat beside her. Jack wasn't the most handsome guy Christopher had ever seen. Maybe she was his wife. No, Jack almost ran to get in the car. Couldn't be his wife.

Christopher gave up on the mystery customer to relieve his expanded bladder. Closing the restroom door behind him, he unzipped his pants. Above the urinal was a hand-written sign: "Out of Odor!" Christopher moved inside the small booth and with careful aim began a vigorous bombardment of a cigarette butt floating in the toilet. That Jack sure had a fine sense of humor. Christopher looked up and down the walls of the restroom to check out the local graphitti. He saw nothing he had not seen before, some time, some place. Completing the destruction of the imaginary ship in the yellow ocean below him, Christopher stepped out of the booth and up to the sink. As he washed his hands he checked himself out in the remaining portion of a shattered mirror. He was tired and his eyes made the fact obvious to anyone interested enough to notice. He looked around for a towel of some sort. There were no towels. Christopher folded his arms across his chest and dried each hand under a warm armpit. Jack probably enjoyed seeing people leave the restroom with wet hands. Remembering something that he had forgotten to do, Christopher walked back to the toilet and flushed it.

Jack was still sitting in the other car when Christopher came out of the bathroom. A large wet spot under the rear bumper told Christopher his car was filled with gas. While waiting for Jack to come back inside, Christopher gazed at the various displays scattered about the station's interior. On the counter beside the cash register was a display of headache remedies. Christopher had no headache, so he quickly moved to other items of interest: an STP display, various brands of motor oil, and a November calendar with a naked woman. Gas stations were pretty much the same. Looking overhead Christopher stared at a Budweiser clock with the familiar horses pulling a beer wagon. You couldn't even see what time it was for the damn wagon. How long had he been waiting for

Jack to return, anyway? Christopher began to grow uneasy and walked outside. Taking the gas nozzle from his car, he replaced it on the pump. He noticed Jack was sitting in the middle of the front seat next to the woman. Both were sitting very low in the seat so that only their heads were visible from the rear of the car. Christopher walked up to the door of his car, opened it, and looked over to see if he had gained Jack's attention. He hadn't. Christopher was becoming quite irritated with the service he'd received. Jack's work was worse than his humor. He eased behind the wheel of his car. Trying not to be too interested, he glanced over the trash barrel between the two cars. Goddam! Ole Jack was really going to town. This was unbelievable. So that's what Jack gets paid for.

Christopher's irritation was now mixed with a strange sort of embarrassment. He felt weird sitting at a gas station with a couple making love in the front seat of a car five feet away. It was like being at a drive-in movie and looking at the car beside you, except for the gas pumps.

Christopher's thoughts were interrupted by flashing headlights. A third car pulled into the gas station. Jack must have seen the lights too, for he quickly reached the door of his girlfriend's car. When he got out, his girlfriend drove away. Jack stood there breathing heavily, trying to button the front of his coveralls.

Christopher reached out his window, opened the door, and got out of his car. Jack walked over as if nothing had ever happened. "You musta been driving on fumes. It took almost fifteen gallons to filler up." Christopher handed him a credit card and followed him into the station. The horn on the third car made a polite honk and Jack threw up two fingers in recognition. "Be right with you." Christopher thought of asking for change in order to buy a pack of cigarettes, but decided against it. Jack mumbled the figures as he filled out the credit card form. "Fourteen eight tenths gallons

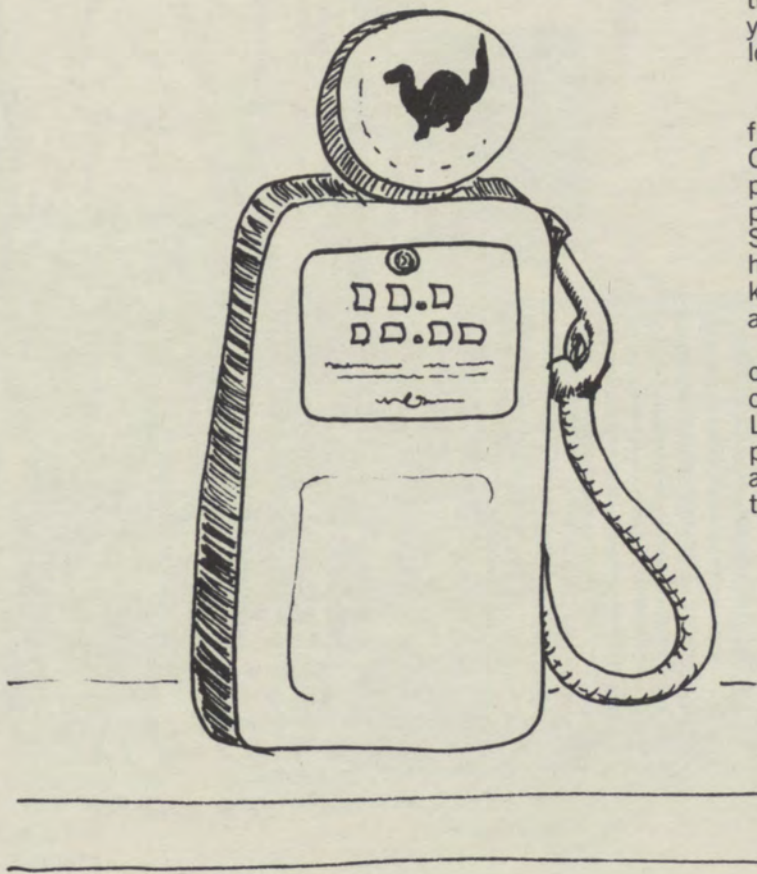
... thirty-six point nine ... " After checking the pump again for the total Jack turned to Christopher. "That'll be another five bucks you owe at the end of the month." He tore off the receipt and handed it to Christopher. "Thank ya, felluh, and hurry back."

Christopher hadn't said a word to Jack since he had first told him to fill up the tank. He felt the need to say something before he left. "Didn't you check the oil?" Jack gave him a questioning look and then broke into his business-like smile.

"Oh yeah, I'll catch it right away."

"That's all right." Christopher returned the artificial smile. "You're probably pretty tired." As Christopher walked out the door the third car pulled away from the pumps and was gone. Christopher stopped, turned around, and looked at Jack. Shaking his head in disbelief he walked back to his car, got in, and hurried to get away. He had known Jack only forty-five minutes at the most and already knew him too well. What a bastard.

Several miles down the road the pale blue Falcon slowed routinely to a halt as the traffic signal changed from green to yellow to red. Christopher Lamonde looked out a foggy window at the few people still walking the streets. Christopher felt a little more at ease. Strangers were good people to know.





A GEOPOLITICAL REVELATION OR,  
A SENSE OF HISTORY

**DESERTED BARN**

Prow pointed,  
Like an old grey ship,  
This weathered barn  
Deadheads her hollow hull:  
An empty ark.  
No Noah  
Nor sons of Noah  
Whose hand or will  
Can hold the helm  
Or heel the timbered decks,  
She shudders  
Against the waved furrows  
As in a gale.  
Abandoned by all but rats,  
She hauls the run-out ends of ropes,  
The tack and tools of dead trades;  
Shipping slow ruin  
Through split strakes,  
She slips in time's slack tide,  
Her wake, toward dim shores  
Where hulks and relics vague  
Lie quiet  
As bones.

Thomas Jackson

Ascending a hill in southern Ohio  
I look back across the water  
to the powdery mountains of West Virginia  
and instantly grow aware  
of the river I crossed:  
Not long ago I was over there  
far to the south of those shadowy mountains  
deep in the ancient dust of  
North Carolina  
chasing the ghost of Lord Halifax  
and his train of spectral pretenders  
in their faded lace  
through the feeble moonlight  
and broken tea cups  
of sad plantations.

And now I am climbing a cartoon hill  
speckled with comic book cows  
and big Dutch barns  
near Pennsylvania.

I have crossed the Ohio River.  
The jugular python of the Grand Republic  
all times prior to sixty-five  
now mothers beer cans  
and a few lethargic barges.

Ascending a hill in southern Ohio  
this part of the country  
becomes a sandbox  
full of curious,  
apparently purposeless toys.

David Lawson



# REVIEWS REVIEWS REVIEWS

*A Child's Garden of Grass*

By Jack S. Margolis and Richard Clorfene

Americans are notoriously addicted to guide books and hand books and how-to-do-it books; they crave the reinforcing opinion of some self-appointed expert. Now, for the 20 to 40 million regular potsmokers in the United States, there is *A Child's Garden of Grass: the Official Handbook for Marijuana Users*. Sound facetious? It is, and equally informative.

The authors begin in quite a straightforward fashion. "Our viewpoint, without defending it here, is simply that marijuana is not harmful in any way . . . does not lead to the use of hard narcotics, and should be made legal subject to the same or similar regulations which now apply to the use, distribution, and sale of alcohol and tobacco." Margolis and Clorfene are enthusiastic advocates of marijuana, and in this little book they recommend it for everything from headaches to frigidity.

Sandwiched in between the sales talks are some valuable pearls of wisdom for the curious. What does it feel like to get stoned? "The first sensation you feel will be physical; a new tingling of some sort, a band of light pressure around your temples. . . you will relax. . . this

relaxation almost instantly melts into a quiet contemplative euphoria, and a soft muting of everything." That is a subjective but fairly honest description.

*A Child's Garden of Grass* may be subjective but it is never aloof. Every aspect of the weed and its enjoyment is examined, from rolling a joint to seducing a woman. Here the authors make a valuable distinction between grass and the drug it is most often compared to, alcohol. "Liquor, of course, has been the traditional euphoria producing tool of the seducer. Seducing a drunken woman is as satisfying and stimulating as winning a philosophical argument with a dead goldfish. . . but grass heightens your enjoyment of your perceptions and conceptions tremendously." The next few paragraphs are religiously devoted to the joys of sex and marijuana.

Serious consideration is given to the dangers of marijuana: getting busted. Margolis and Clorfene advise that you hollow out a book and hide your pot in it, but not his one because it is too thin. The authors shower you with a treasure of practical and impractical tips—recipes for those famous grass brownies, instructions for making a water pipe, and a diagrammatic treatise on the European Joint. *A Child's Garden of Grass* has something for everyone, with the possible exception of John Mitchell.

William R. Day



### *Islands in the Stream*

By Ernest Hemingway

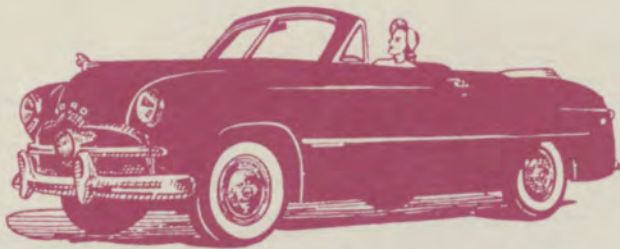
Ernest Hemingway's celebrated posthumous novel *ISLANDS IN THE STREAM* provides most of the elements that Hemingway lovers admire, which are also the elements that his critics have grown to deplore. The novel written in the late forties presents Thomas Hudson, an established and talented painter, as another "Hemingway Hero" who involves himself in stoical contemplation, love-making, fighting, killing, suffering, and dying. His adventures are as unbelievable as real life, and his comments are often concentrated gems of human understanding. Hudson's developing character is the central unifying device in an otherwise loosely structured work which takes place in two distinct settings of time and place. The theme is interwoven with Hudson's character and essentially concerns his psychic journey from disciplined happiness, through tragedy, to a type of existential resolution which ends with his mortal wounding at the end of the novel. The time is first an unidentified date in the thirties and later an early date in World War II, and the places are the Bimini Islands and Cuba. In addition to Thomas Hudson, Hemingway has created a group of keenly drawn minor characters who are roughly the same local-color types that the reader has seen in the other novels, particularly *FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS* and *TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT*. Collectively they seem to represent most of the virtues of human interaction, including bravery, trustworthiness, selflessness, and a sense of kinship with other men. There are several memorable ones such as Honest Lil, the prostitute with the proverbial heart of gold; and Willie, Ara, and Henry, three exceptionally mean and loyal basques. Other unique characters are Hudson's three young sons who appear only in the first section of the work. The reader is drawn sympathetic-



ally to these figures who are presented in a splendidly idyllic beach setting which also includes a long fishing scene comparable to the longer one in *THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA*. The beautiful boys are unbelievably precocious, but otherwise they serve as symbols of the innocent perfection possible for human beings.

The scenes in the novel are like islands in a stream, fading into a slow moving and dream-like narrative for which Hemingway has purposely not prepared the reader. Although it is with Hudson's character that the reader is primarily concerned, it is possible to go beyond Hudson and lose yourself in the narrative, partially because other characters reveal themselves through the third person point-of-view and partially because the settings themselves are inviting. The reader quickly accepts the implicit invitation to roam the beach, to swim, fish, and drink with Hudson's group. Hudson is selfish only with his memories, and for the occasional sex scenes the reader is forced to find his own partner since Hudson does not share his openly but merely mentions when he has finished. Otherwise the sensitive reader suffers along with the other characters and is only too happy to be alive after the heavy firing at the end of the novel. The only difficulty in following the narrative lies in the fact that Hemingway does not use the same characters in each of the three sections; instead, he introduces a relatively new group each time and presents the earlier characters only as memories in Thomas Hudson's mind.

Although *ISLANDS IN THE STREAM* is a novel centered around the war with its subsequent tragedies and deprivations, the themes are neither political nor involved in polemical idealism. This lack of social analysis will possibly alienate a number of contemporary readers who have grown to expect a dialectic discussion in their fiction. However, such an approach to fiction was never Hemingway's forte, even in his serious political novel *FOR*



WHOM THE BELL TOLLS. Hemingway seemed to prefer basing his themes in the universal aspects of the individual's struggle in his journey through life. The reader can note this unique personal struggle in all of Hemingway's novels and in most of his short stories. In this respect Thomas Hudson is simply another turn of the "Hemingway Hero" who develops resolution in the face of meaninglessness, danger, and tragedy. It is only the names of the "heroes" and the settings that change from novel to novel, and the minor characters even seem interchangeable. The reader needs only to compare the irregulars in *FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS* and *TO HAVE AND TO HAVE NOT*, or the regulars in *A FAREWELL TO ARMS* to see the similarities. But such comparisons do not make *ISLANDS IN THE STREAM* a weak novel, nor does it make Thomas Hudson any less desirable to note that his creator made several other men in his likeness. Hudson must be examined, as a man and as an artist, in the context of his own struggle.

In examining Thomas Hudson, the reader must note that Hudson has an extra dimension. He is an artist, and he is forced to view himself as distinct from other men, at least in the first section of the novel. Hudson is dedicated to his painting, and he works at it instead of leading a normal family life, probably because his driving talent will not allow him to follow bourgeois pattern. Ultimately, his art becomes a duty more important than anything else for his mental well-being. His art in effect resolves his existential quest for meaning and allows him to re-define himself daily. However, Hudson's driving passion becomes something merely parallel with art in the last two sections of the novel when he begins chasing submarines in his boat. His sense of duty remains, but his urge to create is not the predominating passion. Thus we may view him as a universal existential hero, as well as an artist, who must satisfy his quest for meaning each day through the duty he has set for



himself. Clearly the duty in the last two sections of the novel, chasing submarines, is not creative in the same sense as painting, but it serves the same purpose in his life.

Hudson's existential resolution is easy to follow through the three sections of the novel as he accepts his tragedies and deprivations by burying himself in his sense of duty which includes, later in the novel, a passive desire to be finished with such a precarious life. When we meet Hudson in the "Bimini" section, he has had two divorces and his boys visit him only occasionally. He is alienated from a typical family life which he seems to miss; however, he understands that such a life and his work are not compatible. And since he loves his work, his life is carefully structured with a daily routine that will not allow him to reflect on the absurd aspects of his life and which gives him a daily sense of purpose and fulfillment. Hemingway explains: "But he [Hudson] knew he must keep on working now or he would lose the security he had built for himself with work." This security lasts only until he learns that his two younger sons have been killed, and Hudson does not appear again as a painter. Hudson is revealed again several years later, after he has learned of the death of his oldest son. Hudson now clothes his resolve in military duty which supplies the existential purpose needed to cope with the meaninglessness invoked by the death of his boys. Hudson speaks of his oldest son: "Get it straight. Your boy you lose. Honor has been gone for a long time. Duty you do". But it is the duty of the injured man who is no longer the creative artist.

It is during the sea chase scenes that Hudson regains his ability to work daily and to work well, but he is a man keenly injured, unlike the isolated painter in the first section. His sense of separation and absurdity has gone beyond alienation from a bourgeois life, and memories of his dead family only invoke more pain. He therefore must work

more and more diligently and drive himself beyond physical limits in order to find that balance necessary for his sanity. It forces him to superhuman efforts in the search for the German sailors and concludes with his mortal wounding in the final shelling. He regrets his impending death, but he shows an understanding of existential reality when he says: "Don't worry about it, boy. All your life is just pointed toward it." All life is pointed toward death, and Hudson faces the fact stoically, accepting death as he accepted the elements of his life—with resolution intact.

ISLANDS IN THE STREAM is a novel which will probably be read infrequently after it drops from the best-seller list, and like Hemingway's earlier works and much of Faulkner's work, the novel will fade out of the mind of the average reader as he seeks his fiction on ever newer best-seller charts. Unfortunately, the novel will probably not enjoy much academic use either because Hemingway's other novels cover essentially the same themes and character types, and they are simply better novels. But the novel will be read frequently by those who are concerned with Hemingway himself and by those scholars who are concerned with the development of American Literature, primarily because the novel allows another opportunity to review the heroic code and the theses that are important to the lives of all persons who take themselves seriously. ISLANDS IN THE STREAM offers a perfect opportunity to meet Hemingway if you have not read him before, and if you have, it offers one more opportunity to refresh a lasting friendship.

Fred Whittet



### *Be Not Content*

By William J. Craddock

First of all, to begin with a confession—not of guilt, but of experience. *Be Not Content* is not just William J. Craddock's experience, but thousands of others as well. It began as something free and alive, and by the end we had seen it shrivel and die.

This is essentially an autobiographical first novel, staged in California and starring Abel Egregore as an outlaw motorcyclist/college student turned acid head. "I was eighteen and the whole concept was truly appalling." For two years he maintained these roles, then abandoned the first two and devoted himself completely to the use of consciousness-expanding drugs.

It was a frantic life for Abel, as full of illusion and disillusion as his kaleidoscopic world. As his commitment to LSD and social ex-com-



munication increased, so did his identification with what now may be termed the “hippie” subculture. *Be Not Content* is a rambling, disjointed narrative adventure into that subculture.

Craddock does a good job with the narrative, paring it down to a procession of unprofound but interesting episodes. One of the best is a loveless sexual encounter with a girl named Wendy, a scene of self-reproach and disgust. “Her inner suffering was so painfully evident that I nearly vomited. . . but didn’t and simply took off my pants, then hers, and made her from behind with cold fast stabs. It was nothing—cold flesh zero—nothing.”

But there were good times for Abel, times of friendship and joy. Sitting in a luxurious sauna bath with fifteen naked freaks smoking countless joints, camping up at Big Sur, tripping lightly down to Berkeley. It was a good enough life until he began to question it with a gallon jar

of Kool-Aid and LSD. Every day for two weeks Abel drank off a hearty glass of the potion, staying spaced out until he hit the delirious bottom. And it was cold down there.

Not only was it cold, but it was getting lonely. Abel’s friends were being thinned out by narcotics busts, the draft, methedrine, and heroin. His scene of peace and tolerance was vanishing into radicalism and backlash. Life was becoming a “. . . colossal drag.”

*Be Not Content* is not a conventional novel with plot, characterization, and theme. It’s more of a literary mutation, unified with hallucinogenic perception and presented with modest competence. There is no ending, the story simply fades off. Perhaps this is what the *Canterbury Tales* would have sounded like had they been written in 1967 by a disillusioned twenty-three year old acid head.

William R. Day

*Editor's Note:*

James Ngugi, a Kenyan, is currently serving as author-in-residence at the Northwestern University. His other novels include *The River Between* and *Grain of Wheat*. He has also published a play, *The Black Hermit*. Professor Ngugi attended the East Carolina University African Studies Institute this spring.

### *Weep Not Child*

By James Ngugi

For those who still hope that the future will cure the ills of the present, James Ngugi's **Weep Not Child** is a demoralizing reading experience. It asserts unequivocally that the troubles that befall mankind have no end, and that man himself is sick with diseases that have no cure. Written in a simple narrative style, the novel traces the emergence of an innocent, idealistic child-hero into his tortured manhood. Its theme is entwined in the primacy of the land, in a Kenyan family's respect for tradition, and in one young man's search for a role in the troubled affairs of his people.

Ngugi's final assessment of his hero's chances to realize his dreams is a dismal one. Believing, as the author does, that men cannot change the future until they can accept the reality of the present, he proceeds to write an all too vivid description of that reality. The horrors of the Mau Mau uprising conspire to shatter the dreams of every faction of the populace of Kenya, white overlords, missionary teachers, black men, young lovers whose fathers are enemies. And the high political purposes used to justify early atrocities dissolve in the wake of personalized terror, torture, and revenge murders. Political honor turns into personal hatred.

As tragic as these events are, they pale beside the tragedy of discovery by the innocent Njoroge that wealth, power, education, religion, nor love can sustain a man when he falls prey to another man's hatred.

Ngugi's story of a Kenyan family's plans for the future is void of any hope. Njoroge's father, Ngotho, has held on to traditional tribal customs, but he has ambition for his sons. It is the sons themselves who are condemned to attempt reconciliation between their ties with their own land, now fallen into white hands, and the white man's

encroachment upon their way of life. One by one, Njoroge's brothers join the revolution. Boro, who despises his father's defeated passivity, loses respect for him. Family ties dissolve, the bonds too strained by political upheaval to hold.

In the midst of terror and tragedy, Njoroge persists in his delusion that education will show him the way to a new and beautiful day when all men will have peace:

Through all this, Njoroge was still sustained by his love for and belief in education and his own role when the time came. And the difficulties of home seemed to have sharpened this appetite. Only education could make something out of this wreckage. He became more faithful to his studies. He would one day use all his learning to fight the white man, for he would continue the work that his father had started. When these moments caught him, he actually saw himself as a possible savior of the whole of God's country. Just let him get learning. Let that time come when he . . .

When Njoroge is taken from his beloved school by guardsmen, tortured, and sent to see his physical wreck of a father, who has confessed to a murder committed by his alienated son, he loses his will to believe that men can erase strife through the agency of compassion and love. Not until he has lost everything—"my education, my faith, my family"—is he able to confront the reality with which he has no means of coping. In the face of such a shattering realization, he loses his own will to live.

**Weep Not Child** is a lyrical account of the anguish inflicted upon an innocent youth who confronts a problem which "tomorrow" is not the solution. It is Ngugi's first novel. In subsequent writing he has reflected some hope for the fate of mankind, but the substance of this first one delivers a loud and clear message that man's willingness to fight his own kind outweighs his desire to live in peace. "Hope of a better day was the only comfort he could give to a weeping child. He did not know that this faith in the future could be a form of escape from reality of the present." **Weep Not Child** is a sad and moving commentary on the universal human condition.

Janice G. Hardison



April 21, 1971

Dear Mrs. Glover,

You're just going to hate me for this, but I wasn't able to put together that Stanley Elkin review you asked me for. I got the book. It was over in the bookstore like you said. I guess the bookstore people forgot to let me know my order had arrived. So, I did get the book after all, but a couple of things kept me from having time to read it.

Number one, I have a lot of other important reading to do. I try to keep fresh on McCrimmon's **Writing with a Purpose**, for my freshmen. Then, there's **The Scarlet Letter** for the sophomores. And, I'm reading the historical novels of Ovid Williams Pierce, to help someone with his thesis. On top of all that, I feel I ought to go through **The Daily Reflector** pretty carefully.

Number two, every time I pick up Elkin's book, I'm stunned by the dust jacket. It has two different pictures on it, one on the front, and one on the back. (I'm not counting the little picture of the Random House on the binding edge.) The front picture shows a man seated at a green table. There's a telephone on the table, and the man is holding a sheaf of paper in his hands. I guess it's a script for a radio show. The reason I guess it's a script is because instead of a head the man has an old-timey radio microphone growing out of his collar. And, there's a speech balloon coming out of the front of the microphone (where the man's mouth would be, if he had one). In the balloon it says, "THE DICK GIBSON SHOW a novel by STANLEY ELKIN."

The man's shirt is tan, his pants brown pinstripes. His socks and suspenders are lavender, and he's wearing yellow and white saddle shoes. All this is done in Sunday funnies cartoon style. You can see the tiny dots in some of the colors.

Now, I know Stanley Elkin didn't draw that picture. (Robert Korn did.) But, I'm sure he had a hand in it.

Here's what I think he's trying to tell us, and I hope you'll forgive me if I get a little bit philosophical as I get into it. **Life is like a radio show.** To be more specific, it's like one of those late-at-night talk shows, where the listeners can call in. (That's why there's a telephone on the table.) And we people living here in America in 1971, we're like radio announcers. Night after night we talk our shows out into the blank, broad American darkness, and sometimes a listener calls in and says he likes the show. Sometimes cranks call in and threaten the announcer.

The way we handle ourselves when the cranks call in is the way we survive. So much depends on what we say in those situations. So much depends on our tone of voice, our every nuance. (Right there. Hear that subtle shift, delicately nasal and fruity?) Is it a nine year old millionaire on the line, or is it

really a mad, hyphenated psychologist who means you harm? Because we don't know the caller's true identity, or his intentions, we have to be ready to shift our tone of voice. Maybe, to change voices entirely. Maybe quit the whole show and start a new one. Change majors. Change jobs. Get divorced. Get an unlisted number.

That is to say, as Benjamin DeMott suggests in **Surviving the Seventies**, we must be prepared to change life-roles, and we must be prepared to enjoy them, the lucky ones. I'm not just somebody's reviewer, and you're not just somebody's literary editor.

Anyway, life is like a radio show. Sometimes, we broadcast egg prices to small rural audiences, and shut the transmitter down at dusk. Sometimes, we're rolling out on 50,000 watts, clear channel, to a whole metropolitan area. And if we have a network hookup, they can hear us in lots of cities at once.

That means we've got to be ready to talk to different places, the different worlds that co-exist, occupying different spaces in the same time. Isn't it incredible to think, here in Fortress Greenville, that right now, simultaneously with ourselves, somewhere across America San Francisco is existing. And Santa Barbara. And Denver. Mrs. Glover, are we ready to broadcast to those places? Are we ready to hear from them, if they call in? Any more ready than for the messages that came in from Selma, or Prague, or Mordor, or Kent?

I can see I'm getting away from the subject, the picture on the front of **The Dick Gibson Show**. Yes, I'm sure that's what the book is going to be about: how life is like a radio show. I'm also sure about how it's written, if it's anything at all in the manner of Stanley Elkin's three other books. Providing for a little evolution in his style, I think I can expect even more abundance in the language, a surplus, a plenitude, a tendency to say the thing many ways, over and over, an exploration of the resources, a liberality, a profusion, a luxuriance, a lavish exuberance, a copiousness almost to repletion.

But the voice is never taxed. It's convincing language, never straining the understanding. Once, Elkin told about a seance which took place some time ago in Lockhaven, Pennsylvania. The medium claimed to have raised the spirit of William Shakespeare, whose voice then issued from his mouth. Someone, a Mr. Gibson, asked, "Well, if you're Shakespeare, how come you don't speak in blank verse? I always associated Shakespeare with blank verse." And the voice of Shakespeare replied, "We're **white** men here, Mr. Gibson. That blank verse was just for the niggers. So's they wouldn't understand." Which I take to mean: fancy language is a con. That ought to be obvious by now, so many dictators, and professors, and senators use it. So, when I hear somebody saying something fancy to me, I know he has a low opinion of me. Stanley Elkin doesn't want his readers to think he has a low opinion of them. I put him over with Vonnegut and Heller.

OK, so much for the front of the dust jacket. The back is the part that really captures me. It moves me. It's a black and white photo of Stanley Elkin. From the waist up.

Now, on the back of Elkin's last novel, **A Bad Man**, there's also a photo of Stanley Elkin. It's an "in" shot. A lot of the photographer's equipment standing around framing the subject. Big floods, wiring, drops. Stanley's seated on a steel office chair hunched forward, loose-wristed, elbows on knees. Obviously easy-going, but maybe concealing some paunch. Tweed jacket, burr haircut, horn rims, deep-water khakis, desert boots. You recognize the style: early Korean vet.

But that was back in 67. A lot's gone under the bridge since then. The photo on the back of **The Dick Gibson Show** is different. First of all, it's outdoors, there are trees and bushes in the background, and a house, partially obscured by the vegetation. See? No more posing amidst the mechanisms. And Stanley's standing there in the bushes in a sloppy denim shirt, doing some bad soldiering. The whole front's unbuttoned, and one of the pocket flaps's unbuttoned. He's lost weight, evidently. But there's hair on the chest. And on the chin (he hasn't shaved in two or three days). And there's some

greying at the temples, the Stewart Granger white hunter look. And the hair on his head. Uncombed. Long.

But it's the facial expression, especially around his eyes, that gets to you. I've seen that sadness once before, on the face of another writer, who explained that a friend of his (also named Gibson), although he was almost fifty, had just discovered the existence of evil. You know the look?

I already wrote to Stanley Elkin about the photo. It's getting around. I recently saw it in **Newsweek** too. Here's what I said to Stanley.

Dear Stanley,

I just got my copy of **The Dick Gibson Show** but I can't get started reading it because that picture of you on the back is so sexy it's making me queer. It seems to be telling a story. The thing that I mainly don't understand about it is why are you about to cry? Is it because Joan said open your shirt and take off your glasses? Or is your sorrow somehow related to the fact that the window shade is pulled halfway down in the upstairs room in that house in the background? Is there someone in the room who musn't have too much sunlight? A relative or a friend?

Keep up the good work!

Yours truly,

John Firth

As you can see, Mrs. Glover, I say things to him I wouldn't say to you or any other lady connected with literature. In my line of work, a fellow needs all the friends he can get. The tone I took with Stanley Elkin was pretty informal, and joking. Still, the point I mean to make is in there: something sad has happened around here in America. Something else went under the bridge along with the G.I. Bill money, and the Guggenheim and the Rockefeller money.

That man looks like he's having to call up his reserves. I think that's the American experience right now. We're going to see what reserves of tolerance, and wisdom, and love we've got backing us up.

So, it would probably be a good idea for both of us to read **The Dick Gibson Show** to see if there isn't some help in there, like we'd switch to a Conelrad station in a national emergency. Let's see whether some of Elkin's fake anthropology can make us more comfortable with our own bizarre realities, whether some of his comedy about genitals can make us less scared of bodies, whether his ear for the different kinds of American language can make us more appreciative of the possibility there's different kinds of **people** talking that way. And finally, whether we're not ready for (Lord knows, we need them) some new national emblems. Seven out of ten of us are urbanites. So why are they playing us songs about fields of waving grain? Are we buffaloed by these old symbols?

Let the radio be our symbol, Mrs. G. The talk show, the model of our democracy. Let us phone in, and say what's on our minds, unafraid, saved from our own worst natures by the six-second tape delay. Let's say, Up the Irish! Up the Jews, the Italians, the Young, the Sick, the Black, the Middle-class, the Filthy, the Rich, the Stupid, the Angry, the Wasps! All people! All callers, all listeners! And, Off the FCC!!

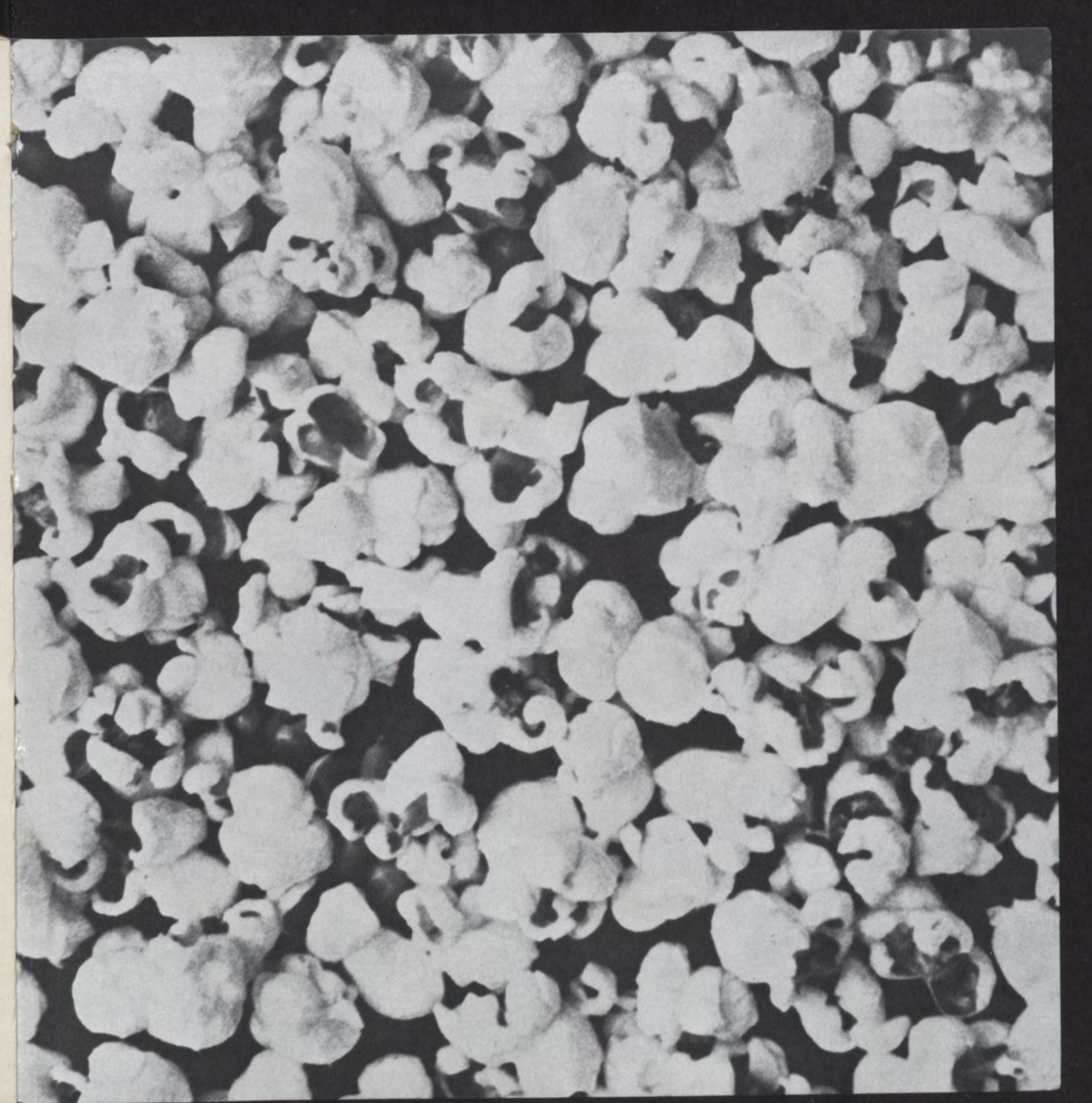
Respectfully yours,

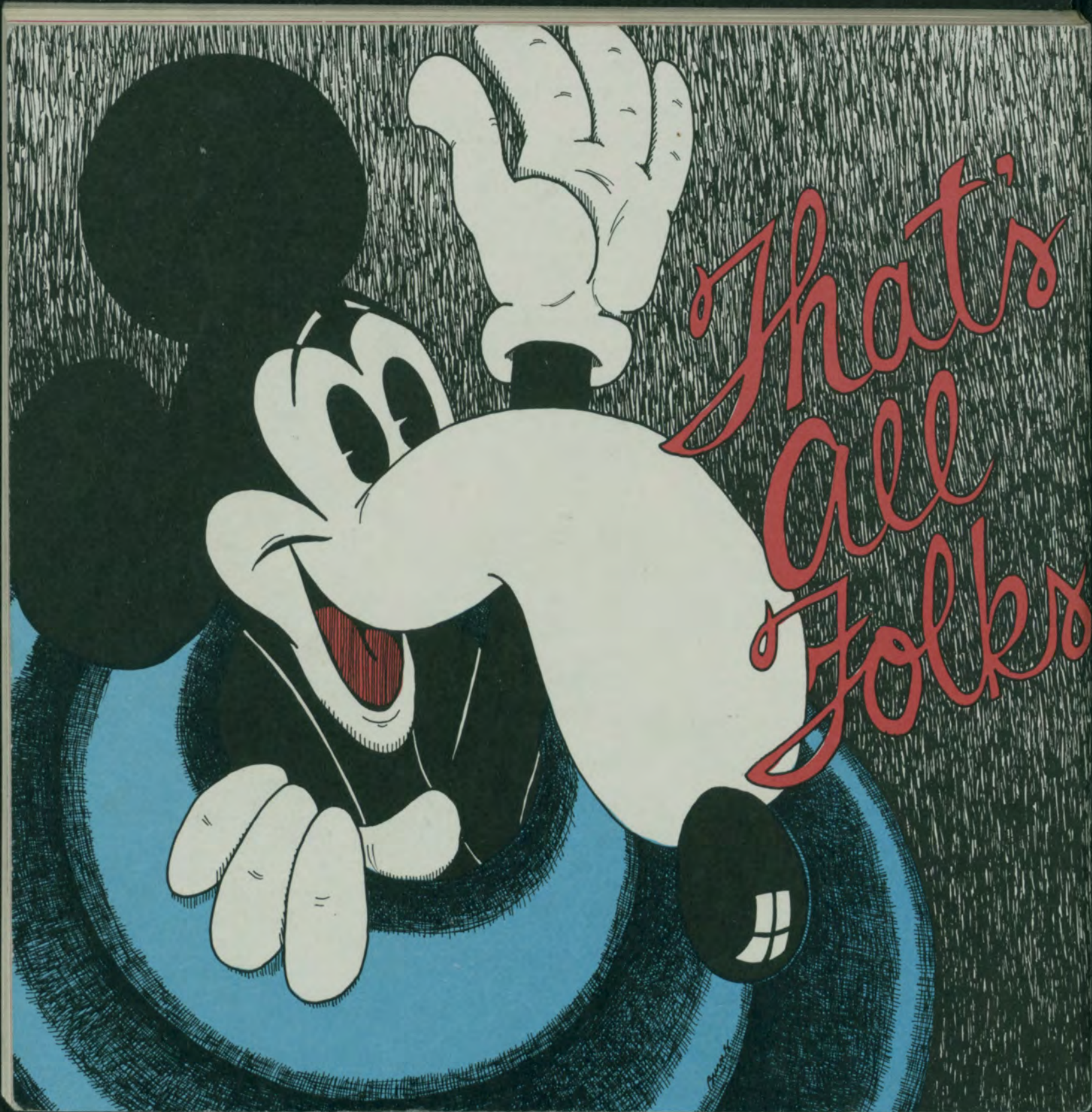
Professor John Firth

P.S. You can use any parts of this letter you want to in your magazine, seeing as how I hear you're really stuck for material.

P.P.S. If you do use any of this letter, please check for spelling errors.

cover — bob burns  
2,3 — j. bradford mcCorison  
8,9 — ross mann  
10,13,15,17 — george zellers  
20 — j. bradford mcCorison  
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26 — daniel mcCorison  
28 to 44 — ross mann  
51,53 — mike flynn  
56 — ross mann  
59 — j. bradford mcCorison  
60 — elizabeth ross  
62 — j. bradford mcCorison  
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That's  
All  
Folks