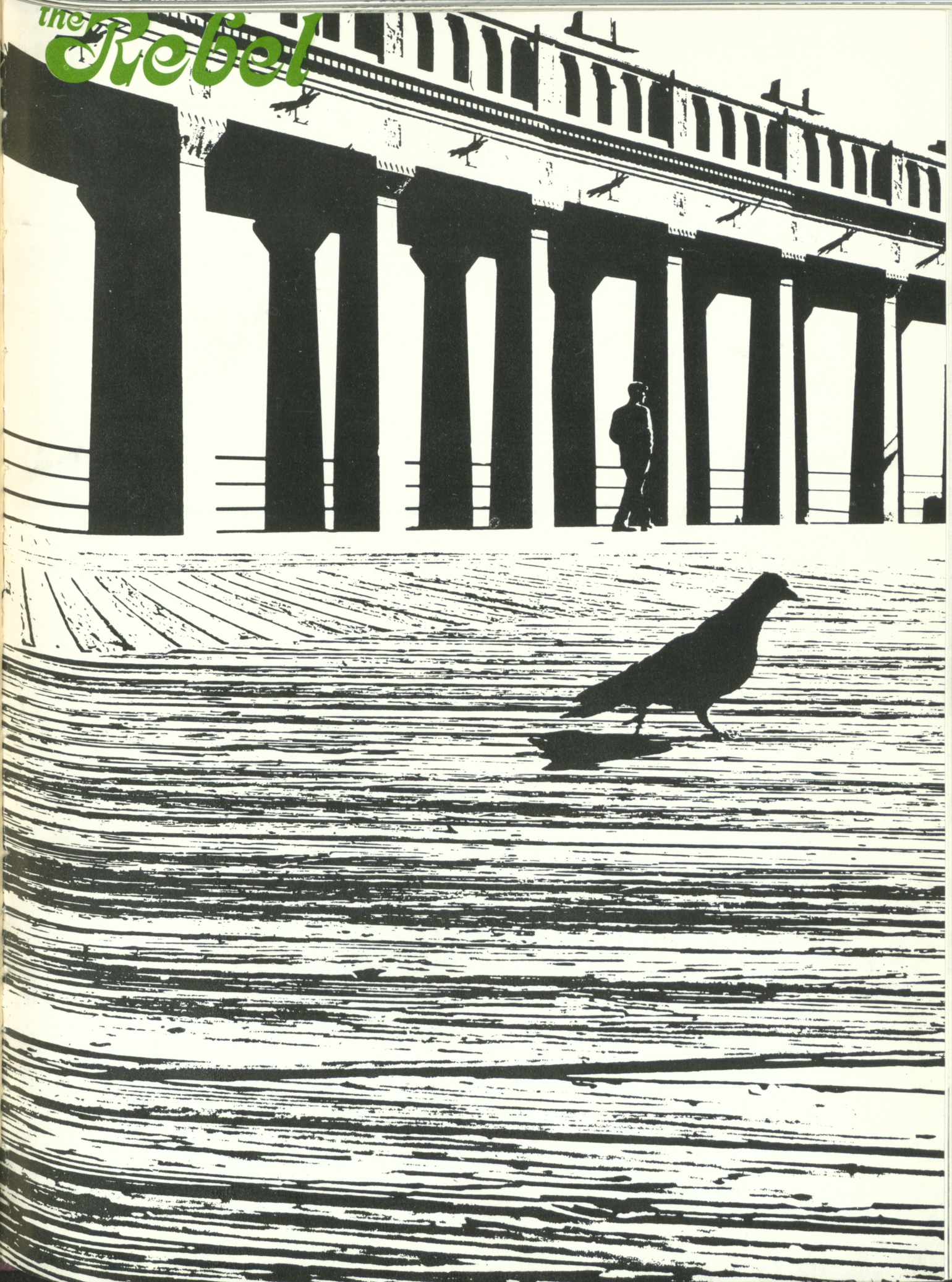


the *Rebel*



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# *the Rebel*

Spring, 1972



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# Editorial

Since man's technology has chosen to recreate his existence in sheer mechanical terms, it leaves most of us in a confused state of affairs. The apostles of greed and violence, present in any mechanical society, seem bent on overwhelming not only the individual but the artistic individual as well. Perhaps being overpowered by our own creation doesn't bother most of us but it definitely grates on the nerve of artistic consciousness. How the artist or poet reacts in such a situation is often a curious combination of spiritual ecstasy and personal detachment. Such reactions, in all probability, will receive less praise from our society than resentment.

Of course, we might only wonder at these reactions. It could

be said that it is foolish to even consider artistic forces aligned with social interests. Even further, we might wonder whether the situation lends itself to the black and white distinctions we are making. Choosing up sides on questions of this kind sounds not only absurd but childishly oversimplified.

Yet, a conflict exists and that cannot be denied or ignored. To resolve the problem is well beyond my means but, as I think these pages point out, the conflict may be the only meaningful one left. We must remember that without conflict, life ceases to be dramatic and is transformed into a perpetual yawn of indifference.



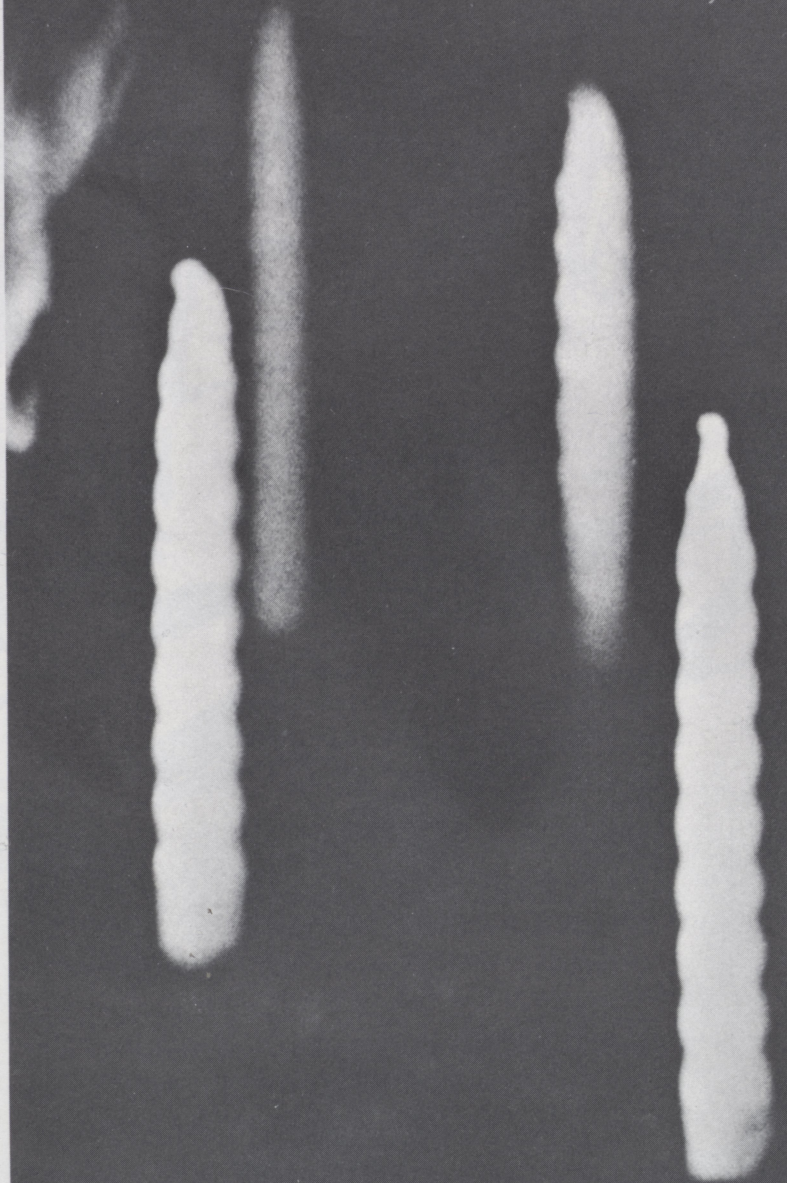


I taste  
you still  
within me  
my mouth  
my tongue  
feels your  
essence  
tingling  
and  
I remember  
all over  
and over  
again  
your sweetness  
your movement  
your words

after the rain-city-  
sunglossed-like laughter  
after last tears-

## Birthdays

Candle by candle, we count  
the years  
Until the last one is  
blown out.



## Stars and fireflies

The cymbals are lowered to  
unquavering rest  
air columns in the woodwinds lie  
undistrubed  
    scattered notes echo  
        resonant memory of melodies

Darkness seeps  
through losely spread fingers of bushes  
lone arc of a last flying frisbee  
extends the conductor's final gesture  
to usher silence to the mall

Afterglow leisurely lingers —  
there a pair in  
trembling togetherness leaves  
    merged as one  
    completness  
their good night kiss  
    consolingly seals  
    half parted lips of  
        Night

Behind Joyner  
lights blink out  
in its window-eyes  
millions printed words  
read to weariness  
    find rest  
around only two dominant  
hues of colorless color as  
shadow melts into shadow of shadows  
tall tree trunks  
    contours of columns  
    support the sky  
    branches with upstretched tentacles  
probe the texture of space

I alone sprawled  
into cool comforting caress  
of grass

From down here  
fireflies are larger  
than stars  
while 10 street is beyond  
the Universe

Thought does not crowd on thought  
they spread thin over the decade of  
night  
from corners of eyes  
karmic shadows of the Material  
fade —  
painless reminiscence

Din dims  
silence seeps into seamless space  
soul streams skyward  
to share in the Whole

For my Essence in this drop of tear  
do do bestow on me  
Love boundless  
that I may strain through the twines  
of this unraveling moment  
to a lighter and whiter  
nearness of  
You



# *To Close the Door*

*by John Wallace*

I've seen that house so often before—white and gray, big and dirty. It's always different, each time I really see it. But then everything is that way. Everything is new when we see it, really see it. New like truth. We forget so much and feel so peculiar when we rediscover what we've forgotten.

Like the sun right now starting to move over my hand, or the lines it makes along the wall and floor. I've sat here before at this same time of day, but it was different. I've never thought of that line of light and shadow as I'm thinking of it now. How light on one side and dark on the other. It's all contrast. What we see, what we feel. How light, how dark.

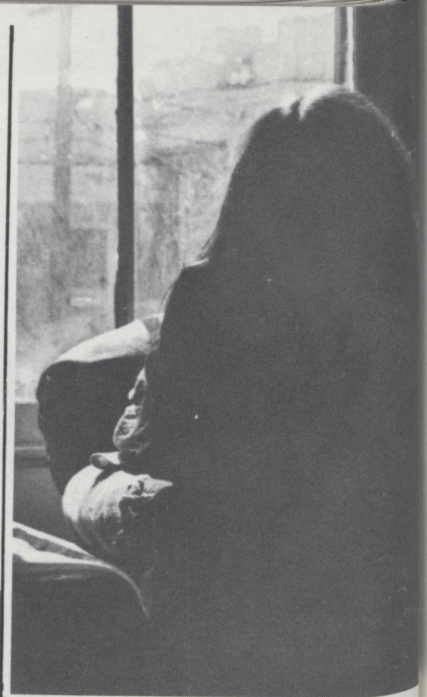
And the trees and bushes, how individual each leaf seems, how few the leaves are and how bare the branches, all at the same time. The cars pass between these branches and those across the street, between this house and that one, every house divided from its neighbor by driveways and streets.

The warmth of the sun on my dress. How whitely faded the light blue seems, and the folds—how little and narrow and how broad they are. The wrinkles and the

folds. How different they both are from each other and for different reasons. They are what they are. The folds from my body and the wrinkles from the material. The cloth just drapes over my legs or arms, or over the chair. . . .

which isn't too comfortable but it serves its purpose like every economical thing. It fills a space because no one sits in this room to watch the cars pass or see the singular people, or the paired ones pass up and down the sidewalks. When the door's open, I can sometimes hear snatches of the conversations, the few words that reach here—the few words, the few people who walk by in fragments. Sometimes they even walk by in threes, like these three windows, one, two, three and yet the effect is one of one series of windows joined by casements for decoration and support, joined as the groups, the little troupes are by society. Society joins and covers with clothes and color. Color and clothes that like wallpaper cover the real person, the bones and studs and the hidden beams.

The people hidden behind what they think themselves to be begin to blend harmoniously. And no matter what color they wear, they never offend the lawn or the trees or the sidewalks or the pavement, or the railroad tracks. Colors can offend in a painting, but they can't offend in real life, but paintings are real life and mismatched clothes can offend. It's only a matter of nearness, of perspective.



How far I am away from someone or something. That house, that house is setting, a white curtain, a bland backdrop against which people stand out, against which they contrast. The visitors are like bubbles of wax that rise and fall in one of those funny lamps that never give enough light. They separate their own shape and color for a little while before they settle to the bottom like those creatures in marl and coal.

And how the atmosphere of that house is like the liquid that holds the wax, the balls of wax and the people, different sizes and different shapes, but all one—all related if it's only by the front steps or the sidewalk or the pavement. They're all connected and related like the leaves and the bushes and the sun.

Even the leaves bleach out like my skirt where the sun hits them, the sun, moving like people along a path, up and down and up its road.

These windows, this glass, even with its bubbles, remain clear, unknowing and unseeing although they allow sight. How humorous that seems, the glass of our eye is like that window. The glass does nothing but prevent air from passing through it into this room. The glass keeps out the outside, but allows its light and images in.

And everything I can see comes in through these big windows. How sweetly the sun passes, how quietly in here because there is no noise, nothing to disturb it. Cars, radios, television, and even music make the sun pass with noise and sound.

All images reflect on and pass through glass, and warmth also passes through because the air in here is undisturbed, warm like my hand now the sun is on it—warmth from energy, warmth from motion, heat from the people who move. Branches move in the



wind without heat perhaps, but the wind is as good a motivation for movement as anything. We move because we want to or think we want to. Our wants and the wind, our present and the eternal past, invisibly passing through windows, these windows, this altar to the outside.

Someone's going into the house. Oh, no one new, no one

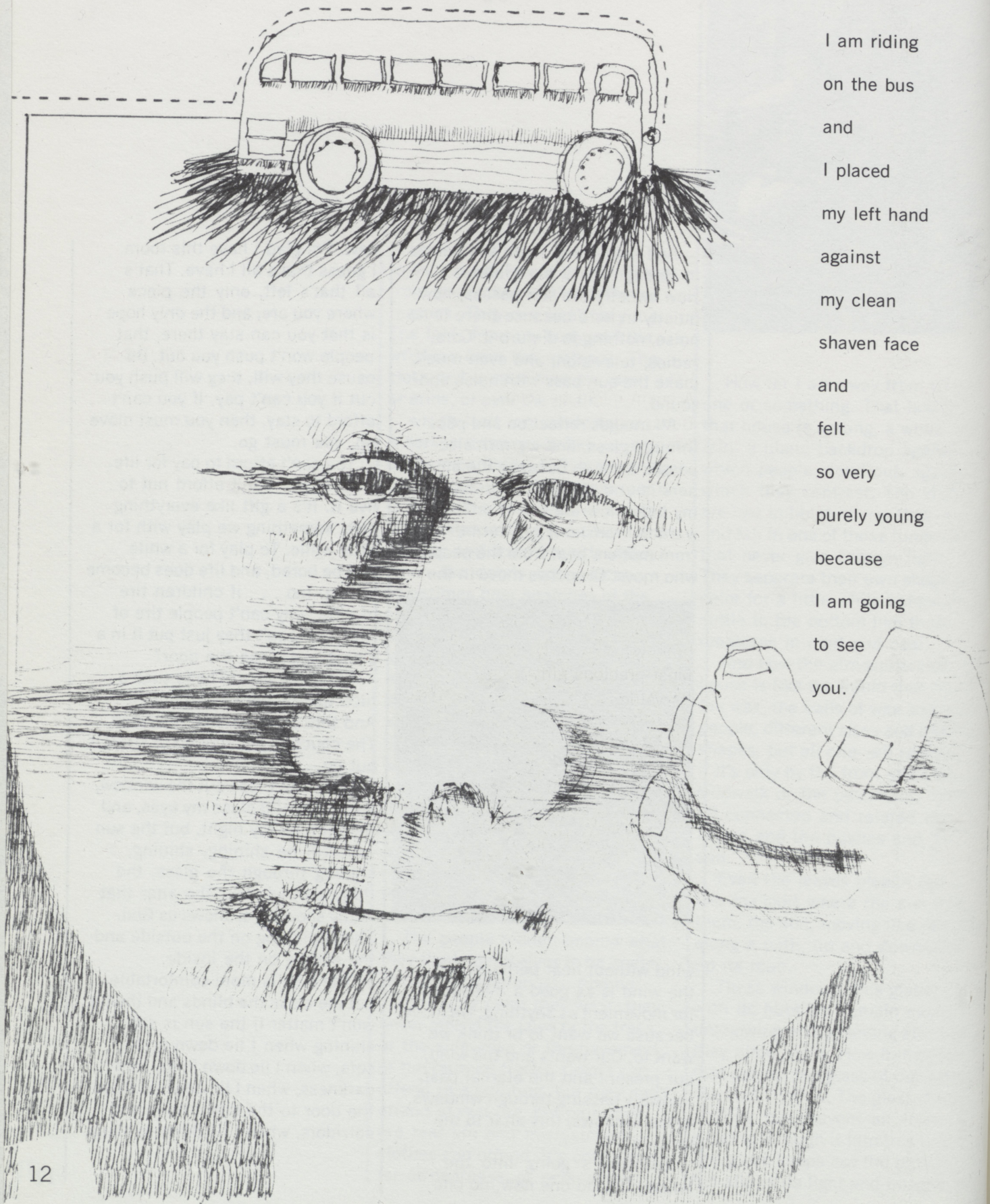
new. I'm glad I have this room. I guess that's all I have. That's all that's left, only the place where you are, and the only hope is that you can stay there, that people won't push you out. Because they will, they will push you out if you can't pay. If you can't afford to stay, then you must move on, you must go.

You can't afford to pay for life, and yet you can't afford not to live it. It's a gift like everything else, something we play with for a little while. To play for a while and be bored, and life does become boring, too . . . if children tire of gifts, why can't people tire of life? Why can't they just put it in a closet and close the door?

Close the door. That's such a nice way of thinking about it. And this chair isn't comfortable. The couch is big enough to stretch out on.

But I can't look out the window, and I know I'll close my eyes, and then it'll be my night, but the sun will still be shining, shining, shining through the glass, the three part window, the altar that really shows life, shows us God. The beginning on the outside and the ending on the inside.

The sofa is more comfortable. Let me close the blinds and then it won't matter if the sun is still shining when I lie down on the sofa, when I lie down in my own darkness, when I lie down to close the door to the silent halls and corridors, when I lie down to sleep.

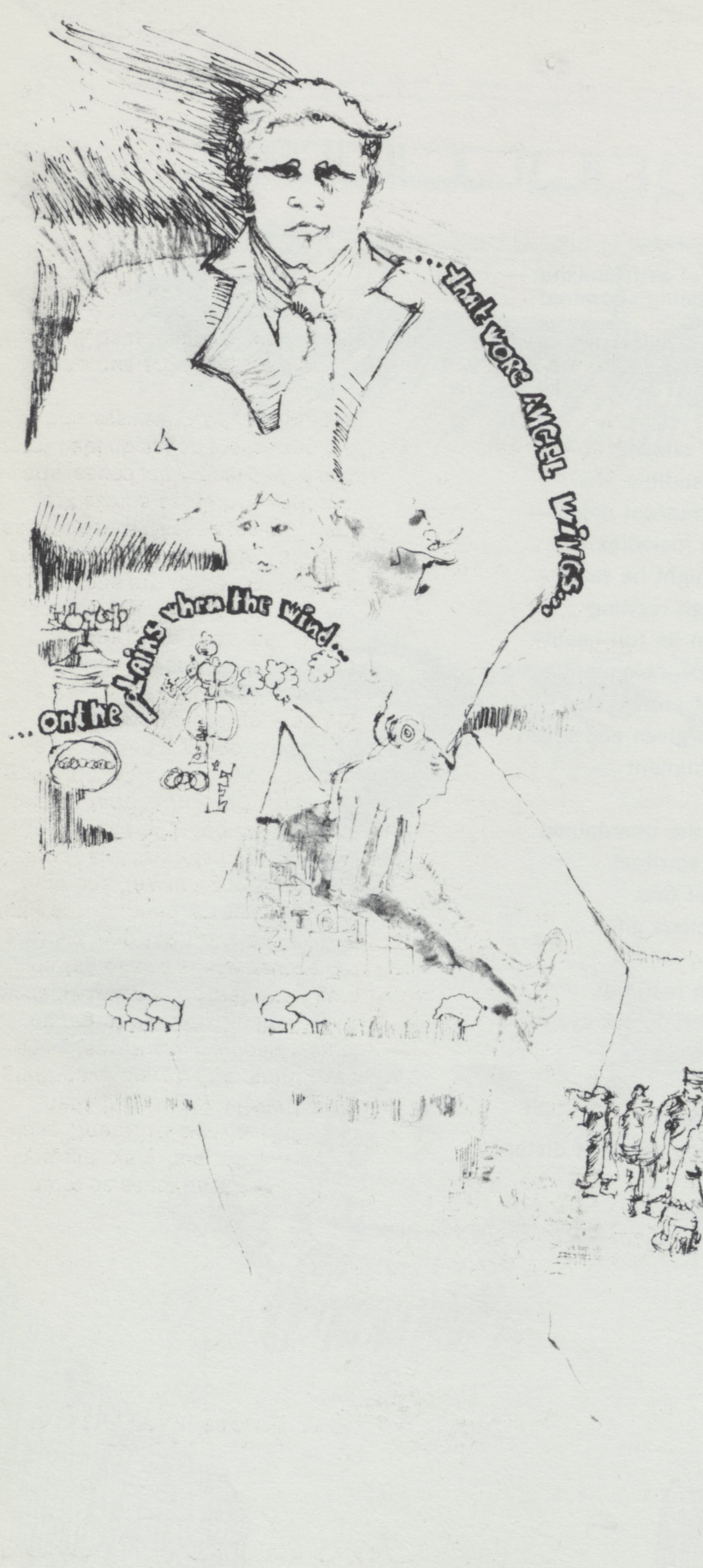


I am riding  
on the bus  
and  
I placed  
my left hand  
against  
my clean  
shaven face  
and  
felt  
so very  
purely young  
because  
I am going  
to see  
you.

"For love — as friendship —  
grows by being showered  
upon others."

Edgar Cayce

The art of singing  
Breathes audible life  
Into still musical notes —  
Delight in melodies.  
A poem might be read  
But through reciting  
We fathom its full beauty.  
Friendship — eloquent word  
Yet only if pronounced  
Expressed given and taken  
Finds fulfillment —  
Blessing  
Given by the unordained  
Holy and spiritual  
Minister of God  
Most precious gift  
Its value  
More than material.  
We — Souls in our cycles —  
Are separated by  
Life.  
Let Friendship  
Dwindle the depth of distance  
Between  
You and me



Eran, my friends, was born of a man  
in a land that needed growing—  
you can hear the trains  
on the plains when the wind  
tears through the trees—

His father, in praise, said the day  
would come when he'd see his son  
grow to a man  
and take a stand  
to protect his land  
and his woman too.

And Eran grew,  
and the day did dawn  
to see him gone  
down the lonely road to fight a war—  
His father looked back  
at his mother's tears  
and the cracks in the house  
from aging wind and rain  
and he waved him on  
saying,

"Eran, my son, the time has come  
and you're a man,  
make a stand  
to protect this land  
and your family too."

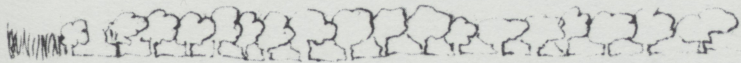


Eran fought.  
He would crawl through the dust  
and the death in every breath he drew.  
He could see through the smoke  
of the joke the dimming skies  
and the crying eyes  
from the dead  
and the hate  
and all the waste of leisure time.  
the starving eyes  
of each country  
that claimed to be free  
but hid their dead  
in the mask  
of a task that wore angel wings.

And Eran thought  
the day would not come  
when he'd see his home  
and hear the trains  
on the plains play their tune  
to the June winds passing  
through the trees.

And he turned to run  
but a gun and a man  
who was absolutely sure  
that every youth  
must make a strong stand  
to protect this land  
and its freedom dear  
shot him down.

Eran, my friends, was born of a man  
in a land that needed growing—  
you can hear the trains on  
the plains when the wind  
tears through the trees.



Two hands absentmindedly  
creating a perfect ballet  
as two lovers walk and talk.

birds know not their names  
nor have they words  
for their music

we are beyond words now  
and have thrown away love's name

but still we sing

Morning cries  
and the sun rudely breaks  
the shadows. It is day—  
and another love.

ego buster Juster wonder world  
of dreams  
that only MEANT things to me.  
NO WAY to communicate THEM  
AND NO EXCUSE to USE to fool.  
stools to sit upon  
in a squatting position  
for cynics AND MULES  
AND blunder hustlers  
who fill themselves too full  
of their own rotting meat  
then go off and die  
ALONE  
with the goo on their teeth.

## MONA

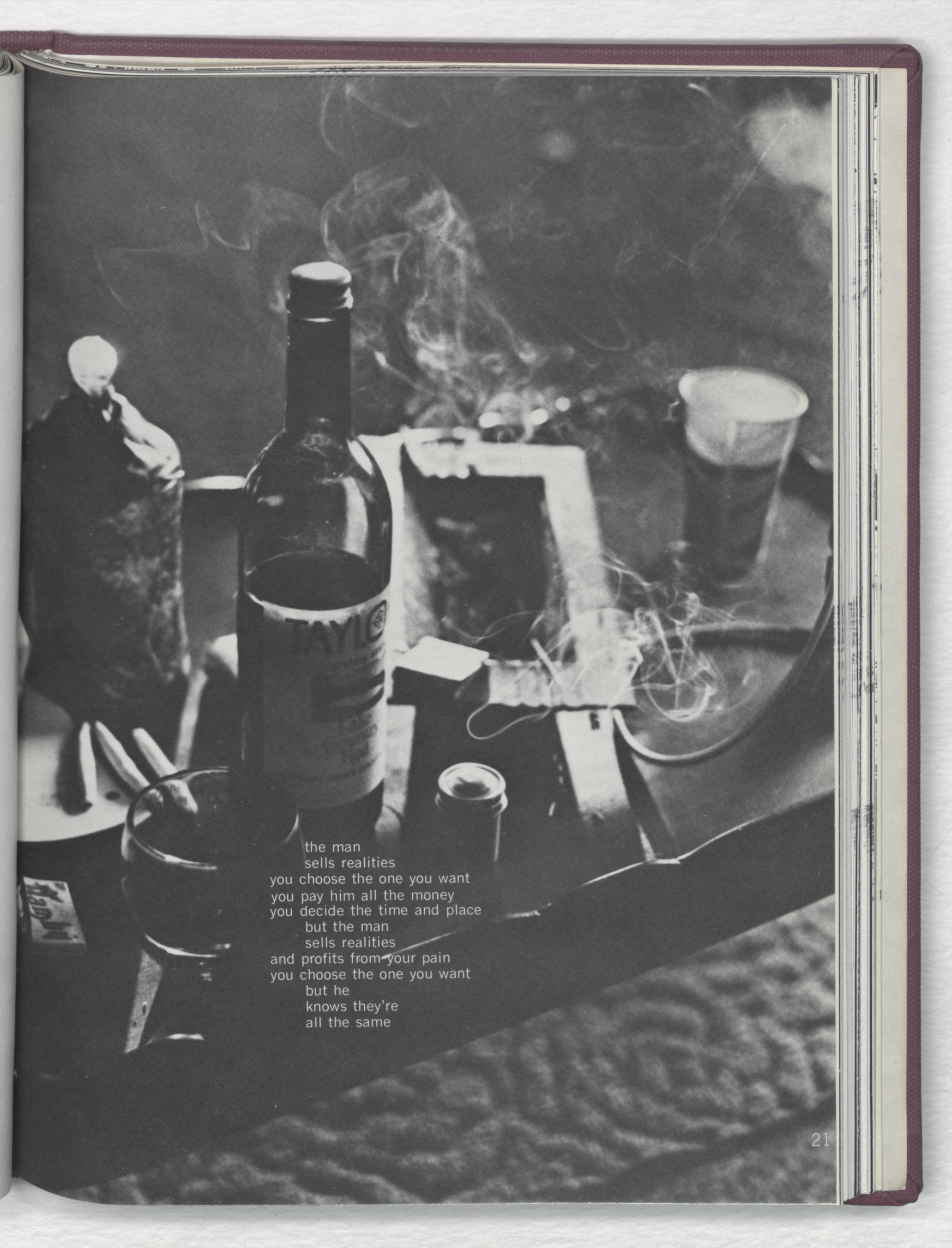
MONA stares through eyes that look into NOTHING.  
And if you ventured by accident into them,  
you would see IT well:  
the nothingness,  
hollowness,  
persistentness of her atmosphere--

so heavy and Glad.  
But some would say-- "O, Mona, you'll make such a  
good mother-- you're so stable  
and responsible-- so easily led...."

But Mona thought herself better off dead  
and patiently waded through  
Tons of Waiting Time  
for the spark to be felt.  
Her climate would climb and then subside with  
the weight  
upon her head-- her fantasy head-- for, you see,  
Mona was really already dead in many ways.

In only one could you even get an inkling  
that she was ~~still~~ somewhere deep inside  
hiding in some tide of an out  
with the residue pulling about her like  
an old — unescapable placenta.  
And when she walked,  
it stirred the wasteland edges  
about her  
and she glowed for a moment in the change,  
as she viewed the world in stop-motion  
Memories  
that strangely went echoing musically  
against her Cage  
As she went merrily on the same.

XVINTER CAME AND TOOK THE LIFE AWAY  
SPRING DREW IN FAT BLACK LINES  
AND THERE WASN'T THE CHILD  
TO COLOR THEM IN  
AND YOU ONE TO TURN THE BOOK  
TO ANOTHER PAGE.



the man  
sells realities  
you choose the one you want  
you pay him all the money  
you decide the time and place  
but the man  
sells realities  
and profits from your pain  
you choose the one you want  
but he  
knows they're  
all the same

## Film Review



Rossini. Sex. Beethoven. Violence. Kubrick. Terror. And "A Clockwork Orange." Uncertainty. "Clockwork" had no monolith of hope giving reason to the failures of mankind to cope with the problems of humanity. One does not float through the protagonist's world with the effortless ease one was carried from the beginning of creation to the resurrection of a new world in "2001."

**A Clockwork Orange** makes an entirely different statement, a statement that reinforces the heart and its consequential battle with the forces of the intellect. But it is the heart and the head that have given the world symphonic orchestras capable of supporting art and beauty, totalitarianism, and violence. The heart and the head designed public housing complexes that owe allegiance, at best, to inhumanity.

The intellect tries to bring Alex in line with the standardization of

wealth that built the pyramids, the White House, and the now destroyed Roxy Theatre. The intellect made the first straight line and ever since then the heart has been trying to bend it, trying to crumple, spindle, and mutilate everything Big Brother says is right. And Big Brother has been speaking to mankind ever since Sinai.

Conformity is the cry of the ages. Conformity builds society and civilization. Conformity has erected every great monument, every artistic success, and every suffering mankind has known. The hope and defeat of society are synonymous. The Roc lunges forth in his rebirth because art, like man, needs to be reborn. Knowledge stullifies and defeats itself as soon as it is understood. New perceptions are as necessary as new sunrises and sunsets.

Kubrick unites what appears to be opposites. Beethoven's hope

in the Ninth Symphony is that "under the wings of joy all men will be brothers." That is a beautiful thought but really it is quite ironic. Joy is the one force that is opposed to conformity, opposed to civilization, opposed to the accepted and right. Perhaps Donne's bell tolls for a feast instead of a funeral.

"A Clockwork Orange" rings with the incongruities of humanity. The traditionally beautiful is united with the traditionally horrible, the traditionally puritanically unspeakable. "Clockwork" condemns everything its intellect is capable of achieving. The movie is caught within its own problem of creating a world it hates in order to show how hateful the world is.

Civilization offers little to the heart, and western civilization offers the very violence we are taught to abhor. The movie theatres we hate consume us. We think

we're buying the ticket to forget, to go somewhere else for two hours or so, but that is the trick we do not see. The theatre devours its viewers who are as helpless as when faced with a full bag of groceries. There is no choice but to reach into the bag. There is no choice but to buy the ticket.

Kubrick shocks, but if he didn't the movie would make no money, and the theatre would close and then there would be no place to go. What is intellectualism but recycled thought, repackaged in Warhol boxes or cans? What is a movie experience but the same show with different people.

So don't be shocked. Kubrick has done nothing that the public has not wanted him to do. Alex pays for his acts of violence, and if Alex is western civilization, one only wonders when it, too, will pay for its deeds of progress?

—John Wallace 23

# Feature Article

## TAR RIVER POETS

edited by  
Vernon Ward  
(East Carolina University, 1972)

In holding the new, eleventh issue of TAR RIVER POETS in hand, one hardly can fail to notice the fresh approach in the design of the cover. This is a striking departure from its predecessors, especially from the previous nondescript looking TRIOS. A photo of Julia Fields decorates it. Her "Mary" is full of powerful expressions and rough beauty. A robust work, written in the modern idiom, it is a realistic blend of humor, tenderness, down-to-earth emotions and tragedy. The protagonist in this poem is much more than a single, hardworking black housemaid, for she embodies many thousands of her sisters, with their suffering, longings, joy of life and vitality. The parallel and contrasting arrangement of "Dichotomy" maximizes the dramatic impact. Even this limited selection indicates that Fields has considerable talent.

Phyl Smith's "Gentle Times For You" is full of tender emotions. It is easy while reading it to become immersed in the unharassed, unregimented "Times" about which she writes. In this noise-polluted world it increases the reader's longings for "tender moments to be silent." This poem is abundant in fresh, vivid images: "Times to match our breathing

and our eyes," "when each memory makes one more pathway" and "To jump in a pile of memories." Her "I Don't Know" in a few simple words tells of the awesome feeling of being overwhelmed by another person's inner world.

Karen Ray Dawes shows the weaknesses typical of beginners, but also some promise. In "The Muse Bemused" a gloomy day matches the dearth of inspiration of the frustrated poet. Her "Pepsi Cola Song" can serve as a good example of how much the Forum is able to do for a beginning poet. This work, after various transformations made by Karen under the guidance of the members, in its present form is much more effective than the first copy was.

Some poets, especially beginners, often object to changing even one word in their "masterpiece." Whatever their personal excuses or justifications may be, the impression they create is that they judge their own work as "perfect." In world literature only a few perfect or nearly perfect poems may be found. Usually they have been written by giants of the literary world. Masterpieces are nearly always born from combination of technical skill, many years of experience, rarely occurring superb inspiration and immense creative power.

Mary Arnette's "This Was God's World" is a naively written prose in verse form. It sounds more contrived than sincere. No doubt

it is a result of intense feeling and bitterness, but these alone do not make it a poem. Donna Lowery's short poem is straightforward and beautiful. Its encouraging words have the rare quality of being meaningful to every reader.

I think Regina Kear's "The Amusement Pier At Atlantic City" is one of her best. Unfortunately the title is too prosaic and also identifies the place. A more vague title could have given this sensitive work wider scope and a more encompassing quality. Douglas McReynolds in his "Professor Nilman Spends An Evening At Home" effectively expresses the frustration and desperation in the private life of a highly educated individual: "the perfunctory kiss . . . family squabble . . . the inevitable descent. . ."

While Paula Davis's "Thor" pulsates with life and excitement, Ted Malone's "Hurricane" is a pale description of what is happening. I am certain that all the veteran members of the Forum who know well the hero of Anita Brehm's "The Party" will find it exceedingly funny. Her "My Side Of The Wall" is thought provoking.

A "media man" myself, I wish to deal in some detail with the illustrations. The pleasing effect of Ted Malone's handsome lettering on the cover is weakened by his first drawing. There is a woman's head, resembling that of Julia Fields. From her mouth little daggers are flying menacingly toward something which looks like a U.S. flag in which the swastika

replaces most of the stars. In my opinion this illustration is on a par with the worst of his products in the FOUNTAINHEAD. It lacks taste and adds not one iota to our knowledge of Field's work as it is represented in this selection. One just wonders how this substandard illustration could have passed the editor's desk.

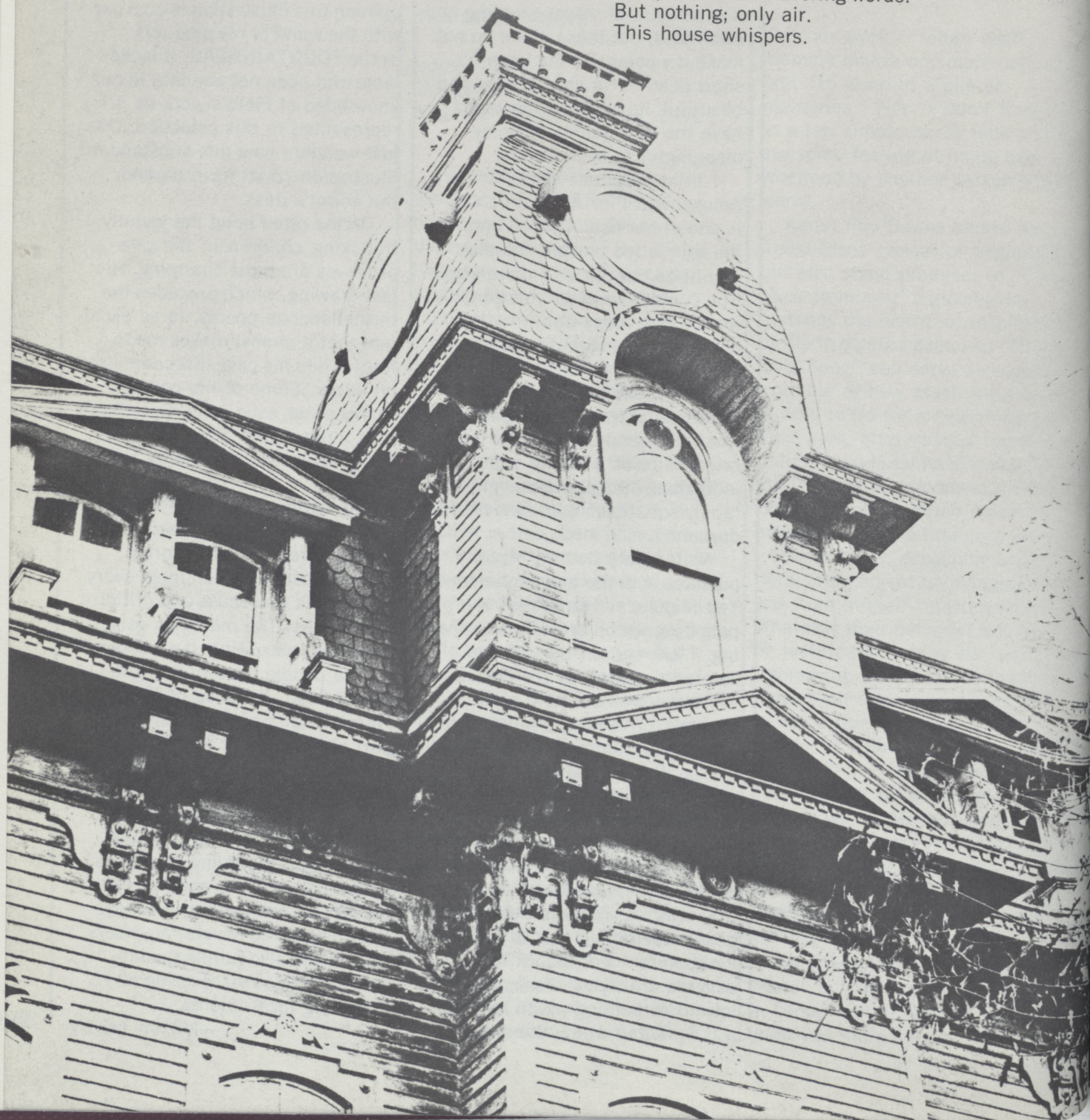
On the other hand the joyfully frolicking children in the pile of leaves are most charming. His last drawing, which precedes the miscellaneous poems, is so excellent that it almost makes me to forgive him his past sins committed on paper. Some of his poems in this issue, especially "Grandma's Last Illness" and "Kenan Stadium, Back Row" show originality and talent.

The editor of the TAR RIVER POETS is Mr. Vernon Ward, who is also Director of the Forum, the members of which meet every other week to discuss and criticize their works. The meetings vary from dull to exciting. It all depends on the people present and the poems read. Because of Mr. Ward's snail-paced leadership, part of the time at the meetings is often wasted. He is also in the habit of changing parts of some of the poems he selects for the TAR RIVER POETS, without consulting, or even notifying the poets concerned. On the positive side, his advice and suggestions have been helpful to several members. The Forum also fulfills the important task of discovering and nurturing local talents.

—Maxim Tabory

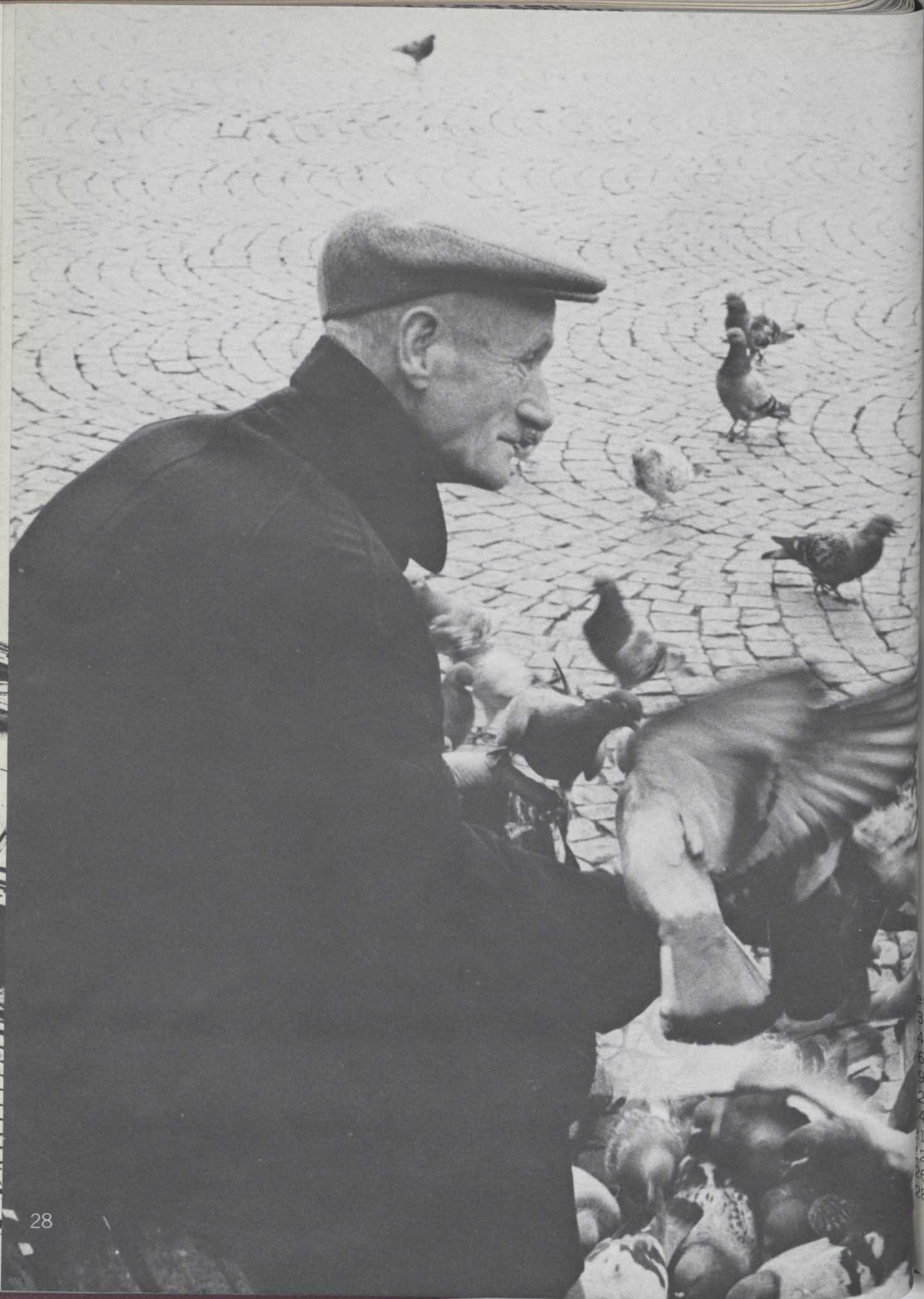
Whispers

This house whispers.  
Tonight I heard the soft, slinking sounds  
of a whispered conversation.  
Running down the halls and  
bouncing off the corners  
it found its way to my ear.  
I turned,  
In search of the lips that  
whispered those wavering words.  
But nothing; only air.  
This house whispers.



## Where is Beauty

She told me:  
"Beauty is in the eye of the beholder."  
Then she ran into the bathroom to brush her hair.



3  
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# Credits

er  
3 Bill Carrig  
4 Bill Carrig  
6 Bill Carrig  
9 Bill Carrig  
2 Ed Keeter  
4 Steve Clark  
11 Steve Clark  
12 Ed Keeter  
26 Al Dulin  
28 Bill Carrig  
Rich Griendling

