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Rebel / 81



HEAVY STAYS TOO THIN!

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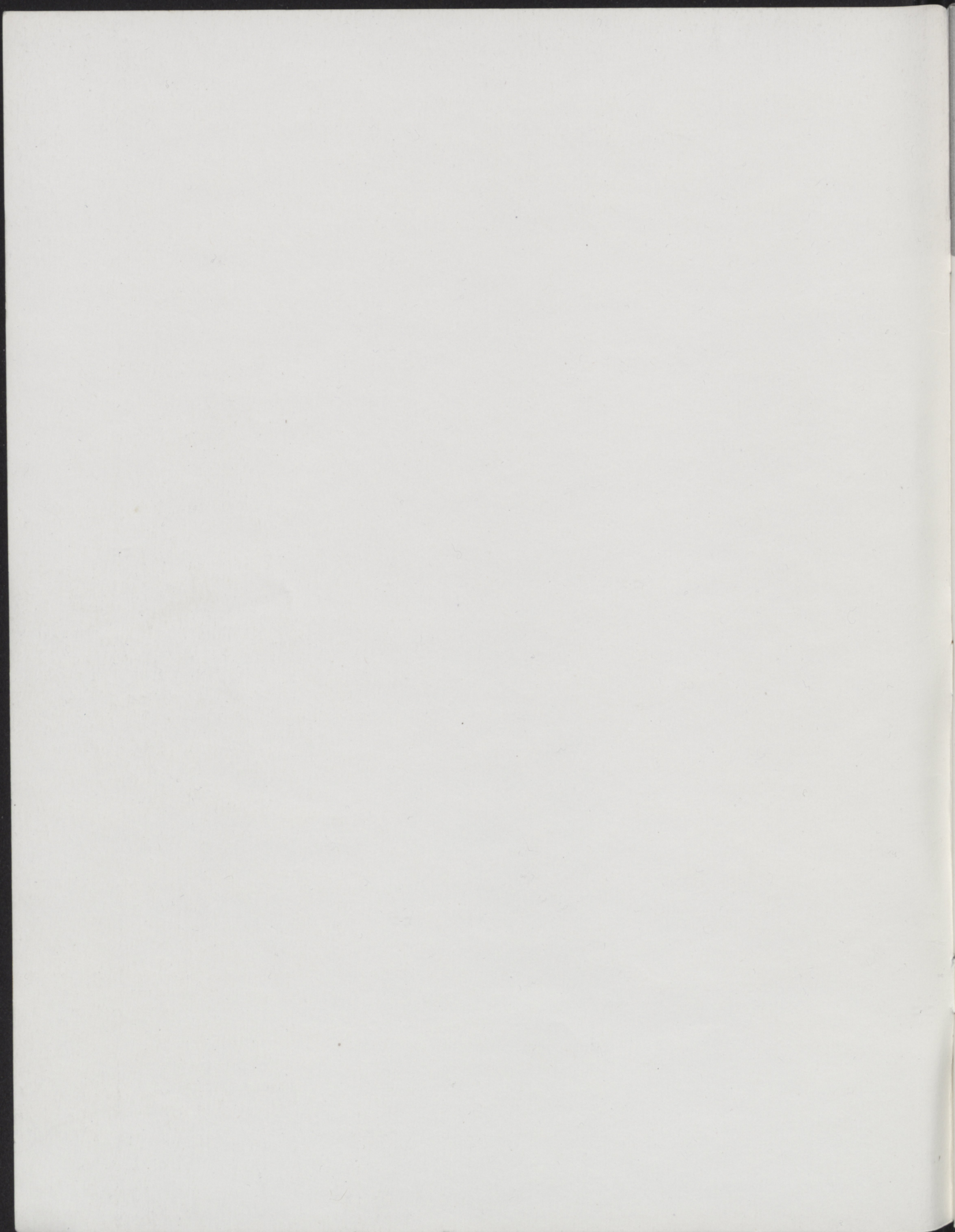


FIG # 49



Pencil

JOB # 66003



Rebel / 81

INTRODUCTION

It has been quite a while I have thoroughly enjoyed the opportunity to edit Rebel as the Rebel editor. I have always been a fan of this practical experience as one of the best teaching methods. This job certainly qualifies as an outstanding learning experience, because I will leave this job with a lot of experience. I have taken great pride in my job and I will not let it go. I have worked diligently to produce magazine that is a pleasure to read for the Rebel. And this magazine is a very important part of our art editor. I have worked hard to organize the Rebel Art Show and had a great success in planning and running the show of the magazine. The art show is a great opportunity for Greenville, North Carolina, to show and support the art community. I have worked hard to bring back the art show and I will not let it go. And we will not neglect acknowledging the art show of the Rebel Art Show and the art show of the Rebel Art Show. It is a great opportunity for Greenville, North Carolina, to show and support the art community. I have worked hard to bring back the art show and I will not let it go. And we will not neglect acknowledging the art show of the Rebel Art Show and the art show of the Rebel Art Show.





Crisp



Brinn



Midgett



Lawrence

STAFF

Editor

Kathy Crisp

Associate Editor

Angelia Brinn

Art Director

Ed Midgett

Staff Assistant

Christie Lawrence

AWARDS

Anheuser-Busch Poetry Award

Lisa Ryan

"Anomy: The Loss of Me"

Jeffreys Distributors Prose Award

Gary R. Bryant

"Kindling"

Sixth Annual Attic Art Award

Kris Gunderson

Untitled Sculpture

Editor's Award

L.K. Johnson

"To My Dad — The Colonel"

All prize money provided by **The Attic** and **Budweiser**

The Rebel is published annually by the Media Board of East Carolina University. Offices are located in the Publications Center on the ECU campus. **The Rebel** welcomes manuscripts and inquiries; however, unsolicited manuscripts unaccompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope will not be returned. Address all correspondence to **The Rebel**, Mendenhall Student Center, East Carolina University, Greenville, NC 27834. This issue is copyrighted © 1981 by **The Rebel**. All rights revert on publication to the individual artists and authors, from whom permission must be obtained to reproduce any of the materials contained in this issue. Volume 23 Number 1.

INTRODUCTION

It has been quite a year. I have thoroughly enjoyed the opportunity to serve the university as the *Rebel* editor. I have always been a believer in practical experience as one of the best teaching methods. This job certainly qualifies as an outstanding learning experience.

I will leave this office sadly, because I will sorely miss the chance to edit the magazine again. I have taken great pride in my job here and I regret that I will not be able to work on the next issue.

The staff has worked diligently to produce a magazine that continues to meet the high standards that have been established for *The Rebel*. And, this year, special recognition must be given to our art editor, Ed Midgett. Ed worked long and hard to organize the *Rebel* Art Show and has spent countless hours planning and refining this issue of the magazine.

The staff must extend appreciation to the Greenville Museum of Art for hosting the art show, and to Mary Anne Pennington, Clarence Morgan, and Michael Ehlbeck for judging the show.

Thanks also go to Cheryl Rubino for judging the poetry contest.

And, we must not neglect acknowledging the continuing support of the Media Board and the advice of financial advisor Paul Breitman.

We owe special gratitude to Tom Haines of The Attic and to Jeffreys Distributors for their sponsorship of the art show and the literary contest. Their interest in the promotion of the arts by offering awards is an invaluable asset to our publication.

In the final analysis, what is most important is your enjoyment of the magazine. We have tried very hard to make this *Rebel* the best ever. We hope you will agree.

Kathy Crisp
Editor

LITERATURE

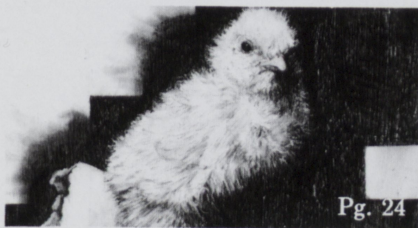
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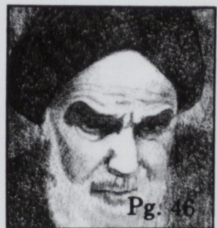
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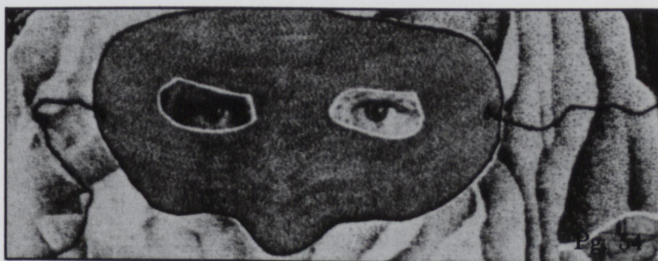
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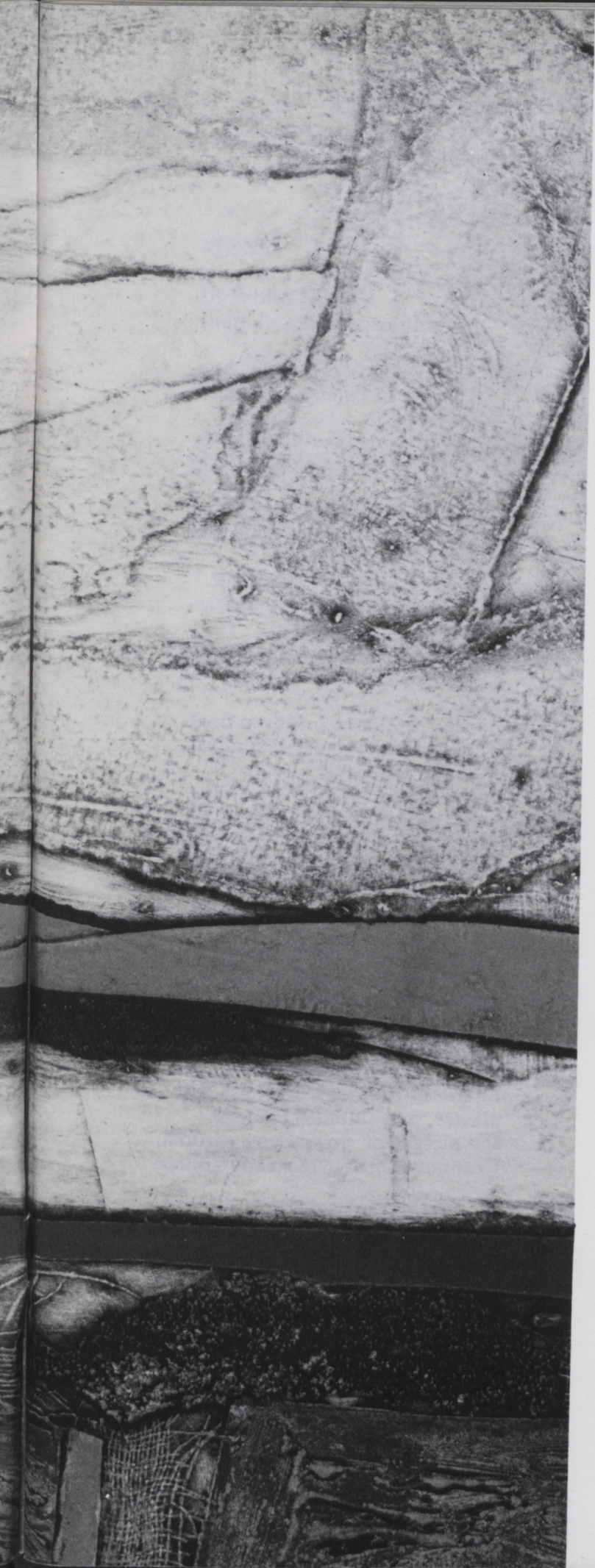
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HAIKU FOR THE CLAMS

New sun in stiff reeds
great heron jumps leaving rings
the clams will wait.

Gray skies overhead
rake teeth scraping mud, shells and
the sharp scratch I know.

I feel you here, clam
move down deep in winter —
onion bag half full.

Lunch is hard salami
and bread balled up for pinfish —
salt-stung blisters.

Small ones are sweeter
sliding the knife along the muscle
the clam pulls back.

Under leeward pines
the sound of wet stone on stone
eight-and-half cents each.

The bar down the road
my back knows each step to there
clams just get scarcer.

Michael Loderstedt

CAPTIVE

Face by face on the mirror
The reflection was maimed by florescence.
I paled in the light
And like the Cheshire Cat
Stretched into my biggest grin
And quickly disappeared —
Not fast enough
To avoid the eyes, fading and
Discerning and slipping back
Into mine . . .

Kathy Crisp

DISMISSED

My hand is on the tabletop,
apart from my body. I watch
the fingers grip this pen,
like a crab on the beach
fumbling for water.

I stare at the crack in the
plaster, once hidden behind
the picture of clowns you painted.
I cannot stand your steady smiles.

You did not wait.
The change that comes
from time and booze
came too fast. You wear
this change
like a mask.

Christie Lawrence

MENU

In White Sands
there is a messy trailer

and me. I start right
each day: a bowl of wheat

germ for breakfast
with raisins, milk,

and honey. If you visit
me for lunch

I will feed you fresh bread
with a yeasty spirit

to leaven your daily lumps.
By dinner I drink. I drink

Italian reds sometimes,
usually German whites

until my right temple throbs.
Truly, it is no miracle to turn

blood into wine.

Robert Jones

SUDDENLY SIMPLY SPRING

Spring
Sings
In color keys.
Freshets free
From Winter's claw
Flee ...
While clean trees grow
Green.
And the keepers come commanding;
Humming, buzzing, gnawing,
Branding
Every stem and stick and leaf
A pollinated feif.
Slain seeds suddenly shoot,
And the birdsongs aren't monotonous;
Yet.

Gary R. Bryant

CAPTIVE

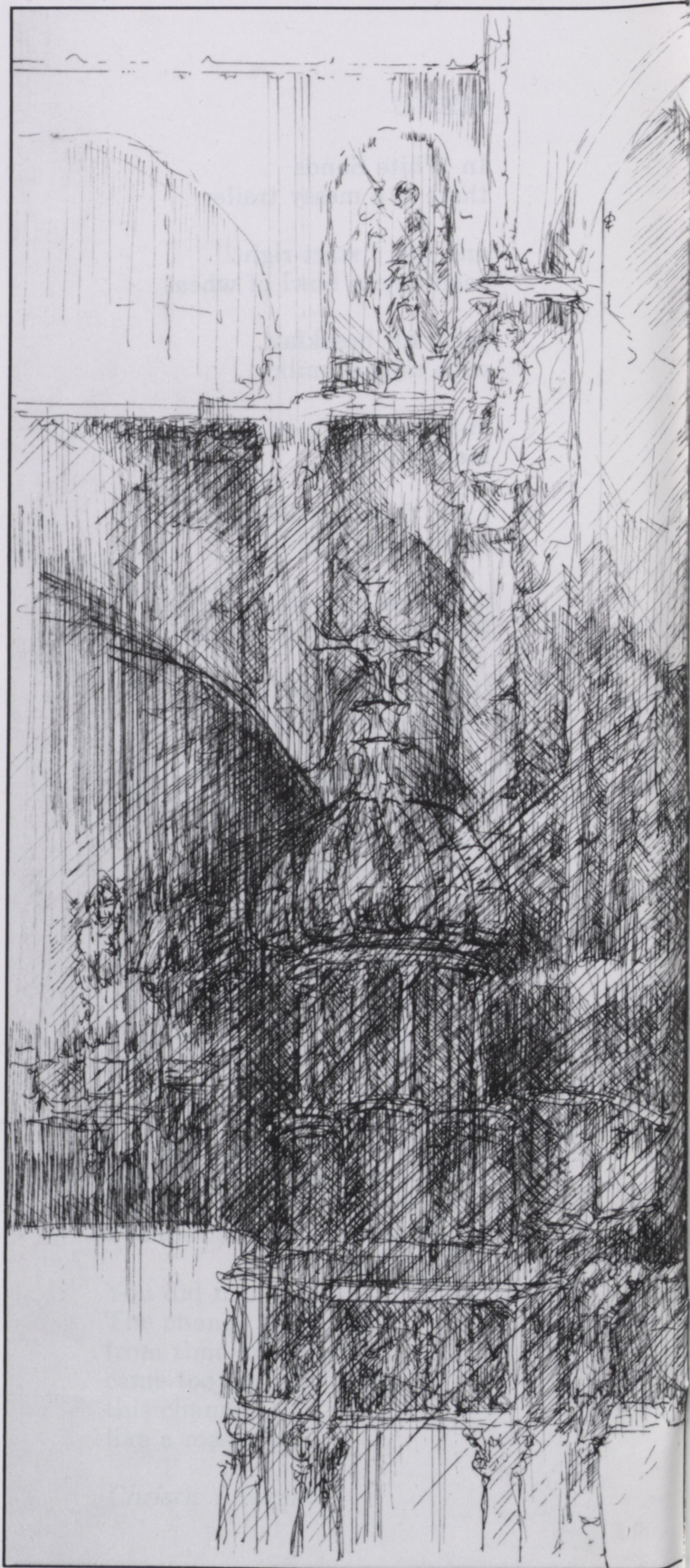
Face by face on the mirror
The reflection was mirrored by Dorothea
I peeped in the light
And like the creature that
Stretched into my biggest arm
And quickly disappeared —
Not fast enough
To avoid the very feeling and
Dismissing the slipping back
Into mine

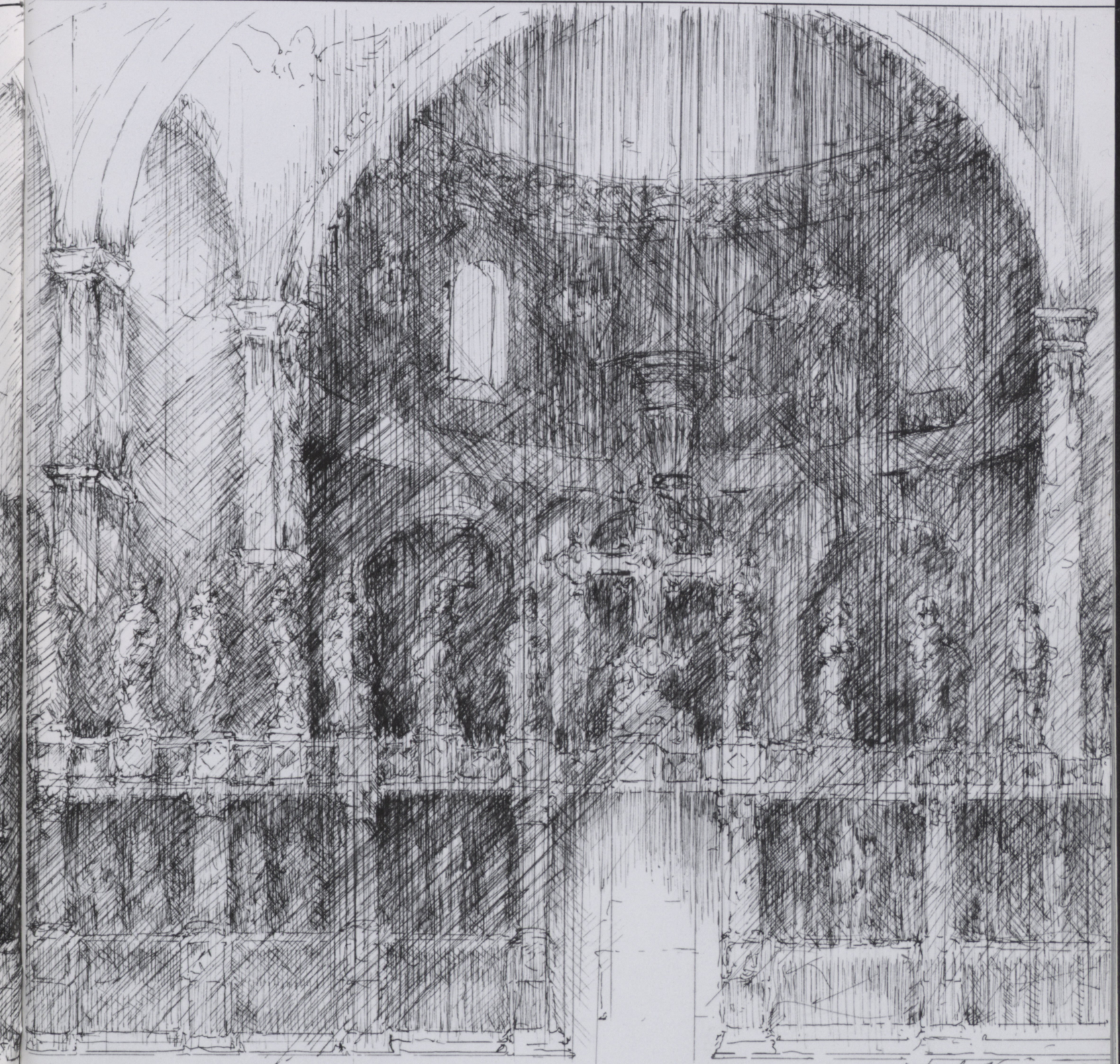
Kathy Capp

BY THE RUINS OF THE NUREMBURG WALL

Their windows face the wall
that once surrounded
the city of the German
artist Albrecht Dürer.
Their wall is the wall
of Nuremburg, sandy & sagging
like an old woman.
Their windows line the street
paved with cobblestones & men.
I can see them now,
like in a play,
speaking their lines
as if this were their
opening performance:
"Kommen sie hier bitte!
You, GI, forty mark,
forty mark!" For forty
marks the fat one in the
panties & bra in the
window is yours
for a quarter of an hour.
But the evening is slow
& the cobblestones
seldom move.
The night air makes the
stone wall stiff & cold.
The third girl down tempts
a soldier in olive-drab.
The fifth one blows
smoke rings from her bed.
Their windows face the wall
that once surrounded
the city of the German
artist Albrecht Dürer.

Roger Lell





Michael Voors 1979



KINDLING

by Gary R. Bryant

Day dawned gray, with a creeping chilly dampness that promised rain. A stray dog, cold nose against cold steel, snuffled along the railroad track outside an abandoned train depot and, coming to the urine scent of another dog, emitted a single, long howl.

The sound woke Lucas. He yawned and rolled over on the hardwood floor of the depot. Kicking away the ragged blanket that covered him, he slowly sat upright. The fog in his mind was thicker than usual and his glazed vision was slower to clear. He blinked before remembering.

The big bottle. He was accustomed to a small one. But the night before, Axton had given him a big bottle as a reward for catching the shoplifter. She was trying to slide a carton of cigarettes into her coat pocket, and right in front of him, probably thinking, it's just old Lucas: grubby, groping Lucas; he won't tell.

Lucas grunted. He hadn't wanted to tell; didn't like to tell, but there was none left in his bottle and there was no money. There was nothing; no fish or pecans or bottles to sell. There was only ten minutes to closing time, only ten minutes to find a way to get it, so he'd had to tell; had to because yesterday had been the dog biting and the dog killing and the waiting to get his hand and arm fixed and the explaining to the policeman that he didn't kill the dog for meanness. Then, there was only ten minutes left to closing time and he hadn't had any all day.

He had walked into Axton's store sweating, worried; thinking that he might not get any at all when he saw the cigarettes sliding smoothly, silently into her coat pocket.

Axton had smiled and said, "I sure do appreciate what you did, Lucas. Tell you what, why don't you get yourself a big bottle on me and go on home and have a good time."

He had taken the bottle without a grunt, without a sound, only briefly thinking, "I didn't want to do it, but I didn't have any, hadn't had any, and closing time was coming."

Now, there was still no money and only a little left in the big bottle, but there were pecans to pick up and sell and maybe fishing if it didn't rain, and he could pick up the trash on the parking lot at Axton's for a few dollars.

He fished a crumpled cigarette butt from his shirt pocket and, after carefully straightening it, lit it and coughed. The end of the room where he stood was bare and the daylight struggling through the smoke and dirty window panes collapsed at his feet, leaving him stained with shadow. Particles of dust from his stirrings languished in the feeble rays of light. He shuffled closer to the window and peered outside.

She hadn't liked it. Even when Axton told her that he wouldn't press charges, wouldn't have her arrested; she hadn't liked it. She only looked at him and Axton, seeming to say without speaking, "You'll be sorry for this, don't you know who my Daddy is, he could buy and sell this place ten times over." Looking like she had been slapped for no good reason, she had stalked through the door as though she didn't feel the stares of the others in the store, as though she didn't know or care that her name would still be on their lips the next morning.

And he hadn't wanted to tell, might not have told if he had looked closer; might have risked a night without any if he had seen before telling that it was Sutler's daughter. But he had needed it and Axton had given it to him in the big bottle instead of the little one that he usually bought; as though Axton figured that it was the least he could do; figured that a big bottle might be some refuge from what Lucas faced now because he had needed it and taken it, even though it was Sutler's daughter who had paid for it.

Lucas flicked the cigarette to the floor and stamped it out. He knew that Sutler knew about the pecans, knew who it was who slid down the creek in a canoe and crawled up the bank to the fence bordering the long rows of pecan trees, knew who it was who carried off sometimes thirty or forty pounds and sold them to the supermarket, knew, too, who would sometimes take a chicken that had strayed too far from the coop; knew that the only man to see the smoke that day six years ago, smelling it before seeing it because he was half drunk fishing on the creek bank, the man who had reported the fire to the volunteers and so saved most of Sutler's house and his sleeping daughter, was taking his reward in his own way after refusing the money Sutler had offered him.

So Sutler had said nothing to Lucas for four years, had done nothing, had pretended not to see him the times he stumbled upon him lying drunk

on the creek bank with a cane pole, a burlap bag filled with pecans, and a pile of chicken bones scattered around a smoldering fire. But the fifth year, Sutler began to watch the pecan grove more carefully. He had a new steel wire fence erected around the chicken coop and let it be known in town that he thought someone had been stealing his chickens; as though by that he was warning Lucas properly that he felt the debt had been paid, as though he was giving Lucas the chance to acknowledge the payment without having to be told.

Now, there was no gratitude left. There was only the shotgun carried over the shoulder and the scowl and the promise to "get that god-damned wino who's been stealing me blind the last six years."

And for Lucas, there was only a little left in the big bottle that Sutler's daughter had paid for with her name the night before. Lucas grunted as the image of Sutler's menacing glare dissolved and was replaced by the gleaming bottle on the window sill. The bottle cap rattled when it hit the floor, and the wine sloshed gently against the sides of the bottle as he drank in long, slow swallows. When he finished, he ambled to the wall opposite the window and placed the empty bottle at the head of a row of smaller duplicates. He shuffled back to the window and scratched the week-old stubble on his chin.

Sutler would know by now how his daughter had bought a bottle of wine for the man who had refused his money, the man who wouldn't be bought into silence. Would know and would swear to use his gun the next time instead of merely shooting over the head of the half-drunk, half-crazy man coaxing a stubborn fire with a dead chicken lying on the ground beside him; the man who had saved Sutler's house and little girl six years earlier when Sutler was two miles away in a dirty bedroom with that same half-drunk, half-crazy man's wife. Would think, "I wasn't the only one, and what did the bastard expect anyway, drinking and staying away all the time. A woman like her was going to have a man and I wasn't the only one, but I'm the only one paying. Six years of hearing the talks and whispers behind my back; six years of wondering if it was God or the devil tipping his hat and laughing at me with a bag of pecans and a dead chicken in his hands; and now, shaming my daughter and getting a bottle for it."

Lucas smiled as he thought of Sutler sliding the shells into his gun, but the smile wavered and disappeared as the thought of Sutler's gun was replaced by the image of two prone figures sweating and groaning in the hot dry shadows of a summer evening; Sutler, grunting with surprise when the fire alarm went off so that he almost stopped. But Lucas imagined she was urgent, quickly saying, "No, no, don't stop now, it's probably just a tobacco barn, don't stop now," and Sutler continued while she murmured "yes, yes."

The ones in the store who had seen Lucas turn in Sutler's daughter would think that he had done it out of spite, at least the ones who knew about Lucas' wife and Sutler; the ones who had never been told where Sutler had been that day six years before but had guessed correctly just the same; would think that even though he was a drunk, Lucas was still pretty damned quick and had seen the chance to get at Sutler and had taken it; when all that he had really seen was a warm bottle of wine in the carton of cigarettes sliding into a coat pocket because he had nothing and closing time was soon.

Lucas' smile returned and broadened as he stepped outside and closed the door of the railroad shack. It was the kind of day that he liked; the kind of day that made it harder for Sutler to see him under the trees.

The cool mist had turned into a cold drizzle when Lucas steered the canoe into the creek bank and tied the anchor rope around a rotting tree trunk. He wiped the moisture from his eyelids and blew away the beads of water on the end of his nose. Shivering, he hurried to a clump of trees that concealed the path up the creek bank to the higher ground of the pecan grove. There would be no fishing today. Too cold. And no picking up trash for a tight two or three dollars either, not when he could get ten dollars for a good bag of pecans and maybe grab a chicken for supper as well. But he would have to be quick, because Sutler would know by now that he had caught his daughter stealing and had gotten a bottle for it.

Sutler would lay for him harder than ever now, thinking, "This time he's gone too far; I won't pay any more; I've already paid too much and now my daughter. He must have known she was my daughter and him, lower than the dirt on her shoes, turning her in. It's too much to pay, too much of what I've worked twenty-five years to

... he ambled to the wall opposite the window and placed the empty bottle at the head of a row of smaller duplicates



get. I wasn't the only one to lie with that whore of a wife of his. He must have known that I wasn't the only one; she was giving it away. All a man had to do was ask and I wasn't the only one asking."

The mud was cold and the fence rail knocked his hat off when Lucas slid under it and into the grove. He didn't bother to brush the mud off his clothes and after he put his hat back on, he reached under the fence for the sack he had brought with him and retreated to the sanctuary of a nearby tree.

Sutler watched the crouching, ghost-like figure from his perch in a tree a hundred feet away. Watched and smirked when the figure began to move slowly from tree to tree, scooping the fallen pecans from the ground with practiced dexterity and dropping them into the bag. Watched and waited patiently, studying the wraith of a man, the living proof of Sutler's shame, coming closer. Watched and studied like a complacent spider waiting for an approaching, unknowing fly. Studied and allowed the smirk to creep into a leer of triumph in knowing that he had finally been there before Lucas and had guessed correctly from which hole he would emerge; leered longer in knowing that by killing Lucas this way, as a thief, he would kill, too, the stories and looks and whispers that had followed him for so long.

Sutler shifted his weight and balanced himself in a new position without sound or wasted motion, as though his early years as a treetopper for the lumber yard were not early years at all, as

though it was only yesterday he had walked into the foreman's office at the pulp mill and said, "You're going to need somebody to cut that timber you bought from me and my Pay, and I'm your man. I know every inch of that piece of land like the back of my hand and it would save you a lot of trouble."

Five years later he had made enough money to buy his own farm, and after five more years his farm had bought him a wife, a house and a daughter. Now, he was in the treetops again, as though the trees, which had provided him with the means to gain all that he had might now provide him with the means to rid himself of the man who was threatening to take it all away — the man who was asking too much, expecting too much, taking advantage of one who had done nothing that half a dozen men hadn't already done after Lucas had taken to drinking harder than ever. She wasn't too choosy about the company she was keeping when he was gone. Sutler wasn't the only one to hear that Lucas' job had quit him; it had only been holding him loose and half drunk for years, and it finally quit him completely when the new equipment was put in at the pulp mill.

But Sutler was the only one who had paid, the only one obligated to the shadow scooping around the trees below, obligated because that shadow was the one who had called out the volunteers to save that which Sutler was thinking last of when the alarm had sounded.

It wasn't a matter of begrudging Lucas the pecans or chickens he had taken over the years. They were little enough payment for saving the house and his girl. It was Lucas' eyes and his swagger; it was the looks and whispers that had become unbearable. And now he would have to see his daughter's shame reflected along with his own in those eyes. Lucas, who meant nothing, had nothing, and now moved more like a spirit than a man, scooping from the ground, grunting and groaning like the dead come back to life. Lucas: the only flaw in the image that Sutler proudly presented to the community, the only errant brushstroke in the twenty-five year painting of Sutler. Now that stroke would be erased with the flick of a trigger finger.

Lucas sensed the click of the shotgun hammer before he heard it. Sensed it ripple up his spine and grip him with what it was and what it meant.

He didn't look up immediately, but continued to study the ground in front of him. He allowed his gaze to creep to the roots of the tree before struggling past the gnarled bark to the branches above.

Sutler waited until Lucas' eyes met his before pulling back the hammer of the second barrel. Lucas jerked fully erect at the second sound. As Sutler raised the gun and sighted, he glimpsed the shadowy faces of the townspeople leering at him in the mist behind Lucas, daring him to pull the trigger. He blinked and the faces vanished.

Lucas had not moved. A gust of wind brought a shower of leaves and prompted the flight of a flock of roosting birds. Sutler blinked again. He wanted to pull the trigger, wanted to empty both barrels of the shotgun into the man-wisp floating before him, wanted to tell his daughter that he had taken care of things, to soothe her who had said, "It was awful, Daddy. That dirty man putting his hand in my pocket and saying, 'Axton, maybe you ought to take a look in here,' and me standing there with all of them watching me. I was going to pay for them, Daddy, I just forgot I had them in there, that's all, Daddy, I just forgot." Sutler wanted to shoot, wishing that the man-figure below him would not bleed, would not crumple, would not collapse and stain the wet brown leaves with blood that was mostly red wine, but would instead disappear like a dream upon waking, and he would be six years younger.

Still Lucas did not move, even when he spoke. His words didn't seem to come from his lips, as though they needed no source, but pervaded the air.

"Well? You going to or not?"

Sutler knew that he wouldn't, couldn't answer. He knew that if he could suspend time around them he would never be able to either shoot or take the gun from his shoulder; knew that he had come as far as he could and now could not go back. The finger on the trigger was no longer his and Lucas knew it, but without gloating or guile. Sutler watched, the gun still trained on the spot where Lucas had stood, as Lucas shouldered the burlap bag, slid under the fence, and disappeared.

Lucas was entering Axton's store, still holding the money he had gotten from selling the pecans, when the fire alarm went off. He only paused a moment when he heard Sutler's name mentioned with the smoke and flames and "How much do you reckon that house is worth?" ■



Donald Sexauer

COMATOSE KAMIKAZE

He dreams of plunging his weary
flak-ridden dive bomber full speed
into the steel gray bridge
of the approaching aircraft carrier.

Alone in an American hospital room,
needle in arm,
clear plastic tube
& bottle of plasma — O Positive.
The tilted bottle
drips slow drops of saki
into his kamikaze veins.

Angry voices straff the hospital
window from the parking lot below.
Sunlight bursts into the room
like exploding anti-aircraft flak.

Body rigid, eyes glazed,
fixed straight ahead.
Kamikaze in flight.

The nurse on duty
draws a thermometer from
his lips.
Terrifying screams
flood the hospital.
A broken thermometer lies crushed
on the floor.
He smiles.
KAMIKAZE. DIVINE WIND.

A silent breeze flows
out the window.

Roger Lell



ANOMY: THE LOSS OF ME

I try to get old.

Wear all leather shoes,
promise a heel, putting
toes in the war zone
but newsprint on elbow
cancels me out. I smear
and blend.

Like angina down the arm
from the finger out to aura
the centuries live in me.

Poster paper made my living room
tan impressions growing brown —

then Renoir, rolled and rubberbanded,
ended thumbtacked on my plasterboard,
dripped on my baseboard.

Degas' dancers
never pointe
just bend and bend.

(Churning
toting watching madonnas
with red earthenware.

Welp and feign and dream.

I know Magdalenes
live upstairs.
The women. The women
run by. I try
to get older,
even knowing nunneries, I try.)

I am dictated after frenzy:
No more hands in abstraction.
Today define your pupil nicely
in the eye. Forget du Lac.
You never knew the moors.

Root clippings in wine.
Punch rising bread.
Arrange magazines
and The Book of Job
illustrated by Blake.
Vacuum. Translate little
princes.

(Get afraid to let up;
the shades and the plants
turn yellow, skin sallow. Now
as then.)

I am dictated:
Promise poetry. Fight off
all uterine urges, the desire
to be single celled. Try.

Try to get old.

Lisa Ryan



THE LEFT OVER LILLY

(To Margaret Crutchfield)

When I've gone through a thousand synthetics
 Packed my bags like a vagabond
 A gambler Vegas bound, pale tweeds
 And the spare jeans
 That quip my poverty
 (And how I love leaving anyplace)

When I pluck a daisy
 Up from a corner crack
 Like a fiver
 And think "they know I womanize
 They know I'm a writer"
 Or better yet
 That I could be bound for Siberia
 Outlays of early winter
 And without any chapstick
 Illegal immigrant dissident
 Cornerstone of the new Faith
 New movement
 New new new clean sweep of the world

When the speed of rapid transit
 An eastbound bus
 Makes brush like flowers
 Or else just as much
 An edible leaf
 And I kick up my feet
 And prowl the aisle with my eyes
 Looking for suckers
 As much as the misguided wayfarer

When I rip off the windbreaker
 Button and thread
 Playing the part of a carnivore
 And looking like a frog licking flies

You seed the frostbitten earth
 In the back of my mind
 I know there's a lilly
 Somewhere

Sam Silva



SPECTOR
and
SKELETONS

TILT

by Hal J. Daniel

"Come in, sit down and wait a second. Okay, you're Ms. Lilley, right?" Professor Carroll remembered his old friend Russell as he gestured Ms. Lilley to the seat next to his filing cabinets.

"They burn out," Russell had asserted. "You don't see many still at it past 45. Having to creatively persuade a jury all the time burns 'em right out! You just can't do trails forever. Have to go to corporate law or some such before your wires cross."

Russell never made it to corporate law.

Ms. Lilley put her new gray flanneled ass pertly in the chair, right on top of David's philosophy class exams. It really didn't seem to make any difference, and her delicate perching enabled him to conjure up some nice imagery of gray flanneled asses on top of Descartes.

"Dr. Carroll," she purred, "I just don't understand Capra's new 'bootstrap physics.' Do you have the time to explain it to me?"

David sighed at her frettings and clipped, "Look at this skeleton and my son's erector set

for a moment, Ms. Lilley." David's seven-year-old son had recently used his father's office table as a launch pad for his latest intergalactic creation — a spaceship rabbit.

David knew he could finish pinballing his thoughts while she gazed at the hanging bones and his son's futuristic lagomorph. The fifth and final ball slipped through his mind's flipper, waiting for another quarter and button press.

"Okay, Ms. Lilley," David brayed, "Can you see how the wind would blow through the erector set and skeleton differently?"

"The wind," she hebephrenically pondered, "Oh, yes . . . oh, yes, the wind. I understand."

"Okay, then imagine the bones and steel are matter; the wind anti-matter. Are you with me Ms. Lilley?"

"Yes sir, I think so."

"Now, Ms. Lilley, imagine the wind is a soul; the erector set is one brain and, 'Boney Benny' there a different brain. Can you see that both of these 'brains' have spaces between their structures and structures between their spaces? You can also see that both the spaces and the structures in each are different. Can't you, Ms. Lilley? Please see that?"

David watched Ms. Lilley's eyes. "All right then, if you like, Ms. Lilley, the soul, the spirit, ESP, clairvoyance, and whatever else old physics and psychology can't quantify; these are the upwellings of the 'new physics.'"

David noticed the claw-like supination of his right hand when he said 'upwellings.' He remembered Peter Sellers' portrayal of Dr. Strangelove.

"Those non-quantifiables, Ms. Lilley, move through brains like the wind moves through skeletons or erector sets. Eastern philosophy has been correct all the time."

"Oh, hello Frances." Ms. Lilley smiled to the high-heeled nursing student that calvin-kleined around the hall. "I'll be right there. Thanks, Dr. Carroll, you helped me a lot."

"Good day, Ms. Lilley." David dropped another quarter into the slot as he listened to Ms. Lilley's clogs doppler down the hall.

"Frances, I'm changing my major."

Ms. Lilley's fading words were the final five David heard as a professor.

Tilt. ■

PARING

A thin red line swells
Across my hand where the knife
Split my skin, exposing

You —
Hands cracked and bloody
As you stood in the cold

By the old wringer washer
Silently, as the wind tugged your hair.
I watched from inside,

Until just now as
The air rushed in and
I wonder

If there will be a scar.

Kathy Crisp

AFTER OCTOBER'S GIFT

What but brief days ago
Filled to every branch's brim
Like bright birds
Chorus in colors
Today lies on walks and lawns
In dark stains and pools
As if the aftermath of massacre
Rather than this customary catastrophe
Of the Fall.

My children used to ask me:
"Daddy, why does Christmas morning
Ever have to end?"
If only I knew to tell them.
For the answer must be somewhere
In what the rain murmurs only to itself
As it rips the last leafy wrapping
From October's gift.

Ernest Marshall

THE SECRET

Aunt Jane kept a secret
all her life
laced around her neck
like a silver cross,
but it wasn't God.

Her poems came
bound together like rare pale birds
half-crazed from their trip
in the rambling boxcar
that was Aunt Jane's mind.

And although they didn't attend
her funeral,
they must have overheard
Uncle John in the bedroom crying
imploring her to come down
and whisper him
the secret.

He cut her down instead
with a carving knife,
and she slipped through his grasp
to the floor (much as she had
evaded him for twenty years.)

The secret was safe,
and the pale birds flew clear.

Sometimes in that abandoned part
of night when lunatics and
lovers peer out at the moon,
I lie still and listen
to Aunt Jane's words

fluttering together
like songbirds,
endlessly rehearsing the calm
seductive melody of death.

Don Ball

GAYLA

From gate five, emerging rapidly,
Black rabbit and boots,
Brown curls.
Closer now
Gayla
Airport reunion,
Electric embrace.
How was the flight?
Got drunk with the co-pilot in Atlanta.
Come with me
To the burgundy Mercedes
At Fleet Street's end.
Steak and mushrooms,
One candle, maybe two
I think I love you.
But it's much too soon.

Gary Patterson

CHICKEN PICKIN'

Plans seem to run themselves out
These days
Like dying hens
Lose their heads
Lie down
Squirt blood not
Stopped by the esophagus
Wait breathlessly

And someone else
Will pick them up
and pluck them
And eat them

Leaving behind
Thin bones

Sam Silva

Purple head

by Hal J. Daniel

He cost me \$6.25. At 25¢ a shot it took me 26 times to put that ballooned excuse for a basketball through the Mid-South Fair's rip off hoop. But, I was determined to win that little purple chicken.

I think it was the purple that did it. Yes. That was it. He was the only lavender puff in a box full of reds, greens, and yellows.

I was eight and worried that the little purple chick would get trampled like some of his biddy buddies. I counted seventeen in the wire cage that were dead from the zebra August Memphis heat. His home was a Biafra of baby chicks.

But, I got him. Swish, on the 26th shot, that biddy of pupura was mine!

I cupped him home; all the way from the fairgrounds to 2946 Garden Lane. It was a long three mile journey as big-boy baseball games, the Memphis Belle, and the Chickasaw Garden Lake all had their distractable magic. But I kept crossed eyes on my chicken.

I put him in my backyard. Immediately, he caught and ate fast bugs. His feet grew feathers, his wings turned white, but his head stayed purple with a red comb: an iris in the snow named "Purple Head."

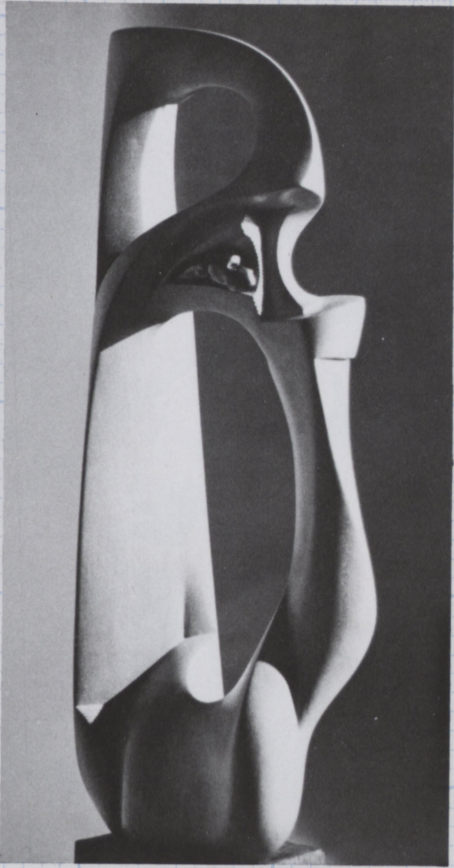
He followed me everywhere. It made perfect sense to me that he did so. The older people in the neighborhood laughed at us. I didn't understand why. But they laughed and laughed and said, "Here comes Jeff and Purple Head."

They gave me crackers. Purple Head was indignant. East Memphians in 1950 didn't serve fast bugs, especially to uppity purple headed chickens.

I always left full, Purple Head still indignant. On the way home I could hear Purple Head cluck fast bug success stories as we satiatedly sauntered along.

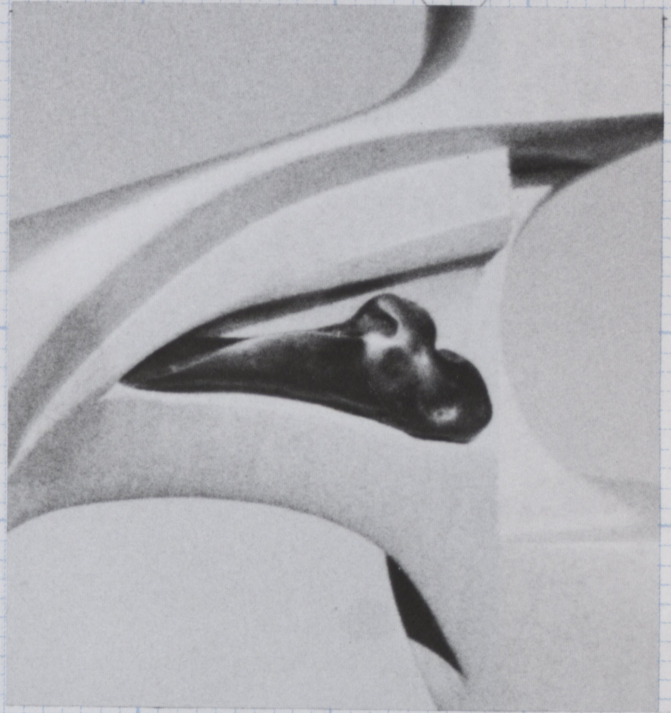
Two loyal years later, Purple Head died. I buried him next to my English bulldog's grave. I remember my last look at Purple Head. His eyes matched his head; his feet were yellow razors. His comb was a Gulf Coast boiled shrimp and his beak a perfect candy corn.

I put him down. But not forever. ■

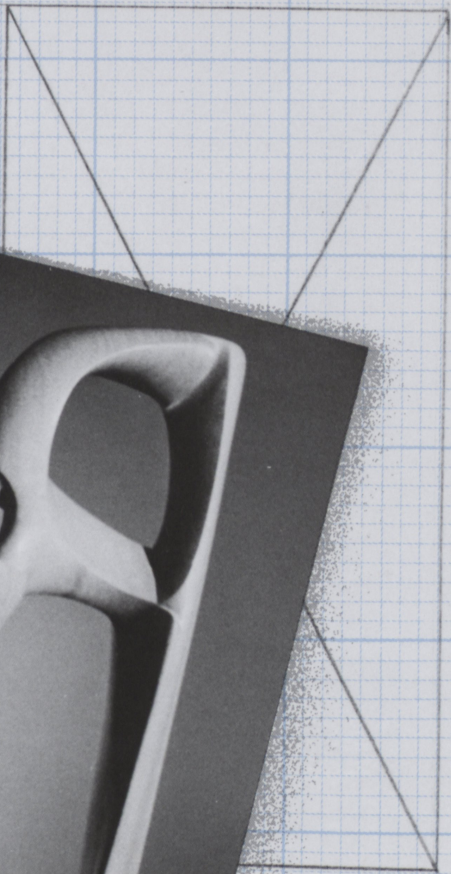


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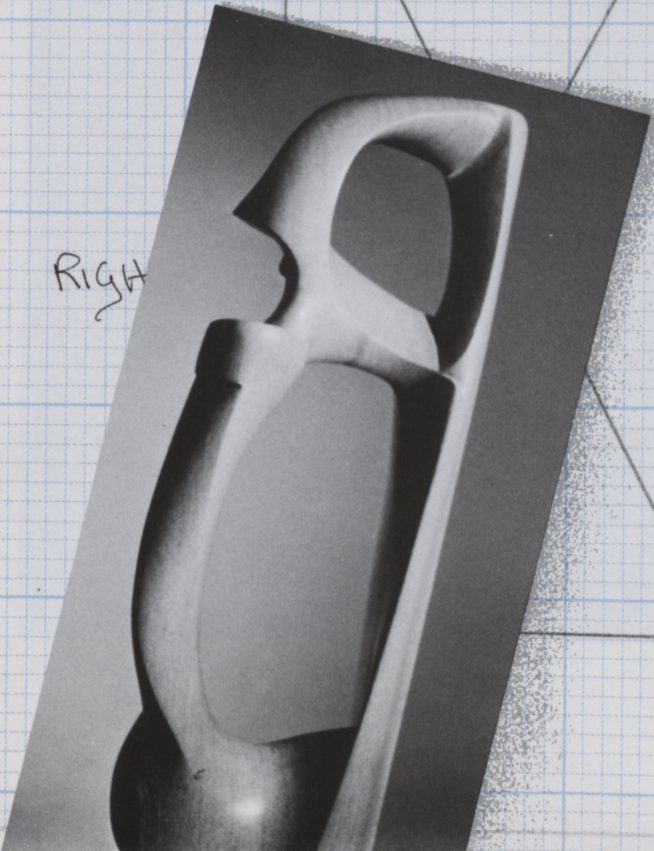
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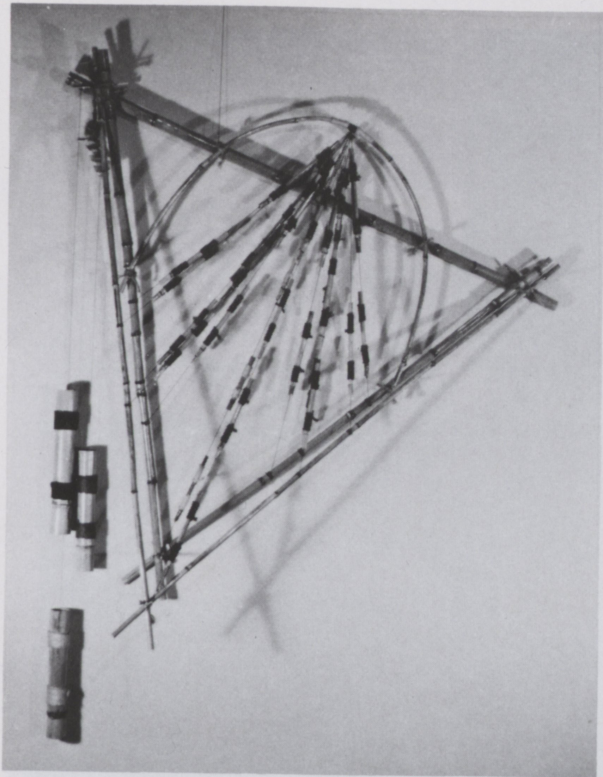


SCULPTURE BY KRIS GUNDERSON



Right





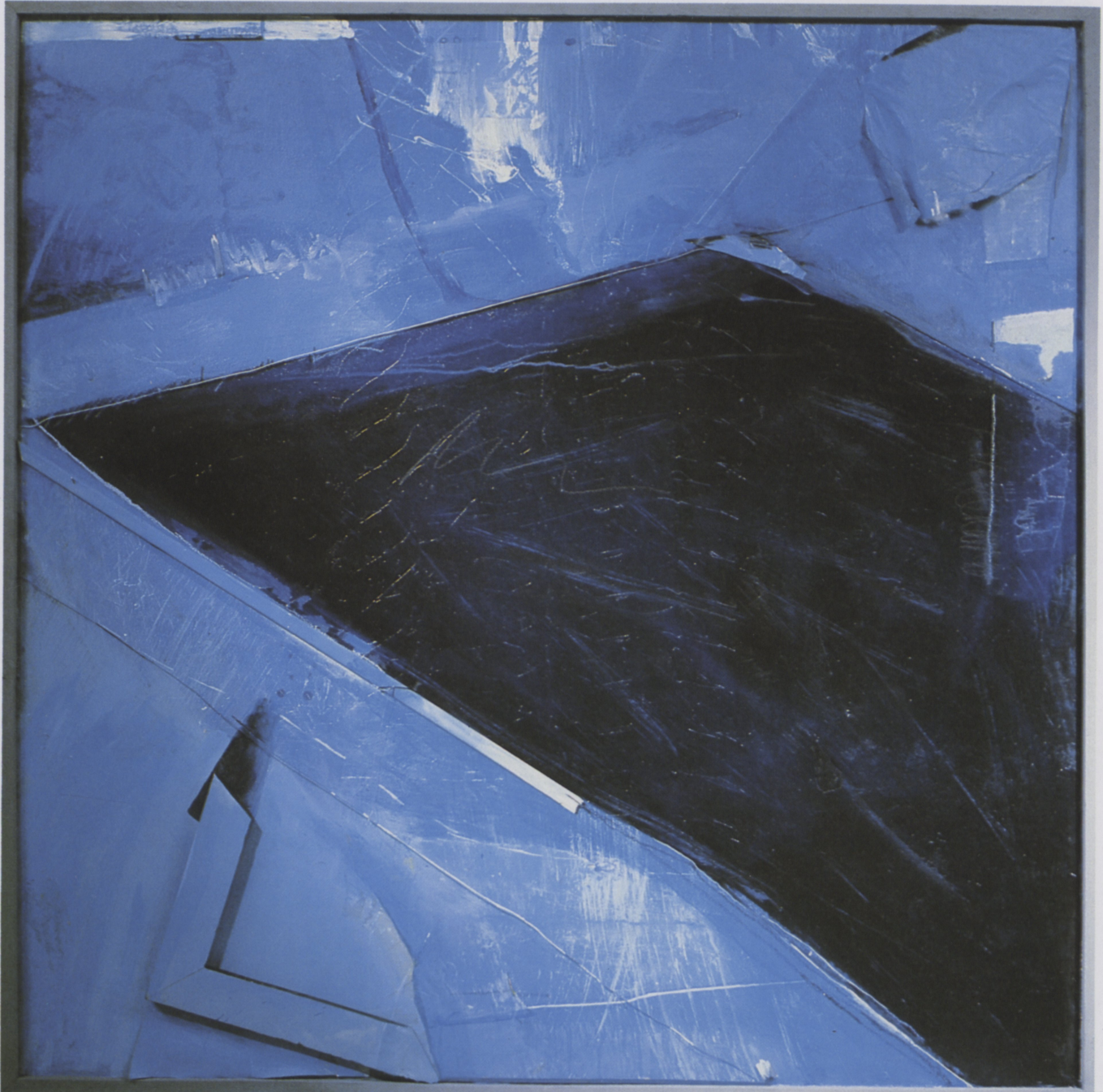
Tom Grubb



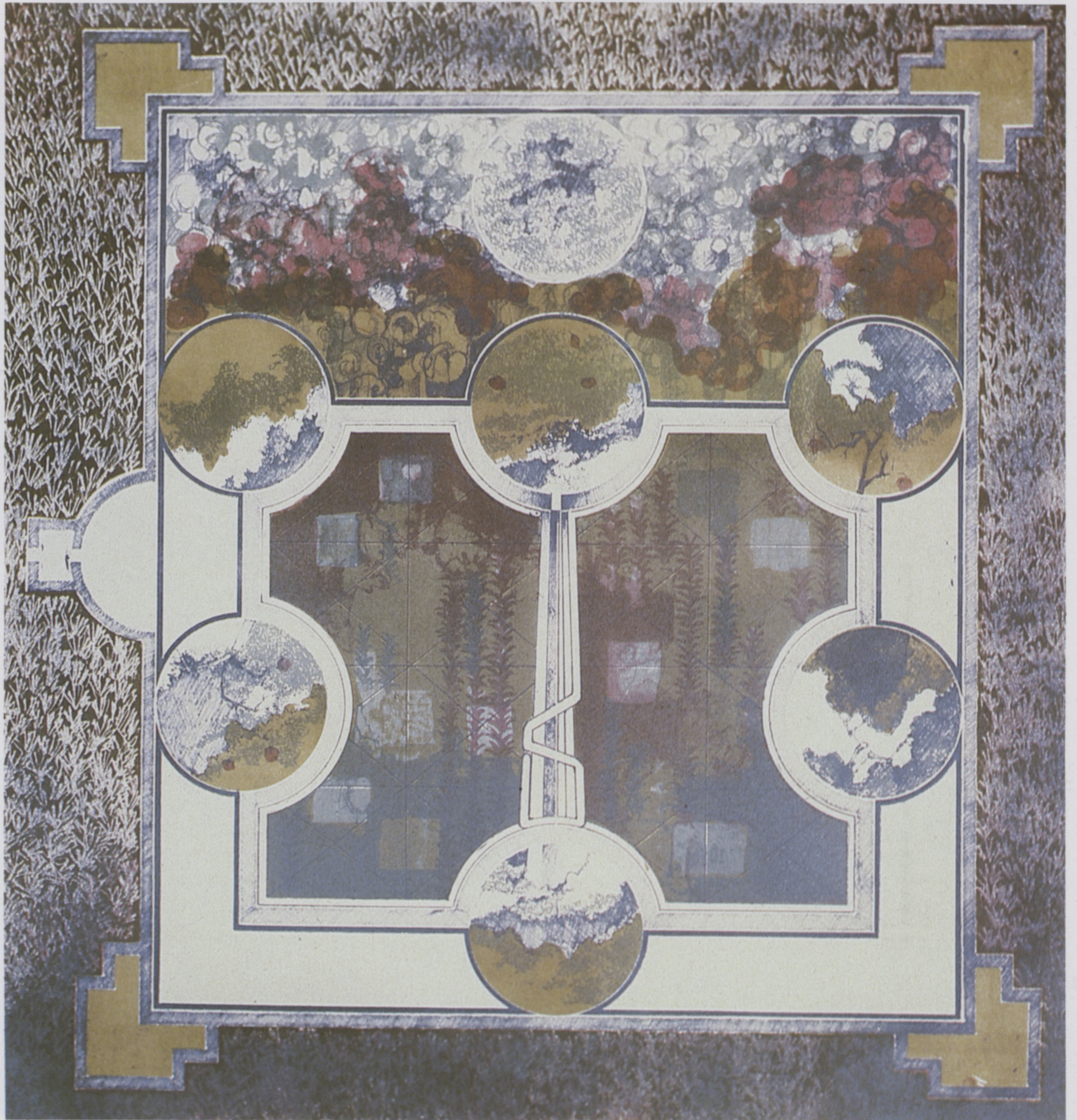
Robert Dick



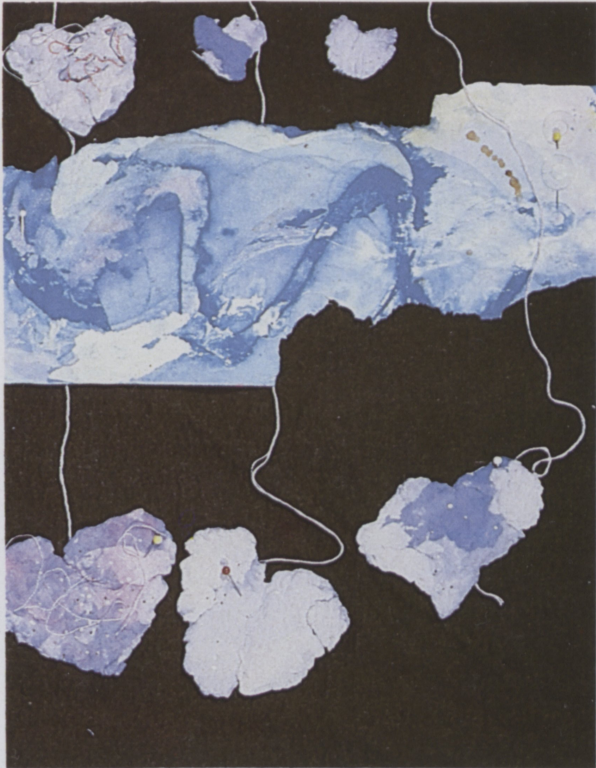
Roxanne Reep



Jim Jacobs



Maria McLaughlin



Kathy Sholar



Susan Ward



Gary Hinnant



Ed Midgett



Rochele Roland



Henry Stindt



Bob Rasch



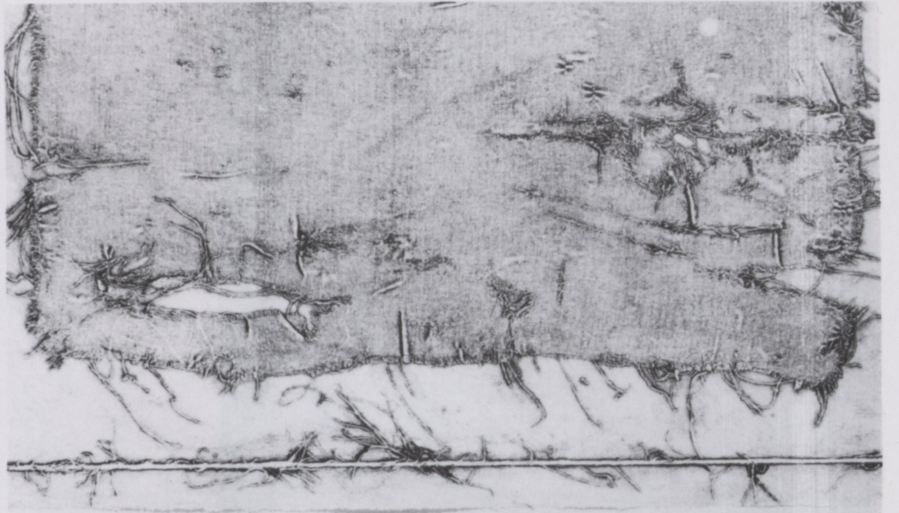
Laura Jackson



Bette Bates

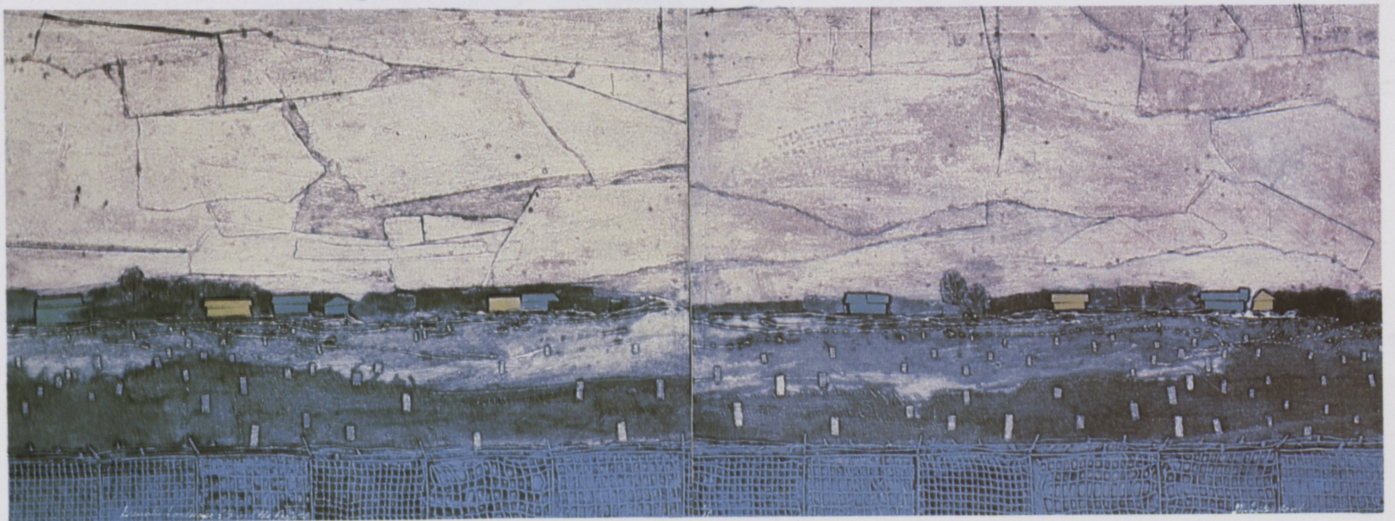


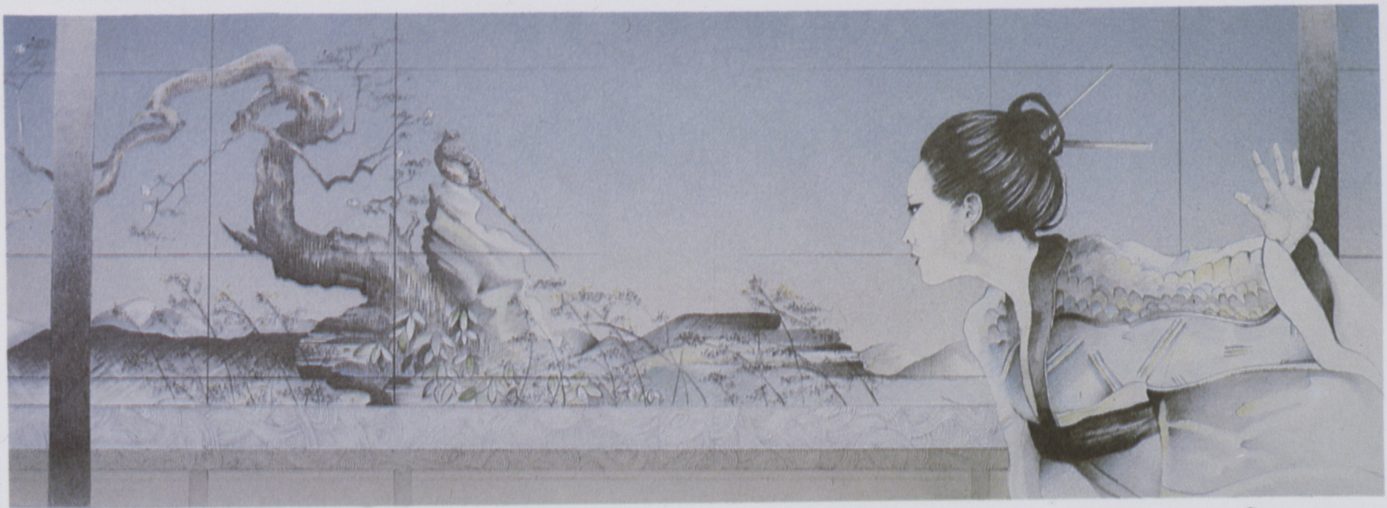
Betsy Ross



Ray Elmore

Michael Loderstedt





Stacy Heller



M.A. Hutto



The ineffableness of Woman



My intention is to establish a condition — this in a relatively short period of time, avoiding the inconsequential while denying embellishment. With no set goal in mind, a “condition” of a sort usually surfaces. Is it an elegance, a sensuousness, a spirituality, a gesture or simply an attitude — I cannot say.

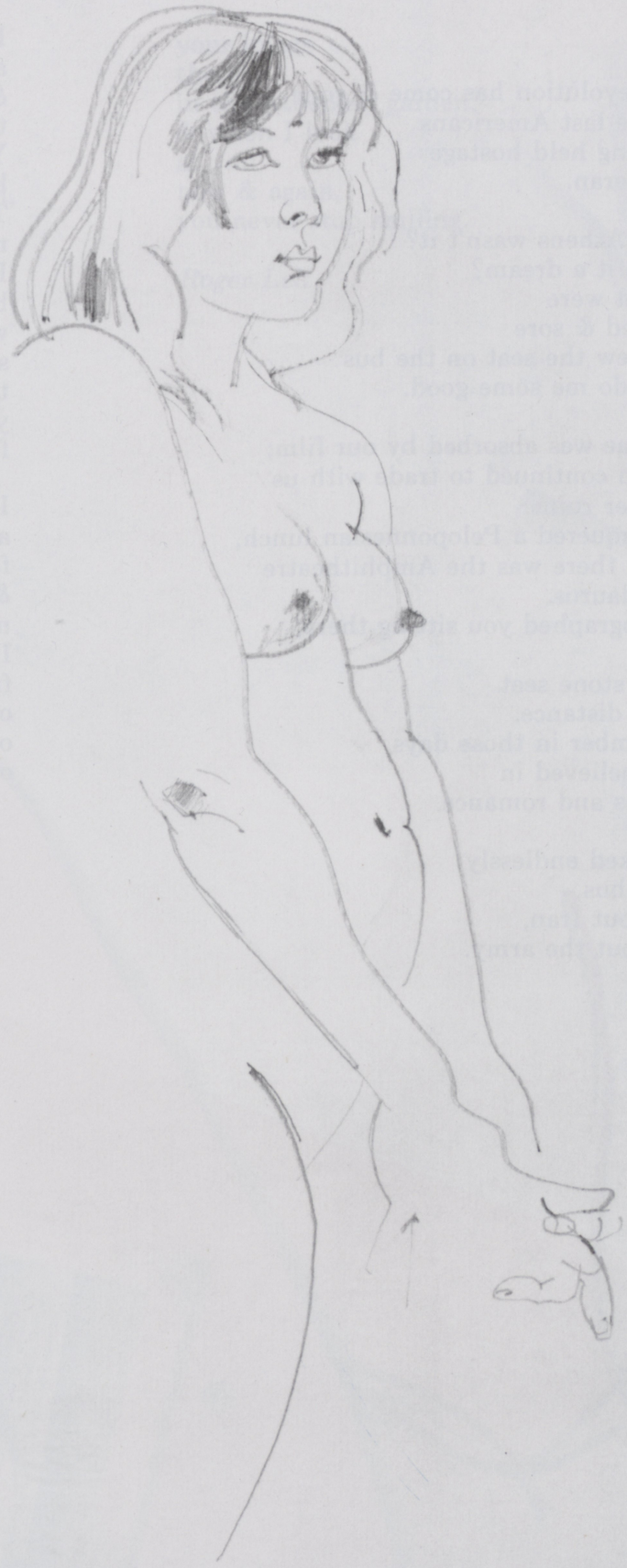
Ed Reep



Letter to Sylvia Plath

Late the August night
I appeared
the lights
Your body was warm
but the night was young
I am not sure which
I still remember your smile
as you boarded the bus
for the airport
A while you were in the air
millions of patterns
I am not sure which
from deep inside me
out of the walls
of my eyes
into my bed of rain

Ruth



The revolution has come
and the last American
is being held hostage
It was a dream
My last year
I knew the seat on the bus
I will do me some good
I have been shocked by the film
Cynthia continued to read
I am not sure
We considered a Pollock
I then there was the
I photographed you
on the stone seat
from a distance
I remember in those
I still believed in
mister and roman
We talked endlessly
on the bus
you about the
I about the arm

Letter to Jilla Ghardai

Jilla,

The Revolution has come & gone
and the last Americans
are being held hostage
in Teheran.

It was Athens wasn't it?
Or was it a dream?
My feet were
blistered & sore
& I knew the seat on the bus
would do me some good.

Mycenae was absorbed by our film;
Corinth continued to trade with us
from her ruins.
We conquered a Peloponnesian lunch,
& then there was the Amphitheatre
at Epidaurus.
I photographed you sitting there,
alone
on the stone seat
from a distance.
I remember in those days
I still believed in
miracles and romance.

We talked endlessly
on the bus,
you about Iran,
& I about the army.

Later the Athenian night
appeared
& you turned out
the lights.
Your body was warm,
but the night was wrong.
Too much Greek wine,
my headache,
I'm not sure which,
but
when I found you
sitting at breakfast
the next morning
you were smiling at me
from your table.

I still remember your smile
as you boarded the bus
for the airport,
& while you were in the air,
millions of barrels of
Iranian oil gushed
from deep inside me
out of the wells
of my eyes
onto my bed of sand.

Your letters never came.
Only the Revolution.
American influence
expelled.
& you
daughter of an Iranian colonel,
secretary to an army general?
Sometimes at night
I dream
that the clicking
of typewriter keys
is transformed into
the bolting of execution rifles.

I think of you
sometimes
when I see a photograph
of Mycenae,
read the news of Iran,
or drink a glass of
white wine.
My camera created

your image
there
in the Athenian garden,
& when I look
at you
now & again,
you never stop smiling.

Roger Lell



Letter to Julia Chandra





JOYRIDE

by Christie A. Lawrence

Jack Wilson had been the strangest man who ever lived in Diamond City. The Banksers had always been known for making people feel welcome among them, but Wilson never acquired this unusual talent. He had moved to the tiny whaling community on Shackelford Banks more than twenty years before the summer of Justan's joy ride, but in all that time, he had never made a single friend. And the Banksers, for once, never tried to make friends with him.

Justan had always wondered why the old man had been so foreboding, and remembered trying to think up excuses for him whenever she had walked past his house. "Maybe he was injured," her imagination running wild, "in the War Between the States. He might have lost his mind in a fierce battle and thinks we're all Yanks out to get him." Or else she pictured Wilson as some desperate criminal who was hiding out from the law. Whatever his reason for being inhospitable, none of the Banksers ever knew, but one thing the children, including Justan, had always heard was that Jack Wilson practiced witchcraft.

No one knew where Wilson had lived before he had moved to Diamond City. He was the first to admit that he didn't have any kin on the Banks. He just drifted into the small Banks village one day and decided to stay. If having no family

wasn't evidence enough that the old man was magic, the apple trees in front of his house was definite proof.

Diamond City had grown up in the shadow of the old diamond-patterned lighthouse for a back yard and the Atlantic Ocean for a front yard. The soil was either completely sand or too salty to grow a wide variety of plants. Justan could remember her mother and the other Bankser women getting together and trying to grow fruit trees, but only a few fig and pecan trees ever survived.

Still, out in front of Wilson's house, right beside the porch, were two tremendous apple trees. They were the most magnificent trees Justan ever saw. Even after she was grown and Diamond City was only a childhood memory, she never saw any trees more beautiful than Jack Wilson's apple trees. When she thought of those trees, she always remembered the tale of Wilson her father would tell on stormy, winter nights, sitting before the fire. She remembered every word and gesture her father had used:

"Not too long after Jack Wilson came around, he began asking where he could get fresh apples. Well, we all told him to go down to Josh Guthrie's store. 'No,' he says, 'I mean just picked apples, large green apples.' Well, we all told him there weren't any apple trees in Diamond City. So, Jack gets this funny look in his eye and says, 'Oh, there will be, there will be.'

"Now old Luther Davis said he was passing by Jack's one night when he heard some funny noises. He hid behind a sand dune near the house. Jack was out in the front yard with a lantern. He was conjurin' apple trees! I wouldn't even be surprised if he sold his soul to Satan for those two trees."

A shiver would still run down Justan's back whenever she thought about that story about Wilson. Even as a child, Justan had been almost certain that her father had simply wanted to scare the gang of children who always listened, but she had never been totally convinced the story wasn't true until that one, eventful summer. Besides, all the other Bankser children had said it was true and that their parents all told the same tale about Jack Wilson and the apple trees.

All of the children, except Justan, had been too afraid to even walk past Wilson's house. Justan

had always had to prove to everyone that she was just as good as any of the boys in Diamond City — and twice as brave. So, the kids were always daring her to sneak over to Jack's and bring back something to prove she had actually been there. Once, she had stolen a dozen apples. Another time, she had brought back a jug of the liquid she had seen Wilson making from the apples. One taste of the apple brandy was enough to convince the young Banksters that it was the work of the devil.

But stealing those little things had been mere child's play. The older boys racked their brains for weeks trying to think up a suitable conquest for Justan. Finally, they decided: Justan could "borrow" Jack's skiff. That skiff was his prized possession. The sides were always sparkling white, not a single spot of dirt could be found from the bow to the stern, and he kept the bottom barnacle free. The thought of taking Wilson's skiff out had filled Justan with excitement. But Justan had known she couldn't handle that escapade by herself, so she had convinced her younger brother, Jonnie, to join her. Jonnie was scared stiff of Jack Wilson, but he would have done practically anything his older sister had asked him to do.

When the day came, the two children slipped past Wilson's house without any trouble. The apple trees provided excellent camouflage from the front of the old man's house. In back of the house, a huge sand dune partially hid Back Sound from view. Jack kept his beautiful skiff pulled up on the shore behind the dune.

Jonnie and Justan should have found it an easy task to float that skiff, but Jonnie was too nervous. Although he had helped his father push off his skiff many times, the launching of Wilson's skiff proved almost too much for Jonnie. He kept expecting to see Jack Wilson jump from behind the dune and turn him into a fiddler crab or some other small, insignificant creature. If Jonnie heard any creak or snap, he would drop the bow of the skiff and dive into it.

Half dragging, half pushing, Justan finally got the skiff into the water. Jonnie was relieved that they could pole out to the channel and be out of the reach of Jack's magic. He had settled back and begun sorting out the fishing gear while Jus-

tan did the poling. He hauled his handkerchief out of his pocket and untied the knot in it. He unfoled the corners to reveal everything needed to catch fish: twine, safety pins, and a slab of fat meat. No other type of bait in the world would ever beat fat meat.

Justan pulled in the oar, but didn't bother to throw out the anchor. Throughout her life, that was Justan's favorite way of fishing, just letting the skiff float wherever it wanted. She settled down next to the anchor rope and threw her fishing line overboard. As the boat gently rocked, Justan began to think of the croakers she and Jonnie would catch and she hoped they would get lucky and catch a few crabs. She closed her eyes and imagined how those crabs would taste stewed with strong onions and fresh potatoes swimming in gravy.

Suddenly, Justan was jostled from her dream by a violent rocking motion. Jonnie had caught a crab, but before he got it off the line, the crab caught Jonnie's toe.

"Stop jumpin' around," Justan yelled as she grabbed for her brother's foot. She didn't notice that her own foot had gotten tangled in the anchor rope. As she lunged toward Jonnie, the motion caused the skiff to capsize. Justan remembered feeling the anchor rope pull tight around her ankle; so tight that the rope burn would leave a permanent scar. Then, the anchor jerked her under. The more she struggled, the tighter the rope got. She tried to scream, but her mouth only filled with salt water.

Justan seemed to stay underwater for an eternity. The water she swallowed was choking her, but she knew she couldn't afford to cough and take in more water. She tried to reach Jonnie, but couldn't find him.

Then, she felt something pulling on one of her pigtails and her head was raised above the water. A hand reached down and Justan remembered feeling the slackening of the rope as a knife cut through it. Justan thought that the skiff must not have capsized completely and that Jonnie was helping her. She went limp and allowed her rescuer to pull her into the boat.

Then he spoke. "I lost my boy to the same thing that just about took you two. Fool kids. Never think about the dangers of anything."

"The more she struggled, the tighter the rope got. She tried to scream, but her mouth only filled with salt water."

Justan was stunned by Jack Wilson's words. None of the Banksers had ever said anything about Jack having a boy. She wondered if anyone else knew.

Jack got up and pulled the oar out. As he was poling to shore, he kept muttering about how lucky they were that he saw them and that old man Pate's skiff happened to be close by. Then Justan heard sniffing. She thought it was Jonnie whimpering about the beating Wilson had given them until she saw the old man grappling for his handkerchief.

The next day, Justan took a pan of bread to Jack as a peace offering. Her mother's bread had always helped break the ice when she wanted to make friends. When she reached the house thought, Wilson was not in sight. She walked around back and saw that he had managed to save his skiff and was down on the shore cleaning it. Justan started to go down to him, but she heard him talking and stopped to listen:

"You never listen, boy, never listen. I know I shouldn't have let you take that skiff, but you'd have done it anyway. It wasn't bad enough I had to raise you by m'self. Now all I have to tend to are my apple trees. You never listen."

Justan walked back to the house and left the pan of bread under one of the apple trees. ■



BANJO

Old banjo singing
through thick fingers
moving fast.

Strong man after work,
picking and posing
in calm likeness
of a prophet,
never stops to think
of reading Plato
or writing lyrics.
He just picks
and listens
to CBS Evening News
without voting —
loving potatoes
and oatmeal cookies.

Richard Hudson



NUGATORY POEMS I, III, AND V, AND VITAMINS

I

God is good. God is bad.
And we thank Him for lightning bugs.

III

I'd like to speak in tempo di valse,
I have the sky, but haven't the time.
Words that are metered always sound false,
Especially when they rhyme.

V

After everything melted,
What had started out as
For lack of sleds fun
Became a bumpy springtime game of
Rolling down the hill in a garbage can.

VITAMINS

Eat the skins, they're better than the potatoes.
Eat the orange peels, they're better than the inside.
The silos are better than corn.

Raymond Schmidt

TO MY DAD — THE COLONEL

While I slept
You lay half-awake
Waiting
For the siren to
Order you to the flight line

While I played
“Squint-and-make-Jap-eyes
Bang-bang-you’re-dead”
With defunct grenades and
Wearing hand-me-down fatigues —
Miles away
You fought the real wars
So that when I grew up
and learned to talk
I would be free
To say what I pleased

While I sat
Behind desks in school and
Read and wrote and wished
That I had a job, too
You worked overtime
Above and beyond the call of duty
So that I would have everything
I needed
And most things I wanted

And now
As I sit here
Writing a poem, which
While not a great poem
Is a poem about a great man
Miles away
You lay dying
And I salute you
Sir

L.K. Johnson

FIRST RECITAL

That night on stage
all that mattered was
my saxophone solo.
I wanted you there
but knew you couldn't
make it in time.
Then the conductor raised his baton.
I started playing
and forgot about you.

But Mother saw you
standing in the doorway.
Your face was hidden
by engine grease
and sweat. You drove
without sleep to hear me.

No one understood why
an old man was there
covered with dirt and
aching for sleep.

Christie A. Lawrence

HOW THE WEFT* WAS ONE

Batavia: the gluon is disclosed,
a matter-of-course on the pilgrimage to the infinitesimal.
Electromagnetic, weak, strong, gravitational forces,
4 sea serpents circling the Known World
are biting their tails (as well as their tongues)
timely as coelacanths.

Burlington: 2 ladies waiting for broken weft
(for the clock to spin) pause from their industry.
One wears an implausible headdress — earphones,
tortoise shells of green resin. The other's ears are stuffed
with ceruminous cotton and despite the continual din they gossip,
shoulder to clavicle, jowl to chin.
The first weaver grins; her gilded front tooth reveals
the persistence of dental decay and what little
bacteria know of angst.

The banging shuttles in number obscure their own rhythms,
the Big Bangs excruciate (what a difference dacron makes.)

Dale Maness

***the thread carried by the shuttle in weaving**

HAIKUS LEFT BY THE SPRING

Tulip bulbs at last
Press their way through warming loam
— Moles turned into birds

Morning lawnmowing
On the loom of my dreaming
Weaves sweet strands of grass

Ernest Marshall



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PLANTS, ANIMALS, AND WHAT HAVE YOU

My old friends find me, among other things,
Quite leapless now,
Having given the last of my faith
To charity.

It's alright though, because
For six seventy-five I bought myself
A used botany text.
Twenty years ago someone wrote in the front
 what is the purpose (wrong)
 should be function
It's the first thing everybody learns.
Flowers don't bend in order to smile at the sun.
They're just growing on the opposite side.

At first I used to worry
As I leaned out the upside-down window.
Quite leapless,
I couldn't make myself crazy,
I couldn't make myself invisible,
I couldn't make myself stop.
It's alright though, because, according to the
Text, life is like a mailbox,
A locker combination, a bus driver,
A blanket, a family, a serious talk.
There is no purpose behind it.
It's all whatever works.

I hope to become an unembarassed American chestnut.
My old friends find me
Among other things.

Raymond Schmidt

TRACKS

Gone.
Even the snow melts away
from the tire tracks —
your last comment

This morning high on the glazed maple branches
a bluejay scratched into my waking
his call
harsh in the morning light

Against the cold, early porcelain of sink and stove
I drink my coffee black
lifting back my curtain
I squint
into the white glare of snow
and watch the sun make tears
of the thin ice threads hanging
from my home
on this window they wave
the first vein of Spring.

June Sylvester

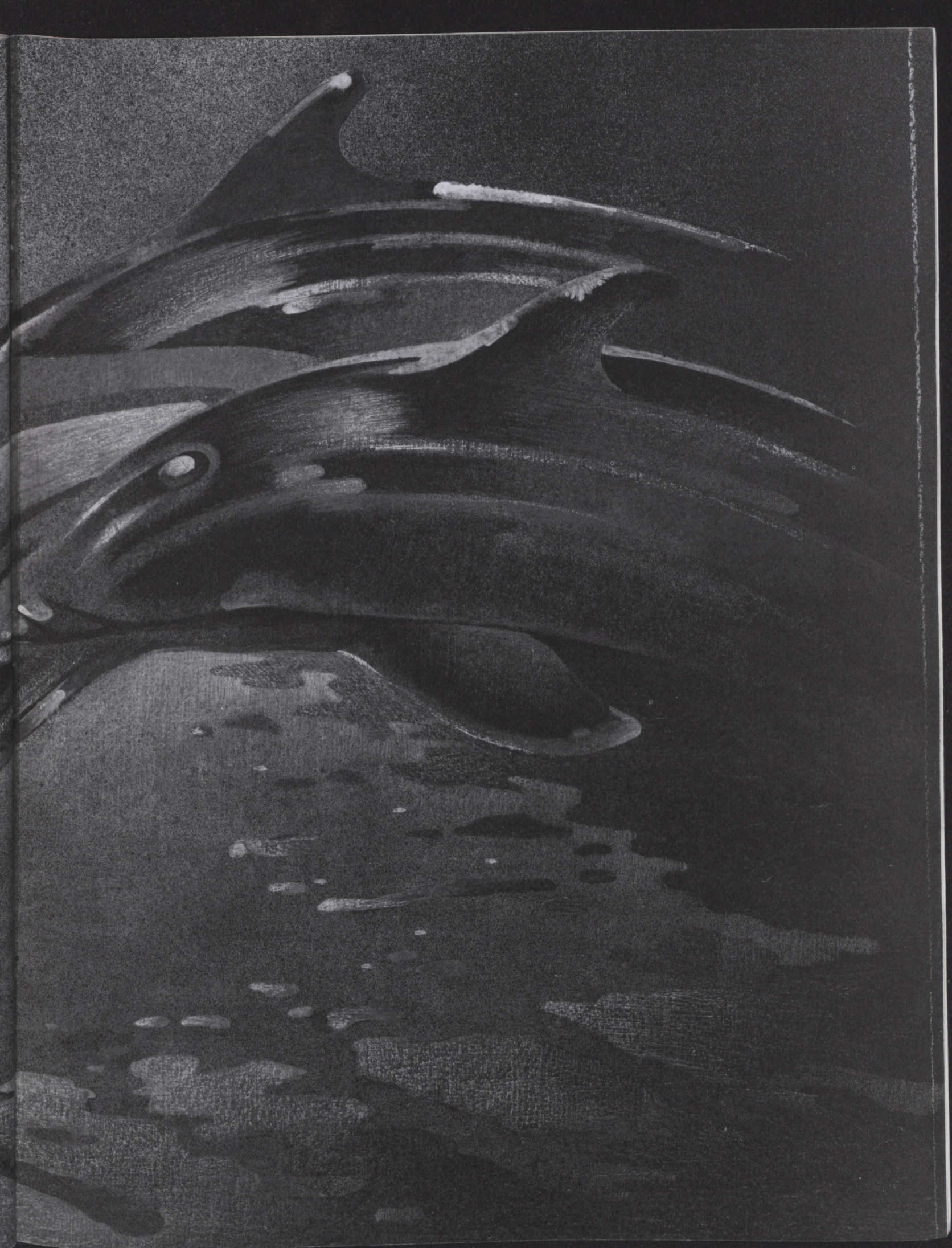
DOLPHINS AT OCRACOKE

I watch
Pearl-black backs
Rising in ritual harmony.
Lovers
In this silent adagio —
Arching to watercolored skies
Diving to rare coral reefs.

Perfect
Salt-glazed bodies
That seem the ocean's steady pulse —
I begin
To sound their rhythms.

Linda Underwood





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DON BALL is a graduate of William and Mary. He taught high school English in Virginia and hopes to enter graduate school at East Carolina in the fall. He has previously published in several North Carolina magazines.

GARY R. BRYANT is a writing major. He is the winner of this year's prose award.

KATHY CRISP is a senior writing major from Washington, N.C. Kathy is editor of this year's *Rebel*.

HAL DANIEL is a Professor of Speech, Language and Auditory Pathology at ECU. He is currently a visiting scholar in the Department of Anthropology at the University of Washington. This is his second appearance in *The Rebel*.

RICHARD HUDSON is an English writing major. He has previously published in *St. Andrew's Review*, *Aspects* and *The Rebel*.

L.K. JOHNSON is a junior writing major from Greensboro, N.C. Her hobbies include photography, tennis and biking. This is her first appearance in *The Rebel*.

ROBERT JONES is a senior writing major. He has previously worked on *The Rebel* staff.

CHRISTIE LAWRENCE is a graduate student in English from Harker's Island, N.C. This is her first appearance in *The Rebel*. She is on *The Rebel* staff.

ROGER LELL is a senior at ECU majoring in English and minoring in Philosophy. He has been writing poetry for two years. This is his first appearance in *The Rebel*.

DALE MANESS is a senior majoring in painting. This is his publication debut.

ERNEST MARSHALL is a professor of Philosophy at ECU. He has previously published in *The Rebel*.

GARY PATTERSON is a freshman Commercial Art major. This is his first appearance in *The Rebel*.

LISA RYAN is a junior French major. She has published previously in *Miscellaney* and *Rag and Bone*. **RAYMOND SCHMIDT** is an undergraduate student in Philosophy on a year's leave of absence from ECU, presently conducting research with Hal Daniel at the University of Washington.

SAM SILVA is a poet from Goldsboro, N.C. He has previously published in *The Rebel*.

JUNE SYLVESTER is a senior writing major from Elizabeth City, N.C. She has published in past issues of *The Rebel*.

LINDA UNDERWOOD is a graduate student in English from Pensacola, Florida. She has published previously in an anthology for college poets. This is her first appearance in *The Rebel*.

ARTISTS BIOGRAPHIES

BETTE BATES is a graduate student in printmaking. She works primarily in lithography.

SID DAVIS is a senior in Commercial Art. He has an interest in photography.

ROBERT DICK is a painting major and expects to graduate with an MFA degree in May, 1981. He recently had his first one man show at the Greenville Museum of Art.

MICHAEL EHLBECK is a printmaking instructor at ECU. Much of his work deals with the fantastic and the absurd.

RAY ELMORE is an ECU drawing instructor. He works in mixed media and graphite on paper.

TOM GRUBB is an MFA candidate in the School of Art. His major field of study is sculpture.

KRIS GUNDERSON is a senior sculpture major with a minor in metal design. He received several awards in this year's art show.

BRUCE RIVERS HALL has recently begun exploring the field of illustration and is aiming for a situa-

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tion where his creativity can flourish. He is a graduate student in CA.

SUSAN HALL is a senior majoring in Communications Art.

PAUL HARTLEY is the chairman of the ECU Painting Dept. He has most recently been exploring three dimensional mixed media work.

STACY HELLER holds a BFA in illustration with a minor in painting. She plans to pursue photography.

GARY HINNANT is a senior BFA candidate in Communications Art. He is interested in animation and painting.

M.A. HUTTO is a senior majoring in metal design. She won second place for a mixed media piece in the *Rebel* art show.

LAURA JACKSON, a graduate student, is majoring in printmaking and minoring in textiles. She was a second place art show winner in design.

JIM JACOBS is a graduate student majoring in painting. One of his works was a first place winner in the art show.

DAVID DODGE LEWIS hails from Bar Harbor, Maine. He is an ECU graduate with an MA in painting and is now looking into the MFA Program.

MICHAEL LODERSTEDT is a senior BFA candidate in printmaking. He also has an interest in writing.

JOAN LESTER MANSFIELD is working toward her MFA in illustration.

MARIA MCLAUGHLIN, a senior painting/printmaking major, won first place in the printmaking category in this year's art show.

ED MIDGETT, *Rebel* art editor, is completing his graduate studies in printmaking. He has published in several past issues of the magazine.

ELAINE MILLER plans to travel as much as possible. She is a senior in printmaking and intends to enter graduate school. One of her peices received second place in printmaking in the *Rebel* art show.

PAULA W. PATTERSON comes from Colorado Springs, Colorado. She is currently completing her

MFA in painting. One of her drawings received a first place award in this year's art show.

KEVIN PHILLIPS is making his first appearance in *The Rebel*. He is a senior art major. His home is Swansboro, N.C.

BOB RASCH serves as chairman of the Communications Art Dept. at ECU. He works primarily in gum bichromate prints.

ED REEP is an artist in residence at ECU. He has been listed in Who's Who in America and has received honors too numerous to list. He says his work is a reflection of his life — experiences real and imagined.

ROXANNE REEP is a graduate student in jewelry design. Her minor is drawing.

ROCHEL ROLAND spent two years at Chowan College and is now in photography at ECU. She hopes to become a CA major in graphic design. She was a second place winner in the *Rebel* Art Show photography category.

BETSY ROSS is an ECU drawing instructor. She is currently working in miniatures.

DONALD SEXAUER has exhibited prints throughout the country. He is the chairman of the ECU Printmaking Dept.

KATHY SHOLAR won a first place award in the mixed media area of the art show. She is a senior in Communications Art and is planning to attend graduate school.

LARRY SHREVE is a graduate student in painting. He received his BFA from ECU, also.

HENRY STINDT is a conceptual artist. He is an associate professor of Communications Art at ECU.

MICHAEL VOORS is from Fort Wayne, Indiana. He holds an BFA and MFA in printmaking.

SUSAN WARD won first place in the photography competition in the art show.



Paul Hartley

