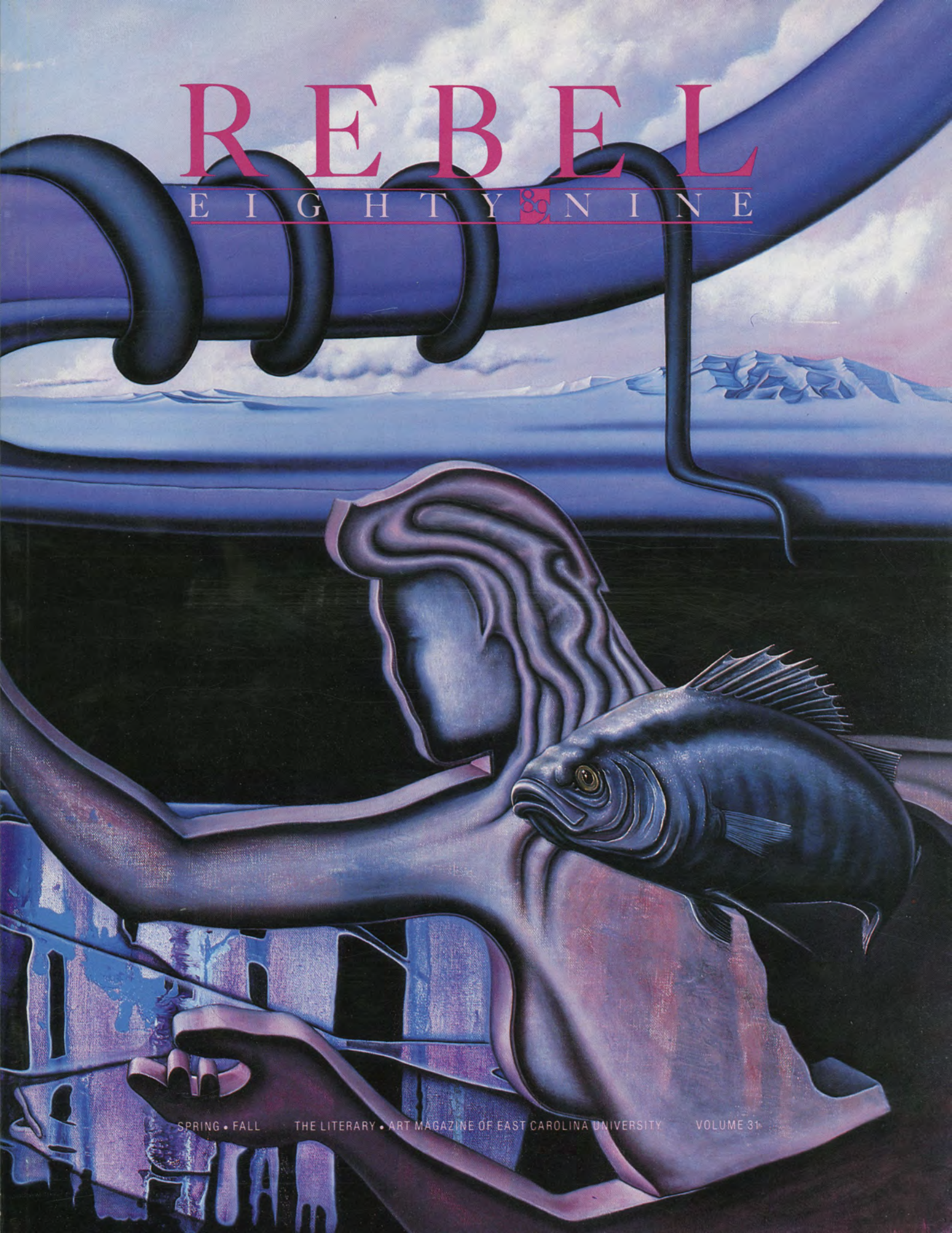


# REBEL

E I G H T Y  N I N E



SPRING • FALL

THE LITERARY • ART MAGAZINE OF EAST CAROLINA UNIVERSITY

VOLUME 31

## Editor's Note:

Rebels with a cause:  
*in search of poetic and artistic truth*

On the second floor of the Publications Building, in an office as confining as grandma's girdle, the creative voices representing over three decades of student expression swell and resound—still demanding, even now, to be heard. The din is, at times, overwhelming, but when we consider the process that each artist struggled through, purging him or herself of that ineffable something that drives each of us to that electric moment when we communicate our thoughts to others so well that they, in turn, reevaluate their perceptions, the din wanes. Indeed, it transforms into a serenity "more tranquil than the curve of eggs".

We at the *Rebel* are proud of our heritage, from its rawest beginnings to its most successful triumphs. Through the years, the magazine has been nationally recognized repeatedly for its excellence—winning several All-American ratings as well as the coveted Pacemaker Award in 1985 and 1986. Still, the *Rebel* staff has never been one to rest on its laurels; we continuously strive to represent those students who may otherwise have no outlet for expression. It is a unique opportunity. Take pride in it.

**Joseph Campbell**  
Editor

This year's cover art is by Scott Eagle, a graduate student in Painting.

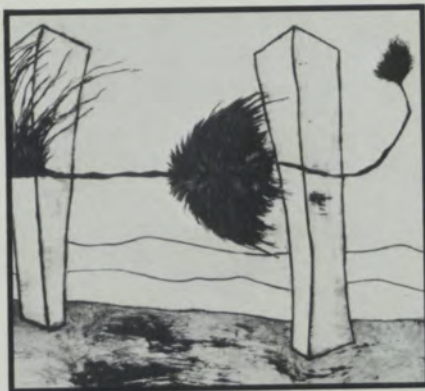
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The Rebel invites all students, faculty, and alumni to voice their opinions and/or make contributions. Inquiries should be addressed to the Rebel, Mendenhall Student Center, East Carolina University, Greenville, North Carolina 27858-4353.



Michelle McDevitt

Untitled 1



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**Best-in-Show:** Craig O'Brien, *Light Forms*

**Ceramics:** Carol Torrell, *Basket*

**Design:** Craig O'Brien, *Light Forms*

**Drawing:** Lisa Brantley, *Untitled*

**Illustration:** Leesa Hartley,  
*The Chain of Family Abuse*

**Mixed Media:** Bill Bailey, *Ring*

**Painting:** Melissa Iverson, *Cathedral*

**Photography:** Alex Marsh, *Untitled*

**Printmaking:** CCE Walker, *Untitled*

**Sculpture:** Michael McCreery, *My Steel*

## Literary Awards

### Poetry

**1st**—Rita Rogers, "Touring Carl Sandburg"

**2nd**—Christopher Gallagher, "The Simplicity of it  
All (A Vampire's Confession)"

**3rd**—Marshall Moore, "Now I Understand"

### Prose

**1st**—Rita Rogers, "The Sacrifice"

**2nd**—Doug Johnson, "The Dimming Effect"

**3rd**—Greg Christensen, "Empty Cans"

**ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:** The *Rebel* staff wishes to thank those individuals who helped to make the magazine possible: Ms. Julie Fay, Dr. Patrick Bizarro, Mr. William Hallberg, and Mr. Luke Whisnant of the ECU English Department for judging this year's literary contests; Mr. Bob Rasch, Mr. Russell Gordon, and Mr. Robert Edmisten for judging the art contest; Ms. Jessica Stanley for assistance with the literature contest; Mrs. Yvonne Moye, Media Board Secretary, for her unlimited support and guidance; Mr. Kevin McCloskey and his classes for their continued support; the writers and artists of East Carolina University for their contributions; Mr. Henry Stindt for his superior photography; Mr. Leonard Veillette for his professional advice; and Mr. Nick Honeycutt and Ms. Sherry Davis of Theo. Davis Sons, Inc. for their unremitting patience, among other things.

The *Rebel* staff would also like to extend its gratitude to the university and community members who provided support and financial assistance during publication: Ms. Carol Hartsog, Ms. Julie Campbell, Ms. Meredith Campbell, and Ms. Hilda Campbell for their assisting with the art show's reception; Mr. David Walser Yarbrough for his help in hanging the art show; Mendenhall Student Center for the use of their facilities; Mr. Reginald Dillahunt and the entire *Expressions* staff for the use of their office; Mr. Michael "I'll sue; so help me, I'll sue!" Daughtry for his constant nagging; and the *Buccaneer* staff for the use of their couch.

# REBEL

E I G H T Y & N I N E

## STAFF

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DA Swanson

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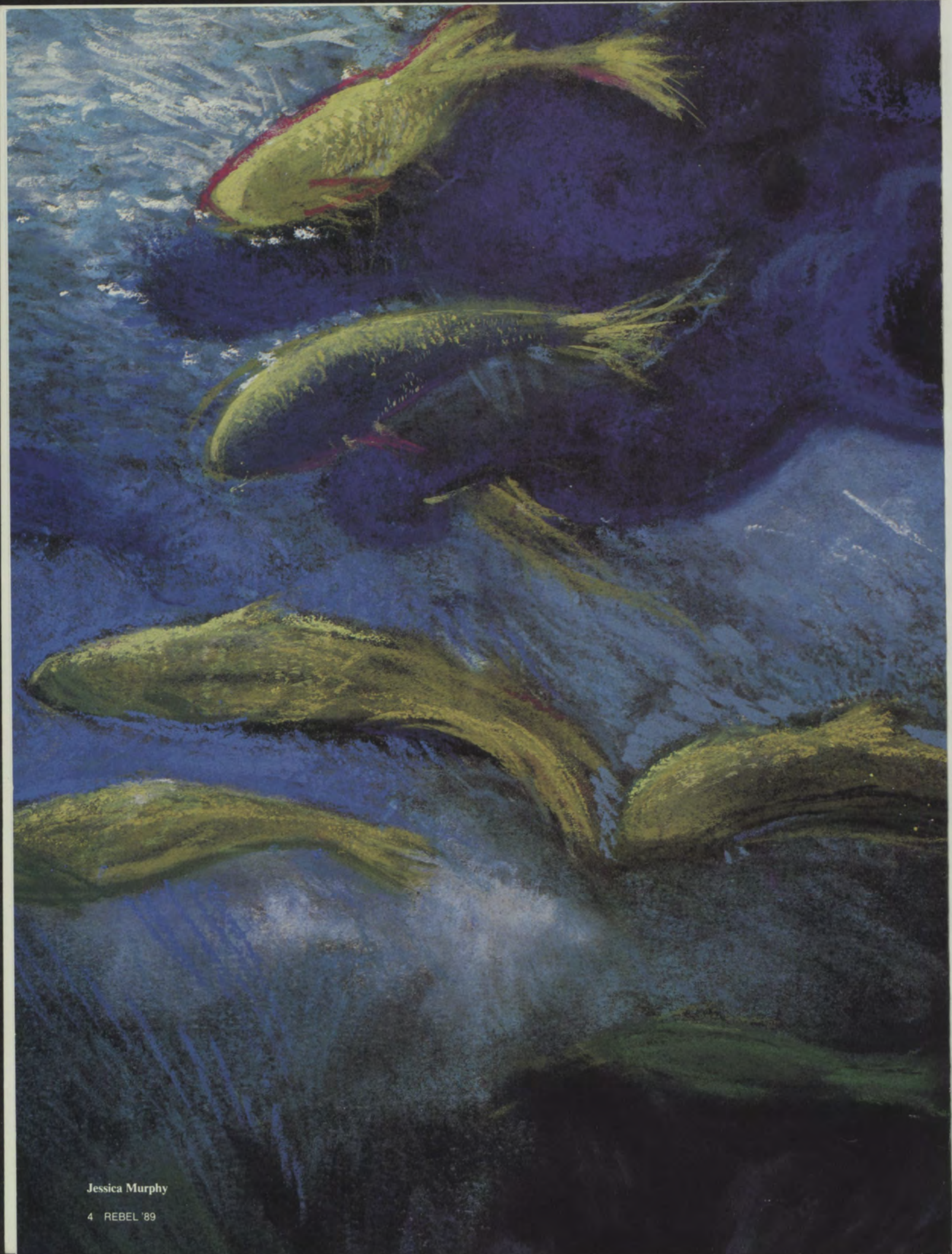
## JUDGES

### ART

Mr. Bob Rasch  
Mr. Russell Gordon  
Mr. Robert Edmisten

### LITERATURE

Ms. Julie Fay  
Dr. Patrick Bizzaro  
Mr. Luke Whisnant  
Mr. William Hallberg



Jessica Murphy

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## Swimming In Space

"The stars have opened up for you, my love,  
Walk in and bathe in their healing lights,"  
Sang Mother Gaia, afloat in the heavens.

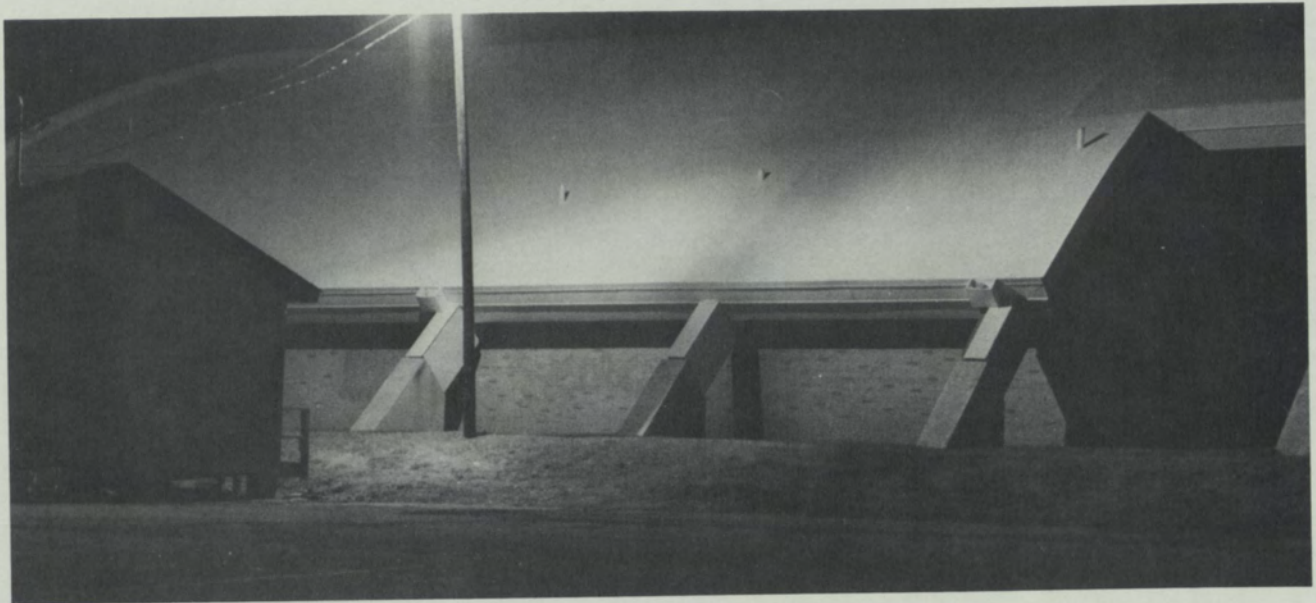
I was in the stars last night,  
Their astral lights soothing, like the ocean  
Waters that revive the fish a fisherman  
Threw back after putting on ice.

Melting in the sun and salty air,  
The floating fish lulls in a daze  
As Mother Ocean's womb moistens  
Chapped gills, and fins splash frantically  
As the misplaced fish swims, floating on side.

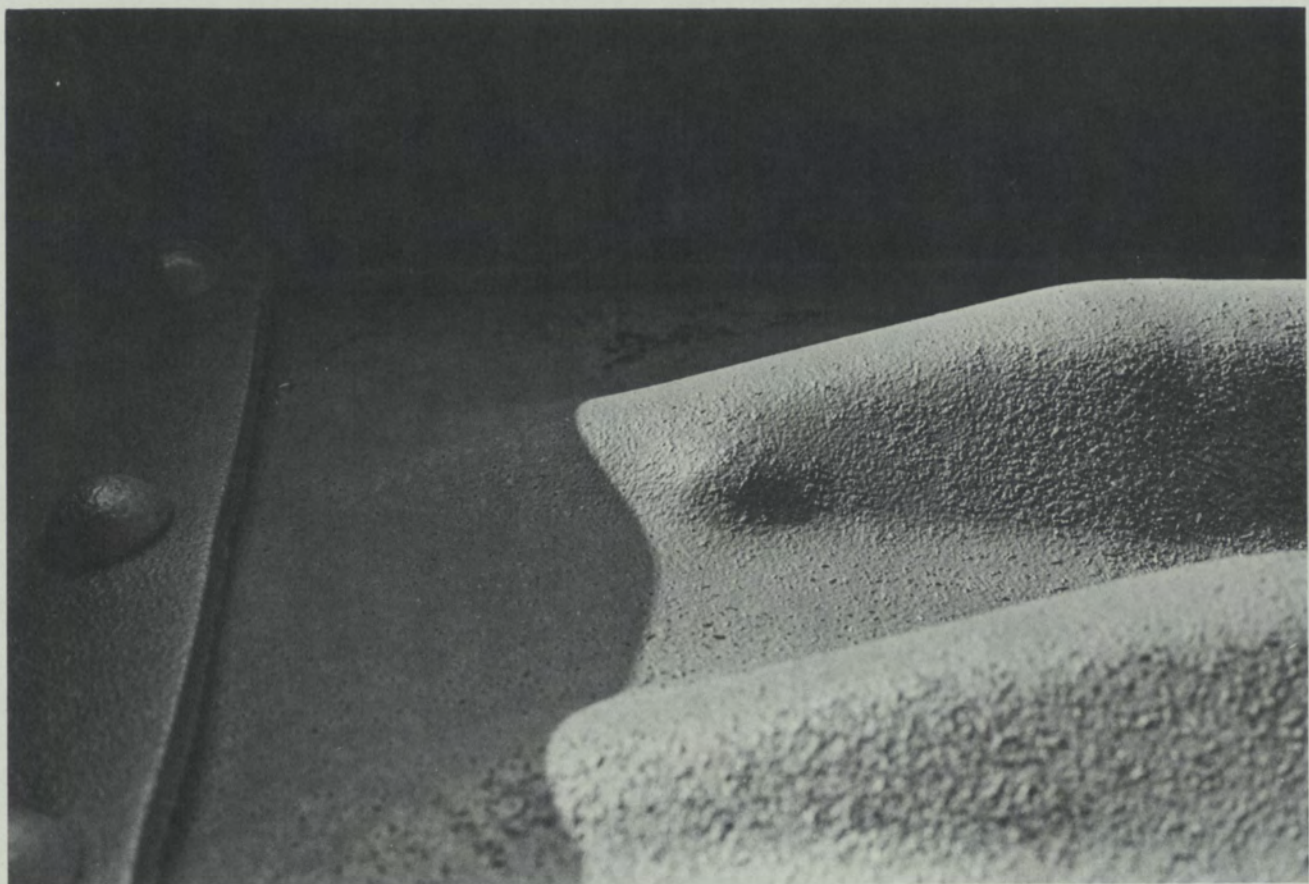
Sporadic movement erodes to feathered fans,  
Sending into flight his fins,  
Like wings; through the water he flies  
Away from baited lines, despite appetite.

His true love, the sea, warms  
With soothing salts, a vacuumed swaying  
Of watery space the fish calls home.

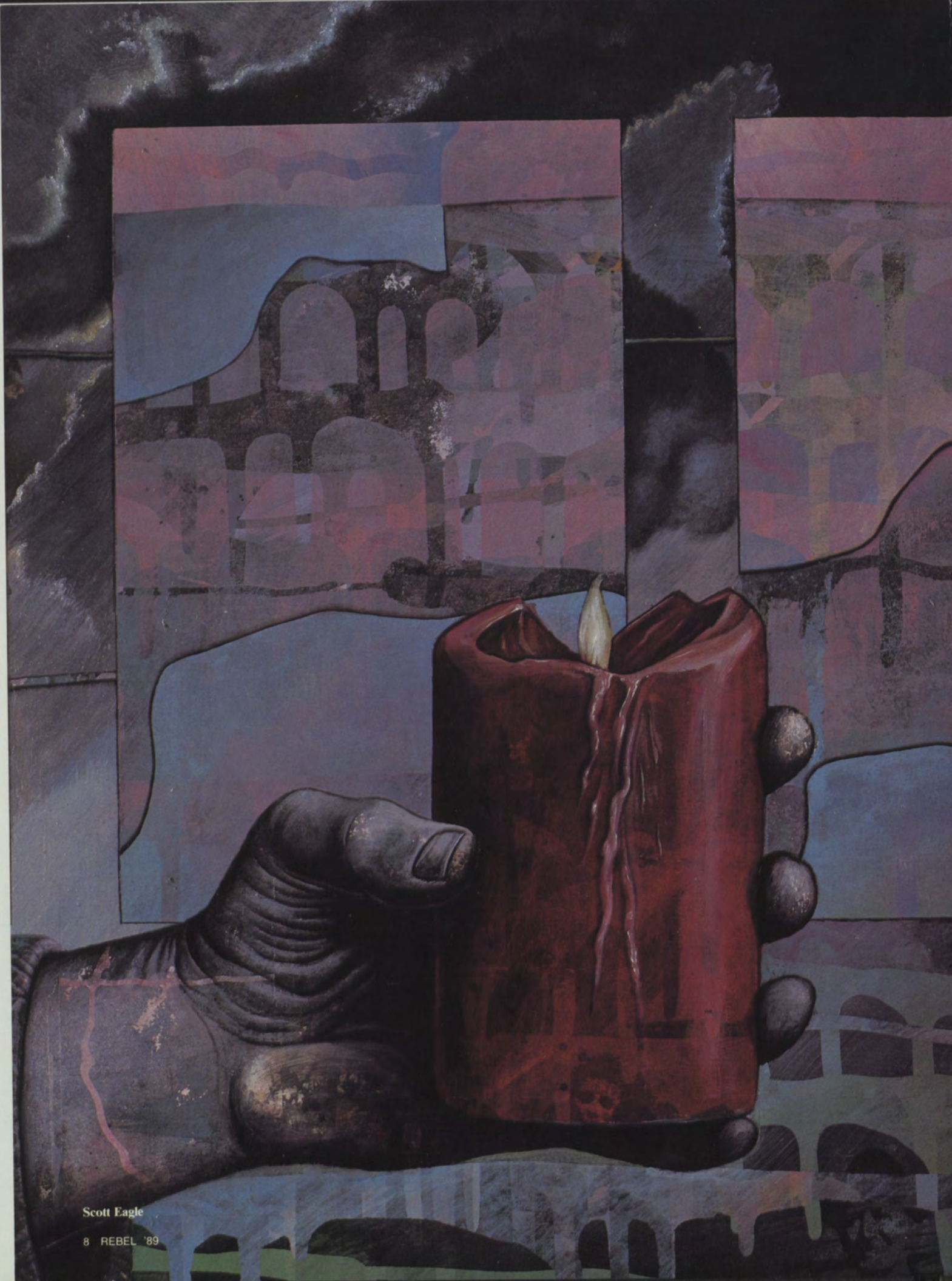
**Tonya Batizy**



Alex Marsh

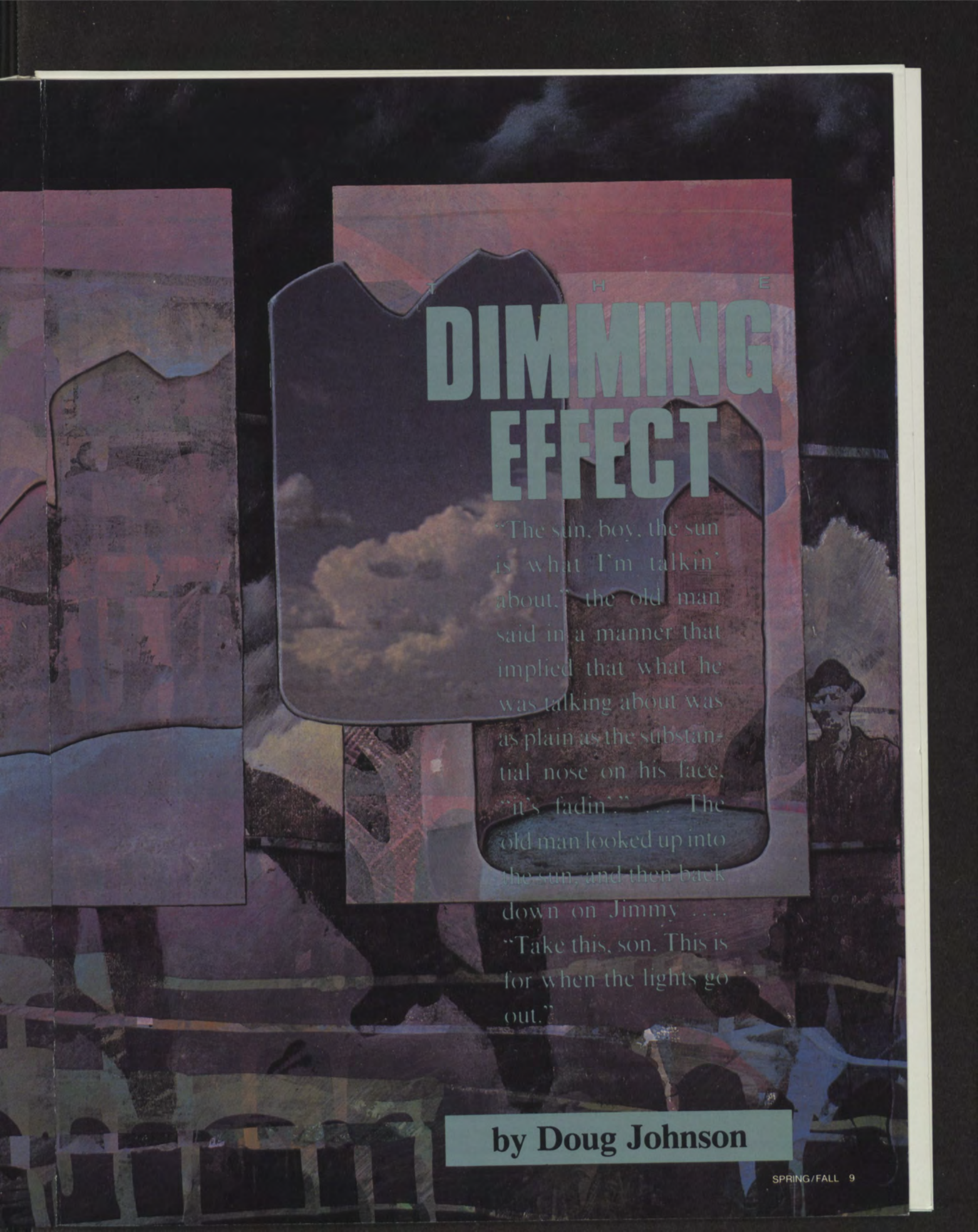


Alex Marsh



Scott Eagle

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T H E

# DIMMING EFFECT

"The sun, boy, the sun is what I'm talkin' about," the old man said in a manner that implied that what he was talking about was as plain as the substantial nose on his face. "it's fadin'." ... The old man looked up into the sun, and then back down on Jimmy .... "Take this, son. This is for when the lights go out."

by Doug Johnson

It was an oppressively hot day, not unlike many of the days that had come and gone in the last few weeks. Jimmy pulled a stained handkerchief from his pocket and drug it across his face. Running his fingers through his hair, he was surprised to find it so hot to the touch.

The dry-cleaners that he worked at sat at the corner of Pollock and 7th Streets, in the center of downtown. He was considered to be a maintenance man there, although he probably couldn't fix a flat tire. He'd never tried. Actually, he did little more than sweep, cut grass, and wash the huge pane windows that ran on three sides of the lobby, which jutted forward from the section of the building that housed the cleaning and pressing equipment, not to mention the ever mysterious "One-Hour Martinizing" apparatus. Jimmy wondered what "Martinizing" entailed, and was compelled by curiosity to venture a query on the subject, only to be rewarded by a distant "Who the hell cares?" by Phyllis, the heavy-set redhead who waited on the customers when they came in, and took their money when they left, performing both of these tasks with the same flippancy. As a matter of fact, he felt that it justified one of his favorite time consuming activities. Jimmy liked to take a song and change the lyrics to suit his own fancy. He delighted in making up lyrics about Phyllis, amusing himself at her expense. His favorite to date was a little ditty that he sang to the tune of an obscure song that he had heard years before called "Black Betty." He didn't remember the words, but the chorus had a man singing,

*Who-oo Black Betty  
Bam-a-lam  
Whoa-oo Black Betty  
Bam-a-lam*

In Jimmy's version, he substituted "Fat Phyllis" in the place of "Black Betty," thus getting,

*Who-oo Fat Phyllis  
Bam-a-lam  
Whoa-oo Fat Phyllis  
Bam-a-lam*

and so on.

When he came to work, Phyllis had told him a little too happily, he thought, that today he could have the pleasure of washing all of the windows in the lobby, inside and out. She had folded her fleshy

old lady," Jimmy mumbled, screwing his face up in a distasteful grimace. Jimmy dropped his rag and lay the Windex bottle onto the concrete. He puffed his cheeks out, and pulled down the corners

He grinned at Jimmy and stuck out a tongue stained purple by the 'Now & Laters' that jutted from his shirt pocket.

arms on the counter, and leaned forward with a smirk on her face. "Better get to work, if you want to get finished today sometime."

"No problem," Jimmy replied simply, but when Phyllis turned to get him the things he would need, he puffed out his cheeks and raised his arms out a little ways from his sides in a mockery of her. As she turned back he dropped the stance quickly.

He decided to start on the outside, so that he could joke Phyllis and just screw around in general without being overheard. Setting the nozzle on the econo-sized bottle of Windex to 'spray,' Jimmy triggered some onto the window. The glass was so hot that the liquid dried almost as quickly as he could wipe it off, leaving long streaks on the glass where he pulled his rag across it. Jimmy gradually came up to one of the two long glass doors that stood at either end of the lobby, and ran his rag across it, obliterating hundreds of small, oval fingerprints that looked to Jimmy like a group of tiny faces peering into the closeness of the humid interior of the cleaners.

As Jimmy worked his way across the first window, he noticed an old bulldoggish looking woman enter the cleaners. She wore an ill-fitting black dress that bulged in places over an abundance of flesh. Her grey, stringy hair protruded from under a worn black hat that resembled a hub cap perched precariously upon her head. The skin on the backs of her arms was sagging and wrinkled, and liver spots stained her wrists and hands. Her short, fleshy legs protruded from the knee length hem of her dress, and she wore knee-highs that ended long before crawling above her vein-laced calves. "Jesus, what an ugly

of his eyes, pushing up his nose at the same time. "I'd like tuh pick up muh dawg blanket," Jimmy mimicked in a low, gruff, huffy voice, "and I'd like tuh have muh studded collar dry-cleaned," he added with a giggle.

The old lady exited through the door next to Jimmy, and he barked at her. She turned to Jimmy, and saw his distorted but strangely familiar imitative mask. Her face reddened, and she shook a gnarled, root-like fist at him, the loose skin on the back of her arm swinging to and fro, before continuing on to her car, muttering to herself on the way.

Jimmy laughed, and turned back to his work. When he looked through the window again, he noticed a small black child standing by his mother's side as she stood talking to Fat Phyllis. As Jimmy looked, the child turned around and stared at him, his mouth worrying over a piece of candy. He grinned at Jimmy, revealing a pair of protruding front teeth. "Man, I bet you could eat corn through a barbed-wire fence," Jimmy laughed to the window, sticking his own front teeth out in an exaggerated imitation of the small boy. The child walked over to the window, looked directly at Jimmy, his small brown eyes into Jimmy's narrowed blues, and planted his sticky, candy-streaked palms firmly upon the window. He grinned at Jimmy, and stuck out a tongue stained purple by the 'Now & Laters' that jutted from his shirt pocket. Jimmy looked around, then thrust his middle finger against the window in the little boy's face. The child leaped back, his grin widening, and scurried back to his mother's side, occasionally glancing back over his shoulder at Jimmy. Jimmy began to sing,

*Who-oo bucked-tooth black boy  
Bam-a-lam  
Whoa-oo bucked-tooth black boy  
Bam-a-lam*

and he laughed aloud at his witty lyrical ability. He caught himself, and glanced quickly around to see if anyone had heard him. A pretty young woman who had been walking by on the walk threw him a sideways look, and he laughed harder. She shook her head and kept walking.

Jimmy returned to work, passing time and cleaning the windows as best he could. The shadows were beginning to lengthen when he heard the slow, shuffling footsteps of someone making his way slowly along the sidewalk. Jimmy paid them no attention, as people passed him frequently. The foot falls approached, and stopped right behind him. His curiosity aroused, he turned, his muscles tightening involuntarily. Before him stood a nondescript old man of average height, staring at him in a bemused sort of way. Jimmy's glance took in the man's shabby clothing, his stained and frayed pants that were shiny on the knees from wear, and his plaid flannel shirt, its tail out and its sleeves unbuttoned and rolled up over scarred forearms. He clutched a white plastic bag with "Rite-Aid" written in bold letters across it in his veiny right hand. "How's it goin'," Jimmy said.

The old man stared at him from odd, lead colored eyes a moment longer before answering. "Fine, just fine I am," he said, following the words with a grin. "Fine weather we've had lately."

"Yessir, it shore has been," Jimmy replied, letting his muscles slowly relax, although he wasn't conscious of the action.

The old man's gaze held Jimmy's a moment longer, and then he lifted his grey stubbled face up and looked at the bright orb above. "A little cool, though," he said.

Jimmy looked at the old man, and glanced down at his own sweat-stained tee-shirt. A brief whiff would have told him that his deodorant really didn't work 24 hours, he was sure. "Could be cooler," he commented, punctuating the remark with a short laugh.

"It'll get cooler," the old man said

with a sigh of certainty and resignation, "cooler, and darker, too."

Jimmy said nothing, but a look of confusion began to inch across his face, a look that was not wasted on the old man.

"The sun, boy, the sun is what I'm talkin' about," the old man said in a manner that implied that what he was talking about was as plain as the substantial nose on his face, "its fadin'."

"You mean it's going down," Jimmy said, the confusion on his features making its way into his voice.

"No, boy, no," the old man began in an exasperated tone, throwing his free hand up in a frustrated gesture and scrunching up his face, "I mean ... aw, hell, forget it." His hand dropped, and his features relaxed. He looked at Jimmy for a moment without saying anything, then his right hand raised the white bag, and he reached into it with the other. Jimmy took an involuntary step backward, his mind spewing a list of things that the old guy might pull from the bag.

What he saw in the old man's hand when it withdrew from the bag was nowhere on that list.

Clutched between the old man's dirty fingers was a candle.

**"I see you've met Crazy Harold," she said, her heavy jowls quivering with laughter.**

It was a short, squat red candle, Jimmy saw, the kind that his mother had at home, the ones she would put on the mantle during Christmas, surrounding them with that plastic holly with the plastic red berries. You could pick them up at Rose's for \$.69, his mind told him.

The old man looked up into the sun, and then back down at Jimmy. He extended the candle towards Jimmy with a slightly quivering hand, as though he held some sacred trinket, and said with a gentleness and sincerity that touched

Jimmy deep within the recesses of his heart, "Take this, son. This is for when the lights go out." Jimmy's hand reached out, and he took the candle gingerly. It was not a new candle, Jimmy noticed. Rather, it was malformed and sweaty from the heat and closeness of the bag, and it began to cool in the open air. It was streaked with wax, resembling a small volcano that had erupted, sending molten lava streaming down its smooth sides.

Jimmy glanced up through the window into the cleaners. Looking back at him were a half dozen laughing faces, Phyllis and Jenny, the girl who did the pressing, and Molly, the old lady that did all of the sewing repairs, and the others. They were all laughing. Jimmy could see their faces through the window, and at the same time he could see his own reflection in the glass, superimposed upon the others. His reflection was not smiling back at him. Rather, it harbored a confused, almost hurt look, like it had when he had discovered that, No Virginia, we were really just pulling your leg, there is no Santa Claus.

A movement brought him out of the window, and he looked back at the old man. He had turned, and his mission completed, he continued down the sidewalk, his shuffling gait eventually taking him around the corner out of sight. He never looked back.

Jimmy watched the man until he was gone, then glanced back down at the candle that he was turning over in his hands. A tap on the window brought his head up, and he saw Phyllis motioning for him to come inside. He walked to the door, and swung it open. The oppressive air hit him, but he pressed on, letting the door swing silently shut behind him. "I see you've met Crazy Harold," she said, her heavy jowls quivering with laughter. The rest of the women added their comments, their laughs, following their words, but Jimmy scarcely heard them. His ears were filled with a fuzzy whooshing sound, making it hard to hear all of the remarks and jokes that the women made about the old man. Phyllis' laughter penetrated the winds in his head, and became an almost physical thing. He could feel it drilling at his temples, burrowing its way to the center of his brain. He raised his hands to his

*Continued on page 72*



CCE Walker

Untitled



Tim McClanahan

*The Witch and the Rainbow*

### **Petrarchan Sonnet III**

**A**s Heaven's passing fades across my face,  
I think I see a stormcloud in the West.

You know, that is the only vestige left  
Of what I thought was coming from that place;  
But what I thought has never been the case,  
Nor could it ever truly be expressed.

My gray reflection, crazy or possessed,  
Confronts me now and mocks the rites of chase.

As my face turns toward the pounded pane,  
The lights go out, foreshadowing a night  
Of stale depression, soaked with sudden rain.  
And she will come, or must I yet invite  
More tension than this prison can contain  
As Heaven's shadow passes from my sight?

**H. Kermit Leggett III**



Scott Buck

SPRING/FALL 15

# Empty Cans



He was settin' on his porch as I walked over. Rockin', like he was listening to music or somethin'. His three teeth, yellow as the sun, and his hair, white as the clouds. Sometimes I can't really understand him; when he gets to mumblin', I usually ask him what he said once, and if I doesn't understand by then, I just nod my head and he keeps on talkin'.

I sat down in the chair next to him; it wasn't a rocker no more. The chair was his wife's, she died a while back. When I was a kid, a little kid, I remember them rockin' together, he looked just as old as he does now. She used to love the rocker until one night she had sipped a bit too much moonshine. The porch is real hard. Never saw two rockers there again.

"Hot."

"Always is this time of year," Blueblood said. "Air's coming up straight from hell, sometimes it carries the screams up too." His name is Blueblood because he says he's the great great grandson of a King somewhere in Africa. That's what he says and most people believe him — I don't know, it don't matter to me. His real name is Willie Nixon, but he don't tell many people that.

Me and Blueblood always talks. He's the smartest person I ever met. Maybe the smartest I ever will. Says he's so smart because he got royal blood in him.

"Said good-bye to my girl. Wasn't bad." He knew it was.

"Never is easy ... sayin' good-bye." Blueblood was like an old race horse; you'd have to warm him up, but then he'd run. Like a machine. Like a time machine. "Guess you're here to say good-bye to me."

"Guess so."

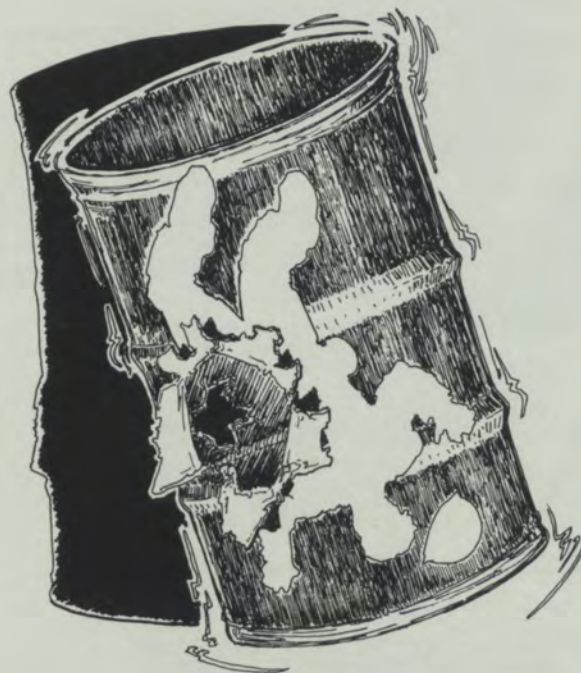
"Last war I said good-bye to lots of boys, said good-bye to my sons. Never is easy, sayin' good-bye." I didn't know his

sons, both died in the war. Before the war one of the sons had a kid though. Never knew him, moved up north a while back.

"Ain't told nobody . . . I'm sorta scared, Blueblood."

"Should be, war's scary, ain't no place for a kid."

Blueblood knew I was just a kid, but I guess even my pa was a kid to Blueblood. If it weren't for Blueblood, I might have hid somewheres, don't know



His name is Blueblood because he says he's the great great grandson of a King somewhere in Africa. His real name is Willie Nixon, but he don't tell many people that.

where, but somewheres. Told me I'd only be hiding from myself, and you can never lose yourself.

"How'd you stay alive, I means, in the war?"

"Different war. Wasn't things like 'aero-planes' and bombs. All there was to rely on was smarts — that's how I did it, smarts. But that ain't gonna help you, not

in these new wars, ain't the same. Didn't help my boys, lost two of 'em, you know." I knew.

"You scarin' me Blueblood, I know I'll live, I gots to live. My girl's waiting for me, you waiting for me.

"Ain't waitin' for no boy to come home from no war." I knew he'd be waiting for me, had to.

"How'd you use your smarts to stay alive? I thinks I gots enough smarts to stay alive."

"Gots to think different than most people. Think hard, all the time. People say that if you think too hard too long your head'll blow, like a pot on the stove that nobody lets the air out of. Well, that ain't the truth. The truth is the opp'sit, what's inside the pot is your thoughts, and if they ain't let out, by thinkin', then it'll blow."

"You seen a head blow from not thinkin'?"

"Old as I am, I seen lots. You gotta think different. Gotta remember that we live in the past, and everythin' goes by too fast. We only know what has happened; we don't know nothin' 'bout what is happnin', or what will happen. Only thing to do is look back and think, decide for you what's gonna happen, then do it, for you. When you in the Army you ain't got no choice but to listen to certain people and do what they say — but you gots to think, think 'bout everythin'."

Blueblood looked up at the sky and took a deep breath, like he always does when he's thinkin', rememberin' about the past. Like the sky got some power that runs this machine. Guess his time machine runs on the night sky.

"We was fight'n on the edge of the woods, and they was just comin' over a hill right in front of us. They couldn't see us so we was just droppin' em, like empty cans. There was about forty of us, more of them. A lot more, I knew. We'd

*Continued on page 72*



Jacqui Hughes

## Touring Carl Sandburg

The guide led us through your lived-in quarters,  
Connemara, a name you chose not to change when  
the land changed people.

Here and there, bits of you, a cigar and ashes,  
your hat, sweater, paper in a typewriter (I long to touch  
the keys), letters, boxes, files of letters, a calender on the  
wall, June 1957, old magazines, LIFE, a plaque from the NAACP,  
a cap.

In your bedroom, clothes laid out for you to slip into,  
old shoes, pants, a flannel shirt. And in your bed,  
a hollowed-out dent which matches well your contours.  
(I see you have just risen from your nap  
and walked over to the window where the sun floats dust  
in even lighted lines and it goes through you.)

The guide says "No" to my question, "but it is arranged  
as closely as possible to the way it was — one of the  
daughters confirmed us on that."

So, it was then, all arranged, the cigar smoke hastily  
by a face-making guide who let the ashes fall and  
the cigar smolder, and leaving some of the ashes connected,  
placed it counterclockwise at 6 o'clock,  
and the sweater, thinned in the right places, was lifted out  
of an old trunk and placed nicely on the back of the  
"correspondence chair" and the chair was pulled out slightly.  
Letters scattered just so.

The clutter you never attempted to straighten, straightened  
and re-cluttered  
And, naturally, up in the bedroom, a carefully arranged dent  
in the bedspread, a guide on a slow day slipped in for a nap  
and on his way out, opened wide the curtains  
to let the rays pierce the soul of Carl Sandburg.

Flat Rock, N.C.  
1976

Rita Rogers

## The I's Have It

Days pass like puddles,  
evaporating magically  
into forgotten nothingness,  
indistinguishable,

I watch through the iron bars,  
a gilt colored parrot with  
no tongue to protest  
imprisonment.

The free denounce me,  
I am a "Callous criminal,"  
a "Marblehearted malefactor,"  
"immoral."

But what do they know of  
my heart which beats  
in tune with their own,  
identical.

A jury of my peers blew  
Gabriel's horn, redefining  
the boundaries of my life,  
incarcerating

me, removing a blemish.  
I have appealed, I now  
have no concourse left,  
their judgement stands, the  
I's

have it. I am impotent,  
helpless, not heartless.  
I am blamed, exiled, yet  
innocent.

I fell through a hole  
in the system into a  
chasm of yellowed despair,  
indicted.

I see the leaves fall  
outside my cell,  
knowing that never will  
I

feel the seasons change.

Mary Joyce McCallum

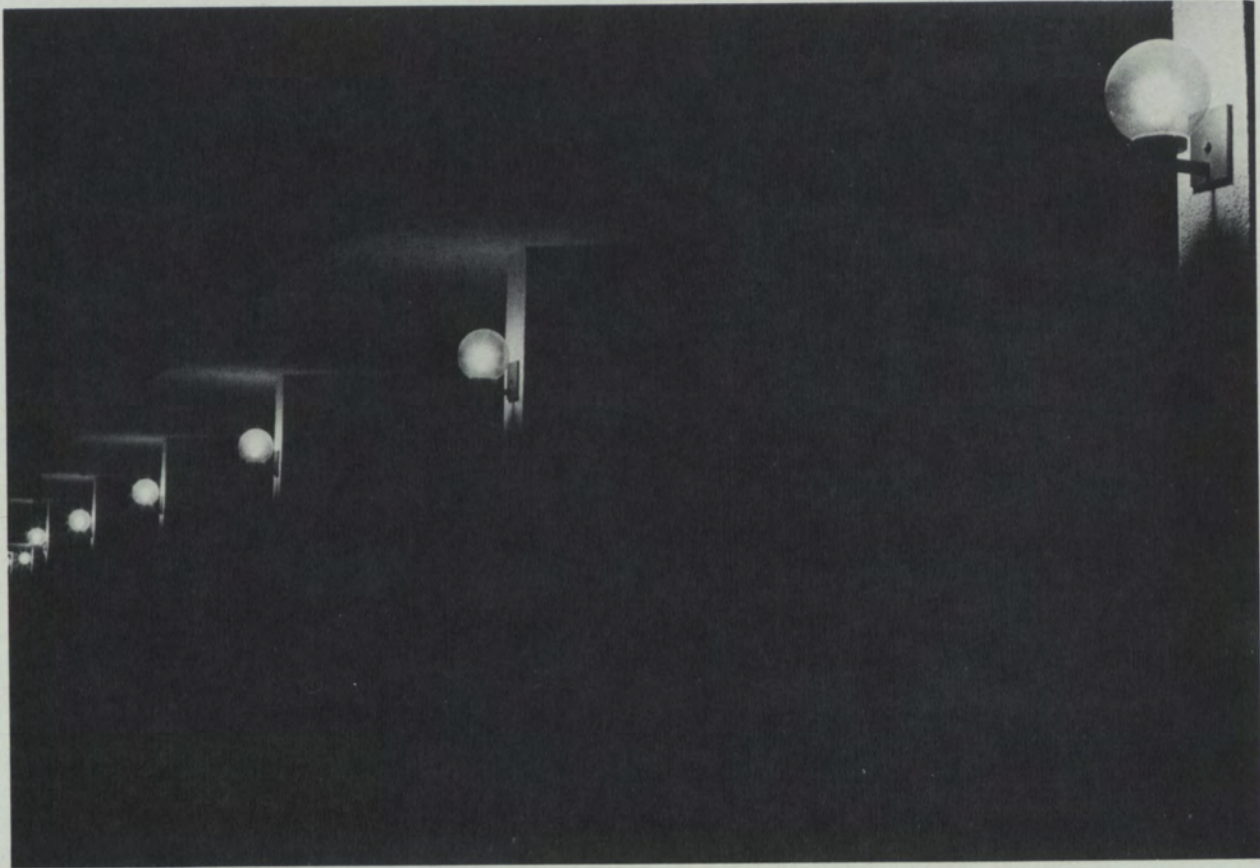


Tony Nichols

SPRING/FALL 21



Tina Shaw



Alex Marsh

## **Sarah's Hymn (Genesis 21-22)**

I laughed when first He stirred me from my sleep:  
"I who am so old to have a child!"  
But laughter grew in me and we named you, our first-born,  
Laughter.

Oh how fast you grew! (and I knew but did not dare believe  
the time would come)  
Do you remember  
your first trip with your father?  
How excited you were with your little face turned upward to  
question, question, "But Papa, where is the lamb?"

And the silence. And the look, the look  
"The Lord will provide," he answered and you believed but  
How hard it was to keep from running running to bring you back  
to me. My arms ached empty.

I waited, waited  
Waited for dust to rise from small sandals  
Washed out your white white clothes on rocks, they dried coarse  
and stiff, then on the limbs of willows and waited for softening  
breeze. But there was no wind.

No wind, no rain in desertlands. It was too too long and when  
you returned at last, at last, I cried. I cried and pulled you  
close and smelled your baby hair. You, puzzled, little hands  
embraced my mournful face: "But, Mama, I am here."  
You are. You are  
Laughter.

**Rita Rogers**

## Mother and Child Photo

"Wish I could have known you then  
still full of that fat fertility glow,  
screaming bundle in your arms, red faced,  
blood filled balloon about to burst.  
You held me up, proud sculptor.

But labor followed my birth;  
on your brow the marks,  
only chisels carve marble so deep,  
shadows from nights with no sleep  
cast beneath biting stone  
coldness, your eyes.

What weight hung so heavy  
round your neck, bending  
proud posture into brutal broken back?  
Has some horrible hunger sucked  
full cheeks gaunt from within?  
Now you appear always gasping for air.

Years ago when the cord between us split  
I thought I saw it fall and  
shrivel like sloughed off skin;  
I never dreamed you'd pick it up,  
entwine it round your throat and choke.

Lynne Rupp

## Magnolia Leaves and Pine Needles

When I see magnolia leaves and pine needles,  
I think of you.

You were nine,  
I was ten,  
life was fun.

We were friends at a time when,  
"Mama, can I go outside and play?"  
was the only question in our lives.

The anticipation was overwhelming  
when Sundays and Summers  
came 'round.

Sitting in Grandmother's den,  
staring out the window,  
Anxious to see you run into your  
Grandmother's house.  
Thinking all the while,  
"Come on, Shannon, it's time to play."

Seeing you brought a smile,  
a hurried and impatient  
"Mom, can I go out?"

With a yes, a race with my brother would begin  
out the door,  
jump the ditch,  
ring the bell.  
"Can Shannon play?"

What fun we had!  
Days playing Army, tag, hide 'n' go seek,  
or making a house out of  
magnolia leaves and pine needles.  
Moments of playful arguments over  
who was older,  
and who was taller.  
As quickly as they started,  
they stopped and we were playing again.

Thoughts of the end  
never crossed our minds,  
the fun would last forever.  
Then, suddenly, I moved,  
missing you the most.  
Wondering,  
what if I had stayed?

Now, remembering only the good times,  
the showing off,  
the giggling,  
there is warmth and smiles.

You were  
my first playmate,  
my first friend,  
my first crush.

I cared so much about you,  
though I could never say it,  
did you know?

I wish I could tell you now,  
I can't  
you're gone.  
Somehow,  
I know you know.

Yet, I keep finding myself wanting to ask,  
"Mama, can I go outside and play?"  
one last time,  
to say  
goodbye. . .

Melissa Lynn Gray

## TAROT

I was in the forest  
And a tree fell.  
Nobody  
Heard.

Later on, I met a hermit  
On a lonely pilgrimage and He said,  
"Let's put this poem on the rack, see what it has  
To say."  
"Well," I said, "it could be made longer,  
But it really couldn't say  
Much more."

But the poem was stretched, and it said:  
From phantom tempest on the deep  
To silken, sodden shore,  
In fearful haste, the wind gives chase  
Then blows that way no more!

"BAD OMENS IN THE VERSE!" the hermit cried,  
"BEWARE THE IDES OF THE OCEAN!"  
Lost in the light of His lamp,  
He went His way  
And I was left alone  
With this rackbroken poem  
Which whispered reassuringly  
Of doom.

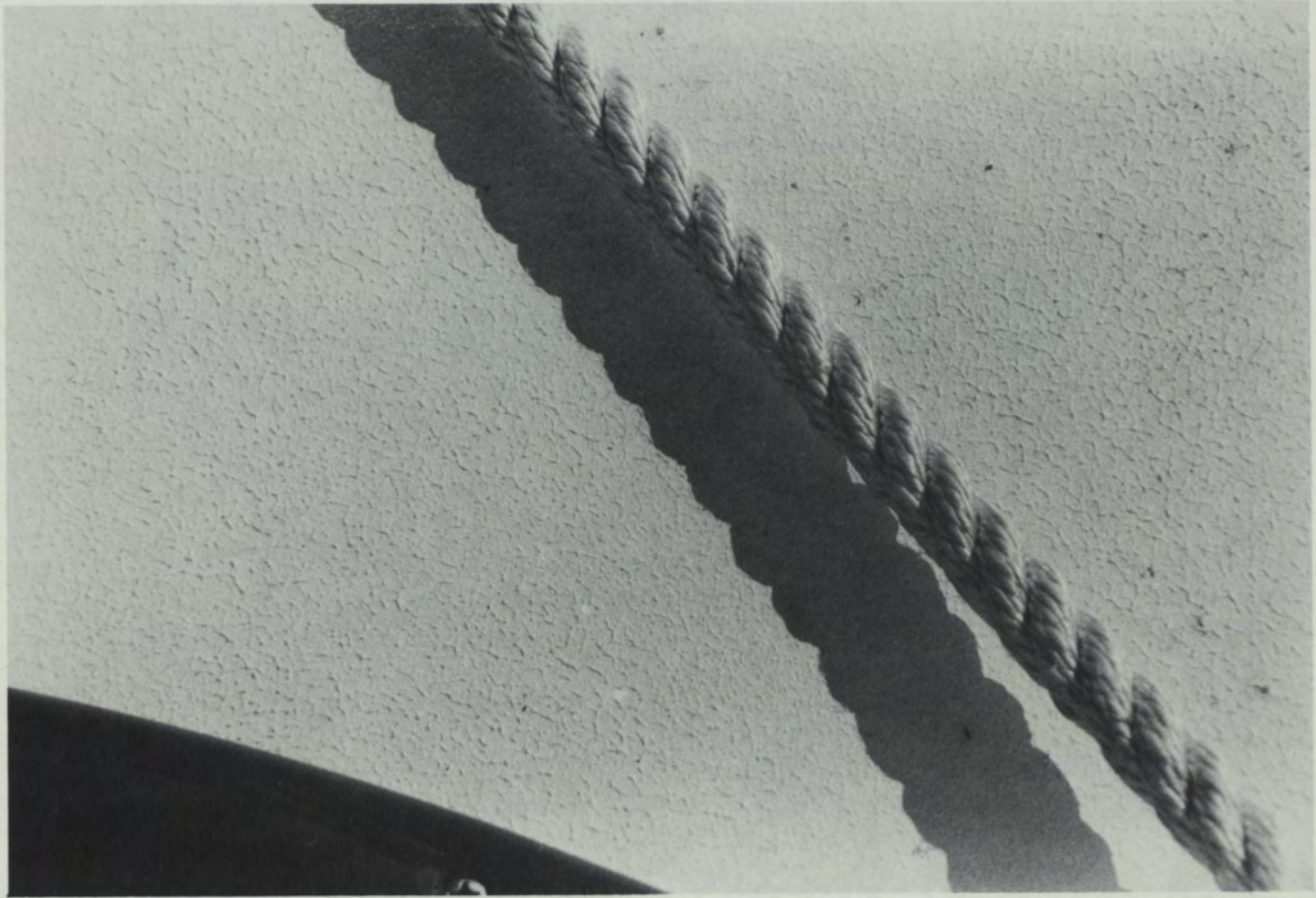
H.K. Legget



Rick Burgess



John O'Connor



John O'Connor



Robert Gwyn

## The Master Architect

Upon a field of thistles stands  
A single lily, tall and white.  
The Bloom about the Thorns commands a view of wild, untended  
Lands  
Newly thawed from Winter's blight.

The deeds that Men have bought and sold  
To flower, thorns and virgin ground  
Are stored in Coffers, stark and cold — The yellow parchment  
Sprouting Mold;  
A hardy, healthy crop abounds.

Do grass and weeds grow by Design?  
And shrubs and trees of every kind?  
Who plans the way the ivy twines and twists around the Withered  
Spine  
Of a rotten apple rind?

Do Lawyers write the rules for rain?  
Do Priests and Prophets own the wind?  
What text was written that explains the proper nesting time to  
Cranes,  
When Winter fails and Spring begins?

And deep within the lily white,  
A spider's spun her silken web.  
And when a Monarch stopped his flight to sip the Nectar, she  
Wrapped him tight  
In her sticky, silken thread.

But men don't like to look in Blooms,  
That stand alone in distant fields,  
Where Death and Life share common rooms and stately flowers are  
Fragrant Tombs  
That Carpenters can never build.

**Brett Hursey**

## The Simplicity of it All

### (A Vampire's Confession)

I am repelled by the darkness,  
Her frigid fingers tenderly touch  
The frame of my body.  
Warmth is suckled and weaned away.

I no longer believe in what I used to be  
For the temptation is greater than the belief,  
Creating an eruption of hunger  
TWISTING, SPIRALING, RIPPING, TEARING  
Past a hollow hole where a soul once lay.

I ensue the craving,  
Yearning to bite soft, tender flesh  
Pliable, but filled with enough tenacity  
To resist briefly my wants,  
                  my needs,  
                  my desire,  
Until finally breaking with a gentle snap.

I endure an immortalized sensation  
As I have for an imperishable number of times.  
Drinking in the simplicity of it all,  
I allow carmine droplets to slide down my face,  
          Land upon my arm,  
                  Fall onto the floor.

The continuing drip,  
          drip,  
          drip, of each drop  
Pricks at my ears,  
Arousing a frenzy I no longer control.

I know I am evil.  
The darkness is a constant reminder  
And that is what sickens me.

Christopher Gallagher

## Oh, Bod!

Come, mein frau, mon fiddle-stick,  
Heave high those heathen hurdies from that vanity.  
Don't fiddle with rouge, those cheeks are perfect,  
Oh, just ponder the passion we'll miss!  
(I'll blush you deeper with just a kiss!)

My Hunnish desires make me perspire  
As does that smirking archaic smile.  
Fiddlesticks! you say? Well, fiddle-dee-dee—  
Fiddle you may — (yet of sticks,  
I have but one.)

Put away that clew, you must  
Discard the thimble.  
I promise the prick you receive  
Will not make you spew.  
(Unless you want it to.)

This linen is plush, you — a scrumptious  
Sultry-poultry, sculpted flesh in your white  
Tight teddy: an odiferous odalisque  
For my paltry emotions.  
(Even Ingres would blush.)

Oh, my concupiscible concubine, go  
Fetch me my slippers, my robe.  
We'll shower for an hour,  
Then bask in the afterglow,  
All wrinkled and spent.

Joseph Campbell

## Hooverville Request

Taking the time to paint some shoes  
where the plaid bucket dips the deep  
water.

Let the three of us leave our separate sets  
of keys in the dish — avoiding the  
floscope.

Nose, ears, mouth, all in the proper space  
above the corkscrew humorously boring  
into the meeting of foreigners:

That's my talent!

and those who don't laugh, I can't speak with  
unless we press in a unification  
chamber.

Collected feathers chip a cheap Morano  
glass.  
A girl waving a red scarf to a gorilla  
comments:

"Look, a mouse!"

the rodent limps silently across the dresser.

• • • • •

Now, let me go eat my Jello and cookies down  
where the plaid bucket dips the deep water.

**Robert Flanagan**



Paul Glankler



David Stanley

## Now I Understand

a confusing assortment of tedious challenges  
vex me and hex me, don't cease to perplex me  
i manage to acquire them in tottering heaps  
which at any moment look ready to collapse  
and relieve me of my head.

pessimistically optimistic or optimistically pessimistic  
distinction too insignificant to warrant clarification  
impressing both young and age simultaneously  
requires so much meaningless expostulation  
or so much mental masturbation  
instant impersonal gratification  
i'll scribble instead.

useless consternation over topics at best obscure and irrelevant  
to tire me and stress me, guaranteed to depress me  
for the sake of conversation i achieve an education  
i'd rather stay in bed.

marshall s. moore



Renée Rice



Stacy Hamilton



Jeff Campagna



Renée Rice

## To Say Good-bye

First time, with pine  
and scarlet dogwood, that afternoon  
of the fall I reached for the light  
in your eyes and found a beginning.

Longleaf and leafless wood  
protected our intimacy  
under sharp winter sun —  
because we only knew  
of warm love.

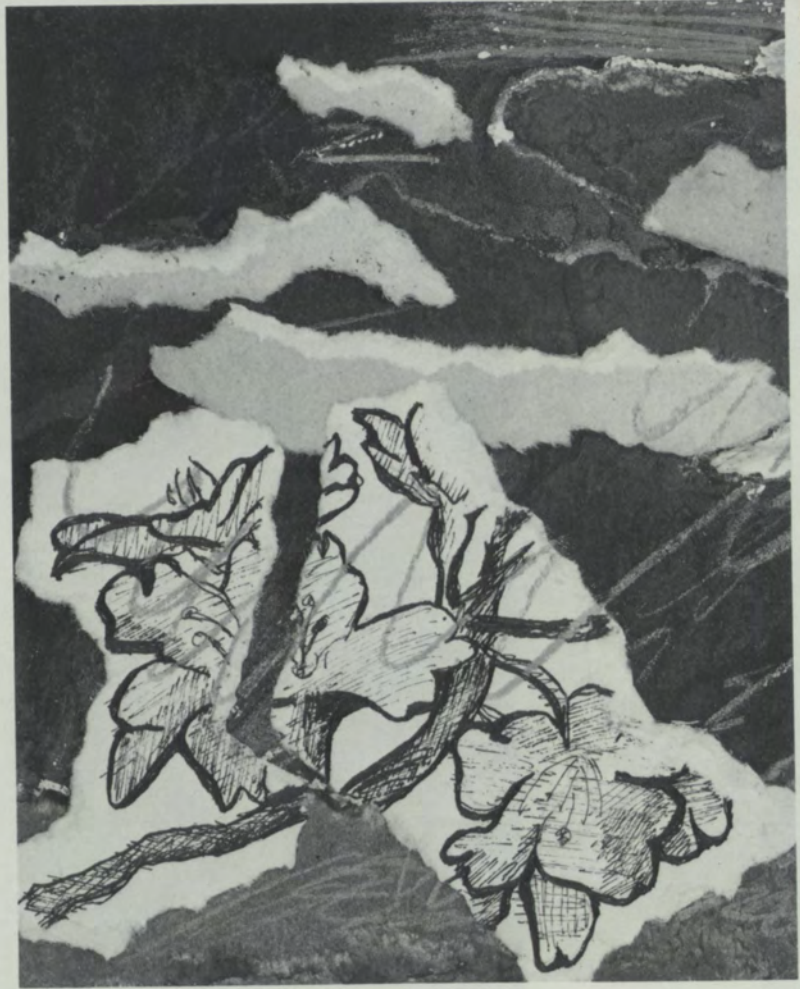
Rain, without relief  
bent white dogwood  
and camouflaged what fell  
from our eyes — the pain  
of endings.

Your city, my innocence —  
they seemed reason enough  
for intervention, and bloodstained  
tears left behind  
our youth.

So many years, and miles apart  
have since made their way  
between what we shared  
and all that was left  
of love.

I just wanted you to know  
about belief in nature's progression,  
of births and all beginnings —  
that endings become tomorrows  
and love.

**Robin Ayers**

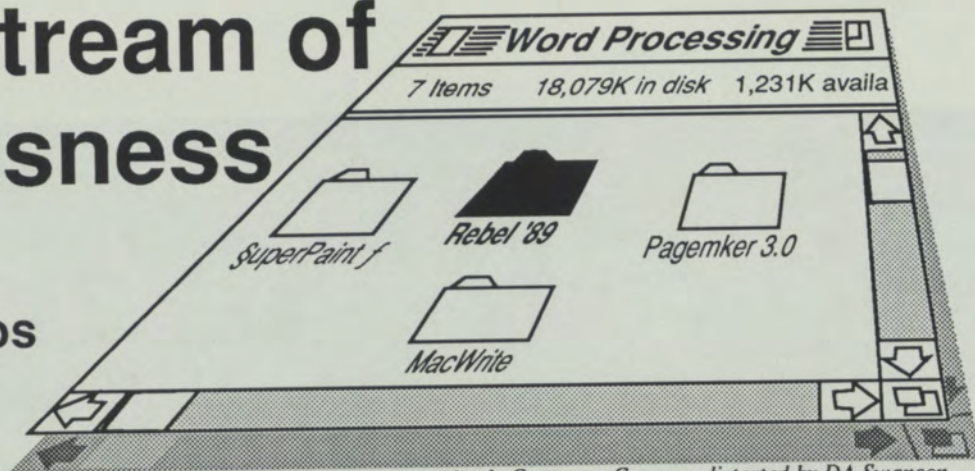




John O'Connor

# Stream of Consciousness

by the 3 caballeros



Apple Computer Co. -- as distorted by DA Swanson

And in the beginning it was a dark and stormy night and there we were—faced with a stark, white, clean, brilliant, spotless, unadulterated spread (of pages that is, and a computer screen... sometimes). And suffering intensely humanizes the whole universe, by Mina.

The time limit for completing all credit (including transfer credit) in non-doctoral programs is 6 years; for two year programs nine years...  
 --ECU Bulletin 1986-1988 Graduate Catalogue

-- it's a jungle out there!

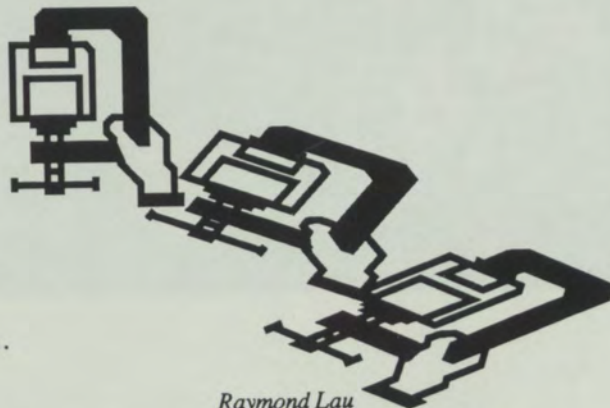
George! George! George!

JETSON

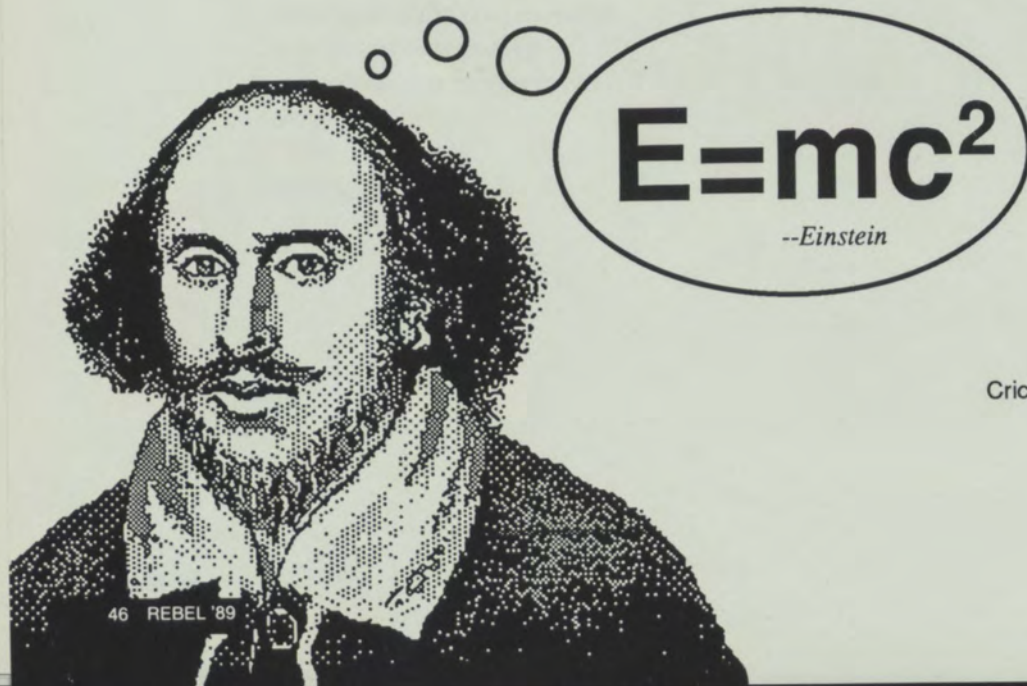
Daughter Judy

Flotsam! Flotsam!

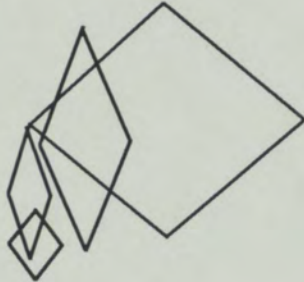
ASTRO! META!! Football...



Raymond Lau  
 --as distorted by DA Swanson

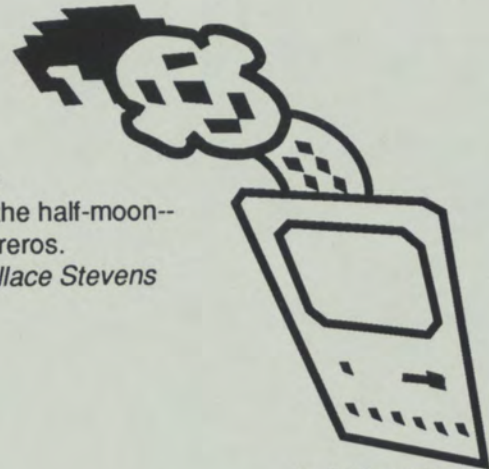


Crickets like music from a bad horror movie.



Rationalists, wearing square hats,  
 Think, in square rooms,  
 Looking at the floor,  
 Looking at the ceiling.  
 They confine themselves  
 To right-angled triangles.  
 If they try rhomboids,  
 Cones, waving lines, ellipses--  
 As, for example, the elipse of the half-moon--  
 Rationalists would wear sombreros.

--Wallace Stevens



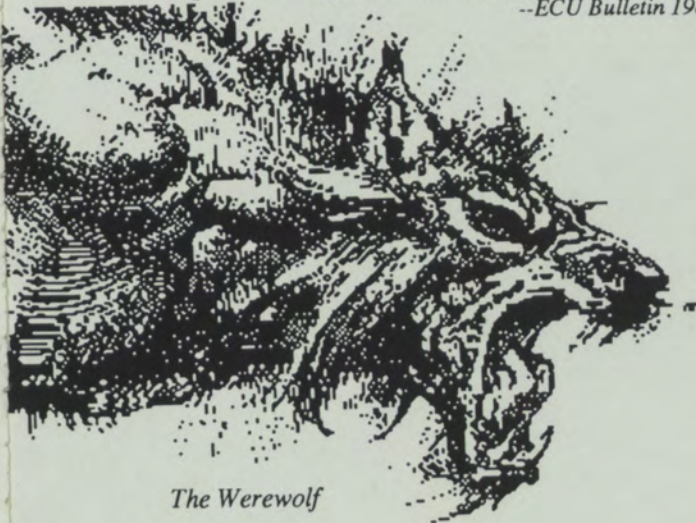
Apple Computer Co.  
 -- as distorted by DA Swanson

**Cellular Neurophysiology\* (3)**

Prerequisites: Calculus, Physical Chemistry, & Consent of instructor.

Development of theoretical and experimental evidence underlying modern concepts of bioelectric phenomenon. Current concepts of membrane structure, metabolism, resting and action potentials, ionic fluxes, and techniques utilized in electrophysiological research. Seminars with emphasis on the critical evaluation of pertinent original research papers.

--ECU Bulletin 1986-1988 Graduate Catalogue



*The Werewolf*

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
 Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
 Brought death into the world, and all our woe,  
 With loss of Eden, till one greater Man  
 Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,  
 Sing, Heavenly Muse

--Milton

That we're all just on some cosmic treadmill on our way to some doomful doom? Is truth really painless? or is it just beautiful. But what does beauty mean without some sacrifice to it? The sacrifice, the stigmata, the gap, the gap, landscapish, architectonic, poetic and prosey, syllabics, sound quality, composition, the desire to produce, stick it out! 86



Allen Sovelove

48 REBEL '89

# Gallery



The Wonder, The Splendor

SPRING/FALL 49



Amanda Jarrell

*Kiss Me Ruby*



Craig O'Brien

Light Forms



Ray Puckett

*Mr. Champion's Pier*



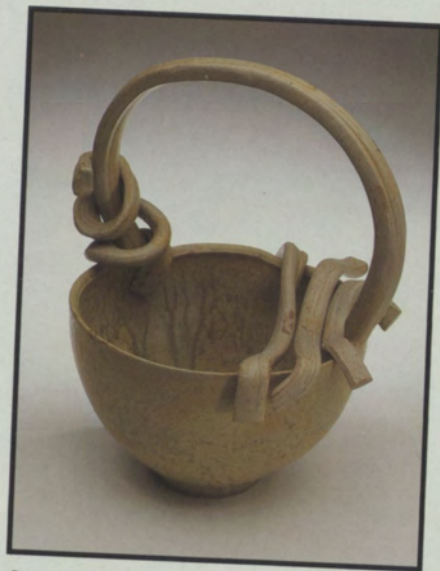
Lisa Brantley

*Untitled*



Bill Bailey

*Ring*



Carol Torrell

*Basket*



Chris Hill

*Porcelain Knob*



Scott Eagle

*The Annunciation*



Carroll Torrell

*Ginkgo Plate*



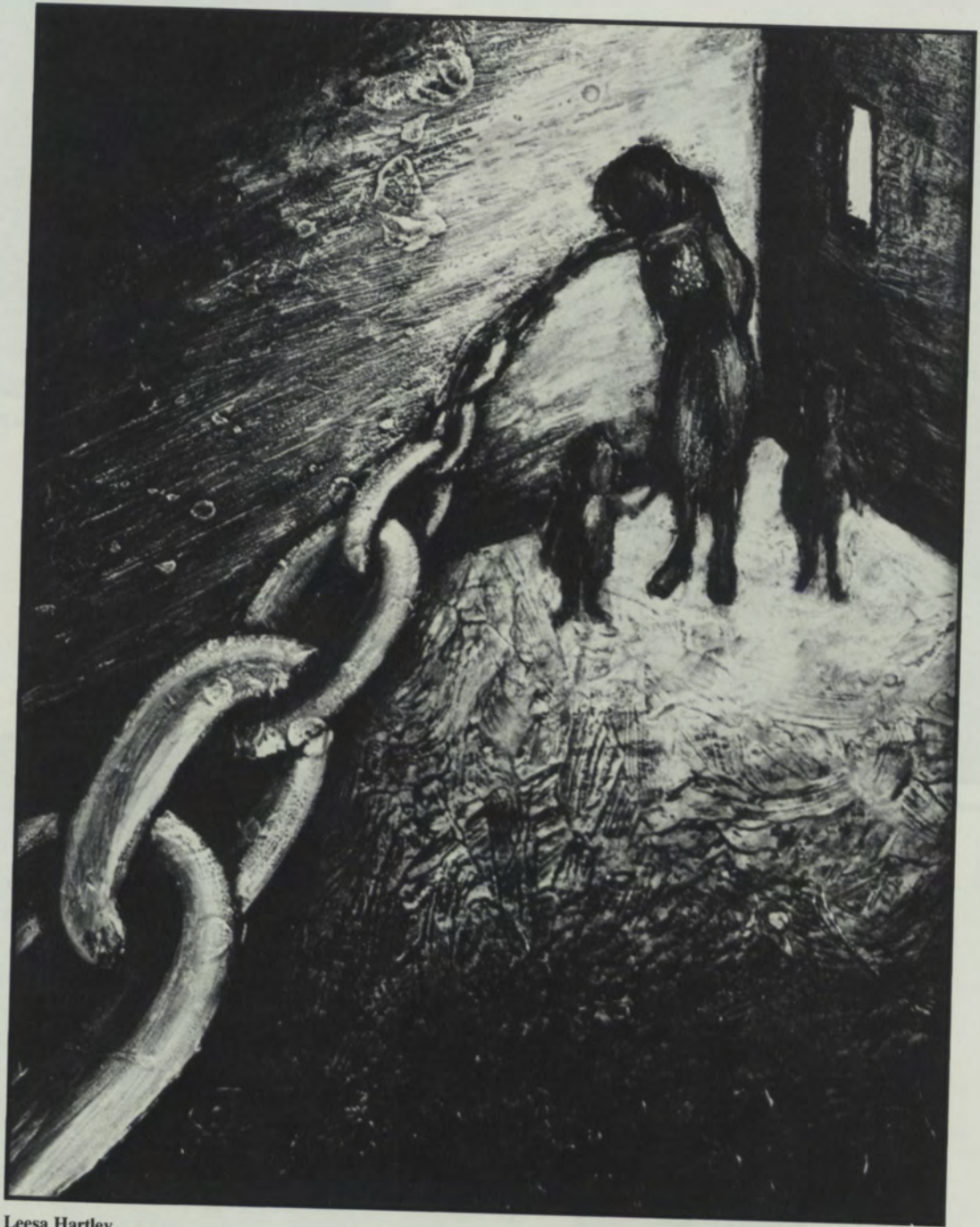
Erik Johnson

*Pumping Iron*



Michael McCreery

*My Steel*



Leesa Hartley

*The Chain of Family Abuse*



David Stanley

*Breaking the Cycle of Family Abuse*



Andrea Ross

*La Sophistique*



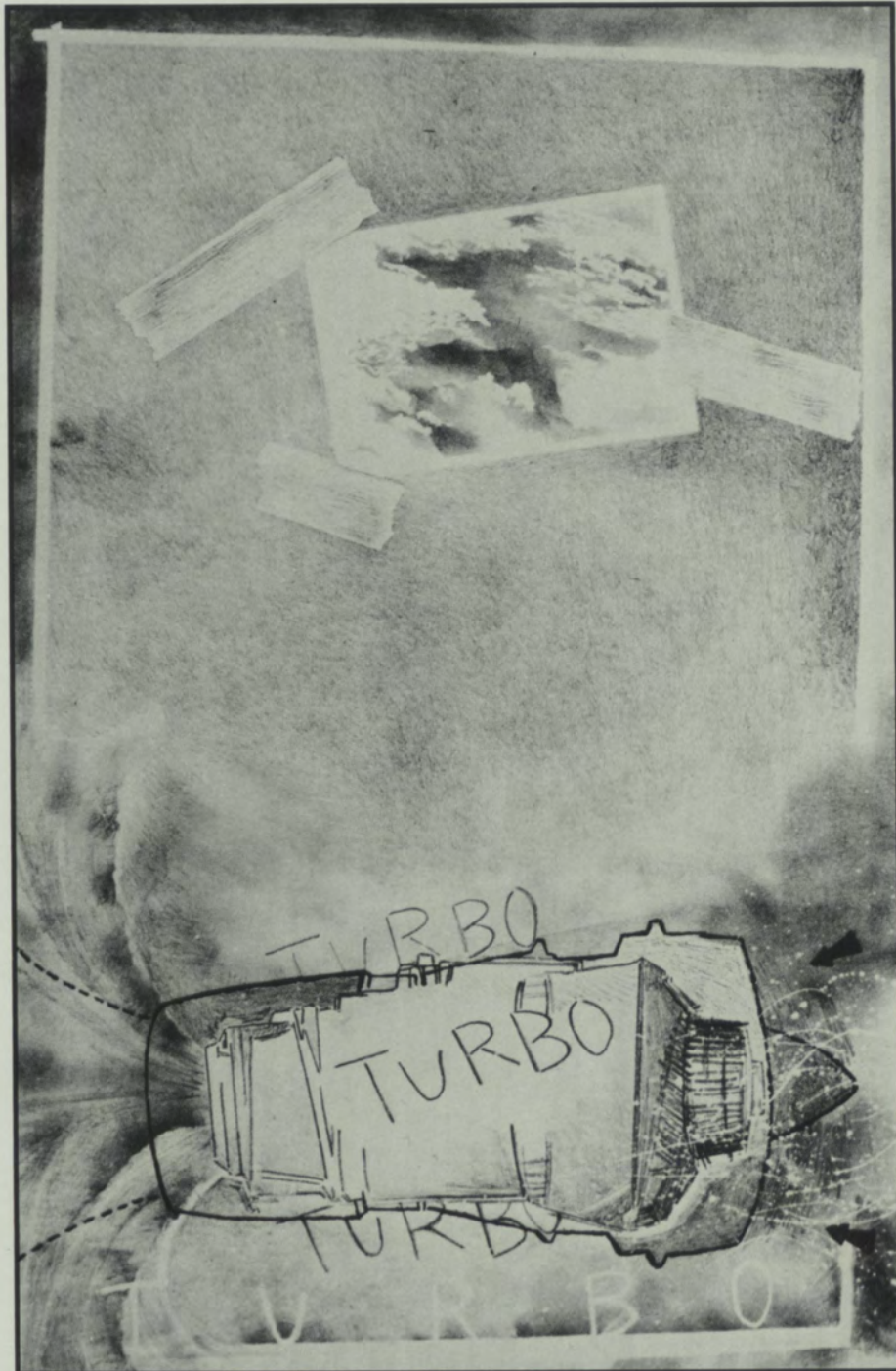
Scott Eagle

*The Genius of Disease*



Steven Reid, Jr.

*Just Art*



Steven Reid, Jr.

*Turbo Print*



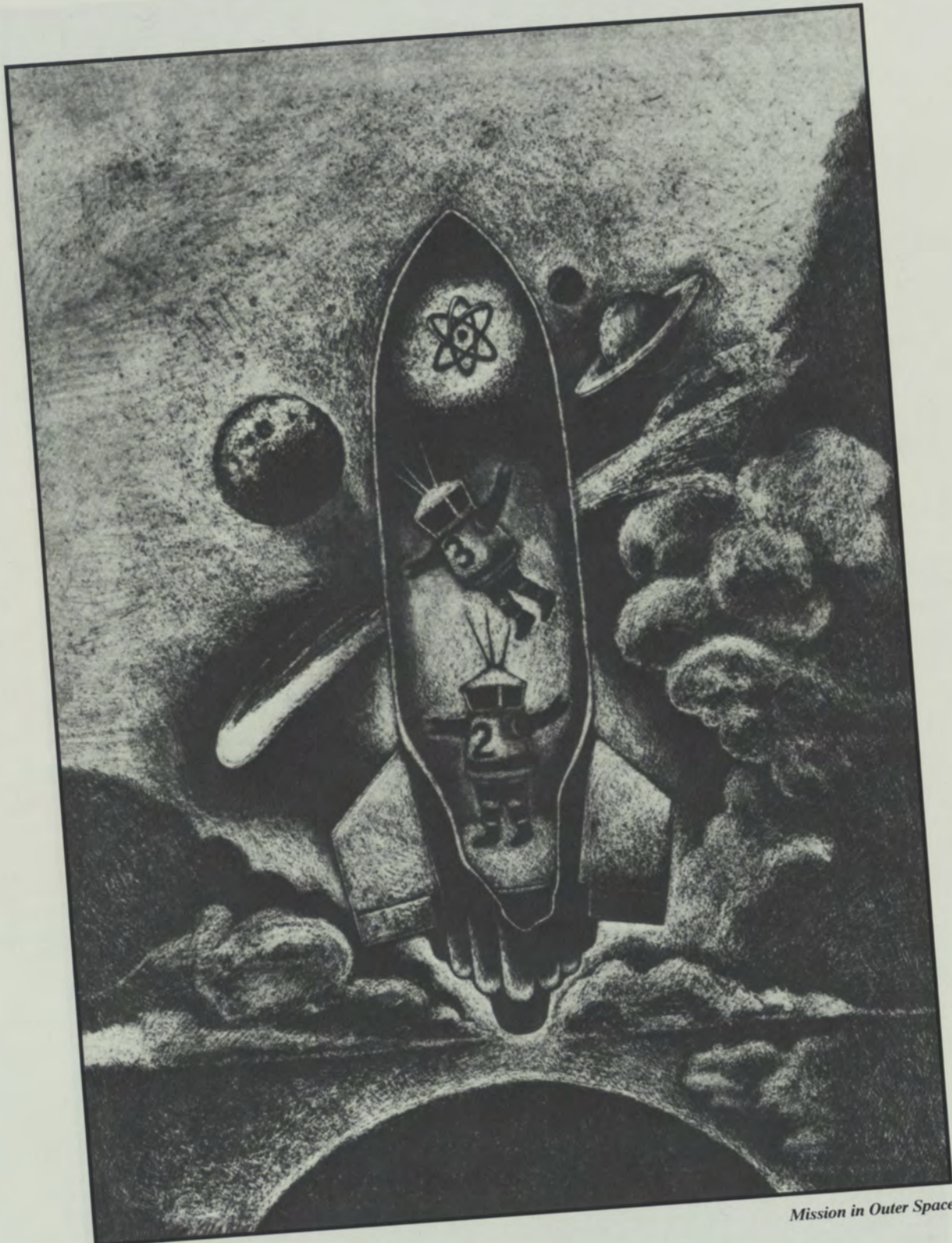
Leigh Miner

*Portrait of a Friend's House*



Melissa Iverson

*Cathedral*



David Cherry

*Mission in Outer Space*



Alex Marsh

*Untitled*

## Requiem for the Marquis de Sade

Once enough people like me  
I'll allow myself the luxury of hating some of them.

I swallow the pins and tacks  
Like you suggested  
But didn't find any answers in them.

My best traits and my worst ones  
Are the same;  
It depends on who I'm talking to.

The mirror never tells me anything  
I haven't heard before.

I put hooks through my eyes  
So you could drag me along.  
Who and what am I?  
You said you'd tell me  
Although I never asked.  
Given the chance,  
You would carve out and classify all my secrets.  
I wouldn't kill me, but all I ever wanted  
Was the death of definition.

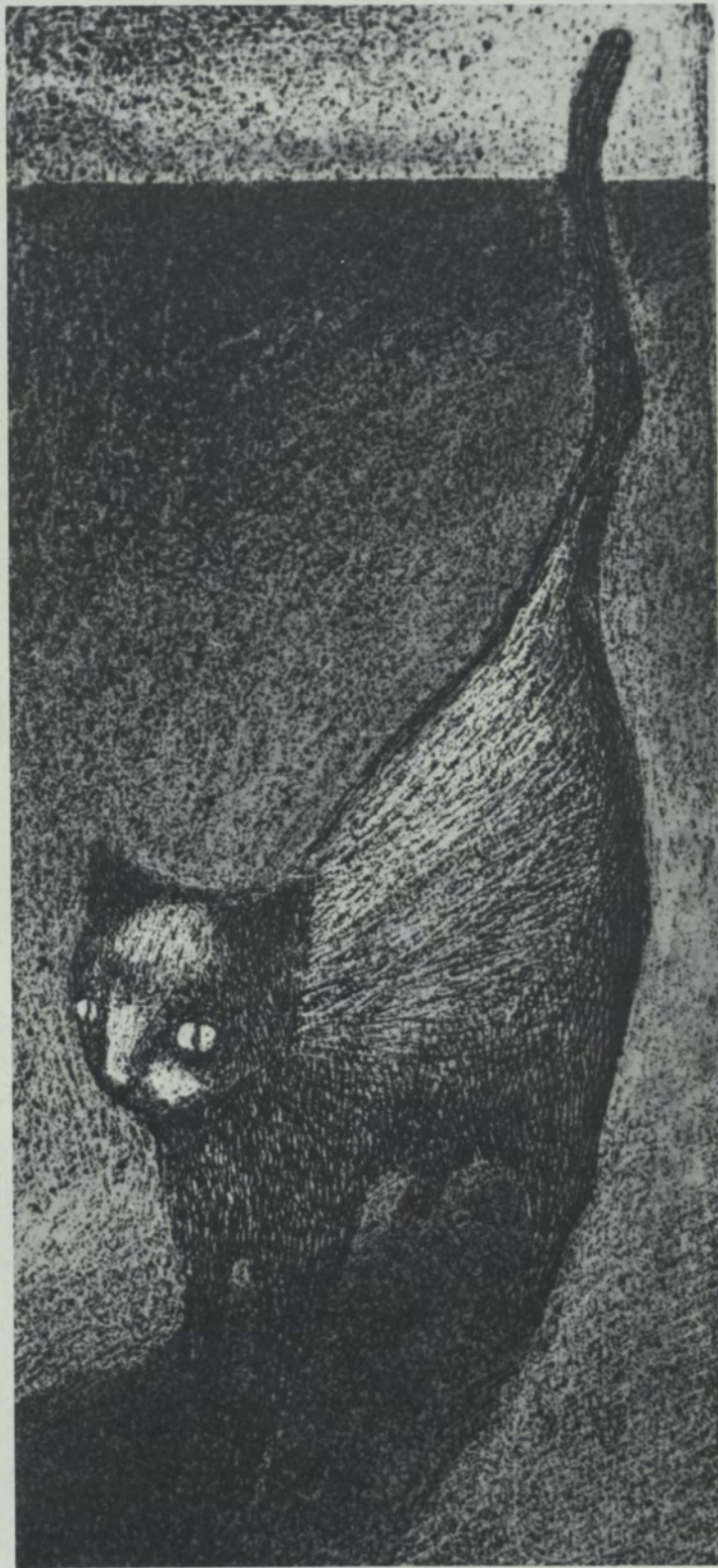
Trying to weigh your guilt against my innocence  
Only showed me the depths of the graves  
We've dug for ourselves.

**Marshall S. Moore**



ari Boyd

SPRING/FALL 67



Illustrations by David Cherry

# the sacrifice

The preacher's wife found the bundle late that afternoon in the left corner of the closet, fitted snugly between sweaters and wool skirts. She motioned to her husband, "John, here,"

then got up from her knees and walked carefully to give the blood time to circulate in her shaky legs, holding onto the chair, then desk and dresser top until she reached the open window. The house felt airless. Outside dogs barked, at Harry Blake's red pickup, she could see now. They chased the old Dodge clear around the corner, then chased each other back to wait for more slow-moving traffic.

Dogs. Last week four dogs had dug up under her duck pen. They had chewed up her beautiful ducks like they were old thrown-out slippers. By the time she had reached them, there was not much left other than mangled bits of feathers, meat and blood. In one corner she saw a fat mallard squirm even as a dog bit deep into his

breast. She had stood

there beating the dog hard with her fists, then with a stick until the stick split into splinters and still he ignored everything, her screams, her kicking, and ran with the duck in his mouth, its limp body bouncing back and

forth like a child's balloon-on-a-stick. Alice's arms and back still felt stiff from the effort.

She felt almost as much anger toward the palefaced girl curled up on the couch in the front room. "John, I'm going home. You don't need me here, do you?"

"No, honey, go on. Try to rest."

Alice didn't remember walking home or passing the two small brick houses, then crossing the bridge which arched over only mud during this very low tide. The muddy marsh gradually merged into a rather shallow creek where only the smaller boats could safely go. The parsonage that she and John had lived in for almost 11 years was the second house after the bridge. It was white, one-story, two bedroom. She had loved it for its porch.

Summer nights, when they'd first moved there, she and John would drag out chairs from the dining room table and sit out on their porch. Youngsters would stop by on their way to Tilden's to get ice-cream, or on their way back, and the next morning Alice would mop off the sticky drippings from the porch steps. She hadn't minded. She wasn't particular as most childless women about neatness. Every summer until a few years ago she had taught the Vacation Bible School. Her favorite activities were finger-painting and play dough. Her class was one of the most popular because she let them be as messy as they liked.

The porch had a porch swing now and a set of matching lawn chairs, but since the building committee had installed air conditioning they no longer used the porch. No one walked down this road anymore except heart patients

Youngsters would stop by on their way to Tilden's to get ice-cream, or on their way back, and the next morning Alice would mop off the sticky drippings from the porch steps.

by Rita Rogers



who had taken their doctor's advice seriously. Most people drove even if it was just a quarter of a mile to Tilden's store or to their church, Marshall Baptist Church. It was as if walking were no longer an option.

At home Alice waited for her husband. Nine o'clock came and she put his supper on the refrigerator; she should have left a note, but she was too worn out to remember that he would never find the food otherwise. She was used to being alone at night. During seminary it had been the library; then at the New Hope church, then Bethany, then Calvary, now Marshall, there were the parishioners to visit. Early on, Alice had visited them with John. But somehow, as the years passed, she couldn't do it anymore. Those pastoral calls took so much out of her, always having to smile and be interested in their children and grandchildren. All those past congregations now blended into one huge conglomeration of scolding faces: nominating committees, revival services, social committees, too much make-up, not dressy enough, run in your stocking. Do, go, be, they chanted over and over; do, go, be.

Not the children though, those she remembered distinctly and gladly: Todd and Michael at the Bethany church, singing "If I were a butterfly, I'd thank you Lord for giving me wings," and Calvary's Belinda and Allyson and Brian at the district Bible Drill, earnestly flipping the pages of their Bibles, a

soothing noise like the flapping of wings, and looking up triumphantly when they found what they were looking for. Those children and the others were all grown by this time, but she tried not to think about that.

And John had told her just last week, a pulpit committee this Sunday will come to hear him preach. Mt. Tabor near little Washington. Then, as always, would come dinner with the committee, then a session of questions and answers. Then wait for the phone call.

Then the trial sermon. Then the vote. Then another phone call. Alice felt traitorous during the waiting.

She fell asleep finally. When she awakened near dawn with John there beside her, his steady breathing comforted her a little; she gently moved his hand so that it softly stroked her own face. Alice wondered when he came to bed; she was usually such a light sleeper. By the time the sun filtered through the cracks in the blinds,

John had mowed  
around a bunch of  
the wild red  
amaranth. He  
never could bear to  
cut down any of  
the transient  
flowers...

John began to stir. "Are you already awake?" he asked her.

"How's Miss Eva?" She shifted her pillow as she spoke.

"She's doing as well as can be expected. The doctor gave her something."

"The girl?"

"Don't know. They've already scheduled a hearing. You okay?"

She closed her eyes and nodded. "Want some breakfast?"

"I'll just fix myself some corn flakes."

Alice stretched her legs out across the bed after John got up. It felt good, cool.

When was the last time she had changed the sheets, she wondered.

Almost one hour later she forced herself up and went into the kitchen. John was leaving. "I think I ought to go back for awhile. I'll be over at the church after that if you need me for anything," he said.

She hesitated before asking, "You think I should go back? I could."

"No, I can handle it all right. You could phone Miss Eva later." As he walked out the door he said, "Did you see the flowers?"

Alice shook her head and walked to the back screen door. She smiled. John had mowed around a bunch of the wild red amaranth. He never could bear to cut down any of the transient flowers that sometimes spontaneously sprung up in their back yard, goldenrod, columbine, violets, trumpet vine, hearts-a-busting, all sojourners on their way to someplace else. As a result, the lawn often had a blotched appearance.

"Where did they come from?" she asked him.

"Don't know. Nice, aren't they?"

"Yes." Alice stayed at the door until John had crossed the street.

On her way back from gathering the sheets Alice passed the bathroom and

noticed the clothes hamper. It was bulging with dirty laundry, its mouth opened slightly as if it had started to say something but had forgotten exactly what. She swaddled the damp bundle like her dough rising slowly in the refrigerator. She punched it a little with her fists as if to knead it into a proper smoothness.

While she was loading the washer, a childhood memory suddenly came to her. When she was about seven, the summer before the second grade, a cat had taken up at their house. There was nothing symmetrical about the cat's markings — a scramble of yellow and brown and white — except for the bulging in its sides. She had wanted desperately to keep the cat, but her mother had hastily shooed it away: "That's all we need—a dozen cats around this place!" The animal stayed in spite of her mother. Alice encouraged it with jar lids of milk hidden behind the shrubbery.

The kittens came. To Alice's horror, the mother cat had them right there on the concrete sidewalk in front of the house. Alice had felt sick and wondered why she didn't go into some corner, somewhere out of view. The cat completely ignored the births, the last one came out while she was crossing the yard. Where they fell, she left them—wet, ugly, mouse-like creatures still in their clinging bags of thin skin. Curling, dried-up cords protruded from their middles.

Without thinking really, Alice had picked up the cat and pushed a reluctant nose down toward one of the kittens. The cat didn't even sniff at the poor, squirming creatures, or show any of the casual curiosity she had exhibited that morning pursuing a beetle. Alice had watched helplessly as she walked away.

Such indifference, such detachment she had never seen, until now, this. She pictured the girl there on the couch, her knee drawn up to her breast.

The washer was full, she closed it and set the dial.

Another day passed before her neighbor Mildred came. Alice had been expecting her, dreading the woman's way of making her feel guilty for everything. Alice knew Mildred blamed her when the church bake sale didn't make enough to send all the children to camp. They all expected so much of her. She just couldn't do it anymore.

Mildred came with a fresh flounder wrapped in freezing paper. "Thought the preacher might like this," she said, smiling. "I know how he loves fresh fish." Mildred's husband owned his own fishing boat and ran the community's fish market.

Alice smiled back thanks. "John does love it. How's Dave doing now? He okay?"

"Yeah, he's fine. Ornerly as ever. Just a spell of the flu I guess. I came to ask about . . . you know."

Alice knew. She was trying to ask about the girl.

"You heard anything else? I saw the police over there. You heard any more today?"

Alice looked down at her own chewed fingernails. She wants details, she thought. She wants to know more than who, what, and where. More than the newspaper reporter/receptionist could bring herself to put in the scrubbed columns of page one of the Marshall News-Dispatch headlined: "Infant Found Dead, Teenage Mother Questioned."

"No Mildred, you know as much as I do."

What more can I tell you, she thought. Can I describe for you the awful way in which a dry-cleaner's plastic bag clings against the wet face of a two-day-old infant, clings as if it were a second skin? Should I tell you how the veined eye lids seem to contain eyes too large for the head? How the swelling seems to fill the whole wax-doll face?

"I just thought, you being the preacher's wife and all." Mildred hesitated. "Didn't you find it?"

"No," Alice said.

Mildred had been gone for more than half an hour before Alice got up

from the kitchen table. She smoothed her limp hair straight back. The bangs fell stubbornly to her forehead. It's a sight, she thought. I'll need to wash it for tomorrow, for Sunday. John had been on his way to take her to the beauty parlor three days ago. They were backing out of the carport when they caught sight of Miss Eva walking up, struggling to find a firm hold in the gravel driveway.

"Preacher, something's wrong with Linda. She's fainted." Miss Eva had been out of breath.

They found the girl on the bathroom floor, a small stain growing on her terrycloth robe. The ambulance had come to take the girl to the hospital. John and Alice had followed in their car.

After his examination, the doctor took the adults aside. Alice was stunned. It was as if someone had hit her from behind, the blow was so jolting. "That's impossible, doctor," she had said.

Miss Eva, the girl's grandmother, had whispered, "She's no more than a child herself."

The doctor seemed not to be listening. "The girl won't tell me anything. See if you can talk to her. I'm going to have to call the sheriff."

Where have I been, Alice had thought. This happened so close and I never knew.

She found a bobby pin and fastened the strands away from her face. I can't wash my hair. Maybe I'll miss church tomorrow. John never minds. The organ player had taken over most of her choir-leading duties anyway. Probably no one would hardly notice.

She stopped suddenly and walked over to the sink. That sound! Out the window she saw, over near the marsh's edge, two ducks moving in the direction of the pen. She held her breath. One young drake, and trailing him out of the marsh grass, a dingy-brown female. They must be mine, she thought excitedly.



*Continued on page 72, col. 3*

ears and then to his temples. "It's not funny," he managed to whisper, dragging the words from his constricted throat. He drew a breath, and this time shouted as loud as he could manage, "God dammit, shut the hell up, it's not funny!"

The laughter trickled off as the women saw the look of anger on Jimmy's face. There was a short, awkward silence, which was broken by a cough and mumbled "let's get back to work," and the subsequent whisper of leather and squeaking of rubber on the concrete floor, leaving with a few backward glances Jimmy standing in the middle of the lobby clutching his rag.

Finally, his grip relaxed and he turned and strode back out the door. He began to rub the window in a slow, absent motion. He started to sing in an effort to make himself feel better, "Whoa-oa, Fat Phyllis, Bam-a-lam, Whoa-oa, Fat Phyll . . ." he trailed off. It didn't make him feel any better. Somehow it wasn't funny anymore. He came to the section of window where the little boy had left his prints, as if he were a celebrity in front of Gruman's Chinese Theater. The memory of the little boy's smile, so filled with innocence, made him feel a little better, and he moved on down the window, washing as he went.

When he had finished he went inside and handed Phyllis the rag and the Windex. "See you tomorrow, Phyllis," he said to her as he turned toward the exit.

"Yeah, see ya'," she replied, looking up at him briefly. He noticed, with a little surprise, that she had pretty blue eyes.

Jimmy crossed the floor and pushed the door open. He stepped halfway across the threshold and then stopped. He turned and said, to noone in particular, "I wonder if the sun isn't maybe a little dimmer for a lot of people?"

"Huh, what did you say?" Phyllis asked.

"Nothing," he said, and stepped through the door, allowing it to swing closed behind him. ☞

seen 'em 'bout a week before, campin', lot's of 'em. They stopped comin' over the hill, and we all thoughts we won; but I knew there was more, more than us at least. The boss-man — we never called by they's army names, 'cept to 'em — he wanted to go over the hill, I don't know why, guess I never will. I knew there was lots of 'em waiting, but he wouldn't listen to me; they never listens to us. Told me I'd better go or he'd have me shot — so I said I would. I smarted him, cause I stayed right there in the woods. Gotta know when to think on your own."

"He never tried to gets you shot?"

"Settin' here talkin' with you, ain't I?"

Blueblood looked away, probably so I couldn't see his face turn soft. He never talked 'bout wars, hates'em. I could tell he was worryin' 'bout me; he'll wait.

"Bus'll be here soon."

"Didn't have no buses or cars or nothin', had to walk, walk everywhere. Some of 'em had horses, not us, we walked . . . Different war."

"I'm gonna use my smarts. Gonna think, think all the time. I'll be back. I know I'll be back."

"Ain't waitin' for no boys to come home from no war."

"There's the bus. Got to be goin' . . . be back though, def'nantly be back." Blueblood just mumbled that he ain't waitin' for no boy. Shook his hand; it felt cold, like old leather workin' gloves.

The bus was dark and lonely lookin'. Pulled myself up into it and didn't nobody even look up at me, but from the looks on their faces I could tell. Could tell we were goin' somewhere far, somewhere I knew I didn't wanna go. From my seat I could see Blueblood, just rockin', lookin' up at the sky. No one to talk to, no one to ride in his time machine anymore . . . he's already waitin'. ☞

Some were saved after all. They must have flown over the coop when the dogs came and now they've come home.

She was nervous. If only I can get them back into the pen, she said to herself. She slipped on her flipflops and went outside. She had the feed bucket in her hand. "Here, duck," she said. She filled the feeder trough, "here, duck." The two moved in a little closer; they were almost in front of the opening. "I'll have to fill in that hole," she said to herself. "Those dogs might be back."

As she started toward the ducks they made a sharp turn away from the fence and her and headed instead back toward the marsh. Ducks are such stupid animals, she thought, don't know it's for their own good. She tossed a little feed at them, hoping they'd turn around. "Here duck, please," she said. They kept going and she watched them. She watched their V-shaped ripples they made when they entered the water widen and silently hit the muddy shore.

In her anger she picked up the bucket and swung it by its handle, around and around like a pantomime of a baseball pitcher winding up his fast ball. It made a dull thud when it hit the wire pen. "What does it matter," she said as she took off her apron and wiped duck pen mud from the sides of her feet. Then she sat down on the cold concrete steps of the back stoop and tried to cry. ☞

## Breakdown

Have you ever  
broken  
your leg in three  
places—  
all at once? The  
sudden  
twist  
after  
strenuous living;  
It's the snap  
the snap  
that echoes  
throughout the body. It's  
the grind  
of metal, the  
crunch  
of marrow, the crunch of  
flesh.

It's a sound  
that never quite  
leaves me. It's  
a snare, a trap, a trend  
toward enlightenment; a spike  
in my heel to  
hold  
it all together, meshed in  
neo-Oedipal fashion.

When it rains, I  
still feel the gritty coarseness. It  
pulses, aches,  
boulder-heavy,  
a socket  
full of Hell that  
I choose to  
wallow in. It's a  
crutch of convenience:

Adapted.  
Perfected.  
Healed.

Joseph Campbell

# contributors

**Robin Ayers** is a senior in English who won't answer telephone messages.

**Bill "Jewelry" Bailey** is 26 years old and currently working on a BFA degree in metal design. His hobbies include "everything," and he hopes to own his own jewelry business one day. He's a size 9.

**Tonya D. Batizy** is a frisbee-golf playing Dead Head working on a BA in English with a Concentration in Writing. Realistically she would like to teach English and Spanish; but her real love is translating Spanish poetry into English. She's an 8½-B.

**Sheri Boyd** will not be in until 5 pm.

**Lisa Brantley** is a 26 year old April Fool's baby. Lisa is a graduate student in painting who, in her spare time, loves horseback riding, water skiing, and preparing her lectures in the wee hours of the morning at Krispy Kreme. She's a 7½ AAA.

**Rick Burgess** is 26 years old and currently working on a BFA in Communication Arts. His hobby, when not working at AccuCopy, is painting. He's a 9 narrow.

**Scot Buck** is an illustrator and might have brown hair . . . we really don't know. He probably wears a size 15 shoe.

**Jeff Campagna** is 21 years old and working on a BFA degree in Communication Arts. He enjoys basketball and football. He's an 11½.

**Joseph Campbell** is 25 years old and seeking, among other things, an MA in English literature; his hobbies include writing, reading, and painting, and says that he owes all his creative talents to the rich, cultural environment that he grew up in. Of his future plans, he'd like to forge, in the smithy of his soul, a higher consciousness for the human race (ahem). He's a 10½ medium.

**David Lee Cherry** is 25 (happy birthday), currently seeking an MFA in printmaking, and was recently converted to Christianity. In his spare time, he likes collecting and getting rid of garbage. He wears a 7½ narrow.

**Greg Christensen** is a 22 year old Philosopher who plans to graduate in May — that is, as long as he determines that all of this does exist. He enjoys snow skiing and would like to apply his philosophy to a career in computers. He wears a 10½.

**Scott Eagle** is a 26 year old grad student in the painting department. He originally received a BFA in Communication Arts, but after living in New York for a year, he decided painting would probably be less competitive. He's a 9½.

**Robert Flanagan** is 24 years old and working on a BFA in the printmaking department. In his spare time, Robert likes collecting insects and is currently wanting to add to his collection a Madagascar Hissing Cockroach. After graduating this summer, Robert plans to move North. His shoe size is "twice my hat size."

**Christopher Gallagher**, is a Broadcasting major with a minor in Eng-

lish. He would like to write scripts for tacky T.V. sitcoms about angst-ridden artists. Chris is 21, wears a size 10½, and thinks the *Rebel* has a great beat and is easy to dance to.

**Paul Glankler** is a 24 year old illustrator, working on a BFA degree. He's got no hobbies or future plans. But he is a 9½ (a 10 in Nike).

**Melissa Gray** will be 21 in May and likes to dance at parties, or so she says. Her ambitions for the future include completing a BA in Writing which will hopefully lead to a career in publishing. She wears a size 8 raquetball shoe.

**Robert Gwyn** is a CA BA illus. Sophomore. He's also a biker (that's motorcycler), so look out. Other than that he's just like all of the rest of these art students and paints in his spare time. Robert wears a size 9½ shoe.

**Stacy Hamilton** is currently working on a BFA in Communication Arts and hopes one day to open her own design studio. This twenty-one year old photography enthusiast also wears a size 7 medium shoe.

**Leesa Hartley** is a twenty-one year old skydiver who enjoys lying about her dress size. A Communication Arts student, she wears a size 7 shoe.

**Jon Christopher Hill** is an auto mechanic who doubles as a graduate student in Ceramics. He wears a size 8 shoe.

**Jacqui Hughes** is 22 and in the BFA-illustration program. Her main hobby, she says, is fairies, especially Scandinavian fairies—of which her grandmother was one. Jacqui adds that she loves mashed potatoes and gravy. And she's an 8½ B.

**Brett Hursey**, if I remember correctly, is about 23 years old and working on an English degree in writing. Not only is he an accomplished playwright, poet, and short story writer, but Brett also enjoyed acting and drawing caricatures of our drama teacher in high school. He's got rather large feet.

**Melissa Ivereson** is 21 years old . . . again . . . and an INPF. She's a senior in the painting department who enjoys Todd Rundgren, the Beatles, and her flirtatious feline, Tasha. When asked of her hobbies, she replied, "What hobbies? I'm always working!" Melissa hopes to own her own photography studio someday and to paint, paint, paint. She's an 8½.

**Amanda Jarrell** is studying graphics in the Communication Arts program and although she has no hobbies she does have a 'special interest' in photography. She hopes to find work in a design studio or ad agency in the Winston-Salem/Greensboro area. She's a 6 narrow.

**Doug Johnson** graduated this past December and is now living in the thriving metropolis of Garner, North Carolina. He used to write for the *East Carolinian* and they described him as a big guy who reads a lot and takes his frustrations out on innocent digital machines. Doug wears a size 12 DDD.

**Erik Johnson** is 21 and currently working on a BFA degree in metal design. His hobbies include frisbeeing, table tennis, biking, and "any general playing around." Of his future plans, Erik says he's going to grad school and later pursue a career in academia, adding, "I'm gonna be a big man someday." He's 9½ and "exceptionally wide."

**H. Kermit Leggett, III** has moved since getting married, and has no phone.

**Mary Joyce McCallum** is working on a BA in English with a Concentration in Writing and wants to be a lawyer. She enjoys swimming and horseback riding when not dreaming of chasing ambulances. Mary wears an 8½.

**Tim McClanahan** is a twenty-eight year old illustrator in the Communication Arts program who is totally dedicated to things artistic. He currently plans to pursue a career as a freelance illustrator. Tim wears a size 8½ shoe.

**Michael H. McCreery** collects 78's when not sculpting masterpieces for his BFA degree. After completing that he is considering furthering his education with an MFA. This masochistic 21 year old wears a 12.

**L. Michelle McDevitt** studies Fabric Design and also enjoys reading, writing, and photography. Her idea of fun is enrolling at Columbia to study Art History for an MFA. Michelle wears a size 7½.

**Alex Marsh** is a 21 year old Graphic Design student who also enjoys music and film. He wants to be an artist when he grows up. He wears an 11½ wide.

**Leigh Miner** likes to paint. In fact she is working on a BFA in Painting. She also likes to read and walk, but she hates the way she always runs into trees and curbs. For lack of anything better to do she is considering grad school after college. Leigh has to special order her size 4½ EE wide shoes.

**Marshall S. Moore** is an 18 year old Psychology major who likes the literary arts. In fact he would like to publish a book when he grows up. "You haven't seen the last of him." Marshall wears a 10½ medium.

**Jessica Murphy** is working as a graphic designer for the USDA this semester. Although they made her change the funky color and style of her hair, we will fondly remember her nappy, orange head.

**Tony Nichols** is married to his work as an Illustrator in the Art School. He wants to become an illustrator for a Christian publication. Tony wears an 11.

**Craig O'Brien** is a Graphic Design student who likes to shoot things in his spare time (basketballs, golfballs, Bambi . . .). He is looking to get into a design studio or ad agency after finishing his BFA. Craig wears a size 10½.

**John O'Connor** is 22 and currently working on a BFA degree in graphic design. His hobbies include the *Rebel* (natch), the *Rebel*,

and . . . er . . . the *Rebel*. He's a really diverse individual. Someday, he wants to go to California and make really awful, artsy movies. He's a size 9½ in the UK, but a 10 in the US.

**Ray Puckett** is working on a BFA in Printmaking and dreams of being a lithographer some day. This noble fellow also spends time at the Boy's Club and as a Tepid Lemon Referee (whatever that is). Ray wears 'at least' a 10½.

**Steven F. Reid Jr.** is married. In his spare time he is a graduate student in Printmaking. His goal is to teach college level art. Steven wears a size 11 hightop.

**Renee Rice** is currently working on a BA in Communication Arts. According to her colleagues, she is a very nice girl, an attractive girl, a good listener, and wears about an 8½.

**Rita Rogers** is a graduate student in Writing and one of the *Rebel's* most prolific contributors. Among her other talents are motherhood, scholarship, and teaching freshman composition. We estimate Rita at about a size 7½.

**Andrea Ross** is a little art student who spilled a lot of Coke on John's stack of resumés. We don't know how tiny her feet are.

**Lynne Rupp** is a graduate student in English literature currently on sabbatical in Durham. She likes running with her dog, Rogue, really strong coffee, Chinese noodles, and being the *Rebel's* poetry editor (even though she was not here for most of the production work). Lynne has little feet supporting her tiny athletic frame. . . . Come back, Lynne . . .

**Tina Shaw** is an avid reader, photographer, and someone we'd like to get on a racquetball court. She's currently working toward a BFA in Graphic Design and would like to someday work in an ad agency. She wears an 8½.

**Allen Sovelove** is a 23 year old Painting major who fancies himself a guitarist. His unabashed desire in life is fame. But is that possible with a size 9 shoe?

**David Stanley** is working towards a BFA in illustration. His favorite mediums are watercolor and pen and ink. He adds, "I get my strength and talent from the Lord." He wears a size 10.

**Dale Swanson** hasn't been in Greenville as long as Joe, but longer than John. He's getting married and lives in Frog Level with a zillion cats and a blind dog named Ginger. Dale spends most of his time playing computer games and worrying about the papers he hasn't written. He wears a size 9 loafer.

**Carol Torell** is "really boring" and is totally consumed by her art. She is a graduate student in Ceramics and wears a 7 narrow.

**CCE Walker** is 28, from some British-speaking country, and seeking an MFA in Communication Arts. She has no hobbies, a quality endemic to seemingly all art students, but does plan to teach and do freelance work. She's a dainty 7.

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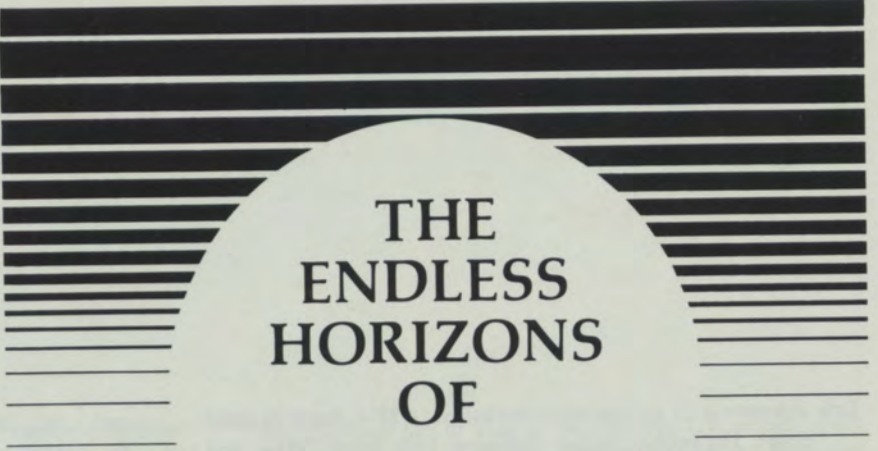
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