Laliotes



the rebel spring, 1968

All American Honor Rating

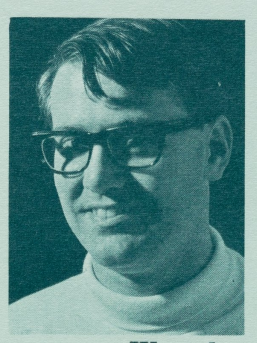
COPYRIGHT 1968. THE REBEL. NONE OF THE MATERIALS HEREIN CAN BE USED OR REPRODUCED IN ANY MANNER WHATSOEVER WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION.

THE REBEL

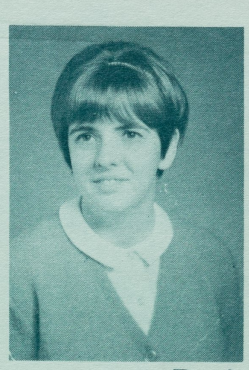
Co-Editors ..... Nellie Johanna Lee
John R. Reynolds
Business Manager ..... Skip Huff
Co-ordinating Editor ..... Duncan Stout
Art Editor ..... Sid Morris
Copy Editor ..... Chip Callaway
Poetry Editor ..... Charles Griffin
Reviews Editor ..... Ed Correll
Chief Photographer ..... Walter Quade
Advertising Manager .... Rebecca Hobgood
Assistant Business Mgr. ... Mary Lynn King
Exchange and Subscriptions Editor ..... Susan Connor
Typist and Correspondence Editor ..... Patrick Berry
Publicity Director ..... Ben Terrell
Co-ordinating Staff ..... Janet Davis
Irvin Prescott
Photography and Art Staff George Weigand
Maurice Joyner
Steele Trail
Copy Staff ..... Alice Sanders
Kay Mosu
Evelena Dorman
Mike Porter
Reviews Staff ..... Jennifer Salinger
Lynn Anderson
Patience Collie
Margaret Henderson
Nancie Allen
Advisor ..... Ovid Williams Pierce

The Rebel is a student publication of East Carolina University. Offices are located on the campus at 300 Old Austin Building. Inquiries and contributions should be directed to P. O. Box 2486, East Carolina University Station, Greenville, North Carolina 27834.

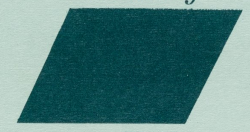
PRINTED BY THE GRAPHIC PRESS, INC., RALEIGH, N. C. 27603



Wamsley



Davis



Hulk



Peterson

Contributors

David Peterson, Executive Director of the United States Student Press Association, is the featured poet for the spring issue of *The Rebel.*

Geoffrey Chapman, a senior English major, contributes his second short story to *The Rebel.* Chapman, Sunday Editor of *The Daily Reflector,* provides us with an excellent story in his characterization of "Crazy Annie."

Janet Davis, a junior majoring in English and library science, has contributed a great deal of time and effort to the magazine. Her work will be found in the interviews of the magazine.

Gale Freeman Morgan of Tillery, N. C., makes his second contribution of poetry to *The Rebel.* He was first published in *The Rebel* in 1964.

Ardis M. Kimsey, Joan W. Warlick, and *Sally Buckner,* all members of the Writer's Workshop in Raleigh, make their first contributions in this spring issue.

Jon Douglas Sykes of Mt. Airy, and *Francis H. Hanoid* of New York City are first contributors in this issue.

Skip Wamsley, a senior business major, is responsible for a major part of the photography in this issue. His work will be found throughout the book.

Making their first contributions of poetry in this issue are Lynn Quesinberry, a sophomore English major; Dan Casey, a senior English major; Alan W. Edwards, a junior English major; Linda Faye Bryant, a freshman sociology major, and Suzanne Whitson, a senior English major.



P. 36



P. 15



P. 22

Contents

untitled	3	Hulk
letters to the editor	4	
freedom ?	6	
sylvia wilkinson	7	njl, jd, th, js
poetry	11	david peterson
crazy annie	15	geoffrey chapman
the classical nude	20	walter quade
dr. j. b. rhine	24	jd, cg
poetry	28	francis h. hanoid jr.
envoi	29	gale f. morgan
a mirror dusting	29	gale f. morgan
be yourself	30	linda faye bryant
visions of camelot	30	dan casey
the poet	30	dan casey
the conformist, tears	31	allan edwards
love	32	charles griffin jr.
ceylon	33	charles griffin jr.
when shall i ?	34	jon douglas sykes
the devil's half	35	jrr
exploration	36	elc
the boy	36	jennifer salinger
a summer place	37	ardis m. kimsey
time's betrayal	38	lynn quesinberry
to lonely people	38	irving prescott jr.
on coming of age	39	sally buckner
gentle butterfly	39	suzanne whitson
portrait	40	joan w. warlick
cottonade farm	40	keith lane

To be trite, Sweetie, all good things must come to an end. It has been fun, while it lasted. The typewriter clacking
and people screaming was a little too much at times. Let them hot machines cool for awhile. Middle-class it American-style. Strike the final whimper with a happy bang. Last words of advice from an old Restanmingdardton—Don't take advice. Hurumph, hurumph. Incite, you have everything to lose, nothing to gain; mumbo jumbo jumbo. Submerge yourselves in life! Rhubarb, rhubarb.

See you in
San Francisco
Bye!



HULK

rebel yell

LETTERS TO THE

To the Editors:

What can I say that hasn't already been said? Excellent, marvelous, outstanding, a literary triumph? I'm sure you've heard all these many times already, but none of them are exaggerations. I received it *(The Rebel)* today and started to read it with a little reluctance I must admit. College literary publications are usually so insipid and sophomoric—emasculated by the faculty advisers who fear someone might be offended by something . . . of course someone will be offended. Any publication worth the paper its printed on will offend somebody.—But once I started reading, I couldn't put it down. I took it to rehearsal with me and several of the people there looked at it. They could hardly believe it was a college publication.

One person in particular . . . wife of a colonel, world traveler . . . was really excited about it. She said she had *never* seen a college publication with the sophistication and diversity that *The Rebel* displays.

Sincerely,
James H. Keller
USAF
Montgomery, Alabama

Dear Editors,

Just a note to say congratulations on another fine issue of *The Rebel.* Though your fall issue was excellent, I though the winter issue to be far more professional. The life of this year's book, in my opinion, has been the individuality found in the art and design concept of the book.

I look forward to the spring Rebel . . . keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
Joe R. Thorndike
University of Toronto

E EDITOR.

To the Editors:

Thank you for your note . . . and my copy of *The Rebel.* You have done a beautiful job with that mag—my compliments to the rest of the staff, too. I just can't get over it. You've done more *great* things with *The Rebel* than most college newspapers do, much less "literary magazines."

I hope ECU knows what a credit the magazine is to the college.—The Graphics are professional!

Again, my congrats and ecstatic commendations on *The Rebel.*

Peace and Freedom,
Pat Sweeny, Administrative Assistant
The U.S. Student Press Association

Nell and John,

Just let me say how much I enjoyed your satire supplement of *The Rebel.* That mag is fantastic! The satire is so cleverly done that I could not believe it was a student effort.

Congratulations—and keep up the good work.

Samuel R. Stone
New Haven, Conn.

Nellie and John,

Just finished scanning the new *Rebel* and can't wait to spend some unhurried time with it.

I want you to know that I appreciate and am very proud of the fine work you are doing. Congratulations to you and all the staff for another extremely handsome issue.

Sincerely,
Henry Howard
Director of the News Bureau,
and Public Relations
East Carolina University

Editorial policy: The Rebel *welcomes all letters and manuscripts. The letters and manuscripts should be typed, double-spaced, and signed by the author. Letters should not exceed 500 words. Manuscripts running not longer than 1500-2000 words will be more desirable for publication, due to the format of the magazine. All manuscripts submitted for publication will be returned to the author. (Manuscripts received in the mail should include a self-addressed envelope, postage paid.)* The Rebel *reserves the right to edit or change in any way all letters and manuscripts submitted for publication.*

rebel yell

EDITORIAL...

FREEDOM?

We're back again today and actually we were never sure that we would survive the Ides of March. So we just stopped a while ago, suddenly realizing that this will soon be the year that was.

It is spring. That's what makes this time of year significant when our thoughts wander to other places as we watch other people and their actions. A year of college is about to end. The ending is different for all of us . . . we are about to graduate, dropout, spend another year in college, take a summer off or get a job. Some of us are just leaving while others flee the draft or face it.

All of a sudden we are concerned with freedom. We are faced with choices. What to do? Where to go? We have plenty of freedom all of a sudden . . . more than we know what to do with.

Freedom is a word that serves many causes and ideas. And in the abstract sense, freedom is whatever you want it to be. Webster says freedom is compulsion. So when we attempt to create our own definition of freedom, we might ask ourselves if we know of anyone who doesn't act without some form of compulsion.

In our Spring *Rebel*, we were compelled to ask some very honest questions. We first heard Sylvia Wilkinson saying: "I don't enjoy writing . . . it's a kind of compulsion." We wondered if science could offer any alternatives. And then we found that Dr. J. B. Rhine, the man who introduced extra-sensory perception, has spent a lifetime chasing mediums and the idea of immortality.

We saw that man doesn't act without compulsion. Our choices, our freedoms are subject to the demands of our various circumstances.

Al Capp said on campus a few weeks ago that "freedom is usually considered by most folks to be the right to deny the rights of others." And that is about where we stand now.

We looked closer at the lover and the unloved, the rich and the poor, the liberal and the consevative. We looked back and saw that life has gone this way for thousands of years. Man is always the one who says: "This is for me and this is for you. Stop being grabby . . . that's enough for the likes of you!" And every now and then someone comes along and says there's no need to be this way . . . "share and share alike."

These men stand in the paths of the mighty. These men s h o u t out Brotherhood. And the mighty, if they ever listen, wonder how they can use this freedom for their own benefit. People have always had the answers in the palm of their hands. They have been preached at by Marx and Christ and Buddha. Yet they always seem to persist in seeking their own benefit over the rights of others.

So what at last will you use freedom for? To be like a group? For greed . . . to serve yourself as best as possible?

We have looked for the answers. Our idealism of the past has been questioned by a vivid sort of realism. Here we are with old precepts of right and wrong, good and evil, fading away into the sunset. It's time for a new expression of man's spirit, a new look at the common and often condemned morality. Greed, man's predominant feature, is in the position that love supposedly held. Who is the chief beneficiary of greed? Of love? You . . . or us, depending on how we look at it.

Freedom, greed, love . . . It all comes back to compulsion. And we are helping someone else or they are helping us. That happens to be the system. We must believe that the things and actions of greatest benefit to us will benefit others at the same time. Now we know why "charity begins at home" and why the religions teach that we should do to others what we want them to do to us. It's good business.

What at last will we use freedom for?



SYLVIA WILKINSON

Sylvia Wilkinson is the American dream personified for every aspiring young writer. At age 27, she has published two novels and is currently at work on her third. Her interests have no limits . . . she's a car enthusiast, plays a champion's game of tennis, and uses her painting to visualize the characters in her novels.

Miss Wilkinson is a native of Durham, N. C., and majored in art at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro. She continued her education as a graduate student in English at Hollins College and Stanford University. After having taught at Asheville-Biltmore College and the College of William and Mary, she moved to Chapel Hill where she teaches creative writing at the University of North Carolina.

Moss on the North Side was Miss Wilkinson's first novel and was published after many years of hard work and eleven revisions. This first novel, which she began writing at age 12, received wide critical acclaim with the top review coming from the New York Times. She wrote A Killing Frost, which was published last fall, in just one year. Already it has sold nearly 10,000 copies. Both novels focus on the life of a young girl growing up in rural North Carolina. Later in her writing career, Miss Wilkinson hopes to broaden her scope by possibly writing about her favorite sport — racing.

Miss Wilkinson is exemplary of the new generation in America today. She is first an individual, a woman who has definite opinions about education, racial problems and the current state of world affairs. She is a firm advocate of total commitment. Time Magazine describes her as "one of the most talented belletrists since Carson McCullers."

interview.

What was your reaction when you were told that you had been selected as one of the ten most outstanding women of the year by Mademoisselle?

I didn't know anything about the award. I said: "What is the Award?" And they were very insulted. And then they sent me a book that explained it all to me. So it's nice . . . sell a lot of books.

. . . They said I'd have to come to New York, Christmas. Asked me if I'd agree to do that. I said: "Christmas Day?" They said: "No, the day after Christmas."

That sort of thing is . . . you know . . . the whole time you're there you feel like you're an imposter . . . you should be sweeping floors. It's really ridiculous.

You weren't surprised then?

Oh, I was surprised. But I don't get excited about things. I can think back at the things that really thrilled me and that wasn't one of them.

The thing that really just sent me up through the roof was publishing my first book. I mean even though I'd been given an option and even though I'd gotten fellowships and everything . . . I had never been able to say: "I've made it, I've really done it!"

But when I got the notice that they had contracted my first book . . . Man, I went through the ceiling! That was the big moment for me . . . a lot bigger than **Mademoisselle.**

Do you consider yourself strictly a regional writer?

No, I'm just a . . . that's a pretty tough question. See that's what critics consider when they read your work. They try to pigeon hole you and say that you're obviously an agrarian, a fugitive agrarian or you're . . . you know. That's their job.

I consider myself able to write about anything that I know. And I figure that tomorrow I'll know something that I don't know today. The reason that I've written about southern children growing up in the South is because I was a southern kid that grew up in the South. But I assume that when I am able to look back on my experiences—for instance I went to California for a year, I spent some time in Europe, I've spent a lot of time out at the race track—soon as I get enough distance from all those experiences, I'll be able to write about—say race drivers just as validly as I will a little kid growing up on a tobacco farm in the South. Mainly, I think your writing relates to your experiences.

I don't feel any real firm regionalism. The only thing I feel is that I'm writing about what I know and I happen to know this region very well. My third book will be set in this region but instead of being a kind of isolated character, my character is beginning to move out to the outside world.

But don't let critics fool you on that note. See authors don't think of themselves as regional but the critics do. They like everything neat and tied up in little packages.

Since you deal mostly with the illiterate person in many of your works, do you feel that he is closer to the mainstream of life?

No, I said earlier that I have a very strong interest in people and I consider the strongest person in my first book to be the girl Cary—and I don't consider her illiterate—I consider her, even though she's tenant farmer and poverty . . . I consider her intelligence and sensitivity. I would consider her capable of anything that she was exposed to.

My second book . . . well the little girl is already breaking out into a kind of schooling and everything. The old woman, although illiterate, I consider her as possessing an enormous knowledge. So I don't like to consider myself dealing with illiterate people. She may be illiterate in the sense that she doesn't write sentences very well, but she has a vast knowledge that is kind of lost because that generation, the generation of my grandparents, is going to be a lost generation. That's a generation that will never have another one like it. That knowledge is dying because the day of the small farmer is over.

What are your literary interests?

Road and Track, newspapers . . . I enjoy the Russian writers. My reading is very spontaneous. I read most of the books my friends write. I'm very loyal. If someone mentions something to me that is very good, I'll read it. I real a lot of magazines. I read all sports car magazines.

Who's your favorite author?

I don't ever have one. I just change all the time. Dovstoevsky is a big hero. That's safe to say.

What are your hobbies?

Tennis, painting, cars, writing.

Do you race cars yourself?

No, I'm interested in the complete spectrum of automobile racing. I'm not simply interested from the journalistic point of view. I work in the pits. I keep—run stop watches. I help people work on the car—I'm no mechanic but I can do what I'm told.

My interest in racing . . . well, I just think it's an absolutely fascinating sport and I was very surprised to find out the kind of people involved in racing. They're a personality that's never really been exposed and that certainly isn't exposed in movies like "Grand Prix"—movies that are nothing but sex and wrecks. And you know I'm much more interested in people than that.

Have these hobbies influenced your writing—or do you think they will influence it?

Yes, oh I think they will influence it. Now racing is a wonderful relaxation from my writing because I don't enjoy writing. And I enjoy going to races.

You don't enjoy writing?

No, it's a kind of compulsion. I'd almost consider anybody a liar who told you they enjoyed writing. I really would.

Why?

It's just no fun. It's painful—hard work. It's mentally exhausting.

But isn't it satisfying?

After it's done, but the after writing is no pleasure. After it's done, there's a certain feeling of satisfaction in having it all dumped out on a sheet of paper. But sometimes all you've done is dumped out something that is going to bother you a little bit more.

I think that in order for a writer to remain sane, he has to have interests that are completely different. This is why I am not a scholar—very few of my close friends are scholars. I don't have any real draw to the academic, intellectual world . . . to people who sit around and talk about books—because I don't like to. I'd rather sit around and talk about cars, or I'd rather play tennis. I like to get away from that side and I think writing is such an intense activity—it's incredibly intense—that you need something completely different from it to do. Like if I write all morning, I want to go out and play tennis in the afternoon.

So writing is not a hobby?

No, I lie a lot.

What about your painting?

Not much anymore. Just every now and then I poke away at it. All I did was just paint my characters that I was going to write about. You know, I wanted to get a visual picture so I could see them through my stories—so I painted them.

Did you start out in painting in college?

No, I started out in physical education. I spent a year as a p. e. major and then I switched to English. Then I switched to art and then I decided on a double major. And I graduated with a degree in art mainly. Then I went to graduate school in English. Then I got a degree in miscellaneous, I think.

Do you feel that writers should stand completely on their own merits or should they be compared?

Oh, I think they should stand as individuals. I think the reason they're compared is just the simple reason that it's easier that way. It gives you two sets of standards to stack up against each other. And that's just kind of a little toy for crtics to play with in their cribs. But I think each writer will, each really great writer will stand as an individual talent.

For instance—William Styron—he's one of my heroes right at the moment. As far as a recent writer, I think he's the best writer since World War II. Not because of **Nat Turner** but because of **Lie Down in Darkness.** I think he'll stand as a significant writer—a truly significant writer for his individual works alone. Now on the other hand, a guy like Truman Capote did the same sort of thing in a sense when he did **"In Cold Blood."** I do think that's an incredibly over rated novel . . . and not any where near the scope of **Nat Turner.** It's a much smaller thing and just blown all out of proportion and it's no where near the significant book.



Do you think Capote tried to cover too many aspects?

No, I think Truman Capote sold out. I think his earlier writing was fine. I think that's **(In Cold Blood)** is just a big, boring, slick book. I mean it's great that someone went out and worked real hard writing a book. Well, I think the point is to work very hard—like Styron did on **Nat Turner**—work extremely hard. Nobody can imagine how much suffering and thinking that guy must have gone through to write that book. How hard must it be to sink into the mind of Nat Turner, a slave whom you know practically nothing about. But the work shouldn't show. It's a heck of a lot harder than researching a murder. I think Capote's book is just a super, duper detective story.

But I do wish I'd written **Valley of the Dolls.**

Really?

I'd be so rich . . .

What's your opinion of Valley of the Dolls?

I don't know. I didn't read it. You couldn't beat me and make me read it. Nobody could make me read that book!

I cracked it open one time just to get a taste of her style and . . . Gosh, she's terrible—just horrible. But she made her a stack of money.

What do you think of the public reaction to Valley of the Dolls ?

Well, I guess it's like the old cliche—it's like putting the cookie jar on the top shelf. The same thing that happened with **Tobacco Road** years ago . . . sold more copies than the **Bible.**

Tell somebody it's a forbidden fruit and they want it. Every secretary in America is going to read it. You go by a news stand and you see a whole thing full of confidential magazines. There's a certain lure that they all have . . . it's trash.

How do you think North Carolina is progressing in literature as compared with the rest of the United States?

In literature we're doing beautifully. But in open-housing, education, highways . . . I think we have a very high percentage of excellent writers.

We have one of the six most attractive creative writing programs in the country for college students. We have creative writing for exceptional high school students—the Governor's School. And practically all of your state—local creative writers today teach at one of these schools whether part-time or full-time . . . and they are available for teaching and for lecturing. Well, you know the South . . you know we have literary contributions.

What do you think about the activist movement in the South and all over?

That's an awful big question. Well, I can start out by saying I'm very interested in politics. I am a political liberal and I spent a lot of time last year working for desegregation in Virginia and this year I'd like tc spend my time writing for better public education in North Carolina.

I think that public high school education needs more expansion—more vocational schools, better college preparatory schools. I think our North Carolina college preparatory program is rotton. And I'm still very interested in race relations in North Carolina . . . in open-housing, poverty programs. I'm very disheartened to see people like Gardner and Sargent Shriver pull out because of a lack of funds.

I'm very much against the war in Vietnam but as of now I don't feel like I'm in any position to speak against the war in Vietnam because I can't offer a solution. . .

One of the biggest problems of the state is the problem of priorities and the amount of time we waste on things like deciding whether to make something a university or whether or not to put a comma in the title of it. You know . . . all these minute little things when we have massive problems in the slums and all this, but we've got our priorities all out of order. We don't put what's important first. Because a riot is a result not a cause . . . it's a result of a miserable situation and in order to prevent riots you don't put more police on the force. You get rid of the cause of the riot.

I think at the top of the priority list is education.

What difficulties do you observe in the writers in your class?

They are very self-conscious—they want to create images, symbols . . . very contrived. They want every story to have a plot. You've got to free them from all these old barriers. As far as I'm concerned everyone who tells you you've got to have a plot before you write a story is just like a person who tells you a man's name, person, place or thing. You don't need that kind of information. I want them to just keep writing until they hit on something—kind of regurgitating until they hit on something good.

What advice would you offer to writers trying to break into the field of writing?

Well, if they're writers, they've got no problem—but most of them aren't. I try to be as hard on them as possible, as discouraging as possible. Every now and then you find a genuine talent. I'll work with it but the majority of kids who take creative writing . . . I just hope they'll come out being very good readers and very good critics. I work very hard at discouraging them because they're just headed for a very big hurt.

Do you think that there's any preparation that one can make . . . or do people just have ability for writing?

I change day by day but you see I'm still very young myself and I'm only four years in teaching now and I change overnight . . . But I'll tell you what my daily opinion on that is, (Wilkinson's law of the day), I cannot teach students style, their style will come of itself. It'll be the way they talk, the way they act, the way they do everything. Their writing style will come of that.

I can teach them technique. And that's my approach right now. I can expose them to a great multitude of ways they can tell a story. I can't have anything to do with the story that they intend to tell . . . that depends on their own experience and imagination, but I can show them ways to tell that story. I can show them the difference between a totally interior monologue and an interior monologue that has people from the outside interfering with it. You know, there's just a whole multitude of ways to tell stories. And I think I can teach them that . . . but I can't create talent.

N J L, J D,
T H, J S

POETRY



Images

a face of pale
eyes crystal blue gray clear
and dark hair shining
i see her face
in a thousand puddles
after spring rain

What Poems Does She Bring

she stands alone in the darkness
and waits and knocks
and knocks and waits
and i am reluctant to open
the heavy door
what poems does she bring
and what sadness for the king
from the streets dark lonely and cold?

by David Peterson



GREY FRIDAY
END OF JUNE

the gentle rain sings softly and so the robin
as gray consciousness emerges from troubled sleep.
and my thoughts, they are of you,
for i know i tasted the essence
in a few days.
sadness descends softly
the rain grows to a roar
and then sings no more
though darkness grows light,
it is yet grayer
the essence i taste is but the salt
of a single tear
the essence i taste is but the bitterness
of a single fear
crescendo the rain.
spent and weary of love's demands
my mind shrinks and falls softly away away
but slowly slowly.

kaleidoscope

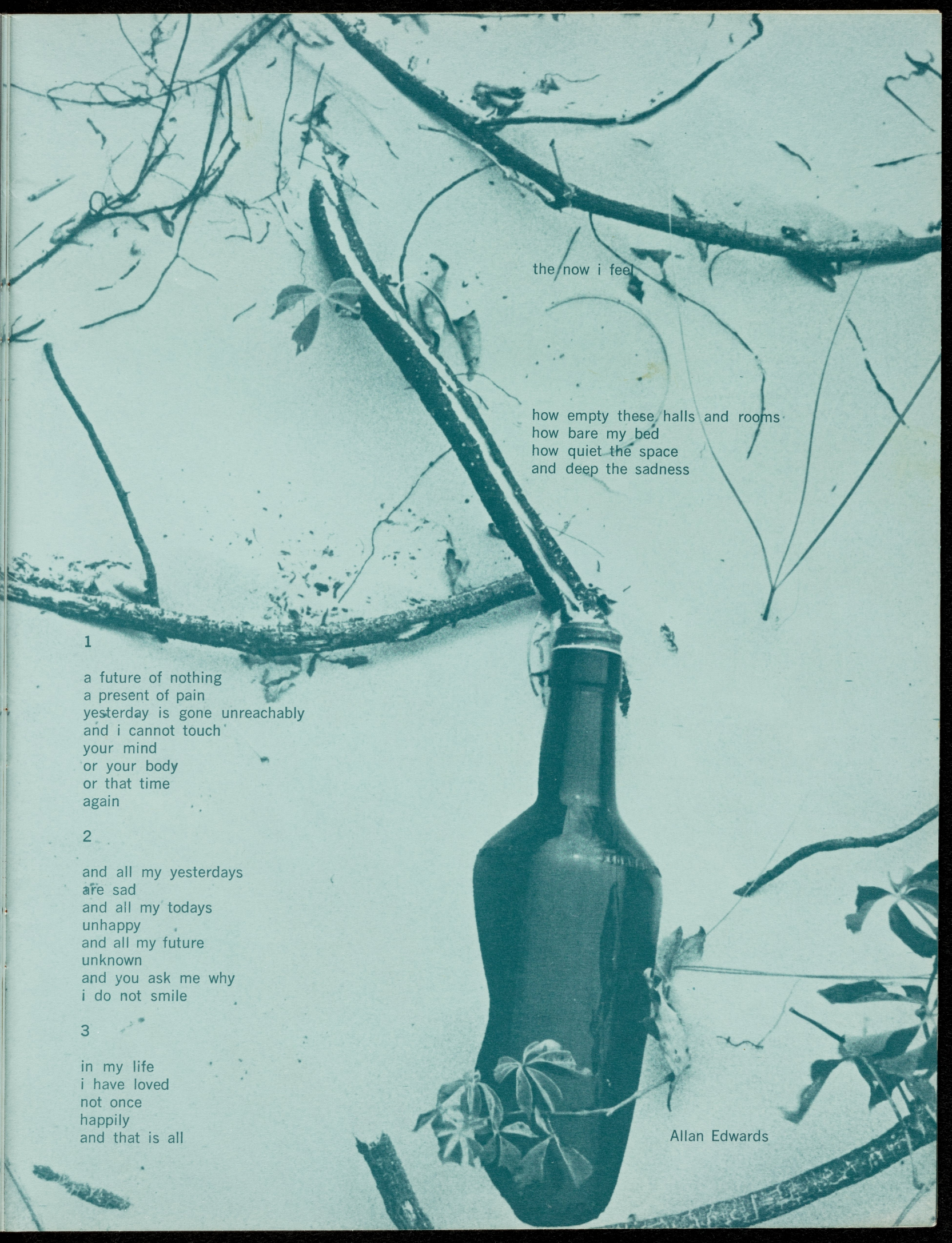
the grasp is broken
as hintingly emerge
the delicate promises of a flower

water pulsating eagerly flows
in shadows sounding of
the whisper of summer sun

a butterfly tells us
that life has won
temporarily another day

the fruits meagre
are gathered brightly
under shrill sounding skies
of transluscent nectar symphonies

the gray trees listen
with time elapsed understanding
as cold winds sound forth
final tastes.



the now i feel

how empty these halls and rooms
how bare my bed
how quiet the space
and deep the sadness

1

a future of nothing
a present of pain
yesterday is gone unreachably
and i cannot touch
your mind
or your body
or that time
again

2

and all my yesterdays
are sad
and all my todays
unhappy
and all my future
unknown
and you ask me why
i do not smile

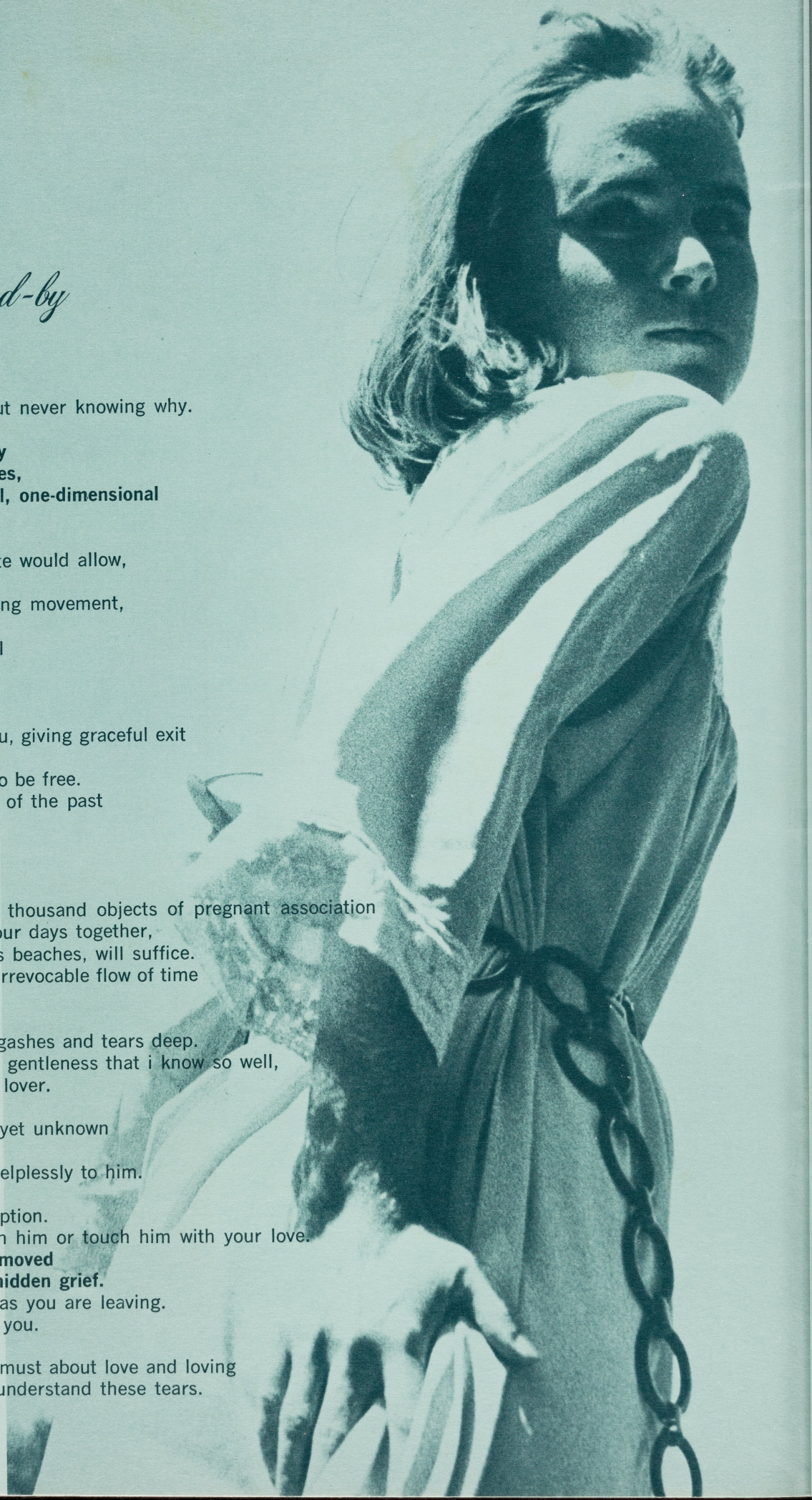
3

in my life
i have loved
not once
happily
and that is all

Allan Edwards

a simplest epistle of good-by

on parting two impulses:
one to hold and one to curse you,
sadness and anger at still loving but never knowing why.
from the beginning,
when i awoke and told you not to cry
and you wiped the tears from my eyes,
i knew it would be a one-directional, one-dimensional
unreal storybook affair.
my love, unasked and uninvited,
lingering longer than grace and taste would allow,
could never inspire another.
such love is burdensome, constricting movement,
hampering plans, limiting freedom.
i can not hold you against your will
and know i should not try.
a river dammed becomes a lake.
sky enclosed is colorless air
but i will not say i no longer love you, giving graceful exit
you would see the lie in my eyes
and i do not want your conscience to be free.
i cannot exempt you from the guilt of the past
or the uncertainty of the future.
and you cannot erase the trace
that time has carved in your brain
and begin again
though i might angrily wish that a thousand objects of pregnant association
would remind you of my love and our days together,
time and memory, california and its beaches, will suffice.
the persistence of memory and the irrevocable flow of time
are absolutely absolutes
and **so you too are condemned.**
but the past only scars, the future gashes and tears deep.
your blue eyes, sensitive touch and gentleness that i know so well,
tell even a stranger that you are a lover.
and so you too are condemned.
in another time and another place yet unknown
my curse will become yours
as he appears and you are drawn helplessly to him.
you will love him utterly
without cause and without redemption.
but you will not reach him or teach him or touch him with your love.
the irresistible object will stand unmoved
by all your immovable forces and hidden grief.
time quickly passing he will leave as you are leaving.
in my love i wish that curse upon you.
only then shall you be wise
only then shall you know what you must about love and loving
only then shall you know me and understand these tears.



FICTION....

crazy ANNIE

by Geoffrey Chapman

Crazy Annie woke up as usual to the lonely clatter of the garbage truck on its rounds through Henry Street. She knew it was half past seven. A dull, throbbing pain in her back told her she lay on her hump.

Annie remained still, staring at fleeting shadows on the ceiling, and tried to think about it. The stirrings of a memory were spurred through unused channels in her brain by the throbbing in her back. The memory assumed a nebulous shape, but it was there. And with it were the voices, far away, like an echo in a forgotten, empty corridor of her struggling mind. Most of the words were lost now, but their meaning still came through: taunting, hateful, teasing the hunchback, the "Crazy Annie." She no longer could hear the taunts, she just felt them.

But Annie had fought back. In the only way she knew how, she answered them. She smiled. And over the years, the smile had become as permanent and crooked as the hump on her back. She wore them both to bed.

Crazy Annie struggled and rolled over toward the edge of the cot. A minute's rest and then a thin leg was eased over the edge. A twisted toe touched the floor. The toe was her thermometer. This morning it rebounded from the floor like a rubber ball. Annie wriggled the toe about frantically, seeking warmth beneath the covers.

Crazy Annie's teeth would have chattered, it was so cold on that floor. As it was, her gums just smacked with a liquid sound. She felt a shiver through the length of her body and she wrapped her long arms around it as tightly as she could.

"Ahhh," she articulated, wiggling her buttocks through the warm hole in the mattress. "Ahhh," she breathed again, her goal achieved. Annie waited and watched a shadow.

Annie didn't own a clock, but she knew it was eight when the tip of the shadow touched the far corner of the floor.

Looking toward the shadow's origin, Annie could see a wisp of wind gently waving the sun-faded curtain through the paneless window.

Out popped the toe. It dangled just off the floor, hesitated, then dropped quickly. The floor was warmer. The message was transmitted and in a moment, it reached home. Annie chuckled and spat, aiming precisely at a crack in the floor. She moved, deliberately. She began to function.



Crazy Annie got up.

She moved across the floor, dragging her lame right leg behind her. It always stiffened in the night and it took a while to loosen. She didn't have to bend of her own accord to the old wood burner against the wall, and it took but little effort to crouch to a dwindling pile of wood. She got a fire going. Annie laughed—no, gurgled, like a baby—as she peered into the pot on the stove. It was half full of the brew from yesterday morning, or the day before.

Now it was time to clean house, while the pot boiled. It wasn't much of a task. Annie shuffled the few steps to the other end of her tarpaper shack. She snatched the top cover, gave it a shake, and put it on over her shapeless one-time dress. Now she wore two.

"Maxwell House..."

Next, the flannel shirt. Plaid it was, or used to be. Now there was no color. And finally, the ancient olive drab overcoat that she had picked up . . . where? She put this on and Crazy Annie's bed was made and she was nearly fully dressed. She gurgled again, happy at the accomplishment.

Crouching ever so slightly, Annie picked up the spit can by the cot. It bore the faded legend, "Maxwell House," not that it mattered. She couldn't know and wouldn't have cared. She shuffled over to the doorway, pushed aside the terry cloth bedspread hanging there, and dumped the contents of the can in a dirty brown semi-liquid puddle by the concrete block steps. She spat after it in a gesture of finality to the act, and set the can where she stood.

Retracing her path back to the cot, she sat down, grunting as she did. Reaching a long arm under the edge, she extracted a pair of leather boots. Annie admired them for a moment, poking a finger tentatively through first one hole and then the other. She pulled them on. They had no laces.

Now she returned to the stove, sniffing appreciatively the bitter aroma of the old coffee. She removed the pot and turned eagerly to the business of breakfast.

Crazy Annie broke her fast luxuriously this morning. She had three biscuits left from Sunday and an inch or so of molasses in the bottom of a cup. After a brief inspection of the cup's bottom to be certain its contents had not leaked through the crack, Annie sweetened her coffee with the molasses and softened the hard bread in the thick black stuff. She enjoyed her meal slowly, lingering over every bite and sip. And when the last of the bread was consumed and there was no trace of molasses in the cup, she licked each finger carefully. Annie gurgled, burped, spat, and cackled gleefully. She was wide awake now and became more verbose. She cackled again as she stood up. It was time to go.

Crazy Annie moved again to her cot and lowered herself to her hands and knees. She peered under the cot and cackled when she was sure the sacks were there. She reached under and grasped the burlaps, dragging them out.

Annie shook out the sacks and tossed them over her shoulder, holding them by the necks with one hand. With the other, she reached inside the nightstand there and felt for the knitted cap. She found it quickly in the corner where it always slid when she tossed it in at night. Plopping the shapeless thing on her head with a snort to blow hair out of her face completed Annie's morning ritual. She cackled and spat through the crack, wiped her mouth with the back of her hand and walked out the doorway.

Outside it was warmer and Annie stopped for a time, luxuriating in the warm sunshine. The air still felt nippy but the sun shined brightly; it threatened to be a beautiful Indian Summer day. There wasn't a cloud in the sky that she could see. Annie lifted her wrinkled face to the sun, and closed her mouth and eyes. She bathed in the sunlight for several minutes before moving on her way.

She didn't know yet where she would go or which way she would get there. All she knew, though the thought never took definite shape in her mind, was what she would do and where she would end her day.

Annie would wander about the town, going up one street and down another, completely at random, collecting. Eventually she would take her sacks into the little store at the end of Henry Street. There, she would empty the sacks and sort their contents into three piles: things she would keep, things she could sell to the man who ran the store, and things she didn't want and he wouldn't buy or trade for. Often, before she ended her day at the store, she would stop several times to sell the soft drink bottles she collected. They were too heavy to carry around and on rare good days she found many of them.

Annie shuffled along the street, cackling as she went, picking her way carefully through the debris, and feeling warm all over for the first time since the afternoon before. She felt warm and she felt happy.

Passing through the neighborhood with its row upon row of houses just like her own (though some she often admired for their doors and windows), full of people, decaying, and exuding an aroma which Annie had learned to ignore, Annie listened. She heard the sounds of the street, the houses, the people and the animals—the sounds of life on Henry Street. Many of the sounds she heard she

"Go to hell, Annie..."

could not understand, or at least she could not identify. But Annie could classify the sounds. Some, a few, were good; some were neither here nor there; and some were bad, unhappy sounds. The sounds of Henry Street or any other street that Annie happened to be on fell in one of her three categories.

Annie heard a happy sound and she widened her smile a little and cackled. In a weak and cracking voice she called out softly, "Puppy, puppy." The little dog barked and growled fiercely at Annie, causing her to cackle anew. She wiggled her fingers at him and he scampered around, yapping wildly, then came to her and licked her hand.

"Nice puppy," the unused voice cracked.

The little dog ran away in answer to a distant whistle and Annie stood and watched him go. She spat, wiped her mouth without molesting the smile, and shuffled along her way, a feeling of optimism for the day filling her being.

Annie turned left on Ford Street, a continuation of the squalor that was Henry Street which led right into Adams Street the town's main street. From there, it was only two blocks to University Road, Annie's favorite and most frequently traversed street. Here it was that Annie found some of her most valuable—though not her favorite—things.

Annie had once found a ring which turned out to have a real, though very tiny, diamond. She had seen it flung away by a very pretty young girl into the hedgerow which guarded the edges of the university campus grounds. Annie had been watching through an opening in the shrubbery. A young man had stood in front of the girl, facing her. Both had made sounds unpleasant to Annie's ears. She couldn't remember most of the words, but it had ended with the ring in the hedge, almost at Annie's feet on the other side. Both young people had stood silent for a moment, the girl with tears in her eyes, looking at each other. Annie had waited, poised to spring after the ring. The boy had looked after the ring, returned his gaze to the girl's tear-rimmed eyes, and said in a voice so cold and clear that Annie could still remember, for a reason she couldn't fathom, "Go to hell, Anne."

Annie had returned to that same spot many times since. The man at the store had given her ten dollars for the ring. But she never again found anything quite so valuable. Once she found a watch, for which she got five dollars. She had found several other pieces of cheap jewelry and a wallet with one dollar and some cards, a white one with a picture of a boy on it and another picture of the same boy with a girl. But never again did she strike it so rich at one time.

Annie shuffled and cackled her way down Adams Street until she came to the intersection with University Road. She waited for the light to change, eyes fixed on the top one. She knew that when the bottom light came on, she could cross the street. The light flickered and went out. The bottom one flashed on simultaneously.

Annie had taken one tentative step off the curbing before she became aware of the noise. It was a roar and a shriek which, together, filled her head and pounded at her aching bones. Then, so swiftly she had no time to focus, a blur of motion flashed by, accompanied by a louder roar, another shriek, a flurry of smaller motions within the blurr, jumbled voices, and the word.

Annie was frozen to the spot, one foot on the street and the other on the curb. All she knew—and there was no mistake—was that the word was bad, so bad. Annie had a brief and blurred image of cars filled with boys moving down Henry Street, their occupants taunting in harsh, bitter voices the children, the young girls and women and her with —the word. That's all that ever registered permanently in Annie's brain—that word. She had seen children cry, grown people lash out in anger and something else she could not identify in response to that hated word.

She heard it often. And every time she did, her smile flickered for an instant, vanished, and somehow never felt the same when it returned.

Annie didn't know how long she had stood there, but when she looked up, the top light was on again. Again she waited, watched; and when she finally crossed the street, the word had been tucked away in some remote corner of her brain, waiting to be summoned forth again.

Annie shuffled along the campus side of University Road, the empty burlaps slapping against her buttocks as she went. They reminded her of their emptiness.

Annie had watched and waited, listened and spat, poked and peered about in the shrubbery she

"Annie removed her boots..."

knew not how long before she left her favorite spot, her bags as empty as before.

She moved along, slower now, with a vague connection forming in her brain between what happened at the corner and her subsequent lack of success. Annie spat nothing. Her mouth was so dry that her gums clicked rather than smacked. Annie felt unhappy for the first time today.

Automatically, Annie's brain turned her down the street which would pass by the laundromat and, further along, through the faculty residential section. She didn't know, though, until she saw the small white building, exactly where she was. She couldn't read the sign, "University Laundromat," but she didn't need to. Annie waited.

When she was sure that the building was empty for the moment, Annie went inside, s l o w l y, cautiously.

A satisfied cackle was given birth when she found the socks. Annie had only gone through four machines when she found them, flattened wetly against the side of the basket near the top and under the overhanging lip of the machine. She wrung them in shaking hands and held them up to examination, ignoring the rivulets of water tracing wiggly paths along the prominent bones of her fingers and hands. Another cackle was Annie's final approval. After a quick look around to assure her privacy, Annie removed her boots and put on the socks, still wet.

It didn't matter that one was black and one was white.

Annie was happy again. She cackled and spat her pleasure to the silence of the empty building and went outside.

It was sometime after noon when Annie sat down by the willow on the edge of the playground by the faculty housing development. She leaned sideways against the tree, avoiding pressure on her aching hump and placing herself with the tree between herself and the playground. It was, she knew, better that way.

Having dropped her sacks before she sat down, Annie now upended one. The other was still empty. The litter at her feet had a value for Annie that no amount of money could replace, which was fortunate since she knew no amount of cajoling could have sold it to the man at the store. She had found no bottles, no money, nothing salable. But she had a small fortune in pleasure. There was a piece of felt whose color was meaningless but which sent an electric thrill all through her body when she rubbed it against her face. There was a cat's eye, plucked from the edges of a finger-drawn circle in the dirt on the far edge of the playground. How it sparkled in the light! But it was topped by the glitter of light from the small round pieces of tinfoil collected from around the trunks of the ancient oaks in the university's arboretum. Today there were four of them. They were so pretty to look at that Annie always kept them. Their sameness made no difference.

From somewhere came the memory, an ancient one for Annie, of the time she had first found one and discovered how pretty they were. It had been —where? There had been a car, parked, and Annie had heard soft voices, good sounds, and later— had the sounds changed? She couldn't remember. But she had seen a hand at the car's window. Just a hand. And it had thrown something. Annie had gone to the spot later and found the thing which glittered even in the moonlight. She had ignored the other thing which lay nearby, her eyes attracted only to the brightness of her prize. It was only later that she discovered their ready availablity in the arboretum. Annie didn't know how many of them she had; and she never tired of collecting them. She didn't think about it. She just kept them.

The memory was vague and was not cut very short by what she heard next. Annie was looking directly into the back yards of a row of neat brick houses confusing to Annie for their sameness. What she heard was the slamming of a screen door. What she saw was a blond, somewhat plump woman, dressed in tight-fitting shorts and a plain blouse. Looking over her shoulder all the while, the woman crossed the yard, almost at a run. Having reached the back door of the next house, the woman knocked so lightly that Annie could barely hear. After a moment a man's form became visible in silhouette behind the screen.

"Goddamn!," was the only word of their hurried conversation that Annie comprehended before the door opened and the woman scampered in. A low, scratchy moan found its way out of Annie's throat, an unhappy sound made reflexively in response to the unhappy word and the unhappy tone of it.

She had no time to lament, even in her brief, faltering awareness of it, for almost immediately the first door opened again. This time a man appeared. He called a name, said something else, and started off at a trot toward the second house.

Annie didn't wonder why he failed to knock before he went in, scant seconds after the woman had entered. She didn't wonder at the ensuing loud voices, bad words, a crash of something breaking. She didn't wonder at the woman crashing through the screen door, stumbling, finding footing and running headlong back across the yard, screaming as she ran. Annie didn't wonder because she was aware only that it was bad, all bad. There wasn't room in her brain for anything else but that and the automatic, unthought actions which put her treasures safely back in the sack and lifted her body to as upright a position as it was capable of achieving.

Then, as quickly as she could, Crazy Annie aimed herself toward Henry Street and moved, just moved.

Along the way, Annie found several bottles, some small ones and a big one. She would get a nickel for the big one, eight pennies for the small ones. Thirteen cents in all.

Annie clutched the change tightly in one hand, the sacks in the other, and waggled her tongue at the puppy scrambling about her feet as he headed down Henry Street toward her tarpaper shack.

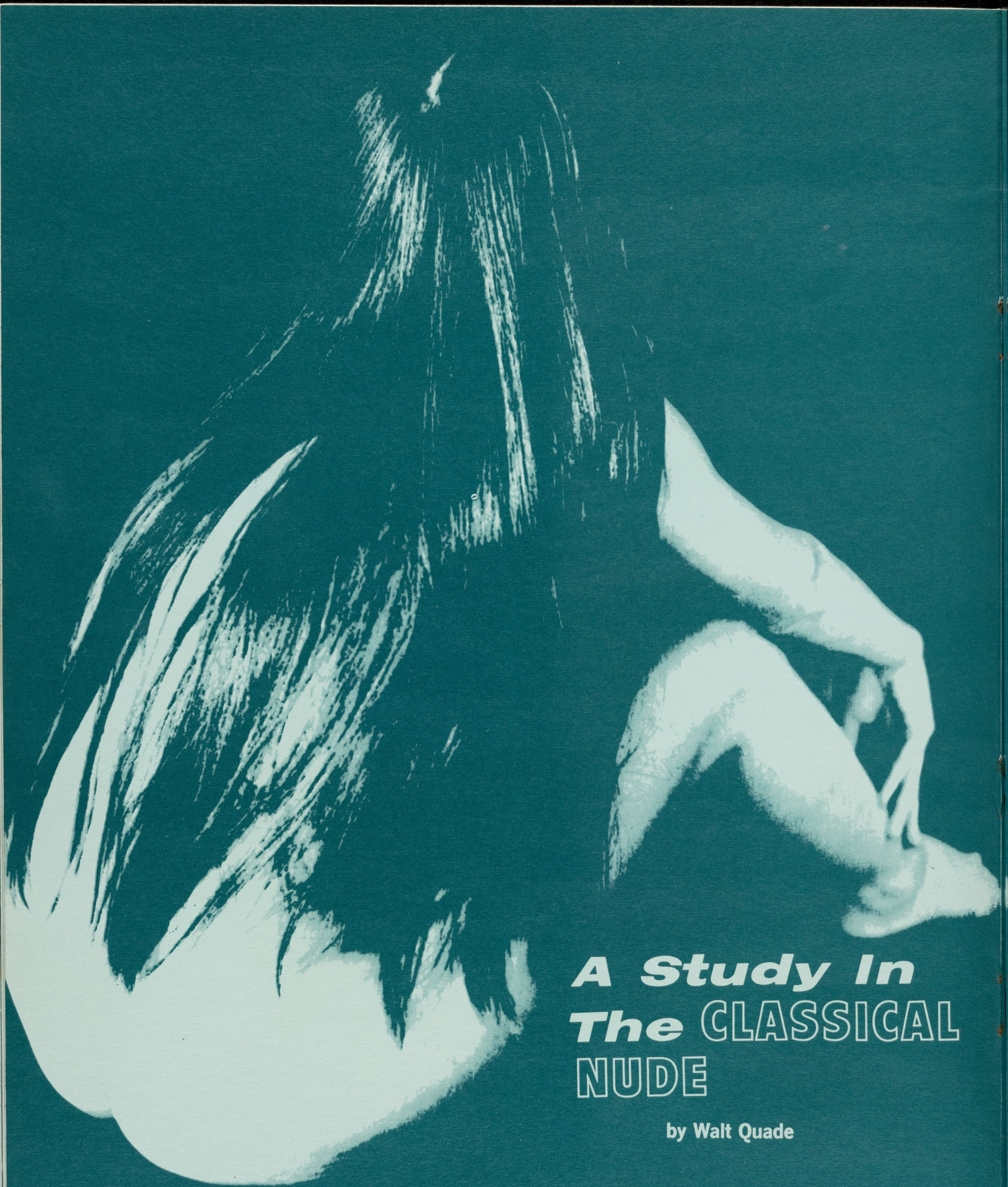
"Nice puppy," the voice cracked as the little dog trotted away. Annie's smile regained its morning angle as she watched him go.

Crazy Annie went home, ate a supper of beans and bread, and went to bed.

Feeling safe at last, warm and tired in the embrace of her cot, Annie reached out over the mattress to turn off the lamp, squinting in the glare of the bare bulb. But she paused. Annie looked down at the feet which stuck out from a hole at the foot of the cot. She admired her new socks. And as she did, Annie became slowly, slowly aware that they were different somehow. Annie cackled, spat into the can by her cot, turned out the light, and stared in darkness toward where she felt her feet to be.

"Both the same now," Annie said to the world. "All the same now. All the same."

Crazy Annie went to sleep



A Study In The CLASSICAL NUDE

by Walt Quade







A Study In The CLASSICAL NUDE

J. B. Rhine was born September 29, 1895, in Juanita County, Pennsylvania, and was educated at Ohio Northern University, the College of Wooster, and the University of Chicago. He received his Ph.D. from the Department of Botany at Chicago in 1925.

After three years of research and teaching in the field of plant physiology, Dr. Rhine and his wife, Dr. Louise E. Rhine, began their exploration in parapsychology, "the science of psi," ("psychic" phenomena) at Harvard in the fall of 1926. The following year they went to Duke University to work under Professor William McDougall.

Established at Duke in the Department of Psychology, Dr. Rhine began the studies that led to the development of Parapsychology as a branch of science. His first book in 1934 introduced the term "extrasensory perception," based on six years of work in the Department of Psychology. In 1937, with the sponsorship of Professor McDougall, he launched the Journal of Parapsychology, the leading scientific periodical in this field today. A popular account of the ESP experiments, entitled New Frontiers Of The Mind, was a Book-of-the-Month in 1937. A scientific book jointly authored with four colleagues, entitled Extra-Sensory Perception After Sixty Years, appeared in 1940.

A book for the general public, The Reach Of The Mind, was published in 1947, and New World Of The Mind in 1953. A textbook, written by Dr. Rhine with a colleague, appeared in 1957 under the title Parapsychology, Frontier Of The Mind. In 1961 Mrs. Rhine's book, Hidden Channels Of The Mind, appeared; and in 1965, Dr. Rhine's book, ESP In Life And Lab, was published.

As Dr. Rhine's retirement approached, he established the Foundation for Research on the Nature of Men, to take over the Parapsychology Laboratory and reorganize it as the Institute for Parapsychology. The Foundation and the Institute are located in the University community, but are independent.

INTERVIEW: DR. J. B. RHINE



Since 1927, the J. B. Rhines have conducted at Duke University the world's first, and still practically its only, full-time laboratory research into the inexplicable events that occur and the thoughts that are transmitted without the aid of the senses or any physical means. Separating from Duke in 1965 after his retirement from the faculty, Dr. and Mrs. Rhine founded the Institute for Parapsychology, which is supported by the Foundation for Research on the Nature of Man, founded by them in 1962.

The Institute for Parapsychology and its supporting foundation are both located in a two-story white frame house across the street from Duke University. In his upstairs office Dr. Rhine greets you with: "I'm a little on the deaf side." So you make it a point to speak clearly.

Dr. Rhine believes that Duke may have been the only place in the world that research such as he has conducted could have been started in 1927. The university was new and the president was a very liberal man who approved a small annual grant for the Rhines to conduct their studies.

Even after the proof of extrasensory perception in 1933, the academic world remained hostile, and the parapsychology laboratory brought Duke a great deal of publicity, both favorable and unfavorable. It was in the former Duke parapsychology laboratory that the Rhines and their assistants first conducted the tests that they say took the question of "psi" ability (the term now used for the full range of ESP and some related capacities) "out of the realm of debatability." For six consecutive days a research assistant twice ran through a pack of special cards, moving one card per minute without looking at them. In another building another student recorded his guesses as to the order of the cards.

After six days they totaled the results. The student had guessed right 40 percent of the time, which according to the laws of probability or chance was twice what he could have been expected to guess. Since only five types of cards were used, the student had a 20 percent chance of guessing correctly each time. According to Dr. Rhine, "such a result could not be expected to occur by chance once in a trillion such experiments."

Since that day of proof Dr. J. B. Rhine has devoted his study to attempting to discover the nature of the ESP process, while Dr. Louisa Rhine has collected and analyzed many thousands of reports of psi experiences occurring throughout many parts of the world.

Once you accept the fact that the Rhines have absolutely no doubt that ESP exists, you can understand easily why they have devoted their lives to its study. The public attitude toward ESP is much improved today, and Dr. Rhine believes that "the only scientists who don't believe in it are those who are ignorant of its strongest evidence."

The experiment proof of ESP rests on the laws of probability and necessarily so. "Over 200 years ago mathematicians worked up a yardstick of standard deviation for the use of the gambling halls," said Dr. Rhine in explaining how the uninformed can easily misunderstand the meaning of what seems like a minor deviation. "Recently a student wrote me that he had gone through a full deck of cards 200 times guessing their color and had gotten only 53 percent of them correct. He said he threw away the results because they were not significant. But his meager three percent deviation was four times the standard deviation, and the odds were 10,000 to one against his doing it so well by chance alone. In the lab we'd say this was a good pilot experiment—good enough to try to repeat.

"No science is absolutely exact. All we seek in the lab is the ability to handle results safely. We're working with something so extremely contestable that we have to carry additional safeguards. We have three mathematicians check all our published results."

Using such simple tools as cards and dice plus rigid control procedures, Dr. Rhine's staff has proved to its own satisfaction that man, without using his senses and muscles, can control physical actions such as the roll of dice, see things that his eyes cannot see, hear unspoken messages, predict future events—to a significant (better than chance) extent.

Though laboratory work is a highly significant part of the role of the institute, the most exciting aspect of ESP is that which occurs outside the lab. The study of these occurrences is the job of Dr. Louisa Rhine. Her second book on the subject, **ESP In Life and Lab,** is an attempt at outlining the mental process that produces ESP from the laboratory side of it and as it works out in life experiences.

"The process begins with our awareness of some knowledge which we can't explain. Somehow the

Extrasensory

outside world becomes available to persons at a deeply unconscious level and then transfers up to the level of consciousness. This conscious awareness is usually in the form of a dream or intuition," she explained.

The most common such experience is for a person to have a dream which comes true. "I've had so many cases of dreams come true that they no longer interest me very much," she noted. "What interests me now is the thought process involved." One of the most spectacular cases she recalls happened many years ago in Washington State. A man had a dream so vivid that he asked the district attorney to investigate. In his dream his son, who was in the mountains at a mine, had been killed by a stranger to whom he had given a ride. The district attorney did investigate and found the son in a shallow grave with all the circumstances as had been described.

"But we don't need the spectacular occurrences like that to prove our point, for that is done by experiment," Dr. J. B. Rhine continued. "But we value them highly. Every time we have an article written it reminds people of experiences they've had, and they report them to us. When an article appeared in the

Reader's Digest, I stopped counting the responses after 5000. We analyze the types of experiences reported and let them accumulate until we have a reasonable file of similar reports, and then we try to interpret them. I'd guess that one out of three people have ESP experiences they don't recognize."

The people who do recognize their experiences sometimes turn to the institute for help. A mother in Missouri, for example, wrote that her four-year-old son consistently has knowledge of things he has never seen or that have not yet happened—such as the appearance of a person who is coming to visit. The mother is worried that when the boy starts school the other children will make fun of him. The Rhines will try to help analyze the boy's situation and see what action should be recommended.

Experiences reported to the institute often center around the recognition of cards, probably because this is a game that so many people play. Dr. Rhine recalls a child from North Carolina that told her mother one day she had discovered a new trick. "The mother laid out five cards, face down, and the girl guessed them all correctly. When she repeated

Perception

the trick for her father, he bought a new deck of cards and laid out 10 of them. The girl guessed eight correctly. A staff member from the laboratory visited her several times—with good results. But, as often occurs, within a few weeks her ability dwindled to a mediocre level, and a few months later she dropped to the negative side—missing so many more than the laws of chance say she should miss that it was clear there was unconscious avoidance of hitting."

Missing, to the Rhines, is just as significant as hitting—if it is consistent enough. "Since the ESP process goes on unconsciously, the person has little control of it. Therefore, if some unconscious disorientation should occur, his 'aim' can be deflected like that of a rifleman with defective sights, and he can miss the target consistently without knowing it."

A very unusual case that involves all hits and no misses was reported by a newspaper editor. A young girl had been accused by her brother of cheating at cards. "But I'm not cheating," she said. "I know all the cards you have in your hand but I haven't seen them." And she named them correctly. When the newspaper heard the story, it tested the girl with a new pack of cards. She guessed every card correctly except that she sometimes confused "6's" and "9's."

The newspaper editor called Dr. Rhine, who urged that the girl be sent to Durham. Instead, however, she was studied by a child psychologist. "This is a shame," said Dr. Rhine, "because he is probably not trained to work with ESP."

Dr. Rhine says "psi" ability may be latent in everyone while it is "shown" by only a few. For people who are curious about their own abilities, he recommends a self-testing method like the "four aces" test using a deck of cards.

"On a table, lay the four aces face up in a row and the remainder of the deck face down. Looking only at the four aces and not at the top card of the deck, place the top card on the ace that your intuition tells you matches its suit. When you have finished, turn over the cards and record your correct guesses. Do at least 10 such runs through the pack.

"Since you have four possible choices for each card, you should guess one-fourth of them right by chance. Thus, you would get 12 right each time you go through the 48 cards in the deck (not counting the aces), and you should get 120 right on 10 tests.

"If you average 15 or more hits per time, this rather definitely suggests that you have ESP ability. The same will be true if you guess consistently below the chance average of 12 cards per time.

"If you consistently score above or below average, you may want to experiment further by having someone else place the cards for you so that you never see even the backs of them. If your score remains high and you want to experiment more, write the institute for further instructions: FRNM, College Station, Durham, N. C. 27708."

The more that people know about and accept the need for research in psychology, the more worthwhile the Rhines will feel that their four decades of work has been. They look forward to a time when undergraduate degrees in parapsychology will be available at major universities, a time when scientists will honestly confront the most intriguing subject of all—"the less physical side of man's nature which the evidence of 'psi' ability seems to indicate."

NJL
J D
C G

Poetry

Across this white page
creeps a consciousness of sorts
small as my pen-point.

Puffed-up clown-monster
jello-laughs when he touches
any-room's ceiling!

Dandelion puff—
perfect sphere broken by breath—
now milky-way seeds!

Wind—dust and paper
reels, spins—shrieks concrete corners—
not dancing through trees.

Francis H. Hanoid, Jr.

Envoi

For, once my soul did tell a sleep on me
All espaliered upon the midnight sun,
And Greece, who smiled on Homer, laughed on me
(While England sees a Milton or no one).
O clever, splintered, caustic poet-would-be,
Your shriveled soul's upon an Age impaled:
If not the throne of immortality,
At least the sympathy of those who failed.

Gale F. Morgan

Of Mirrors, Windows and Blinds ---A Mirror Dusting

Fellow spirits, if still I thought 't would help
I'd gladly vomit on some pretty vellum
And stir once, twice lightly with a needle,

Such exertion being suited to the times
To be sure. But the bonds of brotherhood,
The prerequisites of honesty preclude

A too-rude iocism. Call me generous
To a fault; say I'm muddy if you must;
A grotesque—of the neck, red—yet hear me.

For I am told a vision whereby X
Still equals God, cleverness still a lame,
Old, un-enlightened animalism; felt

The thread of tough-new sentimentality
Snap to the soft, insistent burden of
Ideal. And so to try . . . (to cry) . . . again.

Gale F. Morgan

BE YOURSELF

Walk with head erect, my dear.
Be outgoing—Catch your man.
Thrust that bosom; bounce those hams—
Remember, honey—Be yourself.

Bow to the top man; kick those weaker.
Powder, paint, and prune your face.
Nature mustn't show, you know.
That's right, honey—Be yourself.

Kiss that stranger—do it, do it.
Don't be bashful—we won't jeer.
Do one thing and say another.
That's right, baby—Be yourself.

Let your hair down; be a bitch.
Go to church but close your ears—
Religion's just a fabrication.
Be yourself—just be yourself

Linda Faye Bryant

VISIONS OF CAMELOT

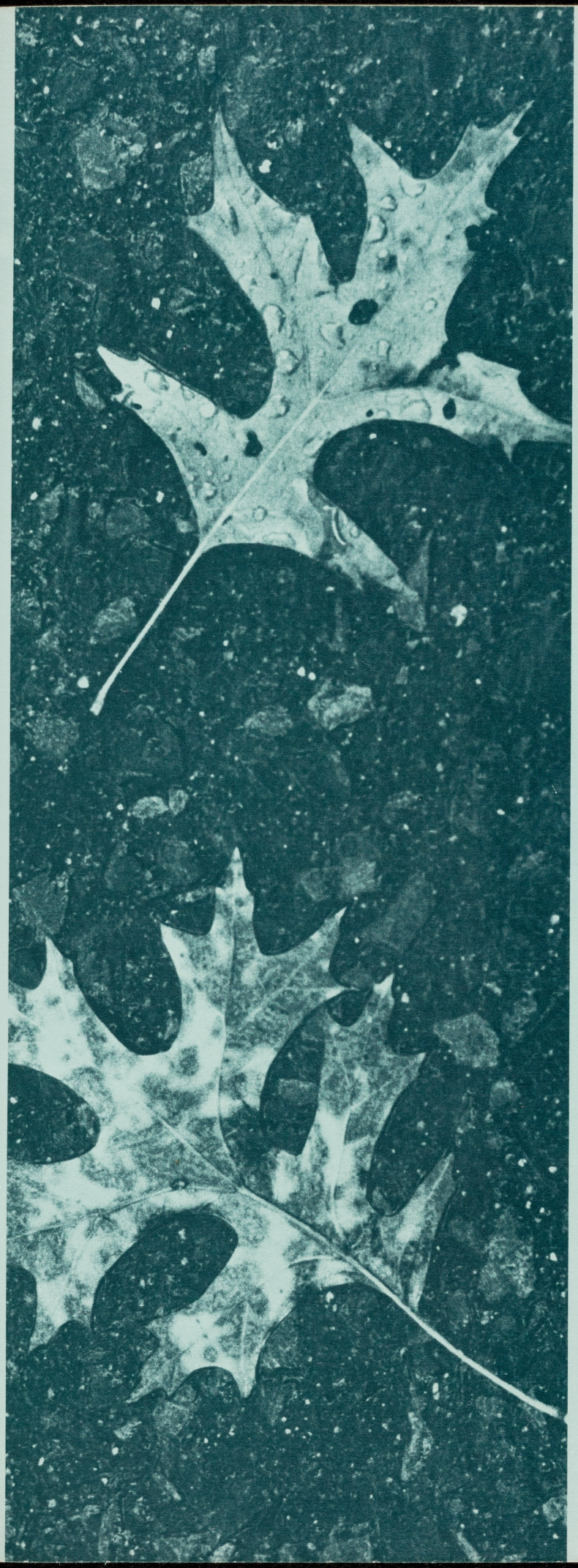
Trumpets of reform and Utopia
Cast against shadows of forethought
Bare etched moats of insufficient data
Saviors cry of smiling voices that sweep
    from clouds.
Larks fly North and grass burns in
    Dante's hell.
Stoic stares at brazen geese
Mirrors reflect and empty walls dwell
    in solitude.
Projections of the functional
Abstractions that vanish from billboards
    and boastful evolution of puppets
Apparitions dance in unison to distant
    crys of computers.
Wind-blown streets with rough-hewn
    temperament
Visions of morning and stares at
    sales house catalogues.

Dan Casey

THE POET

His song must be of fog; of thoughts that
    traverse, that spiral, that leap and
    fall, that arc and resend, that
    echo to Camelot, that die and arise
That beauty is of dimension, of essence of
    stagnation and perfume, of the rough—
    hewn; of eloquence which is nothing,
    and wholeness of partiality.

Dan Casey



The Conformist

The golden drops,
Each alone,
Rise and fall,
Flows and ebbs
As it caresses the sand.

Each solitary drop
Soaks then dries
The beach where I sit

Constantly changing its mind
Each drop runs
In, then out.
Thinking it has changed
Its own mind.

When, in actuality
It is the conformist's conformist.
One of the thundering thousands
Of its kind

Each drop is like a man.
It runs in and out,
Back and forth, All in a great herd.
Yet, still feeling like
An individual

Tears

Tears are golden
Drops of love.
The silvery dew
Of affection.

Our tears are the
Most priceless gift
We can give.
For our tears
Are our love.
A mortal flaw.

Our tears fall
Not for ourselves,
But for those we love.

Allan Edwards

love

I

If I sing of the Fall
when the leaves come drifting from the trees
and love is the kind of thing
that awkes you early in the morning
with a knowing insistence
that assures your entry into the morning
then you know the cool sharp mornings
and how hard it is to leave the bed
and the perfume and wine and sweat
that hangs about like a curtain
like a halo from homage and worship
at the altar of Eros

II

If I sing of the Winter
when the trees stand stark against the sky
and love is the kind of thing
that makes you put on your best suit
and stand waiting nervously before the preacher
for her to walk into the room dressed in her best
then you know the welling up of tears
and the remembrance of the ones you might have known
and you know the look she gave
when she put her hand in yours
and you ran with her into the cold night
through a shower of rice
to the lawful bed

III

If I sing of the Spring
when the wind carries seeds across the brown earth
and love is the kind of thing
that sleeps warm beside you
with her legs apart and her stomach
swelling softly against you
then you know the way she smiles
when she wakes and places your hand on her
and you feel the small alive child
kicking the boundary of his world
and you take her gently each day
careful of the seed already placed
careful of the future growing in the Spring

Charles Lindsay Griffin, Jr.

ceylon

White ship sailing on a blue sea
White bird flying in a blue sky
Ceylon green land singing a dark song
Colombo to Kandy is seventy two miles
Of black ribbon road winding
Through roots of Banyan trees and ferns
Rice paddies are a thousand rings
When the rain falls and the land
Is a smell of decay and steamy heat
The people dark and small are roots
Of the land reaching for the sky
The men are gnarled trunks
The stock and support of the seed
The women are flowers with eyes
That know too much and smiles
That gather the windblown
And sea borne seed of foreign root
With them the stock continues
With them the seed improves

I walked through a forest
And the flowers had four colors
And each one haunted me with beauty
But when I touched them
A green stain ran down my hand
And the path burned where it ran
Still the flowers sang with beauty
But a beauty that would always be alone
Far far I shall run but the smell remains
Along with the memory of the pain

Island island island are you not
An island almost alone in the sea
A dark flower whose petals almost touch
The outstretched fingers of another
Sing your song for we walk alone
And the winds carry me away
White ship sailing on a blue sea
White bird flying in a blue sky

Charles Lindsay Griffin, Jr.



When Shall I?

When you come closer than a whisper
And tell the things you haven't told,
Then I shall write you long, long poems;
I shall write you words of gold.

When Shall I?

When I have seen your hair pulled back,
When on your cheek my lips are cold,
Then I shall write you long, long poems;
I shall write you words of gold.

When Shall I?

When I have gone within you lightly,
Among the sweet crushed marigolds,
Then I shall write you long, long poems,
I shall write you words of gold.

I sought you when the hills were red
I loved you when green grass was dead
I yearned for you when leaves were bled—
(I loved you for an autumn-time
With a hammer, with a rhyme)

The skies were slung with amethyst
The moonfire burned through amber mist
The coiling wind was a serpent's hiss
(I loved you for a winter-time
With a hammer, with a rhyme)

There were flowers sprung from forest looms
There were whitening laughs in sunburst rooms
There were walks in the after-rain perfumes—
(I loved you for a green spring-time
With a hammer, with a rhyme)

But when I cut the roof-beams long
When the hammer clacked a trippling song
When the smell of cedar was crisp and strong—
(I couldn't love you in summer-time
It's the hammer I love, and not the rhyme)

Jon Douglas Sykes

REVIEWS

the DEVIL'S half

(*The Devil's Half* by Ovid Williams Pierce, 287 pp. Doubleday and Company, $4.95).

Many books have been written about the post-Civil War South. It is nearly impossible to say anything about the South during that time that is in any way fresh or moving. Yet, author-in-residence Ovid Williams Pierce's new book, *The Devil's Half*, is an exception.

Pierce has displayed with a staggering amount of insight the way the Southerners of that time must have felt about the tribulation and the challenge of adjusting to new times.

Pierce was interviewed in the Fall issue of *The Rebel* and in that interview he spoke briefly about American writing in general. He said, "Some American writers see a scene in an almost one dimensional way. A scene in a vacuum of time and values. (Faulkner's) present moment is the breaking edge of a wave begun far back, far away. A full understanding of that past is necessary for comprehension of the present moment."

If this is Pierce's credo, *The Devil's Half* is the chalice in which it has been blessed. The language of the book is beautiful, the prose is like a great eloquent lament for all people everywhere who are caught up in the merciless hands of on-rushing time. One need only open the book to any page to get a sample of Pierce's genius:

"Something in the man's face caused me to look at him. His hand trembled. In utter astonishment I saw that he was afraid. 'God knows,' he said, 'there's so much a man can't do.'

The despair of a lifetime seemed to clutch him to the spot. His breathing was labored. 'So much that your doing can't change. Your color, where your heart goes, what folks can and can't give.'

What he had said would have startled me, but I knew that he'd forgotten I was there, no longer cared that I was there. The uncertainly of the night was a closer presence than mine"

With a keen understanding of the way people feel—not in great upsurging events or short periods of tragedy or exhilaration— but, simply, from day to day, from seemingly insignificant occurrences to more earth-shaking events, Pierce tells his story to the reader.



In this respect, Pierce's writing is much like Chekhov's. Chekhov believed that the small things in life were really just as important, if not more important, than earth-shattering events. "For instance," he said, "people are having a meal, while at the same time their happiness is being created or their lives are being all smashed up."

Orville Prescott of *The New York Times* was perhaps reminded of this often low-keyed dramatic intensity in Pierce's book when he said, "It is illuminating, full of heartbreaking insights into character and full of a resigned and melancholy wisdom . . . This is a book Turgenev and Chekhov would understand and admire."

The Devil's Half is an exciting book for this reason. In a moving and unique way this novel takes on perhaps the foremost quality a novel can achieve—"to live with the living."

JRR

EXPLORATION

(*Exploration Into God,* by John A. T. Robinson, 158 pp, SCM Press, $1.50).

Those who keep abreast of theological developments are aware of the current upsurge of religious thought, now of several years duration. The ferment has been a fact for many years. However, what is new is the wide spread public awareness of it. For the initial publicity given to what has been called "radical theology," we have largely to thank the Anglican Bishop of Woolwich, England, the Right Reverend John A. T. Robinson.

In 1963, Bishop Robinson published HONEST TO GOD, which, he later stated, was simply meant to elucidate his opinions about matters of long-standing interest and debate among his theological contemporaries. The vehemence with which the reading public seized his work soon proved that the religious populace had been unaware that earnest thought was being given to the matters to which the Bishop addressed himself. And the public's positive response to the opinions he delivered proved that it had never before heard those opinions from theologians.

In Honest To God, Bishop Robinson spoke of the untenability of the traditional theistic concept of God, a concept which presents God as a Being, separate from the world, located "out there" and by implication, away from the world. In EXPLORATION INTO GOD, Bishop Robinson begins a re-evaluation of the nature of God and His relationship to the world, attempting to make contemporary the Christian theology—the truth of which he does not doubt.

Exploration Into God is a fitting successor to *Honest To God,* an earnest scholarly and lucid attempt to speak affirmatively to the problems raised earlier. It is to be hoped that Bishop Robinson will add further volumes to his work in order to evaluate traditional theological problems in the light of the ideas expressed in *Exploration Into God.*

ELC

the BOY

(*The Boy—A Photographic Essay.* Ed., Georges St. Martin and Ronald C. Nelson. New York: Book Adventures, Inc., 232 pp: $19.95.)

The Boy reopens the door of life and of innocence as its photographs capture the beauty of boyhood. The editors write: "In this book we have tried to assemble a group of photographs which epitomize the irrepressible spirit of youth." They have done just that. The pictures, taken in all countries, "possess that vital spark" and grasp the moments "when a boy is most a boy."

Most of the two hundred and sixteen photographs are done in black and white offset lithography. Appealing close-up shots such as a freckled-faced, red-headed boy, or a blond Norwegian youth, tell of the happiness of a free day.

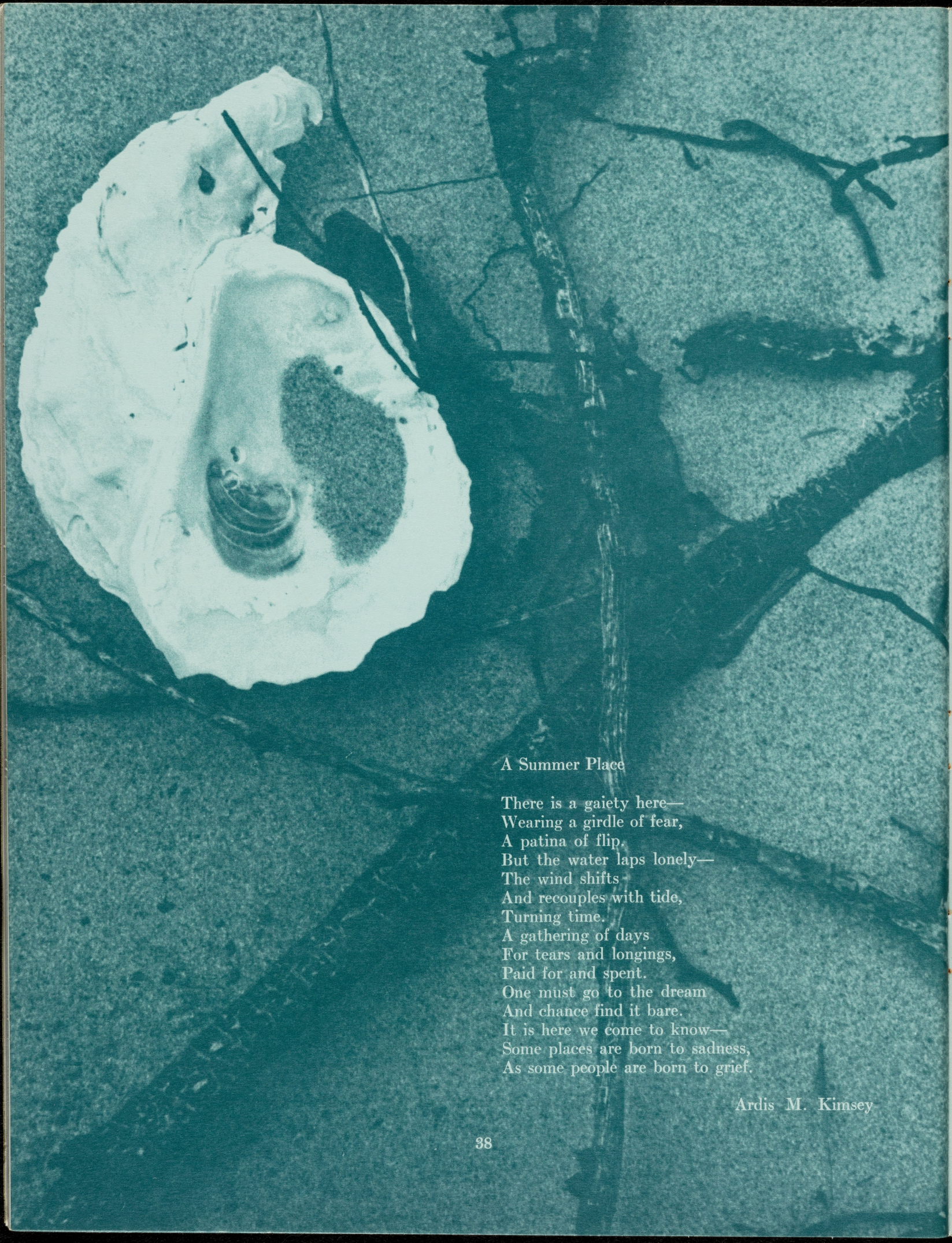
The theme of this essay is carried on by the terrific exuberance for life that is demonstrated by a boy whether he is laughing, singing, dancing, playing, fishing, reading, or dreaming. The impression is made that boys all over the world possess the same elements of wonder and love for life.

One particular section of the book contains photographs of young actors of the movie *Lord of the Flies,* based on William Golding's novel, in their island location.

Another interesting aspect of the quality of the essay is its focus upon nature and the phenomenon of water in promoting a boy's happiness: water in a mountain stream where a boy may fish or swim in the nude; water in a drinking fountain to quench the thirst of an active baseball player; or water to send the sailboat he has just made across the sea.

When one closes the covers of this visit into the life of the young, somehow the experience will not only have added a bit of yesterday to today, but the adult will have tasted a closeness to life which he does not encounter in the mechanized world of 1967. We learn from *The Boy* a freshness in exploring the realm of our world. As Byron so perfectly expressed the timelessness of boyhood—"Ah! Happy years! Once more who would not be a boy?"

Jennifer Salinger



A Summer Place

There is a gaiety here—
Wearing a girdle of fear,
A patina of flip.
But the water laps lonely—
The wind shifts
And recouples with tide,
Turning time.
A gathering of days
For tears and longings,
Paid for and spent.
One must go to the dream
And chance find it bare.
It is here we come to know—
Some places are born to sadness,
As some people are born to grief.

Ardis M. Kimsey

time's betrayal

he told me i was wrong—to play through people's minds
he spoke of ideals, word-prayers.
for once we reversed sides
and the laugh was on us.
i laughed at his concern—while my own eyes searched and cried.
he held a gentle light that day.
but the wind blew cold.
and i froze.
a whole world closed with him—when he went.
how could i tell him?
that he was the right one.
how could i say?
only the time was wrong.

Lynn Quesinberry

To Lonely People, Wherever They May Be

you stand outside the door
and
you never come in
you don't even knock
you just wait patiently,
sometimes longingly,
always hopefully,
for someone to come out
and
play.

Irving Francis Prescott, Jr.

On Coming of Age

Your shoes are so much smaller than I remembered,
And the laces tie in very human knots.
A moment ago, your finger touched the daisies;
They are daisies still,
Not a diamond among them.
I would not have heard this truth a sooner day;
Now I can speak it, smiling.
Hearing, you smile,
And I love you more and better
Than when I adored you.

You will want to know:
I have buried all my fairies
Beneath a distant willow
Alongside the devils and angels—
Not without tears; the funeral rites,
I assure you, were quite complete.
But I am done with pigtails and with mourning.
Give me now your dear, ungodly hand,
Neither as crutch nor in caress,
But in equal meeting,
With joy.

Sally Buckner

GENTLE BUTTERFLY

Like an elusive butterfly who flits in and out
of a person's conscious life. The wings are bright and beautiful
to bring happiness to all who dare gaze upon the phenomenon,
but when the alluring butterfly is scared,
the wings close and only a dull covering can be seen.
The butterfly with all its richness is alawys there for
anyone who has the patience to wait for the wings to unfold.

Each of the little creatures is a marvel in itself.
With open wings, the essence of life is offered.
The wings cannot be forced open,
but who would have the audacity to try?
A gentle prodding is hopefully acceptable
since most individuals crave a unique treasure. To be
given and to be received in its own special way. To care.

Time may bring forth the miracle.
Is it asking too much to wait till the 31st of June?
Who, on earth, would think it worth the effort?

Suzanne Whitson

Nearing seventy — refusing
to merge delicately
into softness and hues
of pink, gray, and mauve —
Their painted wrinkles wore
circus colors.
Arched scawlings
over
desperate eyes
bore the same mute testimony as
henna wisps
protruding
from heads swallowed
by
flowers

Joan W. Warlick

When white buds popped the flower Spring and morning
The surface lake heat rose and froze the dragonfly in flight
The splendor songed his thoughts on the noonday green
Where the crickets swelled in harmony
Bathed there in the sky kaleidoscope
I was fortunate and happy as the turning leaves
And said so to each passerby

Even as the children on the rolling lawn made noise
There hung in the balance of their play no greater gift
Than the unsung music of their minds

And the trees their prophecies would whisper
While limbs not naked yet still had their tongues
To sigh when children sang in smiles
The burning of each fallen brother
Heaped neatly in the yard in piles
Each billowed to the East in plumes
Of white and grey

Since random was a word I knew too well
The change in shades no notice drew
And when the sun its reason run
Drifted down to sleep upon
A cloud bed in a dusty sky
It streaked the same with hue no painter ever knew

The dark
Cleared lawn
Of child
And lark

Keith Lane



the Snooty Fox

203 E. 5th Street

Exclusive Purveyor

The Villager®

THANKS FOR YOUR SUPPORT

DURING THE BOOK RUSH

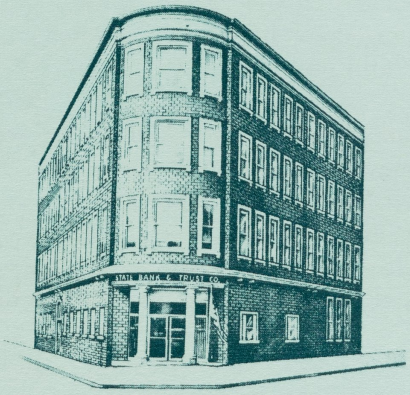
University Book Exchange

528 South Cotanche Street

Greenville, N. C.

TEXTBOOKS and SUPPLIES

State Bank and Trust Company



FULL SERVICE BANK®

Greenville, N. C.

Each depositor insured to $15,000

FDIC

FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

758-2455



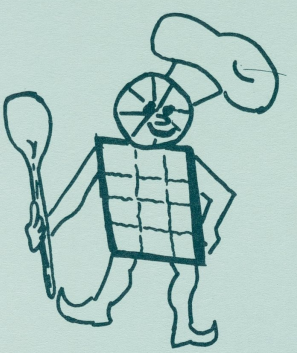
Chez Shirley
HAIR STYLING
JOYCE GARRIS

VERNA SHIRLEY
OWNER

GEORGETOWNE SHOPPES
521 COTANCHE STREET
GREENVILLE, N. C.

PIZZA CHEF

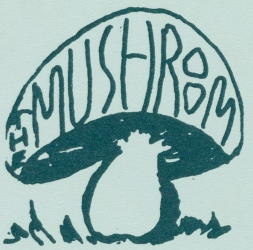
HOMEMADE PIZZA



Spaghetti
Italian Sandwiches

2725 E. 10th St. - 752-6656

529 S. Cotanche St. - 752-7483



Greenville's
Most Unique Shop

The Mushroom

Fine Art by Faculty and Students of

East Carolina University School of Art

Plus

Notional whimseys attractive to quodlibetical Humans

Do come in and browse! 11:00 a.m. - 8:00 p.m.

Georgetown Shoppees, 521 Cotanche Street

"Taste that beats the others Cold . . .



Pepsi pours it on"

THANK YOU FOR SHOPPING AT

Downtown and Pitt Plaza

Brody's

Compliments of



427 Evans St.

Greenville, N. C.

B T

VISIT WITH IT!

A special shop just for you. All the latest in Pant Dresses, Swim Suits and coordinates.

Belk-Tylers In Downtown Greenville

CAROLINA OFFICE EQUIPMENT COMPANY

Olivetti Underwood Office Equipment

Electric, standard and portable typewriters

Printing calculators, electric and manual adding machines

School supplies — Furniture — Office supplies

320 EVANS STREET GREENVILLE, N. C.

THE REBEL