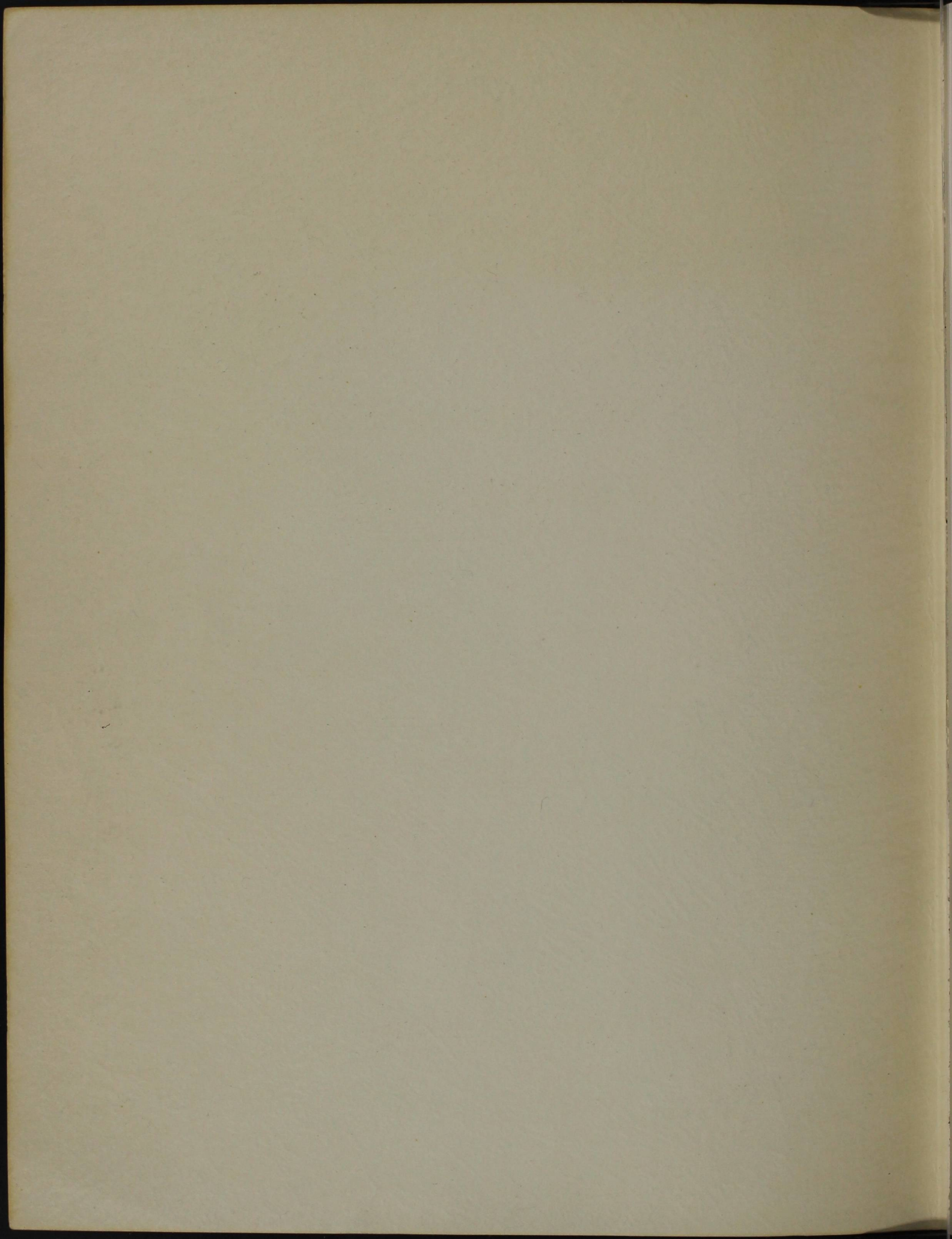




JASON



JASON

111

**An Anthology of
Willamette Artists**

Peter Smith (Lit. Editor)
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little^a child
shiny girl with windy hair,
rolls through a crunchy field
spinning her fancy to nevernever.

the sun
red delicious
flashes crisp and cold
down
on her rolling horsechestnut eyes.

a
little child
rolling on and on
waving her moist fingers
at an ancient oak
listening to her sharp
clear laugh
echo back
through the brittle highgrass.

Dennis Bosley

*traveling
into town-
moving in
for the fair,
past motels
already packed
with dusty stationwagons.*

*wheel in
get a space-
half way between
the livestock and
the ferriswheel.*

*carnival, carnival
reeling, whirling
bobbing, blinking
neonneon.*

*set-up.
nail the plaster board
to the left side of
the reconverted trailer.
hook-up the light,
a star
flashing nesbits orange
filled with old english
proclaiming mystery and science.*

*carnival, carnival
sawdust floors
local whores
pasteboard doors
neonneon.*

*wait for eight
and the bodies
pressing in
sweaty hawaiian
shirts and monogrammed
straw hats
with tarnished silver
to toss as offerings of
faith and pleasure.*

*carnival, carnival
cotton candy
cotton dandy
fried corn wrapped round dogs
fleshy pink suckers &
neonneon.*

*pilgrims all
following the star
cueing up outside
the 75 cent shrine
caught in the blinking
orange halo,
filing past the
child
resting on sterile gauze.
His four arms wrapped in moist
plastic-
a small smile on His lips
and His crystal green eyes full of wonder*

*carnival, carnival
reeling, whirling
bobbing, blinking
neonneon.*

Dennis Bosley

*the last light
that spun through
his mind
centered on that tire*

*flat, flabby, soaking
in a dirty grey puddle
a firestone delux ...*

*the car leaned in the
ditch, a metal corpse,
the rain playing a funeral
march on it's hood.
a blowout
in this fucking rain
at dusk.*

*he volunteered to find a
gas station,
him being a stranger
and a passenger of kindness,
and they let him go
mumbling in their minds
that a favor begets a favor.
he walked
looking at the grey.
his shoes squished with
each step.*

*he looked for
lights
and he walked.*

*the headlights poured
down the road
emerald in many pools
a bus
black and red
chartered.
he stuck out his thumb
feeling certain that it
would stop and
take him in
from the grey
squishy road.*

*the bus splashed closer
the engine screaming
much too fast for the night
the driver didn't see him
until*

*the driver was thinking
of the bus
it was hot
stolen from a cafe in madison
and himself*

*a loser at 17
roaring through the rain
in a black and red
chartered bus.*

*the stranger
oozed on the road
watching the child theaf
and murderer
weave down the road in the
black and red bus--
his blood spread
in an uncontrollable
pattern
and the last light that spun
through his mind
centered on that tire*

*flat, flabby, soaking
in a dirty grey puddle*

a firestone delux.

Dennis Bosley



*Nature gushing forth
Life and dirt
Removed from stagnation*

*A bubbling brook
Rolling
While man exists between joy and depression
Not knowing, not caring
Continuing
As humanity puts its finger in its nose*

*Man flowing on through a belch
And exhaust pipes
Reading clocks of arbitration
But greenery and silence
Exist without seasons*

*Growth, toppled and lopped off only by itself
Aloneness and yet no need to share.
Barometers of nothingness
And time of even less.
While hatred continues with out*

*Needles and cones
Wet and holding the wind
With no purpose
Falling and drying eternally
Beyond despair and destruction*

*A juncture in the midst of nowhere
But leading to life, despite the fog
Streams running only from themselves
No threat of damnation
Only clods of dirt
And forever*

Ron Rainger

Ghost Thoughts

Lingering in my imagination,

Like fog on a deep night,

Not yet congealed ideas.

My mind a wonder,

Now a burden.

Confused detached thoughts

Tickle my eye-lids.

I listen, I learn, I wait

For the fog to lift.

Carol Hall

Fabricated dreams

Can't fill the space

Your absence creates,

For dreams are invisible

Like air;

While you are real and flesh.

Carol Hall



The cell is dark and damp with no windows or openings except for a small rectangular shaped inlet at the bottom of the thick steel door. In the right corner of the cell is a two inch mat rotted and wet from the human wastes and rain that creeps through the cracks in the stone blocks that make up this box in which I inhabit. The odor is sickening and the walls stained and discolored from the years of its existence.

There is no noise, no sight, no life in the cell except for me, if you could call that life. It is more like existing or existing in death. The times come and go but are blended together in a way where it seems just like an endless day or to be more precise, one endless night.

There is no hope, no desire left in me. I have grown accustomed to the endless moments that make up my life. There was a time when I cared and desired to live and breathe but that time is long gone. And with it, has gone my body. I only exist mentally now, there is no body movements, no aches, hurts or hunger pains.

I don't live for the moment or for living anymore but just live. I think I have only survived this long because I can play games with my mind. Games that represent wants, desires, and ambitions that I had before this. Sometimes these games are pleasant and satisfying but other times they break up my body even more than what it is now.

Besides my mind games I live to see the tiny inlet open and watch as a bowl of food is slid into the cell. Then I sit and stare for hours at the bowl waiting for it to explode into a mass fireworks display or open up a pathway to the sky. Other times I turn and stare at the walls as if they were slowly closing in on me.

I try to think back but it is hard. I can only remember this life and past thoughts of how the walls were closing in then.

I am staring now at the wall and the long thin line of light against it gives my mind pleasure as I glide my hands over it, breaking it into many separate beams. But then my mind reflects the things I see and rejects them. It asks what is that light upon the wall? How can it be? Is it just another game? But as I turn I see the incoming light entering from a crack in the door. I sit and stare. Can it be true? My body is awake again as it slowly gropes toward the door. The door feels different as I pull against its handle and now the tiny beam of light has become an encompassing mass too bright for my eyes to accept. But with no concern for my sight, my body is off running down the corridor. I tripped and fell but was up again and running. As I ran the light became less and less bright and with each gradual depression of light, my desire to live came back. It is as if my sight was

the key to life and with each clearer glimpse of my surroundings comes a greater awareness of my reality. Many times I did trip and fall but each time I picked myself up and continued running. I did not know where I was going but I did not care. Because I knew wherever I turned I would eventually reach my greatest desire, that final door to freedom.

I turned left at the first corner and then another left which led down a dark corridor with a single door at the end. The door seemed miles away but I knew it was the door I was looking for. As I neared it I must have tripped from my over-anxiousness because I again found myself on the ground. I finally reached the door and slowly opened the latch. As I opened the door, I wondered if what I found would be the same as what I wanted. I entered. It was dark. As my eyes began to focus, I saw the two inch mat in the corner, the walls, stained and discolored from the years of its existence. There was no noise, no sight, no life.

ANTHONY PICCO



a doctor told me just the other day

*a doctor told me just the other day
that eyes left in darkness are subject to decay
maybe if there was a ladder I could find to climb
I might be able to let the light in a little at a time
and if I haven't grown too accustomed to the dim....
of the corrupt times
of the inability for people and races to live in unity
of the ignorance violence and rage,
I might be cured by the light
if only the sun would brighten this dark dark night.*

Carrie Asman

No. 7

*An aged and wilted man, I am the last of my family -- the
latest to await passing;
Existing in doubt with the living and in ecstasy with the
dead, my interest is composing yet I despise and hate it.
The key never matters, nor does the theme, nor even the mood.
I've employed each and all.
A tune for the majestic, the wretched, the devout; a tune
for all mankind to this date I have written.
Directed or abstracted it will nonetheless be presented with
variance; with a quality left to be desired; with the
strife of professionals working towards excellence.
To be played by people with interpretation relative to its
composition,
One song, my song, can never be stolen nor hardly destroyed
except at my doing;
For line by line the bars are clear to me; yet, being unwritable
remain unwritten.
The time of my career will come when it should be drafted.
Doubts of success will annoy me.
Indecision will stop me.
Escape from composing will come only from death, but I cannot
distinguish even right from right!
Maybe I would find I had nothing left but many dissonant notes
among the codas, and that my song could not be sung.*

Ken Edwards

As the party started Christmas Eve
He made the claim: "Let no man be deceived
By thinking he could ever prejudice my seeing
With Nazi thought or racist feeling.
The fairness and compassion that I've shown
To rich and poor (and white) is widely known."
He then bragged about the Bible Belt
Downed his drink and said he felt
That though he be a baker's son, he's bigger
In the eyes of god than any college-educated
Nigger!

No! No! the New York Mick replied,
To feel thus you must have lied
And hypocriated good intentions
By making known such bold pretensions.
To maintain the Southern Comfort which you like
One must put his finger in the dyke
And contain the restless human force
That forges freedom's new found course.
"I love all men" she then did coo
"Except those lousy God Damned
Jews!"

Michael Sturgeon

Here we meet again:
Two wounded hearts gaping vulnerably--looking together
with eyes brimmed in hope and trust.
Hesitantly...

I reach out to touch your face and hold you close.
And now.. I kiss you

gently

on the ear--

Can you but believe I kiss in truth, not lust?

I transcend to a land of peace and warmth,
While resting on the slope of your breasts,
placidly content

... at rest.

As I walk around with the taste of you in my mouth
and the spell of you in my head,

I find you're just a memory away.

Don't be afraid. Can we kiss as we did

... to then say goodbye?

Michael Sturgeon

*The grand day for Maryville arrived.
The sky was clear; the breeze warm
And like flowered bees away from hive
The patriotic ghetto swarmed
Around the square and flag-draped stand.*

*The crowded wait was not in vain...
A cavalcade appeared in sight
With hometown hero leaned on cane
And struggling to remain upright
While onward marched the high school band.*

*A cheer went up; felt hats were waved;
School boys through fingers whistled loud.
All mothers cried; all young girls raved;
And forward pushed the boisterous crowd
To view this product of their demands.*

*He left the car and crutched his weight
Up whitened pine wood creaky stairs.
With stifled cry, he knew that fate
Had warped his life and body fair
For there he stood... three-fourths a man.*

*All sacred thoughts the soldier broke
When he smiled at them for then he spoke
The words that sparked the powder keg:
"I thank you for this honor folks
But...I'd rather have my leg."*

Michael Sturgeon



Reflections--

*above black waters
running silent, running deep
no longer free as when they started
a million miles behind green trees,
hidden from the city;
from the mountains
in beauty sparkling clarity
to the citys
no longer clear and sweet
to carry death beyond the land
flowing through a crystal sea.*

*In this land you were born to wander,
searching for the answer. For though the
winds blow lonely and your eyes brim full
with tears, the answer echoes empty through
the corridor of years.*

Kathleen Dailey

*Private, lonely songs
incense-candle flames
incantations-meditations
reflections on life and love
peaceful images through a web of interwoven life forces....
united we stand, divided....
we search darkly shadowed corridors
of mirrored images of life gone by
in a fog of numbing obscurity and desire
we question-
and the answer is not forthcoming;
we speak-
and no one bothers to answer;
our souls echo hollowly
like footsteps down the corridor of years.*

Kathleen Dailey

*Life is a strange thought to my mind
and a madness in my soul-
a madness which is spinning
a tapestry of wealth,
entwined around me, woven for me.
I must only pay the toll.*

*But there never will be a springtime
that is not shown to my eyes,
and never will the moon shine
that it doesn't shine in my skies.
I will rejoice to the raindrops
of every shower that strikes the earth.*

*This life that I am living, I will live tomorrow.
I will live in joy, and I will live in sorrow-
but I can see no beginning
and no end absolute;
no reason to stop singing
no reason to stand mute.*

*(someday. please be assured
the meaning of my joys will be seen
someday my blindness will be cured
and I will stand serene)*

*So often I have spoken
with no one to hear-
and endless chains of my life
have passed from one person to another.*

*But somehow between rows of trees
our minds have discovered each other
while our feet crushed the dead leaves
that tangled about our ankles.*

*In anger now we clench our fists
raise our voices and cry out
in desperation
in fear
and contempt
at a world that would destroy itself.*

*Once we held a candle, a faint glimmer of light;
Now we light bonfires of rage.
Our fire will grow and burn;
We will fight back;
until the world is a place to live
and not a place to wait for death.*

Kathleen Dailey

Hilarious

*I look at the faces. intent, yet blind.
They look at faces, mine too at times.
Are they like me? I like they?
I hope so, for that blonde is beautiful,
That curley-haired guy is really witty and fresh,
The man talking, the one with the tie on,
has a wealth of knowledge aching to make itself known.
Another, unidentifiable due to his silence,
appeals to me, if only because of his potential.
In the faces of every person in this room I find
a warmth, a look, a feeling, something
something that makes me want to say, 'Hi ! How are you?'
'Are you happy? I hope so.'

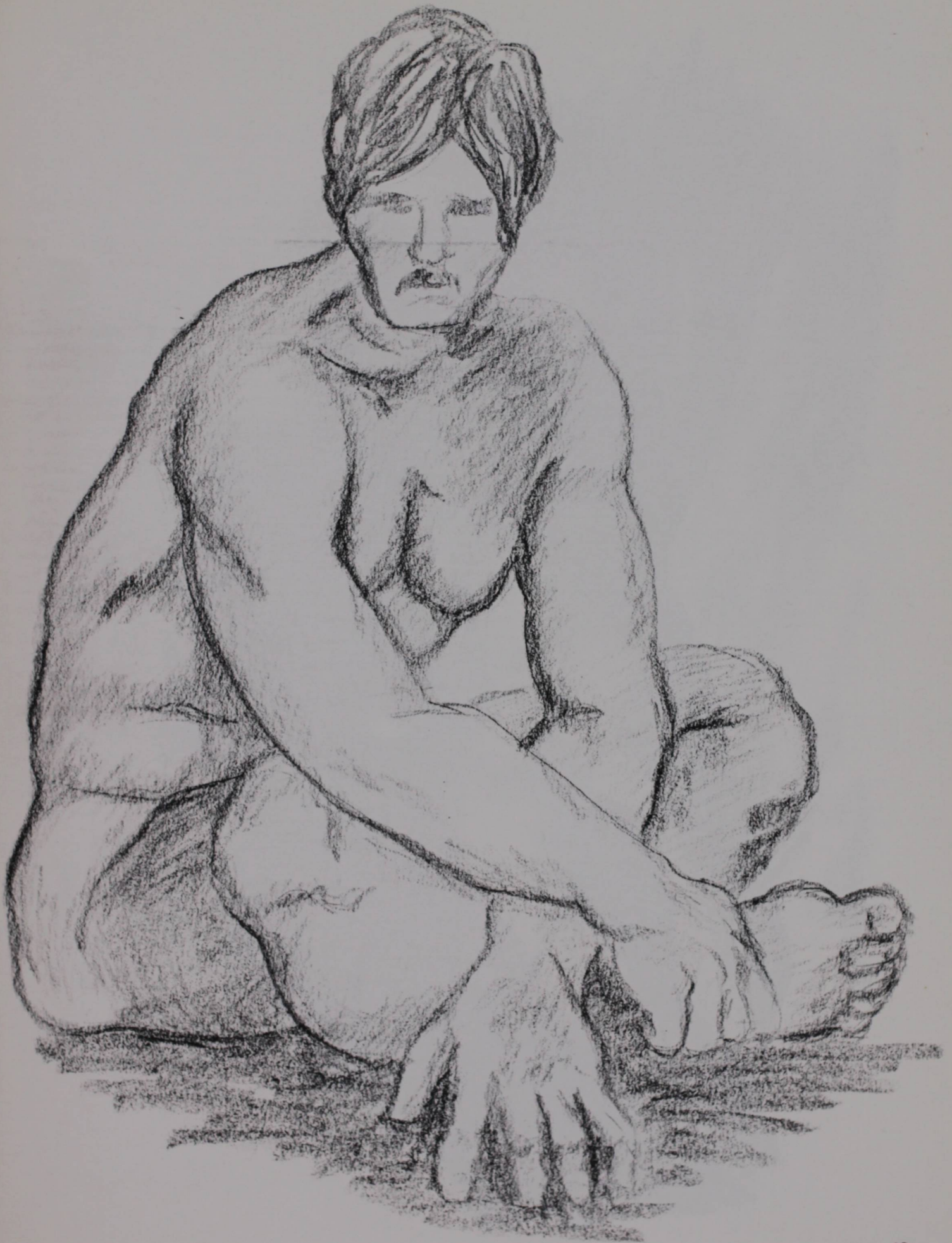
But all I do is look, conjecture, abstract, imply.
God what a fool I am!*

Dick Hight

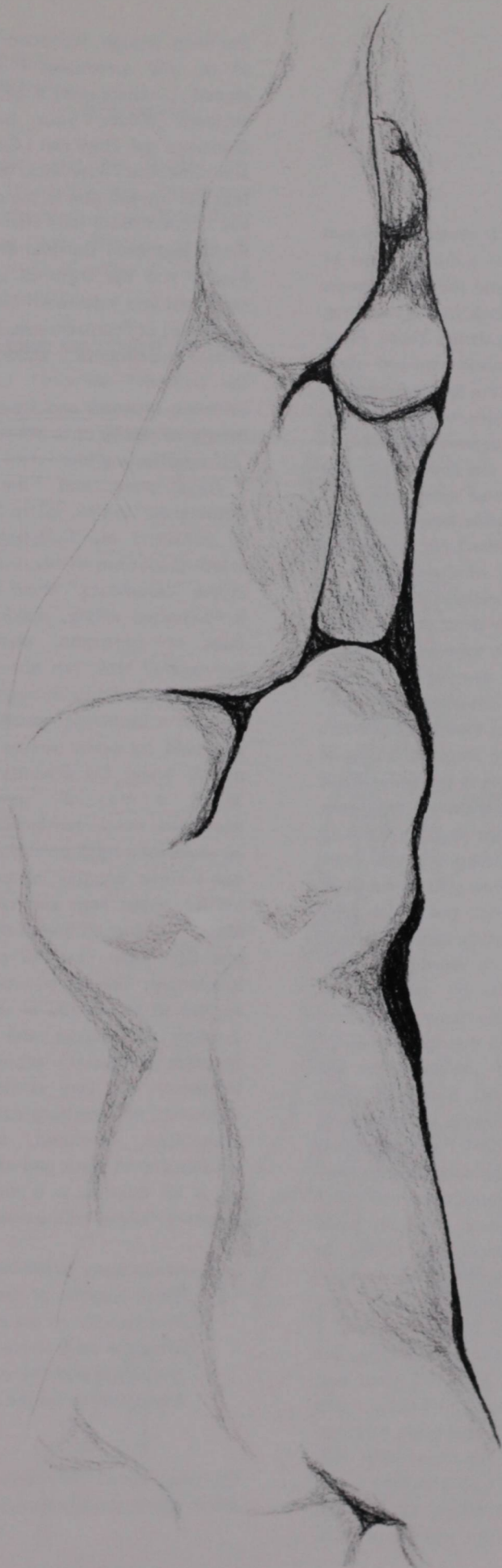
Doomed

*I looked at her and she turned away.
Can't she tell I'm lonely?
Perhaps like me, so she.
Perhaps like me, so she.
Perhaps she too is afraid,
afraid of herself and her feelings.
Afraid of my feelings.
Feelings can hurt, destroy.
But if not given show,
they hurt and destroy anyway.
My feelings right now...
But wait, she's shyly raising her eyes again.
I must turn my eyes away, quickly, before she sees.*

Dick Hight







Beacon

O, Muses! Come in from your cold idle watchfulness and help me with my dialectic, I set out on a motley blurr of justifying confusion, betrayal, disgust and the hopelessness of self-determination in man. Two o'clock in the morning, still thinking of the lost Majo playing James Dean, Peter Fonda or a nervous me with a seventeen-year-old earth Momma caught up in it all trying to relate to the Romantic Poet as he is reflected in contemporary art, music and literature. Lend me a Beacon! I cannot ascend the garden of life and suffering if I can neither see the temple nor the altar. Dante, help me! "Hyperion—" you never had it so good. I have shot my albatross, my cross bow must have misfired, so I call on Hesse and "Demian" for an excerpt elucidating supernatural Abraxas, god of duality, slut of man's making, hoping for momentary solitude, order, faith. And what of my nature? Basically the same as everybody else's, but why can't we get it together, together? Dispense with my ego and I disappear and am everywhere. I keep finding out how everywhere I am and I am certain that I am uncertain. Salvador Dali draws me out into Wordsworth's mysticism. Surrealistic, manifesting the inner sanctums of man's onion in "Soft Watches", peeling it tearfully! Fruit of nature, I mean Nature. Bloodgood, show me how your Light works like Gandalf, ordering chaos so I can stand up and be like David... Lend me a Beacon! Black man, laughing at me because: "Good God! How you gonna fit all dat on de paypa!" Could turn to Christ, but which one? Like the one in Dali's "Last Supper" calmly accepting it All with a sad with-it look. It all relates to Wordsworth too, that orange, fully segmented fruit (?) bearing the sweet-and-sour sustinance reached for by many, but picked by a select few. Tall enough to reach in the right places for the transcendental trip. I, too, long for the innocence and "glad animal movements" of my youth: Symbolic child, who are you? Child of man, thou Innocence, child of man, Nature, child of God, L'Amour Sanctite! I stumble often over what I can see and feel, dear Wordsworth, though they be finite, I haven't the Time to think about them any other way unless I get a guarantee on Eternity. Anybody got a Light? Freud, you are like Wordsworth, asking me to extinguish myself so I can see better and further, further... Picasso, what manner of man are "you"? Are you a laughing capricious child? "The Three Musicians" I can relate to and they tease a simple smile from me, but your "Old Guitarist" is so old and grey and tired and depressed he can't even fit in the frame and I guess that's me too, and what about his guitar? Probably all he's got, but how materialistic, but he's got his music—But HIS GUITAR DOESN'T EVEN HAVE ANY STRINGS! I try to be self-forgetful, sympathetic, compassionate, devoted and intelligent, and, oh yes, humble. I don't feel like that all

the time, though, Wordsworth. I bet it was hard for Christ to do and sometimes I can't take being crucified or stoned... where does it get us. Hamlet! Maybe it was our mothers. Keats, your theory of negative capability fascinates me. How can I find out who I am so I can forget and remember; now back to the onion, I learned from you that the imagination is the direct path to truth and beauty, but I found more than that—I am confused about material forms and even spiritual ones, conjuring up the ghost of Beauty and the truth of Love (spirit) beseeching me to reach out and I do reach out, in the wrong places and that binds alot of Prometheuses. Do I do away with all my "glad animal movements", child-like irresponsibility, yearnings for solitude? security? Lend me a Beacon! Sorrow, suffering, sickness and frustration help me appreciate true beauty as reality as in eternity, as in "When I Have Fears." "Of unreflecting love—then on the shore of the wide world, I stand alone, and "think" until love and fame to nothingness do sink." Give top priority to your imagination to transcend the finiteness of suffering, pride, lust and greed—gradations of life, just like the pleasure thermometer at the "Woodstock" Music and Art Fair (movie). And I bet it fluctuated wildly, making the whole city one unified mass of confusion, elation, apathy. Which one is permanent? How can one transcend strychnine poisoning while on a bad trip through 300,000 stranger? Byron, your view of a bloodless, greedless attainment of an Utopia is still held by many out on the commune. But you of all people know the frivolity of mankind. Look at "Don Juan", a man of "sense." Rapturous, disillusioned, amorous, fickle, fashionable, fretful. That's me! But they all make up a small part of my mind and my heart. Byron, I don't know whether to praise you or condemn you for writing about men and women instead of the Universal Man. I learned to love Shelley and Wordsworth and Keats and Coleridge. They all gave me something—experience, knowledge: The introduction to the "Andromeda Strain" applies to all of you in view of your relationship to me through art, music and literature: "Increasing vision becomes increasinly expensive." Marriage collapses into insecurity, the very antithesis of its historical teaching, idealizing, not realizing some people are too irresponsible, compulsive, confused, and dissatisfied to see the relationship in black and white—truthful, but not beautiful. Or is it? Because it is the nature of man to be proud, questing, falling, taking others with him:

*Whose every battlefield is holy ground,
Which breathes of nations saved, not worlds undone.
How sweetly on the ear such echoes sound!
While the mere victor's may appeal or stun
The servile and the vain, such names will be
A watchword till the furture shall be free.*

Don Juan VII, 5.

Or, what about the mysterious, ambiguous affirmation of life-in-death, inscribed on Shelley's tombstone:

*Nothing of him doth fade
But doth "suffer" a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.*

Shakespeare.

Studying the Major Romantic poet has evoked my sympathy and sensitivity to philosophy, art, music and literature and the suffering condition of knowledge of these men and their ideas, because they directly relate to universal human experience in all its vibrant facets of life . . . but you might ask me tomorrow.

JOHN MATTHEW CARTER



Psalm

*I often seem to sing
the same tired songs
and saturate your carnal caverns
with sterile ejaculations
that fill the void
with unloved bastards*

*then
is when extended
in exchange for Grace ungiven
I promise plastic reproductions
of my solicitous soul*

*But there are times
when with words
of original choosing
I would mend and replenish
lost love with
self - sacrificial caress
in joyous prayerfully uttered union*

*then
plasticity - voided
extending Grace
in static ecstasy
we respond
in chaste eroticism*

Harrison

*quiet words asking
if it could last
find us now
laughing
in answer to
tuneless songs
of silent lyrics
expressed in happiness
while christ-colored fantasies
like puppets
prostituting Truth
dance for us
because we smile
every day
at Christmas*

Harrison

song

*beads of freezing sparrow's song
on leaves ascending to the dawn
whisper winter's bluffing hand
to an afternoon's consenting man
consenting now to things forgotten
remembered, sometimes --
but now forgotten*

*the warmest amber shades of wine
coalesce in scented rhyme
describe decisions still impending
thru the season's endless wending
endless, yes, and bitterly begotten
remembered, sometimes --
but now forgotten*

*immersed in crystal canopies
languid laughter seeking ease
entices trembling air to be
listless essence lost on me
lost on things now long - since rotten
remembered, sometimes --
but now forgotten*

*beads of frozen sparrow's song
on leaves ascending beyond the dawn
winter's whisper plays its hand
and only beats the bluffing man
and only afternoon's consenting
forgives the soul
and grants forgetting*

Harrison

Passion In the Peas

Stale tobacco breath at my neck and Jungle-Passioned nails groping at my side. Tends to make one a trifle tense.

'O'der me a special Hon.'

Aware of the honor bestowed I relax, nod my head, and the nails retract—leaving a green peel on my t-shirt. I've done my job well tonight. Kept busy running around, broke in two new girls, remembered to bring cinammon life savors—even took the blame for the last code change being sent down too late. So now—as the noble, favored child—I get to order her midnight supper.

Gladus Kramer—the Grand Madame of Quality Control—blinks approvingly behind sequined glasses and turns slowly a body of 107 winters towards the steps for a final check on the peas. The other lab assistants are through with their charts and, nervously idle, watch her motions. Detached, yet integral, Gladus moves past brimming tanks of green foam, efficient mazes of pipes and troughs of pressurized water and the bodies of plastic, aproned women reaching and retracting. Younger girls sing, and look around and flick bugs at each other but the year around help are lost in their own little worlds.

'By the time the government gets through, there's not even enough left for new kitchen curtains. So I got a job here. Maybe now we can keep the land together for Alman and Charlottes kids.'

The Boss runs her fingers under the constant flow over the belt's end and behind their opaque cameflouge those eyes look up. They open partially, heavy slanting pencil strokes, take in the audience and finally, focus in on my hesitation. Conscious of the prestige gained in leaving early, the uneasiness of the new girls at being left alone, and my own desire to go to the bathroom—I graciously relent.

WOMEN swings shut on the machinery roar and reveals a new world filled with crackling repack ladies. Their lunch break is over and the approaching five hours of work

produces an urgency. Excuse me, Excuse me. Check for feet, empty stall between a pair of white rubbers and pigeon-toed tennis shoes.

... and then we stopped off at the Teepee Room where Angela had such a time gettin on the stool that Jake suggested we take a booth.'

'At least I wasn't lettin some yeller-man buy my drinks.'

The occupier of the white rubbers stoutly defends her reputation.

'Now you know he's Irvin's friend. I was just trying to find out if my husband was in the back room or not. You'd think those men could give up their cards for awhile with that new D.A. assistant sneaking around.'

I had to smile thinking of our neighbor and local Blue Mountain Propriator sorrowfully chewing his cigar and inquiring of my Dad.

'Do you suppose I could deduct the fine from my Income Tax? Damn kid—seemed nice enough—not at all like a stool pigeon—asking about the best fishing spots. Officer Charlie didn't even know, so as to warn us.'

Then he ambled head down across the street, reflecting on the injustices of a world that allows smart college kids and poker raids.

The tennis shoes straighten out and vanish into the thinning mass of lower limbs beyond the stall door.

'Think we'll work until six?'

'Maybe not. Its raining hard out.'

'Anybody got anything stronger than Nodoz?'

'Did you see Bill taking his family through the plant tonight? Cute little boys.'

'Bet the tour was Alice's idea . . . little hands-off warning to the younger girl's. Remember those two bosses on night shift last summer . . .'

"Wash Your Hands Before Returning To Work", smile and nod, how are you. A surge of women carries me out of the room. Left behind are a collection of styrofoam coolers packed with peach pie, meatloaf sandwiches and hostess twinkies; Doral cigarette packs, coffee thermoses, extra sweaters, Movie Screen Magazine, color pictures of Linda Sue's wedding—'... recent graduate of W.H.S. the groom is home on leave from . . .' and the open jar of hand cream with its scooped out pink craters.

Swaying heavily in their Flavo-Pac aprons the women march according to seniority up the stairs. I escape to the outside deck and watch black coffee pour into a yellow Safety-sloganed cup. Sixty minutes to fill out my own

sphere which at the moment consists of wondering if the sanitation crew rinsed the chlorine off these benches or am I about to lose the seat out of another pair of jeans. The opposite bench is pulled out from under limp feet and Rick collapses on my body.

'Now I'm not one to wheel or deal, but its getting dark, the road is strange and you look lost. So-o-o hows about the two of us going out to the seed warehouse and making it?'

With his shoulder-length hair crammed into a hardhat Rick looks at least 13. But that's O.K. because it's true love and we're going to live together in an ivy-covered cottage as soon as I graduate and can get a job to support all our nasty habits.

'Oh Richard—you city boys are all alike. You know how I feel about that kind of thing. Its got to be with red-velvet curtains and satin sheets.'

'Come on Little Gladus—be a sport. I told all the guys you would!'

'Ricky—you've got that sanitation crew so spaced out they could fantasize all the action without me. How long have you guys been out watering the new trees in the parking lot—or has it been picking butts off the track tonight?'

'Are we so obvious.'

'Aurelia Shippentower fainting on the belt and having to be carried off wasn't "that" funny. And Ed almost ran Gladus over with the hyster.'

'Yeah that would have been a real mess to clean up. Not to mention in direct violation of Safety Regulation No. 783! Do not mutilate in any manner "Those At The Controls!" How are you and Boss-Woman getting along tonight?'

'Gladus is convinced my goal in life is to get her job permanently and I'm scared to death she's going to disenagrate and I'll have to take over. So we're being very careful of each other.'

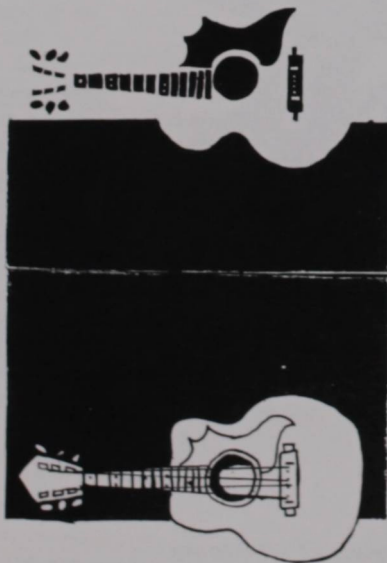
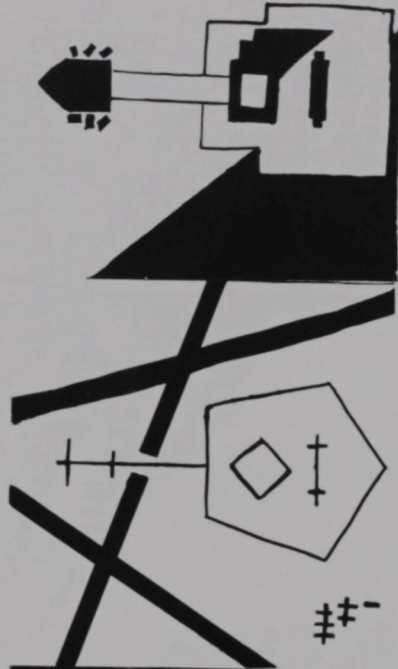
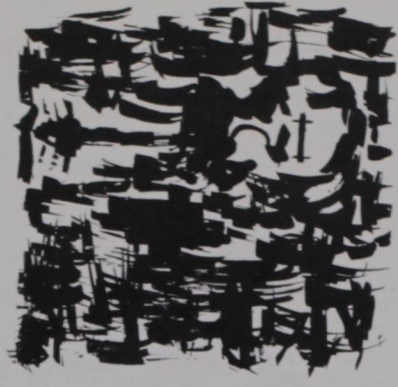
'What is your goal in life?'

'To reach 65 and invite you and your rocking chair over for a joint on the front porch before the six o'clock news.'

'If we got busted would they take away our social security? Anyway how are you going to fill in the time between?'

'Well that's certainly a load off my mind.'

It is still raining in hard, wind blown waves. A full moon, fleetingly visible, seems distantly calm and in control, ignoring the frantic red glow over the weighing scales. Truck lights appear and reappear spiralling the mountains in the distance. Its dark and the road is strange. Geezus crud—I forgot to order Gladus' special!





Bloom it the whatness of all Bloom

FOR MYRDA: WORLD POEM

I

This is my room, Myrda, my world;
When I first heard you call
your were feverish, tossing
on the edge of a void where
yours and mine and all worlds are,
where lives cross like meteors in space.
I found you, wilted, a leaf
who had no tree to love you.
You lay sobbing on a road to nowhere,
rustling in an anguish of brown crispness,
and I, old man, took you gently
in my hand and caressed you,
In my garret's dusty darkness
I sang you songs of ancient summers
while autumn bloomed in the northland
like an icy sun.

II

(Alone is a murky mere of mist,
and love, and island at its core --
around it, a magician's mile,
and a millenium to shore.....)

III

"Small," Myrda, is not the word to hold my room --
not when you consider the immenseness
of the corners. Look for yourself!
In every nook, a broken melody;
in every alcove, a chime and a prayer;
in every cranny dough enough

for a pterodactyl pie.

Guitars hanging on pine needle pegs
set in waning walls of haze.

How is there room enough in here
for you and me and all of this,
a sky of dreams and loneliness,
Napoleon and his donkey,
and a barbarian like Time?
How is there room anywhere?

IV

When I built the tower for my mind
these are the things I kept to be
a part of me and I will tell
a story of each thing in turn,
just as I have told of snow fields,
winds, and storm clouds crowned with rainbows,
earth, and wheat against the moon,
and finding Myrda, lying, weeping,
on the dust - path.....

V

It was also autumn when Napoleon rode
through L'Etoile on his donkey
and was disappointed at finding
neither olive-branch streets nor tickertape.
"What is a conqueror like me to do?"

Said an old advisor: "Ma faim, Napoleon,
fuis sur ton an!"

Said a politician: "Ma faim, Napoleon,
fuis sur ton nom!"

Said a priest: "Ma faim, Napoleame,
fuis sur ton ame!"

But he rejected piety, reputation, and years;

instead he took Rimbaud's advice:
"Ma faim, Napoleane, fuis sur ton ane!"
For in this ticklish situation
his ass was all that mattered.

VI

Mr. Guthrie, I know too of pterodactyls-
and, indeed, who has not longed for one,
or seen the ghostness etched on
bleak winter windows,
or flattened darkly on any snowfield,
or heard one squawking in an oak tree,
and not have mistaken it for music?

It is true, so far as my limited
grasping of truth extends, that
at the far side of every room
is a tree for lodging pterodactyls-
though some come and go unnoticed,
though there come none at all....

VII

Myrda, you who are friend of
pterodactyls by your presence or
your absence; you who, alone,
had the purity to kiss Napoleon
in the hour of his greatest doubt,
may you never know the loneliness
of towers when those towers float on mist.

VIII

People come and go here, Myrda.
You don't see them because they change
to mist and are my atmosphere-
not my landscape.
Once in awhile you glimpse a shadow
as someone you wanted to love
but it soon disappears.
Hang onto the freshness they leave in the air.
You were different, Myrda, from the others:
You condensed to dew
and sprinkled yourself over all that is here.
I gathered you up, rolling you in a rainball,
and set you on the mantlepiece
to dry above the fire;
And, as the light began to shimmer
in your pond-eyes,
even the night wind, wandering
through the colonnades,
paused to admire you.

IX

Atila, with time, not men, as his bludgeon,
swept across the plains of Asia
like a plague; Theodoric
ravaged ruptured Rome with peculiar
disregard for pomp or precedence;
thus will years lay waste to love.

X

But you, Myrda, snow, water,
cloud, rain be your dwelling;
You who know the intricacies
of seasons, built not your mansion
on rocks of present greatness,
but in the soul of things which ebb
and flow in spite of years-
you made a travesty of time.

XI

*If I said I found you weeping,
I was mistaken-it was I who lay
beside the footpath waiting to be found.
And when you found me, Myrda,
I was an old man in the process
of growing young; and it is not easy
to shrink out of monstrous
maturity and be respawned
into the smallness lost when once
you saw yourself as vast.
It takes awhile to realize
you still have a lot to grow.*

*I wanted to hold you in my world
but how can I hold the dew
when light has come to midnight?
You who had your eyes so full of dreams
could not be held by mist;
for, late at night, you'd seen a door
which opened on a beautiful field of snow.
And, after all, we all must seek the snowfields*

XII

*I whose vast imagination was
surrounded by your dreaming footsteps;
I who yearned for pterodactyls,
not Napoleon; I whose dark musings
could not satisfy your thirst for day;
I, who planted acorns and
pounded pine needles into mist,
could not give you quite enough,
and you are gone...*

*But as you left the room, I slipped
into your wide-eyed hand a key-
which is the key to any lock-Desire.
Take care with it:
Wear it in your heart by day,
and, by night, lock it in your dreams.*

*Whichever tower I build now in
this listless sky above my room
shall hide me, lonely, from the cold,
shall be my hermitage, shall conceal me
until the day of your return, when,
lying low, I'll hear the brittle
leaves crackle again to earth and see
again the snowflakes frolicking
in moonlight. On that day, the bricks
of mist shall change to bricks of fire
and I shall build a bastion of love.*

*Go, Myrda! Be on your way!
Who glances back is salt.
The sun glows; the air is clear;
and, in your heart, you hold the key.
It's up to you to find the door.
Pass gently through this world like dew
through grass, like rainbows through clouded
heavens, until you find that one tree
looming sombre and majestic...*

XIII (envoi)

*Suey, to you I give the nickname:
Myrda, for you alone have found
the passage through this lonely lake
to whatever tower holds me in its web.
Behold! the mist is all ablaze!*

Eric Yandell

Hasty Rainbow: A Journey

I

Once on a mountain I was free;
it is all so simple when the world
is white of snow
and green of trees
and blue of sky--

all so simple.
I marveled at the sunrise--
so pure
it plundered the horizon:
this all-enhancing helial hue,
this mellow glow of molten light,
tinting the fluff of clouds,
spread over the eastern mountains
like frosting,
all so pure.

Yes, then I was free.
I threw my last coat
into the snowdrift,
my last cloak of
ego-weave.

On the mountain
garments are useless--
the snow sees right through them;
you can't fool snow: it knows
where to find you.
So there I stood,
naked in the snow,
and, in my heart,
I was free..

II

When it comes to egos
I am no novice.
How many selves have I conceived
and given birth to,
wrapped lovingly in swaddling clothes
and then left to die on the tundra
of the past?
I wanted self to tie to my ankles
like a shadow,
a self to caress me like a mirror;
yet, each time, the mirror shattered
in my eyes
and the shadow turned to shackles--
I buried the self in the dust by the roadside.

III

The road trickled along the valley
like a creek
that wound its way
into the sky.
I walked along it.
Just ahead,
a young girl
darted
out from the tree shadows.
Her feet moved quickly
and her robe rippled
like a shipsail
that had taken wind.
We met on a bridge
and she smiled at me
with her eyes
as deep as the Danube.
I asked her where she was going,
and the bridge dissolved
beneath our feet.
We stood there
suspended
in air
above the water...

IV

She spoke to me of the sun
as a golden spike
hammered long ago
into heavens,
as the crusted crustacean
of the sky's sea,
as the musician
whose horn spews light,
a sight-symphony
for the deaf man
in a silent world.
And then,
I wanted to be the sun,
rising freshly in the east,
to fill her eyes,
before she knew the word for light.
She spoke to me of the sky
as a great man
whose eyes and words
are blue,
the folds of whose robe
are clouds.
And then,
I wanted to be the sky,
lofty and vast,
before her mind first reached out for the stars.

V

"I am so tired; the road is long,"

she said.

"Yet, how can I condemn to length
that which has shown me no beginning
and has promised me no end;
I have tried to understand.
I have seen bones in the dust,
and people chained to shadows

like stench to the alley,

and cloaked people

huddled

in the laps of snowdrifts.

All this I have tried to understand..

But who will understand

he who is trying to understand--

lonely is he who seeks to know

what is true,

who seeks to be a brother with the snow..."

VI

I answered:

"It was a day in September
when I came into this world,
And surely on a day in September
will I leave it;
But not before I have seen
the righteous man forsaken
and his family begging in the streets;
not before I have seen the humble
turned out

to pasture

like old cows;

not before I have seen the simple-hearted
heaped

like trash

in life's back alleys;

and not before I have seen a sleek man
well-groomed

and flashy

in the marketplace

selling

snow

like

cloaks;

And even now the southern sky

is dark

and alive

with thunder;

alone is he who tries to understand;

The road is long; I am so tired..."

VII

He must have heard me-- he must have,
whoever it is that doodles clouds

and stars

on a screen of blue,

for he arose,
and, lighting the heavens with his footsteps,
pounded a hasty rainbow
into an unwilling sky,

a precarious halo

at the crest

of the thunderclouds...

VIII

"What now?"

she said,

"Where do we go

from here?"

"Well, we smile,

and we walk on;

the selves we made

we leave buried in the dust,

and we leave our cloaks

lying on some rock on the tundra;

though our love was only a day,

we walk on together,

and we don't look back;

I will pick up an oaken staff

and wield it

like a wand;

together we walk, seeking the snowfields;

we walk and we think,

and we try,

and try,

and try to remember

the first time we were free...

Eric Yandell



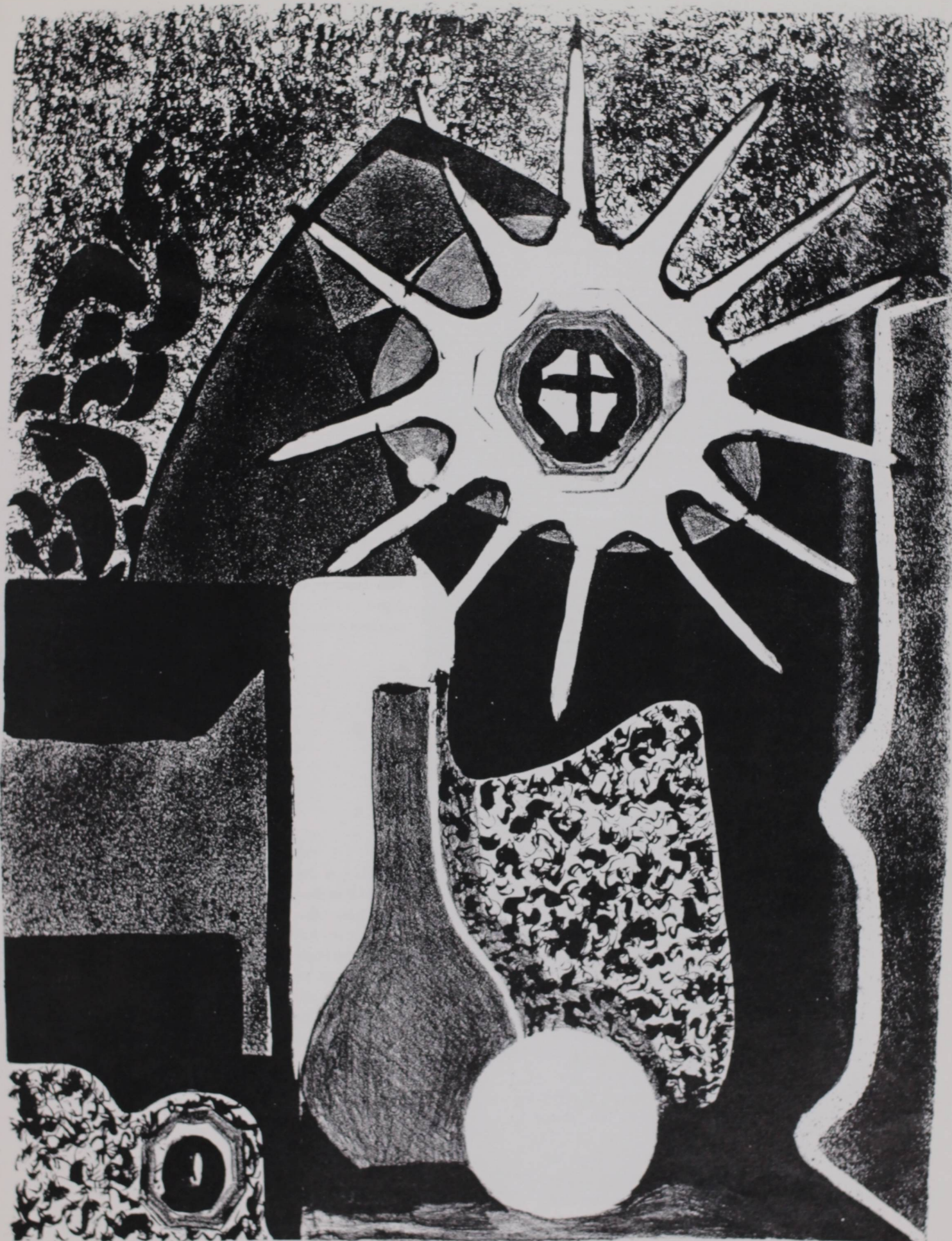












Like a recurring dream, your visit finds its way back into the subtlest parts of my mind and moves slowly forward. "Smiles awake you when you rise" as Decker said a long time before.

staring at wrinkled wallpaper and seeing seagulls' lazy wings carry them over the ocean. Arch-necked seals on the rocks gaze into the skies.

uneasiness welling inside but feeling a hand move within another.

hoping for the second when all thoughts and emotions will come out freely but realizing that they will come only if it's right and you might be able to make it right but it should be spontaneous.

shit

Have you ever wanted to really know somebody, know that person so well that you will always be amazed at what she does next? Perhaps you have to let it happen and not wait for any specific time when you'll say, "We're there" because knowing people is a thing of constant motion and power.

I know very few people and can talk to fewer beyond a very superficial plane. Words and thoughts stagnate someplace only to come out in an emotion or a picture. Sometimes I want to hold on to you just to say, "I'm glad you're you and you're here". Other times, I see where I've been with people, the good times, the funny times and don't know what to do about them.

I bend to much, swaying with strong winds and giving only minor resistance, rather than saying "Damn you, I think I'm right!" Indecision's the shits. I wish I could get really mad. I almost want to hit someone, but I'd have to be mad first.

Love and hate lie at either end of the emotional spectrum and I guess you have to be capable of hate before you can love, or maybe you just have to be open enough for both to experience either.

Meanwhile, back in the classroom, speed-freaked pens attempt to capture every detail issued forth in a monotone called Knowledge; nothing more than an endless rabble of words linked together by some thread of thought that seems to escape through the crack under the door where shadows of passers-by seem to reflect back into the sky while The Teacher of the seminar instructs in the realities of poetry.

What constitutes a seminar, a coffee pot steaming away in the room which everybody pitches in a quarter to keep filled? Or is it a smaller class attendance so there is "a greater student-Teacher rapport"? Chalk clicks out the truths of The Teacher on the board and again, speed-freaked pens and lowered eyes copy someone else's thoughts, never asking for a chance to say something original.

smile, nod your head, take notes, laugh or chuckle (a small grin will do) at jokes; you'll be o.k. until you have to cram your ass through mid-terms.

smile, nod your head, take notes, laugh or chuckle (a small grin will do) at jokes; you'll be o.k. until you have to cram your ass through finals and then shit it out on your blue book so The Teacher can see what Knowledge you can digest sufficiently in order to answer his questions correctly.

Plot

- a.
- b.
- 1.
- 2.

Theme

- a.
- b.
- 1.
- 2.

for three grand a year.

But then there is the coffee pot with its steam rising to the ceiling wrinkling the wallpaper.

"He was born in 1904 and his earliest poems were published when he was twenty-six. His father was an executive at the Hormell Meat Packing company."

Speed-freaked pens in the seminar, pens learning the knowledge that is offered by The Teacher.

Suddenly, the lone student-voice cracks through . . . her throat and mouth quiver with fear of being wrong, but now everyone breaths easier after the first question is answered during the all-important "student-Teacher rapport".

and seagulls' lazy wings carrying them over the ocean. Arch-necked seals on the rocks gaze into the skies. Feeling a hand inside yours moving slowly but knowingly as the uneasiness flows away.

JOHN WYATT



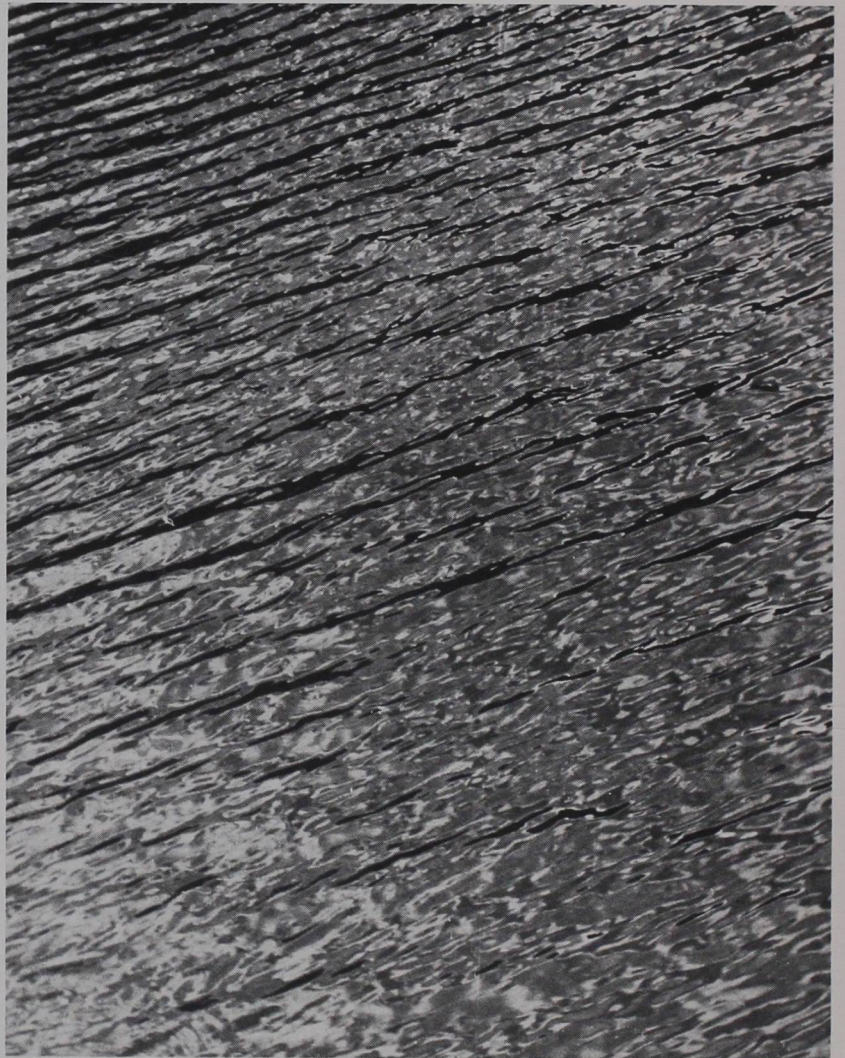
The Fountain

*The fountain's fill is overflowing
Love is going
for a walk
awhile.
kissess for after blisses
have run out
breezes played with teasers
tweasers plucked oneness asunder
thunder didn't come*

Barbara Vorster

*a gull is calling
to the tide that is still
(put down sorrow
on pen with white paper)
for the dove is dying
by rust of the chain

how can a wave
made by straw swans
wash away mountains?*



there is a tree
in my world
I love.
it often beckons me
to climb
and at special times
I do.

then,
it is the most free time
I know.
or seek to know of
it is rustly gentle:
with soft floppy
green leaves
and
it speaks
a firm calm to me
--without uttering

it is then I learn silence.

mostly it listens to me:
absorbing all that I see and feel
until I no longer speak and
see things I know:
Then the rustle seems louder, clearer
than ever before and
the world out in the black night
seems closer, unified
the whole, not only a part.

Sharon Fisher



Early Afternoon

*Let the early afternoon run out,
Like the rains run out, run down, away .
Let the rain fill up the rivers all about,
Like the falling hours fill up the day.*

*Sonnets, mirrors, green glass bottles, paper flowers,
Music echoes, passing trains fade away,
Silent books fill up my paper hours,
Crawling hour hands fill up my silent day.*

*Let the rain wash the time away.
Let the rivers wash away my dreams.
Let the night shadows give their last display
And run to shadow seas in silver streams.*

*For hours have their sure and silent flow,
And one can only keep what one lets go.*

Merrilee Hall

Nightfall

*Just before nightfall, at the edge of spring I stood.
White fog rolled up the valley like a silent sea.
Early sunset touched the sombre woods
And rain - fed waters bubbled noisily.*

*Why is spring so long in coming?
When will morn and evening see an end to grey?
When will the flooded streams now tumbling
Sink to sultry murmur on their way?*

*All things their rightful hour await.
All seasons bide til their appointed day,
As rains that make the rivers run in spate
Will summon up the greenest flowers of May.*

*As restless as green life waiting to be born
I struggle toward the light of that May morn.*

Merrilee Hall

But her hand refused to hurry as she brushed her hair. She stood looking out at the chill grey countryside with the tiny shapes of the town in the distance along the river.

*"But the only thing I have to give,
to make you smile, to win you with,
are all the mornings still to live
in Morning Morgantown.*

Morning

Elinor came in out of the rain and closed the sliding glass door behind her. She struggled out of her mud boots and shook the rain off her hat. As she walked across the diningroom floor in her stocking feet she took off her gloves and the heavy navy coat she had worn to feed the horses. She hung up the coat and went into the kitchen to wash her hands. Returning carrying a Kleenex she entered the living room. She turned on the stereo and put on a record.

She walked across the gold and brown carpet to the hallway by the bathroom. She took off her jeans and hung them to dry over the heater. As she went into her bedroom she heard the first strains of Joni Mitchell singing "Morning Morgantown". Elinor put on a dry pair of jeans, threw her work shirt on the bed and sat down to put on her slippers.

How do you know if what you feel is love? Well, Elinor answered herself, maybe it seems like you don't feel anything but then maybe something goes wrong and you think that person doesn't like you anymore. And then you realize that if that person doesn't care about you anymore your life is empty.

Elinor pulled on a clean shirt and picked up her hairbrush. Buttoning her shirt with one hand she walked back into the livingroom. She put her brush on the stereo, and still buttoning her shirt, opened the gold colored drapes that covered the picture window.

The grey and brown countryside lay before her, sombre and rain soaked. In the valley she could see open stretches of brownish water where the fields had been flooded. A light rain continued to fall as though to cover the earth in one vast brownish sea. The bare branches of oak trees, black in the rain, moved slightly in the wind. Water droplets fell from the fir trees in slow never-ending streams. The rain pattered on the porch deck and splashed in the little pools in the rock garden.

*"Morning Morgantown,
buy your dreams a dollar down.
Morning, any town you name,
morning's just the same."*

Elinor buttoned her cuffs, picked up her hairbrush and began to brush her long hair absently.

Mama will be home soon, better hurry. Still haven't had lunch. Have to go to the bank again.

*"Morning, Morgantown,
buy your dreams a dollar down.
Morning, any town you name,
morning's just the same."*

Elinor ceased to brush her hair and listened to the guitar in the background and the endless falling of the rain.

MERRILEE HALL





And the farmer said to the wanderer as they met,

"And where is your love stranger?"

"She is in my heart," was the reply.

"Yes, but is she not with you as mine is with me?" asked the farmer.

"Yes, but not as you would think. She is my love and I am hers, as we each feel it. But we are not physically together as you and your love, for we each have our own lives as we see them. We each have people to love along our paths. But it is not the same love as ours, for these loves will never reach the heights of our hearts together. But as we meet each other again and again along our path, it is beautiful as if finding our love for the first time over and over. And the happiness and warmth is real. And all the loves in between our meetings only show how far greater is ours. And parting is not so hard as I know I am within her as she is within me and I am glad."

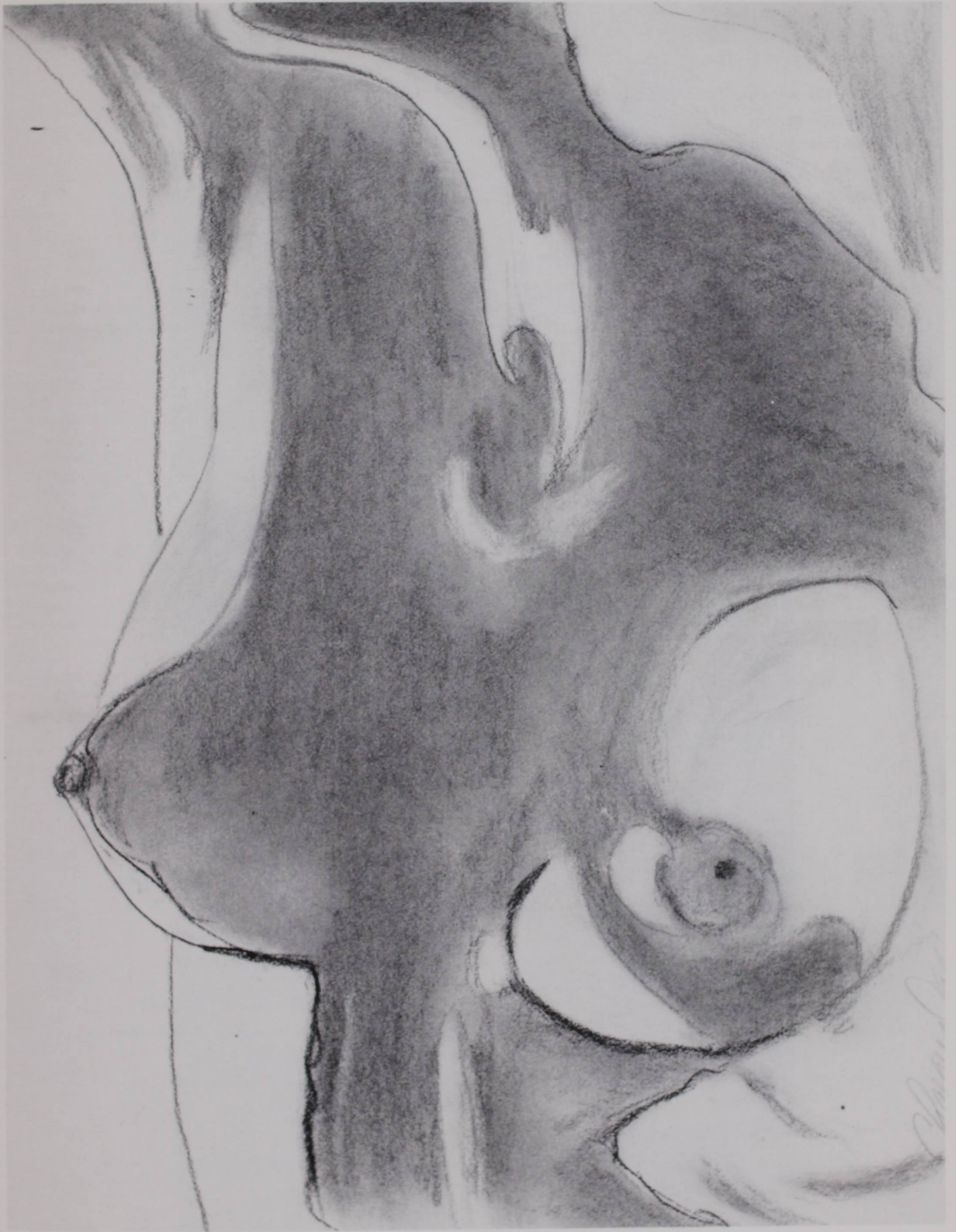
"But do you not miss her when you are apart?" again asked the farmer.

And with a sigh the wanderer answered as he made ready to continue his way.

"Yes. I miss her as one would miss the sun. But as the sun is always there in the universe though we not see it, so is she there, within me."







picket fences

*does the wind pull back
treetops gently
and then let go
making them sway to and fro
like a boy in third grade
wedging his ruler
between the deskcracks
letting go to recapture
his favorite sound
the clacking of sticks
on picket fences?*

*beat the wind at her own game
pick up feathers while they flame*

Bill Mandigo

purser times of yesterdays

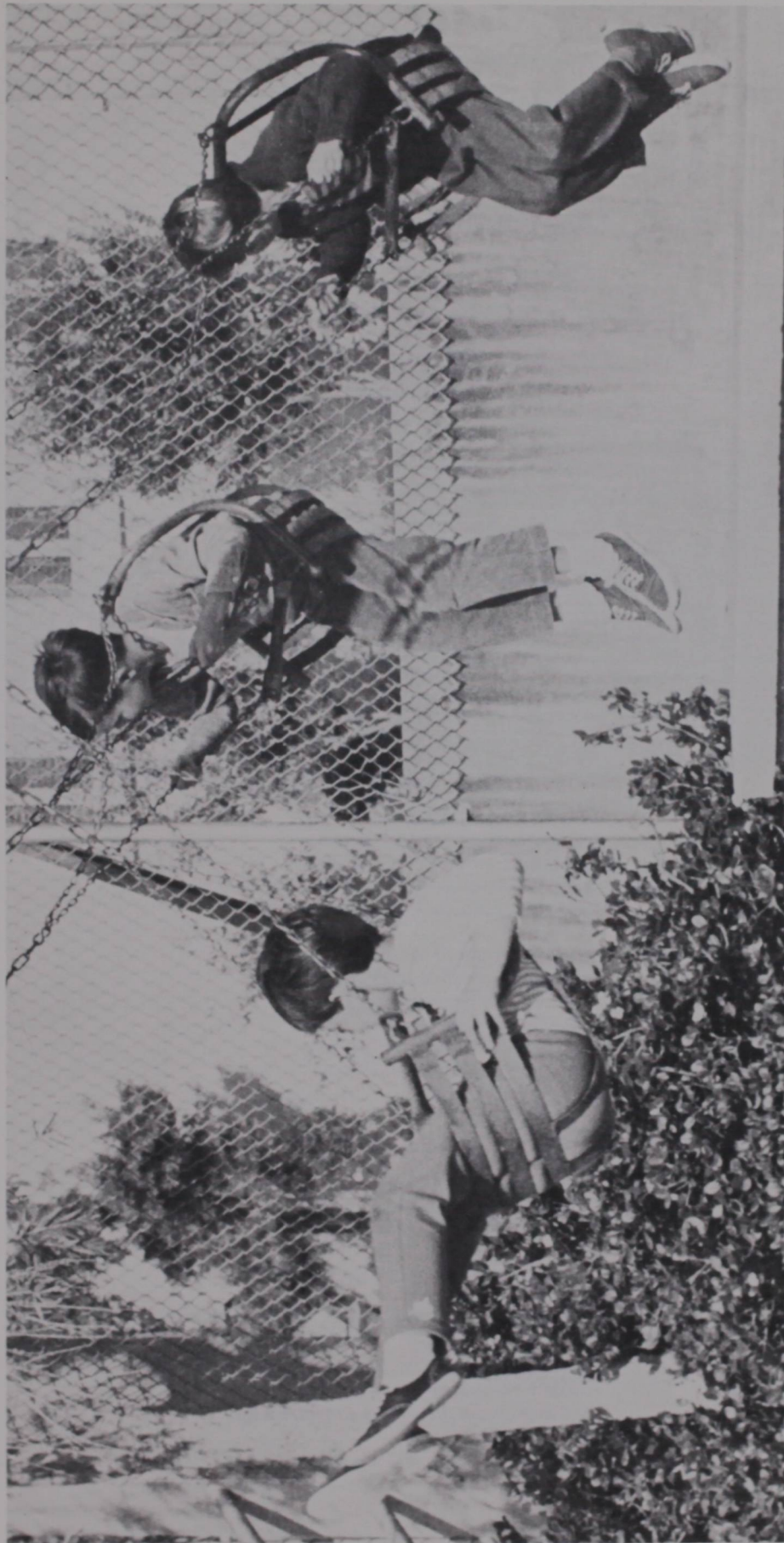
*the red leaves that we picked
have all turned brown
the yellow ones we watched
have fallen down
they will come again
the seasoned say
but i can't see
their shadows in today*

*the sun was high
and turned the beach to gold
a day to last forever
we were told
the ocean's gentle lapping
seemed to soothe
the happiness she showered
drenched me through*

*our lives spin, collide like little tops
sometimes i wish for a moment i could stop
and look within inside the forgotten
maybe if i knew just where i've been
maybe i could pass that way again*

*this sadness come tomorrow will be gone
these troubles left behind where they belong
but i just can't seem to trade today
for the purser times of yesterdays*

Bill Mandigo



there's a man gone on avenue 64

somehere somewhere

*somehere something standing
somewhere cloaked from sight
something finally falls away*

*an old man passes morning
behind the sidewalk cracked with branches
a tongue emerges caked with earth
still slimy from the sea
touches him to flypaper
gone before we see*

*somehere something standing
somewhere cloaked form sight
something finally falls away*

Bill Mandigo

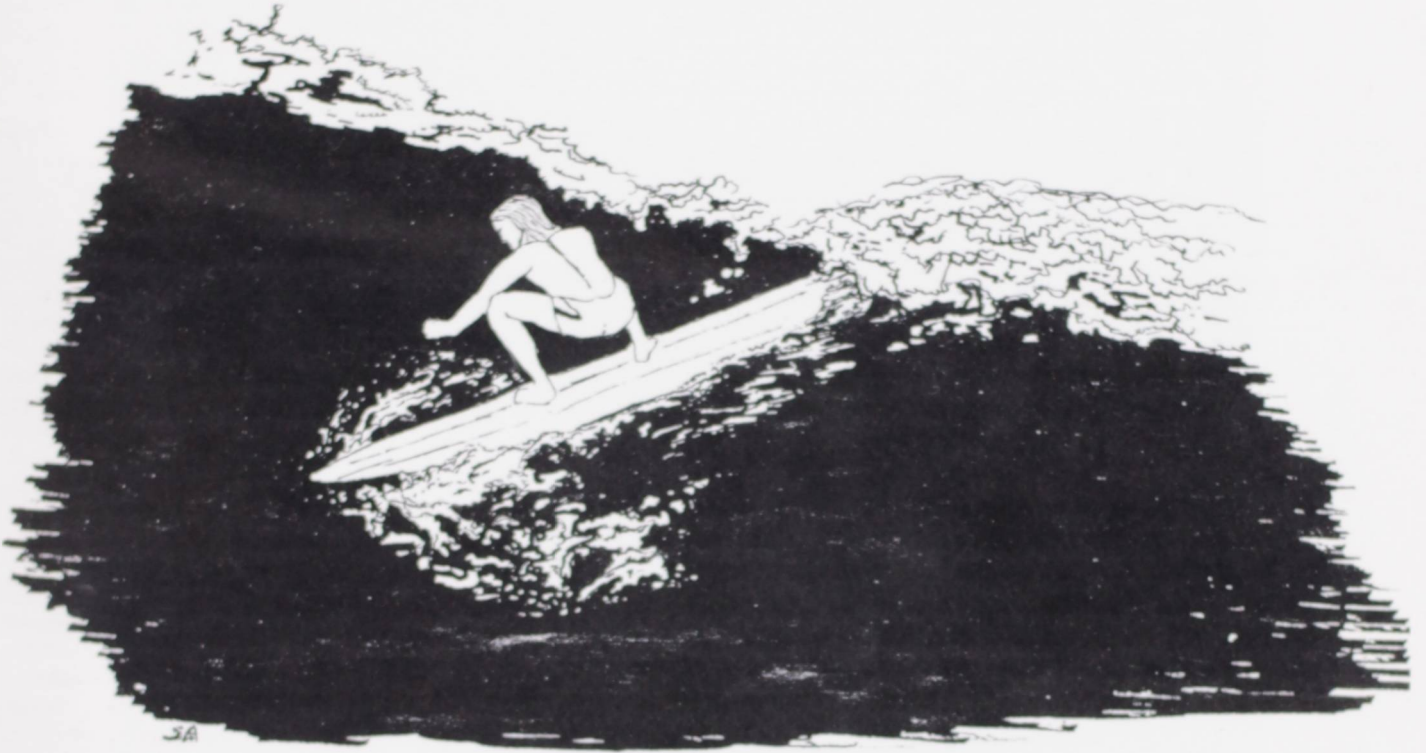
songbird sleeps

*in a cage a songbird sleeps
and he hopes they'll be no more
rattled bars and sudden shrieks
and he hopes they'll be no more
sulfured fruits that make him sleep
and he hopes you'll set him free*

*it's the middle of the day
still you can't find your way
you wonder what she mean't
every blade here has been bent
there'd be no reason to ask why
if you could see it in her eyes
for if you make it
will she break it
come swallow drink, drown
to the sound
as watercolors wash the night
throw a rock so the sun
shines through the ceiling like a kite*

*so the pauper found his rings
i don't know how
under the pile of everything
i don't know where
maybe there you can find your rings
i don't know why
because in the distance a songbird sings
he knows how*

Bill Mandigo



DEATHWISH

wander
if you want
stand
perfectly dry
in the middle
of a wheeling whirlpool
while
water walls around you
to drown your sounds of awe
in funnel thunder

draw your life
across its porcelain smoothness
be gentle or bear the shock
for water, handheld, dies

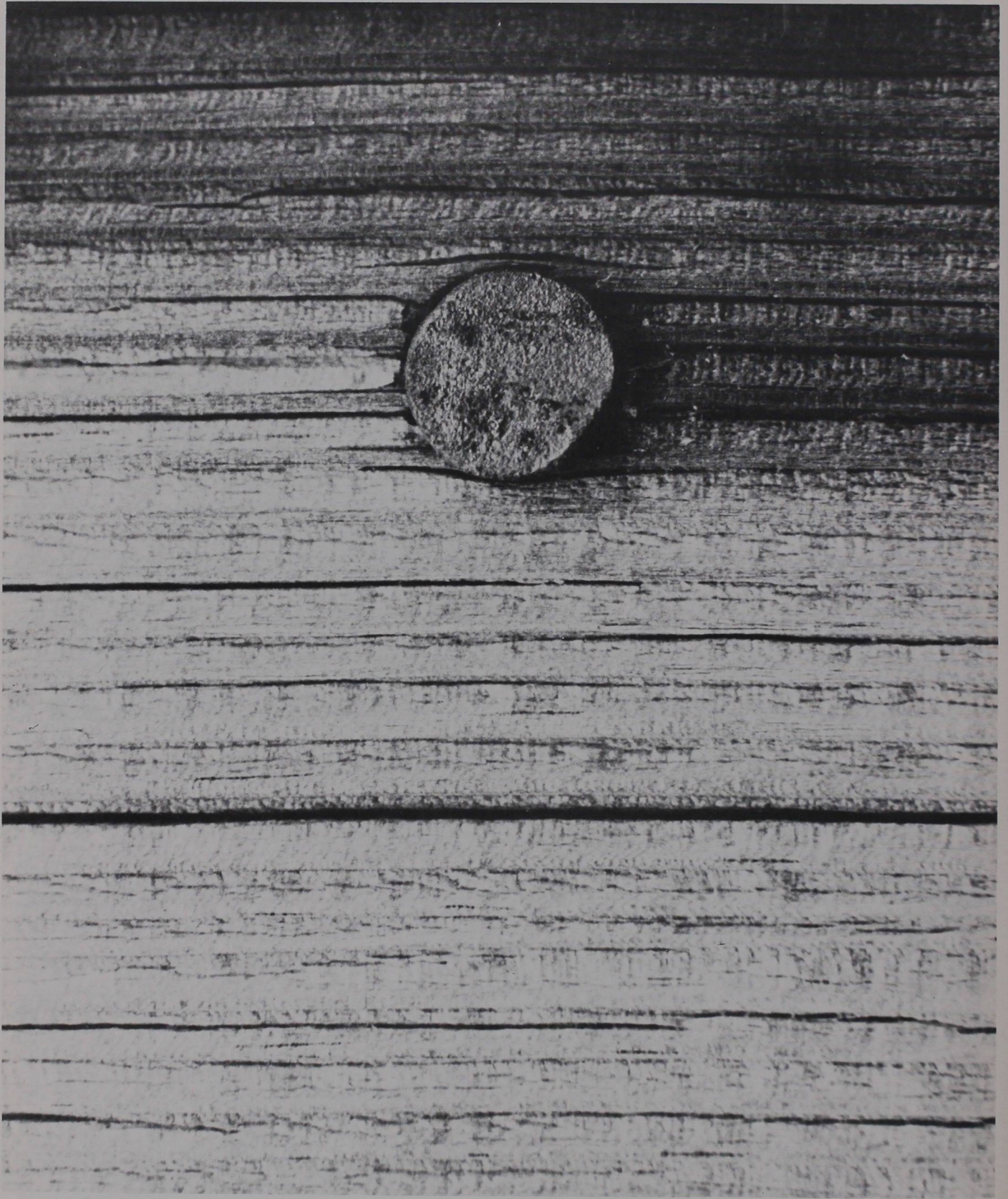
grace the wave's final moments
receive its distant vibrant gift
be sole heir to its lost journey
listen to its deathwish
Bill Mandigo

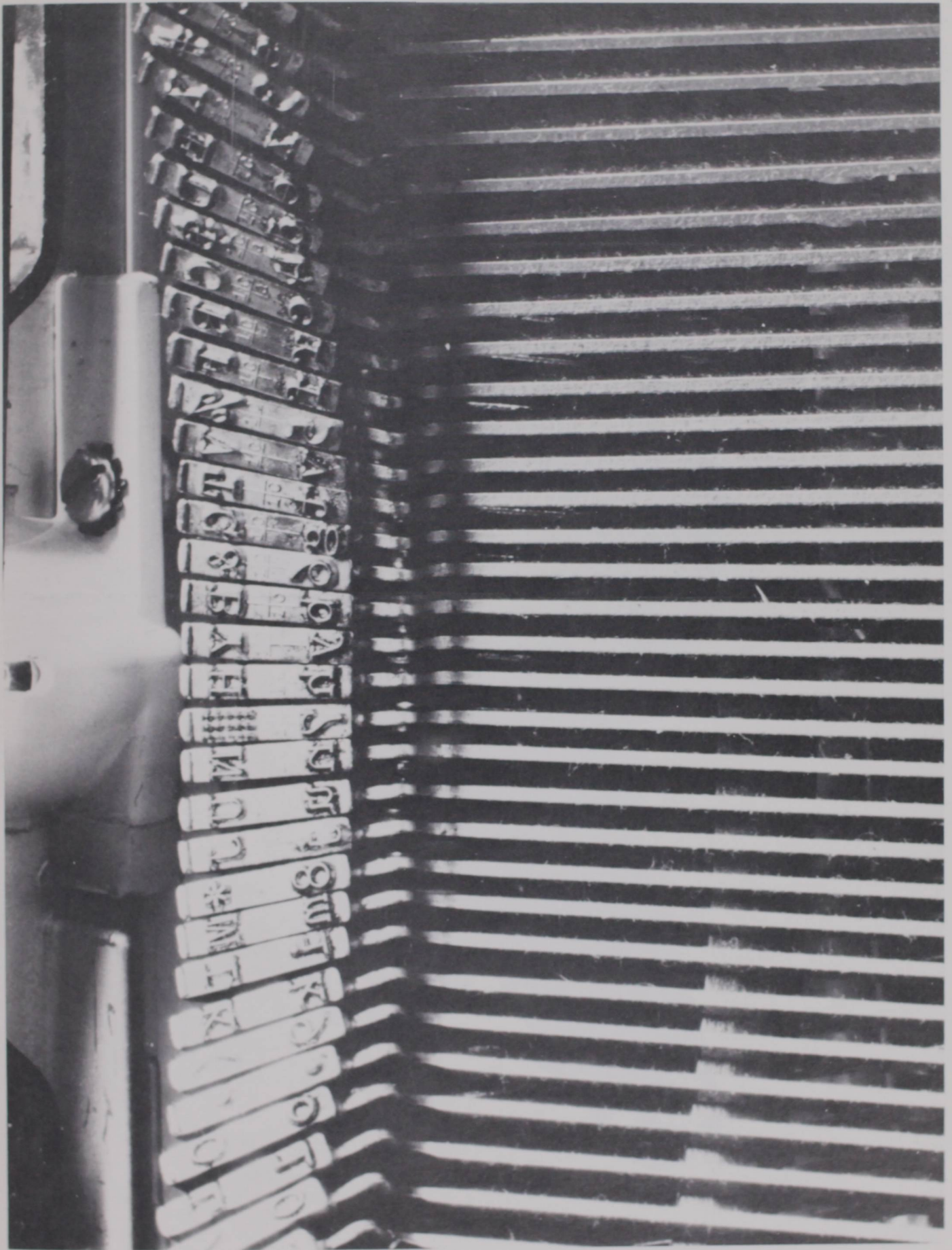




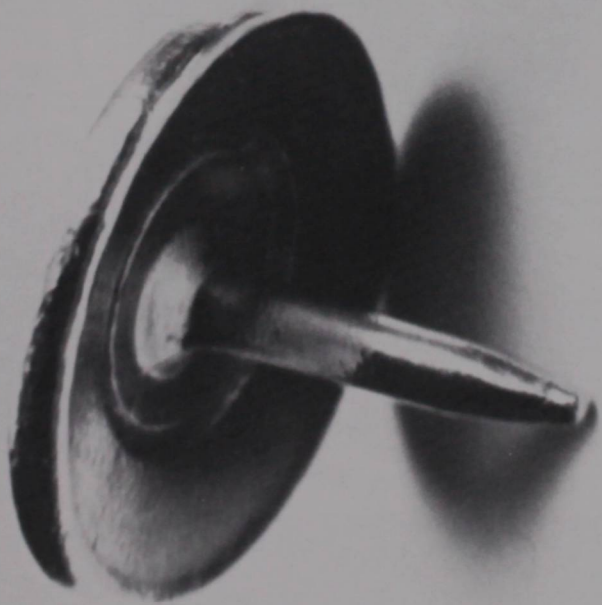
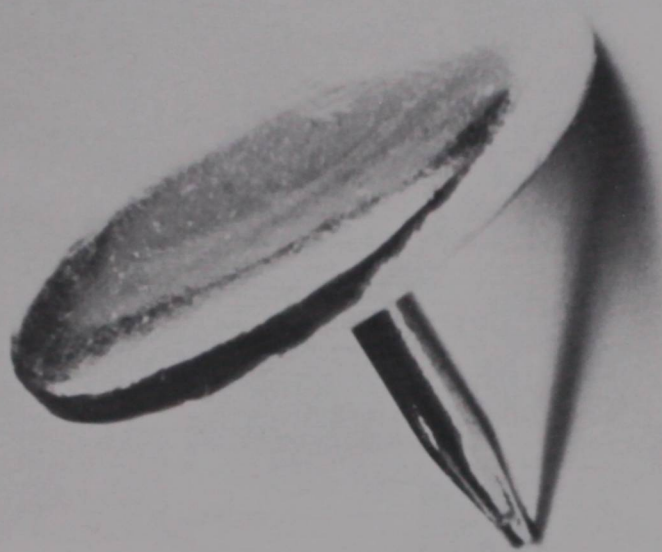


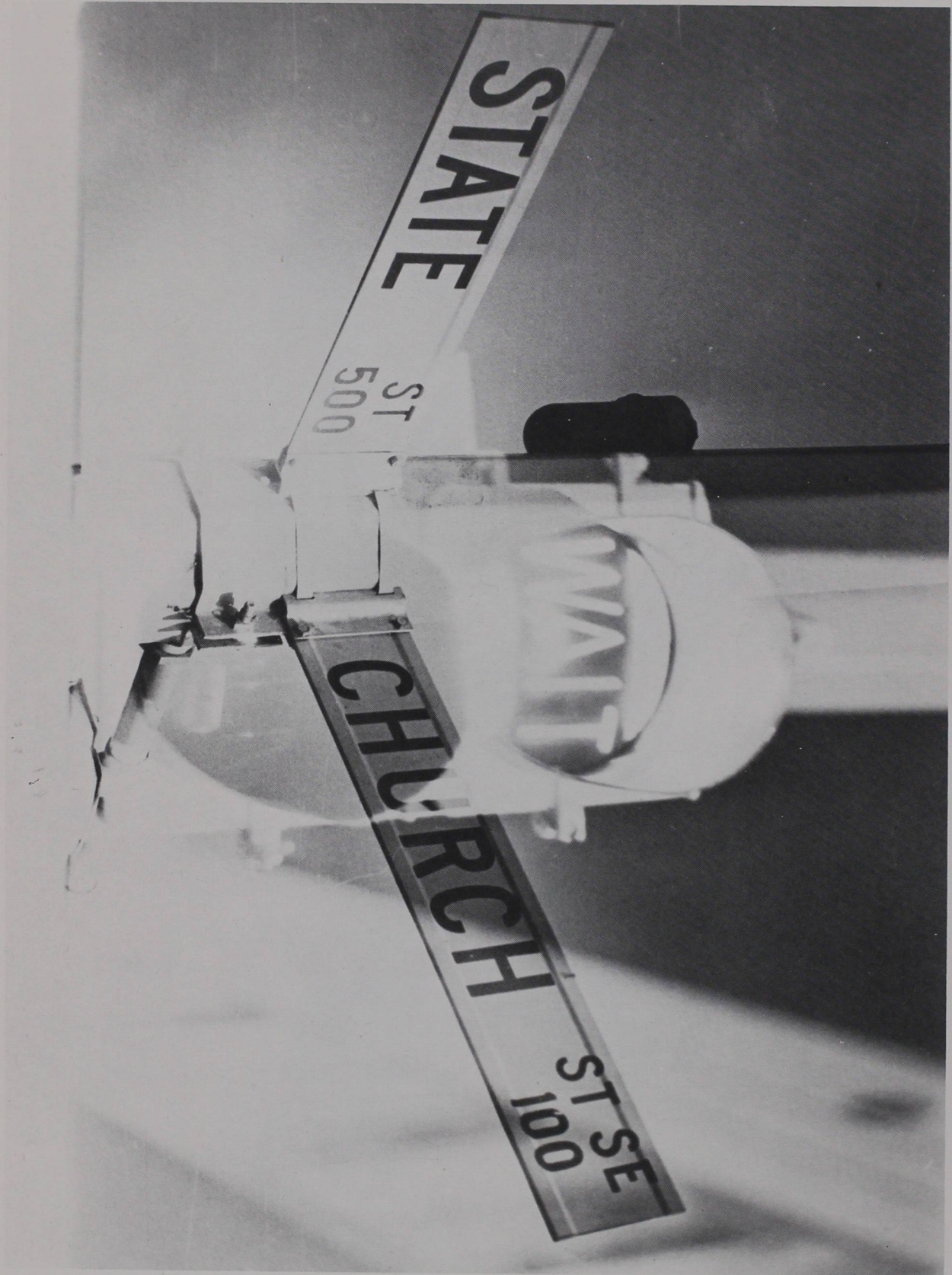


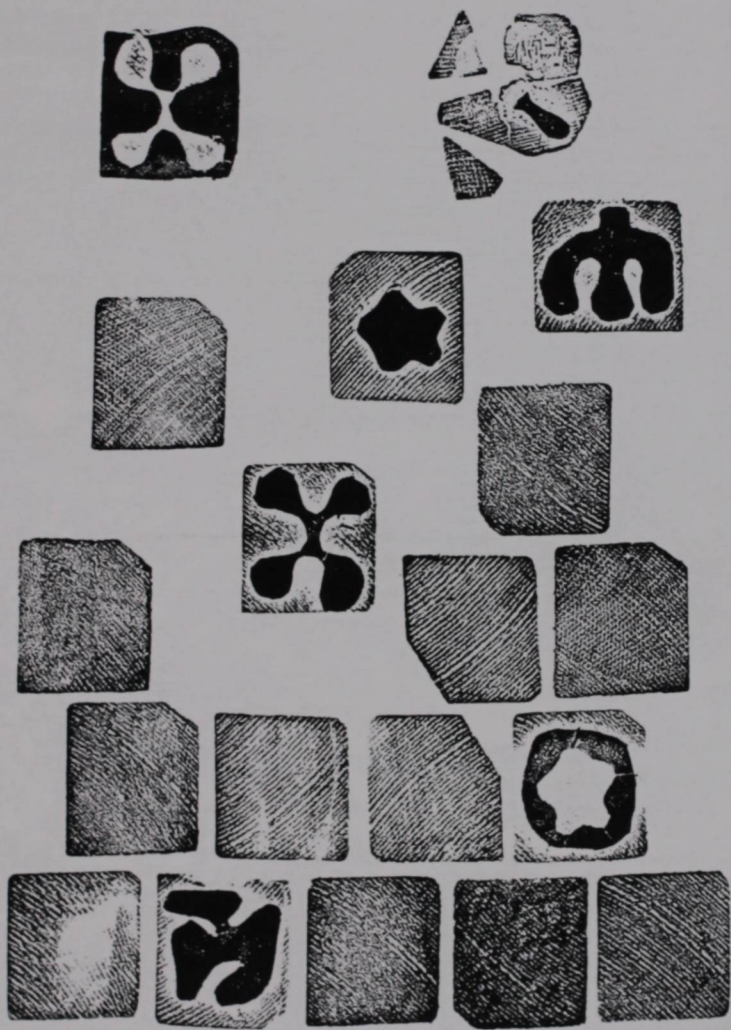


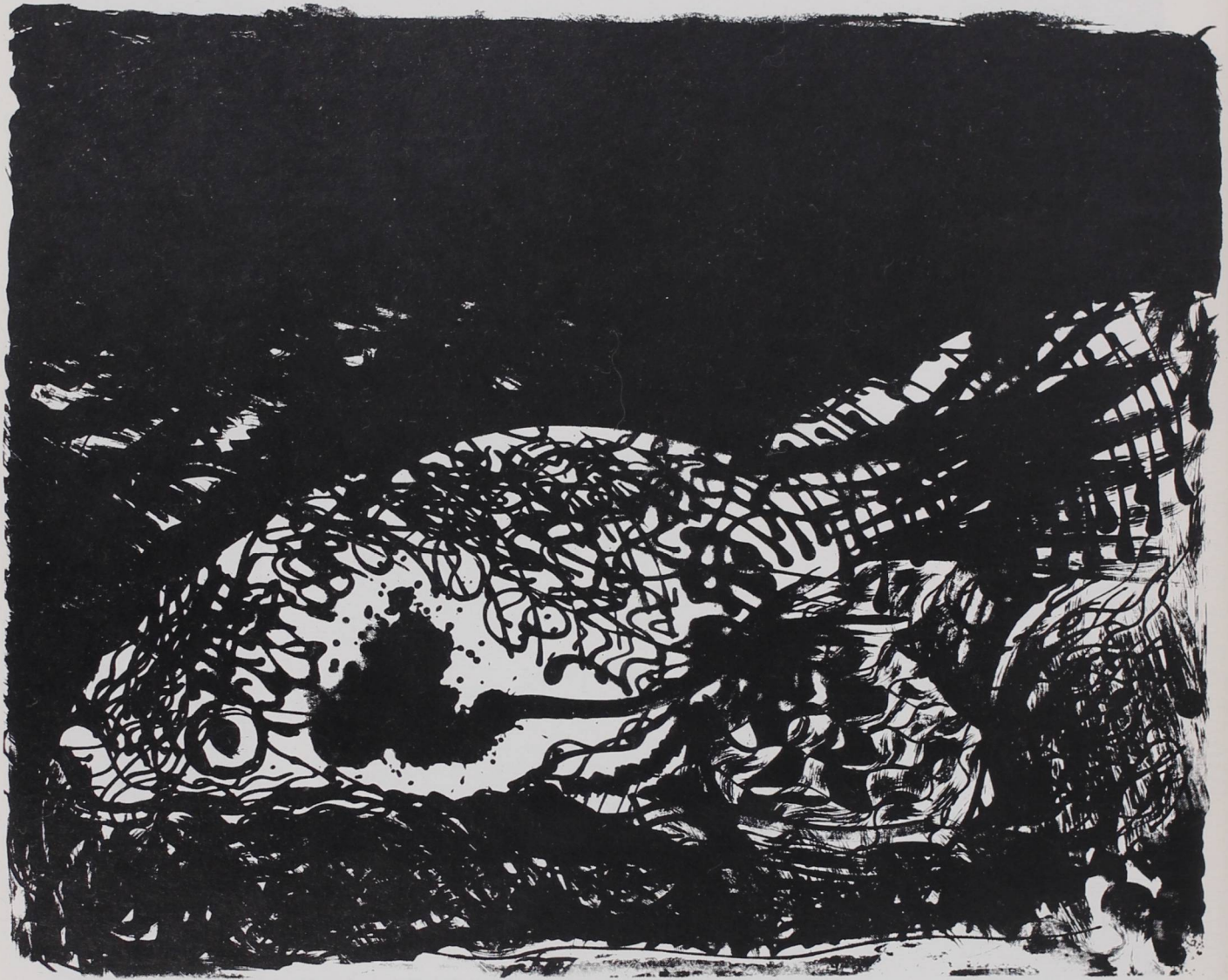












Round and Round the Soft Mists of Time

*time of passing dreams,
and streams of thought
clouds gathering to hide
the sun
which melts them one by
one.*

*A swaddling floundering
on the ground
deaf to the sound
of its puzzling inheritance
the rapping of a gnarled cane
hidden in the shadow
of a forgotten corner.*

*light morning rising fast
to bring the night to pass
slide in the naked day
clothed in crimson red
of raging fire bringing in
the ashes of the night*

John McGinn

At the Sea

*Ocean pauses just long enough to sigh
man alone i must try
to reach him*

*Gone caught by a breath of sea
rocks and boulders left for me
sand, spray
sun and sky stars at night
fire flicks and spreads light
running naked down the beach
keeping shadows just out of reach
please don't stay
cry gulls screeching above the sky
the driftwood lies on the sand
down paths of shells away from the
cities rush
runs a naked girl
lost in the swirl
of life and love
wondering what remains above
and I here decided to stay
to crawl within
and remain for the next day*

John McGinn

To Dance With The Sun

*i stand in darkness
afraid of the light
tomorrow i'll persist
not knowing if i'm right*

*traveling with a circus
(of friends)
exciting me
recorder music floats thru the air
Drifting Drifting Drifting*

*Thru ancient Greece
walked our colorful troupe
over barren hills
down to the sea.*

*Calm water
deep blue stretching velvet smooth
endlessly quiet
warm sand*

*Slower Slower
we all go
to the beach
away from the cold north wind*

*Red wine
a little cheese
happiness together
all of us*

*the sun is going down
silhouettes a scraggly tree
Yes i would like to dance
she taught me to dance*

*to dance and dance
until another day*

John McGinn

Unbelieving Believer

When i asked you to walk with me

you said no

but you asked me to walk with you

and I said okay.

I asked you to talk with me

and you wouldn't

but wanted me to talk to you

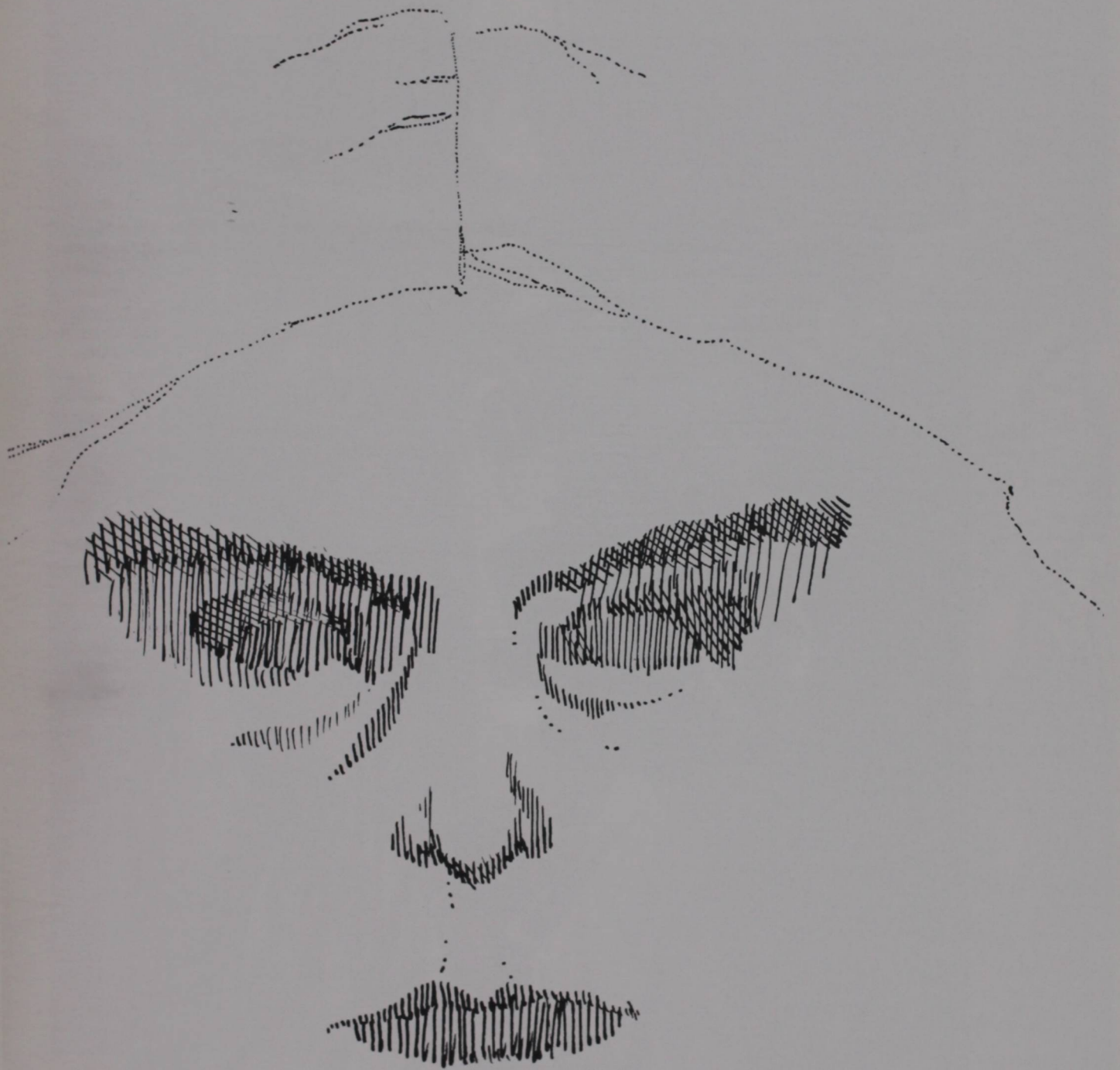
Again you said come follow me

but this time I can only say

I'm tired I'm here to stay

But thanks for your offer God thanks anyway.

John McGinn











Meeting

*I'm late
no matter
men wait*

*long hair
always needs brushing
especially in the morning
like to cut it off
still it makes me feel like a woman
eyes? yes*

*there, men notice eyes.
new top makes the old pants pretty
new cloths make you feel pretty
nice to be pretty*

*Late again
always late
7:30.*

silky to touch

*infinite eyes
dark, light all eye eyes
hearth eyes
love eyes
laughing eyes
giving eyes
smile for me eyes
give me the gift
give me lifes laugh
save me
save me*

*smooth curves
blossom pure
sweet body
mother worm
nipples rise
home womb
natures rest
here is peace
here is lifes strength
kiss me peace
hold me peace
want me peace
I want, I want
But I, I
have no peace to give*

*Where's my purse?
Ah! it'll be fun
he is sweet
pretty night
cold and crisp
makes you feel alive
need warm coat
no car
fun to walk
fun to talk
fun to love
fun
fun
coat, purse, ready
to play*

*she's here-yes
and smiling-yes
spring eyes-yes
summer woman-yes
young-yes
happy-yes
lifes yes
yes's yes
Or, is it possible?*

Keep on truckin'

Writing when you're stoned is hard because you only have one shot at the true shit

Turnstyles in the bible book store

Blur your eyes and it fits

*I live in a world where all the images are the same
I have learned words to say what has already been said
James Joyce, Friedrich Nietzsche
We are a product of us*

Life is art

Money is the fucking clock

*The word Goddamnit
what is the word*

*I live in a home spun mind
slashed between poles of pain and ecstasy
above the rubble of destroyed absolutes
But without a floor on which to stand
In fear that the destroyer may have
destroyed himself.*

*Let's make love the basis
of conduct instead of courtesy.
Then you could see when
you want to see,
fuck when you want to fuck,
sleep when you want to sleep.
Love can set you free.*

We need a chronicler to find out if all this is real or not

The concept fucked man

*you don't know it doesn't make any difference
until after you've done it*

Jesus was a far out dude-----Peter was an ass hole

If I come back I'll come back with something for everyone

*Transcendence dancing image with new light new hope
a chance of life rather than death-the force that through
the green fuse drives the flower--Free to do what you want.*

*But I am too wearied heavy to fly, like a too mortal soul
stumbling to rest at the foot of the gate, gold keys finally
in hand, the blinding warm light brightness filling shadows
of long disappointment and pain breathing on the verge
of ease on the verge of spring alive air on the verge of
peace on the verge of love on the verge of life.*

*But Oh, Oh so tired, too long crushed, too long alone,
too long in caos, too weary to turn the key for I
holds back. I I I I; tragic; sad; noble; young and tired
I.*

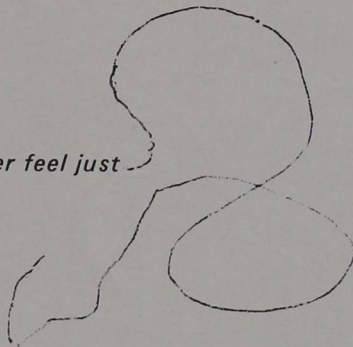
*I write because
I love myself
More than man
and I don't wish to
be taken to the cross*

it really doesn't matter

But free

*Man lives between what is and what is
supposed to be.
If you don't know
how it's supposed to be
you can't know what to do*

Did you ever feel just



Donavan rekindled the pastoral

I'm doing real well, now I'll sit back down

I play 23 minutes on a side then you have to turn me over

Why

It

It must have been the sunny beach that stopped my brain
That turned the sand to only a presence against my back
That brought me back like a child to his mother's breast
To suck the milk that is my existence
To rediscover my forgotten brother the gull
To feel the union that was ours in the womb
To feel the peace of a child come home.
Oh God! Why spurned from the womb to think?
Why man?
Why I?

P. Smith

The world is beautiful
if you make it that way
she told me
and took my hand
knowing she was right
which she was
If you allow
always
a few to die
a few to starve
from a little fear
neutralizing everywhere

P. Smith

Frustrations Complex Simplicity

Momentary
Unthinking
Innocent
Happiness

When I forgot about death and was free of
Death and I flew, flew free of death, man
Flying freeflight, bird of inner light,
Ferlinghetti's 4th person Christ's God,
Welling inside pushing life to bright
Musical flight of sinless joy's happy
Natural play, gay flying high, high
High

High
High
Lost

Again, to thinking depression's Death in
the complex simplicity of Man and Nature
of Death's simple strength in the unhidden
jaws of the forests growing decaying life's
Death hidden well with oriental rugs chandeliers
of life's sensual gaiety of asphalt concrete
walls covering simple nature's living Death
with the disinfected alienation of the dollar
country and family of the 8:00 to 5:00 road
to happy security defended by Hate war and
the moderation of good healths exercise of
disinfected toilets and lead pine boxes to
keep out decay from the clean immortal
man with porcelain brain and concrete
eyes who fucks only when married so as
not to be a mortal animal doomed to life's
Death of those who dwell in thought's
Dying Depression

P.

Smith

Laugh

"Two days ago, four students died in Ohio, the logical and tragic result of the failure of individuals and generations to understand and love each other."

The chaplain's words echoed in the hall's aching silence. He paused and studied the correctly attentive faces. The answer and the problem were obvious in the eyes before him. Some reflected the aching atmosphere of the room; the tired, frustrated eyes of the young. The remainder held the note of quiet, detached interest. A gentleman in a navy blue suit yawned. He had had a hard day getting the plans for the contract drawn up and was not in the mood for a church meeting. His wife was, however, secretary for the club so the question of attendance was out of his hands. He shifted to a more comfortable position and the chaplain continued.

"With this in mind I would, now, like to turn the floor over to the students. Remember, the young live the reality of Kent State and it is a reality of which many of us know very little. Thank you."

The audience joined in applause, quiet and polite.

*Applause, clap, clap, clap,
Ovation-more clap, clap, clap
gradually growing thicker, firmer
past clap uniting in echo with present clap
combining to turn clap to roar.
Forests are roaring in the wind.
They, however, will remain applauding
and roar into the future.*

The club president rose, a well-dressed, chubby woman of sixty, and took the microphone.

"Thank you Reverend Roberts. Now, before we break up for discussion, I have a few announcements. Mary Smith is still in Memorial Hospital. For those who would like to call on her, she is in room 112. Jane Conway is now at home and is recovering well. All right, as you know, ten students were kind enough to come from the University where the Reverend is chaplain. After intermission, I would like those people to each take a table in the rear; one at a table. After you are seated, the rest of us will join you. We are all very anxious to hear what you have to say. There are cookies and coffee in the kitchen. Thank you."

What remained of the somber atmosphere immediately collapsed in an avalanche of hello, how are yous.

John had sat pensively through the speech. He was exhausted. The combination of finals, no sleep and Kent State had left him in throbbing depression. He stood, reflected for a moment on the social faces, and, shaking his head, fled outside for a cigarette. Opening the great church

door he was greeted by the roar of traffic. He took a deep breath and felt the stench of the paper factory burning in his lungs.

"Hey, Juan, over here."

The rest of the students were sitting on the grass.

"You can't take it in there either huh."

John shook his head.

"Not tonight."

He walked over and sank down next to Lola. She smiled and, for the moment, time stopped and John felt warm. She took his hand.

"Hey, John, it's stupid to be so down."

Stop! Reader! What are you doing sitting and reading? Four died at Kent State. Hundreds died in Vietnam today. Children are starving while you read. Don't you care? Yes, reality is more than the sum of the parts, plus a damned sight holier. Maybe it's only a matter of perspective. You are always at least 1/30th of a second behind the instant anyway. So, don't worry about it. Move a little left or right and take a new look. Instants, past and future, melting in the green muck which is now; the home of problems. So, relax! For a different focus just move a little forward or back and see

the light lit up the faces of the group as the police officer scanned the long hairs and drove on. Lola waved. John's face clouded.

"The Man; Christ, how obvious can things be? Four people are murdered. You can't breathe the air. The country is blowing up. Nixon is calling everybody bums and those idiots in there are supposed to be Christians and they don't give a flying one. It's all a pile of bullshit. —Why don't we smoke some dope after this thing is over?"

All but Lola were silent. She shook her head.

"I've got to study."

"Study!?! How can you study?"

"I've got a final tomorrow. The world has to keep on moving you know."

"Ya, but where?"

Lola smiled.

"You can't let everything bother you so much. You can only do what you can. Relax! Be happy."

John studied her happy face. She was one of the few thinking, feeling people he knew who had honest, smiling eyes. In them he felt warm, happy and ashamed.

"I suppose so. Well, it's time."

John rose and followed the others to the stairs. Lola was already bouncing to the top.

The discussion waded slowly through what is your major and where are you from.

"Why are students so upset with Vietnam? Do they want the Communists to take over?"

For a moment John sat and looked at the faces that had once been so familiar. How many million times, he wondered, had that question been answered. He took a

deep breath and replied following the argument that had long ago become a painful reflex.

"Yep, you can thank the Democrats for that war. Say Joe, did you hear about Dan Martin's wife's death?"

John sat watching as the table bubbled and tried to control the frustrated ache that had grown in his stomach.

"How do you look at life son, I mean in comparison to those radicals?"

Son, radical, the words burned and John explained.

"Well, the club's secretary interrupted, I'd like to talk to you in ten years and see what you have to say then."

The table laughed and John looked with sad disbelief at the foreign eyes.

"Ma'am, we won't be here in ten years."

"Oh, I don't know about that" chuckled her husband.

At the next table Lola was speaking. Her serious expression seemed to add significance to her words. Her table listened quietly. When she stopped her face lit up in a happy smile.

*Oh, the joy of being able to laugh
I'm in love with that laughing sickness
It would sure help if I had it
I've been a lot of places
I've tried all I know
But never have I had laughing sickness
What good, then, am I.
Friends have it
Mothers have it
Even trees have it
But me, will I ever get it?*

John looked over and saw Lola laugh.

"I'm sorry but we have run out of time."

The announcement kindled the room into hearty, happy thank yous and John lowered his head and started to follow his brain out the door.

"How did your table go?"

Lola's words swept his consciousness back into the room.

"It was pathetic and sad."

"It didn't go over very well with mine either." She smiled. "Those people are so ridiculous it makes you laugh."

Laugh. The word echoed through his mind as he walked out of the church into the cold night. Laugh; Laugh; Laugh; Laugh. The word was rhythm. He walked to the rhythm of the word. He heard rhythm in his footsteps. He heard it pounding in his chest. He heard it in the cold wind. He heard it in the roar of the trees. He heard it in the damp black; the rhythm of the mocking laughter of eternity.

P. SMITH

<i>scott anderson</i>	<i>Pen and Ink Drawing</i>	55
<i>anony mous</i>	<i>Photography</i>	2,15,41,42,43,56,57 70,71,73
<i>betsy breeden</i>	<i>Relief Print</i> <i>Lithographic Print</i>	7,65 34,35
<i>enrique chargualaf</i>	<i>Charcoal Drawing</i>	49,50,51
<i>darcy dauble</i>	<i>Pen and Ink Drawing</i>	27
<i>mark halliday</i>	<i>Photography</i>	59,60,61,62,63,64
<i>joyce kraft</i>	<i>Charcoal Drawing</i>	20
<i>debra larsen</i>	<i>Charcoal Drawing</i> <i>Pencil Drawing</i>	19,21 47
<i>molly mack</i>	<i>Brush and Ink Drawing</i>	11,72
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<i>sue murray</i>	<i>Watercolor</i>	28
<i>becky ratcliffe</i>	<i>Ink Drawing</i>	46
<i>chris stark</i>	<i>Lithographic Print</i>	33,39
<i>connie starkey</i>	<i>Acrylic Painting</i>	9
<i>don speers</i>	<i>Ink Drawing</i>	66
<i>jennie staible</i>	<i>Lithographic Print</i> <i>Ink Drawing</i>	37,38 58
<i>Joann Young</i>	<i>Lithographic Print</i>	36

