JASON

1969

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THE JASON

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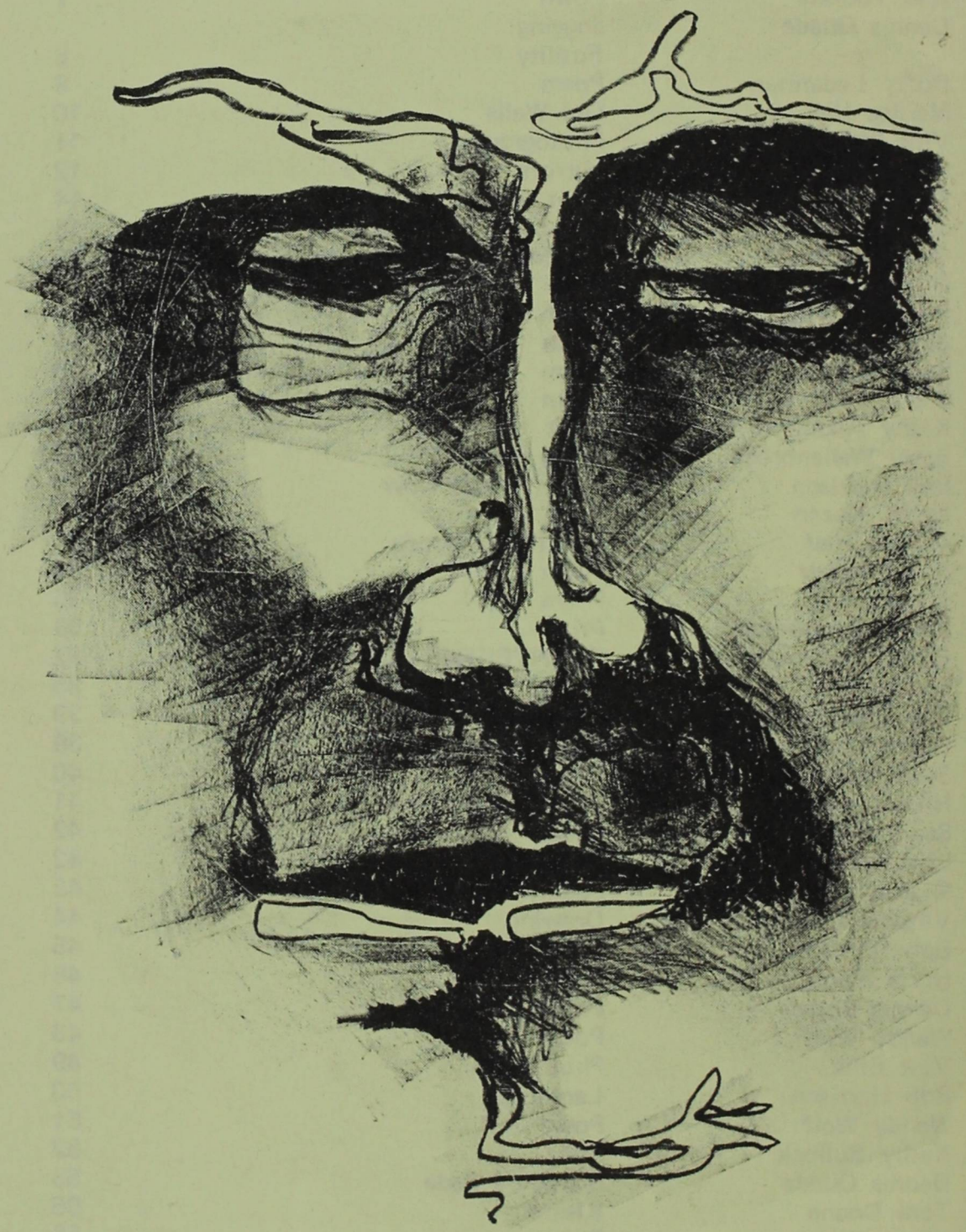


If You've Ever Read Ulysses

i

Bloom Bloom
bombed the barren bristles
softly slid in slimed seas
and forth vomited foul excrements
alien alone he is but
bumbling simple saw his self
on an edge in Ireland's eternity
leaping the lightening island
in conscious kaleidascope goes he
his thoughts thinking on green sea sand
and his father's eternal knownless.

Plumbed he the depths depthless
the wrong way
and found his feet headwise
alone again.

Blazing Bloom boggles Blazes
in Molly's bed
And stares silently
and does not see if
he should see
or not.

ii

Stephen stones the soundless sea
in search of she-mother's known.
Father-wise lacks he all Churchness
and conscious is he absurd.
The green sea pours at him
begging to be seen but
he knows not the nothing nowhere
has reached
and flings his foul flies at
existence to why and see
what happens.

iii

And morning Molly mixes eggs and Stephen
to find poet's pressed pants
on her earth-bound thighs
and straining tearness in
her mother-known bosom.

Jim Foster

American Foreign Policy: Take -
this our body which is
given for thee

Benevolent America
Wheat
Bombers
Christ
Tractors
Milk
Armies
Come hither heathen!
Taste the fruits of our dream
Drive the paved highways of our culture
Breathe its exhaust
Drink the blood of our nightmare

And want no more

Madge Baughman

When the black lives his Black Statement
And the white in he Establishment,
While the Christians degenerate to perfect institutionalism
And the Jews to their perfect altruism,
As the Americans slaughter democracy
And the Russians demand orthodoxy,
Where does the humanist live?

Man is the Jew and Man is the Nazi
And even the Huelga against the grapes.
Their breath incinerates,
With each dying gulp,
Their mind as it degenerates
In a fireball plunging, plunging
into oblivion.
And each man carves out his own
piece of cake
And eats it, too. All of it. Without
ever
UNDERSTANDING
What the basic concept
of the whole
cake
was.

Kent Tobiska

Jogging

I ran tonight
And felt the seat and fatigue
overcome me.
Through the dark I ran;
Senseless, almost.

I thought as I ran tonight.
And felt the pangs and pains of loss
Through the dark I thought;
Senseless, almost.

Futility

To reach with grasping hands
For that beyond your reach
With all your heart and soul;
To find that you are blind.

Loss is not the hardest pain,
The blindness, though, can kill.

Dennis Quade

How much is a funeral these days?
Just enough to get you some praise.
How do I lie in the ground?
Deep, where the worms crawl around.
Do you think I'll be happy there?
At that stage, son, you won't care.
But, is everything really nice?
It is at the price.
What should I be buried in?
Something that will make you thin.
Should I buy one? Do I dare?
Like I said, boy, you won't care.

Duffy Lederman

Old Walls

Old boards and walls
Moss green and tarnished,
Sun dry and rain wet;
A girl with the wind
In her hair
And tomorrow dawn
In her eyes
And her slender fingers
Touch on the bleached,
The tarnished boards
Lightly like the breeze.
Where is the girl now?
The wind blows in the cracks,
In the chinks of old boards
And tomorrow dawn
Strikes on the bleached,
The tarnished walls,
And in the weed rank yard
The flowers bloom
And with tomorrow eve
They die among old walls.

Merrilee Hall

Mirrors

I

A metamorphisis
of youth
concealed within
a silver cacoon
of condensing
holy liquid
held from the
supreme sacrament
of love's bodies
touching
silently conveying
whispered songs
and penitent reassurances
of some future serenity
secure from fear

and love

II

With love's innocence lacking
gold-gilded mirrors
trace crystaline images
of faceless figures
carelessly kowtowing
to the sounds
of life's burning
writhing
rhythmic
patterns of necessity
obscured from hoards
of overly obese mortality

III

Echoes
of chimes long wasted
as Alice
now emerge
into vacuums
of reticent vapor
decendent of
love
masturbated
to the level of
neutrality
and contaminated
by neurological queers
rejects of heaven
accepted on earth

Bob Harrison

Kjudy

Act I or so it seems: Dialogue with the invisible

Stage: Complete Darkness. Noises, scuffling. voices

Voice 1: Where's a goddamn candle at?

Voice 2: *'Tis better to light one candle than to curse the darkness.*

1: What the hell do you think I'm trying to do? I'm looking for the goddamn candle, but its those bloody screwed-up fuses. Somebody better tell that goddamn hardware store where to go.

2: I'm invisible. (A Loud Crash) What was that?

1: I knocked over the goddamn candleabra. That's what the goddamn noise was about. There are probably candles all over the floor now, and I can't find any. Don't step on them.

2: *(Getting up, crunches on a candle). Oops.*

1: What the hell did I just say? Huh? What?

2: Don't yell at me when you can't see me.

1: What do you want us to do: Grope around in the dark for the rest of our goddamn lives.

2: Is that infinite possiblity?

1: I don't care what it is, will you help me find a goddamn candle. It shouldn't be hard, they're all over the floor.

2: What do you want to find a candle for?

1: What do you mean (puzzled)?

2: If you found one and lit it, we would only have to look at each other again.

1: What's so bad about that? Besides, with a candle I could find the fuse box. You could live someplace else, you know. –If you don't like the way I look.

2: Oh, hell. All right, I'll help you find one.

1: Never mind, I've found one now.

A full minute or more of silence.

1: (Meekly) Do you have a match?

(More silence)

2: (After a bit) No.

1: (exploding) Well what the hell am I supposed to do with this damned candle if I don't have a goddamn match?

2: You could feel it.

1: (ignoring him) Now we've got to reason this out. Let's be logical.

2: Oh no.

1: (ignoring him) There were matches in the desk drawer in here. Where's the desk?

2: *I don't know. This isn't my part of the house.*

1: All right. I know where it is.

2: *Are you sure?*

1: Of course I'm sure. It's right over here.

(He trips, falls with a loud crash.)

2: *Was that the desk?*

1: (Controlled, with a great effott) No, that wasn't the desk. I'd forgotten that the sofa was there. All right?

2: *I was just asking. Can I help it if you don't know where the sofa is at? If you can't remember that, how can you remember where the desk is?*

1: Instinct, jerk.

2: *Sounds overly romantic to me.*

1: What'sit supposed to sound like: Where are you, anyway?

2: *Intuit it.*

1: Come on, where are you?

2: *Alas, you cannot see me.*

1: (Growing irritable) Where are you?

2: *But then, I can't see myself either*

1: (Controlled anger) Where ... are ... you?

2: *I can feel myself, though. Whew, for a minute there, I thought that I'd lost me somewhere.*

1: I think you've lost your mind. Now, where are you?

2: *You know what you are?*

1: How the hell should I know? I'm t-trying to find you.

2: *Although I guess it's what you represent. Do you know what you represent?*

1: Look you, if I find you, I'm going to kill you.

2: *You represent the 20th century man caught in the contemporary darkened living room.*

1: I give up.

2: *No, don't give up. I'm over here . . . I think.*

1: Keep talking I'll find you.

2: *What do you want to find me for?*

1: It is written that Zeus separated man and woman who were once joined, so that now all men and all women are looking for their other halves. I'm homosexual. Now where the hell are you?

2: *I don't know. I mean I used to know. Maybe I don't know well enough. I mean I'm just sitting here. I can't touch any-*

thing. So how am I supposed to know where I'm at.

1: It sounds like you're over there. Here I come.

(A loud crash, a yell, and some cursing)

2: *What was that?*

1: The goddamn desk, that's what. You were practically sitting on top of it. Why didn't you tell me it was here?

2: *How was I supposed to know; I couldn't see it.*

1: Well, you could have swung your arms out and felt it.

2: *Hit it you mean. Probably would've broke something too. Besides, I'm afraid of the dark.*

1: Oh, hell.

2: *Look, your quest is over. Get your match.*

1: It's in the top drawer here somewhere.

2: *Everything always is.*

1; Here they are. Or, I guess there's only one left.

2: *Swell, now you can light the candle.*

1: (after a pause) I ... don't have ... the candle.

2: *You ever feel like committing suicide? Now would seem to be a good time for you to do it.*

1: How can I commit suicide? What am I supposed to do with one match, blister myself to death?

2: *You're joking at your own situation. I'm not.*

1: Well, look. I've got the match. If I lit it, we could find a candle fast and light it.

2: *What if I don't want to help;*

1: (very controlled - straining) Look, I don't see what you're gaining. You're already getting me madder than I was before. Please, help me ... to find ... a candle. **I** want to see, even if **you** don't.

2: *Did you ever stop to think what you might see:*

1: Look, I did all right before the lights went out. I'm not doing too well now. I've skinned both knees, cut my arm, lost a tooth, and all you've been doing is sitting there coming up with all these goddamn smart remarks about how you're invisible now and you'd like to stay that way I suppose. (A pause) . . . Oh, hell. It's not worth it.

2: *What's not worth it:*

1: I sweat all over the goddamn match and so now it probably won't light anyway.

2: *We could wait 'till morning. There's always the next day, you know.*

1: Great. Fine. What are we supposed to do until morning?

2: *I don't know. Sleep. Tell ghost stories, do something.*

1: Am I forcing you to original or somthing. Just help find a candle, and I'll see if I can light the match.

2: Why should I help you? You lost the candle in the first place

1: All right, you don't have to help me. God, I don't know where you intellectual jerks would be without us trying to find candles all the time.

2: We'd be invisible.

1: Fine, it hurts me. Now I'm getting a headache and I'm probably going to bump into something looking for a goddamn candle.

(He does)

1: Goddamn it. What now?

2: You bumped into me.

1: How was I supposed to know you were crawling around looking too?

2: You said you wanted help.

1: At least you could have told me where you were, goddamn it. Now I do have a headache.

2: (in all sincerity) I didn't know where I was. But you have now defined my position quite well. Thank you.

1: Yeh, and you've defined my head quite well. Thanks for nothing.

2: Do you want me to help you some more?

1: Don't bother, we'd probably get in each other's way. Why don't you go over and sit on one side of the room, and I'll look for a candle over here.

2: All right. (a pause) Uh . . . what side of the room should I sit on?

1: Oh hell, go sit on that side.

2: What side? I can't see you, I can't even see a side.

1: Don't get smart again. Go to your left, and I'll go right.

(they collide)

1: Goddamnit, you bastard. I said go left !

2: I did, but you were there.

1: I know it. Look. Stay right were you are, and I'll find a candle. All right?

2: Sounds fine to me.

(Shuffling sounds)

1: At last, I've got one, and if I can't light the match, we can at least wait while for it to dry. Finally

2: You sure you want to do this?

1: Sure, why not? I can find the fuse box then.

2: But what if somebody's watching us?

1: What are you, paranoid or somthing?

2: No, but you see, right now I can do anything I want to and there'll be nobody to see me, but when you light the candle, everybody can see me . . . can see us. We'll probably have to conform.

1: Look you can crawl into a goddamn hole or something. Right now, I'm only concerned with getting some light. So, here goes.

The match flares, the candle is lit. The dim light reveals a room very much in disorder. Almost immediately, a large black watermelon rolls onto the stage. Both characters scream "It's here" and run off. The candle is extinguished.

End Scene 1.

Jim Foster

Die Motte

Eine Motte gegen die Scheibe stieß ---

Das Licht, es scheint so klar ---

Die arme Motte nur drauBen sah

Und ist noch da.

Celia Smith

AFTER THE ATOM

A slice of sky drips down to the toast brown

land, while the rounded horizon is marred

only by unruly toothpick pines.

Duffy Lederman

A poem sung to the sunken past

deeply

out of mind; now.

Warmth
Warmth *walking with you*

among archipelegos so sunny

which i visited once,

I think . . .

Remember?

I, if then, remember

confirmed uncertainties

mended and patched *slightly; more or less*

I am

but i once was; so they say.

i and you, my love

once were another.

Now we look mutually

upon that other

meeting again.

Hikaru Kerns

Do you remember the sun;

the home it found in the sand?

It found a home so holy we

couldn't even walk on it:

A home that warmed the beach

(and our blanket)

Long after the sea had hidden the traveler.

The cold places,

where we were let to walk,

the sea had evicted the sun.

But the home of the sun as

the sand

And there is more sand than

surf.

You are my sun.

Sand.

Betty Woodworth

Little boy,
What's that you sell?
May I buy a little more
For a dime?

I've heard,
That for some it's free,
While others ever lose It
With time.

Little boy,
Please make it no riddle,
I've played that sad game,
And lost.

Little boy,
Just sell me your wares,
Those smiles,
That claim,
No name.

Steve Gerrish

The stately naked trees
standing by moonlight
against the fiercecold wind
brilliant stars in a black sky.

The walk alone
with one cigarette
to light up
my portion of the world.

Hard streets under quiet feet.

going nowhere

Forsaking a warm bed and you
for this solitude.

Four walls can cramp and two arms enslave
its only the
frozen night
that returns my freedom

Steve Wells

Pome to Someone Past
for no special reason
except as we in America
recognize history
with plaques of
no significance.

Ah, you've been
with other women;
lain in meadows laced with blooms
or in beds of satin sheets;
and I've been too --
in other minds,
eaten other sweets.
So why call you on the night wind?
habit
and a wish for
substance.

Betty Wellembrock

Then – and Now

A soft spasmodic sign coaxes
an ecstatic tear
conceived of anguished bliss
finally to rest
sweet as his tongue
on your humid lips.
Warm as amber-soft sun rays
your sublime facade
is penetrated from within
and you sense that
what once you knew
of he and you
will be ascertained
an auspiciously cuckolded ego.

Bob Harrison

November Woods

I

Cold November solitude
Locks in ghostly fog
Wet black forest trunks
Bare save for the tattered rags of Autumn,
Ruined richness in decay.
November pulled between
The bright death of Summer
And Winter's cold slumber
In a tension of isolation and silence,
Fading reluctantly before the frigid onset
Of seasonal age,
Being slowly, inexorably engulfed
By Time's unhalting embrace.

II

In sad amber of neglect
Leaves in November's pensive winds
Dance a lagging tempo
And drift to earth exhausted
To moulder silently
And wait for something unforetold
By fog-weeping bare arms
Of chill November's forests.

III

The downcast glance of leaden clouds
Broods somber and gloom-heavy
On the stark upthrust shoulders
Of sullen sawtoothed skylines
Of evening dark fir forests
Reared against the wind
As if in awe
Of November's slow, cold majesty.

Merrilee Hall

I'm blowing
bubbles now
not because
it reminds
me of
you
-I'm not even
thinking of you.
But
who
am I
trying to kid?

—I
want to
blow
bubbles

sharon fisher

Footsteps I hear
Here among the roar
Heels in a never-ever final step
Caressingly searching a level
to cooly stop for warmth

Confusion type. like seen
oftentimes but infrequent
To be forever

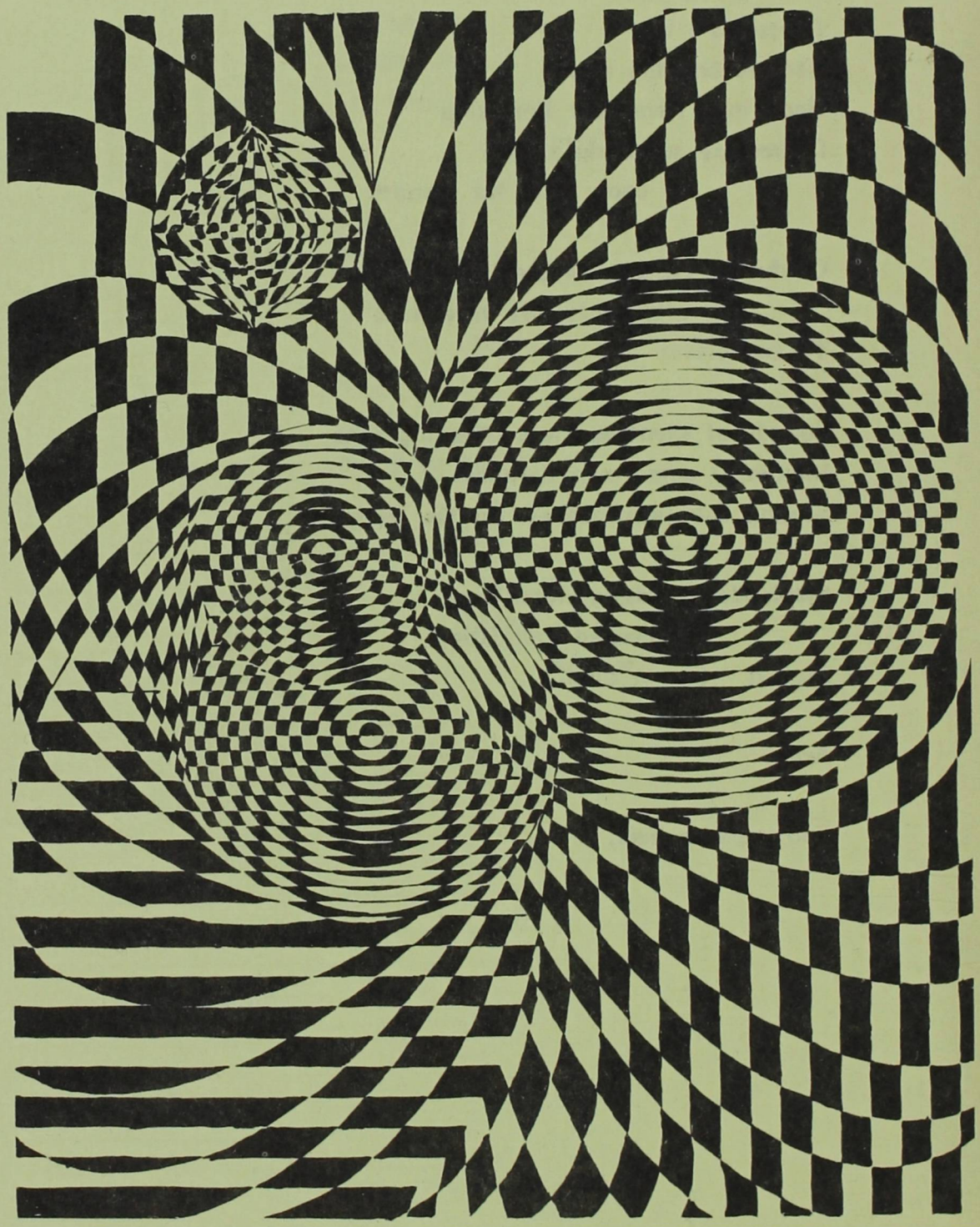
Sounds of silent sun and offspring sons
Blindingly guide over darkness
Searing with soothingness on the ash-gray

Stepladder to rising watery sea
Inebriated inundation
Broken move in time

Arise.

Footsteps to hear.

thesand



DISINTEGRATION

The mind flashes quickly at the thought,
strong as a passionate heartbeat,
Pulses through my veins.

Love is enclosed in a semi-sphere of
soft cotton, to which
No one holds the reins.

Molded innocence lashes brightly
through the eyes,
Which try so hard to refrain.

But softness of courage and strength
of desire make all
One's efforts in vain.

Duffy Lederman

in one time I lay in you
with your hand to my hand
and your words hard uttered

bent trees sidewaze on your face
they made shadows and wrinkled
creases on your fleshy smile
whose eyes blinking blue burrowed lightly
into mine,
and wrote in unspoken I - love without
reason except I do

night sought one slowly
we two, one, in clothesless consideration
tackled in common pursuit, pillowed
each others exclamations
and lay still,
lay still

your talk, then, more free
as if your tongue had uninhibited
and you to me made more close-thoughts
in also laughing and so hungry

Wendy Wolf

Twilight

and now she is here again
among these impressions sketched
in velvet and amber
her voice is transparent
yet still I feel
the warmth of her breath
what I perceive becomes
part of me
how beautiful she was then

Bob Harrison

I ran from the touch of your eyes upon mine

I cried
leaving pride
at my side
because
I lied
when I tried
so hard to hide
myself
from your eyes.

Duffy Lederman

the virgin forest
pierced through by the sun
slowly sinking down
to his knees
the blood red and gold
leaves slowly fading
to nourish the moist earth

Steve Wells

"A Silent Affair"

(It's been a stay-in day)

Silence

Petulant rain drops stalling a while
afterwards
Clipp - wait clapp clapp
off black night windows
between impartial wind-whirrs;
I share them with you
(why?)

(It's hot in here; take off your coat?)

Silence

of expectancy in it's commonly; but fused
(your eyes, could they be mine?)
of lambent passion; terse
wanting, wanting; symbiotic
mutual
like two flames locking;
substance before the touch:
The Fall
into innocense
and back again

The memory of how long?: mostly night
of thoughless wordful contentment
of suckling
We gestured a lot
except the nights

(You are mapped.
I am no surprises either:
But it's been . . . fructifying)

Silence

The crystal-marble stoneness setting
between strangers
or intimate strangers
or just discovered strangers.

The absence; the heart turning
away
nothing no more and understood.

Hikaru Kerns

I follow a droplet's path,
from eternity to hell,
and back again.

Through clouds of vicious dreams,
to finger-tips of joy and life,
to mud.

I follow a droplet's path,
beautiful in its simple
journey of life,
and death.

Steve Gerrish

delicate as a raindrop trajectory
slanting silvery sideways
windswept
tying you
to me only that

Linda Walker

i

hear you

saying

you

want to receive

me

but

i hear you saying

you are afraid

that i will

hit

you with

too much

i hear that.

thank you.

i need to

check that

to let

us grow

sharon fisher

Merely
A flickering mirage
The nymphic virgin
does her
seductive
dance of life
While I
Like an Aphrodite
With an empty womb
lament
my life's
soliliquy

Bob Harrison

Focus: Parking Lot

The bell sounds and humanity
begins its daily battle
for overnight escape:
One by one, through cacophony and strife,
the frantic struggles are relieved.
One remains, lying lonely
in the sterile asphalt desert.

Norm Thorpe

sail - leaves
catch their ripe melon tails
in the puffy edges of today's
wind
and dip and dance
- helter skelter -
dodging dingy drops of rain.

the dream
of so many june
nights.
nights filled
with the billowing
of butterscotch moon.
soft and
soft again.

Dennis Bosley

poet:

under auspice
skyward lifted
having been in only moments;

now conceived corruptbility
create think
on a feeling;
more than knowing
the commodity
who bliss in ignorance

word maker (ironically): to
breathe in their harmony

Wendy Wolf

Landscape

The cold wet wind
of this autumn's night
penetrates me
with terror,
and I stand
too frightened to escape
as Sleepy Hollow
shrieks violence
around me.
Each falling leaf
though dead
becomes a demon phantom
sucking my spirit
from my soul.

Maybe I should mature.
After all,
when this winter is over
it will soon
be summer again —
won't it?

Bob Harrison

gimme
some
bread
stick
I'm
hung--
ry.

don't
over —
eat
you'll
get
fat
i
won't
love
you.

can't
you
everletmespeaktoyou
with
out
interrup ... "
why
won't
you
look
at
me . . .

wendy wolf

The persecution and assasination of Jean Paul Marat as performed by the inmates of Charenton Asylum under the direction of the Marquis De Sade. (Screenplay by Peter Weiss).

Marat de Sade

Prelude:
Leaves and vines on belly
Produce the finest blackberry jelly.

Swing wide and low
Tree banch blow;
Narrowed water pushes hard
Like the wind - it's nature's guard.

Unconcerned with life's cold route
She need not fear her life snuffed out.
Just to watch is all she wants
Her eyes see us, the elk, the ants.

She looks at you
And why you're blue,
And laughs at your concern.
What about yourself is there to learn:

Her majestic self - withdrawn
Like a tyrant: nature's yawn.
She spindles, folds and mutilates
While we cast our guilt on fate.

Interlude:
Rough edges
On boxes;
People try to smooth them.
The boxes made of steel.

Like a coolie working hard,
Is our life - We live that's all.
There is nothing else.

The course of life, like water
Pushed and gathered by othermatter -
Is the consequence of force,
So indiscriminate a matter of course.

The God of Nature is not of this world
At least not a God that ever has ruled.
And if there be but one good God,
What does he care or think of us?

Dennis Quade

Kismet

Soul floating upon the milky moon shaft
with seagull echoes of a thousand days devoured,
only to be regurgitated again.
The wrinkled countenance of the waters should
quiver with my reflection: there is nothing.
The embryo of loneliness is pierced by the
hypnotism of the moon's phosphorescence.
For once no outside fear crouches close to me.
Yet peering through the reflectionless liquid -- knowing
I cannot save me from myself.

Toni Doane

Through the speckled mellowing
of dancing trees
and eyeless pools
and autumn wings
letting go
for one split fall
then still and sprawled
Upon the pavement.

I walked and dropping
thoughts and clamps
of your intrusions
demanding me
to hang myself
on deadlines yet
and yet and yet
Of tomorrow.

The coffee taste of everyday
pushing past
the molding leaves
of death and change
dreamt a while
of hemlock nights
and falling kites
In my mind.

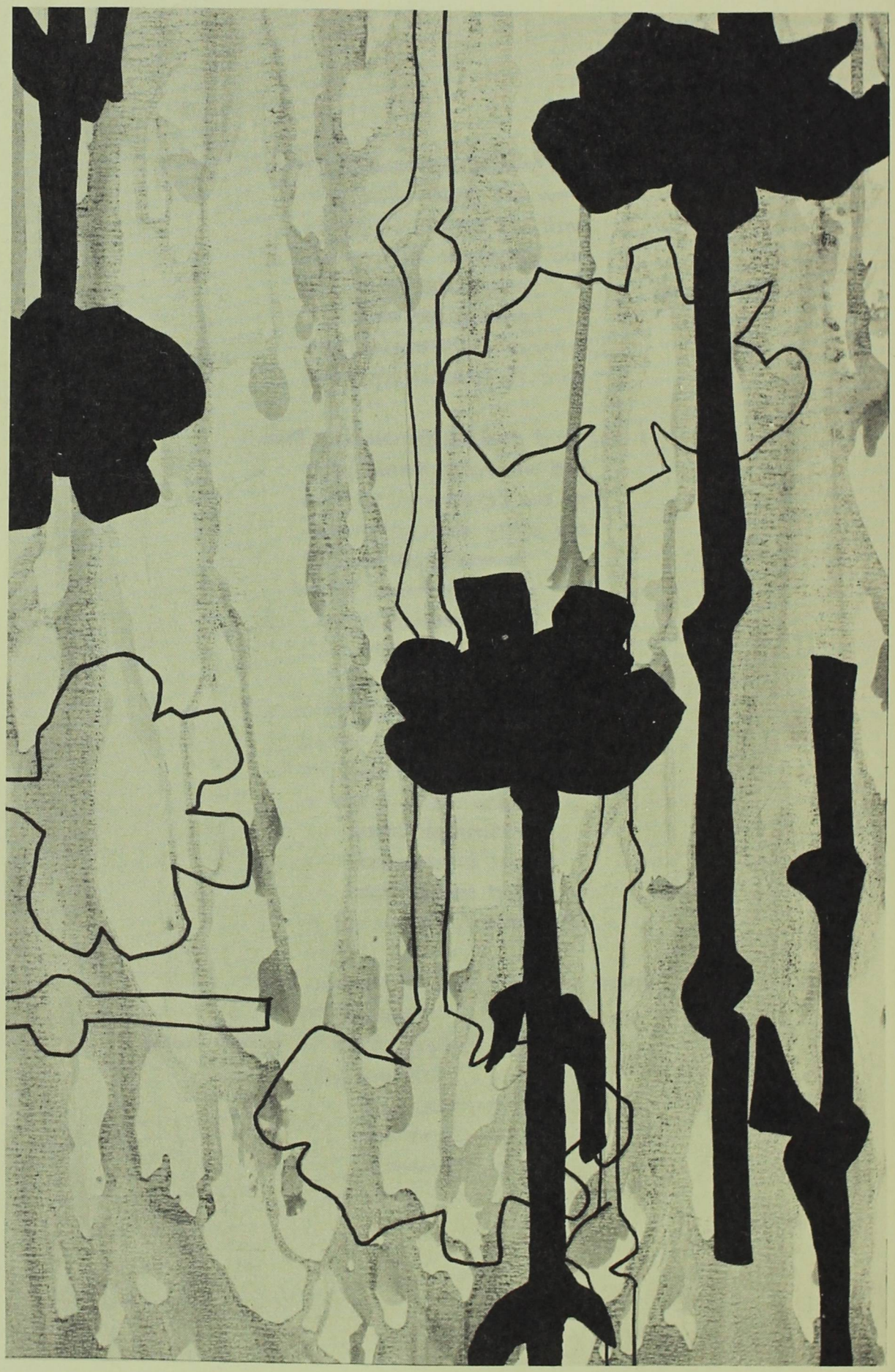
There are streaks and scratches sound
of skeletons
of once perched leaves
lithe and full
that puff and roll
and brush my feet
reminding me
I am next.

I sift the wetted leaves and grass
blow the chill
with my breath
and grind my lips
across the frost
and frozen earth
to share my warmth
With the dead.

I sink and huddle the blanket dew
and show my palms
to the clouds
the putty sky
to scream at mirrors
with froth and blood
oh reflections stop!
But not life.

I am lying very still
oh very still
to mimic death
to imagine me
a formless blank
but it's beyond
and sitting upon
My plastic tomb.

Hikaru Kerns



someone bit
an uneven section
from the moon's
face tonight
and foaming from that
wound on its
white chinsled
skull,
is thick scented darkness.

in velvet billows,
in soft waves,
this night takes me
and folds me away
in some long forgotten
closet.

Dennis Bosley

Editors

Art Editor: **Kathy Judy**

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The thoughts herein are just that: they are thought created on a feeling, a reaction, time suspended but not really, because no longer lost in it, one ponders its aspectations. In creation of a poem, sculpture, paint, the content, sense, form, structure constructs the emotive quality which renders art more than a commentary but too a recreation of the thing that stimulated that commentary.

The Editors

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