

JOHANNA FREEDMAN - POETIC RAGMENTS

A

I

~~Prayer~~

God bless this mis-happen fish;
And warn his foster brother
Not to be so wild.
Amen.

(Barbados - 1957?)

II

LOVE

Love is
entwined ^{with}
with all of its
~~its~~ kind.

~~Part I - LOVE~~

~~page 3~~

~~name: Love~~

~~1959~~

1959

1960

Love Travels That Way

Into the deepest pits of hate,
Love travels that way.

Beneath the granite of despair,
Love travels that way.

For where sorrow is plentiful
And signs of friendship fray,
Then let the light shine through --
For love will travel that way.

Part I - LOVE

page 4

name; Love Travels

That Way

1960

IN PROTEST OF EATING FISH

A Friday of bread can send men to bed.

And ^{victuals} ~~victuals~~, they taste like paper and paste..

It's only a gluten, could live on cold mutten..

I never could bear, bacon when rare;

But all are sweeter to see in a dish, by any

wise eater, than notheing but FISH!

1960

Friendship

After screeching at a friend we feel remorse, and then,
we think, our fighting ends.
Does it really halt when the "I'M sorry's" are said, or
does the friend steal in at night and bash you on the head?
It may not go that far, but does not the friend seem more
remote,
Less anxious to have you sailing in his boat?

*double
space*

Part I - LOVE

page 5

name: Friendship

1960

MY HEART'S L'NORE

I had lost my sweet L'nore,
And had left the oaken Door,
To begin my hopless wander,
To the hills that you see yonder.

No woman's hand did I accept,
But the one that I still kept,
And L'nore's voice I sometimes hear,
"Life is Love, and not to Fear."

no indent.

Hate blossoms like a flower.
First a bud, then growing larger,
It marries Love, 'neath Hell's bower.

no indent.

A conflict, a battle rage between the two.
Heaven and Hell they each pursue.
A perfect match, a perfect mate,
Yet within you rises a bridge of Hate.

~~Part I - LOVE~~

page 6

name: Hate

1960

ODE LOVER

Me oh! got to get away,
see the little in ith nice day
Ode Lover.

Long Head.
Heaving dat load, Long Head,
heaving Ode Lover.

Cap oh sap there's a gap GEE
whizz. My love
the food is scrumptious,
the people are bumptious, good-by.

Cap, oh sap ~~the~~
there's a gap, gee whizz.
my ^{GEE} love
the food is scrumptious
the people are bumptious, goodbye

~~Part IV - NONSENSE~~

~~page 10 11~~

name: Ode Lover

1956

BOOMERANG

Boom-a-rang rang rang rang
In a bang sang lang Boom-
a-rang it's love.

Sit on my stopp hey snoop
dang Pang "sang" Boom-
a-rang. In love

city my pity is rity,
Pang "sang" Boom-
a-rang!

" I see you far away in a day
like boom-
a-rang dang pang "sang"
Lady Boom-a-rang.

You and me in sueñas defroster Boom-
a-rang pang fang rang Jang "sang" BOOM-
A-RANG.

Part IV - NONSENSE

page 11

name: Boomerang

1957

The World

A modern Sonnet

1. The world is filled with the ungainly
and the ill.
2. The blind, the lame, and the malformed
3. But theirs is not the everlasting
sorrow which makes all crying still.
4. ~~The world is filled with the ungainly
and the ill. The blind, the lame, and the malformed
But theirs is not the everlasting sorrow which makes all crying still.~~
5. ~~Yet those who know the pain~~
6. These are those who seek destruction,
7. And to their sorrows nailed.
8. There may be help for those who
are disfigured in the body,
9. But none for those who are disfigured
in the soul.
10. Psychiatrists and doctors try to help
these people,
11. But do they ever reach their goal?
12. The soul is a mystery, it hasn't been
solved
13. There is yet no way to cure
the insane,
14. To get away from those staring
faces, blank, ^{and} but not humane.

The sun, with a multitude of warming fingers, draws
out my very soul from within me.

The rain wets my body with a shower of
joyous tears.

The winds blows soft puffs of air in my
face.

The sea beats a challenge into my browed
body.

The very heart of the earth throbs ~~with~~
~~resounding glances~~

And I am happy, and am gladdened;
~~For they are alive.~~ For they live
I exult;

~~For they live!~~ For they are alive

Johanna

Freeman

Happy, Happy Birthday!

If Love is Life;

Then I will live long;

For I shall always love you!

If Love is Frivolity;

Then I am Frivolous:

For loving you is my mission in life!

Live long! Love long!

Be (ssh; 40) happily,

For you're not in a fix!

Rejoice with this day

(Even though fire-works are

W, X!)

A Man of God

There was a man all old and worn,
Yet intelligence showed on his face.
And he carried a book tattered and torn,

The book of God he carried in his hand;
And the prayer book that he carried was in scorn
Of the King of Demons, the Devil.

The book was to this man God creator of all things,
God so just and level.
So this man walked on and on, he would walk unto the end.

This man was indestructible because he had already
passed.

His nature was cool.
He went to God real fast

For he understood the rule.

Happy Birthday, your 40th year,

Growing old is nothing to fear!

Feel merry, young, and gay,

Call out to the world, say,

"Joyous life, happy cheer,

and Love, we welcome here."

Lovingly


yo



LOVE



HAPPINESS



HEALTH

BESIDES THAT.

-Besides that-quoth my love,-besides that there are many things. The shoe maker. the candle maker. The apple picker. The garden man. All are things. But besides that, besides that, there are many other things a woman ~~needs~~ needs many things. A man is differant. All he needs is: a tie. Close. food. Wife. Yet with a woman it is differant. Besides that there is a time for birth. So yet, lieth the dead. Of all the differant things there are many others never thought of till late. Yet besides that, yes besides that there will be a time for you to give. A great thing. But I will say again, there are other things. But besides that, besides that- There his voice died away. Still I thought that there were other things beside that.

(1960)

15 - 14
Part V - OF THE CALENDER

pages 14 - 15 - 16

name: As Months Pass

1960

AS MONTHS PASS

In the jolly month of January,
I met my love in an estuary.
She was a beautiful thing to see,
And I loved her and she loved me.

In the cold of Febuary,
I loved my love extrordinary.
With a smile she always dated me,
And I was as happy as could be.

In the motherly month of March,
My love, she married me under the arch.
We went away on a honeymoon,
And I hoped we would not return too soon.

In the fragrant air of April,
My love and I, we went to Naples.
She saw the sights while I stayed in bed,
With an awful cold lodged in my head.

In the merry month of May,
My love and I came back to stay.
When the baby came, she named it Toddles,
And I filled all the baby bottles.

In the jovial, joyful June,
My love and I parted soon.
She went to England to visit a friend,
And I stayed home with my clothes to mend.

In the suspicious month of July,
I sent out a private eye.
Another man, I'm afraid to say,
Has stolen my love's heart quite away.

AS MONTHS PASS (CONTINUED)

In the celebrated August,
 I KNOW I am the baldest of baldest.
 My love wants to leave me, with reason,
 And "I am sure a divorce is in season.

In the sour month of September,
 I wish to God it was December.
 The divorce court gave its ~~and~~ decree today,
 And now I support both wife and child out of my pay.

In the odd October,
 I'm afraid I'm hardly sober.
 My love wants money to go to Europe,
 And I havn't enough dollars to buy my syrup.

In the chilly month November,
 as I watch^{ed} the fire embers,
 I thought of my beautiful, coniving wife,
 whose throat I would gladly slit with a knife.

In this dazzling month December,
 Many happy instances I remember.
 But take it from a veteran, ^{who's} ~~who's~~ seen alot of life,
 Marriage is a thing I wouldn't go through twice.

The Month May

The birds are singing in the trees
With a merry lot, the bumblebees!
All forest folk are out today
For this is the beginning of May!

There are children dancing on the green,
While others choose their Mayday Queen.
The forest folk join in with glee,
It becomes a regular jamboree!

~~Part V - OF THE CALENDAR~~

~~page 17~~

name: The Month May

1959

1959

Thanksgiving Day

Our Thanksgiving day
Is not the time to eat and play
But to fold our hands
And thank the Lord
For all our blessings
Safely stored.

~~Part V - OF THE CALENDER~~

~~page 18~~

name: Thanksgiving Day

1959

1959

Christmas

*no irregular
margin*

DD ← Softly ring~~x~~ the silver bells,
For Christmas time is near.
— And as you gather round the fire
Many a story you will hear.
One is about St. Nicholas,
— Another about St. Paul;
← But whoever the stories are about
You will enjoy them all.
Now I bid you a fair adieu,
— For it's time to say goodbye.
So drift off to the land of Nod
Without a worry, without a sigh.

Part V - OF THE CALENDER

page 19

name: Christmas

1959

1959

Morn

I love the faint dawn of morn.
It strikes me just as pretty,
You've never seen a nicer thing
And it makes you want to sing.

Do you know the lovely morn?
Whose life is light, and light
Is love, and love is quite
Like Heaven's light.

~~Part V - OF THE CALENDER~~

~~page 20~~

name: Morn

1959

Birthday M & D

Sweet Love
Sweet Boy
Sweet, Sweet
Little Boy.

1960

Sweet Love
Sweet Pearl.
Sweet, Sweet
Little Girl.

Night

XX
XX

"Mother, I'm scared of the dark!!

I want to see the sun shine, and go walking in the park.

Mother, chase the gloom away.

I want to see the morning, I want it to stay!"

"Why, child! Am I ashamed of you!

Don't you know that night is your dear friend too?

If there was no night, you wouldn't get your rest,

You'd forget about the blue jay with its proud blue crest!

And wait with anxiety for night to return,

For if ever night leaves us, this much you'll learn!"

"But mother--Night reaches out her hand and grabs in the day!

The moon turns out her green face and pushes the sun away.

That is cruel, don't you think?"

And the child gave a yawn and then a sleepy blink.

~~Part V - OF THE CALENDER~~

~~page 21~~

name:Night

1960

A

AMERICA

Land of the free
That is what we stand for.
That is what we should always be.
Freedom! To live and die for.

RUSSIA

Mother Russia, it was called.
Land of the mighty Czars.
Although to Communism she's been hauled,
It looks like she's headed straight for Mars.

ENGLAND

Land where the sun never sets,
It was called by all.

FRANCE

During the terror of her civil war
France beheaded her king.
Many passed through Death's door
Never again to feel it's sting.

GERMANY

Rome from it's peak the Huns hurled.
Demolished great works without qualms.
But Germany recompensed the world
With Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms.

HOLLAND

Land below the level of the sea,
With it's wooden shoes and dikes.
People there must pay a fee:
To guard their country with their life.

SPAIN

Before the Armada settled Spain's fate
Without a doubt she ruled the waters.
Now she sits and patiently waits
For wealth to bestow on sons and daughters.

SCANDINAVIAN COUNTRIES

Lands of the midnight sun.
Acres of green lumber,
Crystal waters that leave you numb.
It is here the past slumbers.

These little poems have been
composed

by

Johanna

Iris

Freedman

1960

Time

Time. | How do we count it? | In seconds, minutes, hours, |
days, months, or years? | Does not Time mean more to us |
than | hands going round a clock, | appointments being made, |
pages torn off a calendar, | or birthdays passing, | and |
children being born? | Time is Life and Death. | It is an |
age-old rhythm, | something that does not stop | for the |
benefit of others. | We cannot bring back | the years gone |
by, | the second just past, | or that "happy yesterday." |
We should value Time | as important as Life. | For they |
are | one and the same,

every 3 lines double space

*9/11
1/16*

~~Part V - OF THE CALENDER~~

~~page 24~~

name: Time

1960

AMERICA

At home the peaceful quiet reminds me of the day
when we first came to America
from a long way away.

Here is the love we cherish,
memories of the old are gone.
Never will we want, never will we need,
Time has nourished a blooming seed.

Peace and quiet now are ours,
we are happy, we are glad;
hate is gone,
friends can be had.

Oh days, remember America,
salute her in her glory.

Live on, America,
and repeated death ^{will} not be the story.

Johanna Freedman
October 29, 1960

The Day Awoke

It pushed through the blackened sky;
It shone upon the dark hills;
It mirrored itself in the murky waters;
It preformed steathly changes on the plant-life.

"It has come," one thing told another.
"It is what God promised," one substance conveyed this to the other.
"It was bound to come," moaned the waters.
"It will create new life," said the atmosphere.

Slowly it took possession of the earth.
It came, and then departed.
To all earthly creatures it became familiar.
It symbolized every living ~~thing~~ thing.

"Hush, it is our friend," the mother crooned to her child.
"Bliss," assented the dog.
"I see even the deepest pits," marveled the fish.
"Beautiful, beautiful," screeched the jay.

God looked down on his kingdom.
"Itx is good. It is day."

STARLIGHT OF THE HEAVENS

Twinking rays of shiny light
drift down to earth. A mist
surrounds them,

making starlight, soft and fine.

Starlight is made of tiny crystals
coming from their home the star.

Starlight is soft and gentle.

Immobilized, it shines upon us.

Its shade is that of love, much finer,
much softer than most.

Starlight brings peace from the
heavens, "peace unto all mankind."

1959

The River

Yon river is flowing.
On the water
Someone is rowing.

It swiftly flows.
Onward
It goes.

GENTLE

✓ A parable.

Who?

Anyone; anything.

A giant of amazing strength.

But gentle.

Who?

Anyone; anything.

Kindness, madness, and wrong[✓] believed to be right.

His name a ^esecret.

His character in veils of darkness[✓] and misery.

Loss of hope, and yet -- the entire[✓] world is at his feet.

All rise against him.

Now all fall before him.

He accomplishes but one thing: To[✓] be killed.

By his foes.

By his believers.

~~Nothing is changed.~~

~~Nothing will change.~~

~~It will go on, a monotonous rhythm,[✓] an everlasting beat.~~

Problem:

~~How to show great strength is[✓] gentle?: To be "right, kind, believing,"[✓] and be "strong with those things."~~

~~And yet with another ^{insane} killing they[✓] ^{were} are not freed.~~

~~They ^{are} were not freed.~~

~~We[✓] too will never be freed | from[✓] the monotonous beat of fear.~~

~~The story is not only of this[✓] nameless person | ~~ME~~ but of "Us, you,[✓] me, and everyone."~~

TO MY AUSTRIAN FAMILY
No Better Need
To Bloom The seed
Of Friendship Everywhere.
No Better Place
Of Human Race
Than My Austrian Family.
No Better Kind
Of Human Mind
Could Be Born In Them.
My Austrian Family,
My Austrian Friends.

HOW CAN I BELIEVE

How can I believe
That here beneath my hands
My child is dying?

To hear her happy chortle
You would not think it possible
That she is a doomed thing.
But if you delve into her deep secret eyes,
You will discover the end
Of something which has not even begun.

She came with the spring,
But tomorrow she will be dead.
And everything will go on
As if she had never come at all

1960

7/10 Child

A child groveled in the street, moaning. | Its eyes
sunken. | Its cheeks skinless.

It was a young thing, | but the hand | of age had pinched |
and shriveled her.

One small claw-like hand reached upward, | as if vainly
searching for hope.

Just then a young couple chanced upon her.

"Why faith," exclaimed the damsel, | "what is it?"

"A beggar," quoth her escort, | and they passed on.

THE LEPER

"Unclean, unclean!"

The cry goes from house to house, | town to town, city to city, | nation to nation, | and ~~at~~ those who cry it must | forever bear it's shame.

They must leap through the world, | for even the dying ~~step~~ ~~on~~ crawl out of their way.

The hair on the body and head is turned white, | as on an aging person.

The skin becomes dry and breaks open.

Their voices shrill high in the expectancy of dying.

Their bodies are covered with sores.

Their nerves are dead, they cannot feel.

"How," you ask, "do you know these horrors!?"

"It has been my experience," I say, | "for I am a leper.

THE SURFER

XX
012345678901234567890123456789012345

(MEASURED COPY. 35 character line)

1 2 3
12345678901234567890123456789012345

The sun, with a multitude of warm-
ing fingers, draws ← *one line word one 2nd line*
Out my very soul from within me.
The rain wets my body with a shower
of joyous tears.
The wind blows soft puffs of air in
my face.
The sea beats a challenge into my
browned body.
The very heart of earth throbs.
And I am happy, and am gladdened.
For they live.
I exult;
For they are alive!

Grisly Tim~~ex~~

My name is Grisly Tim,
I'm not as sweet as honey.
And the only thing more important than money
(To me at least)
Is more money!

I'm sly and I'm nasty
Yet I'm polished and I'm slick
And if the coppers caught me
They'd pop me in jail real quick.

I rob the poor and give to the rich,
I'm not a Robin Hood.
I'd do anything for money
~~kill~~ ^{Rob} the King, if I could.

The Ballad of the Courtroom

Bill entered the court with a worried face,
He moved very quickly at a rapid rate.
Said the judge, "You're charged with murder.
Do you plead guilty to the killing of that herder?"

"I'm accussing Bill, the defendant!"
Screamed the overwrought attendant.
"Thank you," said the prosecutor,
"Now I'll call Mr. Jones, the tutor."

"Guilty! Guilty!" cried the jury.
"Wait!" said Bill. "What's the hurry?"
"I sentence you," bellowed the judge,
"For killing a guy with poisoned fudge."

Out of the courtroom strode the defendant,
No longer free or independent.
An execution was his fate;
It wouldn't have happened if he'd gone straight.



The Flying King

Once there was a King

Who thought he could have anything

One day he said he wanted to fly

Out of the window, into the sky.

King Peramund, King Peramund

Vain as a bubble,

Be watchful and careful or you'll land in
Trouble.

He sent out a notice offering a prize

To anyone who could teach him to sail

Through the skies.

King Peramund, King Peramund,

Vain as a bubble

OVER →

Be watchfull and careful or you'll land in
Trouble.

And there was a great reward
Giving him anything or making him a lord.
King Peramund, King Peramund,
Vain as a bubble,

Be watchful and careful or you'll land in
Trouble.

An enchantriss came by and made him a
Sak,
and ever since then its been a queer tale.
"Fly in the sky," the enchantriss said, "But
Your daughter shall the goblin wed.

King Peramund, King Peramund,
Vain as a bubble,
Be watchful and careful or you'll land in
Trouble.

He flew and he flew till he begged to
Stop,

and down he went with an enormous
Flop,

His daughter was gone,
No need to mourn,
Because, you see,
She'd never been born.

The Flying King

Once there was a king,
Who thought he could have anything.
One day he said he wanted to fly -
Out of the window, into the sky!

King Perimund, King Perimund

Vain as a bubble!

Be watchful and careful or you'll

Land in trouble!

He sent out a notice,

Offering a prize

To anyone who could teach him

To sail **through** the skies.

King Perimund, King Perimund

Vain as a bubble!

Be watchful and careful or you'll

Land in trouble!

And there was a great reward

Giving him anything or

Making him a Lord!

King Perimund, King Perimund

Vain as a bubble!

Be watchful and careful or you'll

Land in trouble!

The Flying King (continued)

An enchantress came by and made him a sale,
And ever since then it's been a queer tale.

"Fly in the sky," the enchantress said,

"But your daughter shall the goblin wed!"

King Perimund, King Perimund

Vain as a ~~rain~~ bubble!

Be watchful and careful, or you'll

Land in trouble!

He flew and he flew till he begged to stop.

And down he went with an enormous flop!

His daughter was gone, no need to mourn

Because, you see, she'd never been born!

King Perimund, King Perimund

Vain as a bubble!

Be watchful and careful or you'll

Land in trouble!

A CALL TO THE POETS

no margin
Poets young,
Poets old,
Poets of all the world!
Listen to what I have to say.
Listen while I tell you of a grand young poet,
Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Her soul flung out into all her words
Love, Passion, and Hate.
Her verses go on for hundreds of years
Entwining these words with Fate.

In moments of love and moments of care,
Her work her outlet,
Rest her despair.

Opening a new world for thousands of eyes,
Her poetry continues, it never dies.

1960

For Frances

All the wreaths of summer,
All the flow'rs of spring,
All the streaming rivulets
May you its blessings bring.

For where children dance,
And children play
All the happy, joyful day,
You are always blithe,
You are always sweet,
Showing where children and grown-ups meet.

The Graveyard of Children

"Tag!" the shout
Tramp! the feet
All play, all run
Down a lonesome street.

"You!" the cry

The Graveyard of Children(continued)

34

"Me!" the yell
They dash, they scamper
Down into Hell.

"Dark!" the wail
Fright! the sob
To scurry, to race
The ghostly mob.

Soft! the silence
"Sh!" the lull
So patter, so pass
The faraway soul.

LONELINESS

You want to be dead before you die,

You want the sun to turn to rain,

Or your heart to freeze

So you may not feel its ache.

People swarm around

But you are desolate.

An impassible barrier separates you.

Loneliness.

It tears you apart,

Making you a stranger to yourself.

Loneliness.

It is an ache of emptiness.

You cannot do what others do

You cannot feel what others feel;

All your life

You will be singled out

You are the exception to the rule

You are the individual

1961

The Good Man

Is the good man the man who kills his neighbor?

He is better than the man who does so in his mind.

Is the good man the man who defies God openly?

He is better than the man who goes to church every morning

Because he has done so all his life.

Is the good man the man who scorns his parentage?

He is better than the man who is secretly ashamed of his family.

Is the good man the man who picks his friends to his own taste?

He is better than the man who likes people because his aunt does.

The good man is not a ~~perfect~~ human being

But he is better than the man who thinks he is.

1959

Silence

Silence is an intellectual thing,
A feeling in the atmosphere,
A quiet in the depths.

Most people fear it.
Others choose to scorn it.

But where did Shalley write his poems?

On a noisy village green?
No, in the silence of a forest
Or in a mountain glade.

Beethoven was deaf,
But what sounds he did make!

We can play them in an orchestra
Or by a rumbling stream.

Could he hear?
No.

Silence was around him.
Silence. Silence.

WHERE IS HUMANITY?

Who knows what it is to be called^v only ordinary
When one close relation sits doing^v wonders?~~mm~~

To cry silently as each wonder is^v complete,
To struggle harder every time.

He sits grandly smiling
Offering a small favor or two.

He is King, he is God, or whatever^v he pleases.
He rules others with a commanding^v hand

And they must bow before him.
Each life has its burden,

Mine is this:
To grow up with genius beside me.

THE FLAME

How will the flame rise?

In Blackness curl?

Send forth glowing sparks

In the deep of a night entranced

When there is no fire or warmth

In the heart of man?

9
DEATH AND BIRTH

How Dark the gloomy hours of Death
to all those who lie dying.

When the night has not a breath,
You hear some poor woman crying.

The Trees, usually green, are now Black and Dark.
The world has come to an end -- but Hark!
The Sun, usually shining, has not yet come,
but some proud mother has borne a son.

As Death and Birth were Born,
this earth came a Hell, miserable and forlorn.
Two so equally different,
two so equally apart,
Death has a heart made in Hell,

(CONTINUED)

Johanna Freedman

POEMS - 1959

p. 2.

DEATH AND BIRTH (Continued)

Birth had one that no one can tell
where it came from or the "who knows why",
And people go and people die.

A MISERABLE SAYING

God, how awful is this dismal world,
All fate proclaimed by forces damned,
And the markets open at 9:00 a.m.

Nov. 10, 1960

1960

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ What is Man that Thou art mindful of him?

In the glow of triumph,
In the victory of success,
You remember whom you are.
Murderer, swindler, mad!
Inventor of insane tortures,
Mother of the half-witted,
Born to agonies,
Buried beneath a weight of golden dreams,
Gloating over the bomb, the rocket, the color TV;
(CONTINUED)

H

~~XXXX~~ 10.

1960

Man (CONTINUED)

~~XXXXXX~~ And having change the earth to a
Smog filled, brow-beaten, terrorized land,
You laugh -- defying it all.

"What is man, that Thou art mindful of him?"
Man is man.

~~OUR THANKSGIVING DAY~~

~~Our Thanksgiving Day
Is not the time to eat and play~~

~~But to fold our hands and thank the Lord
For all our blessings safely stored.~~

WE ARE NOT CONCERNED

"I am hungry,"
shivered a child,
and there was no food
to fill his stomach
and no clothes
to warm his body.

So he died
because he had
nothing.

We never starve.
We never freeze.
Yet we kill
and war.
We scorn Jews,
fear Russians,
despise Europeans.

We are not concerned
when they die.
And when their children
are bombed,
we pin on medals.

For those who have died because they
could not live

to see
those
and
proof

to you that you
done right,

here is
of my
statement
For this is
one of those
who lived because
she could not
die.



~~FOR THE~~
A PLEA ~~FOR THE~~
HUMAN RACE
Go Freedman 1961

The

Scribbler

1961

DEDICATED

- To all those with a need to create,
the will to write, and the courage
to submit their manuscripts
- to all those half-human, over-worked
typewriters, without whom this magazine
would never have been possible
- to Mrs. Fowler, expert, last-minute
typist, par excellence
- to our contest judges, Mr. Jolly, Mrs. Dagley,
Miss Edmiston, Mrs. Hoy, and Mr. Johnson.
- and above all, to Mr. Trogman, our
patient printer.

The

Scribbler

Magazine

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IN PRAISE OF CONTESTS

REPORT CARD DAY

I got an F U U in English
And a D U U in Math.
My mother dropped the bedspread
And whirled on me in wrath.
"But, Mother," I began,
While turning slightly pale,
"The teachers are so strict.
I couldn't help but fail.
I don't know how it happened,
I always work so hard."
And throwing down my homework,
I went to play in the yard.

THE DAY AWOKE

It pushed through the blackened sky;
It shone upon the dark hills;
It mirrored itself in the murky waters;
It performed stealthy changes on the plant-life.

"It has come," one thing told another.
"It is what God promised," one substance
conveyed to the other.
"It was bound to come," moaned the waters.
"It will create new life," said the atmosphere.

Slowly it took possession of the earth.
It came, and then departed.
To all earthly creatures it became familiar.
It symbolized every living thing.

"Hush, it is our friend," the mother crooned to her child.
"Bliss," assented the dog.
"I see even the deepest pits," marveled the fish.
"Beautiful, beautiful," screeched the jay.

God looked down on his kingdom.
"It is good. It is day."

—*Johanna Freedman, A7*

OUR GARDEN

Sometimes I look outside to see
The roses on our lilac tree,
The lilies on our climbing vine,
And carnations on a piece of twine.
But if, in turning, one is willing
To look on the other side, it is thrilling
To see the perfect roses red
And tulips in a concrete bed.
One sees spring violets, pansies and more
Growing around a Christmas decor.
And if you think this should confound,
Wait 'til you see
On a ficus tree
Orchids blooming all year 'round.
This flowering garden so fantastic
Is there because the blooms are plastic.

—*Bill Schaefer, B7*

CREDO

I BELIEVE: in the atom bomb and destruction of human lives, in the annihilation of a race, and the wreckage of centuries of toil and effort.

I BELIEVE: that the end justifies the means, even if the end is the final end, and the means irrevelant, that a man can lust for power and satisfy his desire at the expense of a world.

I BELIEVE: that we are excused for making the third planet from the sun extinct of all life form, if such becomes necessary; to leave this planet nothing but a sphere of poison, hate, and Cesium 90.

I BELIEVE, I BELIEVE, I BELIEVE!!!

ONE OR MORE OF THE ABOVE STATEMENTS IS TO BE SIGNED AS ONE OF THE MAIN REQUIREMENTS UPON ENTERING AN OFFICE OF POWER IN ANY GOVERNMENT

furthermore, all positions of minor authority in a government are to be supervised by the heads of the said government, keeping the above CREDO in mind at all times.

Of The Soil

The reaper laid down his scythe on the
Crop he had harvested.

He rubbed his calloused, sweaty palms
Together with hard earned satisfaction.
For here before him lay clothes for his
Children, food for his house, and maybe
A little left over for the tavern.

All this was his, which he had reaped
With his own hands.

And he planned how he would
Barter with the other farmers
So as to get the most value out
Of every stalk of wheat.

He sighed with contentment.
He had all a man could want.
And it came from the earth.

My Teacher

To Miss Geraldine Miller

There are high mountains, tall against white clouds;
There is deep green grass that bends in a gentle breeze;
There are picturesque towns, doll-like and quaint;
But most beautiful of all, there is blue, swirling
Water, clear and bottomless.

I t is strange [#] that in such a place as this,
she could die;
Close to high mountains,

Near the deep green of grass,
At the bottom of bottomless water.

We who knew her [#] grieve over her and shed

33

My Teacher(continued)

Our clear blue tears.

We remember her.

But she lies quietly at rest in the swirling
Water, clear and blue and bottomless.

Plea to Buonarroti

Michelangelo, Michelangelo,

Why did you break your back

And waste your time,

To make a poor shepherd immortal,

And a singer of psalms everlasting?

Michelangelo, Michelangelo,

Why did you make a cold, stone David

And create a man

Who was just a man,

No god, no immortal, no King
of Paradise?

all one line last line

The People

By Johanna Freedman

In a hovel not fit for a dog,
 Unless ~~it's~~ master wanted to try ~~it's~~ endurance,
 But suited only for rats and bugs,
 Lived the woman and her family.

She was large-boned and gaunt,
 With forlorn hair hanging miserably about her face.
 There was no expression in ~~her~~ features,
 But the entire ~~surrondings~~ promoted hopelessness.

In her hand she held a wooden spoon,
 And with this she stirred grass and mud and ~~sixx~~ water,
 In a horrible concoction over a waning fire,
 That sputtered and turned to coals.

The man of this family was out,
 Digging for scraps in the garbage.
 The woman did not hope that he would find anything,
 For he was lazy and had gone on his errand late.

There was another member in this group,
 The offspring of the unhappy parents.
 A girlchild with eyes too large
 And a quality ~~about~~ of a hundred years past.

A shaggy, brutish man opened the flap of the hut,
 And entered with a step sluggish and ~~heartless~~ ^{SLOTHFUL}.
 He threw into the pot a fish head, moulded with age
 Then sat down to wait for ^{his} the meal.

The woman sat for a while longer

2

Stirring in a silence that would not break,
 Until the meal began to burn,
~~So she said, "It is ready."~~
 And all fell to, with a ~~XXXXX~~ savageness of wild beasts.

X
 After the meal was over,
 They Sat down hating ^{ONE ANOTHER} ~~each other~~,
 With their knees crossed and their hands in their laps
 Staring at each other and not saying anything.

II

The squire was considered by his friends
 A jovial, fun-loving man,
 Who above all ^{ENJOYED} ~~loved~~ a well planned gathering,
 Where all met in great festivity.

It was such a party as this,
 That he was planning for the following Sunday.
 When after church they would need a bit of cheer,
 And gladly stop in for a bowl of punch.

AND

The squire's lands were many in number,
~~The squire~~ ^{he} took great pride in them.
 And often with a blissful joy,
 He would ride through~~x~~ them in the chase.

He kept his acreage spotless,
 The trees well groomed,
 The streams clear of excess fish,
 His woods kept clean of the unnecessary.

For his party the following Sunday,

4

The three stared at him,
 But said not a word.
 It was as though they did not hear him,
 And were in his presence only in body.

"Do you get my meaning?"
 Questioned Underly looking hopefully at their blank faces,
 Which registered nothing,
 And he got no reply.

"You must leave this place."
 Cried Underly, angrily gesturing towards the still figures.
 But they did not move,
 And only looked sleepily at him.

"You must go at once!"
 Shouted the distraught Underly, glancing in terror about him.
 And the faces of those three were so passionately compelling,
 That Underly did, with a shriek, flee from the forest.

IV-

The squire waited in vain for Underly's return,
 And thought him of dishonest nature to so suddenly desert.
 But the squire was in a gay mood,
 And decided to carry out his Sunday party as planned.

The Sunday sermon was more dismal than usual,
 And the squire's guests were more than glad,
 To stop by for delicious refreshment, and witty talk,
 And for the promise of going falconing on the squire's vast lands.

5

The ladies retired ^{to} the the sitting room,
 The men brought their ~~fix~~ falcons out, ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~.
 And leaped upon their mares,
 Eager to begin the exciting ~~XXXX~~ chase.
 Hard and wearing was the chase;
 Many times the falcons soared, and came down without their prey.
 The men were discouraged and vexed,
 Better that they had stayed at home than so tire themselves for naught.
 Till, at length, the falconers came upon,
 A deep, unknown glade, overshadowed by thick trees.
 Near the border of the squire's land,
 Buried beneath branches and leaves, ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ they came upon a hovel.
 The squire, descending from his mount,
 Called out, "You who dwell here, come into the open.
 For I be the owner of this land,
 And you have no standing with me."
 Deliberately, even ponderously,
 Came three strange, silent figures.
 Stand ng there they said nothing,
 But let the squire rage and storm, and still they uttered not a ^{word} sound.
 For a quarter ^e of an hour the squire shouted and stamped his feet,
 His guests had long ago left in discomfture.
~~But~~ ^{THEN} he slowly eased his talking and looked in amazement
 At the three, who had yet not spoken.
 And all four stood for some time, staring at each other.

6

The three experienced ~~no~~ disquietude,
 But the squire fidgeted and squirmed, for the misery ^{AGONY & SHAME} in their faces
~~was~~ Was of all the worlds, ~~and the squire screamed~~ and took flight.

The squire looked again at the three.

"It isn't my fault ^V that this is your condition.

Don't put the responsibility on my shoulders!"

The three said nothing and the squire screamed and took flight.

V

The three turned to one another.

The girl smiled a superior smile, but quickly stifled it.

Then without further ado,

The trio trudged up the path to the squire's mansion.

Epilogue

"I hear that the squire's home has new owners."

"Yes, and from what I hear they're the strong, silent type.

They ~~may~~ never say anything, even when you speak directly to them.

It really gives some people quite a turn."

X
29.

IRRELEVANT CHATTER RELATING TO SCHOOL

When you wake up in the morning
Don't you want to go back to sleep?

When your homework's just half finished
Does the bus give an impatient beep?

Do you have to take showers
on a cold and rainy day?

And though you studied for the
Math exam

It just didn't pay?

Does the portrait that you're painting
resemble Frankenstein?

Does the skirt you're making
look as bad as mine?

Have you forgotten your current events
two days in a row?

Have you been notified in English
That your grades are getting low?

Relax, don't be dismayed
So is everyone else

In the seventh grade.

~~Part III - SCHOOLDAYS~~

~~page 89~~

name: Irrelevant Chatter

By Johanna Freedman

1961

Report Card Day

I got an FUU in English
And a DUU in Math!
My mother dropped the beadsread
And turned on me in wrath.

"But mother," I began
While turning slightly pale,
"The teachers are so strict
I couldn't help but fail.

I don't know how it happened
I always work so hard."
And throwing down my homework
I went out to play in the yard.

~~Part III - SCHOOLDAYS~~

~~page 9 10~~

name:Report Card Day

1962

XX

ON ENTERING THE GALLERIA ACCADEMIA AT FIRENZE

We saw them.

There were seven.

~~Part II~~

The imprisoned bodies

~~ART IMPRESSIONS~~

writhing

~~page 7~~

tormented

pushing to be free.

1963

I felt I was in the

presence of Gods,

I tried not to talk to

the others

who kept telling me how powerful

the DAVID was.

But those figures,

~~they weren't genius or masterpiece~~

~~in the eyes of the world.~~ Those

squirming humans

so powerful

pulling

wrenching

They were alive and moving.

The DAVID was beautiful

and all.

But here was life and sorrow

Stone struggling to become man,

strength,

and also something intangible.

One figure had no head

but he was more human than I.

The sorrows of another were far past

human understanding.

The burdens they bore

were too heavy for mortal men.

Yet they were men,

remain Gods.

Stone,
but also flesh and blood.

They despaired and struggled
as no human could.

That stone
cut by a human
became more than human.

I felt like killing everyone in the room,
so that these Gods,
these stones,
would be left alone.

Their beauty is such
that no one realized it was there.
And my heart cried out to
smash the DAVID,
for what is a human
when you have seen Gods?

And those stupid fools
walked past paradise
walked past Gods
without hesitation til they reached
Beauty and Grace,
but stone and gold and dead ...

I don't know what more to say.
We walked through the museum
and saw lots of other pictures
and stuff like that,
but I don't feel like telling about it.
There's just no point.

Revelations of a Woman

Last night was a spring night
With shining bright moon.
And I snuggled in my car
With darling Patsy Boone.

With proper adoration
And rapture galore,
I said, "Patsy, how your eyes shine,
They fill me with amore."

Patsy flashed me a beautiful smile
Saying, "Since we're such good friends -
When you say my eye twinkles, it's not really my eye
But only my contact lense."

GA 6/24/28
Shocked, but never daunted
I told her once again,
"Still, they're such pretty eyes,
They always bewitch the men."

"Goodness, dear," said she, my love.
"Really you're so naive.
It's only thanks to Mabelline
That so many wives I bereave."

2.

But my longing, as yet undampened,
Suddenly filled me anew.
Stroking her face, I uttered these words,
"Surely this, this is only you."

"Helena Rubenstein's facial cream
Gives me a dreamy complexion.
Darling Henry, begin to realize
Alone, we have no perfection."

Continuing mercilessly, she cried,
"And my skin that you so much love.
It's creamy texture and unblemished glow -
I owe it all to Dove."

Tremblingly I whispered,
"I admire your beautiful nose
With its fine line and gently curve,
Its ancestor a Grecian pose - "

Patsy cruelly whispered back,
"Darling, you've got lots to learn.
If it wasn't for Dristan (which I took before you came)
I'd have covered you with germs."

3.

Fearing to say more,
 I pressed her lips to mine.
 But she squirmed away and I heard her say,
 "Here's another helpful line -

The shape of my lips isn't really my own,
 But Sandra Dee's painted in red.
 And it was Doublemint that saved my breath
 So you wouldn't have to turn your head.

And my teeth, my shining, white teeth.
 How nice, instead of yellow decay.
 It was Crest with 49% fewer cavities;
 Crest that showed me the way."

Frantically I tried to drown out her voice
 By pushing my fingers through her hair.
 But still her words came sweetly,
 Telling me without a care -

"Don't worry 'bout mussing my hairdo.
 Helene Curtis Spray Net holds it in place."
 And kindly malicious she lifted my chin
 And planted a kiss on my face.

4.

"Nor do I worry about odor:
Ice-blue Secret keeps me cool, calm, and dry.
Buck up, my darling, and blow your nose.
You know grown men don't cry.

Even my fingernails, darling,"
While patting me on the back.
"I eat Jello regularly
To keep them without a crack.

My legs are kept smooth with a wonderful cream.
It goes by the trade-name of Nair.
Wipe on, wipe off, it's as easy as that,
And bye-bye goes all your hair.

"And before you begin to caress me,
There's something you ought to know.
My padded bra and Playtex Living Girdle
Give me that little extra go!"

This last was too much for me.
With a scream, I jumped out of the car.
On fear driven legs I galloped and galloped
Into the nearest bar.

5.

By now I've recovered my composure,
But I'll never be the same.
Whenever I'll see a woman,
I'll think again and again -

"Jello and Nair and Mabelline
Doublemint and Playtex too.
A woman is no more than all of these,
Stuck together with Wilhold glue."

POETRY continued
Work Sheet 5
pg. 14a

IV. A SONG IN THE NIGHT (continued)

Kiracoo, cockadoodledoo howled a rooster
And his cry came at midnight.
Hush, hush, crooned a green-faced Moon
And it was a song in the night.

Whistle, whistle, called the wind
And his lips were puckered.
Crackle, snap! answered the fall leaves
And their backs were broken.
Shuffle, shuffle went the step of man
And it was a song in the night.

*Well done. I find
myself wincing
with them.*

V. A MAN ON THE BEACH

His old face tells a story true
With skin of ancient hides.
The creases, cracks, and avenues
Show life among the tides.

To him remains but one small boat
With barnacled, worn deck.
His nets are torn from too much use.
His sails are all a wreck.

He sits all day upon the shore
And muses on his life.
He cleans his dentures with a pick;
His fingers with a knife.

His meals are few and far between.
His mind is dull and slow.
He does odd jobs around the town
And watches gulls swoop low.

Yet once this man was young and strong;
He sailed with mighty crew.
His arms were muscled, long, and brown;
His eyes were clear and blue.

POETRY continued
Work Sheet 5
pg. 14b

V. A MAN ON THE BEACH continued

He climbed the riggings carelessly;
Saw ninety miles away.
His voice was like a young bull's shout;
He lived from day to day.

The world has left him far behind,
This tired man of the sea.
He can but sit and stare with eyes
That now can hardly see.

The old man was a sailor once;
His life, it soon will cease.
Where once he climbed the masthead high
He squats and watches fleece.

Good. ^{seem like a}
painting than a poem - but
the 2 forms interlock,
don't they?