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THE JASON

Cat. 12-10-66

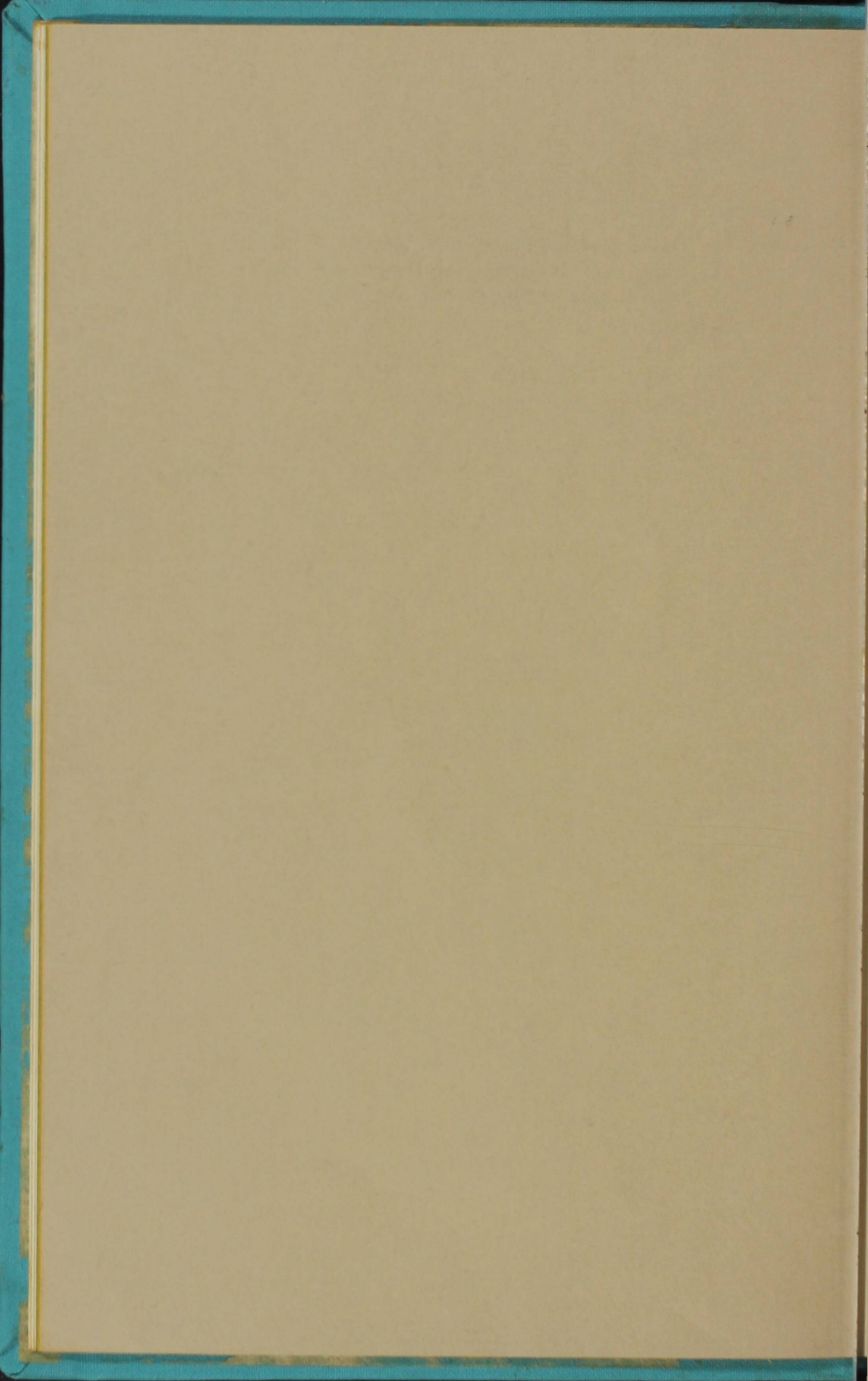
JASON:

in the metaphorical sense, the seeker after truth,
the creative individual in quest of his inheritance,
his portion of subjectivity and conscience upon
which, like a sailor, he takes ship. Any truth that
it is possible to believe in is the golden fleece
and the voyage is always on uncharted seas: strange
shores beckon forever into time and distance where
silence is yet unsung.

Carl Hall

FOR:

Dr. Daniel Schulze, Professor of German, from
the students of Willamette University for these
thirty five years of voyages together after the
golden fleece.



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SONNETS FOR A BLIND CHILD

How can I help you see transparency
As in a bubble sliding roundly down
The stillness of the gloom, encased in icy,
Unmelting colors, filled with spinning sound
Which grows into a symphony? The cat you rub;
The dew you drink; encompassing the still
Cold night is blackness like the brandished club
That swings above your head unknown, unseen.
A bubble's neither hue nor tune; it lives
By spinning daydreams; softly it can lean
On air and, swooping, suddenly it dives.
But now to tell you what I deem the worst:
The moment felt, already it has burst.

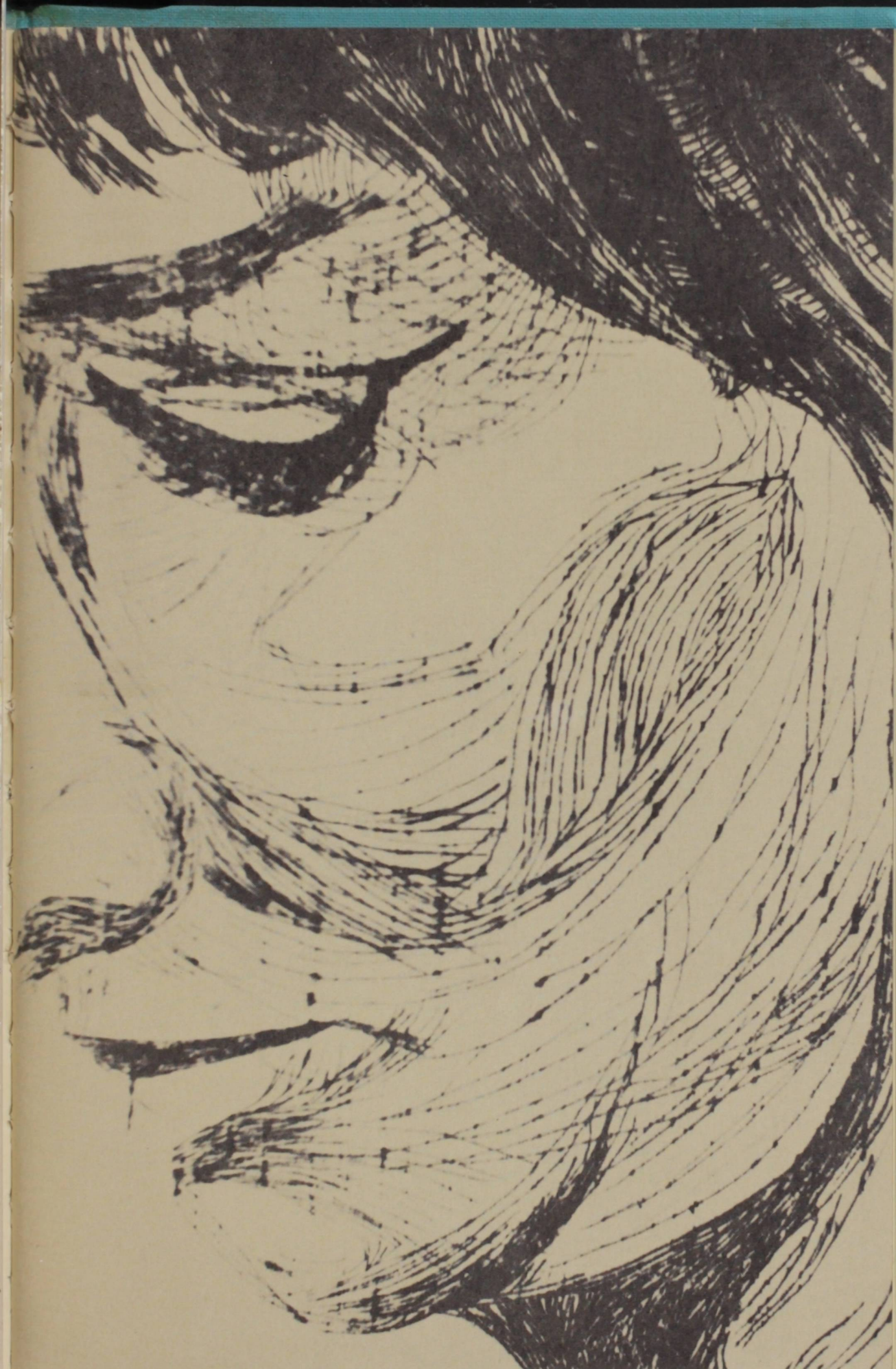
Kate Weight

First Prize

Willamette University Writing Contest

The clash of cymbals painted in my head
A feeling harsh as biting winter air.
With drums a drowsy dream was filled with dread
As frightening footsteps formed upon the stair.
I also heard the touch of soft warm tears,
The sliding silk of milk upon my throat,
And tinkling laughter ringing in my ears
Like water splashing underneath a boat.
The bold brisk breeze that rustles leaves in trees
I know are there, this too I heard them play.
I thought I saw—but this just couldn't be—
The black of night turn into light of day.
I think he wrote this symphony for me!
Because he knew the things the blind can see.

Kate Weight







"Sunflowers 2" watercolor by Candy Coffelt

PORTRAIT

Mother of mine,
Why must we contend here
Upon our darkened stage
Like alley cats confronted
On a moon-blackened fence?
Your night streets and my vigils
Have made us strangers out of time.
From a far and distant window
I've seen you walking . . .
But it was I who came back
 To the deserted apartment,
 To the cluttered sinks,
 To the stale flowers,
 To the woman across the hall . . .
It was I who walked from room to room
And buried the dead goldfish
And listened to the sounds
Of Orpheus ascending.
It was I who sat on the back porch
Alone
Watching the hills and the sun
In the hotness of late spring
Waiting . . .
Waiting for you to tell you
 About my strawberry soda,
 About snowflakes melting on my face,
 About my visions of Gerald.
(I even waited for you
To hear my valedictory address.)
.
Why your lateness, Mother of mine?
The apartment has been cleaned,
The graduation exercises are over,
And the young girls on the sidewalk below
Have stopped their silly talk.
.
Listen to me, Mother of mine,
When I tell you that
Love is more than

Tomato juice and eggs in the morning
And a checkered dress
To wear down a
Lonely
Street.
Am I to reach you
 In a Christmas department store?
 In a Chicago bus terminal?
 In a Charles Dickens novel?

.
How will our meeting be—then—?
Please let it be in
Night and silence
When sleep has taken the earth.
Let it be after the boys in the streets
Have written on the walls;
Let it be after the cocktail parties
And the dancing lessons
And the unread magazines;
Let it be after the vegetables
Have withered and died
And the world is left to time.

.
But even—then—
During that moment out of time
When a child gives up his toys
To watch the sun—
Yes—even then—
I have doubts
About seeing you
Somewhere at sea
Or high on a hill
Waiting for me with outstretched arms
Like a loving earth
Watching her encircling dove,
Assuring her
Of a safe place to land.

Ron Stewart
Second Prize
Willamette University Writing Contest

BACKSLIDE

Before optimism was made illegal
I harbored my share of minor hopes,
aspirations, dreams—youthful fancies,
but then they taught me of doubt and despair
and with grim anticipation to accept
22% fewer illusions
(Fundamentals of Disbelief 209.)
But sometimes—in disgusting relapses
of natural weakness or naivete,
awakened from sleep in the night's quiet,
I still catch myself slightly smiling.

Carolyn Moore

TO MRS. TRENT, IN SPRINGTIME

Old woman,
you won't leave the ground
alone
long enough for them to bury you.
They are waiting
while your hoe digs deep down
to loose the hold on
daffodils and iris.
What is it that draws
you out each year
to mingle with the soil?
What love makes those
spotted old hands
fondle the flowers
and put down cabbage
in the dry red earth?

In the fall I see you
pushing that splintered gray wheelbarrow
heavy with bulbs
selecting where these daffodils
and those daffodils will stand.
You love daffodils don't you,
old woman?
I know, for you put down
row upon row
until you have a bowing
field of humble yellowness.
In spring when they
gossip with the breeze,
it comes and taps gently
on my nose,
I want to go lie
between
the rows and speak to them.
But they are yours.

Old woman,

I think I know,
brown dirt fills your bones.
The day is close when
you
shall be put
down in the soil
with the worms.

And you
shall
sprout
flowers.

Joanne Koch
Honorable Mention
Willamette University Writing Contest

PRIMARY NOON REVISITED

One summer afternoon—
The days turned back to back
 were stacked
In rows against the walls like chairs—
I forgot the count—
The leafy sameness of each day in shade—
And dropped the afternoon behind the chairs,
It rattled yellow-fragmented
And was scattered on the floor.

I turned from this—
The stillness of the shattered yellow glass—
With quickened breath,
And hurried to the attic door.
Inside this clockless room
The smiles of a now-grown child
Are trapped inside
The hollowed head of a dusty doll
Like spiders in a glassy jar.
They scream—a silent spider's scream—
Caught in the unseen web of a dead doll's head
In the blue-mirror stare of this ageless doll
I saw myself placed on a shelf
Against the attic wall—
With cold-cheeked stare,
The spiders loose inside my mind . . .

God save me from the changeless hands
Of a changeless clock.
The scattered afternoon is now the starry night.

Mike Hood

SNOW WALLS

Here in the snow
Left for a night
Are the white,
The snow packed walls
Of a little boy's troy.
Silent Ilium where snow sounds
Cover war cries of another age—
No brazen shields
No blood soaked fields
Only water, snow, and mud.
On the morrow
The sun will change this play,
And melting walls will wash away
The unknown footprints in the mud.

Mike Hood
Honorable Mention
Willamette University Writing Contest

Into the silence of the bank
Came the firm voice
Of an individual:

Flowered hat
Cotton stockings
Buttoned brown tweed coat.

When her demand had been met
By a representative of the institution
She nodded briskly:

"You do that right, you know? In all those other
banks they don't make piles. They just count,
so fast a body can hardly understand.
And they make mistakes. You tellers can make mistakes,
you know. You're only human."

She gathered the last bill into her purse.

"But you—*you* do it right. I like that. This is
a good bank!"

Her purse snapped shut and she bobbed toward the
glass doors,

As the teller smiled hesitantly and shrugged:

"She withdrew her account."

Carol Schmidt

The clouds mobilized forces,
Whispering, plotting behind the western ridge.
When all new maneuvers were carefully outlined,
The grey army, weighted with weapons
And leaving a security detachment to guard the
western front,
Split into two flanks,
Each stealthily taking one side of the valley.
After completing this first advance
The troops flew high into the air,
Proud of their initial success,
Then confidently completed their mission by swooping
down to cover the valley.
The valley's inhabitants, although taken off their
guard,
And being without any artillery with which to combat
this army,
Refused to surrender
And prepared for the bombardment of pellets.
But the grey army suddenly tired of easy victory
and relented.
Under new orders it protected the valley during the
night,
Retreating next morning with wispy farewell smiles
To expose its General
The Sun.

Carol Schmidt

THE MILL

Early morning.
Beside the pit, clothed in fog,
two men working,
raking coals.

Yesterday's scrapwood now ashes,
the yard-fire still smoldering.

Ken Swanson

THE RETURN TO THE LAKE

Dockside: gasoline rainbows, floating still.

Once the boat,

like an insane fly,
cut circles on a mirror,
leaving a trail of white, in an instant

gone.

And you, gracefully standing,
knee-deep, alone.

The golden limbs,

a touch of thigh,
long flowing hair,
whispered a sigh.

Remnants of a dream, silently collected.

Indifferent patchwork,

so much like
the worn cobblestone walk to home.

Ken Swanson

Time came lazily,
Donkey-carted down the road
When all things were as:
The rabbit comes
Out of the hole,
Around the tree
And Gods there were
Like Thunder fast as war.
It held, would not slip.
Eons would see it work,
Kingmakers would have it
Stamped on foreheads
Like corrugated Maltese crosses.
The malaise is there though,
It holds, will not slip.

Bob Monson
Honorable Mention
Willamette University Writing Contest

PARTIAL SONG

All the days did I,
With banners and pennants singing my name
To field and quay and loft,
Sip of the poppy air
And lay down the moment
To strew my pleasures on the brow of waking day.
And grandly in her grace
I beckoned the sun
Round the stillness in the day's womb
And stencil my voice on the vagrant wind.

On down the sun-filled valleys
Grasses flowed to my feet
And, nodding the flowers to blossom,
I basked in the sun-flowered warmth
As Bible-white birds
Glided in heaven unscorned.

There, where beauty honey suckled,
Slender-armed maidens danced in the meadows
By the pooled sky and carried me high
To the vine-thatched arbor
In the quietly deifying dusk
For the feast and the romp in the night.

Again to stroll forth with dawn
Sketching the facade on the stillborn shroud
Of all the daily days when I,
With the roar of mountains falling,
Died my life away.

Bob Monson

HIGHWAYS

Ribbons of concrete,
Stretched between
Prejudiced
Pockets
Of humanity.

People
Racing
To their
Predestined
Extinction.

Van Hicks

CITY BUS

Through a patchwork of noise
And confusion,
Its stately green, red, blue, or
Whatever,
Makes its way.

Steam-covered windows,
Bundles, packages,
Candy-faced children,
Folded newspapers,
Paperback novels,
Exhaustion

At Hyland and Market
A shapely blonde is
Told to watch her step.

How many circles around
And blocks to cover
Before a working mother
Descends to cook potatoes
For her children?

Ron Stewart

POETRY

For the young, poetry is a passion—
like love. Wordsworth said it.
And so it is. For when I am lonely
or afraid or just tired from too much world
I rest my head in the hollow of its strong shoulder
and am comforted.
I am not in love,
nor have I ever been.
But when the groping ache—the yearning—
is just too much
A little ink, dry for a hundred years
or freshly flowing from a halting pen,
can fill an emptiness
greater than night.

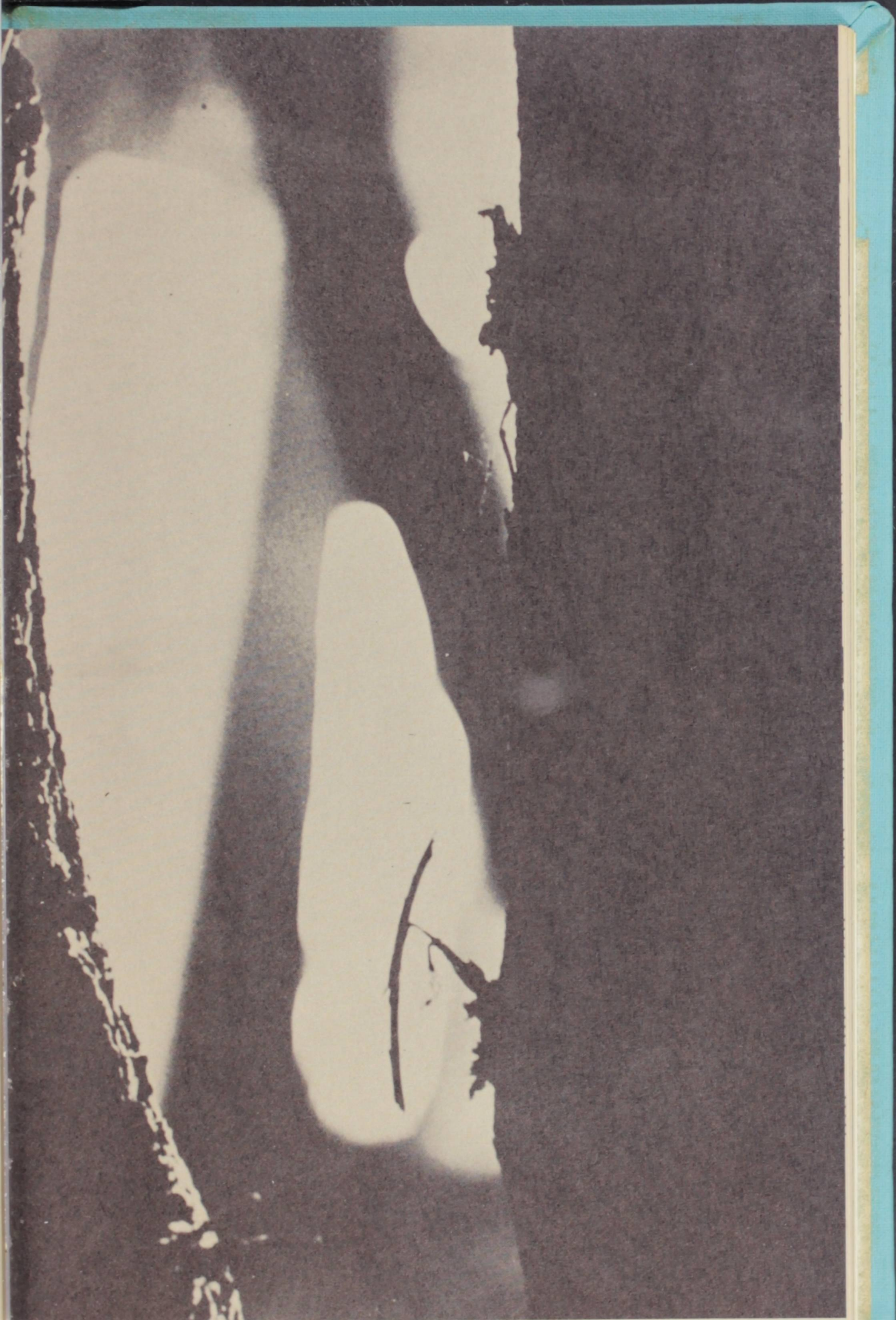
Jan Young

Winter's rule of cold and dreary wet
Will bow the heads and turn the things to gray
Which do accept without the least regret
That time of fruit is followed by decay.
For such a cycle nature has decreed
And nothing dares that it should disobey
Since the results, all wisdom has agreed,
Are grief if nature does not have her way.
But yet, although it is not wise or right
To willfully defy this law of mold,
A single slender tree blooms pink and bright,
Which, heedless that it cannot stand the cold
 Observes the sense of every cautious thing,
 Then laughs, because it blooms on into spring.

Jan Young

Buttercup
Pollen on a child's nose:
Yellow
Soft
Sneezingly delightful.

Lenore Hall



Do not go gentle into that good night, Old age should burn and rave at close of day; Rage, rage against the

Db DmEb D4C# C4F#A#

dying of the light. The wakened sleepers and the dying, Do not see the light, do not

Ab F# EbEb E#A# Eb E#

gentle into that good night; Good men, the last wave by, crying so, bright their shaven

AbBbCb F#G#D# A# Ab

a green bay, Rage, rage against the dying of the light. Wild men who caught the sun in flight, And learn to

F# Cb C#F#Gb G#G#B# E#

late they grew old on ds. way. Do not go gentle in- to that good night. Grow now wonderfully, with all

Ab Cb

Ab Eb

sight Blind eyes could have like me tears and be gay. Rage, rage, a- gainst the dy- ing of the light and

Gb Db

D4 < Cb

you, my fa-ther there on the sad height Curse, bless me now with your fierce tears I pray. Do not go gentle

Ab

Bb Gb

Cb Ab

to that good night Rage, rage a- gainst the dy- ing of the light.

Ab

sfz sfz sfz



Bondage

Their demand trembled like a beggar's hand, yet I did not want to go. I had never seen the sea before, yet I did not want to go. I had not loved a girl for quite some time, yet I did not want to go. But when you do not want, you shall, and when you want, you shall not. My feet carried me to the house. My hands collected a blanket, towel, and swimming suit. And I joined the little group in their crowded car.

"If you would not have come, if you . . .," began the girl next to me with an abiding, artificial smile.

"Yea," interrupted a fat girl from the front seat. She exhibited big teeth and much of her enormous tongue. "We would have been a boy short."

"I'm glad you came, I'm glad . . ." Her words died slowly.

Silence. Thane, hypnotized by the black road before us, desperately clutched the wheel. The fat girl, glancing now and then to the rear where Gloria and Pierre were necking, searched the freckled windshield. The girl next to me continued to fix her smile upon the side of my face. And I watched the nothing that one sees when the sun glares upon the highway and throws its empty reflection from the escaping distance. It is a nothing, I thought, that one can never reach.

"Did you see the four-letter word on the side of the car?" The silence had grown uncomfortable for the fat girl.

Her breath relaxed as I granted attention to her question, "No, who wrote it there?"

"Don't know. Don't care. Some kid with his finger." She rolled her eyes and attempted an air of intelligence:

"Sociologists would say that he probably wrote that because of some frustration."

"The morning paper says that another elephant had a baby."

"Oh!" Gloria's exclamation was muffled; her throat was awkwardly twisted around Pierre's neck. "Did you all hear about Ray's sister getting engaged? Ring and all."

"Thane and I are engaged," answered the fat girl. She lifted her left hand—a ring on one of its fingers—upon Thane's shoulder. Her nails dug into his sweat-shirt as if to verify his presence; then, she continued with a whisper, "Engaged, engaged."

I repeated, "The morning paper says that another elephant had a baby."

"What do you expect—being locked up and all." The fat girl rolled her eyes once more.

I joked, "It's not like that at all. It's not because they're locked up, but because the zoo attendants twist the male elephant's leg if he refuses to marry one of the female inmates . . ."

"Talk sense!" demanded the fat girl.

". . . and the elephant will have his leg twisted again if he refuses to produce children."

Gloria lifted her soft cheek from Pierre's pimpled neck. "Why don't the elephants get married without making such a fuss about it?" She forced loud laughter.

"That's just the way they are."

"There's nothing wrong with getting married. It's a

duty. A duty!" She returned her smooth cheek to Pierre's extremely red, pus-carrying pimples.

"The President is married, the President . . ." The girl next to me had lost her smile. Her tiny face saddened.

"And if I were you," suggested Thane, who had been finally released from the road, "I'd get married as soon as possible. There's a law now that drafts bachelors before married men. A law!"

"Thane and I are getting married on Christmas." The fat girl again. She paused for some deep, loud breaths, and then her enormous tongue was once more visible: "God! the Bible! social science! all teach that all men and women should form a union, a society, have children, a family, and live under moral laws and customs. This is the way it has to be!" Her tongue flew out so far that she spat all over the car's interior.

Silence and spit.

"Do you know what will happen to the elephant who dares to revolt and hit the attendants over the head with his trunk?"

"Talk sense!"

"He will be sentenced to solitary. And all the attendants will have to right to spit on his back until there is enough spit to break it."

The fat girl opened her mouth—I feared that she would spit again—but a sudden halt of the car locked her enormous tongue behind shutting teeth.

I wanted to run to the water, but the girl next to me clutched my arm and whispered, "Wait, wait, wait." Her mien still expressed sadness; her trembling voice seemed helplessly lost. I waited. But when the little group, sud-

denly hypnotized by the four-letter word, stood motionless in awe, I ran against the wet wind which blew from the sea. Gulls lifted free from the seashore before me. Rushing waves covered the dry sand; cold water surprised me until I could feel its coldness no more; thunder of waves until I could hear no more; foam to my eyes until I could see no more; nothing to feel, nothing to hear, nothing to see; thunder of waves; foam by my eyes again; fleeing gulls; the heaviness of my body upon my feet. And I stood silent, watching the water, the bubbles, dissolve into the sea.

When the fat girl and her companions approached me, they asked whether the big wave threw sand into my eyes.

Nikolaus Albrecht

Caught a bear.
bring him here.
He won't come.
Then come yourself.
He won't let me.

Yugoslavian Proverb

The smoke sung its way around the tiny room, stopping now and then to light a color on one of the faces, and YES, the sounds reached out to the smoke and braided it around them. Not bluish smoke only, but all-colored smoke that snaked yellow and red too—and green. It dipped around the inner edge of a blackberry brandy glass, half-full, and travelled out from it, taking the dark red. Still reddish smoke circled the golden hair ends around one solemn face, taking the gold and brown to deposit in the schooner that was full but with nobody drinking. A fly passing through picked up purple and red and died—no laughter or tears or shuddered lids. Smoke curled around the Wizard's horn, helping the sound flow around and back, under table and past one closed eye. Picking up an anonymous sigh, it glows amber and dark now, and heavy heavier thick and fuchsia, orange, gelb, violent red. The tendrils stop before the half-closed eyes of an off-drummer, and he stares at it, seeing a cow lapping at a deep violet pool. "Andea. Andea . . . andea . . ."

The solemn face takes his hand, not looking, still with the one on her other side, speaking silent poetry to the sweet smoke between them. Wizard's horn screams more violent now, all picking it up and yes to it. The circles start, greens and red, blue from the horn, around them. ""Andea . . . andea."

Wizard goes through it again as always, loud and calling. Improvise and follow same sweet sounds, to the end he goes. And they all can feel his end, their colors flag—some go.

Later it will all be gone—the colors back in the horn on black hook, cigarett butts, . . . and brandy gone.

All will leave silently and go with what's left of it, clinging to the last measures of dead leaves no longer gold . . . "andea!"

.

She woke early and looked at him sleeping. He was a silent sleeper, and more beautiful to her with the morning sounds. She traced her fingertip across his lips, and he smiled faintly, not waking. His stern chin was gentle now, and eyebrows not so black. Still surprising to her that he could bring out more in her with his great eyes closed. A hard, clear-headed morning, chill of Fall through the window, though it was late to come. She lay back and dropped her hand to the floor for the pack of cigarettes, partly crushed, picked out one, straightened it between her two fingers and thumb, felt for the matches, found them, and brought her hand back up. Striking a match, she lifted her head to meet it with the cigarette, rested her head on the pillow and exhaled. She almost forgot that she was still holding the match, but remembering, put it in the ashtray and watched it burn out. While she smoked the cigarette, she thought nothing, but let the sunrays on her cheek warm her, with the night chill still in her toes. The cigarette ground in the ashtray, she got up carefully so as not to wake him, dressed, reflected that he would probably not wake up for several hours, and left the flat.

The road was deserted, as she had expected it would be. Although it was after six, there were no lights in the houses she passed on their road. Today was not a working day. She took a small road that led across a field of sandy grass, and walked slowly toward the dunes, past the last house. The wind from the sea was chill and wet. It struck her face and dampened her hair, and she smiled, laughed. Dunes were on all sides of her now, long grass prickling

out of some of them. The path went over some hillocks and around others. At last it grew flatter, and then dropped to the sea. Carved down from the dune ridge the beach was long and narrow. Few came here, even in the later day. She took off her old coat and dropped it in the sand, slipped out of her clothes, and put them on the coat.

The water was cold, and she knew she could not stay in too long. She swam straight out, then turned back. When she could stand, she was breathless, and stood for a few moments up to her neck, feeling the cold waves rock her nearly numb body. Once on shore, her ears tingling and skin burning, she shook her hair away from her neck, and dropped to her coat face down. The sun was warmer now, beating with her heart in all her limbs—conscious of this only—pounding in her throat and in her stomach. Warmth lingered. Breathing deep, spasmodic, but gradually controlled. Lulled into sleep for about half an hour, her muscles spread throughout her body and melted into the sea smell. When she woke, her body was dry, and she put on her clothes and hung the coat over her shoulders. A seagull landed and walked proudly about his beach, investigating the new shells carefully as he went. She whistled goodbye to him, and after she had turned, he looked after her cocking his head, listening for wild seagull sounds from the sea's sky behind him.

.

The town was awake when she reached it. Herschel was sitting in the diner when she came in, and she sat next to him, and ordered coffee. He was morose, big gray eyes saying nothing, darkness around them from too many nights and too little sleep. Their conversation was sparse, she grasping his sorrow and he knowing her well, not needing words. The others at the counter paid little attention to either of them, some reading newspapers, others eating with morning talk. The steam and aroma of the coffee

pleased her more than the taste itself, and she drank it very hot. As Herschel ordered his third refill, she left, and he smiled to her as she said goodbye.

One of the bars was open now, and there were few in the street. She passed a couple of people she knew and spoke with them. The grocery store was open, and she went in, the second customer. Joking with the keeper, she bought some fruit and meat. The bakery next door was crowded with several regulars who liked to come early, and take the magnificent smell of the place home with them for breakfast, in the form of warm Portuguese bread, which flaked delicately on the outside and was warmly moist on the inside. Two loaves were brought to her. As she opened the door to leave, the bell tinkled over her head, and she was sorry to leave the bread smell behind.

She walked to the bar a few doors down, and joined a group of friends at one of the large round tables. There was a plate of butter on the table, and she ate half of one of her loaves, with a schooner. The bread seemed to taste even better than usual, and she was hungrier than she had thought. They kept a pitcher running, and several carried on a lively conversation about the party the night before. The new poet Herschel had been a hit with all of them, and his welcome was assured whenever he should appear during the day. Barbara's child enjoyed herself by playing patty cake in her mother's schooner. She also drank it when she could, and Barbara hoped aloud that she would not turn out like her father. Andea complimented Wiz that his horn had been better than ever before, and he could not help being exceedingly pleased when everyone immediately agreed. The morning lubrication made everyone happily mellow, and the prospect of a clear long Fall day was good.

.

It was not yet noon when she got home. He was still asleep, as only one who has finished a long seige of

sleepless work days and nights can be. She put the meat and bread away, and found a jar for the zinnias Wiz had given her. Filling it with water, and arranging the flowers so the bronze ones of Fall that he loved so were showing most, she put the jar on the table so that it would be the first thing he would see when he awoke. She then put her few clothes in the small suitcase she had brought with her. As she closed the door softly, she heard him turn in his sleep, "Andea . . ."

She got off the train and looked around her. The town was small. It lay at her feet with its face bare, showing its flaws to the stranger with unexpected courage. Light rain partly obscured the countryside, but she could tell that it was flat land, with farms outlying the town. This place would do—for a while.

The one-room station was new but dirty. The few laggards sitting on the benches; the ill-dressed woman, with the child in her arms, who kept looking at the wall clock; and the ancient stationmaster with the cigar butt in his lips: told her that this was no different from any other train station. She located her suitcase with no trouble, pulled her coat close against the rain, and walked down the hill behind the station toward the town.

There was a drugstore at the foot of the hill, and she set her suitcase down with relief, and ordered a cup of black coffee. The coffee was good, and strong. She lit a cigarette and felt herself relax for the first time since she had left. The drugstore was empty, except for the clerk, a kindly-looking middle-aged man, who was obviously the owner.

"Here for a while, or on your way through?" he asked, polishing his already clean counter.

"I think I'll be here for a while, if I can manage it."

"Woman down the street rents rooms—Mrs. Mac-

Creedy. Serves a good supper, too. She'd be glad to have you, if I recommended you. You from Back East?"

"Yes."

"Thought so. Looking for a high-class job, or just one to tide you?"

"I'm not looking for a specialized job right now—just a change, and some time to think."

"I can put you on serving supper. Five to seven is quite a rush, but then till we close, at one, is easy enough. I need help then so's I can make up prescriptions, and so on. I had a lovely little town girl, but she got married last week. We don't get many strangers."

"That would be fine, Mr. . . . Lord?"

"That's right, Lord Pharmacy. Now you just sit there, here's some coffee to heat yours up a little—and I'll call Bessie—that's Mrs. MacCreedy—she'll have a place for you. We don't get many strangers."

.

It had rained lightly for a week. She was not used to that kind of weather, but she found that here the rain did not depress her as it used to. The job in the drug store was pleasant. It gave her a feeling of ease, in that she did not have to worry about it from one at night until she went back at five the next evening. Jacob Lord was as pleasant as he had appeared at first, as were the other town people she had met.

The town was just as she had imagined it to be when she first saw it—a small Midwestern farming town, with little excitement. The people were very proud of their new bank, and shopped with confidence at the one large old department store, which carried all clothing the women would want. To be sure, most of them took occasional

trips to a large city a few hours away, but the department store carried most of what they wanted. As Mr. Lord said, there were few strangers who elected to stay here, although the town was a through point for trucks and trains. She found that it suited her quite well.

.

"Winter will be coming soon. Mark my words, by the end of October, we'll have three feet of snow. Going to come early this year. Guess you're not used to that much snow, Back East."

"No, Jacob, we don't have that much. Oh, we have some, often a foot will last all winter, but mostly we think of snow as for skiing . . . coffee, sir?"

"I think you'll like your winter here. For most of us, it is a quiet time—to get done all those things we never do in the too short summer, and just to sit and read. Feels nice to be inside with all that snow out there. I think you'll like it."

"That sounds good—to do all the things I've put off and put off, yet wanted to do. I might even paint again. You know, Jacob, I'm almost beginning to feel human again!"

"You're coming along fine, girl. We'll get you ship-shape yet! I'll bet Paul Larkin will have something to do with it, too." He winked, and grinned at her.

.

She saw a lot of Paul that winter. He was the editor of the newspaper, a man who had come to the town from the West Coast a few years before, and had never left. He liked the place for many of the same reasons she did, and was absorbed with the hectic job of doing nearly all

the work to get his small paper out every week. She often took second place to the paper, and ended up by helping Paul many long nights in the small inky office. She found her writing ability was much greater than she had thought, and, encouraged by Paul, began to write some of the articles. There were many times, when, exhausted from working long hours together on the paper, the two would break into convulsive laughter, and it was good. She had often forgotten to laugh.

There was leisure, too. As Jacob said, winter was a quiet time. She and Paul would often drive for hours, not speaking, watching the snow fall on the softly lighted houses. She began to paint a little, and it was relaxing. Now that she knew that she would never be a great artist, the old feeling of pleasure in creating something she loved began to seep back into her life. She could paint as she had first painted with a feeling of pure joy, just to be doing what she wanted most to do. And the simple dinners with Paul at the Inn were all the excitement that she wanted. They could talk about many things, and she felt that he understood her perhaps better than she understood herself.

.

"Darling, you're not happy."

"Oh, Paul, I am happy. I like it here so much. It's a different life from that that I've known. People are so kind, and not pushing."

"That's what I first liked about the place."

Rain fell gently on the windshield. The air was warm, and the snow was sinking fast. She had been told that an early thaw did not give way to another blizzard here. It was rather predictable. When the snow began to disappear in early April, warmer weather would come, and crops could be started without fear of sudden frost. She looked

across the flat land that she had come to know so well, and was surprised that in the silent gray rain over the snow, it looked like another country, that she had never known, but only dreamed.

She pictured the mountains at home in their last snows, and remembered how the final spring seemed like a new relief each year; although the winter if measured by snow in feet could not be considered nearly as harsh as those here, it seemed an ordeal after a few months—perhaps because people did not accept it in the same way as they did here . . .

"You have been content here, but you are not happy. You're still a sad little girl. You're so lovely. You have a beauty inside of you that you cannot even see. I wish I could help you, my dear . . ."

She found that for some reason she was crying. Tears just came and came, and she hadn't known that she was unhappy until he told her so. It seemed that all the bitterness of so long ago was leaving with the tears—bitterness that she had not known was there. She could not stop. She looked through her tears at the great blue eyes of a man who was not handsome, but cared so much and tried to help. He put his big hand gently on her hair, and she rested her head on his shoulder.

"It's all right," she said, "I'm going back."

Carol Woodward

A SAD SONG

The old man in the eternal brown overcoat rode the cloud of blue smoke out the door of the small shop.

"Don't you be late for your date, Del."

"You give her some candy," said the Greek.

"Mr. Dell, she worry about you. You hurry."

There was laughter, the Greek half-choking on his cigar, old Morris spitting like a typewriter into the metal can. All silent now, sealed within, as the door tinkled shut.

"You're in the way!"

An exasperated child-cry. Three little children playing impatient games upon the chalked sidewalk, the old man walking among them. The world below him of concrete goals and rubber balls and numbers and jumps never ceased as he made his way to the street.

A clock chimed from somewhere above, for a moment replacing other city-sounds. Half-past three. The El roared through the air, and black cars chased kids off the street: horns honking, shrill cries. A fat lady in calico yelling for JOHNNY NOLAN!; a dog, annoyed with the fat lady, eyeing her suspiciously. Half-past three. She would be there soon.

.

Mandy, carrying books and a pair of skates, managed to jump up the four small steps onto the porch. Proud of this, she attempted to make it to the stairs inside in four more, opening the front door in the process; but, it took five, and she lost a skate at that, just missing a toe. The old wood creaked and groaned as she attacked the stairs; so did old lady Potts in Apartment 2, first floor, startled,

sure her canary was out of the cage. Mandy, on third floor now and still going, had five minutes to drop her books and skates in the apartment, feed the cat, and eat a peanut butter sandwich before meeting Mr. Del. Day was school, with the bus-ride and hot lunches and cloak-room secrets and noon-movies; the afternoon was Mr. Del, with his brown coat full of most everything he owned, and the broken ukulele, and the chocolate bars. "We sing, now," he'd say. Or, "We walk to the park today?"

In front of his door on fourth floor, Mandy finished the last bite of her sandwich, and knocked twice. No answer. He is still at the smoke shop playing cards. Or, he is down at the newsstand talking to the blind man. She turned a twelve-year-old's turn, already running when she finally aimed herself down the hall.

The old man, mystery in brown overcoat, hummed a sad song as he walked the way from smoke shop to home. Slow, short steps. His feet, now lost within the folds of his baggy trousers, reappearing with each step. He would hum only 'the sad song,' as he called it. It was the song that Mandy, little twelve-year-old Mandy the companion would often sing. And the old man would sit back with an intent look and say, "Yes, the sad song. You sing the sad song."

Passing the little watch-repair shop, he saw the girl sitting on the porch railing, defying gravity as she held to the bannister with a thin white hand and leaned out over the pavement.

"You're late Mr. Del. Look, I can balance."

"I am late. Here, I have brought you a present."

And, Mandy, would guess a hundred things, while the old man just smiled, and he would say, "Now, you reach in the pocket and find your present." The girl always

found his pipe, or his broken watch first; and at the bottom of the vast, strange pocket would be a little package, or an old box. This time he had brought her a wooden figure, a tiny man dressed in brown, playing a violin. Other times it was a polished rock, or some candy, or a secret old key.

"What are we doing today?"

"I am tired. We sing today. Yes?"

So the two would go and sit in the old man's room. A strange room, with a smell like a library, full of books and papers and secret boxes; many of them empty; some with clocks, and shoes, and metal cases. Each, a part of Mr. Del's stories. A few months back, the old man uncovered a strange musical instrument from beneath a corner of the desk. It had the head of a banjo, the neck of a ukulele, and only three strings. Now, whenever they sang, the old man would gently hold the thing and occasionally play a single note with his yellow, gnarled finger. "That be E" he would say—it probably never was—and they would start on that note, for he liked to sing the sad song in the key of E. He would sing softly, for he couldn't follow the melody. And anyway, he liked to hear Mandy sing. So, often he would just sit back in his old torn chair and, tapping his fingers on the brown vest, listen to the sad song; eyes closed, a slight smile on the worn face.

This is the way the days passed, every afternoon until Mandy's mother returned from work, and the girl would go to dinner. Sometimes, on Saturdays and in the summer especially, they would go to the park, or the zoo. The old man walking slowly along, or sitting on a bench, while the girl picked flowers, or walked by him, or ran ahead. And once a year, on Mandy's birthday, the two went downtown and ate dinner in a small cafe and visited strange little shops. The girl's mother—the father was dead—went with them once; but she usually stayed home

and had cookies and chocolate waiting for them when they returned.

He first met Mandy when she was ten. She had climbed to the top of the first flight of stairs; and, while climbing on the bannister, had fallen. She was not hurt, but, oh how she had cried. The old man and Mrs. Potts stayed with her until her mother returned from work; the old lady fixing her some cocoa, and he telling her stories. Others had come and gone in the apartment, but the old man and the little girl remained friends, inseparable companions in a world of their own.

As the girl got older, often she would remain at school, or go with her friends. Still, a few days of each week she would talk or sing with the old man. Once, he bought her a music box, but had to wait a week to give it to her. She, now no little girl, had boyfriends, too.

Mandy's fourteenth birthday was a week away when the old man spent one whole day downtown, window shopping. He even asked one of the neighbor girls, a twelve-year-old, what she thought the girl would like. He decided upon a bracelet, an expensive one, and had it gift-wrapped at the store.

The old man had it all planned out. They would go downtown, and have dinner as usual—only this time a big, expensive place. Yes, he thought, a fancy dinner. Then he would take her to the shop, where Morris, and the Greek would have a cake; and then he would give her the gift.

.

"It is your fourteenth birthday, Tuesday, and I have a big surprise," he had said. "And we go to dinner, yes?"

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Mandy had not seen Mr. Del for a week, when she

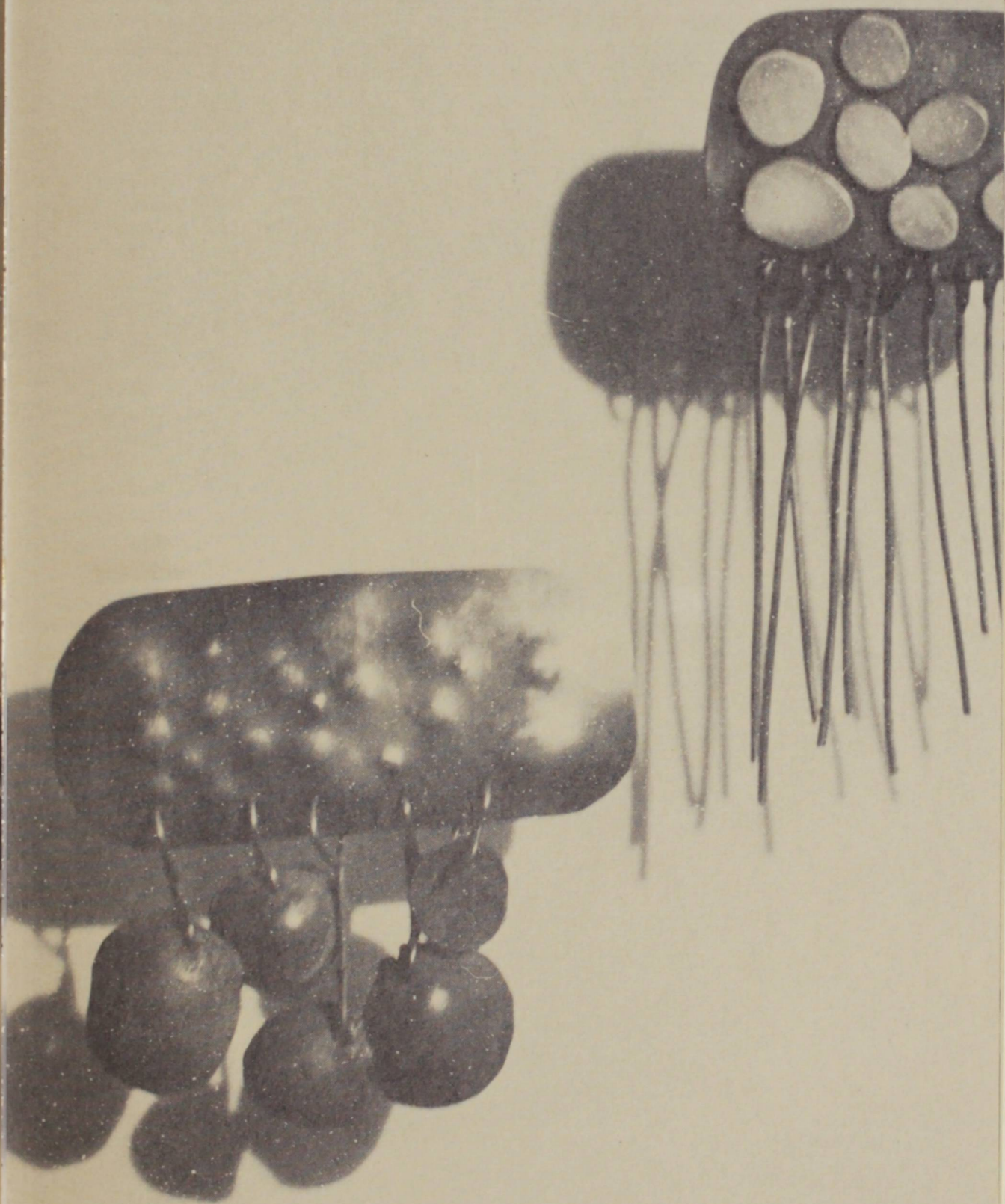
slowly climbed the stairs to the fourth floor. She knew she had hurt his feelings by not going with him on her birthday; but what else could she have done, for she had a date. The old apartment seemed dark and strange, and she hurried up the last few stairs.

Outside his door she stopped, for she did not know what to say. And as she stood there, she heard from within the old man's voice. He was singing. She recognized the words and smiled at his attempt to carry the melody. As she waited outside, she now heard the occasional notes from the strange ukulele.

Mandy did not go in. For, the old man was no longer singing, but it was a child's voice, a little girl's voice, singing the sad song.

Mandy was barely to the stairs when she felt the tears on her cheeks.

Ken Swanson









love is only

love is only that which
is only that which
is only that
which
is love

Kathryn Kent

No kidding . . .
Back when the air was still
 The nothing that
 Connected everything,
(And was, incidentally, radio-un-active);
Back when summer days
 Spelled out LOVE in big green letters,
 And outhouses were still quite out;
My eight lived cat ate mice
 dice
 hats
 bats
 rats
And still came back for more,
 Purring like a proverbial kitten;
 'til one day he caught a dream (the stuff clouds are
 made of)
 Going his way, and just rode like hell;
Now and then trampolining up and down
 (hoping to get a real good glimpse of heaven),
But mostly just sitting there, real soft,
 A quiet meow for a heart,
Kittentoes burrowing in soft nothing;
 Just skywriting
 furrythoughts
 for free.

Ken Swanson

In nineteen hundred and nothing,
By the least mourning hand of hysteria,
The bugled air on the drum-rolled wind
Swept in by the sign of the devouring dog.
Then on pride filled lungs,
All the nice people, with the sagacity
Of a bitch on the run,
Carried their dumb shoulders
Out from the pellmell buildings
Down to the clarion call.
And there on the medaled fields
The greenness and golden were fast fading,
In the light of the flash preceding the crash,
As their weary hearts began to fall
For they served no purpose at all.

Bob Monson

BUMBLEBEE

In principle the bumblebee cannot fly,
But how many crack-ups have you counted,
Have you seen one die?

Or tell me what you make of retrograde—
A golden planet in the sky
That really stops and goes the other way?

Or what can you say of Zeno
A man with many points—
Achilles and the tortoise in the same line?

Or tell me what you know of love?
How does it touch your lips,
How does it shape your breasts?

Today you love
And tomorrow
You will hate and die!

Mike Hood

OBSERVANCE

Do you hear the children laughing
Down the street?
Follow their dance carefully
But don't disturb its gaiety

Give them spelling games,
Magic numbers,
A chalk garden to play in . . .
But ask them not of
Losing love or fighting war

Follow their dance carefully,
Step lightly on the center;
The toy is held for so short a time

Ron Stewart

against the sun
reflected on glowing sand
dipping into the mirror-like sea
spiraling
turning
in perfect unison

swooping
the silver sea-birds
gently touch the sand
with vibrant wing-tips
swooping again
darting
changing from silver
to the grey of ashes
wet with spray

chasing the waves
blown in by a gust of wind
silver shadows
mix with ash-grey
flashing colours
cloud-like

approaching
then again dipping away
to hang suspended
in mid-air
melting into the great
blue distance

Kate Weight

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NOTE:

DO NOT GO GENTLE INTO THAT GOOD NIGHT

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PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS

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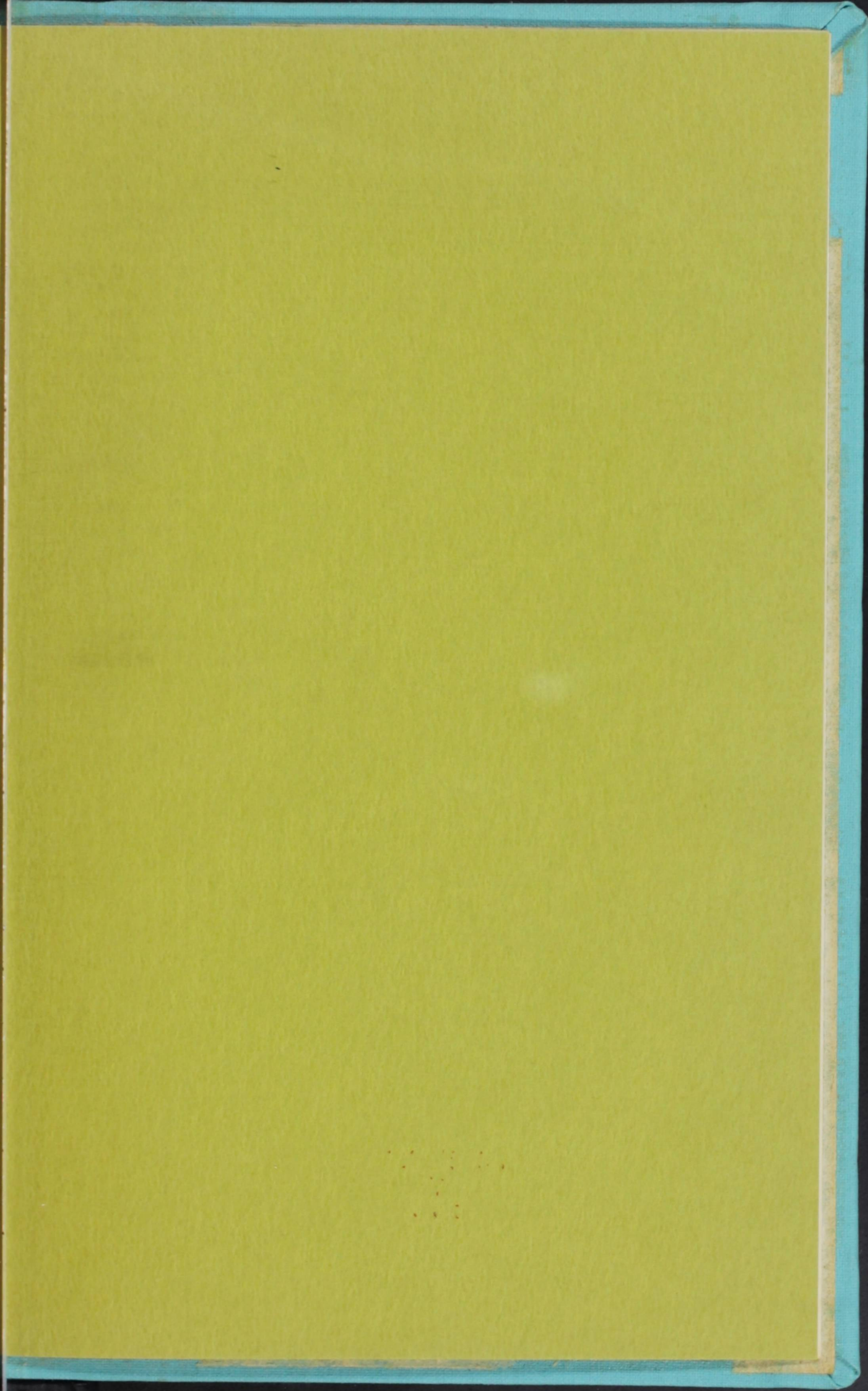
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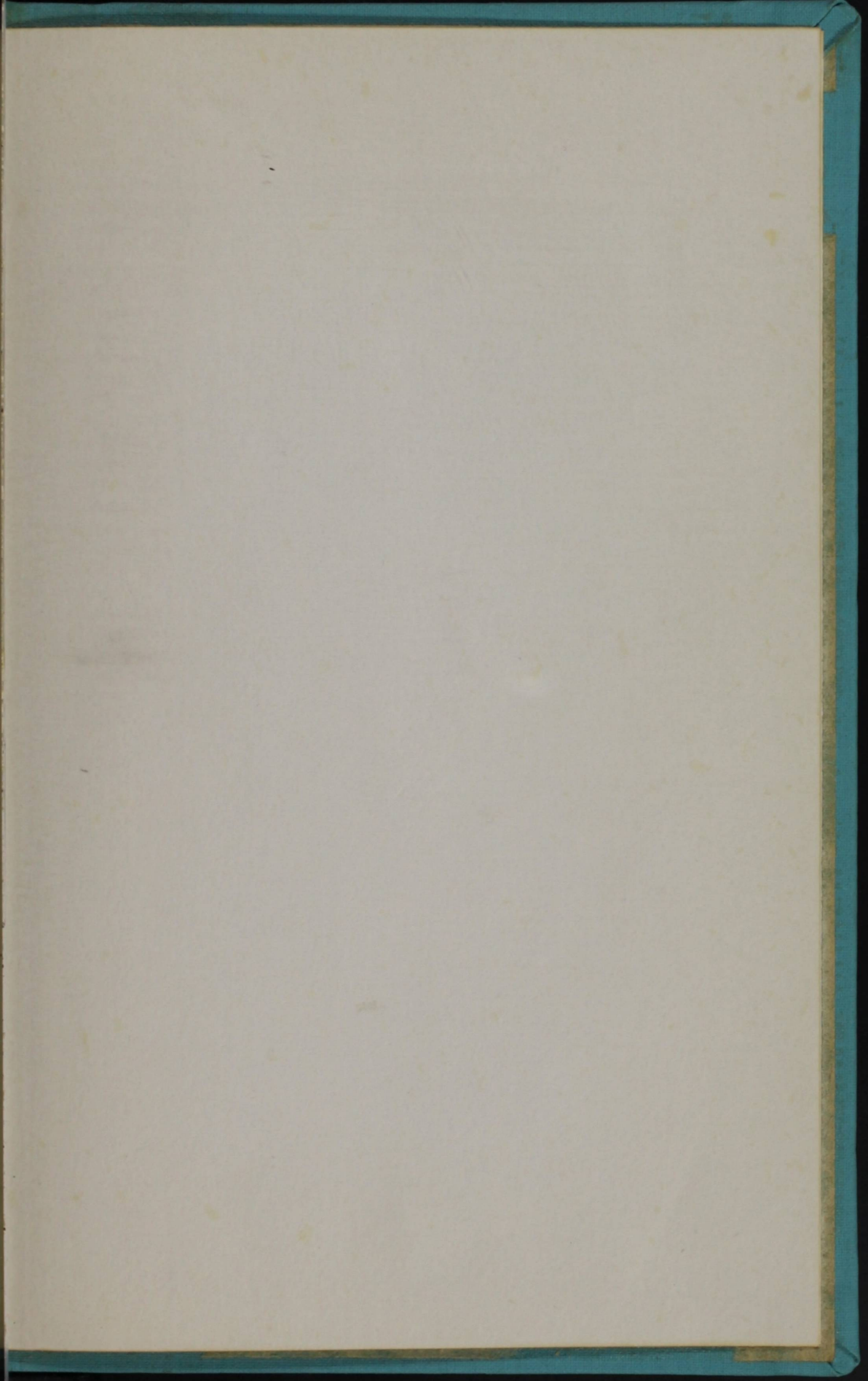
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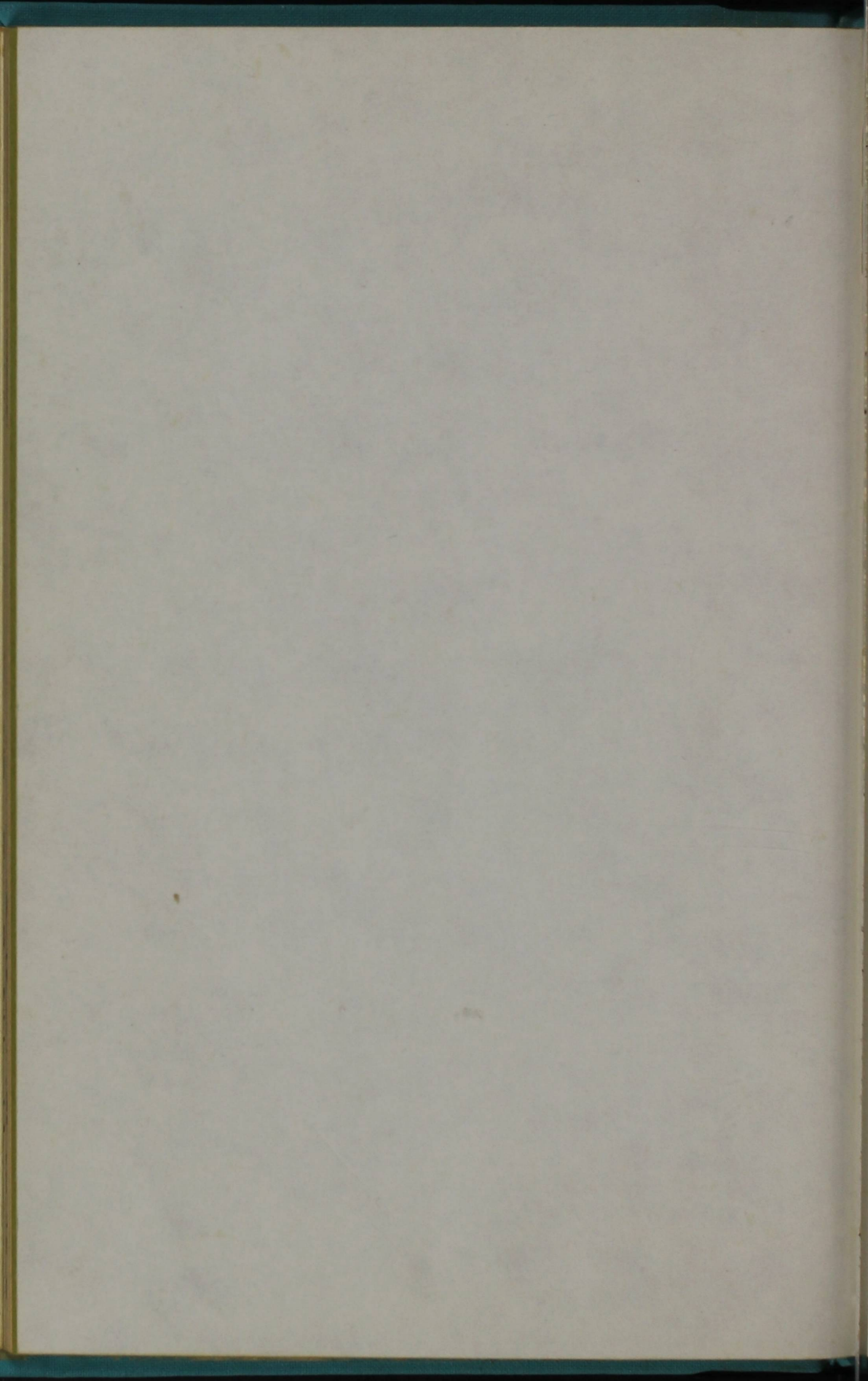
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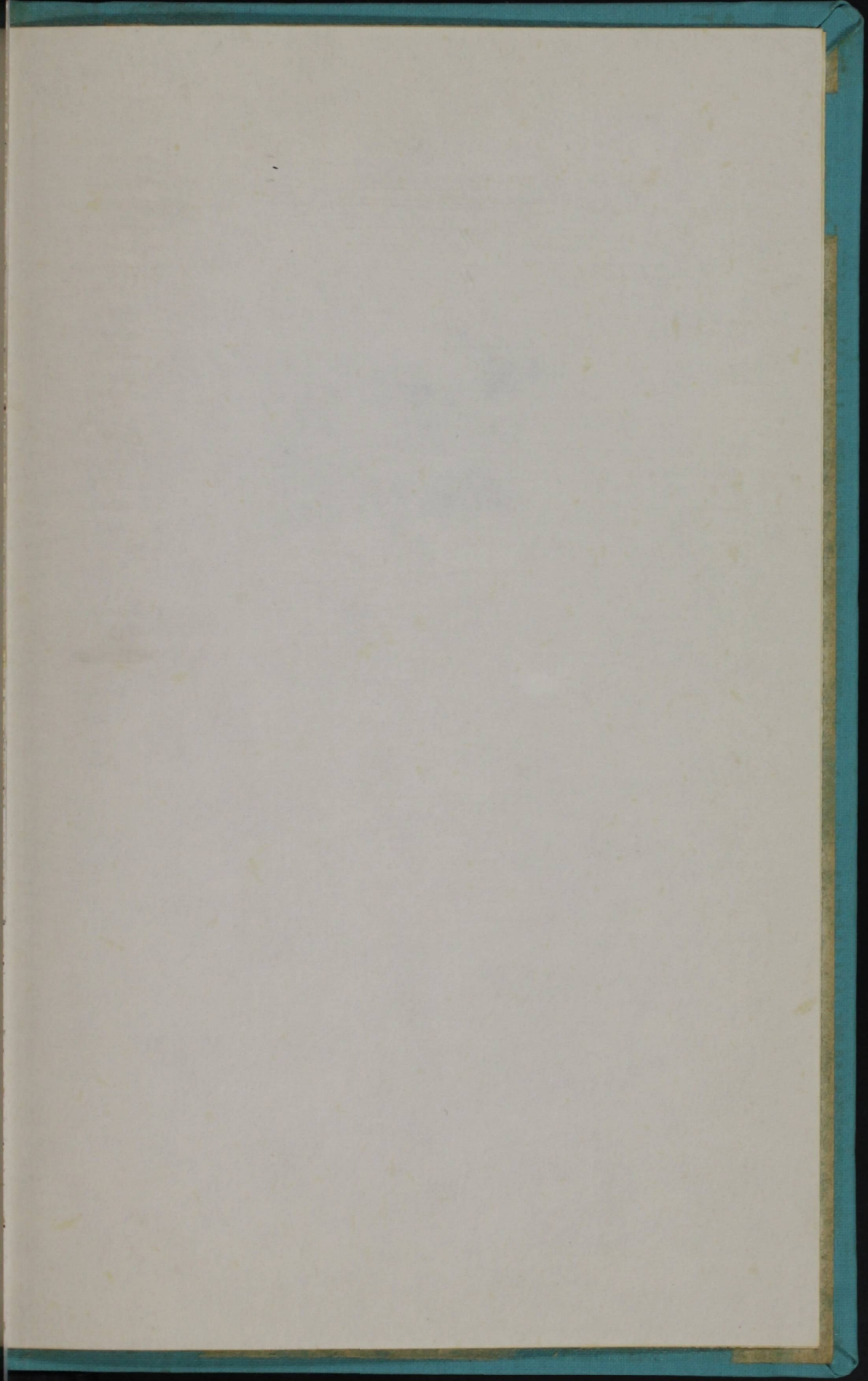
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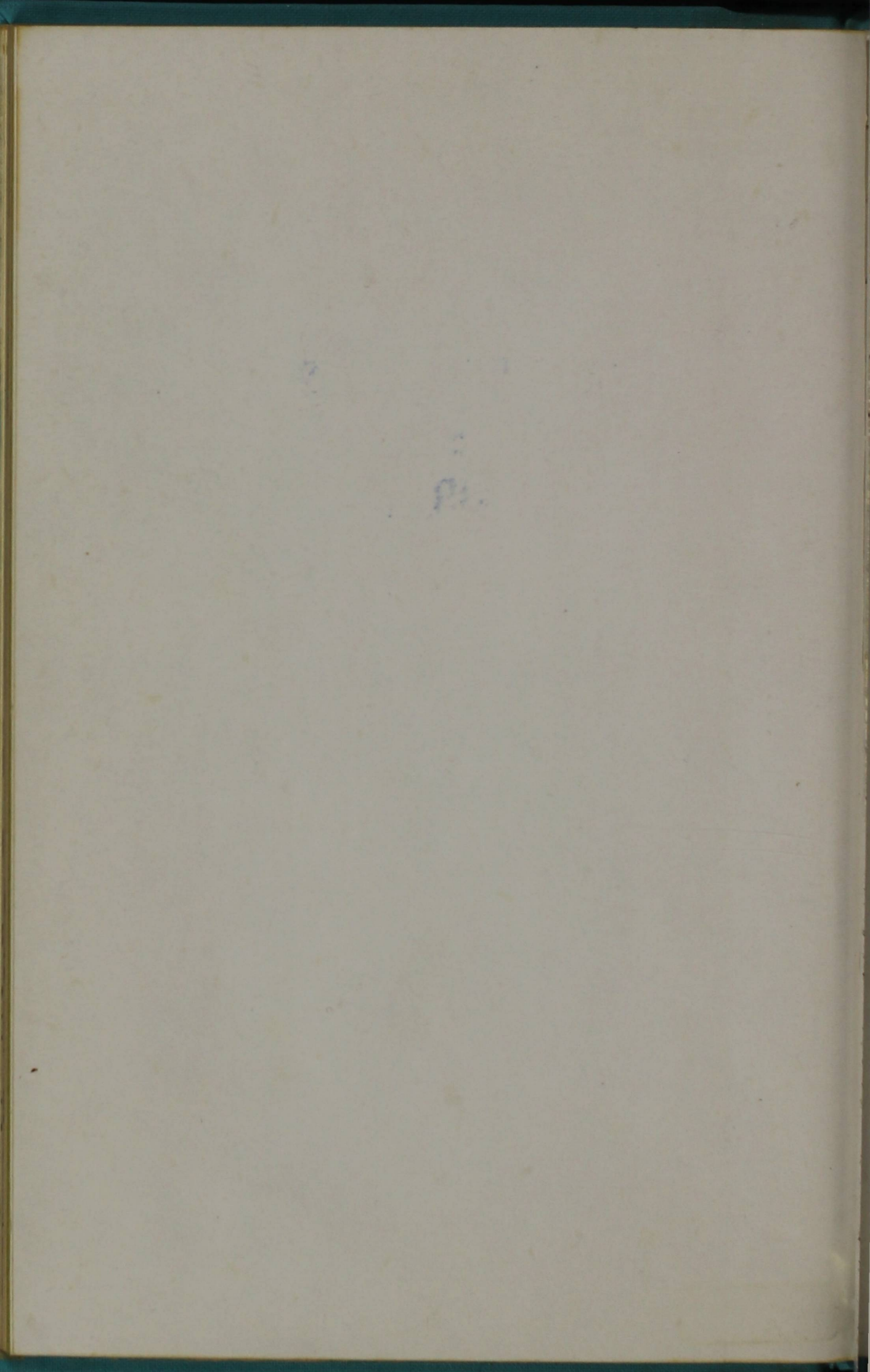












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