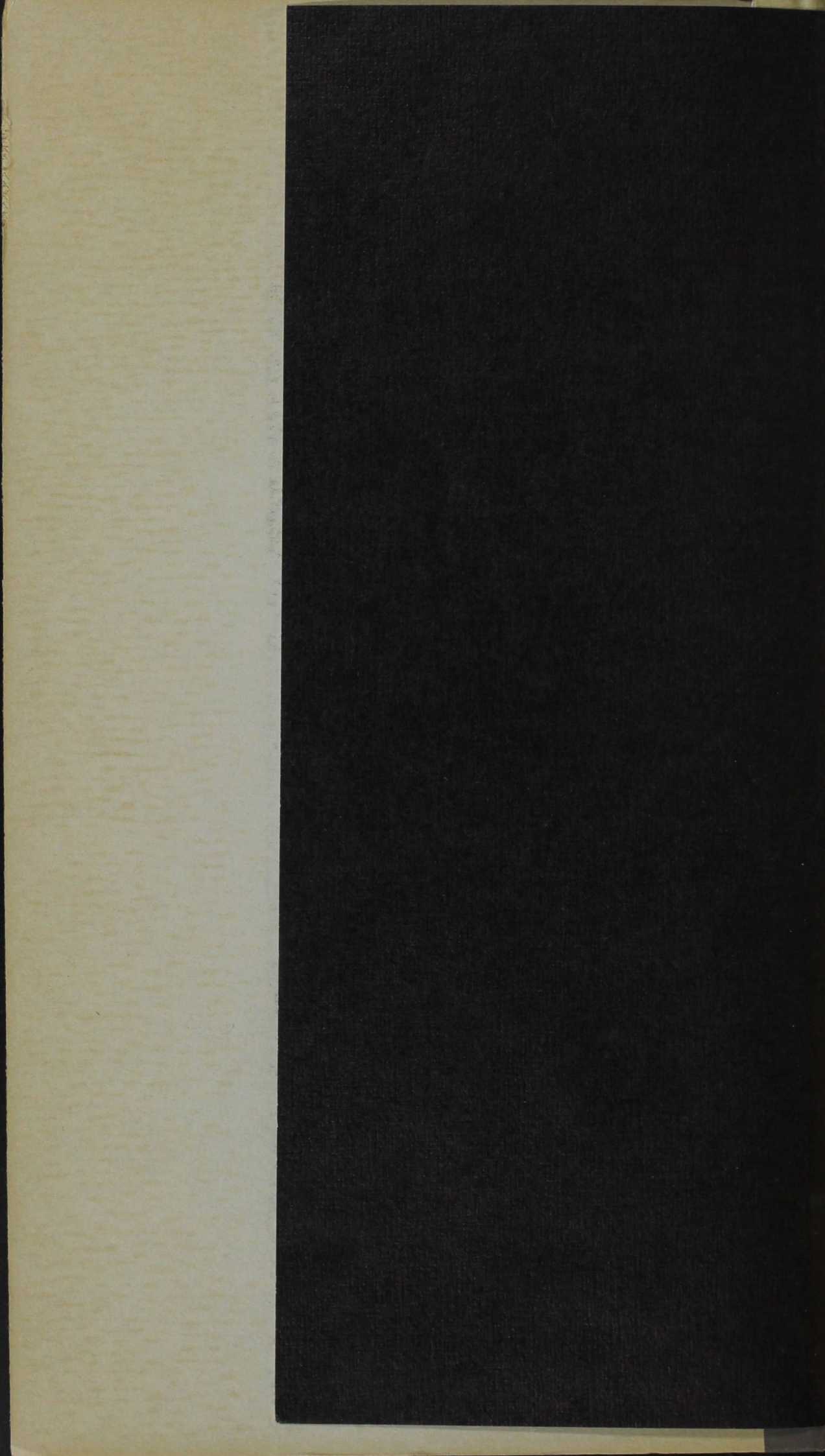


JASON











Willamette University Library  
Salem, Oregon

JASON'S PHANTASY

"The accursed reverie is  
vivified and its existence  
is a crime."

from Justine,  
Marquis D.A.F.  
De Sade

Saturday's apple: cloistered  
dome-like  
    --bruised eyes upon it rest  
imperfectly asunder,  
golden juicy  
    --thiamin blessed.

Reincarnation promised  
Midas tempted golden bough  
soul beseeching  
distraught: preaching teachings  
of loosened dreams  
unbound

Envisioned:  
plastic, glossy-coated  
close now, flesh, "accursed"  
overripe object of too many dreamers.

Wendy Wolf

Willamette's poetry-art magazine has been re-titled this year--no longer The Jason (worthy as that symbol may be), but Jason's (Lee) Phantasy. We are young; we are at Willamette University; we have our futuristic phantasies. Forgive us if we satirize the now successful phantasy that Jason Lee had one hundred twenty six years ago.

Jason's Phantasy is a student magazine: all contributors are students of Willamette University. Professional works may undeniably be "better", but this technical and perhaps mental proficiency overshadows the struggling often vain attempts of students.

And: since Jason's Phantasy is a student magazine, failure is allowed. No better place is there to test the ideas that someday will be perfected. The editorial policy of Jason's Phantasy holds that a young failure--to the young--may have more worth than a young success: an unpolished artistic reaching may have more preciousness than a polished exercise. This policy is not a justification of failure rather it is a justification of attempts to succeed.

The Editors felt cramped by an unspoken censorship (No Tel Motel). Hopefully, the limit of indecency has been stretched so that one day Jason's Phantasy can be freely creative. Hopefully, Jason's Phantasy will come to represent not Willamette University's tradition but the students who are studying at Willamette University

The above is an explanation, for those who may demand it, of the policy changes the Editors decided upon. It is all that need be given.

We thank you for your support, and hope enough support is given Jason's Phantasy to pay off its debts--and be printed again next year.

Bonnie Bedford  
Brian Gard

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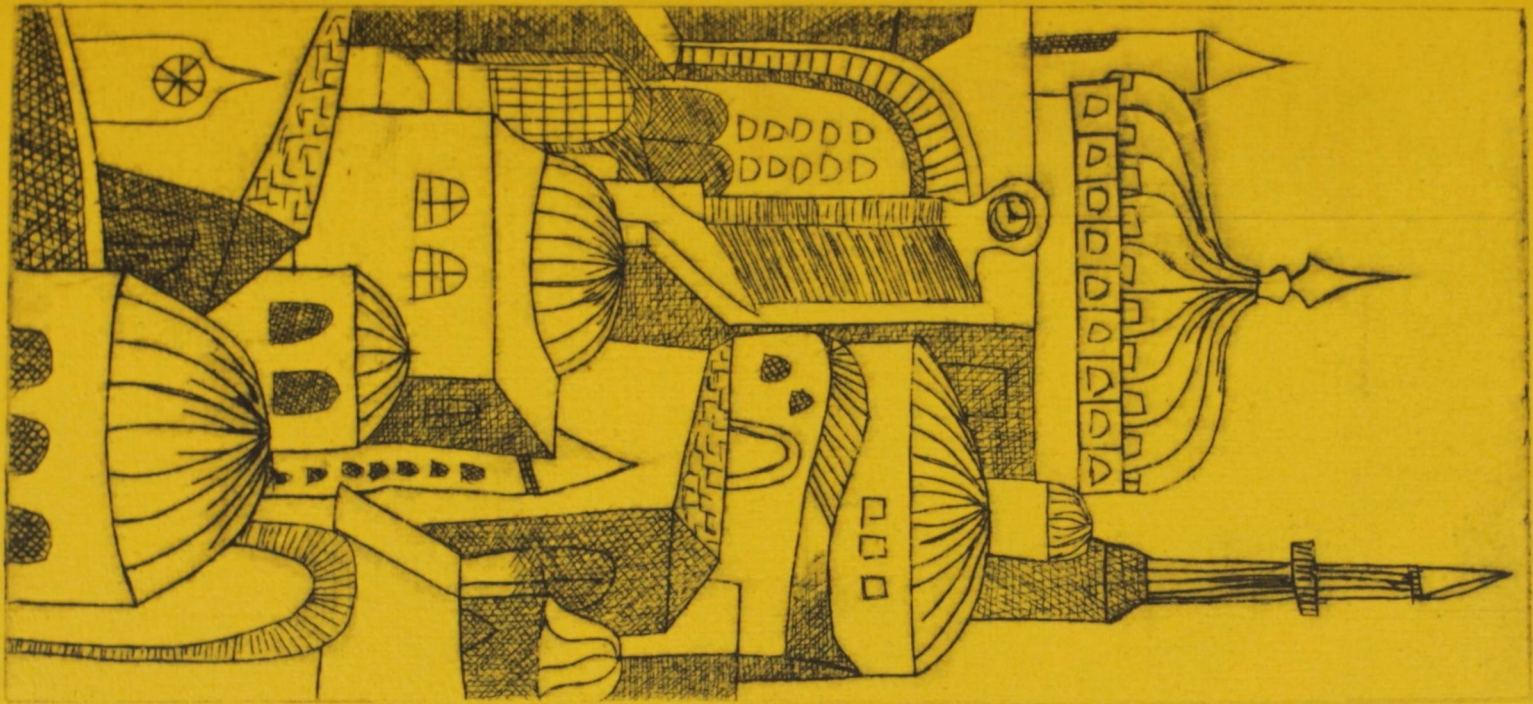
Visages of a Conglomeration

Porcelain bishop, circling life's light,  
Smiled, bowed, as crowds laughed  
A thousand splendours, while market-  
shop tailors,  
Wove dollar bills for lost ones.

Laugh at night, sigh in death,  
If electricity burned,  
Little boys would fall in snow.  
Let's float on serephim's willow.

Remorseful of dying ribbons,  
Satin Ankle crys as sod is sullen.  
If eyes bat windlessly insincere  
Shempek Islet can't be far lost.

Ron Wrede



I am the beachcomber of man.  
I dally among the necrotic drifts of  
  desire,  
Sifting the souls from the sand.  
From the wharves I see the waste of  
  years.  
I set up my shelter with their sea-  
  polished bones, their torn tendons,  
I line my walls with their parchment  
  skin.  
From their bleached muscles I scrape  
  of my strength.

The beachcomber,  
Sucking sustenance from their sunken  
   chests, congealed blood,  
I fashion pillows from their hearts,  
Fine tools of their teeth.  
I twist and empty their entrails into  
  my own gut,  
Bunch of their bruised brains for my  
  own great ideas.  
From shriveled eyes, I straighter  
  insight glean.

I am the beachcomber of all mankind.  
I cache their laughter for my  
  lyrical moments.  
From their arms I forge my courage.  
I haunt the rocks in search of hope,  
  foraging for my meaning.  
Lingering in the lost realm, locating  
  buried beauty,  
In tidal pools of resignation,  
I see the wasted remnant of my life.

Mike Du Bois



ALWAYS MASTURBATE BEFORE CHRISTMAS

1

And gentle with Aphrodite  
beneath your dream you  
touch photographs of her  
with tinsel stares and  
celebrate the cellophane virgins,  
writhing, that quicken her softness.  
Naked the shiny woman  
contrives your epiphanic sorrow,  
leaving, for her to play with, your  
copy of Michelangelo's skin.

2

There was a time when time  
never bothered you.  
Occasionally  
it used to irritate you.  
Now like a homosexual  
away from his petite love  
you masturbate yourself  
in some epiphanic struggle  
with time  
only eventually to slump  
your hand cramped your  
mind separate  
from time  
                  alone in a fragile prison  
only able to play with your  
mind--looking like a Mary  
with inverted nipples  
into a mushroom cloud your  
hands can't wrap around.

Under a mushroom cloud  
 two lovers died.  
 Black cabbages smeared  
 calm snow.  
 Their two skeletons weaving  
 into embracement;  
 almost as if their tears had  
 stained the milk-made bone,  
 my black tears, like mascara  
 on collars, smear their bones: for  
 looking at you, curled around,  
 wanting warmth from the bones.  
 The acidic earth  
 operates through decomposing  
 waste;  
 apparently their need  
 was not love.

Black cabbages perhaps  
 smearing the snow  
 inside crispy flowers may  
 yet need water wild  
 Carmen  
 dances down the actually quite long  
 neck of red wine held by glass  
 white brittle notes  
 illustrate the piano player's teeth.  
 Alone on the piano now  
 still juggling wine inside  
 the neck smeared with invisible lust  
 Carmen  
 she left the room to the left.  
 Where my sweet thing are you?  
 I would love to rehabilitate you.

*Photograph:*

*Carmen dancing*

*down the*

*actually quite*

*long neck of*

*red wine.*

Chopin played silently by  
when pillows of snow on empty  
passageways  
recalled an empty bed.  
A handful of light  
(through round hazes)  
bruised my breast and great  
black eyes stung behind  
my mind.  
Aching to leave I rose  
but did not go  
for fingers whispered in my hair,  
    knowing  
I would consent  
to travel the caverns.  
Sweet agony erased the  
broken hesitations  
and I stood there  
--weeping occasionally.

Linda Putman

oil boots  
ripple  
an unreflective  
grey puddle--

and then another  
and another,  
until each puddle  
along the five block  
pilgrimage  
has been scientifically  
tested.

later  
these boys  
shall catch  
hell  
for such diligence  
from frowning aprons  
and cold soup.

Dennis Bosley

SEASCAPE

There is a deepness in the sound of  
the sea  
And an immensity in the rainy gusts  
of the wind  
that enter through a crack in my wall  
and find a welcome beyond all words  
and beyond expression of joy

The only other sign of living thing  
is the amberness of the sky  
on water and the slow mounting clouds  
For these and other small things  
are my life

my love

(and I am not

owned by its song)

and now we are neither held by its  
beauty

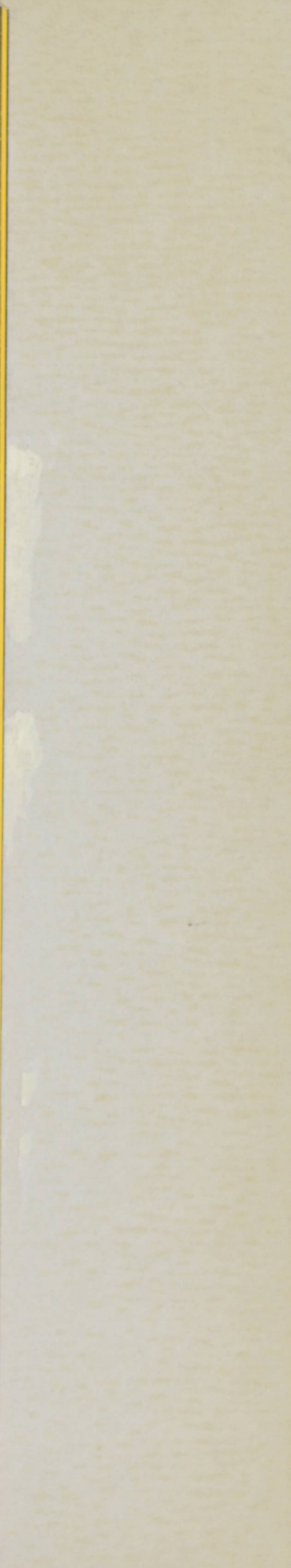
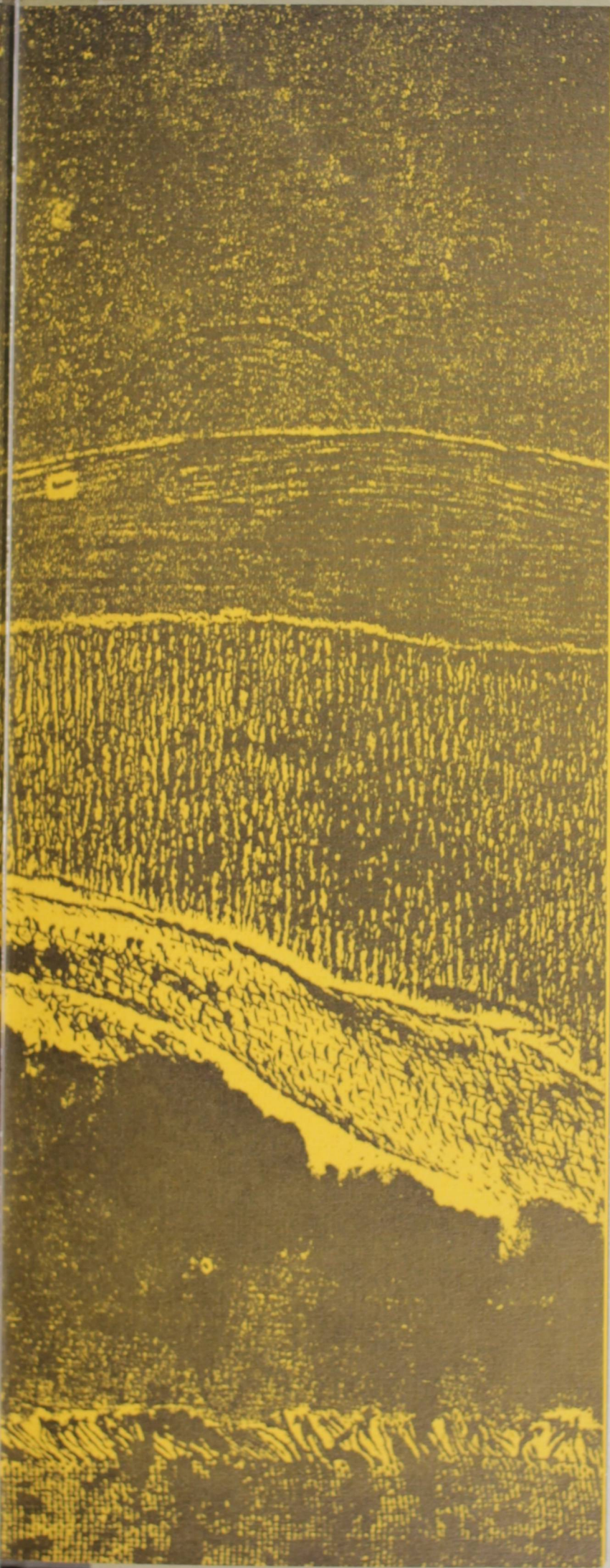
nor do we crave its hand,  
and as if opened

we lie loving,

each a separate smile.

Janice Gould





I would have it night on a lake  
our pale painted boat  
riding silence on the water

under us smooth with the wind  
all warm from the breath  
of sleeping reeds near the shore.

There I would stand, free myself,  
and feel the wind  
lick where I want

you, now, stand slowly  
not to flow over  
into the lake too soon.

You, now, are white  
where I am white,  
hidden where I  
out of hiding  
will find you.

Now slip softly  
into the wet warmth  
warmer than the wind  
with hands closer  
than the wind  
we rise  
tight  
out of the lake  
and the wind  
and the night.

Richard Layman

AFTER DAY

With winter's wool you cover me:  
and I watch your hands  
remembering wood they work by day  
and wait for their roughness, glad,  
    on my skin.  
Ours is a textured privacy.

Lenore Hall

## LOVE

You say I've quite missed the point  
Of being young and in love; but  
I think perhaps it's really you  
When you laugh and call women  
Bags and Broads and let them open  
The car doors themselves; and talk  
As though they were just so much  
money.

But all they can be is bags  
When you insist on stuffing  
Their breasts with coarse beach sand  
so  
They look like Holstein cows just  
Come fresh, but not with life. Those  
That pay have glass, the others,  
rubber,  
And the real ones sag imperfectly.

Then you spend fifty bucks to  
Buy an ounce of Joy just so  
They won't smell when you get close.  
And a touch of McClean's and  
Maybe a dab of Gold Spot  
Will keep you from recoiling  
When you just have to kiss her ass.

But you know the real test comes  
When you've got her high on booze  
Then teased her up to your lush  
Thin-walled, Masters printed bower  
After a ride in your sex-  
E Jag and screwed her well.  
Now look her in the face. Love?

But I'll be content to rest  
My weight on a broad-sword and  
Die, if need be, defending  
A dream safely distant from  
The corruption of your hands.  
And when my battle is done  
The taste of alabaster  
Won't sour my caressing tongue.

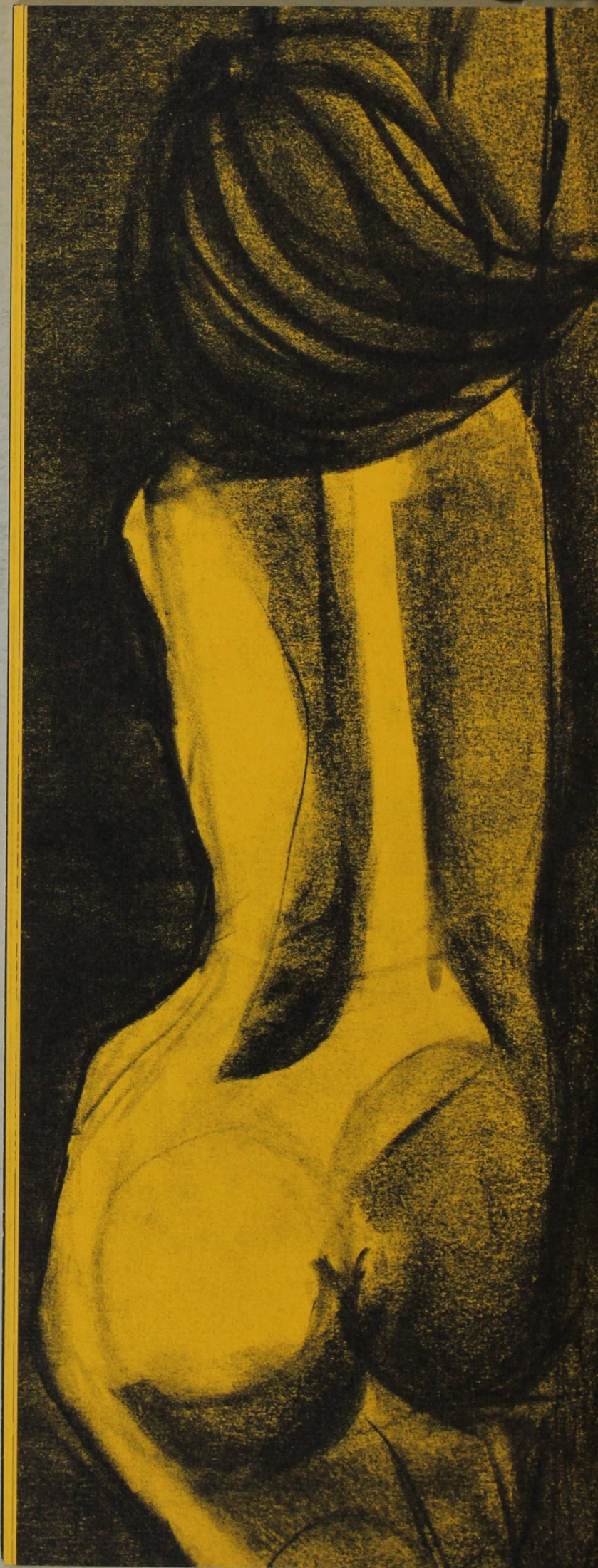
Quoth the Raven...

Racing the seashore  
Retrieving a wave before it breaks  
Stumbling on clamshells, pebbles, and  
sand  
Waiting to hear the wind's reply.

The grey clouds part  
The sun shines irridescent on the sea  
The wind unfolds its drapery and  
demands  
What do you ask of me?

Only to forgive  
An ill-begotten phrase.

Bruce Robertson



F. J-

She became not a  
memory  
more the presence  
of time in your mind.  
Pain not felt you  
cannot know  
you won't return:  
delude the fool  
already tricked who  
paths his way through  
your mind.  
Metaphors of failure persist  
in the hesitant rain: a kiss  
almost there.

Some of us are  
Waiting to walk  
Along a beach at dusk  
And stumble  
Not on a sea weed,  
Sea bone, driftwood,  
But of  
Skulls  
Of  
Some  
Of us  
Are  
Waiting (patiently)  
For things to get  
Rather sticky red  
With us  
Before things get  
Too dry to drink.

Richard Laymon

(ed.: Intricacies)

Summer night alone...  
the star fell too fast  
to wish upon.

---

This forest river over  
rocks makes its own  
rainbow.

Joanne Amy Koch

painted  
in soft lead,  
Sunday shuffled  
past me.

Dennis Bosley

My mouth waters  
at the touch of your eyes  
on Something I love.

Wendy Wolf

A YEAR COME APRIL

Little wind on the hill.  
I wore my scarf against the silence  
and imagined a moon in the April night  
whose only star  
was a starfish gift  
at home in an empty room.

Carefully walking familiar ground  
in the shadows, dark between buildings,  
I picked out stones  
from the spring brown weeds  
as my bones ached to give  
to a trace of you--  
some closer comfort  
some shelter stronger  
than a smile  
some homage warmer  
than remembered kiss  
against night's endless question.

Later your friend came  
(There were no traces in the tiny  
stones)  
warm to my muddied fingers, strong  
to honor tomorrow.  
You breathed in our laughter.  
Still, it will be hard  
(with you in the knot of my scarf)  
to dare the dark  
and love your moon.

Yet  
a year come April  
I'll go to the hill  
again to the place of our knowing  
to turn ten-thousand shadowed thoughts  
(kept since that spring and your  
going)  
out for a moments play in the sun  
and the presence of what we left  
unsung  
while I still find your voice in the  
wind.  
A difficult benediction.

Lenore Hall



From a yawning circle in the sky  
pinions flash black, bold, oblique.  
Upward spiraling the death bird's  
ritual of enduring patience.  
Their's is not to stalk and conquer  
tasting struggle inherent with  
failure and achromatic victory.  
Aloof of involvement they settle  
calmly and wait to clean  
the carnage away.

Joanne Amy Koch

An apple dropped out of a tree one day.  
I bent to pick it up  
Thereupon seeing a worm  
Who sneered at me and said,  
"I'm in my own little world,  
If you bite into this apple  
You will have chomped into my wall  
of security."

I reflected a moment,  
and then...

I ate the apple.

Wendy Wolf

Today I could have lost  
My lotus down the chest  
Of president or king,  
Died petal after petal  
Down the warehouse wall  
Into a siren asphalt fire.

I could have knelt  
At Tower Hill  
To die with More  
Or grown black wings  
With Latimer.

Today I could have slanted  
My thighs through the sky  
Grey doom of death's belly,  
Slid down a cliff of shadow  
Into the slated, shouting sea.

Taken my blood  
By the bone of its hand  
And led it, trembling,  
Into the alter of tomb.

Richard Laymon



Modestly: Art and Life

The distant sadness  
requires cellonic laughter  
before the pristine whore's  
muted dance  
accepts your self-pity.  
And remember the subtle virgin  
enameled with patina,  
and her rage.

Gard

you take up pen  
with your feet, body  
moving to the rhythm  
of you happy.

Wendy Wolf

