

the
jason





the
jason

The Literary Magazine
of
Willamette University

The

Book

of the

of

University

a word of introduction:

This edition of *The Jason* strikes me as a milestone. It seems, as I sit here anticipating the moment when six people will sift through the manuscripts trying to choose those for print, that something ought to be said concerning the philosophy of this year's issue. We wanted to include the widest range of writers that we could and yet still have quality work on every page. The contributors come from as far away as Hawaii and Vermont and as close as the Willamette University campus. I hope that because many people are included the magazine will thrive as it should and enjoy a permanent residence as part of this school's culture.

Mary Gilson

M.C. Gilson

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Feedback is greatly appreciated.

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Heavy Weather Seamanship

Hold closely
(warmly, compassionately)

Open widely
(all defenses down)

Risk deeply
(no turning back)

And when
the great waves
sweep over
your frail craft,

Hang on tightly
and cling *(yes, yes,
oh, yes),*
cling, cling, cling!

— *Don Grant*

Snow Pressed

Between the Pages of a Book

We may melt before the snowflakes
perched on the arms of chairs do.

Children catch angels in their mouths,
fall down and make other angels in the snow.

The old lady is an angel
hiding in a drift as fine as bone china,

ready to offer us blood as fragrant
as herbal tea served on a doily.

There are houses built of snowflakes
in almost every old town:

we call it gingerbread,
eating them up with our eyes,

devouring them down to old ladies
crouched in corners, worrying bits of lace.

— *Duane Ackerson*

Crossing The

Fog eats the legs off the bridge:
we look down into chaos
holding us up.

The hand of a commuter
buzzes at the cord,
an angry hornet;

the motor's bear
grumbles back from the rear
of the cave we ride into day,

heads full of coffee
ears, of sheets
rustling us into streets.

— *Duane Ackerson*

Death of a Village

It's such a small town
Perhaps it matters little if it dies;
It seems to me that war
Shatters the crystal goblet of a nation
As it batters our young flesh into dust.
The youth that once ran freely thru the streets
Is lost as is his blood that stains the sheets
Of hospital cots.
I've thought lots
About the growing quiet of our town
It's grey and soft like eider-down;
And, yes, I frown
When I no longer see those happy faces —
But war, like a great ulcer,
swells and draws to it all the forces of the nation's blood,
No wonder that my village slowly pales
And under evening's limiting hand
I cannot see a soul from where I stand.

— *Paul Beal*



The Ball Game

An adolescent boy, his legs too long,
Spun his yarn, fully twice as strong
As his awkward hands that gripped the bat;
Aw! — he could do it; he was sure of that!
He'd knock the ball across the fence
Over the neighbor's house; and, hence,
He shouldered the bat and swung around;
His sister pitched; and with a silenced sound
The ball game stopped, for slumped at his side
Lay his baby sister, who in childish pride,
Had collected her dolls lest the close of day
Should find them in the alley-way.

A chill ran through him; his tan face flushed;
Limply she lay in his arms as he rushed
Up the creaky board steps and onto the porch,
And mother, watching lest the dinner scorch,
Dismissed the noise as that of the game,
Until to the kitchen door he came,
Bearing the girl, temple streaked with blood;
For a moment, a moment only, she stood,
And saw at a glance, how pale, how still —
A drop of blood stung the brown door-sill.

Then gently she lay the child on the cot;
How terribly close to the eye, she thought.
The doctor called — a million things done;
The little family functioned as one;
Then came waiting interminable,
The muffled prayers undiscernable.

The bat and ball in the back yard lay;
The dolls in a crumpled heap must stay,
For the hour of uncertainty lags and sleeps,
And the chill of death is lasting and deep.

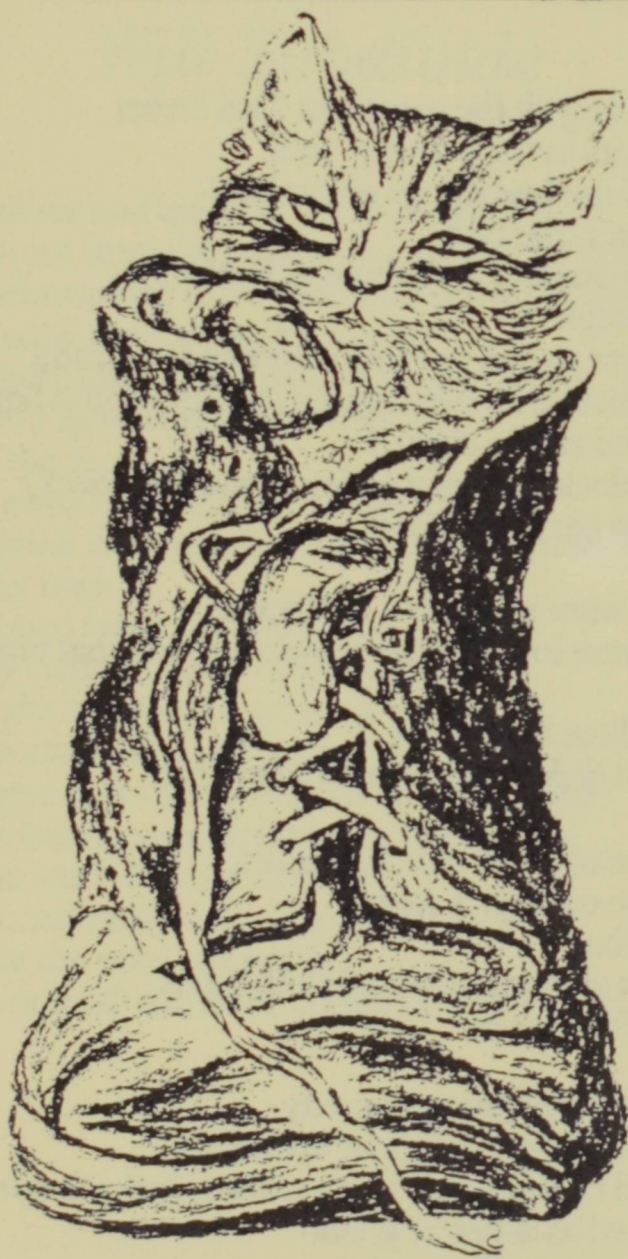
You did not die,
But Oh the deaths we went through
At having it so near to you!

—*Paul B. Beal*

In the Mummy Fields

There they are; stretched out,
tight skins and smiles,
asking for the dust,
a place to hide that ironic pleasantness,
the sallow humor of rigor mortis;
here they are, a field full of death
the color of wheat; and if they did not meet
the reaper with much largesse among those
Mexican hills, there is some appreciation
for the stale event; it comes with a click
and a whir, the camera gets it all,
(Those urbane gentlemen propped up side by side,
wearing extremely well-pressed suits ... what's
left of two French doctors ...)
and it seems there is, sometimes, life after death,
if the climate is dry.

— *C.C. Oliver*



Achilles and the Spartans of Grand Central Station

The phone rang all the way from 73rd Street
blue tile digits in the subway wall
I even knew the bad things about her
which weren't that bad
she had an equilateral triangle of freckles
on her left thigh
and was quite partial to Heath Bars and pastrami
we talked about the chessboards in Washington Square
and I listened as she choked
eating the black cord as it coiled around her neck
like a fly in a kettle of pasta
helpless ...
they didn't want her wallet or freckles
and there were lots of other phones around that night.

When our dime had fallen
and the civil defense siren spat in my ear
I hung up.
The promise of those pale blue eyes
bound in the coroner's sash
will always be
sealed from all footprints and flashcubes
with red velvet ropes.

Someday I'll eat a green horsefly
and my frosted eyes will float upstream
to be picked by a sea gull like a cracker-jack whistle
and scattered as ashes of guano
back into your mouth.

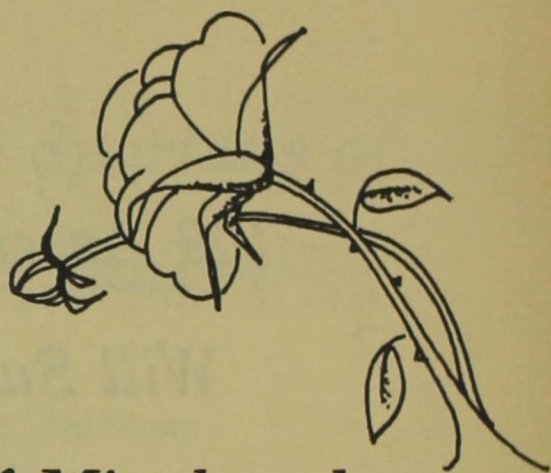
—*John Partigan*

109 Acres For Sale:

Will Subdivide

Doilies and quilts of Queen Anne's lace
sprout from the carbon rich soil of the living room
indian coffee dries chocolate brown in the kitchen
among the stones of a hearth
where loaves of bread no longer rise.
Through transparent walls
is the yard,
a white lilac douglas fir and iron gate
appear eccentric in the sea of wild grasses.
Out back
tipped fence posts without wire
lay claim to fields of goldenrod,
eight down and four across —
geometry and the farmer
these tusks were once an apple orchard
probably northern spies or ida reds —
the stuff of pies and cobbler.
Occasionally a small fruit will form
like the nose of a witch
to nourish the children who wander here.

— *John Partigan*



On the Question of Misplaced Complementaries

In the garden, rose and other blossoms
Were colored like paper scraps swept up
After a carnival and tossed

Against the sky. I said the grasses'
Spill onto shore rocks reminded
Me of a checkers game I had lost.

I said, because of so much background,
Unfilled. Water sounded with the pass
Of sailboats all the while.

Was it the hiss of a nail grazed
To a track on skin? What economy
In the thorns of roses! What subtle

Conservation of form. No wasting of wind
Like the boats, no tipping
Back and forth. Before

Sleep, I propose an errand for morning;
The warmth of thorn-tips broken off
In my palm I touch with one finger.

—*James Faubion*

*The water has been running,
several days*

The water has been running, several days.
I've lost the number. Rats will be drowning now,
Below the streets. Above the fat gazettes
Go soggy in their boxes, every issue.
A few read them, pacing up and down,
Counting avenues like the ribs of a refugee.
A few have, as yet, that sense of posture. As for me,

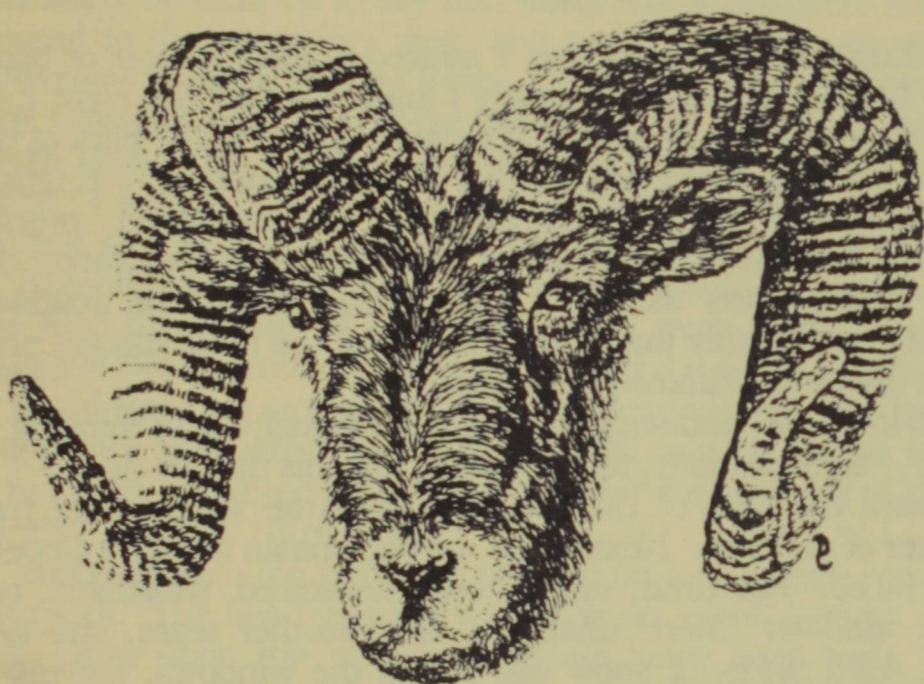
I unload by bag of cartilage, of joints
And faded bones, these things that, here and there,
I still have left of you. I set them up.
And play, to the metronomy of a gutter's drip, a melody
I know: it is some lemon cut, the casual fluorescence of
A whore's torn stocking. Color. It is the shade
In your eyes. It is the least reason of my life.

—*James Faubion*

Broken Heart

Hard.
Crusty,
and forgotten.
It seeming
that new loves
could be spiders
and the like, who upon
arriving,
would callously
implant their
homes within.
Dusty,
with waterstreaks
that appear to
dig at the once
original red. And
collapsed;
ceasing
to beat, but
playing temple
to what still lingers

— *David Allen Wrightson*



To Dan Bouire

There once was a blind man named Dan
whose glasses weren't bottles but cans.
He said radar's the cure
and you can be sure
cuz he was a Westinghouse man.

— *Dugan Bonney*

Dachau

Looking up from the driver, I noticed a small cluster of backpacks behind his seat. Instantly I knew we had the right bus. Grimy, travel-worn, Francis and I made our way to the back of the bus; an enticing mixture of dialects swirled around us — English, the exuberance of South Africa bush, the measured, precise sound of German. The soothing hum of the engine droned on; soon, Francis was asleep. Interspersed along the roadway were the predictably immaculate homes of the local village, pristine in their blue trimmed perfection.

It all looked too indistinguishable, too normal; I kept thinking to myself, "for how many, for how many was this the last ride?"

Toward the rear of the bus emanated the wonderfully free laughter of children. Next to me, an old woman sat tight-lipped, gaunt faced. Her tired, washed out eyes stared, transfixed, out of the window. Inert, unable to shed further tears, she sat. Small, solid flakes of snow slid across the windows, leaving a score of watery entrails. Knowingly, the old woman turned toward me, and in a subdued tone said, "Dachau is die nachste hald." I looked around at the other bedraggled nomads in the bus, a heightened sense of anticipation seemed to bond us together.

Suddenly, the wheels locked, jerking Francis awake. In a moment, six of us stood in the biting cold, listening to the secure, warm sound of downshifting gears as we watched the end of the bus disappear from sight.

Hoisting Francis's backpack over his shoulders, I glanced up into the steel grey sky. Silently, steadily, flakes of off-white fell upon us. The air seemed laden with despair. The crusty layer of ice filled grey broke under our weight as we approached the camp confines. Quickly, Francis turned toward me, and slapping his hands together, exclaimed, "What the hell are we doing out here?!"

"Shut up! We're here," I snapped back in a tired, exasperated fit of temper.

Indeed, why? Why were we there?

Approaching the gate, the stolid face of the keeper ushered us forward. In a solemn procession we marched into camp. Abruptly, involuntarily, we stopped. In embalmed silence we stood, arrested, before the first wall of barbed wire. All my life I had heard of the holocaust, yet, somehow, I had never imagined it to be real. Nudging Francis, we walked on. Soon, we came upon a long, wide rectangular shaped ditch; we stopped, and looked into the shallow pool of frozen water. A young German, who had come up

behind us, saw our puzzled looks. He explained that the ditch had been dug just prior to the liberation of the camp. Dropping his head, he went on to say that hundreds of prisoners had been forced to the precipice, shot, and shoved in atop one another, forming a pyramid of dead flesh. Under the glazed surface of the ice, I saw the pale faces of the hundreds, the thousands, pressing from under the surface, their fists pounding, imploring to be seen. I heard, I felt, the spiritual force of the martyred. Their voices, welling as one, shouted to us, the living: "Never Again."

Numbed, we walked on to the "camp museum." For two hours we filed by exhibits of dirty rags called work clothes, perverse surgical instruments, pictures of emaciated masses — pictures of a guard standing atop the carcass of a dead woman, his foot resting on her head, small pieces of her skull split by the hot force of a bullet lay scattered on the ground, near the butt end of the soldier's rifle. Two horrific hours.

Emerging into the light, we pressed on to the lone, remaining barracks. The nearby guard towers stood silent, empty, unseeing. Row upon row of rickety, rough hewn bunk beds leaned against the walls; the monotony of wood was broken only by a single lightbulb hanging naked from the ceiling.

Onward we went, to the end of the camp where we came upon the original entrance gate. There, in rotted iron of black, remained the words, "Arbeit macht frei" — "Works makes one free."

Further, across a short wooden bridge, to the far corner of the camp, we came upon the ovens. I wanted to scream out at the dull baked red of the bricks, the yawning half moon of black, but I could not.

Like drones we pushed on to the exit, and — release. At the bus stop the empty chatter of two Americans could be heard:

"Well, what do we want for lunch, brockwurst and beer?"

"No. It's too early for beer. Let's just have sausage."

Turning away, and looking up into the sky, warm tears began to course down my cheeks, and into the frozen tufts of my beard.

—*Eric Morrison*

Why You Love That California

California is wary of thorns and venom
tells its children to avoid the dark tunnels of rock,
and the poison in the Castor Bean, the Oleander.
Still, civilization tumbles into itself;
a lacy grid of buildings and edifice
stops for an acre of cemetery,
and picks up quickly again.

Now this is your fantasy. A walk to solitude.
The foot perspires in the shoe, the sun burns the arms —
Even simple mechanisms burden the mind
the passing of a thousand cars, arguments from nervous couples.
Listen to Grandfather's stories again: great veins
of gold and so many jackrabbits
when San Bernardino was the Golden West,
a couple of shops and a saloon.
(Did you think about the saloon this way? Some girls
in corsets and heels, a long wooden bar?)
It's years before you find out what happened
first the Spanish, then the Mormons —
strangers in a holy land.

Stop before you reach the mountain exit.
It's cooler up there, but much the same along the road,
stay and count the new hills ploughed under, count the rabbits
dislocated, and the days that pass
before the thick desert grasses mature again.

—*jean brady*

Recollection

For David, a park poem; bushes and adolescent trees
I am enchanted by your hands, Michelangelo expressions

I would put you on my wall, in my bed gladly
far away from the sound of crickets, forks and smoke.

Damn the lines anyway, vulgar and I
Played your piano once (never touched your hair)
Forgot the lyrics halfway finished
at this bench where I'm writing, watching the ground
will someone see the humor in it, see me off-guard.

—*jean brady*

Looking Over the Crooked River Gorge

To the memory of my father

In the dark print of afternoon,
the early night stare of November
when the heron takes to the reeds,
and the river slides black,
the blue clouds close
and the steep walls perch,
hungry as vultures for the offal of dawn.
Here, naked in the night to piss,
picking the vein colored berries of the juniper,
I remember you, proud King,
fighting the oars
like an astronaut with crutches,
looking always for the V
where the rivers run deepest.

—*Perry Norris*

Fossil, Oregon

In an old town on the Oregon plains
(everyone here calls desert) and no rain,
fed on diesel fuel and antelope — all hope
you see, without a gift or a word, only the
coyote's scrawled call and the cracked ponds
of the herefords (moved low into the gorge);
imagine here two women all busts and ankles
waiting for the mail from Mitchell.

They press their letters to mail to their laps,
legal-sized and fat caps, turning to smile
to show their teeth like pews, perhaps recollecting
in the slow hurry trance of the fan
a dance — "oh my, years ago" — the clarinet
whistling like Philomel and a dress with sleeves
big as balloons and felt "Oh Heavens, for the first time"
since winters slapped us all silly.

—*Perry Norris*

The Other Side of Midnight

Mirrorlike two-sided image at night
as I close my eyes
and yours too are closed somewhere.

You have appeared too often to me at nighttime,
letting me run in sunshine
while the shadows of night curl
around my neck.

And it seems that is to be our rendezvous
the coup de gras,
and I wake and want to warn myself
that you are on the other side of midnight
looking through the cheval glass at me.

We do not touch hands but rub them,
like two black spiders
against the glass
and my fingers leave a grey trail.

Why is it we must meet when sleeping
and touch each other like clouds
preparing for a storm?

You meet me on the moon, or under it,
(we saw the moon together
and it touched my head
like a wet hand.)

It is an animal's instinct
to avoid poison food.

But I, having lost touch with my intuitions,
latch on to the poison of thoughts at night,
attacking them in the morning
before the sun can warm my heart
making me conscious again.

Meet me in the meadow
while you sleep
and we will walk
then wake to be divided by miles,
and very much alone. — *M.C. Gilson*

July Eighth

First day alone, after a long clutter
of ghost-like faces
nervously setting dates for themselves,
and now the last act
here where the deer track
and I walk among the nettle —
grass, the wetted fern
of the forest you made: hand blown.

All morning with jaded eyes, I and the dog
watched the pool glimmer
where they drained fish yesterday
dropping like drizzle
in rapid splashes. The river
yawned like a hungry schoolgirl
accepting the silver anglers
among her sheens.

Then I watch, from the porch rail,
leaning out, as the afternoon
sweats on, and the platinum trout
flex and persist against the gaffed thread
directing all their power to escape:
trying to counter the swallowed hook.

As a wet body writhes above the water
it wonders
what might have been up the river
near the falls where the lampreys
eat the algae, and catfish coldly swim.

— *M.C. Gilson*

A Thought That is Real

You came in my thought. Wind blew, rain....
You stayed the same. Then in my thought
you went away. In all the world
nobody cared. Nobody spoke
in all the world. They opened their mouths
but no sound came. They touched my hand
but I never felt. Then I knew this: we live
a dream, and all else is lost
when we wake to the dark. But some things
we think make real all the rest.

All the world faded when you left my thought.

— *William Stafford*



For All Self-Proclaimed Humanists

You've dipped my thoughts
in glued-fast guilt
with insinuations of my
role in mankind,
and made me
bear a burden
that you refuse
to call your own.

In answer to your
barbed signs of protest
that snare every
starving soul but
your own:

I accept my part —
my past, with all
its tragic flaws,
and question how you
can change the script
after declaring history
a closet drama.

— *S. J. Heyworth*

Clouds

Clouds
smear into clouds
like colors on watered canvas
choking out the blue
wrapping foam around trees
mimicking the whims of man

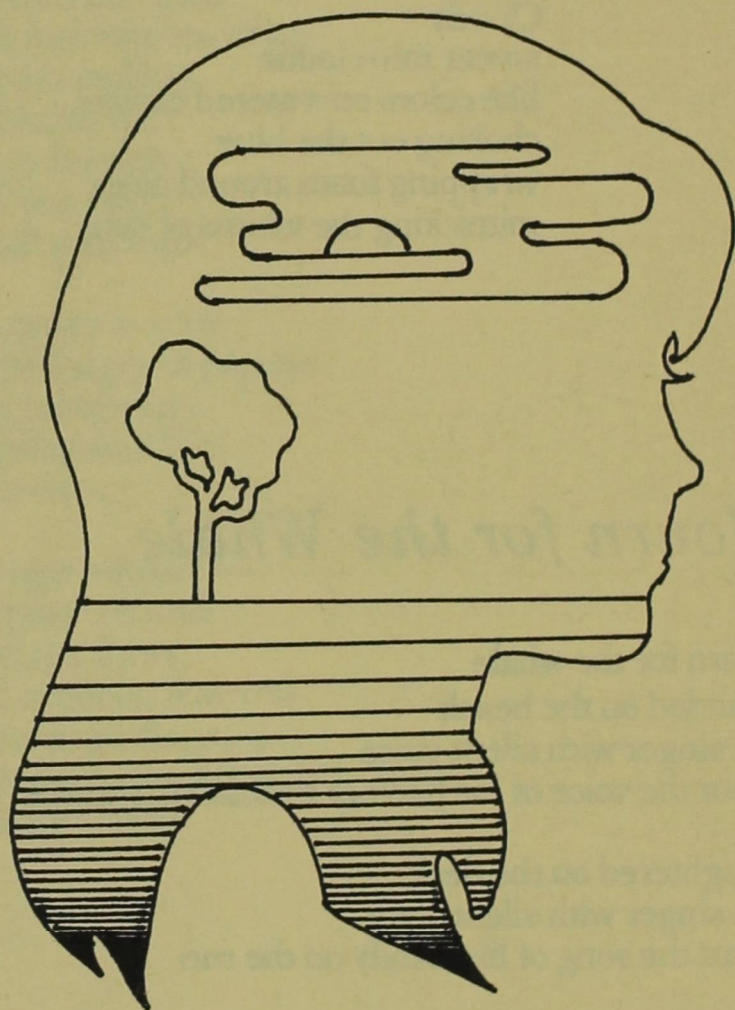
Mourn for the Whale

Mourn for the whale
stranded on the beach
a singer with silent voice
but the voice of his partner beneath the waves

slaughtered on the deck
a singer with silent song
but the song of his family on the run

mammoth singer of the seas
we've no songs for your passing
no voice for your singing
only cemeteries of sand

— *Alicia Blanton*



Hair

My sister she has,
 such long beautiful hair,
I can't understand how it
 all got up there.
She combs it and cuts it
 and yet it still grows;
How it all fits
 heaven only knows.
Mine is so short
 and ugly to view —
I'm embarrassed to death,
 I don't know what to do.
I pull it and tug it
 at night in my bed
Hoping to force it
 right out of my head.
My sister she laughs
 and she smiles to see
Exactly what's next
 with my hair and me.

Today I was desperate,
 as desperate can be
So I knotted my hair
 'round the branch of a tree.
I tied it and leaped
 from the limb of the oak
And found myself hanging
 and ready to choke.
I screamed for my sister
 who came on the run
With scissors in hand
 and now the job's done.
My hair was once ugly,
 but now it's a mess
'Cause my sister went to it
 and now I have less.

— *Lisa Hollar*

Miller Beer Poem

Big blue mountains
— looming —
off in the distance,
as a dusty old truck
treks along a back road.

Nash says
it's a Miller beer commercial.
So we stop at the Crippled Ewe tavern,
and over a cold one
I inform him that it's no commercial,
but rather a poem,
which seems out of time's line.

And I am writing ...

What Sets Me Off

What sets me off
in any particular direction,
might be the time of day —
a melody in the air —
or a certain look in your eyes.

To make matters worse,
most of us really never know
what it is
that actually sets us off.

What sets me off
at any given instance,
might be the color of the sky —
the rushing of my adrenalin —
(and, most certainly)
the texture of your smile.

— Sean McArthur

Burning Images Etched

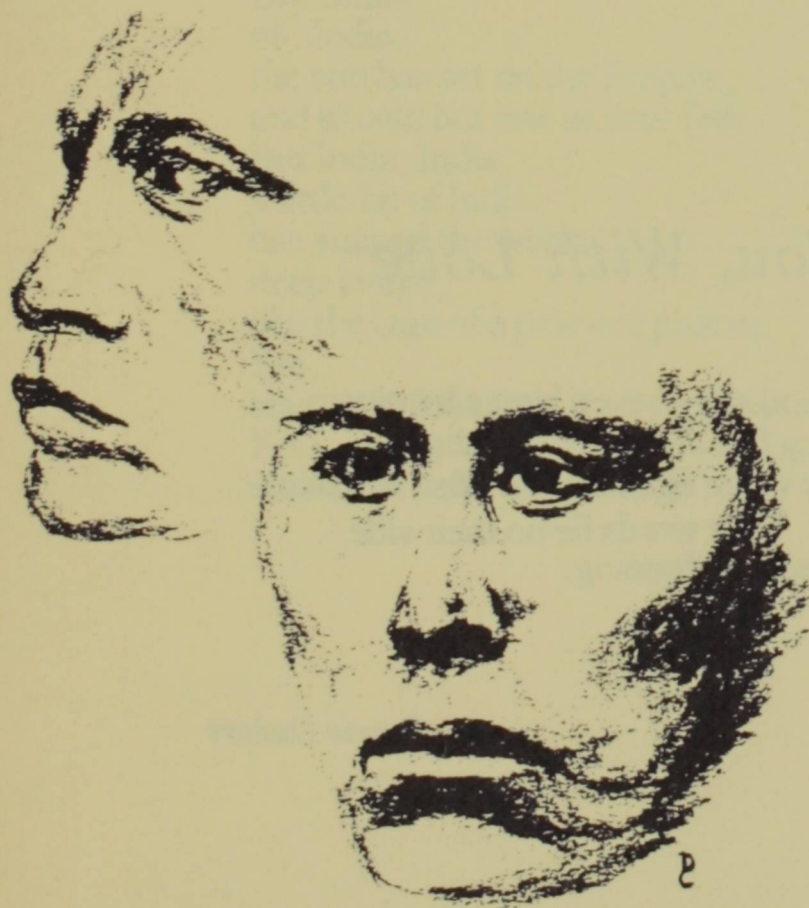
Burning images etched
In the grey matter
Locked inside my cranium.

How can grey matter
Hold such colorful images?

If my mind broke open,
Would there be a flash
Of color
And light
And brilliance?

Or just a sharp crack,
Oozing dull formless lava,
Borrowed from the minds of others?

— *Matthew Carnahan*



Bandit

My cat
watches, waiting
as the moth nears him, then
with one pirouette
he swallows his
snack.

— *Michele Macklem-Kemp*

For You, With Love

Two hundred and sixty-seven kisses leave you
leave me tasting like chenin blanc, slightly
sweet and very white against your lips. My skin
you say is soft. Your words lie on their side
cradled between us, ripening.

— *Lorrie Dukart*

A Refrain

Two,
A woman,
a girl
kneel on stuffed tapestry,
among Calcutta rugs and peacock feathers.
Jaded vases are guarded
by wary elephants
trumpeting,
Oh, India,
oh, India,
the sun has set on the Empire,
and should but rise at your feet.
But India, India,
a little bit of India
has stained the world
deep indigo,
like the core of a peacock plume.
Yes,
stained in India ink.
Yes,
stained in India blood.

— *Margaret Binns*

Nova Calculus

O.K. tell me.
Say I am a 3-d projection of a space-time entity — that's fine,
But tell me also:
 Whence the Light?
Computers (men) termites (men) photons (men) cave (men)
Space-time bends
And matter is only matter on wave-shaped odds,
But tell me (I mean really now),
 Is Bingo by any other name
 A Game?
The Winged Ones fly one night and see the moon and mate;
Never to see,
Never to fly,
 Again. But tell me (I just can't wait),
 Is there Anywhy?
And mind machines amaze me, not to mention beat my chess;
Robots plotting their course on Mars,
Programs ordering lobster in bars,
Infants but now learning to learn —
 Digital Ova meets analog sperm,
 I can't even ask ...
Of course, of course, we all know that
Positrons are just electrons
Projected backwards onto time;
A perfect symmetry prevails,
A calculus for all your ails,
 All-most.
"Man minus machine minus matter minus 'mite makes me."
Maybe.

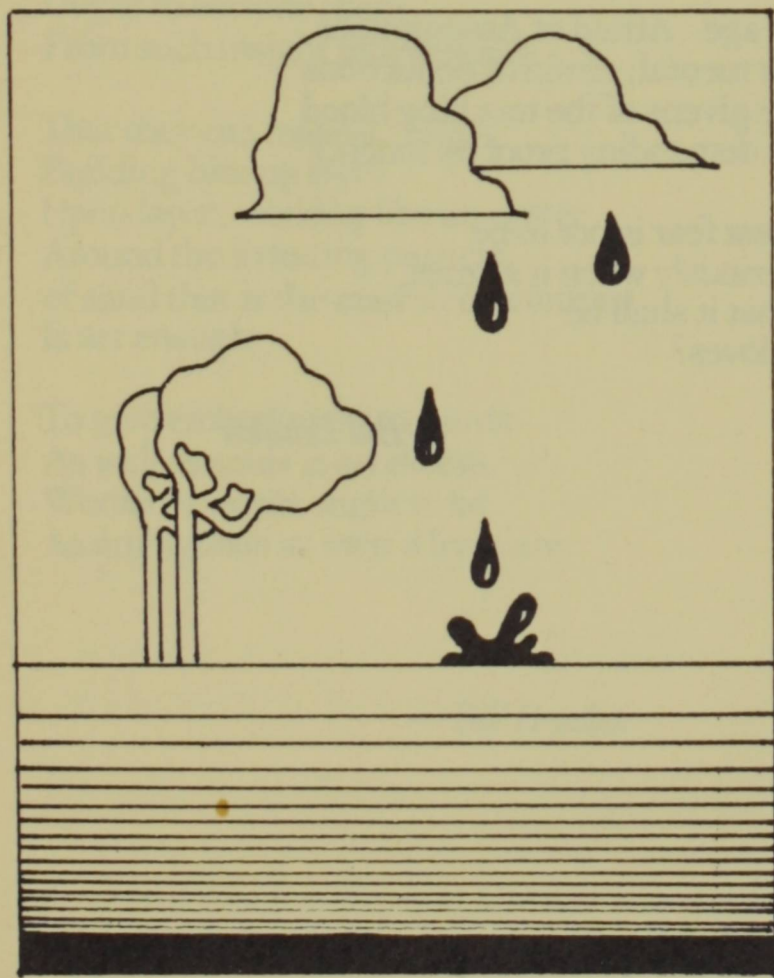
— *Glen Furnas*

Small Worlds of Foam

Small worlds of foam
speeding by on the smooth sand.

I watch as some glide along
eroding slowly into nothingness,
while others explode, dying prematurely

— *Rick LaGreide*



Homily on the Age

A gossamer dialectician remarked
That matter is the measure of things
And no Milton rose to smack him
Butt to breakfast with a rude fourteener
Or riot out his throat with what a kiss
Can do.

So is our age. Afraid of Assumptions,
Literal or mental; afraid of deductions
From the givens of the touching blood.
(And yet demanding proof by touch.)

Its greatest fear is not to be
Taken seriously when it argues,
Or is it that it shall be
When it loves?

— *Bill Braden*

*For George Eliot
and Mute Women*

that roar which lies
on the other side
of silence

Middlemarch

Perhaps she understood, after all;
Though I have never thought it appropriate
That women should be able to state
It so well. Their fruitfulness
Ought to exclude them
From such insight into despair.

That they can make a child,
Building him up layer
Upon layer, working like an oyster
Around the irritating particle
of sand that is the man's contribution.
Is art enough.

To give embodiment to words
As well as souls is an excess.
Women's words ought to be
As ambiguous as men's lives are.

— *Bill Braden*

*wind-burned forehead
knotted with veins*

Shoes, plaster casts fitted with polished mud

I could see that this bum had
let go of his second story illusions

palms grown too sweaty,
slipping,
and the long ride
through the greyness of clouds

the bottles like tattered parachutes.
Sometimes wine could slow things down

The impossibility of feet
trying not to touch ground

mama mama
Look at the funny man
in the Bushes

Overexposed, like old film,
he waits for Darkness
and the promised shroud.

— *Mark Hall*

Ballad of Neon Light

Watched neon spray his name
across the subway walls of night

Till sirens called the rooster crow
and summoned up the light

And neon sees dimension
and he hears the cunning feet

So he jumps across the turnstyle
fading from the heat

and neon pulls his last can out

and throws it on the run

watched aerosol exploding red
against one spotlight of the Sun

and neon's on the platform now

Racing from my sight

as he jumps between the sliding doors
of disappearing night

And the pigs of dawn
some shook their fists
and some of them just sighed

as Neon waved from the subway train,
night windows flashing by.

—*Mark Hall*

AN ELEGIAC SONNET

*Being an address to a shoe
with a broken heel.*

O thou who wast once my joy and sole delight,
Whose tongue oft spoke to me with size forlorn,
Who everywhere thou walked there prospered corn,
Most fit thou seemed to stand unmoved in might.
O thou who raised up arches in thy pride ...
But what doth it boot to shoe thee what thou wert?
For by thy daring feet thou hast been hurt.
Better it wore than this that thou hadst dyed.
Thy flaw was even as Achilles' own.
Though thou suede men who hearing gladly toiled,
Thine honor hath now been stained, before all soiled.
And now, adorned with lace, thou standst alone.
O thou who walked unharmed through wood and field,
I cannot but believe thou shalt be heeled.

— *Linda Marie Zaerr*

da Wad's Powa

ah Foughtta,
ya oughtta leddum!
howdy-do/win
be da game.
da King Kong come,
da peep-ill run
on earth as-it-isn't:
Heaven.

givus dis day
ah Daley bread
n forget us ah deads
as we ever
ged ah deaders.
leedus nod in tension,
Bud,
de-evil us from liver;
for Dining's
the king dumb
n da Powa
n da Glowy
fer EVER N Ever
n ever never...

a-man.

—*Jeff Defty*

Self-Portrait as my Thumb

Thick and short first digit,
muscle and bone you can't see
and still believe in,
layers of living.

You resemble a stove match,
safe out of reach,
phosphorescent cities
explode.

A mouse swollen snake
cool as a basement
full of slow juices
that seep.

At times Alice,
white headband,
hair to her waist
about to topple.

A nun bent slightly
or black veiled
Spaniard snapping
to lusty tamborine.

Sometimes a squat Russian
in bright babushka,
a wooden shell of a doll
whose belly opens
housing a family
one inside another.

—*Lois Rosen*

Ode to the Zucchini

Zucchini are not stuck up
like melons that only grow
in good years. They don't care
if you've never gardened before.

From a seed,
like an octopus,
crisp limbs snake out
and bloom orange.

Green fruits,
tender and slim.
Books say,
Pick them early.

I let them swell.
My zucchinis are wopping giants
bigger than baseball bats,
blimps to hold in both arms.

Blubberless whale belly
chopped and blended.
Grating and baking all morning,
I fill my oven with moist loaves.

—*Lois Rosen*



Ptolemy, Etc.: A Brief History of Egotism

At first the earth was a teeming ball of heads
turning on a spit in a barrel
studded with stars.
The sun was a clown-grin
painted on a stave.
We spoke its name:
we called it "hanging god",
its body dangling in another barrel
composed of ourselves.

Then, through telescoped lives,
We glimpsed in the stars
our own faces staring glibly back.
We cried, "Little godlings,
come marry us,
we are so alone!"
And we danced up on the barrel hoop,
around and around.

But now we are much smarter.
We know that between us
and our heavenly mimics
there is a room called space.
We feel rapture become
brazed to our eyes
like metal tears
while, off to the side,
we
are watching,
knowingly.

—*Eric Yandell*



My Old Black Hat

1.

The brim parabolopes
like a Cockney halo,
undefinable at times
like she who gave it to me.

Nights, embossed on sky,
it drifts incognito,
an horizon charted by Paracelsus
among the Miragenous Zones.

“Verily, sir, I am astounded
by its obdurate evasiveness,
vanishing perennial,
like a lover’s foggy merges
into the Other.”

Beneath the bowl, at times,
on a subway between Reality and Construct,
the Uninhabitant
screams.

2.

Lying next to you
and that great voiceless warmth, almost
your body, breaks over me like music,
eroding even the need for language.

Years later, your absence still sings to me
out of the black shell —
the tide mounts in my veins,
heart contracts, attains an insuperable density.

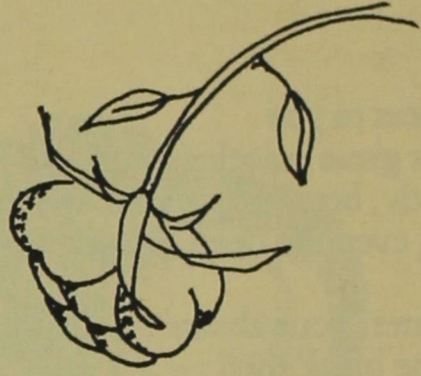
Astronomers, eons away, will have hypothesized
our existence from unpredicted occultations on their plates,
will have seen the light around my body
disintegrating,
and deduced the presence of a magnetic darkness,
the kind that draws sight from the eyes of the blind.

Poets will have given us other names,
appended the usual fictions —
love intense and unredeemable,
the illusionist, black-hatted, caught in the act,
the transformation suspended,
object stalked by two shadows.

Following the lamps in walls
only the blind can see,
I explore interfaces,
the whorls of felt,
and wait for your face to coalesce
against the inscrutable topography.

From the gulf of your name,
unseen even now,
you electrify and illuminate.

— *Eric Yandell*

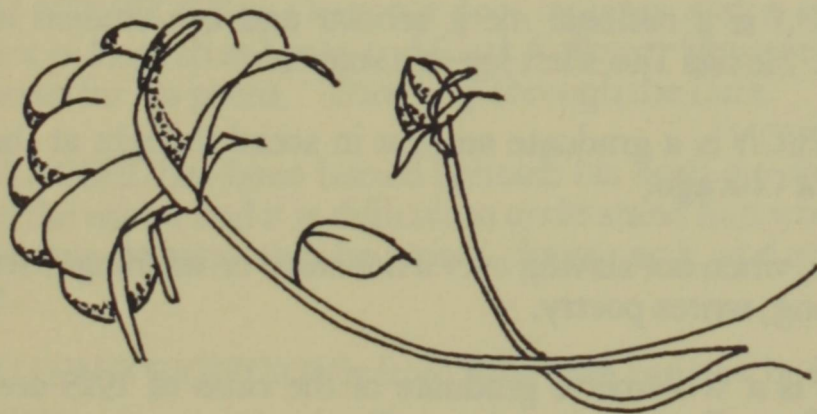


For T.J.T.: An Apology

Well, so i make you out something
Bigger than life —
I'm sure you'll forgive me.
After all, you are the woman
In the church choir —
Teacher of three-year-olds —
Whose friends and younger sister
Have all married.
Pity the ordinary life.
Perhaps we dream dreams
Not to leave this sordid sphere
But to enter in.
Perhaps we dream dreams —
Fantasize so we can empathize,
You realize i can't feel what you feel
Until i see with your eyes.
So perhaps i embellish —
A Baroque sort of imagining
That leads me down paths similar
to those you construct —
I was never too thrilled with my
Pity-the-ordinary-life either.

This thing thinking:
Imagining, dreaming, scheming
Of things unseen —
Laughing, crying, singing,
Being is what brings us together
Being what we are —
Human being what we are —
And being isn't all it's cracked up to be
So we embellish
And pity the ordinary life
No longer
We enter in —
To each other
Down long corridors and winding flights of fantasy
And elevate ourselves above
The teaming squalid, sordid sphere
That crunches beneath our steps.
I know you'll forgive me,
I do as i do because
I know you do too
I make you out bigger than life
Because, my dear, you are.

— *C. Stewart Strobel*



DUANE ACKERSON has a collection of poems out called *The Eggplant and Other Absurdities*. He is working as a research analyst for the state of Oregon at present and is available for readings of his poetry in the Salem area.

PAUL B. BEAL is an emeritus professor at Willamette University and is now doing macrame and keeping green houseplants.

MARGARET BINNS is a mystery.

ALICIA BLANTON has had poems published in *Kaleidoscope* and *Young America Sings* and wants to marry John Denver

DUGAN BONNEY is a fisherman, gold panner, and juggler-bum who wishes to work one day.

BILL BRADEN hails from Walla Walla, Washington, has patted Garryowen, and now teaches modern poetry like nobody else.

JEAN BRADY, an Army WAC cadet, is currently stationed in Honolulu, Hawaii, awaiting transfer to Guam.

MATTHEW CARNAHAN's poems arrived.

DIDRA CARTER is a good secretary and likes to draw and think.

JEFF DEFTY is in Germany right now and can be reached there.

LORRIE DUKART lives in Salem, writes poetry, and also helps with *Before the Sun* at Chemeketa Community College.

GLEN FURNAS is a national merit scholar and has studied in Yugoslavia. He has Tito's left leg as a souvenir.

JAMES FAUBION is a graduate student in social thought at the University of Chicago.

M. C. GILSON, when not slaving over a hot stove or washing dishes all day long, writes poetry.

DON GRANT is a Willamette graduate of the class of 1929 and has been a fierce Bearcat ever since. Our thanks.

MARK HALL can be found for readings of his poetry in the White Coaster restaurant under a beer glass.

LISA HOLLAR is from Colorado and is now a sophomore at Willamette.

S.J. HEYWORTH can be found at the Ram at 3:30 on Fridays — see you there!

RICK LAGREIDE arrived to us unannounced and we hope to hear from him again.

MICHELE MACKLEM-KEMP is a music therapy student and is from a long line of poets, artists, novelists, musicians, and lunatics.

SEAN McARTHUR left school years ago. He burns in California and plays a lot of poker.

ERIC MORRISON is a Willamette senior and an SAE.

PERRY NORRIS plans to attend grad school next fall — fine and dandy.

CINDY OKUMOTO lives on science fiction and is better known as Princess Leia.

C.C. OLIVER is a literature major at Reed College and sometimes sells shoes.

JOHN PARTIGAN finds himself displaced in Oregon; RAW-chester has the best of him.

LOIS ROSEN has studied writing for a long time while raising her son David and all.

KAPPY ROWE is a DG and an artist.

WILLIAM STAFFORD is Oregon's poet laureate and a retired professor of English at Lewis and Clark College. He is perhaps best known for his poem, "Traveling Through the Dark."

CRAIG STROBEL has been buried beneath his scarf for the entirety of the winter and it is difficult to understand him when he talks, but we do know that he writes, draws, acts, and studies science.

DAVID ALLEN WRIGHTSON is from WISH but can now be found in Uruguay.

ERIC YANDELL is a former editor of the *Jason*. His poetic output, he says, is "prolix perhaps, but not prolific."

LINDA MARIE ZAERR writes because she is compelled to and wants to go to London for graduate work.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
FROM 1789 TO 1865
BY CHARLES A. BEAN
PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN BOOK CONCERN
NEW YORK

CHAPTER I
THE FOUNDING OF THE NATION
1789-1796

THE CONSTITUTION
The Constitution of the United States was adopted on September 17, 1787, and went into effect on September 17, 1789. It is the supreme law of the land and provides for a system of government with three branches: the executive, the legislative, and the judicial.

THE PRESIDENT
The President of the United States is the head of the executive branch and is elected for a four-year term. The President has the power to veto legislation, to appoint and remove judges, and to declare war.

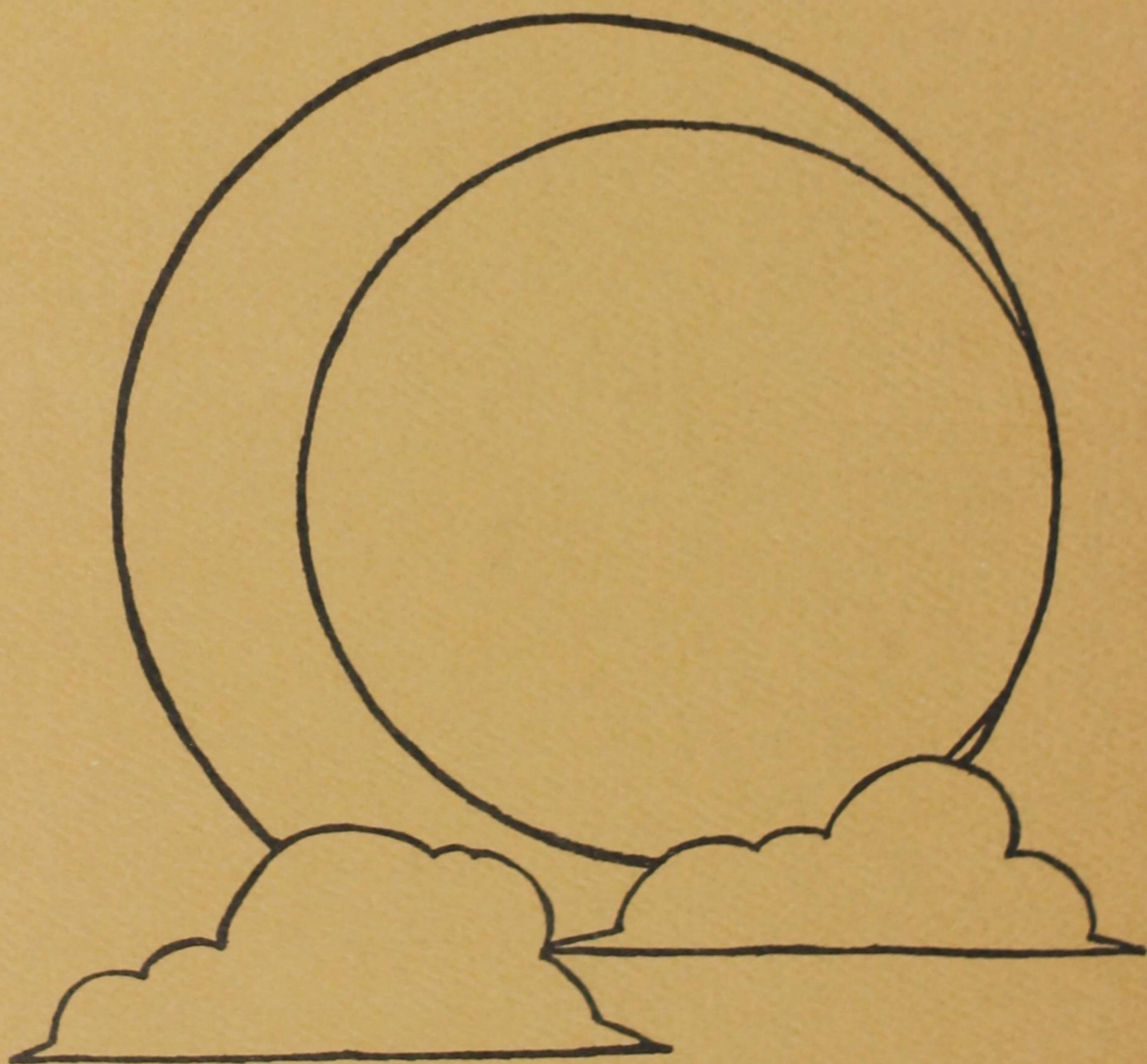
THE CONGRESS
The Congress of the United States is the legislative branch and is composed of the Senate and the House of Representatives. The Senate is made up of two members from each state, and the House of Representatives is made up of members from each state in proportion to its population.

THE JUDICIAL BRANCH
The Judicial Branch of the United States is headed by the Supreme Court, which is composed of nine Justices. The Supreme Court has the power to interpret the Constitution and to review the actions of the executive and legislative branches.

THE EARLY YEARS
The early years of the United States were marked by a period of growth and expansion. The country was a young nation, and its people were working to establish a stable government and a strong economy.



a-buck



1979-1980