

JASON

The Jason

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Visual Art:	Pages
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We extend special thanks to our advisor Duane Ackerson, typist Sharon Shoup, the A.S.W.U. Senate and the Alternative Futures program for their financial support, and the Media Center for making this issue possible.

The Journal

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Cover: James E. Rasmussen

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We extend special thanks to our readers
James E. Rasmussen, John Tashjian, Lester East,
the A. J. R. Society and the Association
of Authors for their financial
support, and the Media Center for
making this issue possible.

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Paul

Once strangers in the light
like the mirror and I on Monday mornings,
our silhouettes converged--
reflecting beams of blinding S.O.S.

My days slid by--
leather-soled shoes on a fresh mudded lawn--
yours must have too.
When I slipped you held me up,
I did the same for you.

Yet now, I trudge the mud alone,
sometimes falling with my face--all time shattered.
As feet regain a former stance
thoughts of you revolve in place.
The mud cakes off--sun-scraped,
and sand once more begins to slide.

- John Partigan

Modern Life

Deep Monsters Lurk

On The Celluloid

Subconsciously Killing;

Biting Into Ideas

On The Neck Until

Dead---

---While

Tall Men In Shorts

Run Fast Breaks

Through The Center

Of The Living Room

And Children

Smash Train Sets

Causing A Series Of

All-American Amtrak Disasters.

- Elton T. Elliott



Forgive me love
but your body is covered
with finger prints.

Spectral hands softly caress
your thighs

as past and future
lovers promise you
silk and champagne.

Forgive me love
but jealousy has arrived
like an unexpected guest.

It kicks open the door
to smash the fragile
furniture inside
my sanity.

- Mark Hall

Let me

Let me

meet you like a whisper
like the touch of late summer wind
rolling through soft dry grass.

That green green jungle of your eyes
--shot with yellow--

like Vincent's hills of raving corn
asks me questions I don't want,
pulls me into your world
of clear black skies and mad colors.

I am afraid of loud differences.

Let me meet you cautiously, like morning
sliding in from the east,
promising nothing.

- Laura Fear

A rainbow

descends

Blood spermed sun

inflecting patterned light

through steel-catted clouds.

Throwing trees and grass--

Wall images which hit doors

and bounce through dry souls.

Prism sky

laughs gold

In dripping blocks

of unmitigated harmony;

catching time and casting

Arrows of chanced lines

Which spread a flood of forests

over nipple guarded valleys.

- Deborah Brossard



Cement Sunset

When all your colors fade to gray
You've become a prop in the endless play
Dreams become a pallid prism
Your life becomes an endless prison
Morning brings you more disgrace
Paint a smile on your canvas face
Nothing ventured, nothing gained
Reality is where you're chained
Another robot in a coat and tie
To prove you've lived, you'll have to die.

- Traeger Machetanz

You appeared.
I watched.
You smiled.
I blushed.
You spoke.
I rejoiced.
You remained.
I assumed.
You reaped.
I yielded.
You neglected.
I questioned.
You withdrew.
I pleaded.
You disappeared.
I wept.
You bastard.
I cared.

- Cherie Taylor



Dawn

An early blue fog
Enfolds a silent congregation
Of grand cedars and spreading maples.
Hushed in translucent
Velvet silence,
still, so very still they stand
Under its large and misted cloak;
An ethereal communion
Quickly fading to day.

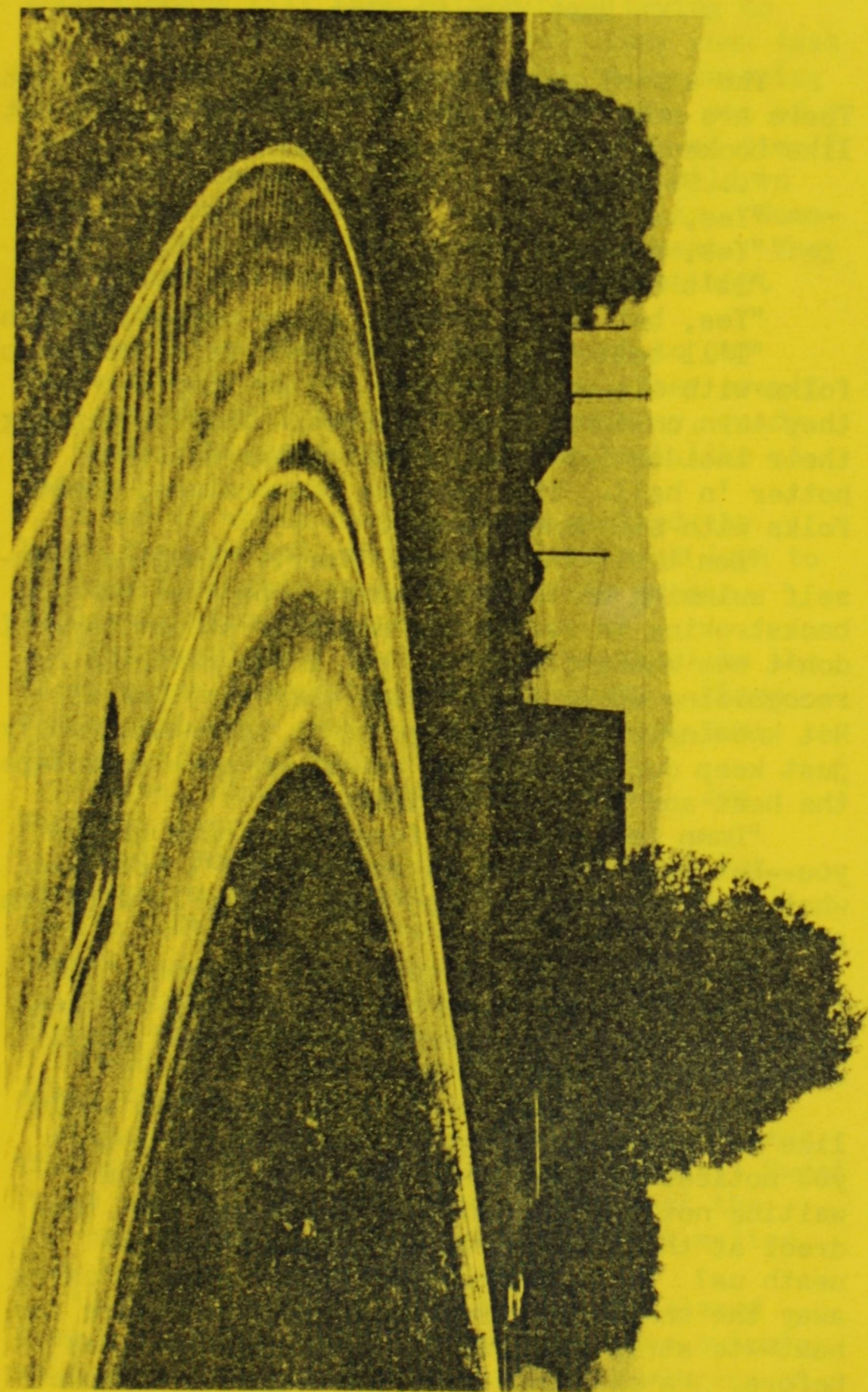
- Anita Rose-Perrine

remember me?

i remember
you, yes
last year wasn't it?
below
and
among
the dogwood trees
we had laughed.
oh and how we
charted our lives so.
that moon and stars
were within reach.
i loved you so
and you me,
can you recall
the time we---

excuse me.
i thought you
were someone else.

- David Wrightson



Heat Wave Goodbye

The street is empty now, all the world--quiet. There are only the Guardians: two old men who sit like bookends upon a forgotten park bench.

"...So.."

"Yes, Jim?"

"Yes, Harry."

"It's hot today."

"Yes, but it gets cooler every moment, I think."

"I'll tell you, all this heat, it's because of folks with air-conditioners. 'Ever they get hot they turn on those damn machines. They're getting their insides icy-cold by making our outsides hotter 'n hell. They own the temperature, these folks with air conditioners.

"Don't sit in the heat, Harry. Imagine yourself swimming on the heat waves. Look at me--I'm backstroking in reflecting pools of street tar. I don't see where I'm going, but I can navigate by recognizing where I once was, wherever that is. Not knowing which way we go isn't important really, just keep our heads above water and swim to escape the heat and we'll be alright."

"Damn fool. Try to forget the pain around you--but your sweat keeps running don't it? And what about your death, don't you carry it with you anymore?"

"You know I do, Harry. Like everyone. It sits with yours--between us. It is fear of them that keeps us so far apart. One day they shall carry us with them--you know that--"

"But you forget, my friend, those who would like to carry us off before our death. Haven't you noticed the eyes in heads of garbage men waiting not too patiently? Or the way that they drool at the paper meories that we guard beneath us? Their antiseptic fingers ache to carry away the shattered remnants of picnics before the heat--to strip the park clean of all the times before. Watch them! They can't get us to move

so they go home and crank up their air conditioners till they shiver blue trying to melt us into our deaths. If only they knew that it would soon be their heat, they'd be sweating like us, they would! They want us Jim, out of sight, out of mind, out of sight! Out of time!"

"Calm down Harry, you'll stop the children from playing. I like to watch them play. Sometimes I swim with them in the sea of heat. They understand now and then, two old men without laughing."

"Can't you see what they're doing to us? There aren't any children anymore. They aren't let outside till they grow old and grey, ready to melt. Children can't feel the heat like us, Jim."

A man in white coveralls has stalked the bench from behind, and is about to bend down to plunder its treasure as Harry turns on him violently with his cane.

"Vultures! Out! Out! Out!" as he clubs the fleeing man desperately with the cane. "Damn close that one. But he'll remember the cane for a while, I'd say. Heh,heh,heh."

"Harry, there's blood on your cane. You hurt him Harry!"

"Don't you understand, Jim? We can't let them--we've got to guard the world--we're all that's left Him. To protect and honor and care and..."

"Life was fun imagining, Harry. But this time it will watch me go."

"Goddamn it, Jim!" Don't go--don't let them steal the memories!"

The hands are gripping, squeezing Jim's neck that bulges between the straining fingers. Sweat rolls smoothly down the tense face, past the the crazed eyes and tightened lips that mutter, "You bastard, you gotta go on."

"Jim's face is soft, soft blue and glazed eyes. A smile remains of the heat wave swimming amid shouts of children. Harry sits staring at

Jim's slumped form on the other side of the bench.

"Why didn't you listen, Jim? Your death has taken your place and it's so empty. Like the street is between comings and goings. It's darker now. Cars are going again. I'm watching them--like I'm suppose to in the stifling hot. They all got their air conditioners on full blast. I may go for a swim tonight when they've all gone home. The backstroke y'know."

- Shan Gordon

Spring Kill

The body
of a crumpled
tattered
sparrow
met me
on the sawdust pile
today

Nothing
I could say then
I dug it--
the grave;
no one
came to mourn the loss
no one
would dirty their hands
to say
"I'm sorry."

- Curtis Cole



Second Guess

That first glance drew me towards you like a frenzied moth. And now, you've become like the properties of over-chewed gum: tasteless, clinging, messy, and so hard to get rid of; if only I had an icecube. Adhering ties cannot be cut, but must be painf'ly frayed. Those last strands, last the longest; you're forced to stare--and watch them go. When you stop by, like Garbo, I want to be alone--and yet, I still wonder.

Chairperson

I feel like a litter bug who's had his wings pulled off by teenage girls; you thought I'd say boys, oh--but see how liberal I am. Call me black, I'm a man not a boy! How does one join the N.A.A.B.P.? The undertakers turned mortician, our garbage men can also drive trains. The names have been changed to protect the innocent-but even the Joe Friday's know that today's Saturday; and the reruns still play, day after day after day.

- John Partigan

Feeling Free

The sun is feeling free
And dancing through the sky;
The sun winks down on me
And beckons me to fly
On silvery magic wing
Like a butterfly.
As the gentle breezes sing
I see no reason why
I cannot rise and fling
Myself into the sky
And with the sun feel free . . .
. I'll try!

- Donna J. Thiel

An Afternoon

And the day comes down like silk, she said,
floating her long pale hair
on the watery sunlight,
pushing each word deliberately
through indolent lips,
sneaking with widened blue eyes
through lashes carefully bare.

Under the frothing apple tree
her skirt grows damp
from the grass that stretches
to tickle her bare feet.

She doesn't care--spring has its drawbacks.

She leans on her hands and laughs lowly.

He stares at her throat,

where the thin Indian blouse lies open.

She notices and smiles like her cat.

And he sees it, he believes it,

the day coming down like silk,

thick, heavy silk.

- Laura Fear

In the Tucson bus station
where he wandered in to
take a shit
drunk, seated and surrounded
by filthy walls etched deep
with the secret excretions
of summertime transients
like him

condemned to roll and tumble
alone
across windy highways
and obscured roads
lost in sand

blown from bus station
to bus station
until something reaches out
something solid
and snags them
and holds them fast

sitting there
surrounded by phone numbers
and phantom genitals
he thought about Marie and the kid
and how they had almost become
that sticky barbed wire fence
stretched tight and invisible
across the hazy obscurity of
his own desert storm.

- Mark Hall



People
God love 'em
isn't that what it all comes down to:
things
 go
 down
 like
 gravity
 but
 sometimes
there goes up in that cloud of smoke something of
 matter
that indefeasible hope rises.

- Anne Pfister

High hills and mountains
thrust their peaks into heaven.
A hope to see God.

- Lori Boshears

"The Thrill of Victory"

Here I sit in my luxurious 41st floor office building. What is there to life? Sure, I'm a Vice President of the company, but Jones, that brown-nosing, yes-man is bound to take over when the old man kicks the bucket. Face it, Harvey, you're stuck in your job. Then, take my wife, please. She's mistaken for King Kong--Goodyear wants her to be their blimp.

Why don't I jump?--That's it!

Forty one floors straight down to peace--no more job worries, no more troubles with Dumbo.

I'll get this window open--there; now crawl through and here I am, out on the ledge. God, it's a long way down. Well, here I go. What's that? It's a scream, someone's seen me; Oh what the hay, here I go--What--Good god, it's that yes-man Jones at the window.

"Bite the wall, Jones--I don't want to come in."

"But the boss likes you, right boss; you do good work, right boss, come back in, right boss."

"Drop dead, Jones."--What an ignoramus. He's the one that should go down 41 floors--Wait, I'll take him with me. Sure, I'll reach out for his hand and with a slight flick of my wrist I'll bring him along.

"All right Jones, I'll come in"--What a bozo--
"Grab my hand and pull me through." Here we go, oops, there he goes--but I'm still here on the ledge. My legs were too scared to jump! Well, I'll go now. Goodbye cruel world.--Wait a minute, Harvey old buddy, with Jones down there splattered on the sidewalk, I'll be the President when the old man keels over--But there's still Gargantuella.--Maybe I can get rid of her the same way Jones went.--"Bring my wife please, get my wife."

Here comes Godzilla now. If she gets near the ledge, the whole building will probably give way. "Take my hand, honey." Pull me in.--Jeez, it's going to be impossible to throw this hippo. Let me see... Grab her hand, give her the old heave-ho, and there goes.--"Look out below!" If she hits anybody it'll feel like fun with a semi.

My life is perfect! With Jones and Moby Dick gone, I'm totally happy. I can go home and watch football-football. How I hate Howard Cosell; if only I could get rid of him.

Wait a minute, Cosell is in town--some sports banquet. That's it! I'll get him over here-- "Bring Howard Cosell-only he can talk me to safety. That was quick, there's the egotist now.

"Good evening suicide fans, this is Howard Cosell. I'm here, live at the 41st floor, where a budding executive is threatening to plummet himself, manifesting his own destiny, and splattering his torso into an amalgamated goulash."

What an obnoxious bore--"Howard, take my hand."

"I'm going to thrust my arm appendage out now, grasp the young tycoon, and extract him to safety." That's what you think, Howard. I'll grab his hair and pull him down. Here goes. My God, his hair came loose--I forgot about his toupeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee.

"It appears that the suicidal perpetrator just plummeted pell-mell to a grisly end; another sorrowful sufferer of the agony of defeat."

- Kerry Tymchuk

Be It Ever So Humble

stranded here in darkness
far from my sun
on an alien plain
the machanized buzz
hums all around me
fastidious grapes

slither down bleeding faces
headless musicians play
dance music for a gone planet
the dark tower
grinds down the
prime minister's face
humanity has found
another home

- Elton T. Elliott

Living creatures of celluloid

Protrude from the red brick walls.

Like mushrooms made of neon lights

Or coral reefs, dead in the sand.

Tell me, creature, where is your home?

Where are you coming from and where do you point?

Are you merely a panty-hose sculpture,

Or a message conceived through human hand?

- Bob Elder



Mockery

Soft white battleships
Tinged with dusky gray
Mass upon the horizon,
Preparing to attack
On a sea of sky blue.

In the Fall

The leaves lie
Like so many
 sodden souls--
Trode upon, then
 swept away.

- Nancy Wilson

The mountain man,
Quiet brother of a young fraternity
of broken-in boots
And long hair tied with leather,
Sits on the greyhound,
Thinks out the window,
And is striding that distant ridgetop,
Hiking a blue ridge road to heaven.
Struck dumb by the immensity of the sky there,
that sky unknown by suede booted exclaimers of
How beautiful! How marvelous!
He speaks slowly, saving energy for eagle peaks,
Where he and his solitary brothers seek eternity,
Never giving it names.

- Dave Rice



The Rock

A shattering awakening,
Then the night quivers in silence.
Afraid to get up--and not to,
I rise, queasy, and stir my legs.

A wisp of wind says the kitchen
Where cold leads to a window hole,
Glass teeth in the mouth of the wound,
Wood panes ragged with broken bones.

The missile rests obdurately,
A black presence on white floor tile.
Now cold, smooth, heavy in my hand,
Words will not be tortured from it.

Haloed streetlamps cast their flare-light.
I see no one there but feel seen.
Was this act from warped awareness
Or random pick of a vandal?

Summoned cop in fuzzy jacket,
Helmet black, cold, smooth like the rock,
Records routinely on a pad,
Does not expect answers from stone.

I bandage the wound with cardboard
Which is soaked soggy by morning.
Sunrise pink infiltrates the gray,
But rock spirit charcoals the day

I hammer the rock in vengeance,
Scatter its ashes over the yard,
But the rock can't be smashed away
Nor window wound healed by repair.

- Ralph Wright

The Seder

Elijah's cup filled
we invite in
the hungry
thank god none come
why don't they
get a job
for chrissake

we are the seder plate
hardboiled egg
mortar
bitter herbs
salt water
matzoh
unvisen and brittle

if it was the last supper
how come
the halo above
every head is
a black skullcap

- Lois Rosen



Balloons

Balloons rise into the air.

Each rising independently of the other
the colors and shapes are mixed in all confusion.

Soon each is caught by its strings,
Each being brought into order.

A wind blows, the balloons are scattered
Confusion is restored.

- Brent Bishop

My Students

My students sit before me here,
and move their pencils so.
Their work is done without great cheer,
or impetus to know.

I could not shout above their glands,
nor make their psyches dance,
nor through the laying on of hands,
release them from their trance.

My hope is small, and quick to tell;
tradition has its place:
at three we stand, obey the bell,
and leave without a trace.

- Nigel Fischbein

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NOT LEAVE
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