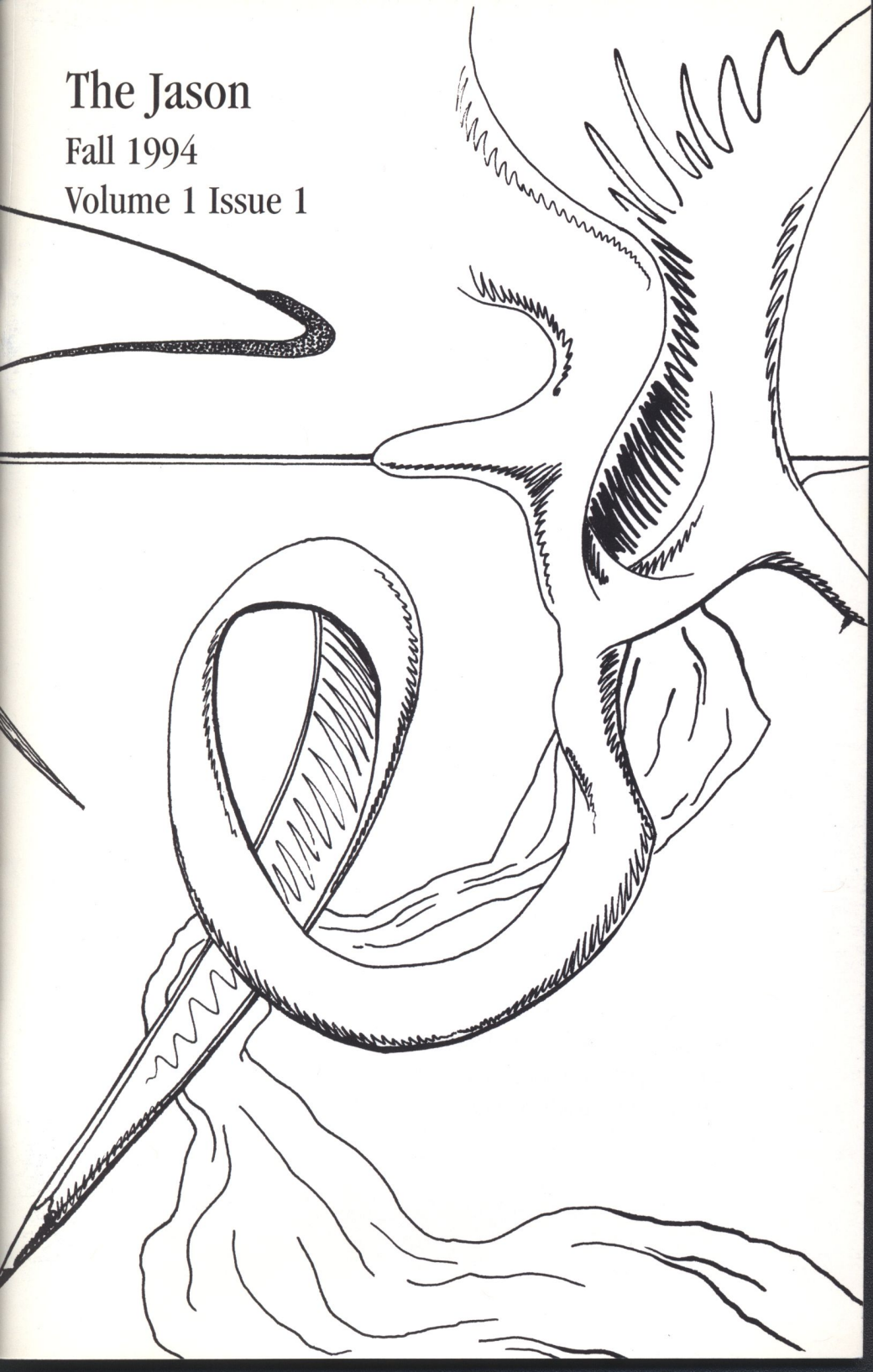
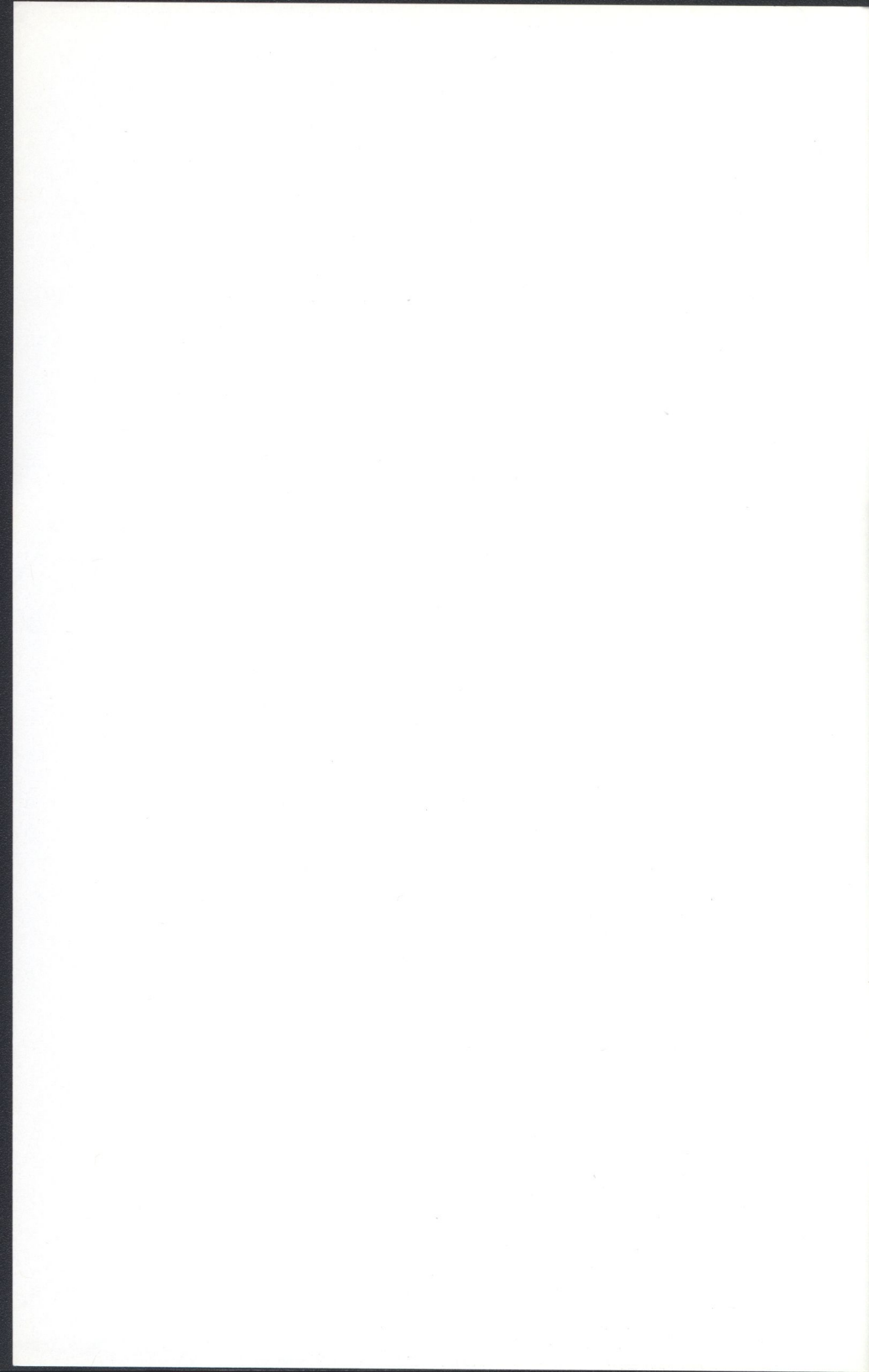


The Jason

Fall 1994

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The Jason

Literary Magazine of Willamette University

Fall 1994

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The Jason is an official publication of the Associated Students of Willamette University. Submissions are accepted from all members of the Willamette Community. Entries are judged on basis of majority vote by The Jason editorial staff. Staff members are not allowed to vote on their own material.

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A Plea for Rhyme

Jesse Thompson

“What’s the point?” I now ask you
Of poems that don’t rhyme
They’re more simple, I realize
Taking almost no time
But anyone can write them
Takes no talent, no skill
No persistence, perseverance
Or strong force of will
One can just rattle them off
Placing word after word

Checking sometimes for cadence
To avoid sounding absurd
But there’s no wrong way to do it
No structure, no rules
“This is freedom!” they tell us
“You rhymers are fools!”
Well, I’ll admit it takes talent
To write meaningful verse
But for full poetic impact...
I try rhyming things first

The one that got away

Jesse Thompson

This poem is quite short
'Cause this is the last line
Well, maybe adding a third
And fourth would be fine

Or maybe this poem
Would go from good to great
If I doubled its length
And brought the line count to eight

Then again, don't you think
It would be incredibly swell
If I added four more lines
And pushed it to twelve?

I had better stop now
For I'm writing like mad
If I ended up with sixteen,
It would suck pretty bad

Good grief! there I went
Writing nonsense and such
'Less I stop, I'll hit twenty
And twenty's too much

Egad!! there it goes!!
Is there no stopping this thing?
Even a bird has control
Over the flap of his wing!

I can't seem to contain
This big yellow #2
It just keeps writing and writing
And to please the likes of you!!

Help!!!

The Epiphany

Jesse Thompson

Have you ever had a poem just jump into your head?
And right when it happened you sat straight up in bed,

Grabbed a pencil, some paper and started to write,
Rubbed your eyes, held your breath, as your pencil took flight.

Struggled to write down your thoughts, lest they flee
From your minds, like the scattered remains of a dream.

You're now almost finished, words are flowing, things rhyme,
Then you realize quite sadly that you've run out of time.

You can't seem to remember how that fifth verse began.
But you try anyway...
But you can't...
And you...

damn.



Di Bei: The Forgotten

Suat Ping Khoo

At age 13, Di Bei was
the only son who dared—
Stood in front of the two story shop house
Cursed and swore at his own father
Till the old man stormed down the dark staircase
Fiery eyed, ready to thrash the rascal.

Accumulated a chest full of emotions
From spewing four letter words at the second floor window
He too was ready to take on the bigger man
One to one.

Like an outraged little wildcat
The teenager slammed his fist across his opponent's chin.
Staggering back, the stricken father
Picked up that wooden plank
And attacked his son like a crazy man.

The skinny boy ran away with bruises and blisters,
A victorious grin on his face slightly flushed;
His clenched heart half-released
By the thought of the old man's hurting chin.

A legend of
Deep rage that turned to grief.
I never knew this legendary uncle, he
Died fighting alongside his street brothers
they say. It hurts just thinking of him who
Never enjoyed any thing good,
Never had a chance to forgive;

Raging at his father
And the world
that bore him
Until he died.

5 Suat Ping Khoo

Perfect

David Lippert

Do you know?
Not many do.
Not many live perfect lives.
I do.
I have everything good.
Nothing can touch me.
Nothing at all.

Is it worth it?
I keep all fear
in check
and all pain
at bay.
I cannot feel hurt
or love.

Such foolery in emotions.
Others have grief.
Others have suffering.
I have denial!

Such effort in caring.
I know no compassion.
I take nothing.
I receive nothing.
Why should I?

Not many live perfect deaths.
I do.

Rain

By Shannon P. Clune

It was a beautiful day, sunny and pleasant, not too hot and not too cool, but enjoyable, as it had been for months. There was a slight haze in the air that had been building throughout the months without rain or wind. But few noticed it or thought much of it, it had grown imperceptibly, as had a fine, almost unnoticeable dust cover, which had accumulated on the leaves, dulling the brightness of their spring greens. The colorful blossoms had piled up unchallenged on the sidewalks and streets, unnoticed in their growing decay because of the fresh memories of how beautiful they had been. People walked their dogs, kids played in the streets, and life went about its BBQs and other business in the sun. Over time appreciation waned, happiness became routine and its luster faded. Forgotten was that warm, joyful pleasure that had been felt when finally, after a long winter, one could walk about free of the solitary rain and the chill it brought. Passions subsided, yielding to the permeating sense of satisfaction. And so it was that wonderful spring day, when all were about, playing in the sun, resting in the heat, making love in the shadows, easing their minds and bodies into a siesta without waking. Free of worries, free of troubles. The play was great fun and satisfying, the sleep was deep and simple. Yet as the weeks came and went, like the daily sun with its predictable shadows and familiar cycle, so the flowers grew stale, the blossoms grew heavy, and the heat became less refreshing. Until one day, slowly, imperceptibly, it came to be that the blossoms lay brown on the ground, and the flowers leaned heavy, bowing their brilliant faces ever more earthward. Sparkling greens, pinks, whites, all yielded to the more subdued hues of consistency, dust.

And one day a girl looked around, and seeing through the memories of what had been, saw that what remained of the former beauty, though the trees and sky remained as before, was somber, hidden under a mask of familiarity. And without warning the dull sounds of an approaching storm resonated,

unnoticed at first, mistaken for the muddled sounds of daily existence. Yet they continued to grow, becoming more distinct, more defined, until the day the clouds appeared, giving substance and meaning to the tremors. And all knew the days of sunshine and happiness were soon to be overcome by turmoil. Yet none believed it would really happen.

With an explosion that night the torrent began, flooding the senses and overwhelming the faculties of those who watched with helpless confusion, not understanding why such a storm must devastate what they had loved and grown accustomed to. Yet for days the storm raged on. It appeared as if they had committed an unforgivable crime, as though the gods had forsaken the land; or so thought all those who struggled for existence among the sweeping, indiscriminate, sheets of unhappiness and desperation.

Through the soaking rain the colors of the land again grew sharp. The torturous winds, swirling deep into every crevice, probing through every crack, removed the buildup, returning dust to dirt, sweeping the leaves, the flowers, the spirits skyward, towards a future composed of the remnants of their beloved past. As all await such a rebirth. A magnificent world, lives put on hold, grating at the uncontrollable nature for the opportunity, the freedom, to return with renewed vigor to the challenge and joy of living. No one dared hope, no one would dare say a word; all waited in torturous anticipation. Nobody was truly happy, yet life went on, without passion. People went about their business, exchanging feigned smiles, keeping busy to cover the desire for renewal. Renewal of what was, what had been so glorious and beloved before the drought and the deluge, promising themselves they would never let it grow stale again, that they would savor every day without expectation of the next sunrise. Now, behind the stop-gap sandbag jetties of happiness where the few recovered dreams, ragged and mud-choked like so much wet clothing, lay piled on the high ground, there were only solitary moments of desperation, of longing, feelings of emptiness and loss. Distractions were created, substitutes were attempted. Like the days of love, nothing could replace. Nothing could fill the void, that solitary, lonely cavern that

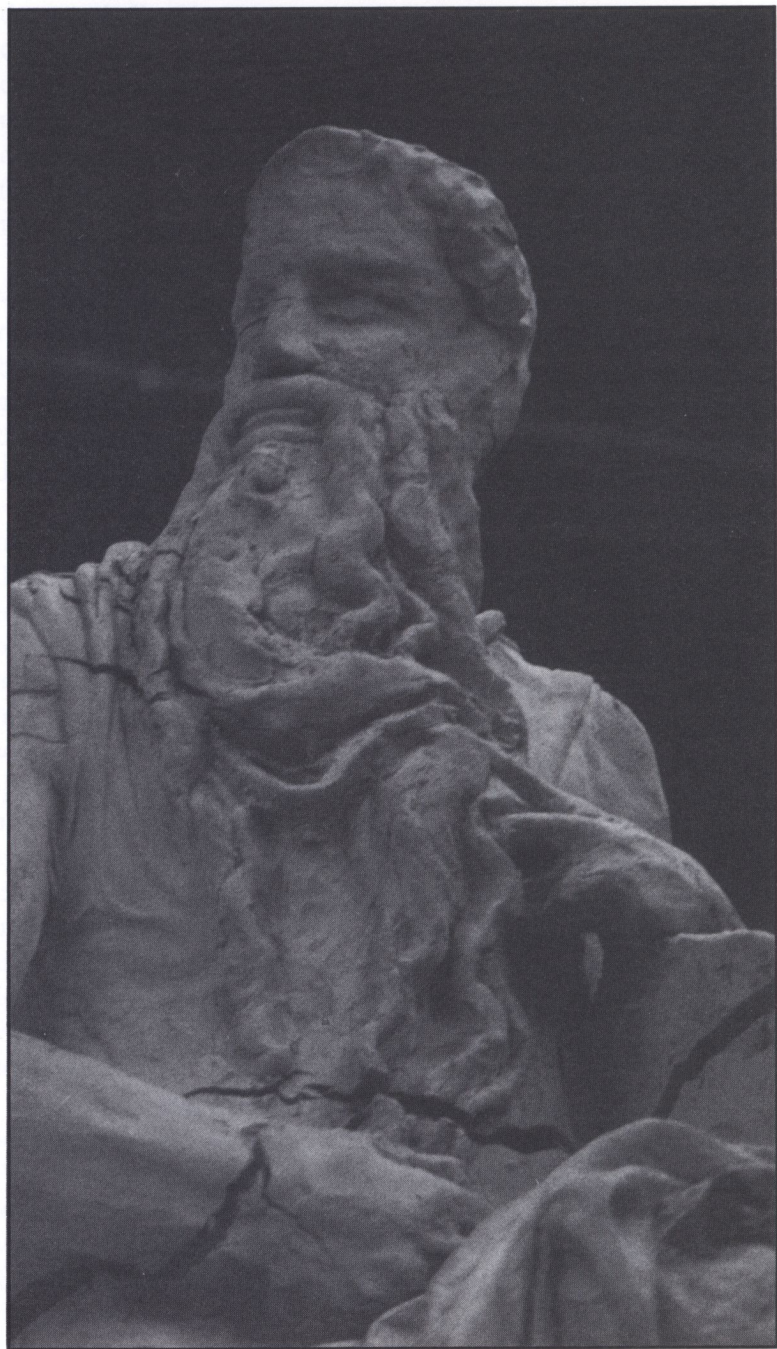
devoured all without even temporary relief, unable to sate the desire for true beauty, true love: substance. And yet, through the deluge, the chaos and confusion of swirling winds and demurring rains, there were occasional glimpses of sun, faint rays that were able to penetrate the cloudy mask, through the sheer strength of their devoted warmth. Spirits rose and fell, soaring and plunging with the unpredictable and uncontrollable weather.

Someday this draining deluge will end, one day the sun will return to fill the days with heat and light. Would anything remain of the former beauty, would the same flowers still be in bloom, refreshed, or will new flowers, unknown blossoms have grown up out of the same soil. Would the purging rains allow the memory and symbols of that former love to remain. No-one dared answer.

What rages must settle, what torments must ease, and so must the storm, though never to be forgotten. In the drizzle of the aftermath a confusion reigned. While life celebrated the refreshing coolness of the unladen air, the revived brightness of the world, the moist newness of the ground, existence suffered in air grown thick with the stench of all that taken victim by the rain, souring the freshness and lending an air of bitterness to the scene. The clouds appeared endless, the drizzle without stop, spirits rose and fell in the rolling surf of their disillusionment, hope of relief was countered an instant later by foreboding of apocalypse. For as the pounding waves of this disaster relentlessly washed the very earth from under them, and while their frothy white confusion washed down the jagged rocks of their anger -all that now remained of the shoreline of their world- none were sure of the outcome. Though many had seen the likes, few thought it would happen in their lifetime, not this way, not now.

Some clung tenaciously to what remained; hope and an occasionally indulgent rose, rediscovered amidst the wreckage. The rose held in the tight folds of its petals the memories of life before the rains. Desperate, protecting and nourishing the rose with the very passion that they themselves needed to continue, shuddering with helpless rage as the surviving vestiges of happiness wilted despite the embrace that was more tender, more

loving than it had ever been. The time for roses had passed. The outward conditions were still present- the earth, the water, the light- but the inner conditions were different, a realignment of fates had parted their futures. There would be other flowers, indeed there were others all around, and though they were equally beautiful, though they held a spellbinding magic all their own within their folds, it would take time before their powers could be accepted, for they were different in a time when only the experienced past was desired, the heart's momentum being greater than the mind's, for passion is infinitely stronger than reason. Yet fear is the worst enemy of the frightened, as those who fear love fear life, and those who fear life are already two-thirds dead. But the sun never dies, clouds rain themselves into blue sky, true love lives forever, and nothing is the end of the world.



He said something about the Del Mar Highlands when I woke up and realized that I hadn't listened to a single word that he had said.

"That blackened Mahi Mahi there is just stupendous, dear fellow, just terrific."

"Yes, yes, that's what I've heard."

I nodded in a pretense of agreement. He thought that my eyes were staring intensely into his, but actually they were exploring all of the small ridges and bumps on his forehead.

I imagined myself one-thousandth of a millimeter tall, skiing the epidermal slopes of a particularly prominent millimountain near his hairline. I pictured myself hiking in the canyon between two laugh lines above the eyebrows. The danger! the intrigue! I'd be carefully avoiding the perils of quicksand pores, of tiger-pits hidden in infinitesimal scars.

His tone of voice presented another question.

"Yes, yes...I...uh, think so," I replied, not having any earthly idea what he was actually inquiring.

But that response seemed to suffice as his monotone picked back up into the same soothing rhythm. My eyes shifted to his immense, cavernous nostrils. I was spelunking the stalactites and stalagmites of nose hairs, the warm, flowing rivers of mucus, and the pulmonary passages with rhythmic breezes flowing in and out.

"I gotta go," I said, "I have to be up at work by two."

I shook his hand and felt the rocky desert dunes that I could ride in a microscopic buggy. I cordially placed my hand on his shoulder and felt the sharp cliff that I could rapel from.

"It's been an exhilarating discussion," I said

and they think i am to rise as one of their disciples, these choke-puppies of plastic jesus, these couriers of empty boxes. i was walking past a police station in a more affluent hell-hole of a burb or a bubble when i saw a day-in-the-life, a slice of the brochure. nice car, nice, kid, nice pet..., ohexcuse me, that's your other kid.hey, an american mini-van. you know i'm totally behind bars, i mean the stars and bars.

*****i have seen body-electric and it's powered by three-mile-island

*****i have heard these celestial chants on cd

*****this bread of communion was made in my
microwave

*****and now i slip to sleep

listen *****in the false serenity of routine

your pain is not unique*****and the inebriation of

each breath each blink is chiseled *****neurological chains

into the epigram on the finality of stone *****and implant

and left in the dusty yard only to re-emerge in passing*****dreams

moments of cherished regret, and picture books that omit the irrelevant

a death-watch begun at the conclusion of the birth ritual

listen

because midnight opens bony, transparent talons

your pain is not unique

Thank God



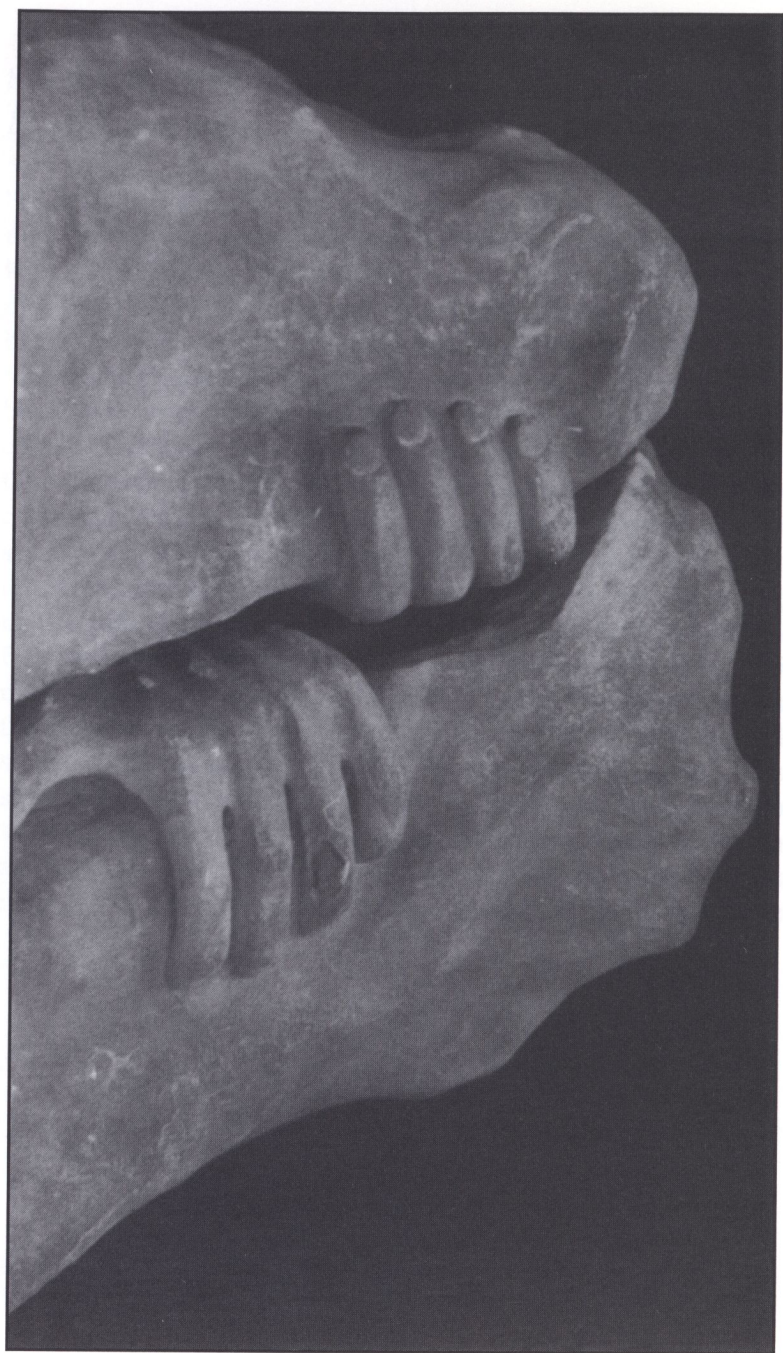
straying thoughts

Paige A. Orthmeyer

“all is useless when it comes together not at all” she felt and she must have spoken also unless she was feeling so strongly that he knew it for how he asked and she had no reaction but a hideous dislike for being put on the spot when it was nobody's business but her own how much her thoughts were worth and she hid in the clanging rumble of the passing train without letting it touch her, it was simpler that way especially when in the midst of utter chaos. From out of nowhere but memory the shoes spoke again, the soft curdlike aqua suede with dull silver buckles that she could hear but didn't listen to, ebbing and flowing through the sea of dead fantasies in her mind like full skirts vacuuming up the shredded paper from the floor. Full of agitation without understanding, desire to be touched but only with a ten foot pole. Explain she screamed [and how can i compete?! the clouds in my life come and go and i wish i couldn't care] without response the darkness dispersed only to expose yet more blackness and the silver failed to glint in the distance. Not knowing where she stood her mind was wandering so her body began to stray until she was standing by the door. Alone in a world of overachievers and business men. Brick built upon brick a wall was formed and the thoughts were no longer continuous and hardly related at all.

holy water

i enter slowly and shut the door quietly
behind me
trying not to disturb the cold air of indifference
caught between
a near frantic desire for relief
and a semimasochistic need to wait
and hold on
to the fragile pain a little longer
before i unburden
my self, my soul, my sins
let everything flow through me
to the ears of whomever is or isn't
paying attention
nearby, unseen but just beyond the thin partition
it becomes a supreme release
an almost ecstatic
lightening
and i am purified
unconscientiously i leave
not afraid to make my presence known
not necessarily forgiven
not necessarily repentant



Dad

Jennifer Wheeler

I don't think you know what it's like to have your father die. I mean, you're sixteen, you have your whole life ahead of you, you've just been kissed, and your father dies. It's not an ordinary occurrence for a girl that age. It's not an ordinary occurrence at all.

It's not that I couldn't see it coming-I know that now. All the doctor's bills used to come flowing in the house like a dam broke loose and Mom would always cry over them, as if they were more than bills. I looked at them once to catch the magic of them and sense this power that they held (to cry so hard over just bills is so peculiar, I figured there must be something more) and all I found were rows of numbers and big, long words with -cine attached on the end which I wondered what meant and then soon forgot about in my misunderstanding. I suppose these funny number columns laying every night on the kitchen table was the first sign.

Then there was the crying and the constant coming and going. I guess you know Death is at your door when you see people you've never seen before, people you don't care to see, or those people you forgot existed since they haven't returned that last letter you wrote five years ago in hopes you would be closer. Those were the people I saw and the cards from them I saw and the flowers from them I saw until it was just too much.

Then I noticed the changes in Dad. Sometimes it was hard for him to understand me, like as if I was speaking to him in a foreign language or something. There seemed to be a wide gulf between what I said and what he thought I said. This new language of mine must have been so hard for him to understand, he looked so tired every time I went to see him. He wanted to dance and sing and laugh. I saw behind those eyes these things despite the language barrier. I felt sorry for him. The hospital bed bothered me. *Dad can't be touched, he might get a serious disease. Stay only on the rim of the bed.* It was easy for me to

stay on the rim-Dad wasn't Dad anymore and how was I to know he hadn't been replaced. I was scared of this man called Dad. He wasn't the same.

It all seems like a dream. Like a dream where you think you know the people but can't recognize their faces and awake with only the impression of having talked to them. That was Dad and me.

Mom has read a lot. She says there are stages, there are memories that will hang on the rims of my mind forever, cast in stone, to be brought back by certain physical reminders in due time. There are physical reminders, she says.

I remember my license. It has a shiny, glossy, plastic cover that's smooth when I touch it. It does not look like me. But the name and the address and the description-they are the same. I love how it feels in my hands, like a rough steering wheel, with the cover worn at the right places that lets me touch it and control. That is my license.

I walk down the halls. There is no music, no laughter, no people. Everything is so clean. I can't find my locker. I look all over the school, up and down, up and down, each carefully polished floor-but I can't find my locker.

It is strange how dreams seem so much like reality. Dad had a dream before he died. He told Mom about it.

I don't think you know what it's like to be sixteen and cry and have your dad die. There are too many things to occupy your mind: braces, and boys, and parties. There are too many things to occupy my mind.

His name is Fred. I met him at a football game-he was playing that is. He thought I was pretty. I thought, gee, he is a boy. He danced with me afterwards and smiled. He took me home and said, "You're different from all the other girls I've known," and kissed me. I was so...I wanted to tell my mom-my first kiss-but she was gone. I knew the house was empty for some reason. I wrote it down instead. *September 20. First Kiss. Fred.* I wonder if I will ever read it.

The phone rang then. Just as I was wiping his smell off my sleeve, the phone rang then. It was time. I cried. Does

anyone know what it's like to be sixteen and just kiss a boy and have your father die?

I should not be surprised. The signs were clear, I knew them all, what else can you expect when your dad stops understanding spoken speech. Beware when your dad stops sleeping in a firm-mattress bed and snoring in the next room so you know no one will get you. When your mom cries over numbers and can't remember your name, it's time.

I don't know about Fred. Perhaps he likes girls who are the same now. Perhaps I am not pretty anymore. Perhaps, like always in life, I was really dreaming all this time. He still wears a football jersey and smiles.

I can't find my locker. My license is smudged from my fingerprints-fingers of unbelief have touched it too many times. The steering wheel is still worn-but not in control. No one knows. No one knows what it is like to just wipe a kiss from your lips and find your dad died.

Maybe I will dream and understand. The signs. The times. My crying mother. The absence of food. My loss of words. My loss of Fred. Why I am different from all the other girls. I wish I were he. I wish I were me. I wish my father had not died.

Suzanne Crawford and Royce Lipscomb

Temperamental

To woo a llama tis sweet and sour
like takeout Chinese food
unbeknownst to love, llamas hate Chinese.
Thus shall they gorge on fig newtons, until the sun shall set.
No day break, mans full bellies for llamas.

I weep,
it stings.
dead chicken
gold rings.

And Socrates is a dead duck
for llamas are picky about their philosophy.

American Gothic

“Good barn, very good barn”.
cracked wheat, split wood
splitting atoms
absorbed the good.

Untitled

Stalled on the freeway
no thunder in the Thunderbird
passive looks
Wonder-car is invisible

Autumn

Flocks of Sparrows dance
wood burns, passion smolder
alive today by sensuous

southerly cries, northern tears
the sparrows have gone.

21 *Suzanne Crawford*
& *Royce Lipscomb*

Memorial

I swerved to dodge
the glacial mountain pass
its erudite majesty
the weight of centuries floats on a misty illusion

Untitled

Black fuzzy mushroom
life out of death
a carving recreated
death defying decomposition

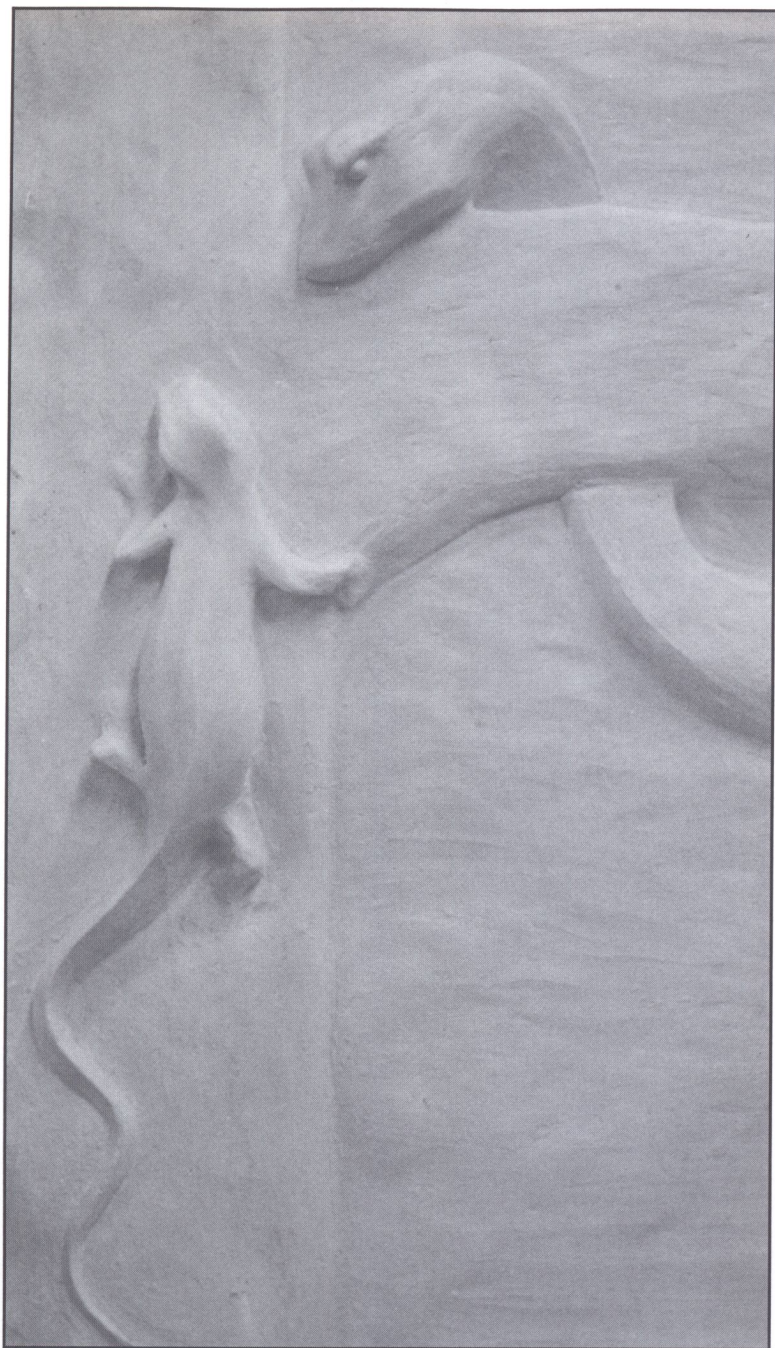
Boiled Down

Starlit mornings
wastepaper basket dreams
both so foreign
reason
yet in the stock pot
they become one

True Life

I dreamt of pikaninnies today,
Clark Gable and a glowering face
tis smelly and sweet, tis handsome and gay.
As we say on the sheep farm:
"Hodiddle diddle, yippee yi yay.





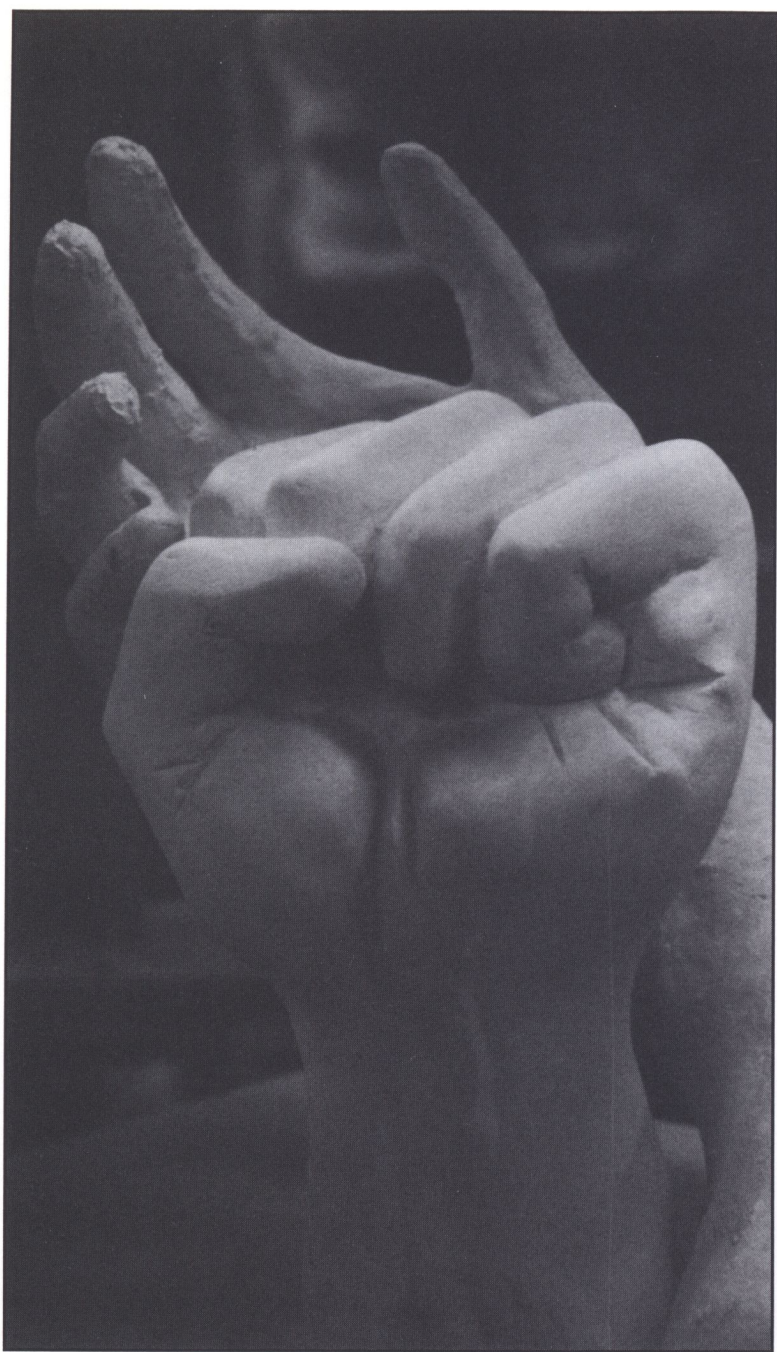
Mots d'un Penseur

Jennifer Lynn McVean

Si vous pensez que vous m'avez compris, peut-être vous avez tort. Je ne me comprends pas, et je m'étudie constamment. Je ne suis pas lisible comme un livre, je suis inexplicable comme une force de la nature.

Words of a Thinker

If you think you have understood me, perhaps you are wrong. I do not understand myself, and I study myself constantly. I am not readable like a book, I am inexplicable like a force of nature.



Nothing

MacCormac E. Rinehart

Do you know the times,
We look to each other's eyes,
And a force pulls me to you,
Like one from a planet
To a satellite.
I can see your light
Behind a closed door
As you say...
 Nothing.

Through the cracks in your eyes
I can see the shadow of a thought.
It paces back and forth
And I want to open that door,
To look into the bed-chamber of your mind
And to see,
WHO AM I?
As you say...
 Nothing.

Who owns that shadow
 in your mind,
And who casts the light?
Is there a picture of me
 on your bed side stand
Or am I just another faceless man
Who means...
 Nothing.

The Republic

Suzanne Crawford

wisdom
courage
moderation
justice

Glorious sheer marbled heights of the
wisdom of man.

Poets, sculptors, and lover: no function in
this polis

The temple of Hera: 7th wonder of the ancient world.
Has crumbled into dust.

But Psyche's love for Cupid still
stirs the tears

Of 20th century bleeding hearts.

Blustery Days

Belong to Heffalumps and Woozels

Long skirts with woolen underwear
and high boots

Long grass that beats against legs
and clouds that

Challenge the mountain tops

For mulled cider
And backrubs

For hearthfires
And sleeping til noon





Walden

Suzanne Crawford

There is nothing worse than wet Birkenstocks. My toes squirm uncomfortably, half frozen in the wet leather. What in the world had I been thinking? I look around at the dreary platform, the drizzle growing into a steady rain, cursing my own stupidity. I shiver in my sleeveless denim shirt and khaki shorts. Explorer shorts. A pocket for every occasion. But the miracle workers who had created these traveler's dreams had forgotten to attach a rain parka to them somewhere. I finger the pick-pocket-proof buttons, as if I almost think I will find a rain slicker, somewhere next to the Swiss-army knife, passport case, or all purpose can-opener. I shift my backpack, struggling to put the weight onto my hips, and somehow reduce the dull throbbing pain in the middle of my thoracic vertebrae. Of all God's creatures, why did I have to be blessed with a scoliotic curve that makes my spine more like a jagged coastline than the pillar of strength that backbones are supposed to be? I've always felt a certain affinity for those trees that grow on sea-cliff's edges, gnarled and twisted by centuries of wind and storm... *But she doesn't care about poetic images now. Her back hurts and she's tired, and she's in the middle of nowhere.*

I am in a small town. A very small town. If this is a town at all. As the train pulls away, I look around. Nothing but the dull light of a very distant dawn, and the cold ache of being awake when you should be in bed. But now that you're awake you want food, or a toilet, but the bathroom looks terrifying, and it doesn't even have a door on the hinges, and the cafe won't open for another three hours. Heaving my backpack onto the platform, I pull out the only sweater I've brought. It's ugly and I just found a moth-hole in it, but it's wool, and relatively warm.

Five minutes before, the conductor had shaken me awake, and with brisk words ushered me off the train. I had been so sure it was some kind of sick dream. Even now, shivering in the half dark, I am hoping I will wake up and it will all go away. Why a lay-over here of all places?

Sixteen hours ago she had been in Africa, on safari. The lions were beautiful, noble creatures, the sun setting in a fiery explosion in the west...

No, that isn't true. But in this state of semi-delirium I can almost believe my dreams.

Sixteen hours ago I was in Topeka. And I have never been to Africa, and I have never been on safari or seen lions. But there are pictures of them in my National Geographic. I pull the rolled-up magazine out of one of my pockets, and stare at the wrinkled pictures. There is an aerial shot of the Pacific Coast: ragged curving spine of the Cascade mountains tumbling into the sea. When I lived in New York, I had a teacher from the West. He made us all free-associate on "Oregon," and the class decided it was full of cowboys and poets. He laughed till he got tears in his eyes. We never really understood why.

There's an empty bench in the lobby. Leaning against my backpack, I instinctively reach for my wallet, tucked safely under my clothes, then for my pocket knife in its pocket-knife-pocket in my explorer shorts.

Several men sit across the room, staring off into space. Locals, clearly. But what could they be doing here at 4 a.m.? 4 a.m., oh cryminy! Nobody should be looking at the world at 4 a.m.! If there is an hour when all rational creatures should shut down and accept the blissful state of comatose inertia, it's 4 a.m. Too late to be out. Too early to get up. Even farmers aren't up at 4 a.m.!

They are older. Maybe 40's or 50's. Working clothes, nothing fancy. One guy has a sack lunch and a duffel bag that looks like it might have a bunch of bricks in it. The other guy doesn't have a thing. Not even a jacket. Just sits there, arms crossed, face completely blank. His hair is greased back like in the old movies, and he's got a pen in his shirt pocket. I start to wonder if he thinks of anything. Maybe he never moves, just sits there on that orange molded plastic chair and stares at the 10 year-old no smoking sign just over my head and to the left. I wonder if he smokes and if he does why he lets that silly sign stop him. After all this is 4 a.m. and civil laws don't apply now. Nothing applies now. This is the free-for-all of time.

But we sit. And we don't move. We don't even look around. Scared to death we might see something and have to react, and break out of this fuzzy denial of reality: I am not in a train station in South Dakota. I am not sitting in an empty lobby with two middle aged men. There is not a kiosk over there filled with girlie mags, and (please God!) those men are not aware that I'm here, or that I'm a woman alone. I do not see the pinups of naked women, and I am not thinking about the fact that there is probably nowhere in this entire county where they sell a real cuppa coffee.

There's something about sitting here alone, she is thinking to herself. There is something about it.

Something that makes me pity myself that I have to take all these smelly trains to the other side of creation and see some aunt's funeral that I've never known and act like I'm sad when all these people are strangers and who do they think I am, anyway?

That's something, she thinks to herself. But that's not the something.

I want to think. But my head is so fuzzy that I can't get the cotton away. I want to feel something real; I've gotten so tired of just going, but I'm so sleepy, and I can't quite get comfortable or warm. If I could just manage to sit a certain way then my head would work right, and my back would stop hurting, and I could think clearly, and then I will understand that *something*. Whatever it is.

Beyond the glass doors, an outline of an old Ford is starting to emerge. It doesn't have a color yet, just sits there all gray and hazy. I try to make out the license plate. Looks like Dakota. I guess that's where I am, I think. Nothing else out there. Nothing for light to catch on to and say it exists. Just an old Ford.

A huge wet *slop* makes me jump out of my skin. *Slop, swish, swish, slop*. The woman has opened the door so quietly, and her metal bucket hasn't squeaked as it rolls over the linoleum.

She is mopping the floor. I say the words to myself, without actually knowing what they mean. My head is already growing fuzzy again, and I sit back, watching this woman work. A

faded gray housecoat barely covers her navy blue dress. Knee-high nylons don't make it over her calves. Her legs, bulging with varicose veins, are stuffed into her navy working shoes. I sit and stare at the pattern of veins on the woman's legs. Like the pictures of rivers taken from planes that I've seen in National Geographic. Only these are blue and the woman's legs are white and green. They're green.

The girl sitting on the bench with explorer shorts leaning against her backpack and thinking of National Geographic is fascinated by the woman's green legs. She has never seen skin that color. And she wonders if it is the chlorine in the stuff she's slopping all over the floor.

But she isn't slopping. That's the wrong word. She's an artist. Does an artist slop? Well, yes, if you're winning the Turner prize or something. But she was more of a Pre-Raphaelite than a post-modernist.

There's something about watching this woman mop this floor; she thinks to herself.

If I wasn't so tired, and my back wasn't aching, I'd know what it is.

For some reason I'm certain that she begins in the same corner every morning. And there is method. Every sweep of the thing, every swirl of the rag-head (the kind every true janitor has) every stroke is defined, rehearsed, like some kind of art form. The men across the way don't even notice her entrance. She is as much a part of this place as the nuclear-orange-molded-plastic-chairs, the no-smoking sign, and the dirty magazines. She works like a dancer that has done the same piece every day for thirty years, oblivious that her body does not move as quickly or her arms hold the mop as firmly. She has moved through a quarter of the room now. The enormous expanse of linoleum will be wet and glimmering soon. How has she moved so quickly? Each movement is so methodical, so slow, lacking any thought or decision: I barely notice that she has done so much.

While she has sat watching the woman an hour has passed, and her veins still look like rivers, and her skin is getting greener, and the girl's eyes are starting to focus a bit better.

I wonder if she thinks of anything. Does anything go through her head while she pushes that thing back and forth, back and forth over the same floor, every morning for a million years? Does she know that the only thing you need for intergalactic travel is a towel? Does she know that there are rivers in the Amazon that look like the veins on her legs?

Slop, swish, swish, slop, swish, slop.

Does she hear that sound anymore, or is it a part of her like breathing? This natural extension of herself that pounds out a steady rhythm. I wonder if her own floors are shiny and spotless, or if she rebels in the safe confines of her home, (there will be green shag-carpeting in the living room) and if she never mops her floors. A silent rebellion. So her family always plans to have Christmas somewhere else.

“We can’t go to mom’s, she never mops her floors.”

I wonder if they say that.

I wonder again if the man staring at the no-smoking sign is thinking about smoking. Maybe he knows this woman. Maybe he has seen her mop this floor so many times that the swish and slop of her bucket has gotten into his body too. Maybe everyone in this town, (if this is a town) has their heart beat synchronized to the slop and swish of this woman’s mop. A world determined and set in order by the rhythm of this woman’s menial labor. Every day. Every year. What will happen when she dies? When those veins can’t stand the pressure any more? Will the town drift apart, unable to stay together without the rhythm of a woman who mops the train station floor?

It is fully dawn now. And the lights over the schedule board have come on. They didn’t bother to turn them on until now. Several other men and a middle-aged woman have come in. On the opposite side of the room they all sit facing me. Their eyes are glazed over. They have found some sort of nirvana, lulled there by the woman’s rhythmic *slop, swish, swish, slop*. Like some kind of rural cult, sitting in a line, faces without expression, content to listen to this inspired leader beating out the rhythms of the Otherworld.

But the woman has reached the other wall. She smacks the floor with a final slop, and eases the mop back in her rusting rolling metal bucket. And as she straightens up, her back lets out a crack that echoes against the marbled linoleum. And she looks at me as she turns to leave, and her face is tired.

I am finally beginning to feel the morning coming, to feel human again. My lethargy is fading. I try to smile at the old woman, but she is leaving, pulling the rolling bucket full of dirty water behind her.

I watch her leave. The door swings silently open; she is bending to pull the mop and bucket after her. The door closes, and my last glimpse of her is a wide rear-end, half covered by that faded gray housecoat. The un-dead across the room still sit in their line, staring blankly ahead. No one says a word, no one notices that the woman has gone. Her slop and swish has become their heartbeat, and they breathe in synchronized rhythm.

Flipping open my National Geographic, I see again the aerial view of a rugged Pacific coastline. I've never been to the Pacific. Why would I? I am going to my aunt's funeral in Illinois, and then back to Topeka. My train, the train east, is coming in an hour. The train West leaves in 15 minutes.

I heave my backpack onto my shoulders.

She is thinking of trees in the bracing sea wind, of Oregon and poets, and she wonders if the rhythm of the ocean is the same as the slop and swish of a South Dakota town.



High School

Jackson White

Drink this drink I said you stink
Use this soap on a rope
Give a chance down the yellow brick road
Tin Man Lion as fast as you can
I'm the mother lode the Gingerbread Man

I smell the nights
I hear the tight fit of neon tights
If what I see is what I get
I get a big 'ol slap in the eye
A swift kick up 'long broadside

Jack the jack I said you're cracked
This glue'll make ya like new
Takes more than money to win it over honey
Could've smoked all day in fields so sunny
I'm the burning paper the Engine that did

I don't bake until I shake the cake
Take a gun could be fun
I could be more than just another shoot up star
There's blood on the street of this brand new town
Fire the man burned us to the ground

Smoke the smoke I said you choked
This rag wipes out the hype
Buy a pack of chewy yummy bubble gum
You could eat and then save some
I'm your kingdom come Cow that jumped over the moon



fear

bigotry

FAIRY

hated

Nasty

out of the closet

GAY

sissy

KISS PAN

Queer

HUMAN RIGHTS

SEXUALITY

PRIDE

JUST COMING OUT

QUEER

love

1 in 10

Discrimination

The Next Supper

Rev. Anonymous

23 1 On the beginning of the feast of the Unleavened Bread the disciples came to Jesus, saying, "Where will you have us prepare for you to eat the passover?" 2 He said, "Go into the city; we will eat at the House of McDonalds. 3 And the disciples were happy, for they enjoyed eating there.

4 And so it came to pass that Jesus and the disciples supped at the great table of McDonalds. 5 And Simon, who is called Peter, did order a Big Mac with fries; and Andrew his brother did sup on McNuggets of Chicken; and James the Son of Zebedee did feel anguish over whether to dine on large fries or small; and John his brother did eat of the Cherry Pie; and Philip, Bartholomew, Thomas and Matthew did each partake of the Quarter Pounder; and James the son of Alphaeus and Thaddaeus did sup on the Filet of Fish, and Simon the Canadian and Judas Iscariot did order chocolate shakes.

6 And during this feast Jesus said, "Verily, I tell you now that one of you will betray me." 7 And the disciples were dolorous, and each did inquire, "Is it I, oh Lord?". 8 But Jesus would only say, "One of them who has dipped his fries in my catsup will betray me."

9 Then while they were eating, Jesus did take of his Big Mac and bless it and give the pieces of it to the disciples, saying, "Take this and eat it; it is my body." 10 And he did bless a cup of Orange Drink and give it to the disciples, saying, "Take this and drink it; it is my blood. 11 I tell you now that I will not drink of the Orange again until I am drinking it with you in the Kingdom of Heaven."

12 And then they sang the Hymn of the Big Mac, as transcribed by the prophets of the advertisement:

13 'Two patties of all beef,
Special Sauce, lettuce,
Cheese, pickles, onions,
On a bun of sesame.'

14 And so it came to pass that they left the House of McDonalds.

Welcome to depravity

Here I am, again.

Why can't I leave!

Leave this retched, fetid smelling place.

If only I was stronger,

or had more control....

No, I want it, that's why I come back,

I want it like a whore.

It doesn't matter how strong I am,

so long as I want it.

But I want it to stop too,

I really do.

If only I could find someone,

to confide in, and

No, NO! no more excuses.

This creature that I am, that I cannot control.

No more excuses for it.

I must have it, no matter what the cost.

So I am doomed.

to live forever in this place,

so dim, and damp, and foul.

doomed to this prison,

my desires its bars,

hiding me forever in its shadows and filth.

Why must this be!

I have begged God to change me!

he won't respond.

and why should he,

he won't remove the things that I desire.

So how can I change?

How can I stop myself from this?

I cry myself to sleep every night that goes by,
and still don't have enough
of what I'm seeking.

I lie, I cheat, I steal, I fake,
and can never find enough.

All I find is no more than a counterfeit emotion,
with no substance at all.

Perhaps if I can find a way to make the feelings true
I could escape this trap,
I could stop the lies.

no, I am too weak, too scared,
I've tried before and failed,
I do not have the strength to try again,
and fail, again.

It is time to stop the lies,
these lies to myself.

I am sinking in the mire of my own desires,
a sea of dark and dirty deeds,
and when I reach the bottom there will be a sign that reads,
Welcome to depravity.

Snow

times are gonna come
times are gonna change,

don't ask me where i'm from
that was yesterday,

for days are like the snow
they all just melt away,

so the past will go,
washed just straight away

by the bitter new year rain
frozen in the snow

with a harsh and eager sun
to tell it where to go.

sometimes i long for brighter days
and the warmth of summer solstice

but i know the heat would bake my brain
and twist my outer focus

would ride and writhe my inner being
until my dreams all fell away

my soul was meant for colder climes
with many more shades of gray

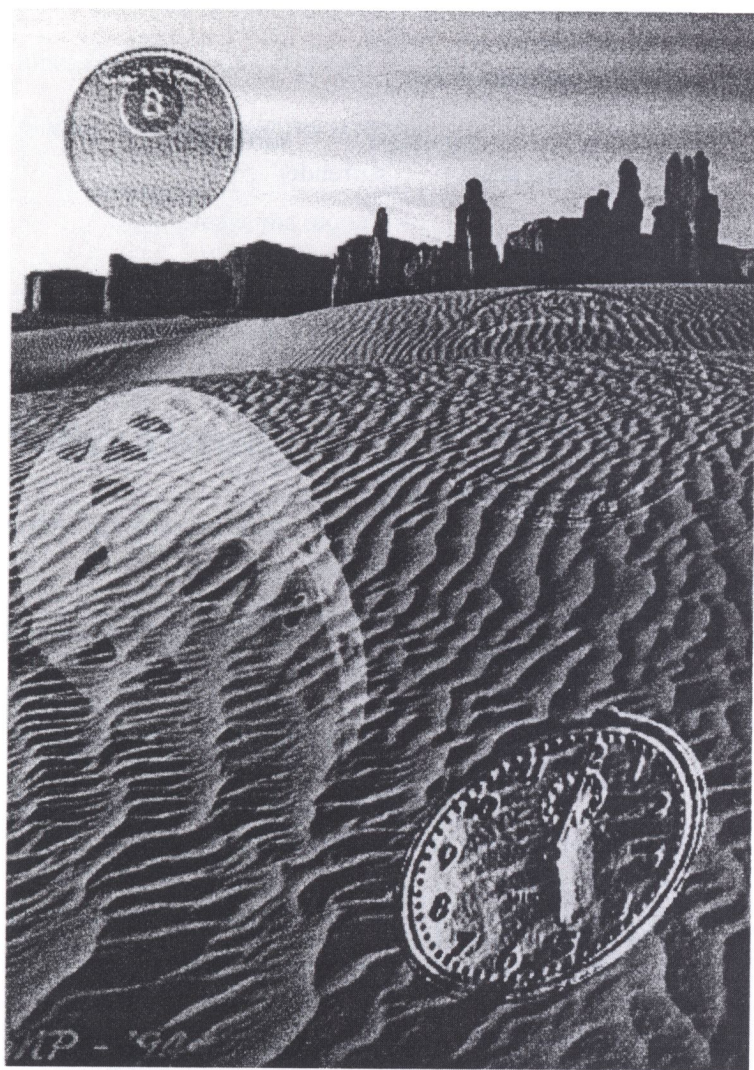
though the ice may numb me,
in it i may play.

lost and alone in this somber world
full of winter frost

i'll find my heart's beginnings,
and cool my feelings off

though the sky falls with sorrow
i will find my good tomorrows

to live a little life,
in the snow.



I.....

Sarah Mattox

Weakly
from the stinging torrent,
I feign ignorance
and incredulity.

Surrender surrender
surrender surrender

Arms of an enemy
face of a lover

Sleeping, you say,
only sleeping.
as his friends surround
his bed of white

Shapes grow from nothing and slide
past my face.

Movement.

I see your face through clouded glass
as if a dream

Leaning, leaning toward me.

I protest! I know my sanity!

The floor beneath my feet doesn't sway
or buck...

The sliding shapes I see are real
you acknowledge that with the fear
in your eyes when color dances
in the corners of your mind

That I dwell deep within only proves
my sanity
sanity
sanity

I am whole
Do not break my shell
It holds my self
You invade with your questions
your questions and needles

I close my eyes, I am complete

Spinning spinning spinning spinning

Go away,
leave me alone

I am complete in my
self

Valley Forest

Softly silk from nothing
shines,

Languid drifting sighs
of humid breathing

Born of emerald and lacy giants

Dark and suppliant, moist and seething

Knotted tangles twisting creepers

Embracing limbs, to touch, caress, and flow...

Gleaming pearls of moisture trickle
and drop,

Kissing the brush gathered as lovers below

Melanie Hawkes

i close my eyes ~

darkness surrounds me

i sing ~ my song comes slowly

embracing my pain

i close my eyes ~

here at midnights hour

i dance ~ arms stretched to the sky

erasing my pain

i close my eyes ~

darkness surrounds me

i clothe myself in the shadows

unwatched unseen

i close my eyes and . . .

I am Beautiful

In the kitchen grandmother bakes bread, at her side a child stands on a stool watching. Like lightning the fingers move through the dough, working the flour and water together with the yeast. Humming a song her mother taught her the grandmother thinks about her life and a single tear falls into the bread.

Silently the child watches.

I wish I could write, the child breaks the silence.
Why whatever for, the grandmother asks.
So I could take this day and write it, so I would never forget it.
Why do you need to write it, asks the grandmother, you can easily remember it.
I am afraid I will forget.

Placing the bread in the oven the grandmother takes the child to the table and teaches her to write.

~~~~~

As the young girl sits by the fire she watches the grandmother knitting in the rocker. As the dust reflects the gold of a late autumn sunset the girl watches the needles flickering in and out of the soft wool.

Do you know how to draw, asks the girl reaching into the silence.  
Why do you need to learn to draw, asks grandmother.  
So I can take this moment and draw it so that I never forget it.  
Do you forget things so quickly, asks the grandmother.  
Sometimes, but mostly I only forget geography. No, I am just afraid I will lose this moment and I want it always.

Handing the girl paper and pencil the grandmother teaches her to draw.

~~~~~

As the years pass the girl grows into a woman and for Christmas one year she asks the grandmother for a camera.

A camera, why, asks grandmother, her eyes twinkling as she guesses the reply.

So that I can take pictures and remember you as you are for always.

Why use the camera now, asks the grandmother. Why remember me as old and frail as I sit weakly by the window, why not take out your writing and remember me as I was, or pull out your paints and think of me as I was then.

Because that is not you as you are, the photo will be.

No, smiles the grandmother, you do not understand. But still she buys the camera and the woman takes her picture.

~~~~~

As the grandmother lays in the hospital, her veins opened to IVs and her breathing controlled by a machine, the granddaughter comes to visit. Hardly could she remember when she had learned to write, her paints had been put away long ago and the camera was broken, but that is o.k. because she does not want to remember this moment or her grandmother in this way.

Silently the woman sits.

Even more silently her grandmother closes her eyes for the last time on this world . . . smiling as she sees her granddaughter, now a mother, sitting there.

With her grandmother's spirit gone the woman sits in the hospital room waiting for the tears . . . at the memorial service she sits staring at the urn of ashes, listening to the murmur of condolences, still waiting for the tears . . . at home she sifts through old pictures searching for the tears . . . she digs through her paints hoping for solace . . . tries to calm her spirit with writing . . . but everything fails . . . she hunts vigorously for the tears, desperately longing for the pain to know she is still alive . . .

... she begins to imagine death as life without tears, and  
so she searches ...

words can not gather the emotions, too many things can not be  
tamed by the power of the alphabet ...

drawings can not do justice to the beauty and  
purity of the spirit ...

photographs show all the wrinkles ...  
... and nothing is able to touch the aching void.

~~~~~

For years the shadows play games with her memories, whispers
echo in endless conversations over rising bread and her mind is
haunted by the soft clicking of knitting-needles as they flicker
through wool.

Wanting to reach into the past the woman begins to lose the
present.

~~~~~

It is many years later, as she kneads bread dough in the kitchen,  
her granddaughter watching, that she begins to connect the past  
with the present. In this moment she realizes that words will  
never smell like rising bread, a sketch can never capture the  
clicking of knitting needles and a camera could never keep a  
spirit from wandering. In this moment her grandmother comes  
back to her and bypassing her fears and doubts, touches the  
aching void ...

As the tears begin to fill the woman's eyes her  
granddaughter whispers,

Nana, how do you keep from forgetting?

# To let me sleep

*Brian Buckley*

I never dream  
of a Magic Wand  
or a tarnished, sovereign Lamp  
    With the sentient vapor  
    of benevolent spirit  
    curling fateful inside

Fantastic wells of Wishes  
chanced upon,  
the sort of mystic gifts  
that stamp greed into a pile  
    of gold coins,  
or wring a universal beauty  
    from insatiable lust,  
or, perhaps,  
paint a euphoric immortality  
from the blood and bile of the World.

But fog is a gift,  
rain is mystic,  
and the deep and drowsy image  
of the slow calm and smooth of ripples  
in some vast, eternal Pool  
is enough

to let me sleep.

## **In the 21st**

In 1975 we were already  
talking about the turn:  
a new age for new Orwells

Flipped like a dead possum  
still cold decaying  
in the Road

Work only ninety four and one half  
days a year,  
what with weekends  
and Memorials  
to dust and bones Pioneers

buried in the Road.

# FREEFALLING

*Daniel Metz*

Ten thousand feet above,  
The metal bird of prey  
Slices the atmosphere  
like a razor cuts flesh.

Rush of air  
as the door slides open.  
Diving tumbling plunging plummeting  
Headlong into death.  
Earth rushing up at 100 miles an hour.

Rip-cord.  
Pull.  
Nothing.  
Diving tumbling plunging plummeting  
Headlong into death.

Chute fails.  
Body stiffens,  
expecting impact.  
Ends in a cloud of  
Crimson dust

## Toxic Waste

My mind flirts with liquid death  
searching....  
Searching for the right path  
to take me away.  
Searching for a way to  
fly away.

After the initial shock,  
the Windex begins to soothe.  
It won't be long now  
'till my skull will ooze  
green sludge.

# Stormfront

*Daniel Reese*

Clear blue sky.  
Bright light; morning sun.  
High billowy white clouds.  
Hot summery temps.

An army invades,  
    spreading like wildfire.  
Each soldier fully loaded.  
Darkness takes over and  
    Blues slowly becomes Gray.  
Brightness into darkness.  
High billows gone.  
Low, Dark, and Gray take their place.  
Summery temperature levels off,  
    begins  
    to  
    drop.

Flash.  
Strike.  
Low Rumble.  
Look up through tinted eyes and  
See the sky begin to melt.  
Slowly, the gray clouds turn  
    into drops of water.

Flash of light spirals  
    down to the earth.

Boom!  
Thunder resonates  
    through the valley.  
The clouds open and  
    fall  
    to the ground.  
Only to be eaten by the  
    soil again.

# Love Poetry

*Daniel Reese*

when i think of you i see a big moon  
in the DEAD of june.

i hear your words and swoon  
and love you like a spoon.

i came to tears  
when i saw you greedily guzzling all those beers.  
i had all these really big fears  
and thought we hit the deers

you came at me with an aluminum bat,  
but you were too fat  
i wanted to know where you were at  
and almost ate a rat.

but now you are dead.  
i shot your head,  
and boy you bled,  
but that darned cat is still not fed.

# Discordant

These are the times that try men's souls.  
Sentence and commas deal with grammar.  
Have you seen my dog?  
Absolutely! A red wine is the perfect choice.  
Nothing is so awful as school on Monday.  
To your right is the Grand Canyon.  
Do you know what the capital of Nepal is?  
With Twinkies, you too can conquer the world!!!!  
Each day the sky is not green.  
Other times, I make sense.

*Gabrielle Buller*

should i dye my hair  
the colour of cooked carrots  
and wear pomegranate lipstick with  
dijon stockings and  
an avocado turtleneck with broccoli-stud earrings?  
or should i comb my hair out like a taffy streak  
and wrap a shawl of chocolate  
about my caramel skin,  
and wait for the dinner bell to ring?

## Excelleration

Was is that my father's words concerning  
My intensity, my anger, were  
    driven like my car across three lanes,  
    in haste?

Excelleration rage

Was a demonstration  
    in my arms, in my legs, across my ribcage,  
    clenched in apprehension,  
    of this breaking point beyond  
    his expectations.

Orchestrated years to supplement

The mass of thoughtless counted cars

Without the karma, friendship, prayers:

I had thought I'd understood

Until his words, like a safety-belt instructions

    approached my driver's side  
swerving—

    barely miss a meeting with  
    another frenzied driver;  
    but I was late and  
    still, I angered onward.

*Elizabeth Herrman*

In the velvety twilight you sit,

With fur as soft as silk.

As small and warm as a fox's kit,

With streaks of ebony and of milk.

## Awareness

A thoughtful face, contemplating.  
what of life?  
Should I care,  
That I am not a part of it?

# Rick Quick Private Dick of the old West

*Kevin T. Rogers*

Opening the Saloon Doors with a spinning roundhouse kick as usual, Rick Quick private dick of the old west walked up to the bar and slamming his fist- measuring 7 inches in circumference- down on the counter, demanded, "Where's the Whores?"

With silence prevailing, Rick casually glanced around and noticing that he was the only man amid a room full of pistol-packing females, he quickly stammered, "I mean, d'ya got any Tootsie Pops?"

"Yeah," said the bartender who happened to be named Mary Scary, "They're over there in the corner next to the Ginger Snaps."

Rick thanked her, and with a tug on the crotch, he headed over to the Tootsie Pops. Nervously he snatched up three of the cherry-flavored variety and stuck them all in his mouth without bothering to remove the wrappers first.

"That'll be fifteen cents," informed the barkeep.

"Oh yeah," retorted Rick, "And what if I don't have your fifteen cents?"

"Then we'll punch you in the face and then stop," hollered the lady in the back of the room wearing the green sequinned overalls, "and then we'll punch you in the face some more."

A lady wearing nothing but a bright orange jumpsuit and a Commander Zippy plastic space helmet disagreed: "I say we tie him up, and then write funny things on his forehead with a fluorescent pink Magic Marker."

Being a big fan of lynchings himself, Rick couldn't help but getting caught up in all the excitement. Thus, he spoke: "No, no. What you should do is bind my arms and legs together, tie me to the back of a wild horse, and then drag me around town until I start spitting up blood."

Rick realized that this was a mistake when Mary, who seemed to be the leader of this band of cutthroats, said, "These

are all good ideas, and I would hate to see a good idea go to waste, so we can punch him in the face, write funny things on his forehead, AND drag him around town from the back of the horse!”

Amidst the noise of the applause and yells, one could scarcely hear Rick protest, “But go easy on me because I bruise easily.”

“Shut up, pansy.”

Hence, the pain began. First, the cowwomyn- as they viewed themselves- tied the private detective from Tulsa up to a cozy, blue armchair with daffodils that appeared to be punching one another out embroidered on it. Next, they punched him in the face until a conical-shaped woman yelled, “Moldy cheese!” of all things. Then, they proceeded to write: “Beat me until I turn blue for I am an irate fool” with the aforementioned fluorescent pink Magic Marker. Due to their previous actions, the hooligans thought it appropriate to beat the private dick until he turned blue, for, after all, he was an irate fool. Finally, they tied him to the back of a horse and began dragging him all over their fair city.

Contrary to what you might believe, however, this was no run-of-the mill horse dragging. This may have been just because of the extreme humidity that day that is rarely associated with horse draggings, but most people seemed to think that this event was made odd by the old man who would shout, “Muskrats only bloom in the springtime!” every time Rick’s bloody and nearly lifeless body would pass by.

No one knows exactly why he did this, nor, for that matter, why he picked his nose with his toes rather than his fingers, but it all seems to go back to that time when he was trampled by a pack of rabid mountain goats.

Once the cowwomyn had had enough, they let the dick go and he began to whimper uncontrollably at the side of the road, so Mary Scary came over to attempt to console him.

“I’m sorry we had to do this to you, but the law’s the law. Besides, the way I hear it, you ain’t too nice of a guy anyway, Mister Rick Quick Private —”

“No,” explained Rick, “Dick is short for detective. I’m a

private eye.”

Mary was shocked that a guy who she at first mistaked for Fabio, the town's transvestite, could actually be a private detective. She let her wonder be known when she asked, “So you're a genuine detective and you solve cases and everything?”

Rick had to confess: “Actually I'm not. I just say that I am in order to impress the chicks.”

“I think you mean womyn, but does it work?,” inquired Mary.

“Well, no, but that would be great if it did.”

The bartender paused for a moment to dwell on the utter stupidity of the dick's scheme before continuing, “I bet you're pretty fancy with them there six guns, though.”

Shamed anew, Rick said, “These are only cap guns. I used to carry real guns, and I would start shooting at bottles and stuff, but then the people who were drinking out of them would chase after me and kick my face in. It just wasn't worth the trouble. I get my ass kicked enough without having to worry about angry drunkards beating the hell out of me.”

Evidently, not knowing when to stop, She-whom-I-call-Scary said, “Can you do anything even remotely impressive?”

The Quick One smiled and boasted, “I can do some pretty neat tricks with my yo-yo.”

“So, you're pretty much a loser then, right?”

Rick looked to the earth and began kicking around loose pebbles.

“That seems to be the consensus.”

“Oh.”

The Dark Side of

# *The Jason*

~~Literary~~ Magazine of Willamette University

Fall 1994

## *Editorial Staff:*

Eric Mulder- Editor-in-Chief of donuts

Melanie Hawkes- Photo-Master from the 4th dimension

Jennifer Wheeler- The Mad Bomber

Brian Kinyon- Starving Artist

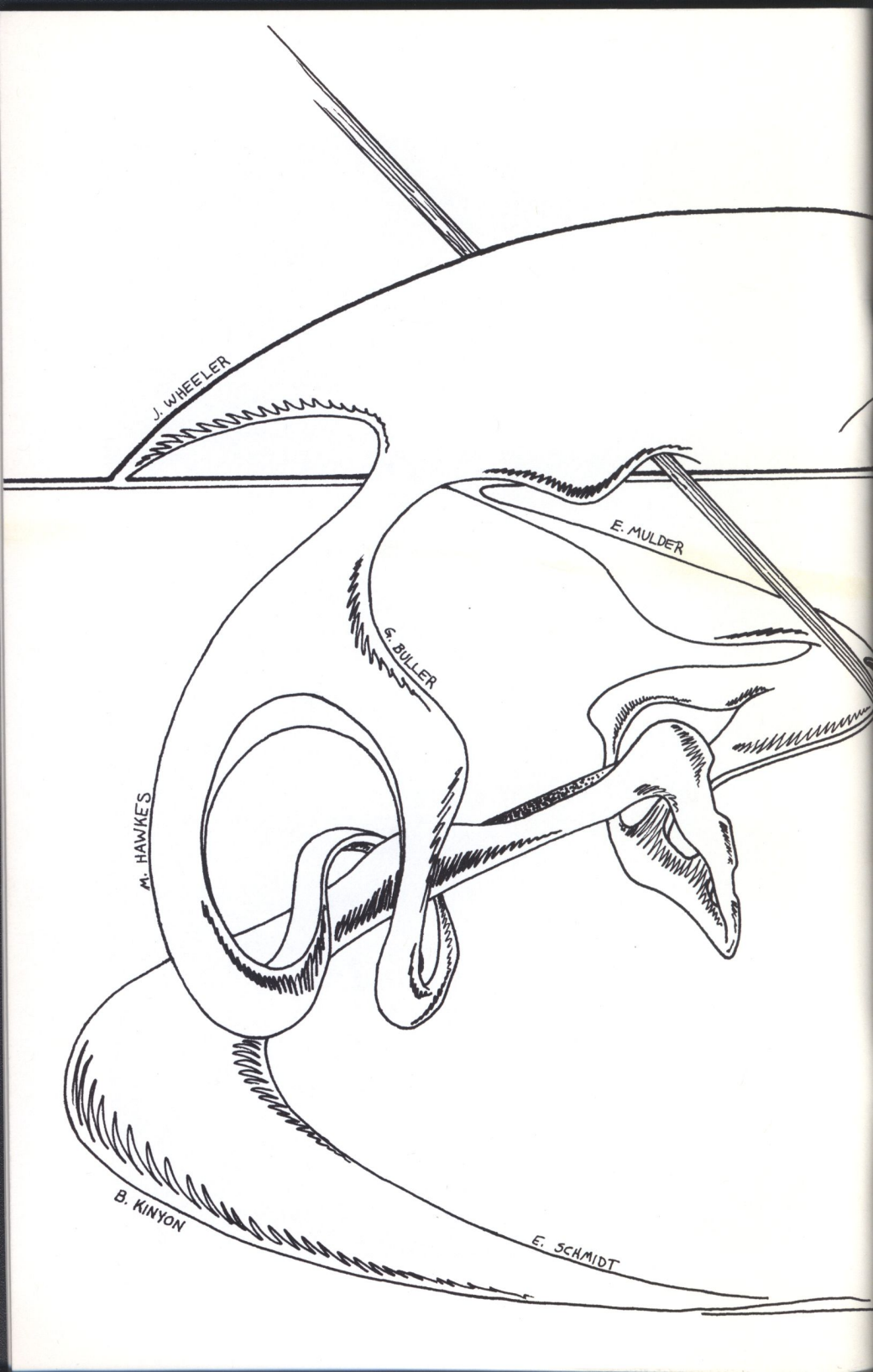
Gabrielle Buller- Token Flower Child

Erik Schmidt- ????????????????????

(Does anyone *really* know Erik Schmidt?)

Advisor- HA HA HA HA We are beyond advising

The Jason is a highly fictitious and mystical being we have yet to understand. He waits in the dark corners of our minds during the wee hours of the morning and compels us to create what might be senseless drivel, or masterworks of art.



J. WHEELER

E. MULDER

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