

JASON

vol. 10

no. 1

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Special Thanks to Cassy Adams, Wendy Green, Carol Long, Rich Sutliff, Robert Hess, Carl Hall, Ralph Wright, & Len Mulbry.

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## THY KINGDOM COME

A Fairy Tale by

PATRICK HENRY

“C'est bien d'avoir eu une amie,  
meme si l'on va mourir. Moi, je  
suis bien content d'avoir eu une  
amie renarde.”

Saint-Exupery

Not too long ago, in the soft lavender hills of Downy, lived a Princess of extraordinary beauty. With her lover, Goldy, a commoner, she danced and frolicked even into the farthest regions of her kingdom. She organized huge picnics and commanded all her subjects to leave their jobs with pay to attend them. There she had served to one and all delicious meats, luscious mixed salads and fruits and cakes of all flavors and dimensions. Everything was served on balloon-like trays that, when full, just managed to come to rest atop the long, green grass of the meadows that were dotted with the smiling faces of her subjects as far as the eye could see.

Goldy, who came from a large city on the East Coast of Downy, showed the Princess other grasses that sprouted in her kingdom. At first surprised, the Princess grew to love these grasses very much indeed. She now spent even more time caring

for her poorer subjects and sold all her jewelry and most of her magnificent wardrobe so that they might be better fed and more warmly housed in Winter. In her estimation, as everyone knows, for she spoke so often about it, the time she spent with Goldy bordered on sheer bliss. Every trace of Ennui, the villain who had terrorized her youth, disappeared as Joy began to reign in her being.

Now and then, not simply to amuse themselves, for they were always happy, but only to have new adventures, they would go to the celebrated Downy Intercontinental Airport to witness the hustle and bustle they often heard spoken of. There, for hours, they would ride the train that goes from one terminal to the other waving at the people they encountered. It always appeared that the whole world was passing them by and they were alone, peaceful onlookers, unable somehow to partake of the mass excitement and very infrequently even worthy of a return greeting. And they liked it that way.

One of their favorite pastimes, one they indulged in often, for it delighted them no end, was a special pilgrimage they made alone, on two large multi-plumed ostriches, across the meadows, up and down the rolling hills of Downy, to visit the vegetables that grow by the side of the mountains. Once alighted, they would walk arm in arm to the beginning of each row of vegetables, get down on all fours and yell at the top of their voices, but in the most amiable of tones: "HELLO, BEANSPROUTS, WE ARE YOUR FRIENDS; HELLO, BEANSPROUTS, WE'VE COME TO MAKE AMENDS." Then they would walk down each and every row softly fondling all that grew beside them.

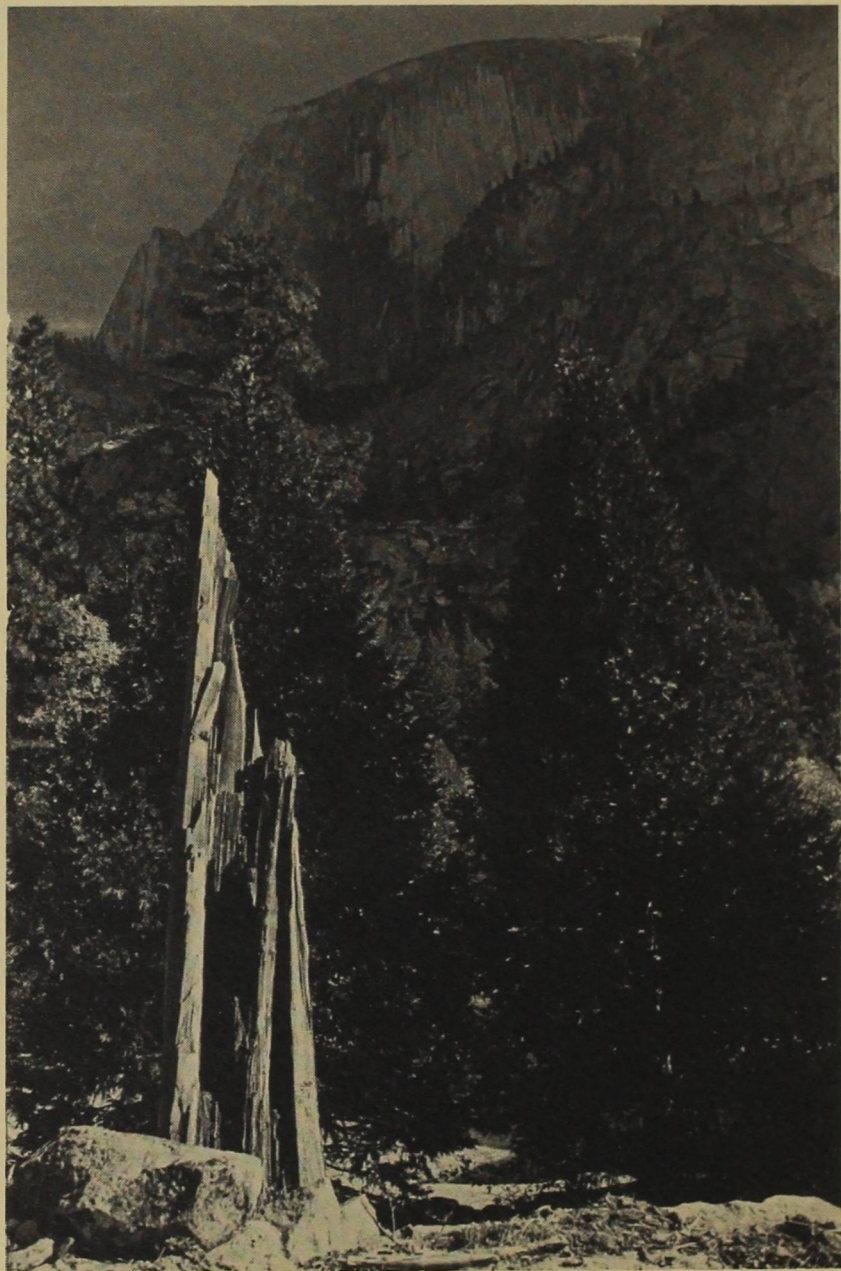
To the surprise of all her subjects and to the utter astonishment of the King and Queen, this rare girl whose physical perfection only hinted at her interior beauty, made her lover her husband and began a life of seemingly perpetual ecstasy with Goldy, her new-found Prince. Many gleeful years passed, not a worry, not a care, never an ill-word; not one cloud appeared above their home; nothing marred, even to the slightest degree, the happiness they shared in being with one another.

Then, from nowhere appeared, unexpected, unfore-  
 seen, a horrible personage, sent surely by  
 Satan, if not by the King and Queen,  
 and with incredible speed, onetwo-  
 threefourfive, just like that;  
 by some terrible scheme,  
 and a potion indeed  
 this treacherous  
 man, hereabouts  
 of great fame,  
 BOURGEOIS  
 MENTALITY  
 by name  
 BEWITCHED  
 the  
 PRINCESS  
 who departed  
 one rainy morn,  
 shortly after the  
 break of dawn with  
 hardly a word, and no  
 note left behind, and  
 positively now Lives on  
 Fourth Street, all alone, atop  
 expensive furniture, adorned in  
 beautiful clothes, amidst appliances  
 galore, where she amasses her gold,  
 . . . . . or so I am told . . . . .

In Downy now, there are no more paid holidays for workers and royal picnics have been abolished. What entertainment value could they offer anyway, inasmuch as all the grasses in the kingdom have been crew-cut by recently acquired, State owned and required, ten-speed Power Lawn Mowers. The former picnic meadows have been metamorphosed into fields of combat for the newly established and highly competitive Little League of Downy; the serene, smiling faces of old changed to the twisted, frantic mouths that cry aloud, "Downy is number one, Downy is number one."

High barbed-wired fences imprison the vegetable plots and NO TRESPASSING signs block out the trees along the way. Travel by Ostrich, although very useful, has lately been declared unconstitutional. At Downy Intercontinental, federal agents in mournful grey uniforms patrol the trains, limiting all trippers to one ride only.

As for Goldy, it is rumored that he has often attempted to make the journey to Fourth Street but can never seem to find the way. Friends say he has yet to get beyond Marshmallow Lane where the young boys pass on bamboo stilts and the girls, in pink striped shorts, stand on tiptoe under the trees reaching for blue plums.



## CIRCUMAXIAL CALISTHENICS

I don't do handstands  
at all any more  
or backflips  
for extra tips  
from the crowd,  
but for all that  
I'm still an acrobat  
in the circus  
of my mind.

In a three ring frenzy  
I do frantic antics  
for myself,  
simultaneously cartwheeling  
from the past  
and somersaulting  
into the future  
round the gyroscopic axis  
"I",

T.S. Berczynski

*The Making of Monte*

*A short story in which a man of little means, through understanding and compassion becomes a man of means.*

*Of course you all know about Monte's Morgue and Mortuary Service. But you probably don't understand the full significance of his motto, "A Service with a Smile". If you did, you couldn't help but be moved by the story.*

*Therefore it falls on me, one of Monte's closest friends, and most ardent (if you will pardon the cliché) admirers, to tell you the heartwarming story of Monte's self-realization. Even though beside his life my telling of it will be but a pale fire.*

*Monte's Morgue 'n Mort (as it has become popularized) is, of course, the national chain whose eloquent Colonial/Greek facades lovingly decorate the streets of over 500 cities across the nation. In both the farming towns and the awesome megalopolises one can see the reassuring sight of Monte's standing clean and stark and white: it's warmth and compassion open to those poor lost souls in search of the security they need to take that next trying step in the outside world. For within each Monte's there is the feeling of security, of permanence: warm is the heavy vermillion carpet; strong and secure are the black velvet drapes; Edenal are the flowers on the Gothic table in front of one.*

*Part of Monte's success can be attributed to a small stroke of genius early in his career. He found it was possible to handle the city's morgue service while both making a profit and costing the city less. This, to say the least, made everyone happy; taxpayers, city officials and Monte. Yet his true genius was not financial, but personal: few people could match his deep understanding of the grave problems of the bereaved.*

*Monte's greatest concern was for the bereaved, he has never been in the business for a fast buck. Innumerable times I have been at his side when he would minister consolation upon a wife by saying, "Go home, my dear, and sleep, he is in good hands and we will treat him as if he were still a man." Grateful tears would well up in her eyes, a melancholy smile briefly appear, and then she would turn and leave.*

And of all the awards he has received in his fifteen year career (none of which, I might add, have affected his legendary modesty), there is one especially whose memory still moves him: for in his first year, 1958, the Chamber of Commerce in his home town presented to him, and named in his honor, their first annual Humanitarian of the Year award; he also received \$142,000 income. (Not in that order.)

But I have digressed, for I have been telling you about the present, and it is the past we are most concerned with here.

Monte, Monte Clark, is a modern day Horatio Alger hero. In his youth he was much as he is today, a quiet, modest, straight, honest, self-effacing human being. Since the day that he first apologized for putting his hand under the wheel of a truck his Christian humility had been renowned.

In school Monte was studious yet mediocre. He was also small, light, awkward and tone-deaf. In short he was conscientious and obscure; nowhere were the glimmerings of genius which would someday make him so famous.

Through those years Monte could have been described as invisible. His passing was as little noticed as the passing of a single cloud in the midst of a hurricane. And yet, in his later years this was to serve him well.

You see, the invisible people are not the ones one never knows, but rather the ones one knows but never sees; they are unnoticed, but there. They are the people who "look alike" - the chorus of a play, one might say - with a unified brain whose sum is one, not ten million. And thus in a real way they are familiar.

It is this familiarity that Monte has retained which is so valuable to him: everyone who speaks to him has the feeling they have known him before. This subtle impression that your mortician is not a stranger, that he is, rather, an old acquaintance. This is one of the important differences that makes Monte's the preference of so many people.

With this crucial fact in mind, Monte himself chooses the men who are to manage and maintain his name.

Though Monte was invisible to his schoolmates, it did not at the same time mean that his elders did not notice him. If they had not noticed, these days would have been particularly uneventful . . . but they were painfully aware of Monte. For in a too apparent way, Monte was worse than a bad boy; he was anomaly - he could not be quantified by a platitude. (He was not bright, but he studied; ergo, he would get good grades. He didn't. He was nice: people didn't even notice him, let alone like or dislike him. He respected his elders and they frowned on him,

for he had both the baseness not to live up to their highest expectations and the audacity not to live down to their worst suspicions.)

So when he was sixteen his father dragged him to court and had him declared incorrigible. The judge, whose wife was one of Monte's infinitely frustrated teachers, knew in excruciating detail of his incorrigibility. There were no questions.

For three years he was bounced from unwilling foster home to less willing foster home. Normally patient people were instantly fed up with him. He tried, and he was sincere, but he seemed to make no progress. Because they could not transform him into a good little boy they threw him out.

Little did they realize this intransigence was the intransigence of genius. He was not as unintelligent as they believed, but had matured and almost fully developed his system of thought several years earlier. His seeming lack of accomplishment in any endeavor was due to the fact that everything that was taught to him fit perfectly into his understanding of reality: <sup>1</sup> advancing effort on this "front", as it were, was purposeless work.

So that during these three uneasy years, rather than become neurotic or psychotic, as would lesser young men, his view of life, his deep and empathetic understanding of human nature became refined and sharpened: always confirming the foundations of his belief. Despite travelling the tortured road of the unwanted child his humanity grew.

At 19 he was apprenticed to a woodcarver in Pine Bluff where he learned to appreciate the potential in a blank piece of wood. Later he learned how to see in the wood the reality of what he was going to carve. He worked quite hard and slowly improved in his craftsmanship.

Unfortunately, those characteristics which distinguished him from what all adults knew to be the true nature of youth were again his fatal flaws. For Monte worked hard and diligently saved his money.

1. He has told me, personally, that someday, when the worries and labours of his work decrease, he is going to put down this system in a book called *On Life In and Of Death* which will undoubtedly be the finest literary/philosophical event since the publication of Mailer's exquisite biography of Marilyn Monroe.

This, of course, confirmed the woodcarver's suspicions that Monte was misrepresenting his sales (and not giving the woodcarver his full 70%) and that he was stealing. After all, the woodcarver logically asked, what motivation could Monte possibly have to work hard and save money except to remove suspicion from the fact that he is stealing?

None, he logically concluded.

So he had Monte arrested.

Then, upon reviewing the case prior to the hearing, the prosecuting attorney told the woodcarver that, though he agreed with him in spirit, the evidence against Monte was only circumstantial.

"Well, if you agree, then maybe the judge and the jury will, too." snapped the woodcarver.

So Monte went to trial, and the judge and the jury did agree.

So . . . Monte went to prison for grand larceny and fraud.

Having a long time now for contemplation, he turned to thought instead. Gradually he came to realize two important things from his brief apprenticeship. The first was that in all things only the physical nature limits the potentialities of the final state; the other was that there are certain ultimate justifications for all actions. Monte, of course, was not quite so esoteric: at twenty he simply said: "Things are what you make them." and "Business is business,"

By this time his first three years were up and Monte went before the parole board.

The board chairman glared under fat eyelids at him.

"Kid, have you rehabilitated yo-sef?"

"Yes, I have."

"What?" he glowered.

"Yes. I have rehabilitated . . . myself . . ." Monte finished less confidently against the malevolence of the chairman. Then he realized his transgression.

"Sir!"

"That's better." snarled the chairman and his quivering body relaxed. The oversized chair hissed loudly for several minutes after he had resettled his weight.

"Ask him if he still believes in fluoridation." slyly whispered the wizened, shock-haired maiden at the end of the table, while she turned up her hearing aid.

"I never did believe in it." protested Monte.

"Miss Beam," scolded the man between her and the chairman (which was a constant frustration to Miss Beam who was in love with the chairman as only a sixty-year old virgin can be). "You've got him confused with the last one."

"Oh dear. I guess I should have brought my glasses." She pulled out her lace hankie and dabbed at her nose.

"Did you leave them by your lamppost again?" leered the man with the Peter Lorey voice and the Sidney Greenstreet face who sat at the other end of the table.

"Ehn?" answered Miss Beam.

Between the man at the end of the table and the chairman sat the chairman's wife who calmly shattered the man's glasses and splattered his nose with the back of her hand for his last remark.

Yet, despite the intimidations of the parole board they felt satisfied that Monte was rehabilitated enough, so they decided to parole him for the final six years of his sentence.

As he walked out the gate with his new suit and \$25, who should he meet but the woodcarver.

"So, you little bastard," he snarled, "they let you out again to persecute us decent folk. Well you just try to get revenge. I'm ready."

"But sir," Monte calmly protested, "I have no intention of avenging myself."

"Wha . . . ?!"

"After all," he concluded, "business is business."

" . . . uh . . . damn right!" With this the woodcarver stomped across the grass to his car.

As inevitable as falling Monte found himself in New York City without a penny. Out on the street, breathing the grey air he turned to see teenage girl approaching him.

"Hey mister, looking for a good time?"

(Now, we mustn't assume our twenty-three year old hero was dumb - just naive . . .)

"Sure."

( . . . and besides, this is not a fitting forum for us to go into his loss of virginity or his not-too-pleasant encounter with the pimp afterwards.)

Things like this, despite their seeming influence to the contrary, only served to make Monte increasingly feel the truth of his beliefs.

After the pimp had beaten him sufficiently to equal the \$75 that Monte had not had in the first place, he struggled up from the roach-pathed floor, looked at the pimp and nodded.

"Business is business." he said. Then with dignity he turned toward the door, grasped it with surety, opened it, walked through and fell into the bathtub.

When he awoke on the street the cop prodding him said that he was under arrest for vagrancy. Of course to Monte it was right, it had to be, the man was the law. Even though the justice seemed heavily veiled, if the cop said he was vagrant, then there was an important legal distinction between him and the drunk in the doorway. It was his fault that he did not see it. Ignorance, he knew, was no excuse.

Monte's seeming impotence in a world where "things are what you make them" could have led another to rethinking his life or his philosophy of it, but once thought for Monte was always thought. By this time his thought had already crystalized, and there needed to be no revisions. What he realized was that he had not lived up to his half of the bargain with life. He had let things make him instead of his making them.

Henceforth, he firmly resolved, I will be the maker and not the makee.

Such iron determination and enormous self-ordained importance might at first have seemed slightly comical comporting itself, as it was, on his light, under five-seven - four inches under - body. Nonetheless, in his presence it was impossible to laugh at the absolute seriousness with which he viewed himself.

Yet all this was only potential, for Monte still lacked the catalyst which would precipitate him toward greatness - an inspiration.

It was long in coming. Many years passed and no omens or visions came to point the direction of his future. He worked and travelled aimlessly.

Then, when he was thirty, while boating with another of his temporary friends down a river, they hit unexpected rapids and the boat capsized. His friend hit a rock and died. Monte dragged him out of the water and tried uselessly to revive him.

Somewhat in shock, he sat on a large rock considering his former friend's fate and face, and wondering what he could do. Unfortunately his friend's face bore a rather pained expression which made it difficult for Monte to think.

(Consider now, if you will, that mysterious process involved in inspiration. Of this phenomenon there had been too much said and too little known.

*Yet there are three general theories on inspiration: the first and most ancient is the Muse—that extra-human, divine source whose “wisdom” the meager minds of men are occasionally allowed to glimpse . . . just a small tantalizing peek, enough to remind us of our congenital stupidity.*

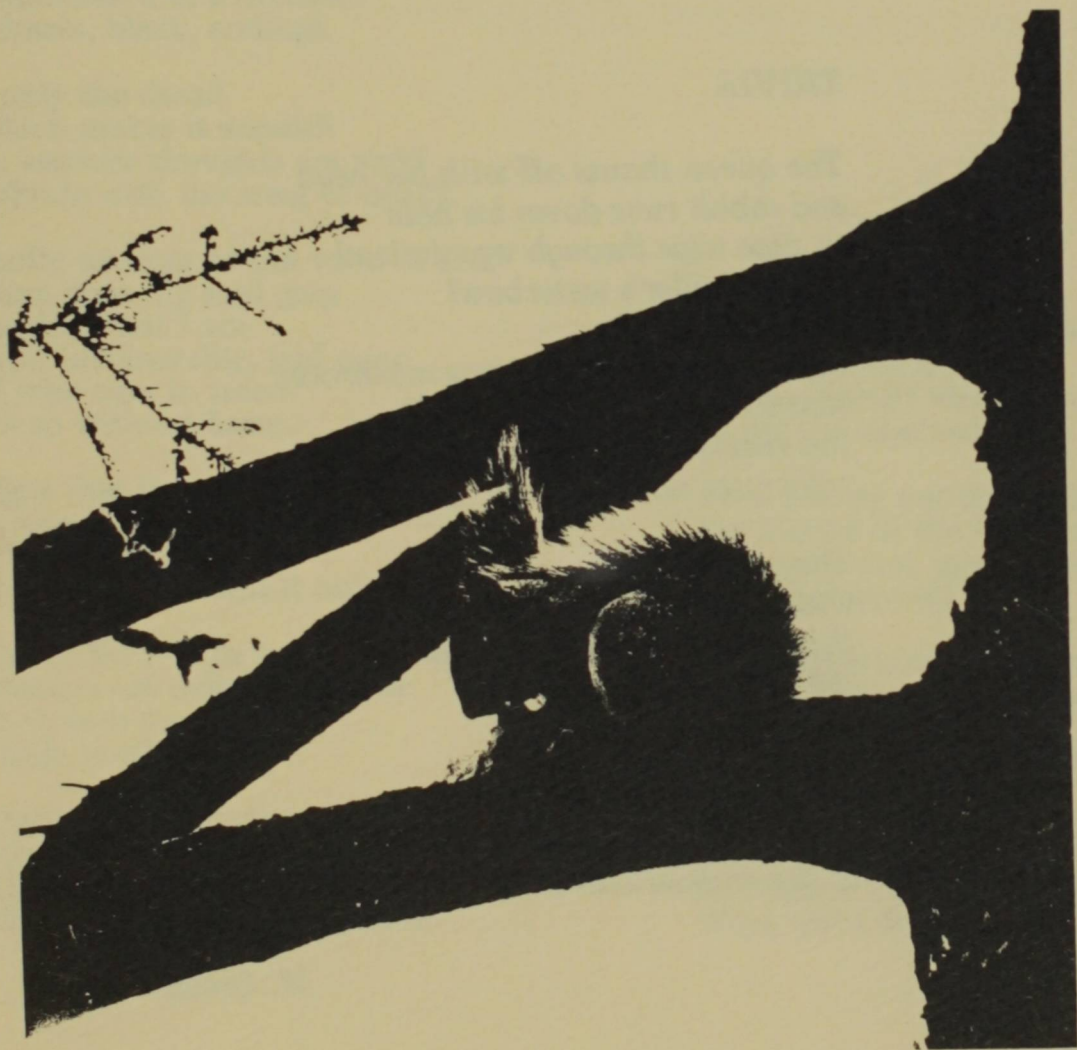
*The second form is the Uncommon Perception; the rare instance when someone perceives unusually clearly the world and his situation within the world. Which rarity continually reminds man of his intellectual lacking*

*The third form is the Nothing New Theory: all “new” things or ideas are merely recombinations of the old. Leaving man in permanent exile among genetic morons.)*

*Experientially, whatever the means, it was inspiration that seized Monte. He reached down, pulled at the skin on his dead friend’s face and waited with a strange patience until he sensed rigor mortis setting in. Then he eased off and slowly drew his hands back. He smiled. His ex-friend smiled, too; permanently.*

*Monte had become a maker, and a motto was born.*

*Eric Nelson*



## TRIVIA

*The queen shouts off with her head  
and rabbit runs down his hole  
as alice trips through wonderland  
by caterpillar's waterbowl*

*She takes a bite of strange mushroom  
that makes her large or small  
she visits mad hatter who  
celebrates nothing at all*

*The cheshire cat  
with his vanishing smile  
they're painting white roses  
red all the while*

*The queen of hearts  
will play croquet  
to put an end  
to my wonderland day.*

*W. Green*

Night brings back memories  
of times that should be  
not remembered in a lifetime.  
Of darkness, black, endings.

It has only the dread  
that which makes it anguish  
to live, because thoughts are vivid  
they vibrate with the song of death.

The gentle whisper of the wind of fear  
only then does my soul gasp  
for it is then that I am  
no longer invulnerable, laid open  
and all who care to tread  
may do so without harm.

It is night that the unknown  
creeps into my thought  
it quickly grasps control  
and I no longer can will it out.

Knowledge flows into my fathomless mind  
yet products are only pessimistic  
they reek with the fear  
that I hide so well.

Time flows like an endless sea  
an awareness is focused on me,  
the physical vulnerable  
for only it is injured by the strain.

Days are used to build defenses  
arm my mind and soul  
for the assault which comes  
as the sun descends.

I cannot cry out for God,  
the Master of the Universe is busy  
I am only one, insignificant  
to all but myself.

It becomes harder each night  
I am only human and tire  
yet night is a constant  
never ending always waiting.

I will survive again  
win a battle, and then  
knowing I will lose the war  
What will I do?

## TOWARD A DEAD END IN THE RAIN

I walk on the water  
past over-populated boats,  
buildings afloat on a sea  
of asphalt and cement  
never meant to support me.

Thinking precludes sinking  
into the earth  
and any rebirth of feeling;  
and all the pushing and shoving  
any hope of loving.

And I walk on the water  
to the slaughter at the end  
of the street,  
with my mind  
dragging its feet,  
wanting to stop,  
but too wise  
to pre-  
tend.

T.S. Berczynski

somehow  
 wondrously spiralling & hear  
     (all around us like turtledoves  
                                     & calliopes)

those many shades in touchsound  
 & sightheat &

the other

Edenappled languages.

Dreameding

comme les enfants innocents

of purple onions that

glitter carbon & are cut nine ways  
 indivisibly.

(& do you see, that beautifully scented  
 elephant carrying Disneyland, two harps, &  
 a french chef named antonio: all on the calm  
 velvet rug

that we call his back)

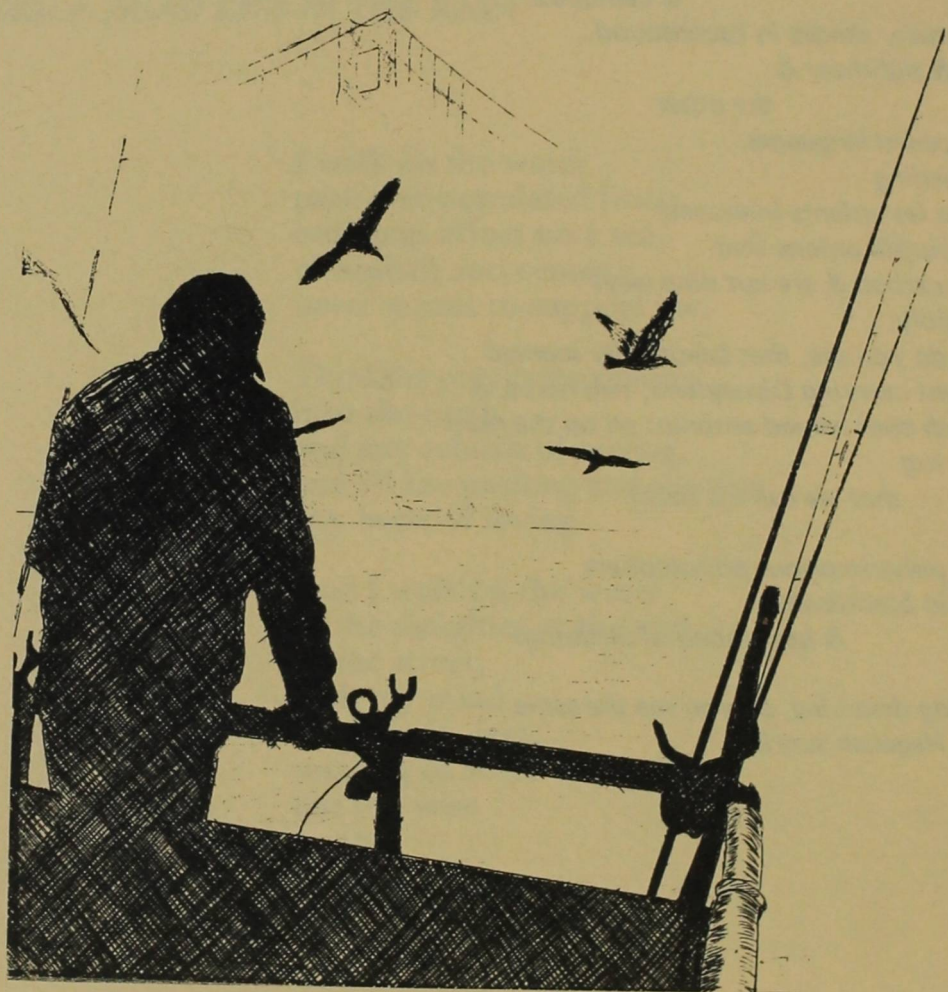
While polymorphous philosophers  
 think in black&white

& hear monoral birdsongs

(Darling dreaming, do you see the same  
 Hegelian sunrise

they do?

Eric Nelson



Thoughts on Tearing Down Old City Hall, Salem, Oregon, September 11,  
1972.

At last we see  
on your home ground  
the destruction we unleash  
in foreign wars.  
See the pattern  
ruins of priceless landmarks  
now just piles of rubble  
dead bricks  
once a symbol  
shattered  
broken  
all in the name of Progress.  
The tower alone stands  
once stalwart and tall  
now gutless  
empty  
vacant  
it searches for some savior  
a lost memory.  
People! open your eyes!  
Can't you see that we're committing suicide?  
We have torn the foundation  
from beneath all that has been important  
to us for so long.  
No foundations, no ideals,  
just piles of rubble  
dead bricks  
a symbol  
of a shattered  
broken  
empty  
people.

W. Green

## A Fairy Tale

He wasn't more than two-and-a-half feet tall, but he carried himself well. Maybe it was his forehead, designed with the wrinkles of wisdom, or perhaps the thick bifocals, which rested knowledgeably on his nose, that made him look so distinguished. Or maybe his long bushy beard, which flowed gracefully down past the knees of his trousers, gently brushing the tips of his boots as he shuffled his way along his favorite path.

He lived alone in the forest. But he was never really alone. His friends were the gnarled weeping-willows, the toadstools, the ferns, and the pond. And, of course, the many animals which also lived in the forest. But his best friend was the pond. That was his favorite path—from his house to the distance before it finally reached the shore of the pond. The gentleman loved the pond because she would sing soft lullabies of gently lapping water. The pond loved him because he would sit for hours just listening. It's no fun to sing if there's no one who'll listen.

Sometimes he would read to the pond. Usually poetry, but sometimes a short story or an essay. He'd carefully open the massive leatherbound volume, thumb through the fragile parchment leaves until he found something suitable, then he would start to read. And the pond would always quiet her lapping waters, because she loved to listen to him read even more than she loved to sing. And so they would spend their afternoons together, he and the pond. She would sing for him awhile, then he would read to her. Just before sunset each day he would stand up, a bit stiffly,

tenderly tuck the book under his arm, pick up his walking stick, nod farewell to the pond, and shuffle back up the narrow path to his house.

His house was not very large, but he didn't spend much time in it, so it didn't matter that it wasn't overly spacious. It was an old house; it had been there when the gentleman came to the forest, and he had arrived a very long time ago. Each evening after he had returned from the pond, the gentleman would sit in his rocking chair on the porch of his house and listen to the evening songs of the birds and the rustling of the willows. And he would sometimes look just a little bit sad as he slowly rocked back and forth, back and forth in his rocking chair.

One evening he awoke with a start; (he sometimes dozed off in his rocking chair). A mother robin was perched on his knee and was flapping about and chirping in great distress. It seemed her youngest had fallen from the nest and was now a crumpled pile of feathers on the ground. He assured the worried mother that everything would be okay, then he rose from the rocking chair and shuffled off the porch and down the path to the robin's nest in the woods. And, sure enough, there among the dry leaves he found the injured baby robin. He lifted it up gently, quieted its worried peeping and carried it carefully back to the house. He nested it comfortably in his patchwork jacket on the table, then he opened the leatherbound volume, which was lying beside the injured bird. He leafed through several pages toward the back of the book and gazed intently at a page partially covered with a diagram. He then proceeded to fashion a tiny splint for the robin's wing, which had been broken in the fall. After he had placed the splint on the wing and predicted a quick recovery, the gentleman carried the baby back to the woods and returned it to the company of its brothers and sisters.

And so life went on in the forest. The injured baby robin learned to fly along with the rest of the family, much to the relief of its worried mother and to the satisfaction of the gentleman, who was responsible for its recovery. The gentleman continued his daily visits to the pond, and he listened to her singing and read to her from the leatherbound volume. And he never grew tired of her songs, nor she of his stories and poetry.

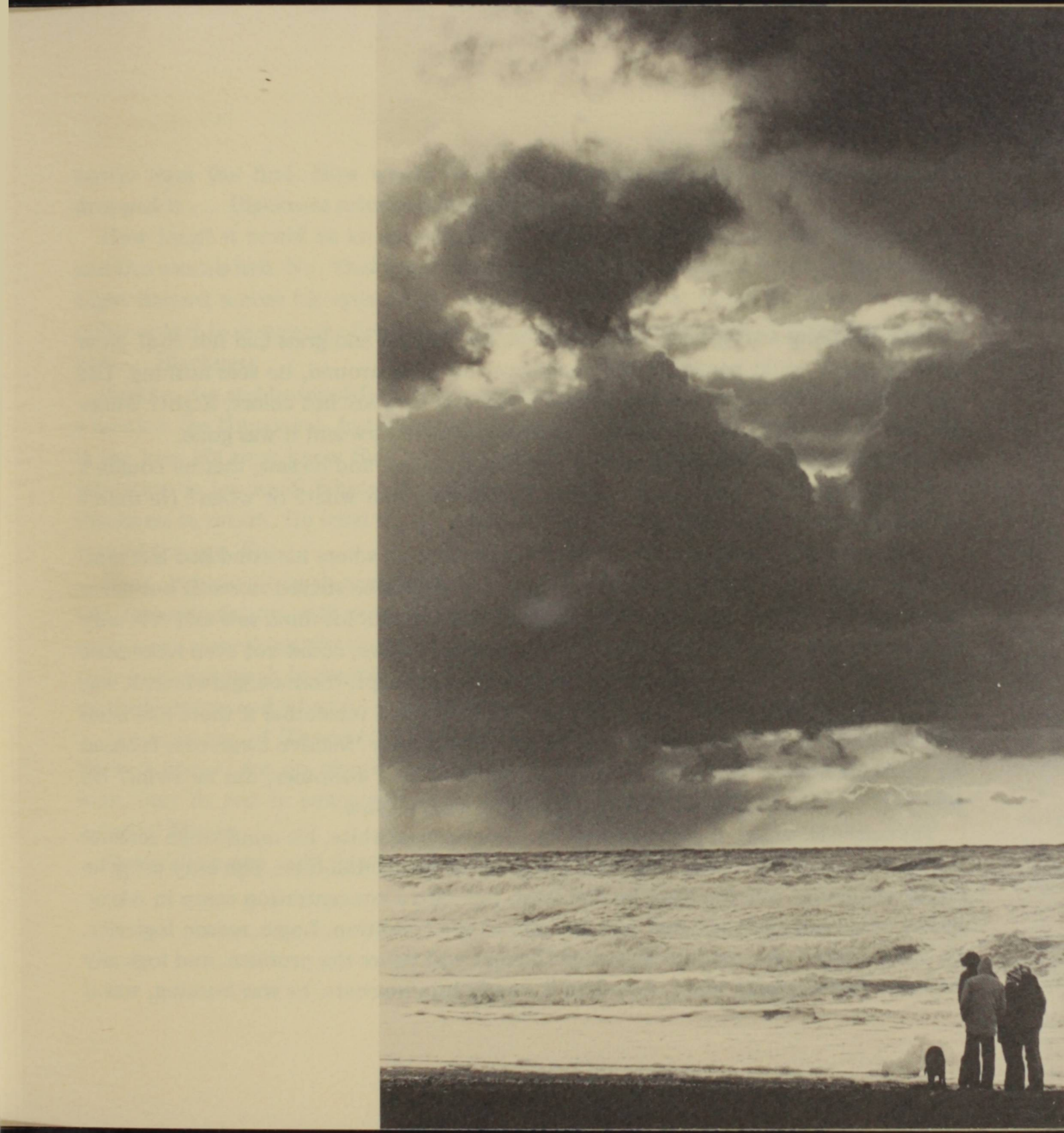
In the evenings, after he had returned from the pond, he would rock in his chair on the porch of his house and listen to the evening sounds of the forest. But the looks of sadness came to his face more often than before. And he would rock back and forth, back and forth, and sometimes a tear would roll silently into his long, snowy beard.

One afternoon, while he was thumbing through the great volume, looking for a new poem to read to the pond, the gentleman suddenly let out a half-loud shout of delight. He hurriedly scanned several pages, nodding to himself now and again, then closed the book, smiled resolutely at the pond, and hurried up the path to the house.

Early the next morning, just after sunrise, he reappeared at the pond, accompanied by all the animals from the forest. And that day the gentleman built himself a new house right close to the pond, with the help of the animals, each of which helped in his own special way. Whenever there was any question regarding the building he would consult the architectural diagrams on those several pages of the massive leatherbound volume, then the work would continue. And so by sunset that same day the new house was completed.

That evening the gentleman rocked back and forth on the porch of his new house, the leatherbound book on his lap. He listened to the peaceful evening songs of the pond, which he had not been able to hear until that night. He smiled just slightly and seemed satisfied then. It's no fun to listen if you can't hear the singing.

Dee Miller



## REMEMBER ME

Heat, blinding searing heat, but it can't be, the flowers and grass had felt cool. Now only the heat could penetrate the conscious. Looking around, he sees nothing. The colors are gone, nothing but yellow and white and they are not colors, Right? Where had everything gone, he had lain on the grass oh so mellow and it was gone.

Heat kept him from moving only his eyes could move and he saw, that he couldn't remember, now he remembered even less. But less than what? or when? He didn't remember. The blackness came.

Cold, ice chilling cold, but he still didn't know what or where his mind had left him. He could remember the heat, but what happened before he strived to recall but never could. He could never remember a cold such as this and still his mind saw and felt only blue and white. It was frightening and he could not move, could not even remember the important things. His name was only a formless concept, thomasedgarwhite, it was long; some relation to the cold and heat. He could not remember if there had been periods like this before, now he could not feel his body. Sudden awareness focused on the unawareness which he didn't feel. He felt like a swimmer, did he swim? He was tired and the blackness came again, still he didn't know.

Thomasedgarwhite, thomasedgarwhite, thomasedgarwhite, his mind woke screaming to the sound of a marching band going across his frontal lobe. The only thing he could remember was the time he had been put into a concentration camp in Akron but he could not associate that with his immediate condition. Logic, reason logically, he must control the random aspect of thought and figure the problem, and logically begin to feel the heat. Heat, how had it caught him unaware, he was burning, was it

hotter than the first. How would he judge. No more association. They had finally dropped it . . . Blackness returns.

How long? it could be an eternity or just a few days, weeks, months. He had died and this was his hell. No. That didn't seem possible because it wasn't really unpleasant. Light danced across his eyes or his mind, he didn't know which but it must be his only contact to some sort of reality. But he was experiencing reality? Which? but, but, but . . . Blackness.

Awake, rise and be sanctified, that must have some relation to his existence, he was a monk in the Himalayas, but he could not even accept that. The cold began and with it the loss. He now knew that he had a body, it hurt and it lived. He was aware of a jubilation in his mind. Whatever it was he was overcoming it, but the cold caused the blackness to return. He tried to will it out, he may as well have tried to stop the rotation of the sun. Sun.

Heat. It brought back memories of sun, the sun, which sun, why a sun? He again lost the association with something else. Thomasedgarwhite, thomasedgarwhite, it must mean something, the secret of why he was. Too many strains on his mind caused only heat and black to remain. Heat, blackness, cold, blackness, such was the pattern of the Universe and it had no purpose or meaning. He would like to die if only he could.

"In memory of Thomas E. White, I dedicate this planet, to be called hereafter White's planet, for his unswerving loyalty in giving his life to further the progress of man, may he rest in peace wherever his remains lie on this planet," intoned Grand Admiral Ellison.

Heat, blackness, cold, blackness.

T. Noble

Within Without.

in

soft whispers they played  
perhaps to leave  
& then to stay.

throughout

as if it were a game  
a wind

a whiff of death;  
all was none.  
and we pranced in vain

Saying we could have made it

—even if it mattered now—

is saying we never did.  
we both failed  
to understand  
it didn't matter  
like snowflakes in a melt

A quiet rain

barely bent the grass.

The lover's tryst  
defied a misting world  
but in the end  
they fell apart  
panting

The wind has given

no respite  
exhaustion is tensed  
for capture.

Eric Nelson

### “On the Bridge”

The old man paced slowly back and forth on the bridge. He wrung his hands in anticipation. His drab loose-fitting clothing suggested either he was poor or just apathetic about his appearance. His scraggly grey curls blew onto his forehead in the slight morning breeze and his full salt and pepper beard was tangled and mussed. He was, I suppose, an old codger, but somehow, in the wild-eyed expression on his face or the sudden and serene way that he would sometimes smile his private smile, he seemed to have the countenance of a wise old sage, troubled and down-trodden, yes, but nonetheless a man of wisdom and enlightenment.

He paced on the high bridge with his head bowed down, lost in some moody cavern of thought. Occasionally in his own queer way, he would stop and peer down the road leading to the bridge—first one way, and then the other. After each such look he seemed to become even more entrenched in his own thoughts, periodically muttering to himself in disturbed introversion. While walking down the long bridge walkway, he noticed a profanity scrawled on the concrete siding of the bridge. Near it was a row of vertical lines in neat array as if a tally of some type. The old man took a piece of chalk out of his pocket and, in visible disgust, crossed out the swear word until it was no longer distinguishable. He looked approvingly at the tallying marks near it and put the chalk back into his pocket. He returned to his slow determinate pacing with no

change in his routine. He kept a watchful eye on the road and grew more despondant as the day wore on.

Suddenly in an unforeseeable rush of anguish he put his hand to his forehead and let out a sigh of pain. He then grabbed the top of the bridge railing and hoisted himself up. He had one foot over the railing and was poised to leap when from the direction he had last been looking came a young man, waving his arms and yelling, "Stop, don't jump!" The young man who was dressed in the latest of casual fashion and seemed the very flower of idealism, ran to the railing and pulled the old man from peril.

"Let me go," screamed the old man. "I have at last found the courage to end my life. I must do it now!"

"No," replied the young man, "I shall not allow you to do it. A human life is too singularly beautiful to be ended in mere moral fancy."

"This is not fancy, but bliss. I must complete my rendezvous with sensual freedom. Life is woe. I have pledged myself to stamping it out."

"But this is only a passing fetish. You no doubt have some problems which seem insurmountable, but can be overcome with relative ease."

"Life is my problem, and I would overcome it with ease if you would stand aside. This is no quick judgement. I have reasoned long and hard on my existence and have found it to be fruitless."

"Life is only what you make it. If you wish to make yours more meaningful then perhaps you should try helping your fellow human beings."

"If you are referring to the ignorant wretches which inhabit this Earth, they deserve neither my help nor my pity. All the great men are dead; there are none of any worth left. Tell me the name of a great man alive today, I challenge you."

"Well, uh, now that you mention it, I really can't think of any-----"

"You see, all the fine and wise men that there will ever be are either dead or else have sense enough not to be born, and I mean to join them and end this farce of a life."

"Surely life can't be that bad. Think of the good times you've had. Think of the many beautiful simple pleasures. Think of a cool drink on a hot day, or good food,

or coming out of the cold and sitting by a warm fire, or watching the sunset. Think of this! Simple and enjoyable pleasures—and rejoice in your life!”

“Stop now for a moment. Pause and reflect on your very own words. Look at your own examples, for therein lies the crux of my reasoning for ending my life. All Earthly pleasure is merely the temporary satisfaction of a desire or the staving off of discomfort. In drinking, you end thirst; in eating, hunger; in sitting by the fire, you drive off the cold; in watching the sunset you appreciate the end of another day of pain and woe. We cannot defeat these cravings which control our every action while we live. Only by ending life can we end the pain and suffering. And since joy is given while living, by the piecemeal cessation of these wants, then the ending of them, in death’s own immortal fashion, will bring a greater pleasure than we can ever know alive. This I believe and this I am going to prove in death.”

“You know, I believe that you have a point. I have always wished for a higher joy and perhaps this is the way.”

“Are you suggesting that you join me in a leap to watery Utopia?”

“Why, yes, why not. I’ll jump with you.”

The two men hoisted themselves to the top of the railing and stood on either side of a lamp-post, using it for balance.

“Okay now,” said the old man, “we’ll jump on the count of three.”

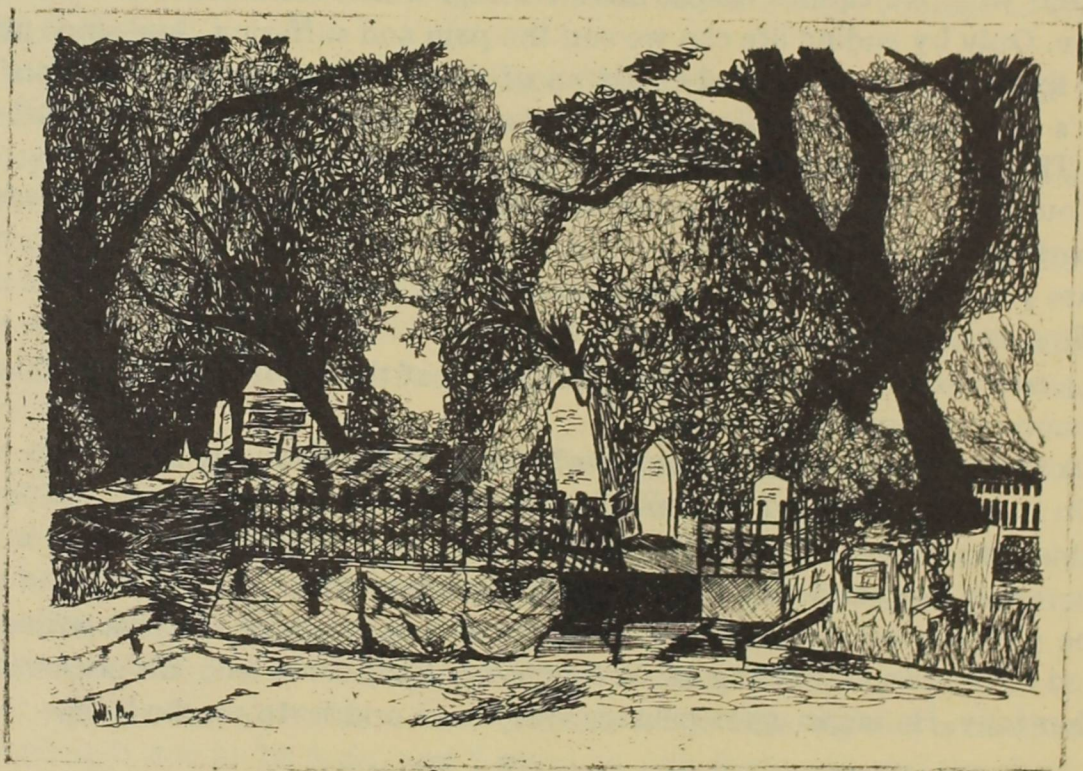
“On to pure unfettered pleasure!”

“One, two, three . . . jump!”

There was a cry and then a loud slap as flesh met water.

The old man got down quickly from the railing, laughing with his entire body. He walked to the concrete siding of the bridge, took the chalk from his pocket and added another tally. He began again pacing slowly back and forth on the bridge.

George Bernard Henly III



Pioneer cemetery; California

802 11-73

## WHEN LIFE LEAVES

Please omit flowers.  
Send me  
the outline of a leaf  
lost in an autumn fire,  
when no trace  
of life is left.

But while my shadow  
yet shows me  
to the sun,  
let me  
pet the petals  
one by one.

T. S. Berczynski

—dreams & reality—

A

What we term  
dream  
Is not  
fantasy,  
For dreams  
breed  
reality.  
Fantasy stands  
alone,  
impossible,  
In dreams  
I find  
myself,  
In fantasy  
I am lost.

I search  
to find  
truth  
Of and for  
my self.  
Is there no one  
who cares?  
I tend  
to fantasize  
of my quest  
Yet I know  
that truth  
Will not be found  
by that road.

Dreaming,  
I reach out  
To grasp something  
real,  
true,  
lasting,  
Encountering void;  
Still I dream  
of reality,  
Wherever it is,  
groping  
blindly  
For some truth  
or understanding.

Suddenly,  
it IS.  
I encounter  
my Self  
In all its rights & wrongs,  
fullness & emptiness,  
its totality

B

I see it;  
do you?  
It is so clear  
to me.  
Why can't you  
see it?  
I know it is  
real,  
truth,  
Yet you do not  
see this,  
my dream.

This new thought—  
it lifts me,  
purges me.  
I want to share  
this image  
I perceive.  
It reveals my  
innermost parts,  
Yet you cannot  
know it;  
This dream to me is  
so real.

I am confronted  
by my self—  
my aloneness  
my wholeness.  
This dream has given me  
new life  
with understanding.  
Can't you share  
with me  
and create reali  
reality?

Ah, I see—  
You are  
dreaming, too.  
You understand?  
It is clear?  
Share with me  
your truth,  
dream-found,  
Images, ideas?  
so real.  
Yes, it is true.  
I see it, too.  
This dream has become  
Reality.

10/26/72

Wendy Green

The Unfulfilled Hope:  
an editorial

“If they get you asking the wrong questions, they don’t have to worry about the answers.”

Gravity’s Rainbow  
by Thomas Pynchon

Once upon a time there was a man of great happiness. His life was filled with alternate joys and griefs, and he had learned to appreciate the human significance of each. He was average in many ways; height, weight, hair color, and intelligence. Yet he was not average in the most important way, for unlike the average person he understood how to live.

His name was David Smith.

David was famous among his friends for his laugh. A laugh that rang like the most perfect of crystalline bells. Whenever he laughed they were reminded of those most simple, most happy days of childhood. They could not help but feel happy and laugh with him.

The power of David’s laugh came from a peace he had found, though he did not know where it had come from. It was very much like the peace some of his friends claimed they found in Jesus; but he neither believed nor disbelieved in God, or the Son of God.

Because of this peace within the world of men David developed an aversion toward conflict, especially political conflict. And this was unfortunate, for the land in which

he lived was an intensely political country. Political science was the supreme science, and politicians the most esteemed of men.

Virtually everyone who hoped for anything hoped for political office. Debating was the national sport and the dominant participant sport. Even the tiny rural crossroads sported at least one debate team which would debate anyone who would accept their challenges.

His countrymen fervently believed in the rightness of what they did and cited the fact that their politicians and ambassadors dominated the UN and the world political scene, and that they were the peacemakers throughout the troubled world. This was definite proof, they said, of the superiority of their political system.

Even though David was not a good debater and avoided political activity, he still had many friends. Whenever a political argument started, he would either sit silently and let it flow around him, or he would interrupt it with laughter. The laughter would stop the discussion and his friends would smile and speak of spring and dreams.

Of course he was not totally popular. There were many powerful men who were suspicious of the fact that David did not belong to a debate team or a special interest lobby group. It was much more difficult for them to fathom the motivations of someone who was nonpolitical. They knew that man was a political animal, so some of them thought he was ill and in need of therapy. Most thought his behavior subversive.

They decided the best way to find out was to test him. Knowing that his great passion was music they began the wholesale persecution of all the great musicians of the day.

This incredible perversion of justice left David incapable of anything but rage. What they were saying was the "intrinsic political subversiveness of music" was absolutely false and in no way justified this crime against art (and therefore humanity). A cause had arisen which made him feel the necessity for active involvement.

He did not notice his own transformation. Many of his friends did, and they were

very happy that he had found something practical to believe in (his constant, high-flown, impractical idealism had continually dismayed them). They were glad to find he no longer asked his impossible philosophical questions. These questions had bothered his friends because there were no answers to them which could be based on logic or faith and, besides, they had no practical use in the business of living from day to day.

Now he was eminently practical: he was asking how he could stop such-and-such from happening or how he could influence so-and-so.

He formed a lobby group to protect and preserve the rights of all musicians. He led the battle furiously, getting money from many hesitant foundations and wooing and cultivating the favor of important officials and legislators.

Travelling frantically about the country he had no time to relax, and the cares, worries and schedules that burdened him carved themselves into his face. He was tense and nervous, developing ulcers and rarely smiling. (There were too many horrible things happening for any concerned person to feel good enough to smile.)

His concern opened his horizons and he began to feel more directly all the myriad injustices throughout the land.

He had become a crusader. He no longer believed in ideals: ideals are impossible to achieve. David had learned that when he pursued ideals a man could only achieve frustration. By definition ideals are too perfect for men to reach. If a man is to feel a sense of accomplishment, and thereby fulfillment, in his life, then he must strive for those things which are within his grasp—not the impossible.

His friends, even though they missed the easy laughter and the peaceful times that he had provided for them, realized there had never been a crusader quite like David Smith. They were awed by his infallible sense of right and wrong. He drove himself relentlessly, accomplishing great reforms almost single-handedly.

However, a few of his friends did not like the transformation. He seemed never to smile and his crystalline laugh had vanished completely. The wrinkles on his once peaceful face worried them. Yet they held out hope that after he was through crusading he would return to his old ways.

Instead he ran for the presidency and won.

Watching the interview on television after the victory were his last hoping friends.

“. . . Mr. Smith,” asked the interviewer respectfully, “was there any incident or idea to which you can attribute your spectacular rise in the past five years?”

“Yes, surprisingly there is.” David answered, “It came from my realization of the difference between ideals and principles. Principles, I realized, are pragmatized ideals. This is exactly what democracy is, pragmatized freedom.

“So I stopped believing in ideals and began to believe in principles. From thereon everything was easy.”

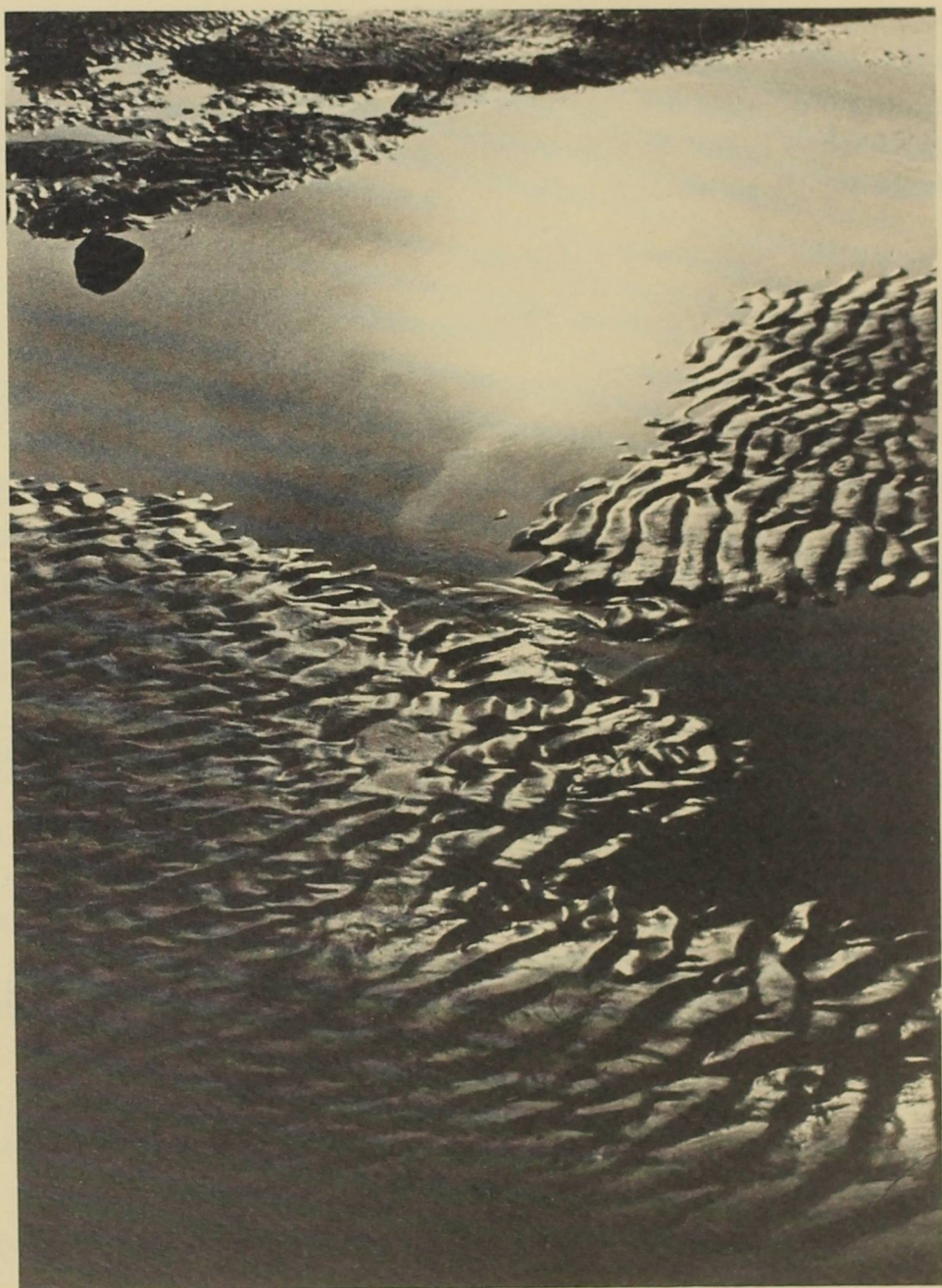
“You once said that questions were the most important and ultimate source of human action. What is the question that guides your action now?”

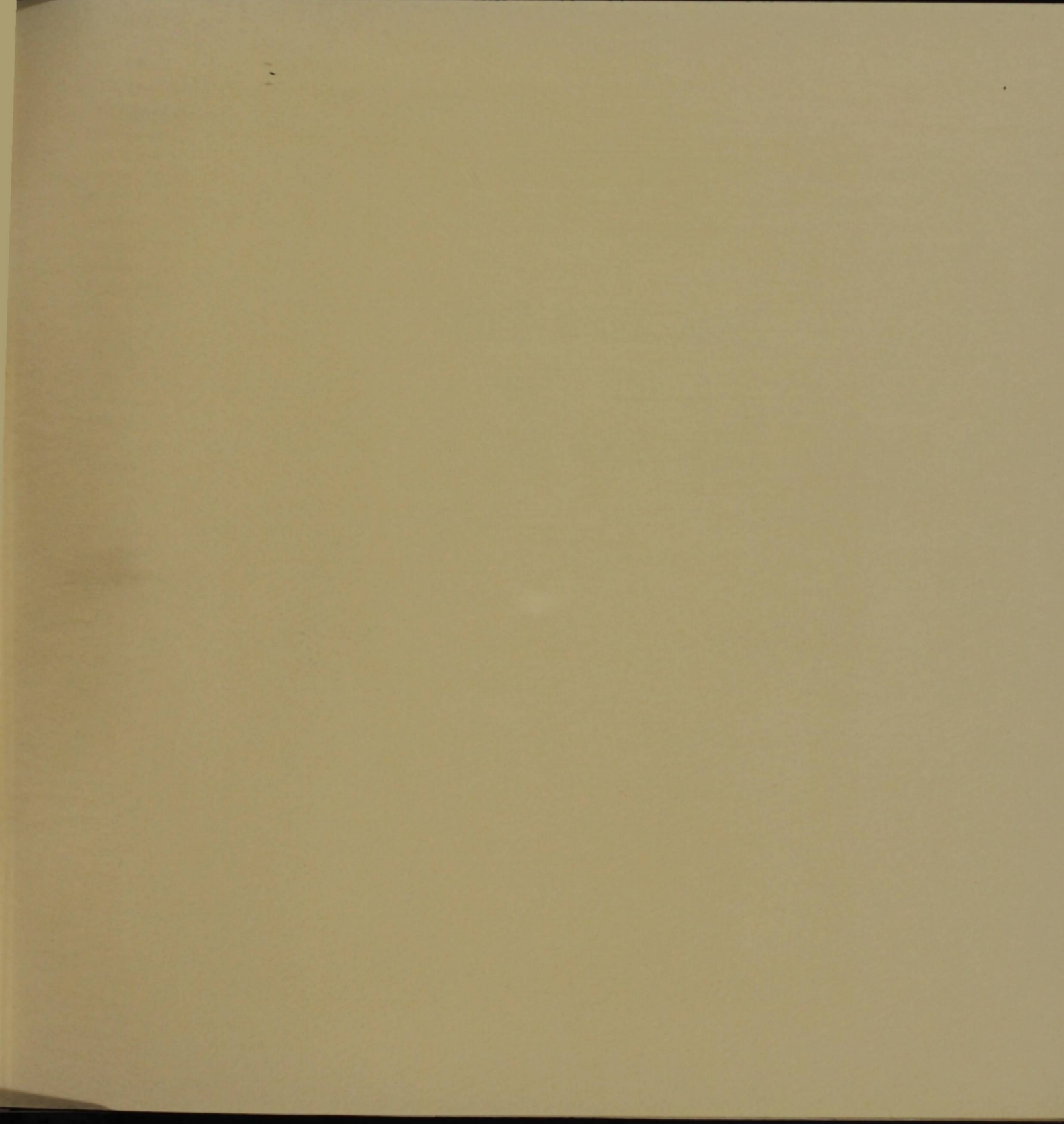
“How can I convince another man to do what I think is right?” ”

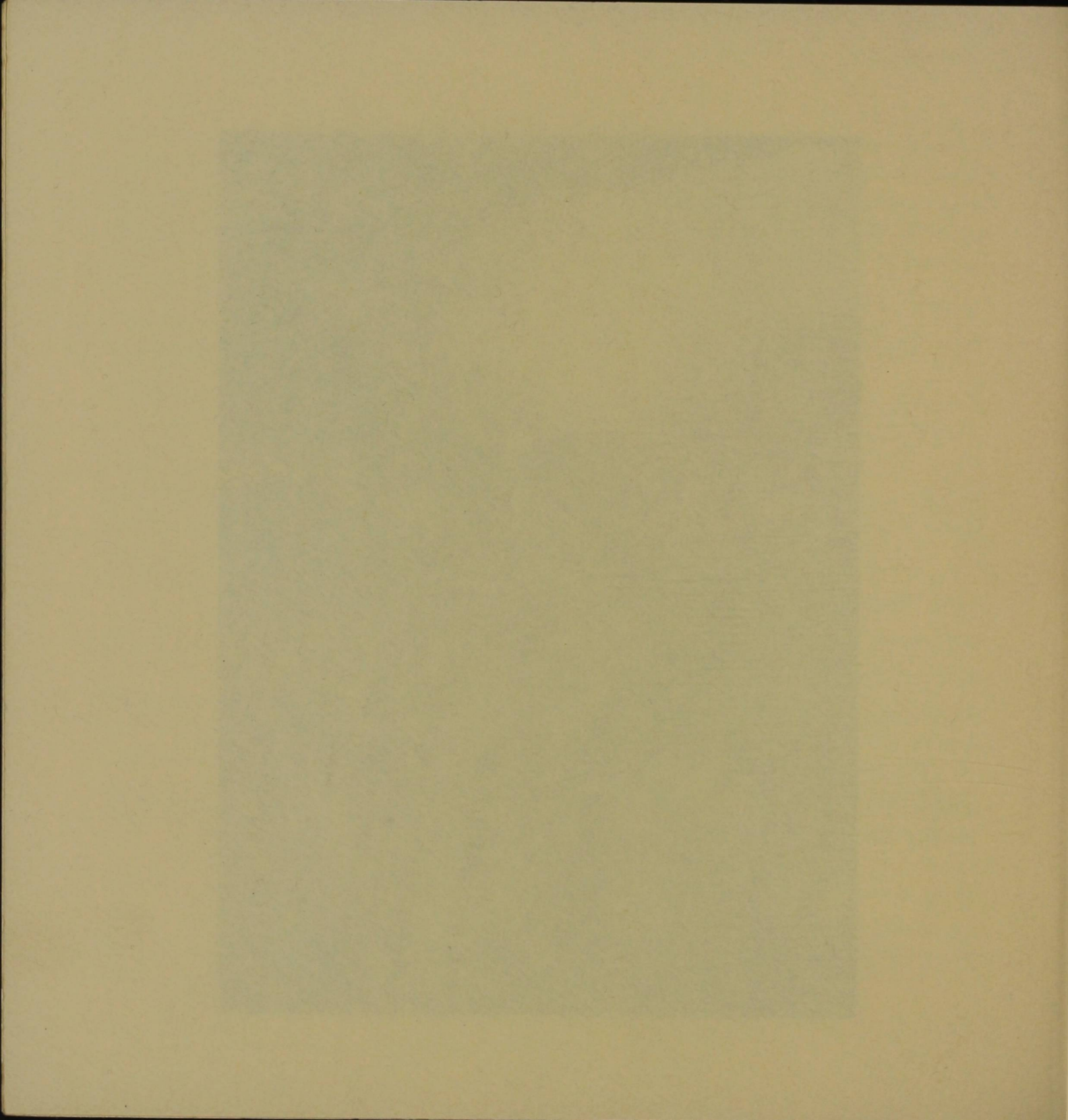
(It has been irrefutably stated that David Smith will go down in history as one of the greatest men to have ever lived.)

*Eric Nelson*

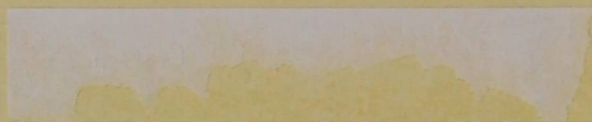
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