
JASON

JASON

ONE MORE CRUCIFIXION

Mark so soft of voice
unsure of every
slow tongue touch
Mark so sad-eyed
with himself
and all the children
Mark who wouldn't work
for fear of taking food
from some less hollow face
Mark who was the Bible
hidden tatter-paged
inside his pocket
Mark Mark who suffered
two years treatment
for shooting bull
with angels
Mark Mark who can't make love
anymore
because he gave it all
away
to too many
unidentified dying objects
(all the dazzled females
fell onto his twig ribs
breaking some each time)
Mark Lord Mark who died
To become a caress
Of indiscriminate gentleness.

Richard Laymon

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Cover Design by Bonnie Bedford

THE WINDOW

John Green

Bernard moved slowly to his desk that morning pretending, as usual, he had a hangover. With a hangover nobody would talk to him. He sat carefully, swiveling the chair, putting his feet on the desk that faced the wall. The only thing to look at on the wall was a travel poster for Rome which pictured the Vatican with lots of pigeons--the pigeon in the foreground was black and took up half the poster. "Come to Rome, Fly Alitalia." He heard big, fat Doris already at her desk ineffectively maneuvering a large drawing around her crowded desk. Each day she wore a modified mourning outfit--black skirt, sweater, and Jesus tied around her neck. Doris, the first person Bernard saw each morning, always greeted him with "Good morning, you're first." When Anni and Mike got there she always said, "Now all my chickens are in the roost." Bernard still facing the wall was listening to her behind him rustling papers, and soon he hears a sucking sound as she left her cushions, mounted her two tree stumps, and slammed the door.

A few minutes later Anni came into the boxy, symmetrical office. Her hair fell to the beginning of her hips which seemed to make her look taller than she really was. "Where's Doris?"

"Out."

"Oowt." She repeated.

"Not 'oowt,' just 'out,' Anni. Just out."

She passed through the center of the room to her desk which was just at the base of the window. Anni's eyes came about to the window sill and she had a view of only the telephone wires superimposed over the disappearing mountains. In the morning from the window they could see cars going up the high peaks, but in the afternoon the barren mountains were engulfed in smog.

"The darn air conditioning better work to day." Anni had more to say about the weather, but she was interrupted when Mike came in. He was carrying a sandwich wrapped neatly in a brown paper bag which he pointed at Doris' empty seat and smiled. Nobody liked Doris. Mike carefully lobbed his sandwich to his desk and continued to the window. Bernard on cue got up and sat on the table which was the right height for looking at the street below. Mike propped his arms on the windowsill.

"Goddamn truck wouldn't start."

"You would be late anyway, Mike."

"Good All my little chickens are in the roost." She passed through the open door which she closed and began to work at her desk. On the surface was a collection of books she had requisitioned, which she would never use, and a small seedling she had grown in water then transferred to soil. Her daughter, enclosed in a dime-store frame, stared at her from behind her big nose and in a similar frame was her husband who knew he would step on a land mine.

Bernard felt better now that the others were there to absorb some of Doris. Without looking he could see the galleys Paul had left for him to proof. The movement of the faded and new cars moving soundlessly both ways on the street held him to the window. The drivers looked dull as they stopped and started slowed down and sped up, and disappeared. In an hour the liquor store across the street would be open -- old men in khaki pants and plaid shirts would come out with round paper bags. After four, Bernard would watch the shirtless Mexicans get out of their dirty cars and disappear into the store. He remembered their cement covered shoes and pants and their crucifixes glistening in the flat sun against their dark chests.

"In two days we get paid." Doris had every pay day marked on her calendar as accurately as the engineer calculates moon trajectories.

Bernard lit his first cigarette of the day and quietly choked on it. The next one would be better, he thought, and by the end of the day he wouldn't even taste them. He moved away from the window to his desk and rested his cigarette over

the ash tray. Anni was working already; Mike sighed and went to his desk.

"This Friday they don't take much out. We get our big checks." Doris also had every deduction scheduled out.

Bernard turned to his pile of galleys and began to organize his colored pencils and manuscript pages. In a half hour he could go out behind the building and drink coffee to the drone of the artists' baseball talk. He and Mike would sit on the curb; the editors would talk about war. The yellow galleys were in one pile and the white manuscript in another. With his red pencil in hand he read "Mariner IV Solar-Panel Operation."

He went back to the window. The traffic was just as heavy as before. From the second floor Bernard looked down on the cars with a plain view of the dashboard Jesus' going backwards down the street. The smog was already filling the valley. How much do cigarettes add to the smog? Maybe the filter is on the wrong end. There goes another plastic Jesus being driven around by a fat, dark-haired women. How many of those things go by here in a day? "One."

The word 'one' broke the silence. "One?"

"One plastic Jesus, Anni. I'm counting them."

"Oh God."

Mike shoved his chair back and came to the window.
"It's a good thing you live on a hill, Mike. You would never get to work."

"That goddamn truck."

Anni picked up her tea cup and left. Doris continued to proof the drawings.

"You need a plastic Jesus for it. End your problems. I used to have a St. Christopher, magnetic ash-tray, but someone stole it. My car has burned oil ever since -- smooth sailing before, though."

"All I need is to get out of here."

"Where would you go?"

"I don't know. You know that goddamn Frieda is the worst editor here. She capitalizes everything."

"That red-headed bitch. They're all the same, though. There goes another. That's two."

"You know Bernard, I really got to get out of here. I don't think I can take another week of this. Proof reading is bad for you. My eyes feel like they're going to fall out of my head every day. Hey there's three. There're too many goddamn women around here I must take gas from, plus last week I went back to school and saw the people in my old apartment. They said 'Man, what're you doin' and I said 'working.' This got to Phil and he said 'Work! Too bad, man, here have some of my grass.' I can't face my friends anymore."

"I know. Imagine, we could have forty-two more years of this crap. It's so bad now I won't even work over time --at closing time, I go. Four. Yesterday Paul said both Saturday and Sunday. Forty hours of this is enough: I'm not that greedy."

"Christ, I think I'll go up to personnel some time and see if they'll make me a janitor. I was thinking about that and it sounds good. Make more money, probably."

The door burst open. "What're you guys doing?! Get off that table. What are you looking at out there? You guys finish those reports?"

"God, when she takes her shoes off, she must be the shortest person in the world."

"Shut up Bernard and get to work. Paul's wandering today."

"Five. Paul's too dumb to be afraid of himself."

"We ought to count that one double. He had the

whole family there on his dash. Come on Anni, stand on your toes--you can see out. Maybe if you stood on the table."

"Shutup."

"This place is bad. Maybe I'll join the army."

"Really?"

"No, I guess not."

The door burst again. "Hi, Paul, how're you doing?"

"O.K." Paul moved over to the window with his hands in his pockets. "You know, I often look out my window too. You can see all the way up fifth from your window."

"Six."

"Six what?"

"Six plastic Jesuses, Paul."

"Oh, Mike do you have George's report done?"

"No. You gave it to Bernard."

"Bernard do you have it done?"

"No."

"Oh. What are you working on Mike?"

"Frieda's."

"O.K."

"Bye, Paul."

"Christ, Paul must be the dumbest person in the world. Seven."

"I wonder if he has one in his car."

"Probably, Bernard."

Bernard left his position at the window and returned to his desk. Looking around the room he saw a large wad of brown wrapping-paper in the waste basket. He pulled it out and examined the folds and methodically began to enclose it in masking tape. When it was a solid ball, he began to make a cone out of the piece of hard, white paper.

"What are you doing?"

"Quiet, Anni."

With the attention of the three, he attached the cone to the ball. He then tore strips from a newspaper and taped them to the opposite end of the ball from the cone. With his red pencil he drew eyes and a jagged mouth on the cone, and around tail, he drew solid concentric circles. Bernard taped a paper clip to the body and tied a string to the clip. He picked up the construction and hung it from the light fixture.

"What is it, Bernard?"

"Anni, it's a Ki-Ki-bird."

"What's that?"

"A bird that makes a great screaming 'Ki-ki-rist I wanna get out of here!'"

THE IDOL by Kapgep
Translation by Jon Carder

Among the pine tree needles
on the snow-covered ravine
stands a primitive idol
set up in the taiga.

Haughtily blinking his eyelids,
he glanced, occasionally,
as timid Evenks
brought him gifts.

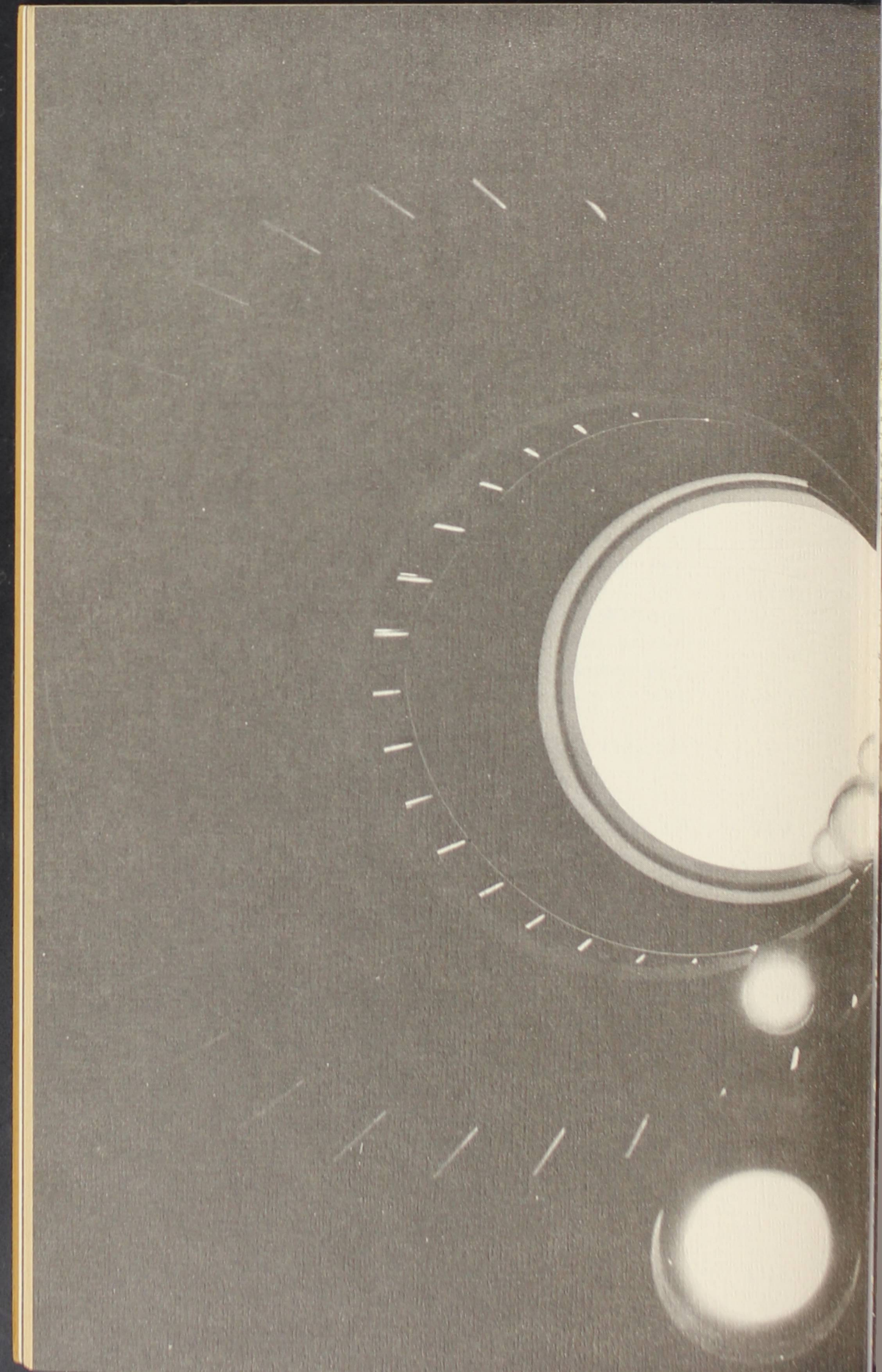
They brought high fur boots and fur coats,
they brought honey and fur,
thinking that he prayed
and thought for them all.

In a dark confidence
that he understood them all
they smeared warm deer blood
over his mouth.

But what could he do, this deceiving
tiny little god
with his cruel wooden
carved being.

He looks now, through the branches,
abandoned, dead.
In him no one believes,
to him no one prays.

Jon Carder



RETICENCE

Lurking there in our laughter and I feel it
like sand in my teeth, salt, cuts
or glass and bare feet.
What is the stone unspoken between us?
Loose pebbles, unheeded, push paths
from under blind stepping
While half-truths bid moss shadowed
wet for slipping
And every moment, mortar to make walls
with no climbing.

Across the street summer-tan men labor
to tear down old houses.

Lenore Hall

FIRST PLACE WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY WRITING CONTEST

the lesson

. . . whats that luv?
O that my luv,
its a wall, that is.
yes isnt it lovely
all strong so firm.
you can bet your boots luv
itll kick you right down if you ever tried anything
like a song or smile
maybe a dream.

you just try luv
thats right push against
that spot there
the weak one
the one that looks like a giggle or
a tootle or
an arm about the shoulders friendly like
could just topple it over.
thats right push right there and

oppslookout

thats right luv
it has a way dont it
of falling right on you when it falls.
ive noticed that so often of late.

a wall my luv.

my love a wall . . .

Linda Allen

BEAST
Richard Laymon

"I'll not allow any such beast in this house! Richy can rant and rave till Doomsday, but I'll not allow a dog in this house. Scratching up the furniture, tearing the curtains.."

"It's cats that tear curtains," corrected the father.

"Dogs too. And they smell. And they bite. They carry diseases."

"So do children."

"But I'm not allergic to children! Besides, why should he want a dog anyway? He's got everything else a boy could ever want. We don't want to spoil him."

"He doesn't have many friends," his father said.

Rich watched the wind float a yellow leaf downward onto the lawn. I'll rake them all up Saturday, he thought. For Dad. A sad ache of tenderness swept through him. He rolledoff the bed and walked to his desk, beside which sat a wooden box. He had made the box. One board of the side facing him was too long, its rough edge steepling above the top. The boards of the other side had come out even. Rich felt proud of the box. Especially of the way the screws went in so straight to hold the hinges on. The latch would also have met success except fora shortage of screws that left one of the holes empty. Light brown wood showed where the slotted screw head should have been. The rest of the box was white.

A padlock sealed it. Rich reached inside his shirt for the key but his mother's voice came again. "There's Jimmy and Allen. He spends a lot of time with them. He seems to like them well enough."

"I hope not!"

"Charles!"

"Hell, honey, those kids are creeps. Just like their parents."

"Allen has a dog."

"Hallelujah!" he sang.

"Don't act like a child."

"My only son associates with creeps so he can pet a dog! And I'm not supposed to act like a child?"

"Don't yell! Rich'll hear you."

Rich chuckled. He had left the white box and returned to the bed.

"He's undoubtedly heard everything we've said since I came in the door. Have a nice day, Rich?"

"Awright," he called.

"That's good." To his wife, "See?"

"Richy, time to get washed up for dinner."

"Awright."

He sat down at the table with its three plates white-gleaming empty, one glass of milk, and two thin-stemmed frosted glasses 3/4 filled with Chablis. It looked to Rich like weak apple cider, but he knew that it wasn't. He had tasted it once in secret and had gotten sick.

His mother brought spaghetti to the table. He stuffed a chunk of French bread into his mouth.

"Rich," said his father, "how many times do I have to tell you not to eat before grace is said?" His mother sat down.

"Will you say grace now?"

"God is great, God is good, let us thank him for this food. Amen."

"You should have combed your hair before dinner," his mother said.

"I guess," he said.

"What have you done today," the father changed the subject.

"Nothing."

"He's been pouting. That's what he's been doing. Pouting about not having a dog."

"Why do you want a dog."

"I don't know, I just do."

Rich pulled on his jacket and ran outside. The air was peaceful with the smell of burning leaves. That was his favorite thing about autumn. Better than bright leaves against the blue sky, better than the first football games, better than the strange excitement of starting school. The smoke odour was his favorite thing about autumn.

He ambled up the street with his hands stuffed in his bluejean pockets. Gary Cooper. He wished there was straw around to suck on. Only asphalt and grass and elm and red brick. Grass wouldn't do. He would say "Yup" instead. The ambling and the "Yup" would do it. He ambled up to the front door of Allen's house.

Rich touched the doorbell. It had a hair-trigger. Only chimes and high-pitched howl answered the touch, no footsteps or voice. He touched the button again. Again the chimes and howl, but this time came a voice. From the back-yard. So Rich cut across the front lawn and down the side of the house to the back.

"Hi Rich!" yelled Allen. "Come here."

"Yeah, come here," Jimmy echoed.

Both boys were crouched above a special patch of grass. Rich joined them. "Howdy! What's goin' on?"

"A mouse," answered Allen.

Rich knelt beside the other two boys. "Yeah", he sighed with amazement. It was a live hump of greyness half-hidden in the grass.

"It's shaking."

"Cold."

"Winter'll be here pretty soon."

"And nighttime," Rich added. He hesitated to say anything. He knew almost nothing about mice. Allen probably knew a lot about mice. Allen knew a lot about most things. His father used to be a professor of history.

"I think we oughtta warm it up, "stated Allen.

"How?"

"Bring it along over to the patio."

Jimmy lifted the quivering mouse out of the grass.

Rich stroked its back with his forefinger. "It sure is cold," he said. "That shivering under the fur is awful."

"You telling me?" Jimmy stared vaguely repulsed at the furry animal that stood passive and shivering in his hand.

"Come on," cried Allen. "Ya gunna bring it over?"

Jimmy followed orders. Within the charcoal broiler, the mouse continued to crouch, motionless except for the quiver. Rich wished that it would move. He had never seen a

mouse from so close and wanted to see it run.

"Go in the garage and get the gas," Allen commanded Jimmy.

"You. I don't know where it is."

"It's on the lowest shelf and it's in a red can."

"You get it."

"If you get the gas, I'll light the match."

Jimmy went for the gas.

Rich stared at the mouse. "You know," he drawled, "I don't think we oughtta do it."

"It's cold, aint it?" Allen laughed. The parted lips were very red and Rich had once almost asked if it was lipstick. But he hadn't.

"I don't know," Rich muttered, forgetting his Gary Cooper drawl.

"Are ya yellow?"

"Nah."

Jimmy brought the red gasoline can. He unscrewed the larger of the two lids and reversed it so that the flexible spout pointed upward. "You wanna pour?"

"Nah, you can."

Jimmy handed it to Allen and stepped back. Allen poured. The gas looked like strong cider. Its fumes killed the autumn odour. And the mouse began to run, feet ticking against the metal floor.

Allen stood above the arena with a cardboard match in his hand, its red tip poised against the striking surface of the pack. "I can't do it!" he cried. "I can't!" Then his red lips

thinned. He struck the match and dropped it into the broiler. The gas burst aflame with a quick, hollow wind sound. The ticking speeded as the mouse scampered in circles squeaking. It didn't squeak loudly. The squeak was as soft and steady as the ticking of its feet against the flaming metal. The fire sound almost smothered both. Then both stopped. The mouse lay on its side.

Rich expected Allen to remark about the effectiveness of the warming process, for the grey animal no longer shivered. But Allen said nothing. The trio stood in a circle around the charcoal burner and stared at the corpse.

Then Jimmy said, "It doesn't even look burnt."

"Look how its fur is all stuck together," Allen said. Like it's been a river."

"Yeah, it just looks wet," Rich said.

"But is it dead?"

"Must've been the smell of gas. Maybe it got exfixiated."

"Funny it isn't burnt."

"Yeah."

Allen lifted it with two sticks and carried it to the edge of his lot and dropped it in the alley. "I gotta go in now."

"Me too," Jimmy said.

Rich walked home as fast as he could.

Leaves whispered through the open window. He sat up in bed and leaned against the sill to look out. The leaves did not seem to move. Then a tiny patch of blackness floated downward. He saw it against the lighter darkness of the street and it disappeared when the street no longer lay behind it.

Rich rose slowly, careful not to let the squeaking bed springs make too much noise. Then he tiptoed around the bed to the box. It looked white, though hidden in the shadow of Rich's bed. He knelt beside it, opened his pajama shirt and touched the key. It was cool against his chest. He bent low over the box so that the key would reach the padlock without being removed from around his neck. He fitted it into the slot. He pushed it inward slowly, so that the sound would come as individual clicks, not as a quick loud rachet. With a hollow clack, the lock fell open. Rich removed the lock and opened the box and took something out and tiptoed to the window. There, in the dim moonlight, he stared at the picture. Darkness shadowed most of the detail. But Rich could see the man because of the white robe. He could also see white-coated sheep huddled around the man. He could not see the single sheep that the man held close because it was white like the robe.

He wondered about the softness of the wool and about the warmth beneath the wool. A sheep is better than a dog, he thought.

The breeze became a wind, a cold wind that knocked leaves out of the nearby treetops and sent them spinning sideways so that they flew a long distance before landing. They slipped from the trees in fleets. Few would be left by morning. Maybe it'll snow, Rich thought. Then his face contorted. Maybe it'll snow.

He tiptoed toward his closet.

"Time to rise an' shine," called Rich's father. The boy blinked open his eyes. He stared at the white ceiling, not wanting to move because of the peace. Then he breathed in deeply to awaken his chest. Sitting up, his head turned toward the closed window. Cloudy. Probably cold too. But there was no snow and a few leaves still hung from the high elm limbs.

Rich swung his legs over the side of the bed and stood. He pulled on his plaid robe. Bending low so that his head felt sleepy again, he picked up a silver chain from the rug beside the locked box and slipped it over his hair.

With one step, he was standing over the waste basket peering in. One plastic corner showed. A wadded sheet of paper quickly covered it. Now nobody would know. He went to breakfast.

"Good morning, Richy," his mother said.

"Mornin'."

"What are you going to do today?" his father asked. "That is, after you finish sweeping the garage."

"Rake leaves?"

"What do you have up your sleeve now?" the mother inquired.

"Nothin'."

"We've had our final say about the dog," she warned.

"Martha! Let's not start that again. It's very nice, Rich, that you want to rake the leaves. That'll be a big help."

Rich drank his orange juice. When he had finished breakfast, he hurried to his bedroom, shut the door and went to the box. The key pushed in, the lock fell open, and he tossed the two together onto his bed. His white hands threw open the door of the box.

"Time to rise an' shine," he whispered. The stiff mouse didn't stir. Rich lifted it from the box and tickled its belly with his forefinger.

La SOLITUDE

enfin
la solitude qui était tant desirée!
un son de cristal, un ciel d'or, et
personne!

...sauf la vieille grandmere qui guette
toujours le gris.
obscurités, silences,
peurs.
pas muets.
lentement...lentement.
l'ennemi qui la chasse,
l'ennemi qui était ailleurs son amant
c'est la solitude

Linda Putnam

THE TERRIBLY HARD TASTE OF MUSIC: AN AUDIENCE PREPARATION

Dr. Charles Heiden,
College of Music

The following lecture was presented by Charles Heiden, violinist, and Robert Chaule, pianist, on the eve of a concert which included the Sonata No. 2 by Charles Ives and works by Mozart and Brahms. The lecture was illustrated with a performance of a substantial portion of the first movement of Ives' sonata, and the entire second and third movements which, for lack of space, are not produced here. However, shorter musical examples are included as performed by Dr. Heiden and Mr. Chauls.

Tomorrow evening Mr. Chauls and I are scheduled to play a program of sonatas for piano and violin in this hall. On that occasion, Mr. Charles Ives, successful Yankee businessman and founder of Ives and Myrick Insurance Agency, one of the largest in the United States, will present his views on music. Sharing the platform with Mr. Ives will be two Europeans, exalted in music but decidely less successful in business, Wolfgang Mozart and Johannes Brahms. There seems little doubt that the charming gemütlichkeit of our foreign guests will receive its usual friendly reception. Their refinement will be appreciated now in our affluent civilization, even as it was sought after in the last century by our fathers.

But what of our countryman, Charles Ives? Will his pioneering spirit in the musical idioms of the twentieth century stir any memories here, at the end of the Oregon Trail? Now that nationalism in music is an outmoded idea (and Politically, a very troublesome one in those parts of the world where it is just emerging), is the Americanism of Charles Ives obsolete also? When collectivism is the order of the day, and when Ives' personal fortune, which he channeled to the establishment of the musical disestablishment, is being eroded by inflation, what is the meaning of his rugged and stubborn individualism? Will the terrible hard taste of music, intolerable when Ives was composing during the early years of this century, be indifferently tolerated today in a land of plenty where taste is satiate and when extremism is no longer shocking?

There are questions raised apropos of an "Essay before a Sonata." You will answer them for yourself, of course,

but to provide a little insight, Mr. Chauls and I are here to demonstrate certain aspects of the Sonata No. 2 for Violin and Piano.

Ives composed this work in the period from 1902 to 1910. The First Sonata for Violin and Piano occupied him intermittently from 1903 to 1908, so it is not surprising to find parallels in the two works, including initial themes which are virtually identical.

One of the difficult aspects of Ives' music is the great multiplicity of events going on at the same time. His music seems to proceed in many directions simultaneously. This is because Ives writes a special kind of program music which reflects, not the events of a particular narrative, but rather, the way in which experiences come to us.

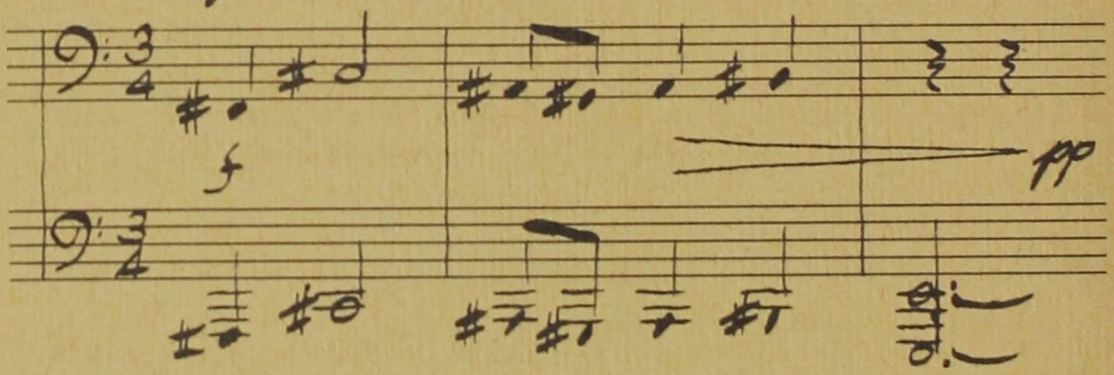
In a verbal narrative, events are presented one at a time, in a logical sequence. Live experiences, however, do not come to us in such an orderly way. A historian, as he organizes ideas in the process of writing, is often frustratingly aware that, in a very real sense, he is giving a false account. This is because the events which make history have many dimensions. In our own lives, experiences do not come single file. They come entangled with complex web of associations, and with the expectation of a future, which is the projection of memory. Experiences often include a lateral awareness of simultaneous conflicting events. And certainly our emotional states are complex, irrational and multidimensional. Better than language -- music has the capacity to communicate this multidimensional aspect of experience. And the music of Charles Ives especially exploits this capacity.

Like any traditional movement in sonata-allegro form the opening of the Sonata No. 2 is based on two contrasting themes. But unlike the usual sonata form, which exposes each theme in turn at some length in a section called the Exposition, Ives presents the conflicting ideas tersely within the first few measures in a manner not unrelated to the epigrammatic style of Emerson's essays.

The first theme, which this sonata shares with its predeccessors, is characterized by the ascending leap of a fifth.

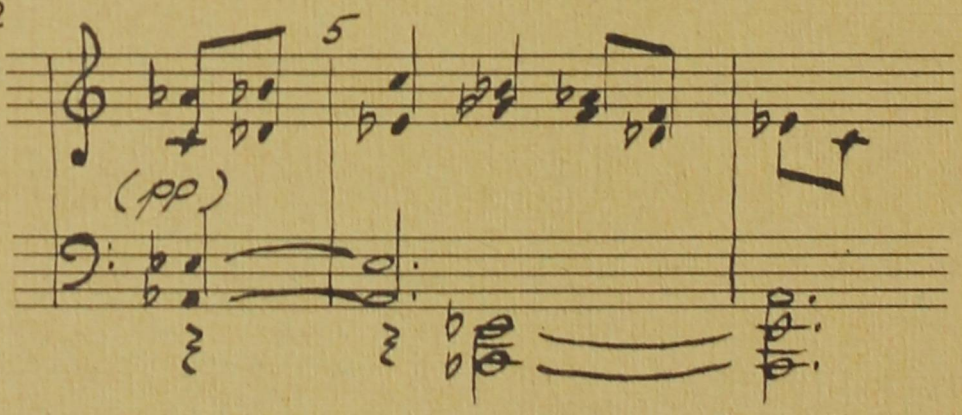
It is first heard in a bold unison statement by the piano, like this:

ex. 1 *Adagio maestoso*



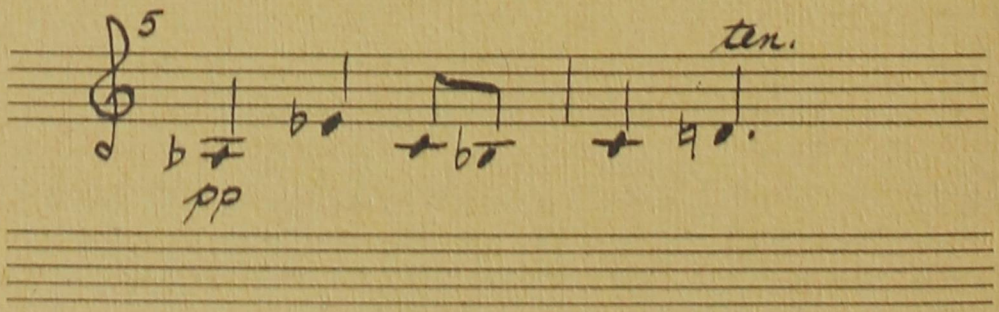
The second thematic idea follows immediately in a quieter vein, also in the piano part, but now harmonized like a hymn, over an A-flat pedal, as if played on an organ.

ex. 2



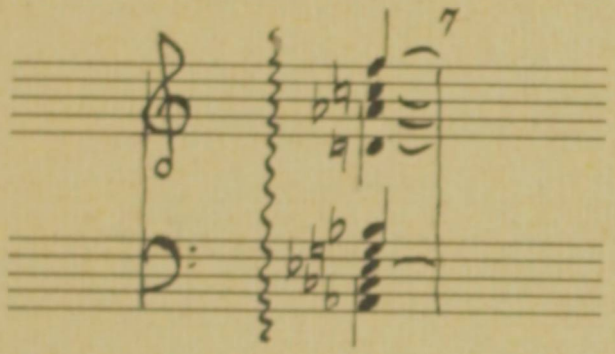
Meanwhile the violinist has quietly taken up the first theme, as if noticing that the pianist has changed the tune!

ex. 3



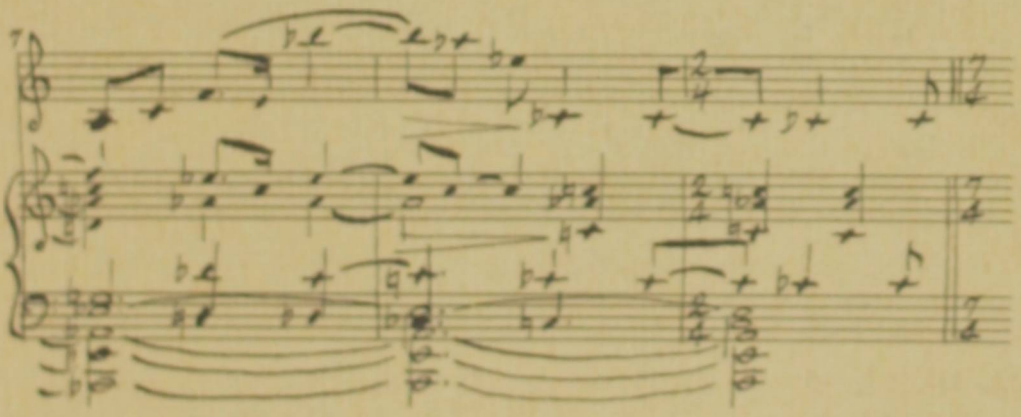
After only a few beats of blissful consonance, c lashes begin to occur as the two melodic ideas part company. The harmony grows disonant. For example, this chord:

ex. 4



contains nine of the twelve pitches available on the piano. The conflict becomes ludicrous two measures later when the violinist insists on C-flat, while the pianist reiterates the A-flat major harmony, emphasizing its C-natural.

ex. 5

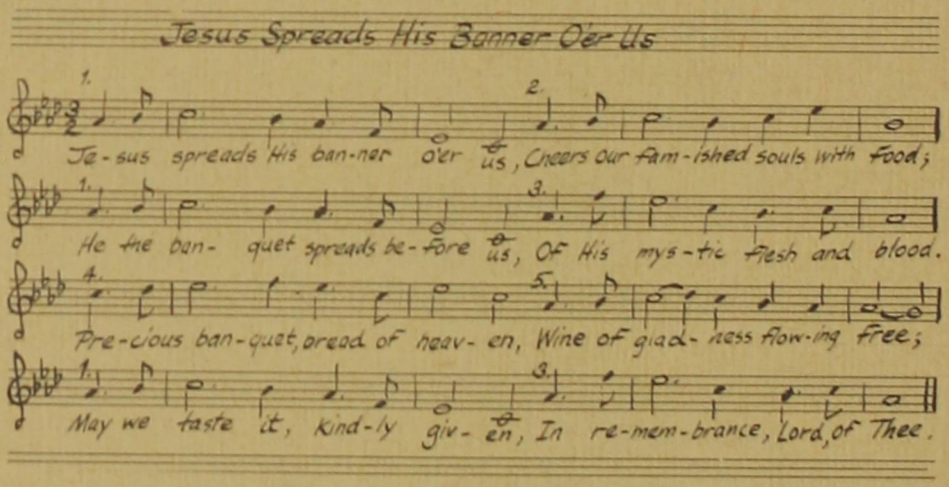


Since the performers now can apparently agree neither on the key nor even the rhythm, the music strikes out in an entirely new direction, at a jaunty Allegro moderato instead of Adagio maestoso, and with both players happily united in the key of G. But in the spirit of this new found agreement, the pianist has reverted to the first theme while the violinist, not wishing to be less agreeable, has switched to the second tune, enlivened now by ragtime syncopations decidely unlike a hymn. As so the battle is joined--a conflict between two themes being the essence of sonata-allegro form since the days of Haydn and Mozart. It all sounds like this:

(FIRST MOVEMENT: EXPOSITION SECTION)

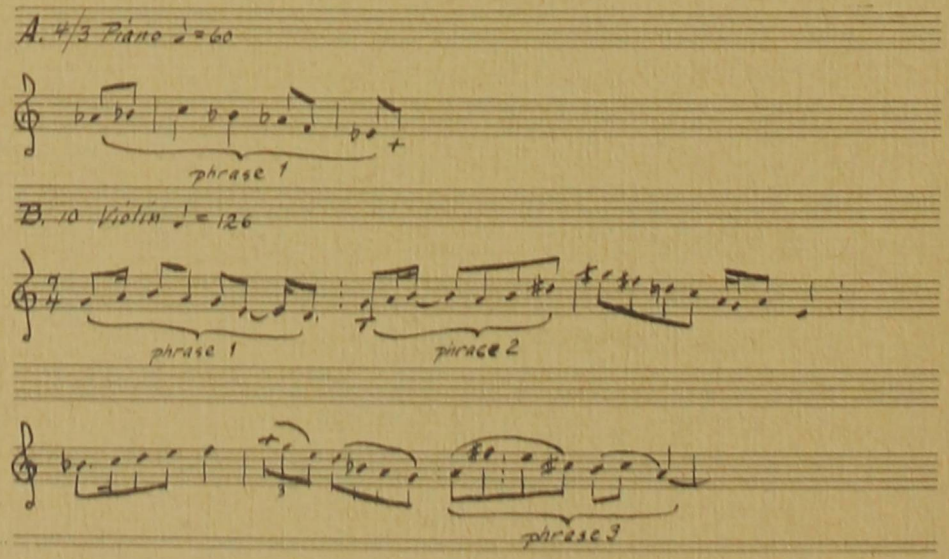
In the Allegro moderato which you just heard, perhaps it was apparent that the second thematic idea, which at first sounded like a solemn hymn fragment, and then was enlivened by ragtime syncopations, is in fact the gospel song, "Jesus Spreads His Banner O'er Us," which I will now ask you to sing with me as part of our "audience preparation."

ex. 6

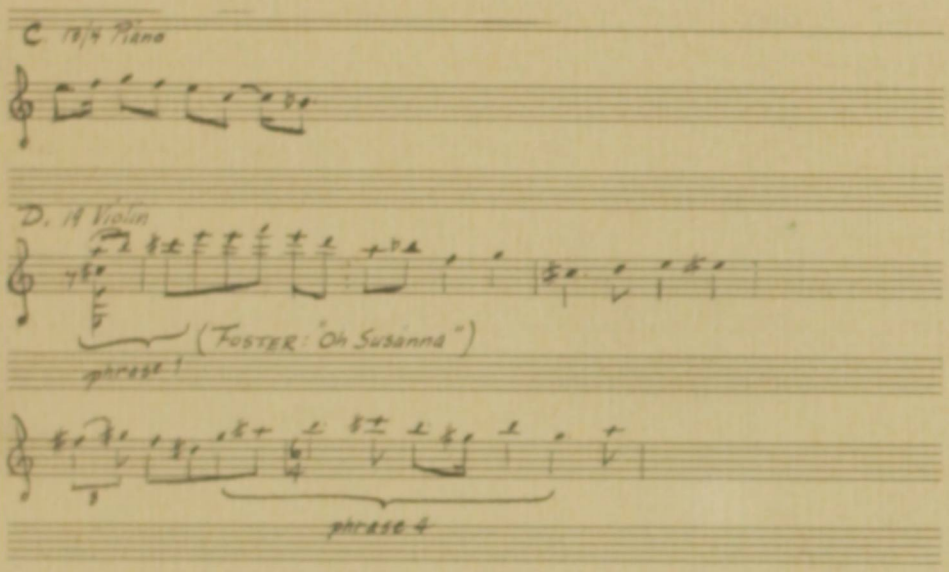


The association between the communion feast and the fall harvest accounts for the title "Autumn" which heads this movement. (Examples A, B, C, and D, keyed by means of Arabic numerals to the various phrases of the gospel tune, show only a few of the ways in which Ives uses this theme.) Snatches of the gospel tune appear and disappear ephemerally in a kind of "stream-of-consciousness" technique in James Joyce. As example (D) shows, at one point the gospel tune even makes a rapprochement with Foster's "Oh Susanna"!

ex. 7



ex. 7a



Ive's admiration for the positive virtues of the American vernacular is very evident in the second movement of the Sonata No. 2. Entitled "In the Barn" the movement contains several familiar American dance idioms, if not actual tunes, which will be easily identifiable when you hear the movement --the quadrille, ragtime, and waltz.

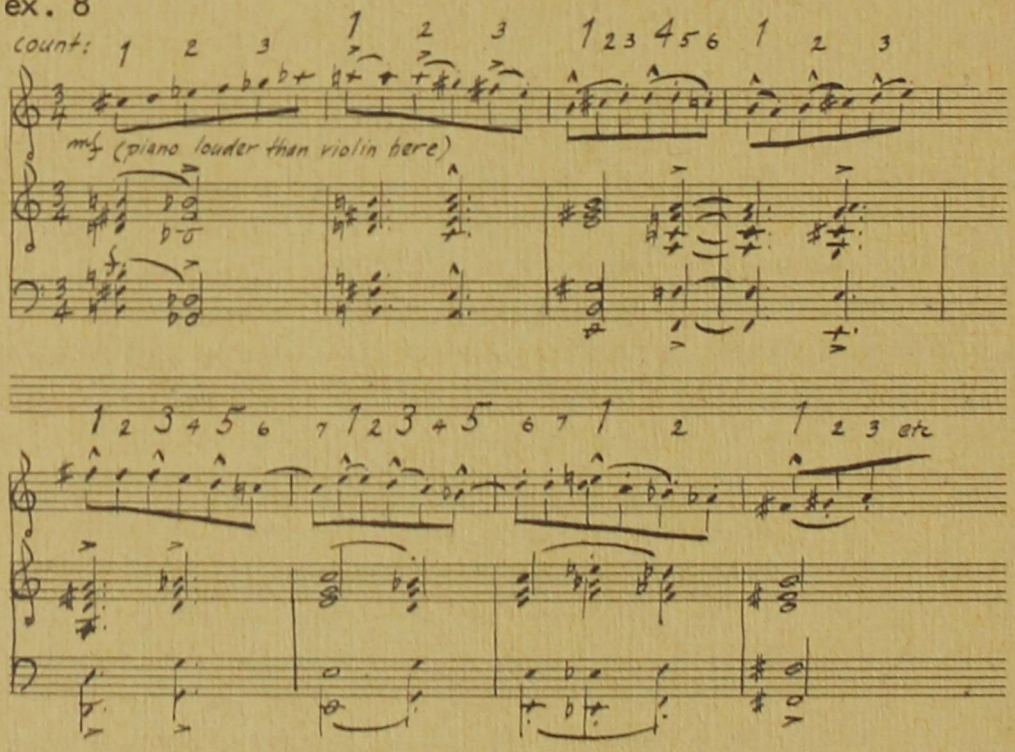
In Ives' three movement scheme, the outside movements, both based on gospel tunes, are relatively lyrical, while the middle movement, based on dance elements, contrasts in its Presto speed and in the exciting climax or denouement which comes at the end of the movement.

One of the least auspicious passages in the second movement is one which, in rehearsal, gave considerable trouble. The heavy, block-chords in the piano part always seemed to drown the violin part, which lies in the relatively weak middle register. Indeed, the score contains an explanatory note at this point which says the piano should be louder than the violin. Our problem was not to achieve the imbalance but to make it sound logical and intentional, rather than like an unfortunate accident of performance or scoring.

To deal with the delema, Mr. Chauls and I have invented a program for the passage which may or may not be what Mr. Ives had in mind, but which nevertheless is valid to the extent that it has helped us to communicate the sense of the passage. The scene shifts from Saturday night at the barn dance

to Sunday morning at church. Our protagonist is listening to the organ prelude, but since the dance kept him out very late, and perhaps he imbibed too much, his attention is not what it should be. As his power of concentration wanes, the sprightly rhythms of the remembered dance music seep into his consciousness. But due to his mental state, neither the organ music in the foreground, nor the dance music in the background are quite in focus. Both are heard with a distortion characteristic of semi-conscious or surrealistic state. It all sounds like this:

ex. 8



The invention of this hypothetical program had three practical results: 1) I began to play the violin part with exagerated articulation to emphasize the dance-like character. 2) Mr. Chauls not only played louder, but endeavored to negate the percussive quality of the piano, while playing in a sustained fashion like an organ. 3) The imagery of out-of-focus hearing directed our attention to other surrealistic features such as rhythm. Not only is the violin markedly independent of the piano in this passage, but within the violin line there is a constant shifting of metrical patterns as one ephemeral melodic fragment intrudes upon another in a jumble of associations. To illustrate this shifting of patterns I will play the violin part while Mr. Chauls counts out loud.

(REFER TO EXAMPLE 8)

The rhythm of the piano part is similarly irregular. Moreover, both the violin and piano parts are out of focus from the melodic standpart. One looks in vain for the objective outlines of a familiar gospel tune in the piano part. As soon as it appears that one might emerge, the melodic line seems to evaporate. Listen again to this wandering, ephemeral, out-of-focus organ prelude.

(REFER TO EXAMPLE 8)

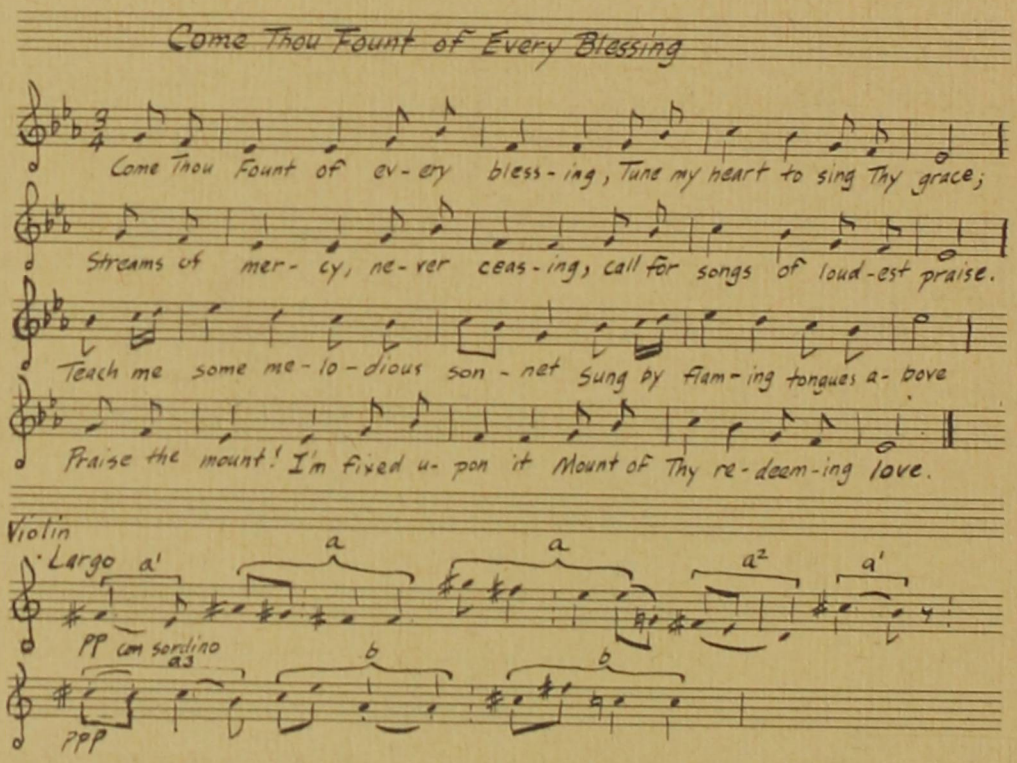
The passage constitutes a prime example of the way Ives' music is able to reflect the multi-dimensional aspect of experience. Not only do the violin and piano not advance in step with one another, as they do in more traditional styles, but they do not even stay in the same plane. The effect is analogous to cubism in painting, for example, Braque, where the artist negates a single unitive point of perspective and instead shows familiar objects simultaneously from several points of view.

In itself, the passage is probably the least effective music in the movement. In context, however, it fits between the first part of the movement and the last. As you will hear in a few moments, the first portion of the movement, the climatic part, consists of an amazingly complex synthesis of all three idioms. The middle part can thus be understood as a kind of a day dream, a subjective interlude which throws into bold relief the arduous mental labor of the climactic synthesis. Thesis--anthithesis--and synthesis--this dialectic is pertinent to Ives' concept of musical form. (This is how it works in the second movement:)

(SECOND MOVEMENT)

The third movement, entitled "The Revival" is extensively based on the gospel song, "Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing." Again, I'll ask you to sing it with me.

ex. 9

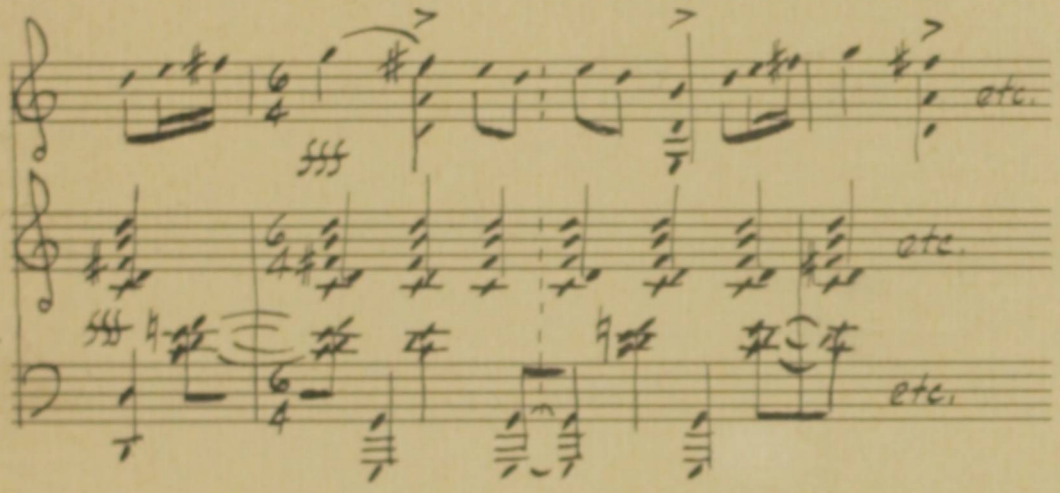


The use of this song at the beginning of the third movement is typical of Ives' quotation technique. Snatches of the song, labled "a" and "b" are the basis of the melodic line from the very beginning, as shown in the example. It is very doubtful, however, if the tune is recognizable at this point. The listener is aware, perhaps, of some vague familiarity. Not until later when Ives quotes the complete first phrase of the gospel tune does its identity become obvious.

It is quite easy to imagine a program for the last movement: a revival meeting which grows more and more emotional. The ending, very typical of Ives, is deliberately inconclusive, and symbolic on at least two levels.

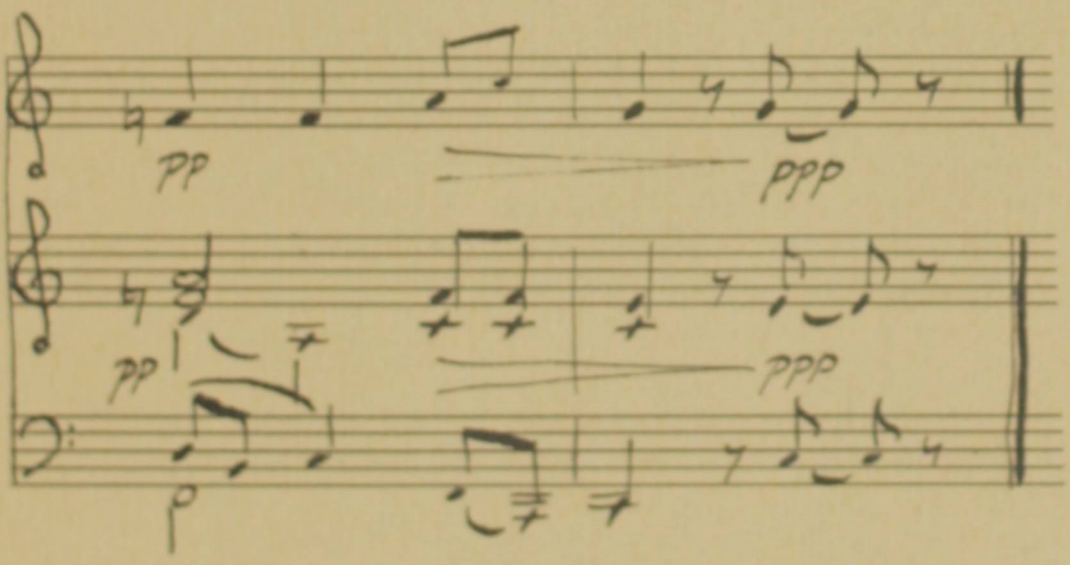
As the movement gains momentum--that is, as the revival comes to its climax--the quotation of "Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing," becomes more and more insistent, supported ad nauseam by a crudely repetitious and vulgar accompaniment. The clamorous passage sounds like this.

ex. 10



ex. 11

Gradually the repetitious tumult subsides to a silence which is curiously broken by one more query, ending inconclusively on the dominant harmony, like this:



This is a touch of realism. For the revivalist can never quit asking the question, "Brother, are you saved? Do you believe in Jesus Christ as your Lord and Saviour? With your whole heart, mind, and soul, do you really believe?"--et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. There is a fundamental fundamentalist insecurity which cannot be reassured. And so the movement entitled "The Revival" ends not with a period, but with a question mark, because after all, the period can be added only by God on the Day of Judgment.

But in a larger sense, the inconclusive ending is symbolic of Ives' own transcendental dialectic. Like Emerson in his essay "On Experience," Ives poses the question "Where do we find ourselves?" And he answers with Emerson, "In a series of which we do not know the extremes, and believe that it has none."

Ives also would say with Emerson that "every end is a beginning." We will therefore make an end by playing the entire final movement of the Sonata No. 2, and we trust that it too will be a beginning.

CIRCUS

Three rings
all over town and
the slow dance of the quotidian
begins the elephants rise

No one hears bacon writhe
in the pan
No one mourns the cracked egg

Sounds of leafrake
and broom
unsteady raketeeth
quiver
brooms squint below
bush eyebrows --
serfs ill-used
by the local gentry

Night reined-in cars go by
headlights feeling the way
crows strangers here
rasp out songs they see
so many
scarecrows
so few cornfields

The spatter of water on leaves
and pavement
the anxious sound
of idling motors the hysteria
of pistons

the crows' rasp

scarecrows walking across
lawns
leaving trails of straw

All parts of the circus
the 'inner journey'
going on at random
without itinerary

Never the sound of laughter
phonographs sing
the only songs

Vern Rutsala

NOTES FROM A COACH CAR

At a stop we hitch
ourselves to wakefulness
and stroll the platform,
listening. Our phantom
cousins sleep in this town.

Boxcars heave and shuffle
as moonlight climbs
the walls of carbarns.
Within, hooves seem to
shift in their stalls
waiting for a journey.
And near the burner of a mill
a water tower walks guard --
wind moans through its helmet.

Needing sleep we shiver,
aimless as those blind bulls
butting heads in the freightyard
or making iron love.

At the mill where our cousins
lose their fingers
long belts are quiet.
Lumber rests in stacks,
quills retracted for the night,
and in the pond logs drowse
dreaming of their heroes:
alligator and crocodile.

Beyond, timbers in houses
quake, touched by branches
whispering alarms
of the sawdust burner
spreading sparks
like a careless smoker
to burn all men
beneath their quilts.

Vern Rutsala

A DAY IN LATE OCTOBER

In Memory of Randall Jarrell

I.

It is time to drive in the hills
and look at leaves,
time to envision again
the fortunate fall of light,
which must have come down this week
like a snow of angels.
Angel after angel lies with his chosen
fat little earthy color.
In those thousand thousand embraces
no one can see now
who corrupts and who illuminates.

Later, if I remember correctly,
the throats of sidewalks back home
will rasp and tickle,
be cleared,
then rasp and tickle again
until the cold they're always getting
settles in every larynx, and each forgets
what it was he wanted to say.

Before that happens, I want to say
no bright or seasonal thing, only
that "the real world, as distinguished
from the one poetry inhabits,"
beyond a doubt exists.
I don't know its shape or temperature,
but I see at the end of each line
a great white lump of love that the poem,
clenching its teeth, refused,
fall into it.
Twigs and stones and grasses that
resemble each other closely
compose its country, where despair,
but not longing, lives.
Deep sea things we've never laid eyes on
roam its seas. They rest on its headlands
who are too tired to go on naming.
It contains the unimaginable in its darkness--
your death, my death.

II.

I keep thinking of what Ted said
at one of those crazy Washington conferences:
"A poem is only a bunch of little black marks;
the rest is the reader's love, goodwill,
graciousness." Or something like that he said,
or meant. We were all up late, drunk, excited.

Less than ever do I know it is.
Like the Bushmen who want to be left in peace
and "do not compete in issues which they cannot win,"
only of its names would seem to be "two"--
"only" or "merely," that which is harmless.

A whole city of people who live without it.
I live in that city. The newspaper's book page editor
makes an ugly mouth. "Poetry? We don't fool around
with that stuff--that stuff's been dead for fifty years."
Five poets live here in an open ward,
each with his private, compulsive tricks to keep off
thinking for weeks at a time, "What if it's true?"

The helpless tribe in Iowa
could neither beat nor conjure
its little savage into line.
That child would scream at beasts,
at cows who lifted gaunt faces
to feast their bulged, hallucinating eyes
on her. When the corn grew over her head,
Reform School boys broke out
and hid in the rows till dark.
She hid with them. Her hand sweated
with theirs on the blooded lug wrench,
but she didn't hop the freight.
The grotesque stretched lips of friends,
the parental faces striped with clay and dung
scared her to death.
Later, reading the anthropologists,
all these became familiar.
I tell you I read "that stuff" for life.

III.

"He just sat or laid
and kept feeling his head and saying

his blood pressure was going up."

Your face, on every piano
of my childhood, changed.
"When I get big
I'm going to marry Daddy."
They tried to get me to say it
for company. How could I?
She'd said, "Oh no you're not.
I married him."
Later the yardstick
stinging from your cold hand.

Still later the monstrous face,
red, lower lip shaking,
out of control:
some fight over a bridge game.
Then grump, skinflint,
gross feeder,
later, tedious villain:
"Oh God, Mother,
it's not my fault.
I didn't marry him."
Then, all pictures taken down,
books up to the ceiling
on shelves of brick and board,
a harmless stranger
who came to call.
And now, crashing my way
through the barricade
of capsules, spansules, ampoules,
home remedies, melting lumps
of camphor in alcohol,
cranberry juice for kidneys,
eyedroppers of this and that,
I have seen, in the nick of time,
the face I finally remember,
my first, dangerous love.

"I'm scared to start on a trip with him.
My eye and leg couldn't stand it either.
Write and come if you can."

When I was young and we were poor
my mother showed me a ring some old love gave her,

and said, "I'll have your birthstone set in it."

And said, "Don't ever lose it. The jeweler
offered to sell me half-glass, half-emerald,
but I'm giving you the real jewel."

I wore it as if she had given me the world.
I had no notion what things cost.
I thought she'd love me if I could be good at last,

but I never was. When I thought I knew her face
I told her I realized that stone was glass.
She blushed, and said the jeweler must have lied.

I looked in books to find out how to feel.
Then, holding them cheap, I tried an exchange of rings.
My new one tested real.

And on I went, and learned to recognize
the faintest glimmer of pure green
in a hand's clasp or a pair of eyes,

and out came carats of green from a guarded mine
in grateful exchange, and back came green in turn.
When I looked again I was grown,

and my fingers were decked with rings, and still more green
exchanges came, and we dropped them on the ground
as our hands filled and boxes filled,

and they roll and shine as far as I can see.
Dazzled I walk the world my mother gave me
whose stony streets are paved with emerald.

IV.

You who domesticate
my roaring love,
and comfort me

with your bruised apples,
take my hand
"across patches of <u>oubli</u>,"

and we'll tell Time
his bending sickle's safe,
his fools can see.

V.

My dearest Don:
Reading your book for days,
I thought how the mad world turned golden
under your foolish eyes,

and of how your world once held me,
and holds me still.
Those windmills would have killed me.
We are real.

My old muncher,
day-long clencher and unclencher,
you learned to feed on language.
From books you went
to cocktail parties, even there
ruminant,
and when a stranger said,
"Stay with me, talk to me,"
you swallowed your cud
of kept herbs and mossy
matters and tastes.
I heard you, bossy.

You who stay with me and talk to me,
I keep forgetting your life outside the poems
is your real life.

VI.

Poems on the President's death were bad
and tasteless besides, a critic said,
the poets having written about themselves
more than about the man who died.

But after a quake, is it so queer
that every survivor checks his own
Yoknapatawpha? If not there,
where on earth is the damage done?

Shaken, they walk out one by one
to see what has toppled out of place,
then, after all reports are in,
join the community of loss.

Hidden in his emploi de temps,

his "schedule," is another's life.
Why does it seem that Time went wrong,
that it's taken the tree and left the leaf?

Because that simple calendar
can't count more than a single spring,
can't teach even the most brilliant year
to come back twice from its winterings.

When a poet dies, in late October,
in the real world, one thinks of these things.

*The section beginning "When I was young and we were poor" is reprinted by permission of The Poetry Bag, University of Missouri.

Mona Van Duyn

GLASS

1.

The perfect window is nothing. You
do not see it there--a blank the eye
forgets, a wall that likes the world.

2.

Bend, bend, say nothing; when
time to yield, go. I have shared glass
plans: truth till it splinters, and falls.

3.

Glass is the eye's religion--
something, but hard to see; believed more
than proved; Faith saying kindly, "Pass by."

William Stafford

CAMPING WITH JACK

So clear we slept outside the tent.
"You see that star? That's on the coat
of the sheriff of Remote."
"Yeah, Jack."

"Let's climb to the top tomorrow."
"We'll see."
"Some people are always saying maybe."
"Usually, Jack."

"Thought you were determined to get to the top."
"I climb with a wavery kind of determination."
"You've got to put out a foot."
"But be ready to take it back."

"Look--the sheriff's following the trees."
"He's resigning."
"He's climbing."
"He's not saying where, though."

"Everything's so far. But we'll tame this country yet."
"We might."
"Good night."
"'Night, Jack."

William Stafford

LIEBESTOD

LOST -- in a missed turn to a passage of water,
girl by the reservoir held
from an evening wedding:
where was the light her brain
when she skipped that corner;
where is the bloom her eyes

SINCE that music froze? Dawn had budded light
from each clear mountain,
weather and road rang white
their April chime: what dream
possessed the wheel
beyond all warning -- star

SHOT from her head when sense into stillness
died? Pool in promise
of a man's long drowning,
she should have made that night
his Easter bride: what fire
at the heart's root could drive

BLOOD forward, leaping for her that bridge
in space where speed has fractured
time? Girl by the reservoir
locked in a pressure of water,
wedding and evening bloom
a single flame: maiden

YOUR name through change of tense
outwits us,
bedded and blossomed from this grief alone.

(for a girl drowned on her way to her wedding;
written at Willamette University, Salem, Oregon & read at the Festival there, April 14th, 1966)

Peter Thomas

TWENTY - ONE LINES

A YOUNG man's song is a green song
as full of sap as the woods of sun
and the nights of stars when the neap tides
run
in the wake of the white moon
to the shores of begetting.

A GREEN song is a keen man's song
as quick with fire as the flush of dawn
on fields whose summer sleep is drawn
in the wake of the wide moon
from the seeds of forgetting.

A KEEN man's song is a lonely song
as lost on the wind as the leaves are blown
to the ends of time where the stars go down
in the wake of the wild moon
to the place of their setting.

A LONE man's song is a grown man's song
as blind with tears as the land with rain
when the year turns on its heel again
and windflowers blend with another's pain
in the wake of the waned moon

AT her latest mating...

(for Clement Okafor on his 21st Birthday,
Nsukka, Nigeria, November 1964)

Peter Thomas

IN THE REGION OF SNOW

Ron Stewart

Everywhere David looked he saw color, from the ground of early morning white frost and frozen black mud to the reds and oranges and greens of leaves hanging insecurely from branches or spread in uneven patterns about the yard. The apple tree by the porch where the fruit had hung red and juicy just a short time ago was now growing dark. The summer flowers were limp shoots, retarded in their growth by the cold, and the soil around them was caked almost solid. Looking higher up, David saw the house-tops with their drab chimneys, streams of gray rising out of them and blowing instantly away into nothing. Beyond the roofs was the sky, a sad blue with a thin covering of gray. There were no sharp outlines of white today, just a pale blended haze. A few weeks ago, before the chill, the sky would have been a deep blue, rich and grand and mighty in its vastness.

He stood for a long time in the yard looking at the colors. Then with a sigh he moved onto the porch and into the house.

He dressed heavily for October's cold. When he arrived at school he had to take off the heavy woolen sweater his mother had knitted for him because it was too warm in the building to keep it on. And after school he put it back on, besides a heavy jacket, a muffler, mittens, and galoshes.

"It will be snowing soon," David's mother said one day, when he got home.

"Yes, the sky is the right color for snow." David took off his apparel by the fireplace and sat down in front of it to warm himself.

"There's hot chocolate on the stove, David. And I made some peanut butter cookies this afternoon."

The boy showed no interest. His mother brought him a tray with a few cookies and a steaming cup of chocolate on it and placed it on his lap. He ate and drank silently.

"David, what's the matter?" his mother finally said. "Are you sad because the summer's gone?"

He looked at her with nervous eyes. She noticed his impatience to go. Then she drew his head close into her and mussed at his uncombed hair. She held him that way for a long time.

In November it snowed. David forcasted it one Sunday morning by looking at the ugly, pale sky. A few hours later huge, flimsy flakes scattered the yards and streets and trees of the neighborhood, and before late afternoon, David's world became a white, cold, merciless place.

The next day, carrying his plastic book bag, he walked to school slowly through the summer woods, his usual route. The snow was deeper here than he had imagined, and as he walked he felt it crunch into solid packs from the pressure of his boots. For a while he enjoyed making the sound, hitting the ground tip-toe and exerting force with his heels.

He looked up often so that he could keep track of where he was. He had not come far. Behind the tall brush he could see parts of the houses on his block. The school was not far away, but he would have to hurry because now it was snowing again. He held out his hand he let some of the flakes melt in his palm. When he drew them in to examine them, he realized that he had forgotten his mittens. His hands felt suddenly cold and his first instinct was to cover them. He dropped his book bag and shoved his hands into his pockets as far as they would go. But he could not go to school without his books. He turned to see the portions of houses but saw nothing but tall trees and bushes becoming quickly burdened with snow. He turned in every direction trying to remember where he had seen the houses.

Dumb kid, he scolded himself. Forget your mittens because you were mad at the sky. He kicked furiously at a mound of snow. I hate you. You always come and spoil things.

He looked upward at the sky, patches of ugly gray, always gray, blurred by the swirling whiteness, which showed through the intricate weaving of the limbs overhead. The snow seemed to grow more hostile as it spun toward him in its frenzy. The lower bushes and branches were gradually being buried by the snow, and around David's feet, now almost as cold as his hands, it began to pile higher. The plastic book bag was covered by a soft film of snow. He grabbed it and wiped it on his pants and then put it under his left arm, firmly against his side. Both hands free, he put his fingers into his mouth. He bit at them and chewed on them and blew on them, but the freezing pain would not stop. He dropped his books again and bent over, his hands clutched tightly in his stomach. If only he could cry. Crying had worked for him before. But tears would not come; they seemed frozen inside his eyes.

Snowflakes stung his face furiously. They melted on his hair and clung to his ears and cheeks before dripping down to form tiny puddles on his coat and pants, which now stuck uncomfortably to his body.

He could not just stand there and be buried. He had to move. Once again he grabbed the plastic book bag. He managed to open its zipper wide enough to put his hands in and to hold the bag in front of him while he trod through the snow.

David lifted his stinging feet higher and higher. Unsure of his steps and tired, he stumbled several times, fighting hard against his weakness. Once, to regain his breath, he stopped and glanced about him. He did not recognize the summer woods. Everywhere he looked he saw white--laden heavily over bows of branches and uneven piles of white spread over the ground and great splotches of white eddying violently over the sky.

He looked at his hands through the wet plastic. They hung like wilted red carrot sticks. In a sudden seizure of terror he shook the bag from his hands and thrust them once again into his coat pockets. He went blindly onward, hoping for a break in the woods. He knew that it must be somewhere ahead. Or was it behind and he hadn't recognized it? Or was it way off to the side? But which side?

I'll be buried alive, he decided. The snow will soon be so deep that I'll be covered over my head and I won't be found till it melts. I'm going to die. I'm really going to die.

He was now waist-deep in the snow, and walking was nearly impossible. Straight ahead he saw a tall fence with the top part of the post uncovered. Alongside the fence, black sprawling brush stalks dead from the touch of winter struggled to thread themselves around the posts.

He was nearing safety now. The summer woods took on a familiarity in his mind. The fence, the fence he had climbed over and under on lazy summer afternoons. On the other side of the fence was the opening, the path that led out of the woods. He remembered that lots of strawberries and blueberries grew along the path. If only now it were summer and he could pick a handful of berries and let them crush in his mouth.

Seeing the fence filled him with a sense of joy. He stood in the snow watching it, remembering how it had looked in the summer with the berries and other wildflowers growing along it. Then he tried to move forward, nearly pushing his cold and tired legs through the snow. Finding such movement impossible, he lay on top of the snow and crawled carefully toward the fence, but the snow would not hold him and he fell. The farther he struggled, the more he was sure of safety. He was not even conscious of his loosened muffler and stocking cap and wet clothing. He reached out from where he lay and touched one of the ugly, long black stalks. He gripped it hard with both raw hands and pulled, but it slipped quickly out of his grasp.

There was only one thing left to do. With all the strength left in him, David dug into the snow mound with both hands and arms, making it fly to the sides and into his face. He dug and dug and dug, like a mole sighted above the ground, until he had shaped a passageway to the fence. He jumped onto it with a cry of delight and grabbed hold of the fence. He climbed up onto the post, staying above the snow only for a moment before he leaped back into it on the other side. He crawled, frightened, rolling and tumbling and kicking through the snow, spraying it up and out.

Then a terrible thought came to him. He had been

wrong. The fence had not been near the opening after all, and he was going to die; he was going to freeze into a cake of ice.

He couldn't move any more. He lay back as if in a comfortable chair and looked straight up into the vastness of the sky, the ugly gray sky that was sending its fury of mad whiteness to bury him alive. Occasionally he licked a flake off the side of his mouth.

He turned his head in an act of helplessness. A few yards away he saw small patches of black, and just inches away the snow grew less and less deep. It was because of the trees, he decided, looking up again; the thick foliage of the evergreens had prevented the snow from mounting.

David reared up and in a short while he was standing on ground just sprinkled with snow. He was in the opening after all. He was not going to die. But now he was almost too weak to notice; all he felt was numbness.

A moment later he saw the street. City workers were shoveling snow from the sidewalks and pouring gravel from dump trucks onto the streets. Around the corner he saw the end of the school building, spots of red brick showing through the heavy covering of white that clung to the sides like a secure spread of paste.

Crossing the scraped street was a relief to him. The sidewalk was a long trail of hard packs of snow, bordered by dirty slush.

"Late for school, aren't you, sonny?" one of the city workers asked David.

"I couldn't help it; the path through the woods was buried."

"Shouldn't have come that way," the man scolded. "Most of the streets have been cleared all morning." He eyes David strangely. "Something wrong, sonny?"

David did not answer. He was conscious only of the stinging pain of his hands and feet.

Once inside the building he walked down the hall until he came to Room 60. He kicked at the door with the side of his foot. Miss Wilson answered. He thrust his hands out to her, a display of swollen tight red. A sudden compulsion came over him, and he leaned against the door; the tears that had been frozen for so long now spilled freely and silently out of his eyes and over his face.

Miss Wilson went back into the room. "David's hands are frozen. He needs help; someone help him. The school nurse is away for the morning. Eric, help him. You're older. Help David. Please."

A tall blonde boy came out of the door, Miss Wilson following him. "Be careful with him, Eric."

"I can handle it, Miss Wilson. Come with me, David. Eric put his arm around the smaller boy's shoulder and they walked down the hall.

In the boys' room Eric filled one of the sinks with cold water. "Put your hands in, David."

When he did, there was no sensation--only numbness. He felt nothing but the same coldness that had been with him all morning. Underneath the water he saw the ugly sprawling of redness.

"How long do I keep them here?" he asked.

"Until they begin to thaw." Eric stood at the end of the counter, watching David curiously. "You're not really in such a bad way, you know. Miss Wilson got all excited for nothing. You're a long way from being frozen. Just a good coating of frost is all you got. It'll do you good. A little pain never hurt anyone." He paused for a moment. "A cry baby is what you are, really, if you ask me. But then I don't suppose you're asking me, are you?"

David glanced at himself in the mirror in front of him. His tears, he noticed, had not dried and his eyes appeared red and swollen. Angrily he drew his hands out of the water and splashed his face.

"Now you're mad at me." Eric moved closer to David. "There's no reason to be, though. You know that, don't you?"

David continued to stare at his hands. "I've noticed you," he finally said. "You're so much older than anyone else in the class."

"I lived in the country before we came to the city. I missed a lot of school. I just got started late, that's all. I don't care though. I'd rather be in the country any day than in this cramped city or in this stuffy building. When I'm out on my own, I'm going back to the country and stay there till I die."

"Why did you move to the city?" David turned to face Eric.

"We couldn't grow enough crops to make ends meet."

David searched Eric's eyes. "Tell me about the country, Eric."

"You wouldn't be interested. You couldn't appreciate it the way I do. You're just a city boy."

"I could try. Really I could."

Eric came closer to David. He felt his submerged hands and rubbed them. "They're coming around. Some of the numbness has left. In another half hour you'll be able to feel again." Eric put his hands on David's shoulders and from the reflection in the mirror, David clearly saw a gray strangeness in Eric's eyes. "I like you, David." There was an uncomfortable silence. They stared at each other in the mirror for a long while. Eric's eyes were the first to look away. He turned from the line of sinks and leaned up against the wall.

"The country is the most beautiful place I know, David. If you live there, like I did, you get up early, when the sun's just coming up. Outside the air smells so clean and fresh it makes you happy. It makes you want to run over hills and down valleys and swim in the clear lakes. You can't do that in the city. It has orchards and winding roads and green

and green and green almost everywhere you look. You don't have to go far at all to find something wonderful."

David was afraid to speak for fear of breaking the sudden, glad spell that had come over the room. He felt drawn to Eric and wanted to talk to him, to be near him.

Into the mirror David said earnestly, "Eric, I want to learn more about the country. Teach me. Please."

Eric turned to face the mirror. "I can't teach you, David. Nobody can, not even a book. You have to learn for yourself. But maybe when the snow lets up, my dad can drive us up where we used to live and I can show you all the things I used to do."

David became excited. "I'd like that fine, Eric. I really want to go to the country and feel the way you do."

"Nobody can feel the same way about the country," Eric said, near anger. "Everyone feels differently."

David looked at his hands again. The redness was slowly leaving. He lifted them out, squeezed them, and put them in again. He saw Eric looking up through the middle window. David bent to the right and from the reflection in the mirror he saw what Eric saw.

"I don't like the snow," he said. "I wish it would stop."

"It won't stop for a long time yet. My dad says it's going to be a long, cold winter."

"I lost my books in the snow," David ventured.

Eric continued as though he hadn't heard. "When the snow leaves, things begin to get green again in the country." He faced David again in the mirror. We'll have a swell time, David. As soon as the snow melts."

They heard a rap on the door.

"Boys, are you still there? David? Eric?"

"Yes, Miss Wilson," Eric answered. "We're still here."

"How are David's hands?"

Eric walked over to the sink again. He carefully lifted David's hands out. He drew some paper towels from the rack and wiped them dry. He smiled at David and said, "Yes, Miss Wilson, everything's fine." And before walking out of the door, no longer feeling pain, but relief and a kind of joy, David's glance shot up at the window and saw the fast steadiness of the falling snow.

After that they were almost always together. David met Eric's family, an old-looking man and woman and four brothers and three sisters, two of them younger than Eric, five of them older, and a frisky young dog named Tad. Eric's entire family welcomed David whenever he came. On cold afternoons after school or on Saturday mornings, they talked to him, served him snacks, and the little ones played with him. Eric's father talked a lot about showing the country to David and was glad that Eric had found someone who wanted to "learn" about it.

The house was always warm, and David felt warm in it, not just because of the hot chocolate and crackling logs in the fireplace, but because of the family and the kind invitations that they gave him every time he came and went.

When Eric came to David's house, David was afraid because of his mother. He feared that she might try to fondle him when Eric was watching. But David's mother sensed the growing friendship and she moved about it freely and gracefully.

Sometimes throughout the winter days, the falling snow relented; and the two boys went sledding down Alex Hill in David's sled, which he hadn't used for years. Sliding down on hard packed snow and feeling the cold crispness of the early December wind made David less bitter against the winter atmosphere. Being with Eric was responsible for the change. Look-

ing at Eric in his blue coat and tasseled red stocking cap made David glad, and the more he was with him, the more David knew that Eric was the most precious and important person in his life. Whenever they parted for an afternoon together in the snow, David said inside to himself, Eric, don't leave me. I will be terrible lonely without you.

And David was lonely. In his room or by the fireplace or at the dinner table, his mind wandered to thoughts of Eric. He was continually thinking, I wonder what Eric is doing now; thinking, I wonder what we'll do after school today; thinking, it sure is swell of Eric to take me up to the country. Not even when Eric was in David's presence, David thought inside, Eric, I love you, and he wondered if he were old enough to love another person besides his mother. Whenever he was around Eric, he wanted to tell him but he always shied away, afraid of what Eric would do. But each day that David grew to love Eric more, the braver he became. One afternoon in the middle of December when they were walking home from school, David stopped Eric on the street corner.

"Eric, I have something important to tell you."

"I'm listening, David. I always listen to you. You know that don't you?"

"Yes, Eric. You always listen to what I say. You're the greatest friend I've ever had."

Eric brushed some snowflakes off his face. "Is that what you wanted to tell me, David?"

"No, not exactly."

"Well, then, what is it?"

"Eric, you're not impatient?"

He laughed. "No, David, I'm not impatient."

"Eric, I love you." He said it simply, with snow falling between them. Eric started walking again, and David followed him. "You're not going to say anything?"

"I don't know what to say, David."

They walked home in silence.

The next day was Saturday, and David went down town alone with five dollars of allowance money tied securely in his handkerchief.

"I want to buy a special Christmas gift for a friend," David told the saleswoman in the richly decorated department store. "I want it special."

"What did you have in mind?"

"Something to remind him of the country."

David finally decided on a painting of a country scene, just as Eric had described it to him. The green hills sloped into a valley with a farm, surrounded by towering green trees, with a rich blue sky for background. In the front to one side was a stream with a boy and his dog fishing from the bank. The entire scene was colorful and peaceful, and David knew that Eric would be pleased.

A week passed and David was so excited that he could not wait until Christmas to give Eric the present. After school one day he said, "Come up to my room," and there laid the gift-wrapped painting in Eric's arms. "You can open it now."

"Oh, David, thank you very much. But you shouldn't have bought me anything."

"I wanted it special for you," David said directly into the grayness of Eric's eyes.

Eric unwrapped the package and held the painting before him in outstretched arms. "It's beautiful, David. It reminds me of where I used to live. There was a stream right near our farm even. Thank you again."

"You're welcome, Eric. I'm glad you're so pleased."

"I'll hang it in my room to remind me."

"I bought it because I love you, Eric."

Eric was unprepared. He looked at David strangely, then at the painting. "I'll have to wrap it up again so the snow won't get it wet."

On Thursday morning, during vacation, a few days before Christmas, David walked to Eric's house through falling snow and slick streets. He was warm today, bundled up in heavy woolen clothes. Looking up through the maze of descending whiteness, he saw the sky, the first time he had really noticed it since the day he had met Eric. It was the same pale ugliness, but David didn't care any more. He was enjoying the winter. There were fireplaces and hot chocolate to keep him warm, and the snow seemed more friendly to him. He smiled at it, his mouth open so that he could taste the flakes. In an instant they melted and their wetness was refreshing to his throat.

Eric's mother answered the door with her usual welcome. "Come in, David, and warm yourself. Eric's in the backyard building a snow fort with some of his old friends from the country."

"Are they visiting him for the day?"

"Yes, and are they ever having fun! Come to the window and watch them while I fix you some chocolate."

In the backyard David saw five boys besides Eric frolicking in the snow and piling mounds of it into thick walls on either side of the yard. When he finished his chocolate he walked out the back door to join them.

"Hey, Eric," he called. "How's the snow fort coming?"

"Great, David. Why don't you help us finish it?"

Energetically David gathered snow in his arms and helped finish the construction on the fort Eric was building.

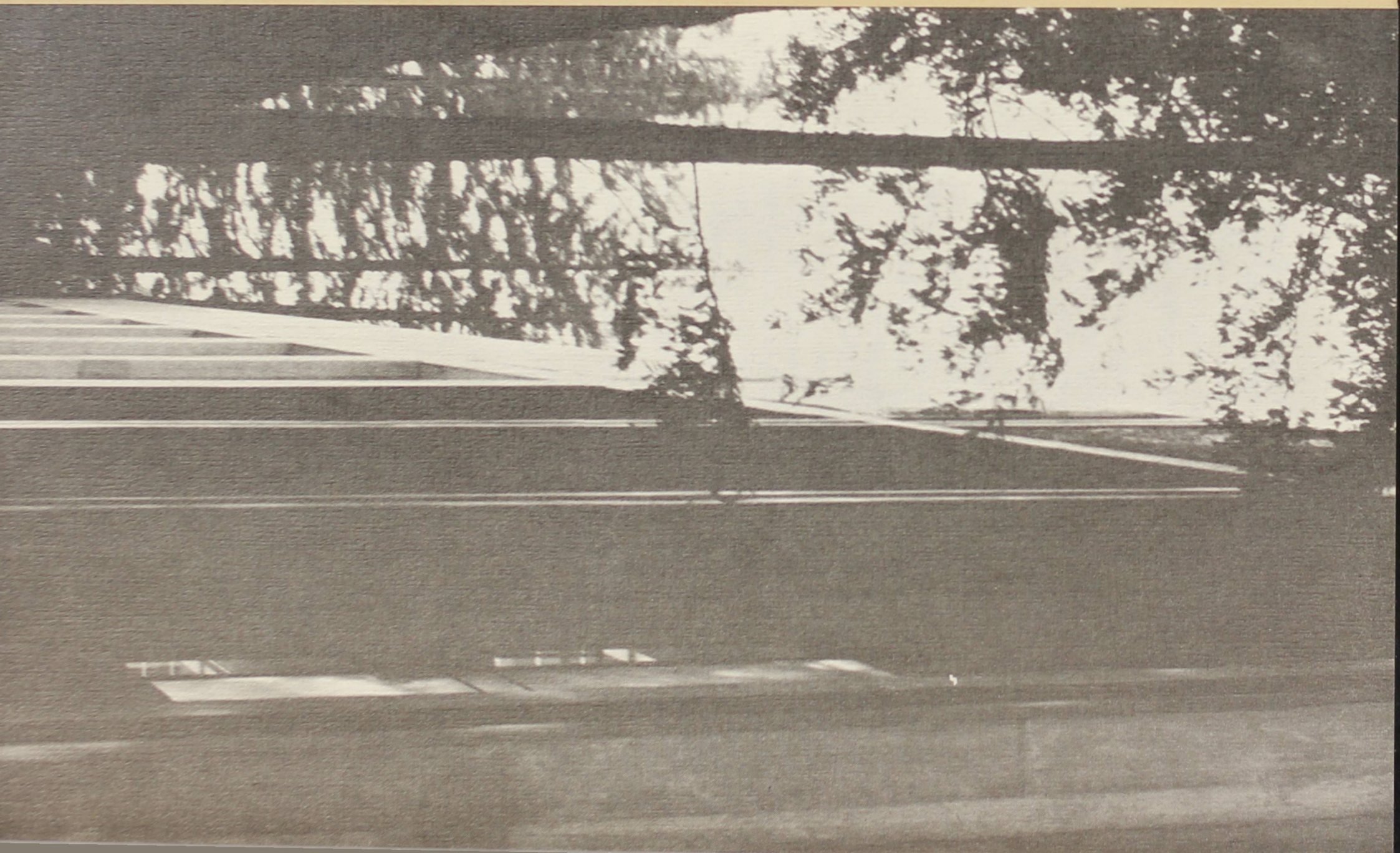
When both teams were finished with their forts, they made a large supply of snowballs and started fire. When ammunition ran out, the boys charged at each other and threw snow as quickly as they could pick it up. David lost his stocking cap in the rumble, but he was having so much fun, he didn't even notice.

Then, suddenly, like a shock of thunder out of a blue sky, something went wrong. David was lying in the snow and the other boys were upon him. Then at Eric's command, they backed away and Eric spoke.

"Little boy David." The words were harsh and bitter, and David felt nauseous inside. "Little city boy David, who wants to learn about the country." Eric laughed, a horrible and loud laugh. "You know what I think, little boy David? I think you're a fake." Eric bent down to David's head. He gathered some snow in his hands and smeared it roughly over David's face. Eric's voice grew louder and more bitter. "I don't think you know what love is at all. All you want is a free trip to the country. You're a fake, City David. And you know what happens to fakes?" Eric shoved snow on top of David as fast as he could. Then he rolled him over and grabbed his head and rubbed his face in the snow until he could hardly breathe.

When finally he was released, David got to his feet and ran. He heard the boys shouting after him but he didn't look back. He didn't know where he was running or how far he would go. His eyes were blurred by his tears. Once or twice in the beginning of his flight he stumbled and fell, but he picked himself up and ran again. He ran for what seemed hours, and finally, exhausted, he fell to the icy ground and wept more loudly and helplessly than ever before. He was alone, he knew. Without Eric. It was a horrible and lonely thought. But even now, cold and tired and miserable, he whispered to himself and to Eric, Eric, I love you. Even now, Eric, I love you.

David stayed on the ground a long time. He thought of many things, and after a while he dreamed. And in his dream the sky was blue and the hills were green.



Wo
Hügel an Himmel stösst,
drei Baume
totenstarrend ausgereckt,
schwarz gegen modulierendes Rosa, Lila,
Purpurblau

...von
hinten hinab nahend
weit
schwarzer Schlund,
trieft Feuchte,
die stil
Adern der Rinde--
untenhin
rieselt

Janis Lawrence

MY BOUNDLESS NATIVE COUNTRY

by Ivan Kharabarov
Translated by Rodney Scott

Bay Aneva,
bay Aneva,
Cold wind driving in the chill,
Waves
rolling
lazily,
As the boat slices the waves,
like a knife through butter.
An uneven ribbon of islands
borders the bay
And off in the distance -
merely vast ocean,
Merely
dark
water.
Our swift boat evenly glides--
Faster and stronger than the wind.
How far away you have gone,
my native land;
The sight leaves us breathless.
How good to go beyond the reach,
To go out and be amazed;
Yes,
really,
my brothers,
The same Russia, as was there during the time
of ancient Moscow.
The same homes,
the same streets,
the same faces,
The voice of the same boys and girls,
As if departed from the capital
By streetcar
all in a half hour.
And there appears in forgotten times,
of those days,
As if I see big men with beards

Coming through the centuries
to the people.
As though I see--brightly, imponderably--
In spite of wind and time,
As from a legend, the ship of Nevel
Along Sakhalin shore it lands;
As though I see the intermingling of all times,
The advancing squall of our people;
The pioneers of Russian decent
Courageously conquered Khomsky pass.
Bay Aneva,
bay Aneva,
Cold wind driving in the chill,
Waves,
rolling,
lazily,
As a boat slices the waves
like a knife through butter,
For even in my soul preserved.
Island in the midst of the fall harvest,
Abundant in the last lights of Sakhalin,
The sun filled
Kavsakov bay.

Rodney Scott

"Billy Graham, in a recent newspaper column, affirmed that 'Jesus had the most perfect physique the world has ever seen He would, Graham added, 'have been the greatest athlete of all time had sports been organized then as now.'"

Newsweek

Why I've studied them all,
From the Roman Christ
Through Francesca to the
Noli Me Tangere by Ryder,
And I like that Gody body.
Sublimate and sumblimate and sublimate
The procreant urge of the . . .
Mary, you old, Galilean whore.
If God had only known the score
And waited two thou more,
Dropping his son through
The door on the floor
Of the Garden of Madison Square,
He would have lived eternal there
In that Hall of Fame
Because no one mocks a jock.

And then would I,
    through the shadows of the quiescent cross,
    under the star-stacked heavens,
    into the dapple dawn,
    and over the rippling waves,
Run hot mouthed,
Saliva dripping in the dust of ruined cities,
And screaming
"Heads up! Handsome."

Mike Hood

I FOUND A FRAME IN A GARBAGE CAN

there was a little shit on the corner
but out of sight if only the ceiling could see it

so i cleaned the wood
only to find that ugliness is always amplified
necessary connection i guess
and if one sense is not offended another is
but when one has a cold the eye is pleased
john said it was better than the last one
analytic almost
an axiom
like comparing el greco and watteau

the ceiling knew my secret
it stifled a pun and kept quiet
thank god

Gene Frickey

I

Fand eine Muschel fast versandet
Einmal in der Dämmeraung. Wie ein Kind
Hob ich sie.

II

Rauschest du den Rausch des Meares oder
Raspelst still ein Lied vom Leeren
In mein Ohr?

III

Mein Herz, O
Bräche eine Nacht in Sternen auf mich aus,
Söge ein Meer in seine Symphonie mich auf,
Das ich mich
Schwinge und
Drehe und
Ringsumher--
Die Welten fange.

Janis Lawrence

translation page 23

at last!
the solitude I've wanted for so long!
sounds of crystal, gilded sky,
and no one!

...except for the old grandmother who watches
always
in the grayness.
shadows, silences,
fears.
silent footsteps.
slowly...slowly.
the enemy who is hunting her
the enemy who was once her lover,
is
solitude

translation page 63

Where hill joins sky, three trees, stiffening towards death,
extended, black against modulating
rose, lilac, purple blue.

...from behind, closing downward, wide black
abyss, drops moisture, which silently drizzles
veins of the bark to the earth.

translation page 68

I

Found a seashell nearly hidden in sand
one twilight. Like a child
I lifted it.

II

Do you rush the ecstasy of the sea
Or rasp silent a song from emptiness
In my ear?

III

My heart, O
Were a night to burst into stars upon me
Were a sea to suck me up in its symphony
That I leap and
Whirl and
All around--
Catch the worlds.

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Our heart felt thanks to four poets for their contributions and encouragement.

WILLIAM STAFFORD received a National Book Award in 1963 for his collection of poems, Traveling Through the Dark. His first book, West of Your City, was published in 1960 and his latest collection, The Rescued Year, in 1966. Dr. Stafford, head of the English department at Lewis and Clark College in Portland, Oregon, earned his B.A. and M.A. degrees from the University of Kansas and his doctorate from the State University of Iowa. He was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship for the academic year 1966 - 1967.

■

VERN RUTSALA, also a member of the English department at Lewis and Clark College, is the author of The Window, a collection of poems published in 1959. He was educated at Reed College and the State University of Iowa.

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MONA VAN DUYN, author of A Time of Bees and editor of the magazine, Perspectives, was a guest poet at the Willamette University Contemporary Arts Festival in the spring of 1966. She was educated in Iowa, and is now teaching at Washington University in St. Louis. A literary grant recently approved by the National Council of the Arts has given Miss Van Duyn an opportunity for travel throughout the United States.

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PETER THOMAS, a graduate of University of Oxford, England, and a member of the faculty at the University of Utah in Salt Lake City, was also a guest at the Contemporary Arts Festival last spring. Forthcoming are two volumes of poetry; one is a collection of poems written during Mr. Thomas' teaching-residence in Nigeria.

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JASON

in the metaphorical sense, the seeker after truth, the creative individual in quest of his inheritance, his portion of subjectivity and conscience upon which, like a sailor, he takes ship. Any truth that it is possible to believe in is the golden fleece and the voyage is always on uncharted seas: strange shores beckon forever into time and distance where silence is yet unsung.

--Carl Hall

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