



THE JASON

THE JASON

JASON • SPRING, 1983

THE LITERARY MAGAZINE OF WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY

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Cover Photograph by Ryan Holznagel

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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ADAM

Eriko.

The fish burp
exchanging r's for l's
imagining the wine to be Blue Numb
excuse you all
she didn't know
nonsense
but now
I love her
my my she laughs
most amazing
"What will happen?"
if she burps in the water? the watel?
"The fish applaud," I tell
ko-nyesh-no
o-chen da
ah ah this good life
to burp and laugh
humming
life tuned to life
a flying
she is
"It must be wonderful," she tells
"to fly."
she does.

John Schmor

To learn two-

The first lesson so often repeated
was that what never was ever meant to mean who
was that I will find a few fine lives through
hearts and minds, free, not hidden or cheated
with weathered rehearsal - scenarios --

friends at war friends at movies - few lovers
but enough to keep the door for others --

whoever they'll be, however it goes.

We go our own way goes without saying --
but where is as what as is what we wear.

Who you are has no belonging there.

You, the second to the first -- fast greying,
my newest lesson love, I wish you knew

I know I love knowing who knowing you.

John Schmor

The Ritual's Window

Moon-mad murderers of the rampant fires
Host the funerals of the King's desires
Exit the chameleon in butcher's disguise
Sunset colors bleeding from his eyes.

 “He looks like you,”
 the jester cried
and the peasants stand to cheer.
 “Lead us! The procession marches.
 Will you be our guide?”

It matters not the ritual dance
Call on them to present the pyre
It's only the Moon-mad murderers
Aboard the carousel chasing fire.

The children of the dawn
 have come to save our land
With shields and swords of warriors
 and blood upon their hands

Raising monuments of memories
 (the castles made of dust)
Living on the edge for lust
 buried miles beneath the sand.

Stand your ground
 The fires burning bright
Point your guns
 The images of night
Slice, the knife
 The ceremony of fright.

Robin Stone

Flight 49: Un Avion Sin Nubes

A passionate wait possibly signifying what is love,
 flight 49, the untimely lift — is it really amore?
Or a desperate patience for a mechanical, unfeathered bird,
Un avion sin nubes, or is it the restless sky, the impenetrable clouds,
 the amor of Earth,
The place of me, my father, me madre — is that love
 or loveable,
A remembered kiss en Roma, maybe a lost memory?
 where is she?
In a lost feather, her kiss drifting in the Peruvian wind,
Landing on a blue snowed mountain, Mt. Eros?
 am I blue, without the sky looking to me?
A flake will receive me beso, floating past the red sun,
 to her soft, caressing labios, a Mediteranian drop
to bring back my blue.
 the untimely lift, it has come.

Leonardo D'Castrejo'n

Sonnet: A Pauling Inspiration.

He spoke, in simple voice, to our minds of
Goats, and Gorillas, men, eating more vits
than just keeps flight of the crucial, crystal dove;
Of facts that act intact, to keep his wits, ----
and to spare our own we knew ---- We listened,
to this plumber of the stuff of We.
Our inspired eyes, traced his wave, glistened
for trigonometric Origami.

Professor of Pope, thrilled by the chemist's
heart of humanity, danced a quick jig
with deoxyribonucleic twists.

The great man gave us glimpse of Design, or rig-
-or-O-us dreaming of it in that hall,
taught the truth of dreams precise, the word "All."

John Schmor

Rock of Ages

Old Stone.
Glacier pounded, spirit smoothed
Rattling for the wind and rain,
Ice and snow, have worn
This boulder to grains unknown.
Sand of life

Thunderegg, an Oregon delight,
Rubied gems, or quartz's light
Faith in Stone.
Obsidian's eyes are the piercing mirrors
That can't be seen through closed eyes.

You can't look in the mirror with closed eyes,
Unless of course that's your intention.
People are mirrors of the truth
Of eye, action, and emotion,
Yet we stand a stone to their pleading
Recommending without hearing
Existing without knowing
Being without living.
Black or white, poor to rich, young to old.
Man to man.
Waiting for Godot.

John Michael Unfred

American Gothic.

Things are spent easily these ragged days
not watching the cuck-oo-clock a door prize.
The hours are late and long each minute dies
spent between the edge of red blind and gaze.

"Stoned and Sordid," we laughed to buy tickets
for a bad movie. We said "It's Phallic. It's
Existential. It's Technicolor too!"

Got kicked out for our shouts in the dark blue
displacing giants to vent frustration
in a world who will memorize will add

simple fractions dividing all we had:

our yawns passed out to some starving nation.

We walk endless grocery aisles glaring

not a Great god Depression dime sparing.

John Schmor

Made Flesh.

In his rounded arms and broadly shoulder
he remembered he had one day told her
of the hardened pleasure in body bruised
of midnight cars and biceps quickly used
for contests, for will, for frightened children.
The knight's after all from fear to kill then,
which brought him to the arid desert state,
alone in desperate heat, no sweet hate,
just the hardest spark in that seeming night
holding to keep connection with the light
of born again died again, re-cycled
in chancest event, without cause fulfilled.
A modern man can be drunken courage
or holy apology to her rage.
He was lost, in his sculptured memory,
the solid lie for all his dead to see.
Division or leaving was more than loss,
it was the dreadful gamble, a coin toss,
that made the old world rhetoric seem true,
but ended drying up the finite blue,
Isms-Istice, television mystics
loudly quoting all the world's heuristics.

John Schmor

Blind Corner

He could remember few dreams as vivid, so he set himself many tasks for the day ahead and tried to put it out of his mind. The room needed cleaning badly, for even an empty space collects dust. The floor had begun to weaken, discolored with abuse. In spite of technological advancements, linoleum still yellows with age. Plaster lay in piles about the baseboards, with nothing to hold; all that remained on the walls was a few large cracks through which the light came early in the mornings. Littered in the corners were memorial Kleenex, erected in a monument to Boredom. Often there he'd knelt and prayed: one is such a lonely number. And so he began to paint. (He's cleaning, he's cleaning again.) Psilocybin, Bensedrine, Alizarin, and Ultramarine blue. But what he doesn't realize is that chemicals and pigments won't hide the yellow, won't cover cracks, and the Kleenex will reappear. In an empty room the dreams will always find a way to keep him up at night.

Kent Lew

Rain

The rain comes falling down.
A sheet
flapping in the breeze.
Pelting
the flowing green grass.
Caressing
the rooftops
of slowly smoking farmhouses.

Bruce Burnett

August 29, 1980; On the Way

I'm flying over the ocean
and the clouds look like icebergs on the water.
Sheets of icy air floating, hovering on the ocean's atmosphere.
And if you step with a light foot,
 gently, gently,
you can touch them.

I'm flying over a cloudy antarctica.
The frostbitten snow rises in gusts, drifts into cloudy banks.
It is in this blanket of icicle air the snow angels hide,
And if you step with a light foot,
 gently, gently,
you can find them.

I'm flying over a snowy, airless desert,
full of thirst and frozen water particles.
The land is pockmarked with sand dunes and prairie-dog burrows.
And if you step with a light foot,
 gently, gently,
you may pass through them.

I'm flying over heaven
(did you know heaven is a continent just like South America?)
The coastal regions are visible on the horizon:
there, air and mist meet.
And if you step with a light foot,
 gently, gently,
you may stay.

Nicole Inez Thibadeaux

under a lapis nepali night

In the past.
I tended my field
like those bent Turkish toilers
I saw in the eastern highland.
Three generations strung stooping
over thin soil, gathering stones,
knees sinking deeper as their load
on their backs grow.

Stones that keep the dusty earth
from flying with the mocking wind.
Ice wind from the dark lord.

Walls to define and defend their land,
they make, by stacking those stones from
their backs.
A man's pride, a woman's haven.

But the wind never quits,
and the frost punishes the earth
without her raiment of stones.
Genghis Khan's horsemen storm from the north,
ignoring our bastion, burning our houses,
raping our women, exploding asunder our thin and naked soil.

Iron hoofs thundering.

They don't do it for empire,
for nationalism, or Allah.
They don't take brides to wed governors,
like Alexander.

The nature of the universe is disintegration.
The wind, the ice, the horse warriors,
mindlessly know this song.

Today
I cultivate my land fearlessly,
without toil. Without walls.
Something has changed that's hard to explain.
But let the horsemen come;
their presence, or their absence, really makes no difference
any more.
And the wind? It blows incessantly. It always will.
And that's alright too.

Ronalt Catalani

Dreams

Raindrops falling
Through the window
On the curtains
In the moonlight
Moonbeams making rainbows in the dark

Icy caverns melting
In the darkness
Of the starlight
Glowing gently
In the heavens of my dreams

Frosted stardrops glistening
On the plains
Of silver summer
Softly singing
With the fire that lights the night

Empty castles glowing
With the candles
Of their corpses
Earthly ghosts
Playing in the breeze

Moonbeams making
Silent shadows
Swiftly creep
Through empty spaces
Filling all the caverns of my dreams

Robert Ali

Nature's Hourglass

Morning mist tightly held the grains.
Kept the blades of grass limber,
And, the driftwood moist.
The ocean pulsed under the hovering layer,
While the yawning sun over reached.
The hours of change,
Allow for its outstretched rays to capture the mist.
Everything dries,
 On a hill,
 From a dune.
The rustling blades of grass,
Echo the thunder of the waves.
And the sand,
Once tightly knit with droplets,
Cascades o'er the cliff.
Leaving piles of grains.
As dusk calls its name.

Rosanne Dorsey

Fixations

The mosquito sucks blood from the pastor,
As the collection box passes from hand to hand.

And she just won't stop staring.
For he can only bear the passion of the sermon,
For as long as his forehead stays dry.
And he sweats sometimes,
And it's not because of the humidity,
But from the mercury inside.
And she just won't stop staring.

* * * * *

His eyes trace every line in the wood
Of the pew in front of him.
All of the thumbprints,
And just how many thumbprints have been pressed
Into the top of that pew?
Next time, will I sit in a different row?
Unlikely.
And she just won't stop staring.

* * * * *

So, I notice her hair,
"Our Father, who art in heaven..."
And I notice her face,
"Hallowed be thy name..."
And I eye her physique,
"Thy kingdom come, thy will be done..."

* * * * *

The parson begins to sweat, and
Mass will soon be over.
Beads and beads of perspiration between my hands
As they are reverently folded.
And she just keeps on staring.
I swat at a gnat.
Make the sign of the cross,
Wiping my hands.

* * * * *

She stops his hand as it dips into the holy water.
"Aren't you . . ." She began.
He shakes his head.
She flushed a bit, and
Apologized.
She blessed herself
Smiled,
And left.

Rosanne Dorsey

remembrance

bear in mind
they came naked, chained, shackled
in numbers too many to count
black, brown & inbetween
prodded by lash & curse
weighted in despondency
collared wif shame
a whole nation of af-free-cans
the old, young, proud & strong
the weak, the weary, the desperately lost

motherless children -- spearless warriors
caught in the toubob's web of greed
their silence broken only by--
a singing lash & retreating spirits
of the dead
their shouts, pleads, tears & hopes
jammed into the hold of a ship
the darkness engulfing--consuming souls

they came in chains
these unshod sons & daughters
of af-free-ca
no longer to hunt the forest birds
or suck from the breast
of the af-free-can sun
no more...never no more

they sweated, survived & multiplied
they humbled themselves/held their tongue
such patience--such pain
never before/never again
exist such a people
so silently proud, so spiritually warm

they came in chains
& many died/more often than not
their blood fertilizing worlds
their songs & chants still echo--
still ring when nights
are pregnant wif moonbeams & magic

& i can still hear
the pounding of their drums
down where my life begins.

Asmar Abdul Seifullah

For now we are spring

For now we are spring,
That breathes its moments in butterflies,
Weaves its days in the lives of flowers --
And as each blossom feels the kisses
 of many butterflies,
So each of our days are filled with moments
 of many kisses.
Spring's days may be numbered,
But oh, Love, to try and count the kisses...

Nicole Inez Thibadeaux

*About myself, philosophy, and love in the
environment...*

If love keeps
you warm,
I can see I will
freeze to death...

all alone.

IN my own igloo.

on a VAST tundra....

PERMA

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.....

Love is
insightfully
blind.

The thing about
love is
you can make such
a clone of
yourself...

Of our problems
large and small,
women hurt
the most
of all.

Happy is the healer.

Clay Poppert

Barney and Dunigan

I was in this little town on my way home after almost a year on the road, so to speak. After leaving college for an indefinite period (I still haven't returned), I visited the monastery at Gethsemane, an ashram in Portland, some gatherings of Moonies, and you name it. I told people I was trying to find myself, and I guess that's what this trip (double meaning) was all about.

Anyway, I'm sitting in this joint smoking a joint when a big cop comes charging in and suggests we are committing some horrible violations of the law. I immediately glanced toward the back door for a possible quick exit and saw another cop. So, I resigned myself to having to answer the usual questions and held open my wallet when the big cop asked for identification, meanwhile reading "Dunigan" on his plastic ID badge. Suddenly I realized he was staring at me instead of writing down information from my wallet.

"Thanks for the girlie show. Now, may I see some *identification*?" I had thought my driver's license was on top and instead it was a snapshot of Holly. (Holly's a girl I met in the ashram; we were sitting there supposedly meditating when our bare feet bumped and we got inot a little intimate toe-touching that led to our departure from said ashram. But Holly is a story in itself. Herself?)

"John A. Baranabus, Shaker Heights, Ohio." The fuzz was reading aloud off my license.

"You read well," I said. You should know this thing about me; I'm really not a wise guy, but, in serious situations, I often come up with smart-ass comments. I can't seem to help myself.

Officer Dunigan caught on fast. "A real smart-ass, aren't you?"

"I'm sorry, Officer Dunigan. You can call me Barney. That's my nickname." I'd done it again. It was obvious that Officer Dunigan did not care to be on a nickname basis with me.

"Baranabus, my dislike for you could quickly grow into hatred."

Looking as contrite as possible, I responded, "Sorry, Sergeant." I had seen his two strips for corporal, and had decided to boost his ego. His eyes told me I had blown it again.

Well, that was that. A misdemeanor fine reduced my spending for pitchers of beer. But I could still afford a pitcher or two and was in another pub the next night. Nice place. Pool. Foosball. Hanging wicker-basket seats. While rolling my tongue around the top of my glass to capture a little foam, I noted a guy with a gun at the bar. The trembling bartender was handing over money from the cash register.

The robber took the money, whirled around, told us he'd shoot the first guy who came out the door, and departed.

Ever alert, so to speak, I raced out the back door. No cop this time, of course. Where are they when you need 'em? I got around front in time to see a car zooming by and got the license number and make of car. I told the bartender, who already had called the police.

In a minute, the flashing blue light appeared through the Budweiser neon sign in the window. Then in comes Officer Dunigan. The bartender told him quickly what had happened and gave him the license number and make of car, adding, "Fortunately, one of our customers was on the ball."

Officer Dunigan strolled over to me. I must have had a proud expression on my face, so to speak, because he said, "Now don't tell me who the big hero is. Let me guess." He added, "More alert than last night, eh, Barney?"

Officer Dunigan then ceremoniously extended his arm toward me, palm up, the paper with my information lying in his palm. Then he closed his fist around the paper, crumpling it, and tossed it back over his shoulder. "For crissake, Barney. That's my car license number. I just drove by a minute ago --that's how I got here so fast."

That was a Tuesday. On Thursday, upon leaving the same pub, I was heading for the sack and stopped in an alley to relieve myself, so to speak. I was relieved of more than I expected. Someone gave me a good rap on the head and took the money from my wallet (but fortunately not from my pocket).

When I opened my eyes in the emergency ward, there was Officer Dunigan. My aptitude for smart-assery came through the trobbing. "What are you, a one-man police department?"

"What are you, a one-man crime-wave participant? You're on our books so much already we're going to wait till you leave town before we add up the total."

After Officer Dunigan drove me to my rundown lodging, I thanked him and gave him a friendly "ciao."

"If that means 'see you,' I sincerely hope not again."

My now-deceased grandmother used to say that things happen in threes. I can't remember if it was good things, bad things, or both. Anyway, it wasn't so in this case. There was a fourth episode with Officer Dunigan.

Two days later, I had my Greyhound ticket for Cleveland, had washed my jeans and blue shirt at the laundromat, and even got a haircut, something between my Vitas-Gerulaitas hairstyle and a butch. My instructions to the so-called hair stylist included the importance of not touching the bump on my head.

After the haircut, I wandered into a nearby K-Mart to kill time until the bus left. All of a sudden, there were screams about a thief, and I spotted this dude streaking for the doorway. My cornerback instincts took over (actually I was a skinny wide receiver in high school); I got the angle on the running man and cut him down with what a TV announcer would have labeled "some kind of tackle." I mean, I really nailed him and we both went skidding along the tile floor. Almost immediately we were surrounded by shoppers and store personnel, none of whom seemed to be congratulating me. The guy I tackled just stood there with his horn-rimmed glasses dangling from one ear. Then comes the fuzz. Or, to be more precise, Officer Dunigan.

He took over in his Rod-Steiger, southern-sheriff manner. "Nice tackle,

Barney. You really have a knack for doing the wrong thing." He jerked his thumb at the victim of my heroic tackle. "That, Barney, is the store manger. He was chasing the thief until you got into the act."

Well, you lose some and you lose some. When I told him I had to take the bus to Ohio in a few minutes, he said, "Please, let me take you. I'd hate to see you miss it."

I had put on my favorite cap, which read "L. Wittgenstein & Son Fertilizer."

Officer Dunigan pointed to the cap. "Who's Wittgenstein? A guy that peddles horseshit?"

I laughed in an intended superior manner. "When I saw this cap, I bought it from a guy for a buck. Ludwig Wittgenstein was a philosopher who analyzed the languages philosophers use."

"That's what I said: he peddles horseshit." Not even the hint of a smile, but I could tell he thought that was really clever. I have to admit it was.

Dunigan came into the bus station with me, and we learned people were already boarding my bus. "D'ya think you can stay out of trouble for 10 minutes or so, Barney?"

I felt smart-assy again. "It's a real challenge, Sergeant Dunigan, but I'll give it a try, sir."

I thanked him for the ride and walked toward the bus, but I could feel that he was staring at me. You know, the ESP sort of thing. I turned around and he smiled. He gave me the thumbs-up sign, and, for a moment I was a bit teary. I really liked Officer Dunigan; I felt he understood me. Then I gave him the middle finger and got on the bus.

Why do I do things like that?

* * * * *

Oh, yes, I did make it home without further incident, so to speak.

Ralph Wright

a day's events

on the stage
sit in the sun and laugh
frisbees float on the wind
my toes giggle in the mud
squish squish embrace
play all day
sleep with Apollo as my blanket
do we miss home?
we think of those we haven't seen
those people of far away
who we hear a quiet word about
by an unseen friend

Sara Noah

Lincoln City

Wait for the richest girl to go home
And the loveliest day to end
Impatiently getting silly
Heart beats as on Christmas Eve
Saturday night
Sighs as fragile as glass animals
Echoes of a mother's admonitions
As we disobey with giggles
Come all the way from the North Pole
So tired we need a bed
To sleep and dream far away from Salem
Your eyes wide with eagerness
I'm fascinated and must see you
I found shells in my pocket today...

Sara Noah

Colgate

Something special
A whimsical sparkle
Ready smiles
Straight from the heart
You arrange weeds
To take on
Countenance of flowers
- As you did me -
You enchant men
With souls
Give is
What
You do
Asking no
Returns - except perhaps
A smile or two
As natural to like
As cool to breeze
As beauty to rose
for me
I am humble
And could not ask
To behold such a gift
As you
I am simple and
Strive to be real
You are symphony
And can not help
But to be so

Andrew Klug

if i . . .

if i drove me a truck, say a garbage truck and made lots of noise and saw lotsa garbage, but didn't bring the seagulls or the corpses of couches, or other things, pickers and such, nor even mention of them, home with me at night...

if i bathed, all clean and Aqua-Velva slipped into my Trans Am to the rockin beat of BTO, loud enough for you all to hear from DQ to the 7-11, on a listless tuesday evening,

if, you know, if i did,
instead of charging my time to the DHR, would you, or History,
or the dear lady who talks to computers (bless her heart) know the difference?

Ronalt Catalani

The Atomic Age!

America is still in the metallic Age...
The bi-centennial has just begun to silver her hair,
Her countenance is a gold-filled smile,
Yet, her economy has lead in its pants.
 We are born optimists,
 but we are inevitably,
 compelled to pessimism.

Clay Poppert

Reality

is merely a state of mind.
 Consciousness
is increasing this awareness.
 Hope
is freedom from reality.
 Irony
is the reconciliation
between hope and reality.
 Courage
is strength enough to start
over, again...
 Self Actualization
is not dream fulfillment
but understanding that
I am attempting to wake up...

Clay Poppert

Voices in the Night
Sonidos en la Noche

The night, when it is lonely,
awakens your ears.

You listen.

You hear voices you have long forgotten,
and now, again, you begin to remember them well.

A clear sound: drops falling
from the rim of a leaking faucet,
echoing the voices of those you love.

You hear in these voices...your mother and
your father.

Who else is heard?

Everyone, on a lonely night is heard.

Listen acutely. Do you hear the world?

If you do not, take the world from your palm
with your other hand and lift it up to your ear.
Do you hear the world now?

Isn't it beautiful to be alone in the night,
to hear all these nostalgic voices
you thought you had completely forgotten?

Leonardo D' Castrejo'n

Duty

It is not my usual duty or station to write, but it is required of me in my present station. I am told that the writing brings recessed elements to the surface for clarification, revision and future classification. I have not been pulled for review before, so I do not know the procedure.

I am Gunner 73614 of the Masyran Central Control. My duties are to ride patrol in the assigned sector, stopping violators of restricted access areas and controlling local disturbance. Units rotate periodically among sectors. Familiarity impedes duty.

I was born CaRie in the Northern sector. At the age of two I was selected for Control Structural Training and Development. I am told that my parents wept with pride as I was taken from them.

I do not remember level one, except that some children proved unsatisfactory and were removed. There were lights, and long corridors, and smooth walled rooms, and always a new task to perform.

At age six I joined level two. I was taught to march. Eyes forward, back straight, movement precise. It is good to march. I have a window here and I can see the marching. Three-hundred move as one and the earth stands still. That is how it is to march.

I started training for Gunner duty at the age of eight. Very few are chosen for Gunners. The duty is difficult.

They sleep two floors below where I am now, guns by their sides, ready to fire, even from the depths of dreams.

I wake with a start in firing position, but they have taken my gun.

I can not recall the events of my first day of full duty, just as I can not remember the events of the last. I will write of the first event that comes to mind.

We were patrolling Goods Transport Roadway 16 when I saw a man run into a field of tall, golden grass. He was not authorized and so, in accordance with my duty, I shot him. He dropped and Driver notified the Disposal Crew. The grass moved in the breeze as if the man had never existed.

The sun is coming in the window. I move into its light. I was cold before.

I eat alone in this room. The food is tasteless. I do not remember whether or not this is usual.

I learn that I am undergoing tests and observation to determine fitness for duty. It is a routine check. It has never happened to me before.

Once, on patrol in a suburban residential sector, I gave chase to a man across lawns and garden plots and ornamental hedges, waiting for a clear shot. I hit him as he jumped a white picket fence into an old-fashioned flower garden. He knocked down a rose trellis as he fell. I did not wish to leave the body on private property, so I lifted him back over the fence. As I was trying to repair the rose trellis, a white haired old woman came out into the garden. She asked, "Why do you kill?" She did not understand that it was duty, not killing. Just as pulling weeds and tending roses is duty. I could not fix the trellis.

What will happen to me if I am no longer fit for duty? Perhaps I will be sent back to my birth sector. It is in the North. There are mountains and it is always green. Would I be sent back to my parents? They wept with pride. My head hurts. I have done my duty. Would they still be proud? Head hurts. I have not failed. I have done what it was my duty to do. They wept. It was my duty.

There was a disturbance at a state school commons. There was a crowd surrounding the combatants. I shouted, "Control! Clear, three, two, one..."

I killed two young men. They lay among the chairs they had scattered. They were framed by the crowd of spectators. The earth stood still.

And no one was marching.

Jeri L. Leckron

On a Black and White Existence

Falling asleep is black.
When the light is gone
I long to find
the crack in my floor
where I may close my eyes
and forget.

This is how I sleep.

Until morning
when the white returns
through the holes in my wall,
the curtains all undrawn.
I cannot see the sun from where I lie
upon my back; but I know her
by the light, and the world
by the black that dances
on the rear wall.

Outside the rocks stretch and wake
and whisper with the trees and lake,
"Look at us, Look at us!"
But I must run to catch my bus.

Downtown is overcast.
Where is the sun?
Among the Crowds, I look
among the clouds until they break
and seeing the white, I shout
"Look!"

"the sun," they say, and turn away.

But I must look
and look until I too
must turn and shut my eyes.
Something dies.
And when I look again, I see
the Crowds around me,
the spaces between their faces light.
Black white black white.
Opening and shuttering
on a moonless night:
Venetian blinds.

* * * * *

It is night
and I am returning from the bus.
The rain has already begun
to blacken the pavement.
Ahead of me my shadow runs
past the light,
too fast to see
the rocks and trees
(Look at us, look at us).

One day I shall learn
to walk in color.

Kent Lew

The Nocturnal Visits of Lieutenant Tanaka

Lieutenant Tanaka must have been about twenty-three. His officer's uniform and cap fitted him perfectly. He usually came to our cave after dark, and we enjoyed his visits because they were the only interesting events in our lives. After nightfall the fifty of us student nurses would glance anxiously at the cave entrance, listening for the familiar voice beyond the grey canvas draped over the cave opening:

"This is Lieutenant Tanaka. May I come in?"

We would remain silent, holding our breath in excitement. Without waiting for an answer for he knew that he would be welcome, Lieutenant Tanaka would make his appearance, lifting the end of the canvas with one hand, while the other hand touched the hilt of the long sword hanging from his trim waist.

"And what a lively place this is!" he would say, scanning the cave. Even by the light of the kerosene lamp we could see that Lieutenant Tanaka was blushing. Lowering his eyes, he would look for a place to sit. Of course there was always room for him. Each one of us would have been delighted to have the lieutenant sit beside her, but he usually found a seat right next to Mr. Nishihira, our teacher and supervisor. The lieutenant would take off his officer's cap and start toying with it as though he found it difficult to start the conversation. He seemed a bit uncomfortable under the gaze of fifty admiring young women.

At this point Mr. Nishihira would come to the rescue, displaying the social grace expected of him. "Do you have any news for us?" he would inquire, and his question would put our blushing guest at ease.

"Yes, as a matter of fact, I do," the lieutenant would reply. "That's the reason I came--to share the news with you." He would promptly launch into a detailed account of troop movements, skirmishes, heavy shellings and the like. Lieutenant Tanaka to our distress seldom had good news. Unlike our wounded soldiers, he never promised victory. On the contrary, he predicted that the enemy would eventually reach Haeburu, the safest place in Okinawa. We were confused. Whom should we listen to, Lieutenant Tanaka or the wounded men who had given us such optimistic reports about the war? Some of us decided to believe Lieutenant Tanaka. After all, he was an officer. Besides, he had an honest face, and he was charming. And he had sparkling eyes and a firm mouth. His voice was clear, assertive, and pleasant. Yes, we had to believe him.

"Well, I guess that's the news for today. I must be off. Thank you for your hospitality," he would say, leaving us in a daze.

At first his stays were short. Sometimes he would linger at the canvas curtain as if looking for something or someone. He would run his white slender fingers along the rim of his cap, which he held in one hand, or he would adjust the belt to which his sword was attached. Occasionally he would become bold enough to cast quick glances at our uplifted, admiring faces. Finally he put on his cap, carefully level and center it, then salute in perfect military style and disappear behind the canvas. We prayed for his safe return.

Lieutenant Tanaka returned again and again, and each time he called on us he seemed more at ease. He talked louder and laughed more easily. Then we discovered the real object of his visits. Her name was Hisa. She had big, luminous eyes and long black eyelashes which she would flutter under the gaze of her admirer. In the overcrowded cave she would sit facing him, her knees almost touching his. Hisa's face was the first to light up when Lieutenant Tanaka appeared and the longest to retain its dreamy expression after he left.

Once the lieutenant's attraction for Hisa had become obvious, a change occurred in the attitude of some of my cavemates. Earlier we had all enjoyed the young officer's company, but now I would hear mutterings, especially among those who sat farther back in the cave during his visits: "I wish he would leave," or "Why do they laugh so loud? How can they laugh in the time of war?" or "I wish they'd put out the lamp; the smoke is fouling the air," or "Mr. Nishihira shouldn't let him come here; every time the lieutenant visits us he brings bad news; it's really depressing."

As the days wore on, more and more wounded soldiers arrived. Some were left outside the unfinished caves, only to be wounded again by flying shrapnel. Enemy bombers flew in bold, insolent formations over the hills of Haeburu. Enemy fighter planes would suddenly swoop down, and spray the entire valley with machine gun fire. The bombing and shelling would begin with fresh intensity each dawn. We would huddle together, deep in our caves, trembling with each explosion of bombs and shells outside.

One day enemy bombers had demolished the village of Haeburu. A sugar factory had been reduced to rubble. During the bombing halt Mr. Nishihira gave us permission to leave the hospital caves and collect sugar reportedly scattered all over the factory site. A friend of mine decided to accompany me on the sugar-collecting sorties. Our immediate problem was to find a container for the sugar. My friend discovered a tangerine crate lying at the cave entrance. "This box can easily hold fifteen pounds," she beamed as she picked it up.

We hurried down the hill, for there was no time to waste; before long the enemy would resume the bombing. We were half way down the hill when Hisa came running after us.

"Please don't take the crate," she panted. "I need it. Here." She unfastened her neatly-stitched, quilted silk hood and handed it to me. "Take my hood. It should hold enough sugar for the two of you."

"We can't," I protested. "The hood will get all sticky and messed up."

"That's quite all right," said Hisa. "Please take it. I need the box tonight." She was pleading with us.

"All right, then." We returned the crate to her and took her silk hood.

As we made our way, with other cave-mates, through the reeking rubble of the factory, chatting and gathering blocks of dark brown unrefined sugar, I kept wondering why Hisa had insisted on sacrificing her silk hood for an old wooden box.

Returning from the sugar factory, we noticed the crate just inside the cave entrance. In the middle of the dirt-filled box were two small rocks about five inches apart. A tin can of water had been placed over the fire between the rocks. The water boiled and hissed in expectation of a welcome guest. How crude; yet how sweet and cozy! We remembered that Lieutenant Tanaka was due to call on us that night. While the rest of us had been out collecting sugar, Hisa had built a little stove to make tea. She was squatting in front of the stove, chopping a block of sugar. Nearby stood another tin can with a few tea leaves in it. Where had Hisa found the sugar and tea? Sympathetic friends had probably salvaged these items from the bombed village and given some to her. Girls returning to the cave exchanged knowing glances when they saw Hisa's tea-making preparations. "Mr. Nishihira said it would be all right," Hisa finally explained.

That night Lieutenant Tanaka came later than usual. I suspected that the moments of waiting were agonizing for Hisa. When Lieutenant Tanaka finally appeared, he was rigid and formal. "We have been ordered to the front," he announced, standing at attention. "I have come to say goodbye." The entire cave was hushed. The word "front" had acquired an ominous connotation.

"Front?" echoed Mr. Nishihira, who was also standing at attention to return his guest's formality.

"Yes," nodded the lieutenant.

He never noticed the stove in the corner, nor Hisa, who knelt before it, carefully tending the fire. He never tasted her sugar or tea.

"Goodby," Mr. Nishihira bowed.

Lieutenant Tanaka saluted. "Goodbye," he said.

We got up and stood at attention, then bowed deeply. A moment later Lieutenant Tanaka had disappeared behind the canvas into the dark.

Jo N. Martin

Thoughts on Education

With change there comes reflection, endings and beginnings beckoning the spirit to awaken from what seems to have been a dream. I watch as beaming parents accompany their graduating children, now adults, yearning to taste a part of what they have experienced in four years, reminiscing, some of them, of the days long since past. I look about me at my graduating friends and see exaltation mixed with some resistance to the departure from a world soon to be locked in memory. Education, an experience that involves much commitment, stimulates heated discussions and mixed emotions.

Perhaps people are inherently afraid of knowledge, the awareness of the human condition, the whys and hows of a world many of us have trouble understanding. We all have our own opinions about how things should be taught, *what* should be taught. Sometimes the criticisms surprise me, the abundance of negativity permeating a classroom, like a foul air in a crowded basement. Perhaps it's rebellion, the resistance to authority, conforming to a certain code of guidelines that we ourselves did not invent. But to learn, to open our eyes to a thought that we haven't yet considered, to allow that thought to spur us on to new ones, is to unveil an energy that is capable of providing undending exhilaration.

Knowledge is infinite. No door is ever shut. Education is something in my life that doesn't have to end if I don't want it to, a road I may travel by forever if I so choose. It is the life of experience, an answer to human limitation. It is the search for the intangible, the search for meaning, truth.

Our society revolves around the desire for wealth and power; to attain success in the material world is to be deemed a success as a human being. In the business world it seems to be a matter of choosing the right paths, discovering which hands to shake. Education is an alternative to that. There are no real right and wrongs. We are allowed to be human beings no matter which direction we choose. The world of knowledge is open ended, allowing freedom, and to stifle that freedom, to suppress ideas, is to strangle the very unique spirit that keeps us going, providing growth and contentment. As Ralph Waldo Emerson put it, "The human mind cannot be enshrined in a person who shall set a barrier on any one side to this unbounded, unboundable empire." Not to portray a naive view of life - of course we need business, production. That is reality, a vital necessity. I'm not denying its importance; I only wish to stress the importance of allowing our minds to breathe freely, to open ourselves to others' thoughts, even though they may be foreign.

People live by ritual, searching continuously for some sort of constancy in life. The world of business provides that regime and many I suppose attend college to attain a prescription for the future. Education for me, is the way of retaining a sense of unlimitedness in a world of structure. Education, the process of learning, is freedom, freedom from acquiescence. Our society condones conformity, we must conform to provide for ourselves, but by keeping our minds open to new ideas, thus creating our own, we are able to maintain our own sense of unique identity.

Martine Greber

Contributors

Robert Ali: These lines drip on the page from the candle of my mind.

Bruce Burnett: I feel that to be truly creative, one must not only write what he feels, he must feel what he writes.

Ronalt Catalani: The writer and his *campanera* tend their fields near Silver-ton, watching their babies grow, and watching for the crack in the great wall of time. Inshalla.

Leonardo D'Castrejo'n: I enjoy literature, traveling, creative photography, staying young and being free. This summer I will be extra busy polishing up my two novels in Honolulu, Hawaii.

Rosanne Dorsey: My majors are English and philosophy. My home is in Saratoga, California. I hope to continue writing as my career. I am presently working on a book.

Martine Greber is an English literature major who sings and writes songs.

Carl Hall is an Associate Professor of Art.

Ryan Holznagel is a senior history major. He enjoys athletics, photography, and kissing people on the cheek.

Andrew Klug likes to fiddle around here and there with a little of this and that.

Jeri L. Leckron is a native Oregonian who comes from a long line of militant pacifists.

Kent Lew: My writing is the result of a need to do something about the way I'm feeling; I don't write just for the hell of it. And the same is true of my visual work. But pure, immediate expression is not art for me. After the storm has passed and the floods subsided, the wreckage must be cleared away — I have to re-examine my work and introduce some structure, make the piece reach beyond my own emotional existence. In the end, however, everything I do will always be a portrait of myself.

Jo N. Martin is an Associate Professor of Japanese Language and Culture.

Sara Noah: Sometimes my words uncover the depths of my soul and sometimes they hide those depths even deeper.

Clay Poppert: We are all closet poets, thinking along new and different lines. Come out and express yourself.

Contributors (continued)

John Schmor is now and then living in Moscow, Florence, and Greece, trying to respond.

Asmar Abdul Seifullah looks forward to attending Willamette University, sharing his writings, and learning from others, in the fall of 1983.

Robin Stone: Creativity is inspired by nightmares after suffering hours upon hours eating burnt French fries at Bob's Big Boy. It is to these charred potatoes I attribute my poems.

Nicole Inez Thibadeaux: Theatre major in Costume Design (or was it acting?!).....where is she??

John Michael Unfred is a History major battling the shattered mirrors of reality, blinded by heart felt desires, bound by philosophy, and continually screaming "WHY?"

Ralph Wright is the Director of University Relations.

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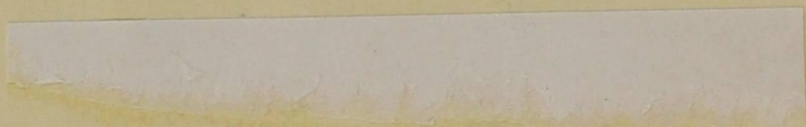
THE JASON is a celebration, a partial showcase of the writing talent to be found on our campus. Selections were voted on according to imagination and originality, author's names were not included so that choices could be more objective, and those on staff were not allowed to vote for their own works.

Surely you'll agree that Willamette students abound with abilities. It is with pleasure that **THE JASON** gives recognition to these writers.

Marie Cummings
Editor

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Published by:
The Associated Students of Willamette Universty



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