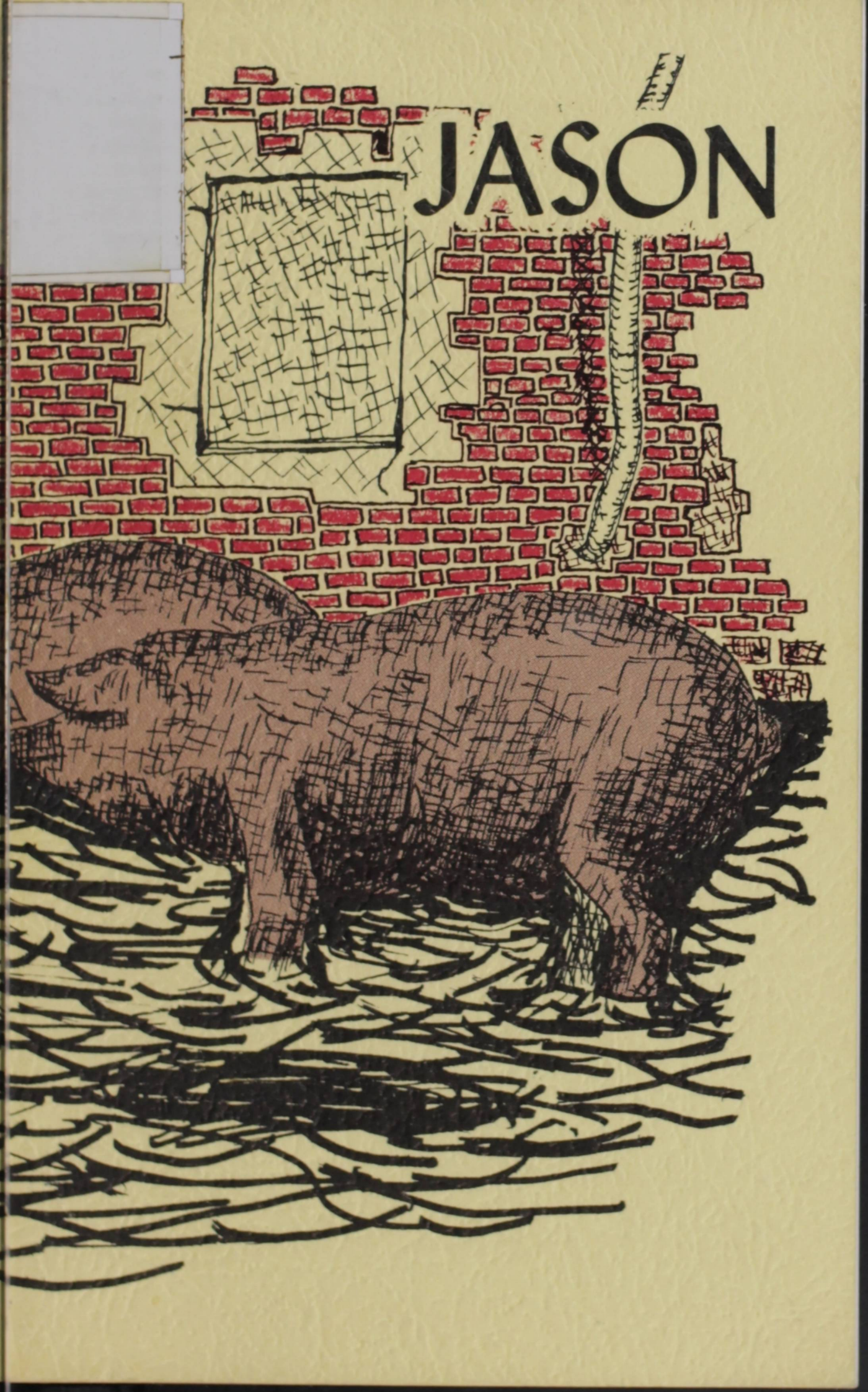
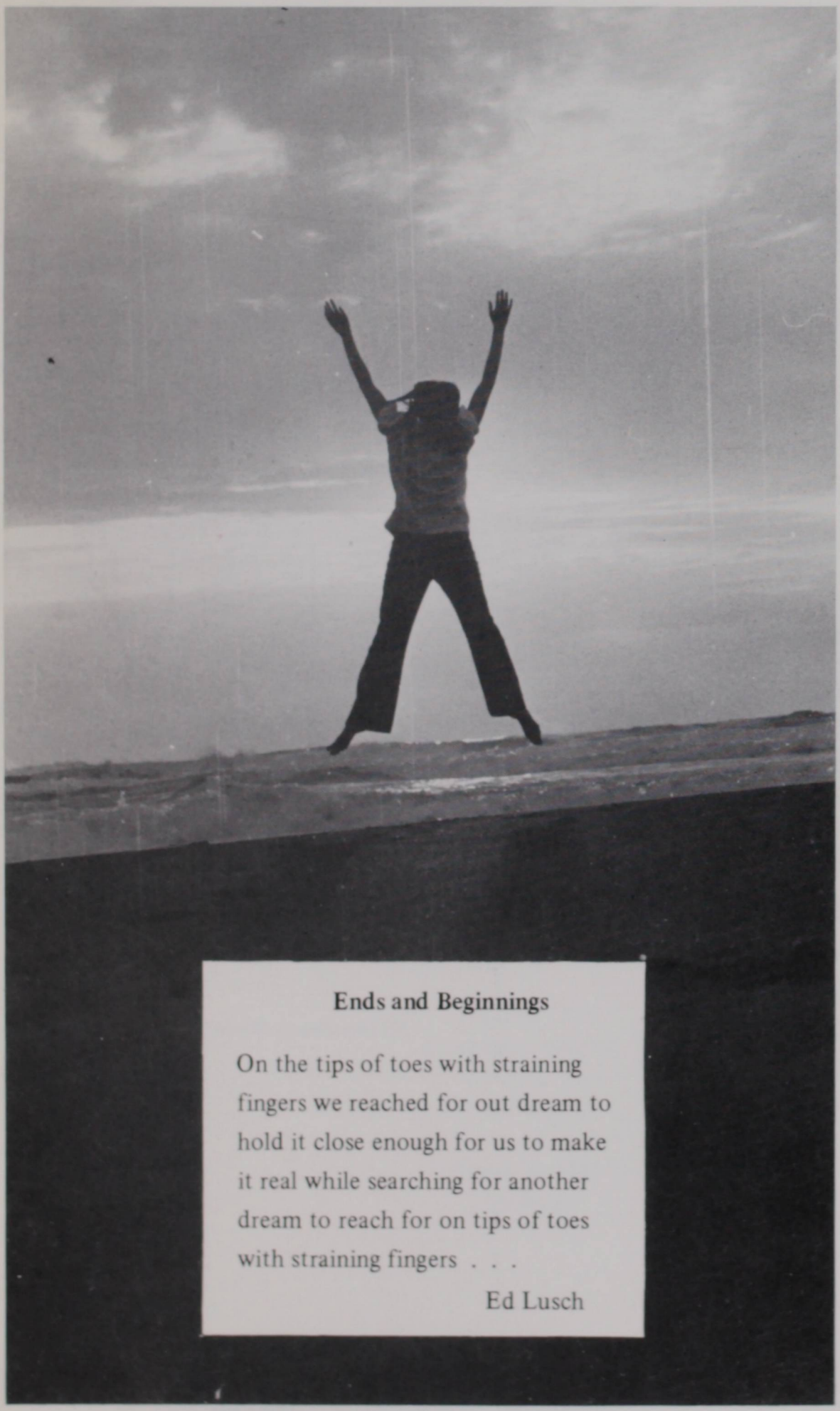
JASON





Ends and Beginnings

On the tips of toes with straining
fingers we reached for out dream to
hold it close enough for us to make
it real while searching for another
dream to reach for on tips of toes
with straining fingers . . .

Ed Lusch

Photo by Dean Petrich

All Doodles by Michelle Thornburg

Willamette University Library
Salem, Oregon

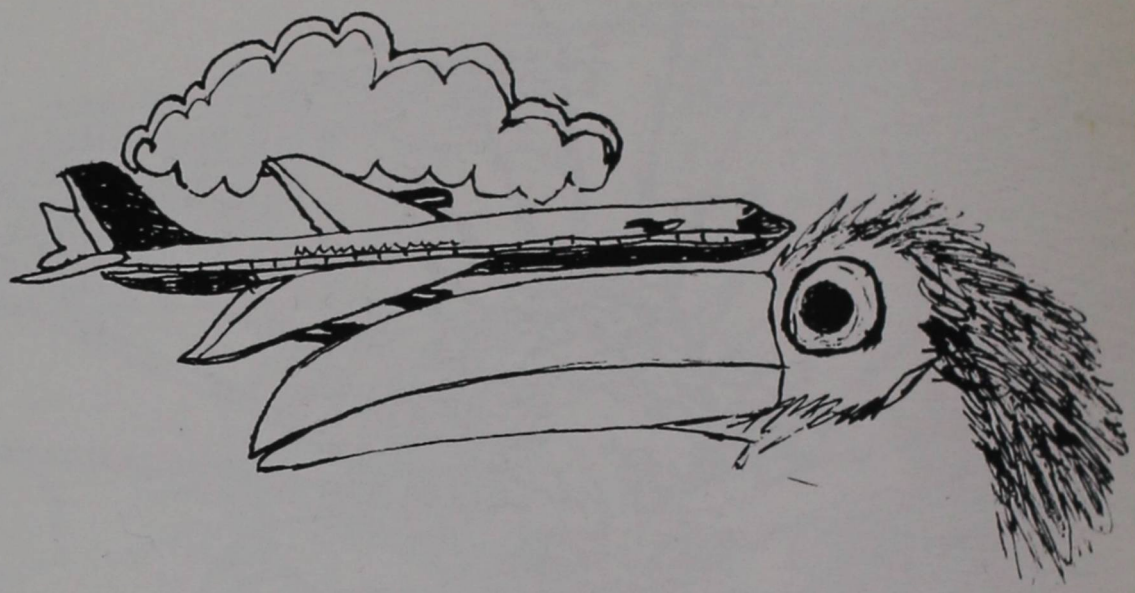
JASON
1972

Number One
porciorum edition

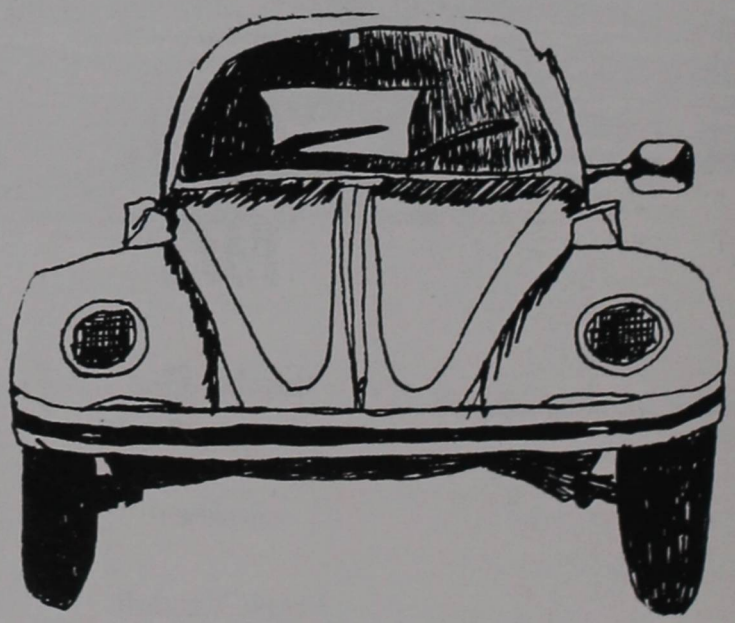
editors:

Frank Yandell
Eric Ryals

Cover by Karl Johansen



Dedicated with love to Fritz and Willy,
without whose perservering lassitude,
this work would have been published
much earlier.



The editors would like to thank all
those who contributed to this Jason
and also Jean Person, Sarah Wells,
Dean Petrich, Wilbur Braden and Mark
Halliday for their support, encouragement,
and occasional kicks in the ass.

Photo by Mark Halliday

Drawing by Sue Murray

The Cliff

The car drove to the
within they saw, between the glassy
shatters,
came out at the bottom of the
sedentary motion
ingrained upon
momentous occasions such as these
cliff
so jagged and rocky a surface that seemed
down to the vertical car
although the horizontal wall
was vertical
no one
once off the horizon
the road
plunged.
was in it.
Smashed, transmuting transmission
into rock
thundering waves crashed onto the rocks
experiment with junk
the sky blew nothingness
with spray flying from the rocks
like drops of shattered glass
man mixed mud's mood with mad matted
metal
from sound to silence to sound
to swishing silence
and all looked over the edge of the new,
precipitous treads of earth
the cries of seagulls over
half-waterlogged logs in water
while the whistling fingers of salt
etched the fingerprints of grease
to be corroded in the
metalic blue and sea green
to play death with a death machine
to see a metal weed become a sea weed
parks unwanted scrap
a bird nest on a ledge flew up
plummeting, the plumed pill-box
piled piteously
Shush!
Water washing empty foot pedals at
cliff feet.

Dean Petrich

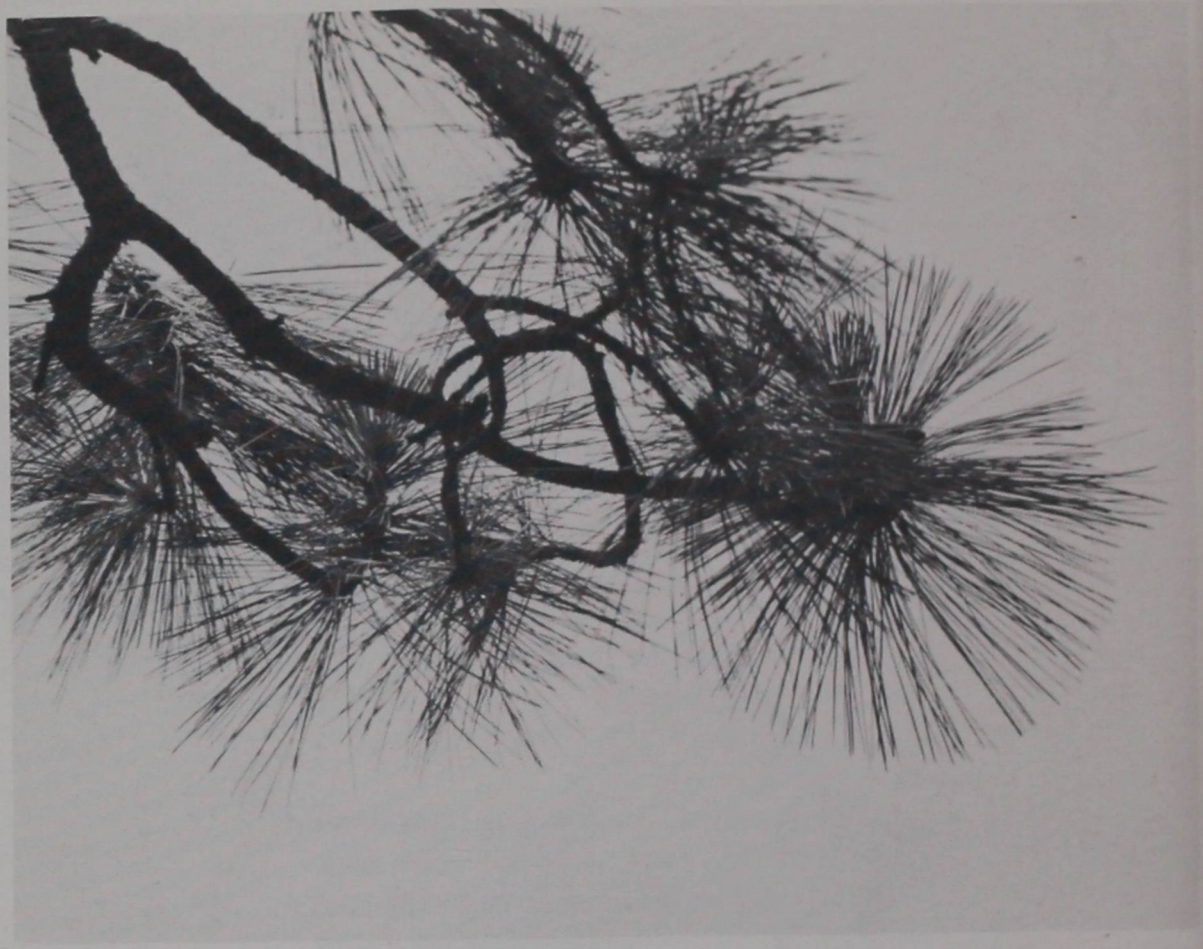


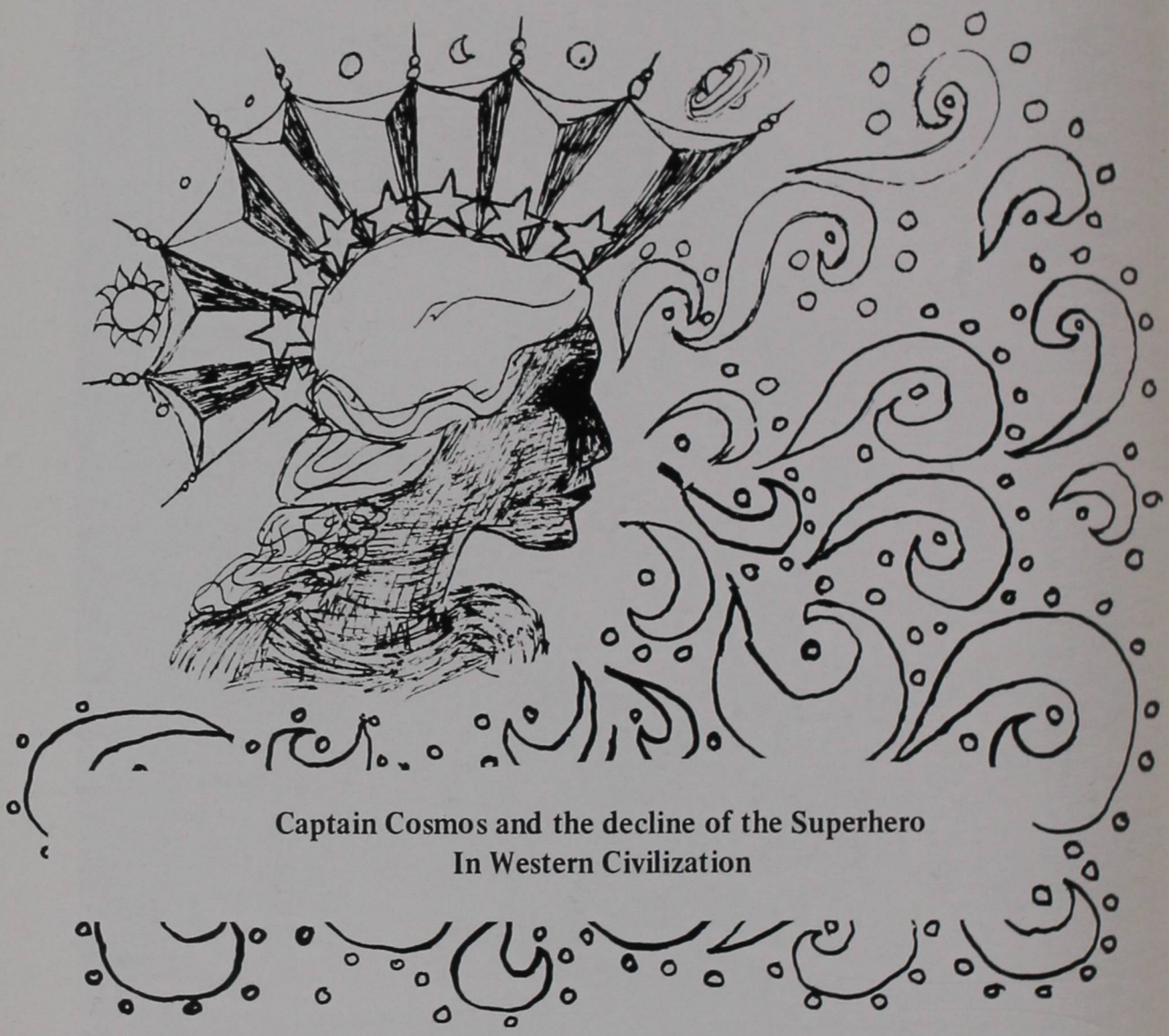
Photo by Dean Petrich

Brown Needles

Adrift, adream along the stream – a
seam in the green jeans of moss and
ferns in woods adrift; a lift of Luft
sprinkles silently tinkling toothpicks
to their life's-end cushioned nest to
nestle snuggly. Needles coursing, adrift
adream along the stream – a seam in the
green jeans of moss and ferns – packing
into a network of spongy others stacked
on sticks stuck across the streaming
sheen. Extended, suspended, like pants
hanging on a clothes line, the mesh
of soggy, dried needles wait, without
wanting, for the clinging clothespin
sticks to move with flood from rapping
rain spattering into the clattering
thinking stream, leaving room for
falling needles adrift, adream along the
stream – a seam in the green jeans
of moss and ferns in woods adrift.

Dean Petrich

Photo by Dean Petrich

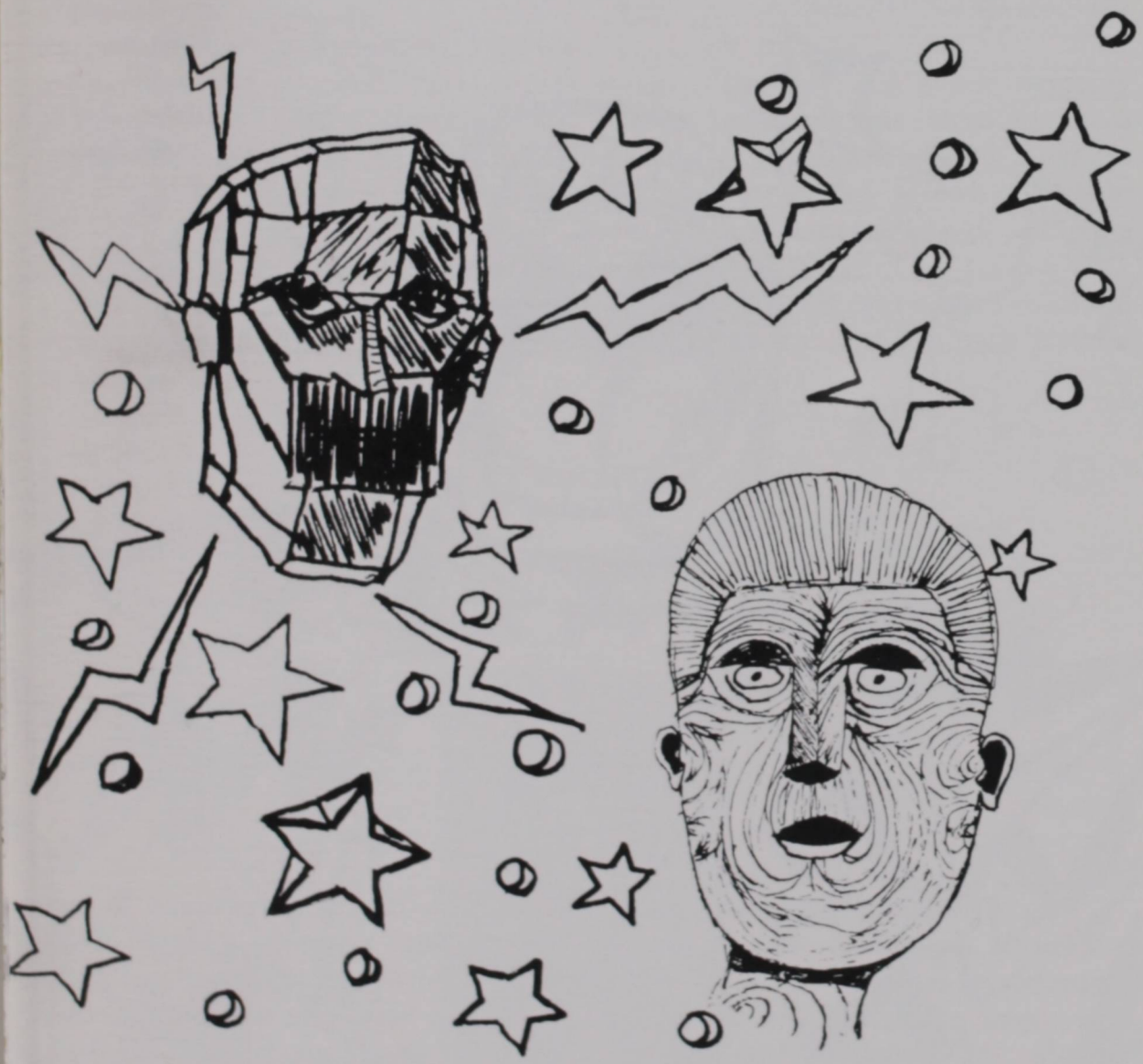


Captain Cosmos and the decline of the Superhero In Western Civilization

Cosmos burst into the room as if on a sled of fire. It seemed his cape had been ignited by two budding pyromaniacs living in the tenement where this meeting of International Superheros Anonymous was being held. The Incredible Hose Man doused him thoroughly with rather stale water and effectively extinguished the flame.

Cosmos brushed the water off and smoothed the wrinkles out of his rather catchy light-blue and silver jump suit with the gold "CC" on the front. He surveyed the room. It was dingy, though clean, and soot clung to the outsides of the window, obscuring the New York skyline. Cluttering up the corners, chairs, and ledges of the room were various shapes in grotesque costumes. These were Captain Cosmos' counterparts in the realm of the middle world—the superheroes who had outgrown their age.

In the day of seven foot basketball players, astronauts, and the staggering population of Communist China, people were afraid to believe in superheroes. Disguised as mild-mannered reporters, college professors, and pro football players, this group had been rejected by victims and evildoers alike. The CIA played in their field of counter-espionage, police forces resented any help on crime fronts, and mothers were cool as wierd strangers in pajamas saved their drowning children.

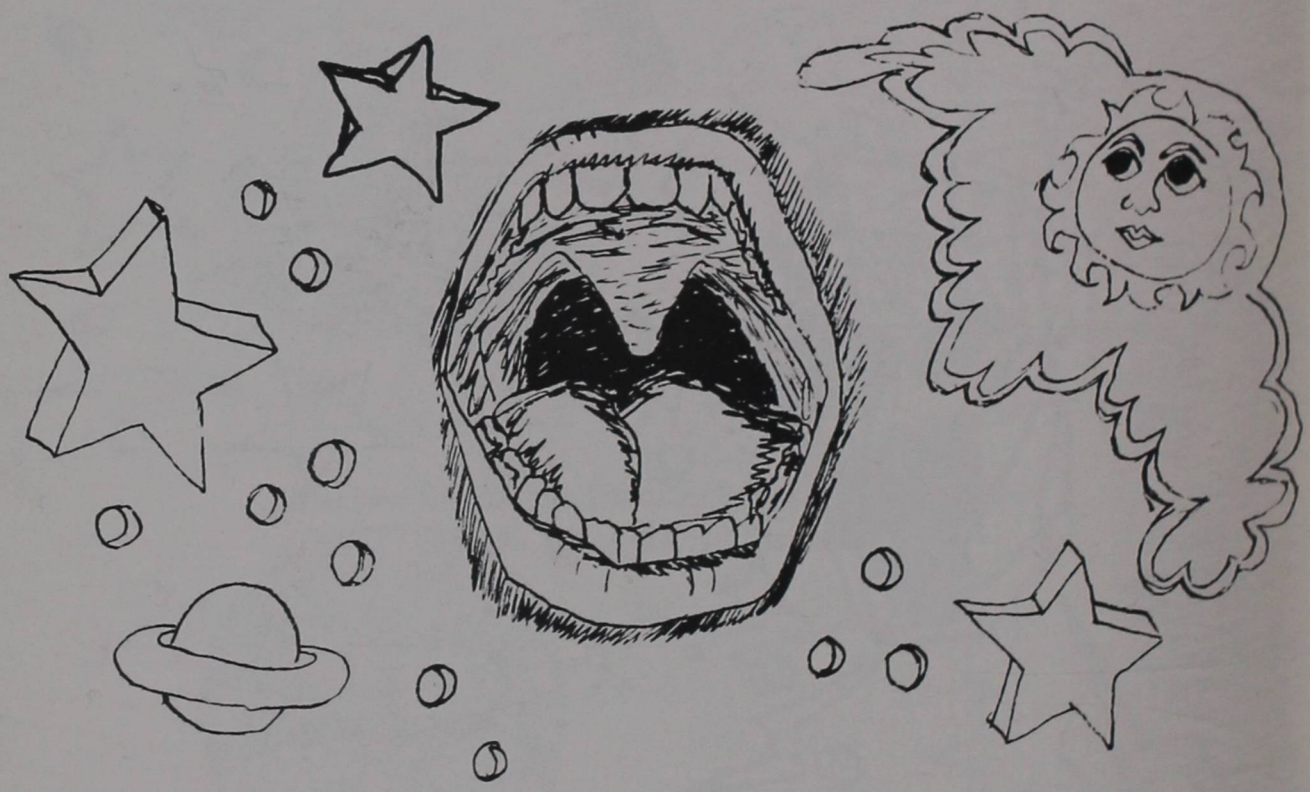


The Hose Man was first to speak:

"Ah Cosmos. So good to see you. The meeting was about to start. The agenda consists in the usual attempts by members of the ISA to solve the dilemma of the modern superhero. Mr. Amazing Brick Wall Man?"

The Brick Wall Man cleared his throat.

"There are those of us, ah, er, who feel that these conversations have, ah, lost their, ah, meaning. I have been conferring with my friends, The Gigantic Bulk, Mr. Macromicro, The Stupendous Mouth, and Norman Nothing and we, uhhum, we would just as soon give up trying to help ungrateful mortals."



The Incredible Hose Man sighed. Cosmos, a relative newcomer to their meeting, maintained silence during the ensuing argument. Most of the superheroes at first were in favor of continued efforts, but many realized during the course of the talk that they really did feel that they were wasting their time. Finally, the Incredible Hose Man was arguing by himself against at least a dozen superheroes driven on by fifteen years of frustration. Hate for the lowly human who had advanced in technology and morals beyond the need for superheroes spurted from their eyes and coursed through their words. At last, exhausted, they fell back from their rhetoric, somehow feeling better for the verbalization of their frustrations. The Hose Man was defeated, yet even he felt a sense of relief, a sense that the inevitable had happened and a tremendous load was lifted from his heart.

Cosmos was thoroughly disgusted, yet said nothing. "No man is an island," he thought—and that applied equally well to superheroes. "Damn the torpedoes—full speed ahead!" "I have not yet begun to fight."

Accounts of strangely clad men at scenes of tragedy and rescue suddenly stopped. Yet Cosmos persisted. His snazzy jumpsuit was replaced by a nondescript collection of common clothes. He died inside when he put away his ray-gun and supernatural paraphenalia. Yet, as each new day rose to greet him, he knew that, even though he didn't look like a superhero, talk or act like a superhero, he was still quite active in the crime-fighting game.

And he could sense that in the future, near or distant, once again mankind would respond to Captain Cosmos, superhero, and embrace him with grateful arms.

Rob Hoss

Photo by Dean Petrich

Photo by Mark Halliday

The Dead

As though they were marching toward us
surrounding us and demanding
surrender of life and things,
So go and wind and turn

In the narrow, bounded room
Grey soldiers, our dead.
And we, who may never need
To hear how hard their hammer

Strikes and to see how blood trembles
In the tame hands there before us.
Our soiled retinas then become light.

We weaken, we become weak spoils
And our groaned defense grows silent,
They come to stand inside of us, like a
face.

–Hugo Claus

Loneliness is a dwelling.
(a dwelling closes itself – warm

Houses a season in rooms and
Becomes a face; soft

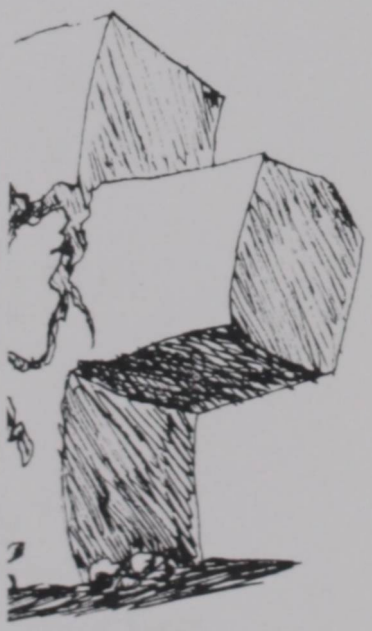
Is loneliness and matures
The thoughts of child to man and
corpse.)

Don't be like a dwelling.
A cramp is love, and

(A death) reaches out for
A moment: a hangman who dies, a
splitting whoophorn.

Mirrors mature. Don't be like a
mirror.

–Hugo Claus



Translations from Dutch by Eric Yandell

Photo by Craig Wisti

Fall swished down this year
And in a single night
Bumped and shattered summer
Into lying leaves.

I used to feel fall's coming
By watching those who knew better than I.
Cows sleeping closer to the barn nights
Or yellow splotches on old oak leaves
Or a breath of air just cold enough
To sink to the bottom of my lungs.

It surprised me this year
I woke up one morning
And caught only its tail.
But still the fall change fell
For those who know better than I.

Frank Ryals

World Without End, Amen.

Mark sat in the swaying weeds on a steep embankment above a long straight highway. He felt the wind pull at his hair in gentle, uneven, comforting surges. The night was clear, but the headlights, which passed with an ocean-like sound, dimmed the clarity of the constellations. His bent knees formed a triangle with his arms and trunk, and the collar of his heavy wool shortcoat would rise uneasily and awkwardly with the wind.

'Christ. It doesn't matter–she's gone. She might as well be dead. No, that's not right. We can still talk–marriage doesn't mean she can't see you. Can you see her? Sit there, across from her and simply converse, never longing to hold her. You must learn; you must beat this; you can beat this. You can't live dreams–you've lived them too long. You were so stupid concerning her–oh, shit, who can say–it may be for the best. The best, the ultimate excellence in human existence. Speaking contest? What rot! Too much Hemingway. Too much booze. Too much self analysis. Oh hell.'

JoAnn came running to the top of the embankment. She approached the boy from behind, thinking herself feline as she moved her bell bottom clad legs in carefully measured steps. Giggling, she reached into the triangle of the boy with both her arms and kissed him on the back of his neck. He did not move.

"What does it take to get a reaction?" the girl said as she moved to face him. She knelt.

"Why'd you come here?"

"I knew this is where you'd be." She looked at the boy, but he seemed to ignore her presence. "Look I'm sorry if you wanted to be alone . . . "

"You needn't be," he interrupted. "I'm going back to the house now anyway."

"Good." the girl said. She followed him up the embakment. The wind blew against her, forcing her to bend at the waist and to put the side of her round face to the gusts. She hurried to the side of the young man and tried to conceal the fact that she was breathing hard.

'Now it begins, the game of all games. The stage is set–the actors know their lines. It is amazing someone hasn't written all the rules down, so no one would make any mistakes. When you reach puberty and you're snickering at all the jokes you have only a vague conception of, they would give everyone a small book containing phrases and lies to build relationships on. Maybe you should write it. You were so damned afraid to admit that you loved her, as if it were a weakness, a sickness–Oh, hell, let the games begin. Emperor, raise thy hand.'

"What are you laughing at?" the girl asked.

"Nothing."

"Oh, come on." she begged. "Tell me?" she said rather silently.

"Well, it all relates to this fascination I have for boiled marshmellows in apple juice."

Ink drawing by Sue Brown

"Why won't you ever tell me what you're thinking?"

"Maybe I don't know what I think." 'Maybe I know too well. The fool doth think himself a wise man the wise man knows himself to be a fool. Now it's Shakespeare–your whole existence must be the epitome of escapism. Dignified and aloof now too. Your mind is no longer I but you. Ah, she prepares herself the nymph. Does she think its real?'

"Do you love me?" the girl asked without facing the boy.

'Right on time–hello life, good-bye Columbus. "What do you think?" 'That's a good cop out. You know you don't–so ask her if she thinks you love her. Great, just dandy.

"You love me just a little, don't you?" She grabbed the young man's arm. "For God's sake, Mark, I've given you everything–can't you say that you love me?"

'For God's sake not for her own–she's a tremendous actress.' "Of course I love you." the boy said in a mockingly affectionate manner. 'Shit, why? why? why? Oh, stop it! Stop it! Tell her you're sorry and stop it–cut the crap. "Hey, I'm sorry, I know how much that means to you and all. I just . . . "

"It's okay." the girl said as she put his arms around her. "You do love me don't you?"

'She knew she'd win. She didn't even care about what I said.' "Yes, in a way, I guess I do." 'With these words I accept the guilt of our relationship. It's not enough that we can be happy for the moment. With this ring I thee wed. Li-li-li-li-li-li-li-li-li-li. It's all the same never ending. When the truth is lies and all the hope within you dies–don't you want somebody to love? Don't you need somebody to love? Wouldn't you love somebody to love?' "Is there any wine left?"

"Yes, almost a whole bottle."

"That's good. That's very good."

"I wish you wouldn't drink so much."

"I wish I didn't have to drink so much."

The girl kept talking, but the boy did not hear. He thought how the wine would make him feel, and how tired he was. They entered the small house.

"Are you staying?"

"Of course, we're in love aren't we?"

'Yes, we're in love. You're in love with the idea of being in love, and I'm in love with your body and a girl I haven't seen in eleven months.'

She kissed with the wettest softest lips. She was soft and warm, a marshmellow against him, a huge open mouth and a penetrating strong tongue.

'This makes it all worth it. At least for now, all the bullshit, everything–it's all worth it. How long will it last?'

"Come on babe, let's have some wine."

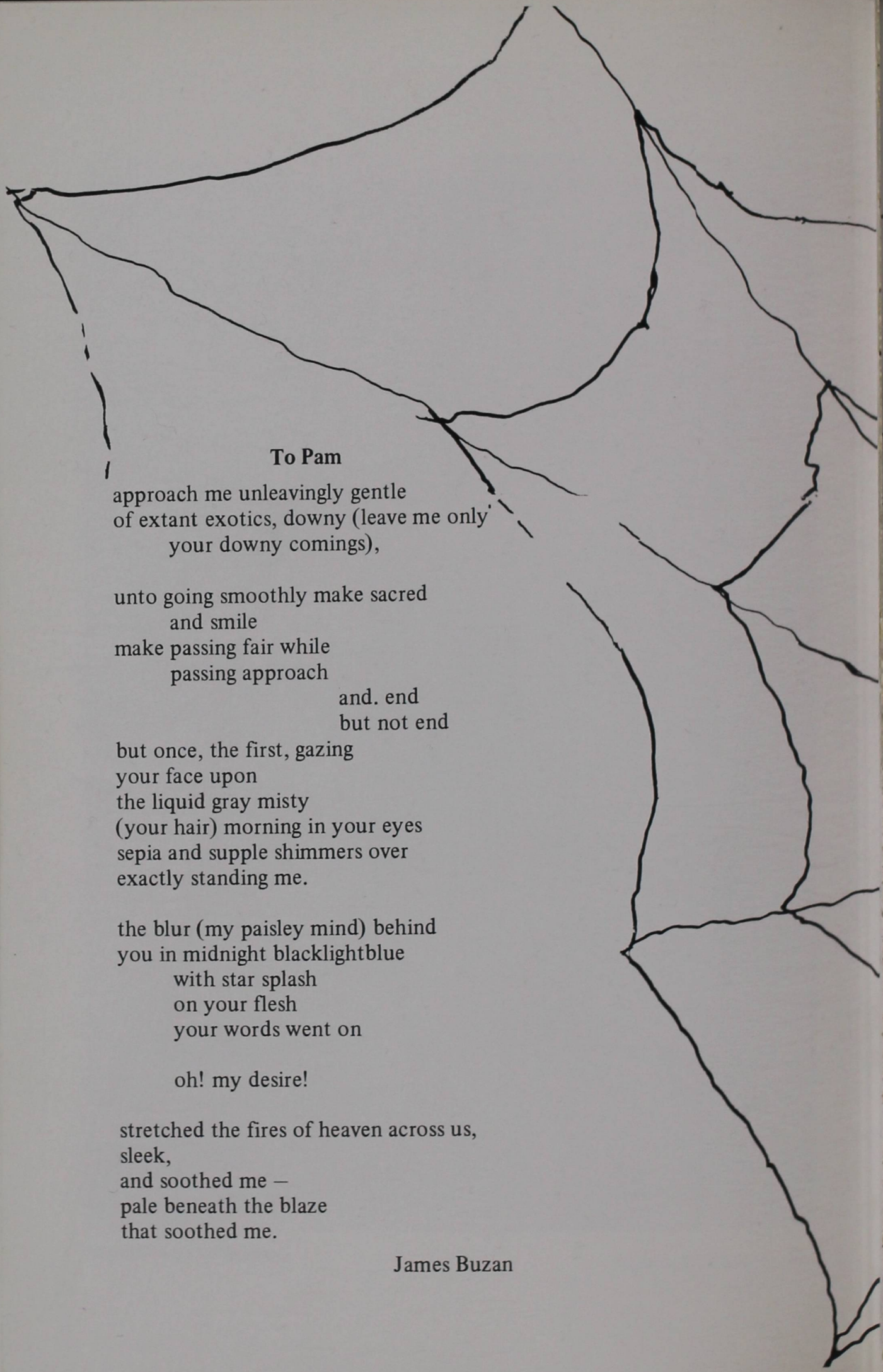
She smiled.

Larry P. Given

Photo by Mark Halliday

Drawing by Chris Merkle

Drawing by Chris Merkle



To Pam

approach me unleavingly gentle
of extant exotics, downy (leave me only
        your downy comings),

unto going smoothly make sacred
        and smile
make passing fair while
        passing approach
                and. end
                but not end
but once, the first, gazing
your face upon
the liquid gray misty
(your hair) morning in your eyes
sepia and supple shimmers over
exactly standing me.

the blur (my paisley mind) behind
you in midnight blacklightblue
        with star splash
        on your flesh
        your words went on

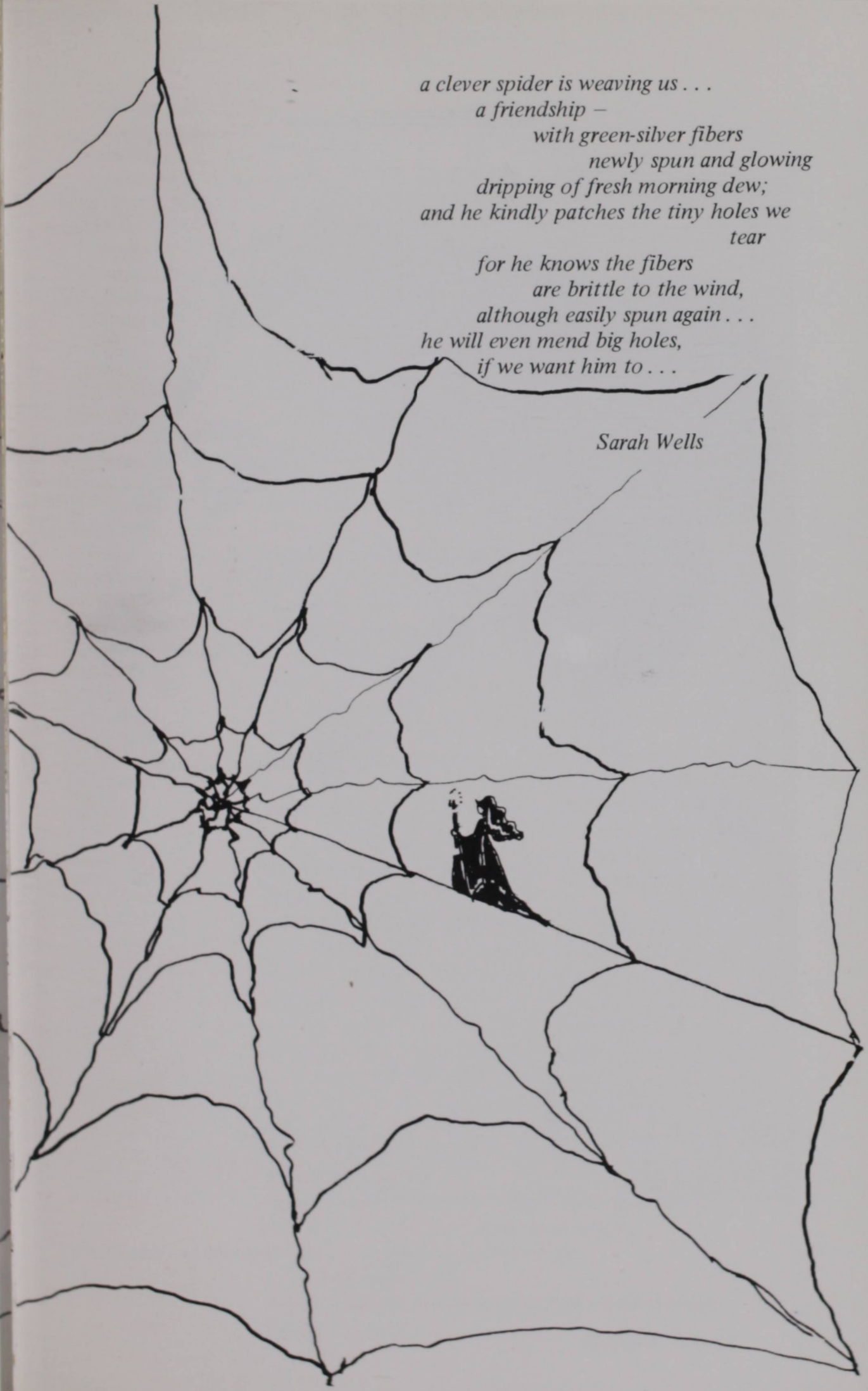
        oh! my desire!

stretched the fires of heaven across us,
sleek,
and soothed me –
pale beneath the blaze
that soothed me.

James Buzan

a clever spider is weaving us . . .
a friendship –
with green-silver fibers
newly spun and glowing
dripping of fresh morning dew;
and he kindly patches the tiny holes we
tear
for he knows the fibers
are brittle to the wind,
although easily spun again . . .
he will even mend big holes,
if we want him to . . .

Sarah Wells



Drawing by Chris Merkle

Flickering, licky-good tasting
Sunbeams –
Sunday dreams of yesterday's tomorrow.
(The ice cream melted faster than she could eat it
Fingers sticky to the cone)
Cathedral bells bong piety
Under cathedral domes – lethargic
Sunday.
Tomorrow sleeps beneath the seats
Of street cafes – beneath the lazy Sunday feet
Of street cafes, for fear of walking.
(Sticky baby's chin
So mother wiped it)
Little dreams of sweetness
Washed away by a handerchief
Little tears of melting dreams
Wiped away.
Sunday, empty, waiting for another
Day
Goes
Slowly down the sunbeams
People home beneath their cherished domes
Sunday empty street cafes –
One lone cone
Squished
By a hyperthyroid foot.

Barbara Vorster

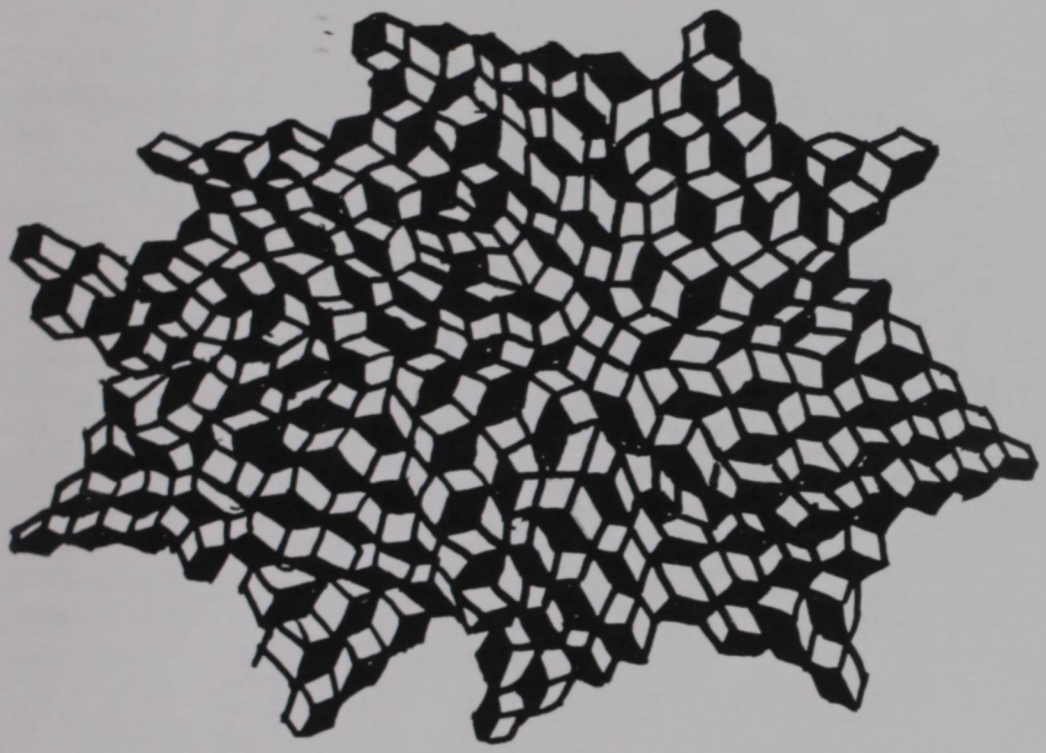
Loneliness Song from Sally to Albert

Well, shall we go
or am I disturbing your staring?
What do you see
staring at nothingness so long?
Is it that which I've forgotten,
So long intrigued with something
laughing, pushing, rushing, going–
sowing tips of life from others' laughter–
dreams for us that might come after
all your nothingness is gone.

So shall we go then,
You to find all that which I forget
and leave behind.
I shall return to a place where I have never been,
and see all that I have never seen before
and tell you tales of make believe
so we can laugh a bit,
before you slip back into that lack of something
I forgot to keep.

Barbara Vorster

Mosaic by Rockwell Hammond



singed neurons
or
the observations of someone whose observations
you don't really want to hear

redeyed,
you watch your companions seek TRUTH
regarding all manner of philosophical bullshit,
murdering beautiful concepts
blurting blunders
that slip past the ignorant others
but not **you.**
but these are your friends,
and, as with a dog,
never does your affection falter.
you simply appreciate the humor of their ignorance
of their humor,
their humor being their very ignorance.
and you hit on the roach
from the lid
that you bought with your last ten bucks
from the cat
with the chick
with big tits.

and suddenly, for one paranoid social moment
you wonder:
who is chortling at **you**
behind ox eyes.

Miles Levit

Photo by Dean Petrich

Excerpt from BOXES

by Susan B. Loder

(Three boxes. Six foot cubes. Black. Openings at the top. Box on stage right has opening on top large enough for head and one shoulder only. Box in center has opening large enough to accomodate a whole body. Box on stage left has opening on top large enough for head, and opening (door) in front large enough to crawl through)

(Each box contains an actor. Male, female, male. Female in the center.)
Male stage right is A.
Male stage left is B.
Female center is C.

(A puts his head through the hole of his box, stage right, looks around, goes back down.

Long Pause.
B does the same.
Long pause.
A does the same.
Long pause.
C does the same.
Long pause.
B does the same, except that he stays up. Waiting.
Pause.
A comes up, sees B.)

A: Ah, there you are.

(B stares at him. Silence. Long pause.)

What's the matter with you?

(B strained as high as be can to see. He examines A from this vantage point. Pause.)

Well?

(B disappears, opens front door, crawls out, examines A's box close up, gives it a couple of kicks, shakes his head and goes back into his box. A yells at him as he returns.)

It's better than a trash can, isn't it?

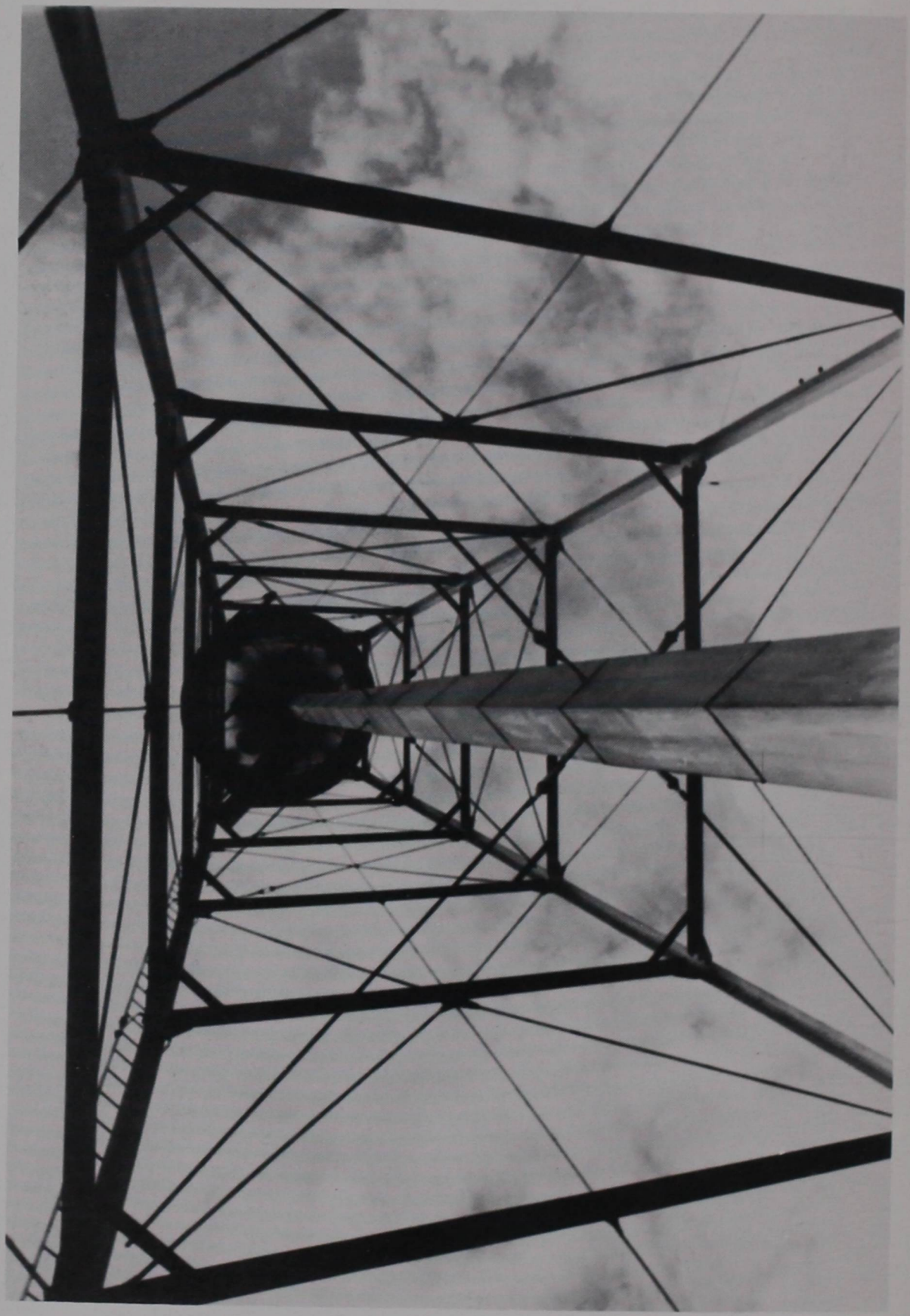


Photo by Mark Halliday

(He glares at B's box but B doesn't reappear. A waits, but B still doesn't appear.)

A: (At the top of his lungs) Bastard!

(Pause)
Fascist!
(Pause)
Imperialist!
(Pause)
Capitalist!
(Long pause)
Bastard!

(Long pause. A disappears. Long pause. B comes up, slowly, checking to make sure A has gone. Reassured, he calls to C.)

B: Pssst!
(Pause)
Psst!
(Pause)
Psst!
(Long pause)
Psssssssssst!!!

(Pause. C's head appears, looking at B. Pause. Turns to see if A is up. Turns back to B.)

C: I heard all the racket. What's his problem now?
B: Vell, I tink you cood say he hass a inferiority complex.

(Pause)

C: Oh.
B: Yes, trash cans and referrals to them annoy him.

(She giggles.)

C: I'll remember that!
B: Don't be too unkind.
C: Oh, no! How could you think I would?
B: Only a little wise advice.
C: Wise ass.
B: Look who's talking.

(Long pause)

C: I take it he's not in a very good mood, then?
B: A good assumption to act by. He seems slightly maniac today with the name calling.
C: Today?
B: Even more than usual.
C: You're guessing.

(Pause)

B: Yes.

(Pause)

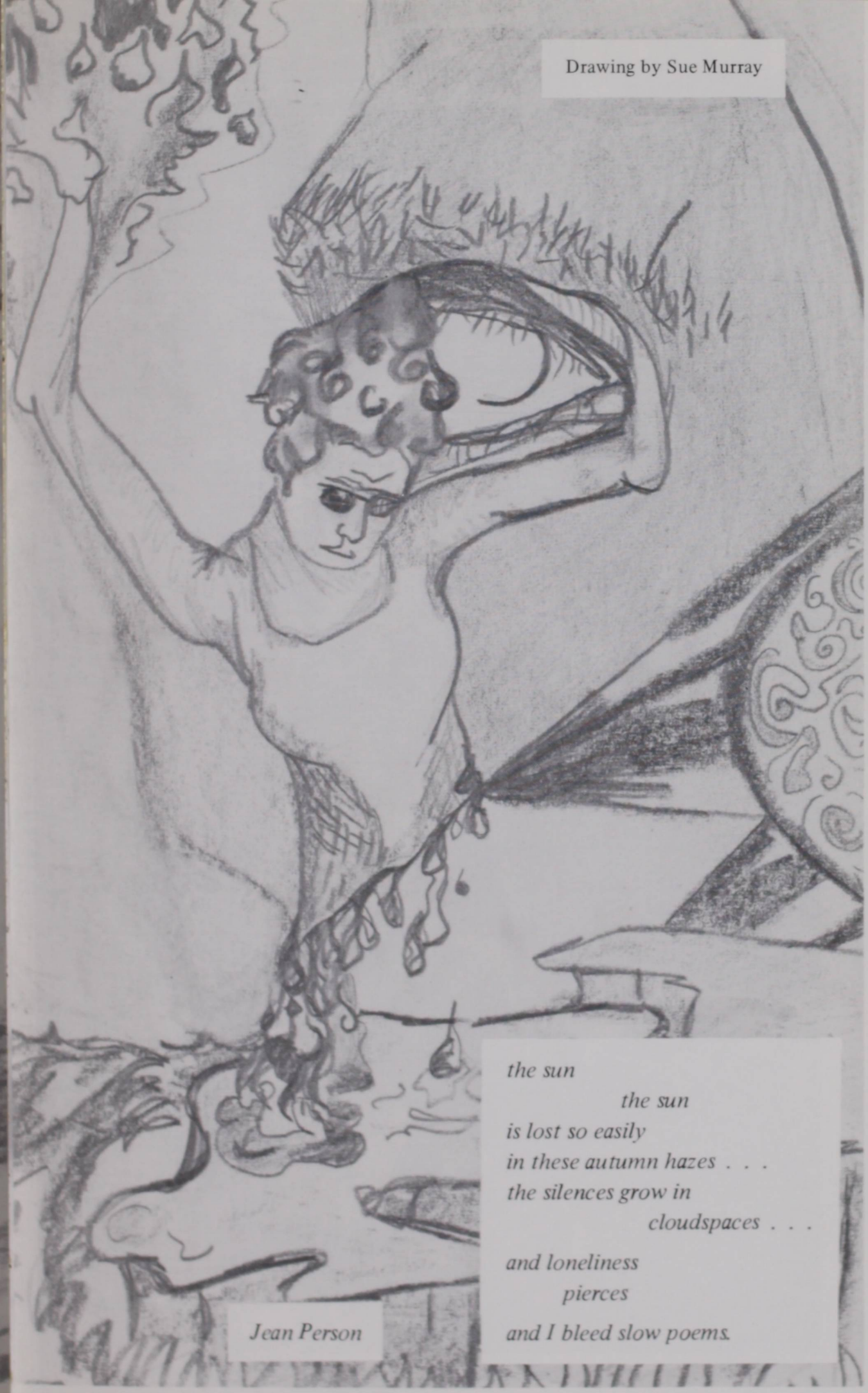
C: And perhaps lying about the poor boy?
B: Yes.
C: With no excuse.

(Pause)

B: That's your decision.

(Long pause)

C: You don't understand his frame of mind.
B: I do. (Pause.) I was in it a few years back.
C: Memory romanticizes. You are not there now and therefore have never been.
B: Quite accurate. But I have vague sympathetic feelings. Inexplicable.
C: In good time.
B: In good time.



Drawing by Sue Murray

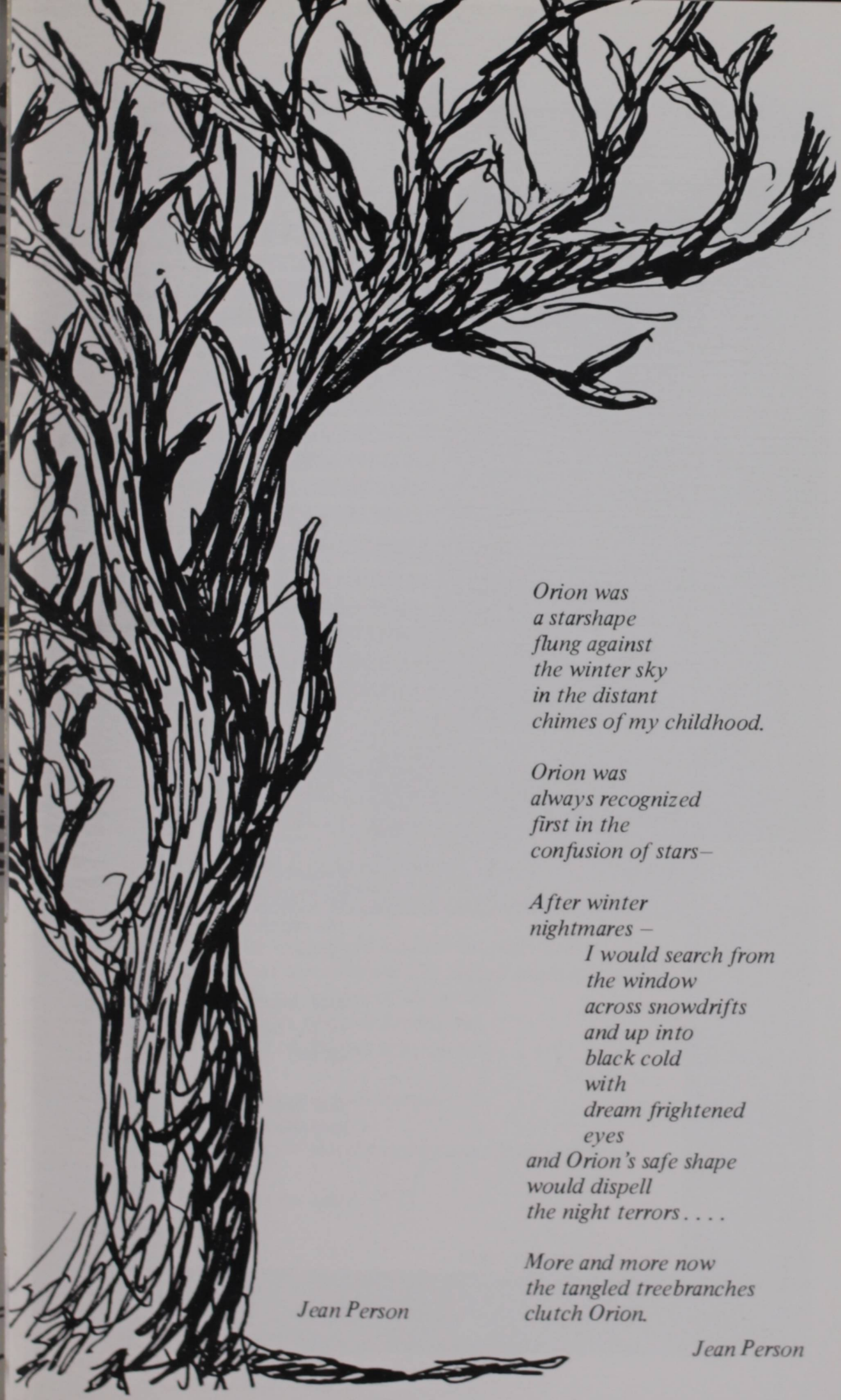
the sun
the sun
is lost so easily
in these autumn hazes . . .
the silences grow in
cloudspaces . . .

and loneliness
pierces

and I bleed slow poems.

Jean Person

Photo by Dean Petrich



Orion was
a starshape
flung against
the winter sky
in the distant
chimes of my childhood.

Orion was
always recognized
first in the
confusion of stars–

After winter
nightmares –
I would search from
the window
across snowdrifts
and up into
black cold
with
dream frightened
eyes
and Orion's safe shape
would dispell
the night terrors . . . .

More and more now
the tangled treebranches
clutch Orion.

Jean Person

Jean Person

Photo by Mark Halliday

The trains
passing at night
shake
the windows.

I awaken
and pull
the blanket
closer

and dream
of the horizons
of self

just half-seen
in your eyes.

The harpsichord of the summer night
composes tocatas of constellations
across the velvet sky.

Jean Person

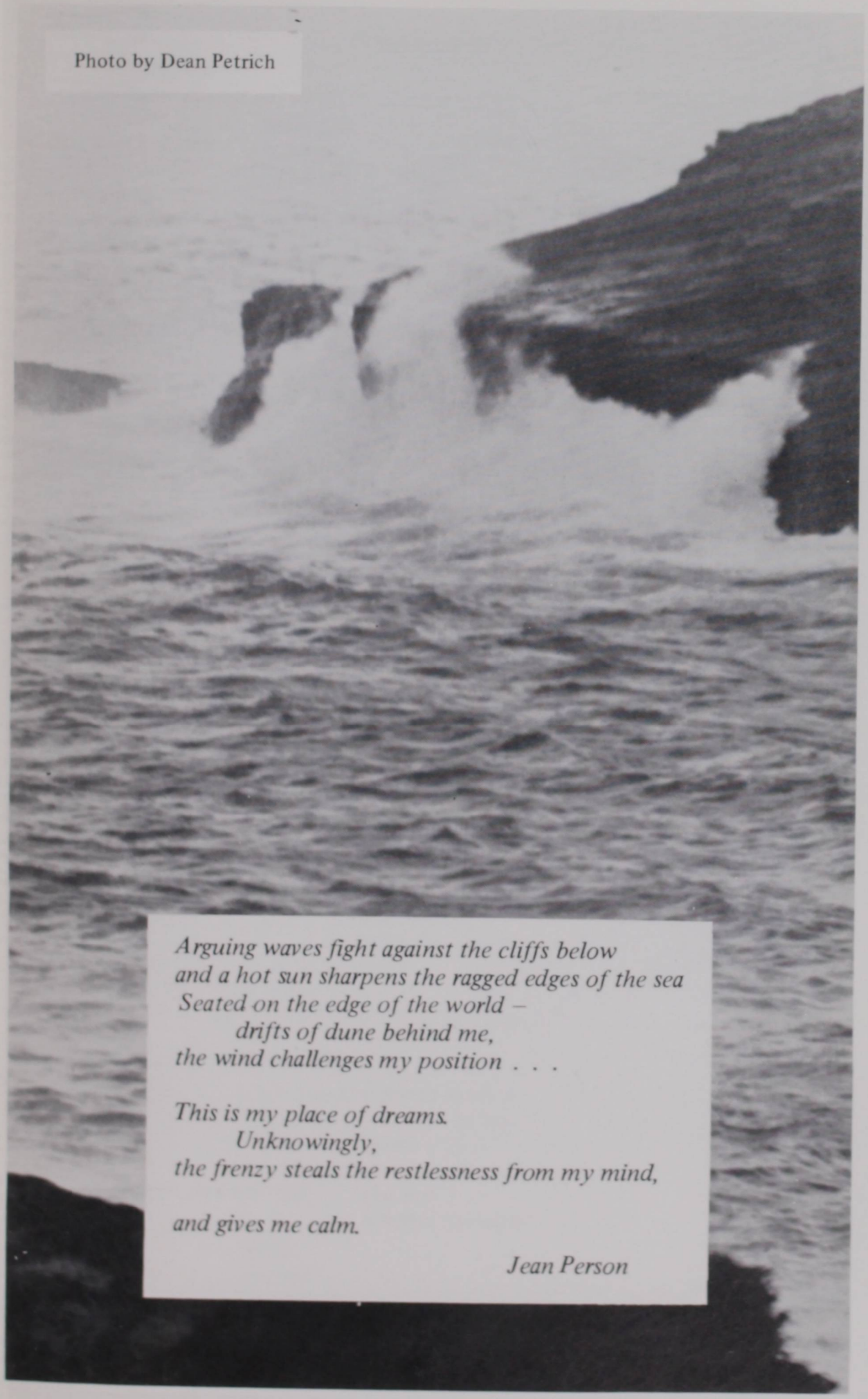


Photo by Dean Petrich

Arguing waves fight against the cliffs below
and a hot sun sharpens the ragged edges of the sea
Seated on the edge of the world –
drifts of dune behind me,
the wind challenges my position . . .

This is my place of dreams.
Unknowingly,
the frenzy steals the restlessness from my mind,

and gives me calm.

Jean Person

Drawing by Chris Merkle

THE SETTING

Prelude: the sky panorama
was saluting
the ending day
while
the clouds
aided the
night in its quiet battle
with
the
sun.

I. the sky and
layered puffy clouds (with rain)
teased the sun
setting

as the passing
mountains
stamped their
silhouette
in my
mind

II. funny,
how the dab of light
shining
from golden hills
amid darkening
clusters of fir

copies the yellow
simultaneously glowing
when the fading sun
beams from
clouds

III.
love what the coming
of darkness
does with blue shades
of mountains
in front
of

mountains

with tree and farms nestled
before
them.

IV. the sky
heralds the night
while
the sun
finishes the day

at
dusk.

V. *two trees?*
perspective / riddle

a tree before
the setting sun
creates fragments of
sunlight

while
a tree
is
flat blue before
a sky exhausting
the last moments of
day

VI. *tonight,*
earth is blanketed
with clouds attempting

to
give
friendly

warmth
by

reaching
down
to
touch –

Alas,

those
rain
drop
s!

VII.

and,
the valley
at home
was
snuggled beneath
the haze
of night

Sharon Fisher

window silhouette

and
i remember
trying to get warm
before sleep would come

and
feeling the light
of a sky
yet pale blue at midnight
above the cold, grey sea

through the one window

in a room

now a
memory

Sharon Fisher

love song

I'm blowing
bubbles now
not because
it reminds
me of
you
–I'm not even
thinking of you.
But
who
am I
trying to kid?

–I
want to
blow
blubbles

a strength

there are
gentle
ways yes.

and
we share them

surprised
with the grace of growth
(yes, it feels good) and

we learn more
about why we
each

smile

Sharon Fisher

Drawing by Jo Joslin

Marilyn

the door is ajar
cobwebs connect the letters: MISS MONROE
the star above the name is falling

I softly step inside;
among the tinsel and glitter
I see
pieces of your shattered life
lying broken on the floor
I
know . . .
poems once flowed from your
deep-red
lips
splashing off the
milky whiteness
of your teeth
but
THEY
could only
marvel
at
the breasts
and didn't hear
the words
or
see the
tears
that
trickled
down
even as the knife
went
in
are you sleeping Marilyn?
–then I won't wake you
or even
disturb
no one should
die
twice

Jo Joslin

The Other

I was incensed
by the fragrant sweetness
and beauty
of one rose
when suddenly I saw
the other
with
petals falling
and
no scent at all,
and somehow
it was
more
beautiful

Jo Joslin

The House

overgrown to
the point of near
extinction
windows
broken and dark
stairs – silent
but
a wild rose
of
brilliant red
climbing determindly
up a wall
the house . . .
more resplendent
in its
vacancy
then ever
before

Jo Joslin

Drawing by Jo Joslin

Lunchtime

12:00 –
shades of Oliver Twist;
we wait in workhouse lines
until the
gong
and once seated;
are met by dagger-eyed waitresses
should we ask for "more"

all conversation
ceases–
save for an occasional: "pass the butter"
and,
in rare instances – "please"

vultures hover near – from other tables
ready to pick the bones – should any meat be
left on them

and by 12:11
we've consumed the
cuisine –
and 47 times
our weight
in excess
stomach acid

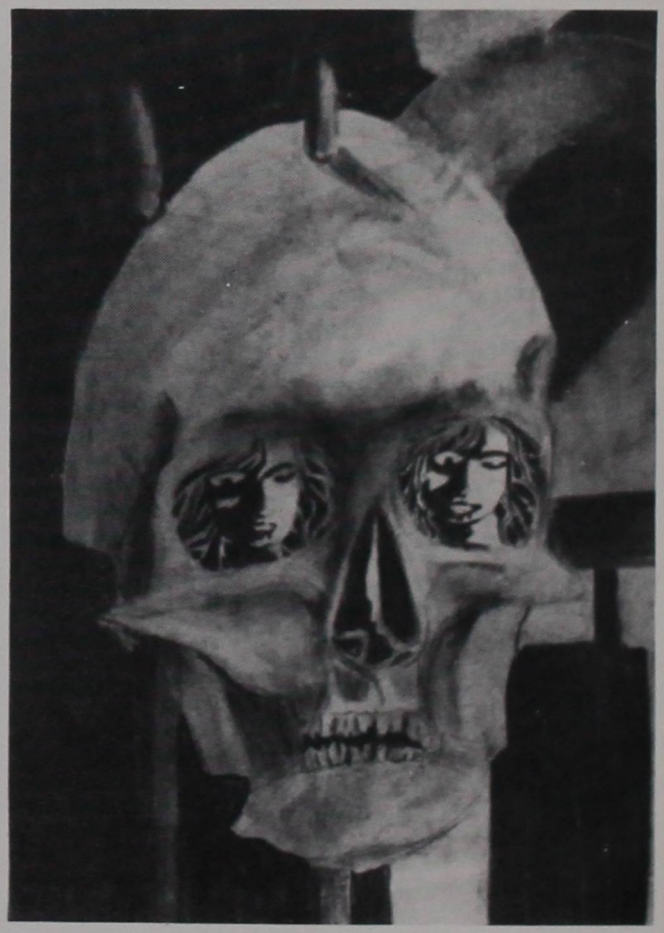
and we scurry away
like rats to the nest
until the
next meal

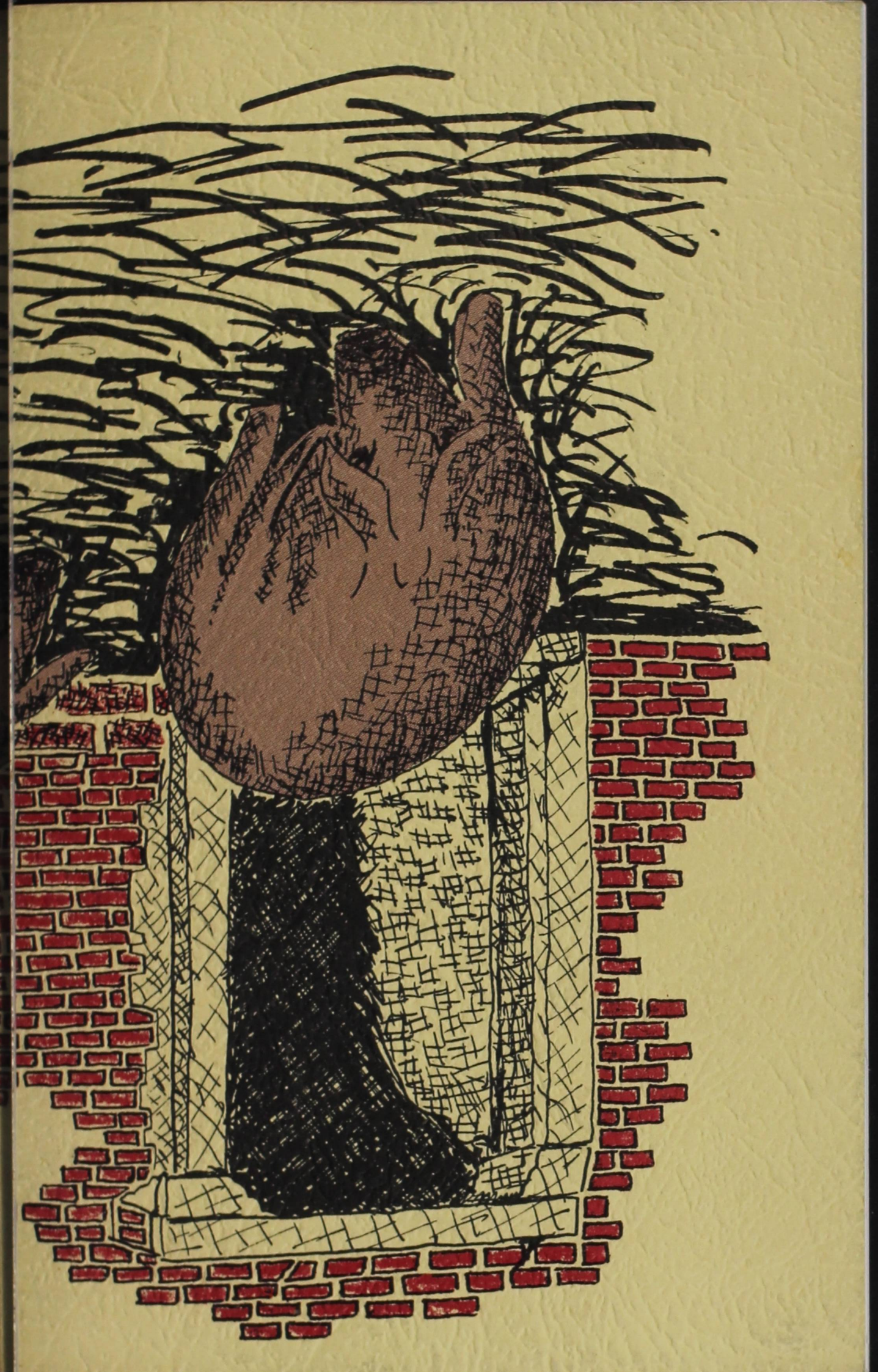
Jo Joslin

Ghosts of Childhood

the ghosts of childhood
haunt again
echoes of scattered voices
carry on the wind
deserted bars –
silent swings; creak with emptiness
weeds coming through
the blacktop
visions of faces
through the shimmering heat
soon the sounds will
ring again,
but not
our
sounds

Jo Joslin



Charcoal drawing by Sue Brown

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