

BigFoot  
moon:  
formerly The American  
Quarterly Review

a Portland novel by

A. B. Paulson



TRIGLYPH BOOKS

6312 SW Capitol Hwy  
Suite 242  
Portland, Oregon 97239

*BigFoot Moon: formerly the American Quarterly Review* is a work of fiction. Names, characters, and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

Copyright © 2019 by A. B. Paulson

All rights reserved.

Revised Edition September 2019

#### Photo Credits

Photo (p. 38) used by permission of The Maryhill Museum of Art. Photos (pp. 119 & 170) used by permission of The City of Portland Archives. All other photos are from Bigstock.com, the Library of Congress, or by the author.

Manufactured in the United States of America

Library of Congress Control Number: 2019904972

ISBN 978-0-578-51421-5

## Acknowledgments

Special thanks to Tom Buell, Glen Gillespie, Marjorie Burns, Paul Giles, Holly Marcus, Colleen Wilks, Barbara Guetti, and the family of the late Wayne Jensen. Thanks to Linda Morrell for the keyboard of the Chopin Prelude. For encouragement over the years, thanks to Gary Goss, Peter Carafiol, John Smythe, Tracy Dillon, and to my family: Trilby, Chris, and Jayden.

## A Note on the Text

This hardcopy form of *BigFoot Moon* mirrors the page numbering of the MAC DIGITAL/INTERACTIVE version (see *BigFootMoon.com*). This sometimes required changing font sizes to make the texts match. Underlined words and phrases in this print version indicate interactive items on the digital. Sorry, no color, sound or videos in this version.

The Sasquatch Alphabet and typeface was adapted from the Shaw Alphabet as published in Bernard Shaw's *Androcles and the Lion*, The Shaw Alphabet Edition, (Penguin Books Ltd: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, 1962).





In 1958, not far from Ferlinghetti's City Lights Bookstore, Bill Caxton produced a mimeographed booklet ambitiously titled *The American Quarterly Review*. As it's evolved and grown over time, the magazine has reflected the changing landscape of American literary culture. Now a young editorial staff offers you a glimpse of its most recent incarnation: digital AQR. (Here formatted for print.)

*In this Issue*

**Coming West**

a View from the Pacific-End of America  
Fiction—Essays—Artifacts  
Guest Editor: Art Strether

*A Word from the Editor*



*Hello—  
I'm Bill Caxton.  
I'm taking a break for  
the next two  
issues. In my place,  
Wynk de Worde will  
be taking over.*



*Books*



*for discriminating readers*

*Come browse our collection of selected small press  
titles, classics, women's literature*

*Open evenings Monday thru Saturday*

*The Catbird Seat*

Broadway at Taylor, Portland, Oregon

THE BENCH PRESS

Anatomical Drawings—Botanicals—  
Surgical & Medical Illustrations

Now available, EDG's *Rough-Trade*

P.O. Box 77—Cleve, Nevada, 70701

VOLUME XLIII NO. 3

FALL 2001

## THE AMERICAN QUARTERLY REVIEW

*A Journal of Fiction, Poetry, Literary History,  
and Cultural Criticism*

---

### FOUNDING EDITOR

Bill Caxton

### ACTING EDITOR

Wynk de Worde

### GUEST EDITOR

Art Strether

### BUSINESS MANAGER

Gordon Sable

### EDITORIAL ASSISTANT

Edward Gayles

### FILM CONSULTANTS

Paul Newman &

Joanne Woodward

### EDITORIAL ADVISORY BOARD

Wayne C. Booth, *Univ. of Chicago*

Jacques Derrida, *Ecole des Hautes  
Etudes en Sciences Sociales*

Leslie Fiedler, *SUNY Buffalo*

Norman Holland, *Univ. FL Gainesville*

J. Hillis Miller, *Univ. CA Irvine*

John Price, *Dartmouth College*

### DESIGNERS

Wynk de Worde

AND Madeline Goedieff

---

*The American Quarterly Review* is published quarterly by AQR Publications, Inc. a not-for-profit corporation, 408 Melrose, Vanport, Cascadia. Contributions to AQR Publications, Inc. are tax deductible to the extent permitted by law; make checks payable to W. de Worde. Editorial and business correspondence should be addressed to the above address. Advertising inquiries, or letters of a personal nature, should be directed to Wynk de Worde at 776 Atrium Place, Vanport, Cascadia. Manuscripts, to be returned, must be accompanied by a self-addressed 9x12 envelope with sufficient first-class return postage—no clever or commemorative stamps, please. The editors can assume no responsibility for loss, damage, or mutilation of any work submitted. All details, especially citations, should conform to the *1977 MLA Style Manual*. Manuscripts accepted for publication become the property of AQR Publications, Inc., and the editors assume some latitude in making editorial adjustments. No essays, poetry, or fiction accepted from June to October, Dec. 15-31, March 1-15, January 19 through February 17, April 1st, April 20 to May 19. No multiple submissions. No breezy cover letters. Do not telephone to inquire about whether we received your manuscript. Please allow 18 to 24 months for a response.



**we find  
things—  
anywhere.**

**Zapf Private  
Detective  
Agency  
Pioneer Square,  
PDX, OR**

In our Next Issue:  
“Our Greatest American  
Detective Novelist”

**Ross McDonald  
(1915 - 1983)**



Our  
Lovely **Yak Hat**

Box 487  
Goose Hollow OR



is hand-knit from rare  
Mongolian & Finnish fibers.  
S-M-L \$79.95 +S&H

### **Just Frogs**

Costume fasteners, floral bases, rail switches, live specimens for dissection: 27 shades of green. Free Catalog: Box 2 Boring, OR.

***Fatima / Twin Cities Press***  
Congratulates Garland Lovejoy  
on winning the *Hubert Humphrey Award*  
for the Allusive Sestina.



## Contents

Letters .....	10
Guest Editor's Column	
Part I .....	11
Part II .....	52
Part III .....	61
Part IV .....	112
Part V .....	192
The Calling: Fiction by Fred Goudy .....	21
Daddy?	
An investigative report by Zolar Zapf .....	33
Abstract. Certain irregularities in Plath's birth certificate lead to the Stonehenge of the Northwest	
Hemingway, Gertrude Stein and the Art of the Sestina	
Literary analysis by Georges Auriol .....	42
The Victim: Fiction by Robert Granjon .....	45
Searching for Margo: Serial Fiction	
by Anton Garamond .....	50
Longfellow's Sasquatch by Arthur Strether . . . .	
Abstract. A newly discovered manuscript for <i>The Song of Hiawatha</i> indicates Longfellow's debt to an pre-Columbian alphabet.	84
The Future Face of the Moon .....	188
Zapf's Reports .....	64, 74, 142, 177
Archives .....	223
Quizzes .....	232-3
s/z-Key .....	235

## LETTERS

### A PARDONER EXCHANGE

*To the Editors:*

I must take exception to Alfreda Clapp's overly ingenious reading ["Shryned in an Hogges Toord': Filthy Lucre and Self-(Re)flexion in The Pardoner's Tale," AQR, Spring 2001] of Harry Bailly's "literal" threat to castrate the Pardoner and cast his testicles, as she says, "like pearls, before swine."

For one thing, it is the Pardoner who invokes the exchange of scatological metaphors when he says, "kisse my relics" (for this reading see Ellesmere and Cambridge Gg) with its excremental pun on L. *reliquiae*—cf. Sanskrit *ri-nakti*: what is left behind and abandoned. Hence, Bailly's not-very-imaginative reference to the fellow's pants, as one might gloss it, being "full of shit."

More significant, as any undergraduate recalls from the "General Prologue," Chaucer's con-man lacks certain distinguishing marks of masculinity: "A voys he hadde as smal as hath a goot. / No berd hadde he, ne nevere sholde have; / As smothe it was as it were late shave. / I trowe he were a geldyng or a mare." In other words, the host's threat is an empty bluff; why threaten to castrate a eunuch?

G. Auriol, Professor of Middle English  
State Univ. of N.Y. at Ithaca

*To the Editors:*

Prof. Clapp's discussion of Chaucer's Pardoner shook loose in my mind a curious memory. As a young man, studying in London after the War, I was shown—by a Hampstead antiquarian—a small cedar box with brass clasps and hinges. Inside was a kind of soft leather bag, pleated to resemble a scrotal sac.



From within fell out two dry and crusty objects, about

*["Letters" continued on p. 17]*

## The Editor's Column



Art Strether

Imagine choosing the character you'd play in the story of your life. Then wonder how I got chosen to sit in the editor's chair of Bill Caxton's magazine. *The American Quarterly Review* has a long history, and back in the Midwest, we've read and ad-

mirrored it since the 1960s. But now, in 2001, we know that small literary presses are struggling. That makes my job, for an issue or two, more challenging.

When I flew out here two months ago, his wife met me at the Portland airport. Margo Caxton is a trim, striking woman—perhaps in her early fifties.<sup>1</sup> That day she wore khaki slacks, a blouse of electric blue open at the throat, and insisted on carrying one of our bags out to the car, an old Beetle Volkswagen. It was a brilliant summer day, one of those afternoons in the Northwest when the transparency of

---

<sup>1</sup> Margo's youthful looks seems to change with the ambience of light—some say with the density of sound in certain rooms when the treble and bass are adjusted randomly

the atmosphere—washed clean in a long transit across the Pacific—gives glimpses of distant, but glittering, possibilities.

“Well,” smiled Margo, settling in behind the wheel. “You’re to be our house-guest. B.C. insists.” The depth of her gray eyes—they’re rumored to have inspired certain passionate lines in the poetry of Richard Wilbur, Mark Strand, and Ted Hughes—made us a little breathless.

On the Interstate, we clutched the upholstery as she deftly wove the little VW in and out of traffic. On a straight-away, we glanced at the speedometer: 110 miles per hour.

“It’s got a Porsche engine!” she shouted above the noise. “I bought it used from our old neighbor, Paul Newman. That was back in Connecticut—after his son died.”

An exit-sign whizzed past. “Hold on!” she cried, took the turn, and braked hard going down the exit ramp. When we opened our eyes, we’d halted at a stop sign. Abruptly she swung a hard right, shot us through a tree-covered lane, and spun the vehicle through a series of skidding turns that threw up a

### Margo Caxton on Fast Cars



How fast can Margo’s Volkswagen accelerate from a standing start? She says, “Zero to sixty in 6 seconds.”

plume of gravel.

Back at the main highway, she checked the rear-view mirror. "I think we lost him."

"You're joking," we said.

"Sometimes I'm followed," she laughed. "Always from the airport."

And we laughed, too—feeling hip—as if we'd been admitted to a zone of unspoken understandings, a tangled landscape of irony whose airy heights above the tree-line dropped abruptly into dark gorges and white water. Transported to such a place, what choice do you have except to trust your guide and put your life—such as it is—into her hands?

The Caxton house sits on a forested ridge with views to the east of Mount St. Helens and Mt. Hood. In the guest wing, Margo showed us down a corridor. Our room, at the far end, had a big bay window flanked by high bookshelves. We looked out at a stand of Douglas fir, aware that she was watching us.

"In this light" we heard her say, "you look like a fine young man." She stood leaning in the doorway, an arm clasped under her breasts, the fingertips of one hand touching her mouth.

"I'm not that young," we said. "But the view here is wonderful. And this nice room— It's really for me?"

She nodded, then looked serious. "Bill genuinely needs your help," she said. "With the magazine, I mean. He's a bit—preoccupied."

I stood still, aware of her scent, imagining moments when we'd be alone together.

Finally she took a breath and let it out. "You might as well know," she said. "Everyone else knows! Bill got some girl

pregnant—years ago. In the 50s, he was a beatnik with a sailboat. He waded ashore in Oregon and fell in love—” She sighed. “Lately a private detective has been making some inquiries. Isn't that interesting?”

“Everyone knows this?”

“Oh Bill made a big announcement to the staff. And sent some notices to newspapers around the country: Lost Son Sought. That sort of thing. A couple impostors showed up. That's when they hired a detective.”

“They?”

“Gordon and Bill. Gordon Sable has been Bill's business manager for years. He went to law school and knows about things like detectives. Meanwhile, manuscripts and correspondence have been piling up.”

“Well,” we said. “It all sounds very distracting—from your husband's editorial work, I mean.”

“Yes.” She was looking at a watercolor, framed, on the wall: *The Cove North of Manzanita*. “Of course, we never had children,” she said.

“I see.”

“Isn't it silly, how men get a little nuts about having—a J7clq\* heir?”

“I suppose.”

“Goodness, I'm boring you,” she said, walking to the door. “I want to show you off to B.C. And the staff. They've convened—” She made a face. “—one of their *meetings*. Why don't you freshen up? Then come out to the deck.”

“Fine.”

“Oh, the bathroom's the next door down. Most days you'll want to take your shower early—the staff will be in and out of their cubicals all morning.”

---

\*Caxton shudders at profanity.

From somewhere now came the sound of vaguely festive music.

“And if you run into a short-haired distraught woman taking blue pills,” said Margo, “that’s Maddy. She thinks she’s been fired. Okay?”

“I think I can remember all that,” we said—to her back. Margo had walked out of sight.

We unpacked a few things, then checked out the bathroom. There were lots of fresh towels. The next room had a dark shade on the window—evidently a place to take naps. There was a cot and something huddled under a blanket.

It was a woman! She sat up. “Gordy?” she said, glancing at us through bleary eyes. Then she flopped down and went back to sleep. She was lovely, in a faded way. But her hair was long, and she didn’t look distraught. She may have been wearing a nightgown. “Sorry,” we whispered and backed out. Damn this chastity vow.

At the end of the hallway was a door with a window in it. Evidently a long corridor led somewhere—probably



to the cubicals Margo had mentioned. We dared to click it open. Outside, we found our way to a flag-

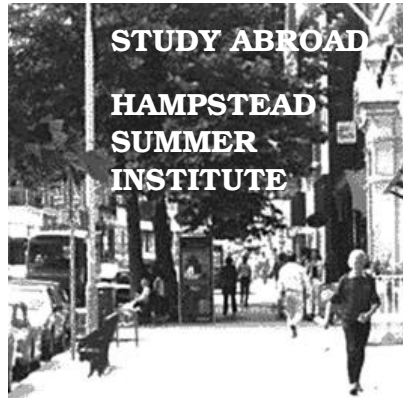
stone path that wound through rhododendrons and stepped down in stages to a cedar deck. Past a yellow Lab sleeping on its paws, a dozen people had pulled chairs into a semi-circle. They held drinks and sat facing Caxton, who sprawled in a canvas director's chair. His tan face, the gray mustache, and white hair swept back from a high forehead recalled photos of the late Erik Erikson. A low wrought-iron table was cluttered with file folders, an ash-tray, and a half-empty bottle of Early Times.

"Look what I found at the airport," said Margo.

Caxton looked up from his work. Then he muttered to the woman next to him, "и члс чл  
ш члз с рлч лч..." It was not an unfamiliar remark.

Suddenly gunshots sounded from inside the house! A woman screamed.

*[continued on page 52]*



**Over Thirty Years' Experience**

Small Class Sizes Nice Tents

Museums Campfires

Theater **Shaw Phonetic**

Shopping **Alphabet**

Bring this ad for a discount.

On the Heath, London N.W. 3.

Before proceeding to page 52. please take—and pass—**Quiz #1** on p. 232