

A LITERARY—ARTS
MAGAZINE FROM

\$1

Denali

LANE COMMUNITY
COLLEGE VOL. 1 NO. 1



Lopez' Man Laughing

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DENALI

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We wish to express our sincerest appreciation to Mr. Jack Powell, Mr. Jim Dunn, and Mr. Roger McAlister, representing the Language Arts, Mass Communication, and Art and Applied Design Departments respectively. Without their support in both time and funding DENALI magazine would not have been published.

We wish to thank Peggy Marston, the Language Arts Cooperative Work Experience coordinator, for her

selfless dedication to both the staff of DENALI and to her philosophy of helping one another, which we have tried to represent with this magazine. She kept us talking to each other.

We also wish to thank Mr. Pete Peterson, TORCH Adviser, Darlene Gore, TORCH Business Adviser, as well as the TORCH Staff for giving the DENALI Staff the time and training required to produce this magazine.

The Willamette Writers Guild;

Fiction or Non-fiction?

The Past Tense

In the last three years some of America's leading authors have come to speak locally thanks to a struggling organization called the Willamette Writers Guild (WWG).

This was originally formed by nine staff members in 1976 from the Language Arts Departments of six colleges in the Willamette Valley. The participating colleges, under the name Willamette Writers Conference, were Chemeketa, Willamette, Linn-Benton, Oregon State University, Lane, and the University of Oregon. Oregon College of Education joined the organization in 1978. The name was changed from Conference to Guild because of a request coming from a Portland group already using the name Willamette Writers Conference.

The first major program presented by the WWG was a three-day colloquium on writing and publishing held in February 1977. This program entitled, logically enough, 'Writing and Publishing: A Colloquium', featured nine prominent writers and publishers, including one literary agent, in three one-day presentations at Salem, Corvallis-Albany, and Eugene. Pulitzer Prize winner Gwendolyn Brooks, writer Richard Hugo, and novelist, philosopher William Gass were among the panelists discussing the problems of writing and publishing in today's market.

What this program accomplished, according to Joyce Salisbury, LCC representative for the WWG, was to provide students, and the general public as well, with a diverse and in-depth look at the contemporary writing industry in America. 'People had a chance to get to know the literary business from writing through publishing, including a literary agent', Salisbury said.

The WWG's basic goals, explained Salisbury, are to help motivate students to develop good reading and writing skills, hopefully through emulation of the sponsored authors. The goals also include instilling an appreciation of the arts and humanities. The Guild's larger goals include encouraging an interest in writing as a useful and important skill. 'The Guild can bring to both community college students and the smaller communities in the Willamette Valley, Salisbury said, the quality of programs which are normally available only to large university or metropolitan audiences.'

In February 1978, during the Guild's second year of activity, a one-day science fiction symposium was held. Guests included Ben Bova, Kate Wilhelm and Damon Knight. In a separate program the Guild sponsored a lecture appearance by James Harder who spoke about unidentified flying objects.



Gwendolyn Brooks, at 60, is one of America's most honored poets, having received some three dozen honorary doctorates, the Shelly Memorial Award, election to the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and a Pulitzer Prize for poetry. She was a Guggenheim Fellow 30 years ago. Brooks appeared at LCC in 1977 in the "Writing and Publishing: a Colloquium" program.



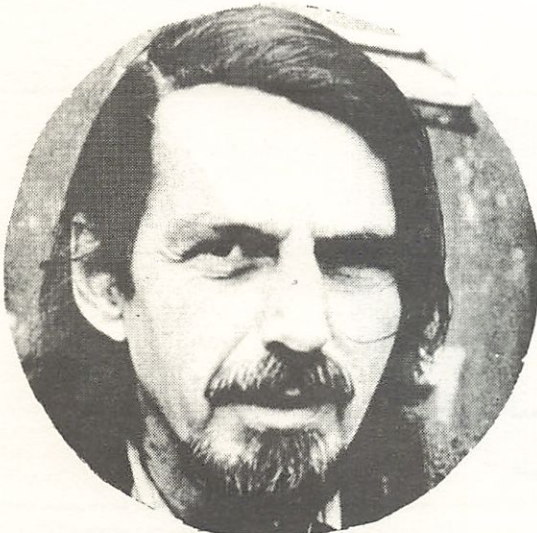
William Stafford has worked for the Forest Service and for Church World Service, and was Consultant in Poetry for the Library of Congress in 1970-71. He teaches at Lewis and Clark College, where he is chairman of the English Department. His books of poetry include "West of Your City", "The Rescued Year", "Allegiances", and "Someday, Maybe". He won the National Book Award for "Traveling Through the Dark". Stafford appeared at LCC in 1978.

The science fiction symposium was followed, in April 1978, by three week residencies of some of 'america's foremost poets. This program, called 'Poetry and People: Art in the 'community', allowed Willamette Valley audiences to meet John Ashberry, Robert Creeley, 'carolyn Kizer, W. S. Merwin, and Robert Duncan among other poets.

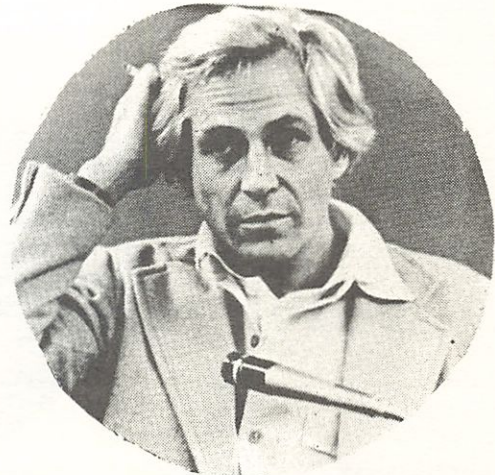
These programs are funded by local art groups, member institution contributions, and state grants. The Guild also receives funding through a three year developmental grant from the federal Council for the Humanities. The federal grant brings us to the

Present Tense

This years project, sponsored by the Guild, with a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, will be a one-week program of short-term residencies consisting of four workshops, one each in Eugene, Salem, Monmouth, and Salem and a panel discussion each evening following the workshops. The project, entitled "Theater and the Media in the community", is tentitively scheduled for March 1-5, 1979. The Guild hopes to have screenwriter Ted Mosel along with "LUV" author Murray Schishgal appear with one other, as yet unannounced, playwright.



Robert Creeley has published seventeen books of poems, a collection of short stories, and a novel. Creeley received degrees from Harvard, Black Mountain College, and the University of New Mexico. While at Black Mountain College, he founded and edited the "Black Mountain Reveiw". Creeley appeared at LCC in 1978 during the "Poetry and People" program sponsored by the WWG.



Gordan Lish appeared at LCC in 1977. Lish is the fiction editor of ESQUIRE magazine. Lish has written several books, including "New Sounds in American Fiction", and has edited "The Chrysalis Review" and "The Secret Life of Our Times".



Robert Duncan has edited the "Experimental Review" and the "Berkeley Miscellany" and has taught at San Francisco State, the University of British Columbia, as well as the Black Mountain College. Duncan has published eight volumes of poetry. His awards include the Harriet Monroe Memorial Prize, the Levinson Prize, and a Guggenheim Fellowship. Duncan appeared at LCC in 1978.



Richard Kostelanetz was a Woodrow Wilson fellow, a Guggenheim fellow, and a Fulbright scholar. Kostelanetz, who has an M.A. degree in American history, has published essays on various subjects, including a book-length study of literary polotics in America: "The End of Intelligent Writing". He appeared at LCC in 1977.

The workshops themselves will focus on the writing and revising of scripts: techniques, how to translate personal experience into a dramatic script, and how to transform one dramatic form into another.

Guild's theatre workshop. A playwrighting contest is currently being considered. Students with suggestions, or needing more information, should contact Debi Lance, ASLCC associate Cultural Director.)

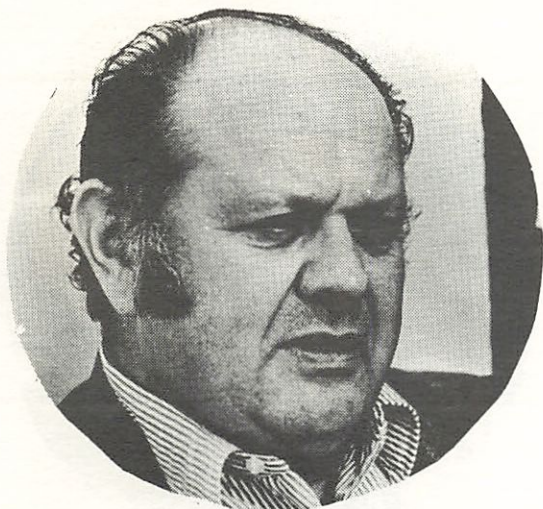
(The Associated Students of Lane Community College (ASLCC) is organizing a program to compliment the

Jack Powell, Language Art Director, is very enthusiastic in his support of the Guild's programming, both past and present. "The Guild has done an excellent job in the selection of guest speakers, and in the organization of their programs," Powell said. All the



Damon Knight, whose science fiction criticism won him a Hugo in 1956, is a noted editor of science fiction (Orbit, IF, Worlds Beyond). His work includes novels (Hell's Payment, The Other Foot, The Earth Quarter); short stories (Far Out, In Deep, Turning On, Off Center); and anthologies (The Shape of Things, First Flight, Beyond Tomorrow, The Dark Side, Towards Infinity).

Kate Wilhelm has written notable short stories in the science fiction genre, among them "Andover and the Android" and "The Planners" which won a Nebula in 1978. Collections of her short works have been published in "The Mile-Long Spaceship" and "The Downstairs Room". Wilhelm's novels include "Abyss", "The Clone", and "Where Late the Sweet Birds Sang", which won a Hugo in 1977. She was the editor of the ninth Nebula Award anthology.



Richard Hugo, who earned his B.A. and M.A. degrees at the University of Washington, appeared at LCC in 1977. Hugo won a Rockefeller Foundation grant for creative writing (1967-68) and, more recently, the Theodore Rothke Memorial Award. Hugo has published several volumes of poems including "The Lady in Kicking Horse Reservoir" (1973) and "What Thou Lovest Well, Remains American" (1975).



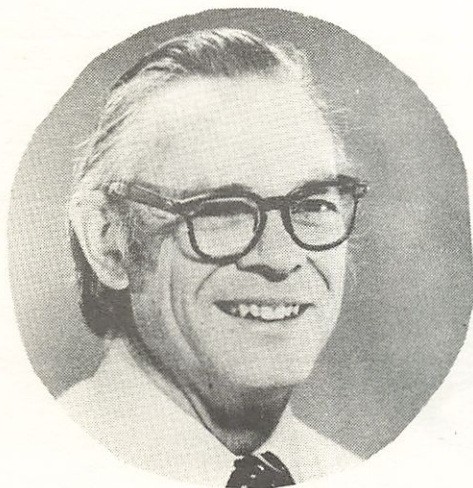
Victoria Hochberg, a graduate of Antioch College, used a Fulbright grant to study mime in Paris in 1965. Hochberg studied directing at the Lee Strasberg Institute, and performed with the San Francisco Mime Troupe. She began working in film as an editor of documentary and dramatic films, then became a producer/director of television specials, including "Metroliner" and a 90 minute essay about America in the 40's entitled "Hollywood: You Must Remember This". Hochberg appeared at LCC in the WWG's 1977 program "Writing and Publishing: a Colloquium".

work, by the Guild's representatives, is done on a voluntary basis. "The dedication and effort shown by the people involved with the Guild, is simply incredible," Powell said. The instructors do all the organizing for the Guild on top of their regular class loads. But the Guild is gathering greater support from some of the local art groups. This year the Guild's theatre program is being partially supported by the Oregon Repertory Theatre and the Maude Kern's Art Center, Powell said.

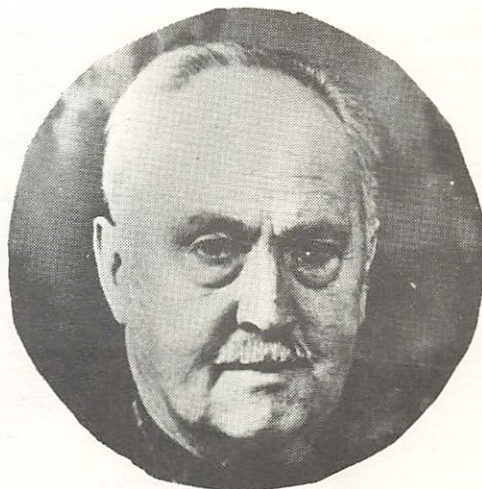
Though the Guild generated enough revenue in 1977

to cover the cost of its programs; in 1976, during it's first year of activity, the group came out with a deficit of approximately \$5000. This deficit, Powell insists, isn't necessarily bad. Powell said that during it's first year of programming the Guild suffered from a problem inherent with most new projects - a lack of public awareness. "I think just breaking-even is quite an accomplishment for the Guild," Powell said. Historically, Powell feels, literary-art projects aren't thought of as being profit oriented.

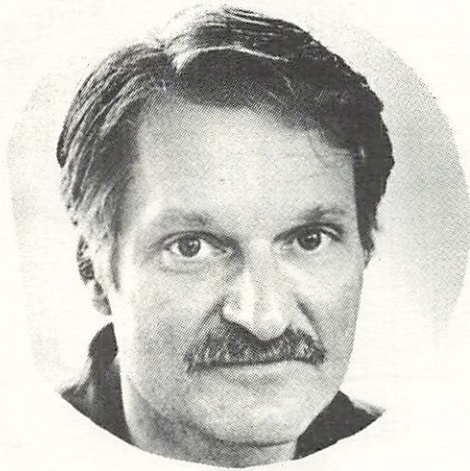
The financial outlook of the Guild brings us to...



James Harder is a nationally recognized expert in the investigation of unidentified flying objects, and is Research Director of the Aerial Phenomena Organization, the oldest UFO research organization in America. Harder's educational background includes degrees in mechanical and civil engineering, and work in electronics and computers. He holds a Ph.D. in fluid mechanics, and is Professor of Hydraulic Engineering at the Berkeley Campus of the University of California. Harder appeared at LCC in February 1978.



Reginald Bretnor published his first science fiction story, "Maybe Just a Little One", in 1947. He is the author of science fiction articles in two editions of the Encyclopedia Britannica. Bretnor has edited many critical symposiums on science fiction including "Modern Science Fiction, Its Meaning and Its Future", and more recently "The Craft of Science Fiction", "Science Fiction, Today and Tomorrow". Bretnor appeared at LCC in February 1978.



John Ashberry has published numerous books of poetry, and recently, for his book "Sel-Portrait in a Convex Mirror", he was awarded a Pulitzer Prize, the National Critics Circle Award, and the National Book Award. "Houseboat Days" is one of Ashberry's more recent books. Ashberry appeared at LCC, in April 1978, during the "Poetry and People: Art in the Community" program sponsored by the WWG.



Paul Schrader, a film writer, received an M.A. from UCLA in film. Schrader was elected a fellow of the American Film Institute for its Center for Advanced Film Study. Schrader has written nine films, from the early (written 1972) "Taxidriver" to "Hardcore" written in 1976. He appeared at LCC in February 1977.

The Future Tense

At its formation, in August, 1976, it was agreed that the Guild would be supported as a developmental project of the six colleges. In addition to its commitment to the Guild's operating budget, Lane Community College agreed to contribute fiscal oversight until June 30, 1979. (By agreeing, to allow LCC to be the treasurer, the Guild became eligible to apply for federal funding.) At the end of its three-year developmental phase, LCC felt the Guild would have demonstrated its worth and identified its supporters; and a decision could be made to either incorporate as a public agency or continue as a program of the colleges.

Whether the Guild will continue at all depends on a myriad of factors; the largest, looming in the distance, is the necessity of having a stable funding base.

If the past is any indicator of the quality of programs the Guild can offer, the Willamette Valley simply can't afford to lose it. Especially as a clearing-house for programs which could be presented at the new Civic Center being built in Eugene.

Students who have suggestions, or wish to volunteer their services, should contact Joyce Salisbury, at the Language Arts Department, or Lisl Fenner, Human Development Coordinator.



W.S. Merwin is widely honored both as a poet and as a translator. Merwin has authored nine volumes of poetry, two volumes of prose, and eleven volumes of translation. For his "Selected Translations 1948-1968" Merwin was awarded the P.E.N. Translation Prize. He won a Pulitzer Prize for his book of poems "The Carrier of Ladders", and in 1974 he was at the University of Oregon, in 1978, was sponsored by the WWG.

VISIONS OF THE OCEAN

In flowing gown she climbed the cliffs to stand entranced
within the clouds.
A sorrowful cry above her head and far below a crashing sound
Gnarled hands with rings of shells came beckoning
from the darkened caves,
With tangled seaweed in her hair swirling to crest
upon the waves
And reaching up with cries of clashing thunder
She grasp your soul and pulled you under.

O Ocean, cruel and dressed in stormy nights,
What beauty do you hold?
So in another dream she saw a vision
strong and bold

A gown of flowing emerald greens, a crown of pearls
upon her head.
Around her swayed her bluish green empire and from
the depths beneath she led.
Poised against the sky in royal splendor her power
yet unleashed,
Till queenly stretching her scepter high, up, up
towards the sky she reached,
Sweeping out across the land, her subjects fell
beneath her feet,
And gathering them into her arms, together
towards the beach they raced,
the Queen and King to meet.

Oh Ocean, truly beautiful, majestic to behold.
But still another vision is willing to be told.

A tiny child dressed in lace
Of sweet and simple grace.
She's running here and there
With diamonds flashing in her hair.
About your toes she prances
Little teasing dances
Until she tires and runs away
Into her mothers arms to stay.

Beverly L. Conant

Poems by Don Evans

Take my pleasure in solitude and cold.

I turn out the lights

as the sun goes and

walk about

in falling dark, sit

in an easy chair for

two hours, watching shadows.

In the distance I hear a rumbling..

Bears turning about

in caves

in the earth.

A low voice chants

as dreams flow down

through the legs,

through the soles of the feet,

becoming warm bulbs

underground.

Leafstorm

A black cape

thrown headlong

into a

windy tunnel.

The dervish

swirling

inside

the leafstorm.

Breezes that blow. All the spirit shapes.

A harvest of seaweeds,

stars,

enigmas.

Avenues of escape to the

ultimate hotel,

where madames wave

from all the windows,

windows

which open

onto

the other world.

The warm sunspot

Behind my eyes

Is curling like

A Golden beast

About to spring

To pluck your blossoms

With soft paws.

ATTIC BEDROOM

Nearby I woke, not close.
Even this room was not high enough

for you, the bed raised
like a dais, altar-stained.
I look on boards.
The floor. Harkwood and dust.
On your Spartan sense in everything
spare. Chair, table, bed.
On the still desolation
not quite light.
My hands reach about your sleepbent back
as to a structure for thought,
fast losing grasp away
from your faint gleam of skin,
dim, marbled in shade.
Breasts chilled with shakes
and keen premonition
remain speechless eyes, looking out
to memorize while
sullen intervals mark time up here,
breaths from an archaic age.
"Always a hero"
you once said,
but in our contest who
would hear the victors
cry?
In the mute dawn I see us.
Flawed gallery pieces propped
stiff and forgotten
above common floors.
Or misaligned panes
grayly bled down
by hushed early storms,
whose drops blur vision
and scatter my view.

Curt Taylor

Stallone's 'Paradise Alley'

A Book Review by Franklin A. Vaughn

I was attracted to the book by the title, *Paradise Alley*. The author's name "Sylvester Stallone" caught my eye and had me reaching. Scenes from Rocky flashed through my mind as I scanned the front cover. The photograph of Stallone made me pause and reflect on my own past--(I'm from Brooklyn too.)

Paradise Alley is a book about three brothers, Cosmo, Lenny, and Victor Carboni, and the lives they lead, in a place called "Hell's Kitchen" in New York: a white ghetto, a place where rats from all over the world migrate.

Cosmo Carboni was, or tried hard to be, a con artist: "A long time ago he had figured that anybody who used sweat instead of smarts to get ahead in life has to be a certified jerk...."

Lenny went off to war to be a hero and came back to the Kitchen a cripple--psychologically as well as physically--with a limp leg. He works in a funeral parlor and buries his hopes right along with the stiff.

And then there is Victor: Victor the Iceman: "Victor Carboni had been driving an ice truck since, well, who could remember, and now he was twenty-eight...Nothing bothered Victor....Victor's hobby was sweat and work-- it's what he liked best; but more important, it's what he understood." Victor was a large man, proud and strong; although he was illiterate, he studied the dictionary.

The book is about these three men thrown together in the pits of society as family, trying to get out of the Kitchen. Cosmo convinces Victor his "beef" is a God-given gimmick, after he whips a club fighter at the Paradise Alley, a skid club. He gets Victor to thinking about being a "glorious club fighter" and shows him how it could get them out of the pits. Lenny is talked into handling the business end, and Cosmo becomes Victor's trainer.

The strength of the book lies in the presentation of the story by Stallone, with exceptionally strong dialogue between major and minor characters and a tremendous knack for showing the reader a scenario that other writers take five pages to create: Blood drained from the wound above Victor's eye and dripped off his chin. Victor could not speak. All Victor could do was feel.

"Vic, we're goin' home."

"No, I'm all right..."

"Let's go home, Vic," Cosmo said and tried to stand his brother up.

"...No!"

Lenny looked into Victor's eyes and knew his brother

was sincere. "What do you want to do?" he asked.

"...Win!"

"Okay, Vic, then win," Lenny said.

Stallone deals from gut level and makes you feel the pain of thrown punches and the desperation of human conditions at the gutter level.

Stallone's style of writing is probably the strongest asset the novel offers. At times Stallone presents us with a style that is actually poetic:

"Victor counted his meager salary and smiled at the foreman. But

Victor's eyes no longer

smiled."

Another example of this can be seen in the following:

"Victor wanted to pick her up and wrap her in a sheet and
Run out of the room
Run down the hall
Jump over the cracked pavement
And leap into his truck."

The sentence structure is simple and effective:

"Christ, Pigpen had a hard face.
A stinking face.
An ugly face
A rotten face!
The kind of face you wanted to drive a steam-roller over and over and over," etc.

Because of the shortness of the chapters and the moving dialogue, the reader becomes captivated with the characters--they come alive and you don't want to put it down until you've finished.

Paradise Alley will be one of the classics of modern day fiction, and anyone reading it has to feel its power. It will make you cringe and cry. You'll hate. And you'll hold your breath and want to scream out...This is real!...*Paradise Alley* will touch you inside.

Nobody Cares

Mom, those kids are teasing me;
 So what, I don't care.
Mom, somebody beat on me;
 So what, I don't care.
Mom, Dad, I passed a test in school;
 So what, we don't care.
Dad, Mom said she hates me;
 So what, I don't care.
Dad, I won the spelling contest;
 So what, I don't care.
Hey everyone, I got a boyfriend;
 So what, we don't care.
Mom, Dad, he asked me to go steady;
 So what, we don't care.
Mom, I'm going to have a baby;
 So what, that's your problem.
Mom, Dad, I'm dying;
 Tuff!
"Mom, Dad, I Love You!"

Debbie Lee White

Why I Don't Smile

You ask me why I don't smile,
Is there something troublin' me?
Just open your eyes and look around,
And tell me, what do you see?

We're doing alright with material things,
You can tell by the way we live.
But with all the things man has learned how to do,
He still hasn't learned how to give.

Can you understand the things people do,
And the way they treat each other?
Tell me how far man has really come,
When today he's still killin' his brother.

If you don't have the answer right now,
I'll see you after awhile,
But if the next time I still look this way,
You'll know why I don't smile.

Debbie Lee White

SEA CHILD AT TWILIGHT

The coral haze of sun down
Glow from the sea's horizon
And spangles forth to meet the night,
Blue night with surf song
A rhythmic beat laves the moonlit strand
Where I stand knee-deep in tide-water.
I clasp its wetness in warm fingers.
I am alone with vastness—
Alone with wave-crested solitude.
No ship invades my shimmering periphery.
The gulls have sought their roost.
I am alone with life.
Breathing, palpable life.
The shady depths speak softly to me and say,
"You are my child."

Lucille Steen

Guilt

Today self is dwarfed by giant jesuses
Who beckon from the pit
Brimstone blazes lick the vast void
And fringe the shadows with crimson.
I cower abjectly.
I know, too, that my tatters will be singed,
But welcome the warmth.

Lucille Steen

TERRA—FIRMA CLOWN

Today I do not tenaciously grip the plow handle.
But ponder the maze formation of the finger print.
Minute crevices loom with marked impact
While tips tower in mountainous conjecture.
Motion disrupts warm clay-bound loam
And stirs the mixture to a malleable mass.
Kneeling, I lightly knead this mortar of pseudo-reality
And smooth the contents, pack-wise
Into my stage face.
Reflection mimics!.....
Gratefully, I grip my plow handle again,
and grin.

Lucille Steen



Graphic: Roberto Lopez

Dust Bowl

Lonely house surrounded by desolation and dust
Stands still, waiting for the rains
That refuse to come.

Wind mocks the wooden house as it stuffs
Every crack with fat fingers of dust.

The hard, shining sun shimmers and stops;
Replaced by a hard round moon
That reflects the dust.

C. Manuel



Watercolor: Arlene Gregson

WINTER SOLSTICE

December

The season called winter

And

Everything turns inward

inward

Curling upon a

kernel of light

The solstice.

The in-gathering.

All life

drawing down..

layers of darkness..

..descending

a ladder

through red smoke....

Hunchbacked women pass by
 in corridors, with woolen garments
 concealing their breasts,
 their necks like badgers
 in layers of fur.

I feel the need to gather also.
 Have supplies of grain on hand.

Don Evans

Love's game is hard to play.

Especially the first time around.
Especially when you hope it's forever.
Especially when things go wrong

And love isn't a bunch of roses
As you thought.

People interfere
Feelings get hurt.

It's difficult to understand

Someone besides yourself.
We'll try because we love each other

And try again if need be

Because we do love.

by Jody Tiffee

Wrapped in quilts
you watch me with
liquid eyes while
I make arguments.

Then you take me
in there with you
where honey bees swarm
in a silent golden ball.

Don Evans

To M.S.

oh greco,
my tragic and lost one,
your visions have grown so twisted and gnarled,
wind whipped seas,
a dark sad queen,
and unfinished colors.
could you not see
that the demons had captured her smile?

and yours,
with its lyrical twist,
hides behind jaded eyes
that once saw the sun dance.

oh white hawk,
the dirge is not yet complete
do not dance yet to its tune.
soar
the heavens miss their lover.
your wings must spread before they fall.
the wind calls to you,
do not spurn her song.

and yours,
listen now.
your lips have forgotten its words,
but your heart still carries its voice.

oh prince of madness.
the colors that blind you now,
remember?
you once caught them
and showed them their own beauty.
your hands lay them down so gently
they thought only to please you
with their new found radiance.

and yours,
you have grown dim.
the shadows draw you deeper,
and trembling, you follow them.

oh laughing spirit,
I miss your eloquent fire.
hold to your visions, greco,
the sun will keep his child well.
do not shroud your heart,
recatch your honor,
return to your warriors' stance
and hold steady your bow.

and yours
will be the hawks' piercing challenge
that echoes from the mountains,
and the shadows will flee in shame.

by Katheryn Albrecht

TO MAXINE

rarely, once in a hundred worlds,
is a child of faeries born...
with gadfly hair,
old eyes,
and pouting mouth that invites unrequited dreams.

i have only seen you in your ballet body,
your legs defining beauty
in their own quiet dance.
but i know you are also
the nymph that guards trees' souls,
and the sprite that rides the currents of creeks.
your spirit is that of terra herself,
strong, eternal, with the shyness of a fawn.

i have seen you still, withdrawn,
flying with the osprey over her lake,
while i, the intruder in your world,
can only wonder at the secrets you guard so fiercely

half woman, half child, as gold as the sun;
more radiant than the stolen fire of prometheus,
your laughter can move the heart of the hermit.
who has listened for it all his life,
but who only hears
half of it in the songs of birds.
for who can hear clouds as they move across the horizon,
or the wild iris when it grows?
your sorrows, and you quietly have many,
have the liquid eyes of the deer:
within each of your tears is a rainbow,
they are part of your romance.

many adore you,
but none so much as I.
as I fumble in the distance,
the dark one who would lift your pain
and carry it in my heart as a gift of love.
I kiss your brow in my absence,
and from my shadows
think of you often in your journey on this earth.

Kathryn Albrecht

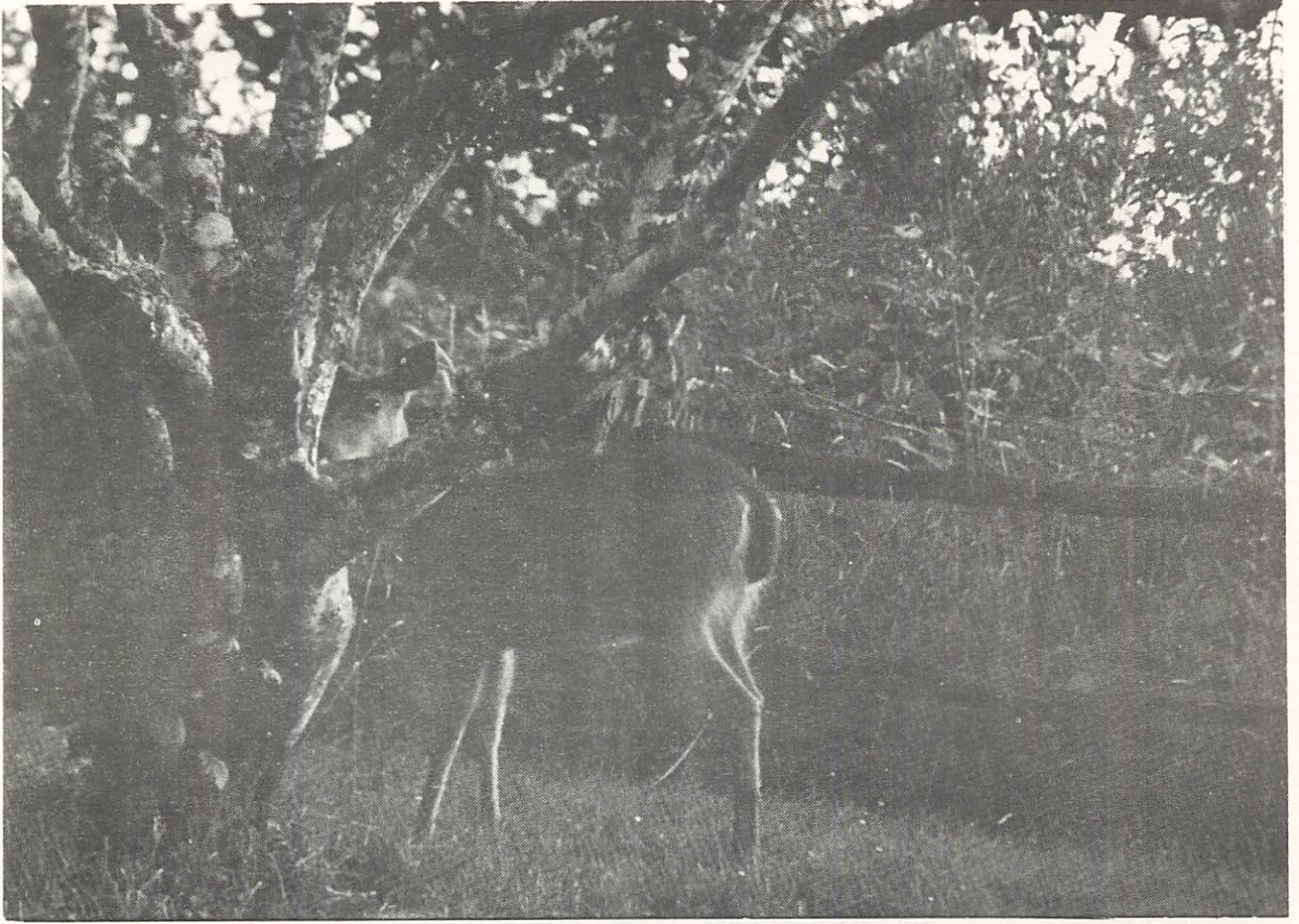


Photo: Mike Bertotti

I've seen the family crawling along the tree of time,
inching along the limb of despair, clinging to
the leaves of loneliness, overindulging in the
forbidden fruits.

I've seen the people withdraw inside themselves,
pulling the cocoon of fear tight around, letting the
indifference block out the light.

I feel my people hundreds of light years away, crying
out to connect, wanting to feel the spark that has been
buried so deep within.

I hear my family's call grow dim in the struggle
of the self, as the stillness of the new begins
to shine.

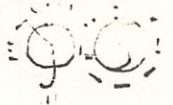
I see the scars of the body, mind, heart, and of
the spirit, melting away, metamorphosing into

new beings dancing to the beat of a new heart
song.

I know my people are growing, rising up out of
the shell of yesteryear: Breaking the bonds of fear
and loneliness, seeing that yesterday is but a dream in
the light of today, that we do not have to live up to
tomorrow.

Now is the time for the beautiful winged
creatures to come rising up out of the grey, full
of color and light, living light, shining out the love
and togetherness that's deep within us all.

I feel my people ready, strong, able to connect, free
to be, to see the whole as it is. The time of rebirth
is HERE, NOW! Fly my kite into the flowering fields
of the NEW WORLD and sip the nectar.



Dance of Death

Girded with the skins of those
you've killed a little,
Nets of memory, crystals of blood,
Shades, old ghosts, second thoughts..
Girded..Dressed
with polished white bone shaking jewelry,
with birds' nests hanging in your hair,
with wild gyrations,

unravelling-

dancing-

Blessing-

All you've killed and
hurt in holy war.

Don Evans

Senseless Funeral

Swollen are the eyes of love,
Seeing what we fear to speak,

Deafening silence fills our ears,
As we hear the bitter truth.

The taste of death is on our tongues,
Because our love is rotting.

We feel the sudden stillness,
Which has touched upon our love;

And smell the dampness of the tears,
That I am softly crying.

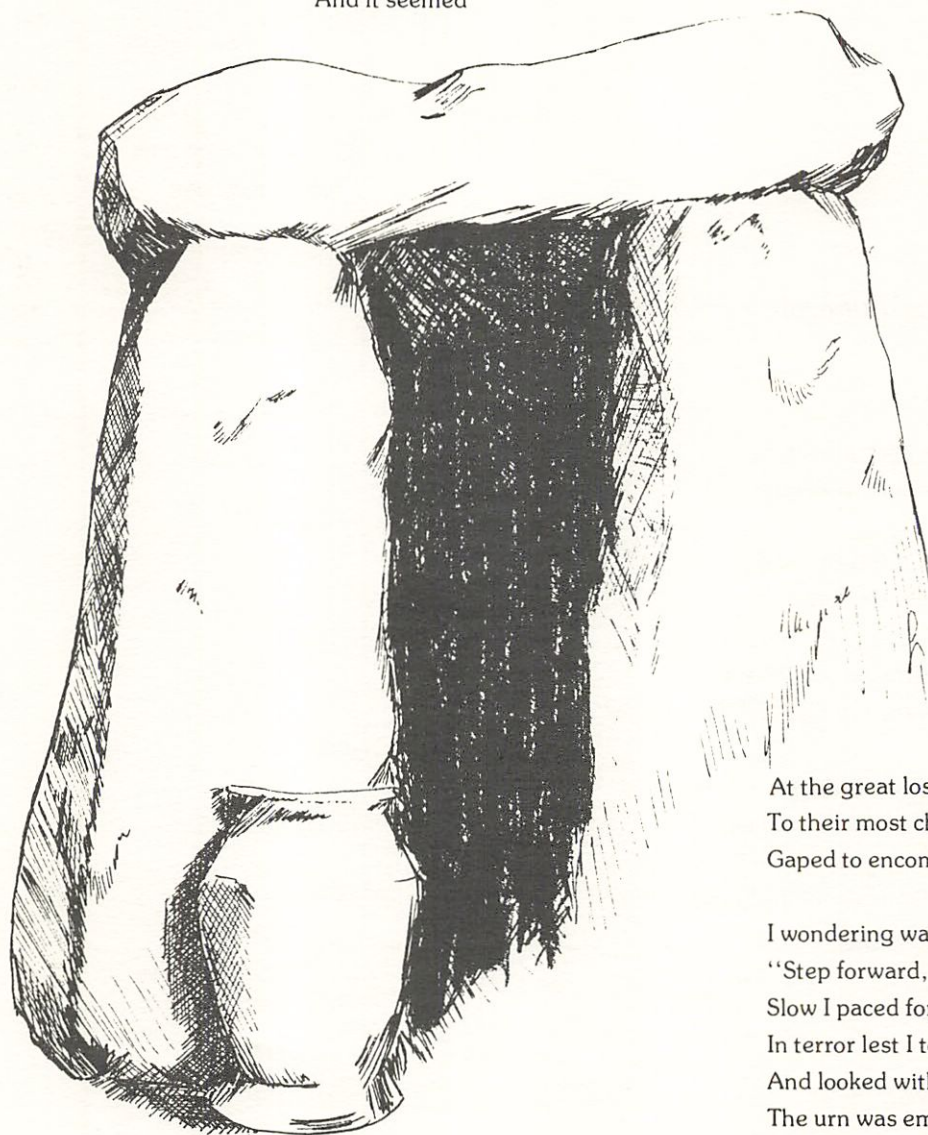
Don Evans

THE URN

I dreamed I stood beside the door of Death
And watched as mankind, with slow faltering steps
Approached that final portal, one by one
To pass beneath the lintel, and to fade
Into grey nothingness. Each mortal bore
As he approached, the gatherings of life—
Wealth, fame and power, works and labors lost
Or gained, love given and received, and greed,
Hate, envy, lust—The tools and toys that men
And women learn to cherish.

And it seemed

There was an urn placed just beside the door,
A curious vessel of a black—red hue
—The color of dried blood—and with the throat
Belled wide as though intended to receive
Rather than give; and as each mortal passed
He cast into that gaping throat, as toll,
All he possessed, both good and bad, the grain
Of his life's harvest. Some with great relief
Cast off their loads, and some seemed not to care,
But many cried aloud in anguish deep



At the great loss, and weeping, sought to cling
To their most cherished treasures, but the urn
Gaped to encompass all, and all received.

I wondering watched. A voice beside me said,
“Step forward, man, and look into the urn.”
Slow I paced forward, leaned across the lip,
In terror lest I too should swallowed be,
And looked within, where all the treasure went.
The urn was empty.

—Myron Stahl

The Party Jan Devereaux

Oh, God, how he hated these parties.

Nathan Welch, Jr., stood up, stretched and finished off the remains of his whiskey sour, glad to be rid of Larry, who had managed to bore him to death with his stupid polack jokes. He put his empty glass on the cluttered table nearest him and glanced nonchalantly at his watch: one thirty-five. "Perfect," he thought to himself as he shoved his way through the sea of laughing, drunken people.

The sea spat him out again, equipped with empty champagne glasses and half eaten hors d' oeuvres. Placing this cargo into the hands of a pretty red head, he thought of having one more drink, but decided against it and continued on his way.

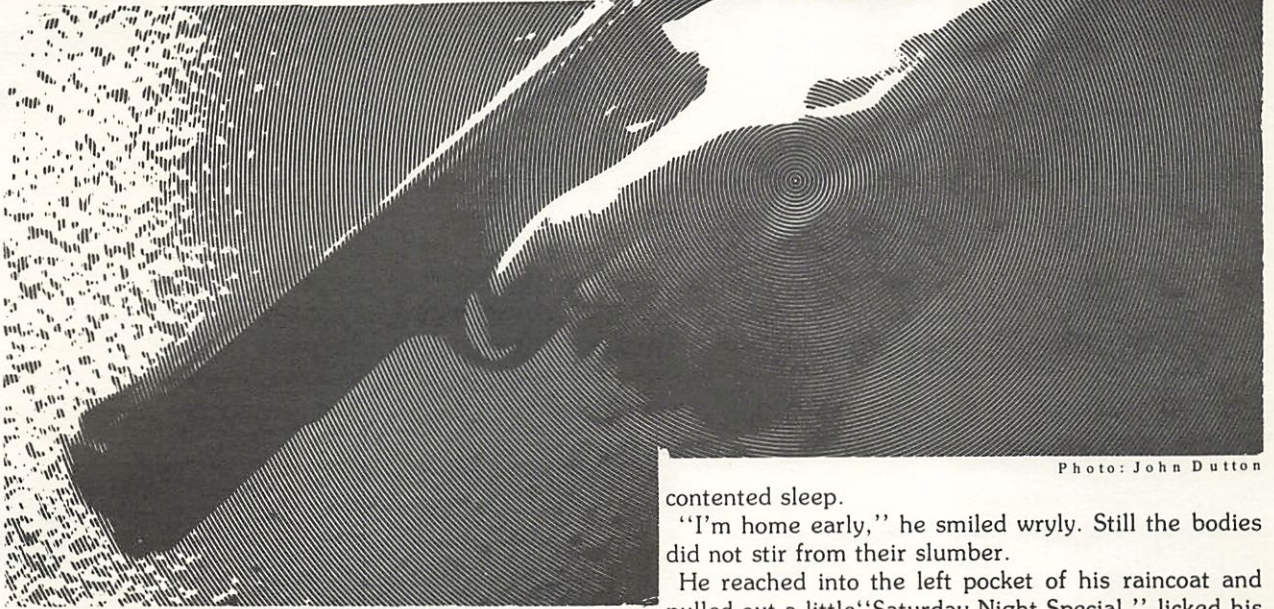


Photo: John Dutton

The brisk night air forced him to bury his hands in the pockets of the charcoal black rain coat. Feeling the cold hard lump in the left pocket, he smiled to himself, heaving a sigh of relief. His breath came out visible in the icy air.

His black patent leather shoes clicked along the sidewalk, brushing away the dead, dry leaves. Keeping his head lowered, he focused his eyes on the spider-web cracks in the gray cement. Again he consulted the gold digital watch as a sudden gust of cold wind made him shiver.

Whistling softly to himself, he crossed the deserted street and entered the lobby of the apartment building. Welcoming the warmer climate, he unbuttoned his coat and loosened the rust-colored tie. The doorman was, as usual, asleep at his post.

The elevator doors swished open and he stepped into an empty corridor. He took a deep breath and unlocked the door to the tiny apartment. Sidestepping his wife's purse, he tip-toed to the kitchen, not wanting to wake Melinda.

"Oh my dear wife Melinda," he thought sarcastically flipping the switch to the kitchen light. He quietly

mixed himself a gin and tonic, sipping it slowly.

He was suddenly aware of the weight in his left pocket and gulped the rest of his drink. As he placed the empty glass in the dishwasher, the cuckoo warned him that it was two o'clock. A shadow of a smile crept onto his face and he squelched the light.

The door opened silently and he stood in the doorway. There was the familiar scent of Melinda's favorite perfume in the air. He licked his lips and stepped inside, his feet shuffling through the thick white carpet. Moonlight glowed upon the two bodies entangled in a

contented sleep.

"I'm home early," he smiled wryly. Still the bodies did not stir from their slumber.

He reached into the left pocket of his raincoat and pulled out a little "Saturday Night Special," licked his lips once more and checked the silencer. Shaking his head, he pointed the instrument at the couple. His mind drained of all thoughts as he whispered, "Goodbye."

The party was still going strong. Slipping out of his heavy coat he smiled at himself in the mirror. Keeping this smile pasted to his face, he plunged into the mass of people.

He ended up at the bar and he sat down next to a blonde who was sipping at a peach daiquiri. Taking the whiskey from the bartender, he raised the full glass to her.

"Cheers." He pronounced before downing the contents. Glaring at him, she turned her back and continued to sip.

"Another drink?" the balding bartender asked as he picked up the empty tumbler.

"Why not? Nothing else to do."

The bartender nodded knowingly, refilling the glass.

"Some shindig, huh mac?" He smiled pleasantly as he replaced the bottle of Southern Comfort.

"Yeah," he sighed.

God, how he hated these parties.



Terra Cotta: Nancy Mann



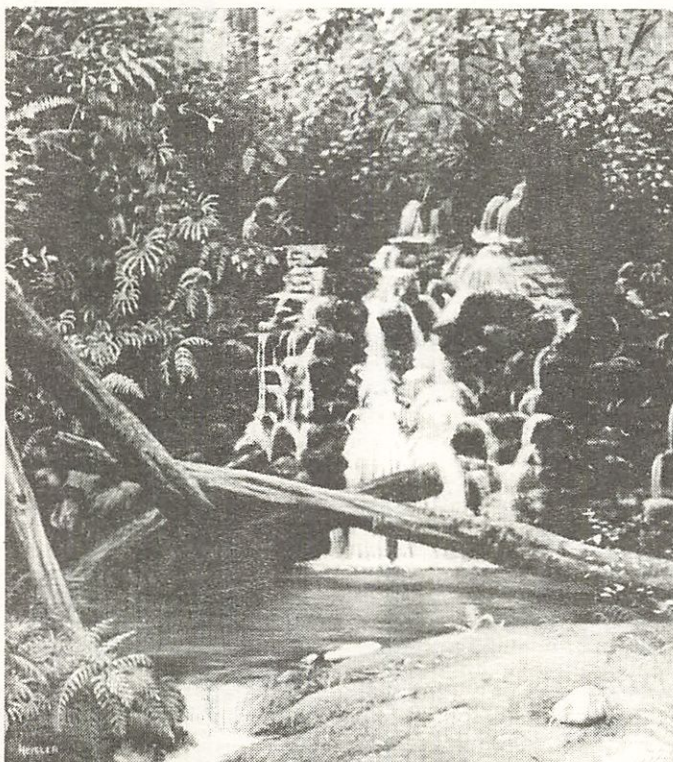
The Art



Gypsy Berks
Little Eagle
OIL '78



Mark Logan
oil '78



Peggy Heisler
oil '78

Gallery



Randy Cline
Watercolor '78



Randy Cline
Watercolor '78



Mark Logan
oil '78

A Waking Moment

by Bill Duvall

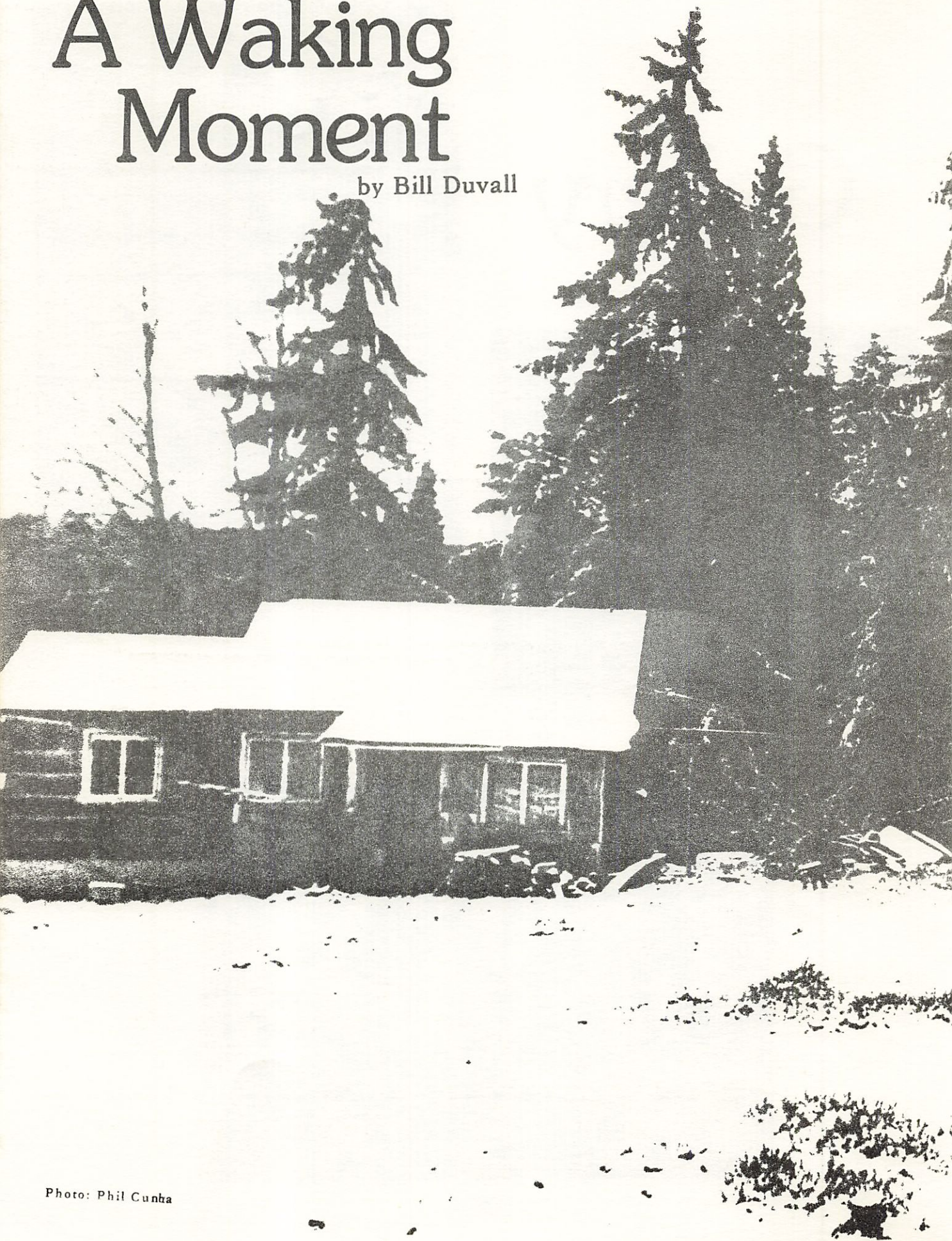


Photo: Phil Cunha



I groaned, yawned, and stretched myself into a sitting position. Still asleep and trusting my habit pattern, I lit the kerosene lamp next to my bed, stepped

across the room, blankets still around me, and began to build my morning fire. I never start thinking until I hear the coffee water boil.

continued on next page

A Waking Moment

Cup in hand I eased myself slowly into a kitchen chair. The one with tape in the middle instead of cotton, and realized that this is the last time I'll be seeing these surroundings.

As my thoughts wandered through the memories of the past few years I noticed a smiling reflection of myself in the charred globe of the kerosene lamp.

I tensed inside my sheepskin coat as I stepped into the pre-dawn chill. The sun wasn't up, just a luminous glow in the overcast skies and a few shafts of light reaching through the treetops. Behind the cabin, I entered the small, lean-to shed, tossed hay to my lead horse and 1 pack mules, and started sorting out the saddles and gear I'd be taking along. I brushed and saddled my animals while they ate, but left the cinches loose and halters off.

Feeling stiff from the ride and the cold, we stopped for a rest somewhere close to noon. The sun hadn't shone all morning and a light, steady rain had slowed our journey from the first hour. I removed the packs from the mules but left the saddles in place. I fitted all three animals with hobbles to restrict their wandering, removed headstalls, and left them in the narrow meadow along the trail. Then I built a fire and heated soup and coffee for myself.

With growing concern I glanced again at the darkening skies. The mountain peaks behind us were no longer visible. The trail was getting slick and dangerous. And it was getting cold. Cold enough to snow, not uncommon to this altitude, this time of the year.

Late afternoon it began to snow. Lightly at first, then in quick angry flurries. Now it was covering our tracks as fast as we made them. I'd planned to make our first night's camp at an abandoned cabin, still a good three hours ahead. The rain had plagued, harassed, and slowed our journey all morning. Now it appeared that the snow would bring us to a halt. The trail had just crossed a creek and I knew that not far ahead was a

shallow gorge that would offer a good wind break for the exhausted animals and possibly a temporary shelter for myself.

We entered the narrow confines of the gorge slightly after dark. The snow was falling steady and silent. I dismounted and felt a sharp pang of momentary fear as I stepped down into nearly ten inches of dry powdery ground cover. Moving quickly, leaving lead lines in place on the mules and ground tying my horse, I opened the pack that held a coil of heavy rope. Stretching it between two small trees for a picket line, I attached lead ropes to cold metal rings, removed saddles, and fitted each animal with a felt-lined, canvas blanket.

With a small ax and a weak beamed flashlight I cut a bundle of fir boughs and criss-crossed them on the snow. Then I broke off several dry brittle under-branches, laid them on top of the boughs, and built a fire. With a little light and a little heat, I searched through the packs for nosebags and grain for my animals, then surveyed the immediate area for any natural shelter the gorge had to offer. What I first thought to be a cave entrance became a deep depression beneath a rocky overhang, but it was dry and snow free inside.

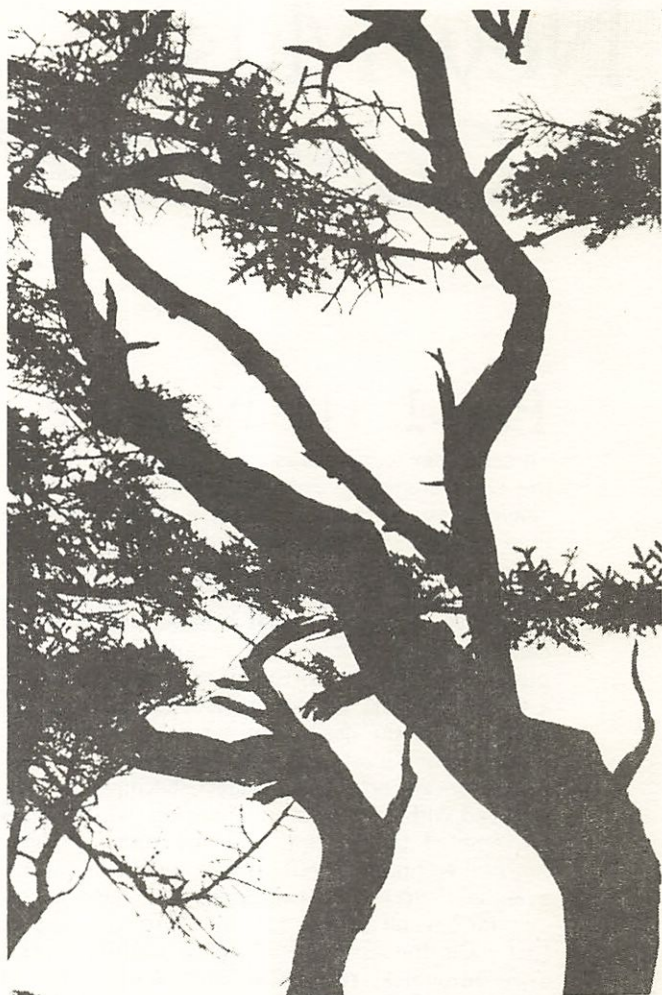
I tossed my sleeping bag into the shelter and sealed off much of the opening with my packs and saddles. The rest I covered with more of the green boughs. I gathered as many of the dry branches as I could carry in three trips, stacked them inside the shelter, and crawled in. I built my fourth fire that day, removed my boots, and worked my way into the sleeping bag. Positioning myself within arm's distance of the fire and the dry wood, I fell into an exhausted sleep. The last conscious sound was a pine knot popping in the fire and a blast of wind passing through the narrow gorge.

Unmoving, but for my eyes, I peered beyond the few embers still alive in the fire. My ears strained to identify the alien sound that woke me. It may be the wind, but now I hear my horse speak with one nervous snort. I hear the mules impatiently stamping their feet, and the squeaking of the picket line, tight with strain....and I hear sound again....a small, authoritative voice echoing nearby.....

"GRANDPA! Wake up, it's time for dinner!"

Photography Gallery

John Dutton



b.l.: Mary McCollough

b.r.: Colleen Donahue



New Music: A Composer's View

by Noyes Bartholomew

Part 1, The Negative

A composer today needs enormous inner strength. In the early stages of artistry, when one is young and developing, perhaps strength is needed more even than talent. By this (heresy) I mean strength to surmount a bald and, for the artist, terrifying fact: most people don't enjoy contemporary art, music or otherwise. Of course, this is a matter which causes the creator small problem (excluding financial drives and pressures) during the actual design and construction of a work. At first inspiration is strongest and one is caught up in the drama and intensity of molding and unfolding one's original idea. And while working, the composer--all artists, I suspect--becomes so deeply involved with the act of composition, when all senses are opened to intuition and the mind engaged in finished technique, craft, that thoughts of the work's eventual "success" are meaningless. One is writing only for oneself. Then, too, for a composer the actual first performance and successive performances of a work (Stravinsky referred to each of his works as his "children") are often superfluous. After all, one hears the music first in one's inner ear, imagining it; one then works it out on paper and later usually attends and directs rehearsals. By performance time the piece's every nuance has been thought over, memorized deep within. Still, performance matters a great deal. So, too, does the audience response.

But to undertake all this work (often painful) with full awareness that only a very few listeners will respond favorably takes courage. and not a little stubbornness.

That contemporary music is not admired, or even liked, by most people isn't entirely the listening public's fault. In many ways the cards are stacked against the sometimes naive, often culturally - unprepared though well-educated, and not always open-minded average American. Perhaps the biggest obstacle for the musical layman to overcome is the vast distance of most contemporary avant-garde music from Tradition, from European music of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries. It's true that many of our fore-most composers (after 1945) have not been content to expand tradition, but have felt it necessary to completely annihilate the older style (tonality) before moving onward. Composers have deliberately severed ties between their art and the past. The European Dadaists of the early twentieth Century have made a great impact on many prominent modern-day composers who are openly anti-art. The outstanding Dadaist composer of Europe was Eric Satie, whose influence on American John Cage is well-documented,

leading him to use chance operations rather than logic or personal taste to structure all aspects of his works. A further complication in the path of the interested layman is the fast speed at which contemporary styles and aesthetics are developing, paralleling recent leaps in science technologies. We live in a day of "-isms", with each new movement quickly outmoding the last. With each passing year, even month, our culture moves us that much farther from the nineteenth Century's Romanticism, yet the music that most people listen to is very strongly tied, in theoretic language, in design and in expression, to the Romantics, to "museum music".

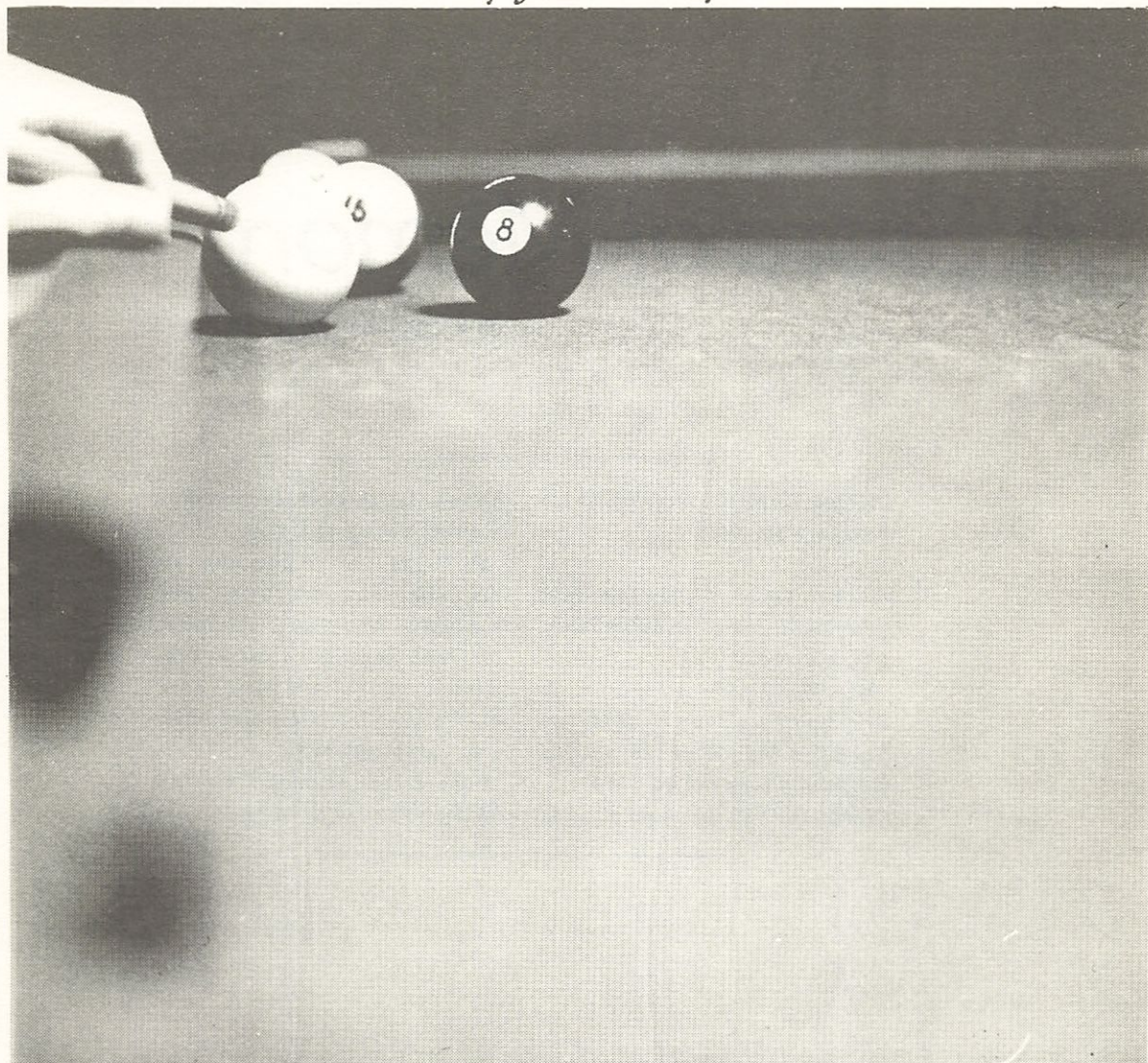
Most Americans, then, due to unfamiliarity and/or ignorance, are simply unprepared to discriminate between good and bad new music on first hearing, and they are rarely offered opportunity to hear works repeated. This is as true of music educators as anyone else! Music teachers usually teach what they know: European music of the eighteenth and nineteenth Centuries. Obviously it is important to hear and analyze (i.e. listen carefully to) a great deal of the new music in order to form healthy and effectively useful aesthetic concepts regarding new styles. It is also quite unfair to force a young composer, only testing his/her wings, to compete with Bach or Beethoven. Can one compare Arnold Schoenberg with Bach? At least, can one do it and still achieve any useful results? I prefer to examine each work for its own merits or demerits, contrasting and comparing for stylistic features, but not value! Yet this comparison happens to young composers, not yet Schoenbergs, everyday. It interests me to remember that Bach's music died with him--until resurrected in the nineteenth century. Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven competed with each other and many others less competent, but they weren't faced with competition from long-deceased masters. They were in fact the *avant-garde* in their day.

Radio, the recording industry, TV and the other mass media have caused a vast change in our musical climate. Imagine the fact that you can buy a musical recording of virtually any musical style, from any culture, any continent, of any time in known history! Of only American styles one has an enormous range of choice: Pop (top-40, bubble-gum rock, Muzak, acid rock, country-western, rock-a-billy), Folk (bluegrass, mountain music, traditional folk music), and Art music ((jazz of a variety of styles, and what I refer to as "straight" music -- meaning "Classical" -- also of a wide variety of styles). In the midst of all this music, how can a young, unknown, exploratory composer,

continued on page 52

HARDTIMES

by Jon Beckley



I looked at Hardtimes as he stood leaning against the pool table glaring at each ball, coldly contemplating his next shot. His face seemed distorted, masked behind thick greenish grey curls of smoke which had filled the sparse room. The light was dim over the beat table, but as I looked into Hardtimes' grey eyes it didn't keep me from seeing him grow from a child to an aging young man in what seemed an instant.

The Coca-Cola lamp, hanging low above the table, etched the lines and bruises in Hardtimes' face as he leaned under it softly banking the eight ball into the corner pocket. He had won another game, but as he leaned on his cue stick waiting for the balls to be racked by the next player, he looked as if he were a tired, beaten down old man who'd just spent the last thirty years leaning against the same cue stick, hovering--- in the sad flat yellow light---over the same lopsided pool table looking for the ever-elusive best shot, then finding it through the smoke of a dangling cigarette, and shooting it in after one last pull from a bottle of beer.

Hardtimes was only twenty-five, but years can be deceiving, for Hardtimes was a junkie, and his years of survival on the battlefield of the street showed. He was a physically and mentally drained human being leaning on the downside of a death wish. The lines embedded in his face, and the long scar—from a butcher-knife—down his right shoulder blade shouldn't have belonged to a young man.

Staring at Hardtimes I saw more than the tracks on his arms and the lines in his face. I saw a man so lost in the blues he couldn't go any further down. I couldn't even remember when his name hadn't been Hardtimes.

Heroin and the life it means had destroyed the man so deeply that even the friendly laugh and child's smile had been sold for the "dime bag."

Hardtimes and I had played baseball together in grade school. Now we were shooting dope together. Hardtimes and I were two people with one need—hustling together on the street for the same purpose—the life of a junkie firmly forever in our blood.

A Store of Memory

by Sarah Jenkins

BAKER DEMOCRAT—HERALD
February 16, 1968:

Daniel Louis Williamson died today at St. Mary's Hospital after a long illness.

Mr. Williamson was born in Bridgeport on June 6, 1891 and has lived his entire life on his family's homestead on Trail Creed. In 1916, he married Elsa

Young, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Young of Union.

Surviving Mr. Williamson are his wife; one daughter, Mrs. Katherine Newman of Huntington; one son, Dr. Joseph Williamson of Buffalo New York; twelve grandchildren; and three great grandchildren.

Funeral arrangements for Mr. Willeamson are pending.

He was one of our own. Not many people cried, or if they did, it was in private. He had lived a good, long life. Saying it made it sound too familiar, but Dan would have said the same thing himself: A good, long life.

But seeing this woman standing on the other side of the barred mail window made Dan's life seem shorter.

This city woman, with her pressed trousers and tailored jacket, wasn't Dan's Sage. This was Suan J. Newman, without any traces of the old nickname.

Ms. Newman, probably, with slender fingertips varnished dull red to match the pin-stripe of the jacket.

This woman who used to be Sage did not look away as I studied her. Evenly, steadily, her gaze met mine.

"I came for the funeral," she said.

Her voice surprised me. It wasn't as exact as her clothing nor as precise as her up-swept hair.

"I didn't think I remembered the store this well," she said as she turned away from the window. "Let's see--penny candy is right there."

She was right. She remembered. Turning again to face the back of the small dark room, she pointed to the

cold case. "And is the Orange Crush still on the bottom left shelf?"

Right again.

Glancing to the left of the Postmaster sign on the wall of ornately designed boxes, she paused. Closing her eyes in concentration--trying to recall details--she said, "Third row across. Seventh box down. Zero. Four to the right." She stopped.

I knew this wasn't Sage.

"Left to nine." She opened her eyes then. "That's right, isn't it, Mr. Bunch?"

I silently smiled at her dirty jeans and T-shirt.

When people in Baker County talked about Bridgeport, they talked about Dan Williamson. Dan's father had broken the first ground on Trail Creed, a hundred years before.

Williamsons had been on that land ever since.

When the old man died, Dan got the homestead. The house was strong when Dan moved his young family in. The well was good. The road was wide enough for wagons. The land was rich for cattle.

Dan was a better rancher than his father had ever been. Crops of good hay and alfalfa fattened his steers, and Williamson Herefords brought high prices.

Dan believed in the land, much as a parent believes in a child. Nurture it, love it, protect it--but give it room to grow, and it will return to you.

And the land, which other old homesteaders had abandoned with disgust, returned to Dan.

He gave the same trust to his two sons and daughter. Most folks believed then that to spare the rod was to spoil the child. But Dan never believed it; he used trust.

When the Depression touched Bridgeport, even young homesteaders began to leave. Dan, by then middle-aged, stuck it out. There was no money, but they had sheep and chickens to butcher and a fine vegetable garden.

Every two or three days, ragged men would wander up the road from Bridgeport looking for work. A day's labor cleaning irrigation ditches would bring them all they could eat and as many vegetables as they could carry.

Pretty soon, men started coming into the store and asking where the Williamson place was. Seemed like no matter how many hands Dan had, he could always find a ditch that needed cleaning or a fence that needed mending.

By World War II, Dan's children had grown. While the youngest boy, Joe, went to college, young Dan went to war.

By the time Joe had started medical school, Iwo Jima had come and gone and young Dan was dead.

Old Dan brought him home and buried him up Trail Creed, about a mile above the homestead.

Dan never talked about it. He just worked his crops and fattened his cattle and walked his land. And I suppose he tried to trust it.

It was about then that his daughter gave Dan his first grandchild.

A girl-child. Healthy and strong. Blond and blue-eyed. I thought Dan would be disappointed. Every man wants a grandson.

He brought Katherine and the baby to the homestead for a while. Katherine needed rest, he told me.

And that fall, he took the baby with him as he walked the fields inspecting the new-stacked hay.

The dust swirled around the old pick-up as it pulled off the highway onto the dry earth in front of the store.

Dan wasn't a big man as he got on in years. He stood under six foot, but he held himself tall. Tall and straight as a rod. He closed the truck door behind him and straightened his weather-beaten Stetson.

The child almost exploded from the pick-up, tangled blond hair flying. Before Dan had started up the wooden steps, she was inside and racing to the wall beside the barred window.

She carried with her the presence of a ranch child--the scent of the land and the sagebrush and the cattle. Her energy reflected Dan's.

She had the box open and was pulling papers and letters out as Dan came through the door into the cool shade of the store. "Slow down, Sage," he said with a laugh as he pulled his hat off. "We've got time for the news."

In Bridgeport, news seemed to end up at the store. Skinner Kirby had been in that morning--early--and he'd told me who was coming to the next Grange meeting. So I told Dan.

Lottie, at the cafe, had heard that coyotes were getting a lot of chickens further south in the valley. And Dan was interested.

Once in a while, as we were talking, he'd glance over at Sage. She couldn't stand and wait holding the day's mail--she was getting fidgety and moving closer and closer to the penny candy shelf.

Dan told me about sighting elk over toward the east, just below the timberline. He knew I'd pass it along.

When Dan looked over again, the child was eyeing the licorice whips.

"Well, work's waiting. Better be headed home. "He set his Stetson back on his head and started for the door.

"Give me that armload, Sage," he said as the girl began to trail after him. With a quick smile at me, he said, "Let her get five cents worth, Mr. Bunch. And she can sign the tab."

As Dan left the darkened store and stepped into the sunlight, the child focused her attention on the boxes of tootsie rolls and bubble gum and jawbreakers.

The weight of her decision forced her to stillness. She carefully read the penciled prices on the front of each container. She moved along the counter, without ever looking to see Dan sitting in the pick-up, waiting.

I could see him look up from the mail now and then and glance into the store windows. Then he would shift his gaze to the east, to his land. Slowly, with a slight smile, his eyes returned to the shadow of the child within the store.

After several false starts, she decided. Two tootsie rolls, a piece of Double-Bubble, and a package of two malted milk balls.

As I wrote the receipt, she looked at me and smiled. "Grandpa always thinks I'll forget. But I never do. Zero, four to the right, left to nine, "

I laid the pad on the counter before her and handed her the pen.

Assorted penny candy.

Five cents.

She stood on her toes to sign her full name, blemishing the tab slightly with a smudge of dirt.

Susan J. Newman.

"That's right, isn't it, Mr. Bunch? I do remember."

"I do remember." Her heels clicked as she went down the wooden steps.

The Rescuers

by Sylvia Sauter

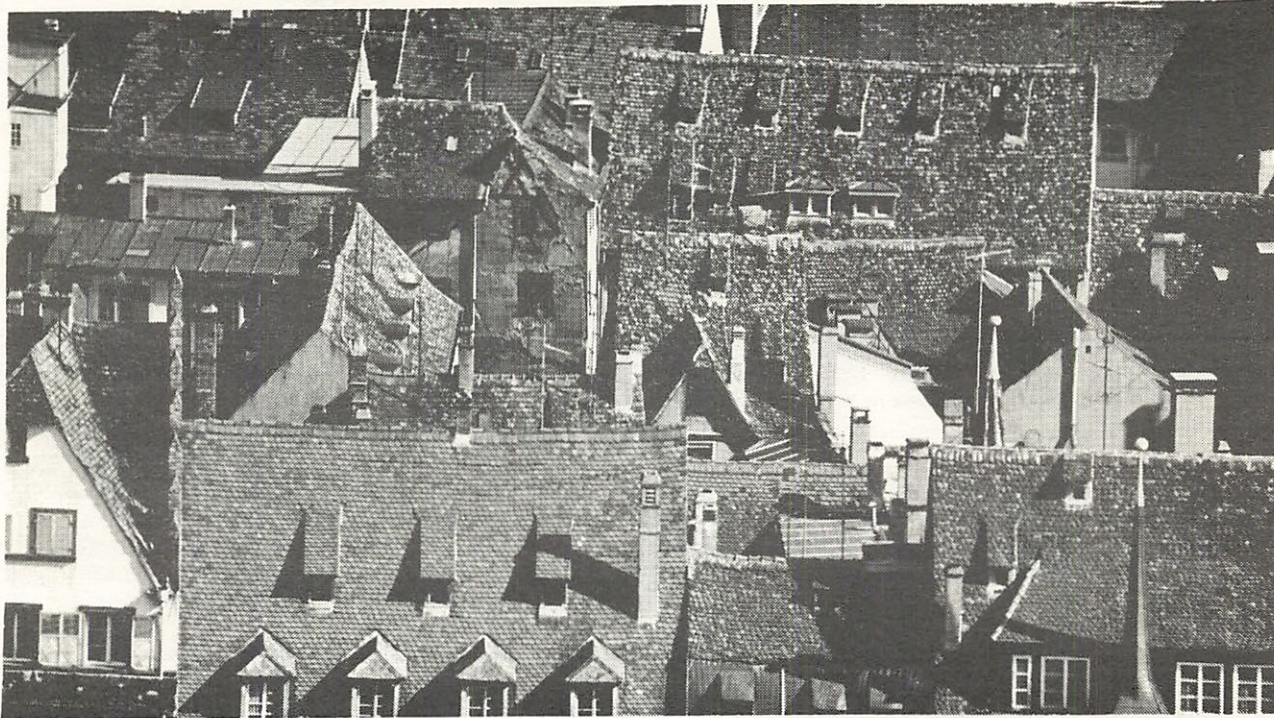


Photo: Bob Procop

The church bells were happily calling people to Sunday mass, that warm, sunny day in La Paz, a picturesque 12,000 foot high valley in the Altiplano, where I was born. Asunta was curling my hair while I sat in front of the mirror and looked approvingly at my image dressed in pink and blue hues. I could also hear my noisy and friendly older brother downstairs. With his carefree ways and easy smile, he was trying to convince the cook to lend him some money before he left for his daily excursion into town.

Mother had gone to her gift shop, next day was Mother's Day. Her shop was located downtown in the commercial part of the city and we lived in a residential area called "Miraflores" or Look at the Flowers.

The bells stopped. An already familiar sound broke the momentary quietness. A shot! Another revolution? How exciting! I hope it lasts at least two days, no school and I already have mother's gift. But..., she is not here now. Asunta is trying to call her without success, the telephone lines have been cut. The radio confirms that another revolution is in progress and the opposition emotionally claims victory. Who believes them? I do not, mother says they are confused.

Asunta is frantic, she goes to a neighbor for help, to have mother brought home, but he is not there and his wife cannot drive.

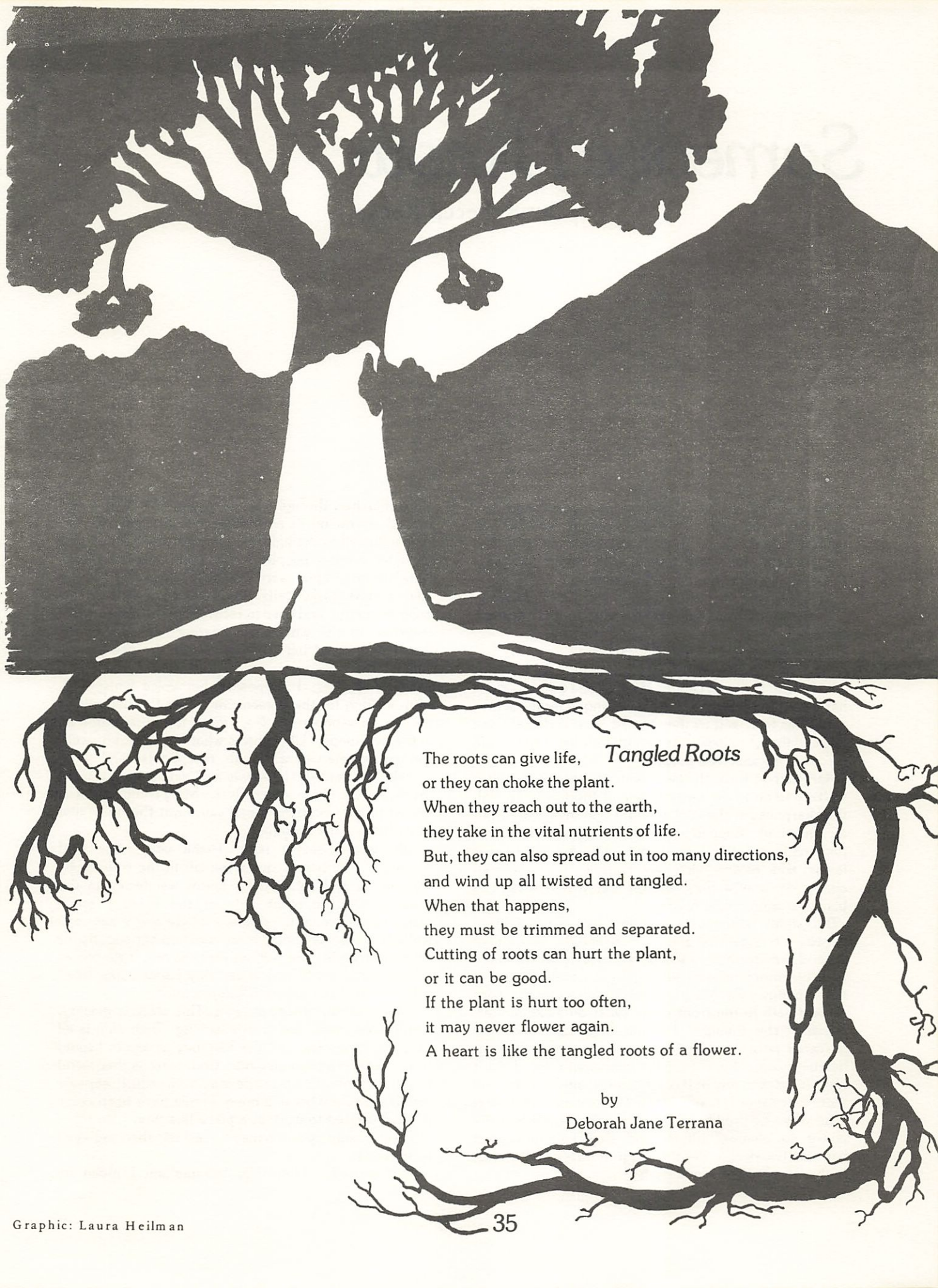
Jorge looks at me and gives me a signal. I go to the patio with him, he is quite serious for once and dutifully states "We have to go get mother." "Yes" I say quickly. Why didn't I think of that before? How exciting, we will save her. "But Asunta won't let us go. Let's trick her." "I know, I'll say I'm hungry and when she goes to the kitchen we run."

As usual, when I was hungry or asked for anything,

Asunta obliged immediately. Before she closed the kitchen door behind her back we were running in the quiet street shaded by weeping willows and pines. The gardens on both sides smiling with bright flowers, even the usual barking dogs behind the fences were absent. As we approached town, it was all deserted. Almost breathless by now, we continued our mission through the clean desolated, old hilly pebble stone, narrow streets. It was thrilling and scary, so different than any other day. We were owners of the city. There was not a soul in view, just the roaring shots growing louder. Mother warned us many times not to go too close to shooting places, sometimes a lost bullet finds a place in a person's body, but she always worries so much anyhow.

We are closer to her now. A man broke our solitude by running towards us on the opposite side of the street. His right hand holding his chest and blood dripping through his fingers. He didn't look at us or stop to talk to us; he quickly disappeared, leaving us alone again wondering. He did not have a gun and he was injured. Reassuringly, Jorge holds my hand very tightly. Maybe tomorrow I'd rather go to school.

We turn the corner, the long street is dramatically shaded on one side. Suddenly, at the other end of the street some running men come to view; they are armed. One sees our shapes, he raises his gun. Jorge pushes me down. What is he doing? He kneels in front of me, protecting me from the bullet; but they will shoot at him. The vision of the injured man passes through my mind and as quick as lightning I stand up in front of Jorge. He screams "sister," and with a cold, cold feeling, a roaring heart and an empty head, I feel more than see the speeding blast over my head.



The roots can give life, *Tangled Roots*
or they can choke the plant.

When they reach out to the earth,
they take in the vital nutrients of life.
But, they can also spread out in too many directions,
and wind up all twisted and tangled.

When that happens,
they must be trimmed and separated.
Cutting of roots can hurt the plant,
or it can be good.

If the plant is hurt too often,
it may never flower again.
A heart is like the tangled roots of a flower.

by
Deborah Jane Terrana

Someone I Know

by Rebecca Reese

Mary pulled on her light yellow jacket and her matching head scarf. This, she thought, will be just perfect; bright colors always make people cheerful. She ran down the stairs and stopped in the sunlit entryway.

"I'm going now, mama," she called.

"O.K., Honey, when will you be back?"

"I should think an hour would about do it. Is that too long?"

"No, that's just fine! Good luck!"

"Thanks, ma. Bye now!"

A whisp of chilly air caught Mary as she walked across her lawn. She watched tiny flame tinged leaves scurry about her feet, and as they tossed here and there she decided that they looked as though they were all minute pieces in an unsolved puzzle.

Mary strode through the downtown shopping center traffic and on to the eastern side of the town. Though the sharpness of the cool sunlight had invigorated her as she had stepped out of her front door, its punctuations were less distinct her amidst unkept lawns and rotting victorian houses. They seemed almost to draw a filmy haze about themselves, like blankets around cold bodies.

The small rectangular building had been stuffed between an unpainted grocery store and the back end of a run-down elementary school. Tall grassy weeds and a few untrimmed willows surround the unpaved parts of the scroungy yard. Mary walked quickly along the worn cement path to the front door. What do looks matter, anyway? she thought. I'm not applying to be the gardener here; I'm applying for a job which involves helping people. People are the important thing. I don't want to work in any of those factories anymore. No one there cares about anyone else in those places. Papa was right when he used to say that only the people had the power to change things, and that communication between two people was the finest miracle of all. Power to the people! The meek shall inherit...!

She marched through the swinging door and found herself stumbling in an unexpected dimness. As her eyes adjusted to the lightless corridor, she noticed that there were other people in the room with her. Some were slouched upon worn couches; some were leaning against stark dusky walls. She stood stunned for a few quiet moments, and tried to recover her purpose. Aman crouched in the wheelchair nearest her cleared his throat and asked her whether or not she needed his help.

"Well, uh, yes, I suppose," her voice whispered, "I'm looking for the person...or rather I'm here about the, uh, newspaper job. No, I mean the nurses aide ad in the newspaper. Uh, I guess what I need is, uh, well, can you tell me where the, uh, receptionist is?"

"Yeh," he said and he slowly inclined his head toward the right wing of the long hallway. Mary could see what looked to be a cubbyhole halfway down the hall; "that must be it," she thought.

"Oh, yes, I see it now. Thank you," she said hurriedly. She had to guide herself to the counter by weaving in and out of the inmates wandering in the hallway. On the other side of the counter sat a saggy-eyed woman; the florescent light above her head spilled into the darkness. Mary watched her silently for several seconds. The woman was shoving little pieces of numbered cardboard under tiny paper cups, filled with two or three different colored pills.

"This is awful," Mary thought. This place is gloomy, and the old people are creepy looking. Their skin is all pale and loose. They all look like they're senile; I could never work in a place like this. God, what is that awful smell? It reminds me of the way a vitamin E capsule smells when you break it open. I must have been crazy to have wanted to work in a place like this.

"Can I help you, honey?" asked the sad-eyed receptionist.

Mary started, "Huh? Uh, yes ma'am. I mean no

ma'am I don't think..." The receptionist raised an eyebrow. "Well, yes, I suppose you can," Mary sighed as she watched the eyebrow. "I came here to apply for the nurses aide job."

"Oh yeah. Have you had much experience?"

"Well, I've had some. This summer I helped my grandmother and a few of her friends with their housework, and I cooked their meals. That's why I thought I might enjoy working in a nursing home. Everyone said I did such a good job helping out my grandmother, you see..., and I uh, I have taken a few courses to prepare me for entering the vocational nurses program at the college."

"O.K., that's real good. Now, if you can hold on just a second, I'll go see if I can find our head nurse. She'll want to talk to you. I think she's giving an injection down in number 29; don't go away now." The woman stood up and pulled at her wrinkled dress. She glanced at Mary and gave her a squinty little smile; then she waddled out the side door of the cubicle and into the darkness.

Mary leaned her warm forehead against the cool white plaster wall. "An injection!" The thought chilled her veins. "I could never give anyone of these old people an injection. I would have to touch them," she said aloud.

A sound from across the hallway caught the girls attention. She lifted her chin slightly and peered into a black corner near her from which the noise had come. Mary could faintly make out the slight form of an elderly woman, struggling to pull her stiff body out of a straightback wooden chair. The old woman used a handrail bolted to the wall in order to steady herself. Standing erect, she began to walk towards the counter where Mary was waiting.

"What do you want here, young woman?" the old lady said accusingly. She was extremely thin; her skin, stretched tightly over her sharp bones, reflected the

fluorescent light from the cubicle.

"I don't know what you mean," Mary replied.

"No? Don't you know? Why are you here then?" the old woman hissed.

"I came to apply for a job here..."

"Doing what, may I ask? You're barely more than a girl. What could you possibly do for us?" She glared at Mary. "Why don't you just take you're innocent, naive, little self and go away? I hate your kind! Angels of Mercy you think you are. Just go away," the aged woman sputtered, and then hung her head.

Mary felt herself shrinking against the wall. Why is this old lady so mad at me? she wondered. I don't even know her, and she sure as heck don't know me. We're complete strangers.

The old woman turned abruptly away and began shuffling down the long corridor. "What's the use," she said, "you'll do as you please, anyhow. But, if you get that job you had better leave me alone, you hear?, I don't want your help; I don't need it." The old woman turned to look back at Mary. She leaned her withered hand against the wall for support and said, "You just do what you want."

The receptionist returned to the cubicle and handed Mary a piece of paper. "Here," she said, "will you please fill this out? The head nurse will be with you in just a moment."

Mary took the paper absentmindedly. She strained her eyes to see where the old woman was headed. "I can't

let her go just like that," Mary decided. She watched as the old woman turned on the light switch in a room at the far end of the hall, and then she began to follow its faint glow.

"Where are you going?" called the saggy-eyed receptionist.

"I'll be back to fill out that paper in a moment," Mary replied. "I think I've just seen someone that I want to know."

Recalcitrant

Woefully willful, my elfin one
Who captures primitive procedures
With swift emancipation!
He holds a ruling rein
With one wet kiss
And scampers on, head-long,
Into the regimen.
Will-bent, he is averse
To climbing into soft laps
Of civilized chaos.

Lucille Steen

A Second Chance

by Dana Black



Photo: Sampson Nesser

It was as though he were submerged in a thick lifeless ocean of darkness. A darkness which knew no boundaries. An ocean that touched no shore.

Cordon was afraid, more afraid than he had ever been in his life. Never in his forty-two years of existence had he ever experience anything like it. It was an experience that started within a real and living world and which ended within a black, desolate epitome of nothingness. Cordon no longer had control of himself; it had happened so terribly fast. The last thing he remembered was very clear in his head. He was with his wife and their children. Cheryl was showing the kids old photos of their four grandparents, all of whom had died before the children were born. Cordon remembered the sickening pain he felt within himself as he explained how his parents had been killed in their own home by an unmerciful fire. Tears which he valiantly attempted to withhold had escaped and his

vision blurred as he characterized his family as a grotesque mass of flesh before him. Then a wild and explosive sensation overcame him. It was the feeling of falling, falling at a rate unimaginable to man, falling so fast that it felt as though his body had become unglued and was being stripped, molecule from molecule, by the speed at which he descended. Then, abruptly, the feeling stopped and everything vanished into darkness.

An immeasurable amount of time passed but still Cordon could not see anything. Groping around with his hands and feet accomplished nothing either. The sensory tools he had used and relied upon all his life to interpret the world around him were now rendered useless within the void. Cordon wanted to scream aloud his agony and pain but every time he tried the blackness around him absorbed and destroyed the cry before it could leave his lips. Everything had been taken away from him; only his fear remained, a fear

which thrived in the dark and threatened his very sanity.

As quickly as the darkness had come, it had gone. Cordon stared unbelievably at the house that stood before him. It was the house where he had been born and raised, the house where his parents had died. He recalled how he had cried when he looked at the smoldering rubble that was the only remnant of the house and his parents. Now the house stood before him, untouched by fire, and again he began to cry. He had never remembered telling his parents that he loved them. He always wanted to while they were alive but for some unknown reason he never could do it. The fire had ended all hopes. Cordon wanted his parents to be there now, untouched as the house, so he could hold and kiss them both and say, "I love you, I love you."

The rusted hinges on the gate squealed in protest as he slowly passed into the yard. His eyes gazed along the cobblestone pathway that lead to the porch. The front door was slightly ajar and he could feel the emptiness behind it. He began to advance toward the door, each step producing an ever increasing alarm within him. When he reached the porch he could hardly stand, for his legs were trembling. His heart pounded at a destructive pace as he reached the door. With an extended, sweating hand, he grasped the door knob and swung it open. He screamed.

Cordon awoke on the floor beside the bed, his pajamas soaked with sweat. His mother came rushing in and asked if he were all right. He extended his arms to her and she embraced him. "I love you," he said as she helped him back into bed.

The Scarf

by Laurie Morrisette

The exit sign shining and reflecting off God's aisle was the only light in the barracks, save for the light that leaked in under the double doors. God's aisle, five feet across, ran down the middle of the room dividing it in half. On each side there were twenty wrought iron beds.

The barracks was quiet at last, unless you counted Stoppa's snoring. But that was beginning to be one of those sounds that was a part of the night, like crickets or frogs. We all had trouble sleeping at first. It wasn't easy adapting to life in the women's army. Forty women, forty personalities, in individuals. Forty different egos. All content now in their own world of sleep.

How we worked all day long on that floor. Getting it to shine, even in the night. That was the only time we were allowed on God's aisle. It was off limits to all of us, except of course, the dear drill sergeant, or anyone else that looked important.

Breaking the rhythm of her snoring with a loud snort, Stoppa caused all the girls to turn in their sleep, or whine at the unknown. Some of them propped themselves up, about, and sank back into sleep. We were still an uneasy lot. Most of us were far from our homes, some for the first time. If only she could maintain her snoring at a low pulse, it would lull everybody asleep. We had to laugh at Ann the night before. Stoppa let out a snort that was really an awful sound. It continued for minutes until Ann Mueller, who sleeps across God's aisle from Stoppa, hurled her pillow over the aisle, right on top of Stoppa's head. She didn't even wake up. Just let out a little child-like cry, turned over and changed her snorting to snoring. Ann,

her friend Robin, and most of us laughed. We heard Robin and Ann talking before going back to sleep, saying what an unhuman sound it was.

"Everybody up! Come on, let's go! Breakfast at five thirty. I'll be back in a half hour to walk y'all down to the mess hall."

The light is on. We are all awake, yet some still lay like corpses, unmoving. Lockers slam, yawns leak out, and within minutes girls are racing time to get dressed. Ann and Robin are always the first to get up and rush into the latrine. They like to use the toilets and sinks before a crowd forms. Ann came back into the barracks with her toilet bag and towel, her slippers scruffing across the floor.

"Hey Stoppa, I actually got some sleep last night. Did you get your adenoids removed yesterday?"

"No," said Stoppa. She turned to her friend Buffy who slept next to her.

"What are adenoids?" she whispered.

Buffy, a short, slightly overweight woman of twenty-three shrugged her shoulders. She didn't know either. Buffy was strange one. We couldn't figure out how she got into the army. And we didn't feel like we knew her well enough to ask. She was proud, proud of her six fingers on each hand. Proud of her six toes on each foot. And the fact that she had no more than six teeth in her mouth didn't seem to worry her. Her head sat low on her shoulders, as if she didn't have a neck. There were a lot of girls in this company that looked odd. It would be a miracle if they made it through Basic Training.

Ann reminded us that we only had a few minutes left before our dear drill sergeant would be back to escort

us to chow. Sergeant Watson had taken an instant liking to Ann, and had appointed her training leader. She was in charge when Sergeant Watson wasn't with us. Ann, younger than she looked, was right out of high school. One girl had asked to see her I.D. to prove that she hadn't forged her way into the service. Tall, lithe of figure, dark hair, dark skin. Her eyes smiled all the time, and when she laughed, we all laughed. The older women envied her youth, her innocence. Her childlike ways made you want to mother her. Yet she was strong. Perhaps it was the large family she'd come from; that inbred eagerness to tease and laugh openly at this madness called the military. There were those who would break under the pressure, crying and feeling sorry for themselves. Ann begged them not to take it so seriously.

"They can't beat us," she'd say. "Do what I do, turn them off in your head when they're standing there screaming at us. Sing your favorite song to yourself." When she put it that way, it seemed easy.

"Attention!" Everyone stopped what they were doing and stood up straight.

"At ease." Sergeant Watson looked like a nineteen year old boy. Thin, wearing wire rim glasses, short greasy hair parted on the side. Drill sergeant's hat, a cowboy hat with one side pinned up.

"I want you to stand by your beds so I can inspect you people. I want to see if you can dress yourselves properly yet. One took great pride in making insignia on the wrong side of our shirts, or hair on the collar, anything to give us a bad time. Sergeant Watson walked by each of us as we stood at attention.

"Private Stoppa, what is that on your head?"

"A scarf."

"A what?"

"A scarf."

"A scarf what!"

"A scarf ma'am."

"You are out of uniform private."

"But ma'am..."

"No buts Stoppa. You will replace the scarf with a garrison cap or you will be written up. Am I understood?"

"Yes."

"Yes what?"

"Yes ma'am." Sergeant Watson walked down God's aisle looking at us with disgust.

"You people will fall out for breakfast. You will report back here no later than six-thirty. Private Mueller will supervise the daily details. I want this aisle stripped and waxed again today. There is a big black heel mark, right here," she said as she dragged her foot across the floor leaving a long black mark. Everybody sighed, Ann smiled.

"Fall out!" The room was emptying quickly. Stoppa stood by her bed whimpering, slowly pulling the scarf from her head.

"Come on Stoppa," Ann said. "Christ, what are ya getting so upset for. I'd rather wear blue jeans to chow myself but ya don't see me cryin' about it."

At breakfast some of us talked about Stoppa and her scarf. We hadn't given it much thought before, but she had hardly taken the thing off since we'd arrived here at Ft. McClellan, Alabama. It was our third week. The first two we had worn civilian clothes.

Stoppa was an odd one, she was. She didn't talk much, except to Buffy. And then it was always in a whisper. Her first couple of days in basic training, she always stayed alone, sitting on her bed, staring off into space talking to herself. She didn't seem to trust anyone. Whenever she would leave the room, she'd lock up all her things even if she was only going to be gone a few minutes. She never did help much on any of the details, she just went through the motions trying to look busy.

Once back from breakfast, Ann began assigning jobs for the morning.

"Hagen, Lubbes, Stopps, Buffy, Carson, and I will do God's aisle. Let's see if we can get it finished before noon. I'd hate to spend the whole day with her again."

We got on our knees and began scrubbing away at God's aisle. First the wax had to be scraped off.

Scouring pads and razor blades were our tools. It was only seven o'clock and beginning to get hot already. By ten o'clock temperatures would be in the eighties, not stopping there. It was going to be a long day.

"Hey Stoppa, I thought Watson told you not to wear that stupid thing on your head anymore. Why do you wear that scarf anyway? You got a bald spot on your head?" Ann laughed.

Stoppa got up and threw her handbrush into the bucket of water, spilling water all over the floor. She ran out of the room.

"God she's emotional," someone said.

Ann led a couple of us into the latrine but we stopped at the partition where the showers were divided by the sinks. We peeked around the corner.

Stoppa was looking at herself in the mirror straightening the scarf. She looked like one of those china dolls that had fallen on the floor and cracked her face.

Outside the southern night was active with early spring weather. The day's heat had brought an electrical storm to a full head. Rumors of tornadoes were in the air. Earlier we stood in the doorway and watched the winds blow the rain sideways. Each of us compared this weather to that of hometown.

Stoppa was buffing God's aisle with an electric buffer machine. Shining circular shines. She stared at the buffer as it went back and forth, to and fro, across the aisle in hypnotic motions.

Ann climbed into the bed and watched.

"You do that real well Stoppa. Almost like you were born to the task. Maybe when you get out of the army, you can get a job doin' that."

Stoppa straightened her scarf and glared at Ann. Ann got out of bed and walked across God's aisle leaving slipper marks in fresh wax.

"Get off the floor you bitch," Stoppa yelled. She came buffing up the aisle like she was attacking Ann, covering some but not all of the tracks left behind by

Ann. Once on the other side, Ann jumped up and down on Stoppa's bed, laughing.

"You're nothing but a bitch" Stoppa yelled.

"Just because you're a training leader, you think you're so goddamn neat. You're blind Ann Sergeant Watson is just a fucking lesbian that wants in your pants."

Ann stopped jumping.

Pretty little Ann. You don't know about life. You can't just sing a song and have everything bad go away."

"Eat a bone Stoppa." With that Ann jumped off Stoppa's bed and skipped across God's aisle.

"Try to keep it down to a low roar tonight. We realize that your adnoids make you an adnoimal person, but give us a break." Ann sneered.

A few girls laughed with Ann. As we settled down for the evening the storm became more intense.

The exit sign shone brightly on the floor. It was in this light that Ann propped herself up and looked across God's aisle. The electrical storm cracked so loud it sounded like the barracks was under sniper fire.

Stoppa snored like pigs rootin' for dinner. Ann got up from her bed, walked across God's aisle to Stoppa's bed. She stood above her, looking down with her hands on her hips as if to say, "you poor pitiful thing." Looking around to see if anyone was watching, Ann carefully slipped the scarf off Stoppa's head. She turned over in her sleep. Making sure Stoppa was indeed asleep, Ann walked around the bed over to Stoppa's wall locker. She put the scarf on the top of the locker, underneath Stoppa's combat helmet. Ann went around God's aisle and got back into bed.

"Oh no! My scarf! Where's my scarf!" Stoppa was in hysterics. "It's gone. It's not in my bed, it's gone!"

"Just as well. You can't wear it to breakfast anyway," Ann said. Stoppa didn't go to breakfast that morning. In fact she didn't eat all that day. She was lost without her scarf.

All day Stoppa wouldn't respond to any of us. Not Ann's consistent teasing or Buffy's pleading.

That evening was quiet. There were no frogs, no crickets, no storms, no snoring. Ann looked around the barracks from her bed.

"Hey Buffy," she whispered loudly, "Buffy, where's Stoppa?"

"Huh? I don't know, go to sleep."

"She's probably off with Watson. She seems to know enough about her personal life," said Ann. A couple of girls who were awake laughed. Buffy was sitting up in bed now.

"Ya know it's a good thing her scarf is gone. Stoppa needs to grow up and learn not to take life so seriously," Ann continued.

"Ann, you're the one that needs to grow up. Things ain't been so easy for Stoppa. I'm gonna tell ya somethin' that I shouldn't, but maybe you'll lay off Stoppa. Stoppa's mom died givin' birth to her and her old man had to raise her. She had to take care of him when she was older, and I don't mean just fixin' his meals and things. The son of a bitch got her pregnant, raped her. She had the baby and had to give it up for adoption. Before she gave it up, the kid pissed on the scarf. I guess maybe she feels like it's the only thing she's got left. Now, would you leave her alone, she probably went out to get away from you."

The exit sign shone brightly on God's aisle. All was quiet.

"Get up you jokers! It's five o'clock. I'll be back at five-thirty to get you for chow." The lights were on, the lockers were slamming. Ann laid in bed with her eyes opened. We heard a loud scream come from down the hall. Ann sat up in bed. Buffy was standing in the double doors, crying, gasping for air. There was a look of terror on her face.

"It's, it's Stoppa!" She ran over to her bed, threw herself down and curled. By that time Sergeant Watson was back in the room.

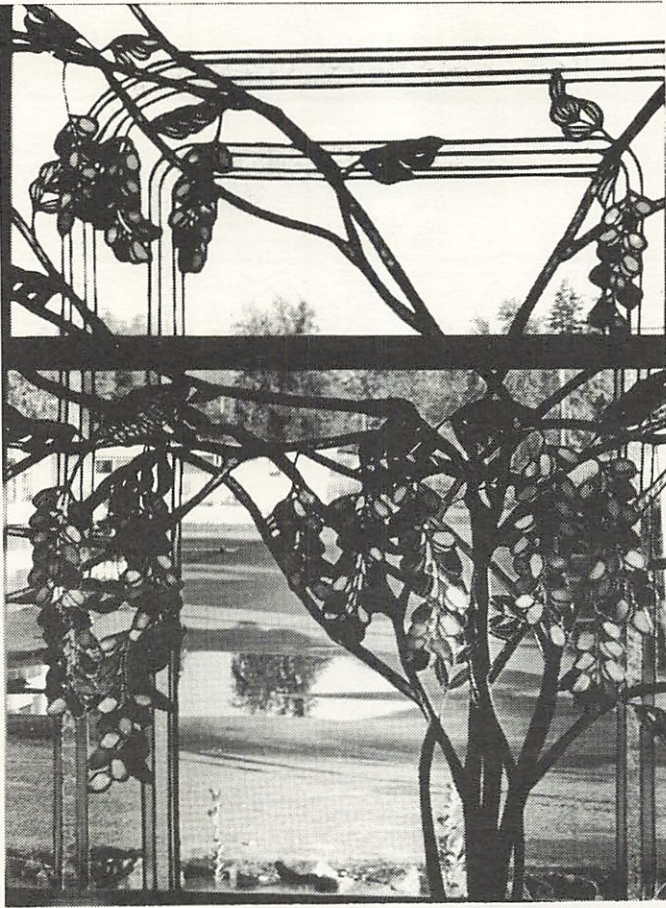
"The latrine is off limits. Private Stoppa is dead. Suicide. Cut her wrists. I don't want anyone leaving here until I get back."

Ann was never the same after that. Through the duration of basic training she spoke to hardly anyone. She was relieved of her training leaders duties. We graduated from basic training in May. On graduation Day, we had a small party before we went home on leave, or to our new assignments. After the party we were allowed to change into our civilian clothes if we wished. Several taxis took us to the airport. We saw Ann at the airport, checking in her bags. She looked over in our direction. She was wearing Stoppa's scarf around her neck.





The

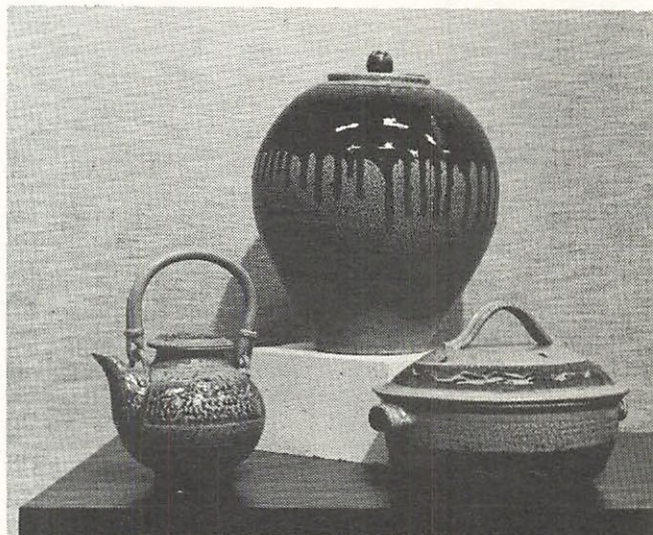


Stained Glass Window
Barbara Paca '78

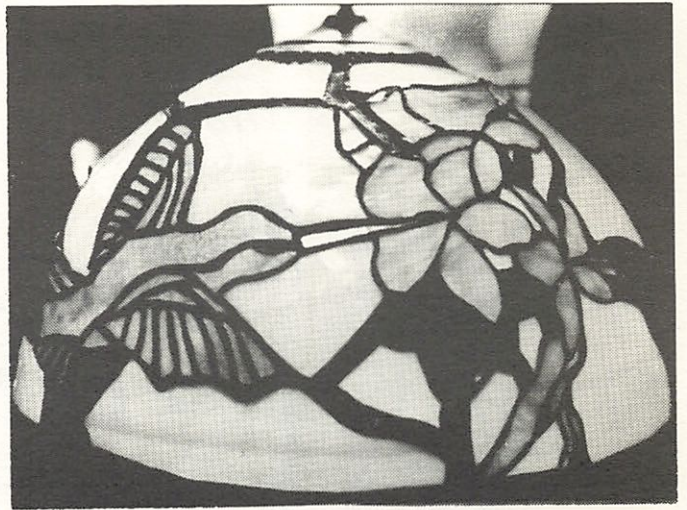
Bust-Paula
Porsilian clay with Patina
Louie Smart Osage Studio



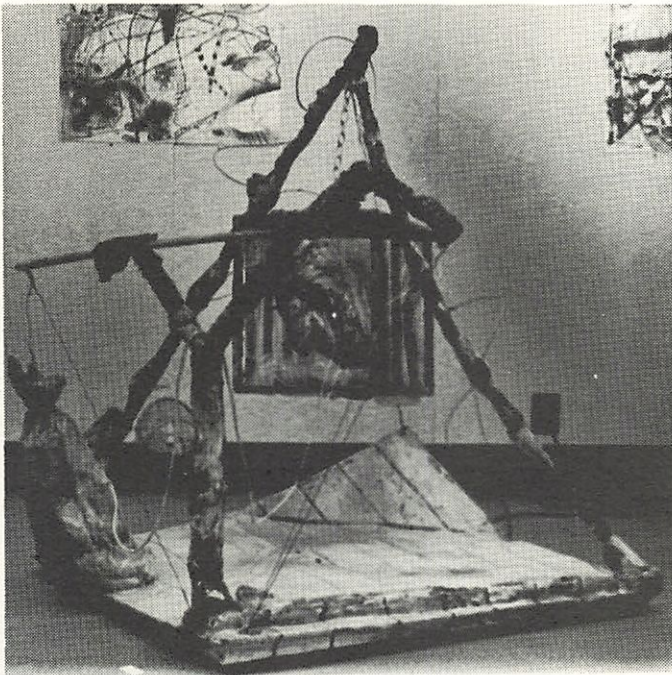
Pottery-Stoneware '78
Tony Grano



Gallery

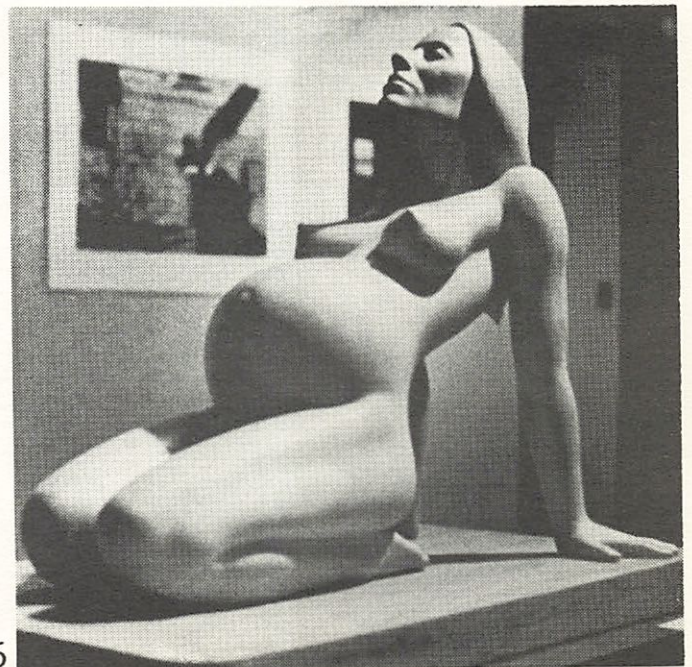


Stained Glass Lampshade
Mary McCollough '78



Allan Crocket
"Nic of Time"

Louie Smart '78
Osage Studio
Pregnant Woman
Clay '78



Pottery-Stoneware '78
Patty Driscoll
Sara Nichols



Graphic: Laura Heilman



Graphic: Laura Heilman



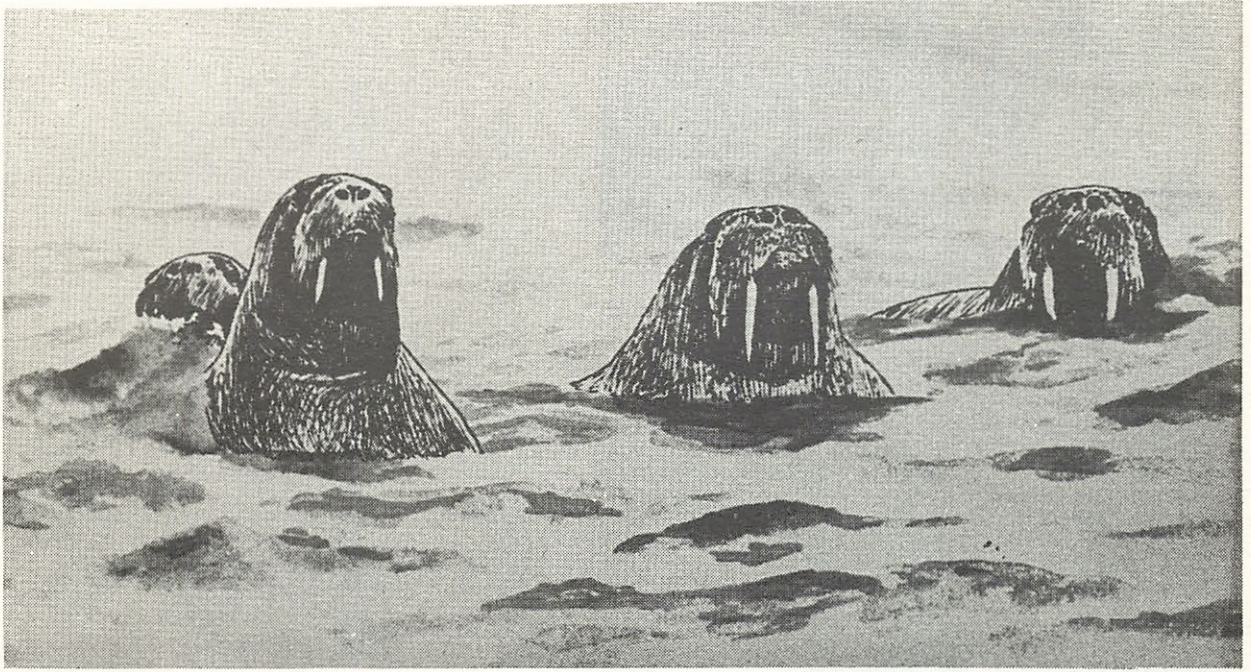
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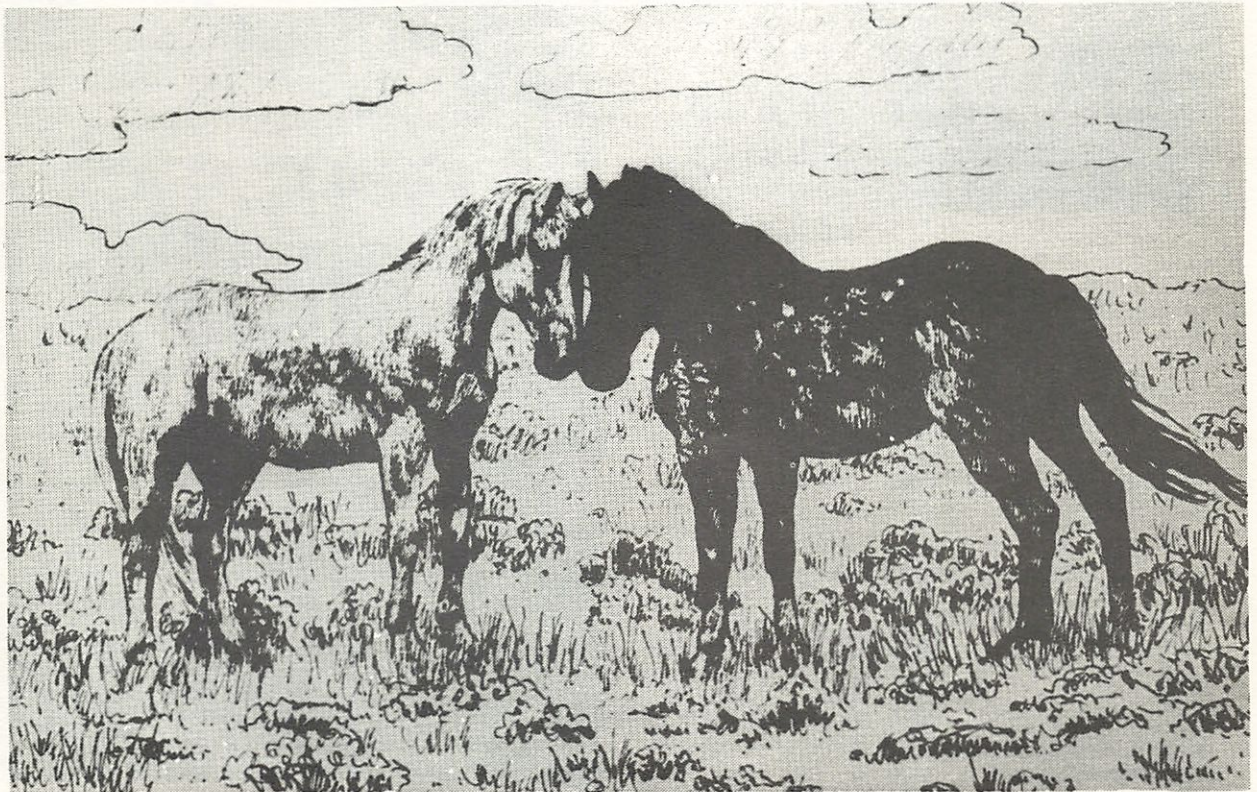
Pen & Ink



Graphic: George Price



Graphic: George Price



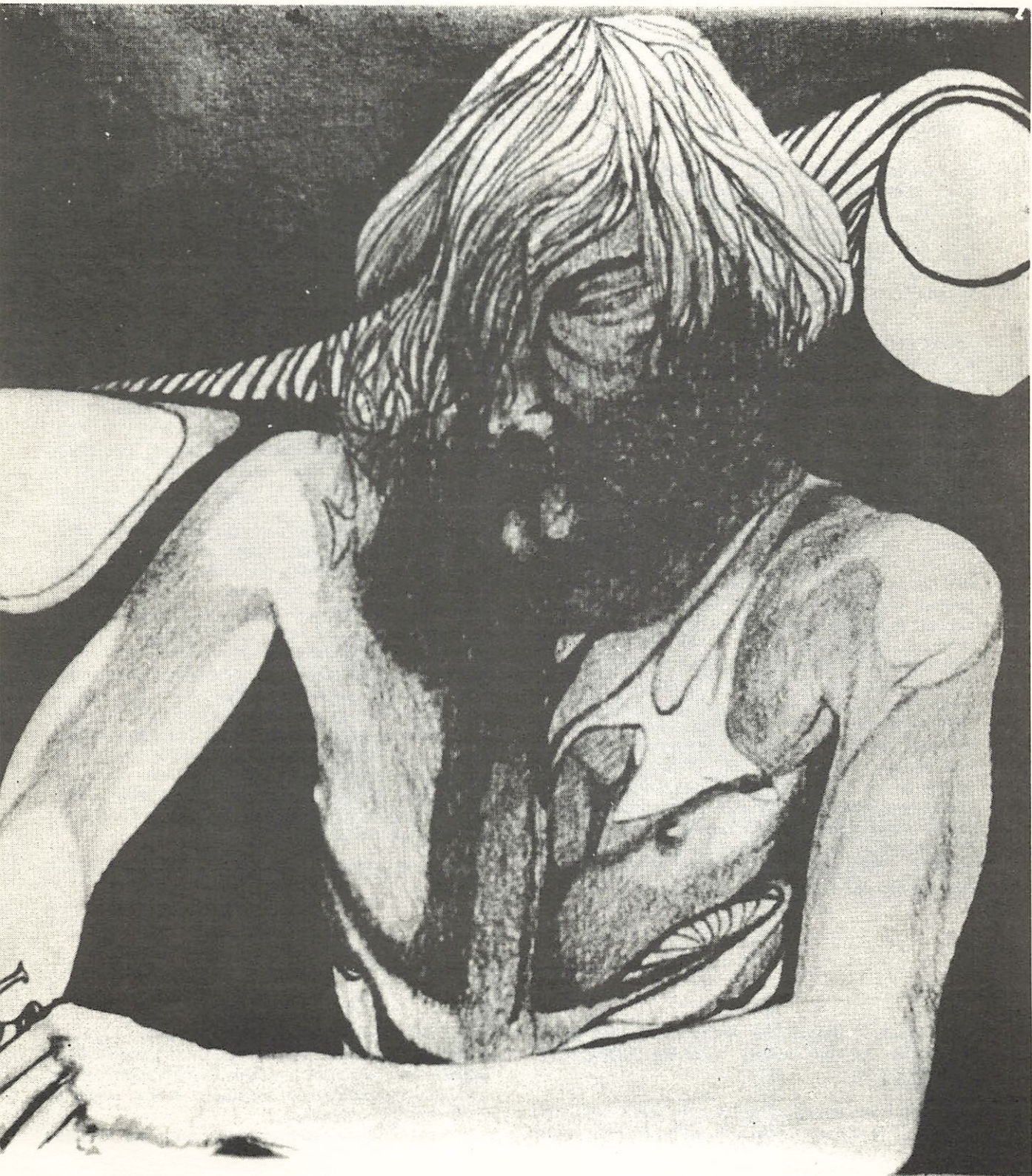
Graphic: George Price



Graphic: Roberto Lopez



Graphic: Roberto Lopez



Graphic: Roberto Lopez

continued from page 30.

writing music no one has heard before, possibly make a living in music? (He does. He usually teaches composition to others. In other words, he's paid to teach, not to compose!) Remember that our hypothetical poor soul writes new music that isn't tied to tradition, but is hotly revolutionary and daring, calls

for extreme virtuosity from its performers (which in itself drastically reduces the chances of happy and frequent performance), is probably quite dissonant and disjunct, and, above all, is difficult to comprehend fully, or partially, without great effort! Does an "average" houseperson, finally, buy his music? Or Chopin's? or Marie Osmond's?

Another significant problem, faced by both composer and listener, is the strong anti-intellectual attitude of many (I think an easy majority) Americans. People don't trust the intellectual establishment for many reasons. My own preferred theory is that we, as a people, have roots in our own past history: in self-reliance and the right to independent freedom. We don't easily trust (or allow) experts to tell us what to do. This rubs off on our attitude toward the arts, of course. It is a clear fact that much of post-World War II avant-garde music is highly intellectually oriented, systematically structured, and that often intellectualized dogma or technique was/is a direct reaction against excessive emotional content in nineteenth Century European straight music after Wagner. This heady direction, with works of systematically rigid constructions not heard in music since the Renaissance, evolved from the music of Schoenberg's brilliant student and friend, Anton Webern, who in the '20s and '30s regarded his own music as constructions of intervals, rather than melodies and themes. Picking up this banner, about 1948, was Pierre Boulez, who attempted not only to destroy tradition's tonality with twelve-tone serialism, but also to wipe out the influence of the very creator of the serial concept, Arnold Schoenberg. In Schoenberg's place Boulez set Webern. Why the dramatic shift of allegiance? Because Boulez realized that Schoenberg's music is

rooted in Romanticism, in emotional and personal expression, whereas he found in Webern's music a new direction: sound not as communication, but sound only as sound. Every aspect of Boulez's early '50s music--pitch, intensity, rhythm, timbre--is organized by applying the serial principle. Everything is logically pre-ordered. Nothing is allowed to break from the logical purity: there are no climaxes, no emotional outbursts. Boulez's music gives no cheer to people merely looking for "some good ole foot-stompin' music". Most Americans desire (and receive) much easier music, usually functional music with lyrics for dances, for sitting in airports, or cooking dinner, or underneath conversation, or pushing grocery carts, or for entertainment when stoned.

So, the problems confronting the listener are many and not easily resolved, chiefly that today's music exhibits few traditional features, yet much that seems harsh and violent as well as elegantly lyric. One finds no "tunes," no themes. Formal designs often pointedly articulate symmetrical, static or intellectualized patterns and structures rather than emotion or flowing communication. Professional performers are often hostile to the new style which seems to them to castigate all the beauties of sound they've worked so many years to cultivate. It is not easy for a professional to perform a new work before a quizzical public when a Brahms Concerto is guaranteed to bring down the house. Thus, it's amazing that there are still, among non-professionals (non-composers and non-music-theorists), interested and open-minded listeners at all! But composers must work at the forefront of their abilities and knowledge; the new music will not simply disappear. Indeed, it will move always farther from the past; continual strides will be made. To become involved in this progress during a fast-changing age, the listener needs to be aware of the lines along which composers are thinking today. This shall be the topic of our next discussion, in Part II. I shall also include a discography of favorite recorded works since 1945, works which exhibit the stylistic features and ideas we will examine in that article.

Part 2, the positive, will appear in the next issue of DENALI.

This issue of DENALI is dedicated to Mrs. Ruby Vonderheit for her efforts with the CONCRETE STATEMENT.

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Photo: Mary McCollough

