

DENALI

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Trees in Fog

Richard Johnson

Acting It Out

Picasso, Dali, Tarrago

Richard Quigley: An Artist

Publishing in Paradise

Book Review: A Cultural Guide to Lane County

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Inside cover photo by Dennis Cameron

DENALI

	3	Editorial
Book Review	5	A Cultural Guide to Lane County
Event	6	Spring Showcase A multi-arts extravaganza is currently being organized at Lane Community College.
Art	7	Robin Smith Pen and ink sketches depict a future in graphic arts for L.C.C. art major Robin Smith.
Article	8	Publishing In Paradise Enter the writer's world of publishing with Associate Editor, David Thomason.
	10	Poetry
	14	Short Stories
Article	18	Acting It Out The romance of acting creates fantasies for everyone — almost everyone.
	23	Music
	26	Poetry
Interview	28	Richard Quigley A local artist shares with us his personal development as a painter.
	32	Short Story
	34	Picasso, Dali, Tarrago Lithographs of three major artists can be viewed or purchased at a Eugene restaurant.
Fiction	38	Iron Hands
	42	Art Gallery
Fiction	44	Black Goal





Photo by Richard Johnson

"If you know exactly what you are going to do, what's the good of doing it? There's no interest in something you know already. It's much better to do something else."

—Pablo Picasso

In the continuing exploits of a Catch-22 world, there exists a stalwart minority which inevitably leaps into the chasm called challenge. Fortunately for this publication, the practice of donning red shoes and whirling through red tape has resulted in driving this troupe into a frenzy. The excitement is due to the diversified and creative talents of this staff. Initiative has been our driving force, and professionalism our quest. The common goal is to bridge the gulf of communication between L.C.C. and the community.

Although our bridge has an artistic core, this does not limit our scope. Tax dollars are given annually to support our endeavors. Our aim is to show the community a product of the accumulated knowledge we have acquired from this institution. Your comments, ideas, and suggestions would tremendously contribute to this goal.

In this issue of *Denali*, we will explore art in the community as an instrument for stimulation and investment. Local artist, Richard Quigley, exemplifies a painter with a message. His work will arouse environmentalists and provoke industrialists. David Thomason's article, *Picasso, Dali, Tarrago*, describes a Eugene businessman's frustrations with the lack of interest in art as an investment.

Denali is not simply a magazine of the arts. We also aim to inform. Often vital information is withheld because it is assumed to be common knowledge. In *Publishing in Paradise*, the author's goal is to present the realistic world of publishing. He will shake some writer's dream of "discovery" and tell where valuable information on how to publish can be obtained.

Almost everyone has had fantasies of being behind the bright lights on opening night. For every live performance, there has been the grueling, repetitious work of the performers. In *Acting It Out*, theatre-goers are transmitted to the stage and handed a script. Perhaps for some, this article will be where the fantasy fades.

Although our submissions are limited to the students of L.C.C., our articles are not. We are interested in the artistic climate and inclinations of the area. Our time can be devoted to those interests, and our resources should be of value to the artists of the area. We are also available to advise or counsel prospective students who wish to major in art, language arts, performing arts, or music at L.C.C. Our credentials are simply this — we are students who have a working knowledge of the system. To those with artistic natures, the lack of

this knowledge can disturb the creative impulse or cause needless frustration. We would like to share this information.

In the next edition of *Denali*, we will open a new column called *Tidbits*. Information related to the arts concerning such items as legal advice, instructional aids, cooperative studio space, and knowledgeable people to contact will be considered for publication. This column will not be advertisement space unless the organization is non-profit or the Editor deems it necessary to publish such information (e.g. — students who model to work their way through school). We invite the community to aid us by submitting to this column.

Denali is currently published two times per school year under the auspices of the Language Arts Department. This year, for the first time, *Denali* will be sold—in carefully selected retail outlets—off campus. We will be embarking on a program of soliciting financial contributions by sponsorship from the community later this term. These contributions will allow us to produce a magazine with more color and better quality—a more complete showcase for the creative talents of L.C.C. If we do well enough, this program will also enable us to increase the number of publications.

Submissions and Communications may be sent to:

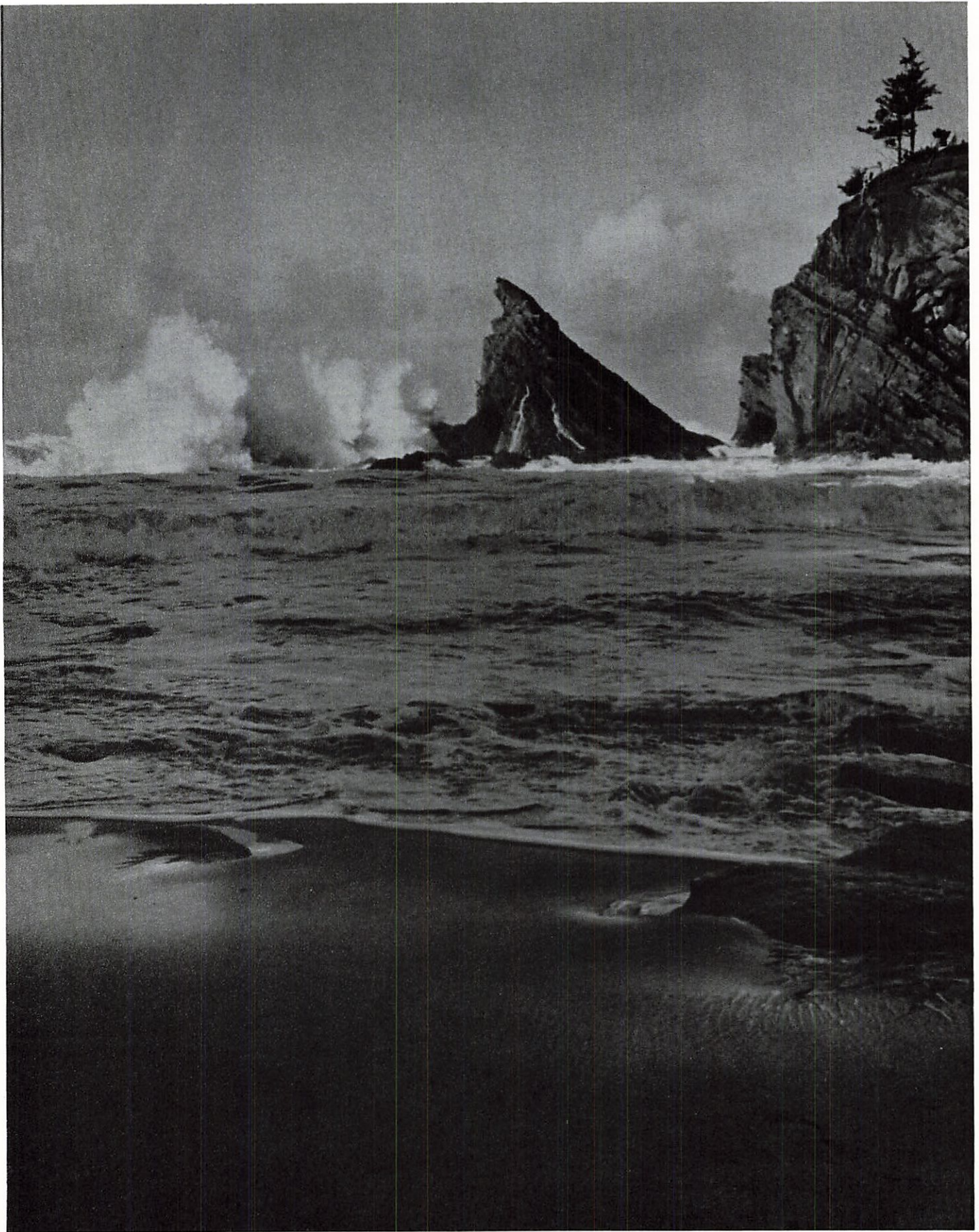
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L.C.C. Development Fund (specify for
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c/o Pat Williams
1059 Willamette Street
Eugene OR 97401

We thank you for your cooperation and hope that you will enjoy this issue.

Valerie J. Brooks



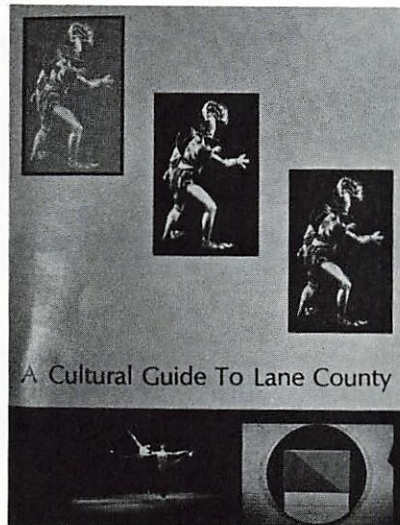
A Cultural Guide to Lane County

A Cultural Guide to Lane County, edited by Flora Rudolph and David Brandon (Open Gallery; \$8.95). Let me swallow this whole: I've never written a book review before. It would be nice to copy the urbane, condescending witticisms of a professional book reviewer; however, the fact is, I truly like this book. I do have my reasons.

Truth to say, plenty of areas—both metropolitan and suburban—have their own “cultural guides,” often polished to signal-mirror gloss; but it's a hallelujah feeling to see Lane County shine. As a ten year resident of this area (elitism, hide thy face), I have long felt the undeniably spiritual quest for creativity that underlies the place; and this book, while retaining its cultural guide reality, has a perfectly fearless tilt in the direction of the spirit of the creators. This is exciting. At long last, the place bubbles.

MEAT AND POTATOES:

“The book is organized into three main sections: Visual Arts, Performing Arts, and Literary Arts. The Visual Arts section is divided by media into ten sub-sections. The Performing Arts section is divided into three areas of performance: music, theater arts, and dance. The Literary Arts section is not sub-divided and includes both prose and poetry intermixed. In each area you will find a full range of types of



art, styles, and points of view. In the process of gathering information from artists, we were very interested in discovering what kinds of art are being made in the county, who was “out there” that we were unaware of, and any trends which could be identified.”

—Flora Rudolph (Introduction)

That was easy—no one could say it any better. Be sure to read the introduction; it is a quite literate and involving statement of purposes, trials, attitudes, and general information. It makes me jealous.

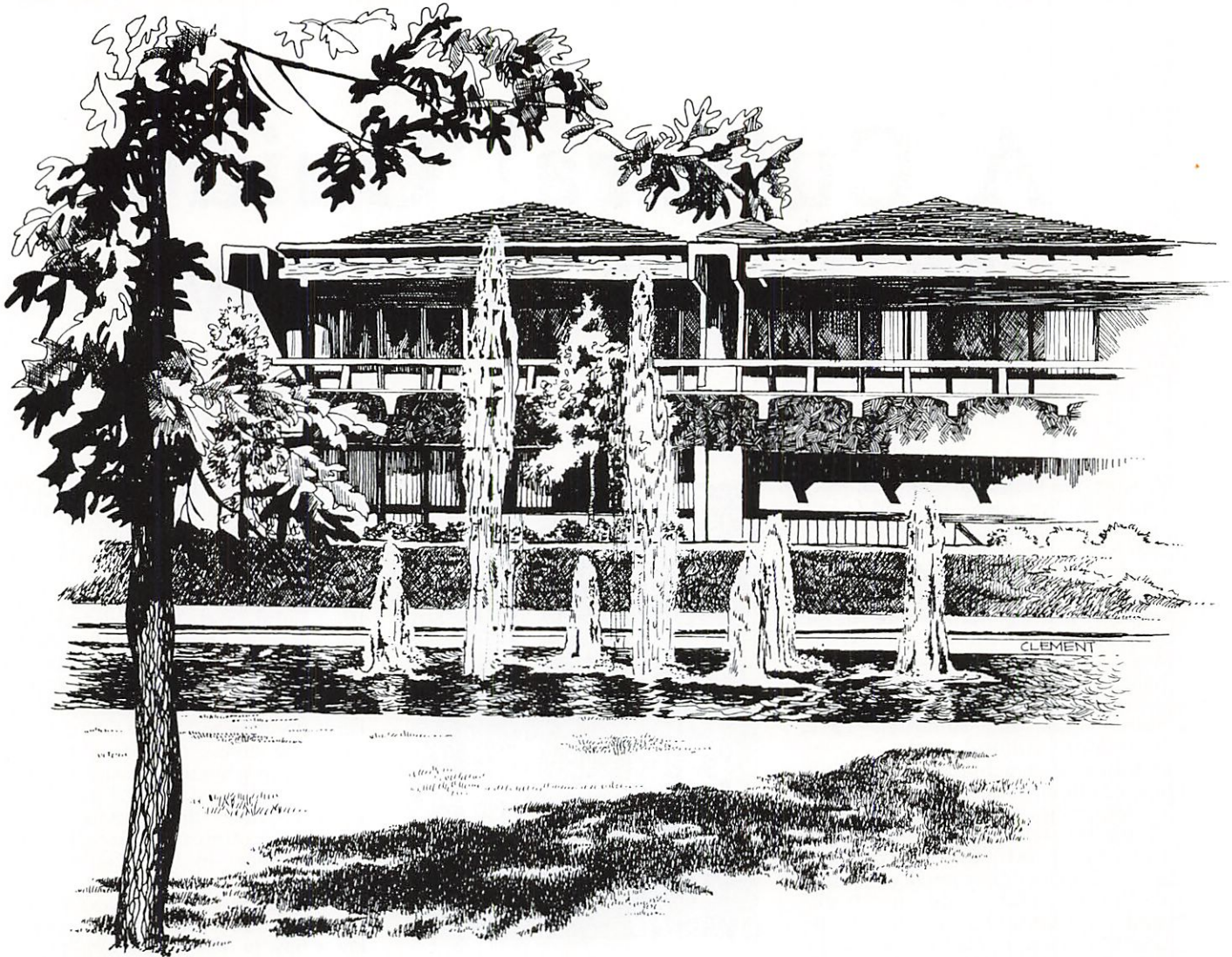
A Cultural Guide to Lane County begins each main section with facts about galleries (Visual), groups (Performing) and publications (Literary). Each sub-section begins with interviews from particular artists within the realm and then slides into listings and brief bios of a large number and variety of artists of each specialty—painters, graphic artists, dancers, writers, many more. I can certainly appreciate the difficulty of assigning some of these intrepid creators to a section or sub-section. Seeing that the nature of art defies categorization, these assignments, while sometimes necessarily arbitrary, seem to have been made with thought and tact.

I warned you that I wasn't a book reviewer; but I'll tell you this—I know how to recognize a good tool. It has a certain feel, a multiplicity of uses feel, of power in the hand. This cultural guide has it. I sort of wish I could find some little problem to peck at, so I could feel more like John Updike or Peter Prescott or somebody; but, at the risk of being called a lightweight, I say it's a genuine jewel.

We are all creators—whether we like it or admit it or not. We create our own environments, for one thing; and if you want a valuable resource in this creation process, you won't do much better than *A Cultural Guide to Lane County*.

—David

SPRING SHOWCASE



Combine the ancient Olympian ideal of the pursuit of excellence with the American tradition of Yankee ingenuity and know-how, add a soupcon of sunshine, and you have the ingredients for a superior celebration. Plans are now being made for just such a celebration to be held at L.C.C. during spring term. It will be, says ASLCC President Debi Lance, "a gift to the county. Everyone is going to be invited."

Billed as a multi-arts extravaganza, sponsored jointly by *Denali* and the ASLCC, this event will give every department in the college an opportunity to present a final product representing its best creative energies.

Alan Pierce, ASLCC Cultural Director, envisions an outdoor country fair, with booths showcasing everything from pottery to solar energy technology; and featuring entertainment by strolling minstrels, performances by dancers and mimes, games and competitions, and artists demonstrating their crafts. Plans are also being made, he says, to invite govern-

ment officials to discourse on public speaking as an art form, and some of the area's nationally published authors to discuss their work.

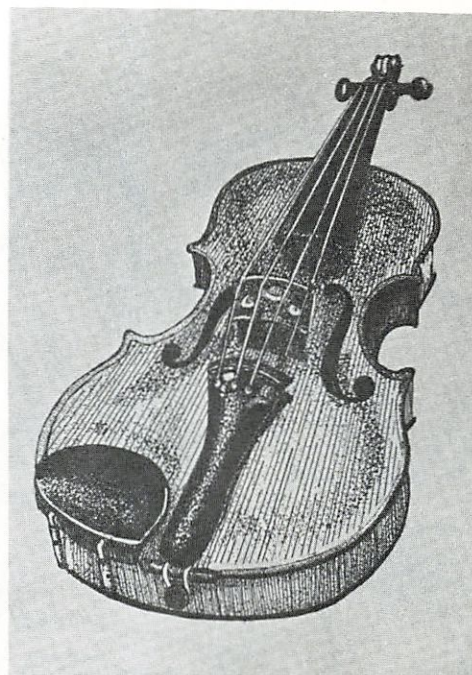
Lane is unique, believes Alan, in the diversity of its students. The multi-arts extravaganza will draw on that diversity, and will be a good way to "unite all the departments to show what they can do, and to get people involved with each other." It will also, he states, demonstrate to the community the kinds of resources and talents available at Lane.

Local high school students will be invited and encouraged to visit the event to discover the variety of experiences offered by L.C.C.

CWE and SFE students will be employed winter and spring terms to help design the multi-art happening. Any student interested in participating can contact either Valerie Brooks in room 479F of the Center Building, or Alan Pierce in the ASLCC offices on the second floor of the Center Building. Alan may also be reached at 747-4501, ext. 2332.

—Donna Mitchell

Robin Smith is in her second year at Lane Community College. Her goal is to obtain a Masters of Fine Arts from Burnley School of Professional Arts, Seattle, Washington. Her work experience includes: free-lance advertising graphics, giving private art lessons, and working for Lane County Community Relations as a graphic artist. She is presently working for the L.C.C. newspaper, The Torch. Robin has studied photojournalism at O.S.U. and art at Shasta Junior College.



Robin Smith



PUBLISHING IN PARADISE

Dear Mr. Magazine Grin:

I am interested in your program to help writers get started. Please send me your free 24 page, illustrated brochure and Writing Aptitude Test immediately.

Sincerely yours,
Guppy

§§§§§

The guilt your mama splashed on you when you forgot to take out the trash is nothing compared to the love letters from Mr. Grin. That man is smiling because he has eaten the lunch and dinner of many writers, desperate to publish. Desperate to make contact. You're never quite good enough in this movie, but you always show "promise." Keep trying—keep buying. There's so much to learn. Bullshit.

§§§§§

Dear Mr. Fantastically Successful Editor:

Although I am only a novice writer, I am sending you my short story, "The Bobbsey Twins Go to the Gynecologist," in the hope that you can take a bit of your Fantastically Valuable Time to help me. I would certainly appreciate your observations. Of course, if it's good enough to publish (which I doubt), you can send me a check.

Gratefully yours,
Fractured Ego

§§§§§

Dear _____:

REJECTED.

Sincerely,
The Editor

§§§§§

So you're a writer. So what? Nobody really cares until you publish. Big. Publish big and you'll get to live the cold, cold reality of all those fantasies. But that's another article. The fantasy that matters here is the one we all share—independence.

Since Europe cast its criminals on the shores of the New World, the recurring dream of each American has been to live free of responsibility except to self. Open your own business. Write your own business.

No one needs to tell you how to write. Spelling, punctuation and technical tricks can be taught; but the ability to spill guts on the page is a function of personal growth. Lots of people earn their money kidding you—oil company executives, politicians, historians, et al. Mr. Magazine Grin, however, does tell one basic truth: There are lots of people out there making money who have less talent than you, including him. You need to know how to publish. This knowledge involves a heavy dose of reality.

"Freelance"—whatever the field—actually means "no regular paycheck". There are only a few hundred full-time freelance writers in the U.S. of A. Think about it. Most income from freelancing is supplementary income, and that means another job. Freelance writing is hardly the key to those fantasies of the perfect life. There are

Graphic by Renny Roberts

thousands of musicians for every rock star, and there are thousands of writers for every one whose stuff becomes a movie. I'm really sorry.

If you want to create, then just go right ahead. You could paper walls with manuscripts, save them for your grandchildren, or wrap your lunch in them—all these could be valid—if that's what you want. If you want to publish for money, the key (here it comes) is market consciousness. Too bad it sounds so much like stocks and bonds; but, hey, this is America. Most writers create and then look for someone who wants their creation. The really successful freelancers look for a market and then write something for it. Kind of blows the artistic image all to hell, but that's what makes the consistent dollars (remember—"no regular paycheck"). That's freedom, writers' style, just like any other small business. The editor is the customer, which means that he/she is entitled to buy in any manner at all. This can be very depressing to some writers who wish to maintain their fantasies of sweating and bleeding to create until "discovery". Discovering yourself takes a lot more self-confidence, and that's the nub. If you believe in your work, you will publish your work. Simple enough. People pay thousands of bucks to est and best and pest and all that other junk which is designed to pump folks up to self-love for a couple of weeks or months (until the check clears the bank). That's what they pay for. Here it is cheap: You have the power to do whatever you wish, if you can enjoy yourself. And get the right information.

In our next issue, Denali will publish a more how-to article—dealing with publication and copyright law. For now, let me say that the one indispensable source for those who wish to publish is *Writer's Market*. This weighty tome is published annually (don't ever use last year's) by the Writer's Digest, 9933 Alliance Road, Cincinnati OH 45242, and is available in most bookstores for under twenty dollars. I am not trying to sell books; twenty bucks a year is a very small price for a resource that can help you make thousands (really). It tells you about book and magazine publishers, trade and company journals, consumer publications, miscellaneous markets, foreign markets—all of it. *Writer's Market* tells you what these various groups want, how to submit, and how much they pay. It also has many common sense articles on subjects that the creation freak often ignores—selling all types of work, how to prepare and mail manuscripts, how to communicate with editors, marketing plays and poetry—the information goes on and on. Enough said.

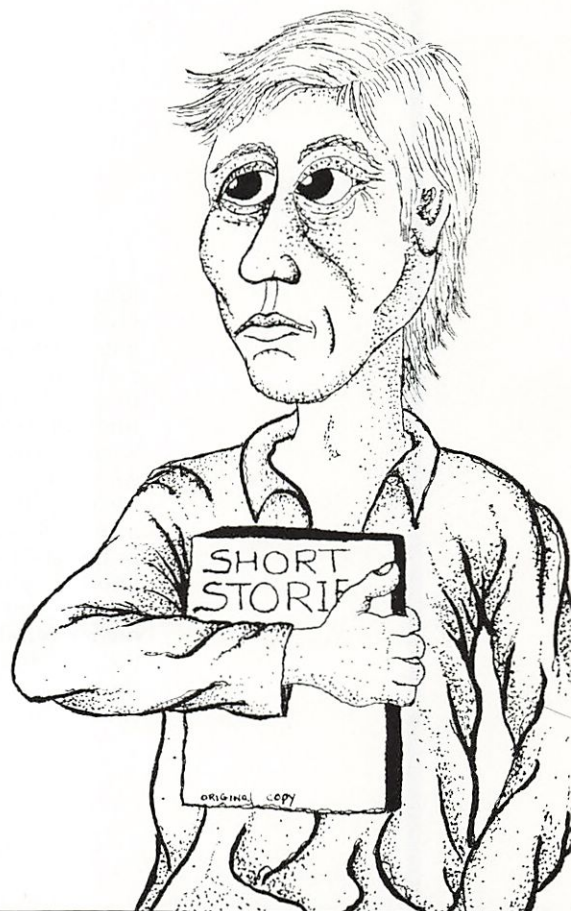
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Dear Writer,

It might sound cruel, but I hope this article upsets you. Please forget that starving-artist-in-the-garret crap and get angry enough to evaluate publishing in this paradise in the light of reality. If there's any way we of the Denali staff can help you with information or whatever, we'll do our best.

Don't ever stop.

Love,
David





My soul lay in scattered pieces, carelessly cast
aside from boredom as a child's toy.
On the fringe of the living world, I held fast—
experiencing neither pain nor joy
in the pit I dug myself, walled with the past.

My solitary darkness held no comfort, nor
companionship. I dared not climb the stair
for fear the brilliance shining through the door
expose my deformities; and its blinding glare
show me to be a hollow shell and nothing more.

With unwavering love, you extended your hand,
and taking mine, prodded my dragging feet
up from the valley—leaving me quivering to stand,
looking forward, with no hope of retreat,
at the shimmering brilliance dancing in the never never land.

The journey had begun. No turning back to know
the cool oasis. Ever skirting the breathless drop
into the chasm, past false peak and beckoning plateau,
you urged me on to the very crest of the mountain top
where the blinding brilliance set the entire world aglow.

The greatest gift of all . . . to be set free.
Armed with truth's unerring and perceptive light,
you gave me back the desire and clarity to see,
beneath the devastation of self-destroying blight,
the awesome brilliance that terrified me so—was ME.

—Audre Keller

taking a responsible hand,
giving a nudge with smoother
edges. fly, go ahead.
young birds are silly in
downy awkward
tumbling, but their
wisdom smooths
somewhere, their instinct
tenacity blooms to
a symbol. I look
at the gulls and owls,
unblinking eye as
reminder of the
higher reliable currents.
they fly and then
they mate.

—C. Lamar

ART: THE BRIDAL GOWN

How exquisite the
Who travels down the
Surrounded by the
With old and new at-
She's like a pearl set
She graciously ac-
Yet, walking in its
She far outshines the
So Truth, proceeding
Clothed by tradition
Shines in her dress yet
A shadow of her
It is a wonder
Or name-such beauty

bride, bedecked in white,
aisle with measured glide,
trappings of the rite,
tending at her side.
in a silver clasp;
cepts what Art prepares.
light and in its grasp,
finest art she wears.
down a sonnet's rows,
and our craft's expense,
through the veiling shows
own pure radiance.
man with art can hold-
boundless and untold.

—Hugh Perrine



Photo by Richard Johnson

"Natural abilities are like natural plants, they need pruning by study."

—Bacon

"It is the movement of people and things which consoles us. If the leaves on the trees didn't move, how sad the trees would be—and so would we."

—Degas



Photo by Richard Johnson



When I Was Young I'd Fish

When I was young I'd fish,
And hook the river bed,
Then heave a sigh and wish
I had a trout, instead.

But now I've seen at last
What was the real sin:
I had the world on fast,
But never played it in.

—Hugh Perrine

Rain

I curse the rain. For days now there has been no break in the downpour. The dampness seeks out every niche of my body. Water drips from my helmet, onto my face and down the back of my neck, to form rivulets which spill the length of my backbone.

I curse the rain. And I curse Vietnam.

"Been here eight months," I mutter, "and I still can't get used to being wet day after day. God! I'd sell my soul for a dry cigarette and a cup of hot, undiluted coffee." I huddle down in the darkness and listen to the rain splatter all around me. Suddenly, there are brilliant flashes to my left.

Crump! Crump! The sound of exploding grenades invades the darkness and tears at my guts. I stumble through the darkness and the mire to our machine gun bunker. The others are nervously gathered there. The smell of fear permeates the wetness. We check our position. The flashes and the grenades have stopped. The rain hasn't.

"God-damned V.C.," someone whispers. "God-damned harassment."

We stand around, light soggy cigarettes, and wait for the tension to ease out of our wet bodies. I shake

like a dog to rid myself of some of the droplets and plow back through the mud to my position.

Morning lightness finally penetrates the rain and softens the harsh, night shadows. I trudge through the mire up to the bunker. My eyes make a quick sweep of the area.

My heart skips a beat. My stomach knots up. Tied on the perimeter wire, directly in front of me, is a deadly, V.C. anti-personnel mine.

"Why in the hell didn't it explode?" I yell.

No one answers.

With shaking hands, I trace the detonating wire. My boots sink into the mud as I walk. Finally, my fingers touch a small, crinkly piece of rain-soaked cellophane that is loosely wrapped around a splice in the wire. The cellophane falls and disappears in the mud.

And then, I know the answer. The rain had caused a short in the hastily made connection.

I shudder involuntarily, remembering when we had stood closely together there, just a few hours ago. I take a deep breath and swipe a muddy hand across my eyes.

And I bless the rain.

—Lewis Chase

Death

The sky is like a gray blanket, and black clouds are blowing to the east. It is raining: a fine, drizzly rain falls on the trees like tears. It seems that the sky is crying—crying like me, crying for my father. My brothers and my mother are very quiet. People come in and out of the house; and, before leaving, they look at my father's face. He looks so old! It is as if a mask of pain is covering his face. His breathing is labored—a loud rasping noise in his chest. Everybody is praying! My mother, sitting at the edge of his bed, dries the sweat from his face and cries silently.

Suddenly, the noise stops. He is not breathing at all; his face has a peaceful expression, as if an occult hand had taken away the mask of pain, of sorrow. My father is dead! The Holy Breath of God has left that tired and emaciated body.

I cry; I am afraid. It is my first encounter with life's reality. In that moment, I grow up. I realize that life is not always laughter, play, and dreams. Life gives us moments of intense pain, moments in which we wish that we could close our eyes and not see the suffering around us.

I know that things have changed for us. I know that I will never hear again my father's soft voice saying, "Mariluz, baby, come here and tell ten little lies for me; and I will give you *'un chavito'". I pray fervently to the Virgin Mary to take you with her to heaven, father.

Some men come with the casket; the same casket that months ago I had seen near my father in a dream.

The neighbors come to the wake. The moon is out, and lights *'el batey". After the first Rosary, the men go outside. They are sad, and

speak softly. A woman makes fresh coffee and puts some sugar and milk in it, but not enough to take the bitter taste of the coffee away. She serves it with some crackers and hard cheese. Everybody eats in silence.

Past midnight, the second Rosary is prayed. The men are tired; they go out to "el batey" and start drinking from their bottles. Little by little, they raise their voices, making jokes while trying to control their laughter.

My mother, in her bedroom, is lying down, her eyes fixed on the roof of the house. She is immobile, the tears rolling slowly down her cheeks; and she murmurs to herself, "What am I to do, my Lord? Give me strength to raise my six children!"

I will never forget that scene. My brothers huddle next to her. Pablo and Martin, the oldest ones, are crying. Louisa, Juan, and Raulito are still; they look like rag dolls with big, scared eyes. My oldest sisters, from my father's first marriage, attend the people. And me . . . in a corner, trying to keep my eyes open. I hear the laughing outside and feel resentment and anger boiling inside me. How it hurts! How can they laugh when my father is there alone, surrounded by so many people, so quiet, so still! Have they forgotten him already? And they said that they were his friends! *Nada, life is worth nothing. I wish I was very, very little, a grain of sand—able to get lost forever.

I am afraid of life. I am afraid of death.

—Maria Rosa

*chavito - a penny

*batey - yard around the house.

*nada - nothing

Evening Sketch

It was a late and fading moment.

Twin rows of chestnut trees lined the grey avenue. Like twig-chested fishermen they cast shadowy nets, enmeshing the ragged remnants of cool autumnal sunlight, as the old man approached along the buckled sidewalk.

The lawns, walks and street had been covered with a random assortment of fallen leaves; but, at his bespectacled glance, they became a multi-layered mosaic of crisp carcasses. With a faint smile, he watched the sharp-toothed, north wind lend a semblance of dancing life to the leafy skeletons—as though luring their stillgreen comrades down from safe, umbilical perches.

"Shut your eyes and hang on!" he felt like shouting. "They trick you out into the cold and lonely, and then Zap! . . . you can't ever go back." The last few words actually did find their way from mind to muttered reality, but no one noticed—least of all the old man.

A sudden, keener gust of wind strafed the street; and more leaves, like batwinged lemmings, flitted down to join the chilly dance. The old man shook his unkempt head mournfully and continued on his way. "They never listen . . . even when they have ears . . ." The sad, shuffling figure dimmed and shrank with distance, as muffled chuckles rippled the close-ranked chestnut trees . . .

Then they were still.

—S. Farqhar





Photo by Richard Johnson

ACTING IT OUT

Let me steal your fancy—
Sleights of hand and eye beguile you.
I wish that I could see the smile you
Save.

Let's explore one of our fantasies—to stride on stage, to sense the pulse, to make the audience rise and fall, to perform. We all feel so powerless that it's no wonder so many share the daydream: Escape into portraying successes and failures, loves and hates—someone else's life. Control is the fantasy, control of mind and body. Lovers, houses, cars and money are incidental; power is everything. We swallowed all those televised feedings of Hepburn, Gable and Cagney—with the flick of a nose hair, those people could turn us into weeping oatmeal. They were cool—they were great. And, with some help from creative advertisers, we learned

The Movie

- ED: Hey, Baby (signals sweet-young-thing to come closer). My name's Ed, short for Oedipus. I got some great dope and a vibraphonic fish tank waterbed with all the trimmings. Got a Wright Brothers Social Security Amp and a Dyslexia Turn Table and some genuine Rhodesian Chrome Speakers. Brush my teeth with Clearasil. Got the dry look.
- BABY: Wow, Ed, that's far out.
- ED: C'mon, Baby, let's jump in my Whatever and go screw each other silly.
- BABY: Wow, Ed, that sounds great. (They exit.)
- (Later)
- ED: Got to eat that Right Guard smile right off your face, Baby. Here, roll another joint while I look into your red, white and brown eyes.
- BABY: I know your heart's in the parking lot, Ed, 'cause you got Turtle Wax on your balls. (Giggles)
- ED: (To himself) She's got that curly hair and that Farrah smile and that cheerleader butt and those legs that never end. Must be the one.
- BABY: (To herself) He's really scary, but it's kind of fun to be scared when you're young. I wonder if he's ready to settle down. I wonder if I'm like his mother

The End

We learned the moves from the movies; but nobody ever told us that all the stuff was originally made to confuse our parents—forget the Depression, the War (and rumors of War), and the slow death of the production line; spend some money. Time payments on romantic illusions are America's only real invention.

Forget the oil and the natural gas and the nefarious nukes; this country is richest in romance. Of a sort. We seem to be heading for the Warholian stage in which everyone is a star for fifteen minutes—buying and selling like Oedipus and Baby. We're already actors and actresses, so let's talk about acting.

First, we should know that movies and television don't really require much acting—just a lot of stamina. It's quite possible to cut up a thousand takes and splice them into a relatively coherent thirty minutes. The actor/actress, in this instance, is merely one of the cogs in a complex machine.

Second, it is necessary to realize that professional actors don't just happen; they are trained. It is necessary to lust mightily after the knowledge in order to endure the training program. Most of those acting cogs you see out there selling deodorant and burgers are the product of much school and stage experience and many dues paid in full. Some "discoveries" are happily accepted—they keep everyone hoping—but most acting cogs began in

Acting Class

Acting I: observe, pretend — visit the child inside. Don't fall off the stage. Speak clearly. Relax.

Acting II: imagine, listen — bring the child outside. Believe in what's happening. Concentrate. Concentrate.

"Acting is reacting."

—John Wayne

That's about all the philosophy involved; the rest is practice. So practice—moving, to learn body control; speaking, to get used to being heard; relaxing, to conquer the fear. Practice characterization in short scenes and long scenes, over and over, until the lines mean nothing. Practice laughing and crying and being afraid and getting pissed off and falling in love; the things we do quite well at the Pizza Hut seem super unnatural on stage. But the best, and most relevant, practice of all comes from

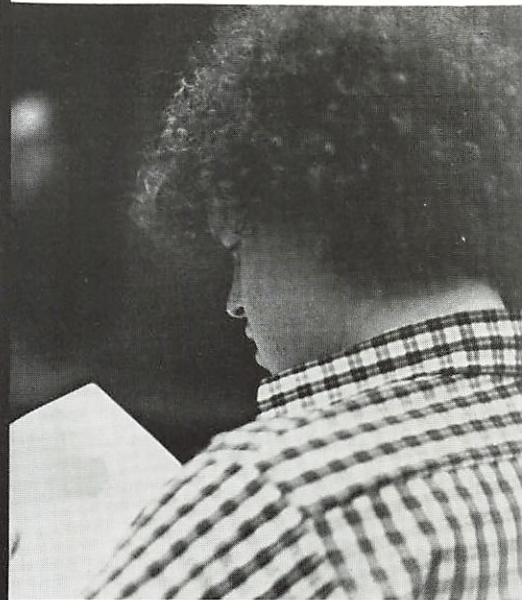
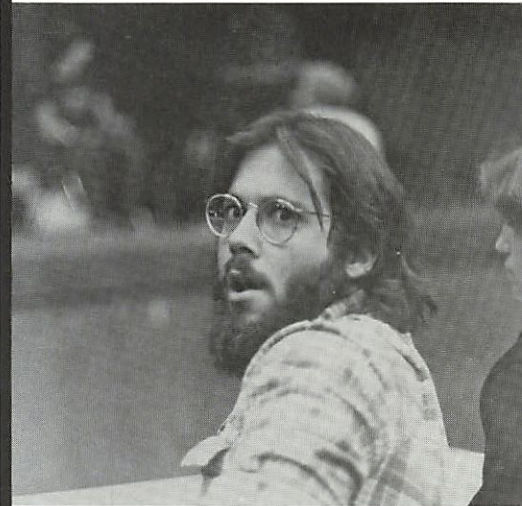
The Play

Tryout: The first call is for everyone, and everyone shows up. We disperse ourselves throughout the theatre, bleed radio waves of talent, and don't trust anyone. Take hearts in mouths (it never changes) and try to impress the director. It helps to read the thing, first; but, for some reason, lots of people don't. Maybe self-assurance is too overwhelming. Try to relax. No parts for Cary Grant.

Call backs mean that someone likes us. We filter down to front rows—coming to commune with the muse. Got to feel good if someone thinks we can act "So much adrenaline" "You start competing" "I'm such a disciplined person" The muse muses.

Final call forces us down to front row center. Close to the action—to the part. Tension of the end encourages risk-taking and time out to laugh. Sense the gathering; but maintain distance tonight (tomorrow, half these people will simply disappear). "Don't take it personally" . . . What? "Ensemble" is the word—cold and correct—but the reality is family. "Please let me belong" is a very personal plea—when people say it gets in your blood, that is what they mean. Right now, the play itself doesn't make much sense; only the feeling of a bond to be shared and the competition are real. Push and hope.

Tryouts are over, just like that; and everyone gets up early to slide by the bulletin board and peruse the winners. Gloat, compare, complain and realize that we've given up our nights and weekends for the next six weeks. Can we change our minds?



Rehearse: The cast falls out of the director's head and into his hands. First reading is a jolly rehearsal; even in a tragedy, the lines somehow seem funny the first time. Part of this gaiety is the release of competitive tension, but the flip side is the fact that the ensemble is final. Now, just like in any family, comes evaluation: Is sister ingenue a turkey? Is brother bit-part a mental minus? Where is the glamour?

Blocking consumes most rehearsal time. It involves weeks and weeks of wading through soupy scenes in slow motion—learning all the moves and all the lines. And getting bored. Bored people look for trouble, and find it. . . . "You need more than just your props, Mama!" The family fractures, as families will. Blocking rehearsal takes the form of a jerky dance that kills romance with acting and the play—the crew realizes the sweaty hazards of building this ship before sailing it. "Can I split? I've got some homework I really ought to do." The set and the props plod around us; get used to changes in doors and stairs and tables and chairs and attitudes. Social politics between scenes—like chunks of corn between teeth—grate on the nerves, impossible to get rid of.

Time to run through it, materialize some form, brothers and sisters. Amen. Actors made of lead roll giant stone lines across the stage at one another and get ready to go out for a beer. Where is that lean and hungry look? This is a play—not a play on words, but a play with words. Remember toys, before they became so personal? "Not to mention any names or anything, but somebody forgot to give me my cue." A play.

Dress rehearsals mean that it's time to pump some blood, try for some life. The last week finally turned. Costumes are strange and hard to change, and makeup clogs the pores. "I've never missed an entrance before." Well, you missed one now, sweetheart. Acting still fat; lines still flat. Noble resistance. "Sometimes I think I'm operating in a vacuum." Wait. Watch the horizon. Nobody's ever ready for the bad guys; and nobody's ever ready for opening night, either.

Perform: "Moving an audience is like moving a herd of cattle. . . . They're a strange group of people, sometimes." After all that, it's simple: they love you or they hate you; they laugh or they cry; the reviews are good or bad. The gut-rolling shakes give the play life, all right; but that doesn't seem to matter so much as just getting through it. The first night is heavy, to be sure; after that, though, it's simply doing the same thing, over and over, for the same laughs or tears. And there's still lots of opportunity to blow it. The director says, "Mistakes are past history." And I guess they are, until we try to go to sleep at night.

School's out. We went to acting class, and we practiced and practiced. We got a play under our collective belt, and it really happened. Eat this diploma. Well, save it for later; we might need it, because what happens next takes a long time.

First, if we really want to make it, we move to a big, market area. Then we all get jobs as waitresses and bartenders and car wash attendants and pimps and whores and plumbers and we wait. While we're waiting, we take more acting classes and audition for everything and work in more plays and eat beans (and old diplomas) and hope (harder to eat). And if somebody gets good and gets noticed (not necessarily in that order), it has to feel weird because we went to acting class with her; and she wasn't really any better than anyone else. And on and on, until the right guy or girl or bus comes along to whisk us away from all this and on to Consumerland.

Those who make it? Well, they get to be cogs in that machine we spoke of earlier. Well paid cogs with no privacy, they meet the process. The process is one of manufacturing illusions—cultural/romantic illusions—which are then packaged and sent forth to be accepted as dogma by anyone within reach of a movie theatre or TV screen. Of all the countries that have ever existed, only America has the tools to culturally homogenize the entire planet. And, in the name of bucks, our classmates jump in to produce The Movie all over again. And sell some Bisquick to Bangladesh.

Does it all seem . . . constipated? That's just how it feels. See *The Movie*, learn *The Movie*, perpetuate *The Movie*—the wheel rolls over us, the TV generations. We were the first to catch it all in this perspective, and we have become pretty uptight people. That's the problem with the acting bug—there is no escape in fantasy. It's still buy and sell.

Here's the tricky part: Acting it out is a good-time feeling. Or it was—before the fear set in. If you're a welder or a janitor, and you like being what you are, acting is fun. If you're a fame junkie, it's just like any other drug. Actors get strung out pretty fast; it comes from stretching to get some impossible things: independence and status. Only one or the other is achievable.

The beauty of acting without junkies is that it's a unified effort. That family gathering—so evident on a subsurface level—resembles nothing so much as the efforts of a fine football team. Perhaps this is the reason for the antipathy between athletes and actors—the stage jocks have lost what the field jocks still have: a team. The glories are the same—a smooth, concerted effort in which every person has a job that matters. And the family has a goal. Competition is part of the picture; but it's a very incidental chunk—the goal matters, the functioning. Just getting there is a high all its own. It's a pleasure to give nights and weekends to a team, and it should be the same for a play. But *The Movie* has taught us avarice and fear and laziness as a by-product of buy and sell. This is as true in the parking lot as it is on the stage—what has been forgotten is that what we give is what we get. The feeling we got from slogging through classes and plays is the true feeling of greed—the refusal to accept and enjoy the moment. The phony push for stardom has made us caricatures—gutless cartoons—and stolen our fun. If we can get used to the fact that it doesn't matter if anyone else admires us or not, we can give without lust—involvement and enjoyment. Now.

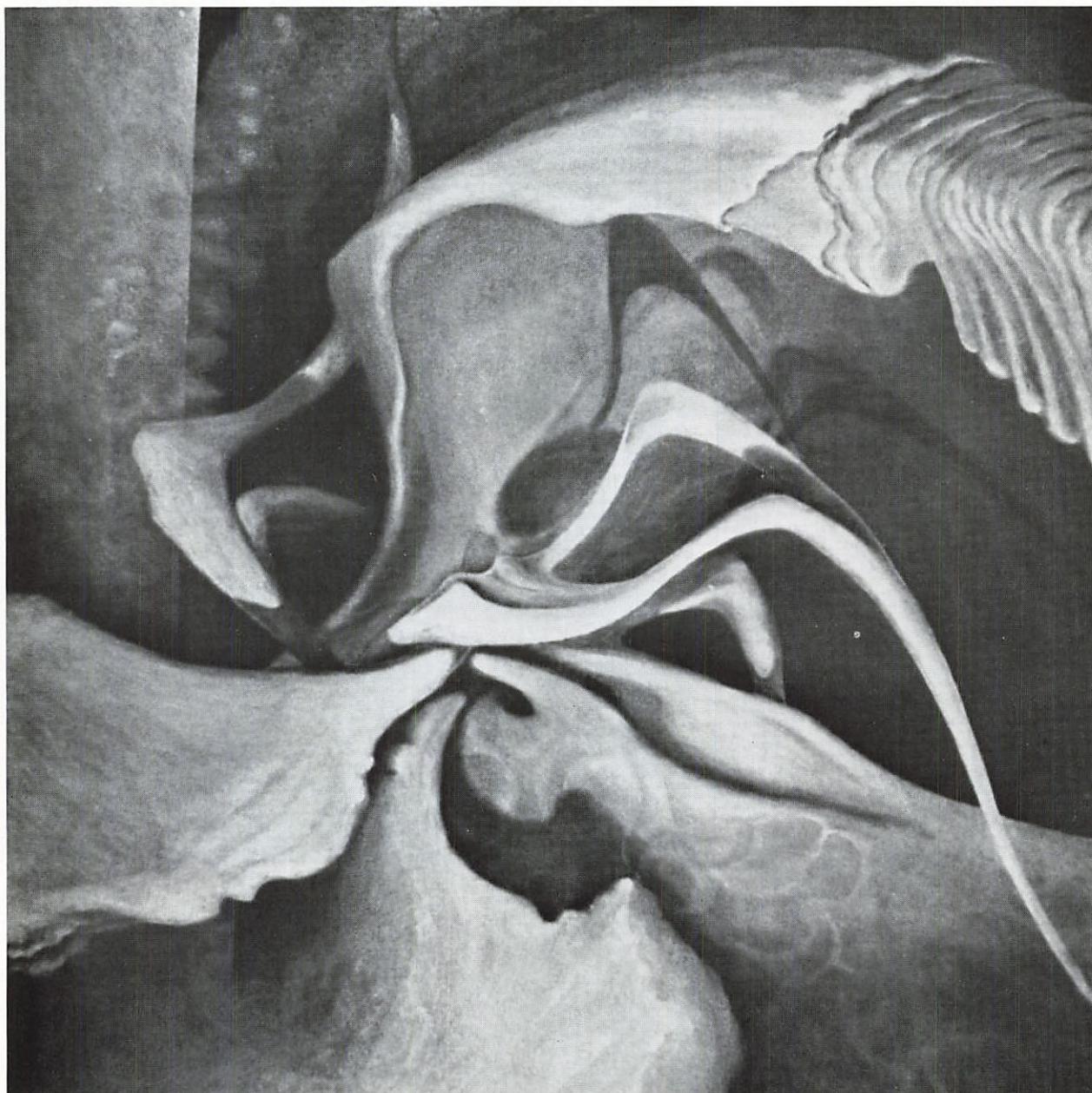
Being on the stage is not everyone's cup of granola, but everyone performs. Unlearn *The Movie*—the “me” years are over. Is anyone listening? Act it out.

David Thomason



Photos were taken during the L.C.C. fall term production of *Don't Drink the Water*, by Woody Allen. Directed by Stan Elberson. Photos by Dennis Cameron

Oil by Jean Lee



Sur le Coin

Jim Miller

The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems. Each system has a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The first system includes a fermata over the first measure of the bass line. The second system features a long melodic line in the treble and a corresponding line in the bass. The third and fourth systems continue the melodic and harmonic development, with the fourth system ending with the instruction "D.C. al Fine" in the right hand.



Remmy Roberts 79



Poetry

PRICES FOR THE DEAD

the days appear somber
don't be fooled
nervous fingers grow from the calendar
figuring out, sweating, then acting on
reactions of fate
like an empty pot under fire
burning the last of a stew
like the Marines pulling out of the
last days in Cambodia

everything's done in stride
spies elaborate under bridges
women adopt boots of love
spiked heels and all
my own shadow in the kitchen
is but a double agent
smells of lines on city statues
whispering to pigeons

in the morning, the phone rings
in the afternoon, the appointments
are made
in the evening, everything is over-
looked,
spite is a dog with a mouth
full of love letters, instead of teeth

the holy plan benefits
don't be misled
nervous and alone
sitting nude in black socks
with a mud of brains
it hurts

both parties feeling screwed
with impatience ultimately screwing
us all
the hands from either side
of the border
the enigma of our cheek teeth
bringing down the city
coming down on coffee shops
collapsing on the bar
with blood spilling from our lips
setting prices for the dead

—Nersesian

Our house is sad—
Dead tomorrow,
There'd be no laughing ghosts
Chasing up and down stairs
Or fucking on the refrigerator
Because it happened to be there
Under us.

Too many bachelor meals,
Not one grilled cheese at midnight.
Too much silence
And no quiet.

At night, we share the same bed
Like Asia and America share the Pacific—
Lost continents, far flung and heaving,
Squandering fortunes.
We lie twisted with falsehoods,
Wrestling our different ancestors,
Talking to shades,
Gambling with angels—
Till dawn
Finds us moored like
Restive ships,
Weary with storms.

—Kathy Little

Embracing the Dead

As the roots of trees embrace the dead,
these dream-roots have held my belly
in the clench of memory,
curved and cradled,
idling in swift waters,
mind in swirls of fiery clouds.

My feet have danced on the wind
of fiddle tunes, while darkness
 swarmed around us,
holding hands,
listening to the lullaby of birdland,
flowery networks from the dreams of shamans,
as we tried to gather what we could,
a few songs perhaps,
from the careful days and iron nights.

As we have sought to embrace the dead,
pillars of smoke becoming solid,
 our fathers' anger,
birth rights
 denied no more,
they have washed us like a green wind
through rosewood and ebony darkness,
the sleek bodies swimming,
 diving and spiralling,
bubbles rising to the surface in waves
where they form the world of our every days,
the froth and foam of reality.

Each net we make, intricate, fine
and place it on these waters,
glints and scenes played on the walls of cells,
the mind,
 whatever it is a mind is,
a prism,
 one white light,
split
in colored pieces, rainbow worlds
 private eyes.

These songs the way to that world
 before so and so,
trembling water of remembering,
mojo dawn,
 stirring the darkness
ever so gently,
songs we make to honor our dead.

—Don Evans

Death is a straight jacket . .
They laced me in
when I was still alive
(that was long ago),
nodded and said,
"You wear it well."
I couldn't talk at the time;
so I flapped my arms,
pinned at the sides,
bounced up and down
and smiled my smile.
They made me try,
They made me try,
For the wink of her eye
I WANTED to try.

Death is a straight jacket
put on piece by piece—
anywhere for a start.
It's made out of canned corn
and Mommy's tears,
Vomit in the gut,
Broken mirrors,
Water in the eyes
that never falls down.
When you needed so much
you said squares were round.

And at night
you lie stiff on the bed,
Staring—
While death
Illuminates your flesh
like a 1000 watt light bulb
Swallowed whole.

—Kathy Little

Richard Quigley

David Thomason.

Richard Quigley is a painting and drawing instructor for the Adult Ed Division at L.C.C. He has taught painting, drawing, and watercolor since 1976. Richard was the Department Head of Painting and Drawing at Maude Kerns Art Center in Eugene for two years and has exhibited his work all over the Northwest since the early seventies. His recent (November) show in the Art Department at L.C.C. woke some people up to the quality of art in this area. Richard has a B.F.A. from Cor-

nish Art Institute in Seattle, and a B.A. from Western Washington State U. in Bellingham. And his paintings, to me, are a pattern of lyrical things that escape me when I try to say them. Too personal.

I happen to live across the alley from Richard, and his daughter plays with my daughter, and we compete at badminton in the summer time. And I consider myself lucky.

This piece is written from the tape of a rambling evening, so I have rearranged the order of some of the

things he said and left out my questions. Imagine Richard.

He appears to me as sort of the original flower child. I don't know if that's an accurate description or not, but Richard's the only person I ever met who sounds as if he means it when he says, "Have a nice day." An artist is a tinkerer; an Artist personifies his art.

We began by talking about his L.C.C. show and how he felt about the talk he gave in the Art Department to begin it



A friend of mine, who's very much into God, was recently asking me have I ever had that movement—that real moving feeling—and I've had that before, because there was a period in my life when I got very much into the Christian faith. And I went to a Billy Graham thing, and I started shaking and trembling and I was repenting my sins and everything; and I felt better. But the same thing happened when I started to talk at L.C.C.—just from the newness and strangeness and energy I felt there, I started trembling a little bit at first. I felt almost on the verge of crying, and then I snapped out of it when I started to understand what was going on.

(The show) sort of seemed like it was a preliminary to my possibly working my way into the faculty. They were very articulate in what they wanted from me. Why I like to have university and college shows is that there are certain mature artists there, who see my shows and can relate to my work in that fashion. The last day, when I was taking down the show, I talked to the Department Head and he pointed out to me some things that he and other faculty members had talked about in a more analytical way about my work. They had a lot of positive comments about where I am as far as my age and all that goes, but there are still things I need to learn.

I feel the only way I can get it is to learn from a master artist, somebody who is older than me and a more mature artist. When I think of master artists, I'm talking about a technique—a way of rendering paintings that gives them a continuity in time. Where that point might come is in not letting the media manipulate you as the artist, and in knowing exactly what you're doing. I don't want to wait 'till I'm fifty—I want to make it when I'm thirty.

I've always been an environmentalist; I guess growing up on the farm adds a lot to that—I mean respect for all life. When I lived on the farm, I used to chase cows all night long. I lived in a log I had hollowed out way up in the woods, and it was all fantasy, fantasy, fantasy. I herded the cows in my Boeing 707.

Where I went to school was Castle Rock, Washington—there were five hundred kids. Art class was cutting out paper dolls and hanging them in the Christmas window. That was all I had done up 'till junior college, and then I started learning about art. I quit my job as a mill worker and I took a long travel across the country,

so I came back with a lot of new things going on in my head that I didn't want to just stagnate. So I had to learn about art—I had to go to school. And then learn to create that space around me. A lot of it is discipline—creating that space. Discipline to not do things that you would normally like to do on whim. You have to work at it. Picasso says that the secret to being a great artist is you have to out-labor a laborer, and I really believe that. The legacy of a dying artist is to leave something for the next one who comes along.

When I was going to college, most of the artists I worked under were very abstract artists from New York—minimalists, abstract expressionists, conceptual artists—all that bag I never really had a feeling for. Dali is, without a doubt, one of the biggest influences on me—the first artist where I finally learned about surrealism, three years after I was an art student in college. Somebody finally told me what I was painting, and I started looking into it. Rene Magritte is another artist I learned from—I love the emotionalism that he puts into his work with such subtlety. So it's sort of an intermingling of Dali and Magritte. Also I can appreciate conceptual art or whatever—my basic feeling is that it just needs to be done well. When I was in art school at Cornish, I had instructors who were very learned—like they started when they were nine years old in Boston Art School, and they went all through it. By the time they were twenty eight or twenty nine, some of them were like seventy. But I haven't been painting that long, so there are things I need to learn as an artist that only time will teach me—unless I happen to get a lucky break.

When I first started, I used to paint from the upper left corner all the way down to the lower right; but I found that I was constantly going back and adding color to the top space again, to pull it all together. So, through instructors' help and analyzing my own work, I found that a faster way is to pull those colors together, first, and then work the line out. I look at it like a child—developing a language or vocabulary. I've done paintings from abstract shapes, like diamonds, and built the whole premise from that. I started with diamonds and everything in the painting is geometrically diamonds. I went to several jewelry stores and looked at charts and diagrams on diamonds and their carat weights because I was really intrigued with trying to master getting that down.

The first one was tough, but now I can whip in a diamond pretty fast.

I try to make my paintings so that at times they repulse you, or somehow make you stand back—you don't want to be part of that thing. And then, sometimes I like the plane to come out and envelop whoever's looking at the piece. It's one of the psychological ploys of the artist—different pieces can be really changed by one simple element. I seem to be able to really interject myself into space, so that I just become a part of the work. I guess that way I lose a lot of the sentimentality in it. There's always a certain degree of not wanting to lose a painting; but living it through my daily existence, it pretty well wears itself out by the time I'm done.

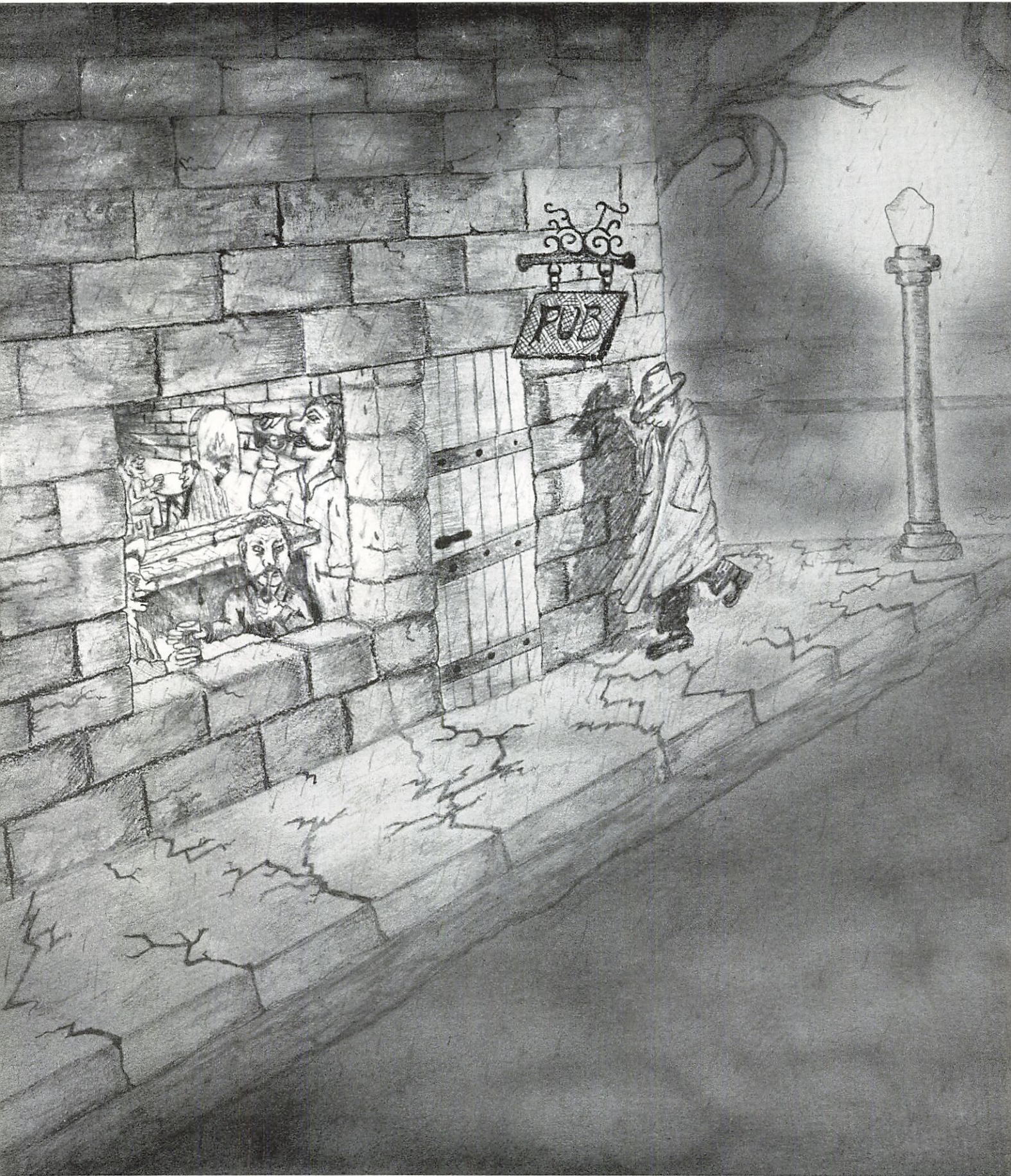
Art should be free, but artists need to survive. They need to put in the hours to perfect themselves within a lifetime—which is relatively short, it seems to me. You have to spend the hours, so where's the trade-off? It should be free, but you can't starve—so you teach. This one fellow I had in my water color classes last year, who was a minister; said that being an artist is just an excuse for a Bohemian existence. That's really true; so some artists feel compelled to teach just so they're doing something that relates to society in a more direct way than being an artist. I'm sort of reclusive—I have to force myself out. I'd rather stay in my studio, but I need to teach because that gets me out into society and makes me cope. I draw on my students' experiences a lot—like in Europe, and all those places I've never been, New York, maybe. They tell me about it, and my mind's so visual that I can actually be there while they talk. I teach people constantly how to paint—or what I learn—and I find I don't mind sharing secrets, because if I can't keep ahead on those, I've stagnated—and I don't want to stagnate.

It can be good to be reclusive—trying to perfect your existence in one spot. But I still feel like my thing to do on this planet before I die is not just to paint pretty pictures of things that don't mean anything. I like to make statements—whether anybody hears them or not is immaterial, at least I've said them. It really does live, you know. I'm totally convinced that painting is alive constantly—everything is alive and moving, and paint does the same thing. I consider it a self-sustaining life force—all that it basically requires is light.





Photo by Dennis Cameron





AN ENGLISH PUB

Imagine a cold wet evening in January. You walk down the street to a building on the corner. Lights shine dimly through the rain, and somewhere above, a sign, creaking softly, swings in the wind.

Open the door and step into the warm smokey interior of an English Pub. Walk to the bar and order a pint of the local ale; and, as you sip the dark foamy brew, take a look around.

The room is small, with walls of a light creamy brown. The ceiling is white, crossed by rough oak beams stained almost black by the nicotine of endless smokey evenings.

The omnipresent dartboard occupies one wall, while across the room in the small fireplace a coal fire burns—its dancing flames flickering and gleaming in a dozen glasses lining the mantle.

In the corner two old men sit at a worn, domino strewn table. With an economy of movement they play their game and take occasional pulls at ancient tobacco stained pipes. Dressed in flat grey caps, tweed jackets and baggy grey trousers, their serviceable black boots planted firmly side by side, they will make one pint last all evening.

On a high back wooden settle, facing the fire, sprawl two husky young men. Cheeks flushed from the heat of the flames, they will argue happily for hours, discussing football scores and the game played last Saturday on the local pitch.

At the end of the bar stands a large, red faced man—his bright tweed suit, tan waistcoat, and the handlebar moustache (which he brushes constantly with the knuckle of his forefinger) proclaiming him the typical ex-Indian Army Colonel. If you catch his eye and smile, he will greet you with a hearty, " 'G'd ev'nin, rather wet, what! "

At ten thirty, the publican will flick the lights and in stentorian tones announce, "Time, gentlemen, please."

As you leave, pulling up your collar against the rain, a gentle murmur of "Goodnight all," will follow you down the street.

—Marion Reinemer

Dali Picasso Tarrago

The art is coming! The art is coming! The art is here. Get ready to live in a cultural center, because Eugene is going to be one. The prolific real estate man is dying (well, he's sick, anyway); the entrepreneur is beginning to breathe. Want to go to the mountain and see Moses? Then best hoof it out to the Red Barn Cafe. That's what I said—the Red Barn Cafe, 1041 River Road. Picasso hangs out there, so does Dali, so does Tarrago, and so will you.

Intrigue is the name of the art game—so chew this: the anonymous owner of the Red Barn bought the place because of the cultural potential in Eugene. He sees the size and finances of this area like a hawk sees a mouse at ten thousand feet. Right now, he wants to teach you and me about the investment potential in lithographs; and he understands the high art finagle—in which art patrons buy at low prices, sit on the art for a while, and spread the word about the incredible pieces under wraps.

The above mentioned artists are hanging on the Red Barn's walls along with some local artists of various media. The man wants to cultivate local talent with imagina-

tion by giving them the opportunity to show amongst the more famous. Current prints range \$350-\$1200. This is not the Bi-Mart of art, and it is not a coffee house. It is a legitimate restaurant, owned by a business man. A business man who knows a lot about economics and society, and will bet you a thousand bucks that you don't know Oregon politics. For Eugene, this is a high-roller.

The route leads eventually into original oils—the heavies. Hard to get information on this, but picture an armored car delivering paintings to the cafe—at \$25,000 a shot. It just might crack Eugene open like an egg.

It's not all hotcakes; the guy lives in the mire with the rest of us. The last owner of the Red Barn had a lousy septic system, so the city nibbles at the edges. There's a possibility that Eugene is not ready for this kind of energy, so cultural realities nibble at the edges. This community has many dollars, but doesn't really understand investment in anything but land. He could be forced out due to lack of interest. I doubt it.

It is coming. It's coming whether we like it or not—so better enjoy. I personally think we could all use the

excitement. So, throw away the Pendletons and the hiking boots, drag out the Gucci handbag and the Halston originals, and I'll see you at the Red Barn Cafe. The way it looks, you might even like the food.

David Thomason



Letitia Tarrago: 1940—

Studied in La Esmeralda, Mexico City, and Warsaw. Won 1st prize in student competition for National Institute of Fine Arts. In 1957 she won 1st prize in a twelve country competition for KLM Airlines, "This is My Country".

In 1962 she won 1st prize in engraving at the Salon de la Plastic Mexicana.

In 1967 she won 1st prize for engraving by National Institute of Fine Arts. Her work is now on permanent collection in the Americas, United States, and Europe.

Pablo Picasso: 1881—1973.

Studied in Barcelona at the School of Fine Arts.

In 1900 he exhibited at the Quatro Gats and is praised for his "easy handling of the pencil". Takes his first trip to Paris and sells three paintings.

1906 is the year of his famous *Portrait of Gertrude Stein*.

In 1912 he started developing his Cubist techniques.

In 1937 he painted *Guernica*.

In 1971 eight of his pictures were exhibited in the Louvre, the only time this had been done while the artist was still living.

Salvador Dali: 1904—

Studied painting in Madrid.

In 1928 he made a trip to Paris where he met Picasso and the Surrealists. In 1929-1931 worked on two films, *Un chien andalou* and *L'Age d'or*.

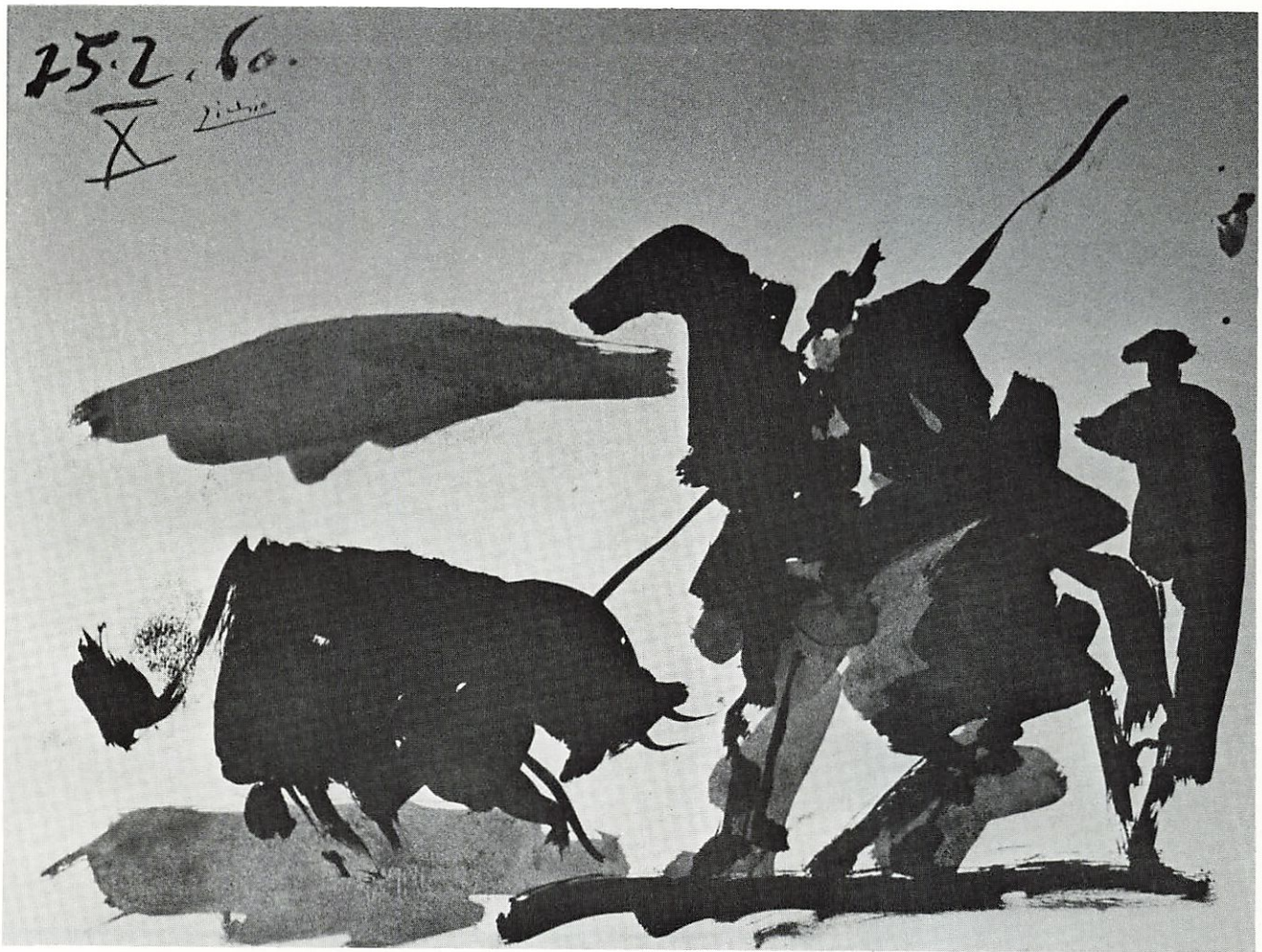
In 1937 he made his first trip to the United States.

He published in 1931, 1932, 1935, 1942, and 1964.

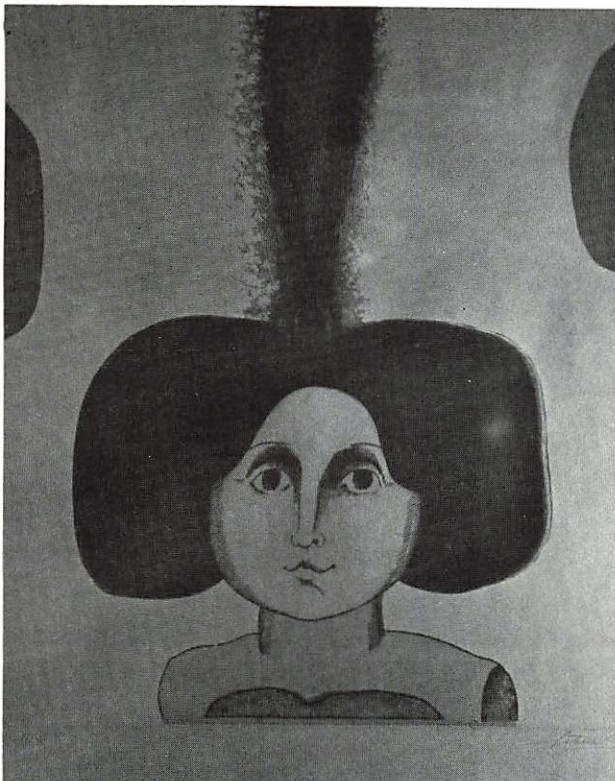
His many paintings were done throughout these years.

—Kathryn Young

Denali



Above:
Pablo Picasso
One of the fourteen images in the *Toros* suite.
#463 in an edition of 500.



Left:
Letitia Tarrago
Muneca #6
Original handsigned and numbered etching.
Edition size of 100.



Top Left:

Salvador Dali
Alice in Wonderland
 Lithograph, signed and numbered.
 #15 in an edition size of 25.

Left

Opposite:

Salvador Dali
The Divine Comedy suite
 Stonesigned and handsigned original woodcut-lithograph.
 Artist's proof in an edition size of 10.
 100 separate images.



IRON HANDS

Myron Stahl

My grandfather came from the Ould Country, not, he says, because he could not make a living there, which was nevertheless true, times being what they were, but because no thinking man could live there and retain his sanity. They had little to eat there, he says, but pata-aties, with an occasional bite of fish or mutton; for all the rye and wheat and barley went to the making of whiskey and ale. The latter might do a man a mite of good, but whiskey—the Devil's brew itself! It rotted a man's mind and guts with a foine carelessness, and he'd have none of it.

And religion! Howly Mither of Jasus! The sound of it rolled from every tongue, and there were shrines at every crossroad, but where, indeed, was the living of it? The Church tithed and tithed again, 'til the people were bled white; and the priests prated and prayed, but nivr a bit of mind was paid to it—the women chased and gossiped and whored, and the men drank, and fought, and cheated, and lied, and drank again—oh, the sha-ame of it! 'til 'twas no wonder the Almighty sent the English upon them as a scourge.

And send them He did. They owned, or said they did, the best of the land, and the foine cattle, and the horses; and not a finger could a young Irishman lay on any of it. 'Twas share-cropping, with the English taking the cream of it, or the mills, or fishing the sea, that a young man had to look to, and none of it promising even a bare living, and no freedom at all. And so Grandfather came to America.

The railroads were hiring then—building great stretches of line across the broad prairies, and men

and horses to do it all. A man could go straight from the docks to the prairies, if he'd a mind to, or knew no better, for there were hiring-men waiting, and no more he'd see of the city than the walk to the train. But Grandfather, being curious, was of a mind to see a bit of the town. And see it he did, he says—the good and the bad of it, for two days, and the good was better than a man could dream of, and the bad was worse; drunks in the gutters, and fighting, and cheating, and stealing—quickly he grew sick of it, and went to the hiring-men.

They were looking for big, strong men, and Grandfather was that—six foot one he stood barefoot—a great, dark, muscular man; none of the red hair and freckled fair skin so often thought Irish: A shock of black hair, brown skin, and a great, black beard. Only the eyes shone Irish; bright blue they were, like a sunny day on Lough Carrough. They startled one at first glimpse, so bright they were in the dark face.

Grandfather had no trouble on the railroad. The food was good, with plenty of red meat—the buffalo were still plentiful then—and beans and bread and good oat porridge. And he like to work; sweat was no stranger to his broad back, and the long arms and great hands of him soon won him a good place on the leading crew. His fellows were rough—Shanty Irish, the bosses called them scornfully—and as willing to fight as work. There were broken heads aplenty, and not a few knifings; but Grandfather, being big and a thinking man, stayed clear of the most of it. He fought but little, and won then. Men respected him.

It was the women that caused the bother. It was not that he was after

them, for he was not; he avoided them. The women in the railroad camps were an easy thing for a thinking man to be letting alone, lusty as he might be. For they were not women of easy virtue; they were women of no virtue at all. A man with a dollar or two might have any of them, and have the disease, also, that came with them. So Grandfather was celibate; not, mind you, because of any religious or moral scruples he might be having, but from good common sense. But even so, being young and lusty, there were times when his trousers bulged at the sight of a woman.

This was pretty much the state of affairs when the lead crews reached the foothills of the great mountains, where the Cheyennes camped when the hot summer was on the prairies. There had been quite a few Indians visiting the railroad camps, so Grandfather was not unfamiliar with them, but few of them caught his eye. Most were scroungers, seeking a free meal or to snatch a bit of cloth or a stray knife—too much, he thought, like the tavern loafers in the Ould Country. But these people of the hills were different; a proud, dignified people, keen-eyed as hawks, it seemed, and as fierce. He had little time for more than a curious glance, though, for the bosses were set to get through the mountains before the snows. But he liked the look of them.

One Sunday morning he borrowed a smoothbore and handful of shot from the section foreman and set out along the river bottom to see if there might not be a partridge or two for him. He walked through the woods with the quiet tread of a poacher, a habit acquired in his boyhood. The day promising to be hot, he left his shirt in camp, and the muscles of his

great shoulders rippled in the light.

Thus it was that he came out on a sandbar at the water's edge, and glancing at the river, saw a woman, naked, standing mid-thigh in the shallows. She was swishing a garment in the water, and had just bathed herself, for she was gleaming wet in the sunlight, her midnight hair hanging to her waist. She was an Indian girl.

She saw him on the instant, and quickly lifted the garment to her waist, watching him warily. Thus the two stood for moment, with the river talking softly and the trees quiet around them. He would have turned back into the woods, for he was a daacent man, but his want held him, and he could not. Ten paces apart they stood, her dark liquid eyes locked to his blue.

"Do not be afraid," he managed to say. "I'll not be hurtin' ye."

The tone of his voice must have been gentle, for she answered a word or two, which he could not, of course, have the understanding of, and to his astonishment came slowly wading toward him through the shallows. Her breasts were high and firm, he could see, and her body in its bronze skin as beautiful as a doe. This he saw in a haze, for his eyes remained locked to hers.

Then she was before him, water drops shining on her, standing as one enchanted. She said afterward that it was the blue of his eyes that held her, the deep blue of the mountain sky, as though his whole head was full of it, and it shone out through his eyes. They stood wordless, a pace apart at the edge of the river, gazing into each other's depths; and the gaze grew in a moment into a question and an answer, and firmed itself into a glowing between them,

melting both her fear and his caution as the sun drinks the frosts of the morning.

So it was that they coupled there on the sand in the sunlight, with the river and the trees around them for witnesses; and there it was that her people came upon them, twined together, naked, dozing in the peacefulness that comes after lovemaking.

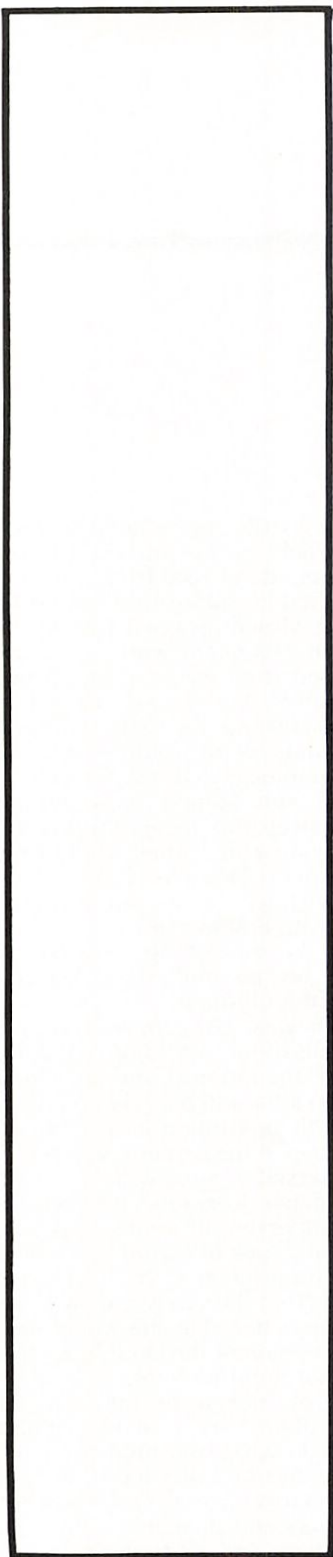
There was more than a bit of a ruckus on the sandbar for a few minutes, but, though he was strong, they were several, and soon he stood locked between two of them, facing her father. A brawny young warrior, knife in hand, danced behind the old man, shouting angrily. The old man waved him back imperiously, haranguing Grandfather the while. Then he fell silent, waiting, it seemed, for a reply. But what could a man say for himself, caught as he was in the very act? But he was not to be shamed, and held himself proudly. So the old man stepped aside, and the two released Grandfather. The young warrior crouched, knife ready, blood in his eye. But Grandfather, lacking his trousers, had no knife. The girl's father held up his hand with a sharp word. The warrior scowled, but dropped the knife and came for Grandfather barehanded.

It was quite a fight, to hear Grandmother tell of it in mixed Cheyenne and English, with an Irish brogue to all of it. The warrior, who was her intended, lacking only the horse or two as the necessary gift to her father, had that morning oiled himself against the dry, hot air, and was not to be gripped. And, although he was lighter than Grandfather, he was quick, and Grandfather was down several times, saving himself only by bull strength. His hands were

smeared with grease, and he could get no hold on his enemy. The one last time, as he rose from the sand, he rubbed his hands in it, and as the warrior closed, gripped him by the forearm. His hands were strong and calloused from weeks with the pick and shovel, and as he gripped he twisted, tearing the skin. No doubt the Indians were used to pain, but this was unexpected, and the warrior howled and leaped back. Grandfather swept his hands through the sand again and leaped after, going for the neck. There he clung, racking and twisting, the warrior grasping and scrabbling at those iron hands. Finally he went limp, and Grandfather let go and stood panting before the old man.

There was, Grandmother says, a complete silence for the space of ten breaths, the old man and his people in their clouts and buckskins, and the two of them without a rag, for she had dropped the garment she held to cover herself to stand with him in the glory of her womanhood. Then the girl's father began a strong, ringing chant, and took her hand and placed it in Grandfather's. It is said she winced from the sandy grip of it, but she swears not; that she would have stood the pain of the Devil himself to keep that hand on hers.

And so, naked in the sunlight, Grandfather took a naked Indian maiden to wife, and nivor the once, he says, has he regretted it. For she has been loyal to him, and borne him foine sons and daughters, dark like themselves, and all with the sky in their eyes. And thus it is that she calls him, in the Cheyenne, "Sky Eyes." But to her people, he is ever known as Iron Hands.



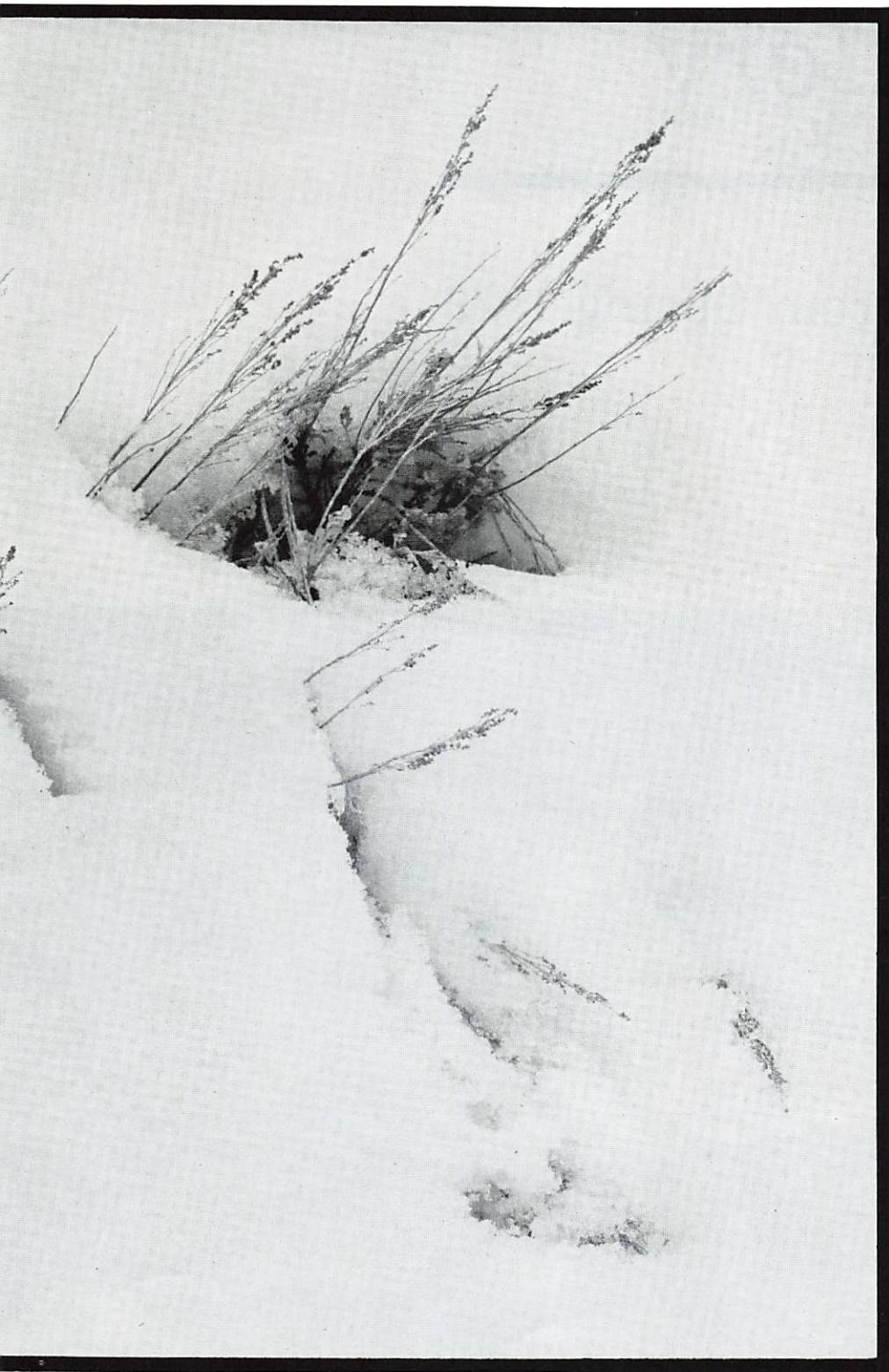


Photo by Richard Johnson

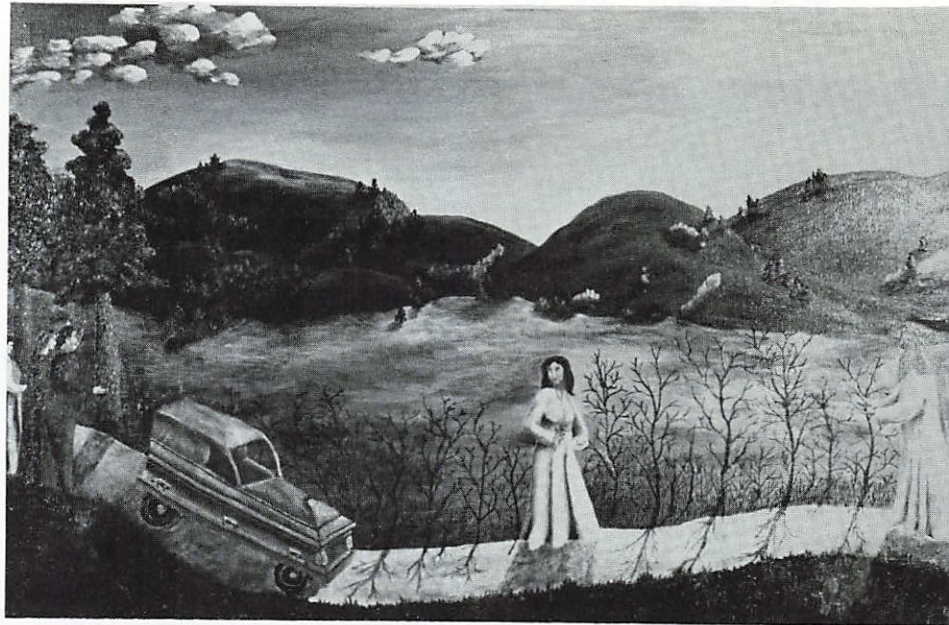
Art Gallery

Oil Paintings from Spring 1979
Student Exhibit

Kate Seigal



Arlene Field



Craig Spencer



BLACK GOAL

Franklyn A. Vaughn





The Old Man stood clutching the coin. His eyes darted from the empty doorways to the dark alleys, searching for some hidden enemy that might pounce on him and take away his treasure. With his back to the streetlight, he listened to the night. The Old Man looked tattered and frayed around the edges, like an old shoe that had been tossed out and left in the rain and found by a stray dog—the teeth marks still showed. The coat that he wore did little to keep out the cold, winter wind; the blue scarf that partially covered his face was as old as the eyes that looked out from behind it. A jagged scar ran like railroad tracks down the Old Man's cheek, down his neck, and disappeared into the frayed collar of his shirt. It stood out from the cold like a chalk mark on his blackboard face, giving it a sinister and grotesque appearance. The wind whipped his long, silver-gray hair in his face, stinging his cheeks, making his eyes water.

"Ah... pompous fools!" he spat up at the dark windows.

Squeezing the coin, he felt the coldness of the metal burn in the palm of his hand.

Sure that any dangers were only imaginary, as dreams of dragons and castles, the Old Man tucked his chin in his ragged scarf, dropped his head, and scuffled down the street. He never lifted up his eyes. He followed the map of cracks in the sidewalk and gutters—the same familiar pattern those eyes had followed for so many years—weaving in and out of alleys, never looking up, but always knowing his whereabouts from signs in the streets: ticket stubs from the Justice Movie House, the trash from Mr. Richs' Nickle and Dime Quality Store—where sometimes he'd find matches or pennies that would get swept out because of youthful inattention to the present and contemplation of the future.

Tonight, just like so many other nights, the past reached into this place called self and forced open cellar doors with memory bars. The Old Man stopped and lifted his head. His eyes searched the familiar darkness across the street and wandered to the upper floors of the old brown stone house. His face

seemed to lose its hardness for a minute, becoming just another caricature etched out in suffering. It doesn't take long to suffer, some times; and, in the space of a few moments, the Old Man felt his body being hurled through the air and crashed to the ground. He heard the echoes of excited screams and yells and felt the fear—icy fingers that gripped him, two years before.

He was returning from his weekly trip, searching for dropped chunks of coal or anything else he could find to keep him warm. When it happened, the child had just come out of the Corner Drug Store, excited and happy over some little thing—unaware of Death slipping up behind her. He was walking in the gutter, as usual, as he saw her suddenly lose her balance and start to fall into the street. He had seen the light change and smelled Death, as strong as an oily rag in the air. It had been over in less time than it would have taken the angel Death to resheath her sword unused. Somehow, he had pushed the child out of the way of the car and escaped almost uninjured, except for the blood that ran . . . dripped . . . He wasn't quite sure exactly what had happened after that. He was taken to the Charity Hospital and his face and neck were sewn up. Someone had taken him to the station house, where he sat on a bench for two hours, numb and dreaming about dark dungeons and rescuing young ladies in distress. A burly policeman, looking like the Black Knight who challenged Sir Lancelot, rumped and bored with a coalminer's look in his eye, came over and asked him ten different times, "Why did ya' push that little girl?" He told him what had happened. He told them again. They said that he should be locked up somewhere, and the key thrown away. He spent six days in jail. When taken in front of the Justice of the Peace, he told them again

that he hadn't done anything.

"If you ever appear before me again, we'll lock you up for . . ."

That was two years ago. He found out what he could about the young girl, from standing in shadows like a thief, listening to the townspeople tell about the dreadful thing that had happened to Jeannie, Mike Wheeler's little girl.

" . . . shoulda' locked the old coot up . . .," said a red headed, block-faced man.

Returning to reality, the Old Man shrank back into his rags and continued on his way through the cold night. It wasn't long before he turned in an alley. Three cats, searching for scraps, began to fight—snarling and clawing at one another over possession of a rusting, stuffed garbage can. He came to the stairs; and, with more agility than one would expect, he went down and through a scarred door that lead to his living quarters. The Old Man turned on the light and went directly to a corner, reached down behind something, and brought back to the table a small wooden box. Working quickly, as though being pursued again by pirates, he dropped the coin into the box, closed the lid, and put it back into the shadows.

The place the Old Man called home was a cellar. The walls were old brick, with crumbling cement forming piles of yellow sand around the base of the walls that looked like miniature sand dunes. There was one small window that didn't open.

A web of spiders.

A small pot bellied stove sat in a corner, the pipe running out through a hole punched in the wall. The air smelled of damp newspapers and coal dust. The only light in the cellar hung in the middle of the room, like a gallows rope from the ceiling, casting shadows on the walls that danced a song of poverty. A small bed covered with old army blankets and rags sat against the far wall. An old, repaired table and chair were the only other things in his home. The Old Man's eyes frisked the cellar.

No, she had not come today.

He felt her absence.

For the last seven months, she would come by when he wasn't home and leave a flower—mostly something picked from a neighbor's garden, a daisy, maybe a marigold—sometimes even a rose.

Everyday, except today.

They never spoke, or even recognized each other's existence.

She gave.

He took.

There was no call for more words. Ever since she had found out where he lived, she came. He often

wondered at this young child's generosity. He knew she came at night sometimes too, and sat outside his window listening.

He pretended she wasn't there.

She pretended he didn't know.

Why hadn't she come by today?

He felt the cold and emptiness he had tried to steel himself against. He searched for the courage to face what he knew was suffering. He walked over to the bed. He reached down, and, with gentleness of purpose, took from beneath the bed a beautiful, black leather case—picking it up as if it were a porcelain figurine. He walked over by the stove and sat down.

His hand, like a wave washing a rock, caressed the case.

The violin the Old Man took from the case came from a classical time, when the builder was an artist in his own right.

Immediately, they became one and the same, each becoming the instrument of the other. Placing it properly beneath his chin, he began to play

The suffering stories of mankind.

He played with such passion it was as though he wanted to

touch the very center of himself.

He played for mercy.

Hours passed.

Outside, the wind searched for somewhere to hide—somewhere to escape, out of the reach of such despair.

He laughed.

And he cried.

And, somewhere during the night, men died;

and children

came into the world.

As night gave up her grip, the Old Man

released his hold on reality and fell exhausted into bed.

ii

The bells of the town church woke the old man from a restless sleep.

Disaster.

He lay in the cold predawn, listening to the tolling of the bells. He knew what the bells meant—a cave-in. He had heard them only once before, but he recognized their voices now.

He wasn't surprised.

He felt little or nothing. Disasters never involved him.

He refused to be intimidated. He got up and built a fire in the stove and ate what had been left over from the day before, all the time listening to the bells. Then he realized why they seemed to be tolling just for him. His emotions fought for control of his mind. He had to make sure.

Like a thief, he hid in the doorways and shadows, listening and picking people's conversations like their pockets...

"Fifty-six men still down there... was eighty, but they got some out of the upper shafts. They don't think they can reach the others..."

"... They bin at it fer hours and ain't did nothin' but dig a little closer to hell..."

"They need a miracle..."

"Undertaker be more'n likely."

"... said it was a act of God the way it happened... shute 207..."

He knew now that what he had dreaded from the first sound of the bells was true; Jeannie's father was trapped in Shute 207. All the long, silent voices—dormant for so long, but disguised sometimes in the shrouds of his music—were like volcanoes, their strings of lava burning a path toward his brain. All the darkened rooms were thrown open, and the pain and suffering laid stark and bare. A thousand visions danced like ghosts before his mind's eye.

"Leave me!" he screamed, falling to his knees.

"How many crosses are we meant to bear? Why must suffering, too, be distributed like bullets in a game of Russian Roulette? The rose is no less beautiful for its thorns..."

When he got to his feet, it seemed as though all his senses were conspiring against him, while somewhere in the back of his consciousness he heard

The tolling of the bells and smell of the perfume of marigold and daisies.

He knew he didn't have the time to argue with the mine officials, trying to convince them that he knew a way of saving the trapped men—they'd only laugh at him—they were fools; no, instead of going to them, he would do it alone.

He thought of everything he knew about the mines. He let his mind wander through the shafts and tunnels like a mole. He knew every

shute like a watch maker knows the movements of time pieces. The thought of them made his lungs ache.

Outside it had begun to snow, first lightly and then blindingly. He lost his way; everything looked the same in the snow. He felt the dust of coal in his eyes.

And the wind screamed and howled in his ears.

He dug his hands deeper into his rags, dropped his head like an animal that smelled a scent of meat. The distinct odor of disaster was heavy in his nostrils. He stopped. His eyes searched the surroundings for a clue...

"You're lost, you old fool... go on and turn around and go back..." The voices stabbed his soul with pitch-forked words... each added another link to the chains tied to his body.

"Must you know everything? Must every question have an answer? Just because a simple twist of faith touched you and let you walk the suffering of masters... will this be the final crucifixion?"

He hardened his heart and went on.

He picked his way through different trails, until he found he was looking up into the face of another time, when two boys played on these rocks, unmindful of all the signs of destitution and poverty, blind to the real, and still fantasizing about the great American Dream. They would sneak into the upper shutes on Saturday mornings; and, acting out their future, they would pretend to blow the guts out of the earth and then go around stuffing chunks of it into a gunny sack—all the time singing, "London Bridge is falling down... falling down." Now, like the tolling of the bells,

He heard the echo...

"C'mon Robert. C'mon, you can go play your music later. Let's go watch 'em blow'er to bits... C'mon..."

A lot of times he wouldn't go because he couldn't stand the smell. He would get sick. And the look in the miners' eyes as they watched them, told of things his youth didn't want to learn. These were the ghosts that came to haunt this shell of a man as he struggled up the last yards to the past. It didn't take him long to locate the crack. He slipped through as though it were just weeks ago, in-

stead of lifetimes. "We never forget the cracks," he thought, as he waited for his eyes to get accustomed to the dark.

Nothing changed.

The darkness was still blinding—the silence, the rotting beams, the rusting tracks.

The stink and smell of despair still made him gag and puke, emptying his stomach until nothing remained but the heaves. He noticed the cold even more than the stink. It wore him like a glove. And all the time his continence was being battered by all the judges and juries within his wasted hollow self.

"They'll all be dead anyway... the lot of 'em. All you can do now, Old Man, is bless them..." The laughter was so strong it rushed through his throat and out of his mouth, and went echoing down into the pits below.

He hugged the walls and felt the cold soak into the marrow of his bones.

He stopped to rest. He slumped to the ground, exhausted; the torment inside him didn't stop. He stayed on his hands and knees and began to crawl. He could barely feel his fingers as they groped forward. He had no idea of how far he had come or how much further he had to go... his mind refused to recognize his surroundings; he had to guess. He followed the rusted tracks deeper into the darkness. He lost all idea of time as he crawled along. Then he came to a wall of debris and rocks, and he couldn't go any further. He shook his head trying to clear it. "I know I must be close to the center chamber... just higher up." He knew if there was anyone still alive they would be almost directly behind the wall. He began pulling himself up toward the top, tearing at the wall before him, screaming and yelling... "She must have a chance to know more than just suffering, more than just emptiness—the haunting smell of tragedy. There will be a time for suffering... she mustn't lose all she has just for despair's sake... she must have a chance..." He dug, and his hands bled from the abuse. His nails all broke and ripped as he jerked the rocks and timbers away, pushed and dug toward the other side of the wall.

Too tired to sit up, he lay in the dirt

and cold—resting.

Even breathing was painful. He summoned all his existing strength, ignored the pain and numbness, and continued digging

... he dug and rested,
dug and rested,
never listening to the voices that seemed to be trying to hold him back, pounding his heart with fists like clubs.

Then ... he broke through as sudden as a volcano.

The stench of sweat and the smell of death froze his vocal cords and strangled him.

"Is there anyone alive down there?" It came out raw and angry.

The Old Man kept digging and calling out, yelling loud enough to raise the dead. All he heard was his own voice, rolling around like a marble in a steel barrel. He finally dug the hole big enough to look into. He pushed his face as far as he could through the hole, and screamed out,

"For God's sake, if anyone is alive ..."

It looked like a battlefield.

Some of the bodies were half buried under fallen timbers and dirt; others were crumpled sacks of straw, arms and legs twisted and grotesquely bent, puppets with their strings cut. A few remaining headlamps, still pointing like spotlights, painted the cavern like a graveyard — another light flickered, dimmed and went out.

The Old Man dug away more of the rubble, squeezed through the hole, and tumbled down the hill of dirt and rocks to the bottom, where he lay, too tired to move.

At first, he thought his mind was playing tricks on him; and he was dreaming and hearing things ... there! Again.

A moan.

"Where are you?"

Silence.

He began to go from man to man searching for a spark of life. He found a miner still alive, slumped over in a heap;

blood caked his face.

"Wake up ... wake up. You've got to ... " The miner moaned like a fog horn.

"There's a way out ... get up. A hole in the wall ... wake up ..."

He knelt over the man and grabbed him by the shoulders. He

tried to lift the dying man to a sitting position. For a brief moment, the miner's eyes fluttered open and blankly stared into the old man's.

"We're all going to die ... We're ..."

"No! Shut up. There's a way ... Help. You must go ... someone has to go for help."

The miner slipped back down onto the ground.

There have to be others, the old man thought to himself, and began scurrying from one clump of bodies to another ... dead! This one too ... and this one. He rummaged through death and dying, looking for a thread of life. He pushed the bodies away like a butcher sorting out meat—one alive and then another.

He found Jeannie's father, off in the corner.

He was barely alive ... pale and cold to the touch.

"I've got to get one of these men awake" ... he half screamed aloud.

He felt his strength ebbing like an outgoing tide. With what little he had left, he reached over and grabbed a handful of a miner's hair,

jerked the head around,
and began slapping the face back and forth ... saying over and over,

"Wake up. Get up ... open those damn eyes, man ..."

"Leave me ... let me alone ... no use ..."

"You have to go for help. There's a way."

"No way out ... we're all ... all trapped."

"Stay awake. You must." The old man viciously began shaking the miner, screaming in his face.

"You have to go for help." He slapped the man again, shaking him like a rag doll. The miner tried to pull away.

"Leave me be. Can't you see ..."

"No. There ... up there—a way out. There is a way. You have to get someone down here, or all of you will die ..."

A tiny glint of hope seemed to flicker a moment in the miner's eyes.

"I can't ... too weak ... can't. Somebody else ..."

"No. You. There is no one else."

The Old Man began pushing and dragging the miner up the hill of dirt, toward the hole ...

"You must hurry. There isn't much

time ..."

As the Old Man forced the miner through the hole, the last lamp was snuffed out. He was in total darkness,

surrounded by the dead
and almost dead.

Totally drained.

Totally exhausted.

He passed out.

The voices of people working around him woke him up. He didn't move or open his eyes, not wanting to draw attention to himself. He listened.

"It's a miracle, that's what it is," said a gruff, gravelly voice.

"Roddy Freed came stumbling out of the woods, crazy as a loon. He was mumbling something about a glowing face, and getting slapped around by some mad man ... we followed his tracks back to where he came out and found the old mine entrance ... Roddy had dug through a two foot wall of dirt, where it had caved in along with the rest, and ..."

"How many still alive?" asked someone nearby.

"Eleven. There's these six, that one over there with the scar, and Mike Wheeler and a few over there with the little girl, Wheeler's kid, and that's about it; those here will go next. Man, I wonder how it was down there?"

"How many dead?"

asked the grave digger.

"Hey Mickey. I thought you said there was eleven to go ...? I only count ten!"

"C'mon, can't you count? Six over here, plus the old one with the scar, over ... Damn! What the hell ... where ...?"

"I'll be damned. He's gone." said Whitecoat.

"Say Charlie" ... the man yelled over to the other group. "Hey, did you see where that old guy got off to ...?"

"What old guy?"

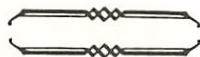
"You know, the one with the scar ... he was right here, and now he's gone off without signing the release ... Say, Jeannie, sweetheart, did you see an old miner that was hurt, walking around here? He's about this big ... and he has a scar ..."

"No sir," said Jeannie, "I haven't seen anyone like that ..."

WITH JOY AND GRATITUDE
WE DEDICATE THIS TO
PEGGY MARSTON
AND
JACK POWELL

*Two stars upon the night did hang,
with patient light they touched our ground.
Their voices with endurance sang;
our work the echo of their sound.
Our path was lit from either side.
It never dimmed nor changed in length,
nor turned our heads in useless pride;
but constant stayed and stayed our strength.
Our hearts, they touched with radiant fire;
our voices sang their trusting tune.
The light to which we all aspired
was held by them to be assumed.
Our hands with thanks we now extend
to both those stars, loved more than friends.*

—Kathryn Young



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