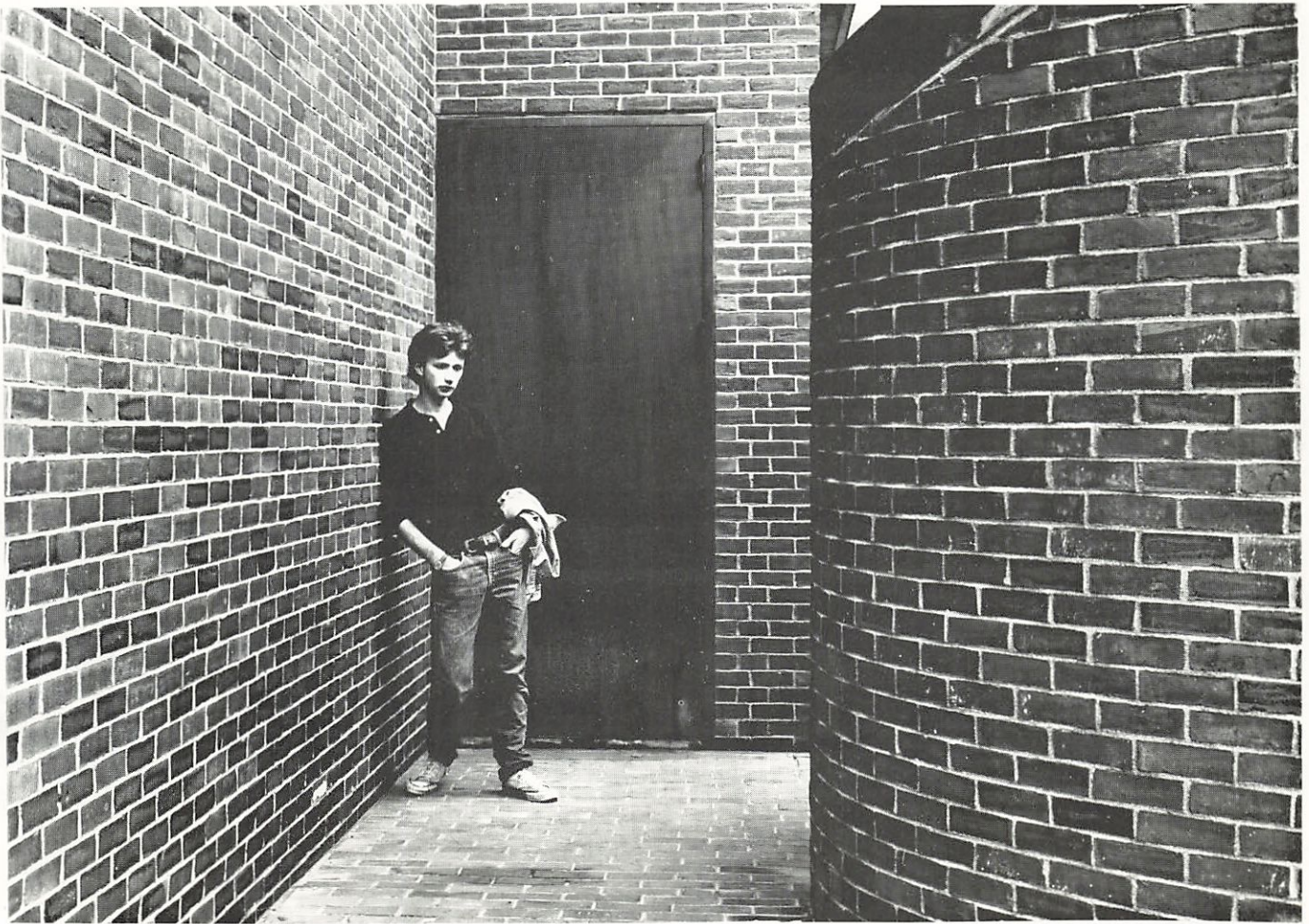

DENALI

LITERARY-ARTS QUARTERLY



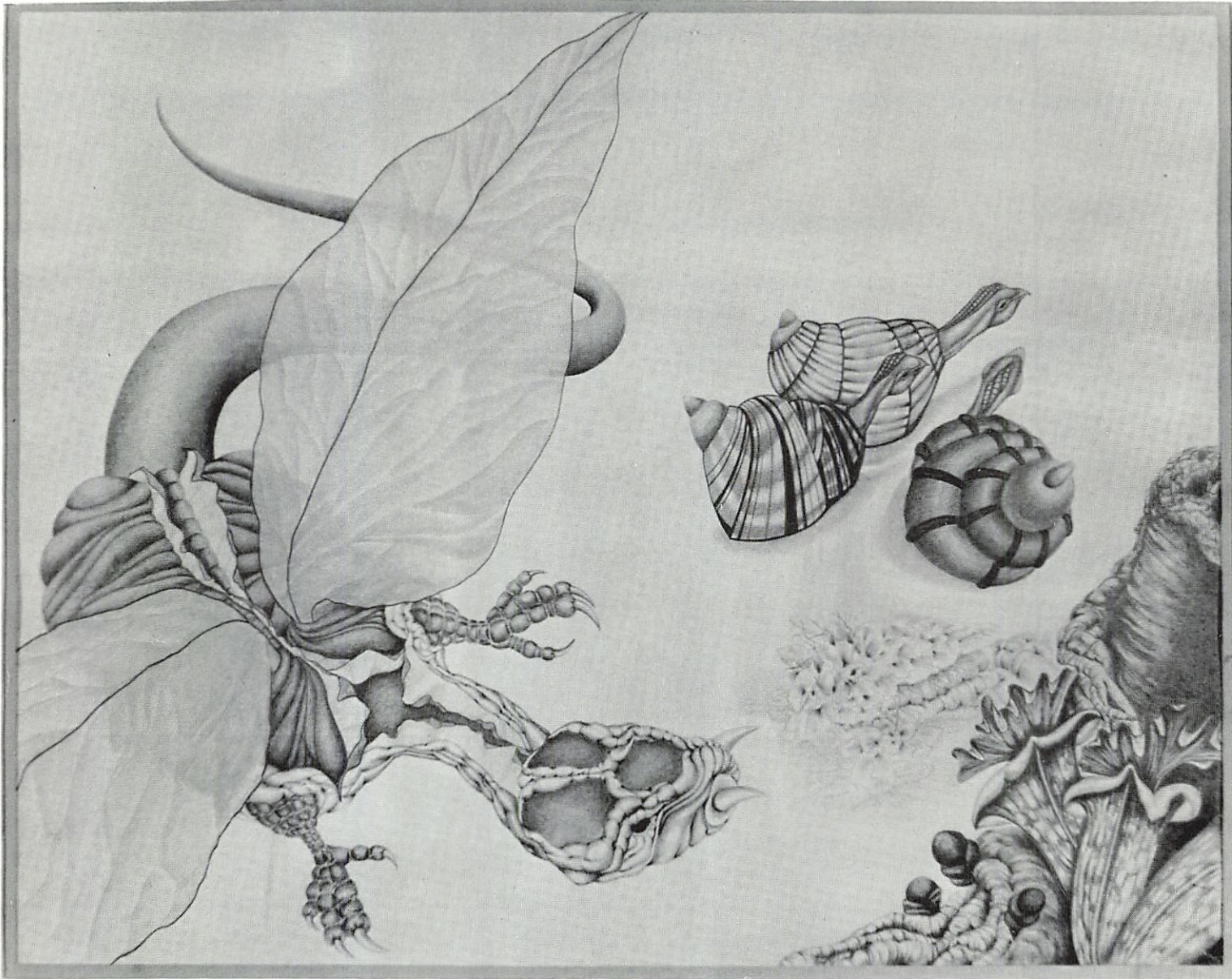
VOL. 3 NO. 1

WINTER 1981

Cover Photo:

Boy With Bricks

David Martinez



Unfinished Fantasy

Charlotte Lowery

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THOUGHTS

Well, we're another year older and amazingly enough at that. Honing the task of publishing down to a fine edge this year with the first publication this winter has been creative and exciting.

It's a pleasure to present what we think is a definitive cross-section of fine art and the literary word. This issue brings together a blend of current and former students of L.C.C. as well as the talents of an inspired Language Arts Department.

Without the support of the administration, this year's quarterly publications of *DENALI* would not be a reality. We faced a bleak financial picture at the beginning of this school year and in this issue, I'd publically like to thank Lane Community College.


Vol. 3 exists! On the following pages, the varied poets, writers, and artists assembled reflect a glint in that elusive seam of American Culture known as the literary fine arts vein.

As you read through this issue, remember though that the state of our local artists and writers and their accompanying work and publications are still high risk ways to live financially.

It's unfortunate that publications such as *DENALI* and others are distributed only on a low key basis. Not because of the quality of the work but because they are not commercially viable in the mainstream of current marketing practices locally.

We must look back upon what we create in local media and ask, is it really worthy of the lives of thousands of trees? Do the publications available at your local magazine stand really represent the world we want to live in?

—Mark Schwebke-Editor



We are grateful to the following people: Peggy Marston and Chuck Ruff (*Denali* advisors), The Associated Students of L.C.C., Ruth Bowman, Renee Brecto, Jack Carter, Bets Cole, Barbara Hasbrouck, David Joyce, Sheila Juba, Joyce Kommer, Catherine Lauris, Roger McAlister, Jack Powell, Gerald Rasmussen, Pat Renwick, Joyce Salisbury, Delta Sanderson, Kitty Seymour, Beth Springer, Art Tegger, Al Barrow and Carole Chauran.

Denali

Literary*Arts

Quarterly

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Typesetting One-Day Phototype

Denali is published quarterly under the sponsorship of the Language Arts Department of Lane Community College. Subscription Rates are \$6.00 per year. Inquiries should be addressed to *Denali* Editor; c/o Lane Community College, 3000 E. 30th, Eugene, Oregon 97405. Submissions should be mailed with S.A.S.E. enclosed.

Lane Community College is an equal opportunity institution and complies with all state and federal nondiscrimination education and employment requirements. Questions about the college's equal opportunity policies should be directed to Vivian Freelix-Hart, Personnel Office, LCC, 4000 E. 30th Ave., Eugene, Oregon 97405. Phone: (503) 726-2211

20¢ Worth

Standing on the corner,
waiting for the light to change,
minding my own business.

She swayed up to me,
squeezed and skeptic eyes
sizing me up.

Finally, she said:

“Say honey,
how long ya goin to be here?”

“Till my wash is done,” I replied.

Her crinkled crust,
birdnest hair
and misbegotten upper lip
spoke her place.

—Sharon Rose Rucker

“Well listen honey,
loan me 20 cents for a little while
I’ll pay it right back.”

“OK,” I said,
handing her the coins.

She looked and knew
that I knew.

Lifting the money from my hand,
she struck an index finger at me
and poked the space between us.

“Don’t say I’m back now,
don’t say I’m bad.”
(minding her own business)

I won’t.

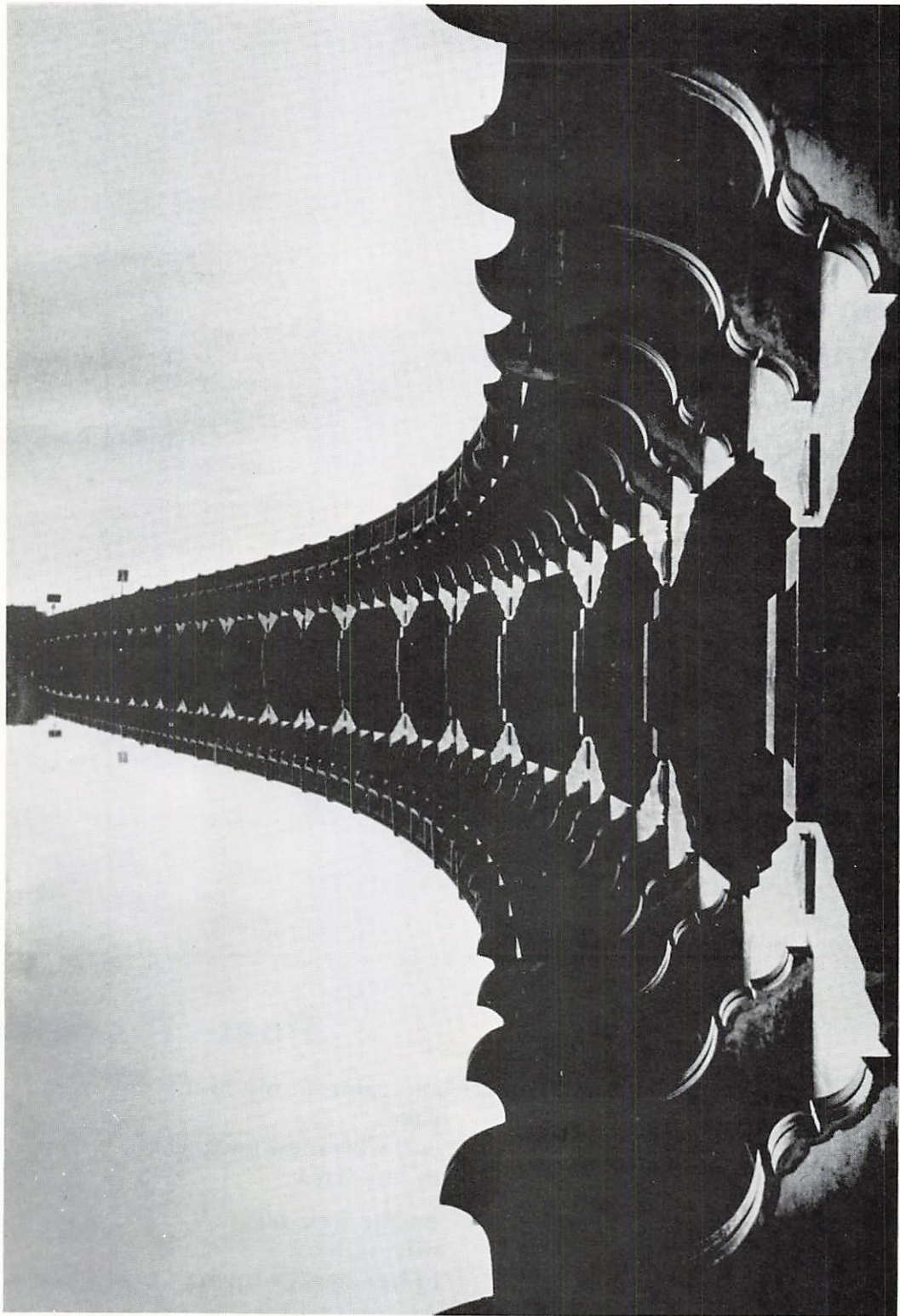
Poem for Balinda

she came to my home, my friend,
cake
and ribboned packages
in her arms

on the freeway,
driving back
to her part of town

two men aimed
and fired a bullet
SMACK
into her heart.

NIGGER!!!
the sign read.



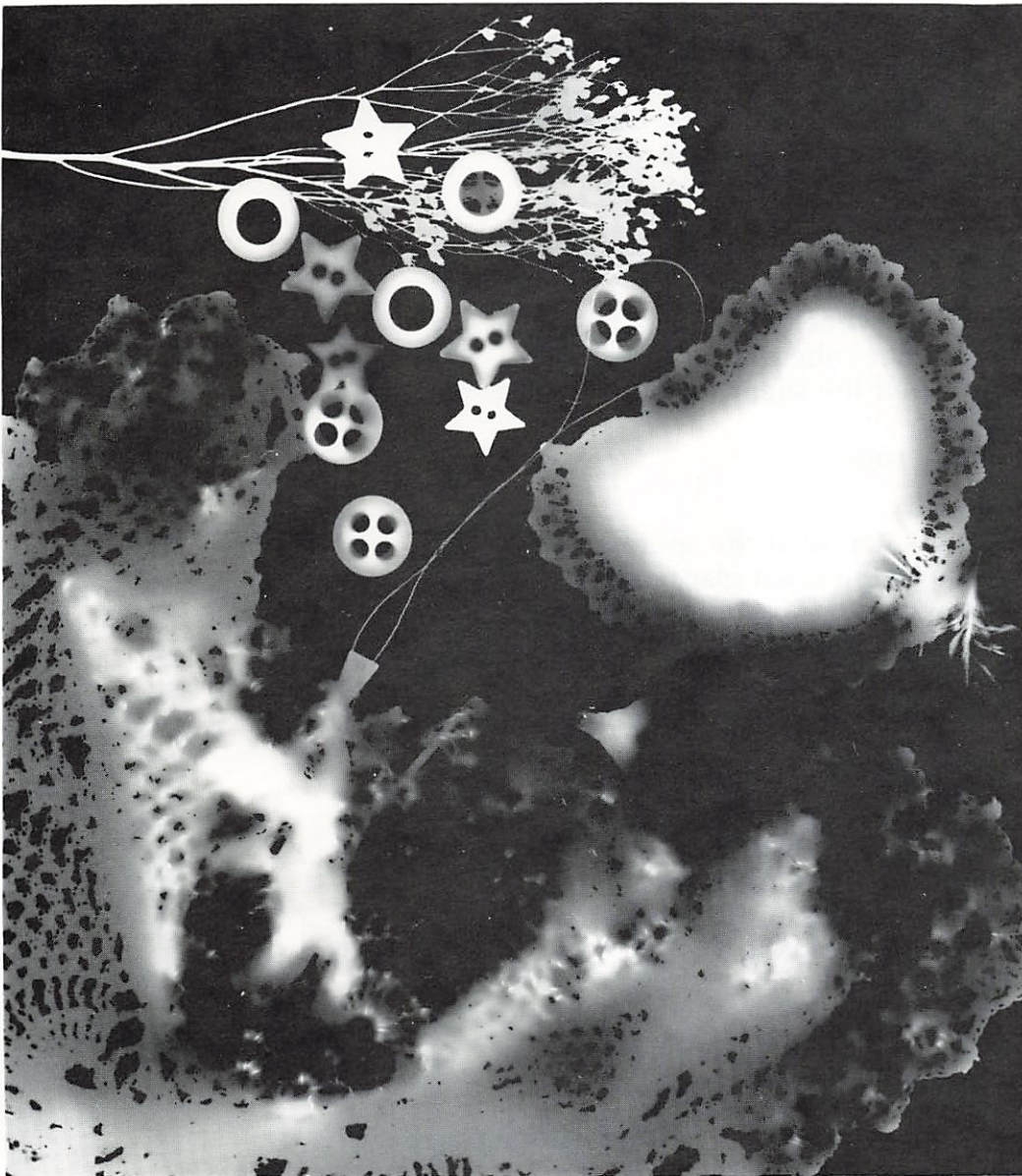
Tail of the Dragon/Waldport Bridge

Charles Forster

Fleece

The snow came
beautiful fleecing white
robing the pink blossoms
of the almond trees
and yellow daffodils.
Too beautiful it could not last
being past in two days.
But while it lay
I threw snowballs for the dogs to fetch
and laughed and laughed.

—Beatrice Garth



Lavendar Lady

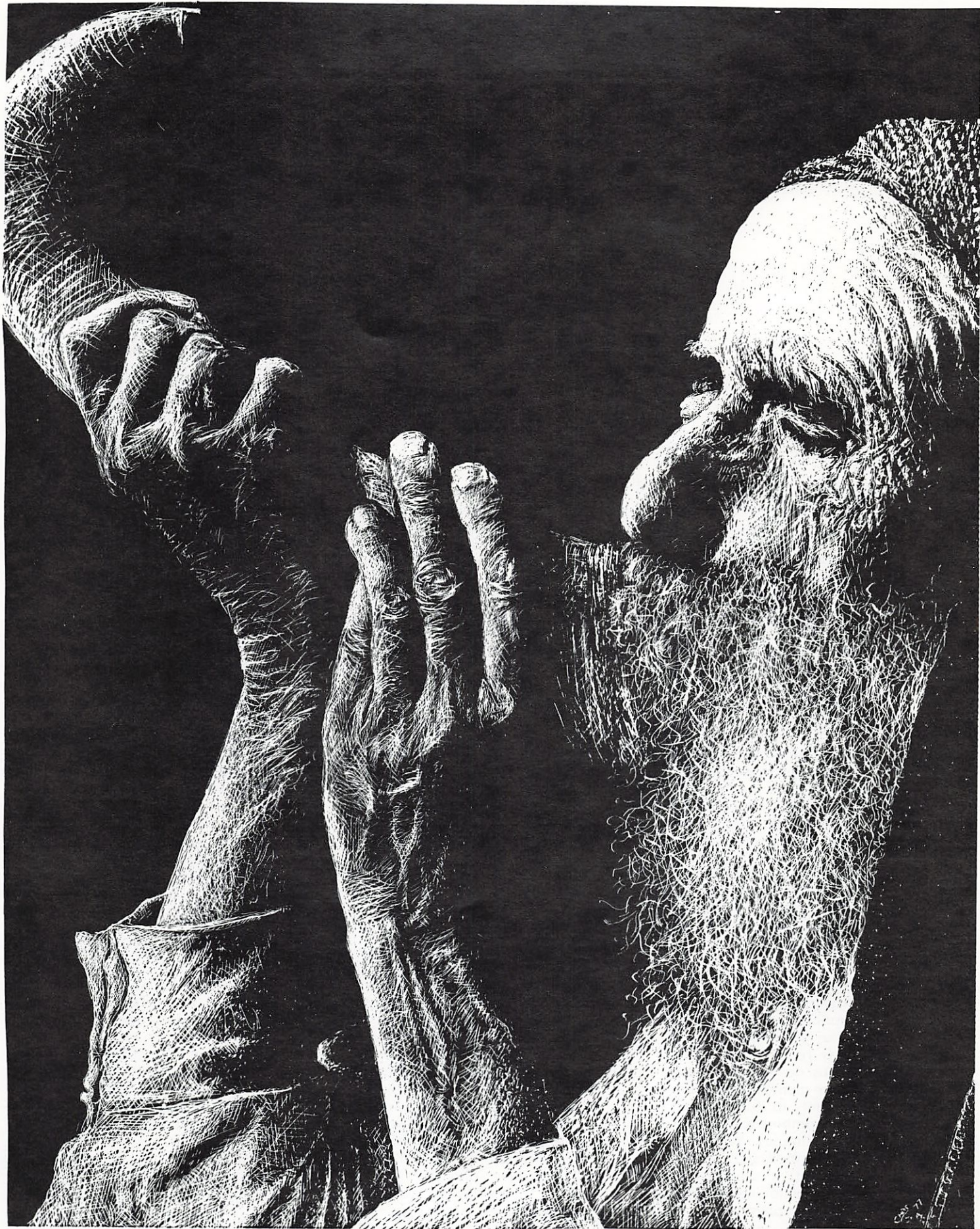
Dianne Creelman

Hertha

Milk foamed
about her withered lips.
Chains of oatmeal
locked her chin to the porridge bowl.
She had got nothing inside.
Cathy told me not to be afraid,
the "old hag" had scared her
when she had come to work the first day.
Cathy wiped Hertha's mouth
and did not look at her eyes.
We rolled the wheelchair
to the tub room.
I was afraid her skin and bone wrinkled body
would disintegrate
—I lifted her shoulders, Cathy her feet—
strangely, Hertha was warm
and had human weight.
Her long fingered hands
hesitatingly paddled the hot water.
We lifted her
into the wheelchair
—put her robe on backwards—
and sped the silent woman
to her
empty room.

Alone.
She sat staring at the spidery trees
through the great glass window.
She was a fly caught in their web:
the room's two other beds being unpeopled
leaving the trees
her solitary friends and captors.
I whispered:
"The branches look like lace
which leaves could never..."
Hertha's clear eyes
glanced a question at me,
the silver knot on her head
made her look like a
Tibetan monk.
Cathy came in
and we made the drooling
frightened woman's bed.

—Beatrice Garth



A Duel With a Bear

The bear brings his head up from the tangle of blackberry vines to sniff at the breeze, casually and without fear, for the bear has no natural enemies except man, and he has neither seen nor smelled their presence since the day, several years ago, when his mother was knocked down by an explosion from a dense thicket of hemlock saplings. He and his twin sister had scrambled high into the swaying top of a douglas fir, to await their mother's permission to return to the ground. After night had fallen, though, they became impatient and frightened, and crept slowly back to the place where their mother had stumbled, but the scent of death emanating from the forest floor sent them into a panic and back up the tree they climbed. There they remained until the sun had cleared the horizon and climbed to its zenith, then they lowered themselves to the ground and did not return to where they last saw their mother.

But the bear does not remember this — for bears do not organize their perceptions into a logical sequence, like a motion picture, that they may reflect upon their past as humans do. Instead, their experiences are mentally ingrained in close proximity to instinct, and together they combine to create a reaction to a stimulus. With the recurrence of a smell, sight, taste, touch, or sound, a memory is surfaced and a reaction takes place — either mental or physical.

The bear breathes deeply of the cool air, and with it he senses the arrival of autumn — the eating time. A time for gluttonous orgies by the

river shallows where the salmon struggle through white-water rapids and over tumbling waterfalls to spawn in the placid tributaries of the river. There he will gorge himself with the salmon while the seagulls flock around him, squabbling over leftovers. And it is a time for feasting on the acorns that carpet the forest floor beneath the flame-colored white oak trees down in the lower elevations. He must eat to form a layer of fat that will help insulate him from the piercing cold of winter and prevent him from starving when the snows blanket the forest and push him into a winter dwelling.

When the bear has successfully disburdened the vines of their fruit, he turns and ambles away in search of other food. His eyes scan the ground around him and his ears turn either way on his head, cupped to catch the sound of rustling leaves that might betray the presence of a squirrel or chipmunk. But he hears nothing and so steps up his pace and proceeds to an area of downed trees rotting on the ground where he might find some grubs and insects to dine on. Upon arriving at the area of rotting logs, the bear browses around until he selects a red cedar, and commences tearing it apart. Into a splitting crack he inserts his long, curved claws and pulls either way until the log divides and repeating this, he soon sits in the midst of a splintered vestige, licking up the wriggling victims.

Satisfied that he has located and eaten all the inhabitants of the cedar log, the bear rises, arches his back, and stretches. He is yet lean from summer but weighs nearly

five-hundred pounds, which is large for a black bear, though not enormous, and by winter he will have increased his weight by perhaps one-hundred pounds. And although carefree and comical in appearance, he can be ferociously aggressive and deadly when provoked. His own survival assures the health and strength of the species, for in the spring he has challenged, fought, and won the right to mate with the females, and his offspring roam the mountains.

II

The hunter warms himself in the crimson glow of a fire he has started in the great stone fireplace before him. The sound of rain falling softly outside and the crackle of the pine-bough fire warming him are comforting and he shivers with content. With the waning light of evening, the flames become brilliant fingers of life and cast their dancing radiance upon the knotty pine walls of the isolated mountain cabin. The hunter lights a kerosene lamp and the room is full of light, revealing the efficient simplicity of its furnishings: a stove and table, a sofa that folds into a bed, and a reclining chair. Holding his Winchester 94, he eases back into the recliner and sights down the barrel, drawing a bead of an imaginary deer or elk that bounds across an imaginary meadow in the glowing coals. Then he swings the muzzle of the rifle till he is aiming at the head of a big five-point buck mounted above the stone fireplace and in his mind he once again kills the deer he downed eight years ago.

The hunter lingers for a while with the memory of the hunt that bagged him the buck and he smiles with pride. It was his first hunt and his friends had ribbed him for being too enthusiastic and overconfident — that is, until he brought back the largest deer of any of them. He was sure that this was just a foretaste of future hunting glories, but instead the buck turned out to be the only game he has ever taken. He hunted every season for the next few years after that first big hunt, until he realized he had only been lucky and he became discouraged and finally gave up.

But lack of success wasn't the only reason he had stopped hunting. When he killed the buck, he was pierced by a pang of guilt; where once stood a magnificent creature, strong and graceful, now lay a pathetic mass of venison and hair. He had read about the balance

A Duel With a Bear

of nature and how the predators kill the weak, sick, and the old, thereby assuring a healthy species; and how the males conduct battles of strength for the right to mate with the females, thereby maintaining a quality "gene pool." He began to realize that when man hunts, he is the weak and he selects the strong for his prey, thus disrupting the natural balance.

The hunter takes an oily rag from a box and leaning forward in the chair, wipes down the barrel of the rifle, then the stock. He then takes a dry cloth and polishes briskly the dark, gleaming metal and the worn walnut, caressing it lovingly as though it is an extension of his own body, the artificial means of attack and defense that nature has deprived him of. The sleek mountain lion, equipped with sharp claws and teeth to capture prey, and the fleet deer, wary and sensitive with the swiftness to elude him — these he envies. Man, left naked in the wilderness, would quickly die with no fur for warmth, no claws or sharp teeth for capturing prey. He is a weak, vulnerable creature without his one advantage: superior intelligence. Yes, intelligence has more than compensated for the lack of physical endowments, and given a choice he would leave things as they are.

It was upon this last point that the hunter had pondered and come up with an idea that led to his being there in the cabin on this rainy autumn evening. If an animal is so much more equipped for survival than man is, he reasoned, then it is only fair that man should even the difference by creating and utilizing weapons of his own. But when using a rifle, only one bullet should be fired. That way if a man should fire and miss, the animal could escape, thus proving in this case that man's intelligence was inferior and the animal's body superior. But if the man should fire and hit, his intelligence would have triumphed. And with only one shot allowed, it would have to be deadly and true, testing his powers of stealth, cunning, and marksmanship and not permitting shots that would injure the prey while the hunter ran up to finish it off.

This had greatly excited the

hunter and he immediately began making plans for a new hunt, a different kind of hunt: a hunt that would match brains against brawn, tact against wariness, and imagination against instinct. And this hunt will be for prey larger and more dangerous than deer. This hunt he will bring back a bear, and above the great stone fireplace where the buck is now, he will mount the head of the bear, with its eyes flaming and teeth flashing. This bear means more to him than just a hunt, he needs the bear to replace something he has lost; a feeling of self respect, a pride of conquest — something he cannot find a word for. In the morning, reflects the hunter as he gazes into the dying coals, I will be on my way to a duel with a bear.

III

The morning dawned clear and bright with a dazzling brilliance that reflected from every wet surface. The trees dripped onto a soggy carpet of yellow leaves that muffled the heavy steps of the hunter's boots as they carried him up the gently sloping hills and away from any roads or trails. A drop of water landed heavy and wet on the hunter's shoulder and he looked up into a maple, dressed for fall in yellow and orange, and bearing clusters of dried seed pods that fell like little helicopters when the wind dislodged them. This was the hunter's favorite season and he supposed it must be everyone's.

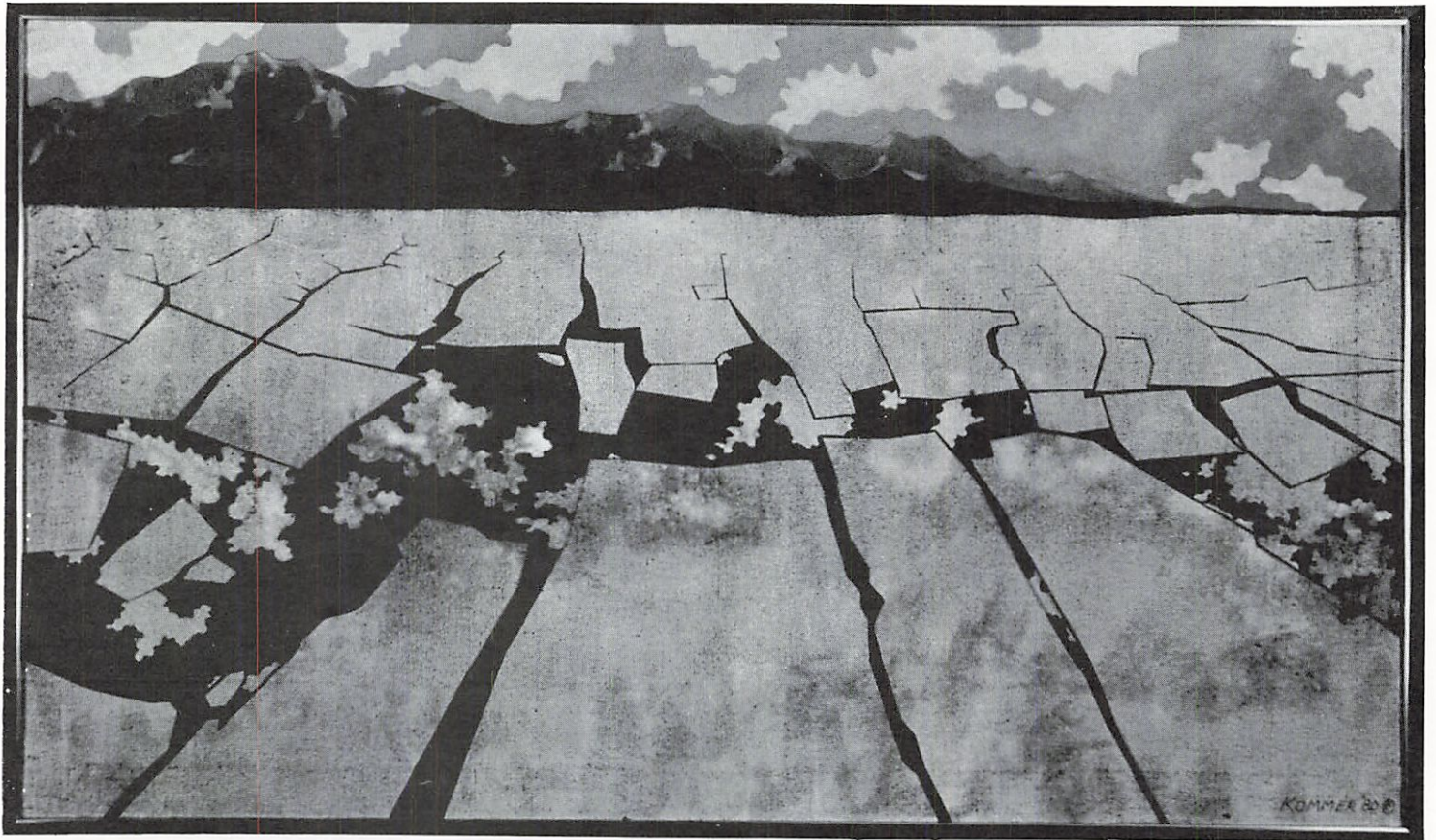
That morning the hunter had slipped a pack onto his back that contained everything that he figured he would need for a few days and once more went over on the map the route he planned to take that day. He estimated that he could cover five miles in one day to the place where he was sure he would find a bear. Earlier in the summer he had hiked to the same place where he was now headed and had found a large grove of oak trees, ones he was convinced the bears visited in the fall, not only because he was aware of bears' love for acorns, but because he had seen the branches that had been bent or broken down to reach more of the nuts. This area was hunted little because of its obscurity and few hunters were willing to drive a full eight hours and then hike through unmarked wilderness to find prey they weren't sure was there when proven hunting grounds were more readily accessible. But this hunter was confident in his abilities and it would be easy to retrace his steps to the place he had marked on the map.

As the hunter had risen with the sun that morning and taken the first steps towards the oak trees, likewise had the bear. But with the bear there had been no plan or itinerary, only a force that drove him to eat and a desire to find the grove of oak trees he had visited before. He didn't like leaving his own familiar territory and he became very alert to the slightest sound that might signal danger. Onward he trudged, through the fir and cedar saplings that deposited their loads of collected water droplets onto his fur as he brushed past, and under the outstretched arms of the larger giants where the squirrels dropped pine cones and chattered at the passing form below. Occasionally he stopped to inspect something that aroused his curiosity, but the urge to eat was ever present and he wouldn't linger long before driving onward again.

The day was kind — warm with a cool breeze sifting through the trees — and it was not hard to hike through the trailless country. The hunter stopped once to dip his cup into a sparkling brook that was much shallower than it had been earlier that summer, but the rest of the morning was spent hiking. Some things he noticed were missing from the familiar sensations of fall: the smell of burning leaves and the rasping sound of metal rakes scratching up leaves from the surface of concrete driveways. But he was happy to be missing these and he supposed the autumn he experienced now must be the same one felt by less civilized peoples hundreds, or even thousands, of years ago when they occupied this land. It's good to know some things don't change, he thought to himself.

The hunter arrived at the grove of oak trees shortly before noon and began to inspect the ground for bear tracks. The acorns carpeted the ground so thickly, though, that he could not find a spot of bare earth to check. He walked amongst the grove and scanned the perimeter for a thicket of dense shrubs which he could hide in and it did not take long to find a setting that suited his needs; a large oak, and down wind from it a thick wall of oak saplings, and blackberry vines next to a large boulder.

After the hunter slipped off his pack and settled down behind his fortress, he grasped his rifle, threw the lever action forward, and slid a cartridge into the chamber. Then he jerked it back and it was cocked and ready to shoot — like a spring under high tension, poised to be



Joyce Kommer

Blueprint for a Painting

A Duel With a Bear

released in an explosion of energy.

Now all he had to do was wait. It's like fishing, he thought: you throw out a line and wait. But with fishing you can at least haul the line back in to assure yourself that the bait is still on the hook. Here all you can do is wait. He could have chosen a more exciting way to hunt bear. Most bear hunters send out a pack of hounds to follow the scent of a bear trail while they ride behind on horses. They know every signal and emotion of their dogs' belling and can tell from a distance when they have treed the bruin. Then they ride, or run if the terrain is rough, to the tree and safely get their bear by pumping a few shots into him while the dogs hold him at bay.

But the hunter wanted all the credit for the success of this hunt. He regarded himself as a lone mountain lion, silently awaiting the approach of his prey. No, he would use his brains and tenacity and they would pay off in a pride of achievement that hunting with dogs could not bring.

As the bear drew close to the oak trees, the hunter dozed and was not aware of his approach — just as the bear was not aware of the hunter. The sun had dropped into late afternoon and the passage of time had eased the tensions of expectancy he had felt earlier in the day when the soft crunch of the bear's big padded feet on the leaves beneath the oak trees roused him from his reverie. At first he did not move but tried to calm his throbbing heart by assuring himself that it was probably only a sparrow foraging in the leaves, or a deer passing by, and in a moment he was able to turn his head to the sound. What he saw made him gasp with awe. A bear! He thought. It's a BIG bear!

The hunter tried to breathe slowly and deeply but his pounding heart demanded more oxygen; his breath was unsteady and he panted through his open mouth to make the least possible sound. Cautiously he snaked around until he lay on his belly facing the bear, and carefully he picked up the rifle that lay on the ground before him. The rifle's muzzle, projecting through a break in the thicket, trembled in the hunter's hands and he tried to steady it by anchoring his elbows in

the dirt while sighting down the barrel. The bear looked much smaller over the sights and the hunter thought if he could just stay patient the bear would wander closer.

The bear was nosing through the leaves and his jaws were working madly to keep up with the inflow of acorns as he slowly crept forward, like a bulldozer scooping up dirt. The hunter realized his good fortune — he imagined the fireside tales he would tell of the hunt and his single-handed slaying of the great bear, but that was still in the future.

A branch, burdened by the weight of acorns, hung above the bear's head and when the bear decided to investigate it he had to stand on his hind legs to reach it. The bear was now only thirty yards from the hunter and his finger moved to cover the trigger. The bear was facing him and he considered a shot to the throat or the head but the bear was moving erratically and he didn't want to risk his one bullet. The ideal shot would be to the base of the skull where it joins the spine, he thought, and the bear should be on all fours, facing the other direction for this shot.

Before long the bear resumed feeding on the ground and the hunter knew this was the chance he had been waiting for. But he hesitated a moment and considered not shooting or perhaps, he thought, he could insert a few more bullets in the rifle just to play it safe. The bear was larger than he had expected and it might take more than one shot to down him. He knew, though, that any slight movement would alert the bear and he would never forgive himself if he spoiled this opportunity. And so, with a thundering heart and nauseous stomach, he sighted down the rifle to the one deadly, vulnerable spot on the bear and squeezed the trigger.

IV

In one simultaneous instant the bear felt the searing pain of the bullet and heard the explosion from the thicket, and in that instant a long submerged memory was surfaced that filled the bear with rage and confusion. He charged towards the source of the noise and his flaring nostrils picked up the odor of burnt gunpowder, deepening his rage into a furious madness.

The hunter was horror stricken and at first could not move. He had

seen a tuft of fur fly from the bear's shoulder but his aim was high and the bear did not fall. No, instead the bear rose up and his eyes flamed and his teeth flashed and he charged — straight to where the hunter lay. Then panic seized the hunter and he jumped up and ran for a maple tree that earlier in the day he had laughed about retreating to if the need should arise. It was not extremely large but there were limbs low enough to grab if he jumped and many more above that where he could sit and wait for the bear to leave.

The hunter was not quite to the tree when he heard a crash as the bear burst through the thicket and tore after him. If I can just reach the tree, he thought, I'll be all right. The bear won't try to climb after me, he's too big for this tree. He'll tire quickly of waiting and then go away. And he almost laughed when he jumped up and gripped the wide limb above his head. Suddenly, though, there was a thundering roar behind him and he felt his right leg, below the knee, being violently seized and crushed in the jaws of the delirious bear. The bear pulled and shook his head but the hunter hung on to the limb for his life and just as suddenly, his leg was released.

The hunter quickly pulled himself up with his arms and gripped the tree trunk with his thighs while he heard beneath him the snapping of the bear's jaws, but he was not bitten. Slowly he edged himself up the tree, his right foot dangling uselessly below him and when he had reached a sufficient height, sat down on a limb and held tight to the trunk, letting the cool breeze brush over his sweaty face.

The hunter was relieved that the bear didn't try to follow him up the tree. Instead, the bear snorted and growled and pawed at the ground around the tree and sporadically flew into a furious rage and tore his claws into the tree and dug at the ground and stared up at the hunter with burning eyes. The hunter looked at his leg which hung at an unnatural angle and he knew it must be severely fractured. He was surprised that it didn't hurt any more than it did and he figured the nerves must have been crushed. Mostly what he felt was a steady throbbing and a growing queasy feeling in his stomach and as he held tight to the tree trunk he was also holding on desperately to his consciousness.

The whole idea of hunting a bear with one bullet now seemed so

A Duel With a Bear

asinine, so foolish; the price of failure was just too great. He looked down at his useless right foot, the pant leg in bloody shreds, and cursed the price of a stupid mistake. He realized that he had shouted defiantly at the harsh laws of nature to prove their existence and had been struck down in answer. Now he huddled in retreat and longed to strike out at something he could fight rather than sit helplessly up a tree with a bear slobbering below him.

His leg began to hurt more now and it looked like it was swelling up, probably from internal bleeding. He caught himself starting to slip and he held on tighter to the tree, his heart pounding in fear like a driver nodding awake in the oncoming lane. "God help me hang on," he prayed through clenched teeth, "I've got to hang on!" The bear paced back and forth beneath the tree and the hunter cursed him. He's just waiting for me, he thought, like I'm going to fall right into his mouth — and in his mind he saw the bear's mouth open like the jaws of a great trap, ready to spring shut on his falling body.

"The price is too great for a simple error in judgment," the hunter mumbled. "Must the punishment be so great as to prevent the lesson from being repeated? I need another chance, I'd blow the bruin's brains out next time, or maybe I would just stay home." But the hunter had begun to accept that there would be no more next time. The sun was setting and the sky blazed blood red. He even laughed, at the bear, at himself, and at the world.

The hunter looked down through the spreading limbs of the tree to the awaiting bear and did not feel himself falling or see the colored leaves above him or the bear below.

—Lawrence W. Miller

Appearance

without maps
even for land a day's walk
on the opposite plain
an old man tells how muledeer
went upland

no longer feeding winters
at the river

how one autumn elk
came from east
into groves of young poplar

—Christian Knoeller

In the Old Elm

Behind our place were original trees
that no one had planted. The green
husk of the black walnut
turned your skin brown. The neighbor

next-door had his second
home a day North, photos
of Cape Cod enlarged
to show striped bass
you had to hold with both hands & eat
for weeks. When his car

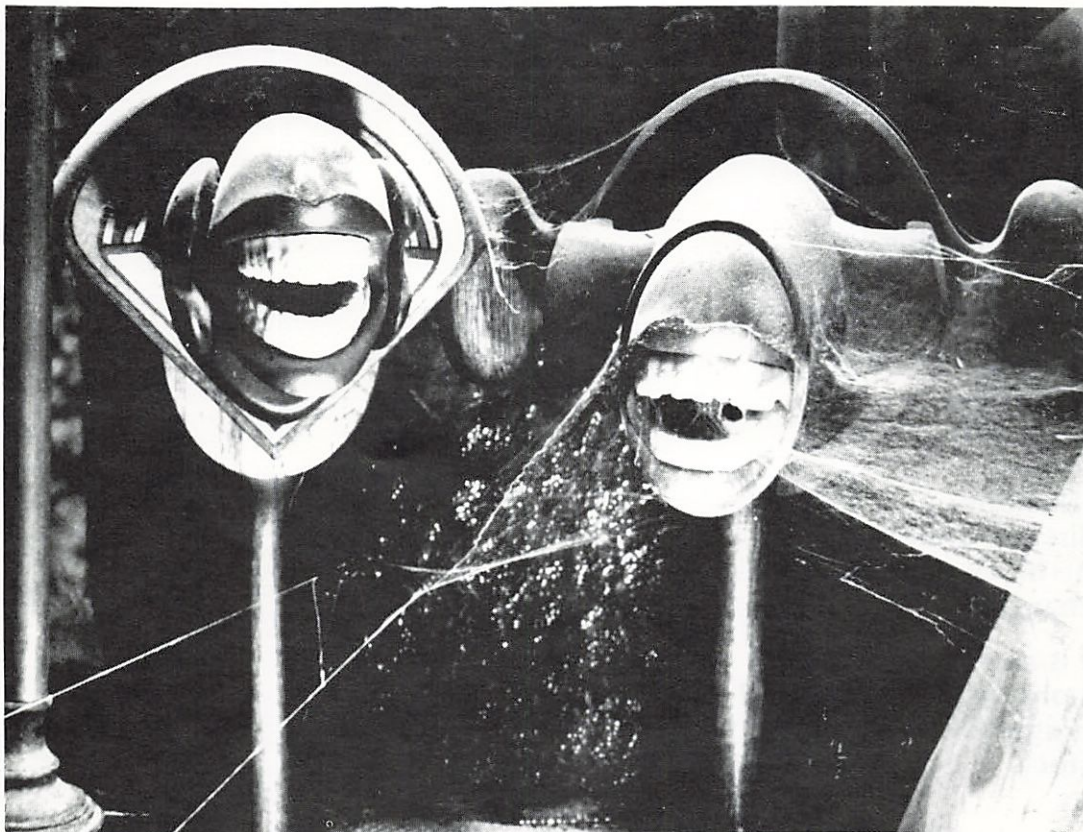
passed our house on the way
to church or off
to the far beach, his wave
was exactly the same.

We stood once in the wind
watching clouds
clear and picked out
an unnamed planet
setting in the big elm. The world
was growing. His small
gray dog almost lost
on snow.

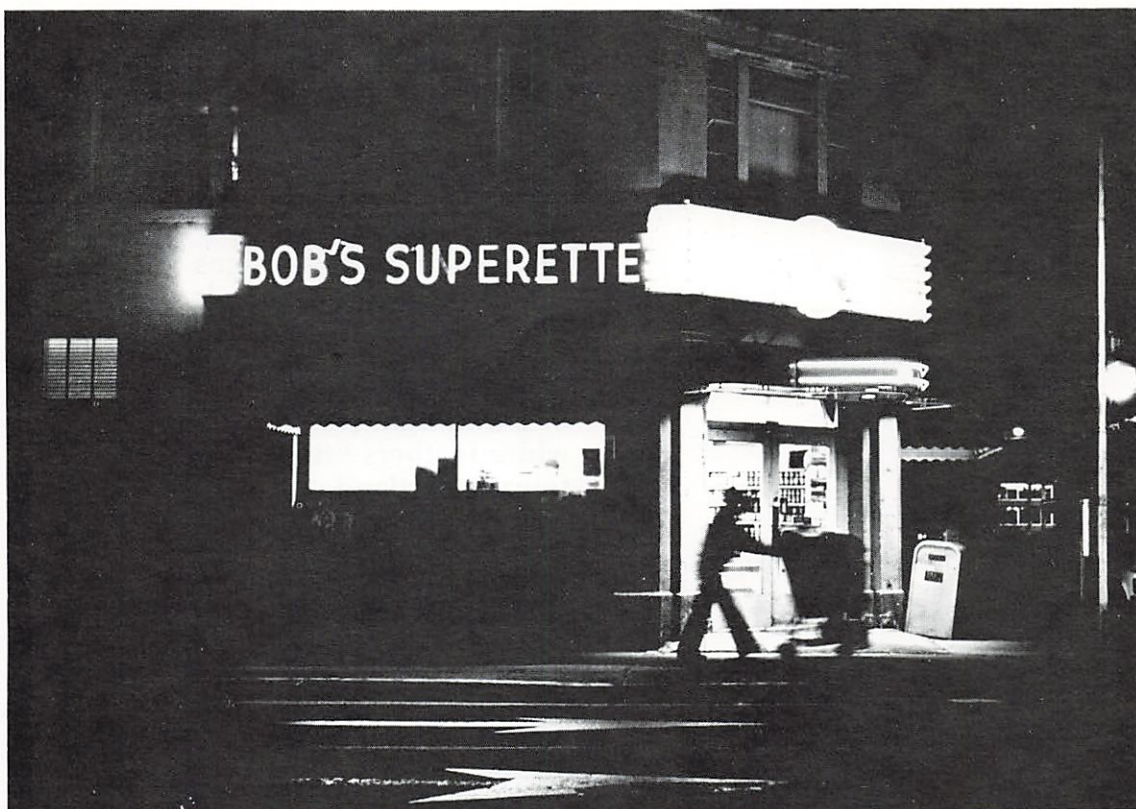
Back now for Christmas
I find his house dark.

The lawn is ice, and winter
surf is tearing sand
from the Cape.

—Christian Knoeller



The Oricles
Charles Forster



Nocturnal Kinetics
Charles Forster

Story

We climb this afternoon between
mountains to see we said
ourselves finally
defined finding
our limits on rock
as if we had to drive this far

The car choked
dust or exhaustion
we'd sooner push
than leave here
like a weak stone
to stain dirt red until
the engine block gives birth
a green chance

This road is an old story
A gaunt horse with legs chained
marches single file
with livestock his steps ring
in our ears

our talk
still glittering
with hope

—Christian Knoeller

Where heat meant life

Whoever hammered this cabin out of forest
never heard of fire
that now hums neon
red by the highway, signs
spelling out simple needs
on a roof.

In the draft
of a midnight poultry truck
white feathers litter the dark
toward Portland

Wet wheels drone making
each word seem wholly
alone, an ember

in the first fire I built of
sticks on solid ice
where heat meant life,
my catch stacked
in the snow.

—Christian Knoeller

Lure of the Occult

Charles Forster



Rural Moonglow

Charles Forster



Anna

David Joyce

To: The Extremely Concerned,

I think that frisbees may be planning to take over the world, or do something equally devious. Their number has increased tremendously. Frisbee's popularity has reached new heights. They've demonstrated their ability to think. Frisbees have begun to exercise their subversive powers. They must be up to something — something big.

Frisbees first appeared in the early 60's, I think. I don't remember exactly when people discovered Frisbees, or Frisbees discovered people. Frisbees showed up in various stores across America. Many people, especially teenagers, took an instant liking to them. Soon one or two Frisbees were a common sight in parks and on beaches everywhere. But that was then. Now they appear in huge masses whenever and wherever the sun shines. Frisbees crowd parks, beaches, campuses, unoccupied parking lots, small streets and even back yards. They mate in flight and their huge litters of young appear in toy stores. Small varieties appear in cereal boxes from time to time.

There are enough Frisbees around for everyone to own one, and nearly everybody does. I once owned a Frisbee, before I knew of the danger. Frisbees are presently the subject of several amateur sports, including a team sport called "ultimate". Since the most popular and longest lasting fads spread into

other countries, the Frisbees must be spreading.

One may wonder why the Frisbees have me worried. It's because Frisbees can *think*! And everyone knows that thinking is dangerous. While Frisbees need people to toss them, they control their own flight. Hasn't everyone seen them duck, climb, and turn on their own? I have. Some people think that the wind makes Frisbees do such maneuvers, but I know better. This is their language, a sort of body language. These little saucers can outwit the humans who try to catch them and communicate their plans to each other at the same time. But no matter how many times they elude their owners, Frisbees eventually land where they may be found again. The Frisbees need us to move them from one meeting to another because they can't fly forever.

Since Frisbees depend upon us to help them meet, mate, and conspire, they must have some way of controlling people. And they do. I figure that as a person jumps for and fails to catch a Frisbee, the Frisbee's spinning motion hypnotizes him as he watches it sail overhead and out of reach. After falling back to earth, the would-be catcher stumbles, hits his head on the ground, and loses his will to resist the Frisbee in the resulting daze. Notice how reluctant a Frisbee thrower is to stop? The

owner can't stop throwing his Frisbee until the Frisbee commands him to. Frisbees communicate to people, but only a Frisbee-hypnotized person can understand the messages. Before I destroyed my old Frisbee, I used to bring it to every picnic I attended and throw it until my fingers blistered; I couldn't stop of my own free will. But after a fortunate concussion, I have been able to resist the Frisbees. I can also understand the meance.

Frisbees pose a great threat to mankind today, but hardly anyone knows it. Through their numbers, popularity, ability to think, and hypnotic powers, they are taking control of the human race. The Frisbees may be trying to force their way into professional sports, or replace game balls entirely. Or maybe they plan to conquer the world. I only wish I knew their scheme. But mankind can stop the Frisbees if more people will recognize the threat. So, should I approach you wielding a crowbar, don't worry — I am only trying to knock some sense into you.

Sincerely,
Maxwell B. Dilltrob
Resident,
Dormark Institute
for the Severely
Confused

— Kevin Sanders



Myturn

Christopher Schmidt





jenny's bloom

francina e.g.m. verrijt

Each Morning

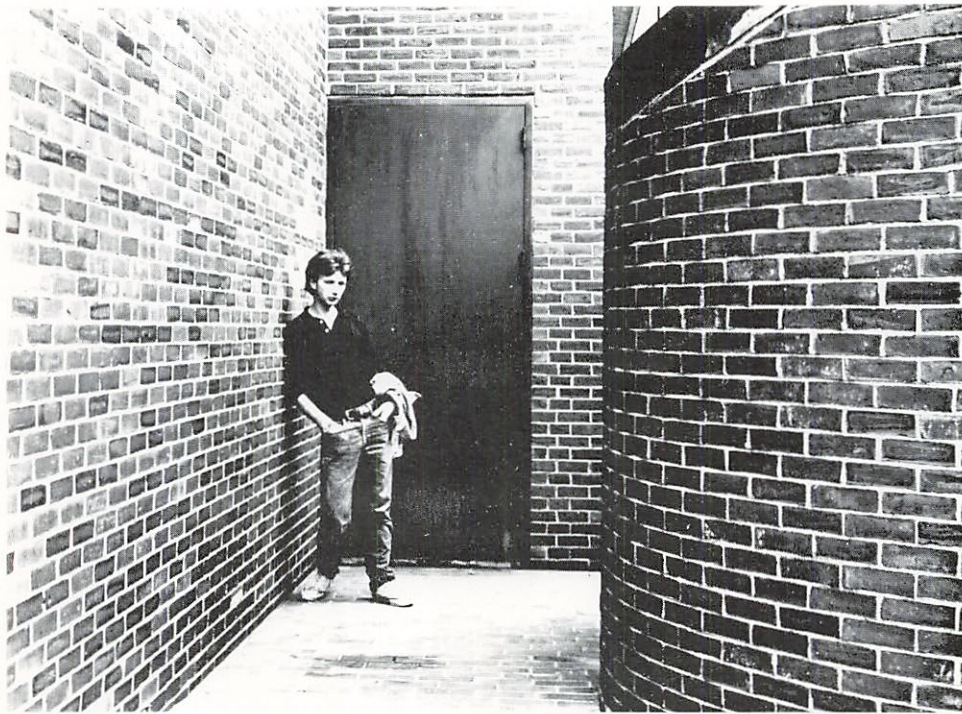
Each morning a bell springs awake in my abdomen,
clusters in the white around my ears, springs from me
and bounds like a chimpanzee down the stairs.
It is gone then.

I open, clutch ice to me, grey to me, frozen fields
to me; through the window's mortality I am stern,
with her cheeks of blood and snow. I am more
than the cold red farm with painted windows
and black and white cows. I am more than the
roosters
making sounds through yellow beaks; I am seasonal
and contrite; I think I am like fog.

I hold my breath and there are trees and rabbits
immersed in water. The water is my mother,
holding a cup of something special and very hot and
sweet. We stand on a bridge, making faces down
into the water; she pours a thin stream of the liquid;
there are leaves which float, and fish that swim away.

In the morning there is a pain behind my eyes.
I walk all day with my tentacles curled there,
nursing the sore.

—Kirsten Hardenbrook



Boy With Bricks
David Martinez

Born With a Molotov Cocktail

I was born stupid and alone and with nothing
Every year something was subtracted from my being,
yet something added too,
making the composite sum still zero,
and that makes me an equal sign

It is extremely hard to pull words out of an equals sign,
because deep down I believed there wasn't much to give.
But whatever was down deep did I dare dig up and face the consequences
of an empty vein.

Of course it might be the motherlode.
Yes, confessions of an under-achiever,
they told me I could be anything I wanted,
but I was no clown, they said, could be anything I wanted
except a clown, brrraaacck,
and that meant to them, and to me too,
that I could never possibly do anything creative.

I was reined, spurred,
and fitted for harness from the very cradle.
Little did they know how dangerous I would become later on to their
clockworks.

I was the proverbial Irishman
walking around with a molotov cocktail
but couldn't decide who or what to throw it at.
I only had one and knew it better count for alot.

Think of all those people born with no bombs.
There were times I felt alone and insignificant
but other times I was the feather that could tip the scales
balancing two large masses.
Naturally in such situations I would freeze.
The quality I wanted most
was the quality I thought was impossible to develop:
to think on my feet.

It was one day, one hour,
or yes, one fraction of a second too late
before I would think of the clever remark,
or where to direct the withering glance,
or just who to kick in the ass.

During my first twenty-five years I was always awkward,
always tongue-tied, always grabbing for it at the wrong times,
always throwing my bombs at the people I loved
instead of hated.
I was told my worst enemy
was myself.

I have always done the best I could do.
It was never my way to try too hard,
and if someone would try to convince me only the good things were hard
to get,
I would refute him with my own chop-logic.
Very early on I recognized
that the things everyone else thought so desirable
would be destructive to someone such as I.

Living in the City
during which I was alone and busted as never before
I convinced myself how unnecessary money was to everything real.
It was so expensive to live there
I never went to the movies and I shoplifted half my food
yet apropos of nothing
I took long cab rides through the park.
It made me feel like a somebody.

I was somebody already and I didn't know it.

—Bradley Reid



J. Marie Young

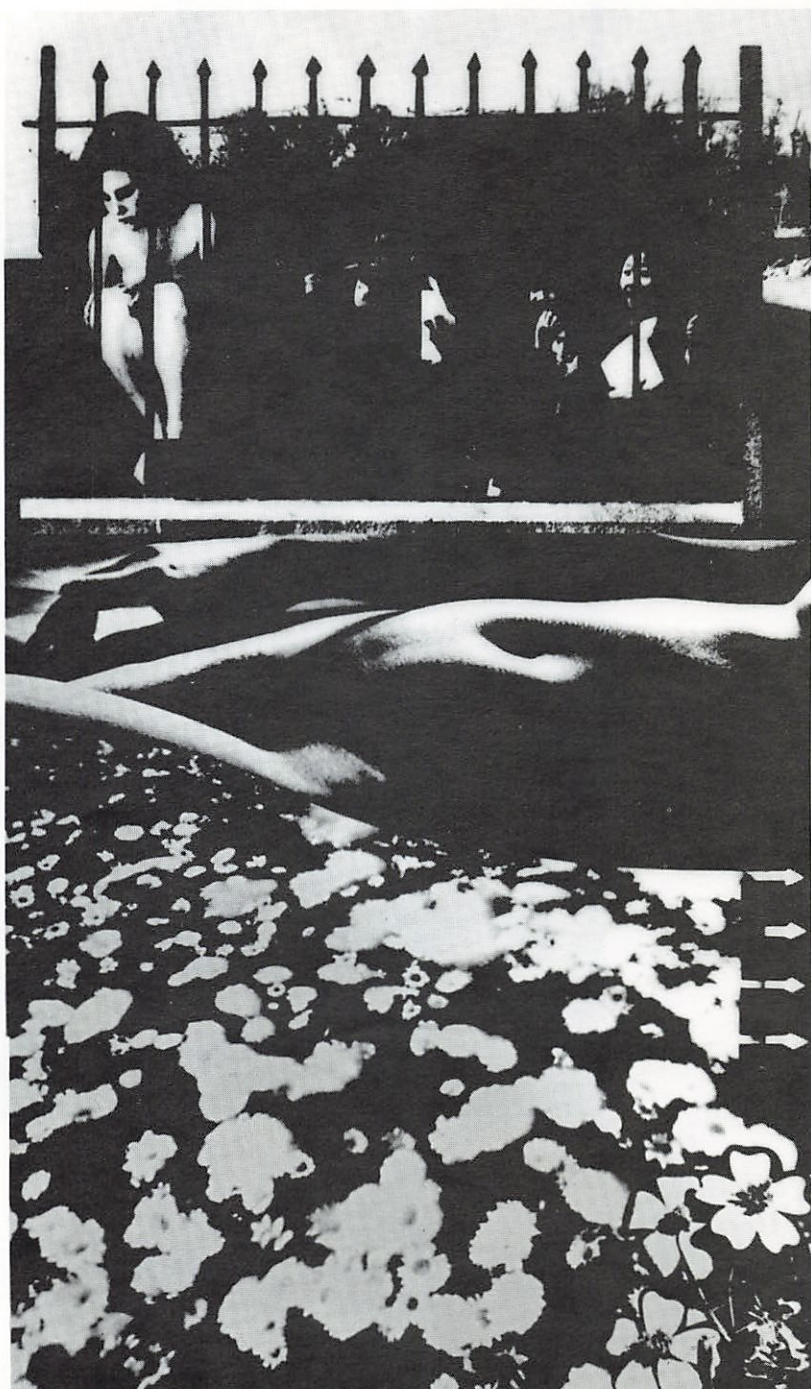
"Untitled"

Dialogue for Three

Gideon has devoured
your leg up
to the grey
of your poncho &
Goya is eating the
other one
 the child is mine
 no one has ever cared
 for it before
when you squeeze
your temples I
see rubber bands
behind your eyes and
a helicopter
inside
 it goes where I go
 like a lock of wet hair
 tucked around my ear
blue static in
the body of a woman
you flare out at me
as if I
was the face of Saturn
starving for
your fetus

—Dean B. Harris

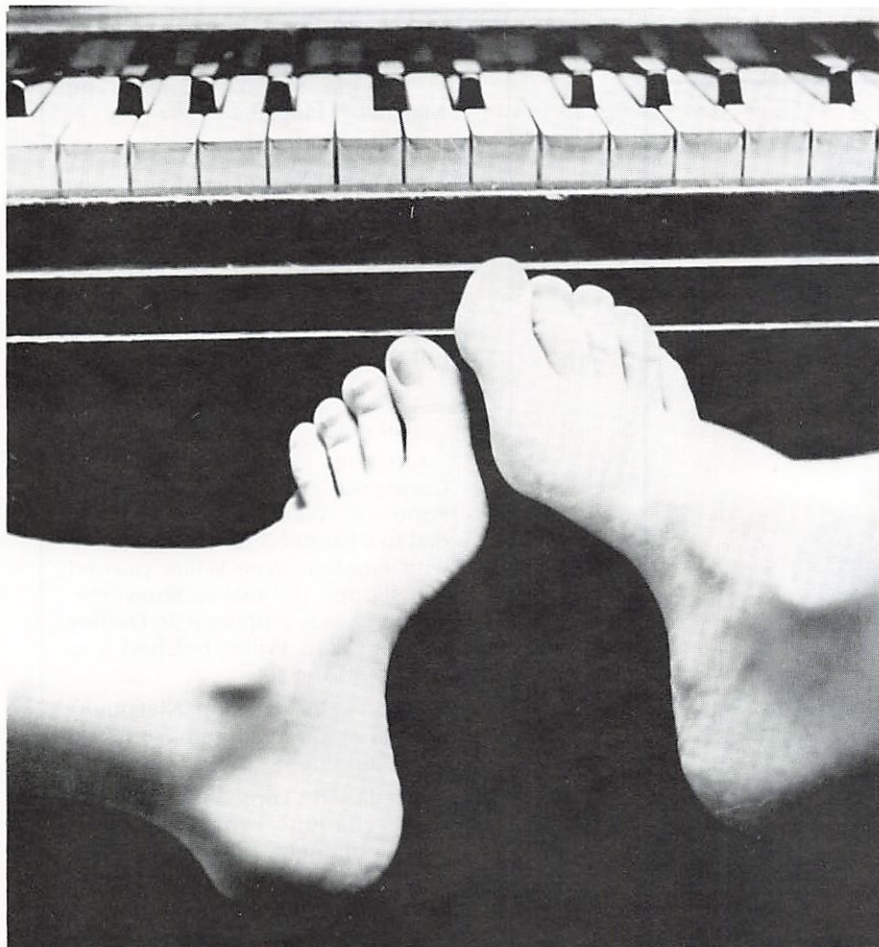
Rose Anne Bowker





Untitled Photo

Kyle Hamer



Untitled Photo

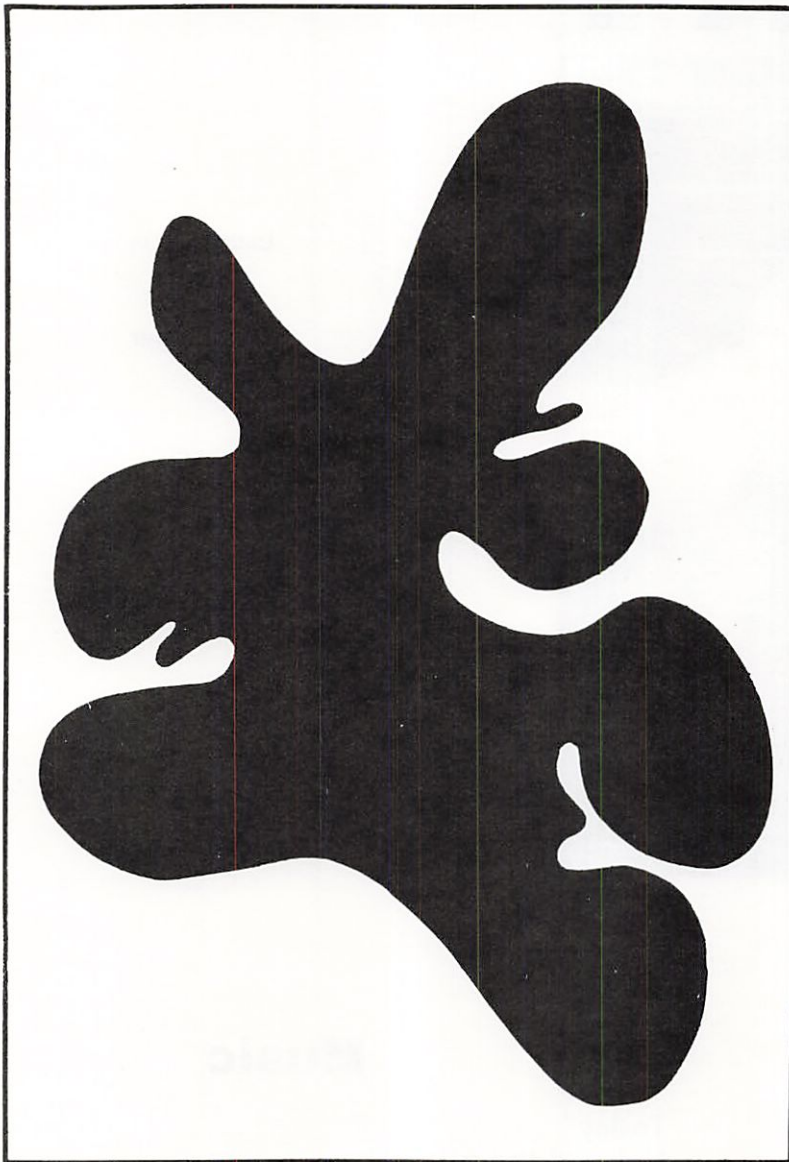
Kyle Hamer

Music

Today
I played the piano
for my Grandpa
—he who sits and stares
out into nowheres
—he who is my Grandpa.
Sounds confuse
'though all day
he loves to use
his musical hearing sausages
perched on either side of his head.

Sometimes he loses his ears
in his trousers,
in a drawer,
in a can on the floor.
But today he listened
to the music
in the other room.
His smile cast a shadow
on the gloom.

—Beatrice Garth



Untitled

Victoria Fox

We Learn Guilt

Few states are as depressing (New Jersey a possible exception) as that of "all messed up and no place to go." Which is precisely where Plugg, Wee Willie, and Baboon found themselves of a Saturday night. Ensconced in the rumpus room at Plugg's, gathered around the tube and a six of Big 'E', bored shitless.

"Where's a party?" Wee Willie.

"Christie Sneed's — 86th and Marshall." Plugg.

"Let's go, then!"

"Sweet Sixteener — invite only, natch."

"Jesus tits."

Three bottles were tossed to the side, the remaining three uncapped and consumed. Baboon stepped out the patio door and took a leak.

"Use the can, ya sleaze!"

"Eat me."

On the 19-inch screen, Fidel Cortez was groping with Iron Mike Popovich. Wee Willie flipped the dial to Channel 2. Julie was groping with Gopher. Wee Willie yawned and flipped the dial to Showtime. Bo Derek was groping with Dudley Moore. Wee Willie belched and turned off the set.

"Who's for cruising McLoughlin?" Baboon emerged from the patio, zipping his fly.

"Nada. The cops down there all have citations with my name written on them." Plugg, otherwise known as "The Scourge of the Boulevard."

And so arrived Last Resort Time, a familiar Saturday night fixture for Plugg, Wee Willie and Baboon. L.R.T., as they referred to it, consisted of the ritual battle for First To Suggest It:

"WIN-OHHHHHHHH HUH-NNNNNNNT!"

This time Wee Willie emerged foremost, leaving Part Two of the ritual for Number Two and Number Three, with the Champ joining in a beat later: "Wino Hunt, Wino Hunt, Wino Hunt..."

Minutes later, Plugg's "flaccid pink" '63 Falcon rolled down the hill towards Skid Row, carrying the Sweigle Avenue Derelict Patrol. Armed with a Jim Beam pint bottle containing tea, loose change, and a Zippo lighter, this smashed and intrepid triumvirate had random harassment on their minds — with Burnside Street's human zoo their target.

Victim One reclined against a Sanipac dumpster where alley met sidewalk between Third and Fourth. Spotting him, Plugg turned the corner and circled the block while Wee Willie used pliers to hold the quarter which Baboon rendered extra-toasty warm with the lighter. The coin, blackened by the heat, was tossed out the car window in the general direction of the old man, who fairly dove for it from his resting place beside Br'er Dumpster.

"Aiiiiiieeeee!" His shriek of pain could be heard by the boys half a block away. They laughed hysterically as they watched the hapless bum shake his hand in an effort to cool his singed fingertips.

Victims Two and Three received the same treatment at the corner of Broadway and Burnside. Three actually attempted to throw his coin back at the car, and got a second dose of Hot Dime for his trouble.

"That'll teach him to fuck with the Sweigle Avenue Derelict Patrol," said Plugg, Wee Willie and Baboon. In chorus, Little Rascals-style.

Next came the famed Skid Row One'Block Whiskey Walk. Tapped for this event was notorious Bugeye McClatchey, seated contentedly in his own water at the curb between First and Second.

Plugg dropped the Falcon into low when the light turned green and slowly cruised the curb as Wee Willie enticingly waved the Jim Beam (Tea) bottle at Victim Four.

"Lookee here, Bugeye! See what I got for ya?"

McClatchey's eyes grew as wide as they could under his circumstances. He stood up quickly and then slumped into an ape-like posture. Wee Willie held the bottle out the window of the car and the old man loped slowly after it. He followed the bottle down the block as Wee Willie and Baboon spurred him on.

"Catch us an' it's all yours!" "Doesn't it look good?" "Yes sir, good drinkin' whiskey!" "Come get it, ole boy...that's it, just a few steps more..."

The signal at second was just turning green as Wee Willie flipped the bottle into Bugeye McClatchey's waiting hands. He fumbled with the cap, opened the bottle and took a desperate gulp. He just as quickly spat it back out with disgust. His tormenters howled as Plugg shifted into second and took off down the street.

Bugeye's curses followed the laughing, hooting trio as they made their getaway. His angry voice faded away. Baboon noted happily, "We ain't had one cuss us that good since we painted the mustache on ol' Dakota while he was asleep."

A familiar thirst enveloped the three. It was unanimously decided that a brief respite from the rigors of wanton tormenting was in order. The site, it went without saying, was the Twilight Zone, a tavern known throughout four counties in two states for its nihilistic attitude towards demanding I.D.

Plugg found a parking space directly in front of the tavern. As the three emerged from the car, they were approached by a shabbily dressed and totally inebriated man who, Wee Willie noted, had just "sung his dinner" all over the front of his filthy jacket.

"Chacahahaab."

"Say what?," Plugg queried.

"Dja ca' a cab!" The old man repeated his request, a bit more coherently and angrily.

"Oh! Call you a cab! You bet!" Plugg was already laughing in anticipation when he turned to his pals. They made a tight circle as they discussed what to do about this situation which had seemingly been handed them on a silver platter.

"Let's each chip in a couple bucks, give it to the driver, and have him leave the old fart in the Sylvan Tunnel!" This was Baboon's bright idea.

"I think we oughta have the cabbie take 'im out to Mall 205!" Wee Willie had other plans.

"Nah, the tunnel!"

"Mall 205, I say!"

"Tunnel!"

"Mall 205!"

While Baboon and Wee Willie fought tooth-and-nail over the destination of their hapless Victim Five, Plugg went to the booth on the corner and phoned Broadway Cab. As he waited for a dispatcher to answer, he glanced idly out the widows of the booth. Suddenly, his eye caught a small white sticker on the bumper of a Dodge pickup parked nearby. The sticker was white with a Confederate flag and the words "White Power" emblazoned in black beneath. A light bulb clicked on above Plugg's head.

"Cab, please, Fourth and Burnside," he said quickly and hung up the phone. He rushed out of the booth and over to the truck. Swiftly, he peeled the sticker off the bumper and laid it carefully, glue side up, on the palm of his hand.

Returning to his friends, who were still squabbling over where to send the cab with the wino, Plugg said firmly, "I'll decide where he goes." Since Plugg was noted for saving the day in a crisis situation, neither Wee Willie nor Baboon made any objection.

Plugg turned to the old bum and, with several "friendly" claps on the back, affixed the "White Power" bumper strip thereon. He patted the man on the shoulder and said, "Don't worry, Dad. A cab is on it's

way. You're all taken care of." The old man smiled and extended a bottle of Diamond Red, its mouth and neck encrusted with vomit, toward his benefactors. "Thankee, boys," he grinned, "ha' drink wi' me?"

All three graciously declined the offer, using as their excuse the cab which rolled to a stop at the corner in front of them. Plugg collected seven dollars and fifty cents and took it to the driver. Handing it through the open window, he said, "Take the ol' man to North Williams Avenue." The cab driver, a Black in his mid-twenties wearing a cap with an "Allah Saves" button on the brim, glared at Plugg but made no protest.

Wee Willie and Baboon loaded the bum into the back seat of the cab. "Have a nice trip," they said, barely able to stifle their laughter. The dam broke only after the cab drove away.

All three, doubled over with mirth, practically staggered into the Twilight Zone. Still laughing as they seated themselves at the bar, they barely managed to compose themselves long enough to order a pitcher and three glasses.

As the tired-looking bartender poured the pitcher full, he continued his conversation with a customer seated at the end of the bar to Baboon's left.

"Absofriggintlutely brutal," the customer was saying. "The ol' guy was just sittin' on the bench waitin' for the bus, mindin' his own business. All of a sudden, these two coons that was hangin' around pick 'im up, drag 'im into the alley, an' pound the crap outta 'im. Beat th' poor bastard silly. Don't know what the hell Swede was doin' in a nigger neighborhood, but he won't be goin' noplase for a long time. Seems like they busted jus' 'bout every bone in his body." The customer pondered for a moment. "Poor man might be better off dead."

Wee Willie looked at Plugg. Plugg looked at Baboon. Baboon looked back at both of them. No one said a word.

The bartender turned back to them with the pitcher of beer and set it on the bar. "Drink hearty, boys," he said.

"Save it." Baboon laid two dollars on the bar. He followed his friends out the door.

There is nothing as heavy as the tail one carries home between his legs.

—Miller Christensen

Triburlations

We'd all go to heaven if we repented, my mother told me. I didn't waste any time trying to do what she wanted. I carried out the slop pail in the morning, dumping it in the snow on the hill where everything else was thrown away (potato peelings, broken pickle jars, sardine tins, worn out rubber gloves, a dead cat — and now slop thrown over the snowy covering melting it down and merging into the rest). I scrubbed the pot afterwards, the part I always hated the worst. Then I was off to school.

All day I waited impatiently; algebra class, PE class, woodshop and civics class, and finally the bus ride home. After milking the cows we got into the beat-up green Chevy for the trip into Grand Forks for the big revival meeting.

Of course, I wanted to go to heaven real bad. There was singing and dancing and no pigpens to clean or ingrown toenails or rusty nails to step on. There'd be no snakes or squishy things in sloughs where I had to get the water for our big garden. No crazy men who had escaped from the mental hospital sneaking around the barn spying on me while I milked the cows after dark at night, and no more getting beat up on the bus and never having to wet the bed again. My ma told me all this and I got so excited I couldn't sleep very well. I'd get to see my pa again cause that's where he went last year. My head had got funny and burning last year after the funeral and I like to killed one of the kids in my class, Larry Hanson, cause he told me my pa was a crook and lazy to boot and though I knew it wasn't true I near killed him in the gym. They pulled me off a him though but he died this year when his younger brother shot him with a .22 and Larry fell into the gravel pond and drowned.

We were supposed to give money for his funeral but I never did.

So I was here in church and the evangelist was talking about hell where there was beer and cards and dice and loose women — “harlots” he called them. And lots of crying and gnashing of teeth and all kinds of killing and stabbing and nasty things like funny looking animals and big wars and all kinds of things you never heard of. I wanted to see God with his long white beard and kind face but there was a Negro family in church and Richard told me God was black and had a black beard so I wasn't any too sure about it.

So comes the time for me to go to the altar and I'm almost running up there cause you get a star if you've led someone else up there like my brother does all the time. My grandmother she likes to do that for us sometimes only she's too old to be getting stars in the big book the Teacher kept on all of us.

I get up there first and quote something about bringin' in the sheaves cause I don't like nails in my feet or whiskey on my uncle's breath or my older brother cussin' and all that. I want to sleep on the gold beds and eat all I want and listen to all the singing birds and I don't have to keep quiet all day Sunday any more either. And my ma can't switch me every evening either. I thank God and hope he comes to take me in the night, I do. I don't like all the triburlations in this here life neither, as my ma always says. I was her prized little baby, I was, when I was young but now I'm one of her triburlations, she says.

Only the devil don't let go of me and so I wake up in the night dreaming of snakes and spiders and lions and smelly animals. I feel the fire and the salt on my wounds like

Lot's wife and I wake up cause I'm scared again and I ain't gone home to my father who art in heaven halo be they name, Amen.

There's someone under my bed, God. Get him out of here don't you let him cut off my legs God. I done come to you God but I'm still here so don't you let him give me no pain God. It says where you'll come in the middle of the night when I'm least expectin you to come and you didn't come anyway and I don't want oatmeal for breakfast anymore. That man's under my bed still. I can hear him moving and he's got a wide sword and I can tell he's going to get me if I go to the pot. Come on now! I got me a big gun here now, you look out before I kill you you son-of-a-bitch. I'll send God after you and he'll send Joshua after you and David and Cain to slay you with a big rock, you terrible nasty man.

My granny always warned me, “bout that man under the bed,” cause she didn't want us to make a ruckus at night and there was big gizzards in the closet too, just waiting for naughty boys and girls and livers and skeletons moving and all that 'cept I don't believe in none of them, I don't.

So this morning it's mushy, slimy oatmeal again and my bed's wet and I've got to go out into the snow and cold wind and wash sheets and freeze my fingers and hang the sheet on the line before I go to school. And carry out the slop pail too and it gets so I have to hurry, and I leave my barnyard gloves and shoes on and the bus is there waiting so I can't go back. I've got to sit here and smell all the way — fourteen miles of burning ears and cow manure and God didn't come and get me last night anyway, like my ma said he would.

—Stanley R. Fureby

Sweet Mountain Life

I went down to the town last Saturday night
Had a two dollar bill in my hand.
People back home would have known
I'd been down at the track betting on them horses again.

The only thing that ever ran wild
Back where I come from
Are kids on the streets, corn and wheat
And horses down on the south side of town.

Those Minnesota boys keep hanging around
Finding their women and settling down.
People round here sure know how to have a good time.
If you don't find them drinking, just step outside.

There's a single fool running round here
Kept us laughing with the red hat on.
Escaping Burbank, that sweet mountain life
Hello stranger put your hand in mine.

They play the juke box all night long.
Plugging them quarters to hear those country songs.
And someone keeps playing that old tune
About a sweet delight, oh in the afternoon.

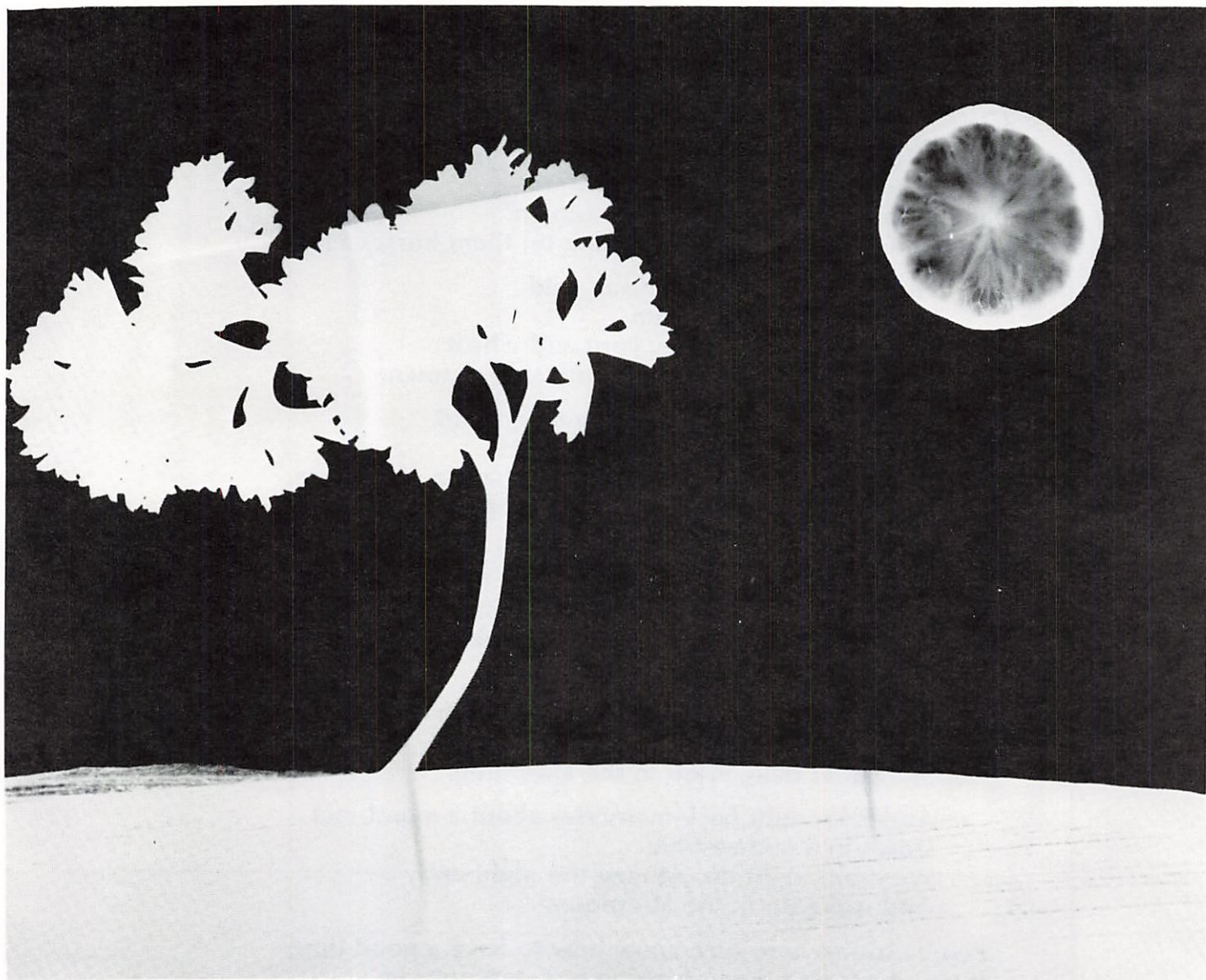
And it brought back memories about a man I met
Down in a midwest bar
We drank right up, danced the night away
And woke up in the afternoon.

People round here sure know how to have a good time.
If you don't find them drinking just step outside.
There's more than one solitary fool.
The whole town's crazy; grab yourself a bar stool.

Going out on Saturday night
Sittin' round with my friends.
I hear that there's a good man in town.
Well ladies, I wish one would walk right in.

They play the juke box all night long.
Plugging them quarters to hear those country songs.
And someone keeps playing that old tune
About a sweet delight, oh in the afternoon
About a sweet delight, oh in the afternoon.

—Rebecca Lea McCubbin



Untitled

Jennifer Fairbanks

New Gallery Opening

"Project Space," once an abandoned store across from the central bus stop in downtown Eugene, has now come alive. Managed by a sixteen member group called Art Workers Local 39 "Somehow-Coexistent-and-Formless", the once empty space now houses an art gallery and performance area.

The individual members each have their own views on art and on what they wish to achieve through the gallery. This "formlessness," however, has created a stimulating atmosphere, spurring artists to do more work and progress at a faster pace. The first show has been regarded as a 'clearing house' for work members had done before Project Space was made available to them. Many members of the group are only now beginning to realize the gallery's full potential for themselves, for other artists and for the surrounding community.

"Somehow-Coexistent-and-Formless" has plans for eight three-week shows; four by members of the group and invited guests, and four by artists outside of the group. Smaller shows will be appearing at the gallery through most of December (dance, crafts, paintings). In January members of the core group will be opening a new three week show featuring sculpture, photography, graphics, painting, and video.

Member Mark Fessler is excited about the Photo-Process-Reprint (i.e., Xerox art), and Assemblage-Found-Object (collage and 'junk' sculpture) show in February. It will be an open, juried show which will feature the work of local as well as national artists. Although both of these types of art are easily accessible to anyone, Fessler feels that neither medium has been explored to full potential or been given the public forum they deserve. This show promises to be fun, one which members of "Somehow-Coexistent-and-Formless" hope that the gallery visitors will find interesting.

Member Barbara Lample likes to emphasize the public nature of the gallery, feeling it is important to have art presented in such a way as to encourage public involvement. She has been pleasantly surprised to find that the gallery is already stirring up a lot of interest in those who frequent downtown Eugene.

Her estimates are that between fifty and sixty people a day have visited Project Space since its doors opened Halloween night, 1980. Lample feels it is valuable having a place which will "free artists and performers to show their most bizarre and expressive works," and that the one on one contact between the artists work and the public will help create an exciting and stimulating atmosphere.

Mark Fessler believes that the very fact that they have scheduled a variety of showings demands a certain amount of clarity that the individual artist might not have on his or her own; and according to Paul Pappas "Somehow-Coexistent and-Formless" hopes to "draw together isolated units of the art community, and will present work which is current, cogent and what you are now."

When asked what she thought about the direction her art and that of the gallery was going, Carol Miglioretto said she was less concerned than others about what art is supposed to mean or about its politics. She enjoys working with wood and stone, and many of her sculptures show a feeling for the organic form. She does feel, however, that belonging to the gallery is an important step for her as an artist. The experience is encouraging her as well as other members of the group to become serious about their art.

by Beatrice Garth

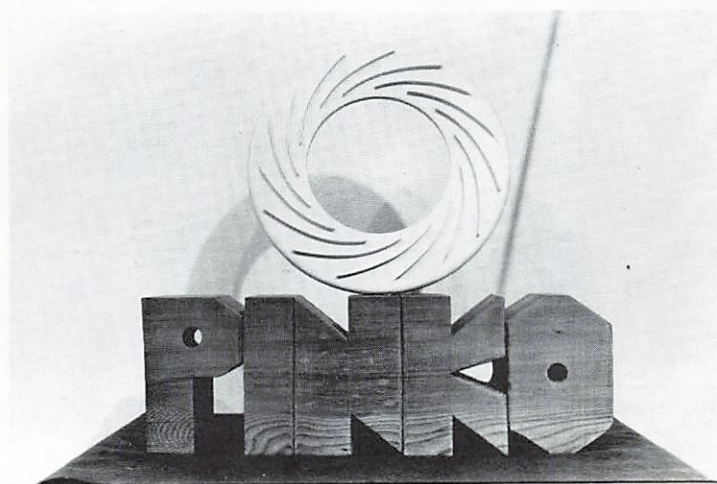
Project Space, managed by "Somehow-Coexistent-and-Formless," promises to be an exciting place no matter what views one might have on art.

Editor's Note. If you are interested in being on Project Space's mailing list, either as a potential contributor to one of their shows or simply as an admirer, drop by and let them know, or write to: Project Space, 39 E. 10th, Eugene, OR, or contact Harold Hoy or Barbara Lample at the Lane Community College art department. Gallery hours are 12:00-5:30, Tuesday through Saturday.



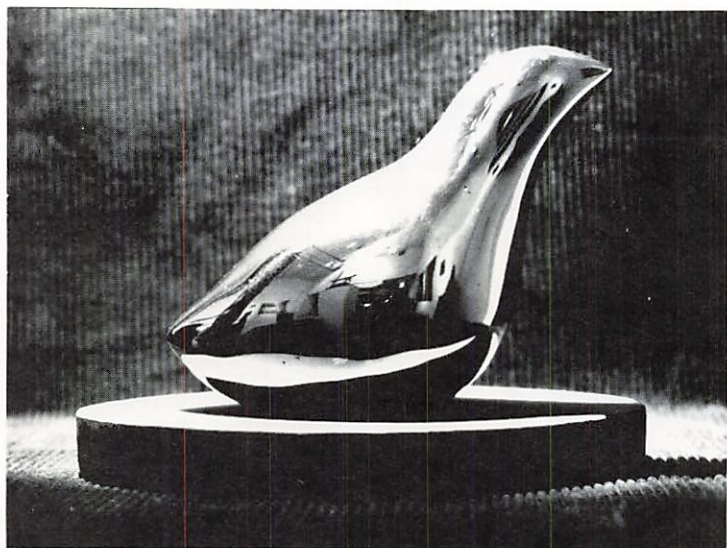
The Steep Wall (acrylic)

Craig Spencer



Pinko

R.D. Gibney



Gallery Photos

By

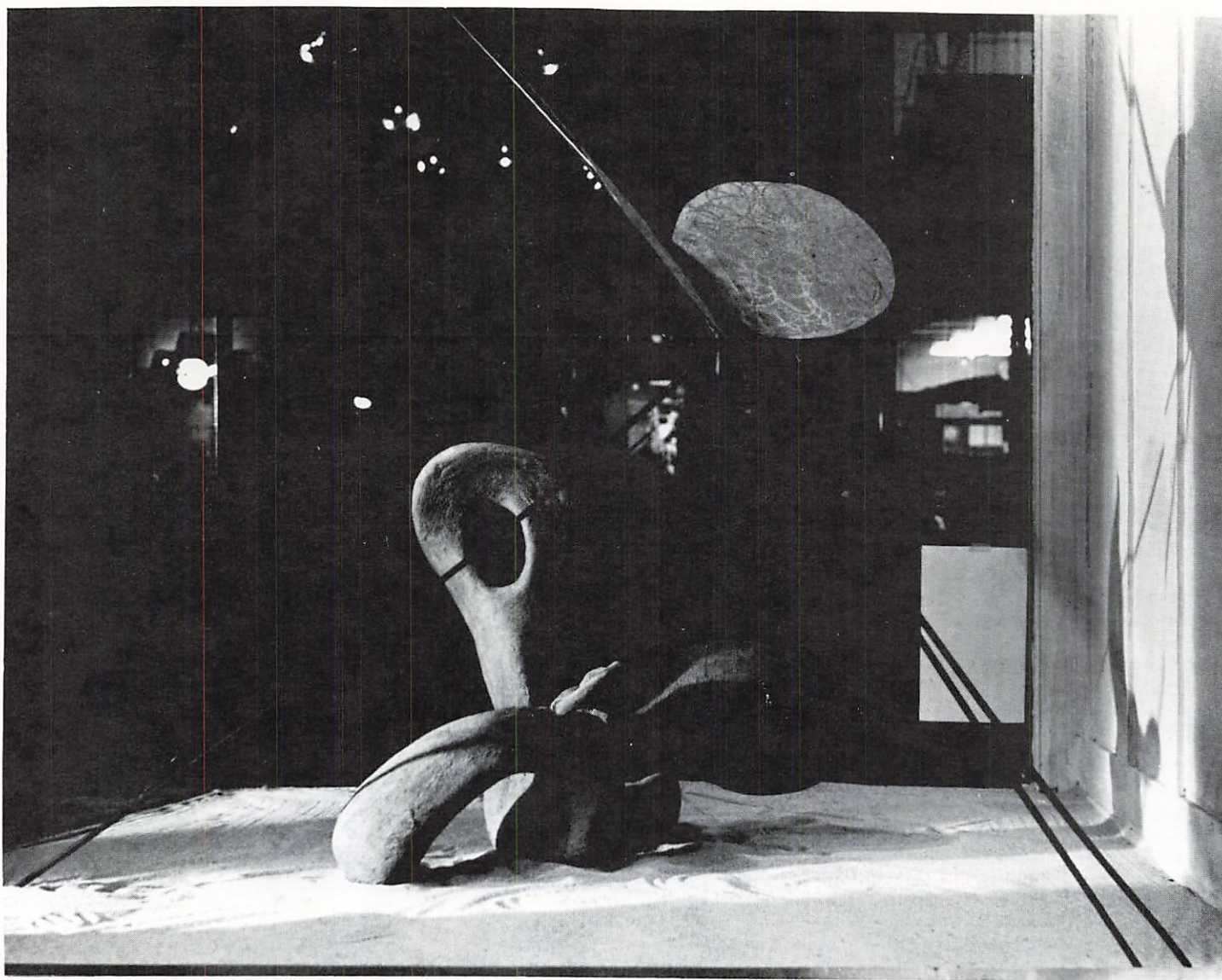
Charles Forster

Paul E. Pappas Partridge Bronze, Limestone

Frank Fox
Mosquito Proboscis Welded Steel

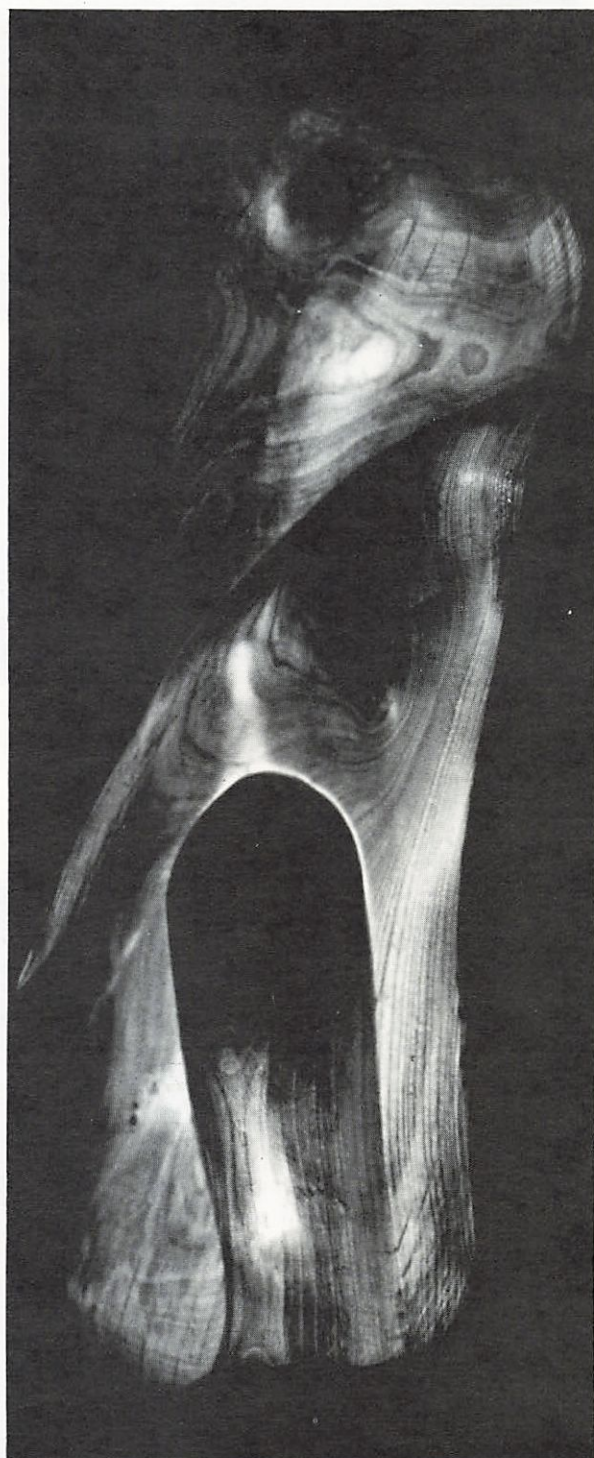
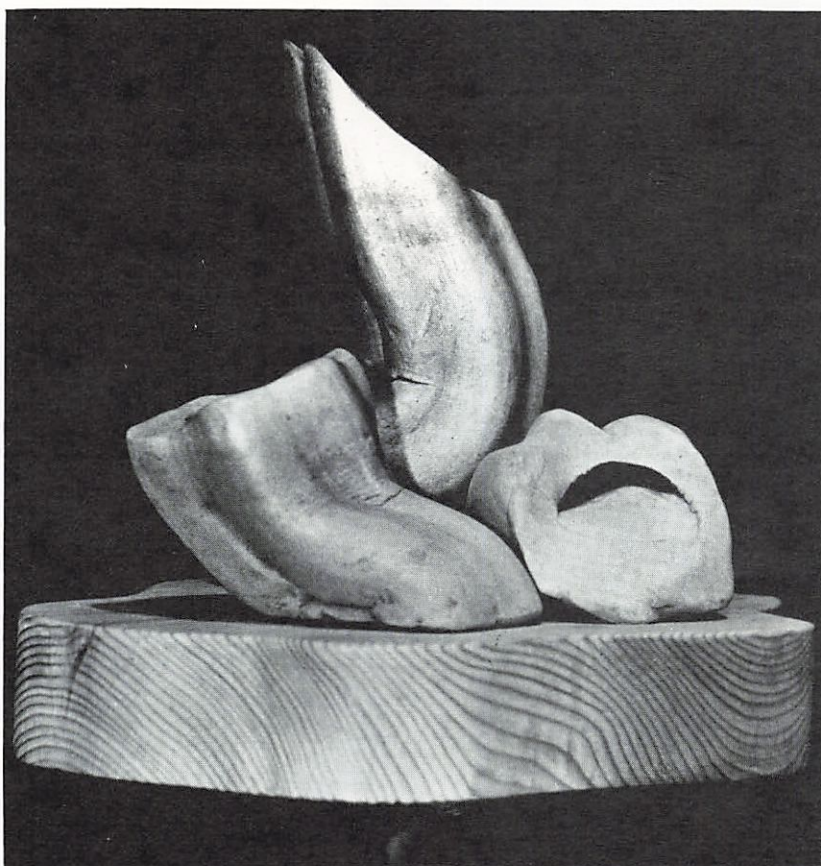
and

Christine Muldar It Takes Two or A Delicate
Balance/Tricky Situation Steel & Concrete

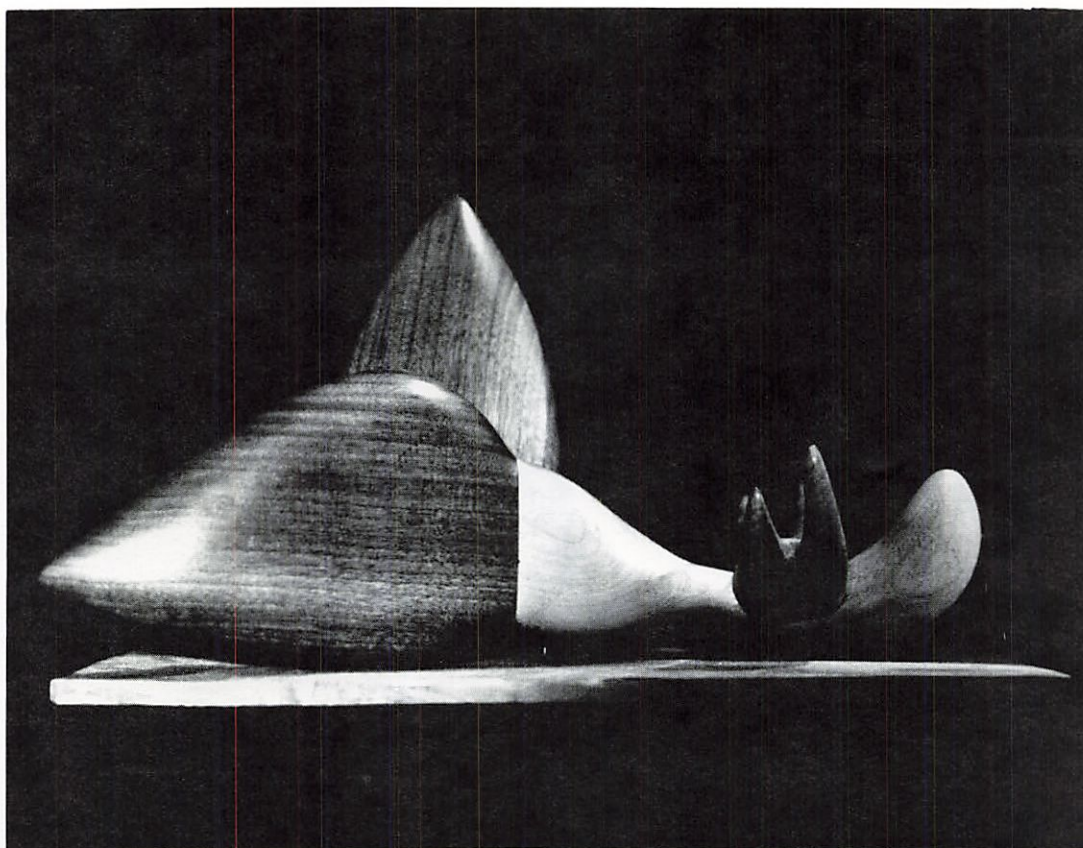


Somehow Coexistant & Formless

Carol Miglioretto
Untitled
Cherrywood

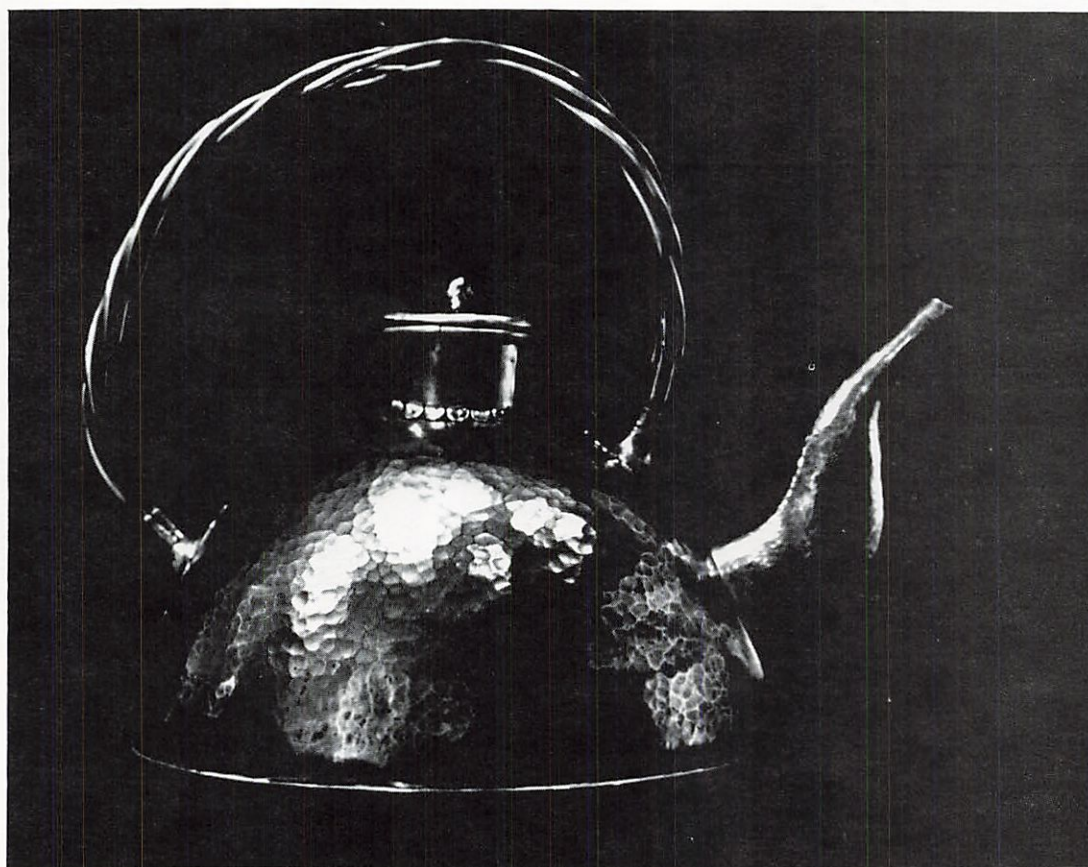


Carol Miglioretto Extruded Forms of Life Ceramic



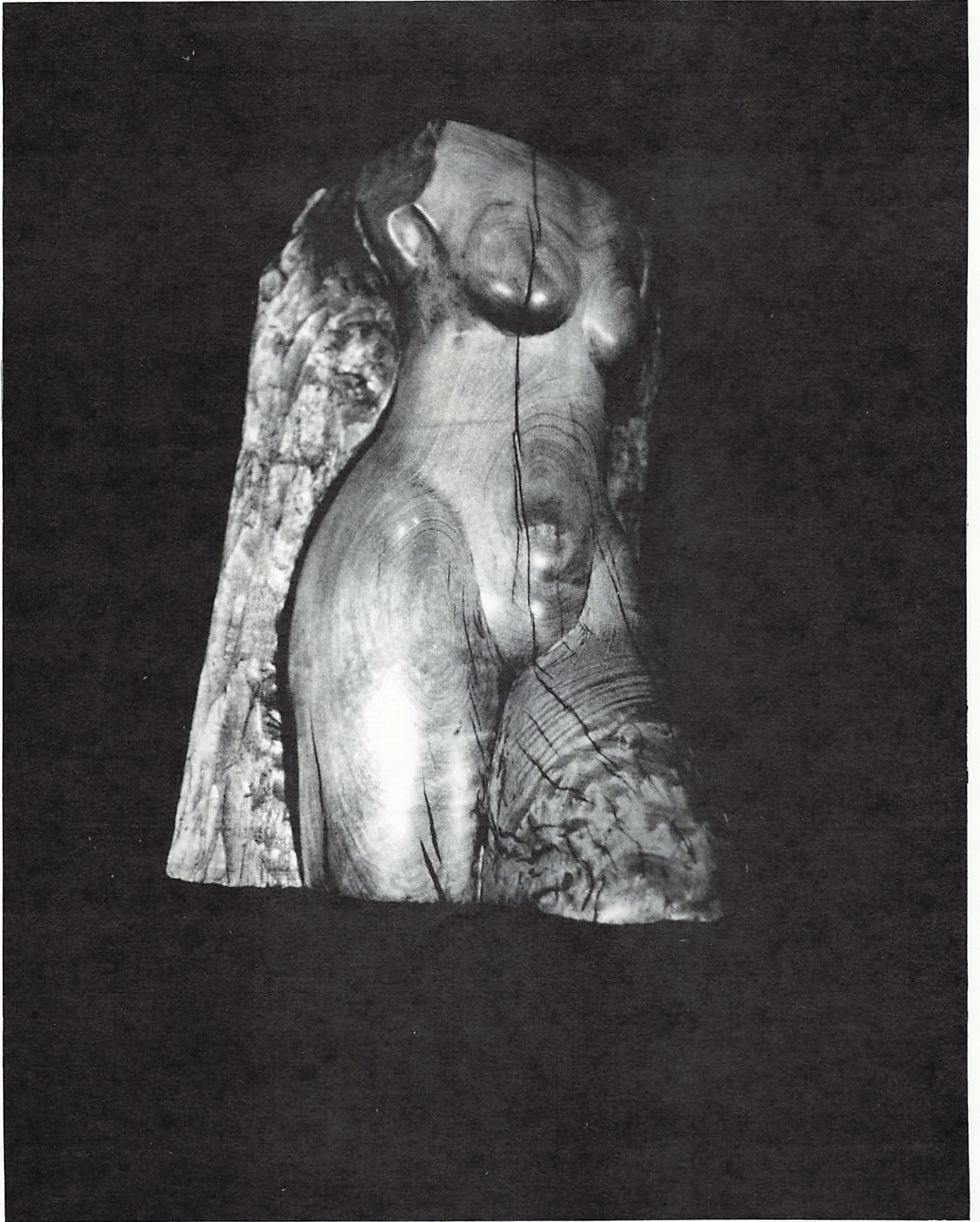
"Reclining Tooth Mama
Walnut, Maple, Alder

Paul Schaap



"Teakettle for Weaving
Copper, Brass, Bronze

Robert Clark



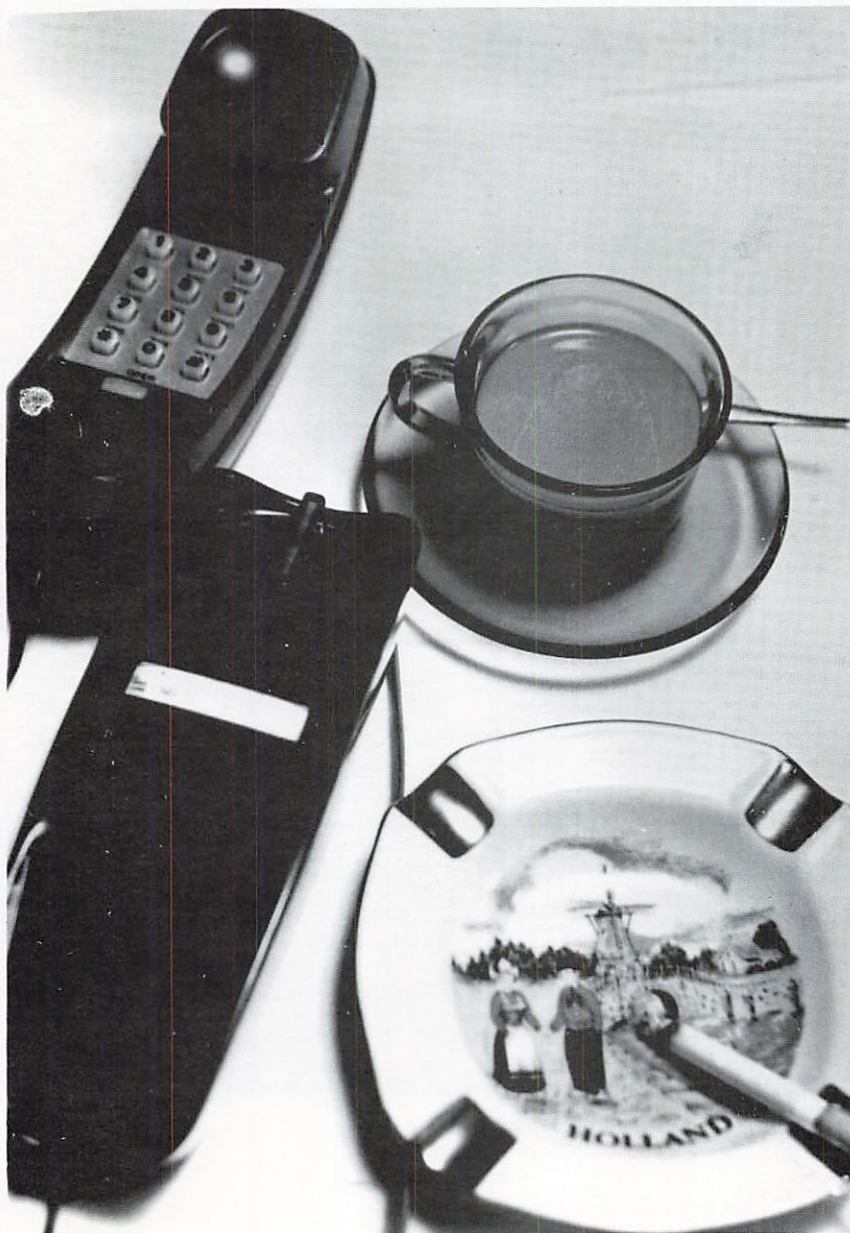
Torso Study
Maple

Larry King

Mechanic of Energy

like a mechanic he
talks on harnessing
energy.
then
he reaches into his back
pocket,
takes out an oily rag,
and wipes his mouth.

—Barry A. Howarth



"voor mijn vader, wim 6000 mijl dichtbij

francina e.g.m. verrijt



Daydream

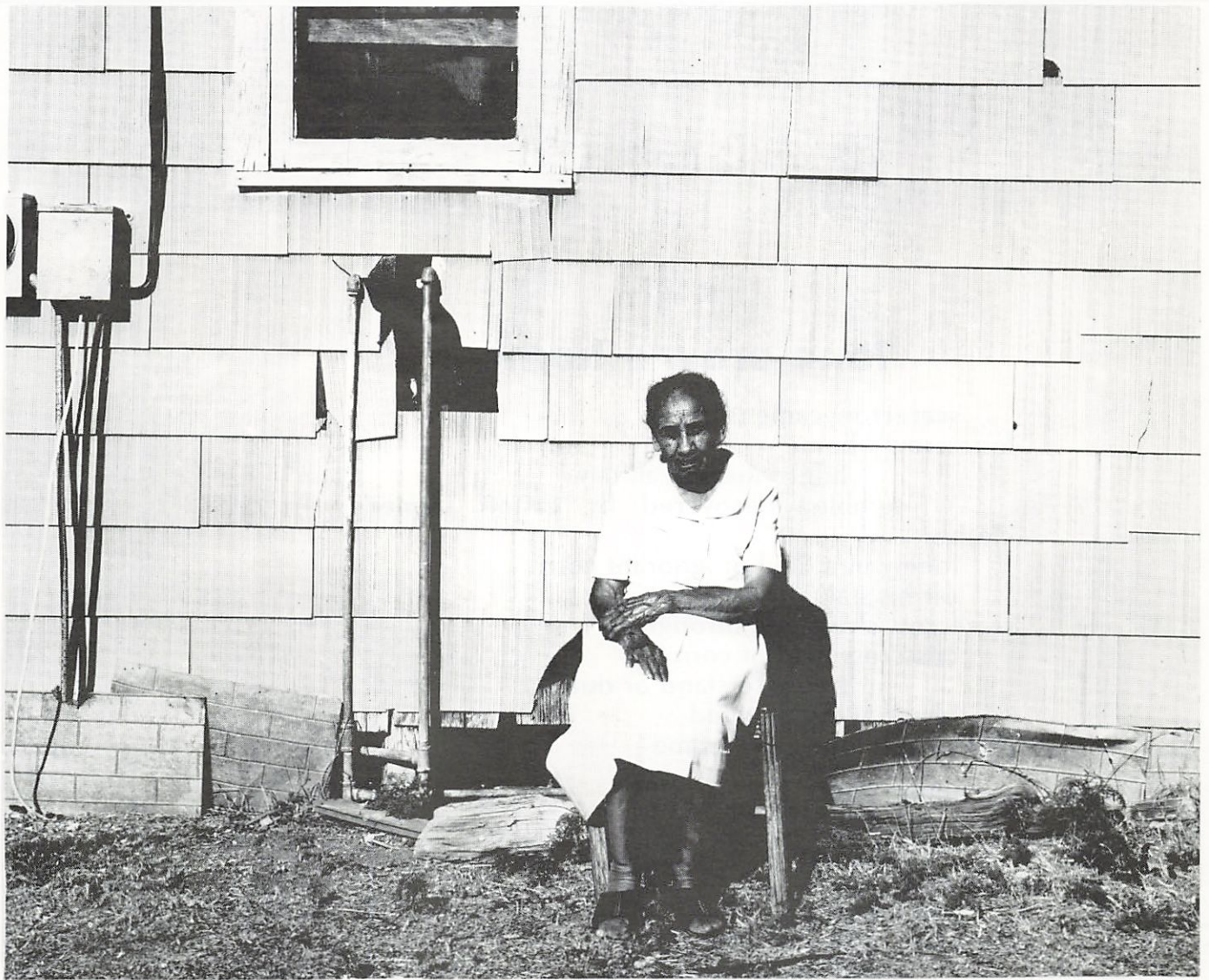
Michelle Zedwaski

Closed Poem I

Your black feathers fall
against the windy moonsdark
settle on the grey rock cedar wind
that passes, down the leafy winter,
shining at the edges with
the broken dark of dawn.

—Libby Eliassen





Margarita

David Martinez

Closed Poem II

Moonfronds brushing past you
snapping back
the rippled waves of passing
underneath the flute wind,
brushing dark with light
you press your hollow, whisper steps
along the only path.

—Libby Eliassen

lone crow's home

scarecrow came to
lone crow's home
 hot in the sun all day
 tumbleweed covered by castoff farmer's
clothes
 lonely in a field of ignorant corn
 off his stake he went
scarecrow struggling through
 crisscross field of corn
 free w/o stand or duty
 blown w/ same wind
that carries lone crow home

 lone crow
 black beak
 dark eyes
staring
 hot sun stirring
the wind corn waving
 eyes sharply narrow
searching
wings spread life w/wind

 scarecrow
pushing past
 corn
years of watching
 waiting
 in the hot sun
 castoff clothes
scarecrow struggling
 hot sun hotter
 wind behind him
tearing at his flapping clothes
 blowing scare crow away
lonely field lonely life
 scare crow cast
 off farmer's clothes
tumbleweed blowing in the wind

—Timothy Labonge



Experiment in Pencil

Charlotte Lowery

Draft Registration

O beloved, protective
nation how often have

the
despicable

remonstrances of
raving radical repelled
and
rebuked

you
,has the mewling mouth
of cowardice sullied
your

honesty. how
often have psuedo thinkers clasped
you against bony breasts
clutching and

tearing that you might condone
rebellion

but

faithful

to the incomparable
concepts of democracy your
foundation
stone

you answer

them only with

freedom

—Norris James

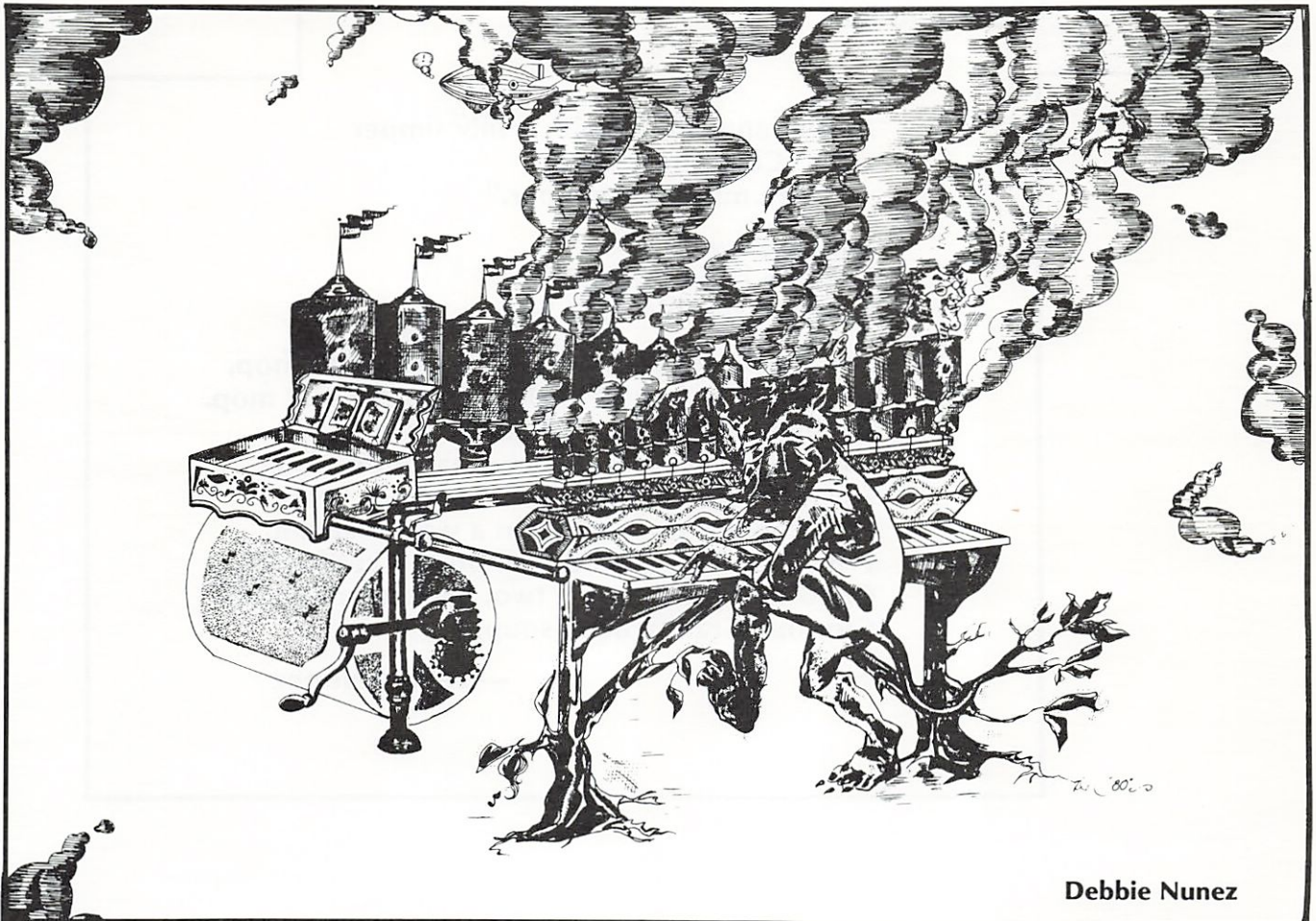
The Calliope

Here's a bit of music
That no one's ever heard;
I know because I made it up—
It's thoroughly absurd.

The chords won't sound familiar,
I invented every one;
I never play the same notes twice,
It isn't any fun.

Calliope, calliope,
My fingers dance on every key—
Sometimes one, sometimes three
I love to play calliope.

—Bill Lynch



Debbie Nunez

Baby Bean Soup

"It saddens me, though I must relate,
The strange events leading up to date
of our glorious baby bean soup.

from a dozen cousins
in a plastic bag,

He was snatched one day by a sweet old hag
(known as Granny Fetch).

With a loving smile and a hungry gleam
she began to chant to the quivering bean,

"so plump and fat,
just oh so right,

the house shall feast on soup tonight!

Glorious baby bean soup!"

With his feet placed firm on the kettle rim,
cried the tender bean,
"I won't go in!"

And Granny Fetch with a silly simper
said, "Come now dear,
one mustn't whimper."

Looking eye to eye,
Looking bean to chin,
Now the terrible fight begins.

The bean swung mean with a clean left chop,
And the hag fought back with an old wet mop.
The battle raged from dusk to dawn;
Now all was clear as to who had won,
For the sweet old hag and the saucy bean
Had trapped themselves in a wall of steam.
With their feet placed firm on the kettle rim,
Cried the quarrelsome two, "We won't go in!"
Glorious Granny bean soup!

—Debbie Nunez



In 1831, a severe drought hit the great plains forcing the normally plentiful game to abandon usual summer grazing areas in search of sufficient grass and water. In turn Indians of the area had to search far and wide for sufficient game. In this area 600 Crowhunters led by half-breed, Jim Beckworth, surprised a group of 160 Blackfeet hunters. The Blackfeet were chased into the nearby rock formations and killed one by one. Beckworth is said to have boasted of killing eleven Blackfeet single handed.

—From a historical marker on the interstate between Denver, Colorado, and Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Eons Layered

The sky blazes yellow-white
as withered souls of grass
rasp one another before the
winds swollen tongue.

Emaciated eyes search the
wallows in vain
as gaunt ponies
paw the dust with impatience.

Naked bodies slither through sage.
Drawn fangs strike with silent warning.
Chambered walls of sand muffle
screamed gasps of agonized death.

Defiant eyes stare at
boastful victors.
One-by-one blazing eyes
fade to glowing embers
then to cold fathomless ash.

The hunt ends—
A sigh in the hearts
of the hunted.

—Kent D. Miller

Love /'lav/ n [ME, fr. OE lufu; akin to OHG lupa love, OE leof dear, L lubere, libere to please]

1: a bird possessed of highly evasive and erratic flight; unfailing (though storm tossed) instincts; precariously perched twig nests; coving togetherness.

2: a score of zero in tennis.

Love
is a juxtaposition
of
kaleidoscope dreams, needs, and desires
perched
knuckle white on the
hair streaming,
voice screaming, loop-the-loop roller coaster
Reality.

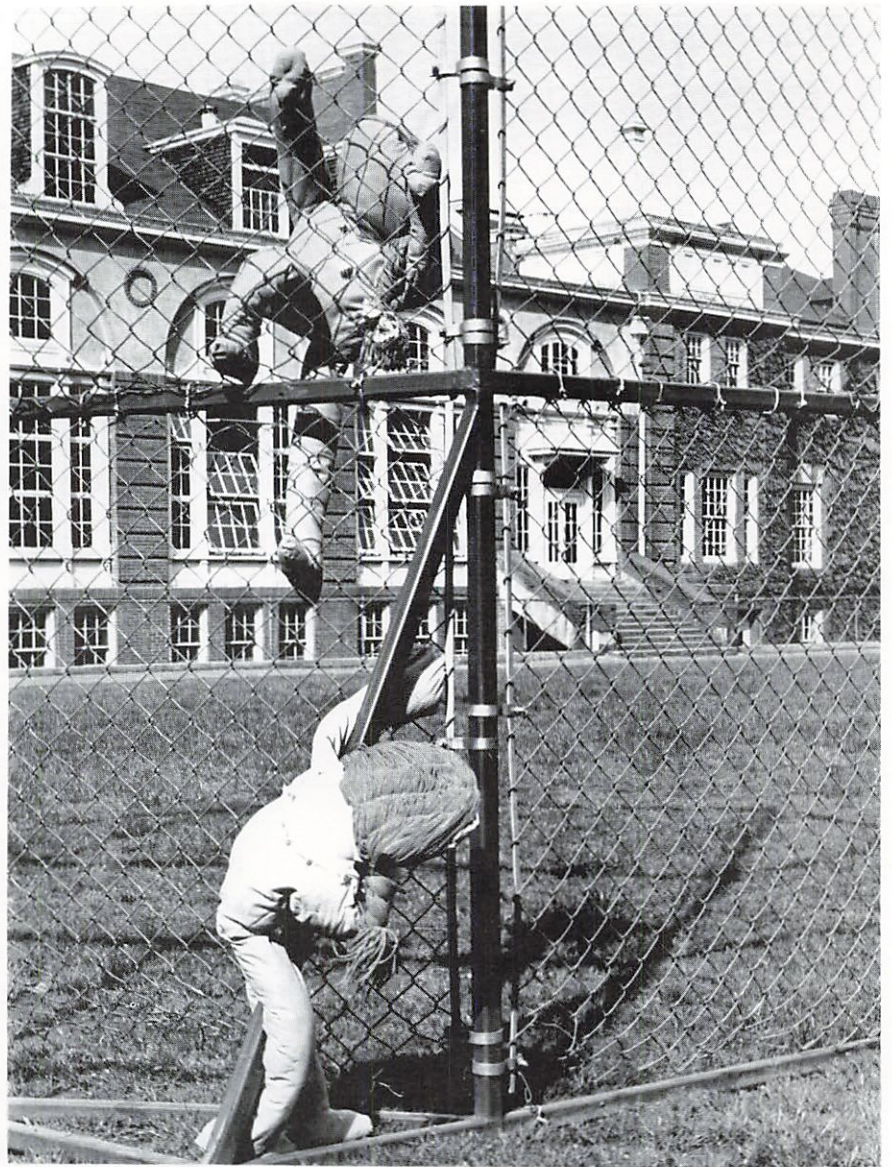
—Kent D. Miller

Apparition

Leaves turning grey, wrinkled,
weatherbeaten:
An old farmers face

—Kent D. Miller

nanci neet



Untitled Bibbettys I



Bibbetty fibberty gibbets

are rarely seen resting

Kabuki is a unique Japanese dramatic performance which was developed in 1688, the Genroku period. It was born in Osaka, the central part of Japan. A historical fact of extreme importance to the development of the Kabuki was that it remained untainted by any influence from other cultures, because Japan was completely isolated from the rest of the world. At first Kabuki was popular only with the middle and lower classes; it was considered to be vulgar by the Japanese upper class, but it is now enjoyed by all segments of the population. Because of its obscure language, some of the audience fail to understand certain of its conversations and its indifference to the contemporary world.

Kabuki actors are all men, and may act as women if it is necessary. They wear the traditional Kimono and speak in a stylized manner. Their makeup in the performances is very unique. They put red or black color on their faces. Next to the stage there is an orchestra which plays the traditional Japanese instruments; shamisen, shakuhachi, and tsuzumi.

The curtain of the stage is the traditional Kabuki curtain of alternating bands of black, rust, and green.¹ To the side of the main stage is a runway with a hanamichi (a trip-lift). There are also men who sing and narrate along with the performance. The music and narration are traditional with the Kabuki style. This style derives from the Japanese love of story-telling, Biwa, a form of amusement deeply rooted in Japanese life. Kabuki dance is adapted from the No theater. No was an aristocratic form of amusement, formal, restrained, and soon static.² Kabuki creates a stronger and wider sense of theater and reality than modern drama.

The performances are based on historical matters. There are several types of stories which are popular and repeated many times. For example Chushin-

gura, (The Loyal Forty Seven) the story of an actual event that took place during the Genroku period, is one of the more popular Kabuki performances today. It tells of 47 samurai warriors who protected the Asano family. There was a disagreement between the Asano and Kira families. Fighting was against the law, so Shogun, the lord, made the decision of punishment. The Asano samurai warriors disagreed with Shogun's decision and took revenge by killing Kira. During this period revenge was considered a shameful act, and even though popular opinion was in favor of Kira's death, the samurai wanted to die an honorable death, so they committed suicide by seppuku (suicide by cutting into the belly) rather than be killed by Shogun.

There are fictional stories such as Dojoji, Kabuki, Number Eighteen, The Wisteria Girl, Benten the Thief, The Famous Tree at Sendai, and The Village School, which were written by the Kabuki writer, Chikamatsu.³

The Kabuki system is very strict. There are several family names such as Ichikawa, Onoe, Nakamura, and Sakata. It is a tradition that only the son of a Kabuki actor can become a Kabuki actor. There is only one other way to become a Kabuki actor. If a man is recognized for his talent for Kabuki acting by his instructor, then he can be adopted by his instructor's family. Because Kabuki actors have to have one of these names, a newcomer changes his name and is introduced to the other Kabuki family members. Then he can become a Kabuki actor.

Kabuki actors are divided by status according to their acting ability. Kaomise, face-showing, performance is done by a new Kabuki actor when he gets a status. If he wants to rise higher within the system, he must practice and study Kabuki really hard, and eventually he will become well-known and successful.

歌 舞 伎

The performances are usually three to five hours long, with a break midway through. Most of the audiences bring a lunch and eat while they watch the performance. Because Kabuki is very famous, there are many tourists who come from all over the world to watch Kabuki.

¹Ernst, Earle. The Kabuki Theatre. London: Secker & Warburg, 1956.

²Ibid.

³Ibid.

—Mari Kawamoto



Ichibana (photo gram)

Dianne Creelman

Cinnamon Toast

This morning I was sitting in the back yard, on the cold lawn, explaining to my daughter why the leaves were falling. She was running around picking them up and tossing them in the air to watch them float down again. She is not quite two years old and is vastly more interested in the fact that she can say "leaf" than she is in the business about temperature and sap and dormancy. She doesn't know that there is anything special going on; telling her that we know it's autumn because the trees lose their leaves is not interesting at all compared to shaking a branch herself to make the leaves fly. Nor as much fun. Come to think of it, it isn't really how we know it's Fall.

I remember how I used to know it was Fall when I was a kid. It wasn't that the days were shorter or that the date of the equinox had arrived or that it was raining — it always rains in Oregon. It was mostly that Mother would come downstairs one morning wearing her long bathrobe — when we were little it was quilted black satin on one side and red taffeta on the other — and suddenly there would be hot chocolate and cinnamon toast. Suddenly it would be cozy to stay in the kitchen and wait for that toast to come out from under the broiler, bubbly and hot and sweet. The furnace would be on and we would lie next to the register to get warm.

And there would be Daddy, his radio tuned to Don MacNeil's Breakfast Club from Chicago. I didn't even know where Chicago was, it could have been someplace on the other side of town, but it was somehow a more impressive

program and it was one that Daddy listened to. He would make oatmeal and toast for breakfast and it would be dark outside if you lifted up the curtain.

I didn't notice the leaves turning color or that the days were shorter. I didn't notice the political campaigns or the elections. I noticed the things that affected me directly. The lights would be on in the dining room in the morning and the rest of the house would be dark. We would all be together in the little corner of light and warmth that was the dining room and kitchen. Now it was a little daring to go into the living room. It did not mean anything to me that for most of the time in the summer I did not get up quite as early or that it was light out when I did. But now, in the Fall I was up and stirring while my Father got ready to go to work.

It was a magic time of year, this change from Summer to Fall because I was participating again in a part of my parents' lives that had been hidden, or maybe in storage, during the summer — the early morning. It did not occur to me that Daddy listened to the Breakfast Club during the rest of the year too. And why all of a sudden was I allowed to stay up after dark? I thought I must be getting to be quite grown up.

No, discovering that it was a different season, that it was Fall, was full of things like lying next to the register again when the heat was on. There is that dry dusty sort of smell to the furnace coming on for the first few times each year, as it shakes the sleep out, and which is not quite the same as in the middle

of winter when you're used to it. Knowing it was Fall was a process of not quite having realized that we were cold but knowing that maybe Mother was right and it would be better to get your slippers and bathrobes and wear them, not just drag them around with you. It was having to get up in the morning while Daddy was still home and before it was light out. It was the air feeling sharp and crisp on the first day of school so you had to wear a coat in the morning that was so hot and heavy in the afternoon that you wanted to leave it at school but you knew if you did your Mother would tell you in a sing-song that you'd be sorry tomorrow morning.

Now I'm a mother, living in a different house, on the opposite side of the country, and Don MacNeil has long since been replaced by Wendy Ray and the Morning Show and in turn by Big Bird, Oscar, and the Alphabet Song. I get breakfast now for my little girl and try to feed my son and get him settled before their Daddy leaves for work.

I don't know what my children will remember of the change in seasons, from playing outside with few if any clothes on to having to wear shoes and socks and long pants and a sweatshirt and keep-your-hood-on-your-head-you-don't-want-to-get-chilled, but this morning we had hot chocolate when we came in from playtime. And the furnace came on with a breath of warm dry air blowing the same autumnal smell of get-ready-for-winter that I remember and it wasn't from so-very-long-ago that I don't get hungry again for cinnamon toast.

—Barbara Ullman

The Place We Could Always Go

Each year the rock
grows slick
we breathe
clams simmering
daily in brine

The hour gray trees
become intimate
again with sea

gulls rise in waves
from landfill & fall screaming
a hunger out
as if nothing
resembled shellfish

We'd find their cries
in our fingers, learn to steal days
from shells,
again feel salt

tighten the skin
reducing our words
to a whisper

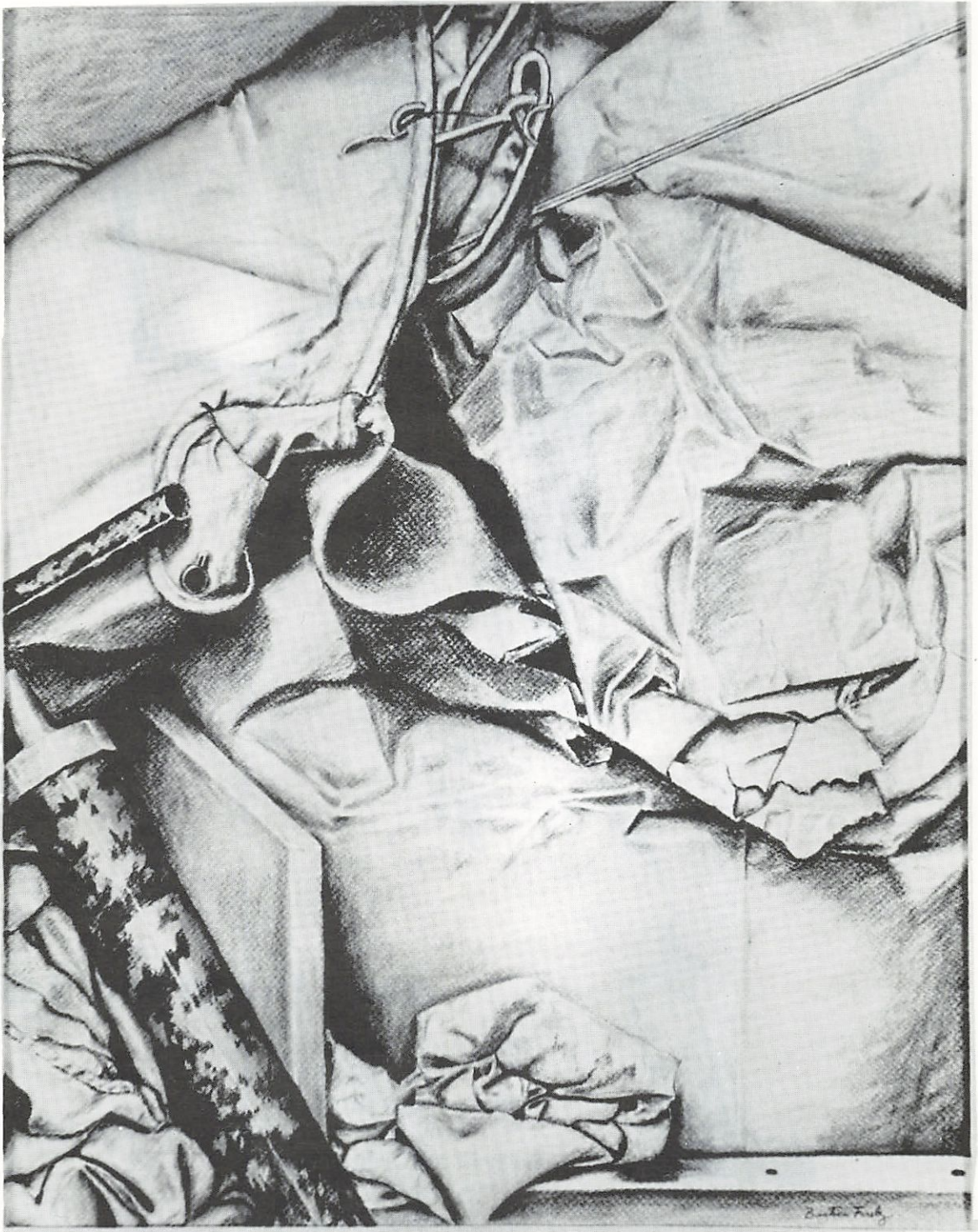
—Christian Knoeller

While the whale sings to himself

Standing under the mouth
to look back along the jaw
like a hull to the tail
where Mozart mysteriously
begins

I tell you we've lived
to see the whale
hung blue
in the capitol
where chamber music
is still spoken

that we are frogmen come
to start great ribs
trembling again



Tire Pump

Beatrice Garth

Sandara Felt



when the dream fails

in a suddenness of fear
i wake to stillness.
whispers of motions
only a moment behind/forever lost.
i wait and remember:
i saw myself
almost last night
when laughter and tears choked
caught between the convulsions
shaking with my hand covering my eyes
crying and laughing
i saw myself wretched from the moment saw myself
as i am.

—Timothy Labonge



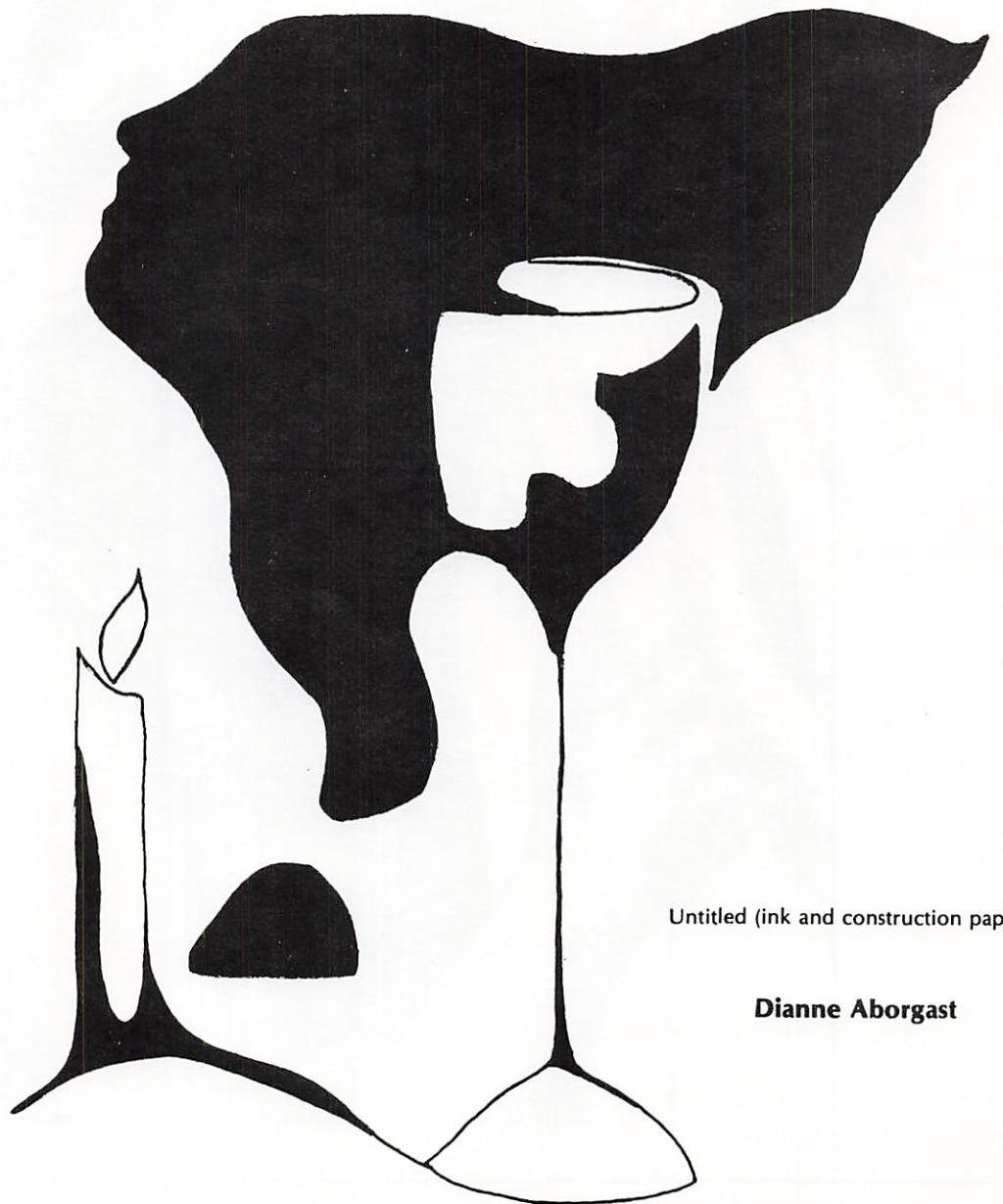
Spring

Tightly budded clustering lilacs
exhale a pale fragrance,
and know how to grow into flower,
as the late Spring sunshine
settles over the garden.

In a remote part of the planet
the desert turns into sudden jungle,
bears new, tangled plant-forms:
wrecked flying machines,
vines of wiring,
scarlet blossoms--
the blood of young men.

Late Spring sunshine
settles over another garden.

—Leona Gerard



Untitled (ink and construction paper)

Dianne Aborgast

Mother

Mother is a round bubble gasping for breath;
we are the surface below willows and haze.
The trees condense, their branches like her wet hands.
I rest them on my stomach; she is in there,
kicking and turning.

Tree trunks and fingers are the same shape.
My hands are powdery and cautious, best curled
and folded, (like underneath a table) not white
like paper plates or the hands of Chinese women;
more like unbaked pottery, crumbled and reassembled.
They are pockets inside out or the skins of minnows.

Hands feel the smoothness of walls; I walk all day
in my bubble, around the sides, upside down,
my swollen belly hanging like nectar
for the ants to nurse.

There will be another baby...

(we throw our arms around each other)

like there are more round moons

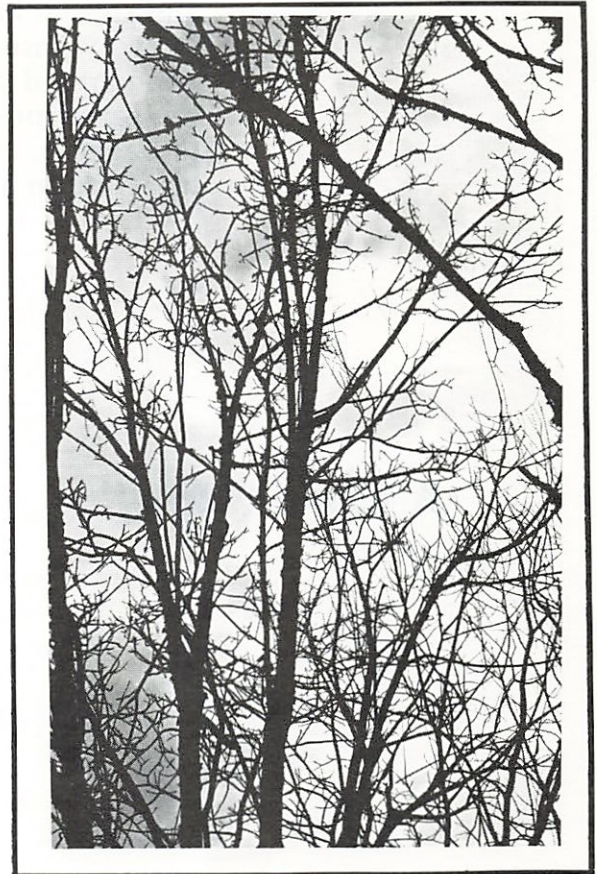
(we have been walking a long time, on hard stones
and through the river)

like the current carrying circular water

(and you carried me across wet grass
to the new thickets)

like the bubbles that always open
and free the spirits of birds.

—Kirsten Hardenbrook



aan mijn zussen en broers (sisters and brothers)

francina e.g.m. verrijt

I

The lion from deep in the hunter's pit
trapped
for all his wondrous strength and wit
of wary cautious questioning
sets up a growl
from the dark pit
a howl.

Pacing soft pawed,
he back and forth worries,
grim-faced,
shaking his mane, peering upwards,
raging, roaring
at his unseen, unknown foe
that holds him captive
in this black and deep damp hole.

II

The sculptor artist
with easel and chair
sits at the zoo
by the lion's lair,
the domicile
for a more docile
now limp lion.

He sketches the animal
in repose
and studies him carefully
in every pose.
Then armed with his brief,
he leaves for his studio
to begin
his work on a bas relief.

III

In front of the public library
upon the building's facade,
the lion again
in gray granite stone,
noble and cold eyed,
with elegant and posed calm,
a sphinx-like profile
above the Nile,
a stream of prose conscious
coming and going
beneath the artistic facsimile.

And a line for the lion,
once the king of a pride,
lithe, tawny, yellow eyed,
we thank you
for your anomalous contribution
to this most worthy institution.

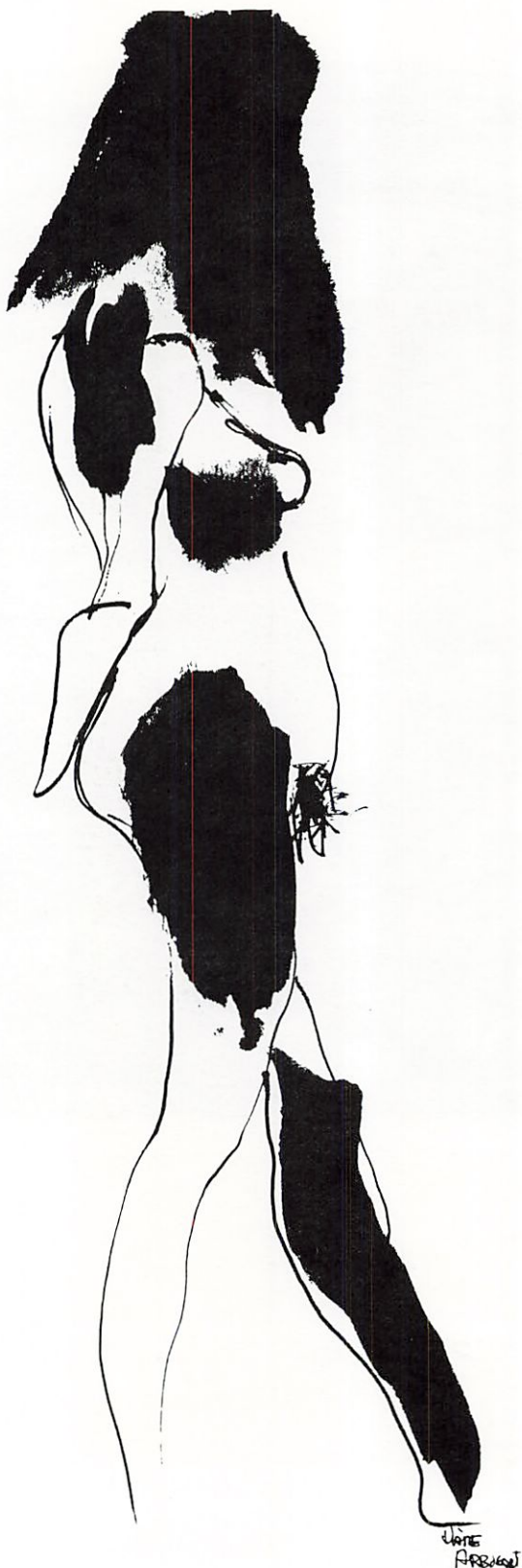
A Lion Story

—Joan E. Burger



Fantasy — Sea Shells (pencil)

Dianne Aborgast



Untitled (ink wash)

Dianne Aborgast

A Dream

Sorting the colors, putting them in piles;
separating them.
I began devouring them, stack by stack.
Tasting the colors,
feeling the sensation of the hues and shades
sliding down my throat.
Absorbed in the intensity and depth,
the forming rising nuance
rushes to my head;
the colors go black.

The vibration of the music buzzes in my mind.
Distinguishing each note and intonation
I sway with the changing rhythm.
The strain rises and falls;
climaxing, floating, measure after measure.
The swaying ends,
the last refrain dies.

The darkness closes in;
hearing voices, they swarm,
rage, louder, closer, surrounding me.
No direction, all directions.
I want to hide;
fall down,
run away....

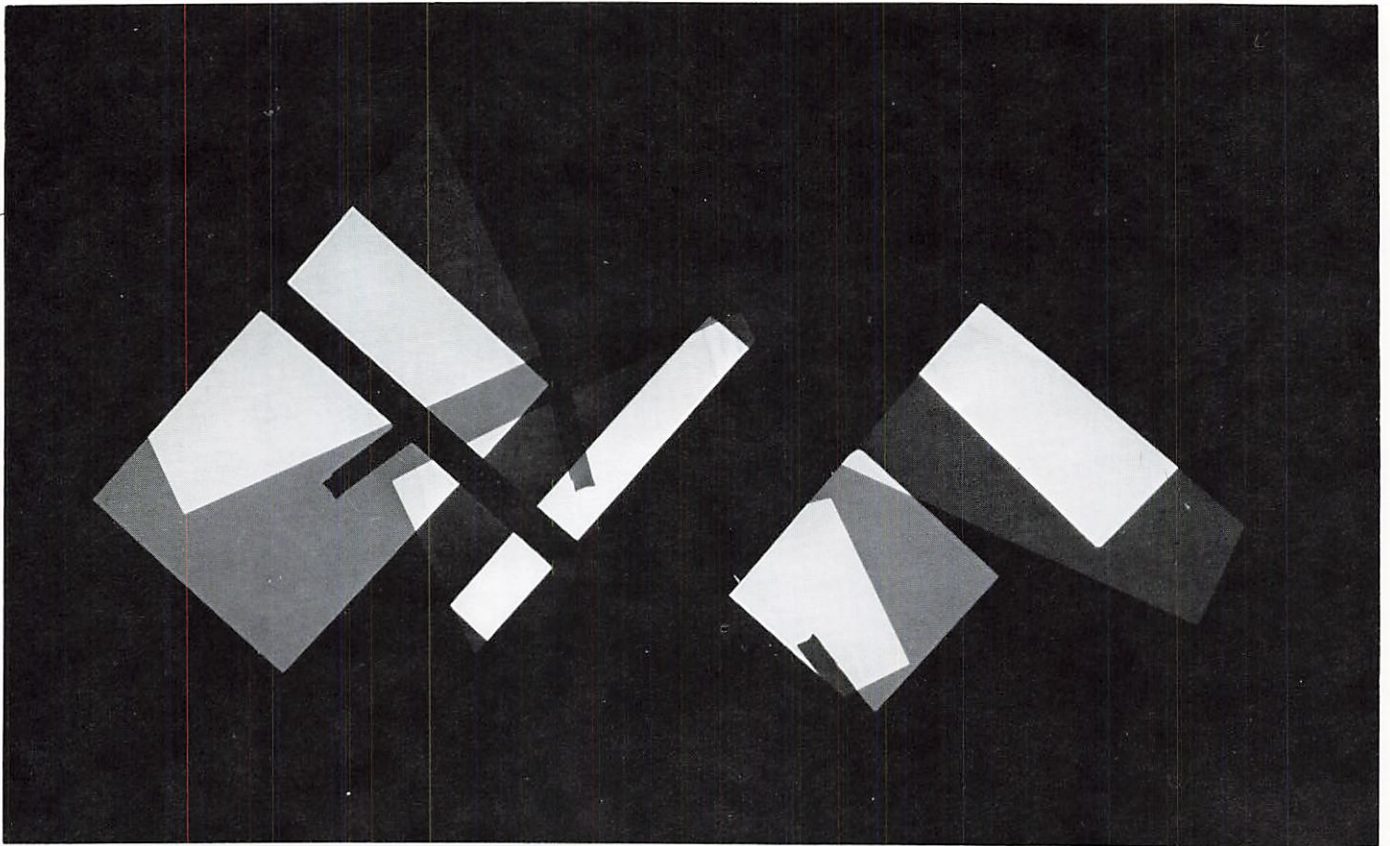
Die.

—Jodi Woods



Untitled

Jennifer Fairbanks



Windows of Light

Tony Hines

Maddy Baine

Maddy, dear Maddy: Maddy sing for me
Sing for your supper, sing for your tea
For the humminbird, she flies by your side
It's springtime Maddy, Maddy won't you rise.

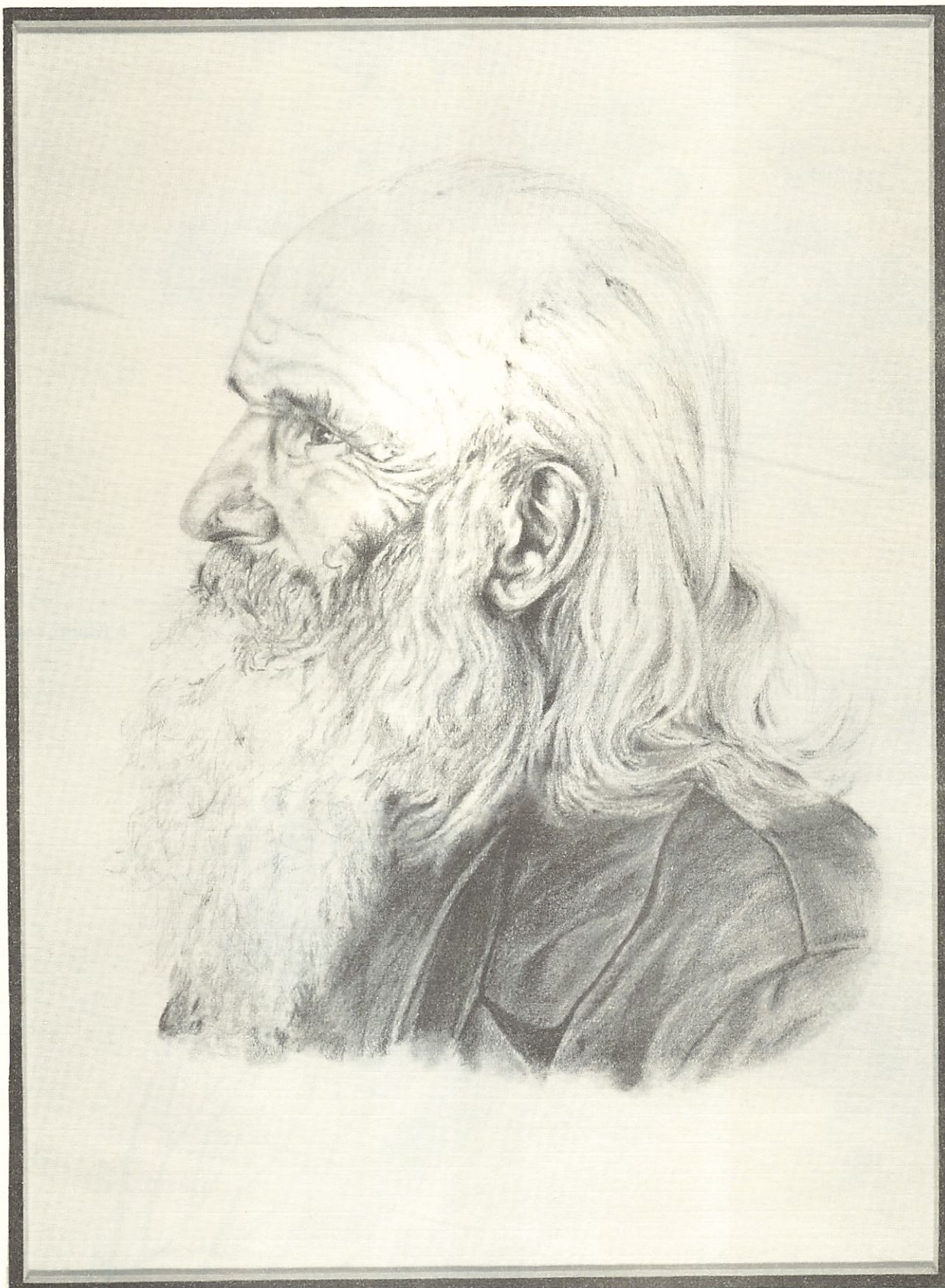
Long ago in the land of Tara
There lived many fairy beasts, unicorns and elvendoones
And the magical wonders that they did attain
Was reward for the kindness and faith that they gave.

But soon the kings and queens of surrounding lands
Soon learnt of these people's magical hands
And the greed for power and such pretty things
Soon destroyed the land of Maddy Baine.

Long before Maddy's people they did fly
They took their royal colors and made a band in the sky
And it's only when the rain falls and the sun doth shine
You can see Tara's rainbow and the glow of Maddy's eyes.

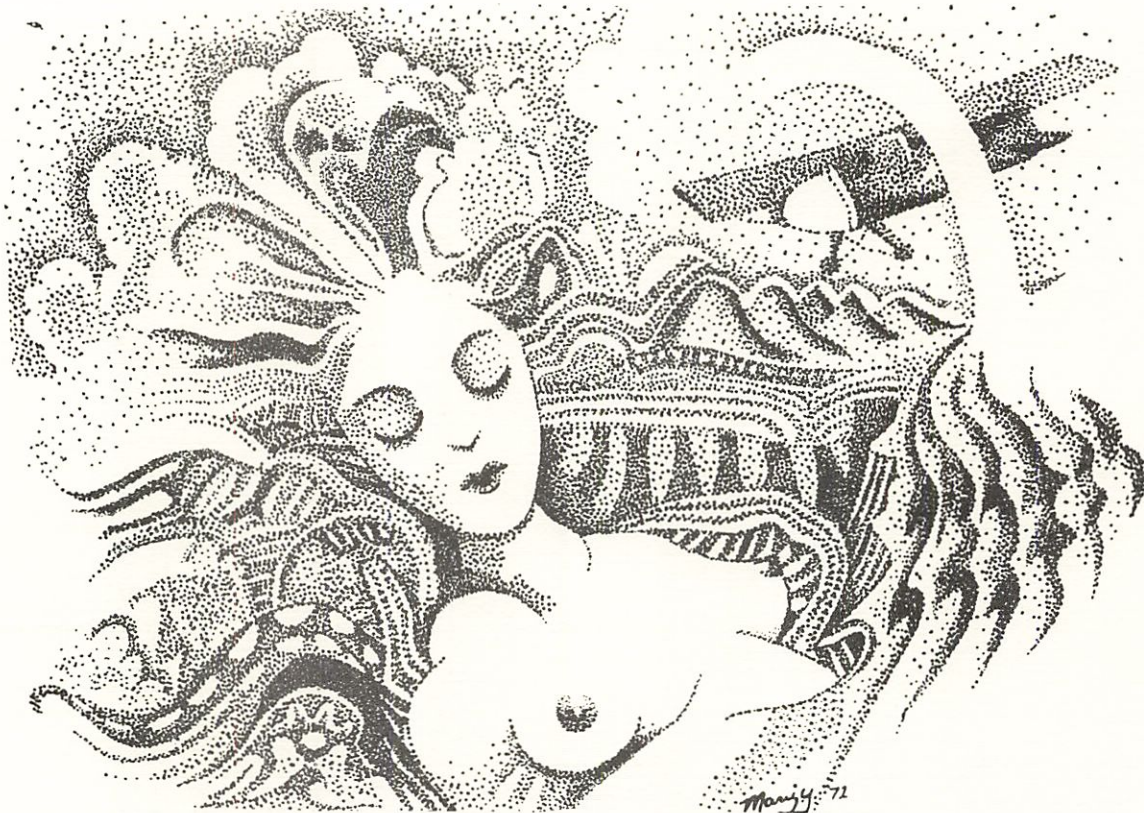
Maddy's spirit walks these hills with me
Maddy she keeps me good company
And the legends and lore buried deep in the land
Maddy has shown me with her hand.

—Rebecca Lea McCubbin



Charlotte Lowery

Old Man



Daydream



J. Marie Young

Untitled

Dear Readers,

Joyce Salisbury encouraged *Denali* into existence in 1977. Since then the staffs of *Denali* have relied on her for helpful criticism, guidance, and inspiration. I spoke to several of her colleagues who echoed our sentiments about Joyce and reinforced our belief that it is time to publicly thank her for her contributions. I asked Sheila Juba to tell us something about Joyce that we could share with our readers and was given the following explication of one of Joyce's poems which also gives an insight into her. We are grateful to Sheila for giving us that insight. This issue is for Joyce Salisbury, a friend.

Libby Eliassen

OutsideThe Spinning Time*

No longer any need to fish
I can feel
Tension taut to string
The teasing time,
The twist, arch and spasm coil
Around cold steel,
And I know
The pitch of bright egg glow,
A jeweled pin worn on the tongue
In the caught lunge,
The final flop on rock
Scraping my rainbow self
In the burn of air.
No longer any need to fish
I let the quick cold
Wash my resting feet
Outside the spinning time.

Dear Libby,

I have known Joyce Salisbury for several years, during which time I have come to love her for the disorganized lovely lady she is. She was born in April; and her personality reflects the spring: She is cheerful, thoughtful, loving and creative. And her creative powers manifest themselves in poetry.

I have read many of Joyce's poems. They embrace themes of nature, of joy, of family, of sorrow, and of love. And one of my favorite ones is titled "Outside the Spinning Time".

This poem is delightful. Joyce always mumbles that she doesn't quite know what is going on in the poem. I like to think, however, that I do. It is a seventeen line lyric that seems to be, on the surface, a poem about fishing. But it is not a poem about fishing. It is a poem about time out from love. The speaker, I think, has been hurt; and she doesn't feel the need to fish anymore. She feels the tension of life; but in the end the "rainbow self" promises hope and the refreshing "wash of my resting feet" allows a period of adjustment "outside the spinning time".

The poem is filled with marvelous imagery: the fish, the string, the egg glow, and the rock; and the alliteration adds to the sense of futility: fish, feel; tension, taut, teasing, time; and final flop. It is a lovely poem: The metaphor of fishing is excellently handled; the tone of sadness giving way to hope is brilliantly executed; and the poem emerges a gem.

Other poems Joyce has written are delightful. They are beautiful, enjoyable, and creative — and so is she. But she is SO disorganized about the mundane things of life.

Sheila Juba

This poem was published in West Coast Review, Simon Frazier University, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, and in Inner Voices.

\$2.00



Knowledge

Ruth Schellbach

growth

there is an urgency about life
more for some than others
to fulfill needs which run
deeper than basics.
unexplained needs
which require directions
we sometimes surprise ourselves
by taking

—Victoria A. Fox