

# *Denali*

M A G A Z I N E

Lane Community College

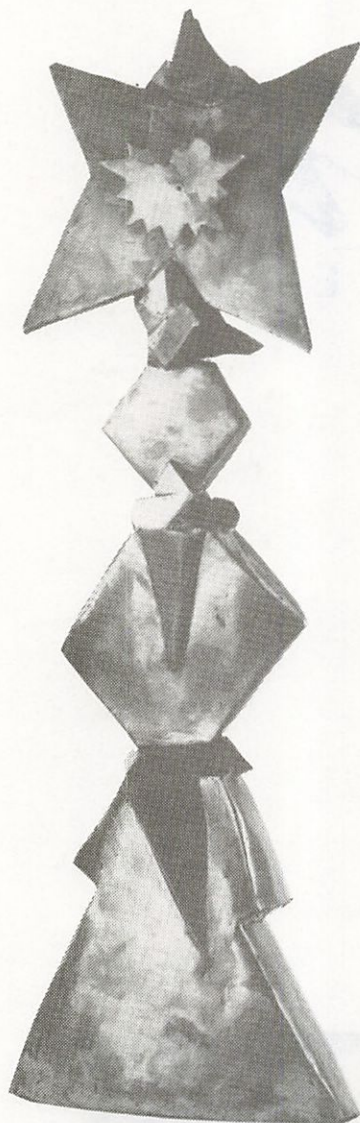
20th Anniversary Year for LCC's Magazine



*Fall '89*







## ●● "Star Cactus"

●● steel sculpture by **david chalaf**

# Denali

## M A G A Z I N E

In 1969, Lane Community College published the first issue of *The Concrete Statement*, and a literary arts magazine was born. Although the name of the magazine has changed, the purpose has not: *Denali* strives to give students and members of the LCC community an avenue for publication of their work; and the LCC students who work on *Denali* learn how to edit, design, paste-up, and publish a nationally recognized magazine. This issue of *Denali* is the first issue of our 20th anniversary year.

During the fall term, *Denali* started celebrating with "Denali Night" at McMillan's Westside Cafe: poets, photographers, fine artists, sculptors, musicians, and vocalists presented a variety of art to an audience of 90 art lovers. This winter, *Denali* plans to hold a 20th Anniversary Commemorative Art Show, and, in the spring, *Denali* Finale, now an annual event, will offer our supporters, participants, and readers a chance to enjoy a fine meal as well as fine literature and art. Also during the spring, *Denali* will publish a 20th Anniversary Commemorative Section in our magazine, so keep reading -- there's lots more to come.

I hope you enjoy the look of this issue. It was designed by Terry Sheldon, a second year graphic design student at LCC and this year's Art Editor. The *Denali* Editorial Board had a difficult task choosing the selections to be published from 150 excellent submissions. In making the final cut, we chose works that blended together into motifs: the change of the seasons, myth and superstition, a longing for love, and con-

sciousness becoming aware of itself in its myriad forms. We hope you will see other threads running through the issue and enjoy the talent and imagination of our contributors as much as we have.

I am grateful for the help of the English Department at LCC, especially Jack Powell, Barbara Hasbrouck, Peter Jensen, Ken Zimmerman, and Peggy Marston; the Torch staff, advisors, and editor, especially Dorothy Wearne, the wizard of production; the graphic design students who volunteered to help during production; the officers, senators, and staff of the ASLCC; and members of the LCC administration whose support has been invaluable. Of course, without your contributions, *Denali* would not have anything to publish, and without your readership, *Denali* would have no reason to exist.

While we're on the subject of existence, let me take this chance to remind you that tax-deductible donations can be sent to *Denali*, LCC Foundation, 4000 E. 30th Avenue, Eugene, Oregon, 97405. Even though the talent of the staff is enormous and the quality of the submissions is superb, our budget is miniscule. Every year, *Denali* publishes over 12,000 issues; receives at least 500 submissions from students, staff, faculty, and community members; and gives over 100 students a chance to be published and to learn about publishing. I am sure you will agree that a magazine of this quality with this much impact on the student body of LCC deserves support.

Della Lee, Editor

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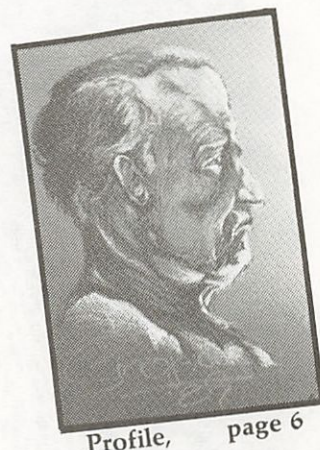
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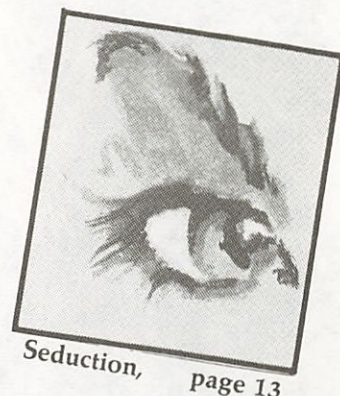
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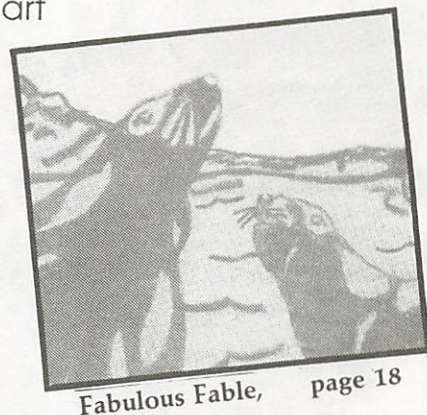
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lynda jasso-thomas



# WHAT WE BE

What be we, say they.  
Not know, say we.  
We be Multiverse, we One,  
we be things little  
all things big, we skin on snake.  
We bear, deer, eagle,  
crow, sparrow, hot little bugs.  
We river, mountain, beaver,  
old leaves, new shoots.  
We moth, we mote.  
We enormous.

We live in little places of sun,  
watch moon grow big like cookie. Yum.  
We push finger in ground,  
feel worms, feel grit,  
feel starstuff, understand Precious.  
We like oozing between trees;  
lying under rocks, moving clouds  
out and in again  
putting old wings back in Multiverse  
holding light in paws. We eat  
smell of juniper in hot ravine,  
taste sage on hillside.  
We not die. We live  
between lines we drink  
silence between stars  
we taste blood on rock,  
find animal, no Yum.

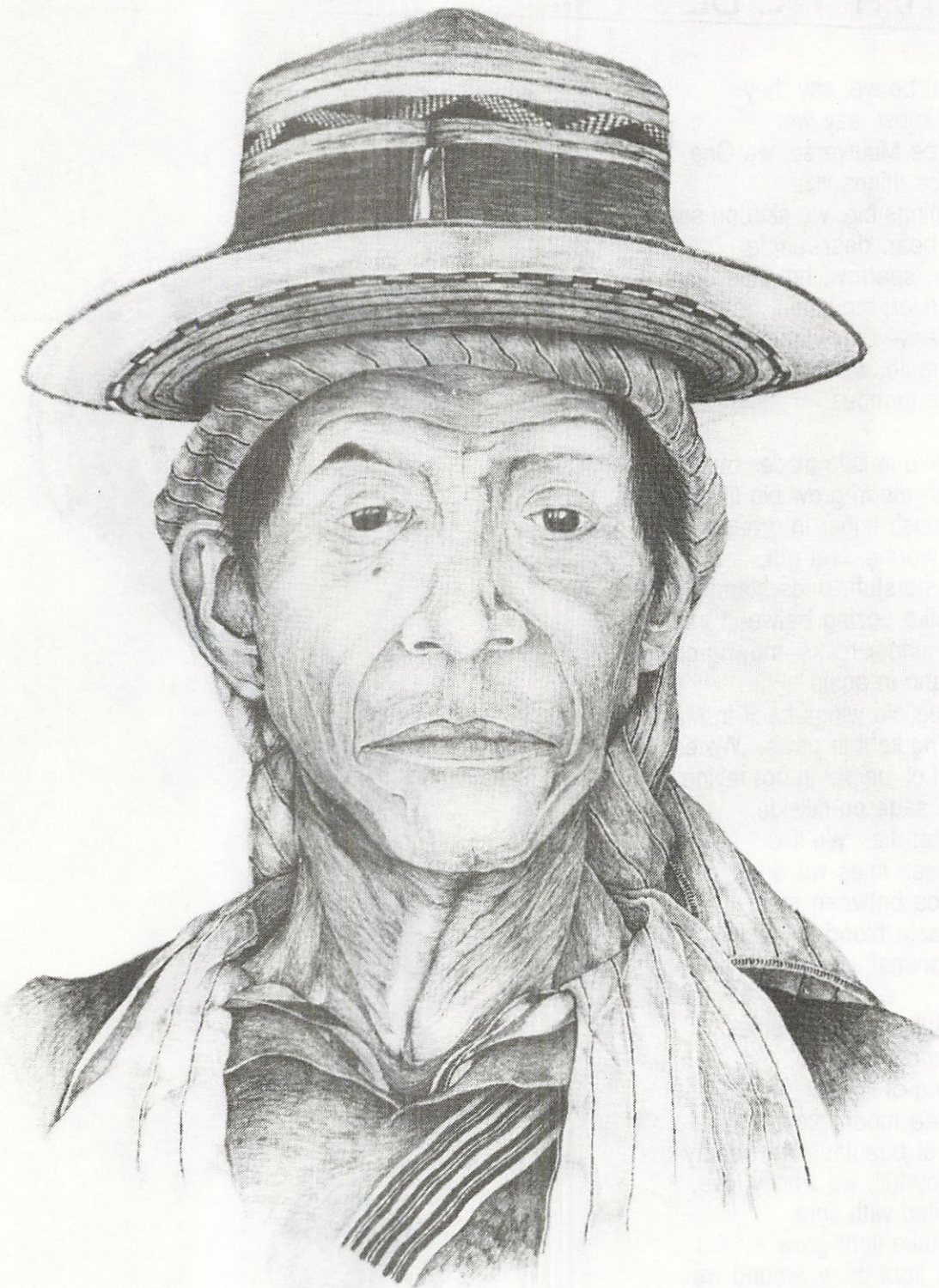
We little, we Multiverse,  
we know  
singing of lichen  
we see moon grow  
we not beautiful, we beauty  
we Joy-full, we wholly love,  
we filled with light  
we make light grow  
white light grow around we  
all pretty colors  
in warm white light.

We resonate.



●● lee crawley kirk





Jo Henry M. Perougra '89



# Feeling behind the Face

by  
Brenda  
Blumhagen



"He interested me because he's an old guy whose been through a lot. You can tell from his expression. Somehow, he got through it, and each day he gets wiser. It's more spiritual than just a drawing."

This is how JoVenry Pereyra describes his work showcased in *Denali*.

"If I draw someone, I don't want people to see who he is, but to see his expression and how he feels. There's always something behind my art."

That something in his art comes from the graphic reality of life, he says. Having moved here from the Philippine Islands nine years ago, he's familiar with life's harsh realities.

"It's a lot different back there," he says when referring to the Philippines.

"My childhood was rough, we learned life the hard way."

"We used to carry tubs down to the river to get water and bring it up so we could have water for our rice and to wash dishes. If we didn't do it, we didn't eat."

"I grew old faster than I should have, but I kept that feeling inside that I'm still young. I just want to keep on going."

Pereyra says that he collects comics. He prefers editorial comics that depict important issues.

"I like comics that show how people live in real life, a more graphic kind of comic."

He plans to study art at LCC for two years and then get a job on a magazine or newspaper.

"I hope that when people see my drawings, they'll see what it represents. If I draw something, there are certain feelings in it."

The artist that first inspired him to portray feeling behind faces on the canvas was Norman Rockwell.

"In his paintings, you can see the expression. You can read the writing on the wall. It's still-life, but it tells a story," he says.

The story he wants to tell is one of freedom: the freedom to achieve success and happiness, the freedom we take for granted.



"People forget that we have freedom here that you can't get anywhere else. People sit around and let things go. You've got to see what you want and grab it. But don't make it too easy on yourself, because at the end of your life you'll feel like you haven't accomplished anything."

"I'd like to draw things that would hit people on the nose about problems today: drinking and driving, homelessness, drugs, AIDS. I'd like to draw a more graphic, violent America," he adds.

His work is Norman Rockwell Americana, as seen through the eyes of a very different culture. The eyes of his subjects are windows through which we can see the pain of his people and the waste and greed of our own.



## The Way to Feel Being Alive

I am the man who cuts down trees  
I am the tree who bleeds and weeps  
I am the man who climbs to the top  
and says, "Cut no more!"  
I am the cold woman with no fire  
I am the owl who nests in the snag  
I am at odds. I am the chance to be at one.  
I am tears, I am laughing, folding  
and unfolding at the same time

In frightening joy I am all these  
This joy scares my stomach  
This fright lifts my heart.



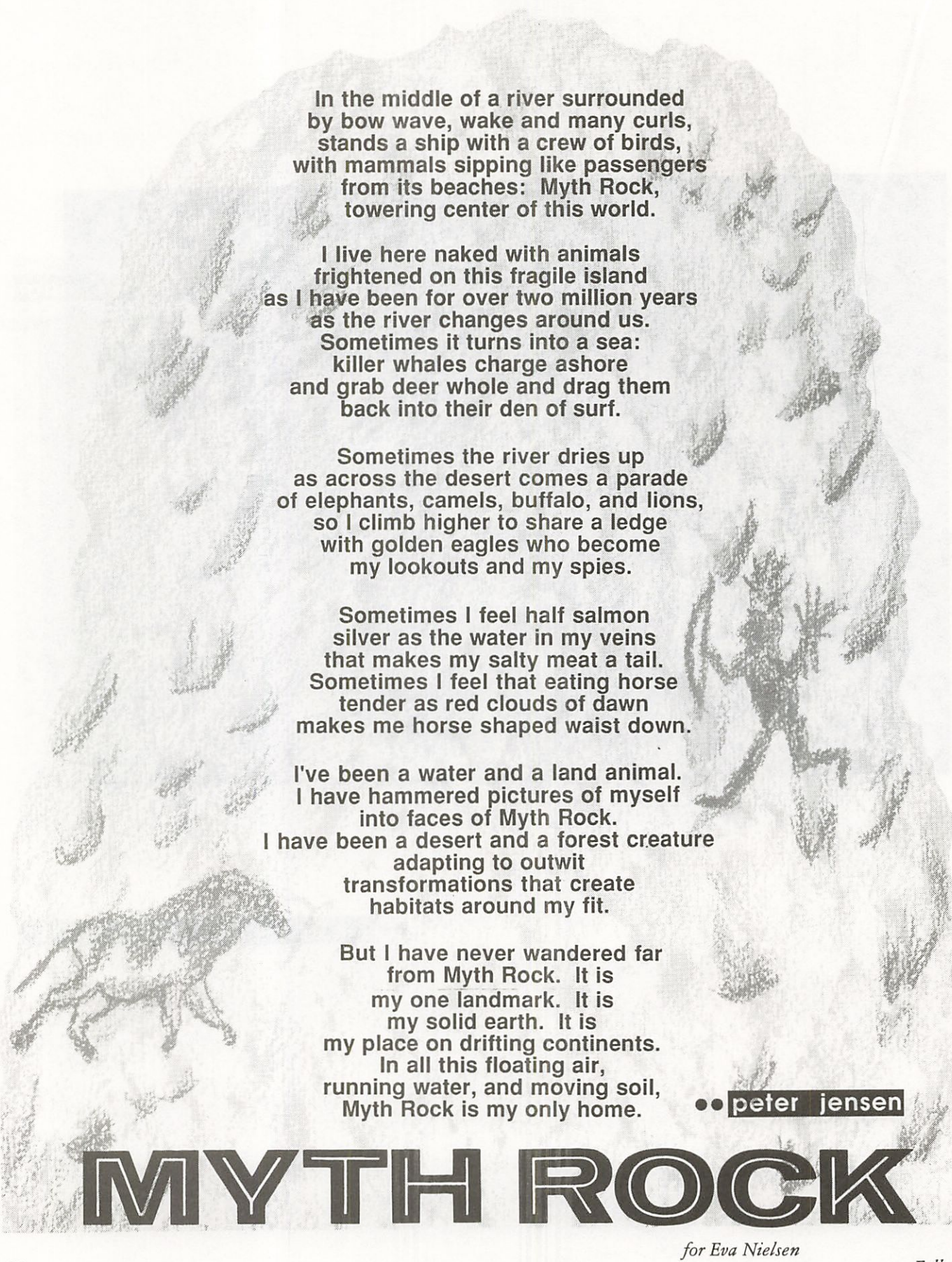
●● **michael feld simon**





●● photography by **deborah pickett**





In the middle of a river surrounded  
by bow wave, wake and many curls,  
stands a ship with a crew of birds,  
with mammals sipping like passengers  
from its beaches: Myth Rock,  
towering center of this world.

I live here naked with animals  
frightened on this fragile island  
as I have been for over two million years  
as the river changes around us.  
Sometimes it turns into a sea:  
killer whales charge ashore  
and grab deer whole and drag them  
back into their den of surf.

Sometimes the river dries up  
as across the desert comes a parade  
of elephants, camels, buffalo, and lions,  
so I climb higher to share a ledge  
with golden eagles who become  
my lookouts and my spies.

Sometimes I feel half salmon  
silver as the water in my veins  
that makes my salty meat a tail.  
Sometimes I feel that eating horse  
tender as red clouds of dawn  
makes me horse shaped waist down.

I've been a water and a land animal.  
I have hammered pictures of myself  
into faces of Myth Rock.  
I have been a desert and a forest creature  
adapting to outwit  
transformations that create  
habitats around my fit.

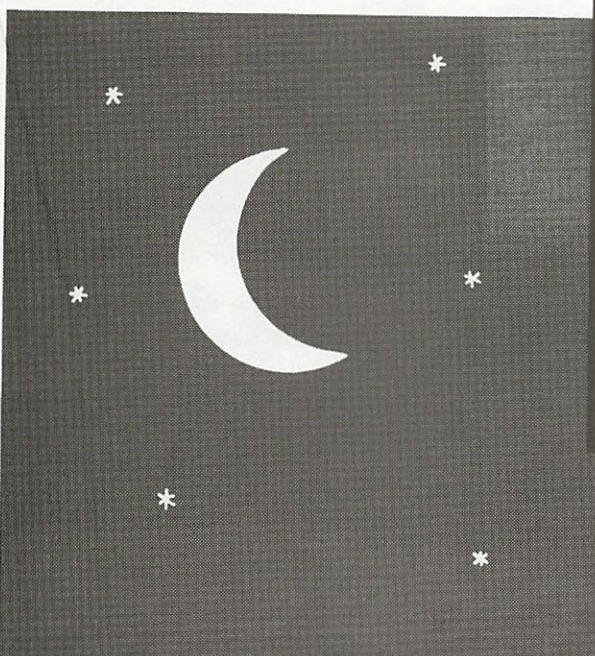
But I have never wandered far  
from Myth Rock. It is  
my one landmark. It is  
my solid earth. It is  
my place on drifting continents.  
In all this floating air,  
running water, and moving soil,  
Myth Rock is my only home.

•• peter jensen

# MYTH ROCK

for Eva Nielsen





## Today

*I will lift my banner from the dust.  
I will step out, lively and quick,  
I will pull a song down from the stars  
And skyrocket it up again!  
I will look at all my mistakes  
And not weep for one.*

●● bonita rinehart

## Fear Not

Should the sky fall to the oceans  
And the oceans dry up;  
Should the land be bleached by the sun  
And the sun to implode;  
Should the stars fall from the night  
And the night swallow the moon,  
And the peoples perish from the cold,  
And if the coldness should overwhelm--  
Fear Not.

For I shall warm you in my embrace  
to keep death from you  
And I shall give forth my soul  
to shine in the night,  
And my tears of adoration  
I will give to crown the moon,  
And my love for you will heat  
the earth once again,  
And my body's desires for you  
will replenish the burnt land  
As my blood wets the parched oceans;

And my eyes  
I place above the land  
To watch over you  
And protect you  
From the fury of my love.

●● keri Baker



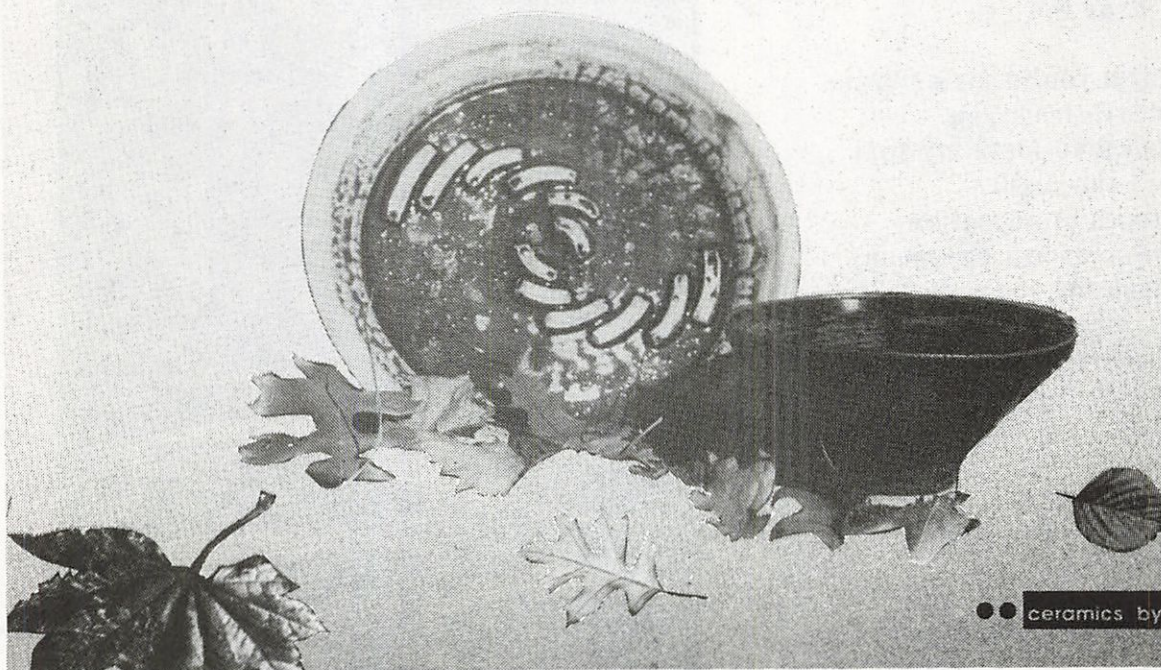
## Three Birds

Three birds  
high  
in a gray sky  
flying south  
remind me  
that winter  
is never  
far off

in the

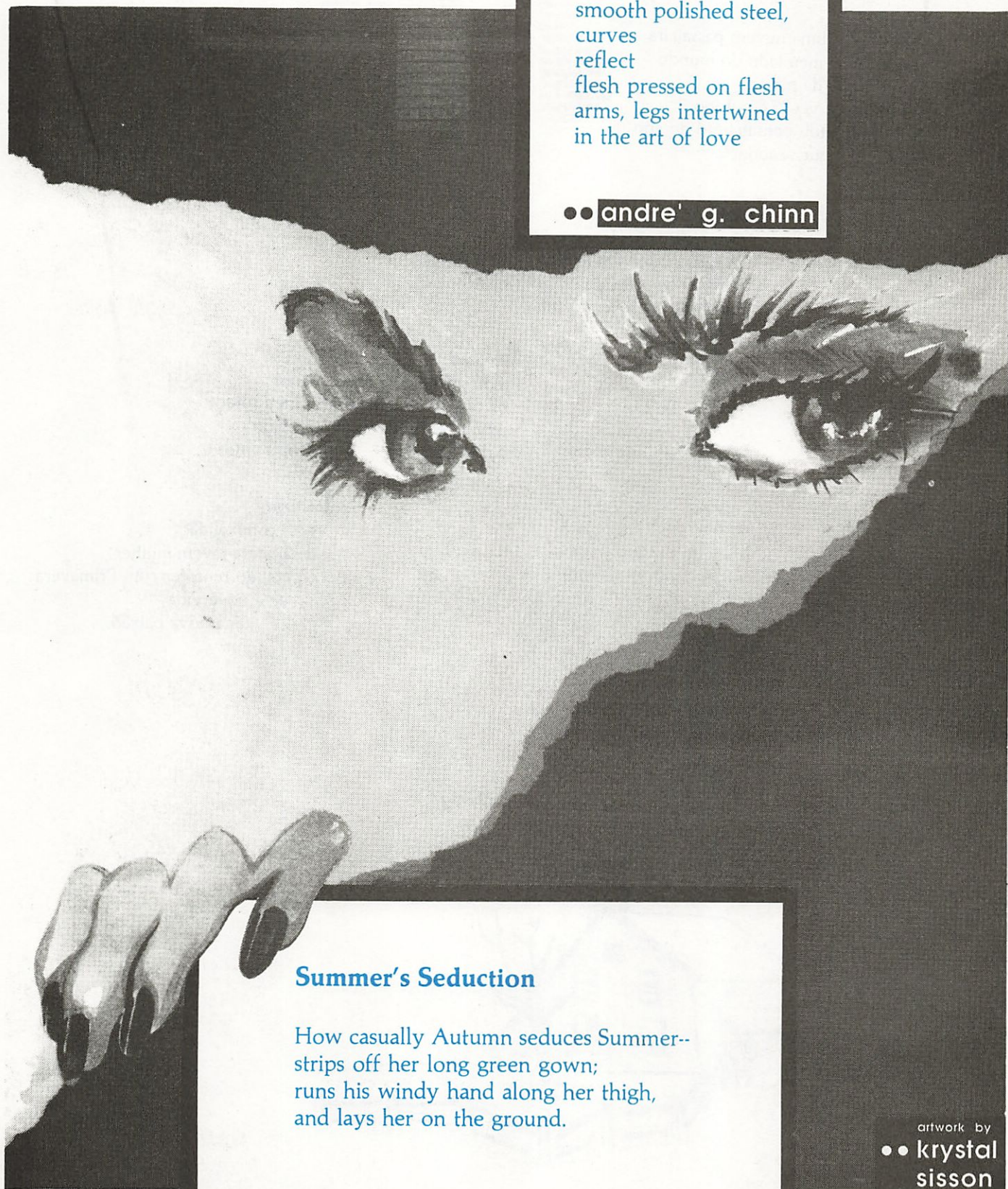
Northwest.

●● cameron synder



●● ceramics by jeff gent





smooth polished steel,  
curves  
reflect  
flesh pressed on flesh  
arms, legs intertwined  
in the art of love

●● andre' g. chinn

### Summer's Seduction

How casually Autumn seduces Summer--  
strips off her long green gown;  
runs his windy hand along her thigh,  
and lays her on the ground.

●● lee crawley kirk

artwork by  
●● krystal  
sisson



## Inverno (In Portuguese)

### Inverno

vem como uma nuvem passageira  
para cobrir meu lado do mundo  
em estação de morte.  
Adeus para verão e outono  
silêncio pintou pensamento do ano  
que acabou.

### Inverno

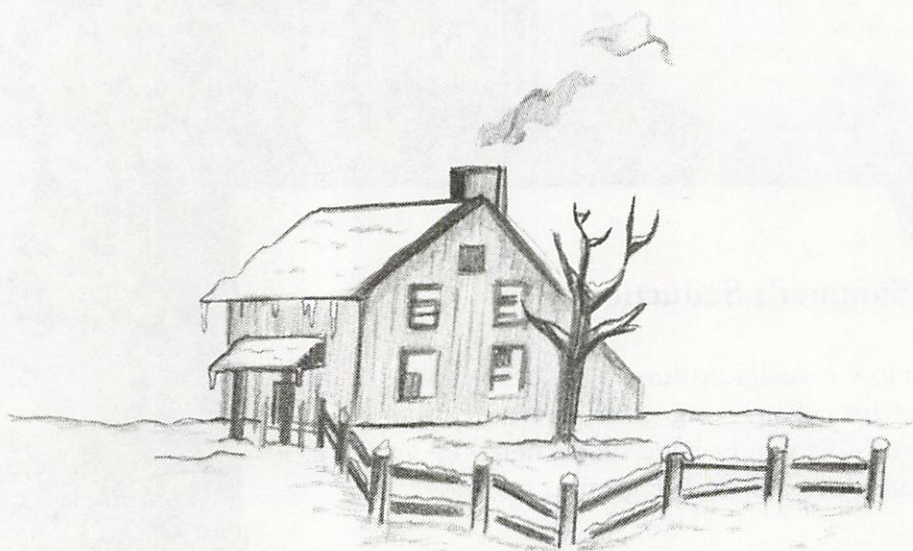
traz a paz para silêncio o choro  
em cada noite vem a chuva- uma canção  
ela canta com delícia Melancholia  
uma poeta escrevendo solidão

### Inverno

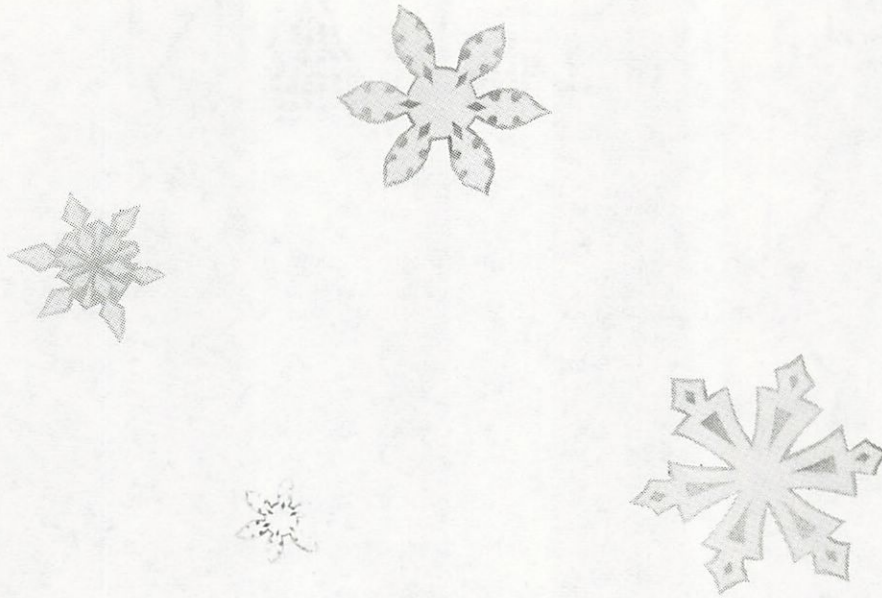
vem cobrir com neve branca  
me da uma presente para meu coração  
uma lembrança do ano passado  
a dor deliciosa o primeiro amor

### Inverno

vem com solidão  
uma poeta-jovem-mulher  
esperando renascer com Primavera  
uma nova vida  
uma nova paixão. . .







## Winter

### W<sub>inter</sub>

comes like a passing cloud to cover my half of the world  
with the season of death.

Goodbye to summer and autumn  
silence paints thoughts of the year that has ended.

### W<sub>inter</sub>

brings the peace to silence the tears  
with each night comes the rain- an incantation  
she sings with such sweetness      Melancholy  
a poet writing solitude

### W<sub>inter</sub>

comes to cover with white snow  
gives my heart a gift  
the memories of the past year  
the sweetest pain      the first love

### W<sub>inter</sub>

comes with solitude  
a poet-young adult-woman  
waiting the rebirth in spring  
a new life  
a new love. . .

●● kathleen schutt



# COOL RAIN

I saw your face falling in a memory of rainy days.

Don't stop now

cool rain

when I loved you once

I loved you then.

Now it's the winter in the winter rain

where the memory slips away.

Couldn't it be that there was magic then

enchantment in the summer breeze?

where the spell was placed to wash away with the rain

Now today

today is the day where I stand embraced in the silent rain

where the first kiss was the spell such sweet bliss

In the spiraling will

emotion pushed me away

feeling pushed you

away.

and I saw your face between the falling drops of rain

the memory from a summer day

winter rain washes it away

Don't stop now

cool rain.

•• kathleen schutt



## Waning of the Moon

twisting lavender silent  
the Newspaper Fish  
moves through Pisces, through Mercury  
gulping coins in amber candlelight  
flowing past cats hunched and still in  
this silent electric night.



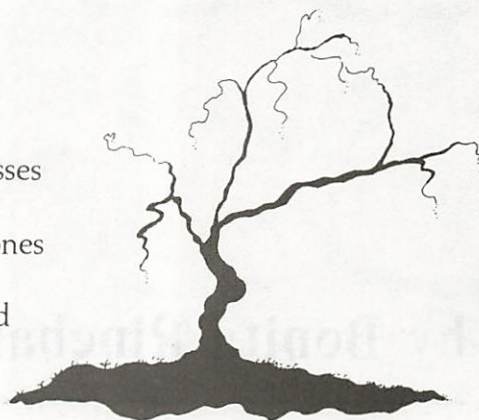
the Newspaper Fish hang  
drifting fuschia through the thick  
i wait for the Waning of the Moon  
no choice but to taste  
the copper currents pulsing  
heavy and green  
in my veins.

●● **regan lee**

## Silence

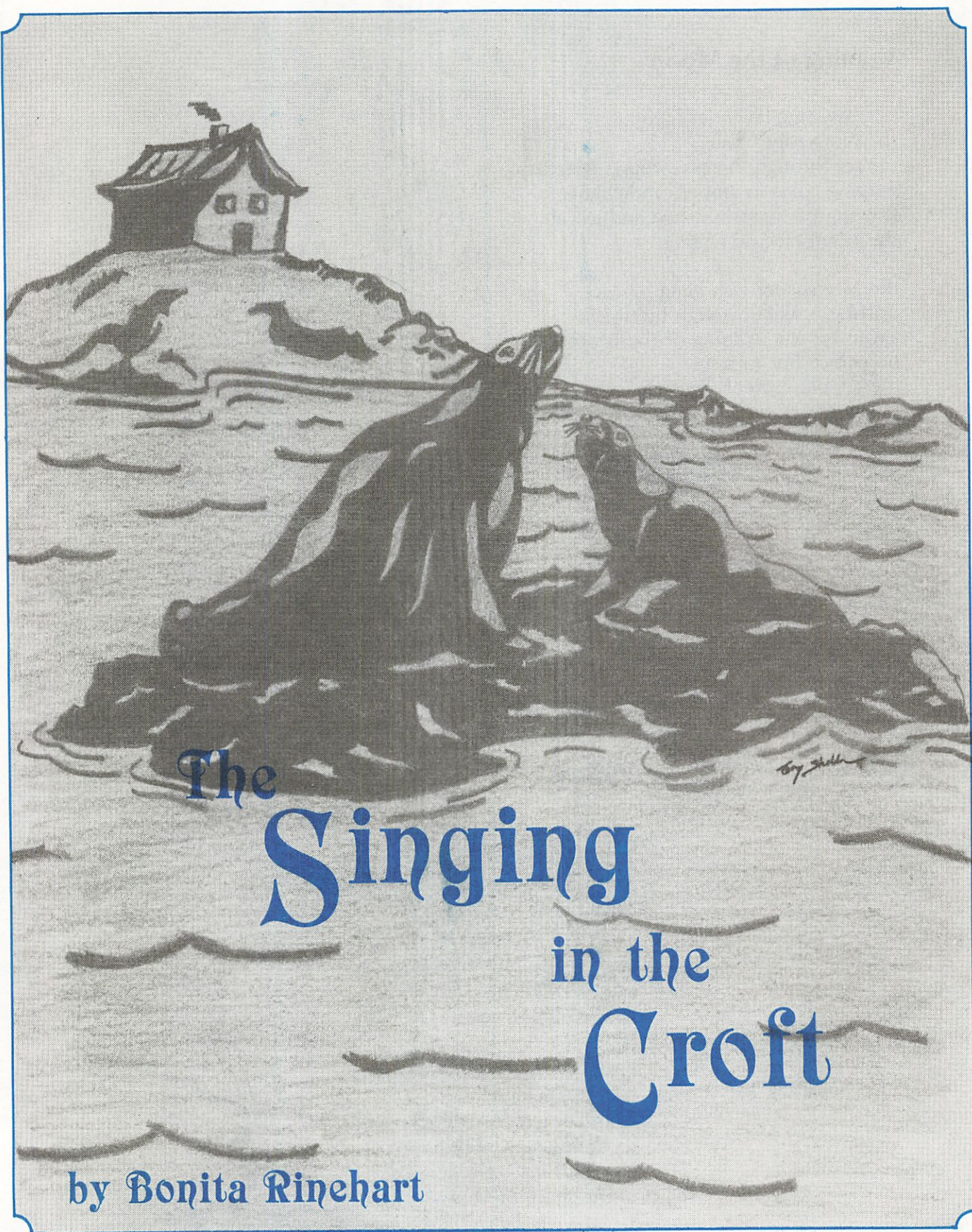
Winged ones dance  
in a cathedral of  
trees: snake rooted.  
Like a bent wrist, they  
sway with whispered  
movement; music heard  
only as silence  
to the human ear.

Barefooted, someone crosses  
the stream running  
from cornered earth. Stones  
try movement with toes,  
but rhythms are redefined  
in the space of ghosts.



●● **alana buch**







Once there was a small house, called a croft, all made of stones worn smooth by the salt air coming off the sea. The house had a thatched roof over the top, like a head of hair, and two windows on either side of the door so that it looked very much like a face with eyes looking out to sea. In that house by the sea lived a woman called Plain Mary by the folk nearby. She was neither ugly nor beautiful -- not ugly, for there was no harshness about her; not beautiful, because there was no light in her. She was just Plain Mary so the folk called her that.

Plain Mary loved to walk by the sea and listen to the sound of the waves and the singing of the selkies -- the seal folk. Sometimes she would play her flute, and the selkies would swim near to the shore and leap into the air like great grey stars shooting out of the water. Sometimes she would sing to the selkies, and they would lift their heads above the waves and sing back to her. The sound of their singing always made Plain Mary feel like crying, so deep was the joy and longing to be with them.

One day Plain Mary was walking along shore, stepping through the seaweed that the crofters gathered to spread over their gardens that the soil might be fertile. She stooped to pick up a shell washed upon the sand and held it to her ear. It gave the sound of the sea -- that hushed roar lullaby. Far out, Plain Mary saw a fishing boat. Upon the deck stood a lone man. Though Plain Mary could not clearly see him, her heart turned to the man and she loved him. It was as instant as the shooting of the selkies into the air and as mysterious as their song. Plain Mary did not expect that anything would come of this; it simply was like her longing to be with the selkies.

Suddenly a storm came up. The sky was dark as the darkest selkie coat with jags of lightning tearing the wind. The great waves threw the small boat about, battering it. As Plain Mary watched in terror, the boat was shattered and the fisherman cast into the sea. There was no time to run for help; what had to be done, Plain Mary must do. So she ran back to the croft and got a long coil of rope. Fighting the wind that blew sand into her face and blinded her eyes, she fought her way back to the shore. There she tied the rope to the rock by one end; the other end Plain Mary tied to herself as she leaped into the sea.

Again and again the waves lifted her and cast her back. Her strength was pouring out into the brutal sea. Still she pressed on, her eyes nearly blind, her lungs burning from the water that had been forced into them, and nearly deaf from the roar, no more a lullaby, of the sea. At last she reached the fisherman. He clung weakly to a board from his boat. He had seen Mary upon the shore, had seen her come into the sea, and had tried to swim against the sudden storm. He was horrified that a woman should risk her life and come into the maw to rescue him. The sea had used the shattered pieces of the boat as weapons and flung them at him, beating the poor man. When Mary reached him, there was little life left in him.



**As Plain Mary watched in terror,  
the boat was shattered . . .**

At that moment the storm ceased. Gently Mary gathered the man into her arms, cradling him there as she would have done a child. He looked at her, seeing her reddened eyes and streaming hair plastered to her head.

"How beautiful you are," he gasped.

"No, I am only Plain Mary," she replied, for she knew he would not breathe long, so bruised and bloody he was.

He shook his head weakly.

"Beautiful." The smile he gave her was the light that had been missing from her life.

With that, his life slipped into the sea. Mary tread the water, still holding the lifeless body. She sobbed great tears.

"Mary," a voice spoke. Mary looked up from the fisherman's neck where she had buried her face. They were not alone. All about them in a ring were the selkies. Suddenly the seals vanished, and Mary and her fisherman were ringed by the most extraordinarily beautiful men and women.

"Mary, would you keep with him?"

"I would," she answered, "but he is dead. I could not save him."

"You offered your life to the sea to save him. Such gifts are never given in vain."

"But he is dead," Mary repeated.

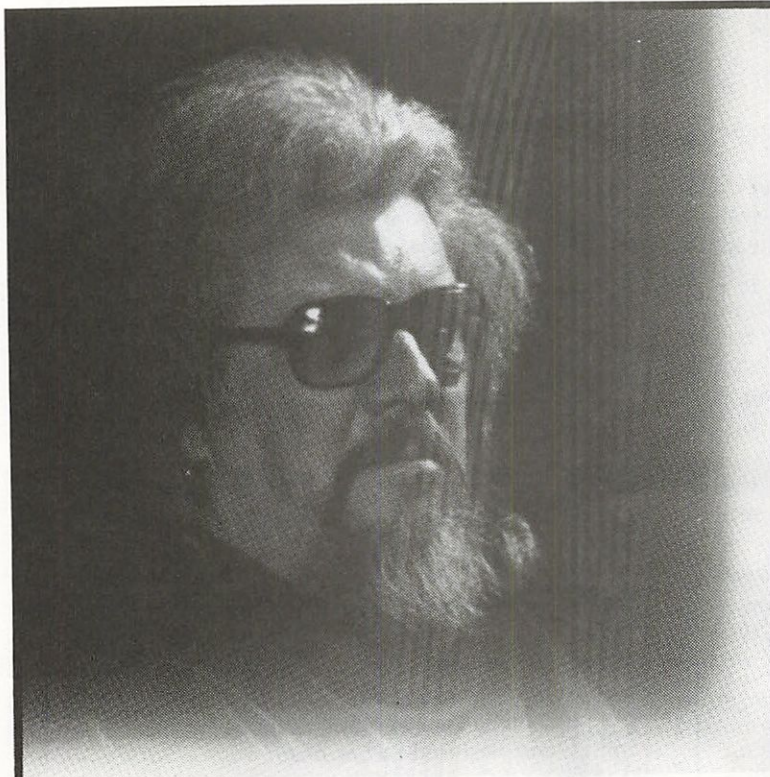
"Not really dead, Mary. His life has gone into the sea. Will you join him there?"

"I will," replied Mary, and she let go her lover's body and slipped beneath the waves. When she rose again it was as a soft grey seal, and beside her was her love. Together they joined the company of selkies singing joyfully in the sea.

That was many years ago. The croft that looks out to the sea is empty, but once a year the sound of singing can be heard there when the selkies take human form and dwell for a day upon the land, as they used to be. There are some who say that the selkies are only beasts and that their songs have no meaning, and there are others who say the selkies were once human folk who did a great wrong and were banished to the sea. Those who hear the singing in the croft think differently.







# JEWELRY

by Jerry Mace





# Catherine

she lived the life of a Simon and Garfunkle song,  
riding the 'hound and looking for America,  
but all she found was a good cup of coffee.

she wrote like Hemingway but lived  
like a star-crossed lover without her love  
to give her what she needed (as if she knew).

now she's married and works at K-Mart (the saving place).  
she doesn't write or care about America  
and drinks Yuban before work in the morning.



•• **andre' g. chinn**

•• artwork by **krystal sisson**

# this chili lives

this chili lives i think, this chili still breathes  
through its crinkly afterbirth: yellow & brown & black  
plunging the chili into its ice-cold bath  
i hold it in front of the window  
feeling the water pulse between my palm &  
its charred & blackened skin.  
the warmth & slow light from the sun  
seeps through the weave in the baskets that  
hang in the kitchen window.

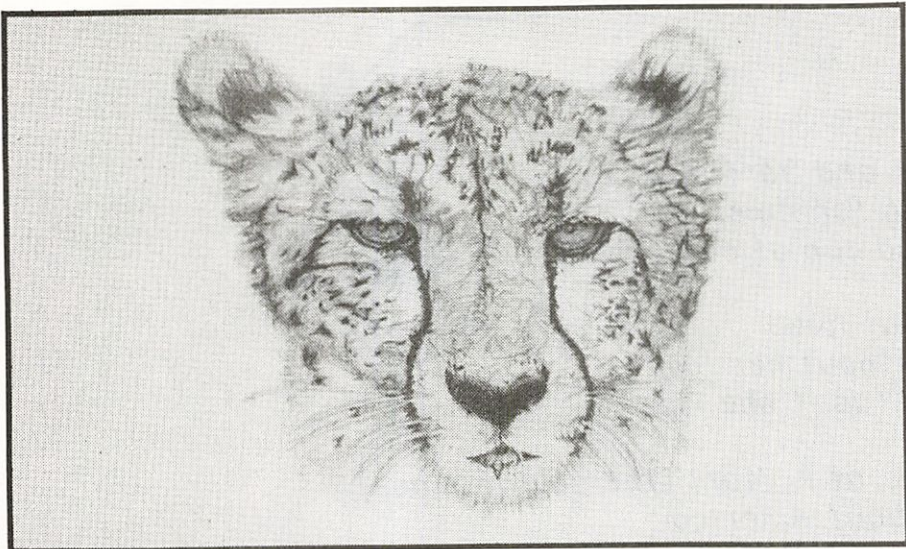
this same amber light shines through the blood red of the Iresine plant  
set on the window sill; a port red mingling  
with the swirls of the baskets, the ruby leaves,  
the thick heat of the warmed glass.  
It is silent now in this kitchen  
only the heat & the red & the dark green  
breathe.



•• **regan lee**

•• artwork by **kerry daston**





●● **Cheetah**

●● **maryann thornton**



●● **Twist of Fate**

●● **john ivanoff**



# Biographies ●●

**Keri Baker** is taking literary and sign language courses at LCC. She intends to interpret sign language, but her main desire in life is to write science fiction fantasy books.

**Brenda Blumhagen** just moved to Eugene from Los Angeles where she graduated with a Bachelor of Art degree in English from UCLA. She currently is working on her Bachelor of Science in nursing. She enjoys poetry and writing.

**Alana Buch** - "I would rather learn from one bird how to sing then teach ten thousand stars how not to dance" - e.e. cummings.

**David Chalat** was born in New York City in 1961. He graduated from the University of Oregon in 1985 and lived in Italy and Switzerland while studying art from 1986 to 1988. Presently he is back in Eugene enjoying life!

**Andre Chinn** is host of "Another Green World" on KLCC. He aspires to change all of human existence through journalism, poetry, and music.

**Jeff Gent** is the ceramics assistant at Lane Community College.

**John Ivanoff** is an LCC graphic arts student. He would like to find a job in the commercial art field after he graduates.

**Peter Jensen** is an English instructor at LCC. He also works as a fund raiser for Oregon Natural Resources Council.

**Lee Crawley Kirk** is a Eugene freelance writer whose work appears frequently in a wide variety of newspapers and magazines. She lives with her husband, Gary, in Eugene, where they maintain an organic garden and nature preserve on their third-floor apartment deck.

**Regan Lee** was editor of *Denali* in 1987. Currently she is working in a pre-school but hopes to be a great American novelist someday. She has two book-length collections of short stories which she hopes to publish.

**Jerry Mace** has traveled the United States in a school bus selling jewelry at state fairs and craft shows.

**JoVenry Pereyra** moved here from the Philippine Islands nine years ago. He plans to study art at LCC for two years and get a job with a magazine or newspaper.

**Deborah Pickett** is currently exploring the world of photojournalism as photo editor of the *Torch* and is a former instructor at Maude Kerns Art Center. A variety of her work has been exhibited over the last 12 years. Deborah also enjoys painting and doll sculpting in her spare time.

**Bonita Rinehart** is a member of Phi Theta Kappa. She was published in the Spring 1989 issue of *Denali*.

**Kathleen Schutt** is presently a criminal justice major at LCC. She has been writing for many years; her influences are from the Latin culture, particularly Brazil where she lived as a child.

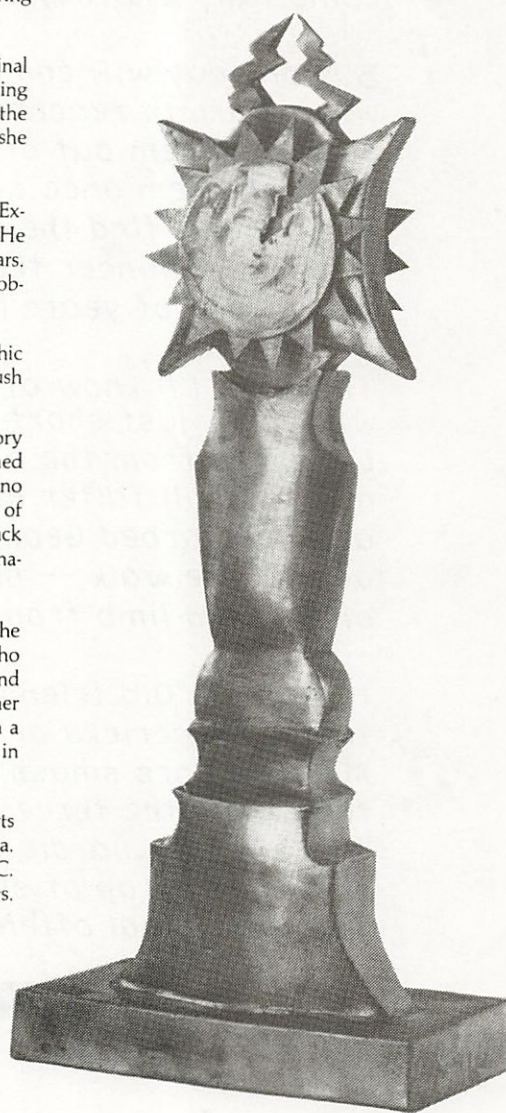
**Michael Feld Simon** teaches in the Life Experience Assessment program at LCC. He has been writing for half of his 36 years. Tai-Chi Chuan and literature are his hobbies.

**Krystal Sisson**, a second-year graphic design student at LCC, enjoys airbrush painting and pen-and-ink drawing.

**Cameron Snyder** wrote his first short story when he was seven about a squirrel named Snoopy. He graduated from El Camino Community College with an Associate of Art degree. He counts George Orwell, Jack Kerouac, and Charles Bukowski as his major literary influences.

**Lynda Jasso-Thomas'** ancestors were the Mayans, Aztecs, Olmecs, and Toltecs who were creators of magnificent sculptors and art. An effort to search for her roots led her to design ancient art from Mexico with a modern clay interpretation. She lives in Florence, Oregon.

**Maryann Thornton** has studied Fine Arts at Kutztown University in Pennsylvania. She is currently majoring in science at LCC. She draws as a way to express her thoughts.



●● "The Indicator"

●● steel sculpture by david chalat



## Sun Snakes

The snake named George has not yet come,  
nor the smaller one -- Fredericka --  
to stretch themselves in warming sun  
below the steps of my porch.  
Where they spend the colder months  
is far below my dark imagining:  
come fall, and they are gone.

But one day will come in later spring  
when warmth reaches them to waken,  
to shake them out of snake-dreams  
and call them once again to the new world.  
Each year I find the cast-off skins,  
a larger reminder than before:  
a calendar of years in paper snakes.

The first I'll know of their return  
will come just short of murder.  
Launched from the bottom step,  
my foot will falter midair to miss  
a jewel-garbed George stretched  
across the walk -- playing garden hose,  
or strayed limb from the plum tree.

I'll laugh, "Old friend!" and glance around  
to see Fredericka on the stones.  
My neighbors smash the snakes; grinning,  
they wave the three-foot broken whip.  
Why kill the guardians of grain,  
the better trap of sly-footed mice?  
Their only real offense is a certain lack of elbows.

●● lee crawley kirk

