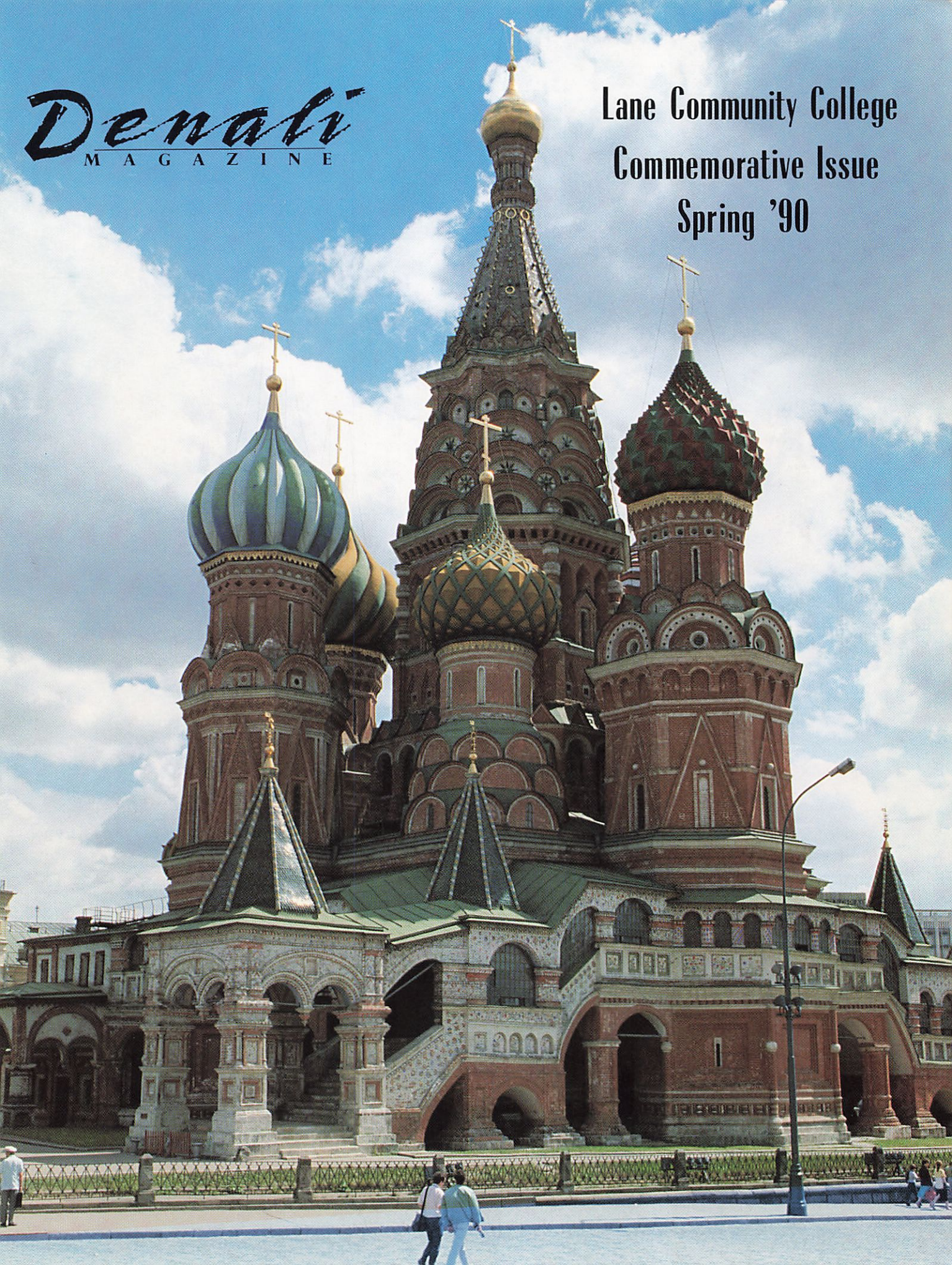


Denali
MAGAZINE

Lane Community College
Commemorative Issue
Spring '90



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Self Portrait of Artist as a Young African, by Andrew S. Fry
Denali Winter 1981

Inside Story--

WHEW!

Denali's 1989-90 year is over; three excellent issues have been published; Robin Robbins has been chosen to head the

magazine for the 1990-91 school year. I hope you have enjoyed reading and being published in *Denali* as much as I and my staff have enjoyed our year. This is a special year for *Denali*: the twentieth anniversary year for LCC's literary arts magazine. A special eight-page commemorative section is included in this issue, reprinting some of the best contributions from the past. I extend a special thanks to Vice-President Robert Marshall for his outstanding support of *Denali*.

In addition to this special issue, *Denali* hosted several live events to celebrate our anniversary, including *Denali* Night at McMillan's in October, 1989; the *Denali* Alumni Art Show in April, 1990; and several poetry readings at Lane Community College's main campus. On May 30, 1990, *Denali's* Annual Benefit Performance and Show will offer fine food and an evening of music, drama, art, and poetry. Make your reservations by Friday, May 25th, and join the party!

Denali received national recognition from the American Scholastic Press Association for our 1988-89 issues. LCC was one of five community colleges with enrollments over 2,500 that received the First Place with Special Merit award. Contributors to this issue illustrate Lane Community College's multi-cultural diversity, with six foreign countries represented: Australia, England, Ireland, Japan, the Philippine Islands, and Scotland. Our Native American culture deserves a special mention with the work of Leo White Horse.

Editor: Della Lee
Art Director/Designer: Terry Sheldon
Associate Editor: Alana Buch
Staff Photographer: Paul Bunch
Literary Advisor: Peter Jensen
Technical Advisor: Dorothy Wearne
Production Assistants:
Jeannette Nadeau, Robin Robbins, Keri Baker, Carla Bini

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I have been impressed by the number and quality of submissions that we have received every term. Once again, *Denali's* Editorial Board faced difficult decisions selecting contributions. I wish we could print everything that was selected, but our budget isn't big enough for that many pages.

Speaking of the budget, I hope you will consider making a tax-deductible donation to *Denali*. If you enjoy reading our magazine and would like to see *Denali* continue publishing the works of LCC students, please contribute to the magazine. It's 21st birthday will be assured if our readers would send \$5.00 or more to *Denali*/LCC Foundation, 4000 E. 30th Avenue, Eugene, OR 97405. Call 747-4501, ext. 2830 for details.

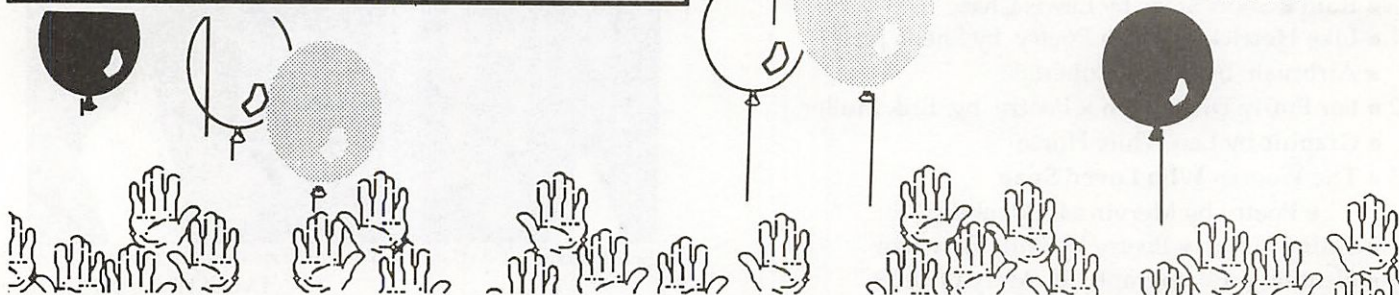
I believe that the LCC students and community members deserve to have a forum for artwork, poetry, and stories. I believe that the educational opportunities from working with the publication of a magazine are vitally important. I believe that student-produced art and literature are necessary and valuable -- to the students, to the college, and to the community. So contribute to *Denali* today. You'll feel good about it.

Three people are in my mind right now, and I want to thank them for the positive impact they have had on my life. My mother taught me to value literature, art, and music by her example. She has been my best influence, and I love her. Margie Holland, my Transitions to Success instructor, shared her wisdom and her laughter; she gave me back my dreams. Ted Berg, my mentor from the English department, encouraged me as a writer and respected me as an individual. He made a huge difference in my life. Thank you all for believing in me.

My year as *Denali* editor has been exciting, and I feel privileged to have worked with so many talented people. Robin Robbins is an excellent choice as *Denali's* new editor, and I am confident that the 1990-91 magazines will be superb.

Twenty years have passed since LCC's first literary arts magazine was printed, and I am proud to present this special commemorative edition to you. Enjoy!

Della Lee



1989--90 Denali Staff

Della Lee Editor

I came to LCC in the fall of 1988 to attend the Transitions to Success program, and soon I rediscovered my love for learning. In the past two years, I have published four stories. Working with the magazine has been a joy. I plan to continue writing while I pursue an English degree at the University of Oregon. Eventually I hope to teach writing and literature in a college or university.



Terry Sheldon Art Director/ Designer

Shapes, lines, textures, colors, and light have captivated me since I was a child. The pleasure of mixing all these elements to please the eye, challenge the mind, and reassure the soul delights me and keeps me going. My art is inspired by my Creator, and is often my deepest and most meaningful means of communication. I sincerely hope that *Denali* has enriched your life this year.



Alana Buch Associate Editor

Literature and art are ways of recreating ourselves. To work with these recreations, to put them in a publication, is a wonderful experience. It's like piecing together a large

body constructed of individual subjects: a jigsaw of interpretation and perspective.



Paul Bunch Staff Photographer

i walk a line, constantly teetering between the art of film and the technology of video. For now i will continue to walk this line and strive to experience as much of both worlds as possible. Somewhere in the future i suppose i will find the side on which i belong.



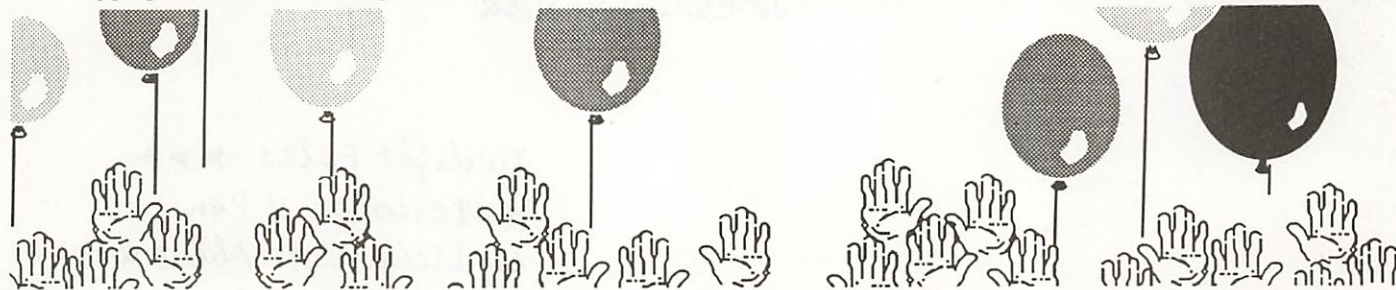
Dorothy Wearne Technical Advisor

I have been the technical advisor for *Denali* since 1985 and employed at LCC since 1983. In addition to giving production advice for student publications, I am also a part-time instructor in both the Mass Communications and Training and Development departments, and a part-time coordinator for CWE. In my spare time I enjoy spending time with my friends Mikey, Davis and Coogan.



Peter Jensen Literary Advisor

I have been an LCC English instructor since September 1986, literary advisor since 1988, and have served as the vice-president for part-time instructors on the Lane Community College Education Association executive committee and on the LCCEA negotiating team since 1987. I have had published more than one hundred poems, several short stories, and many articles since 1965, when I was twenty-three. My wife Susan Applegate, our son Daniel age eleven, and I live in Eugene and have a farm in Douglas County.



The Waterfall

Water starts in a stream, then falls

fluttering and muttering

tumbling and mumbling

sloshing and splashing

rumbling and grumbling

rushing and gushing

leaping and streaking

thrashing and bashing

spraying and playing

splashing and flashing

dashing and crashing

onto

the rocks

and into the pool below.

Walking on the Water

Hey! Look at me, Lord. Look at me.
Hey! I am walking on the water --
not down there, with my heat-blistered feet,
but here, in my head: I am listening
to Segovia play Albeniz and it is good,
Lord! It is good. There is light, there is warmth,
there is water, and I'm walking on it!

Lord? Hey, Lord! I am walking
on the water. I am writing poems
and it feels so good. Lord, it feels
so good. I am walking on hot coals
and feeling nothing, I am flying
like an angel on brand new wings,
and I am walking on the water.

*Poems by
Lee Crawley Kirk*

*Twilight Falls ►►►
Watercolor & Pen
by Richard N. Ahlstrom*



Spring '90



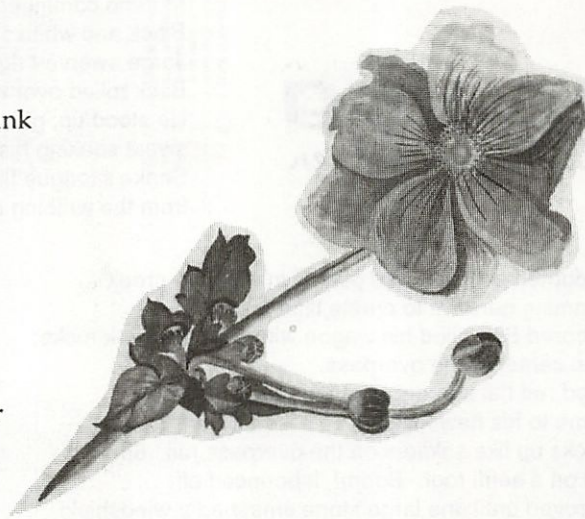
Gane Gogzelt 1981

Purple Fragrance

Purple, light blue, hues and hints of peach and pink
mixed in the yellow rays
silhouettes and shadows dancing together
Warm breezes caressing lovely bare necks
Curtains flowing in the air
I'm breathless

sit closer and share the sunlight
like a shower of daffodils?
cross the wet grass barefoot to the red tile floor
to a tray set with white pottery
A cup of tea first?
My breathlessness is acute now
Let go of the white towels
Screams and laughter, a slippery rhythm of chaos
My emotions are starved for the feelings
Embedded in a bed of lilacs
Where I can come and go as I please
I sense the purple fragrance
It surrounds and embodies my mind
Suspended between consciousnesses
I ride the fragrance to the end

by Enita Terry Park



Al Folle Volo

On the street, Mozart and a vendor
with wooden spoons. Scent
of apple pie, unexpected. Green
eyes. The least leaf, red. (An oak,
I think, or maple. Who knows?) Riot
of sweet gum. A perfectly oval
cloud. Can I bear more? On such days
I love this world too much to
be orderly. My senses embark in
wild flight, and I lavish on passersby
largesse of tinkling words.

Watercolors
by Jane Salamone

by Ann Applegarth

Spring '90

Sunning

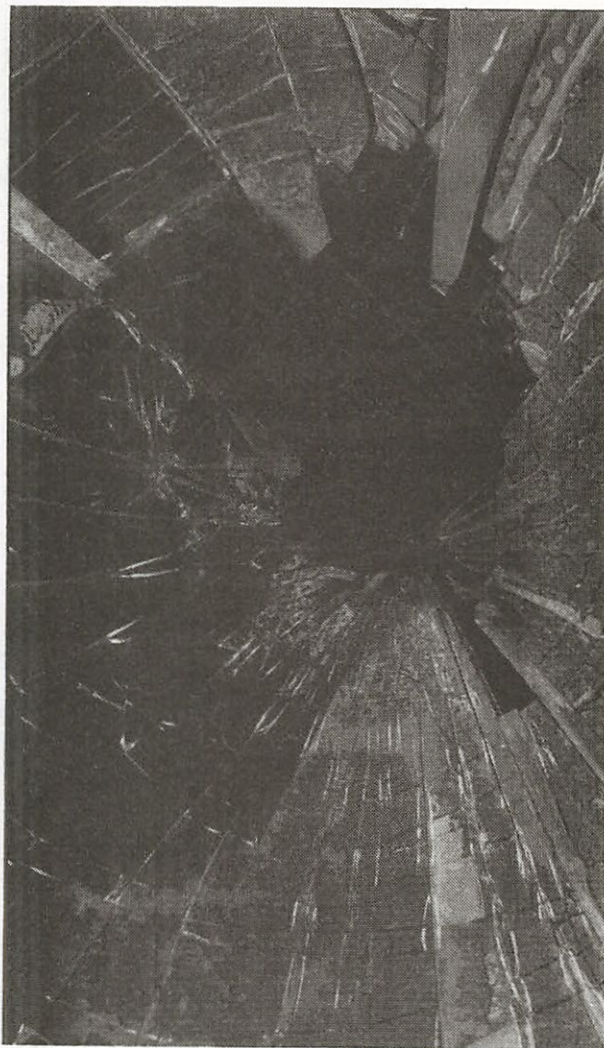
by David Koteen

Jonson's adopted son Billy had played in the slow creek all day, damming narrows to create little pools. Becoming bored Billy filled his wagon with smooth creek rocks; pulled to the center of the overpass. Billy watched red flat sun drop behind hills. Time to head home to his new folks. He lined rocks up like soldiers on the overpass rail. 6th one landed on a semi roof. Boom! It bounced off. Timing improved until one large stone smashed a windshield of a small blue car. So excited he raced across the road and watched as the car left the freeway and zigzagged over the embankment.

Jody's abortion didn't matter. Frank's senior year they messed around near every night. July, they crossed the Golden Gate, "B.C. or bust!" said Frank. They climbed a redwood and made precarious love. "Frank, let's rob a bank." The Datsun wagon laughed and screamed across the Oregon border. They drank beer; empties flew out windows, shattered behind them. "Watch this!" Frank swung sharp right, clipped the cyclist's rear wheel. Bike and rider shot between uprights of large green sign. Jody laughed, "8 ball in the side pocket."

On way back from evening milking Abel Jonson asked Billy how he occupied himself all day. "Mostly in the creek, Mr. Jonson. I played in the creek." Some day, Abel thought, he'll call me Pa or Daddy or Father. It's going to be a great time watching Billy grow, and teach him what my Father taught me.

Coasting, cutting through the unyielding heat, Jorge Moreno continued down the on-ramp of Interstate 5. Black and white snake lay sunning, stretched out. Maybe 4 1/2 feet. Jorge swerved right and caught the head with his front tire. Back rolled over where the neck would be. He stood up, glancing back and began to pedal like a demon--sweat soaking his shirt--into the dense freeway air. Snake's tongue flicked out and in, jaws open and shut, separated from the writhing body.

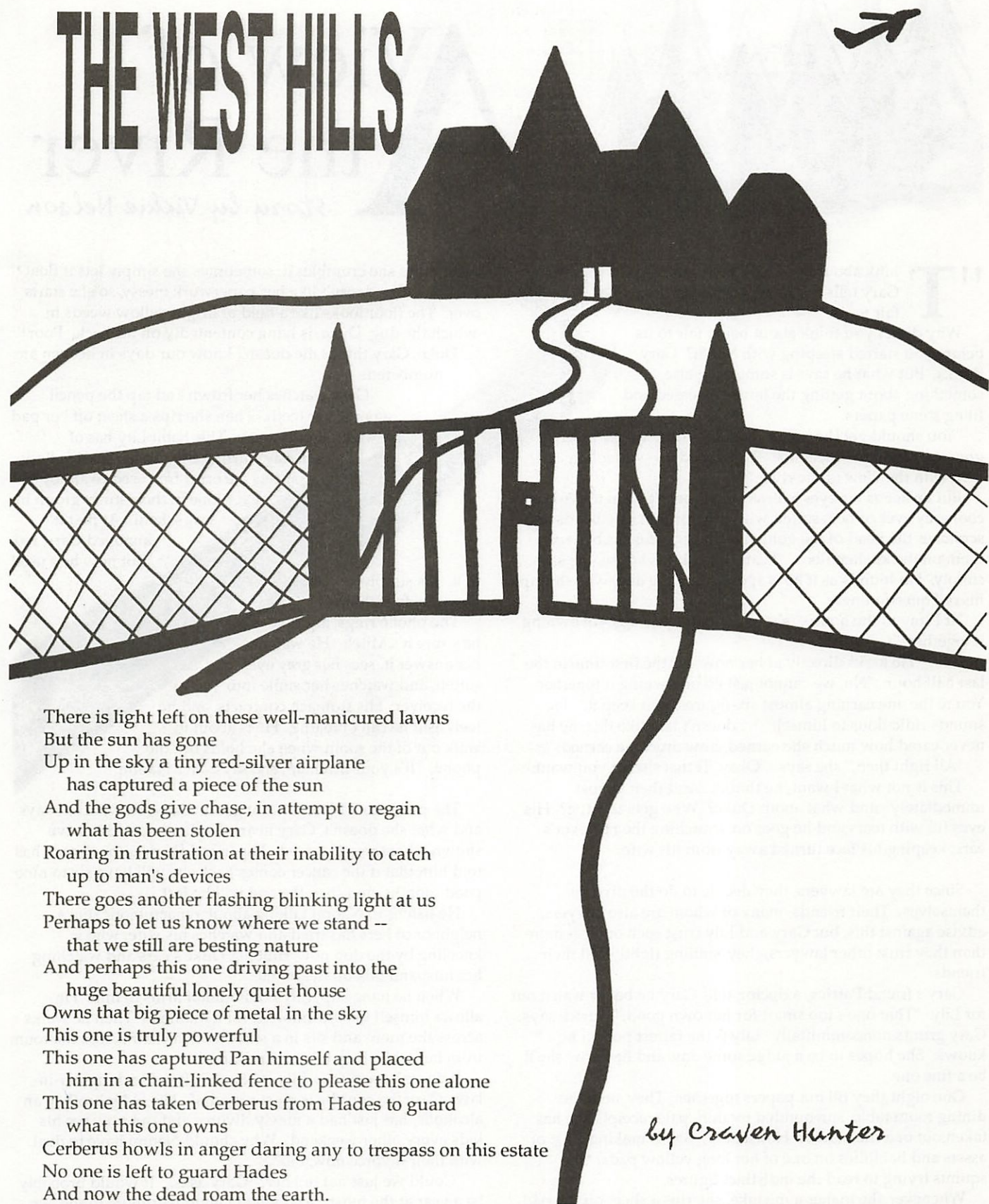


Before the ambulance arrived, the 2nd patrol car left the unconscious Mex, responding to reported accident 5 miles North. Slightly drunk Frank overcompensated when the windshield shattered. Datsun fishtailed over the embankment, rolled once, then upside down. Jody groaned. Her beautiful face all red. With strength of fear he tossed 4 Millers towards some bushes. Couple of minutes later big blue cop looked down at him in disgust, "You stupid kids should have had your seat belts on." Frank spat blood and raised his middle finger to the cop.

The next morning a black smear showed where the snake had been sunning the evening before.

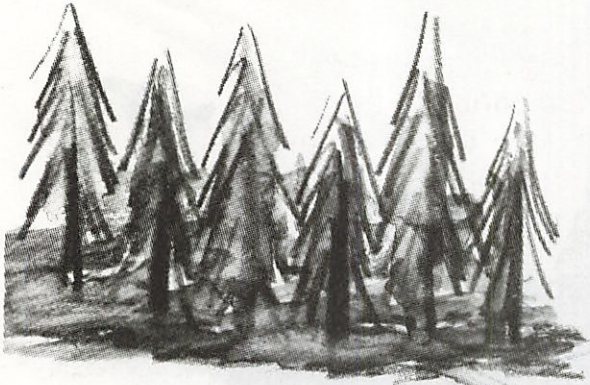
Photography
by Noah Couture

THE WEST HILLS



There is light left on these well-manicured lawns
But the sun has gone
Up in the sky a tiny red-silver airplane
has captured a piece of the sun
And the gods give chase, in attempt to regain
what has been stolen
Roaring in frustration at their inability to catch
up to man's devices
There goes another flashing blinking light at us
Perhaps to let us know where we stand --
that we still are besting nature
And perhaps this one driving past into the
huge beautiful lonely quiet house
Owns that big piece of metal in the sky
This one is truly powerful
This one has captured Pan himself and placed
him in a chain-linked fence to please this one alone
This one has taken Cerberus from Hades to guard
what this one owns
Cerberus howls in anger daring any to trespass on this estate
No one is left to guard Hades
And now the dead roam the earth.

by Craven Hunter



A View of the River

Story by Vickie Nelson

"Think about this," Lily says, when Gary tells her he wants the divorce. "Be fair to us."

Why didn't you think about being fair to us before you started sleeping with Mitch? Gary thinks. But what he says is something else, something about getting the house assessed and filing some papers.

"You should get the house," she says quietly, her level grey eyes trying to meet his. "You found it -- you fell in love with the view of the river."

But he keeps his eyes averted. He doesn't want to see those cool grey eyes of hers soften with pity for him. He bends and scratches the head of the golden retriever, who sits between them on the kitchen floor. "I can't afford this house," he says stonily. He sounds as if he is speaking to the dog, who thumps his tail questioningly.

"If I stay in the house," she says, "can we just go on owning it together?"

"No." He looks directly at her now for the first time in the last half hour. "No, we cannot just go on owning it together. You're the one earning almost six-figures; you keep it." He sounds ridiculous to himself: he doesn't talk like this, he has never cared how much she earned, how much he earned.

"All right then," she says. "Okay. If that's what you want."

This is not what I want, he thinks. And then almost immediately: and what about Duke? Who gets the dog? His eyes fill with tears and he goes on scratching the retriever's ears, keeping his face turned away from his wife.

Since they are lawyers, they decide to do the divorce themselves. Their friends, many of whom are also lawyers, advise against this, but Gary and Lily trust each other -- more than they trust other lawyers, they, smiling tightly, tell their friends.

Gary's friend Patrick, a doctor, tells Gary he better watch out for Lily. "That one's too smart for her own good," Patrick says. Gary grunts noncommittally. Lily is the fairest person he knows. She hopes to be a judge some day, and he knows she'll be a fine one.

One night they fill out papers together. They sit at the dining room table, surrounded by thin, pale receipts she has taken out of a file marked Household. She is making a list of assets and liabilities on one of her long yellow pads. She squints trying to read the indistinct figures.

Whenever she makes a mistake, she rips a sheet off the pad.

Sometimes she crumbles it; sometimes she simply lets it float to the floor. She doesn't like her paperwork messy, so she starts over. The floor looks like a field of bright yellow weeds in which the dog, Duke, is lying contentedly on his back. Poor Duke, Gary thinks, he doesn't know our days in heaven are numbered.

Gary watches her frown and tap the pencil against her teeth. Then she rips a sheet off her pad and tosses it away. This habit Lily has of endlessly starting over so her final yellow sheets are error free used to annoy everyone in their study group in law school. At first it annoyed Gary, too, but now he's used

to it. It's simply how she does things.

The phone rings, and he's sure it's Mitch. He watches her answer it, sees her grey eyes soften, and watches her smile into the receiver. His stomach contracts, and he feels as if he can't breathe. He is about to walk out of the room when she holds out the phone. "It's your mother," she says. "It's Naomi."

The news from Naomi is not good. Between what she says and what she doesn't, Gary hears that her latest tests have shown what they all feared. His friend Patrick, the doctor, has told him that if the cancer comes back she will have six to nine good months, and then the end will be fast.

He listens to Naomi talking about a macrobiotic diet a neighbor of hers has tried and watches his wife, who is kneeling by the dog now, rubbing Duke's ears and watching her husband talk on the phone.

When he hangs up, Lily holds out her arms to him. He allows himself to be comforted for a moment. Then he walks across the room and sits in a stiff wooden chair across the room from her while they talk about Naomi.

It doesn't seem fair: Lily is Naomi's favorite daughter-in-law; Gary the son she is most proud of. His older brother, an alcoholic, has just had a messy divorce and can only see his kids every other weekend. Why should Naomi have to deal with their divorce now, too?

"Could we just not tell her?" Gary asks. "It would probably be a year at the most. And when I go to Baltimore to see her,

**The floor looks like a field of bright yellow weeds
in which the dog, Duke, is lying contentedly
on his back. Poor Duke, Gary thinks, he doesn't know
our days in heaven are numbered**

I'll say you got hung up with a case."

"It would be a lie, though, not to tell her," Lily says. She is doodling on a yellow pad now, considering, making a series of pluses and minuses. "We'd have to lie to her for a year."

"You lied to me for a year," he says. The words come out quick and flat like a slap that surprises them both. Lily's eyes blink, and she opens her mouth soundlessly. He watches her take a breath and study her pluses and minuses. Then she looks up at him and nods.

After the divorce, Gary feels better. The air between them feels washed clean, and he breathes more easily in Lily's presence.

It helps that Mitch does not move in with Lily. First, Gary thinks that Lily is only waiting some decent interval before Mitch moves in. What will it be, he wonders? Weeks, months, a year? Knowing Lily, it will be at least a few months. But several months pass, and although Mitch is there sometimes, he is not really there that often.

One day Gary sees Lily and Mitch having lunch at a restaurant. Mitch is gesturing broadly, and Lily is regarding him coolly, her grey intelligent eyes shielded by glasses. She seems to think of something and quickly takes a yellow pad from her briefcase and begins writing. Mitch says something sharply to her and pulls her hand. Lily immediately rips off the sheet she was writing on and lets it float to the floor. A waiter stoops and retrieves it for her, and she takes it, clearly embarrassed. She sees

Gary staring at her across the restaurant, and she smiles. For a moment he thinks that she is going to wave, that she is going to leave Mitch and come over and sit with him.

But, of course, she doesn't.



Lily and Gary joke that they have joint custody of the dog, Ducus Tecum, usually called Duke. He was a baby when they got him, and they were first-year law students -- babies themselves, or so it seems now to Gary.

One Saturday when he goes to pick up Duke, he finds Lily waiting for him on the steps. She takes off her glasses and blinks myopically as she greets him. Her soft, unfocused eyes give her a vulnerable, girlish look, which has misled opponents in the courtroom.

"He doesn't feel so good today," she says, running her hands over Duke's golden body, rubbing his ears.

Gary sits on the step below her and rubs the dog, too. "Hey, Duces," he says. "What's wrong, pup?"

Although their vet closes at noon on Saturday, he waits for them to bring in Duke. A sprain, maybe, he says after checking the dog over. Or perhaps the start of arthritis.

Arthritis? Gary thinks -- but Duke is young! -- then realizes no, not young anymore. Middle-aged really, an older dog.

When Duke was a puppy he went everywhere with them. That's how he got his name -- Ducus Tecum -- legalese for bring it with you. Duke was a fixture outside the law library, curled up on a little rug next to their bikes. Now he's almost ten, their baby, and he may have arthritis. Gary looks at Lily and sees her eyes are full of tears.

In September, Gary gets a letter from Naomi, and although it's a Thursday, and he's almost sure Lily and Mitch spend Thursday nights together, he drives over to the house immediately.

He pulls into the long curving driveway and sees that Mitch's red Corvette is not there. His fingers relax on the steering wheel, then clutch it again as he thinks of the news he is bringing to his ex-wife. Duke looks up from the porch where he is lying but does not run to greet Gary, and Gary's heart, which is already hot and tight, squeezes even tighter in his chest.

"My mother's coming," he says when Lily opens the door, and he watches her eyes become clearer and more focused as she considers this news, this event they had not planned for.

"When?" she says. She is already opening her briefcase and taking out her tan leather calendar. They look at the little squares in her book together, and he sees Mitch's name there, among the court dates and the client conferences and the partners' meetings. In some strange way it makes him happy to see Mitch there, like a client, an

Continued on Page 30

Earliest Memory is of Twelve Dimensions

If I believe more than I see
am I blind? If I know
and can't say, am I dumb?
Orphan me of my culture
Widow me of my language
Still I move and breathe
Pulses of light bounce and bend
Rivers flow from an ocean floor

Swirls of liquid space and empty fabric
spin from nowhere to nowhere
clinging together like water
seeping into every curve and cranny
pushing apart like wind
breezing and twisting into every pore

Webs of gravity, wake
of jailed and whizzing drops,
opening from themselves
folding into themselves
create by withdrawing, by leaving behind

Threads and dots weave
density out of emptiness, wish
vacancy into matter, making it
real as a rainbow

Earliest memory is of twelve dimensions exchanging,
being by trading, past the idea God
is a critter, God is an event.

by Michael Feld Simon

*Photography
by Robert D. Willis*



Fire Escape

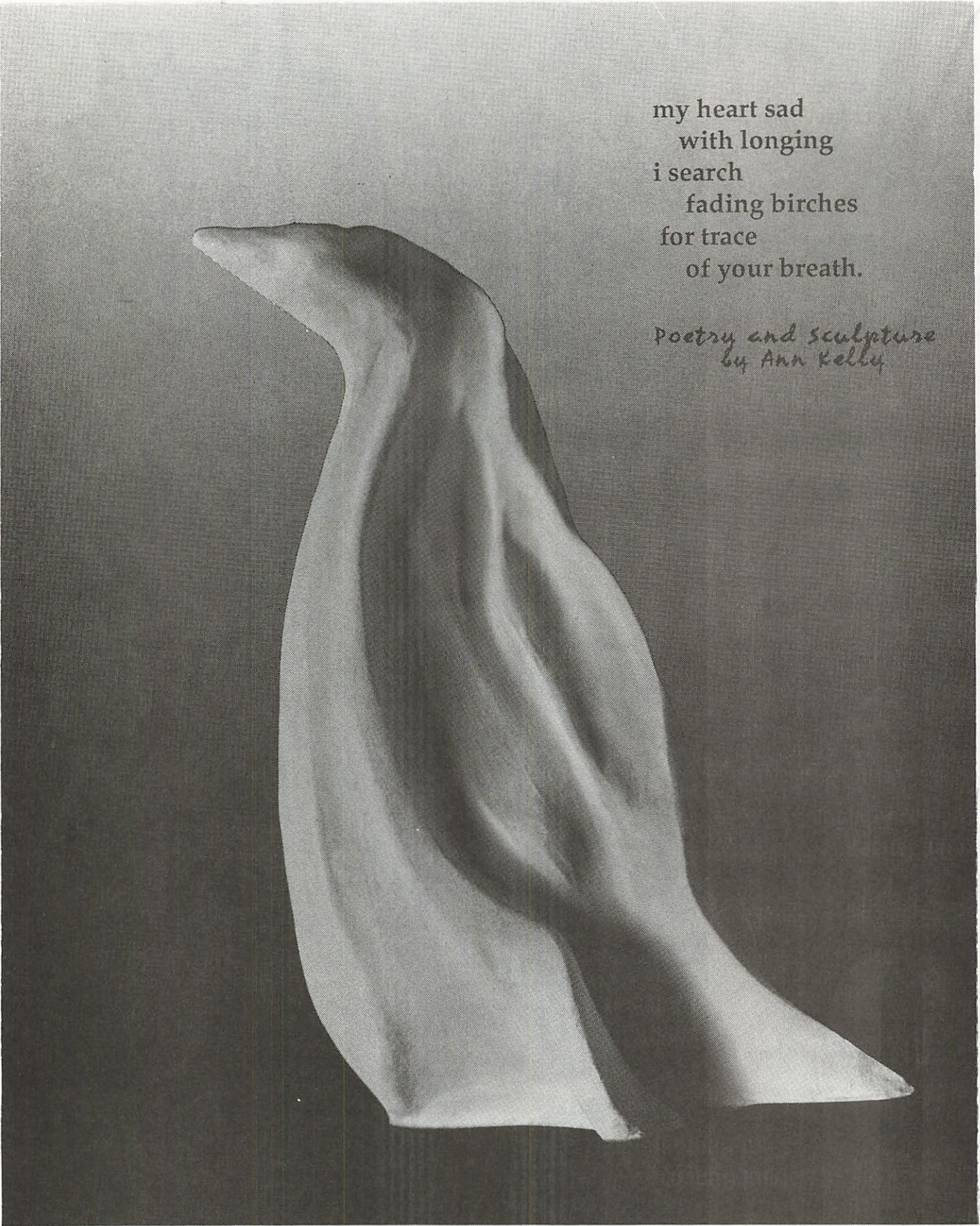
Lovers move to their
own beat. The city
scape reflects off your
glasses, piercing
me like unspoken words.
I think of childhood
fear of heights,
love. Yet the wind
moves my feet only
slightly, closer
one step higher.

Another Fish Has Jumped

"nobody, not even the rain, has such small hands"
--e.e. cummings

Another fish
has jumped
in the swollen
bellied pond.
It is yet
another day
in which rain
dances, piercing
an oval
faced reflection:
full moon.
Only one
thousand more
lives to go
before resting
on the shores
of your arms.

Poems by Alana Buch



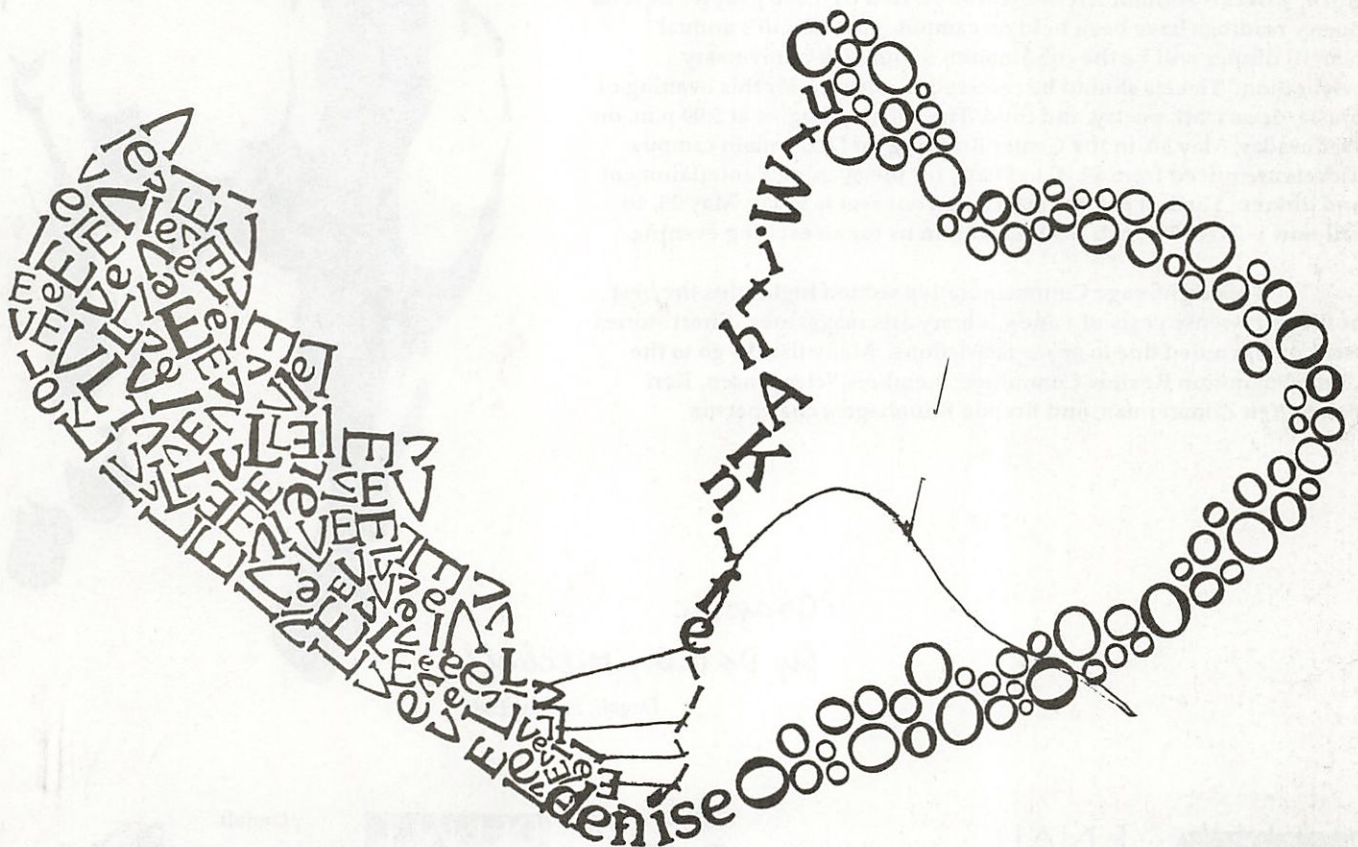
my heart sad
with longing
i search
fading birches
for trace
of your breath.

*Poetry and sculpture
by Ann Kelly*

Photography by Brian Holland

She slides up now
From cool white sheets
Red lips grin like a slit throat

by Bear



Self Portrait
by Denise Logan

Commemoration --

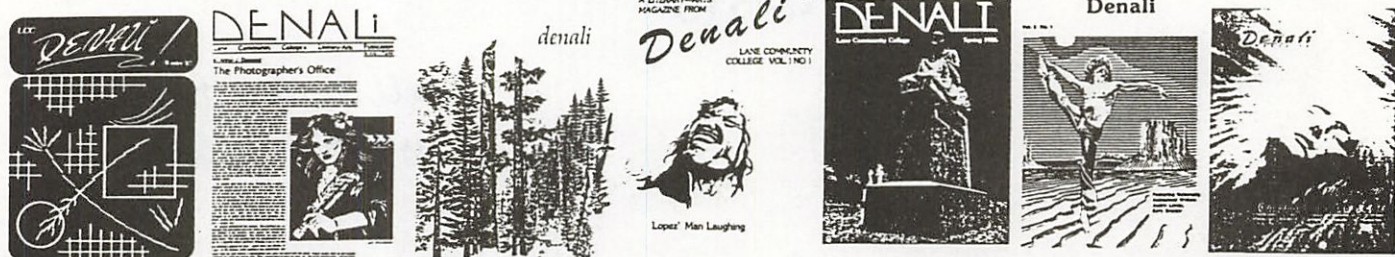
In 1969 Marion Waniek, a Black American instructor at LCC, started the first literary arts magazine, *The Concrete Statement*. The magazine changed names several times -- *Water Walkin'*, *Currents*, and *Reflections* -- until in 1978, the name *Denali* was chosen. An Aleutian Indian word meaning "High One," *Denali* is the original name for Mt. McKinley in Alaska. Many talented and supportive people have kept *Denali* and its predecessors alive. We thank you all -- the faculty members, the staff, the student editors, the contributors, and the readers -- for this, our 20th birthday.

Several special events have been held this year to celebrate our anniversary. In October, *Denali* Night at McMillan's featured poets, musicians, vocalists, sculptors, artists, and photographers. In April, a *Denali* Alumni Art Show was viewed by 1,500 people. Several poetry readings have been held on campus, and, *Denali*'s annual benefit dinner will be the culmination of our 20th anniversary celebration. Tickets should be reserved in advance for this evening of music, drama, art, poetry, and food. The evening begins at 5:00 p.m. on Wednesday, May 30, in the Center Building on LCC's main campus. Tickets are priced from \$9.00 to \$12.00 for the evening's entertainment and dinner. The last day for reserving your seat is today, May 25, so call now -- 747-4501, ext. 2830 -- and join us for an exciting evening.

This eight-page Commemorative section highlights the best of the last twenty years of Lane's literary arts magazines. Short stories were not included due to space restrictions. Many thanks go to the Commemoration Review Committee, members Peter Jensen, Keri Baker, Ken Zimmerman, and Brenda Blumhagen, chairperson.

Graphic
by Damon Mitchell

Denali, Spring 1987



Aunt Mary Beth's Recipe for Making Trouble

Hoo-ee, child! You think you got trouble?
You don't know what trouble is!
Trouble is when your new in-laws
are coming to check you out,
and the toilet backs up and
floods over the rugs and leaks
through the ceiling of the guest room
and soaks the mattress right through;
and when the plumber gets there
he says it's on account of the septic tank
is plugged, and the septic man's
booked solid but says he'll come over
if you uncover the tank so you do,
shoveling dirt and sludge
until the tank is clear but
the dogs get down in the hole
when you're not looking and then
roll all over the living room
carpet and the furniture while
meantime a whole kettle of jam
has boiled over and your mate
has tried to yank it off the stove
but dropped it and christened
the kitchen floor with four gallons
of raspberry goo about the same time
as the cat crawls into the hole
where the toilet belongs but isn't
because the plumber has to run an errand
and the whole house smells
like shit with jam on it
and cat, mate, plumber, septic man, and dogs
all start hollering at the same time
and right then your in-laws show up saying,
"Surprise! We took our vacation time
so we could spend the whole
three weeks with you."
Now, that's what I call trouble, child,
and don't you forget it!

by Lee Crawley Kirk

Denali, Spring 1989

The Facts of Life

As routinely miraculous as breath
men exist perpetually pregnant
with their children's needs.

I see them in markets
carting their urchins through arctics
of frozen fish sticks and anchovy
pizzas, past pyramids of animal
crackers and fortified flakes
snitching grapes.

I see them, womenless,
in the blare of laundromats,
arms pit-deep in steaming
bergs of diapers.

Toddlers, on their marks
getting set to go.

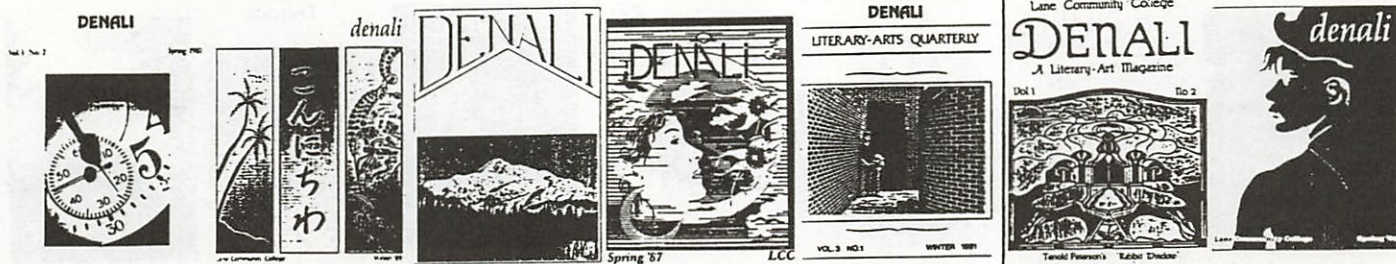
I see them in playgrounds,
skates, kites, cones and
kids awhirl and teetertottering.
Dads, reborn swinging singles.

I see them in pharmacies
decoding the cuneiform
of prescriptions and the litany
of peroxides: pondering
the heft of floss and gauze.

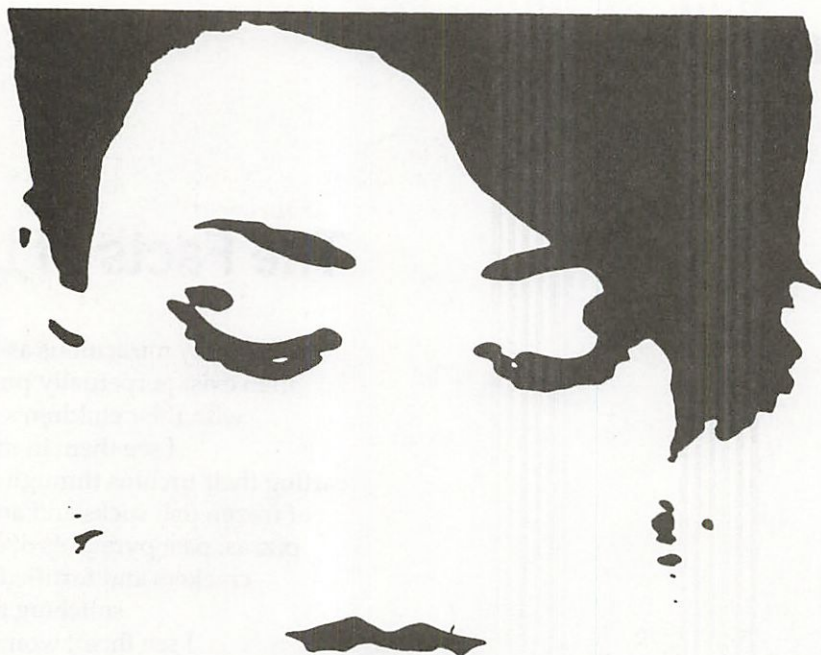
Fathers and their children:
I see them striding before
a frieze of wondrous birds
in flight.

by Kay Sussman

Denali, Fall 1983



Spring '90



Graphic
by Chris Agnew

Denali, Winter 1987

Thunderwondering

I like your brown hair there,
On your shoulders bare-
ly
touching my face.
Dreams have been told bold-
ly
of our rejoicing souls.
WE

seem to embrace the essence of each other.

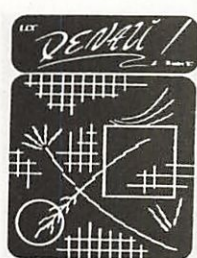
Sometimes in my thunderwondering,
I question my real feel-
ings about us.
In my ponderwondering along threads
of reality,

I touch upon my fears of the years,
and what I might be missing by
loving just you loving just me.

My doubtshouting thoughts get vague and shady
out there
In my ever scheming dreaming web of reason,
and
Up comes bubblebursting wonderful,
the warm strong realfeel-
ing
That I like your brown hair there.

by Martin Aldrich

Denali, Winter 1978



Photography
by Howard Corbett

Denali, Winter 1988

Tango for Two

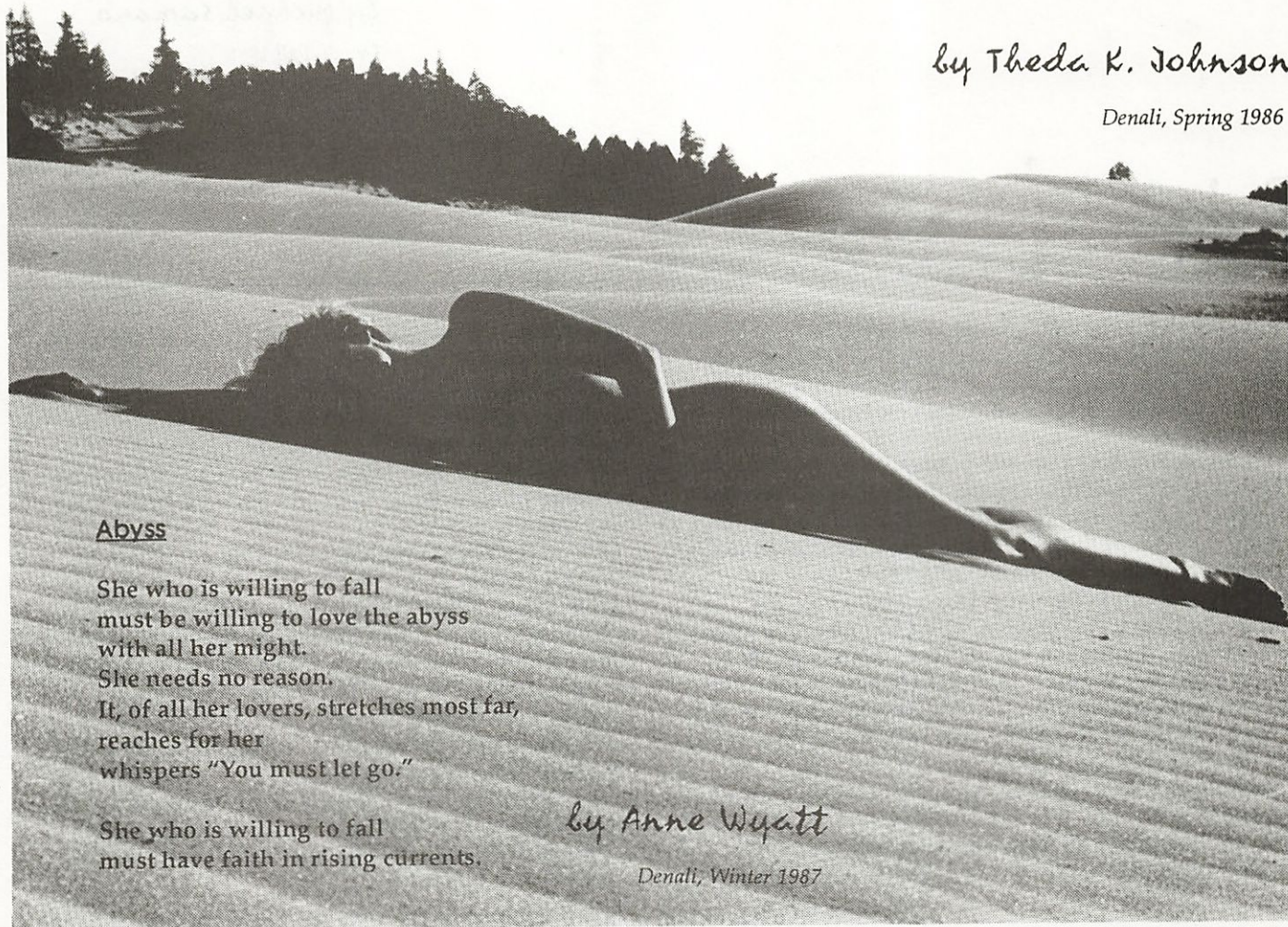
We go for a walk
in the park
at night
in the dark dancing under streetlamps
cheek to cheek.

I wake

and remember
You're a thousand miles away.
I go back to sleep
and tango
up
the city street.

by Theda K. Johnson

Denali, Spring 1986



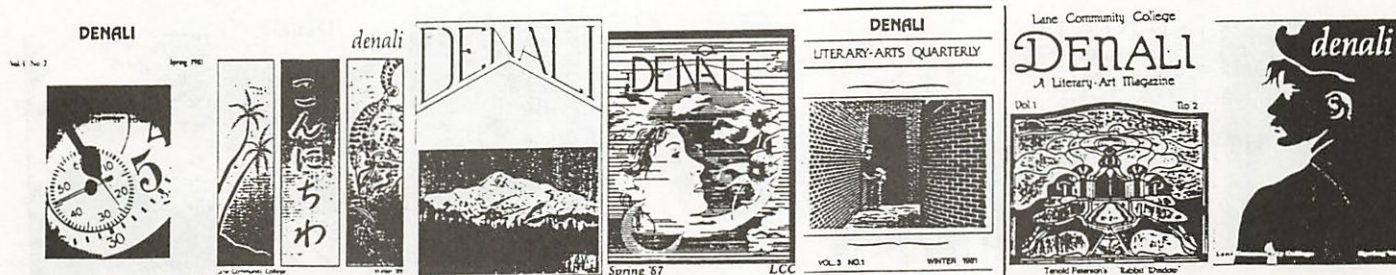
Abyss

She who is willing to fall
must be willing to love the abyss
with all her might.
She needs no reason.
It, of all her lovers, stretches most far,
reaches for her
whispers "You must let go."

She who is willing to fall
must have faith in rising currents.

by Anne Wyatt

Denali, Winter 1987



Spring '90

There are times when the moon is howling,
and the wolves are silent.

by Lucy White

The Concrete Statement, December 1974

Stressor Number 1

Frustration sets upon the
business executive in
triplicate as he continually
tries to slam a revolving
door.

by Michael Samano

Denali, Fall 1988

Rain

by Lewis Chase *Denali, Fall 1979*

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

I curse the rain. And I curse Vietnam.

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

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

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

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

myself of some of the droplets and plow back through the mud to my position.

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

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

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

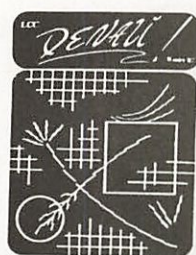
No one answers.

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

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

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

And I bless the rain.





*Airbrush
by Renny Roberts*

Denali, Fall 1979

Like Herrick's Julia

It would be nice
To meet you as a
stranger,
To smile across
the room
Of some large mansion
Filled with books bound in leather,
Boucher paintings,
And Sevres urns.

I would be sipping
Cold champagne,
My emerald bracelet
Vying
With my eyes. . .

I'd smooth my satin skirt
And walk,
Like Herrick's Julia,
To the hearth,
Examine eggs
Of Faberge
And say. . .

And you,
Your dark eyes flashing,
Would touch my satin thighs
And look into
My eyes,
Admire the paintings,
Touch the egg. . .

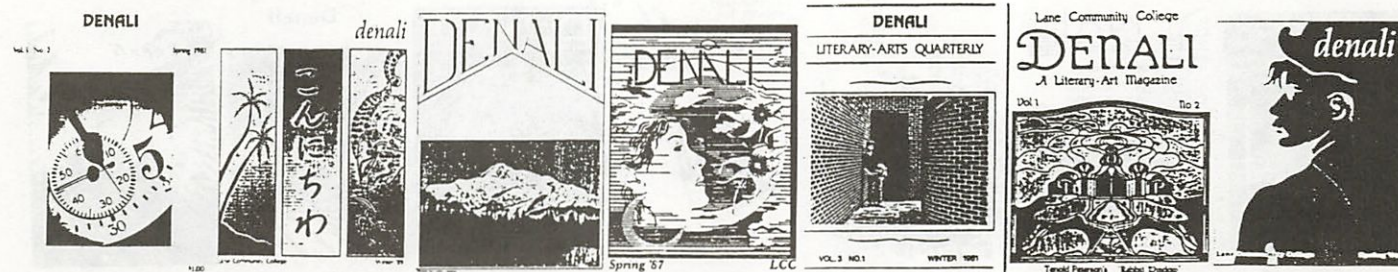
We'd talk the afternoon away.

But you say nothing.
You sit in front of me,
Eating your slow food,
Turning pages of a magazine,
Trying to pretend
My satin thighs do
Not exist. . .

And I, shabby egg
Of Venus and the moon,
Watch you
Clear the table
And throw the afternoon,
The champagne,
Scrambled Faberge,
The bracelet,
Emerald eyes,
The books,
The paintings,
And my satin thighs
Into the shattered urn.

by Sheila Juba

Denali, Winter 1981



Spring '90

For Emily Dickenson

Look, how the Amherst roofs
rhyme across town and
trees in summer foliage
burn like heavenly clouds!
Through this raised window
smell the night coming on
as it touches grass stalks
and hollyhocks and closes up
damp morning glory trumpets.

We love New England's outwardness
pregnant at this hour. One need
only overlook a yard or garden
or glance across town to feel
the community of one's self
with its own lamps coming on
and streetsigns with coordinate names.

We stand on the edge of aphorisms,
poems: language everywhere we look,
anything we know. This is our summer.
Our window brings immediate sky.

Remember the storm
that ripped leaves insideout
until their tongues wagged
rushed into speaking?

Then one blue-white streak froze them,
caught up our breath as we turned away
blind from the glass,
our doom upon us.

Prophet thunder rolled,
shook our lungs.

Again dark and the leaves
stopping drops of rain,
turning rightsideout, tasting
rain that scares no one.

We still laugh. Universe,
austere and high, comes and visits us
tapping the window, familiar,
our uncle old-whatever-his-name-is



by Leo White Horse

Denali, Winter 1984

with watch and jack knife in his pockets
and all implements to smoke his big crooked pipe,
a chunk of root from Spain.

God's home again--his matchflame
tames the dark. Whatever he smokes
smells like earth, like compost smoldering.

Tonight as we stand gazing,
our hands reach to the elements.
We contribute fear and wonder
shot through with the forking flashes of words,
lighting us in a weird light,
leafcrown and roofpeak, reinventing
Amherst right before our eyes.

by Erik Muller

Denali, Spring 1988



The Woman Who Loved Soap

To Irna Ratushinskaya, Soviet poet imprisoned
for three years without pen or paper.

Last night your dream touched
a branch: you felt
the bark crumbling under your hands.
Now, with a stick, you carve a poem
into your bar of soap,
the curls dropping around
like leaves. Anxious, you listen
for the echo
of your jailor's footsteps.
You scrub until the soap is blank,
the words your cramped
fingers made soaring
into the clean air
of your mind.

by Mervin
Mechlenburg

Denali, Winter 1989

Going Home

In photos of you at thirty
Your black hair bounces in pigtails
As you handle puppies
And smile like a child.

You were much too young
To be a mother -- yet here
I am, a baby still,
Confusing myself with your image.

Thirty years later, I am shocked
By your smallness, your thin
Knobby knees, the whiteness of
Your tennis shoes. Hugging you
Feels like holding a bird.

You like to tell me how I
Sat on your lap in the car
Until I was six.
These stories amaze me.

I don't remember such childishness,
Only this desire to protect
Your frailty. Or to defend myself
Against it.

by Polly Bowman
Denali, Winter 1987

Heather

Photography by Mary Quarles Denali, Spring 1989



Spring '90

She was born at home in a drafty room on a cold, snowy February morning. She weighed six pounds, she cried her little lungs out, and that was the last time she would cry for many years. It was also the last time she would know what her weight was.

As a child, she faded into the spot relegated to all middle children of large families--she was just there.

Oh, she remembered things, but she chose not to, and after a while, her little mind stepped in and saved her from having to. It stopped thinking about her small, undernourished body, her pain. And so, she remained just there.

She learned things, though. She learned things other people didn't want to know. Things like talking to the old dog the family had--the one with the bald spot on his back--and, of course, she dreamed.

When she was nine she was molested. Oh, she didn't remember any of this either; she just remembered looking at the old dog and telling him. He lay there on his back, looked at her and rolled over, and, again, she was just there.

When she was twelve, she got her period, but she didn't know anything about this--nobody told her--so she stuck her small thumb in her mouth, went down to the river, and wanted to jump in. She didn't, though. People didn't jump in the river where she lived. People cried rivers, but they didn't jump in them, and, again, she was just there.

So, she cut small pieces from an old towel she found, and she desperately tried to

stop the bleeding. It took her four days, but she finally did it, and she felt proud. She felt in charge, which was a feeling quite foreign to her, and she knew it meant something.

She was flabbergasted when, a month later, it started again. But she'd saved a piece of the old towel washing it out in the river with a kind of fury, and, of course, she was wiser now. She now knew how to stop the bleeding, and she knew it would take her four days, so she waited, and she told the old dog, the one with the bald spot on his back, because she just needed to tell somebody. And she said her prayers.

She wondered why she was not growing up like she knew she was supposed to but figured it must have something to do with the bleeding, and, not wanting to stay little forever, she gathered what little courage she had and asked her Aunt.

Oh, not about the bleeding--she'd handled that and felt proud; it was about her not growing up. Her Aunt, who was not blind, gave her a fluffy towel, explained about the bleeding, and made her feel clean again.

She also gave her a mirror telling her to look into the mirror and see for herself that she was growing up.

Now she had a fluffy towel, she had a mirror, and she had the dog with the bald spot to tell it to. She prayed that nobody would find her fluffy towel, which she'd hidden under a rock. And she looked and looked in her mirror until she knew that she was never going to grow up. That she was always going to be just there.

Just There

by Teresa Sloan

Ken Songer

Excerpts of an interview with Ken Songer, an art student at LCC. Mr. Songer's artwork appears on this, and the next two pages.

DENALI: How did you become interested in art and in drawing?

SONGER: I've always been drawing, even when I was a little kid. When I was young, I used to pour over the drawings of Escher, and a couple of years ago, I became very interested in the work of Salvadore Dali. I've had very little formal training, however.

DENALI: What training have you had?

SONGER: I attended LaSalle High School in Milwaukee, just outside of Portland, Oregon. When I was at the University of Oregon, I took two drawing classes. I wasn't ready for the University, though. I was used to a smaller community, and the UO seemed too large, too overwhelming. Also, I was an entire "id" being then, devoid of responsibility. Getting kicked out was one of the better things that has happened to me. Here at LCC, my art has really been nurtured. I have also learned how to live independently, and when I go back to the University of Oregon, I'll have a new, better perspective.

DENALI: You sound like you have a sense of purpose now. How did you reach this turning point?

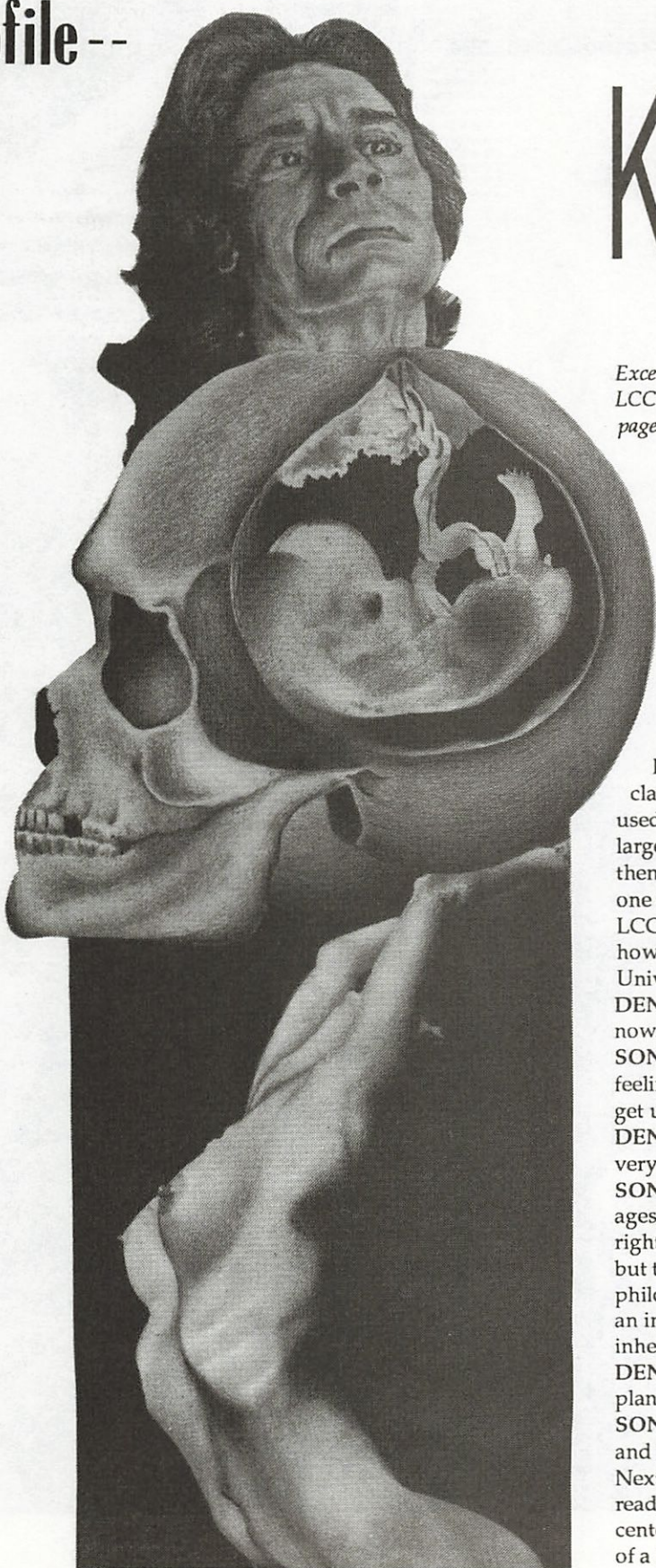
SONGER: When I recently turned twenty, I had the feeling that I had to accomplish something, that I had to get up and go.

DENALI: You're just twenty years old? Your art seems very mature.

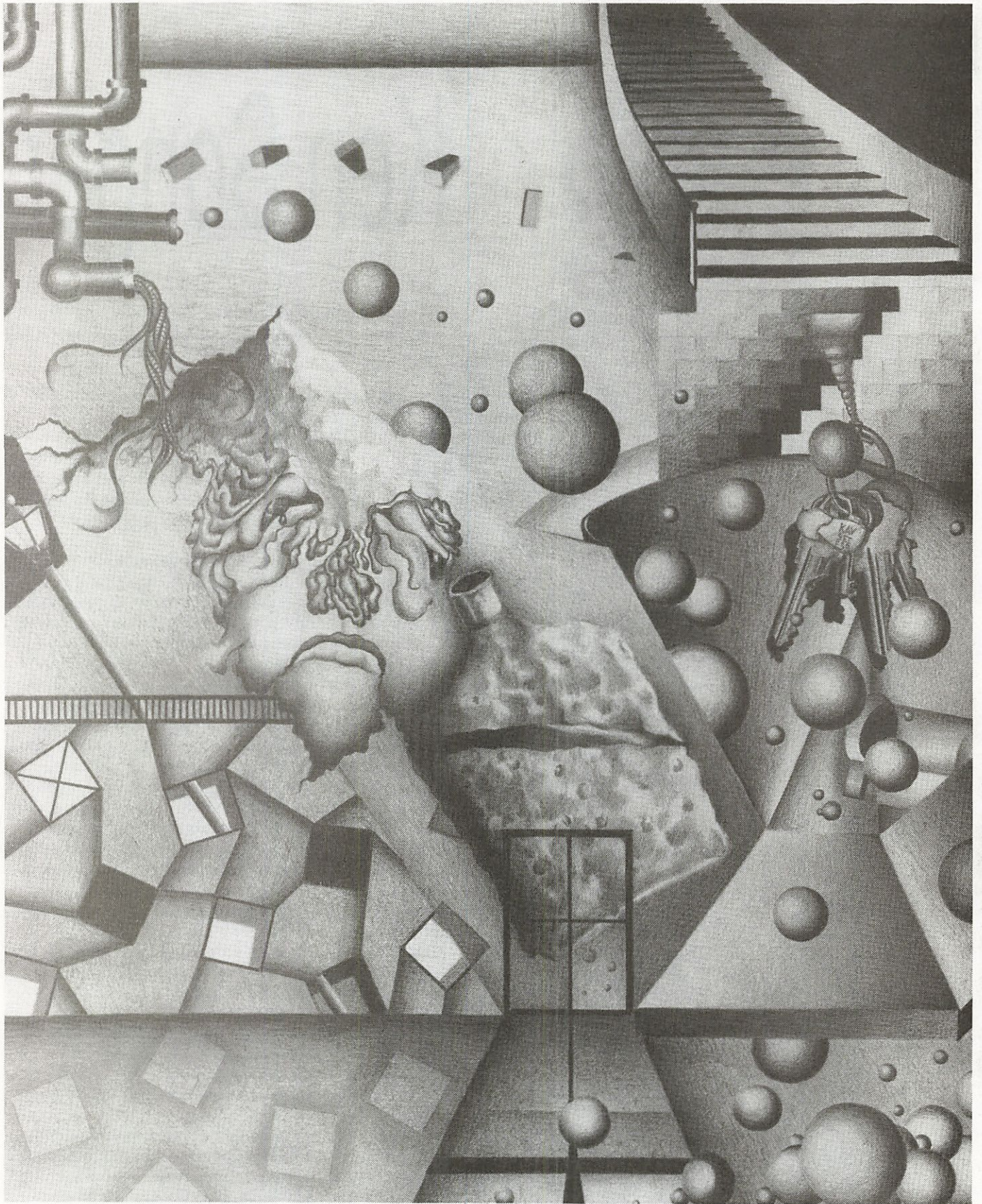
SONGER: Maturity comes to different people at different ages, and maybe I am mature. I just think I've found the right medium. Many people have a lot of creative energy, but they choose the wrong medium. I have studied philosophy, and I see its relevance in all of life. There is an inherent sorrow in every sort of beauty, and an inherent beauty in every sort of pain.

DENALI: What are you studying now? What are your plans?

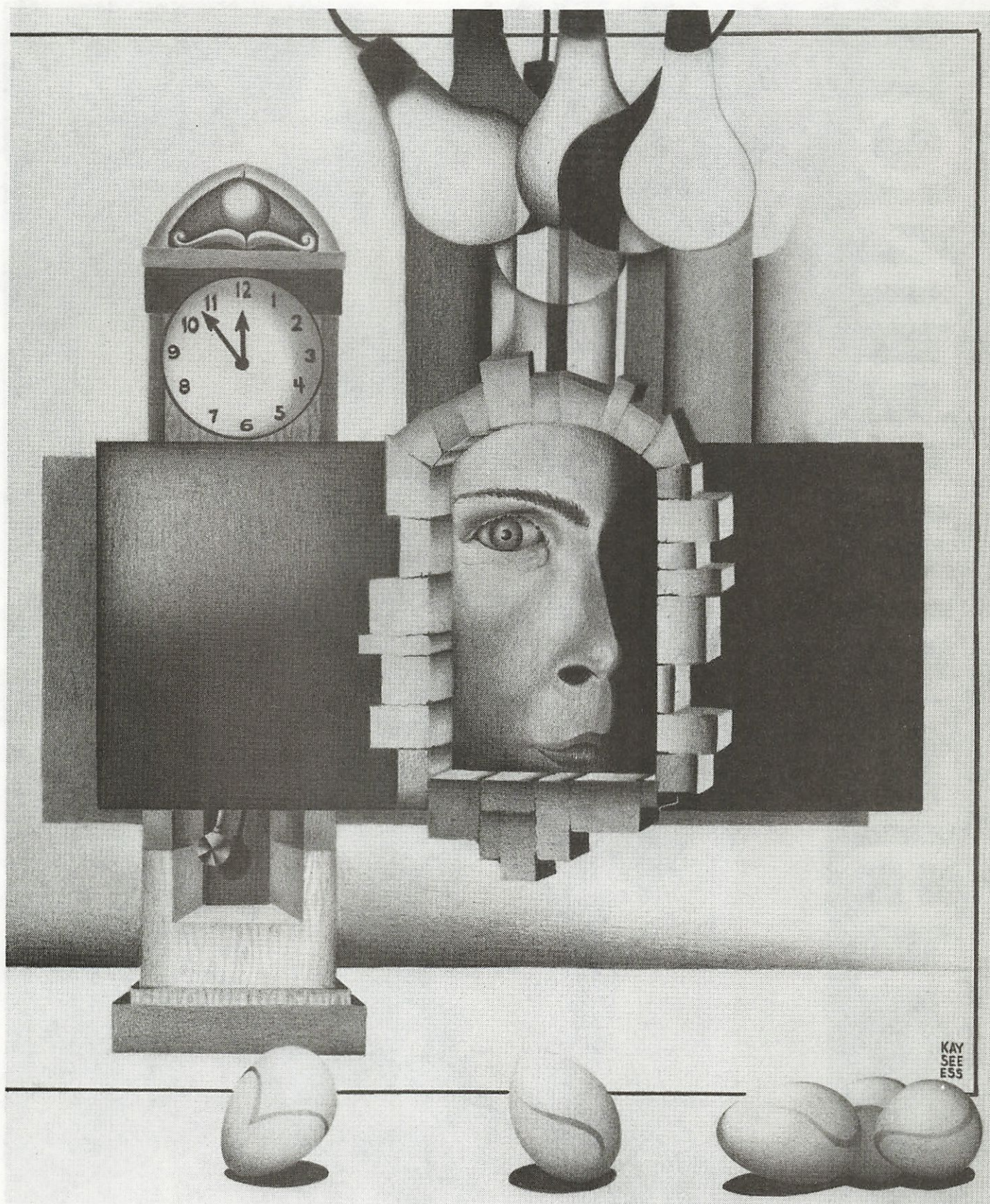
SONGER: I've just cast my first bronze nude sculpture, and I'm excited about working more with that medium. Next year I'll be back at the University, ready to study and ready to learn. Lane Community College helped me to center myself. Now I am ready to deal with the pressures of a larger campus. ►►►



Creation



Three Days by Ken Songer



KAY
SEE
ESS

A Time for Change by Ken Songer


THE HUNTING

Drawing
by
JoVenry
Pereyra



Black Snow

(Romania 1990)



The snow drifted earthward
From its cloud rising from
The chimney of the state
Run tyre factory.
It settled upon streets
And roofs of unwelcoming
Houses in the secluded town.
Leaden faces stared out
Grey, cracked windows
At the stranger approaching
Through the darkened landscape.

His western Olympus camera
Engraved on film people
Who never witnessed green
Grass or white bird feathers.
The rickets and skin diseases
Of the adult
And cleft palates
Of the newborn
Being frozen in time
To float off with the tide
Of history.

*Photography by
Robert D. Willis*

by David Weakley

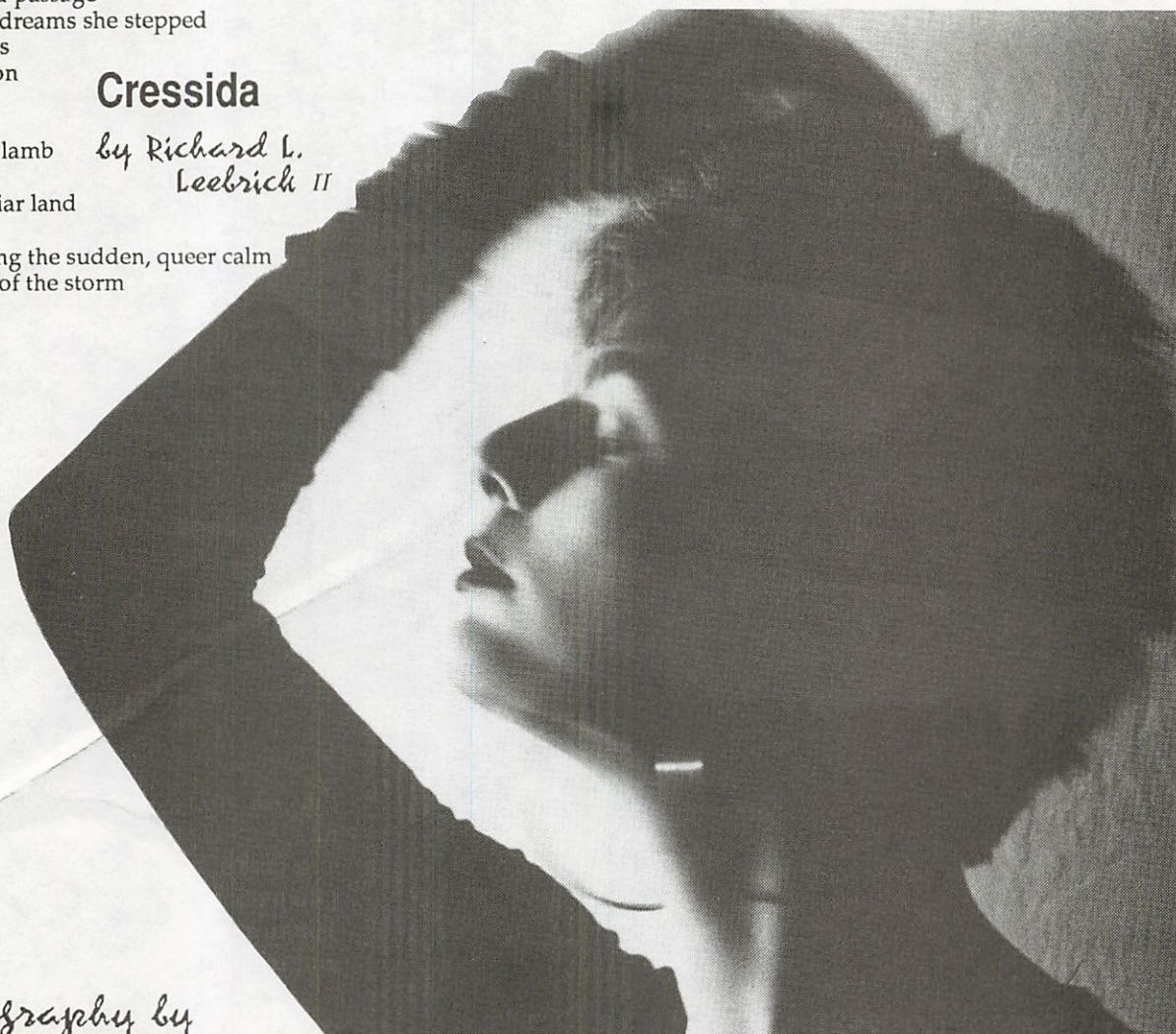
how angrily
 sometimes she slept
 making shadowed passage
 through dreams she stepped
 into the honeyhills
 of halcyon

Cressida

daylight finds
 the little lamb
 bereft of memory
 on familiar land

by Richard L.
 Leebrick II

searching the sudden, queer calm
 for a warning of the storm



All Photography by
 Robert Sebastiane Powers

"I Have It All in Black and White"—Ben Johnson

A View of the River

were not written down in a little square.
 associate, someone who
 might be forgotten if he

Lily writes Naomi's name on the weekend and crosses out all the other names. Is one Mitch's? "You can both stay here," Lily says. "It's only a weekend; we can work it out. And besides, I want to see her."

"How is Mitch going to take this?" Gary asks.

"Mitch?" she asks. In her voice he thinks he hears: what does this have to do with Mitch? But she only says, "Don't worry, everything will be fine."

And, surprisingly, everything is fine. Naomi, who is trying the macrobiotic cure her neighbor swears by, does not look much worse than the last time Gary saw her. She is thin and fragile, but her color is good, and she eats with apparent appetite the meals of rice and vegetables that Lily cooks for her.

On Saturday afternoon, they go out on the deck. Lily thinks it will be too cool for Naomi, but the October sunlight is long and golden and hard to resist. The air smells like grapes and

woodsmoke, and in the distance, between the fir trees, they can see the river.

Gary sits with Naomi at the redwood picnic table drinking herbal tea from a tea set he and Lily bought on their honeymoon in Japan. Lily, in a wicker rocking chair, writes on a long pad, showering the sleeping Duces with a storm of fluttering yellow papers.

What is she trying so hard to get right, now? Gary wonders.

In his sleep the dog groans and twitches.

Suddenly Lily gets up and goes in the house. When she comes back she has a soft green shawl which she drapes around Naomi. Then she rubs Naomi's shoulders briskly.

They look so pretty, Gary thinks, there, together on the deck. In the late afternoon sunshine they almost seem to be glowing.

"Are you warm enough, Mom?" Lily asks.

"I could sit here forever," Naomi answers. "I'm just fine."

And although no one has asked him, Gary echoes his mother's words. "I'm fine, too," he says. Then he laughs softly at himself, not quite sure who he is speaking to. ■



"Time Goes, You Say? Ah No! Alas, Time Stays, We Go"--Henry Austin Dobson

Biographies --

Richard N. Ahlstrom ■ is a musician and artist who attends LCC. He plans on opening his own production company when he is finished with school.

Ann Applegarth ■ was awarded the Academy of American Poets prize at University of New Mexico in 1980. Her work has appeared in *Christianity and Literature*, *Conceptions Southwest*, *Alura*, and *Hungry Poets' Cookbook*. She is a 1990 graduate of University of Oregon.

Bear ■ is an artist and writer who has been published in *Denali*, *Poetic Space*, and *Pearl*. She attends creative writing classes at LCC and the University of Oregon.

Alana Buch ■ attends LCC. She claims she is not lost but has just temporarily given up her sense of place.

Noah Couture ■ is an LCC student, who dedicates his photography "with love to the Ladies' Sunshine."

Craven Hunter ■ is often a champion of mediocrity.

Ann Kelly ■ is an LCC student who enjoys working in different mediums.

Lee Crawley Kirk ■ is a local freelance writer, composes poetry to release her creative energies. Her articles, stories, and poems have been published by many magazines and newspapers.

David Koteen ■ writer and performance artist, is syndicated through *Fiction Network* in San Francisco.

Richard L. Leebrick II ■ an itinerant jazz tenor player and poet, is a full-time father who dreams of living in blissful obscurity on the Oregon coast. He is a student at LCC.

Denise Logan ■ is a first year LCC graphic arts student with a desire to "get my creativity into production and advertising."

Erin Naillon ■ is a bright student with a promising future at Lane Community College.

Vickie Nelson ■ is senior editor at *Oregon Coast Magazine*. She has published in local and regional publications including *Pacifica* and *Portland Review*. She has an upcoming short story in *Modern Short Stories*.

Enita Terry Park ■ whose last place of residence was Whidbey Island, has travelled a lot. She says, "Poetry just comes out of the subconscious."

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.

Robert Sebastiane Powers ■ "The possibilities are endless." She is a student at LCC and was profiled in *Denali's*, Winter '90 issue.

Michael Primrose ■ LCC student, made a photodocumentary of the Soviet Union in July, 1989, for LCC's Social Science Department. He wants to get a job as a photo journalist.

Bill Ramsey ■ has just discovered for himself how beautiful pointillistic type drawings can be. A student at LCC, he says he has always been a bike rider.

Jane Salamone ■ painted while living in England six years ago. Flowers are her favorite subject. She is a student at LCC.

Michael Feld Simon teaches in the Life Experience Assessment Program at LCC. He has been writing for half his 36 years.

Tai-Chi Chuan and literature are his hobbies.

Teresa Sloan ■ was born in the north of Ireland. She has two grown children and now lives quite happily alone. She is in her third term at LCC.

Ken Songer ■ an LCC art student, wants to travel to Europe and see the works of the Masters. Donations will be graciously accepted.

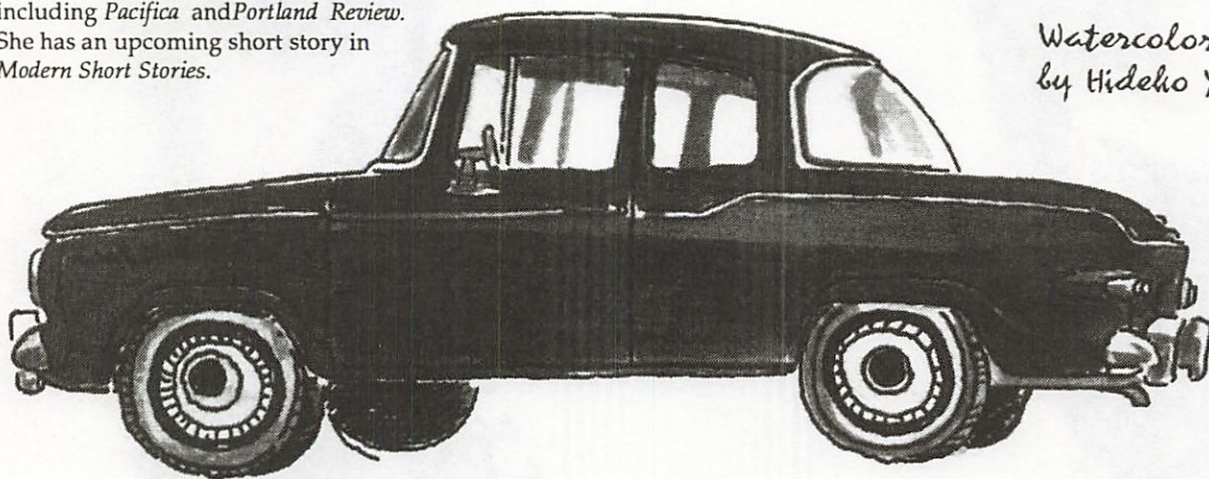
David Weakley ■ was born and raised in Dundee, Scotland.

He has just started publishing in literary magazines.

Robert Willis ■ an art student at LCC, finds it difficult to deal with his feelings verbally; painting offers a release.

Hideko Yoshimura ■ is studying drawing at LCC. "I feel natural energy from the landscape of Eugene."

Watercolor
by Hideko Yoshimura



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