



Denali
M A G A Z I N E

Winter '90

L a n e C o m m u n i t y C o l l e g e

Short Story ■ Photography ■ Poetry ■ Jewelry ■ Graphic Arts ■ Airbrush
Prose ■ Oil Painting ■ Drawing ■ Sculpture ■ Ceramics ■ Watercolors

Denali

M A G A Z I N E



Photography by Bob Walter

Cover Airbrush: *The Dreamer*
by Robert Willis

Welcome to the Winter '90 issue of *Denali* Magazine! Our twentieth anniversary year is going well: during spring term, *Denali* will present a twentieth anniversary commemorative art show on April 9, 1990, at LCC, featuring art and photography from *Denali* alumni who are current or former students of LCC; our second poetry reading (free and open to the public) will take place on April 11th at 3:00 p.m. in the LCC Board Room, showcasing Keri Baker and Lee Crawley Kirk; and the submission deadline for contributions to *Denali's* spring issue is Friday, April 20th, at 5:00 p.m.

Denali sincerely thanks the ASLCC for funding to publish this issue. We also want to thank LCC's English department, the *Torch*, and the administration for their strong support of *Denali*. Finally, *Denali* thanks you for reading and submitting to the magazine. We are proud to publish our area's literature and fine arts in *Denali*, LCC's nationally recognized magazine. Enjoy!

Della Lee, Editor

This Winter issue of *Denali* represents the culmination of months of planning and hard work. Fall's issue was rewarding because of the daring design steps we took. But this issue takes our vision one or two steps further. We are extremely proud and amazed at the depth of talent shown by our contributors. Our beleaguered staff reviewed over 120 written submissions and more than 100 art and photography pieces. Believe us, we agonized over every one. The quality of the work made our jobs extremely difficult.

Many thanks to everyone who submitted and contributed. It's never easy to risk yourself and your work. To those who made this issue, congratulations; to those who didn't, please try again! Also, special thanks to our Technical Advisor Dorothy Wearne, and to our Staff Photographer Paul Bunch. All unattributed photos are his handiwork. We sincerely hope this issue's design complements and enhances the exceptional literature and artwork submitted.

Terry Sheldon, Art Director

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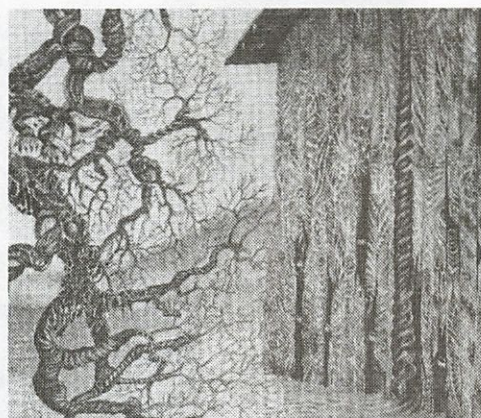
Denali

Contents —

- 1 ■ **The Dreamer** ■ Airbrush by Robert Willis
- 2 ■ **Photography** ■ by Bob Walter
- 4 ■ **On Being Alive** ■ Poetry by Alisa Anderson
Diana No. 42 ■ Gelatin silver print by Kerry Jeffrey
- 5 ■ **five roses** ■ Poetry by james phillips-clary
Matsuno No. 7 ■ Gelatin silver print by Kerry Jeffrey
- 6 ■ **Profile** ■ of Photographer Robert Sebastiane Powers
- 8 ■ **Saurian Sourpuss** ■ Poetry by Lee Crawley Kirk
Drawing by Diane Cissel
- 9 ■ **African Basket** ■ Short Story by Lee Crawley Kirk
Drawing by Diane Cissel
- 10 ■ **No Work Today** ■ Poetry by Wendell Anderson
- 11 ■ **Shelter Fire** ■ Poetry by Wendell Anderson
- 12 ■ **It's Alive** ■ Graphite Drawing by Thomas Baxter
- 13 ■ **Side by Side** ■ Short Story by Della Lee
- 15 ■ **Anna** ■ Photography by Mary Quarles
- 16 ■ **Power Shopping the Whole Year 'Round** ■ Satire by Terry Sheldon
- 18 ■ **I heard the one song...** ■ Poetry by William Kitterman
The Run ■ Poetry by Neelam Sandhu
- 19 ■ **with no interest in eating** ■ Poetry by regan lee
- 20 ■ **learning to paint** ■ Poetry by frank rossini
- 21 ■ **Watercolor** by Krystal Sisson
- 22 ■ **the longest night** ■ Poetry by james phillips-clary
weather change ■ Poetry by Diana Blackmon
Jewelry design by Jane Salamone
- 23 ■ **Photography** by Robert Willis
- 24 ■ **Airbrush** by Robert Willis



Be Good ■ Page 6



It's Alive! ■ Page 12





On
Being Alive

Sometimes I feel
If I am too quiet,
I will disappear
Making noise is a way to ensure
I'm still here.

by Alisa Anderson



F i v e R o s e s

five roses
in a pool of blood
heart screams why

*by james
phillips-clary*

Gelatin Silver Prints:

Matsumo No. 7

◀◀◀ Diana No. 42

by Kerry Jeffery

Profile —



"I believe because it is impossible." --Tertullian

ROBERT SEBASTIANE POWERS

The following is an excerpt from an interview with Robert Sebastiane Powers, a student photographer whose work is showcased here.

Denali: Is there any medium of art which you prefer?

Powers: There is no distinction, at least for me. Film, sculpture, paint, photography, charcoal, or graphics -- I think they all jell. I do believe, however, that we naturally move towards that which we are most proficient at the time. I know more about photography than I do about paint, so I prefer to photograph. The mediums blend such that I would not be limited to a photograph only. Why not cut it up, make a sculpture out of it? The possibilities are limitless. Given what you have to work with, there is always something that can be created using any combination of the mediums.

D: Is there any particular discipline of photography that you prefer to work with?

P: Fine art photography, but who is to say that stops in a gallery? It can be a work



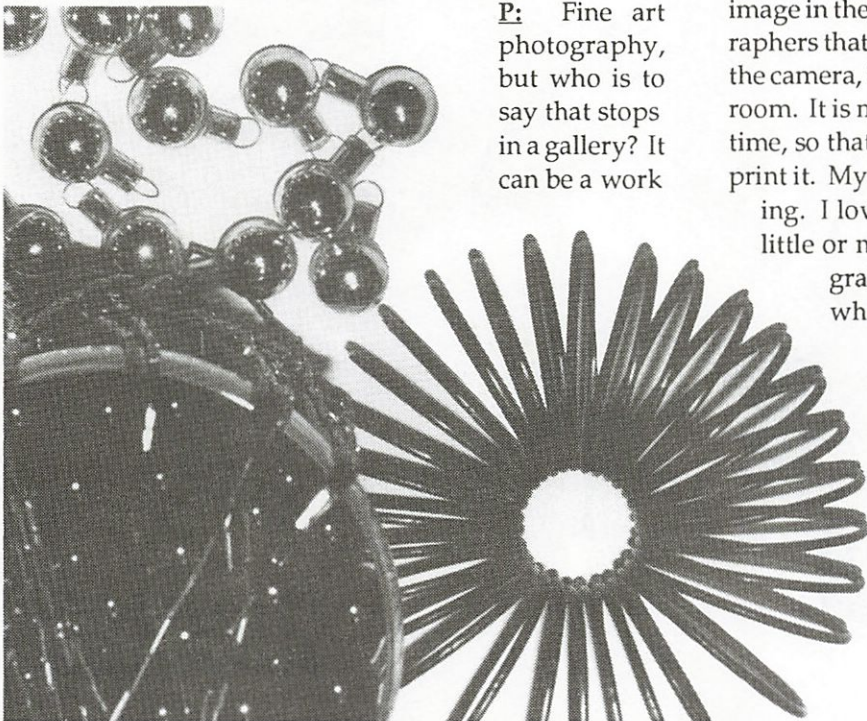
"Be good and you will be lonesome." --Mark Twain

of art in a publication, a computer, or a film. That can be its podium, rather than being shown on a wall. So, I do prefer fine art photography, but my definition of that does not eliminate much at all. The only thing that it eliminates for me, perhaps, is baby photographs. And weddings.

D: Is there any particular photographic technique that you prefer?

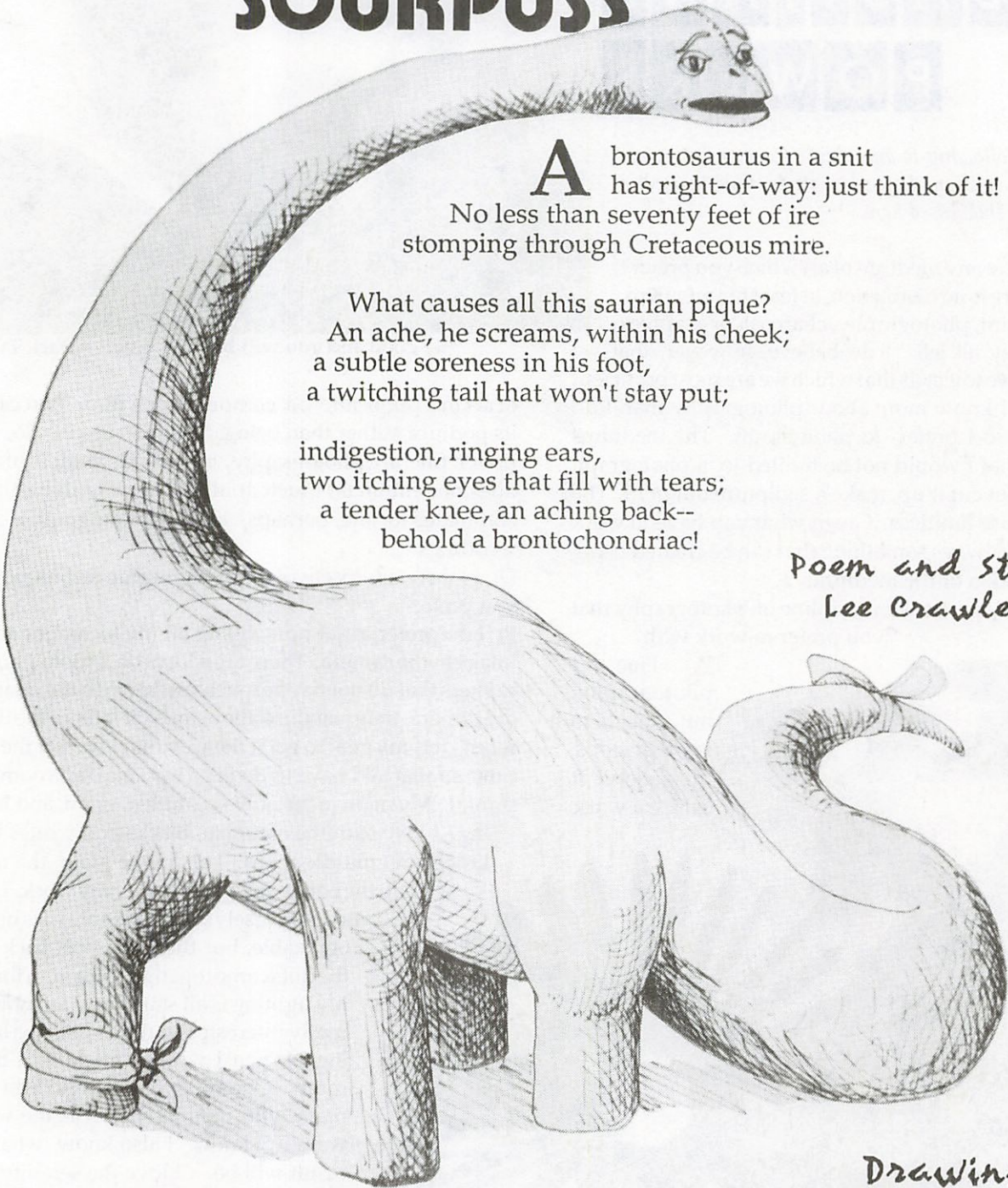
P: I do prefer, right now, doing all my technique to the image in the camera. There are a lot of darkroom photographers that do not pay as much attention to the image in the camera, they just think they can fix it later in the darkroom. It is my goal to get it the way that I want it the first time, so that all I have to do is go into the darkroom and print it. My main focus now is contrast, grain, and lighting. I love extreme contrast: blacks and whites with little or no middle tones. I also love grain, the more grain the better, in a great deal of my work. I love when you look closely at an image and it is unrecognizable, but then you pull back and the dots come together to form an image.

My lighting is all standing; I am not currently interested in flash or strobe lighting. When I work, I begin in a black room. One by one I begin to add and paint with light. When it is the way I want it, I know. I also know what the result will be. I love the serenity and odor of the darkroom; hours in there feel like minutes, but I wish to use my time for creativity, not corrections. ■



"Things do not change; we change." --Thoreau

SAURIAN SOURPUSS



A brontosaurus in a snit
has right-of-way: just think of it!
No less than seventy feet of ire
stomping through Cretaceous mire.

What causes all this saurian pique?
An ache, he screams, within his cheek;
a subtle soreness in his foot,
a twitching tail that won't stay put;

indigestion, ringing ears,
two itching eyes that fill with tears;
a tender knee, an aching back--
behold a brontochondriac!

*Poem and story by
Lee Crawley Kirk*

*Drawings by
Diane Cissel*

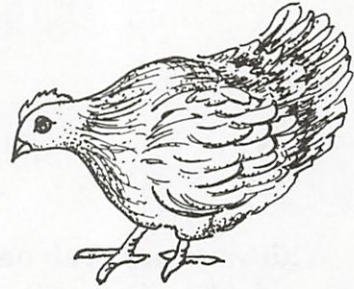
African Basket



I wanted to set my hen on some eggs, so a friend gave me an African basket made especially for that purpose. It was a wonderful basket woven from thick grasses, round in shape and with a small round hole for the hen to enter through. It looked like the kind of nest a hen would build in a bunch of weeds, if she had the chance.

I took the basket home to my chicken house, lined it with clean straw, and showed it to my hen. I pushed her through the hole, but she would not stay in. Several times I put her in the basket, but each time she struggled to get out again.

"Foolish hen!" I scolded her. "This is a perfect nest. I will leave it here tonight, and I'm sure you'll get used to it."



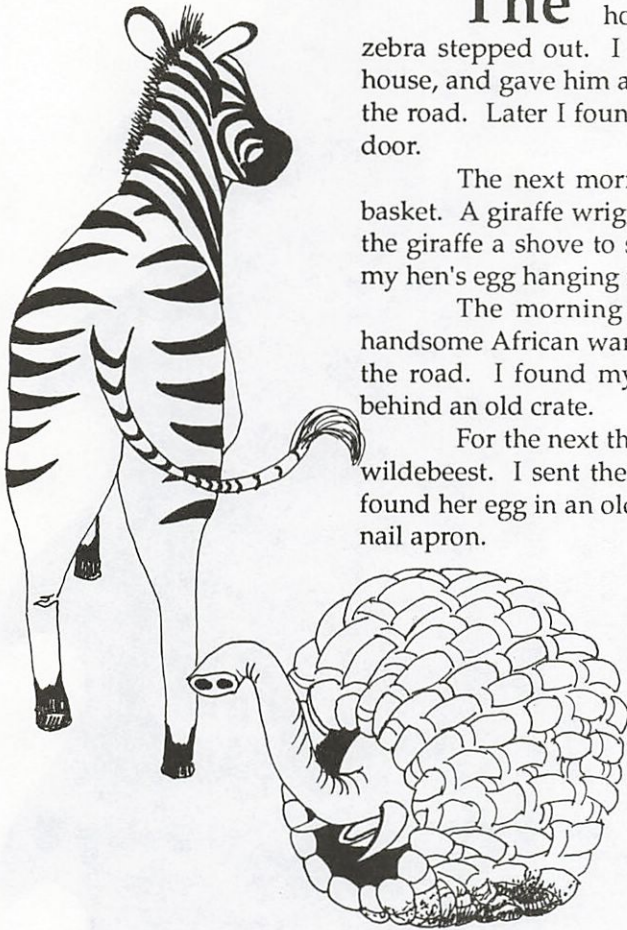
The next morning I went out to the chicken house. I peeked into the basket, and a zebra stepped out. I shooed the zebra out of the chicken house, and gave him a smack on the rear to send him down the road. Later I found my hen's egg in a crack behind the door.

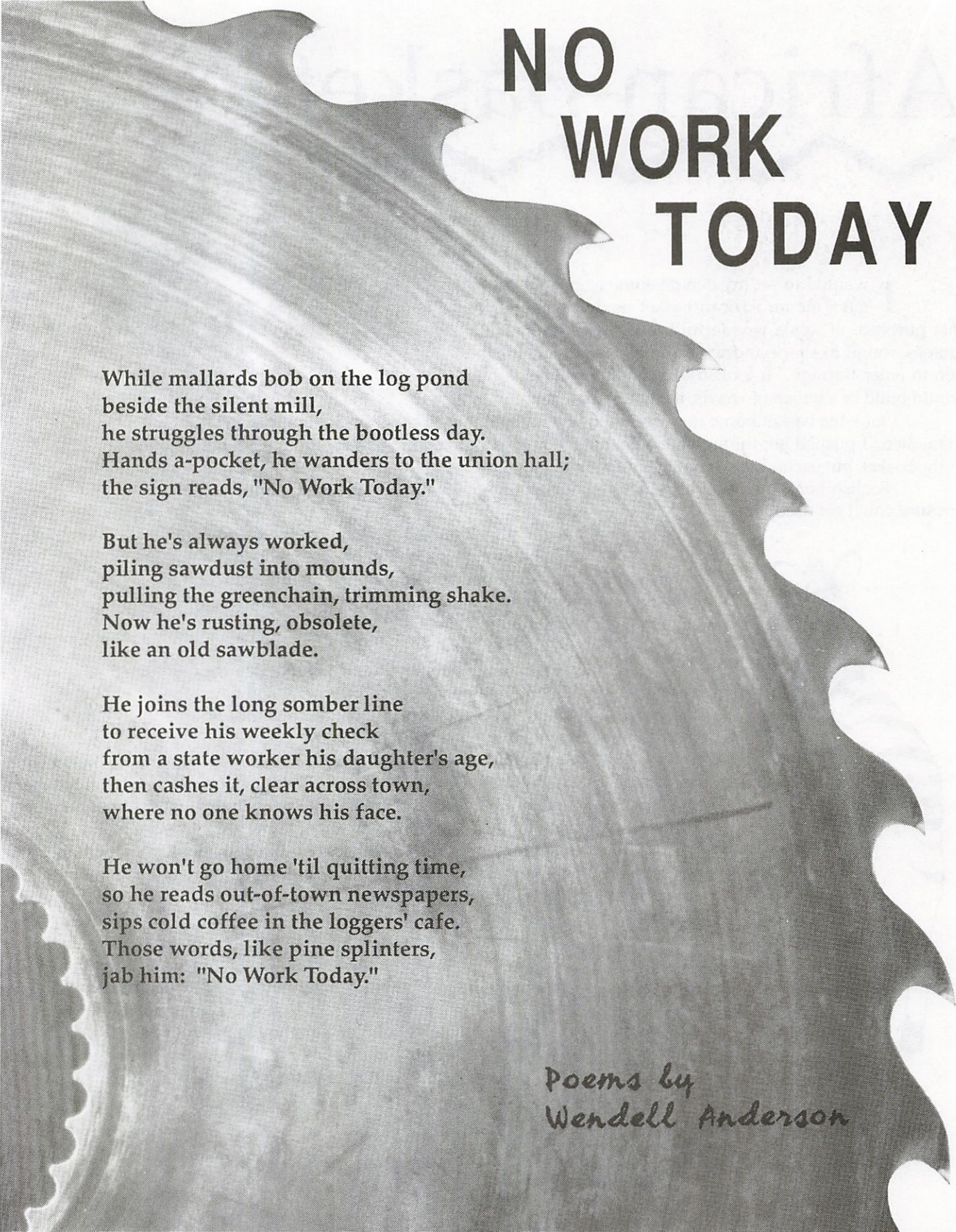
The next morning I went out and peered into the basket. A giraffe wriggled out. I opened the door and gave the giraffe a shove to send it down the road. Later I found my hen's egg hanging in a cobweb among the rafters.

The morning after that I went out and looked into the basket. Three handsome African warriors stepped out. I opened the door and pointed them down the road. I found my hen's egg in a patch of moonlight that had been trapped behind an old crate.

For the next three mornings, the basket yielded an elephant, a python, and a wildebeest. I sent them down the road. My hen would still not use the basket. I found her egg in an old boot, in the hollow of a widow's wish, and in the pocket of a nail apron.

Finally I turned a wooden bucket on its side and put some straw in it. My hen marched inside and promptly laid an egg. I took the basket back to my friend. "Thank you for the wonderful basket," I said, "but I'm bringing it back. My hen is stupid, and refuses to use it. I can't imagine why."





NO WORK TODAY

While mallards bob on the log pond
beside the silent mill,
he struggles through the bootless day.
Hands a-pocket, he wanders to the union hall;
the sign reads, "No Work Today."

But he's always worked,
piling sawdust into mounds,
pulling the greenchain, trimming shake.
Now he's rusting, obsolete,
like an old sawblade.

He joins the long somber line
to receive his weekly check
from a state worker his daughter's age,
then cashes it, clear across town,
where no one knows his face.

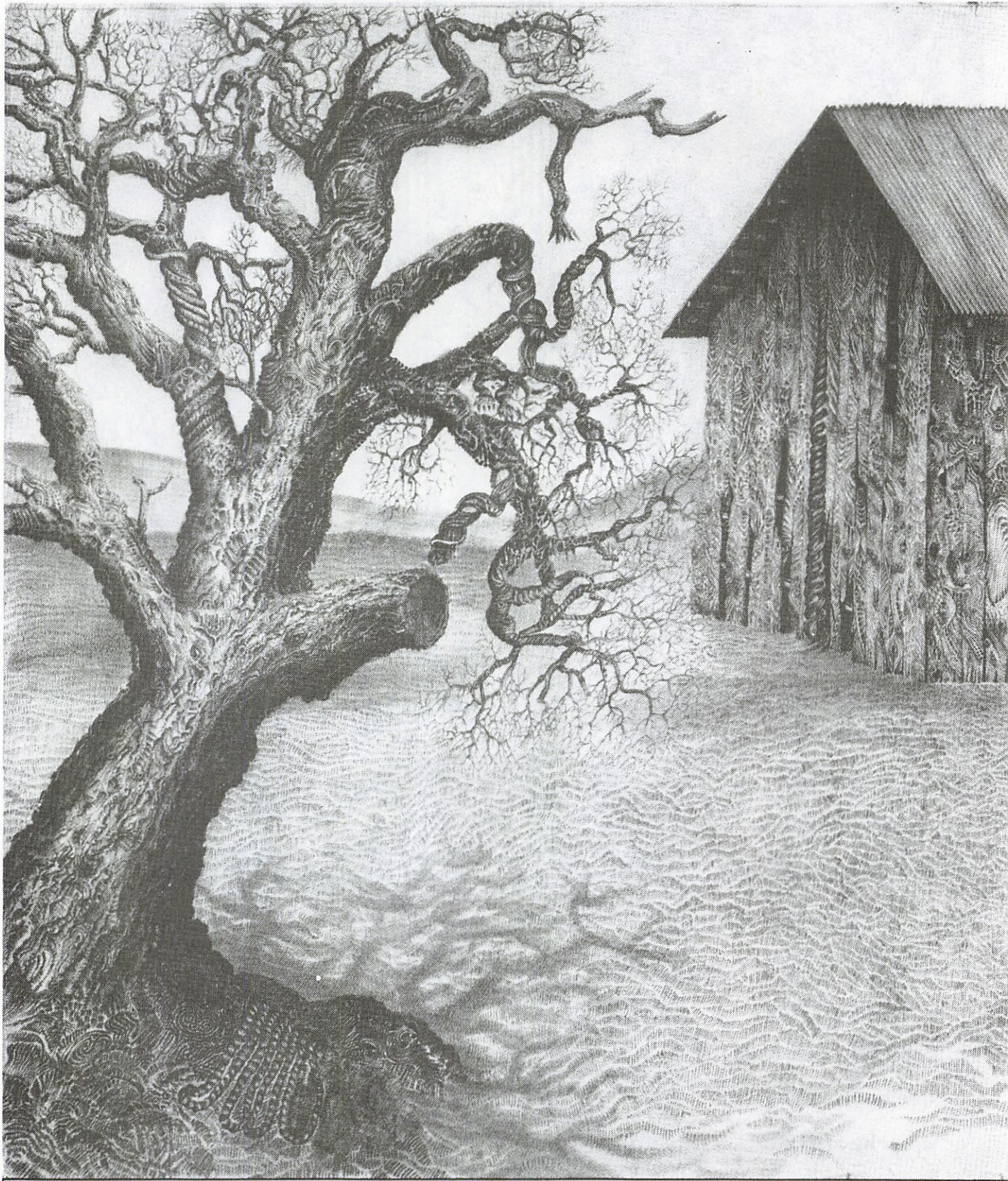
He won't go home 'til quitting time,
so he reads out-of-town newspapers,
sips cold coffee in the loggers' cafe.
Those words, like pine splinters,
jab him: "No Work Today."

*Poems by
Wendell Anderson*



Shelter Fire

The old man
fell asleep in his chair
on the third floor
of the shelter
a dust colored terrier
slept at his feet
a cigarette burned
in a plate by his side
and burned and burned
the crowd in the street
watched in silence
his smoldering body
brought down in a bag
no one knew his name
or when he arrived
but thank God they said
the dog's all right



Graphite Drawing: It's Alive by Thomas Baxter



Side *by* Side

Story by Della Lee

My Grandma Cindy was the meanest person I ever knew.

She woke up mean, stayed mean all day, and went to sleep, still mean. I'm not kidding -- she was never kind to me, and often she was cruel. When she laughed, it sounded just like a witch's cackle.

I was usually the butt of her jokes because I was a fat little kid, and Grandma Cindy hated fat people. She would pinch my cheeks really hard so that it hurt, call me a tub of lard, and laugh, even in front of strangers and other kids. It didn't make any sense because she was fat too, just five feet tall and built like a barrel, but I don't think she looked in the same mirrors that I did.

My great-aunt told me that Grandma Cindy used to be the prettiest girl in Polk County, Arkansas, with admirers coming from all over to escort her to socials and to church. I looked and looked, but I never saw anything beautiful in that woman. She was evil, and evil is ugly. Even a child knows that.

I knew what was good, too, when I saw it, and my grandpa was good. He was so filled up with goodness that it just poured out of him in everything he said and did. He was a deacon in the Baptist church, and he was just like the Bible says a man ought to be: honest and neighborly and humble and kind. I never heard him say anything bad about anyone, not even Grandma Cindy.

He used to pick me up so I could touch the ceiling, and he never said I was fat. He let me rub my cheek against the stubble on his chin, and he gave me special things, like a turtle's empty shell and old birdnests and little toys that he had whittled. And he loved me.

The summer of 1959, I went to Arkansas to stay with them on the farm for a month. I was eight years old, and my mother was sick. She had been sick for a long time and had to go to Houston for some special tests, so I stayed with Grandpa and Grandma. Several of my cousins and aunts and uncles were there too, off and on, because everyone came to visit in the summer.

One day, when a bunch of relatives were there, Grandpa went into town and came back with a big sack of bananas. He handed the sack to us kids and said we could help ourselves, so we did.

Then Grandma Cindy came out on the ►►►

Side *by* Side

back porch and saw us sitting there, eating bananas. She yelled at us calling us greedy little pigs and took the bananas away. My cousins Shirley and Lester started whining. They were really stuck-up, because their dad owned a big hardware store in South Carolina and they had a big, new car and a lot of money. Anyway, they started whining and crying and acting like babies, so Grandma Cindy gave the bananas to them -- the whole sack!

The rest of us had to sit there and be quiet while Lester and Shirley ate those bananas all by themselves. They messed up the ones they didn't eat, just taking one bite or poking holes in them, so that none were fit to eat.

My cousin Tommy started crying, because he really liked bananas. His dad worked in a chicken plant, and they didn't get bananas very often. But Grandma Cindy slapped Tommy, so the rest of us kept our mouths shut.

Later on, Grandpa took us for a walk down to the cantaloupe patch, and we squatted down in the dirt and ate cantaloupes as fast as Grandpa could peel them. He even let Shirley and Lester come.

Grandpa used to sing and whistle. His voice was really deep, just like Tennessee Ernie Ford's. Mostly he sang gospel songs, like "Amazing grace, how sweet the sound/That saved a wretch like me." He could whistle the same songs, but they were a lot more complicated when he whistled them. He used

to talk to the birds, too. He would whistle so fine that the birds would answer him, and they would have regular conversations, Grandpa and the birds, back and forth, while he worked. I used to think that God, if He were a man, would be just like Grandpa talking to birds and children.

Grandma Cindy hated Black people. She always called them niggers -- dirty, thieving niggers. She would get on Grandpa's nerves when she went on and on about niggers, and he would tell her to hush up. She'd be quiet for a little while until he left the room, and then she would start up again.

One day that summer, Grandpa gave a Black man a ride in the pickup. The man was hitchhiking, which was kind of dangerous in Polk County, because so many people belonged to the Klan. So Grandpa picked him up way down by Vandervoort and carried him all the way across the county line to Waldron about twenty-five miles out of the way.

Grandma Cindy was mad when he got home late, but she got really mad when he told her why. She ordered Grandpa to wash down the seat of the pickup, because she wouldn't sit where a dirty, thieving nigger had been. Grandpa did it, too. He took some of her homemade lye soap and washed the entire pick-up, inside and outside, except the spot where the black man had been sitting, and he whistled, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" the whole time.

On Grandma Cindy's birthday, Grandpa bought her a record player. They didn't have a television set, but she liked to listen to the crooners on the radio, especially Andy Williams and Perry Como. Her very special favorite was a singer named Johnny Mathis. When one of his songs came on, she would turn the radio up really loud and tell me, "Be quiet! Johnny's

singing," like she knew him or something. She used to talk about how handsome he must be, and she wished he would come to Little Rock or make a movie like Bing Crosby, so she could get a good look at him. I thought she had a crush on him.

So anyway, Grandpa bought this record player for her birthday. It looked like a little brown suitcase; when it was opened, the speakers swung off to the sides on hinges. Then he handed her a present all wrapped up in pretty paper with curly ribbons, and he said he'd bought her some records. She was so excited. She ripped that paper off, but her countenance changed just like the sky does when a thunderstorm comes up. Her mouth made a tight, thin line, her eyes flashed, and she threw those records down on the floor and stomped out of the room. Her rocking chair kept rocking, all by itself.

I picked up one of the records and Johnny Mathis smiled up at me, his white teeth sparkling and his black skin gleaming just like a shiny lump of coal. Grandpa looked at me with an odd, sad look in his eyes, and I knew it wasn't funny. He put the record player back together so it looked like a little suitcase again and stowed it and the records in the closet. A few days later, I peeked in the closet: the record player was still there, but the records were gone.

Grandpa taught me a lot of stuff that summer. He taught me how to milk a cow. He came from a place called Blessing in Oklahoma, I think, and had worked on a dairy farm there, back

...she threw those records down on the floor and stomped out of the room. Her rocking chair kept rocking, all by itself.

in the days when all the cows had to be milked by hand, so he was really good at it. Early one morning, he woke me up, and

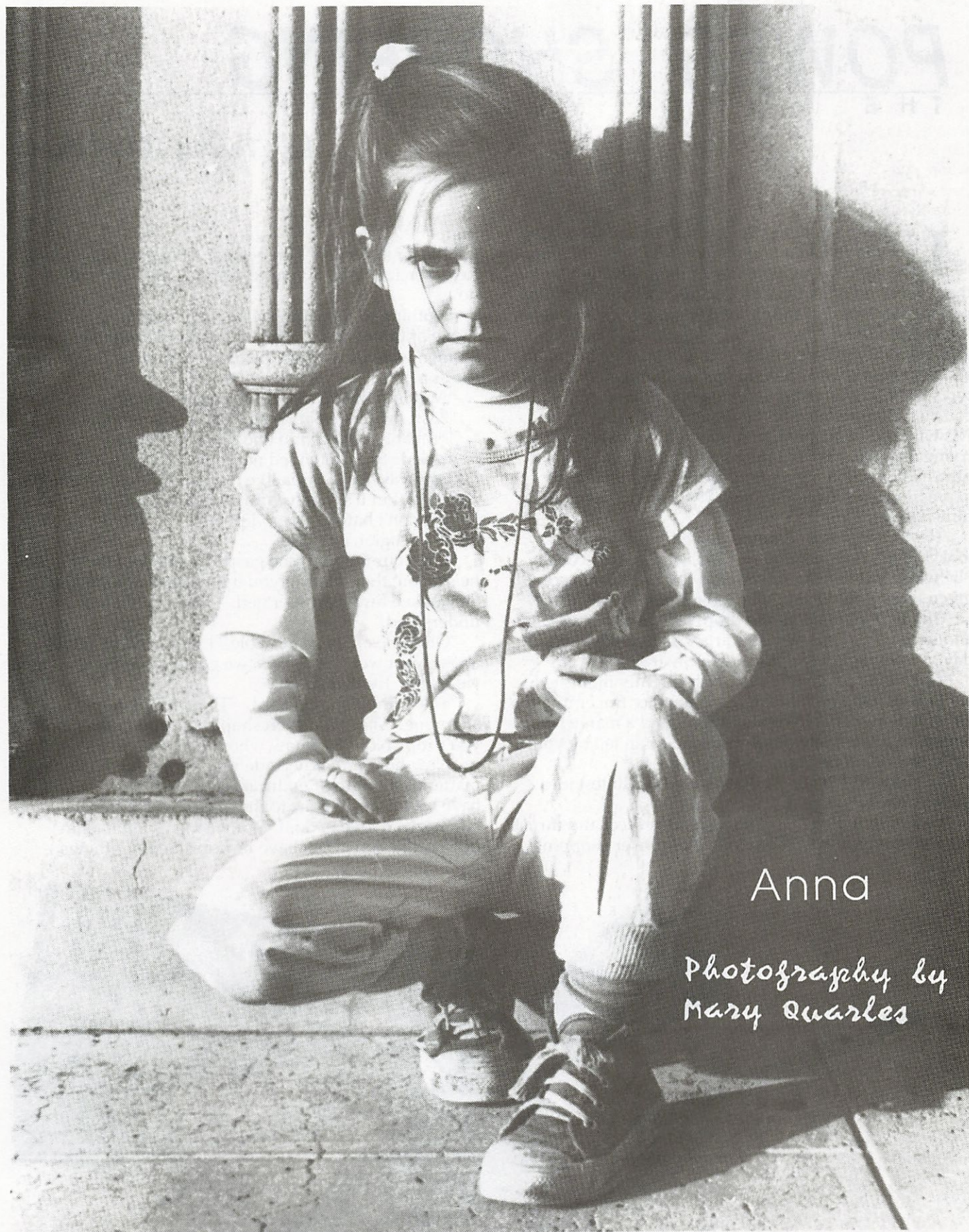
we went out to the barn. It was just getting to be light in the sky, but the cow was awake waiting for us. Grandpa got a couple of buckets, turned one of them upside down by the cow, and told me to sit down on it. I wasn't afraid, because he was right there beside me the whole time. He put the other bucket under Sally -- that was the cow's name. Then he put his great big hands over my little hands and put my hands over the cow's teats. We pulled and squeezed, pulled and squeezed, until I got the motion down. Then he took his hands away, and I got to do it all by myself. I didn't get much milk in the bucket before my hands got tired, so Grandpa finished up. The milk squirted out really fast for him.

I asked Grandpa how come he named the cow Sally. He chuckled and said it was in honor of Sally Rand, who was a famous fan dancer in New York City, because both of them had big udders. His laughter made me feel really good, so I laughed too, even though I didn't really understand what he meant. I was still giggling when we got back to the house with that bucket of milk. Grandma Cindy asked me what was so funny, so I told her.

I told her about Sally the cow and Sally Rand the fan dancer and how they both had big udders.

I'd never seen Grandma Cindy get that mad before. She grabbed my ponytail and pulled me to the sink. Then she grabbed her big bar of lye soap and stuck it in my mouth yelling that she would wash that filth out of me. It tasted awful and burned my tongue. Next, she made me swallow a

Continued on Page 21



Anna

Photography by
Mary Quarles

POWER SHOPPING

THE WHOLE YEAR 'ROUND

by Terry Sheldon

I fingered my last poly-cotton/rayon double-knit gor-tex garment and slumped, exhausted, onto the couch. I was coming to the realization that there wasn't just the right blouse for my wife's birthday present anywhere in the entire free world. Or at least in this mega-store.

Across the endless sea of women's blouses (with shoulder pads), I noticed another despondent-husband type. He had also collapsed onto one of these stiff couches, this one next to the women's dressing room. His wife had probably left him there to rot while she was trying on an armload of the best bargains ever. He sat hunched over, his head propped up in his hands, all expression gone from his face. My heart went out to him. We were kindred souls.

"Hey, mind if I sit?" came a voice from my left. I looked over, nodded, and slid to the end of the couch. She was a healthy, stout woman, wearing a fluorescent green lycra jogging suit. She looked thirty-something.

"Thanks," she said as she dropped her many packages and sat down. "The name's Carla Charge. Boy, what a day! I'm sure glad I kept up with my training."

"I beg your pardon?" I said, only slightly interested.

"Fitness!" she exclaimed, launching her finger into the air. "Oh, I'm sorry. I keep hoping to find a man who's one of us, but it's obvious you're not. I can tell by your slouching. And besides, no packages."

"Look lady," I began, "I don't have the faintest idea what you're talking about."

"Power shopping!" She jumped to her feet and thrust her fist heavenward. "The women of power shopping

unite!"

"Power shopping?" I repeated. "Whatever happened to Jazzercise? Wait a minute, what's Jane Fonda up to now?"

"Nothing to do with this; all that hopping around is a waste of time. This is a mix of aerobics and the one thing women were truly created to do -- ever since Eve bought the apple."

"And look what happened to her," I offered.

"Easy, buster. Adam was there too, you know."

"Probably slumped in one of these couches," I mumbled. She pretended not to hear and kept on.

"Anyway, we'd kinda like to incorporate men into our numbers, but it's tough. You men hate to shop."

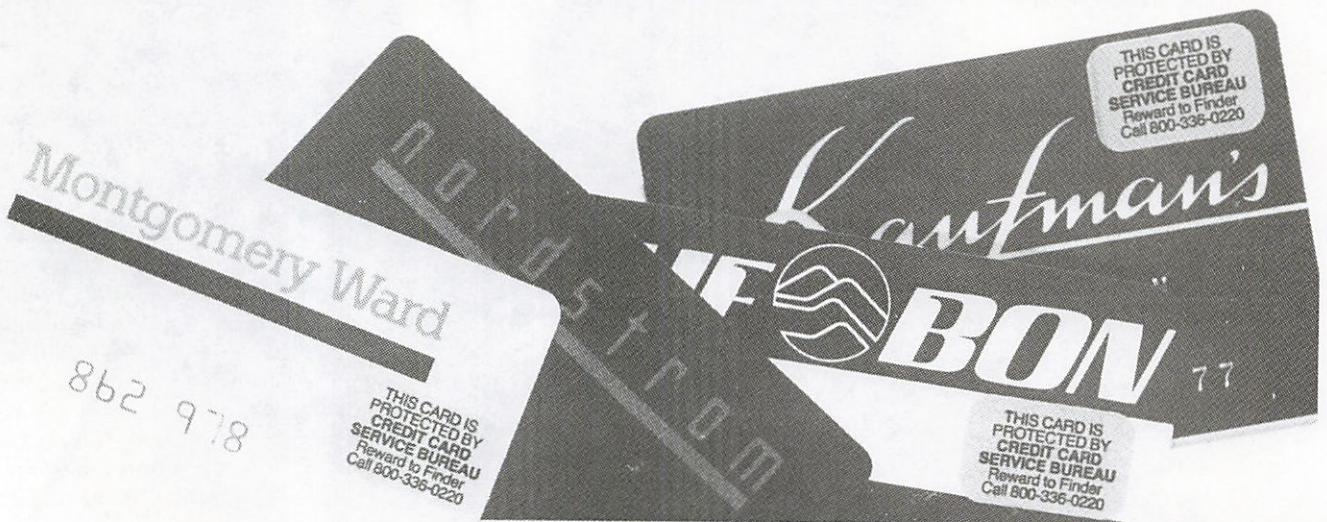
"We don't hate to shop," I protested. "We just don't make a religion out of it."

"Bite your tongue!" she gasped. "If any of the sisters heard you, they'd string you up in the mall fountain." She looked away, exasperated. "You men will never understand."

"Oh come on, be reasonable," I said. "We just think about what we want to buy, we go down to the store, and we buy it. It's that simple."

"You wimp!" she charged. "That's not power shopping. That's not even shopping. You gotta shop 'til you drop! Now we know who the real weaker sex is."

"Now hold on." My pride was hurt, now. "It's not a matter of strength or endurance. It's just that women have traditionally gone to the market to buy for their families and love to do it. But we men keep it all in perspective so we can have time for the finer things --





like NFL football."

This brought on a loud howl of laughter from my new acquaintance.

"Typical," she said. "That's why you men have such trouble with your spare tires." She pointed accusingly at my well-sculpted middle.

"Hey!" I protested. "Now you're really hitting above the belt. That's muscle! I work out."

"Yes, but why not have the best of all worlds -- sweat and spend!" she exclaimed, gleefully. "I have a year 'round training regimen leading up to the ultimate power shopper's high -- Christmas!"

"And I bet you're going to tell me about it," I said dryly. She ignored the remark.

"In February, we have Valentine's Day, Presidents' Day, and Groundhog Day."

"When you care enough to spend the best," I muttered.

"Then in March it's St. Patrick's Day, spring break, Palm Sunday, and Easter -- I just love spring!"

"Now wait a minute," I said, realizing my social ignorance. "You're saying we have to buy presents for people for all those occasions?"

"Why of course, it's the American way. Then there's April Fool's Day and Secretaries Day."

"What about Passover?" I wondered aloud.

"Well you know how the Jewish people are with their money. Plus, we're talking about real American holidays here. In May it's Mother's Day and Memorial Day; in June, Father's Day, Flag Day, and time to buy all that camping equipment and ski stuff."

"Ski stuff?"

"Of course, off-season sales! Then July. Independence Day and time to start back-to-school power shopping."

"In July?"

"Well actually, August is the traditional month, but I like to get a jump on the crowd. And besides, August doesn't have a traditional holiday. It's something we're

working on with the state legislature."

"The legislature?"

"Yes, August the fifteenth, State Power Shopping Day. Everything twenty percent off statewide."

"Oh my," I sighed. I had a sinking feeling in my wallet.

"Then there's September -- a great month! Labor Day, Grandparent's Day, and pre-Halloween, Thanksgiving, and Christmas sales. What a rush!"

My head, too, was starting to spin. Ms. Charge jumped up and started gesturing wildly.

"Then your pulse quickens, you fly into the Christmas season -- power shop, power shop! You find a great sale, then another!" Her words were now coming in frantic gulps. "You extend your credit limit! You hit store after store, leaving a wake of charge receipts behind -- you hit the wall, power shopper's high!" She was hyperventilating and suddenly collapsed back onto the couch again.

"Are you okay?" I asked.

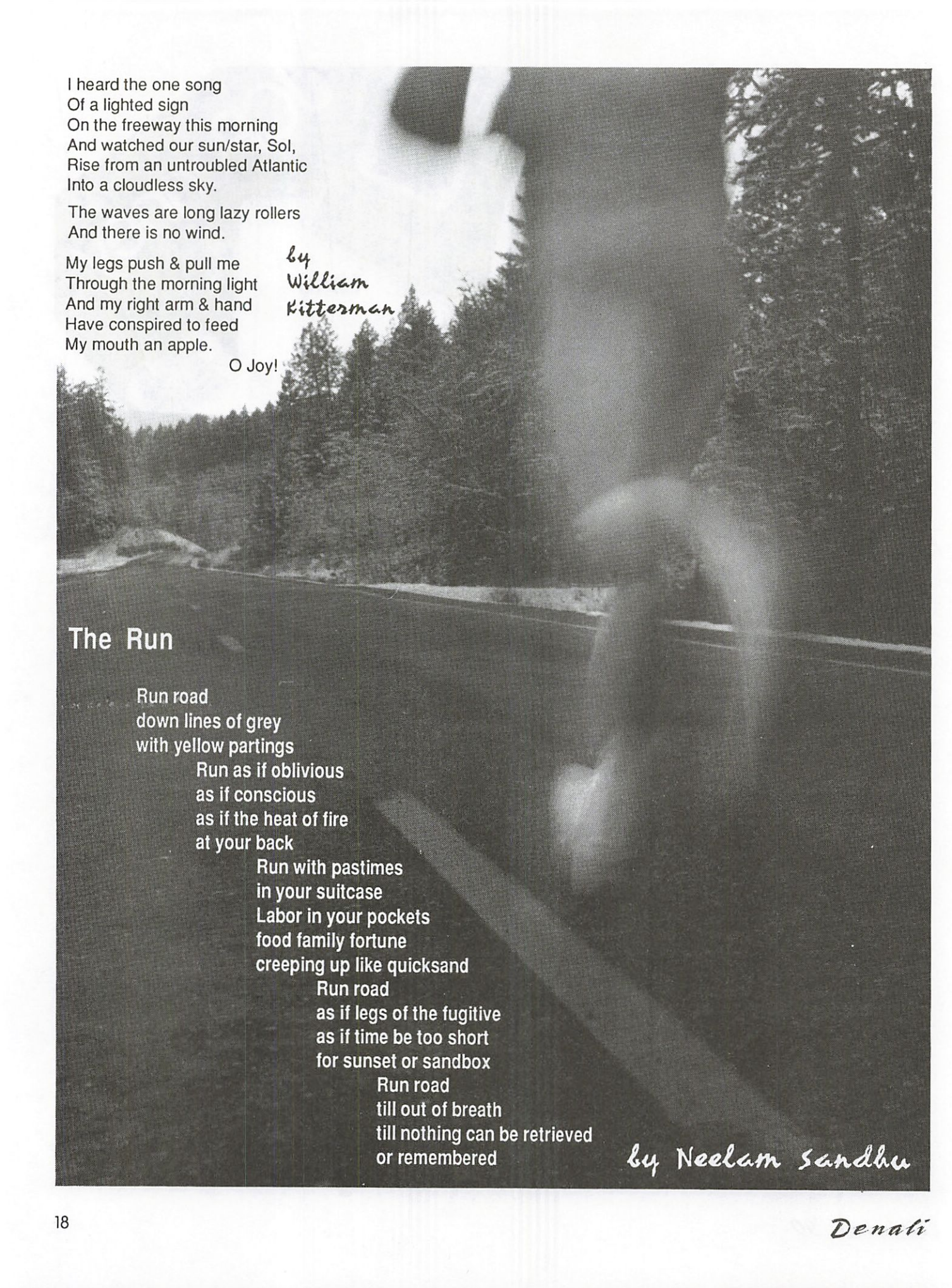
"Sure," she panted. "I'm used to this."

"You know, I was just thinking," I began, sardonically. "Isn't it a wonderful coincidence that all the holidays are evenly spread out throughout the year -- I mean for your training, of course?"

"You know, I've never really thought of that." She put her hand on her sweaty cheek. "That is great." She glanced at her watch. "Hey, I've got to go. Don't want to miss Nordstrom's two percent off sale -- and I've got coupons!" She jumped up and gathered in her armload.

"What about January?" I asked as she started off.

"Oh, January is the month of thank you notes, returns, and buying cheap Christmas tree bulbs. We look at it as our month of rest." With that she jogged off out of sight. I glanced back over towards my friend on the other couch. He was still there, in the same position, just that much closer to death. ■



I heard the one song
Of a lighted sign
On the freeway this morning
And watched our sun/star, Sol,
Rise from an untroubled Atlantic
Into a cloudless sky.

The waves are long lazy rollers
And there is no wind.

My legs push & pull me
Through the morning light
And my right arm & hand
Have conspired to feed
My mouth an apple.

*by
William
Kitterman*

O Joy!

The Run

Run road
down lines of grey
with yellow partings

Run as if oblivious
as if conscious
as if the heat of fire
at your back

Run with pastimes
in your suitcase
Labor in your pockets
food family fortune
creeping up like quicksand

Run road
as if legs of the fugitive
as if time be too short
for sunset or sandbox

Run road
till out of breath
till nothing can be retrieved
or remembered

by Neelam Sandhu



with no interest in eating

with no interest in eating
her kitchen is decorated Country French;
teal wallpaper with tiny pink
open-faced cupboards revealing
tinted glass & copper.

but the refrigerator, upon opening
is stark & bright
like a summer afternoon by an empty pool.
outside, black & white cows graze against the wall
painted on panoramic canisters.
inside is a plastic jug of tap water
its red label peeling
one hardened stick of butter, wilted stalks
on the cracked plastic shelf
& an egg or two pulled loose
from its baby yellow carton exposed in
utilitarian ovoid blue.

with no interest in eating,
she hangs a quilted duck
on a small brass hook.

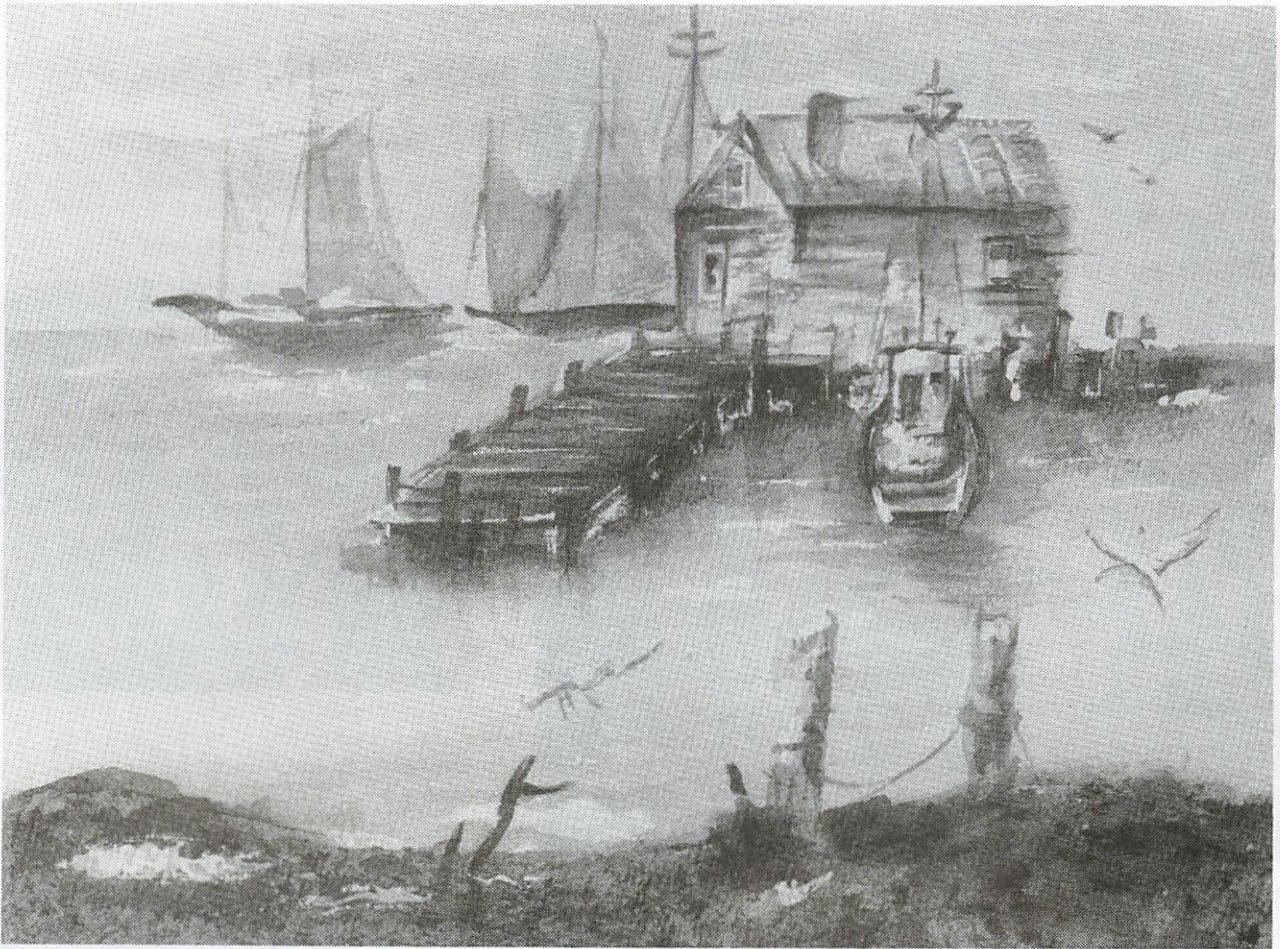
by reagan lee

learning to paint

for kathy hoy

in English class my students fight
nouns verbs the idea
of a sentence
a forty year old woman who can bead
intricate ancestral designs is near
tears
a thirty year old man who quit
his job to learn who knows the grammar
of machines shrugs
& holds his head
& i tell them my story of learning
to paint how i hate my teacher her ease
with the brush how her trees look
like trees her bamboo like eloquent
characters from a Chinese
philosophy of dreams
in my hands the brush is a cat
going its own way imperious
in its disdain
i think how Lao Tsu thinks
bend like the willow to your frustration
but my willow looks like a cat & i want to smash the ink
bottle against the wall scream THAT
IS ART & leave
we all
laugh heads nodding like leaves
in a fat
rain we bend
our backs
to the struggle

by frank rossini



Watercolor by Krystal Sisson

Side *by* Side

big dose of castor oil to get the evil out of me. Then, she shoved me into the back room and slammed the door.

I watched through the curtains. She flew out of the back door like thunder and lightning, and she lit into Grandpa with her broom. Swinging that broom, she yelled at lot of bad things at him, but he just stood there and let her hit him. Finally he took the broom away from her, said, "That's enough, Cindy," and walked off.

I heard the truck start up and drive away. I wanted to go with him so much, but I was afraid to leave that room. Finally he came back. He brought me a bag of red and white peppermint candies, and he knelt down beside me, and he said he was sorry. I cried and hugged him, and he held me really tight, and he cried too, and I didn't understand why he was so sorry when Grandma Cindy was the one who had hurt me. That night, every time I had to go to the toilet, he went with me so I wouldn't be scared.

There was something else I didn't understand. Every afternoon, Grandpa and Grandma would get two Pepsi-Colas from the fridge, and they would go out on the front porch and drink the Pepsis. He would pour a little bit of his Pepsi in a glass for me, but I was supposed to go out back and play, so they could be alone. I used to sneak up the side of the house sometimes to eavesdrop, but they never said much. They just sat there drinking Pepsi and holding hands.

I didn't understand why Grandpa could hold her hand when she was such a mean person. Then I would wonder just how mean Grandma Cindy would have been, if Grandpa hadn't drunk Pepsi with her and held her hand. I guess he loved her, but I don't understand why, because I hated that woman almost as much as I loved my grandpa, and I loved my grandpa an awful, awful lot.

A few years later, when I was fourteen, Grandma Cindy died.

She died real slow. All the relatives stood in shifts around her bed. There were maybe eight or ten people in that hospital room at a time, and I had to stand there, too, and watch her die. Her fingers and toes died first: they turned dark gray, and then the stain slowly traveled up her arms and legs until she was gray all over. Then she died.

Grandpa was sitting beside her bed, and they had to pry her fingers loose from his hand. Then I saw that she wasn't gray all over -- her hand was still pink, where Grandpa had touched her.

Three days later, Grandpa had a heart attack and died, too. They said he went just like that and didn't suffer at all.

Grandpa and Grandma had been married fifty-five years. They were buried side by side in the family plot, with a single headstone that said, "FRANKLIN HENRY LEWIS AND LUCINDA BRABHAM LEWIS, UNITED IN LIFE, UNITED IN DEATH." I never understood why. ■

The Longest Night

the virgin comes forth in the night sky
heralding the rebirth of the sun
and I think of you

standing on the edge of a cliff
yearning the valley below
gray streaked hair possessed by the wind

like the black mane of a mare, racing
full speed, reckless across an icy pasture
with only the moon and stars to illumine the way
a prophetess sensing the seed of spring

in the crisp cold air of winter
the virgin comes forth in the night sky
and I think of you

by james phillips-clary



Weather Change

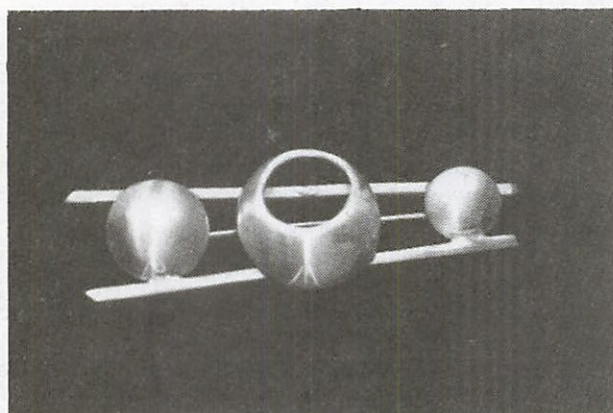
how nice to see you again
while making love by moonlight.

behind winter pines,
the old tide maker rises
to see the snow.

the candle and the spider plant
are playing jungle with the shadows.
the mouse nibbles happily
under the sink.

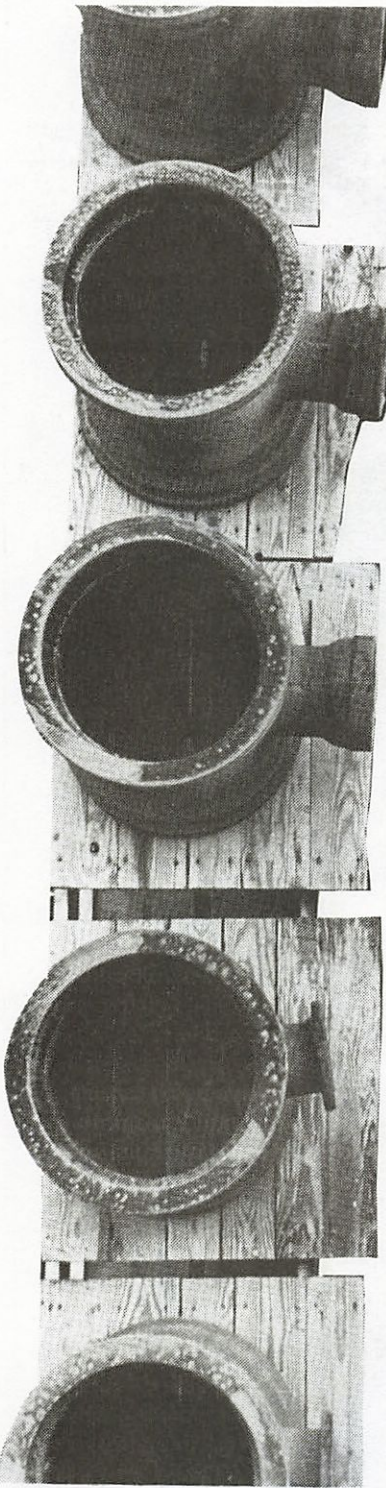
icicles are melting.

by Diana Blackmon



Jewelry Design by Jane Salamone

Biographies —



Alisa Anderson ■ a graphic arts student at Lane, says she is a world-famous writer, but nobody knows it yet.

Wendell Anderson ■ is the editor of LCC's staff and faculty newsletter, *The Daily*; he has published numerous articles, poems, and stories.

Thomas W. Baxter ■ is a student at Lane with an awareness and deep appreciation for all living and non-living things.

Diana Blackmon ■ an LCC student, is from Florida, but she has spent the last fourteen years in Oregon exploring the third dimension.

Diane Cissel ■ is a graphic arts student at Lane.

Kerry Jeffrey ■ studies photography at Lane. He values form over function, concept over craft.

Lee Crawley Kirk ■ a Eugene freelance writer, writes poetry to release her creative energies.

William Kitterman ■ is a student at Lane, a freelance human, and a recovering intellectual.

Della Lee ■ is an English major at Lane. Her five-year-old twin daughters are teaching her how to be a kid again.

Regan Lee ■ is a former editor of *Denali*, who has two book-length collections of short stories that she wants to publish.

James Phillips-Clary ■ born in Mexia, Texas, has spent the last ten years in Oregon. He was the recipient of the 1987 Lane Literary Guild award for poetry.

Robert Sebastiane Powers ■ is a student at Lane. "Omnis ars naturae imitatio est (all art is but imitation of nature)." -- Seneca.

Mary Quarles ■ an LCC student, is a single mother of three beautiful daughters. She says they are all growing up together.

Frank Rossini ■ is an instructor at Lane whose poetry has been published in various magazines. His book, *Sparking the Rain*, is available from Silverfish Review Press.

Jane Salamone ■ originally from England, is studying art at LCC. She wants to design a line of jewelry.

Neelam Sandhu ■ is an LCC student who feels affected by the beauty of nature, carving on four wheels, Jack Kerouac, and the present moment.

Terry Sheldon ■ is a second-year graphic arts student; he enjoys re-creating and is the future father of his alter-ego.

Krystal Sisson ■ is a second year arts design student at Lane who enjoys pen and ink drawing and airbrush painting.

Bob Walter ■ is a devoted LCC alumnus who is now in the journalism program at the University of Oregon.

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

Photography by
Robert Willis

Winter '90

Final Touch —

Airbrush by Robert Willis

