

D E N A L I



# D E N A L I

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photography  
by Deborah  
Pickett

## Note from the Editor:

To All Friends and Readers of *Denali*:

War and peace consume our thoughts, and you, our readers and contributors, seem to share this preoccupation. As the Editorial Board reviewed the submissions for this quarter, a clear theme emerged: conflict and its aftermath, in true horror and ugliness; and the love and healing which may occur when we are touched by Divine Spirit. In this issue of *Denali*, we acknowledge and honor your individual concerns.

The opinions expressed in this issue are those of the individual authors. We again invite you, our readers, to submit your fiction, poetry, non-fiction prose, and works of art for consideration in the Spring '91 issue.

Peace and love to you.

Robin Robbins

m a g a z i n e

Denali



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# Falling

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## in Love

## with China

When did I first  
love you?  
When I saw  
in your smiling almond eyes  
the face of a billion  
tortured people?  
When we danced  
all night in Chengdu  
to Western rock  
in silly Christmas costumes?  
Or was it when  
you said your name meant  
Clouding Skies—  
Tian Yun  
Tian Yun

I said it over and over  
not to lose  
its magic,  
To trap the thrill  
of moments gone now  
yet living still in the  
deepest recesses of my being.  
Or was it later  
when you slid  
like satin  
silently  
breathlessly  
into my bath  
and we touched and  
forged new dreams  
from the watery fire  
of our madness.

---

**"It is well that war  
is so terrible —  
lest we should  
grow too fond of it.**

*General Robert E. Lee*

---

*poetry by  
Demetri Lontos*



# — And You Were Not Alone —

## A Postscript

It's quiet now  
on Tiananmen Square,  
the heart of China  
carefully scrubbed  
from those endless pavements.  
There, on a sticky Beijing night  
in an unforgettable June,  
a party was held with  
guest of honor a toy goddess  
resplendent in her robe,  
replete in her hope.

But the hosts, another party  
in mind,  
hosed her down,  
brought tanks and fire to  
kill the celebration.

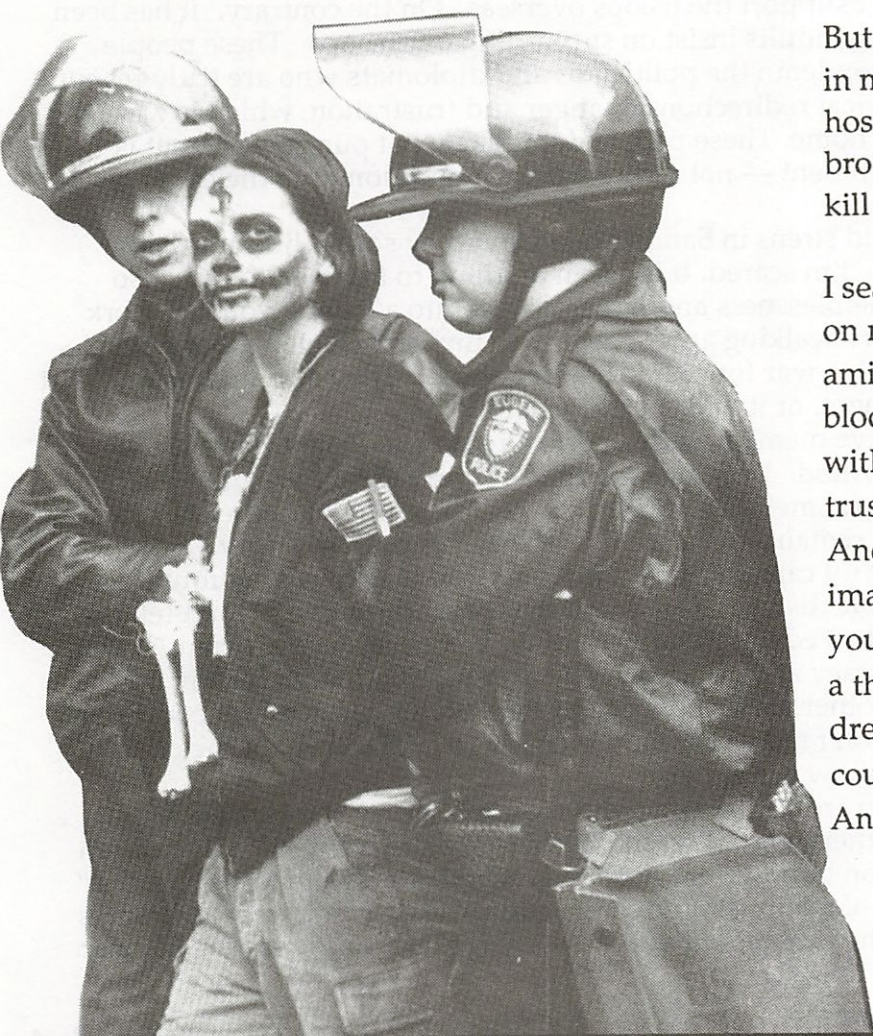
I searched frantically for you  
on my tv  
amid the student faces  
bloody  
with the horror of  
trust gone sour.  
And, not finding you,  
imagined  
you snug at home  
a thousand miles away,  
dreaming of a time that  
could never be again.  
And perhaps never was.

*poetry by  
Demetri Lontos*

---

*"January 16, 1991  
Eugene, OR, Federal Building"*

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*photography by Deborah Pickett*



# Adequate Reason

I am currently a full-time student at Lane Community College. I am also a member of the Army branch of the Independent Ready Reserve (IRR). I've been away from active duty for three years with two years left on my contract. With the outbreak of war in the Persian Gulf, I've found in myself fear, anger, and pacifism. I pray I'm not called up for duty, despite my contractual agreement six years ago, for I will have to disobey.

I refuse to die for an inadequate reason. If, hypothetically, Saddam Hussein was off the coast of this country; if missiles were being sent into the Midwest; if our democratic rule was being violently and immediately threatened, I would beg for a chance to return to the field.

But, rushing across the ocean to defend corporate income; to upgrade the United State's economy by shooting people in their homeland; to assure the upper middle class of this great nation that they will always have oil for their stretch limousines and gas-guzzling automobiles: these reasons are not good enough for me.

I've heard that protesters don't understand the implications of our involvement in the Middle East. In fact, I've heard we're there for humanitarian reasons. I, for one, do not hold to any human right that would allow bombing fellow humans for humanitarian excuses. Violence only begets violence. It won't stop until we stop it.

I've heard that protesters don't support the troops overseas. On the contrary. It has been quite refreshing to me that these young adults insist on supporting our troops. These people refuse to condemn the troops. They condemn the politicians and diplomats who are truly responsible for this. There are no psychological redirections of anger and frustration, which is what the Vietnam veteran faced when coming home. These people don't like what our government is doing and are trying to tell our government — not redirect their frustration onto the chess pieces in the sand.

I've heard the sounds of air raid sirens in Saudi Arabia and they sound like banshees screaming in the night. I'll admit it — I'm scared. It is a human thing to fear death. It is also human to transform something like helplessness and hopelessness into a feeling you can work with — like anger. Do you see the fury walking arm in arm with the terror? No wonder people parade through the streets shouting "No war for oil!" They are afraid. They also understand that they must do something with their anger, or it will eat them alive.

I'm an Individual Ready Reserve member with a perfect record and an honorable discharge from active duty. Now I'm terrified. I've done my time. I don't want to return. And, perfect record or no, I'll most likely do something drastic to avoid returning. Whether it's passive disobedience or outright insurrection remains to be seen . . . I've never been so angry.

You can brand me a coward. You can strip me of my rank and take away my four Army Achievement Medals and the honorable discharge. It won't make any difference. Don't tell the protesters out there rallying around the Federal Building that we're being humanitarian. It won't wash. Don't tell us it's to save democracy and apple pie. We don't see Saddam Hussein off the coast of Oregon. Don't tell us he's another Hitler. We didn't fight Stalin — his moral equivalent — and look at Mother Russia now. Don't tell us the man is trying to take control of the oil in the Middle East. OPEC couldn't do it, so how could he?

Give the Vietnam veterans who are out there a valid reason besides "the glory of war." Give the young men and women out there a valid reason besides "you're drafted." Give the environmentalists out there a valid reason besides "we need the oil, not alternate energy sources." Give the family members and friends of troops stationed in Saudi Arabia a valid reason besides "promoting democracy, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Give us a valid reason. Even an adequate one will do.

*non-fiction by Diane M. Raggsdale*



# Primer

---

Imagine a life  
when tragic circumstances  
become the norm-  
molestation, beating, homelessness.  
They wouldn't be tragic anymore.

*poetry by Erik Muller*

Imagine the single parent  
on the loneliest vigil of the year  
reading to small children  
from a picture book  
with big cardboard covers  
and lots of animals pouncing and hiding.

We are more honest now.  
Now early on our children  
sense confusion.

The single parent turns the page.  
The children stare at the book.  
Once again someone is lost in the forest.  
Shadows there are deep  
but not troubling:  
they kneel before one candleflame,  
each child is found.

While here in the glare  
of a 75 watt bulb  
the mother turns the page,  
her cold hand trembling.

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"January 16, 1991  
Eugene, OR Federal Building"

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*photography by  
Deborah Pickett*





# Facing It

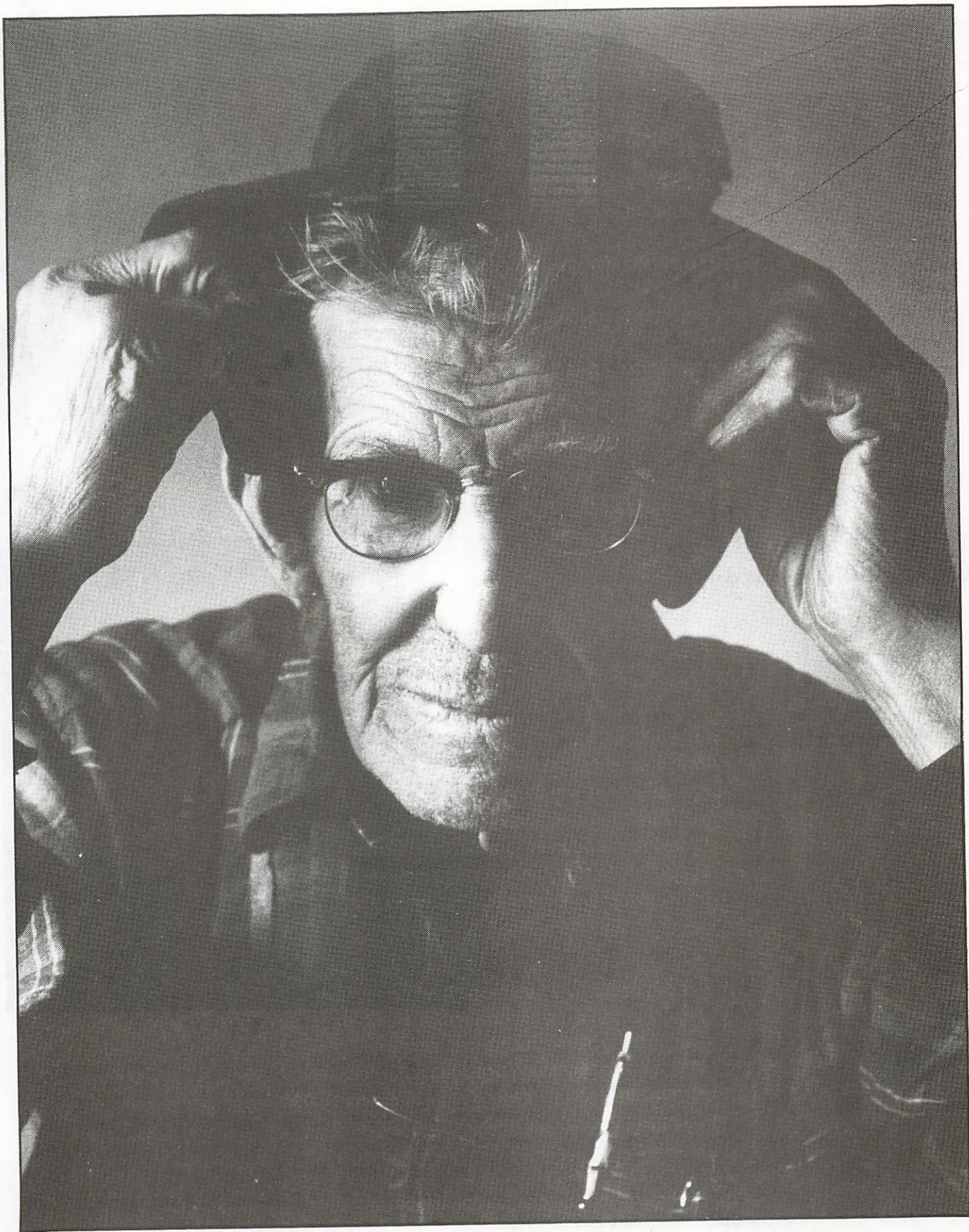
How can I deal with this war, with the world  
that's burning around me? School children crying,  
people picketing, police sirens screaming,  
thousands dying. War is coming home to me  
and I can't even deal with my feelings,  
can't find a place for peace.

I turn the TV off and walk into the kitchen  
where the pantry, with all of its enticing food  
awaits. I stumble for a moment, clutch at the countertop  
and a voice says, "You eat too much — more than you need."  
It's the old man of my bones speaking.  
I get angry. What he says is true. "Gluttony,"  
I hear him say. I could strangle him, but it's true.  
The cabinets, full of food, loom overhead.  
I salivate like Pavlov's dogs. That voice again,  
"Fear. Fear of scarcity in the midst of plenty."  
He's right. And I should kill him.  
I should paste him in the face or paste his face  
on some other guy and kill him, but I can't.

He's in my bones, part of the marrow of my being.  
So I should love him. I should if I could but I can't  
and I won't, because Pavlov's dogs are barking  
the sirens inside me are screaming  
and I'm at war with myself  
— not yet ready for peace.

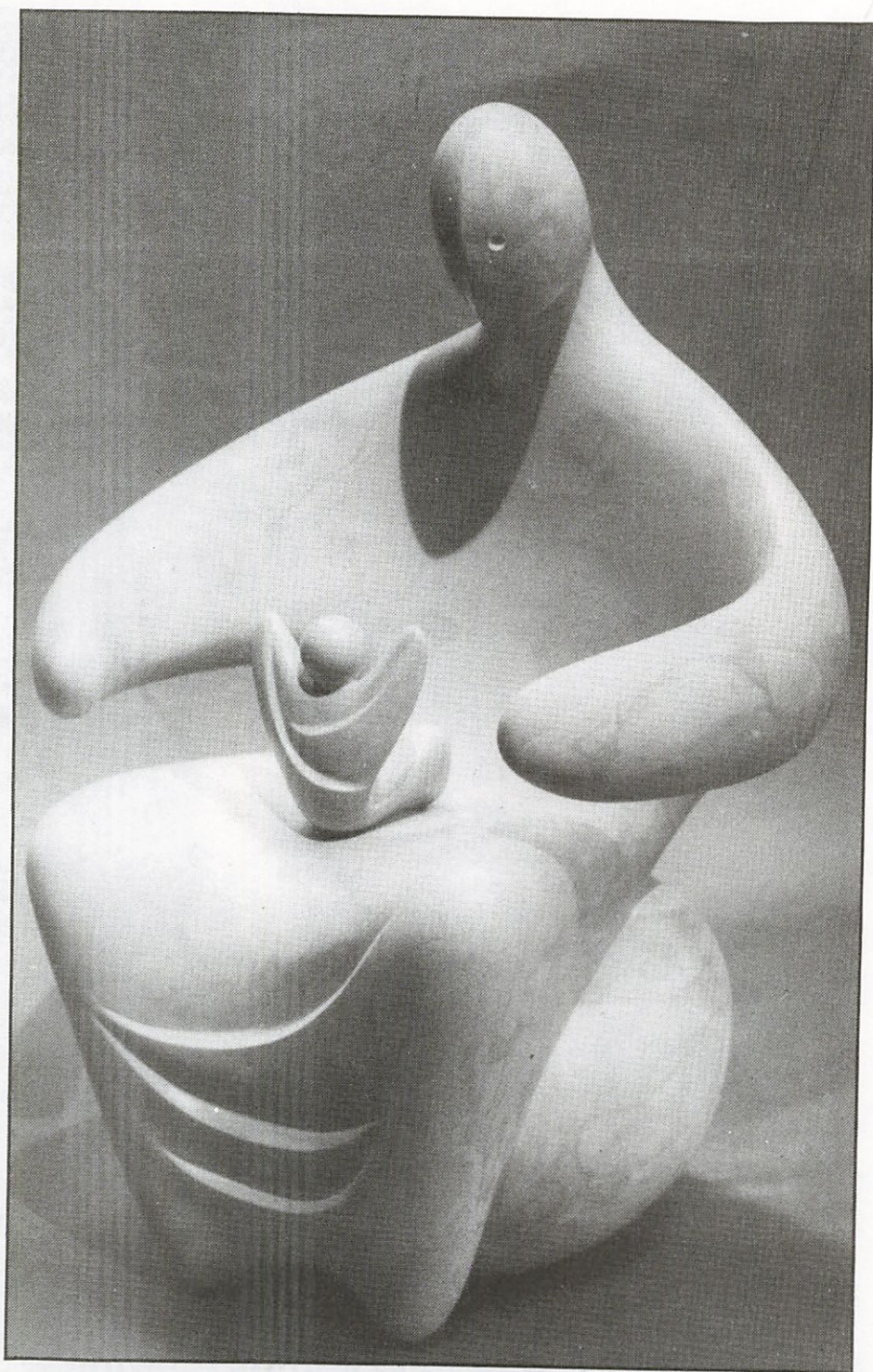
*poetry by  
Jake Felsenstein*







polystone sculpture  
by Steve Reinmuth



# Myrtle

They tell me that she is dying. It has been long in coming, drawing inevitably closer with each hard season. In the dark of last winter's cold, she lost a thing . . . something within herself that stroked softness onto her life and made it bearable. She knew it was gone, could feel it being sucked away, without ever knowing what it had been, knowing only that now, without it, her time here would be shortened. "I am old," she said to me then.



She had never said that before. Before she had laughed. Laughed at the skin of her face pulling into sun browned landscapes. Laughed and rubbed soft smelling lotions over the hills and gullies of it like the wind blowing haunting, whistling notes across the steppe. Laughed at the children clamoring into her lap when life had become too much for her to bend and scoop them up herself. Laughed at the arthritic ache it took to hold them close while she rocked them into sleep against the waves of her soft singing.

I loved to touch her. She would rock me against her and tell me stories of when I was a baby, pinching her small fingers together to show me myself pinching round blackberries through the fence. And I touched her face while we talked, running my little hands over the skin, soaking in the softness of it. Later, I would curl into her chair and hold my hand over my nose to breathe in again the wind soft of her.

She was the wind. When I was too old to sit in her lap, she told me of the time she was the wind. On the plains of her youth, she remembered the young Yaqui man who had cajoled her into being his partner in a horse race. On her memory, I could see her clinging to the man as his horse raged and took wing. All about her the wind screamed, ripping at her until she became a part of it. She flew, she alone, a part of and separate from the surging horse. And when it ended, when the wind dropped her gently back to this plane, they had won the race. She and the man, and the great heaving creature beneath them.

She was a storyteller. She was alive, made others alive with her. It was her laughter, her

strength; it was that thing, the something that she lost in the dark.

It was when she lost it that I began to see her in the women of my family. She appeared to me in the deep set eyes of my mother, full of life, giving stories with my children in her lap. In my sister, with her encompassing nurturance. In my aunt, with her solid resolve. In another aunt, with her ability to find the good in people. And in my daughter, with her wind soft.

It is in her, in the softness of my girl-child, that I have come upon the understanding of what strength this laughing, wind woman has given to us. We women carry her within ourselves. It is a thing women do for each other; to pass this strength in the quiet ways is a womanly thing. It is a strength particular to women, a birthing strength, a surviving strength, and a deathing strength. It is not describable, has no form of its own, is individual. It is like a soft wind, ceaselessly eroding the obstacles that move like hills and gullies into its path.

Now they tell me she is dying.

Grandmother . . .

I fear that it was to us, to your female born, that you gave the thing you lost, the thing that softened your life. In giving us the strength of you, did you remember to keep some for yourself? In your going, you have left yourself, a piece or two in each of us . . . so that when we come together, after you are gone, we will find you. A soft wind blowing amongst us, laughing in our ears, scooping us up to the good smell of being close to it.

Travel well wind woman . . .

*non-fiction by Heidi Finseth*



# Filmed By the FBI

*prose by Nanayma Glenn*

I think situations, you know like prose,

Like just yesterday I was thinking about this conversation I had with my roommates, about how they didn't want to be seen at a bomb site because they might be suspects or, you know, at least filmed by the FBI.

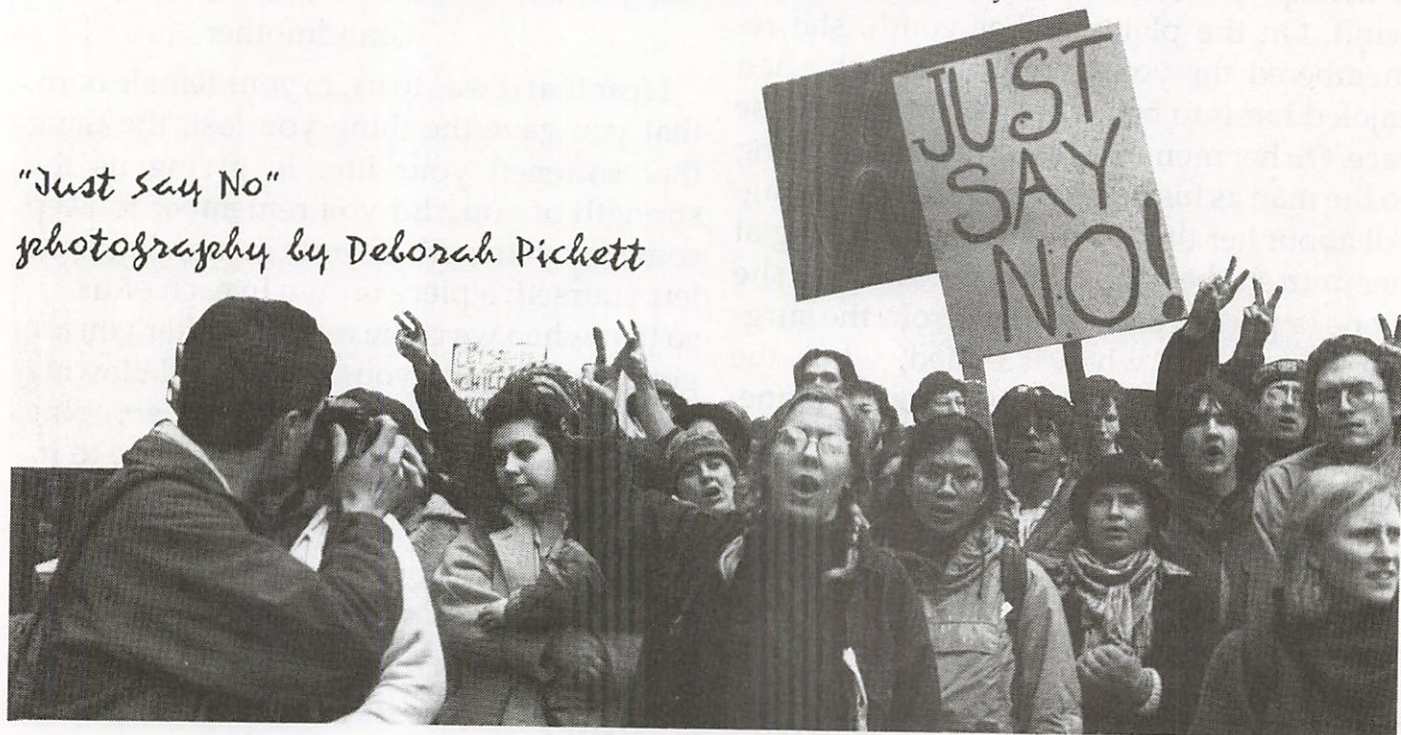
So anyway, say about 2am you get this incredible overwhelming urge to feed the ducks down by campus—because it's so beautiful and clear and you can see all the stars and the moon's hanging out behind the trees making silhouettes like you can't imagine, and who cares if it's 26 out.

So you're feeding the ducks with breadcrumbs you've been saving for someday when you're gonna feed the ducks and BOOM! Onyx Bridge is a memory. You Are A Suspect. I mean who the hell feeds the ducks at 2 am and 26 just because the moon's making silhouettes like you can't imagine, and the urge to become one with water fowl through gastro-intestinal bribery strikes spontaneous and wholly unexpected?

Not me man, I've already been filmed by the FBI.

*"Just Say No"*

*photography by Deborah Pichett*





Stumbling towards . . . . looking for north america  
turkey gobble, bison roaming  
found it had been stolen  
snatched up from a gentle breeze  
wide open mouths in the wind  
lately i've been thinking  
about Custer, the alamo, buffalo  
spirit roars  
to a riverbed in my heart  
stabs deeper  
each new boat arrival  
enchained, enslaved  
tied to a system  
that is not a system at all  
a piece of naked land  
clothed and possessed by thieves  
a barren tree  
one leaf swinging pathetically in the wind  
meanwhile . . . .  
silent climatic indications  
continental shift  
one more phase of a world adrift

# North America

*poetry by*  
Marta L. Budd

*photography by*  
James Joseph Jarboe





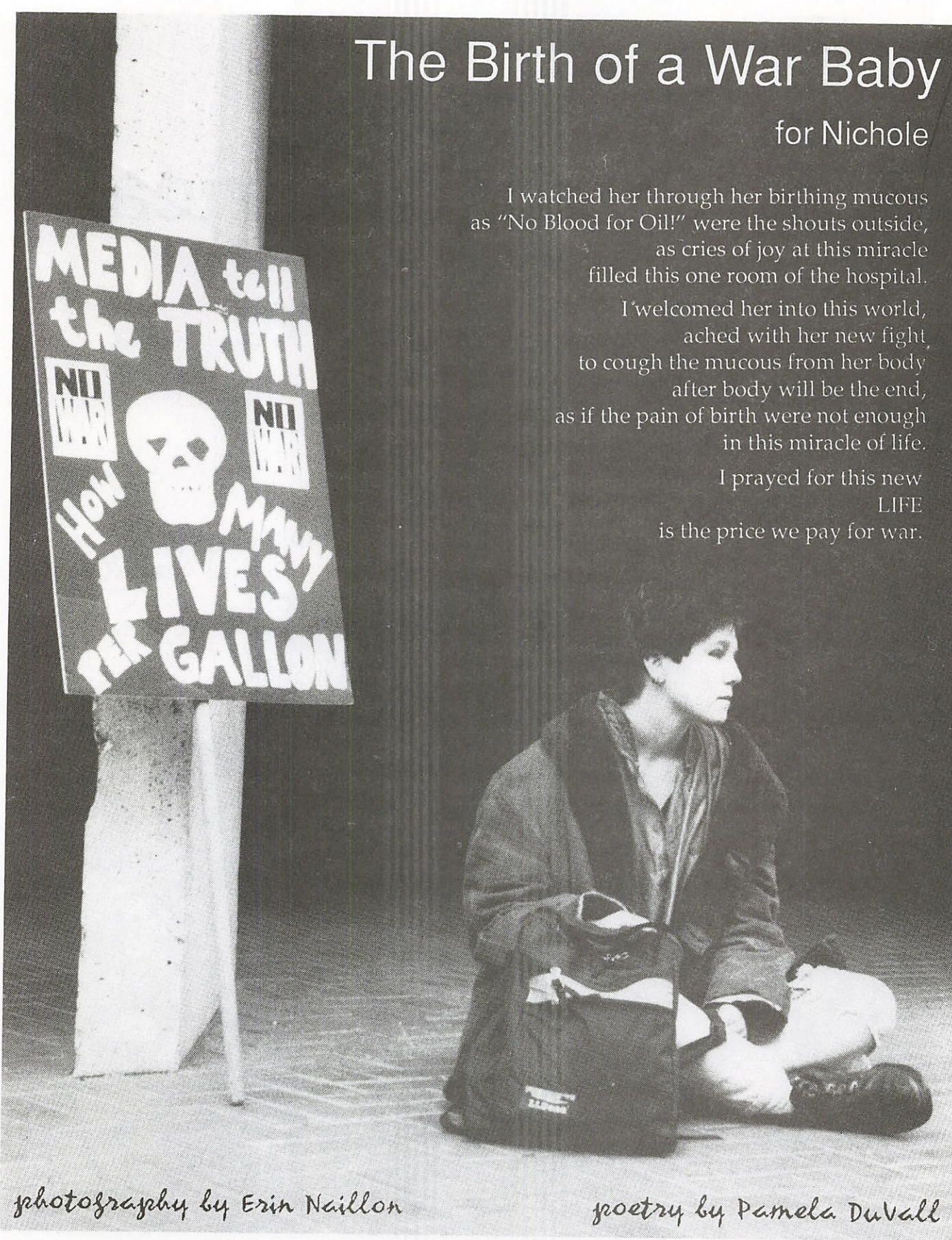
# The Birth of a War Baby

for Nichole

I watched her through her birthing mucous  
as "No Blood for Oil!" were the shouts outside,  
as cries of joy at this miracle  
filled this one room of the hospital.

I welcomed her into this world,  
ached with her new fight  
to cough the mucous from her body  
after body will be the end,  
as if the pain of birth were not enough  
in this miracle of life.

I prayed for this new  
LIFE  
is the price we pay for war.



MEDIA tell  
the TRUTH  
NO WAR NO WAR  
How Many  
LIVES  
PER GALLON

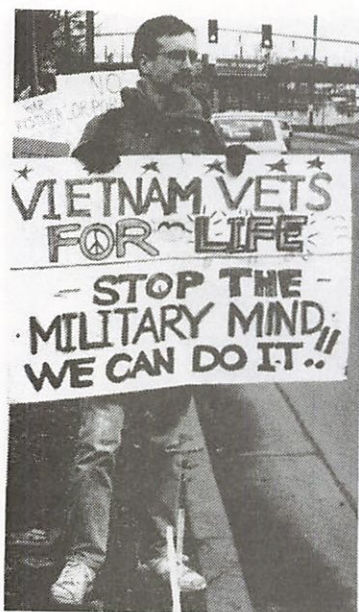
photography by Erin Naillon

poetry by Pamela DuVall







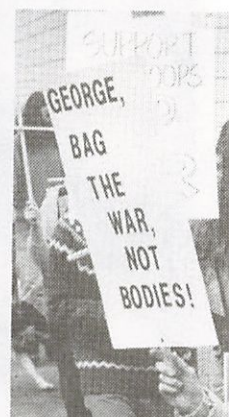


"There never  
was a good war  
or a bad peace."

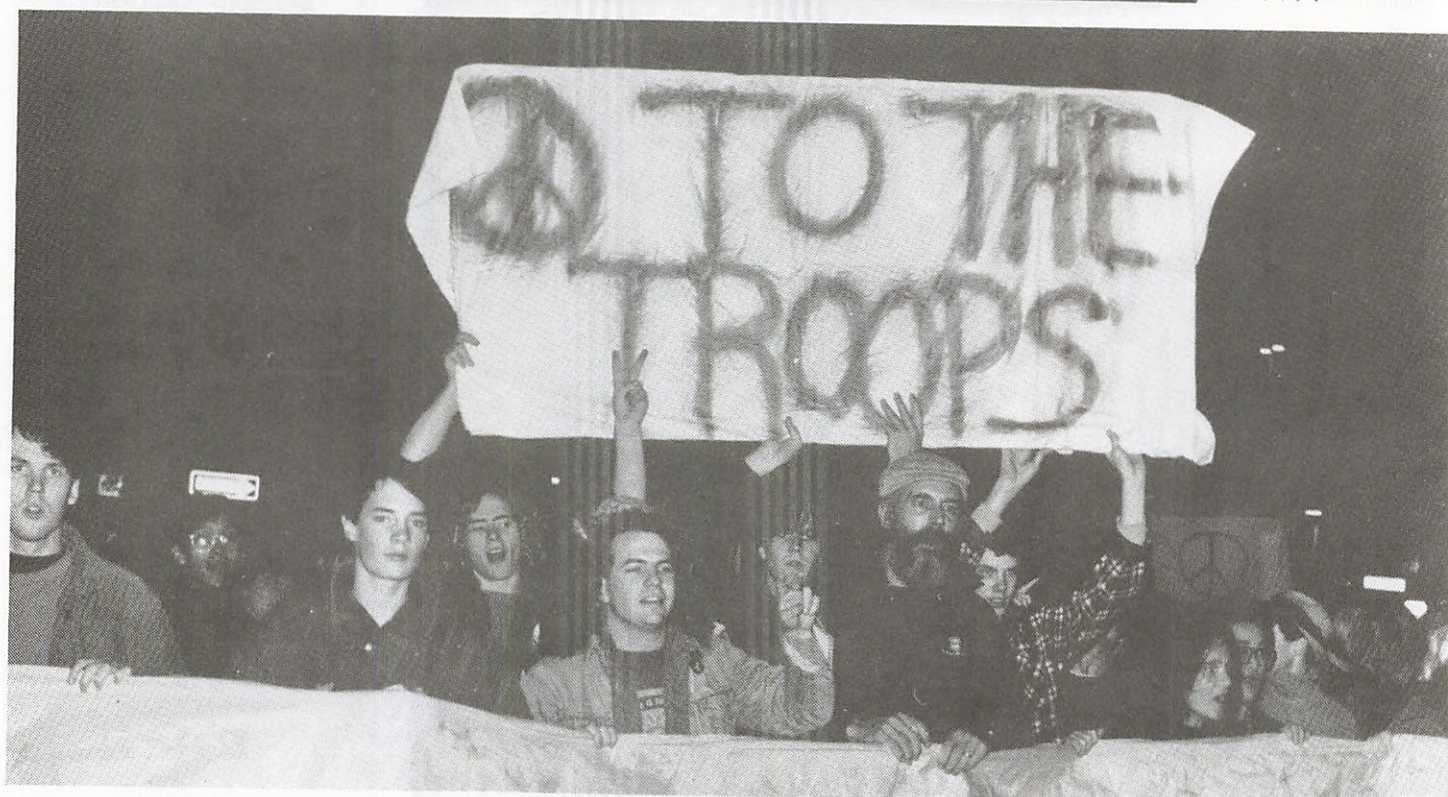
Benjamin Franklin,  
patriot and diplomat



# D E



photography by Deborah Pickett





# TOC RACY



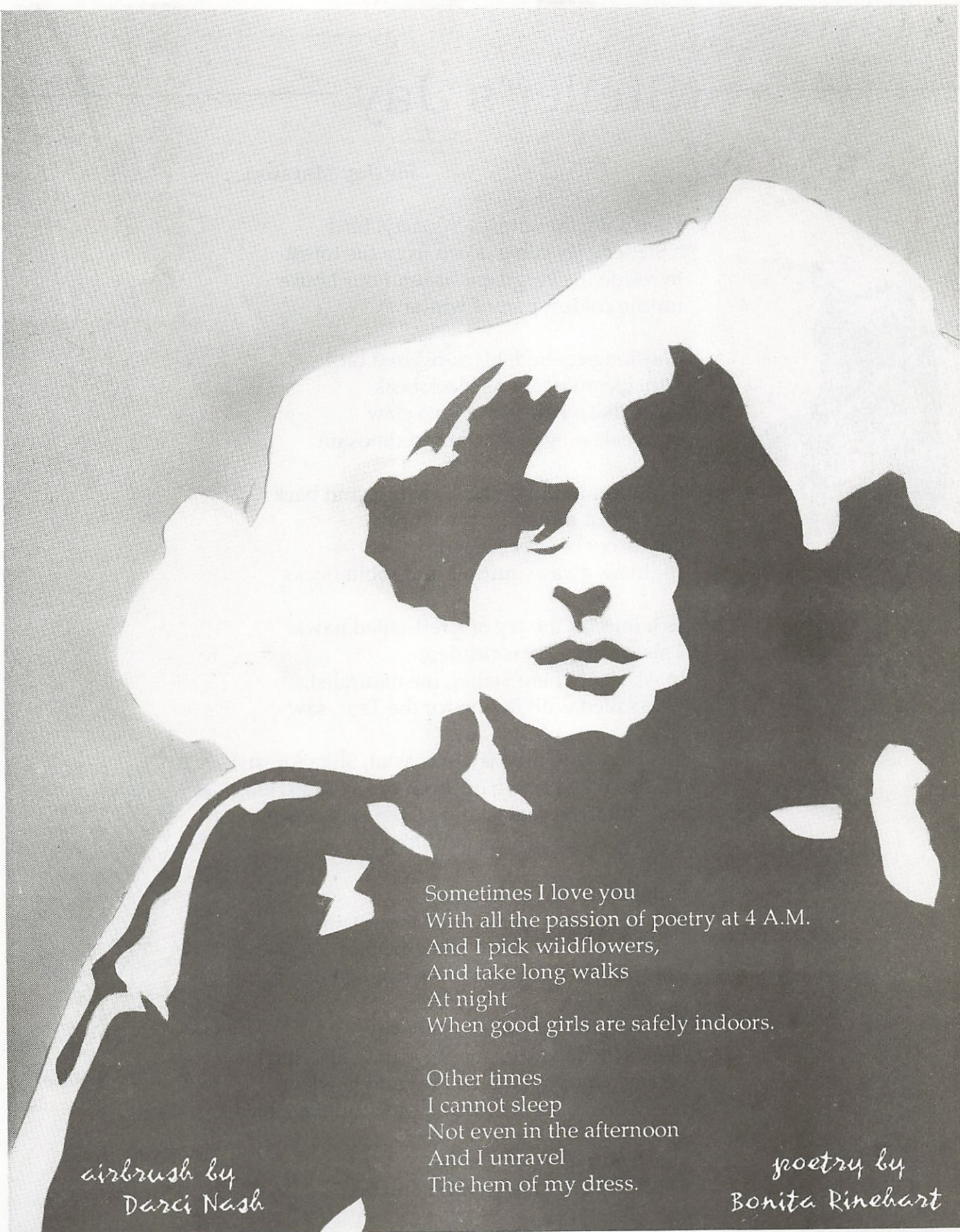
"Mankind must put an end to war or  
war will put an end to mankind."

President John F. Kennedy









Sometimes I love you  
With all the passion of poetry at 4 A.M.  
And I pick wildflowers,  
And take long walks  
At night  
When good girls are safely indoors.

Other times  
I cannot sleep  
Not even in the afternoon  
And I unravel  
The hem of my dress.

*airbrush by*  
Darci Nash

*poetry by*  
Bonita Rinehart



# Steller's Jay

for Jay Marston



Here's my favorite, pterodactyl bird:  
a Steller's jay came down from the forest  
to reside in evergreens around our house  
for the coldest part of winter.

This long-crested, black-headed bird  
with gleaming, bone black beak  
looks like a hammer with a claw  
or a scaly-legged, balanced dinosaur.

Its shocking indigo belly, wings, and back  
look like a mountain blue bird's,  
but its cry of **keeeeeer!**  
frightens away squirrels and robin flocks

as it mimics the cry of a red-tailed hawk.  
This western jay is resident  
in Alaska (where Steller, the naturalist,  
who sailed with Bering for the Tzar, saw

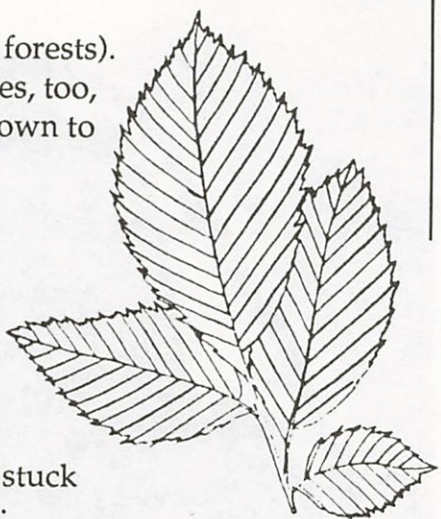
this black and blue jay in coastal, Sitka forests).  
This bird had flown off from the ice ages, too,  
and still lives year round all the way down to  
Central America. So, our Oregon

is the midpoint of its long range  
that stretches along coastal mountains  
from the Arctic Circle to the tropics.  
This jay is a most adaptable resident

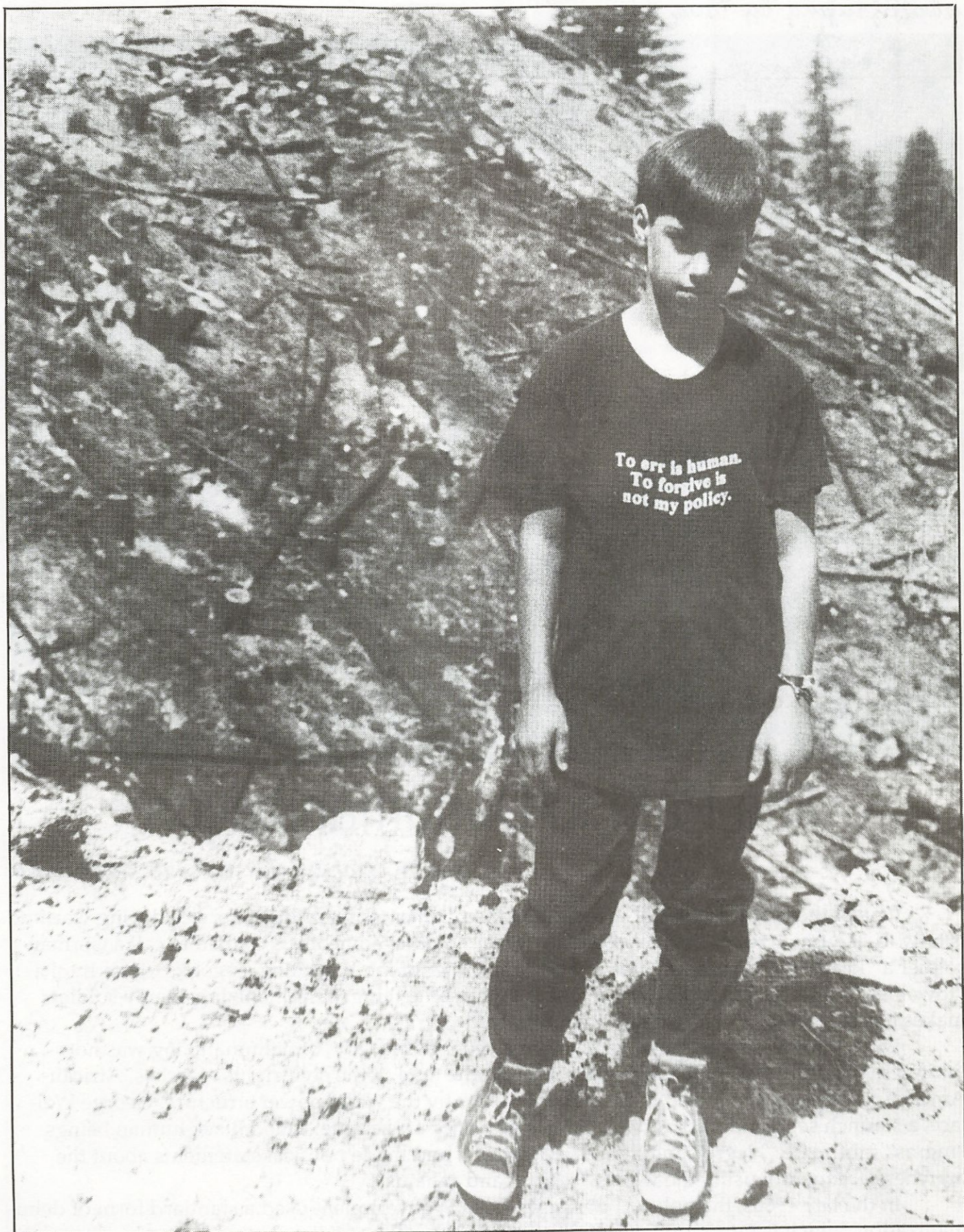
all along the busy Pacific Flyway.  
Here's Steller's jay, non-migrating and stuck  
between mountain blue bird and hawk:  
cocky on a scale between raptor and song bird,

able to survive even more  
as mid-sized, tough, and omnivore.

*poetry by Peter Jensen*

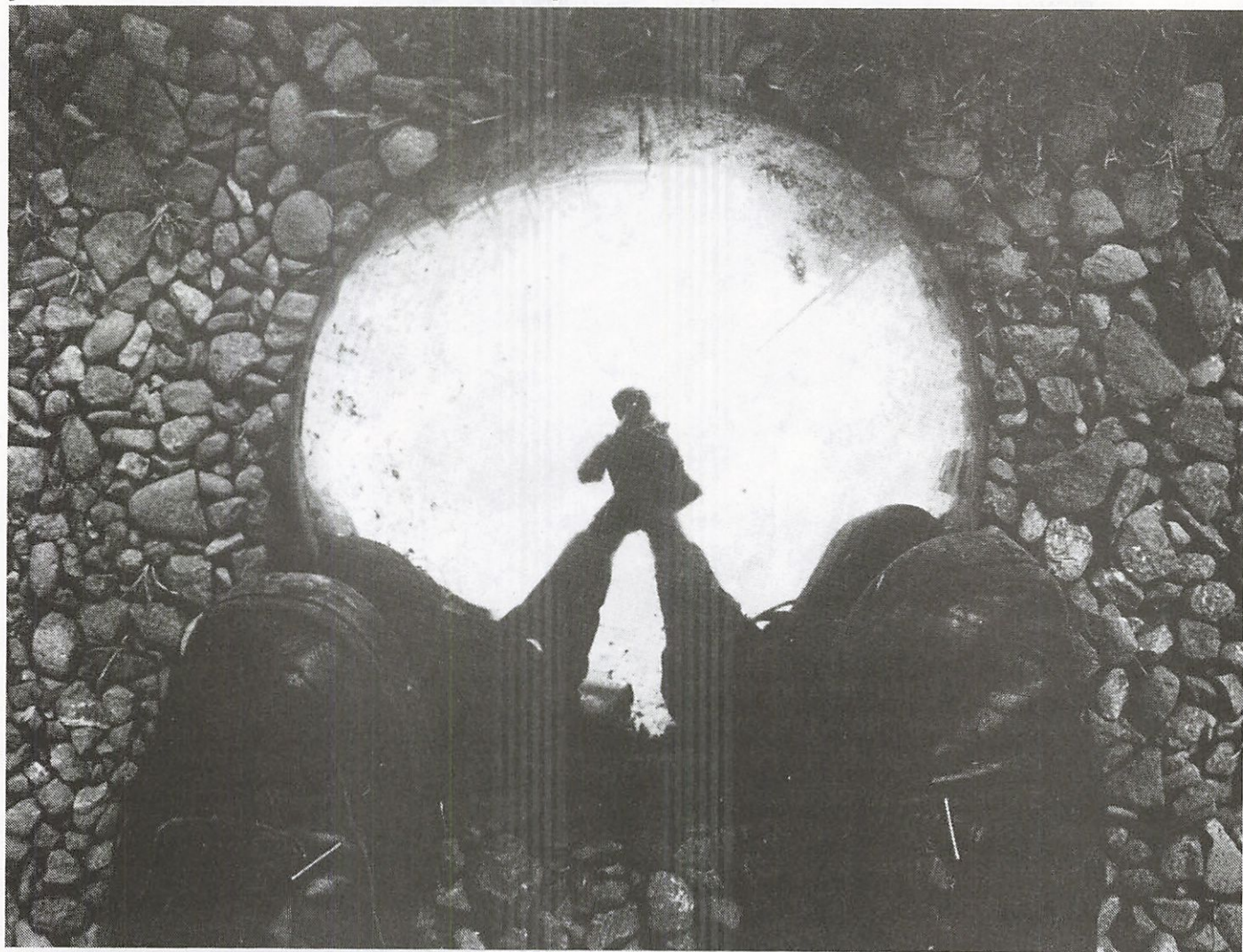








*photography by Troy Krusenstjerna*



## The Path to Dehumanization

*non-fiction by Robert Catalano*

One of the first lessons a new recruit learns upon entering military service during wartime is how to dehumanize soldiers of an enemy force. Whether someone is trained to call a German soldier a "kraut," a Japanese soldier a "nip," a member of the Viet Cong a "gook," or an Iraqi a "towelhead" or a "camel jockey," it amounts to the same thing: dehumanizing enemy soldiers makes it easier to kill. Guilt feelings are minimized.

During the Vietnam era, of which I am a veteran, the "art" of dehumanizing was not limited to the military. In the early 1960s, around the time of the civil-rights marches, African-Americans were dehumanized in a number of ways by the white power structure. George Wallace, a staunch segregationist and Alabama's governor at the time, called Black human beings "nigras" (not quite "Negro" and not quite "nigger") and made political statements about the marchers, frequently using the words "whips" and "chains."

In the late 1960s, the political power of the U.S. government used a standard form of dehumanization, which is more sophisticated than simple racial prejudice, but no less ugly. The target of the dehumanization campaign was the anti-war movement.



The process began with identification. The Nixon White House identified certain leaders of the anti-war movement (Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, Tom Hayden, et al.) and declared them unpatriotic Americans.

The next step was to separate these persons away from the mainstream of society by first giving them a name with negative connotations ("radicals," "commies," and a host of others). Congress then legitimized the anti-war campaign by passing hastily constructed legislation, which was specifically pointed at the anti-war movement.

After the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago, where the anti-war movement and the Bill of Rights experienced a blood bath, one of these laws (stating the illegality of crossing state lines to incite a riot) was used to bring Hoffman and others to trial. They were convicted, but appeals overturned those convictions, and the government's policy ultimately failed. However, many members of the anti-war movement were harassed and found themselves to be generally less effective.

Do you know the source of the word "gook?" The British referred to the natives of India as "Gentlemen Of the Other Kind," which was eventually shortened to "gook." I heard the word for the first time in the U.S. Army in the summer of 1970. I was in my second day of basic training. During the next eight weeks I learned, on a daily basis, other colorful racist epithets to describe Vietnamese nationals.

By the time those eight weeks were over, my indoctrination was nearly complete. Yet, in the back of my mind, something appeared very wrong. It was only later, after I'd fired a weapon at the enemy, that I discovered that these epithets did not distinguish between civilian Vietnamese, North Vietnamese soldiers, or friendly Vietnamese hill tribesmen. They were all "gooks" to the U.S. Army and, thus, less than human.

After living among Vietnamese civilians and tribesmen, it was easy for me to see their humanity. The Vietnamese were generally fine people. They didn't take showers every day, they didn't eat the same food I did, and they didn't always view me as a friend. Yet, in a sense, we had one very important thing in common: we were all trying to survive a war.

It was this common thread which started me thinking about the people I was being told to kill. I could see cultural differences between myself and my proclaimed enemy which were strange enough to warrant dislike. However, the more I came into contact with these differences, the less alien they became. After awhile, I even learned to respect and admire some of those differences. Once the enemy became human to me, it did not become harder to kill (I still had a strong instinct for survival), but it did become harder to kill without feeling guilty.

Once I acknowledged that there was another human being at the other end of my gun, my days as a soldier became numbered. I started to question the validity of U.S. involvement in Vietnam, and I began to do a dangerous thing: I started to think for myself.

Governments throughout the world, authoritarians of all nations, and individuals bent on manipulating the will of others use dehumanization to meet their aims. The process is used both to accomplish and justify actions designed to impose domination upon another nation, race, or individual.

Most Americans would not consider themselves dehumanizers, but whenever the urge arises to direct a colorful epithet at a nation or person, dehumanization occurs. Today, we direct this process towards the "homeless," immigrant groups, citizens of the Soviet Union, Iraqis, and others. Dehumanization makes it easy to view others as less than human and to forget that they, too, are persons with needs and wants.

In times of increased racial tensions, anger toward anti-war protesters, and wartime patriotism, it behooves us to discover the sources of these feelings. Are they based in "righteousness?" Or is this simply dehumanization using another name?



# By Open Ocean

Non-fiction by Setsuko Kuwahara

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*That summer I spent in the fishing village was always hot. Summer in Japan is hot and very humid, but only one summer in my life was so hot and quiet.*

*I stood at the open ocean where we kids were evacuated from Nagasaki, our hometown. It must have been August 16 or 17, 1945, and I was thirteen years old. I had been standing for a long time rather absent mindedly.*

*I did not think, but I gazed at thick clouds that were white like snow. I sensed the breaking waves and blowing wind; I followed clouds with my eyes or with my soul. I knew nobody was there and nothing was there. The only one between heaven and earth was myself.*

*I could not think, but I was asking the sky something from inside my heart. I could not say clearly what it was, but I needed the answer.*

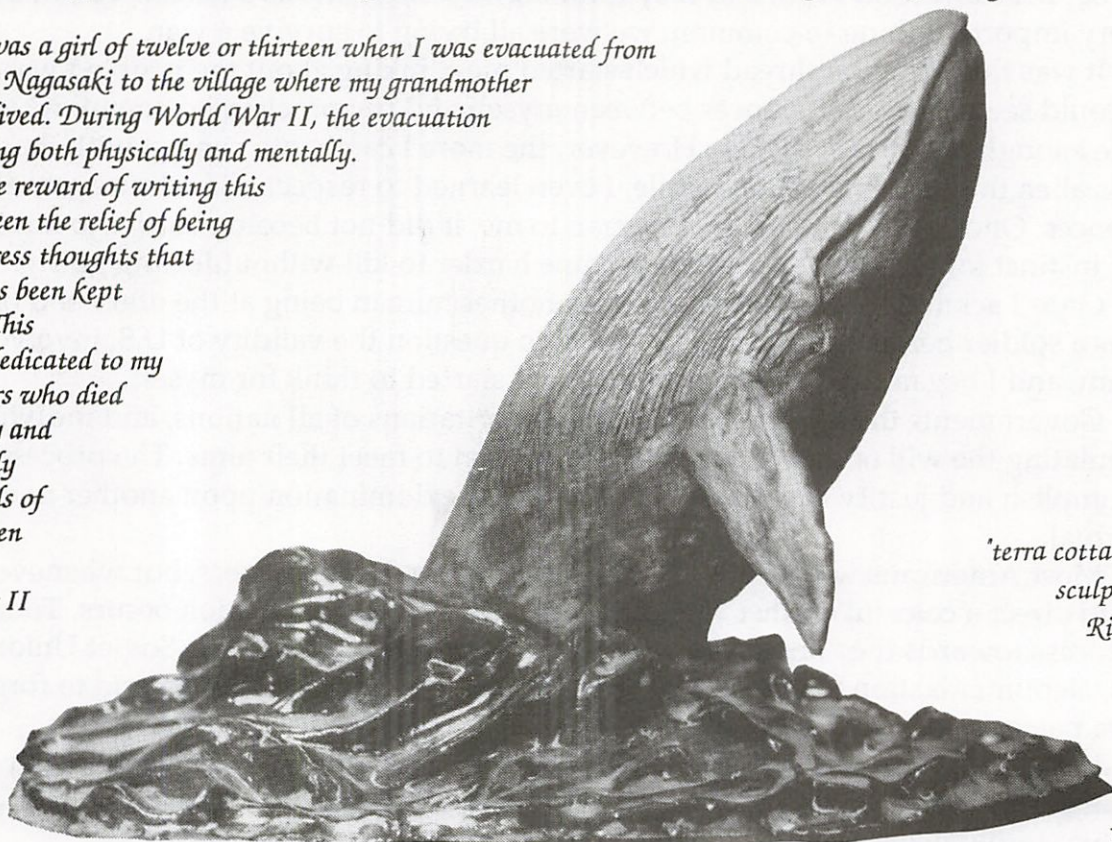
*It was August 15, in the morning a policeman and the village officers visited every house and informed the people that the emperor will make an important announcement at noon today. Villagers must listen to it respectfully. Villagers gathered in some houses which had a radio and heard the emperor, yet nobody understood what he announced. By the next day they only knew that the war ended. Although the villagers believed that Japan had won.*

*Nobody was excited; we were just exhausted. We were simply glad that we could sleep, turn on a light, take off dark long sleeved blouses, pants, hoods, and no longer hear the siren.*

*Time stopped; it seemed the villagers became extinct and that nature got back its origin.*

*I was a girl of twelve or thirteen when I was evacuated from my home in Nagasaki to the village where my grandmother and aunts lived. During World War II, the evacuation was shocking both physically and mentally.*

*The reward of writing this essay has been the relief of being able to express thoughts that have always been kept inside me. This writing is dedicated to my young sisters who died prematurely and anonymously as thousands of other children during World War II and the period of post war.*



*'terra cotta whale'  
sculpture by  
Rick Ball*



# One Poem

Maybe we'll all go "poof!" Become  
shimmering silver air  
maybe our children will breathe us in  
and exhale small gypsy dancers

you drive us away with  
your "no" love and nothing  
is like the radio humming  
Merle Haggard in my daddy's  
ear.

*poetry by Nancy Hunt*

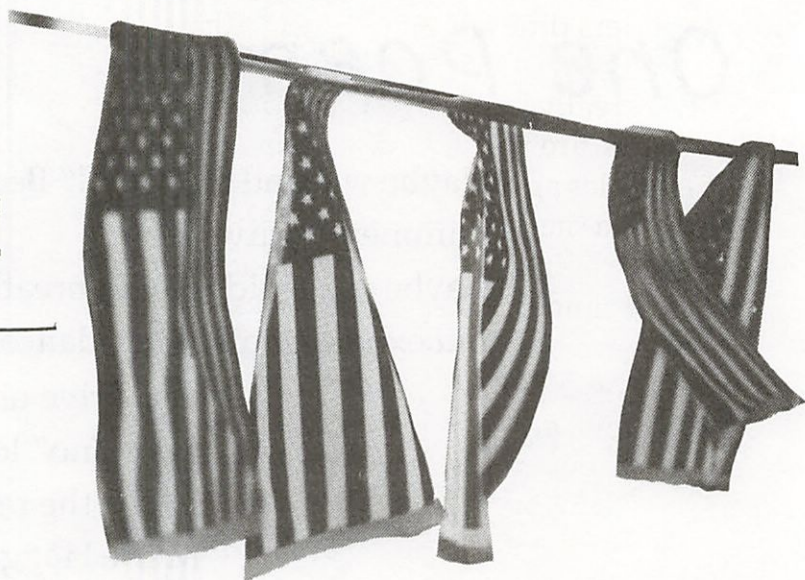


*photography by Dana Krizan*



# Nam in LA

*fiction by Robin Robbins*



"Come on, honey, let's move. We're late. Let's get going."

Jennifer clutches Bridal Barbie. "Mom, do I have to? Mom, it's too hot."

"Honey, we'll stop for ice cream on the way home, but right now I need you to move it. Come on. Let's get going!"

The old Chevy swelters in the afternoon sun. Heat shimmers off the hood. Cracked vinyl seats burn the skin through my Levis.

"Mom, why can't we stay home. Please, pretty please?" Jennifer whines and twists in her seat.

It is a twenty minute drive, sticky and miserable. Cambodia. Saturation bombing. Kissinger. Nixon. God am I sick of war news. There's never an end to it. And that vet who freaked in Griffith Park. God they had to send in the SWAT team to get him out. Post trauma something or other. I flip the radio dial, settle for James Taylor and "How Sweet It Is."

I have trouble finding the address. Down the street I spot Marie's car. Her shiny BMW is seriously out of place in this neighborhood. Thirty years ago this would have been a manicured middle class street. Now it is littered with Big Mac wrappers and soda pop cans.

Am I really thinking of buying a house here? A marginal neighborhood at best. Great. Well it's affordable. Won't have to deal with landlords. No rent increase every six months.

Anyway everybody's gotta start somewhere. I'm lucky to have this chance. I sigh. Yeah. Real lucky.

The Spanish Colonial adobe is set back from the curb. Weathered shutters bracket front windows. Typical LA style. Thirties architecture. Two bedrooms is a small bungalow on this block. Still not a bad buy. I park, wondering if my car will be trashed when I come back. On second thought, they'll hit Marie's BMW first.

Marie greets me with a quick hug.

"Good to see you, Barb. Hi, Jennifer. How's first grade?" She fumbles at the door. "Let's see here, the key should be in the lock box. Just ignore these weeds. All this lawn needs is a good mowing."

That's optimistic, I think dryly. Real optimistic. This lawn hasn't seen grass in years. I try to ignore the waist-high weeds parched by the Los Angeles summer drought. Could there possibly be snakes in there? Snakes in LA? Don't even think about them. My mind snaps shut to the thought.

"Anyone home? Yooohoooo, anyone here?"

Inside, the entry is cool in the August heat. Spanish tiles pave the hallway. Dust filters through dim afternoon sunlight, empty rooms.

"Mom, I'm going to play outside." Jen-



nifer wanders through the kitchen with Bridal Barbie.

"They really knew how to build back then. These walls are eight inches thick." Marie starts her sales agent's pitch. "Natural insulation. Cool in the summer, warm in the winter. And these ceilings. They're ten feet. Really spacious feeling. What do you think, Barb? Is this what you had in mind?"

I catalog a mental inventory: oak floors need sanding and refinishing, kitchen cabinets need paint, cracked tiles in the bathroom. And those light fixtures. Probably needs major electrical work. Hmmm.

"Let's look at the rest of it."

I peer down the dim hallway. Squint.

"Marie. Look at this. I thought you said this place was vacant."

"Oh yeah. I forgot to mention. The owner told me yesterday that a friend of his is staying here until it's sold. He's just back from 'Nam."

We glance at the pile of khaki blankets and bedroll which occupies one corner of the bedroom. On the wall opposite, a wicked pair of pinchers balance on a coat hook. Crazy. Don't they use those to castrate cattle? We stare. I shiver. The silence weighs heavy, ominous. A cold sweat starts under my shirt.

Outside the kitchen door, the sun blazes onto a cracked patio slab. No shade, no mercy here. The heat is searing. My temples pound. God I can't think. In the distance a plane drones.

I study the paint peeling from the garage door and try to focus my thoughts. Do I really want this hassle? Down the street a screen door bangs. Suddenly I am tired. Real tired. Tired of the daily battles. Child care. Housing. Inflation. The war. What is the point anyway?

From behind, tall weeds rustle. Dry stalks scrape together. I glance at Marie. She is staring over my shoulder. Her face drains.

transfixed with shock. Slowly I turn.

Jennifer and Bridal Barbie are playing tea party on the edge of the patio. Behind them, a bearded figure in dirty camouflage fatigues crouches deep in the backyard, partly concealed by tall weeds. I glimpse his rifle, his ammunition strap. My chest constricts.

It is a long minute. Oh god now what. Sweat trickles between my shoulder blades. Finally Marie shifts into professional mode. She draws a careful breath. Forces a tight smile.

"Hi there. You must be the tenant. Bob Hughes told me this morning that you might be here but he didn't tell me your name. You must be . . . ?"

The man is silent. Motionless. No expression. Dear god what am I seeing he's so young what a filthy beard god those eyes scorching what is happening. I pull away, force my thoughts on Jennifer. Please god let her mind me just this once

don't make any loud noises sudden moves.

"Honey. Honey, I need you in the car now." I struggle to keep my voice neutral. "It's time for ice cream."

Jennifer gathers up Bridal Barbie. The tea party is over.

"Over here, honey." Careful now just be careful nothing loud don't make any fast moves. The man watches, wary, crouching, motionless.

"Well, we're leaving now. Nice to have met you. Have a nice day." Good work Marie just act normal don't make any fast moves.

I step deliberately onto the driveway. Very slowly we begin to walk. Backwards. Still facing the man. It seems an eternity before we reach the front gate.

In the distance a woman yells. A radio blares. Deep in the backyard, the man watches, crouching, motionless.

"I  
glimpse  
his  
rifle . . ."



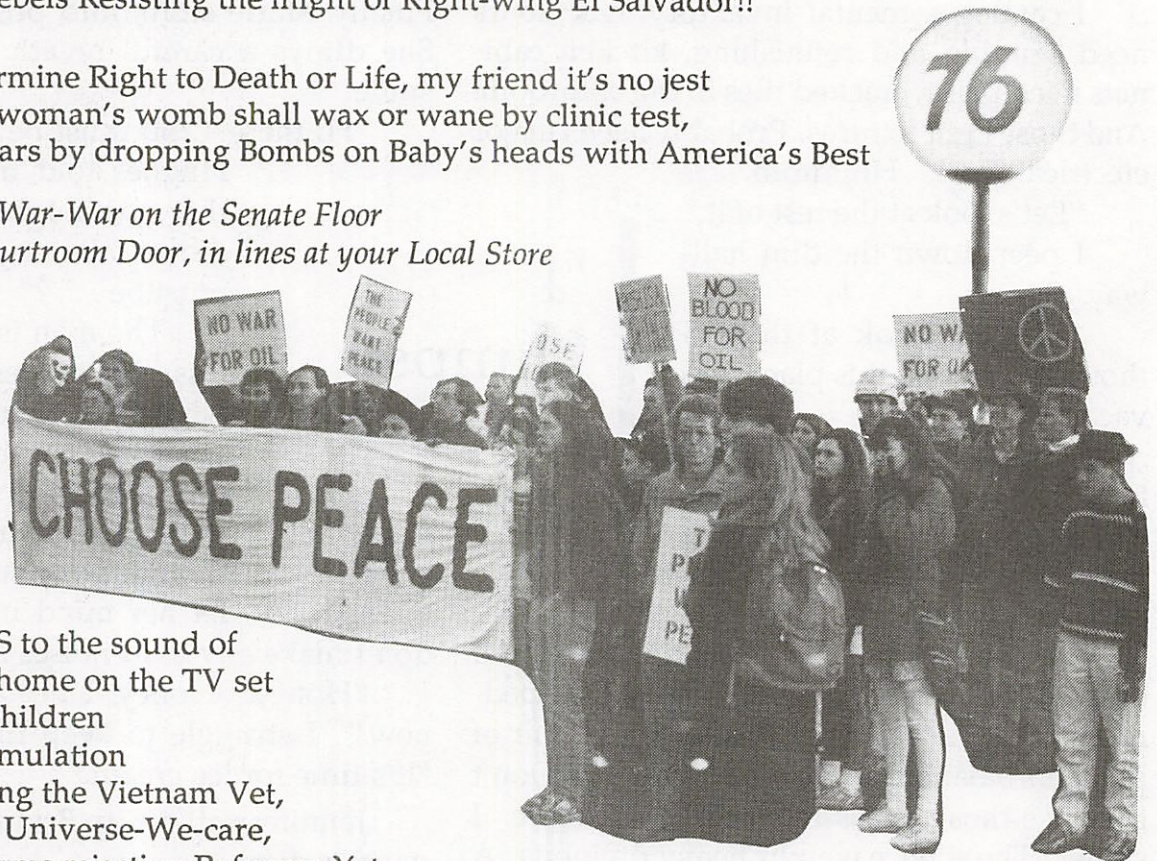
# For Peter, Paul & Mary, 1988

*There's War-War-War on the Senate Floor  
Behind the courtroom Door, in lines at your Local Store*

War to find how much to spend to see what we're Fighting For  
to Aid Rebels, Freedom fighting Nicaraguan Conquistadors,  
to destroy Rebels Resisting the might of Right-wing El Salvador!!

War to Determine Right to Death or Life, my friend it's no jest  
to Decide if woman's womb shall wax or wane by clinic test,  
to stop all wars by dropping Bombs on Baby's heads with America's Best

*There's War-War-War on the Senate Floor  
Behind the courtroom Door, in lines at your Local Store*



War FLARES to the sound of  
cartoons at home on the TV set  
to give our children  
Creative Stimulation  
While denying the Vietnam Vet,  
to show the Universe-We-care,  
with open arms rejecting Refugees Yet

War to Restrict  
Medical Aid & Bread from this  
Great Nation's Impoverished  
to test the new weapons of  
the Military Industrialist  
to bring you to the CHOICE . . .  
to stop these Wars?  
Merely speak in protest!

*There's War-War-War  
on the Senate Floor  
Behind the courtroom Door,  
in lines at your Local Store*

*photography by Guy Weese*

*poetry by Michael Omofrosso*



# FOR MY SUICIDAL FRIEND

On this  
still-as-slumber  
summer's  
night  
I wonder . . . .  
are you wrapped  
safe and sound,  
enshrouded  
like the coast  
under your  
fog-soft comforter  
of white.  
Or  
are you high  
upon a mountainside,  
close enough to  
reach out and rake  
the stars from their  
wild, windless ride-  
breathing in great breaths  
of clear black sky.  
Finding reasons to live  
and answers to the  
Why . . . .

*poetry by  
Jill Lauch*



*photography by Troy Krusenstjerna*





## Reverse Sexism

... so I called and talked to a career counselor ...

Told him I was young, good looking, energetic  
and sensitive  
that I can cook, I know how to type,  
I'm a musician who is clean  
and cares about the environment ....

The guy says to me:

"Buddy, sounds to me like you'd make  
the perfect woman ..."

Fiction by Richard L. Leebrick II

photography by M. P. Panda



# Contributors

**Rick Ball:** "To some I'm known as 'Rick Balip' (a misprint from the *Torch*). To others I'm known as the 'Renaissance Logger.' Is it the way I dress?"

**Marta L. Budd** hopes to make the transition from English Major to Art History Major. She continues to enjoy life at LCC.

**Robert Catalano** is an LCC secondary education major, and served as a Special Forces medic during the Vietnam War.

**Pamela DuVall** is attending LCC after working 15 years in a lumber mill. "I am a mother of three children whom I love dearly. Pray for peace!"

**Jake Felsenstein:** "I'm a person who enjoys sharing himself with others because we are all students and all teachers, learning from each other."

**Heidi Finseth:** "Through different forms of the arts, generations of women in my family have purged themselves, or loved life, or simply thought. Writing is my form."

**Nanayma Glenn:** "I guess if the urge to become one with water fowl overcame me (spontaneous like), I would have to give in despite the risk."

**Nancy Hunt** experiences brief, white, flashing revelations followed by extended periods of ignorant bliss.

**James Joseph Jarboe** is a former timber worker who is completing a Broadcast Visual Design degree. "LCC taught me to work towards improving the human condition."

**Peter Jensen** is an LCC English instructor, and a professional conservationist. He is currently working on his third book of poetry.

**Setsuko Kuwahara** survived the bombing of Nagasaki in 1945. She is currently an LCC student researching a book on the community college system in the U.S.

**Dana Krizan** does freelance photography and is Assistant Photography Editor for the *Torch*.

**Troy Krusenstjerna:** "I've always been interested in the visual arts."

**Eugene Lanz** began his romance with photography when he was

ten. Photography is an occupation and a means of expression.

**Jill Lauch**, a former music major, has returned to school to pursue her other interests in art and literature. She has spent the last eighteen years being a wife and mother.

**Richard L. Leebrick II:** "I am a small, fragmented man and my prose resembles my stature . . ."

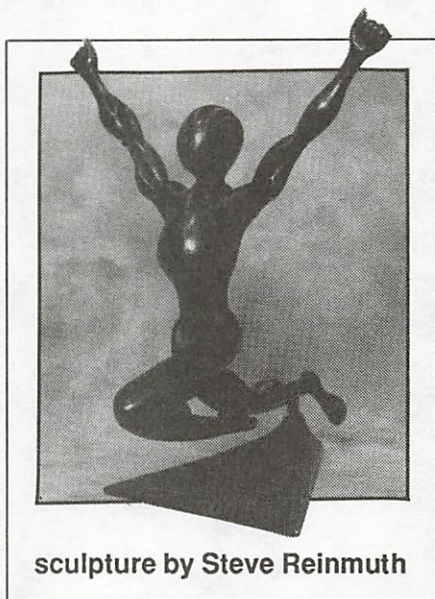
**Demetri Lontos** lived and taught in China for a year. "A rich and rewarding experience."

**Erik Muller** is an English instructor at LCC and a contributing editor for the poetry magazine *Fireweed*.

**Erin Naillon** is the Photography Editor for the *Torch*, and a frequent contributor to *Denali*.

**Darci Nash** is an unknown quantity, with no biographical info available.

**Michael Omogrosso:** "'Father of Five' is my priority title, and as such I returned to school to position myself to change the world for them. Peace!"



sculpture by Steve Reinmuth

**M. P. Panda** is a poet and experimental artist who explores the many wonders of right-brain artistry.

**Deborah Pickett** is the current *Denali* Photography Editor and a frequent contributor to the *Torch*. She's a former instructor for Maude Kerns Art Center and the U of O Upward Bound program.

**Diane M. Ragsdale** describes herself as an LCC student who is "Jack of all trades and master of none."

**Steve Reinmuth:** "My goal is to create art that is physically, mentally and spiritually uplifting."

**Bonita Rinehart** is a delightfully charming human being. "I've been here before. I'll be here again."

**Robin Robbins** is contemplating life and love. "Peace to you."

**Guy Weese**, a local photographer, is a member of the Photozone Gallery.

**John Unger** is a *Torch* staff writer and photographer.



## War Haiku

Breasts flowing with milk

Stain her black dress and wet the

Dead child in her arms.

poetry by  
Jill Lauch



LANE COMMUNITY COLLEGE  
Winter '91