

Denali

Magazine

Fall 1992



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"The older you are, the more observant you are of
the world,
of nature, the forms;
and the more easily can you invent.
But it has to come from somewhere in the
beginning, from reality, nature.
Space, distance, landscape, plants, pebbles, rocks,
bones, all excite me and give me ideas."

Henry Moore

Lane Community College
4000 East 30th Ave. Eugene, Oregon 97405
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Fall 1992 Volume XV Number 1

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It's a new year, and we're all looking forward to it here at DENALI magazine.

The submissions received this term were wonderful. In this magazine we explore the doubts, the questions, and the frustrations we feel so deeply as humans being separated only by different life experiences.

But on these pages you will find insightful pieces that have already begun to ask deep questions.

We as a staff have tried to do right by the readership of the magazine. The selected works were chosen anonymously. We chose each piece based on the exploration by the individuals into their interpretation of their life's experiences.

As William Shakspeare once said, "Why then the world's mine oyster which I with sword will open . . ." So we encourage

fellow artists and writers to keep pursuing their oysters and answering life's questions, and we will be here for you to share it.

Denali would like to thank all of the people that submitted this term; these choices were hard!

The deadline for new work for our Winter '93 issue is Feb. 5, 1993.. In that issue, we would like to have a section that focuses on artistic and literary views of the Southwest. So send us your views of the SW as well as your general works.

Warmly,

Jeanette Nadeau
Jeanette Nadeau
Editor

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Inside - Springfield News

Remember to Forget

by Steev Moore

I'm remembering to forget
to curse you
when you speak fire and brimstone and benevolence on my behalf
and judge me according to your unsolicited law.

I'm remembering to forget
to tote that 20 pounds of paper essays
you say I must memorize
of events
and of people
from whom I do not descend
to assure my being accepted
and respected
and not just merely affected.

I'm remembering to forget to pay for the prestige that accompanies
the pills you say I must ingest
to recover
and live a healthy, normal life
(designed to cure what ails you.
I know them all very well)
. . . to tap my feet to the beat
confirming your misguided notion of who I am.
Preferring, instead, to stand there
drenched in delight of the music as it plays inside my head.
(It's music unlike yours,
designed to please the masses.)

. . . not to love you
although you scream obscenities and treat me cruelly
Spick, chink, nigger, bitch, faggot, sadist.
"Yo! What's up wit dat?"
(Don't you know I'd gladly give you the 20 if you did something
for me, too!? You sweet sexy thing you.)

. . . to forget
to feel anger at time
and sadness at youth
already passed and passing
Their godlike essence swirling circles and circles around my head.

I'm remembering to forget
the pain born of our parting good-byes
before we were ready to say hello to that moment
just moments, it seems, after we meet.
. . . to forget
the joy in watching pain give birth from your body
through my meaningless touch, one hard meaningless touch.

I'm remembering to forget
the price I will pay
for forgetting all the pleasure that has gone before me
and the hopes of understanding it all.

Bus Stop Mushroom Party

by Steven Tristano

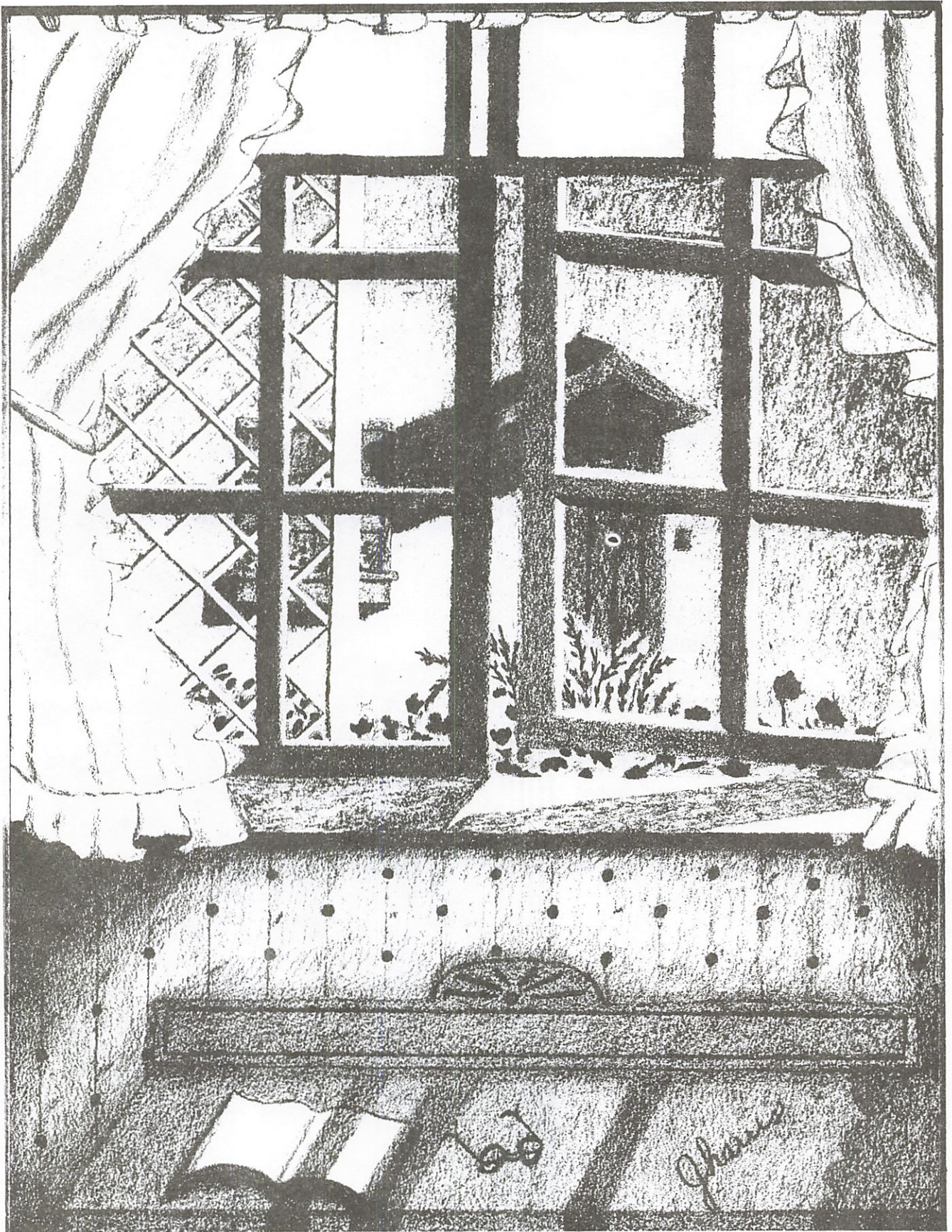
At the bus stop in the rain
we stand--a group of umbrella people
like a circle of mushrooms
that have fantasmically popped
in from the ether
like a loud bubble.

It seems to me we should be dancing.
I wonder if anyone is thinking about
why we are here.

Are we content in joyous contemplation,
speechless awe at the universe?
Are we shuffling off to our daily stations
spinning hollow prayers and wishes
into the spirit world?



by Lee Wai-Nin Kenneth



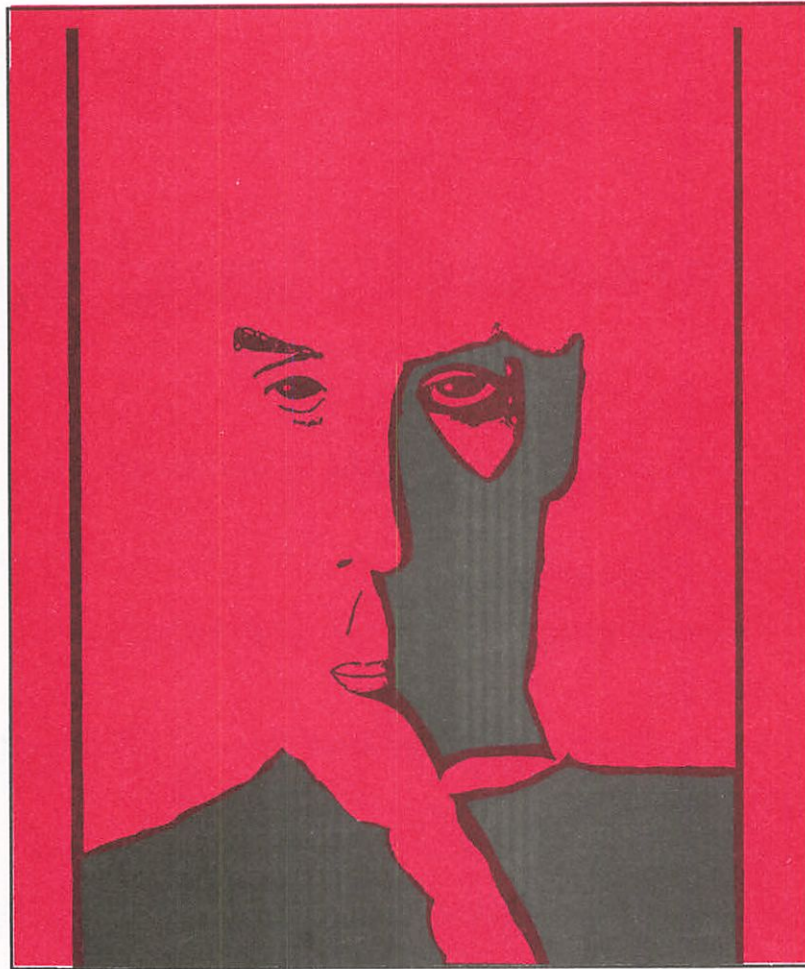
LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW

by Jackie Harris

Personal Belongings

by Tim Hanlon
for C. S.

*Your things were brought to our house
in boxes
that April morning.
They sat quietly at the top of the stairs,
waiting.
Later, family members and friends filed past,
seeing those empty shoes with
fraying laces,
a brush with blonde curls
caught in its teeth.
My Mother picked up the sweater she had given
you on your birthday
and held it to her, crying
as she thought of you,
age four, whispering,
"Goodnight stars and Goodnight moon . . ."
In a house where someday your things would arrive
would arrive
close at hand but already ghosts,
to be taken away once more.*



OPEN MIND

by Laura E. Walker

As They Fasten My Head to the Wall

by David Burdett

As they fasten my head to the wall
My teeth
are a rake to my tongue
They scream as if to bore a hole through my
core
Into my depths
Of twisted,
contorted pool of water
Which reflects
back to them
Their ugly,
Tangled faces
This coming from a mind
Which they cannot comprehend
Nor wish to understand

That I am but a PUZZLE
that they have touched with tainted hand
And my corner piece is askew
That is all, only a
skew
And it is begging on a raked tongue
to be placed from whence it came
Yet how they tighten the fastened hands anew
And shatter my PUZZLE into tiny bits
But look now, how two pieces stay fit
And live on for twelve seconds in confusion misery
AND LOOK PRETTY,
How ThEy FaLL
AParT

Jellyfish on Parade

by Peter Jensen

Jellyfish are the Bobs and Betty Boops
of the sea: Oooo, what silly cartoon loops!
How they pump transparent hips!
How they dangle legs but purse no lips!

They're polymorphous in forward or reverse
and float like plastic genitalia
wearing red, clear, or pink regalia
like earrings lost by the madonna of whales.

Jellyfish flex solar domes over their guts.
Their bodies hang like balloon bags
with drawing, stinging tentacles that seize
and sort sea creatures from the sea.

They look like a school of invisible octopi pies.
They're like Carl Sagan's theoretical gas bags

that do not float through thunderstorms of Jupiter.
They're like fish organs gutted for chum

and tossed overboard from a rolling trawler.
Jellyfish wear wobbly goo, see-through skins
that reveal sea water on the other side.
They seem to be nobodies.

But they are somebodies!
Like slime, they travel light.
Like jam slid off burnt toast,
they show how cells can grow

to giant bubbles buoyed by sea water,
the ingredient of our common blood.
I'd never again want to be a jellyfish,
but long I was, no matter what I wish.



by Jamie Johnston

Tim Outman

News feature by Joe Harwood

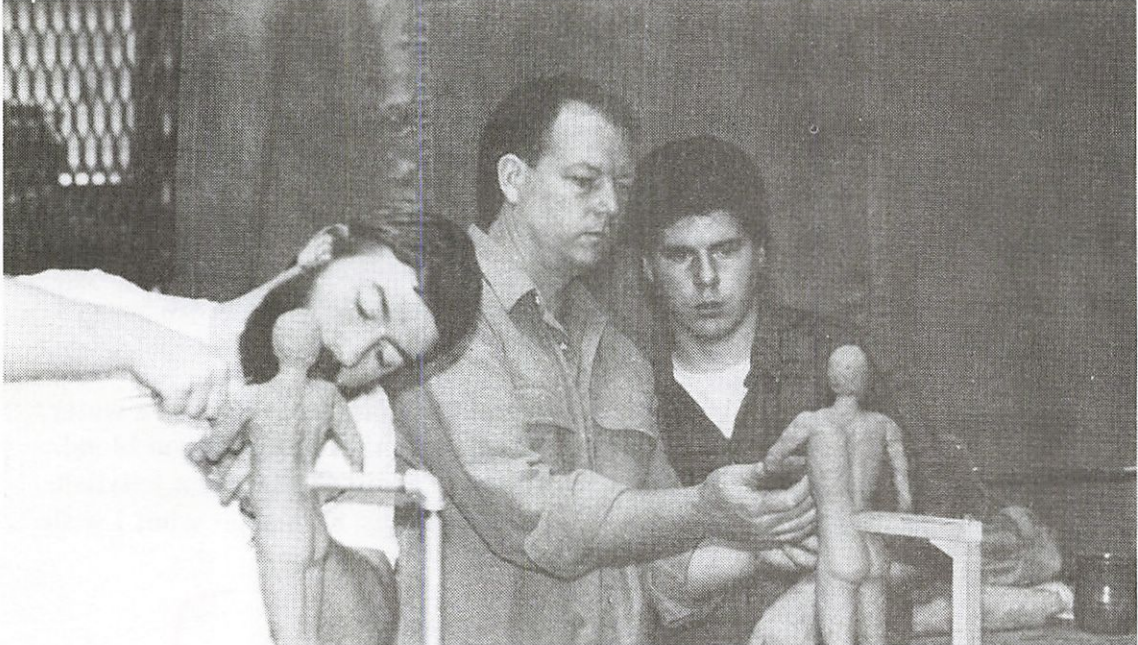


Photo by Mike Accord

Tim Outman (center) assists students Eric Land (left) and Gerald Vreim (right) during a figure sculpting class.

At the age of 44, after nearly 20 years of postponements, Tim Outman has become what he has always wanted--a practicing full time sculptor and a teacher of the art he loves.

In a sense, the Lane Community College Figure Studies instructor with a law degree, two bachelor's degrees, and a master's degree in Fine Arts, is himself a student, teaching other students, with his own insatiable urge to learn.

"Sculpture has been something that has been germinating in me since my early 20s . . . but it was something that was not encouraged in my background," says Outman. "I was involved with a lot of things at the time that didn't allow me to do that--or I didn't have the guts to do that."

By other "things," Outman means the Vietnam War. Granted conscientious objector status after threatening to go to jail for his anti-war beliefs, Outman, armed with a degree in sociology instead of an M-16, completed two years of alternative service

teaching teenagers in Harlem and autistic children in California at Sonoma State Hospital.

"That's when I saw that kids with disabilities weren't given an equal break, and that got me interested in working on a legislative basis to make sure those kinds of discriminations didn't happen."

As a legislative assistant for Congressman George Miller (D-Cal.), Outman put child care reform and equal rights for disabled children at the top of his priority list. As the chief lobbyist for the California Children's Lobby in Washington D.C. and Sacramento, he found himself working alongside the politically empowered who shape federal and state law.

Dissatisfied with morally bankrupt legislators passing laws based on personal power expansion rather than on merit, Outman fled it all and in doing so, found his niche in the art world.

Along the way, he acquired a quiet confidence bordering on abject modesty, and yet he brings a

tenacity to his work that goes beyond his years and experience in the field of sculpture.

While working for Miller and as a lobbyist, Outman began studying sculpture in 1980 under Harriet Moore in San Francisco. For five years, every Tuesday and Saturday night Outman would study his vital interest, waiting for the day when he would finally make the break from policy maker to full time sculptor.

At Moore's insistence, the would-be sculptor made his decision to enter the art world fulltime enrolling in the University of Oregon Fine Arts program.

"Tim's lived long enough and has experienced enough in politics and law that if he thinks the emperor is not wearing any clothes, he's gonna say so," says Paul Buckner, a University of Oregon Professor of Fine Arts, about his former pupil.

Outman's sculpture reveals a deep personal commitment reflecting many of the ideals he has worked for in public life. And those intertwined relationships transcend the clay, glass and bronze with which they are created.

One of Outman's sculptures, "Roe v. Wade," graphically exemplifies his feelings about one of the most divisive issues of modern history. The piece is made up of the head of "Blind Justice" atop a pedestal. Thrusting midway from the pedestal base is her right fist clenching a coat hanger.

Should the Supreme Court overturn Roe v. Wade, says Outman, the invasion into that private and delicate decision may result in the senseless loss of women's lives due to unsafe "back-alley" abortions. "That piece reflects how I don't think that people ought to have their own religious beliefs governing somebody else."

At the same time, he believes that "A (good) piece (of sculpture) doesn't have to shock you" to leave a lasting impression. There's different pieces that are appropriate for different ideas."

In defining and creating those expressions through sculpture, Outman uses relationships and the juxtapositions which result both in nature and the abstract, as his tools. Whether he artistically explores strength and vulnerability or the examination of spatial relationships, Outman utilizes differences to delve deeper into what he calls "the human condition."

"There is something to me that is so captivating about the human form," says Outman, "particularly the expressions that people have. Not only expres-



Roe v. Wade

Photo courtesy of Tim Outman

sions, but what a portrait can tell about somebody."

"Tim is not very tolerant of things that are abstract, he likes to follow the story," says Buckner. "He is a person who's mind and brain is always in his work."

While many sculptors focus on either the abstract or the figurative, Outman bravely embraces both and has a penchant for creating lasting impressions regardless of which he chooses.

"Tim is definitely multi-talented," says LCC Figure Studies Instructor Bill Blix. "He's not afraid to deal with the things an average person would call abstract, and he's also able to deal with the figurative aspect as well . . . it's an unusual attribute . . ."

One of his pieces, "Deluge" featured on the cover



Photo courtesy of Tim Outman

Gesture

of this issue, relates his perception of death and dying to the challenge of the living.

It was his mother's death due to leukemia that spurred the nurturing but also agonistic aura of "Deluge."

The ordeal of his mother's death brought a personal awakening to Outman. "In a lot of ways, I try to incorporate those kinds of ideas into sculpture."

He says the sculpture "shows what that (experience) takes from someone and what that gives to someone. "There's a kind of holding on and letting go; there is that give and take that has to happen."

Unlike many artists who dream of displaying their art in well-known galleries or hobnobbing with the jet-set art community, Outman sculpts for personal reasons, and, he says, if his art should one day be displayed in a gallery, "it would be a side note to the actual work."

"In a sense, my work is personal, probably too personal for some people's tastes. The reason I do these pieces isn't to have them in a showing. It's to do them for me."

Likewise, paralleling much of his past life, Outman chooses to share his gifts, and in the case of his art, he

hopes to provoke a multitude of concepts and ideas—those lying just below the armor plating of the human psyche.

"I hope to challenge them in some ways and yet give them a sense of that movement within themselves."

These ideas, demonstrated in another piece called "Gesture," depict Outman's use of the abstract to present a human form in fluid movement. Attesting to his versatility, "Gesture" is a bronze sculpture.

"There's a range of ideas that I have, and I don't want to hold back on those," he says. "I don't like to restrict myself to one particular form of sculpture."

And Outman teaches others as well as himself. He downplays his own influence with students, saying he learns more from them than they could ever learn from him.

Bill Blix disagrees.

"All first-year instructors say that. He's really good with people, which makes sense because of his background in both the legal field and in helping children. The interesting thing about Tim is his incredible patience."

Outman landed at LCC after first completing his bachelor's of Fine Arts and two years later earning a masters in Fine Arts from the University of Oregon.

First teaching a Community Education class at night and later portraiture credit classes, Outman says he tries to instill his students with a strong work ethic he says he learned from Buckner and a devotion to the human form.

"Taking the idea of trying to create the human form is a constant challenge in problem solving," he says. Outman says students can use those problem solving skills in their everyday lives, whether for interpersonal relationships or seeking a job.

Unfortunately, Outman's teaching days at LCC are numbered. He will leave Eugene in March to assume a part-time teaching position at the College of the Atlantic in Bar Harbor, Maine. Outman will have the opportunity to teach public policy seminars in addition to Figure Studies, but just as importantly, he will have the time to concentrate on his own sculpture.

"There's an argument that people have already done the human figure; capturing human emotions has already been done. That's true, but it hasn't been done by me. And that's the attitude I try to take to my students."

Understanding

by Bonita Rinehart

Let's not have any nonsense
About saying nice things about me
And dumping my body in the ground
And my soul in heaven
Or some unsuspecting uterus
For another turn around the carousel.
Not me.
I plan to rattle chains,
Wooooooo down the halls,
Leave messages on your computers
And spirit away
The last piece of pizza.



BANDSAW

by Susan McCready

Drinking

by Tim Hanlon

From where you stand,
you see all of this
as a sign of sure weakness.
Nothing gets by you.
The front door, for instance,
off its hinges but open
for the first time in weeks.
The cereal in the cupboard,
those bills next to the phone, unopened.
You tell me that the rings
on the coffee table you gave me
won't ever come out,
not even in a hundred years.
I don't know what to say to this,
or what to do with my hands,
while you stand here, staring
at the television,
only half-interested
in what is happening.

Love

by Kathryn Steadman

*Skating on that bright red ice,
my hands busy counting prayer beads,*

*You could have been reciting a mantra
or calling my name, for all I knew
the way your mouth kept opening.*

*Sometimes love takes no effort.
All we did
was take off our sensible shoes
and slide.*

Some Other Mother

by Jen Clason

The noisy children of some other mother
call to me with voiceless screams.

I see it in their eyes--

They plead with an undeniable persistence.

"Shut up!" that other mother says.

She smacks at a diapered bottom and a filthy face.

They look at her,

mouths closed, eyes wide,

used to that command.

And yet I still hear them

crying for me.

I recognize my voice in theirs and that scares me,
so I close my eyes and turn away as they get off the bus.

I close my eyes and hum a familiar tune,

as they stumble out the door,

only to get yanked up again

by arms bent further than they were meant to.

The scraped knees are disregarded.

"Don't be babies," the other mother says.

The children understand that command, too.

Accept it

and grow up too soon.



LANDMARKS I



Fathers' Blood

by Pylaar Solomon

They Chant.

**Their faces are many colors,
their eyes, too.**

**They pound the drums,
heavy wool against hide.**

**The Great Eagle shines
in their eyes.**

**The North Wind comes whispering,
now raging
through their incantating
lips.**

**Their faces and eyes,
like mine
are of a different shade.**

**But all our voices,
all our eyes**

Cry the Great Spirit.

**We chant together
and our hearts are
full of our fathers' blood.**

Attention Please

by *Gracie D' Loude*

This is my auction. The funds raised today must total a lifetime. Everything here has a guarantee against normal wear and tear. Excessive mistreatment will cost you forfeiture of said purchase with no refunds. Complaints are to be sent to the Board of Characters and will be dealt with in an appropriate manner.

We'll start today with the legs -- long, pale, yet strong, accustomed to carrying more than their own fair share of weight. Not much in themselves, so I'll throw in the feet to increase both the value and flexibility of the legs.

Let us start the bidding at 25 respects: 40, 45, 65, 65, sold at 65 respects to you there, Mr. Stetson, Big Buckle boots. Spur it on up here and pick up your purchase.

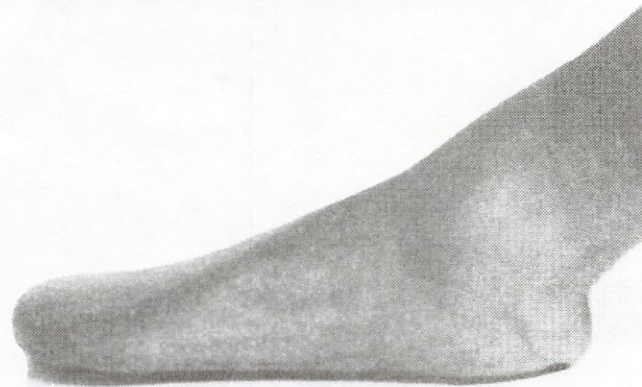
And then there are the arms and hands, not to be sold separately. Flawless from every angle, missing only the one finger there on the left hand. No Sir! You cannot afford to purchase the right hand singly; if you wish to do so, the cost will increase . . . Yes! From one hundred jeweled orchids to . . . your cock. No, I don't suppose you would need this hand if you lost your cock. All right, 100, 120, 122, 124, 124 -- sold for 124 jeweled orchids to this quiet gentleman that respects the power of a writer's hand.

Then here is the head--it boasts a beautiful face to take around town, a simple and luscious mouth, all original teeth, a large set of blue marble eyes that are guaranteed to light up any ballroom. Let's start the bidding with 50 years of adoration and love. Yes, even in time, the value of this item will increase. It will double for every decade of care and

tenderness; in time, the skin will suit your comfort, the eyes will twinkle, and personalized laugh lines will appear that you alone can mold into a smile.

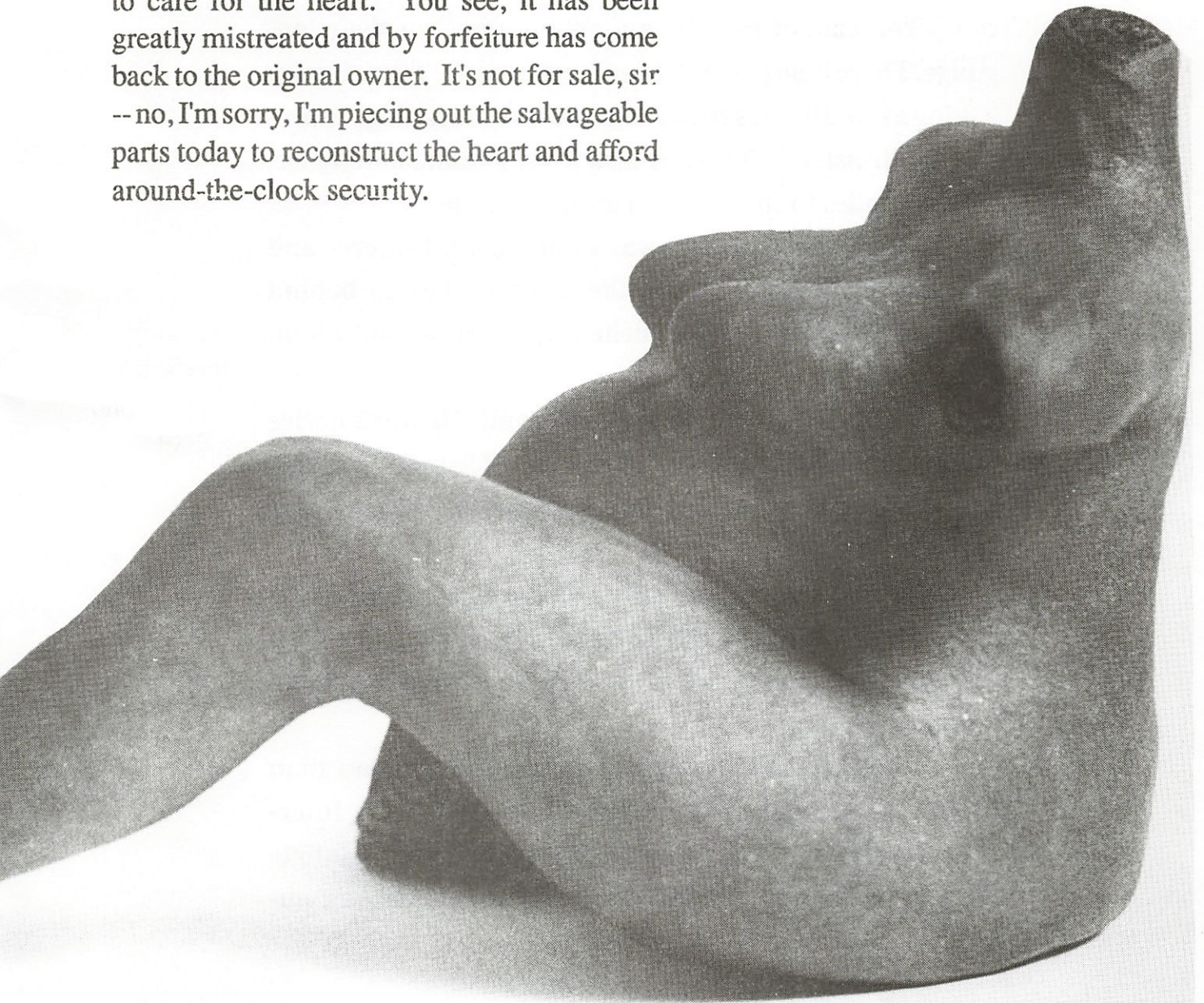
So we'll begin with 50 years of, Ah! Oh! . . . Would anyone present care to outbid this gentleman? Only a man of your seasoning and stature could recognize the value potential of such a piece. Thank you for your gracious contribution and compliment.

Last but not least, the torso is unveiled, complete as listed in your auction guide. It has many amenities as you well see and is equipped to suit your every whim. There's a beautiful softness here, no sharp edges, smooth silken skin, obviously new and will adjust to the desired size in certain areas. These breasts have been measured to a double D proportion and excite easily. The plumbing has been tested and, as you will notice from the internal photos flashing on the screen to the left, work exquisitely. The clitoris, for those who care about such things, is a perfect picture of excitement and is included in the total package price. Count the ribs, yes, they are all accounted for. We'll start the bids at 4 silk quilts and an arctic plain 40 acres wide. Four and 40, 4 and 40, 4



and 42, 4 and 44, 4 and 44? . . . 4 and 44 and a gold deco case! SOLD to the man back there sporting a pocket protector.

It seems we are done. Thanks you all for coming today, it has been greatly apprecia . . . Excuse me? What? I apologize, Mr. Pocket Protector, you expected a heart. I believe you misunderstood; the auction proceeds today are to care for the heart. You see, it has been greatly mistreated and by forfeiture has come back to the original owner. It's not for sale, sir -- no, I'm sorry, I'm piecing out the salvageable parts today to reconstruct the heart and afford around-the-clock security.



DECIMATION OF NATURE

by Paloma Galindo

The Wrong Twist

by Phil Turchin

While driving here on the Interstate, I had a problem twisting off the cap on a bottle of wine.

I took a wrong turn and wound up in Brazil. I was surprised. I ended up in a rainforest swamp in a place so primitive, it had no name.

There were some inhabitants there, however. They even had a ten word language. Eight of the words were for terrible events.

You cannot say, "I am eating now," in their language. There is no present tense for that verb. There is such a thing as continuous tense, as in the word meaning, "pain-sorrow-disaster." There is also a very immediate tense, which applies to the word, "run-quick-hide."

Oddly enough, there was a store there. I entered and put a ten dollar food stamp on the counter. The man behind the counter looked at it, smelled it, licked it, and ate it. After all, it was a *food* stamp.

The man was not a store clerk at all. He was a native hiding out from alligators. The so-called "store" was just a prop left there from the filming of a horror film the year before.

To make a long story short, I am back in the states again after a long and difficult journey made longer by a compass that only worked on Tuesdays, and I had no calendar.

I have turned a new leaf. I am a better man than before. Never again will I drink while driving the Interstate, and I have taken a vow to give a super quality jungle massage to anyone who can *really* repair a defective compass.

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by Drew Johnson



by Susan Applegate

Miles To Go Before She Sleeps

by Lynn Rea

She is a tight double knitted bundle with an ivory floss top,
moving slowly against the youthful tide.

Each brittle, knotted twig has become a stranger to the still sharp young mind.
Her ancient metronome is barely audible amidst the laughter and whispers
shared by the grown-up adolescents around her.

Carelessly bored eyes follow her calculated footfalls on the fragile fall leaves.
With a skeleton grin of determination she ignores the obsolete gear-work
of her spine, and its repetitive message to slow down.

Instead, she continues at her exhausting task, without pause.
Finally, she lifts her frail brogue-clad foot up onto the curb.
Behind her a flashing crimson light reads "Don't Walk."

Revision

by Bonita Reinhart

Sometimes I feel as if
I could almost slip my hand
Through
The vase of flowers on the kitchen table
And I wonder
Which of us
Is losing substance?

Hag Ridden

by Bonita Rinehart

*I eye the bed warily
Sleep hungry
Yet tensing before this ritual of mimicking death
That should refresh my pain patched body.
I know the dreams that may come
That will come
Some night.
Dreams
Of that sharp knife
Twisted in my chest
Or blood spilling through my urine.*

*I pull down the harness
Wait for the hag of night to sorry my back
And ride
Hell bent.*

Facet

by Denise Cameron

her beauty was
an "intraocular event"
something which hit you
between the eyes
you didn't have to look for it
so most people
stopped looking at her
and never saw how beautiful
she really was

My Mother Marion in 1943

by Peter Jensen

*During the great war, I was an infant
riding on my mother's arm.
I remember being a naked baby
riding bare bottomed on her arm,
leaning my cheek against her bare shoulder,
or on her chest above her breasts,
or on her collar bones, and looking up
at her smiling face surrounded
by wavy, golden hair,
the brim of a large white hat,
and a halo of sunlight.*

*I remember holding onto the rim
of her sleeveless white dress,
my tiny hand clutching
the rim of her tight dress
where it crossed the open space
between the pillows of her breasts.
I remember my taut lips in a smile
answering her smile, my eyes
shining with her eyes.*

*I remember her power,
the shaded pink and tan
of her face, her blue-eyed irises
with powerful black holes
that saw into me, her plush red lips,
wet white teeth, and her magic
mouth saying music.*

*I remember our power
together, and the fun I felt
when she nuzzled me,
and I wrinkled up my nose,
or when she said whole mysteries
with her mother tongue,
those first sweet sounds I heard
and tried to sing along.*



SHADOWS

by Steev Moore

Red-Haired Girl

by Ele Nash

Hard yellow brick on a square solid house
sitting on the side of a hill

Yellow brick outside, inside soft red hair on a little girl,
thick, red hair in braids framing a freckled face,
red-hair girl in a black-hair family:

black-hair family, all curly, and
here comes the garbage man
with red hair
curly, thick red hair
and he has freckles, too
yes, he's your father, they teased
that's where your red hair comes from

When she was six her mother said it's time to get
your hair cut for school
afterwards when she came home
her daddy sat beside her on the top porch step
and they cried together

red-haired girl used to answer to "red"
when her red hair went away
when it faded and she helped it be blond, then
she missed the red hair and didn't hate it anymore

She recaptured it by marrying a tall, freckle-faced man with
thick, wavy red hair
but he isn't a garbage man
she belongs to him

Now she's vain about her hair,
likes the way it has body and waves
like her daddy's did
sees her daddy in the mirror sometimes
when she combs her hair

Train Man

by Andrew McDowell

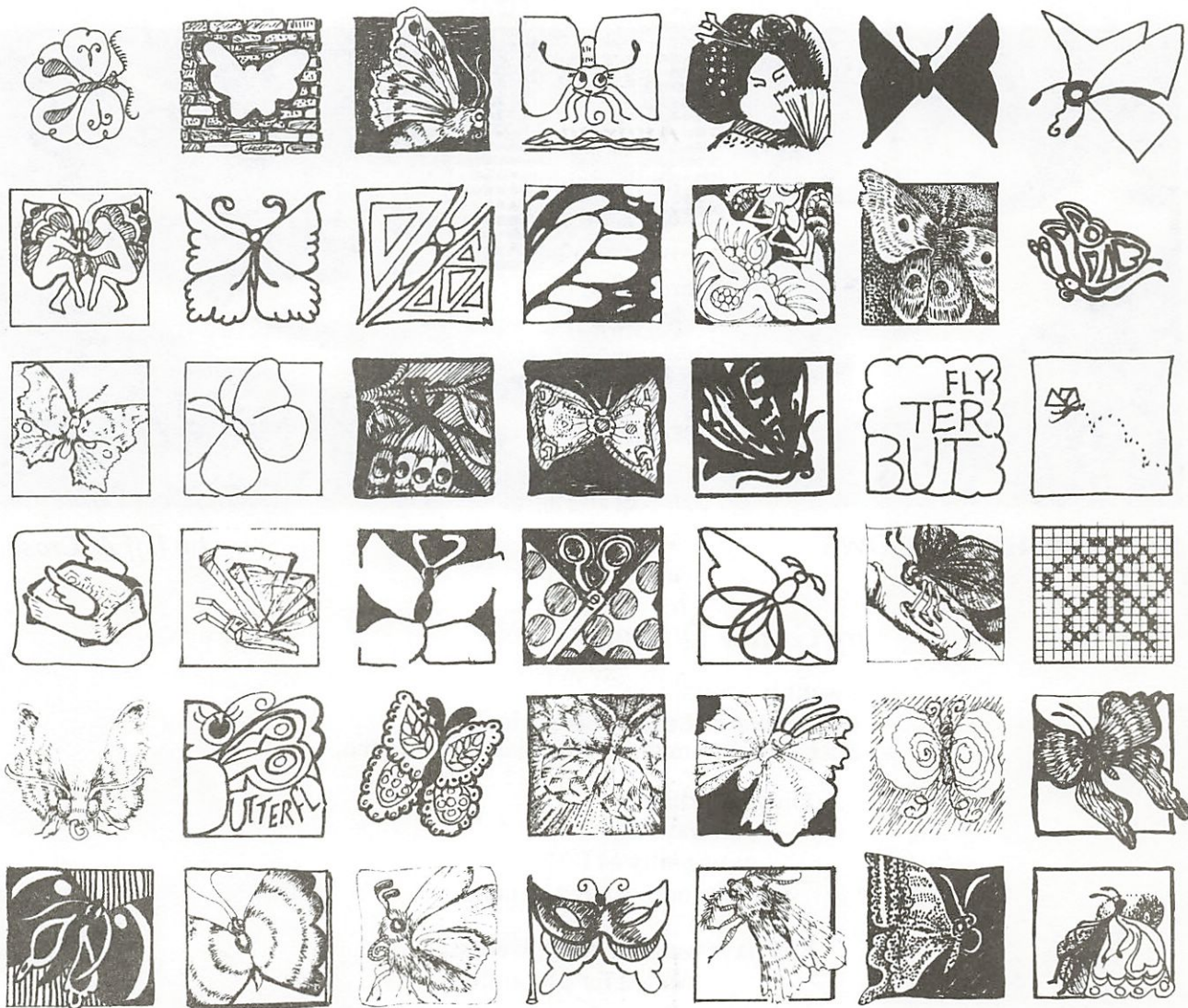
i hear the train stompin
squealin through town
gonna jump on
gonna head on down
deep down in texas
in the desert brown

every place i see
every face i meet
i can feel the spirit
of the poor mans street
i hear the train callin me
better move my feet

stoppin off to see you
love to see you Fran
eat a bean burrito
can i use your can
thanks i must be goin
i'm a train hoppin man



by Laura E. Walker



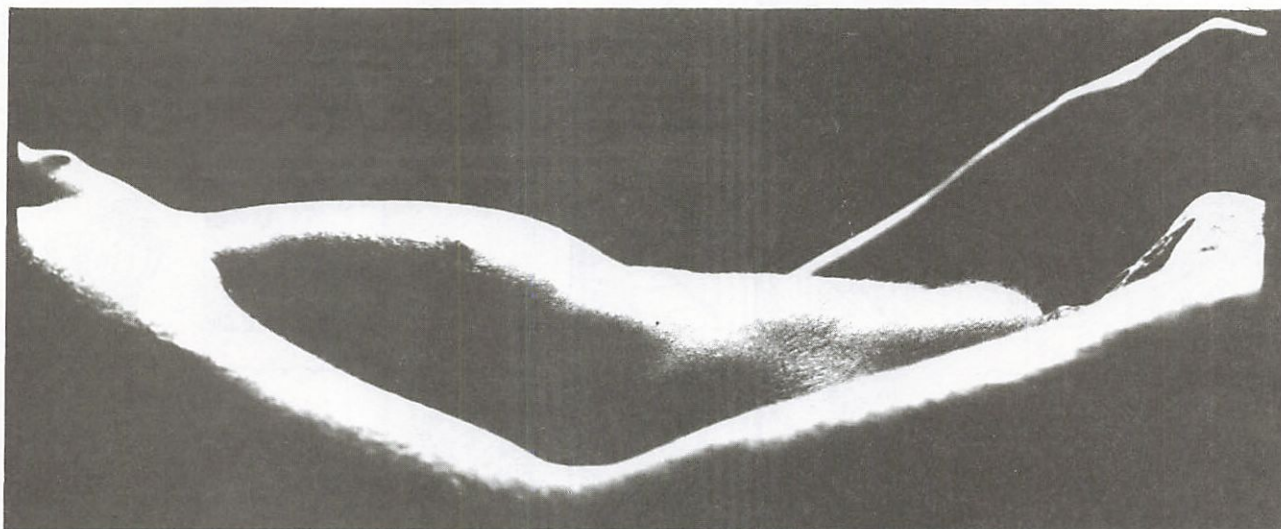
BUTTERFLY COLLECTION

by Yvonne Endersby

Walk Softly

by Kim Kunkel

*Walk softly among frail blossoms of Spring
 As Earth gives birth and breath to Innocence.
 Speak softly as Ocean Mist silently kisses an Emerging sun,
 Whose new radiance hushes all but those who truly sing.
 Laugh softly as newness fumbles in its struggle to
 Walk, to fly, to be.
 Cry softly as Earth swallows Life while Ocean Mist
 Bids farewell to the sun's fading glow.
 Sleep softly, dreaming dreams of awakening once more.
 Awaken softly in the arms of your being.
 Notice softly as Earth awakens once more,
 Giving birth and breath to Innocence.
 Walk softly.*



MOONLIGHT SHADOWS

by Jeff A. Crose

by *Gracie D'Loude*

I want to arouse you
I want to excite each luscious inch
Suckle each gem of the future in its own turn.

Oh yes, I know!
you want it
as urgently as I
we have both waited so long.

You have waited for forgiveness,
waited for absolution

And I:

I have waited six long years.
2190 lonely, sleepless nights
for this one single night alone with you
to cradle my lost eyes in your heat
to wrap my starving hunger around
your life.

It was a lifetime
It was yesterday
and here we are.

I've forgiven you your negligence
and this act of love from MY heart
is your absolution. As I clench
the jaws
of womankind
on your manhood.

Tasting your bitter blood
Victory is bitter sweet!

The Exchange

by Michael Schlesinger

Which lovers lie together on this night,
And for what reasons, and to whom they turn
When morning comes is not for me to learn;
Nor who am I to tell them of that light
That spills from me as dawn is passing by?
It seems a certain grace to me that love,
Or its coordinator, from above,
Has shone a bit of me into her eye.

But since the evening heralds different charms
As winter gets its claws into the earth,
I wonder, oh! I wonder what it's worth
To mourn your passing back into his arms?
And he grows stronger by the light of day;
And I have learned to tuck the truth away.



NOVEMBER # 6

by Corey Woods



LANDSCAPES

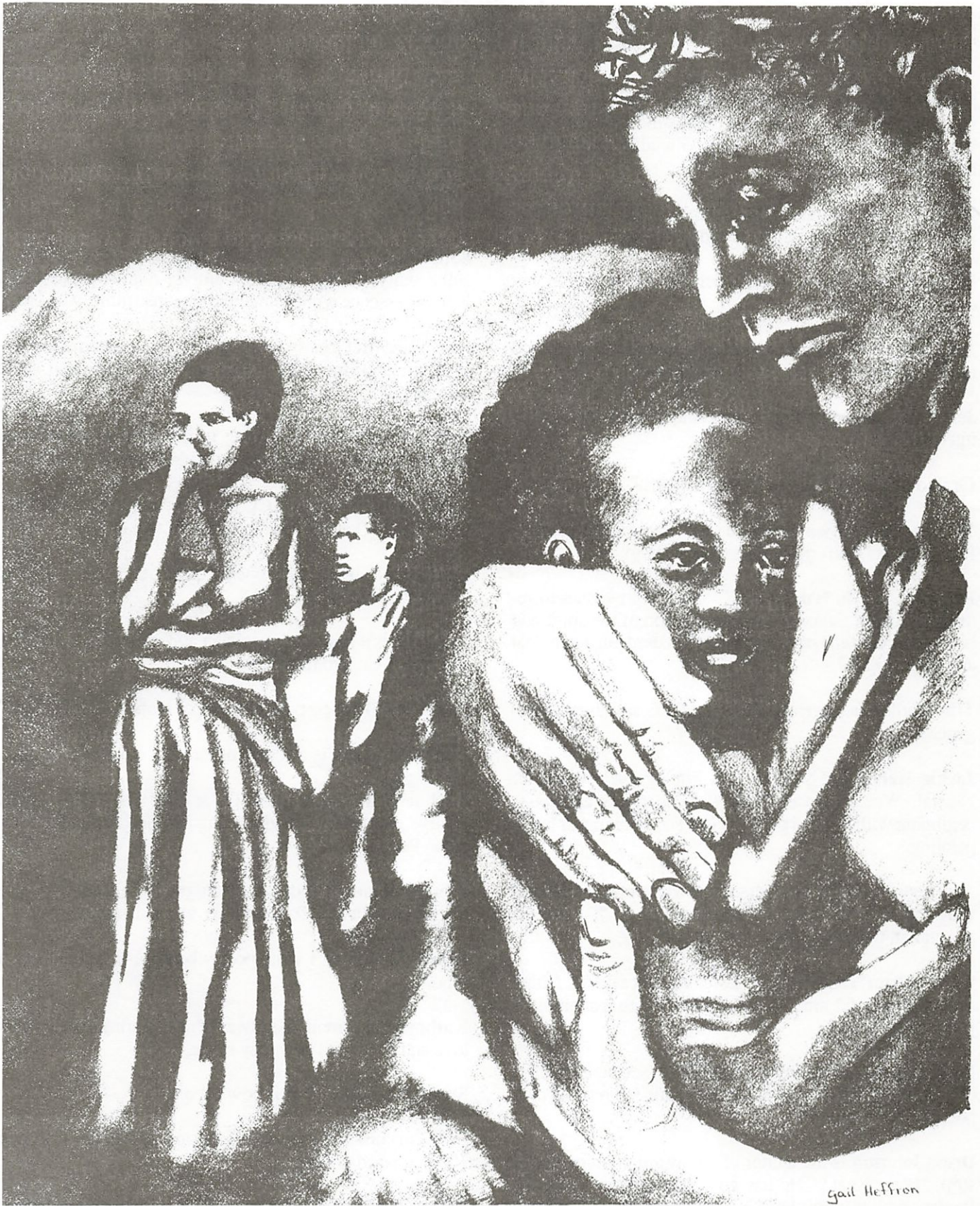
by Alan Simmons

Renewal

by Andrew McDowell

fire in the autumn field
burn the death of summer gifts
smoke black among the clouds
the sent of winter transference
death--rebirth
painful intervention
human sacrifice
burning in the field
stench of naked youth on fire
flames dance around the dying
spirits drink the smoky breath

harvest moon
fire the nights festivities
apple dunk-hay rides-cider
give thanks to the moon
give thanks to the chosen youth
forever we will eat



HUNGER

Gail Heffron
by Gail Heffron

Contributors

Susan Applegate teaches at Maude Kerns and works as a freelance artist. "I grew up on a farm in Scott's Valley near Yoncalla, Oregon. My family, wildlife, and natural habitats inspire me."

David Burdett is a theatre/music major. He is the author and composer of two musicals and three plays.

Denise Cameron is a woman writing and rewriting, her own life.

Jen Clason is enjoying her scholarly pretense, hating the job market, and looking for love in all the wrong places.

Jeff A. Crose "I am myself, I am my inter-soul, a quiet dark inter-soul."

Gracie D'Loude "Know I have a voice."

Yvonne Endersby is a second year graphic design artist. Her motto is "Don't do it unless you want to."

Paloma Galindo "I'm an LCC student who wishes to remind people of the continued decimation of the spirit and body of women and nature which has caused our ecological and social crisis."

Tim Hanlon is currently attending LCC and lives in Eugene.

Jackie Harris has worked as a Firelog lead person for Nicolai. When she was 53, she decided to take art classes beginning with colored pencil. Now she is taking air brush painting.

Joe Harwood is a journalism student who embraces the cold snow on his naked buttocks. His motto is: "I loath the proletariat, therefore I ski."

Gail Heffron "I am a graphic design student at LCC. I think art is a wonderful medium for communicating about life's joys and sorrows."

Peter Jensen teaches writing at LCC. He and his co-writers of CONFLUENCE spent this summer and fall reading their poetry all over Oregon.

Drew Johnson is the author of the award winning comic strip, "Perry Keat." He has gone into hiding, since the Iranians now want his head instead of Salmon Rushdie's.

Jamie M. Johnston "I am exploring the healing process of acknowledging my sexuality without the cultural baggage surrounding female sexuality and without my own

personal 'shame' by using this powerful, womanly image to embrace and love the female body."

Lee Wai-Nin Kenneth is an LCC student. His major is journalism and communication. He loves to take photos "very very much."

Kim Kunkel "From my hunger for meaning, connection and authenticity, through writing I emerge nourished; mingling with my essence while remembering, once more, who I am."

Susan Lee McCready "Photography is a continual learning experience for me. My main interest is people and social commentary."

Andrew McDowell "Nothing in my pocket, holes in my shoes, life sure is sweet when you have nothing to lose."

Steev Moore is an ex-LCC student currently enrolled full time at U of O as a fine arts education major.

Jeanette Nadeau "Take one part form, two parts color and mix with stress--what a life."

Ele Nash is a keyboard musician and writer who moved to Eugene a year ago from California.

Lynn Rea "Tout est possible dans ce monde. Saisir le jour!"

Bonita Rinehart is a person of rare and unknown origin.

Michael Schlesinger is an LCC student who enjoys writing poetry, short stories, and reading Stephen King and Edgar Allen Poe.

Alan Simmons "Landscape photography is always compelling and fun for me. To show its power and grace is my goal."

Pylaar Soloman "I write poetry because it is for me like food."

Kathryn Steadman "As always I'm exploring the themes of love and death and how they relate."

Steven Tristano "This is how I see it."

Phil Turchin is a graduate of Boston University with over 100 published poems.

Laura E. Walker "Won't you share my cardboard smile?"

Corey Woods "I am interested in capturing images that are an expression of my sense of life, of who I am. Each photo is an emotional journey that I have taken."



WELCOME HOME