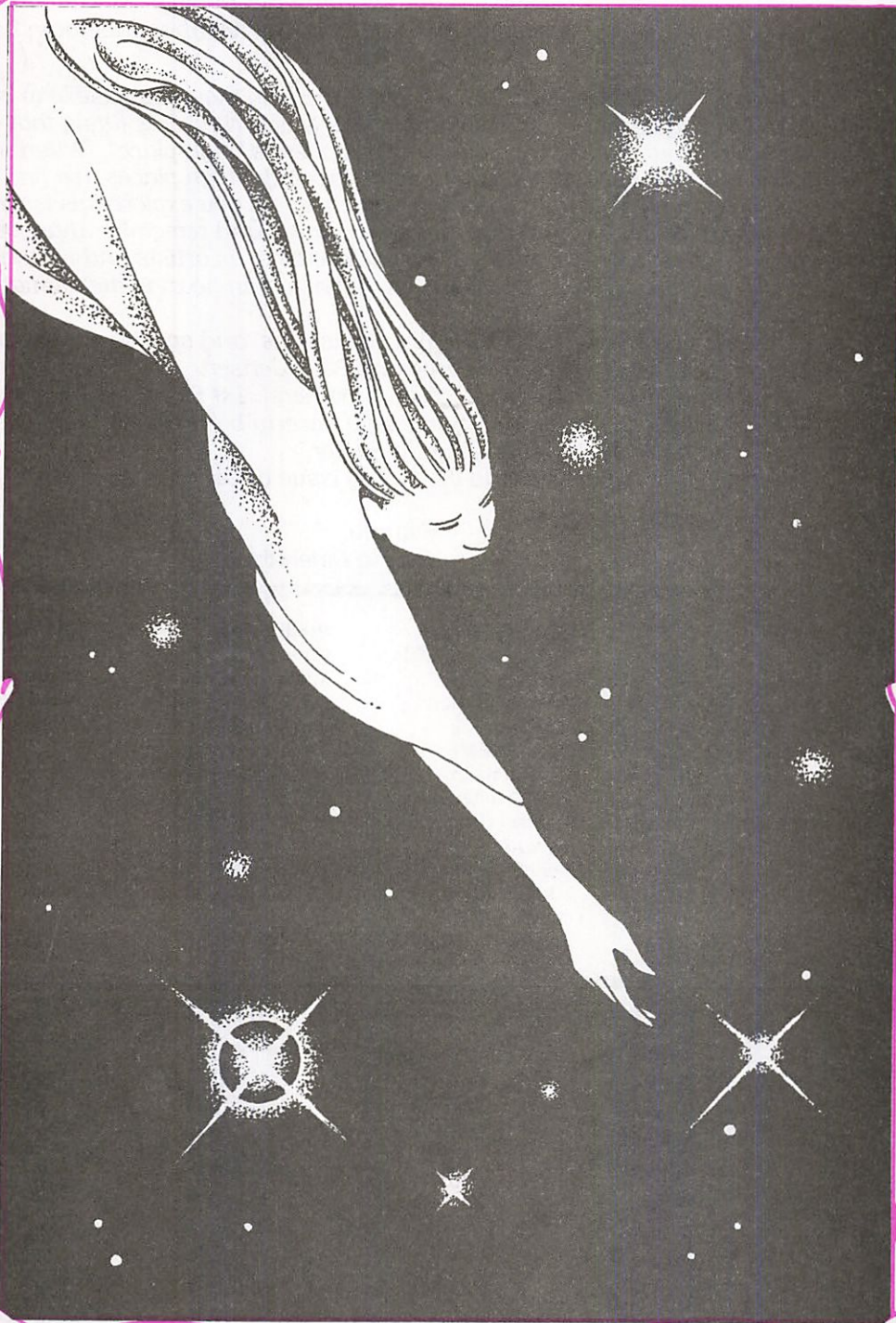
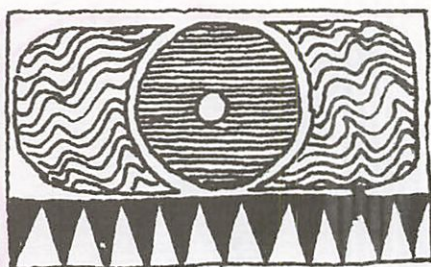


DenAli





Denali

Mission Statement: to seek the high place within ourselves and support others in their climb to their own high places.

Denali, also known as Mt. McKinley, is the only mountain visible to both the United States and the now changing Soviet Union. It seems fitting that a point we can both fix our sights on has a name that means "high place". When we, as nations and as individuals, fix our sights upon the high places, we find that we have a common ground in those lofty reaches. As you explore this issue of **Denali** we hope that you will find your own high places and remember that even though we may seem to be looking in different directions, as artists and writers and individuals and nations, the elevation of the human heart is the ultimate high place for us all.

Thank you all for your wonderful submissions, and special thanks to a great staff, and advisors Dorothy Wearne and Peter Jensen.

Congratulations to our essay contest winners. 1st Place: No Redeeming Factors by Robert Schiada, 2nd Place: Successful Poverty by Graham Lawrence, 3rd Place: The Meter's Running by Lynda Saylor.

Deadline for submissions to the Spring issue of Denali is April 17th!

Warmly,
Bonita Rinehart

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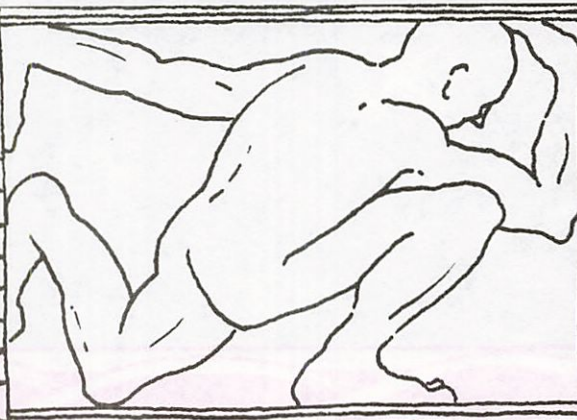
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Lane Community College: 4000 E 30th Avenue, Eugene, Or 97405

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Meander

It is said an old stream
will meander, wander
from side to side,
slowly migrating
downstream
toward
the sea . . .
Her meander grows,
swayed by intrusions
into the chosen channel,
mass-wasting that slumps—
dumping deposits
in time
Accumulating
an alluvial build-up,
bending water,
changing the flow
until the river
takes control
and makes her bed
elsewhere.

Poetry by **Jill Lauch**



No Redeeming Factors

1st Place Winner Argument Essay Contest by Robert Schiada

July, 1967, the U. S. Army drafted me into their war in Vietnam. But they had a softer name for this particular war: "conflict". I can hear them now, "This could be a reassuring small sound to the people's ear, conflict." The Army felt I was a healthy specimen at twenty years of age and could join ranks with the "proud and the brave" who were going to "conflict" in Vietnam.

For reasons from my past, I had become somewhat of a compassionate person, so having been psychologically tested while in boot camp, the army decided to turn me into a medical corpsman. This could possibly have been one of the only sane decisions the military made during the entire war, making me a corpsman. But the place I finally landed in was the very texture of what insanity was made of: the 24th Evacuation Hospital.

We were a large M.A.S.H. unit with about thirty steel quonset huts positioned to accommodate the goings on of about 200 hospital staff and about 100 beds for the injured. Neuro-Surgery was this particular hospital's specialization, so naturally most of our injured had head wounds. Casualties would be brought into us directly from the jungle. Helicopters would drop in from what seemed like nowhere and leave their wounded. We would sweep the injured out from the mouth of the helicopter on stretchers and rush them to the E. R. room just yards away, where doctors would determine their condition.

Eight steps from the back door of the E. R. room stood a 9x12 summation of greed and power: war.

Stretchers stained by the life blood of mothers' and fathers' sons lined the outside walls of this temporary home for the dead-end kids, the morgue. My duty was to strip them, tag them, and bag them. He whom I remember most from that room, twenty years or less in age, was a brown-skinned sergeant who could have been mistaken as quietly sleeping, except that when I lifted his limp body I discovered

a huge crater in his back put there by "friendly fire" or foe. I laid him down and, on my knees, wept, wondering out loud why life was this way, why there had to be war. Time seemed immeasurable as I knelt there before him. From that moment on I felt a peacefulness when I worked at the morgue; at least here some resolve had come to the insanity of man's war, and had an ending: death.

**"War changes you,
demands your
heart to change."**

For several months I had great difficulty trying to understand the attitudes of the hospital workers. Many of the staff had been stationed at this unit for a while and seemed unaffected by the horrors coming through our doors. The Vietnamese children with brutal napalm burns gouged into their little bodies, screams of pain for help that continually

echoed through the E. R. room, and at least twice a day witnessing some soldier unconsciously do his final jerking motions of life, all had become routine for these workers. Along with those tragedies were the two wards at our hospital where serious head injuries came, "the vegetable wards", the staff called them, "all the brain dead boys come here". I could not comprehend why, when I brought a post-op victim into one of these wards, the crew would make jokes about him, or about other patients in the ward; they struck me as being disrespectful, then. But after a time of being with the war, living with the results of war day in and day out, as they had been, my soul knew why these men and women who cared for the soldiers, in some way had to mentally stop caring for them. War changes you, demands your heart to change, and with the destruction of life before you every day, will either cause you to become hardened to what lays before you, or will crush you.

The opinions expressed here are those of the author and not necessarily those of the Denali editor, staff, or any individual member of the Argument Essay judging committee.

I Will Take Winter

i will make summer of this winter
i will take in my ungloved hand
an icicle from the eaves
and hold it aloft
st george's sword
and slay the dragon
of this hollow season
this hour of bird silence
our silence
i will take winter and drive its blade into its heart

Poetry by **Bonita Rinehart**



Woodcut Print by **Wendy Loren**

Wendy Loren 92

Images of the
Oregon Country Fair



Photography and

Linoleum Block Print

by **Troy Krusenstjerna**

Conrad and Harley Get Profound

Fiction by **Roger Tucker**

Harley pulled his Chevy 4x4 off to the side of the long dirt driveway and got out. He pulled down his baseball cap against the glare of the sun and walked over to a man working in a field nearby.

"Heya Conrad."

"Heya Harley," Conrad looked up from his work to greet his old friend. He took off his sweat-soaked flannel shirt hanging it on the fence he had been working on and walked towards Harley.

"Whatcha up to Conrad?" Harley leaned against the fence, his thumbs casually hooked into the front of his belt.

"Putting up more fenceposts in my field, Harley. What about yourself?"

Harley paused, looking around slowly, then spoke with a sly grin, "Oh just merging the flows of celestial entities within the singular beauty of my sublime existence."

Conrad gave him a hard stare, "Godammit, Harley! Damn you to Hell! Not today! I got too much work around here to do - I ain't got the time . . ."

"Let time carry you, Conrad, like a blushing bride across the threshold into conjugal bliss; marry yourself unto the moment, as it blooms with destiny and reaches for the nourishment spread beyond."

Harley approached with his arms spread wide.

"No! No! No! I ain't listenin', Harley! Ya hear me? I ain't listenin'!" Conrad's trembling fingers gripped a fencepost tightly.

"Transversing the innate paths of Knowing; feeling freedom from every motion of expanding everlastingness - we can journey . . ."

"Harley Nooooooooo!" Conrad wailed; then everything changed with his surrender: *I surrender.*

I cede my senses to the cosmic scale (Oh! Good, Conrad)

LET'S GO!

Bearing upon the weightless burden of eternal colors and sounds,

we ride a light of presentation-

they rode (Conrad and Harley) the precision of voids

they felt (Harley and Conrad) the honesty of edges

they joined (Harandrad) the glamor of unity

all the while

dancing backwards, preaching rhythm, singing with the old throat, sensualizing new creatures, trivializing stars - then

laughing down the

spiral of echoes

just continuing - - they

journeyed

(Harley and Conrad) tittered and quivered - hitting spheres

hit gravity

(Conrad and Harley) . . . "I - I'm Conrad," Conrad thought to himself. He opened his eyes, found himself lying in his field.

"I'm Conrad," he spoke the words, his dry lips cracked. His head ached with a heavy thud.

Harley lay near him, grinning upward. They were both covered with dirt and bruises.

"Man, that was some trip! It just gets better, huh Conrad?" Harley was still staring upwards wistfully.

Conrad groaned as he sat up, "Ooooh . . . well, sure it was good, Harley. But look here, I've lost the whole day now - - Jeez! The sun's settin'. The whole day, and I got responsibilities . . ."

"Conrad! There you are." His wife, Emma, stood at the edge of the field. "You two have been gone again, haven't you? You promised, no more! Remember? I've been looking all day for you . . ."

"Now hush!" Conrad snapped irritably, "Fetch us some beers, will ya?"

Emma turned and left with a nervous glance.

"And a washcloth, too!" Conrad shouted after her. He rubbed his cheek and inspected himself, "Gotta stop, Harley. Ya know? I got responsibilities."

Harley turned to look at him, still smiling, "Oh no, Conrad - - you just can't stop. We are in a tightly winding cycle, squeezing to a point . . ."

Conrad paused, then pleaded with his friend, "Now Harley . . ."

The culmination of crossings, "Harley began to stand up "to a nexus of bulging reality of sweet swelling, blistering wholeness, we'll continue . . ."

"Oooohhhh," Conrad's eyes rolled inward - - outward

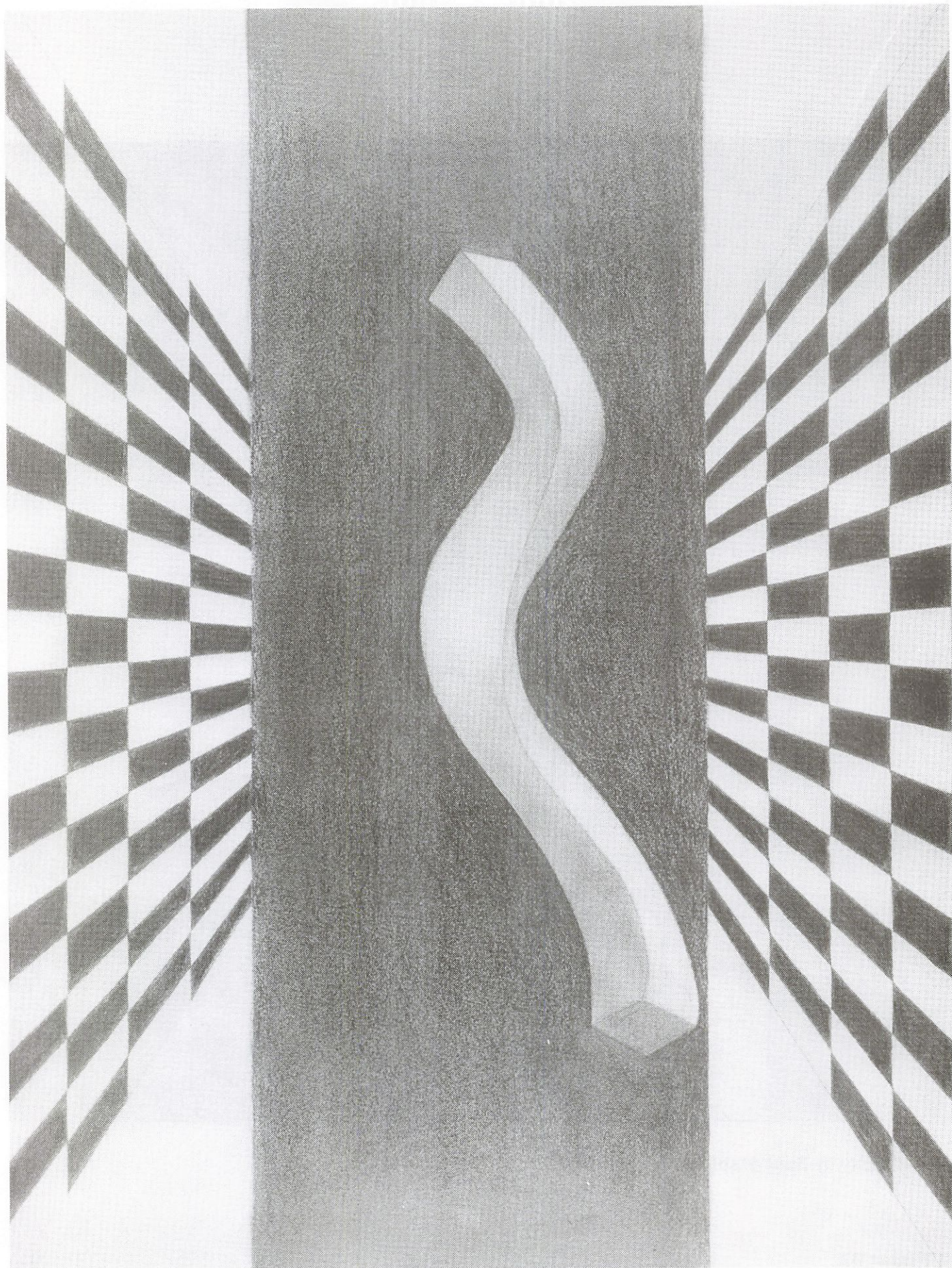
gazed with glaring heat

searing into the pith of foundling dreams burbling to the surface they journeyed farther-past direction - - breeching return . . .

Emma returned with two cans of Budwieser to the field. Tears brimmed in her eyes; she saw that they were gone.



Photography by **Paul Stapleton**

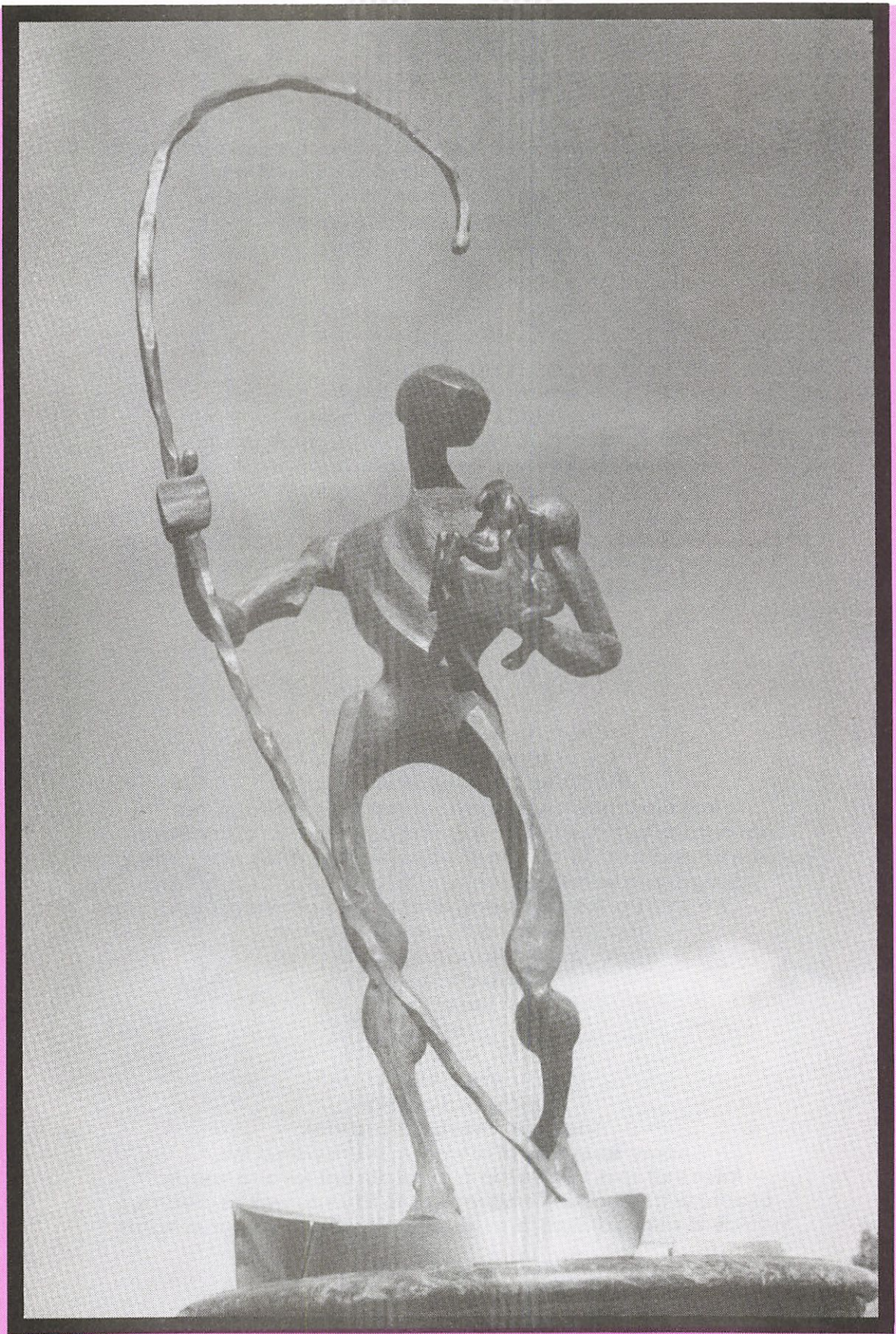


Pencil Drawing by **Yoshihiro Ogino**

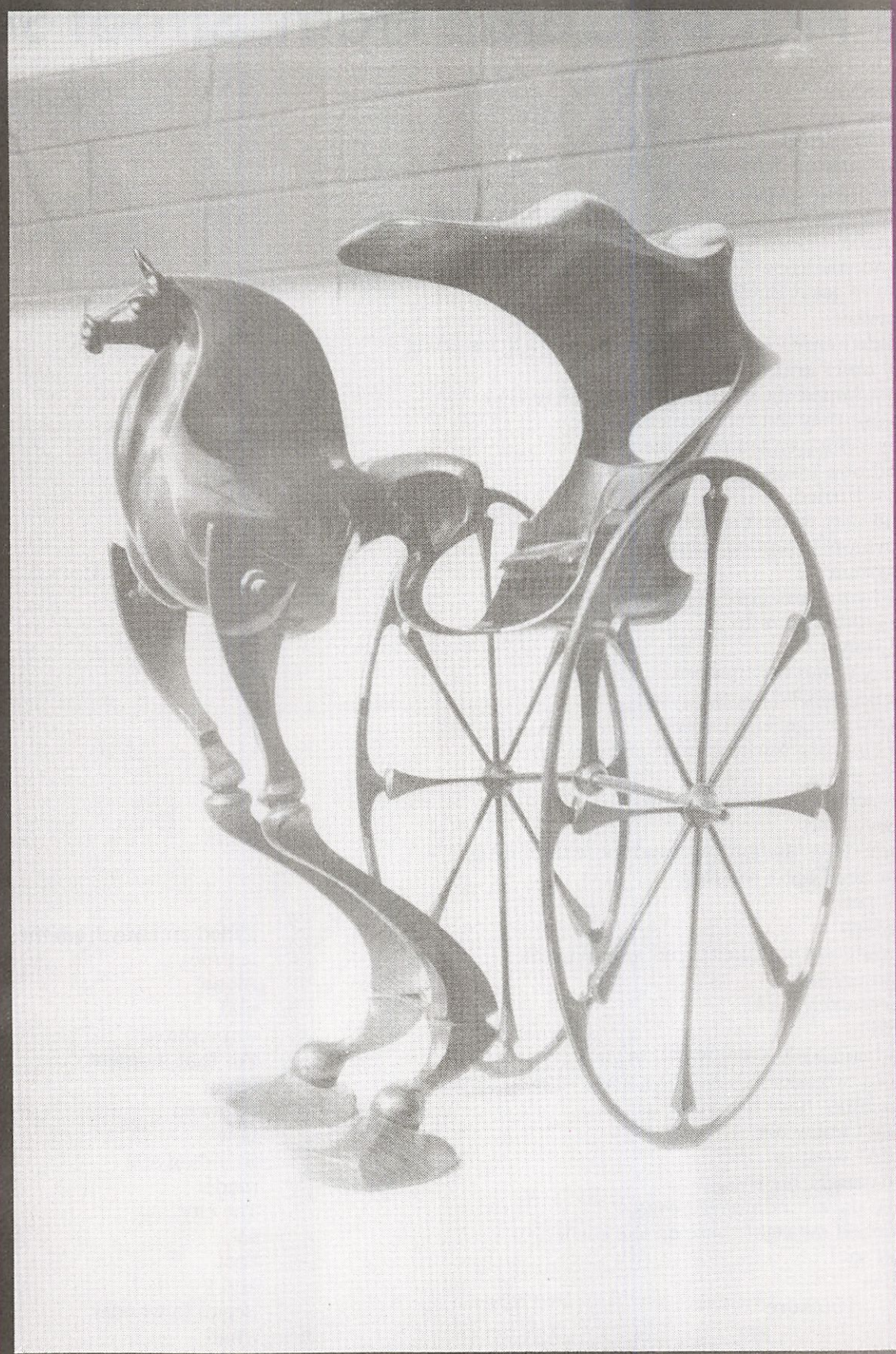
Spin

Atoms spin. Pulsars spin. Sunflowers spin. Planets and moons spin.
Whole fractal galaxies spin. It's impossible not to spin. In
this universe, spin is given. And this universe is
curved eleven (!) ways. What dizzy
spins! Spins within spins.
Everything
I see
is
spin-
ning: space,
where time takes a spin.
Even infinity meets itself going
and coming. Spun energy equals spinning mass
times speed of curved light squared spins Big Bangs!
Theories inform me I am a universal relative. I think words;
therefore, I understand what we understand, but I don't understand,
so I spin. I feel dizzy and zither like vector bozons in handles of chaos,
lost in the lack of ozone (O, O, O), jazzed again! Here I go over
an event horizon: there's a black hole
over my south pole. There's
another hole
over my
north
pole
where spin
funnels up and out
the TOP of the atmosphere, widens
into electromagnetic bow waves and plows plasma
into parallel curves of wake that trail long tendrils: radio waves,
invisible whirlpool at the bottom of which wobbles blue and white Earth
sailing along curves of incoming solar wind and Milky Way.
We light up like salts along double helix chains of DNA
that float in all our cells like seaweed.
We are those messages written in
DNA, a code sent to
the stars
by
evol-
ving cells,
plants, and animals.
And DNA wheels around RNA,
home spun web of memory. We're pulled into
fates that spin, knot, wrap around our ankles and heads,
effect our destinations, and rope us to limits as well as dreams.
We ride in strings of stars that twist, spin in arms of golden streams.

Poetry by **Peter Jensen**



Bronze Sculpture by **Steve Reinmuth**



Bronze Sculpture by **Steve Reinmuth**

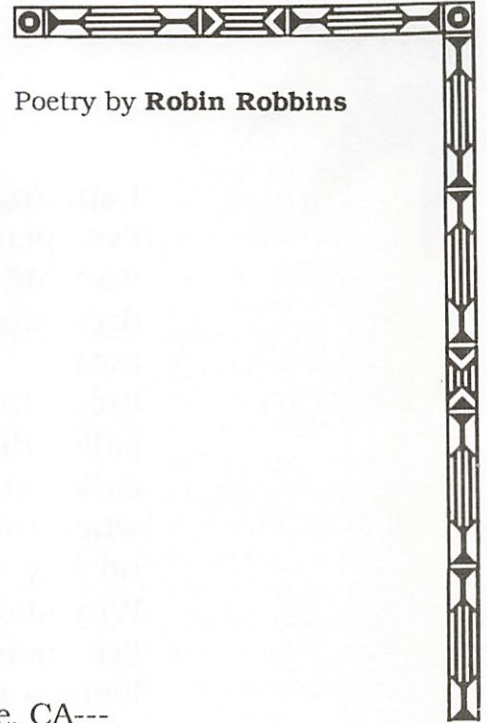
One Place I Come From: Street Song

Poetry by **Maria B. Reader**

One time
I was hot
On the street
Exchanging drugs for money
And money for drugs
Doing my best James Dean, Lou Reed, Keith Richards
Combo
(and you know when those three are your heroes
you've got A Big Problem,)
anyway
I didn't care too much about the small holes lining
My inner arms
Just hoped the cops didn't stop me to look
Cause they did that sometimes
For a thing called probable cause
And now I was eighteen
Just turned
And they weren't sending me to
Anymore juvenile facilities
Anymore
And you can't always get high in jail
so I didn't want to go.
anyway
going about my business
Sometimes I'd spook myself
Purple fringe leather jacket
By catching my eyes unaware
tight jeans
Reflected in a shop window
Curvy shirt
Sometimes the guys wanted more than drugs
But hey I don't sell that
Not yet
anyway
Adrenilized with keith and lou and james
I did my job
Excessively cool
Cold
And suddenly there was this girl
From two floors above the garage where I slept
She must have been five
Didn't know her
Didn't want to
she caught me though
With dark, undamaged eyes
Stopped me right there on the corner
And said,
"Miss,
 you sure
 are
 beautiful."
keith and lou and james cut out then
took the rest of the afternoon off

glided on away from me
left me
Alone
and
unprepared
For that moment
when
I noticed
how
Standing still
made
The city
so
Fast
and I
Began to wonder
what
The
hell
I was doing there.

Under the Skin



in a Mexican border town---

Poetry by **Robin Robbins**

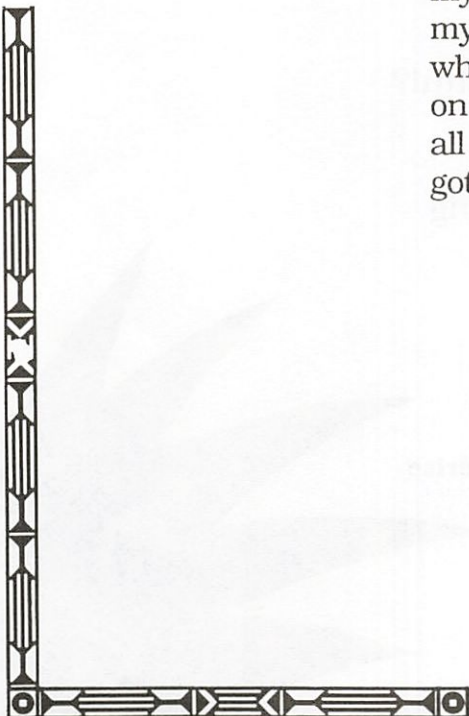
Look Jon over there
an Indian
no don't stare
isn't that interesting
you don't see feathers
well why don't you ask
no don't touch
I'll bet your class
 would love to know
 when we get back
Honey I'm so glad we came
so much fun
 educational too


in the Saloon-By-the-Sea, Venice, CA---

Hey guy ya know
ya really got a bum deal
I mean
ya really got a bum deal
wounded knee and all that
but lemme tell ya
that's my story too
my ole lady
my ole man
what a bummer
on my ass
all the time
got a light?

in Heritage High School, Fresno, CA---

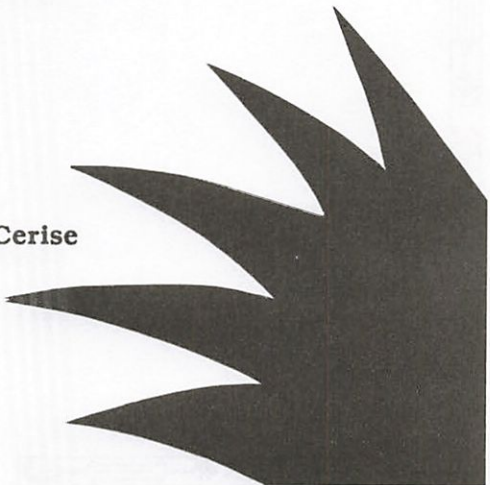

Tell us tell us
it's really OK
we didn't really mean it
Sitting Bull
 and the buffalo and all that
the Japanese
you mean . . . which war
camps . . . gosh . . . I dunno
I wasn't there either
so just tell us it's really OK
 now





I am angry
I've spent more than half of my life
wanting to die
dreaming of blades to slice me
awake
break the numb ignorance of my pain
called discontent called melancholy
called stuffing my rage with food or sex or drugs
when there is no where
no way to turn away?
Why should I be angry?
I've spent more than half my life
living a lie
spying through the keyhole where
light shines dimly on shattered
porcelain
beneath which steel coils and raw nerves
twist, twitch and intertwine
shock me. shock me awake
I struggle to put it out in the open
but sugar coat it with melancholy and shame
some semblance of a
humble woman's domain
maybe I should be waifish and wistful?
I am woman enraged
fighting for freedom
for my blackened dead dread moving
to red bled rage
I'm not alone
On this page.

Poetry by **Rachel Indigo Cerise**







A Different Grape

for elizabeth

**where did you squirrel
those different
grape tissue-kisses?
those rehearsals on
the cool ivory
of your inner arm
and feeble kleenexes.
you shoved them
away into your
pantie drawer
with chocolate wrappers
and shame.**

**and I was going to save
all your discarded kisses
like rose petals
to make cozy pillows
for that future prince.**

Poetry by Naomi Brandenfels

Mercy

It wasn't his dark and shining hair
that hung straight to his collar
or the clean blue stream of his eyes
damming just before mine, as he kissed
and leaned his hope against me
that I let him.

I was recording every detail
as I did each time
knowing the sense it made then
would change through the years
the way his breath changed through the night
the smell of the rum outlasting the coke.

It was the stability of kindness in his voice
how he lifted my young hips
that I let him do things
I wouldn't let the others
and it was the quaking I felt in his body
something so scared
deserving my strength in lying down
while Jim Morrison sang
and this mercy burned a dark star in my body.

I could do anything while lying there
plan what I would wear the next day
what I wanted to tell my best friend Helen
why shouldn't I make this boy happy
when it was so simple and easy
like rubbing your stomach
and patting your head at the same time.

Gas Station Pear Tree

I go out walking every day. I tell myself that this is for my back, which is mending from a twist, but the fact is that I would walk anyway, just for the quiet rhythm, the summer roses, the Oregon sun. Today, though, I sacrificed my love of the wooded parks on an altar of downtown shopping. I had hiked the busiest streets, each block a chore, and had swiftly bought the essentials: milk, bread, coffee, typewriter ribbon, newspaper. On the way home, my usual stroll became a clipped, utilitarian march, as I frowned at the acres of concrete and blacktop, the exhaust fumes and engine noises. Rushing with the traffic, I decided to cut through the small patch of earth dividing two businesses, a gas station and a Chinese cafe. Somehow, wedged between the cement groundwork of an Exxon and the paved parking lot of the restaurant, the ten-by-forty foot divider yielded a sketchy bed of grass and a few trees. It was there that I discovered a secret.

As I cut across the divider, I noticed a couple of dozen full-grown pears scattered in the grass. Ripening through shades of light green to gold, most of them had been on the ground long enough to have a touch of brown or a small, moist dent or two. Several of the pears looked whole and ripe and edible. At first I failed to look up and see if the pears had fallen from above, because I couldn't imagine that among the few scraggly cedars on the lot there might be a pear tree. I looked around for an emptied fruit box or garbage can. Not finding these, and noticing how all the fruit was strewn about in a 12-foot or so diameter, I looked up. And there, only a few feet from the gas pumps and hydraulic lifts and oil-

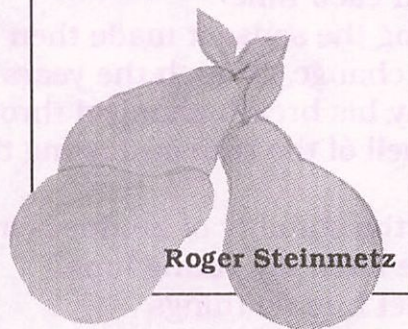
thirsty cars, stood a pear tree, doing what it naturally does. Never mind the carbon monoxide in the air, or whatever gas-station residues may have leaked into the ground. Never mind the dryness of the summer and the fact our ordinarily well-watered Corvallis has only seen 3 or 4 days of rain from May to August. Never mind the fact that amidst a desert of sweltering pavement, this slender oasis of lawn is the only uncovered ground for hundreds of yards. Despite all these

impediments and the obliviousness of the Exxon's personnel and customers, the little pear tree, half tangled in cedar branches, was bearing forth its abundance. Its branches still held at least another two dozen pears, ripening in the city's summer heat. And these pears were not the stunted, withered fruits you might expect to find amidst busiest

downtown traffic and shellacked-over earth. These were full-sized, curvaceous, and plump. The windfallen fruit called to me from the brown-green grass. Here we are. Don't waste us. The fruit on the tree almost glistened in the wind, as the pear tree branches waved in tandem with the cedar's.

Again I looked at the Exxon station's busy lot. Attendants hustled from car to pump, from hood to till. Drivers pulled in, sat sweating in the swimming exhaust fumes, exchanged plastic for gasoline, and roared away. The pears might as well have been made of air, so invisible were they to these workers and customers. Who, going in to buy chopsuey at Wing Lu's Dynasty, would pause to notice pears in a patch of grass dividing two driveways? Who, rumbling up for a tankful of regular, would gaze up from

Narrative Essay by



Roger Steinmetz

the ticking gas/money meter to spy something, something natural and green/gold and scattered in a patch of grass thirty feet away?

A silent offering, the pears went unnoticed, growing, falling, waiting. I stood in indecision over them. Were the pears packed with petrochemical pollution? Were they secretly sour and pithy beneath their glowing skins? On this meek island even, birds and insects stayed away from the patch of green, the

quick brushstroke of lawn, the casually dropped jewels.

At last the spell lifted from me, and time seeped back in. My bags became insistent, milk warming, bread crushing, ribbon chafing to be used. I raised my eyesight to the traffic lights on the corner, shook my head, and cut across the Exxon lot, leaving the pears to their citified, civilized defeat, and I trudged for home, but I ended up taking the long way, through the park.



*Shiver tiny leaves
Spring's forgotten her sweater
And Winter's laughing at her back.*

Poetry by **Jill Lauch**

Ocean Poem

Poetry by Rachel S. Kronholm

Photography by Guy Weese

We go heavy with
beachstuff:
blankets and kite,
picnic lunch and brilliant
red frisbee,
a Thermos of just-made
coffee
snuggled between my
knees.

In the late afternoon light
of last minute packing,
we begin our journey
to the waves.

Way out west end of town
past gas stations
and discount shopping
malls
on loud primary colors,
we drive the winding road
sliding our way through
a tapestry of evergreens
rippling with patterns of
moss
and the shocking oranges
of fall leaves.

I stare into the spaces
between the tree trunks,
into the velvet green
shadows
and imagine myself
walking there
barefoot in a long white
dress
like a tree spirit
or a princess.

Nearer the ocean,
the salt on the wind
whispers,
soothing and provocative:
remember the sound of the
waves
in a seashell held to your
ear;
remember the pull of the
tide
in your veins;
remember floating in the
blood-warm
water of the womb.
We are creatures of water.
We belong to this blood-
smell,
to this warm-wet woman-
smell
in the wind.

We stand alone in the
vastness
of sandy miles
and water without end.
The moonless night is filled
with infinite pinpoints of
fire
from our distant past.
I reach for your hand
to anchor me in this soft
blackness.
We are vessels of water
standing before the
unceasing pulse
of the world,
the womb of humankind.

Only love is as huge
as the ocean at night,
as unmeasurable as this
history of constellations
above us,
as unimaginable as the
warm ocean
of my womb
waiting to carry
another creature of water
in my blood-warm waves
who will someday stand
before this ocean
smelling the life-smell
and feeling the power of
the tide
in the waters of her body,
who will someday be as
humbled
by a love as huge
as the ocean at night.

CONTRIBUTORS

B.J.M. is an LCC student studying history. "I hate Picasso and Jimmy Carter, and I love coffee."

Naomi Brandenfels "I have a manic depressive beta fish living in my kitchen. He likes it when I sing."

Rachel Indigo Cerise is a tortured, creative and sensitive artist with absolutely no sense of humor. La dee dah.

Jon Hancock is a second year student at LCC and plans to pursue a bachelor's degree in fine art at the University of Oregon next year.

Peter Jensen is an LCC English instructor, and the co-author of a new book of poetry, "Confluence," along with poets David Johnson and Erik Muller.

Rachel S. Kronholm "I'm currently a student wanna-be and a frequently frustrated writer. Putting words on paper keeps them from creating too much havoc in my head."

Troy Krusenstjerna "Art to me is a process of discovery and rediscovery, an exploration into finding new ways of seeing the world in visual terms."

Jill Lauch "Poetry is finding beauty and meaning in all things created - even geology. My continued studies in the Humanities expands and affirms disbelief. I'm a wife to an exceptionally patient husband and a mother to two understanding sons. I hope to teach enrichment to others."

Wendy Loren "I believe in the earth's healing powers."

Yoshihiro Ogino is an artist and a student at LCC.

Maria B. Reader is an LCC dance major. "Today from yesterday into tomorrow makes now all there is."

Steve Reinmuth "If there's one thing I've learned studying at LCC, it's that I don't have the slightest idea what I'm doing."

Bonita Rinehart, our beloved editor, is gentle, kind, soft spoken and ladylike, and she has never picked up the computer and hurled it against the wall during production.

Robin Robbins, the 1991-92 Editor of *Denali*, is currently working on her master's degree and focusing on reforms in the health care industry.

Robert Schiada is the 1st place winner of the argument essay contest sponsored by the Lane Writer's club and *Denali*.

Alan Simmons "I want to show landscapes in a dynamic and noble style; to show its beauty as fully as possible is my goal. Photography is my major."

Dahna Solar "I love fantasy art, and I love to draw."

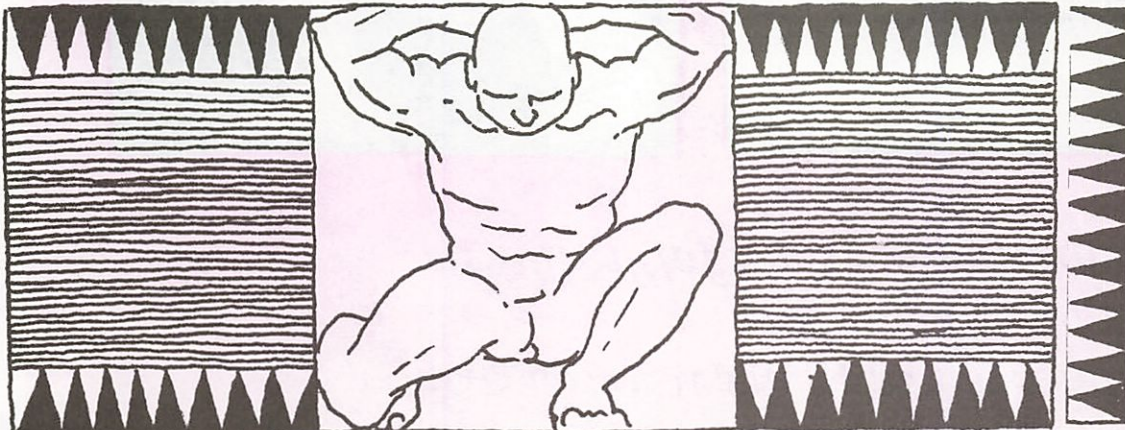
Paul Stapleton "You don't need a weatherman to tell you which way the wind blows."

Kathryn Steadman has been previously published in *Denali* and has been a featured poet at LCC poetry readings.

Roger Steinmetz has taught college writing courses in Washington, Minnesota, and Oregon. He has published poems, articles, stories and essays in numerous regional and national literary magazines.

Roger Tucker "Share my garden."

Guy Weese is an explorer and local photography addict. He was previously published in the 1992 Fall issue of *Denali* and is a member of Photozone Gallery.



Gaya



*When mankind begs her forgiveness,
Will she be as generous
As she has been with her resources?*