

Denali

Magazine



Winter



1993



Lane



Community



College



Denali

Magazine

Winter
1993

Science may have found
a cure for most evils;
but it has found no remedy
for the worst of them -
the apathy of human beings.

Helen Keller

Lane Community College
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Another issue is out and hot off the presses for one and all to enjoy. Once again submissions were great; this issue has some exciting things in it. Our SOUTHWEST section runs from page 4 to page 18. We enjoyed reading and looking at every piece and wish we could print more. But here are what we felt were the best of the best. I hope you will enjoy them as much as we did.

This term I would like to express my thanks to everyone who makes *DENALI* a reality. Thank you to all the students and community members who submit their work to the magazine each term. I would like to thank all the students who give *DENALI* their time; without you, we would never happen. And I would like to thank the instructors who support us in their classes.

You have kept our submissions coming in.

I would like to express my personal thanks to the staff of Lane Community College Printing and Graphics; they did a wonderful job on the printing of our magazine this term and went beyond the call of duty to give us a quality product.

We have one more issue left. This Spring term, our deadline is Friday, April 30, 1993. We are looking forward to seeing your submissions for Spring issue. Submissions can be left at the *DENALI* office (479F Center), the English Department office (448 Center), or the *TORCH* office (205 Center).

Warmly

Jeanette Nadeau
Jeanette Nadeau



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White Sands, New Mexico

Night winds whisper, gently,
flowing through moonlit mists,
floating, ghost-wisps
over snow-glowing,
gypsum dunes.

Coyote calls, piping
high in purple-black,
shadow-mountains,
rising thin, wavering
through crystalline
star-skies.

Answering voices,
joining in chorus,
wild choir howling,
"Hallelujah!"
in praise of
unarmed prey.

Fleeing northward,
into the military zones:
White Sands Missile Range,
Home of the first
atomic explosion,
Trinity Site.

Irradiated glass
lies in melted bits
on the desert surface,
crackling, cutting,
beneath the signs
of history.

Under dark cover,
they run, tracking the dunes
with their footprints,
circumventing
gringo federales
at checkpoint.

Following the unseen star,
racing the coyote pack
to sanctuary
in Albuquerque,
Santa Fe,
and Denver.

In the morning's wintry sun,
only fading tracks
between the yuccas
tell the story,
while coyote sings
of fresh kill.

- T. L. Seckler

Hush now child, please;
And when I die, remember me.
But don't you cry, sad sorrow drone.
For when I go, I'm going home.

- Jason Cowsill



WHITE HOUSE RUINS, CANYON DE CHELLY

PHOTO BY JOHN SHEPHARD



DAY'S REST

LINO CUT BY JEANETTE NADEAU

Four Corners

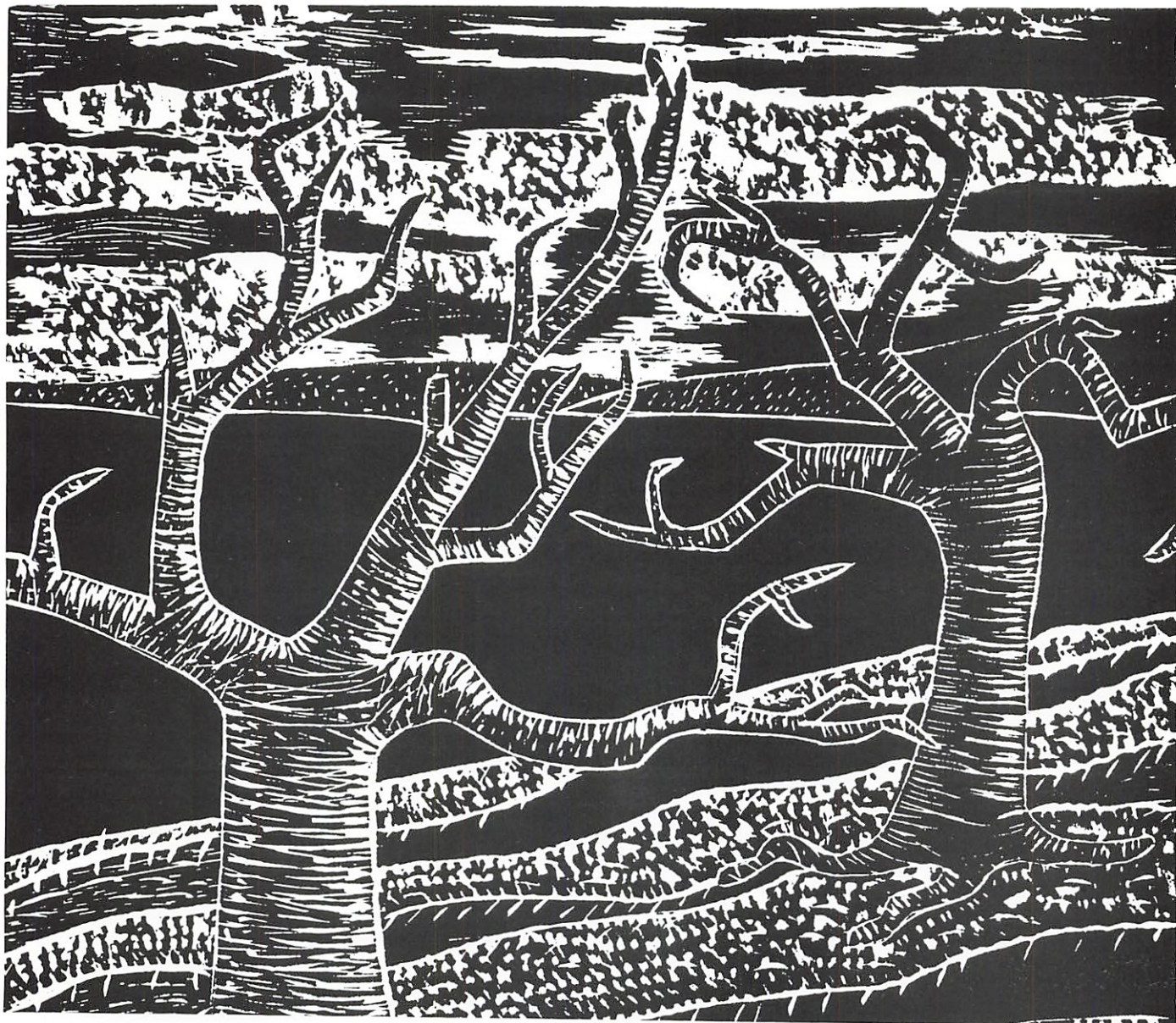
Four Corners is an artificial place
where four squared states meet in a cairn
topped with a small, four-sided needle of stone.
This monument is like the New Mexican logo of the sun
with four sets of straight rays, and I see the need
to get one's abstract center and bearings here
as trucks crisscross into Utah, Colorado,
Arizona, and New Mexico in the snow.

Truckers and waitresses in the cafe in nearby Durango
are all dolled up with Navaho silver and turquoise.
But we are making a March pilgrimage to Mesa Verde,
Ship Rock, what people here call "Canyon de Shay,"
and Chaco Canyon to see the civilization that may
have started there in caves two glacial ages ago:
at the end of the long haul from Asia forty thousand years
before our Japanese red Honda rested in this icy parking lot.

On the switchback road up into the Rockies, I put on chains
in fluffy and packed snow, while Susan and Daniel take
our situation as a time for snowballs and to clown.
We make Mesa Verde and descend into its cleft,
where the overhanging cliff protects rock walls
and kivas with ladders that slant out their hatches
and T-shaped doors and the fire blackened ceiling
from snow that falls from low clouds like a short ice age.

Here we dance along the cliff edge to keep warm
wondering how the Anasazi stood this cold
around small cooking fires. Then we see them
wrapped in wool blankets deep in their kivas
giggling over old stories about silly animals,
especially two legged ones, who traded their furs for talk
in the dazzling sun of summer and thought themselves so smart,
until the first big, wet snowflakes of winter went splat
on their amazed foreheads. These silly people were too late
to weave blankets or dig a burrow in the ground or build
a ceiling with a smoke hole, so, unlike the Anasazi, they lay
their beautiful naked bodies down on snow and became their bones.

- Peter Jensen



LINO CUT BY DANITA REYNOLDS

The Bears

The bears are visiting Albuquerque,
abandoning their mountains
for suburbia and night lights.

Fuzzy, black, wet noses
seek water
and
peach juice
martinis.

- T. L. Seckler

Navajo Story

Cactus seed
green
in a snake's

belly

(Rubbing)

Fire

wisping

entwined in Ash Midnight.

Hair
woven
humming Navajo rugs

(Aging)

Feet

bare skinned

red drums stepping

prayer.

Sleep.

Wake.

Hogan smoke
silver
in blue morning's star

(Lighting)

One candle

letting down milk for
wax.

Adobe
walls
shadows, incense, sage tied,

(In Ribbons)

Holding

calloused

old Navajo woman,

Rocking chair,

and

Death,

engaged in story.

- Will Kelley



RAMPELLA'S DILEMMA CERAMIC SCULPTURE BY MORGAN JENSON

Sandra Brown

Sandy Brown grew up in Washington State, the daughter of a naturalist. She lived nearly 20 years in the Southwest — both the Californian Pacific Southwest and the Great Basin, “desert” Southwest. Sandy returned to the Northwest last year; she now teaches writing part-time at LCC.

Denali chose to print three of her pieces from the Southwest, that region which is like a sister of contrasts to the Northwest, a region that sends its old lake basin into the high Desert of Eastern Oregon. Both her sonnet “Salsipuedes (Leave if you can)” and her longer poem “Dreamstone” are from the Californian, ocean slope Southwest. Her sonnet comes more from the Mexican and Latin American tradition of luscious, tropical sensuality than from the English tradition. Her poem “Dreamstone” reveals, with the ebb and flow of the ocean in its sway, the culture of the Native Americans, and especially the women, who lived on the coast near the Santa Barbara mission.

The prose piece “Xeriscape” comes from the older, dryer Southwest, where the Anasazi dug into the earth and evolved pueblo life. Here, in Sandy’s backyard, we see the biological contrast between the Southwest habitat we call a “desert,” that enabled native peoples to build up complex cultures, and the really deserted, flat, and irrigated space called a “lawn.” We especially liked her memory of the Roman writer Ovid, who could recall from legends when the wild lands of the Italian peninsula gave native peoples there a “golden age.”

Of all the writers and artists who submitted work for our Southwest section, Sandy Brown revealed the deepest ties to that large region.

-- Peter Jensen

(Note: Salsipuedes is a tiny village at the bottom of a cliff on the road from San Diego to Ensenada, well-known to Southwest border-crossers. The burro track drops down in dizzying swoops—the return trip up would certainly be a matter of “leave-if-you-can.” And “grunion” are the Southwest version of smelt. “Let’s go watch the grunion run,” is considered a proposition of a romantic nature.)

SALSIPUEDES

(Leave if you can)

New cease the dark storm, and the light
upon the waters bright, hibiscus full
to red as pyracantha fruit, as bright
as any bouganville in May. The gull
will fly against the on-shore wind and long
for quiet inland seas. I long to watch
the grunion run again, but April gone,
the rainy season coming on. Catch
me in your arms again, let’s go down
to Salsipuedes, Rosarito Bay,
tequila and lobster, roses red and brown,
our anchored ketch moored against the cay.
Thence into winter, pinned and held by rain,
we deepen the rose, tide against the chain.

- Sandra M. Brown

a View of a Writer

XERISCAPE

We came here in winter, and when the snow melted, we saw that the previous tenants had trashed the yard and hadn't bothered with any grass-planting amenities. We spent a couple of hours in March picking up Coors cans, Leggo pieces, and decomposing diapers. That done, we just let April come in like a lion and go out like a lamb, leaving the uncivilized jungle of our yard in its wake. God only knows what the neighbors think, looking over at us from the centers of their green lawn squares and neatly-trimmed lilac hedges.

They probably see dandelions. Dandelions grow to disproportionate size in our yard—huge, shaggy-headed suns gaily polka-dotted the lot. Next to the neighbor's lilac hedge, we have a fine specimen of rabbitbush marking the corner. It has lots of room and has spread itself out handsomely, as entrenched and stately as a hundred-year-old oak. Blue mustard rolls across the eastern expanse like a Southwest version of Kentucky bluegrass. When I walk through the mustard field, I find lots of wild roses promising pink for the summer. Blue mertensia is blooming over the leach field, and all around the house itself I find larkspur, as well as a kind of wild yellow snapdragon, and white yarrow. I don't know, I think maybe I should plow it all up and put in grass and an irrigation system.

Our lot slants down into an arroyo that carries runoff from the hills if and when it rains. This is a dry land in a drought, but that doesn't seem to affect the number of sprinklers I count between here and town. From my studio window, I can see down into the cottonwoods that grow there. In addition, I admire the broad, fuzzy

leaves of woolly mullein, the Oriental angles of the wild plum, and the mis-named skunkbush, all of which appear to be thriving without any efforts at watering or fertilizing on my part. The mountain mahogany is in yellow bloom right now, favorite browsing of the mule deer. Taking a break from the studio, I walk down the ravine and stand

still under these trees. I hear the warm buzz of honeybees. Birds are nesting all through these trees and low-lying shrubs close in huge boulders of black basalt, slabs of sedimentary aggregate, chunks of bright rose quartz. Squirrels, raccoons, deer, and skunks roam up and down this arroyo at dusk and into the night. Thinking uncivilized thoughts there in the May afternoon, I suddenly remember a bit from Ovid's Metamorphoses, in Book I where he's describing the paradisaical Golden Age, "Earth herself, unburdened and untouched by the hoe and unwounded by the ploughshare, gave all things freely . . . Spring was eternal . . . untill the earth bore its fruits and the unploughed field grew hoary ears of wheat."

Walking back to the house, I picked soft sage, lamb's-quarters and wild chive for dinner, all of which seemed to be growing abundantly in my unplowed, unwatered, unfertilized and uncivilized yard. I'm not sure what the neighbors are thinking, but I'll bet they're thinking things over. They're thinking about their own anal retentive squares of urban turf. "This lawn is a lot of work and doesn't have a fraction of the nice things Bill and Sandy have next door . . . no birds sing, and the deer don't come here to browse. Maybe next year I'll give the land back to the wild . . ."

- Sandra M. Brown



Photo by Michael Acord

(NOTE: The dreamstone is a Native American tradition for clearing nightmares and for courting visions. It is necessary to find a stone with a naturally occurring hole all the way through it. You may find your own and give stones to others—one tradition had it that daughters gifted their mothers with dreamstones. This stone could be suspended over the bed or put close by in the night. If visited by nightmares the dreamer could awake and blow through the stone to rid herself of the bad spirits. Or she could court not only dreams, but visions, by blowing, looking, or stepping psychically through the dreamstone.

I searched for many years, rarely discovering a stone with a naturally occurring hole through it—then last New Year's I walked Hendry's Beach, called Arroyo Burro in the old days, in Santa Barbara, CA, and found them washed up by the dozens. Oddly enough, I was walking with my mother, who was visiting from Colorado. Before she returned home, I had a going-away ceremony for her. Each of the twelve participants received a dreamstone with a leather lace through it, and I performed this ceremonial poem. Since then I found one or two dreamstones on other beaches, but never in such profusion.)

Dreamstone

The year begins again on the dreamstone shore,
here where the setting sun leaves lilac
slabs of sand naked to the south
and northward throws the aubergine,
the tangerine light behind the waves.
Channel Islands, weightless, dreaming land,
sail through the gateway of black and circled stone,
drift in a jade clarity towards
the eastward rising, January moon.

Not enough dreams have washed ashore this year.
The sea, twelve months chary, comes alive
to the land on the last possible day,
from her green, unconscious thought scatters
black stones like raven feathers down
the sun-laved beach. Light pierces stone
until the gateway opens, first by light,
then by water riven, or shaped by
the molten hiss of lavic gasses,
or evidence of some curled creature's passing-
or perhaps this stone stood still
in the focused wind of one fierce
unimaginable place until the hole
blew clear and dropped like sudden
sleep into the sea.

Dreamstone. As rare as sea green crystal,
speaking in your hand your secret name.

This stone knows you. Listen.
Hammer it gently over your bed, touch it.
If, disturbed, you wake, staring into
dark, uneasy as if someone called;
or some important, unrecalable
task left undone; when memory
ruffles sleep, listen to the stone.
Blow through it, onto the realms of dream.
On the other side of the dreamstone door
is the summer sea, the hot sand,
an early-rising moon, and pear wine.

And if you ache from an ancient wound, the dreamstone
heals in the stillness that you hear, listening,
waiting for stone to speak.

You gather power when you act
stepping through the dreamstone door and there
is radiance in the waves, and strength where most
you yield your land to moving water. Yield, too,
the old time. Ten years may pass
in the hour when you turn, unaged,
unchanged to the setting sun. Bend your head
to contemplate the lotus of the sea,
the progress of the light. An eon
awakes from its long starry sleep.

Dreamtime.

Step through the dreamstone door
into the real,
the remembered world.

- Sandra M. Brown

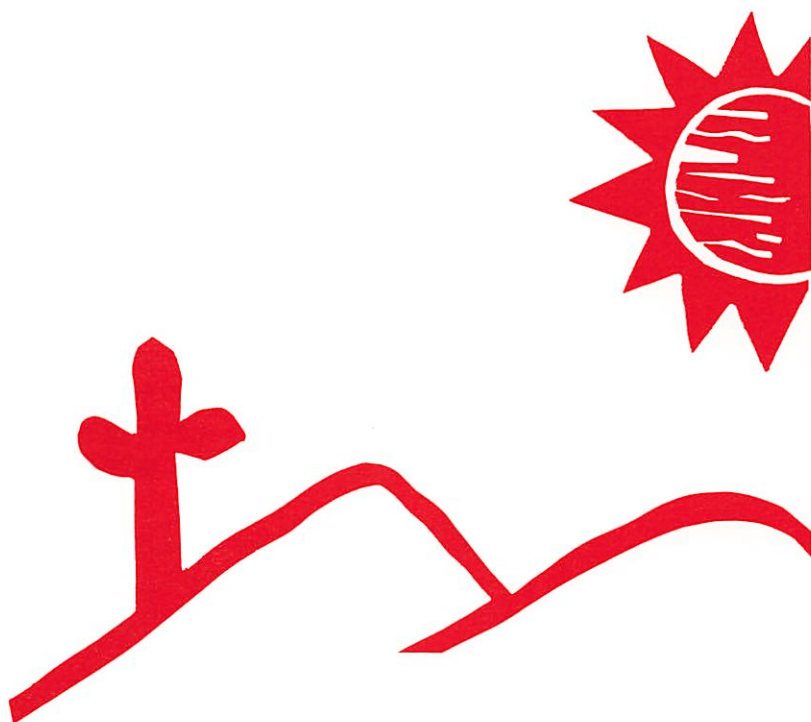
Sunrise

Unknowingly wound in thought,
The winter's window is lost,
Her silk of dawn loosely worn,
Behind latticework of frost,
There weaving with laces torn,
From webs once wed with fire.

Whispers the silver-grey morn,
With sinew of half-leapt light,
The love-shocked silence to pierce,
With tattered threads of flight,
Beauty's fragile bondage fierce,
Spidering through thick bevels.

The tenuous white crystals,
On more phantom colors prey,
Softly intense before taking,
Moments powerless to stay,
The brittle mirrors breaking,
As she melts the cold away.

- Justin Harris



Monday

Six-twenty in the morning
I walk to the front porch
My son eats his cereal
and gathers his books

The morning star
Whispers to the crescent moon
on a backdrop of newborn-baby blue
A lemon-strawberry sunrise
Melts on Diamond Peak

Morning air is crystalline
Quiet and restful
A distant hoot owl and song birds
Arouse the dawn into day

I gather in the quiet
holding it in my breath
The grace of daybreak enters my soul.

- Joan C. Saries

ANASAZI

The Ancient Ones

By empty steps their coming
out of the East their leaving
silent traces etched in stone

full-antlered flute players
beckoning rainclouds laying
down memories calling up
thunderous heads of origin

Legends are voices whose faces
we do not know but hear
in tongue-thick whispers from
the nape of dark caves
knife-sharpened in seamless obsidian

flakes of wind-carried chants
sand-carved
out of mythic proportions
rough hands in blood earth

I come upon night-stalker footprints
near a fire-ring of stones
where Black Bear
and a gray bearded man
dance rhythms in the flames

What is this place of origin
which travels down the mind
in mirrored rivulets of ancient song

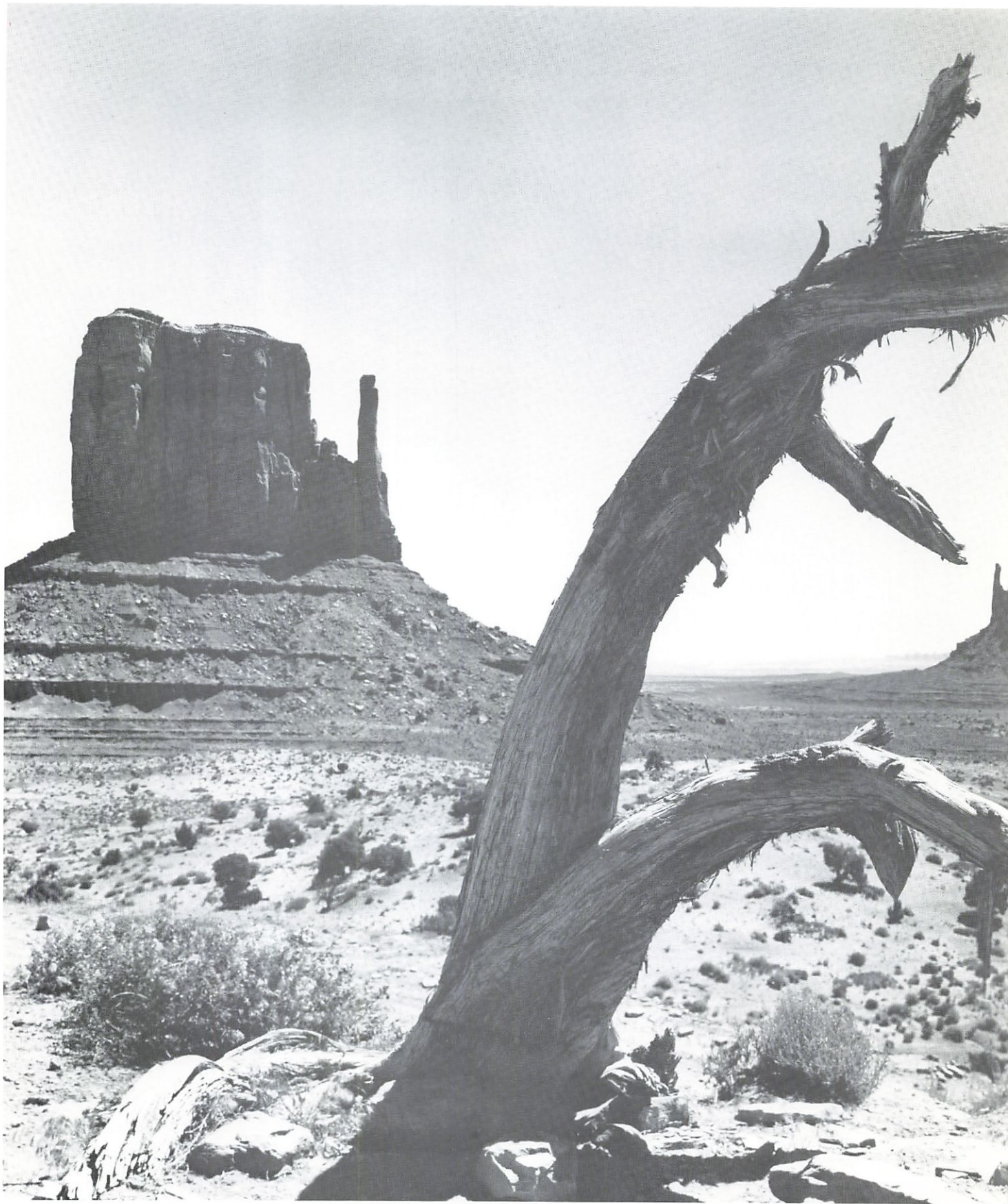
Looking skyward at Polaris I wonder
has it always been that sleep
comes grudgingly at the end of an age
when shape-changing spirits
reinhabit our dreams

- David Clark Burks



STARRY NIGHT

WOODCUT BY JEANETTE NADEAU



MONUMENT VALLEY



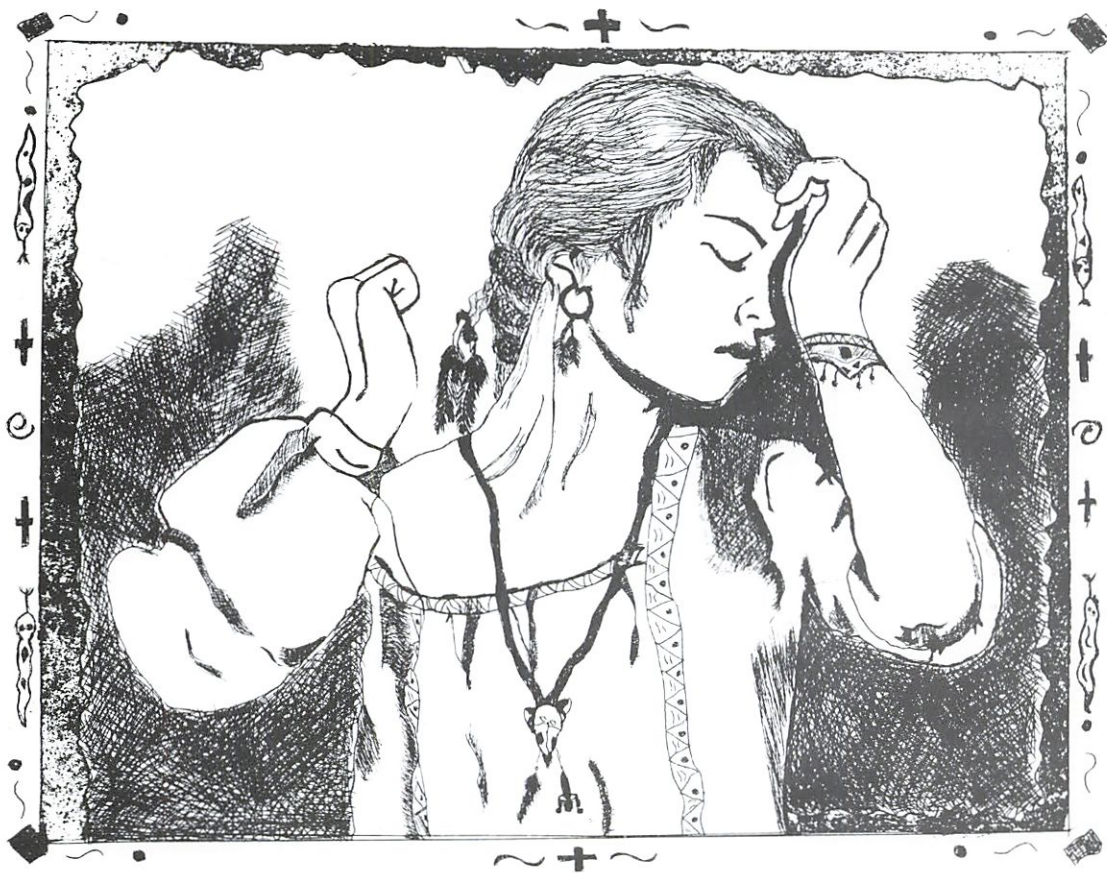
Desert Bloom

I saw you sometimes
In the flashing August night
Before the monsoon,
Sometimes in a flower
That for a few days only
Breathes June
But never so much of you
As when the desert was deep
In Broom
The skies and sweeping winds
Floating myriad whispers,
Soft and light.

You smiled then, half pretend,
Half aware of the winter,
Phantom and fair.
Chasing the irony everywhere
As this proliferous plant,
So jealous of the others,
Chokes the air with children.
And you walking barefoot warm
In the silent December,
Somewhere in the mountains,
Somewhere storm.

- Justin Harris

PHOTO BY JOHN SHEPHARD



BAD DAY

ETCHING BY J.L.N.

Moon Song

It's twilight; goddess of the moon,
rose early in the desert gloom.
Greeting stars and scraps of night,
that she passes in her flight.

At midnight, spirits of the sand
in shadowed dunes engulf the land.
Time's forgotten, but history's kept,
buried deep where the sands collect.

The night vales ebb; the dawn draws nigh
as Sol and his skies sing forth their war cry.
Sunrise in its glory, the sands they ignite;
All life makes ready for the onslaught of light.

The time now is noon; the sun he sits high.
The ocean she laughs with the sapphire sky.
The birds tell the trees in a warm undertone,
of far away lands and great seas unknown.

The summer's warm breeze, says evening's returned.
The sun and his minions softly hum their nocturne.
The darkening skies, then stars one by one
as a gentle new hush takes the place of the sun.

The earth with a sigh lies down now to rest;
May your children be happy and may all you be blessed.
On the whispering wind may my song take to flight;
To my daughter the earth, may you have a good night.

- Jason Cowsill

Writing about feeling my feelings

Thought frowns on the feelings and taps his foot waiting for them to stop messing around and get themselves together. His eyebrows go up in a plea to the heavens. He clears his throat and begins.

"Hey, you, Anger, sit down and shut up. I knew it was mistake to invite you. And you, Grief, get a kleenex and stop sniveling. Laughter, you're too loud. Whatever it is you're laughing at probably wasn't that funny. Happy! Come out of the corner, why are you hiding? You. Yeah, you. Confused, I've explained everything a hundred times; you shouldn't be here at all, but since you're here, stay out of the way.

"I hear you, Pain, and you're exaggerating as usual. It didn't hurt that bad. Sad, you're taking things too hard, buck up and get with the program. Where's Joy? Anyone seen Joy, you know, the little feeling about so high? There she is. Joy, up front, please, no one can see you, dear. Anxious and Worried, your seats are in the back. Way in the back, why can't you just let me handle the details? Impatient, tell Fear she's being ridiculous and to get down off the ceiling, she won't listen to me. Silly, for the last time, grow up! Just because it was funny the first time doesn't mean it's funny 12 times.

"I know you'd all act better if Safe were here, but she ran off with Loved, and we'll just have to go on without them. Honestly, Anger and Grief, if you guys don't settle down, none of this is going to work. Mischief! Come collect your whoopee cushion; you didn't really think I'd sit on it, did you? Oh, no! Guilt, quick, grab Free, she's headed out the window again.

"If you feelings don't settle down, I'm going to have to lock you up, and it's going to be your own fault! I know you've been cooped up for a long time but that's no excuse. You were too much trouble when I put you away the first time, and it looks as if you haven't changed a bit. Why can't you guys get organized and be more logical? Discipline is what you need, more rules to help you contain yourselves. For crying out loud, Lost, your chair is over there: behind Alone and next to Terror. Open your eyes and look!

"Is everyone seated now? Pick up your books and turn to page 103. Repeat after me: 'I will be quiet, I will be good, I will come only if Thought thinks I should.' Much better, feelings. Maybe there's hope for you, yet. Hey! Where is Hope, anyway? I know I put her name on the list of feelings to address today."

Damn feelings, never where you tell them to be, always off trying to express themselves without me, Thought said to himself.

- Denise Cameron

Beethoven's Deafness

He went deaf. He sank
up to his ears in a lake of music.
All the fish were singing solos.
He taught them to sing in schools.

He could not hear bill collectors.
He could not hear a woman speak.
He could not hear a horse's
hoofbeats, but he could hear

mental instruments practicing
his compositions. He could hear
a piano steaming like a ferry across
an orchestral lake. He could take

dictation. He could row out to
the middle of the silent lake and wait
for stars to sing at their reflections.
He could hear his own music lap like waves

about his small boat. He could feel
his craft rock violently in storms,
but he was not afraid of tipping over
and drowning in this moonlit lake.

Sometimes I wonder what his other world
of music would be like inside my head
when news of wars, crime, and hatred
become a flood around my ears.

Imagine a woman yelling at him like a full moon
in a floor length dress, "I'm leaving you, Ludwig!"
and all he could hear was French horns
wrestling with cellos for the tune.

- Peter Jensen



BIG IDEA

ETCHING BY MARILYN McNABB

Shining river heart

I did not know then what I am now.

Then I moved shimmering in a sea
of shimmering motion.
Nameless particle, no sound or color to name me.
I had but one dream, the father's dream,
of the world without change.
A world of shimmering sameness
moving nowhere.

Then, in the time it takes for a wave
to break, I awoke
from the father's dream.
I saw myself a thing swimming in strange waters.
I knew myself a being far from home.
I was afraid to hear my name calling, calling.
Salmon. Salmon. Shining river heart.

When salmon spirit rises
the dream of the mother place
takes hold, red pure desire
to be in the mother place.
When salmon spirit rises
a voice calls out each bend
of the river and warns of each rapid.
A voice sings an artificial tale of
salmon women weaving stories
so intricate that each weaving
is a lifetime.

When salmon spirit rises,
I go to the shallow stillness
above, far above, the swirling
waters, the jagged rocks, and
ravenous eagles.

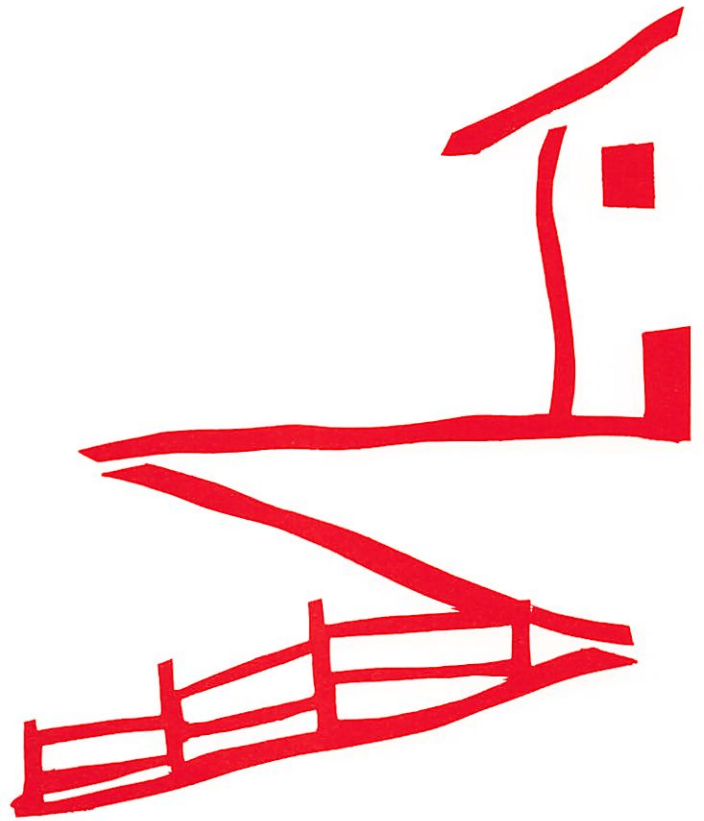
Here I sing my name.
Here I begin my weaving.

- Sarah Ulerick LaMaster

A farmer's wife

My grandmother lives in Indiana,
the second daughter of children of Germans
who traveled west to settle
beyond the Alleghenies
in small farms of wheat
and corn and milk cows.
She was a farmer's wife.
You could see it in her dress and sturdy shoes.
You could see it in the way
she made the noodles,
leaning over the oak rolling pin,
the dough thinning and spreading,
her large face stern,
as if the flour and eggs should be
punished for all the hard work
they caused her.
You could see it in her silence,
in the way she starched and ironed
the embroidered pillowcases
and wore a clean apron every day.

- Sarah Ulerick LaMaster



Yellow

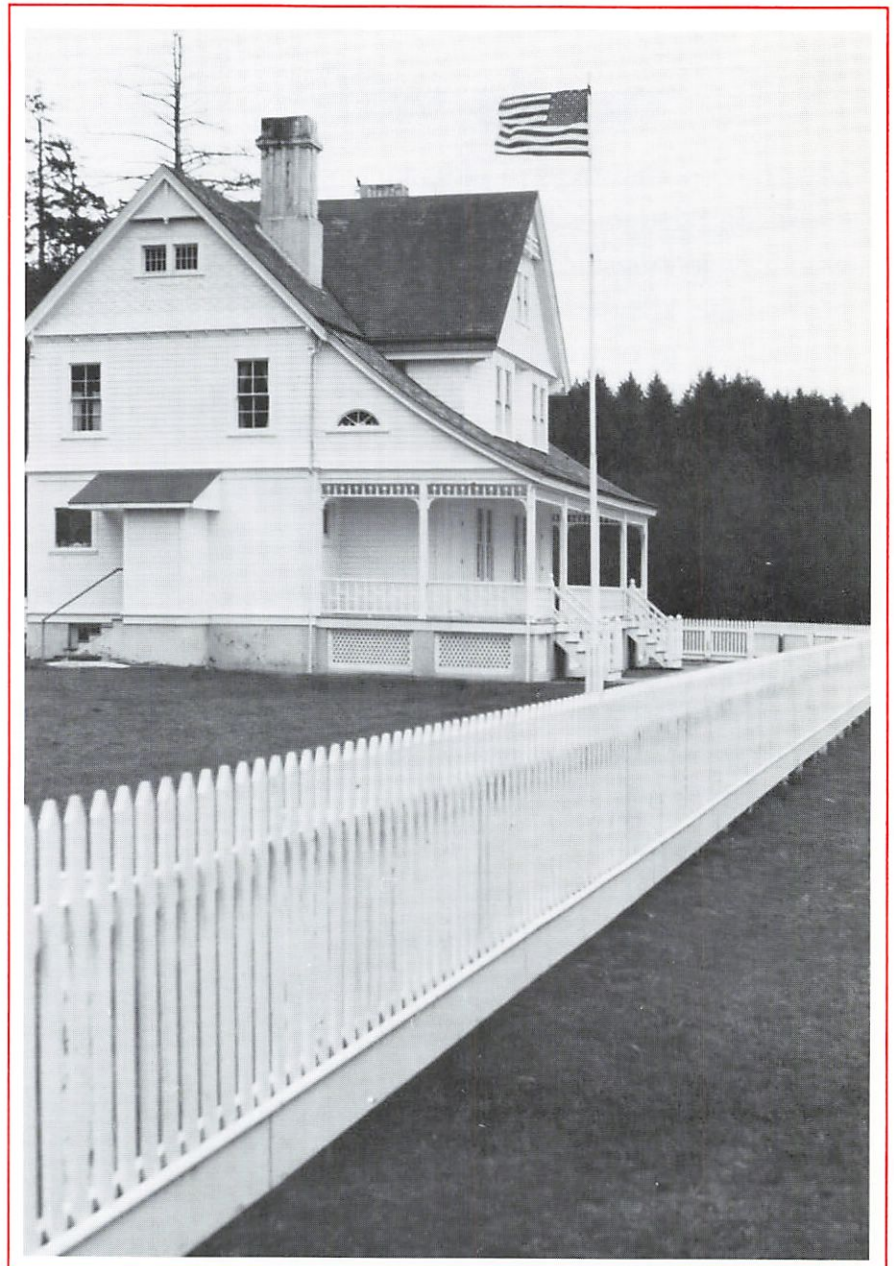
*She wears a yellow skirt
as if it could make her pretty
as if she wanted to be pretty
She peels off the label
of a dark Irish beer
as if that could make her lucky
as if she wanted to be lucky
She walks down the street
looking for trouble
as if she wanted to find trouble
as if trouble could save her.*

- Ellen E. Moore

Ocean Evening

AMERICANA

PHOTO BY MICHAEL ACORD



The ocean sweeps us down the slope,
steep dunes damp with promises
and hope. Scamper cross the slant,
then cross the sand to stand still
in swells of foam and chill our feet
and fingers to world and to the bone.

The gulls are crying hai, hai, hai.
The ocean gods stand by to watch,
leaning on the clouds and smiling
from afar upon our freedom
while wind sweeps high and long.

The plovers race like spinning wheels,
start to probe the dense beach mush.
A sandflea speared comes writhing into air
without a cry an endless life.
Plovers fly and water pulls back home
and written on slapwater sand
the puncture holes they left.

The ocean calls us home again and
brings us back and pulls again
with ringing cries of hai,
hai, hai, the ancient yes of gulls.

A Grandmother --Not Me

A grandmother you'll be
My pregnant daughter informed
Not a chance thought I
A grandmother not me

Weathered cheeks
Tints of pink rouge
Small windows perched
Between brow and nose
Teeth click and tap
like railroad cars
Over the track
Hair of silver
A grandmother, yes, but certainly not me

Hands knotted with age
Back bent low
Shuffling slowly
Rocking chair blues
Social security checks
Memories galore of the
Good ole days
Doting and elderly
A grandmother, surely you see, it's just not me

My walk is quick
Movements are steady
Few grey hairs
You hardly see
Youthful, vibrant
Wild and carefree
I really don't think
There's even a doubt
A grandmother I'm not, just couldn't be

Maybe a Na-Na
Grandma, perhaps
But a grandmother
Not me, at least, not yet

- Arlene Hougland

Raven Road

By Day

There is a road I've traveled, sometimes in my mind alone.
And sometimes with friends, long dead, but still
remembered,
killed on Raven Road.

Inky black, with sheets of ice, and swept with winds of
bitter cold,
Ravens swoop and croak and live for nothing, off
the bounty of the road.

Sometimes when I'm running, I can feel them watching
from the trees.

Down the road: thump-thump-thump-thump;
thump-thump-thump-thump.
I see them, fresh meat in their beaks.
They laugh, "We don't have to hunt; we just eat
what you kill—CAW, CAW."

Thump-thump-thump-thump; thump-thump-thump-thump.
Running, chasing my shadow.
Running, running blind.
Fuck you asshole. I saw your eyes.
The mirror of your soul is black.
Black as night. Black as death.
With no mercy — Beware! Beware!

I've tried to kill them; it won't work.
They deflect bullets with their minds.
But, once I found two tangled together,
By nature's joke entwined.
One was dead, half eaten, the other still alive,
But bound to the corpse.
So I fell a giant hemlock across them both and
laughed, then cried.

And sometimes, I'm the King—running.
I see them with my children riding their bikes.
Counting me, and Joe the dog there's four of us.
"They're only crows," says Eli. He's too young,
I remember.

I nod and smile. But I know better.
They're only waiting for one of us to fall,
So they can pluck out our eyes.

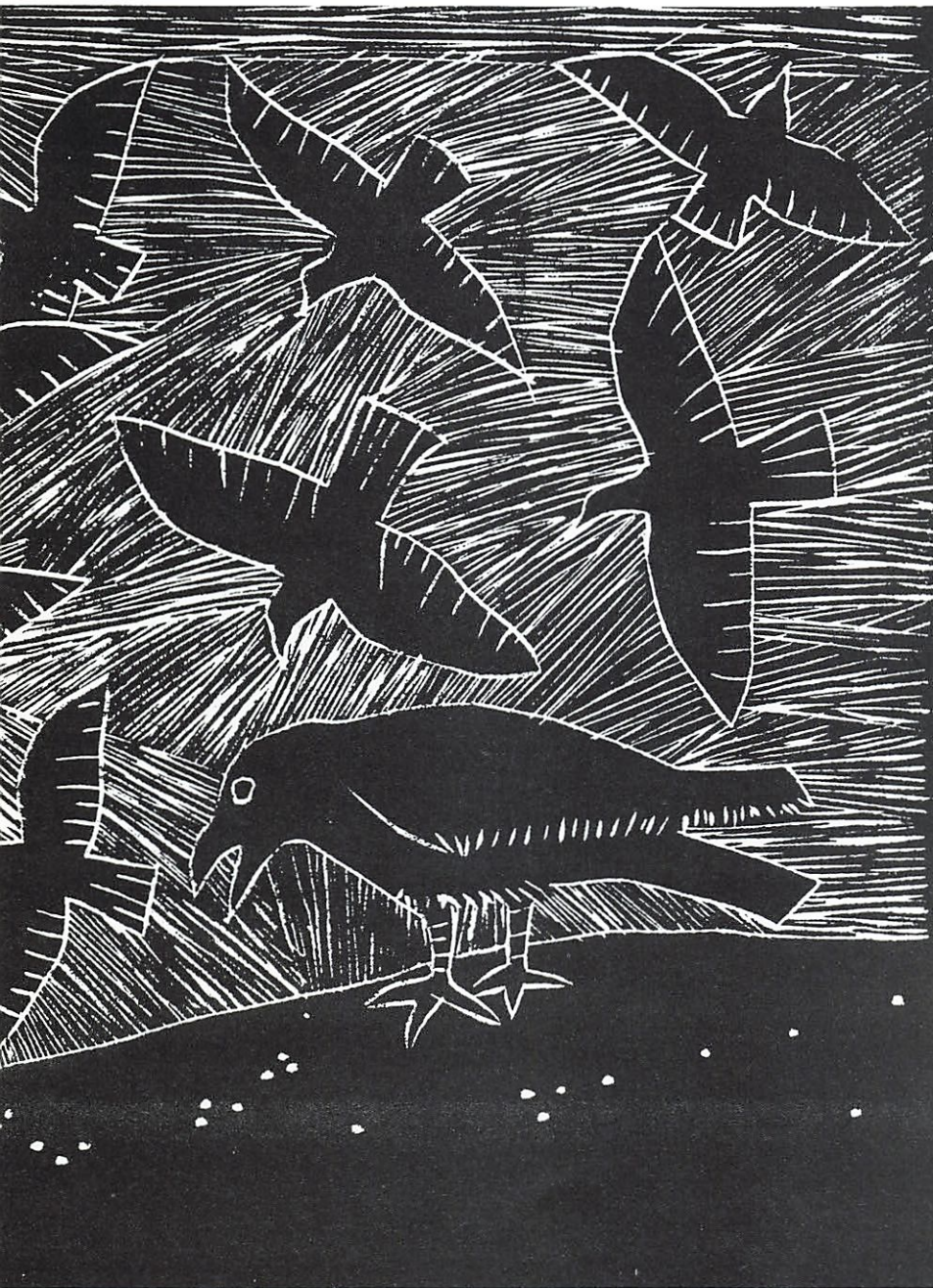
By Night

I woke with sudden shiver,
For walking in my dream,
A woman crossed my path and smiled.
Then faded, so it seemed



But she came back when sleep returned,
and smiling, said to me.
"I am the woman who loves gold,
Take your children, you must flee."

*Hiding in the shadows, watching from the trees,
The Ravens, black and silent passed down a
dark decree.
"They must die!"*



MURDER OF CROWS
LINO CUT BY DANITA REYNOLDS

So, I became the King again with fearless knights in fore.
Swooping down to battle, the demons and their
horde.

And on the shining mountain, the golden princess prayed,
by crushed and broken bodies to spirits of the
slain.

And when they came upon us with that awful croaking
roar.

We drew our swords and beat the air till they
could fly no more.

Our retreat was not the best. We could not kill them all.

So, crippled, cut, and scarred we fought,
our backs against the wall.

Stained with blood, steeped in gore, and shaking from the
cold,

I, the King, my two sons, and faithful Joe the dog,
now watch the world unfold.

Running fast, full of fear, and lost on Raven Road.

- Michael Goodwin



COMPACT VIEW

ETCHING BY MARILYN McNABB

Lavender Visions

Fires, orange and blue, feed desires
 Dreams and visions created, inspired and true
 Rain, pouring and pounding, like pain
 Fighting to rise, breathing while drowning
 And wind from the ocean sweeping sand
 Darkest nights might find others weeping
 While clouds, silver edged black, send lightning for miles
 Powerful brief light, so enjoyably frightening
 Sleep grabs at my hand to drag me in deep
 Smothering dreams to deceive and to gag
 Pillows and faces dripping with tallow
 Ships with soft sails slowly rising and dipping
 Night stars under water shine up and bring light
 Words, with all of their might, echoing nothing
 Scream passion alive, a conscious state dream
 Blakets of sweat warm, chill and perpetuate
 Fires of waterfall flames fulfilling momentary desire
 Inspiring visions of lavender fog--not for the solitary

Distant Mourning

*(In memory of Aden Wood, 1972-1993,
an LCC student, killed by fire)*

No casual meetings await us now
In supermarkets, taverns
Or unemployment lines.
No easy exchanges
Of assurances that we are well
Will occupy our breath.
For yours, too soon,
Is gone forever.

But once, our spirits mingled,
Though little did we notice.
You wrote, I read.
I talked, you listened.
We parted
Without regret or expectation.
So brief and so perfunctory
It seemed.

It took your death to make it more,
To make me feel
The part of you I carry still
And from my safe and decent distance
Mourn the loss
Of your young spirit—
And of such small greetings
As keep our spirits live.

- Rick Filloy

WINTER HAIKU

TO BE A SNOWFLAKE
GLISTENING IN THE MOONLIGHT,
KISSING YOUR RUBY LIPS.

- Terresa W. Keller

English Department's Winning Essay

A Relative Revelation

By Leslie A. Keith

This spring marks the end of my second year of college; the first year I spent at two different schools, and the latter all at LCC. College life came to me later than what is considered traditional, or should I say what was traditional. After graduating from high school, I joined the Army and spent four years attempting to grow up (hasn't happened yet). At the end of that four years, I became part of the great American system of higher education, destined, I believed, to learn the secrets to life and success in what we in the military called the "the real world."

Soon, however, I found that the steps necessary to graduate from any recognized school included subjects that I could find absolutely no use for in the "real world," particularly that seething pit of mental anguish called algebra. The idea soon plagued my mind. Why should I go through these pains for a piece of knowledge that I have no use for? To further compound my frustration, four out of five graduates (including some teachers) who I questioned did not remember simple equations that they themselves had performed just years before. Not only could I find no practical use for it, but I might not even remember it to use.

The problem really had me distraught, and eventually it started to affect the rest of my work. I even began to feel animosity towards my math teacher for being one of the "enemy." Soon I started feeling the same about all my subjects. Why was I sitting around wasting money and, worse yet, time on such a useless endeavor?

Something had to give. I was on the verge of tossing the whole education idea out the window. This much pain and anguish was just not worth it. The Mayans had a firm grasp of algebra, and where did it get them? Hell, Einstein flunked math when he was a kid and look how well he did. As my mind shifted to other things, the old cliché that everybody associates with him, the phrase "Everything is relative" stuck in my head. I began to hear it like some faint voice from within: "Everything is relative . . . Everything is relative" Again I showed my negative attitude. "That's fine for science but what about the 'real world'?" How could I ever relate

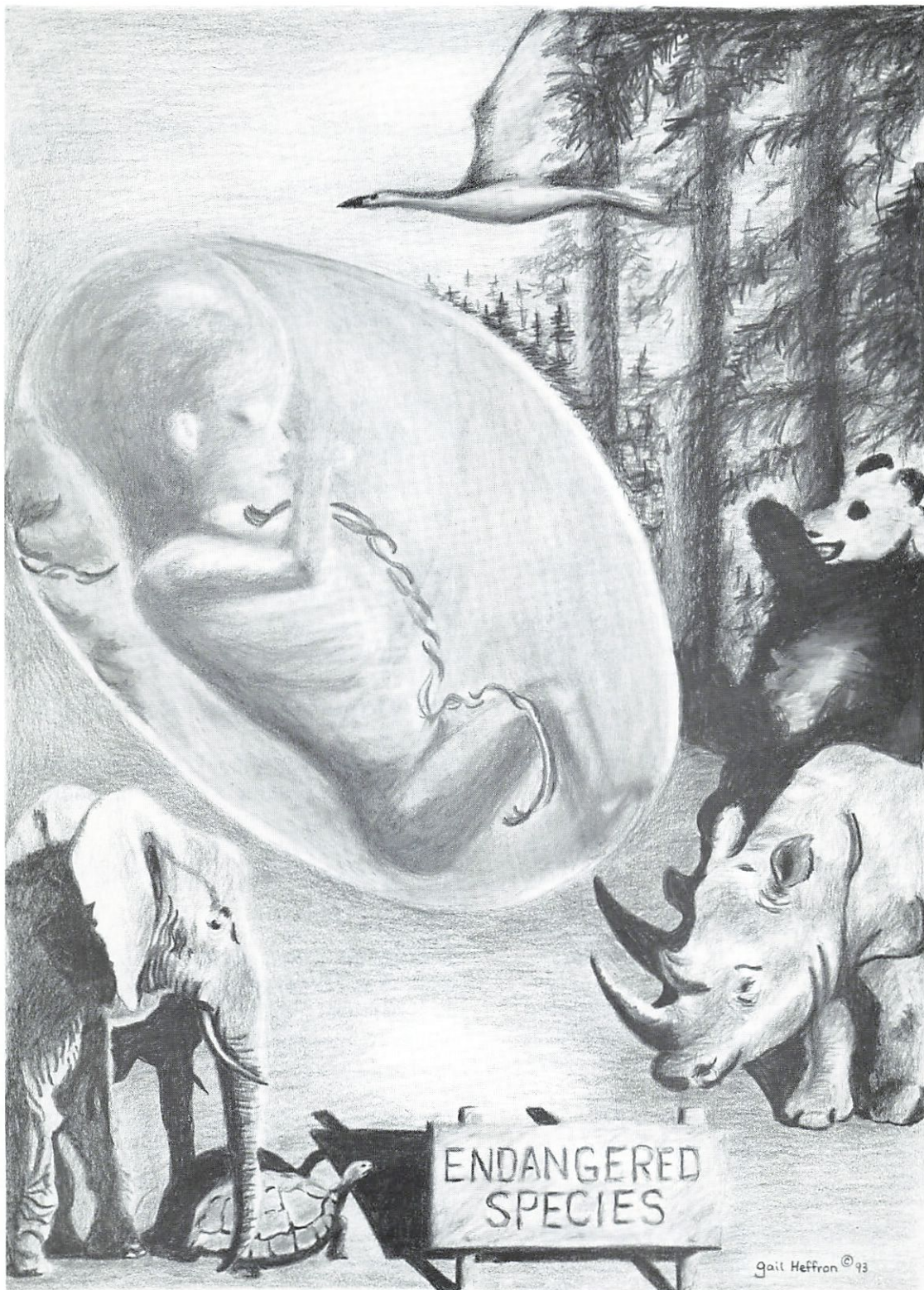
something as obscure as algebra to it?"

Just to solidify my belief that what I was doing truly was useless, I thought a little about math. All we ever do in class is solve big, obscure problems by breaking them into little problems and using whatever formula works to solve them. Just then it hit me. It hit me so hard that I burst out in class—"ha!" (much to the annoyance of my fellow students). How does that differ from any problem one experiences in life?

My interest compounded, and soon I was relating all kinds of things to my new framework of thought. When I have to create a program for my computer class, the first thing I do is look at the problem and divide it into subsections, then follow a set formula to create an algorithm. Algorithm. Gee, where had I heard that one before? Even writing fell into the pattern. How do you write a coherent essay? I'll tell you how; you use a formula. You take an idea and develop separate parts of that idea into paragraphs and bring them all together to form a whole picture. Perhaps everything is relative.

Those who look for higher math's practical applications in the "real world" will not find the answer in the numbers. Terms like " $y=mx+b$ " may not be found in too many of today's businesses. The answers they seek are in the processes that one learns while completing the dreaded numerical tasks. By completing the core requirements of math and science, and nearly all of the subjects assigned in college, you are showing the "real world" that you have learned and exercised a group of vital skills necessary to succeed. Those skills are those of problem solving, analytical thinking, and working diligently towards a goal that is not often visible and can take years to achieve.

Were it not for the tutelage of a few caring, vigilant, and slightly eccentric professors that hang their hats at Lane, my revelation might never have occurred. It may have been my discovery, but without the "map" they provided me with, I could not have come as far along the road as I have today. So, the next time you open a textbook, don't look at it as just a math book or just a science book. See it for what it really is—a manual for success.



ENDANGERED SPECIES

PRISMA DRAWING BY GAIL HEFFRON

"My mother was unhappily married with her fourth child at the age of twenty-three. My father and mother decided to seek an abortion, which was illegal at that time. They went for the abortion but were turned away because the fetus was five months old and considered too old to abort. That day my life was spared."

- Gail Heffron



Contributors



Michael Acord -- Michael is a self-taught photographer. He is the photography editor for *Denali*, has worked for the *Torch*, and owns All Action Photography.

Sandra M. Brown -- Sandra M. Brown is a writer, poet, good cook, and real person. She is variously employed as an itinerant English teacher.

David Clarke Burks -- David is a natural history writer and poet who makes his home in Eugene.

Denise Cameron -- I'm still here, not a small victory.

Judith A. Clark -- I consider bathing naked in lukewarm raspberry jello a fun way to make friends.

Jason Cowsill -- When my turnip farm failed to produce three years in a row, I decided my destiny lay somewhere else. So, I packed up my bags and set off on a holy mission to Eugene where I enrolled in school and currently pass the time writing poetry and staring off into space with a blank look on my face.

Rick Filloy -- Rick Filloy is an instructor in the English Department at LCC.

Michael Goodwin -- I am 46 years old -- a dislocated worker and journalism major.

Justin Harris -- My first modest beginning. Actively engaged in the pursuit of seeing, touching, hearing.

Gail Heffron -- Life's painful circumstances have given me an opportunity to stretch and grow in ways I never dreamed possible. My artwork is an expression of that growth.

Arlene Hougland -- I'm a writer in process. I love school, it keeps me young.

Peter Jensen -- Peter teaches writing at LCC and does poetry readings at the drop of a glove.

Morgan Jenson -- Art, the distinction between me and life.

Leslie A. Keith -- Leslie is the first place winner in the LCC English Department's Light Bulb Essay Contest.

Terresa Keller -- I'm majoring in Culinary Arts. I have a

deep passion for Japanese poetry, especially the Haiku form. I don't write very often, so when I do it is like a precious gemstone.

Will Kelley -- Will Kelley is the father of one son. He is also schooled in the world of hipness that seems to attract many of his fellow twenty-somethings involved in the University thing. Though not a college student, he is constantly studying living and being the word, "poetry."

Sarah Ulerick LeMaster -- Sarah has been a staff member at Lane since Dec. 1990. She has written poetry off and on since 1965. Her most recent poems reflect the challenges of marriage and her interest in dreams as a medium of reflection.

Marilyn McNabb -- Marilyn is currently studying printmaking at LCC. She has previous art experience in life drawing, watercolor, sign painting, ad art, fashion illustration, silk screen and oil painting.

Ellen Moore -- Ellen is an instructor at LCC.

Jeanette Nadeau -- I should have been raised in the southwest. Its art and culture is fun for my soul.

Danita Reynolds -- I am a second year graphic design student. I enjoy graphic images, color, form, line, space, and gallery hopping.

Joan Saries -- Joan Saries is a local resident of twenty years. She is developing a process for personal discovery; for people who are interested in life renewal and transitions. For her, writing is part of this process. "Writing poetry is a way for me to connect to my center and bring the inside out."

T.L. Seckler -- After working and traveling in the Southwest for most of my adult life, my family and I have settled, for now, in Oregon. As we rehydrate, we are exploring and learning about your countryside, cultures and people. At present, I am exploring several areas, including poetry, interviewing, fiction and romantic suspense.

Barbara Shaw -- Barbara Shaw is a local writer who does poetry readings around the community. She came to Eugene to retire after a teaching career in Scotland.

John Shephard -- Started out with 35mm 18 years ago. George Eastman got a hold of me and made me a photographic junkie along with the help of Ansel Adams.



Morning Prayer

Oh, Venus
Princess of the heavens
Goddess of Beauty and peace
Diamond in the morning sky
Earth's sister

Share your virtues with me
Beauty
Harmony
Balance
Fill my song as I sing.

- Joan C. Saries