

Denali

Lane Community College • Fall 1995



Censored

**Warning:
Contains Material
That May Be Offensive
To A Reasonable Person**

Denali

"A bureaucrat is a Democrat who holds some office that a Republican wants."
—Alben W. Barkley

Cover Design by Dee Mentzer

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From The Editor

Welcome to the Fall 1995 issue of Denali, LCC's magazine of art and literature. Denali is dedicated to presenting the best fiction, poetry, photography, and graphics created by students, staff, and faculty of LCC, as well as other Lane county residents. My name is Dee Mentzer and I am this year's editor of Denali. I'd like to welcome you to a new and exciting year for Denali. This year, Denali is going on line, so all you Internet surfers out there get ready to look us up.

As the new editor, I am looking forward to the year ahead. I am continuing a tradition started by last years editor, Kenneth Brady, of conducting guest interviews. I have found them full of information that I myself could use in my life.

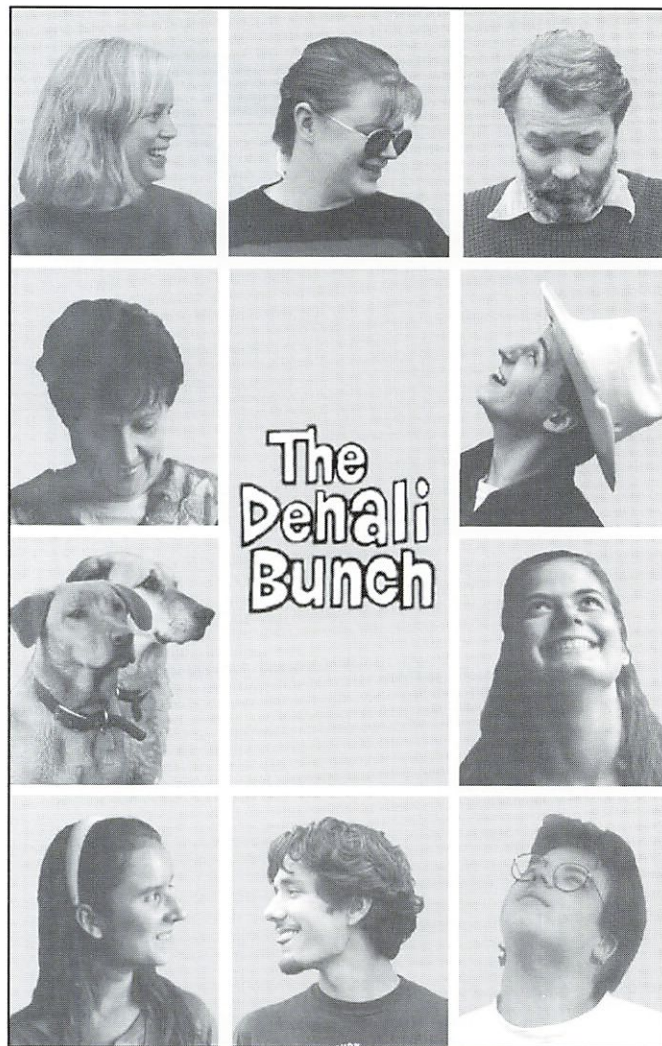
The theme for this issue was "Politically Correct/Incorrect." You will find the material on these pages varied and creative. Due to the offensive nature of some of the contents of this issue a warning was placed on the front of this magazine. Consider this a second warning; there is material contained in this issue that can be offensive to a reasonable person. I do have to tell you I was thrilled that the art submissions for this issue had increased over all of last year. Keep up the good work and submit, submit, submit.

I look forward to reading all of your submissions. I would like to encourage all artists of any medium to submit a photo of your work, or the work itself.

As of the publication of this issue we here at Denali are uncertain as to the amount of our budget. I am working fervently to correct this matter for the present year and for the future years of Denali. I have decided to go ahead with the next issue hoping that our budget problems will be worked out.

The theme for the next issue will be "Fantasy and Romance." This will be the first issue of Denali devoted specifically to all of the fantasy and romance writers in Lane County. Submission forms are available in the Denali Office and at the Student Resource Center. The deadline tentively will be February 9, 1996. If you have any questions or comments, please contact us at the Denali office in the Center Building, room 479F, or call 747-4501 ext. 2830.

Let us know what you think.



CLOCKWISE FROM UPPER LEFT: DOROTHY WEARNE, DEE MENTZER, PETER JENSEN, KYLE P. WHELLISTON, CHRISTINE GAGNON, DANIEL BALL, BARRET WERK, CARLA MARTINEZ, STUART THOMAS & COOGAN CHARLES, JOANNA CHAPPELL

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Generation X

At twelve I lost my own compass and became
generation X
Give me a moment and look in my eyes

At fourteen I shot my twin brother in the face
didn't you

Romance not love romance
created moments that show me what I could be
but am not

Sell me my television or let me steal it

I look at myself
and see we are isolated identities
we shepherd only ourselves

The tribe has been replaced by individuals
and we are many

Can't you feel the pain
or do you turn it off
or do you need it

Hiding behind smoke I stare out and demand
no decision

When disillusion fear and distance become the world
drugs don't test limits
we dose to create limits

And own completeness for a moment
feeling a destination
not just a horizon

In the morning something tells me to be somebody
somebody who lives for the moment
gaps occur between moments
Where do I go

I don't remember I turn off those moments
with images and Xerox copies of life
that allow me to cover my passion and yours

That's why we don't know each other

It's O.K.
I attend school
What label will I wear

—Mateo

Untitled

in the light of a three-way bulb — madness
a lover of mine
creeps in through the crack
under the door
a shiver of smoke
like reeds sprouting from a dead pond
barely spoken greeting
as her smooth fair hands
brace my shoulders
and arms white as moonlight
envelop parts of me still awake
still with blood close to skin's surface
winding down my body
silently — insidiously
pursuing remnants
thrown away scraps of sanity
she squeezes reason
from pores on my face
licking her spindly fingers
trailing her nails down
my chest my belly
depositing her lank insouciance
between my thighs
she settles in
for her interminable journey
in search of my soul
granite vulva under her slick insistence
transforms
melting into pink dark berry red mask
pulsing cavern
seeking forgiveness
opens to her
gives way
to currents of throbbing penitence
mother-naked shame
guileless womb welcomes her shape
now liquid now soothing
absolving me of reckless entries
and pleasures granted
without prior consent
blessing me
with my own secretions
she is a glutton — melding with my indelible wounds

K.M. Wallace



WOMAN ARTWORK BY ANNIE MASAOKA

Cover Girls

Beauty within a woman's breast
the internal
the instinct
the strong insightful soul
not shown on the front cover.
Cover girls squeezed into tiny dresses,
synthetic breasts forced to
bulge like round loaves of bread.
Cover girls faces smooth,
defects removed
by the stroke of the brush,
Perfected then perfect.
They kiss the camera with silicone lips.
But beauty
within a woman's breast,
the strength of a mother,
the emotion of a lover,
the knowledge of a woman,
not shown on the front cover.

— Dee Mentzer

Sin Search Of

Oh beauty that slowly slips away,
from vanity's clutches day by day.

Pride, which seemed once to have meaning,
when faced with reality ran away screaming.

There was then, humility endowed with long face,
A beggars disguise, or a fall from grace?

Has goodness been forever excluded?
Or just the frail grasp of man eluded.

Always pure evil begs for a place,
then demands its equal in time and space.

Innocence, who was sweet virtue's friend,
was willed by experience to a vulgar end.

Righteousness has been constantly sought,
but weakened by treasures that money bought.

Happiness is almost a faraway thing,
seeking the bells that distantly ring.

Fear is a commodity quickly exchanged,
by an explanation reason can claim.

Knowledge for youth is merely a plaything,
yet wisdom's harmony makes the ancient sing.

The precious quality of thought survives
only as long as life provides.

On dreams the mind of countless ages
of gentler times, pleasanter places.

Seems the only survivors of constant use,
are selfless love, and a thing called truth.

—*Joanna Chappell*

Foreign Customs

Kyle P. Whelliston

Joe and Rita Thompson of Oak Park, Illinois are vacationing in a faraway country. They have no relatives here, very little knowledge of the local language, and they are quite unfamiliar with the country's traditions and customs. But it is a bad winter this year in Oak Park, and in this part of the world, it is always summer.

This is the final evening before their return flight to America, and we find them in the most extravagant restaurant in the capital city, holding hands at a window overlooking the lamp-lit market district and the distant sparkling bay. The walls of the restaurant are covered with detailed woven tapestries depicting major events and figures in the country's richly storied past — kingdoms, wars, and expeditions. In every corner are healthy, colorful flowering plants spilling from large golden jardinières. At one end of the floor is a four-piece band dressed in conventional orange and white native costumes, playing and singing traditional songs of the region on intricately carved wooden instruments. And periodically, beautiful raven-haired girls in crisp, white dresses walk gracefully about the tables with small glass spray bottles, perfuming the air with the fragile aromas of cinnamon and jasmine.

When the smiling waiter approaches the side of the Thompsons' narrow table, Rita confidently orders the entree with the highest price tag. But she mispronounces its name, placing stress on the wrong syllables and neglecting to accent certain vowels, so that what she utters is one of the most vile, horrible curses in the native dialect, a suggestion of carnal relations between the waiter's mother and a shaven goat. The waiter is naturally very offended, and it is fortunate that another waiter is proximate enough to restrain him and finish the order-taking process while the first waiter storms back into the kitchen.

Fifteen minutes later, dinner is served: a loaf of crusty bread, a fruit basket, and a carefully etched silver platter, upon which sits the broiled and seasoned head of a freshly killed bull, considered the finest of delicacies in this region. It is customary to swallow one of the bull's eyeballs before beginning the meal — a practice which is said to promote

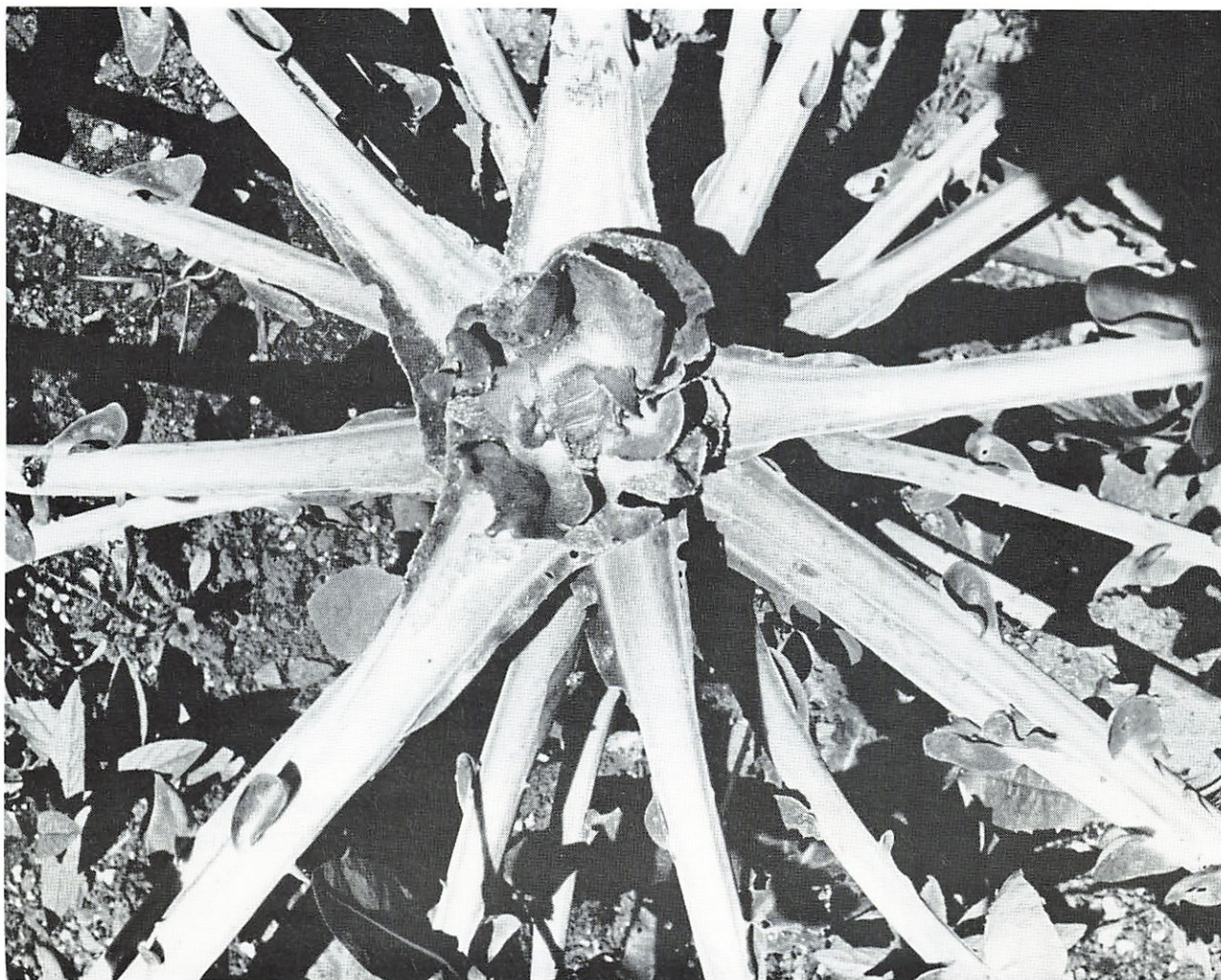
good luck and long life. Between the Thompsons' two gray bone china plates is placed a large chalice of the bull's still-steaming brains, a stew rumored to contain in it courage, self-confidence, and wisdom.

Rita, caught quite off-guard, lets out a piercing scream. She quickly covers her mouth with a trembling hand, but it is too late. The majority of the other diners all wheel around and stare at her, bearing expressions of bewilderment, disgust, and indignation. A waiter on the opposite side of the room spills a carafe of dark berry wine into the lap of an angered patron. A delicate perfume girl faints from the shock and collapses to the floor. One of the musicians, startled, drops and breaks his beautiful wooden instrument into three unfortunate pieces.

Word quickly spreads to the kitchen — the head chef quickly locates the cook responsible for the Thompsons' dish and, gesticulating wildly, roars at him for creating a meal which was received so unfavorably. Overcome with shame, the cook walks out of the restaurant and hangs himself by his apron strings in the lavish, moonlit courtyard.

The Thompsons' dessert consists of two large casabas filled with vanilla ice cream, a heaping plate of rich, warm cinnamon-chocolate gel, and a strong alcoholic beverage made from fermented pear mash. The couple pays with a Mastercard, and because of the prior commotion, Rita feels obligated to leave a generous cash tip. However, it is regional tradition that tipping of any kind infers that an establishment is cash-poor, and therefore of unacceptably low quality — here, tipping is seen as a gesture of spite mock sympathy. As they leave the restaurant, they are given icy stares by everyone in attendance: the waiters, the other patrons, the band, and the perfume girls.

As they walk through a starless black, humid night lit only by wind-whipped hanging lanterns, Joe eases his arm around Rita's shoulder. They stroll leisurely among the natives along the cobblestone streets and corridors — past bands of giggling children, whirling dancers and street musicians, and quaint cafes and restaurants abuzz with laughter, sobbing and conversation. Further and further they walk, back to the Registry Hotel and snowbound Oak Park, America.



WINTER BROCCOLI BY LIESL STEIN

"Emotional: Beware, Avoid at All Costs!"

Elisia Quick

I'll never forget the look of my mother's face when I sprang into the house from a joyful day swimming with my brothers and saw one tear out of the corner of her eye, part way down her cheek—she was dead.

I cannot remember the year or month, just the scorching heat blowing in the windows and doors. While the swamp-cooler was noisily trying to defeat the penetrating heat, the sun beat down on Mom and me at home. I had stayed home as dad took the boys to the pool each day of the desert heat while Mom was ill. During the worst of the heat mom would take me and retreat into her room after the chores. We would lie on the bed as the swamp-cooler blew almost moist air on us. The droplets of moisture dried in the air

before reaching our dry skin while Mom lovingly pulled me close to read "the book" to me. We were content being close to each other despite the heat and Mom being so sick.

Then that day came for me to go to the cool, inviting pool. Mom was feeling better. My brothers and I played in the water all day until it was time to go home. Dad picked us up, and I begged to be in the front seat, so I could run and tell mom about the day. Throwing open the car door as it came to a stop, I sprang out stretching to swing the kitchen door wide open to Mom.

Mom was face up on the kitchen floor with one tear part way down her cheek, and it was the hottest day that year.



RIVER COMPANIONS BY MARK ANDREWS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CRAIG LOVELL

The Sea and The Old Man

"Well old friend, I'm back,"
said the sailor.
His friend just waved back at him.
"I remember when we first met,
30 years ago," said the sailor.
His friend just waved back at him again.
"I was just a spirited youth,
looking for fun and adventure,"
said the old man.
His friend roared at him.
"I spent my entire life with you,
old friend," the sailor said.
His friend whispered, "Come to me,
come to me, and I'll embrace you
forever."
The old man took one last look at
the land, and then turned and walked
into his friend's embrace.

— *Daniel Ball*

Sestina for the Salmon Fleet

Dawn called the boats from port to troll,
Each dragging six steel, nylon-ladder lines.
No one's catching any fish
Although all follow the zigzag tidal rip.
It's obvious because there are no birds,
So trawlers search rectangles by compass course.

One captain steers a hexagon. Of course,
He stays outside the others and giggles like a troll
On the radio. Squawking like a bird,
One old boy does diagonals, his lines
Pulled up to try another reef. He rips
Across the fleet as they pretend to fish.

One puller aft on deck does a dance for fish
And almost falls overboard as her skipper changes course.
Another croons an Elvis song and lets it rip
Ignoring the tight springs of an empty troll.
"You ain't never caught a salmon," runs his line,
"You ain't no friend of mine." A line of birds

Enters the fleet from the north, and the word is, "Birds!
Boys, birds!" Everyone assumes birds know where fish
Schools are, so all boats double check their lines,
And binoculars are raised to guess their course.
The boats look like decoys with poles spread out to troll,
But these birds pass and do not land on the rip.

There should be herring upwelling in the rip,
And they should be fallen upon by diving birds,
But the birds are gone, and no one starts to troll.
Someone started the day but forgot to invite the fish.
The boats are floating around without a course,
And their stern boxes are full of coiled up lines.

Everyone's sonar screens are blank, and lines
Slat as boats roll in the windless rip.
After decades of fishing, everyone, of course,
Has his or her theory of what went wrong. The birds
Just breed less when they eat less fish.
But trawlers still cost just as much to troll.

Seabirds are still angels in the lines
Of fishermen's tales about fish despite the rip
That took the troll away and set no course.

—Peter Jensen

Raccoon Public Relations

Jo Durfee

In the middle of an autumn night, I was awakened by a series of strange noises seemingly right over my head. I lay there in my warm nest of covers squinting at the ceiling in the dark and listening intently as the noises took on a rhythm — scratch, scratch, long shuffle — repeated over and over. After ten minutes, I willed myself out of bed, grabbed the flashlight in the utility and went out on the back deck. A large grape arbor extends from the back corner of the house, which contains my bed. Coming from this arbor, I could now hear the soft, pulpy squish of grapes being eaten. I aimed the light beam into the yellowing grape leaves. Glowing eyes reflected the light. One, two, three pairs unblinkingly stared at me. They belonged to raccoons picnicking on winy grapes in the darkness, raccoons entertaining themselves by climbing the shingles to the roof's crown and then sliding down again to the arbor. Just like kids, I thought, kids romping on a hill.

Every child knows the raccoon—its pointed nose, its fat, furry body and ringed tail, and especially, the bandit mask. A child knows that a raccoon always carefully washes its food with tiny, humanlike hands. Every child knows this, too. A raccoon is cute.

We adult humans, here in suburbia, tend to share these thoughts because we are often blindly sentimental when considering nature. We are swayed by our naive misconceptions derived from our civilized lives so far removed from the wild. Like our children, we think “cute, cute and adorable,” when we spy a raccoon’s picture in the morning paper. While reading the accompanying news story about the increasing rabies incidents in the raccoon population, we still smile at the photograph.

Without consulting the creature, we assign human adjectives to the raccoon. We call it adorably pudgy, curious, mischievous, clever, and adaptable. Adaptability is a trait that we consider thoroughly admirable, and the raccoon is indeed adaptable. It has survived through the clearing of woodland, the ploughing of meadow, the building of houses, and every other transformation we humans have made to raccoon habitat. More than that, the raccoon has thrived. Dr. Glen

C. Sanderson of the Illinois Natural History Survey, a man who has spent decades surveying raccoons, estimates that the national raccoon population is now at its highest level — over 14 million. The hardy raccoon adapted to the times while its few natural enemies, such as the cougar, did not. So, even with the depredations of hunters and disease, the resourceful raccoon multiplies.

Other well-known, and genuine, raccoon traits we ignore. For instance, a raccoon is cranky. It has a ferocious disposition to match its ferocious bite. The hunter’s pride in his ‘coon dog is as much for the dog’s ability to survive an encounter with a raccoon as in the hound’s cornering the raccoon in the first place. According to Dr. Sanderson, a raccoon will drown a hunting dog by leading it to water, latching onto the dog’s neck with a snap of teeth and pushing the dog’s head under water with baby-like fingers.

A raccoon can also create havoc in yard or garden or field during its nocturnal feasting. It eats everything. A raccoon is a gourmand, not a gourmet; quantity over quality is its operating dinner motto. Of course, a raccoon prefers certain foods: a juicy crayfish, a spongy freshwater mussel slipped from shell to mouth with those little fingers, but any farmer, staring at a raccoon-harvested field where gnawed corncocks are scattered through the stand, can testify that a cornfield can also be a raccoon delicatessen. Again, a raccoon adapts, and thus, its diet is seasonal. Spring greens, succulent summer fruits and vegetables, autumn nuts and corn, grapes and pumpkin, plus the delicious crawfish, bird egg, and small rodent that is caught.

This constant eating creates the admired plumpness. Since the winter is bleak, and a raccoon does not hibernate, the raccoon must pack on a thick layer of fat to tide it through the coolest weeks. An average raccoon can weigh sixteen to twenty pounds, but Sanderson says he weighed one that tipped the scales at twenty-six and a half pounds. This was a wild thing, not a sweet-stuffed backyard habitue. Twenty-six and a half pounds of teeth, appetite, and unpredictable disposition.

A chance meeting with a raccoon can bring to light our human confusion and exasperation with sharing

space with suburban wildlife. Most urban people, me included, find the sight of a wild animal exciting and exhilarating—at least, in the past tense. In the present tense, when actually meeting one of our co-op neighbors of Planet Earth, we are more likely to be hit with a sense of unease. Some people describe this discomfort as an awareness of the alien or “otherness.”

In truth, I do not believe it is “otherness” that distresses humans, or at least this human, so much as independent “otherness,” equal “otherness.” Confronted with obviously undomesticated raccoons perched above my head, I was surprised to find that they were only casually interested in my presence. They sat in the arbor eating grapes and staring. They were not impressed by me. Since we humans see ourselves as the masters of nature, we assume animals should recognize, with appropriate appreciation, our superior position in the natural hierarchy. “Otherness” unimpressed usurps the keystone of a dominion that we claim.

This juxtaposition of humans to the rest of the natural world is relatively new. In the past, people have feared nature, and people have worshipped nature. On each continent, prehistoric humans have venerated animals as messengers, as harbingers, as guides, and mentors. In the recent past, we have admired nature from a distance, and presently, we are unsuccessfully trying to control nature. Now, perhaps, we are ready for a new understanding and accommodation. When reconsidering our relationship with nature, we should remember the raccoon. It lives a parallel life with humans. The raccoon’s life reflects a common mammalian heritage, and it shares geographic area with us, but it lives a raccoon’s life on a raccoon’s terms, not a mini-human existence with human thoughts and values or with human virtues and foibles.



THE RAT RACE BY JOANNA CHAPPELL

Lamps

are important as you get older.
As the eyes dim you need
a good one.

Why
does every lamp we own
have a shade that can't be adjusted
so light shines where you need it?
All the damn thing does is
illuminate its own base.

Or it has a neck which carries the bulb up
to point at the ceiling,
or drops it on the desktop with a
desolate clunk.

Sears has got the right idea—
they've designed a vacuum cleaner
with a bright light on the front
so you can see all the "dust kitties"
under the bed.

I think I'll hang the vacuum cleaner
over my desk
and throw all the others out.

—Brenda Shaw



A COUPLE OF BEAUTIES BY MARK ANDREWS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CRAIG LOVELL



BREECING WHALE BY MARK ANDREWS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CRAIG LOVELL

Untitled

—i stand bereaved of every adornment
i stand eagerly awaiting seduction
i stand merely for succulent torment
i stand in utter morbid confusion
—i hold chaos you eternally seek
i lovingly caress your deep dark soul
i hold the light into shadows you peek
i satisfy you then exact my toll
—i breath the life into your hollow death
i am sin i am torture i am sheer pain
i am the addiction in every breath
i am the lifeless joyless corpse i drain
—i am the eternal struggle within
i am the god inside your every sin

—David Ricketts

Slave To My Emotions

It seems I am a slave
To my emotions.
As a child I would start
My own commotions.
Like when the lily children
Would throng around a fight,
And fill the all white school yard with
The sounds of crass delight.
"It's a fight, it's a fight!"
Came the jeering chants.
"It's a nigger and a white!"
And then I clenched my hands.
The closest fool was bloodied,
And would never call me "friend."
Something else was certain:
He'd never sing that song again.

—Josh Gray



UNTITLED BY MARK ANDREWS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CRAIG LOVELL



THE LITTLE ONE BY MARK ANDREWS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CRAIG LOVELL

The Little One

An old lady sitting on the porch.
"Little one, little one, where
have you gone?" she called.
She searches all over the porch.
She cries again, "Little one, little
one, where have you gone?"
She searches all over the house.
Again she called, "Little one,
little one, where have you gone?"
She searches for the little one in
the backyard.
She replies, again, "Little one, little
one, where have you gone?"
She doesn't realize that her little one
has grown up.
She keeps crying "Little one, little one,
where have you gone?"

—Daniel Ball





FAJITA SUMMER WATERCOLOR BY KATHLEEN B. BROWN

Interview With a Master

By Dee Mentzer

As we started this interview with Sculptor Mark Andrews, he was working on an alabaster bowl. Denali: Do you have a drawing to go by?

Mark: I don't. I've done so many fish, that I just took a piece of cardboard and drew my basic little, quick outline, and I found a pattern. You can get picky about it, or you can throw care to the wind. Oh, I'm gonna do this piece, and it's gonna turn out. It's what I like about this kind of stone over someone who does it in clay, which loses some of the magic of spontaneity. I just get an idea, and I've done it long enough that I'm not afraid anymore of ruining it. I've been doing my own pieces for 25 years, and they've all sold, so this one's gonna sell, too, so cut the crap, get busy, and start creating the juice. No one will have ever seen anything like it. Salmon are big sellers here; I put some of them in galleries, and the gallery doubles the price, so by that time, something like this sells for \$3000 or \$3500 instead of \$1500 to \$2300. There's no set equation when you're doing originals. The materials cost maybe \$50 for the stone. If it takes me 2 weeks to do it, then it has magical value, you know it goes beyond the time and the care. Does it carry a charge, if a person

really likes it, does it matter if it's \$1500 or \$3500? There's plenty of people who have that kind of dough; this just has to hit them, and if it hits them, they can't live without it, it's like a fish on. For my mom, it's rings and bracelets. She'll go into a jewelry store, she'll lay awake at nights just thinking about it.

Denali: Is alabaster the only kind of stone you work in?

Mark: No, I do marble work, and I do limestone work, too. Usually limestone is for architectural things, so if somebody wants a fireplace front carved or details over doors, and they're gonna build it in, they order limestone from Texas, and I get commissioned to do the carving.

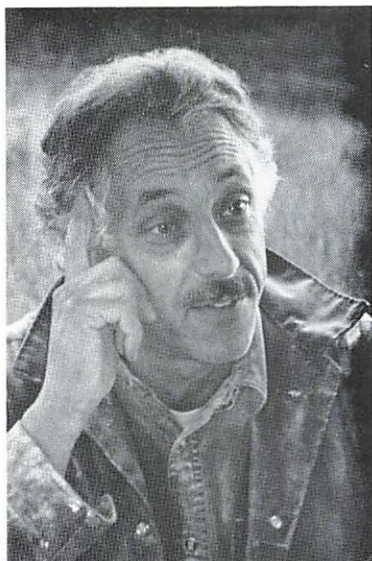
Denali: Is the price decided by how much work you put into it?

Mark: The problem with artists is that they don't get enough for their work. I look at what professionals get an hour, and I feel that I'm worth at least that much. There is aesthetic value, that magical part of beauty that comes in above this; sometimes I get it, sometimes I can't. When you're dealing with commissions as opposed to just doing your own work, then you're dealing with someone who's on a budget. They want something special, but

they're already spending a lot on their house. Basically they've never commissioned art work before, so there's subtle factors when you're pricing something and trying to get as much as you can for the job. It's far better for the artist to be able to do his own work and put it out for sale, and that's the price, and there's no haggling over it, but when you're in commission work, it's a lot different, but if someone has been waiting to hire you, then you've got the upper hand.

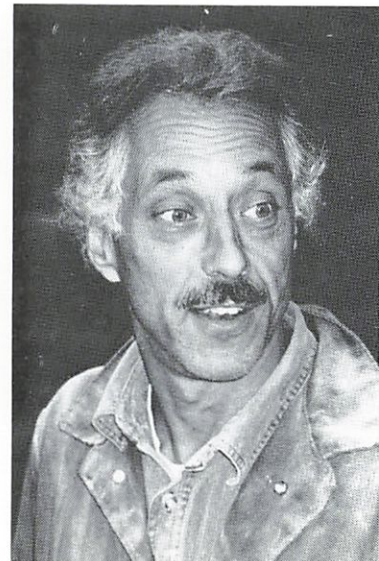
Denali: Some artists say well that's my price, and if you don't want it, then it will hang on my wall a little longer.

Mark: That's true. I've done it all. The object for me is to get the work out. Every piece I've made is gone; the only reason I'm still here doing it is because I've had to sell everything. Sculpture is not real quick. In my early years, there's 15 to 17 years when there are no reproductions. Every piece was an original, so I got the best I could for it. Sometimes I really needed money, and someone would come along and offer to buy something, and I would go for the lesser price. I think about it all the time when I'm dealing with a client: how much can they handle, but most of what I've learned lately is I've always been taken



"Here I am at 44, where I should have been at 25."

— Mark Andrews



care of. I'm still living, I'm still breathing, I'm healthy, happy, for all the worrying I've had to do over the years, I knew that things were going to get paid. In the middle of the night when you wake up, and you start going should I sell this or not, there's the other side of it that is: the creative process itself is nourishing, as much as the income,

Denali: Where do your ideas come from?

Mark: They all come from thinking, just from imagining. You know that another form of meditation is daydreaming. I could sit down now on this couch and in 15 minutes come up with 5 or 6 ideas, and everyone of them has value, and then I choose one. In the beginning I thought that the finished art being sent out and having someone buy it was the real reward. Now as I get older, and I get more tuned into the cosmic energy, I realize that the reward is not the money. The reward is the doing, to be able to sit or stand and actually be completely in the moment, to be one with god in the creative path. That's the big reward; you're working away, and it's unfolding in your hands. It's like surfing. You're right on the wave, it's cresting, and you're riding, and you can crash, or you can have the ride of your life, but it doesn't matter; you're hanging, and it's absolutely fantastic. I just get that urge, and I've got to make something, and today's the day, and so I've just got to start and trust that once I quiet myself down, I allow it to work through me, and not try to hold it up with my inhibitions just let it flow through me. It's always there. It's a huge pool of creativity out there in the cosmos, so I've just got to pick up on it.

Denali: How long have you been doing this?

Mark: A quarter of a century after the University of Oregon. I started in architecture there, and then I switched to sculpture because I wanted to do my own stuff. I didn't want to sit in an office and do someone else's drawings.

Denali: Have you had any special training?

Mark: My training started in Europe. I went to high school there. My Junior and Senior years my parents were transferred, and they moved to France while I went to school in Switzerland. From that point on, I took the train away from my parents, and I was gone, I was in Paris by myself. Then I caught the train to Zurich, and I kept getting further and further away, and I ended up with a great group of kids. There were about 150 kids and about 30 teachers. From there I made trips out to different art centers, and I saw stuff that sent chills all up and down my body because there's a history of art passion in Europe that took me completely unaware. I grew up in the U.S., and I had no idea. My parents are not artistic. I loved art in school, but that was just

one sure A, like sports or gym. But until I got over there, and I saw people who have produced art and are selling it, and I felt that passion come through, it hit a cord in me that's like hitting my funny bone. I was riveted to the floor. I was looking at paintings and sculptures or a whole church that's been intricately carved, and I realized that I can feel the energy from the people who were living from day to day making the piece centuries ago, and I realized that's what I wanted to do. At that point, my parents had a fit because they know that the chances of success are one part of one percent. It's heart breaking for them. They wanted to save me. There's no saving me. I'm an art addict, and if I can be just one part of that continuum of art energy that sparked me, then that's my place in that whole continuum of art space. The only thing that's lacking was training. Back in those days, by the time a guy was in his 20s, he was already a master because he had already been at it 15 years or so studying from a master and had gone through an apprentice system, but now here I am at 44, where I should have been at 25, and when you're trying to support yourself, every time you make a mistake, it hurts. So I've been at it awhile and in my senior year, I had one more term, but I dropped out. I figured I'm going to get a bachelor's of science with a major in sculpture, what good is it going to do for me? What I really need to do is start producing. So I moved out of Eugene into the Coburg Hills on the McKenzie River, and I built a wood carving studio out there, and I started doing everything possible. I'd been to Europe and tried to get into the Swiss State Carving School and the German school and the Italian school, and they were all full with waiting lists for 6 years with no guarantees of getting in, and I said well, how am I supposed to learn? And they said to me, we'll write down all the tools you'll need for professional study, and you can go down the street and buy them, just take them home. If you want to do it bad enough, you'll do it, so I took those words to heart. I went down and bought every tool on the list. When I came home, I went around Eugene to the antique stores and architects, any place that sold woodworking, and then I prostituted myself to anyone who needed a man with a knife. I carved names on the heads of beds, signs for taverns, restored antique furniture for anybody who had money to spend so I could increase my skills. Then after being in the Coburg Hills for 10 years, I moved out to Butler Green. That was an artists' commune. The benefit to me was that by living together in a cooperative situation my cost of living went down to \$60 a month. I wanted to stay home and carve. I didn't even

have a car. I had my own studio. There's no electricity. I got slabs of wood in and began carving continuously. It gave me the time to create without pressure, and I did have this huge body of work, and when I finished that period, I moved to Carmel. At this point, I'd finished my training, and it's time to go where there's more wealth and good working conditions, so I picked Carmel because of its reputation for art not knowing that that reputation was made many years before when artists could afford to live there. Now you need \$2000 for a little 2 bedroom house with a studio, so now real estate is the big thing down there; it's not the arts. At one point, I finally said I've got to get out of here—all my money is going to pay someone else's mortgage. The last job I did was a \$20,000 set of doors.

Denali: What was the first piece you ever sold?

Mark: The first piece I ever sold was for a tavern next to the University of Oregon. Someone I knew got a job there, and they came and asked if I could carve a sign over the door with the name of the bar and their hours. That was before I went overseas to get all my tools. I carved it with regular hardware store straight chisels.

Denali: Did you ever have a piece that was famous?

Mark: I wouldn't say so.

Denali: How about popular?

Mark: Right now, the salmon are really a hot item. They sell as fast as I can make them. Of all the pieces I've made, my salmon and steelhead pieces have seen the most mileage.

Denali: Do you sketch before you carve?

Mark: Only occasionally do I premeditate my sculpture. When I get ready to carve, I go and get my resource materials to study and maybe do a little drawing to help me understand my subject. Generally I have a feeling of what I want to do, and I go after it. When I do commissioned work, like the door, there are drawings involved because I have to make sure that they are going to be happy. One of the most vulnerable times in an artist's life is when I deliver a piece of commissioned work to the buyers. That is when you are most vulnerable. For me, it's always worked out great.

Denali: So what's next?

Mark: Well, a new building in town that's going to be called the Wild Duck on 6th Avenue has commissioned me to make bronze cast duck feet for the entry way. As you walk to the entry towards the restaurant, and you get close to the door, you start to see duck feet embedded in the concrete, and they go right up the steps and seem to congregate around the door like they're in a hurry to get in.



MAHOGANY DOOR BY MARK ANDREWS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER MCARTHUR



Hog Wild ARTWORK BY MARK ANDREWS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CRAIG LOVELL



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARRET WERK

Egret

An egret
stretched its thin neck out so far
that its spirit,
sometimes kept
somewhere behind its yellow beak
and between its twin agate eyes,
detached
from its teardrop, white,
feathery body (folded in wings)
and floated over the pond
like a cloud of fans
veined with light.

The conclusion it drew
about itself
and the universe
could not be expressed,
so its spirit landed
like a time-lapse ghost
back in the bird
as it waded
with three toes tapping at a time
up to its belly
in water where fish
blend with weeds
in a tangle
of silver clovis points
and green undulations.

Even an egret
must sigh
at its gross needs
and long, long, long
to be free.

—Peter Jensen



GENERATIONS BY MARK ANDREWS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CRAIG LOVELL

I Think I'll Melt My Mask

A Villanelle

I think I'll melt my mask and set me free
and let my brain run loose to spurt and stray.
Perhaps the world will choose to censor me.

I'll drink my wine from crispy cups of tea
and sleep in rocking rainbows night and day.
I think I'll melt my mask and set me free.

I'll eat an onion dressed in Bumblebee
dance naked down a church's aisle in May.
Perhaps the world will choose to censor me.

I feel that God will giggle loud with glee.
He is too tired of my patterned way.
I think I'll melt my mask and set me free.

I'll shred each euphemism that I see
and slice the earth wide open while I pray —
Perhaps the world will choose to censor me.

I know that I have found the master key —
my ice blue brain has thawed and dripped away.
I think I'll melt my mask and set me free,
Perhaps the world will choose to censor me.

—Dee Mentzer

The Gossip

Joanna Chappell

On a secular limb sets a scruffy old owl,
Surveying a world he considers most foul.
Grumpily considering exchanging his soul
For even a pennysweight's worth of mole.

Just then, a sound to gladden the heart,
Of a sassy fat bird, exceedingly smart.
Then eyes pick up what ears can't believe,
A vision so wondrous he hardly breathes.

For laughing and scurrying along the path,
Comes a jolly, carefree, pack of rats.

Tis' plain to see by unhurried pace,
That they'd eaten themselves to a state of disgrace.
And with hilarity born of repast complete,
They mock the darkness and full chests beat.

Feathered wisdom on yon limb does know,
He dare not caution, in the slightest blow.
For stealth and caution are needed here,
A diversion offered in place of fear.

Oh, "What to do when you can't work humor."
"I have it!" says he, "I'll start a rumor!"

One Rat hears on the tip of a breeze,
The tale of a friend that doesn't please.
With great indignation, ears burning from dirt,
Trips on a stone and up-ends in a culvert.

Then with malicious heart, yet face sublime,
A ratty neighbor asks the one behind.
"Say, have you heard 'bout old Mr. Mole?
I hear he doesn't even own his own hole."

"Why you take that back! You nasty, fat rat.
Or the next one who dines will be the cat."
If after that anything should remain,
I'll tear up your hat and start over again!"

Confusion has claimed the place of reason,
Once mellow companionship has turned to treason.
Some in front smack those right behind,
Instantly they become collectively blind.

Stepping order is suddenly lacking,
Now some are defending, more attacking.
Burns a desire in each furry breast,
To justify or have opinion blest.

Not even knowing from whence came the attack,
Revenge abounds in the heart of a pack.
Then over the melee of fighting and flap,
Unseen intent closes the gap.

A tasty tidbit by hunger embraced,
A relationship gone, life is erased.
Yet blows and kicks still fall like hail.
One challenger had a knot jerked in his tail.

On the edge of the battle, flung in the dust,
Lies a rat still mad fit to bust.
But unable to fight and unwilling to rise,
He sees the battle with different eyes.

"With scratching and confusion asks "What's amiss?
Why are we fighting with clods and fists?
Now won't someone please take the rap?
I'm tired and would like my nap."

They all turn as one upon their friend,
And for a moment he's quite sure it's the end.
No more late night debaucheries,
and worst of all no raids on pantries.

When suddenly, they all feel loss of face,
And with foolish grins they fall in place.
Then one observer, missing his right-hand man,
Is at last alerted to sculduggery's plan.

"Believe me," he quotes, "I know what I speak,
With myself and another, this night we did eat."
Stony silence consumes speculation,
As fear replaces any jubilation.

Now mocking laughter fills the air,
As skin comes up, stiffed with hair.
Ninety-nine and one half eyes turn to stare
At a strange silhouette caught twixt moon and air.

Unwilling to acknowledge the black sounds of hate,
And refusing to challenge or change the fate.

Alas for them, an assassin's tongue,
Has from their midst a friendship wrung
The evidence of havoc wreaked,
Still hangs with gore from the gossip's beak.

With eyes and instinct sharpened by years,
A question arises: "What's going on here?
Who spouted that garbage and started the row,
And just what did you gain anyhow?"

The elder who had assumed leadership asked
"Shouldn't we shun the one guilty of that?"
Said a fellow, "I remember what I heard,
And me thinks IT came from yonder bird!"

The need to defend from an old enemy,
Unites them together from necessity
Then as a group they accuse the fiend.
Yet still he holds his unruffled mane.

Up comes clubs and stones for slings,
But all is in vain, for the great bird takes wing.

"Come back, monster, and take your just dues!"
But the only reply was a whispered "WHO-O-o-o!"

So when pointing a finger, the day you will rue,
For one points forward, but three back at you.



THE GOSSIP ARTWORK BY JOANNA CHAPPELL

A Growing Pain

It's hard to find words to describe feeling,
my feeling.
Ambiguous and confused,
it hurts.
When I search for meaning,
I find none.
When I look for appropriate truths
to tell the world,
the truths I find are all discolored
by my prejudice.
This emptiness is like no other.
It finds its way into all thoughts,
all contemplation,
And I wonder,
why?
And I wonder,
good or bad?
right or wrong?
Or possibly,
its just a defining pain,
defining me,
and what I've become.
Or maybe,
what I've always been.

—Scott Cusuck-Felten

The Freedom Bell

Bryan Gates

Chapter 1

"...I'm sorry Mrs. Langston."

Rage swept through me.

"What do you mean my baby's dead!?!?" I screamed, "You said he was fine! What happened!?"

"There were complications in your pregnancy that none of us foresaw." Dr. Mitchell sympathetically offered. "Take these, they'll help you sleep." I took the two pea-size tablets as the doctor took my mother out with him, and left me to myself in my cold, lifeless hospital room.

I cried uncontrollably — pain, anguish, and guilt extinguished my rage. As I cradled a pillow in my arms, my mind wondered. Everyone told me what a great mother I would be. Maybe everyone was wrong. Maybe I would have been a horrible mother.

What could I have done to deserve this? What had I done?

• • •

It wasn't until six weeks after I checked out of the hospital, that I learned what really happened to my son. It was a cold October afternoon when my mother asked me to come downstairs.

"Julie, could you come down here. I need to talk to you." She was weeping, I could hear it in her voice. Still grieving, I rose out of bed and went downstairs. Both my mother and I looked like we'd been to hell and back. We'd both worn the same pajamas the entire six weeks. Our eyes were puffy from bleeding too many tears; our skin was pale; our faces were set in stone. We had been to hell and back.

"Julie, you're not going to like what you're about to hear," mother sobbed mournfully. "But you have the right to know."

Already knowing the answer, I asked, "Is it about my baby?"

"Yes."

"Oh god," I cried.

Mom continues, "he didn't die during birth." Horror raced through me with impeccable speed. "His right hand was underdeveloped," she breathed a slow agonizing breath, "he had to be put to rest."

"Why?...How?..." I pleaded.

"Dr. Mitchell was required by law to put him down. It's his job. I'm sorry, honey. I'm so sorry." She turned

and ran to her room. I fell to the floor and cried hysterically. Thoughts raced through my head.

What kind of government kills innocent children? Poor, innocent children just because they're different. If only Jerry were here. Jerry, my beloved husband, who died in a march against the Antipathic Party in July. Somehow, things would be better if he were here. Without him, my trip through hell might never end.

Chapter 2

David Stevens contacted me, a year after my son had died. Almost a year and a half after Jerry had been murdered. His call would lead me out of the mental hell I was in.

"Mrs. Langston?" He questioned after I answered the phone.

"This is she," I stated.

"My name is Charles Moon," his voice resonated with power.

"Yes?" I said.

"Could you meet me at Selma's Cafe in an hour? It's on 1st and Olive St." His voice was filled with urgency.

"Why?" I questioned.

"I'll tell you when you get there." he pushed.

"Do I have a choice?"

"I desperately need your help." he said.

"I can be there in thirty minutes."

• • •

When I arrived at the cafe, Charles was waiting for me.

"Julie," he called after me as if we'd been friends in high school, "long time, no see. Thanks for meeting me here." I was utterly confused. Did I know this man from somewhere? If I did, I didn't know where from.

"Do I know you?" I asked when we sat down.

"No, but I was a friend of Jerry's," he said in a whisper.

"What do you want?" I demanded.

"Look, my name isn't Charles Moon. My name is David Stevens, and I'm with the American Revolutionary Movement." he was still whispering.

I lowered my voice, too. "What does ARM want with me?" I knew what the American Revolutionary movement (ARM) was. It was a group of militant activists, whose sole purpose was to assassinate heads

of the state; members of the Antipathic Party.

"Mrs. Langston," he offered in a most seductive voice, "There were things about Jerry that you might not have known."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Jerry was an ARM agent. One of our best, in fact. Are you aware of this?" This was too much.

"No," I gasped.

"Well, he was. He became an agent just before the two of you were married a couple of years ago."

Thoughts flooded my mind, "Is that how he died?"

"No. In fact, no one from ARM was supposed to be at the Fourth of July March. But some of us went anyway. Myself included."

"Did he kill anybody?" I questioned in horror.

"No, however, he was in training to assassinate the president."

"And he knew about this?" Still not fully understanding.

"Yes, Jerry and I were very excited about the prospect of taking out that pompous bastard." I was shocked. I'd never known Jerry to be a violent person. He was so loving, so tender. David continued, "He died a few weeks before we were scheduled to do the job."

"Jerry would never hurt a fly," I said, "you can't expect me to believe he would assassinate President Elliot, do you?" With the statement, his face went sour.

"These are desperate times, Mrs. Langston." He whispered coldly, almost like a Sunday sermon, "Jerry and others like him are fed up with the Antipathic Party's control on the people. We're tired of the Conformity Laws being passed in the Congress. We're tired of working for low wages in low standard, high risk jobs," with growing urgency, "we want the freedom to choose what kind of job we'd like to work in, what kind of food we eat. We want all children to grow up and have the chance to become adults, no matter what their condition may be. Jerry was a part of a movement that is doing something about the Antipathetic Parties reign over America."

Fury grabbed at my gut. I wanted to reach out, and slap this man. Instead, I decided to leave. As I got up, I remembered something Jerry had told me after we had been dating for about seven months.

• • •

Jerry and I were watching television. President Elliot was making a speech to the public about his "Conformity Laws." These laws were designed "To keep the country working as a team." At least, that's the way President Elliot put it. After the president signed off, Jerry told me, "If I were able to kill anyone, it would be him."

At the time, I thought it was a joke. I even giggled, and called him, "My little Rambo." Now I saw the conviction he had to assassinate President Elliot.

• • •

"I'm sorry, Mr. Stevens," I said as I sat down, "but I never knew Jerry to be a harmful man."

"He wasn't," David said reassuringly, "He was one of my dearest friends. Jerry and I both wanted to be a part of doing something about the Antipathic Party, the American Revolutionary Movement was, and still is, the

only way for change in this country."

David was right.

"So what's all this have to do with me?" I wondered out loud, "I know you didn't call me down here just to talk about my husband."

He sighed, "You're right. I asked you down here because the movement is interested in your working for them."

Before I could reply, the waitress... "Sorry to keep you folks waiting, what would you like?" ...interrupted.

Chapter 3

My son would have been two years old when I finished the ARM's training camp in northern Washington. When David first offered me a position in the movement, I declined. But the more I thought about it, the more I wanted to join.

At first, I wanted to do it for Jerry and our son, both of whom were killed, because of the Antipathic Party. Then, I started to think about those, who like myself, had lost their loved ones at the hands of the government. The more and more I thought of those other peoples' losses, the more I thought it was my destiny to join.

I waited for David to call me. After I told him no at the cafe, he told me to give his offer a little more thought, and he'd get back to me. He did, and I accepted the Movement's offer.

In training camp, ARM taught us to protect ourselves, and gave us the training it takes to fight in combat. The trainers all stressed that we would need this knowledge one day — the day everyone called V-A day, for Victory America day. We were taught how to use all sorts of weaponry: knives, swords, chains, and a variety of guns. .38 specials, .44 semi-automatics, shotguns, M-16's, Uzi's, rifles. You name it, we were trained it. We were instructed on making explosives. I never thought there were so many different types of bombs.

During every training hour, Jerry and my son never escaped my thoughts.

Chapter 4

In the three years following my son's death, the Antipathic Party's grip on America only tightened. The country was in turmoil. A revolution was inevitable. The only thing needed for a revolution was a spark.

My assignment from ARM was to create an explosion. Not literally. My mission was to assassinate President Elliot. I wasn't sure how I felt about this assignment, for I didn't know if I was capable of murdering a man. I knew I had the ability, but I wasn't sure emotionally if I could do it. These were all crossroads that I would have to face once in place to kill.

• • •

On September 25, President Elliot was scheduled to make his first outside public speech in years. The speech was scheduled to be given at three o'clock p.m. on the steps of the Elliot Monument in Washington, D.C. Security was on to be tight, but ARM agents close to the president showed us the flaws in the security layout.

The evening before the speech, I was transported in a

crate marked "flour" to the school across the street from the monument. The box was placed in a store room on the second floor next to the cafeteria. A single window about twelve feet from the floor lighted the storeroom. The night was hushed. Guards paraded down the halls checking the storeroom every fifteen minutes. This gave me little time to get ready for the task ahead of me.

Alone, I set up six crates in a way that acted as a staircase. The task took me forty minutes, in ten minute intervals to complete. I kept the makeshift staircase away from the window, so as to not attract attention to it. Lucky for me. A lot of the crates closest to the window were empty, and none of the guards who checked the storeroom noticed my creation.

With the staircase completed, I returned to my crate to prepare the five guns I needed for the job. The night was bloodlessly still. Guards checked the storeroom every fifteen minutes. With the preparation done, I rested for the assassination.

1:30 p.m., one and a half hours until the speech. Guards picked up their patrol of the room to every ten minutes. I escaped from the crate. Hiding behind stacks of sugar bags, I checked my weaponry—three silencer equipped .44's. I could only fire one round from each gun, because silencers decrease muting capabilities after every shot. One Uzi automatic, equipped with armor piercing bullets. I had twelve packs of ammunition for the Uzi, which would be used while making my escape. The fifth gun, was a .33 hunting rifle. I had armor piercing bullets for this gun as well. I laid low behind the sugar, checking and rechecking my weapons.

3 o'clock finally arrived. Earlier, I'd placed the staircase just left of the window. Two guards had been stationed in the storeroom since 2:30. Their presence was driving me insane. Sitting on the crate I was transported in, they bitched about their wives.

They needed to be dealt with. Holding a .44 in each hand, I rose from behind the sugar. I fired both guns. The chubby guard fell to his death, from a bullet in the head. One of my guns had jammed. Stunned, the tall guard and I faced each other. The .44's slipped from my hands. I hit the floor.

Click...Click...Click.

His M-16 had jammed as well.

I plunged over the sugar bags firing my last silent .44.

He choked on his own blood. A bullet in the throat.

I dropped the .44, and grabbed the rifle.

Made it to the window.

My breath was quick. My heart was quick.

Everything else seemed like a blooming flower.

Silent. Slow.

I opened the window, and saw President Elliot.

My pulse raced faster.

The rifle rested against my shoulder. I peered down the scope. His balding head entered the crosshairs.

I breathed deeply.

My finger perched on the trigger.

A shot rang out loud as day. Through the crosshairs, I saw blood escape his round head.

With a giant release, tears flooded my eyes. Not tears of guilt, but tears of joy. For the nightmare government was falling, and I was released from my private hell. Freedom would ring in America once again.

Buddha Says

the sound of space bends,
while time-memory divides,
and i sit laughing in a plaid manhole.
if memory serves me correctly
(and i still do wear a partial coat of hair)
my desires are not so far removed
from those of hungry raccoons.
where does desire stop and i start?
where is morality in the face of mortality?
do office buildings
and word processors set me apart?
if i want, i take.
if the price is too high, i wait.
if i wait too long, i die.
everyone is laughing;
everyone has a plaid manhole.

—Scott Cusuck-Felten



HAVE ANOTHER ONE BY ANNIE MASAOKA

Politically Incorrect

Ziggy

So you want to read about politically incorrect, well, this is a scoop and a half! Plastic: this stuff is so refined and processed that after you use it, you will never get rid of the stuff. It will never bio-degrade. When you look under your bed how many empty plastic carcasses do you find?

What do I mean by empty plastic carcasses? Empty lighters, old little snack wrappers, cigarette cellophanes, sandwich baggies, coffee cups, trash bags, nylon clothes, etc. That was the first part for the people who don't smoke pot. This next part is more than politically incorrect.

Hemp was illegalized in the U.S. in 1963. Why? With WWII over, the government didn't need hemp as they did in the war. During WWII, cotton could not grow fast enough, so the government paid, and sometimes forced, farmers to grow hemp. Hemp is one of the strongest natural fibers known to man.

Hemp produces six to ten times as much cellulose fiber per acre per year as timber.

After the war, Dupont created one of the first plastics, nylon. Nylon is stronger than hemp but it's not natural. It doesn't rot. Not ever. Dupont is not solely responsible for the illegalization of hemp, but they are a major contributor to the fact that hemp is illegal. They portrayed hemp as "the Devil's drug" and spent millions proving their false point. Now, with our forests endangered, we are paying for this legislation with our future.

As if all of this isn't politically incorrect already... now knowing that plastic is partly responsible for the illegalization of marijuana, is it logical to sell or buy pot in a plastic baggie?

Boycott Petroleum Plastics!

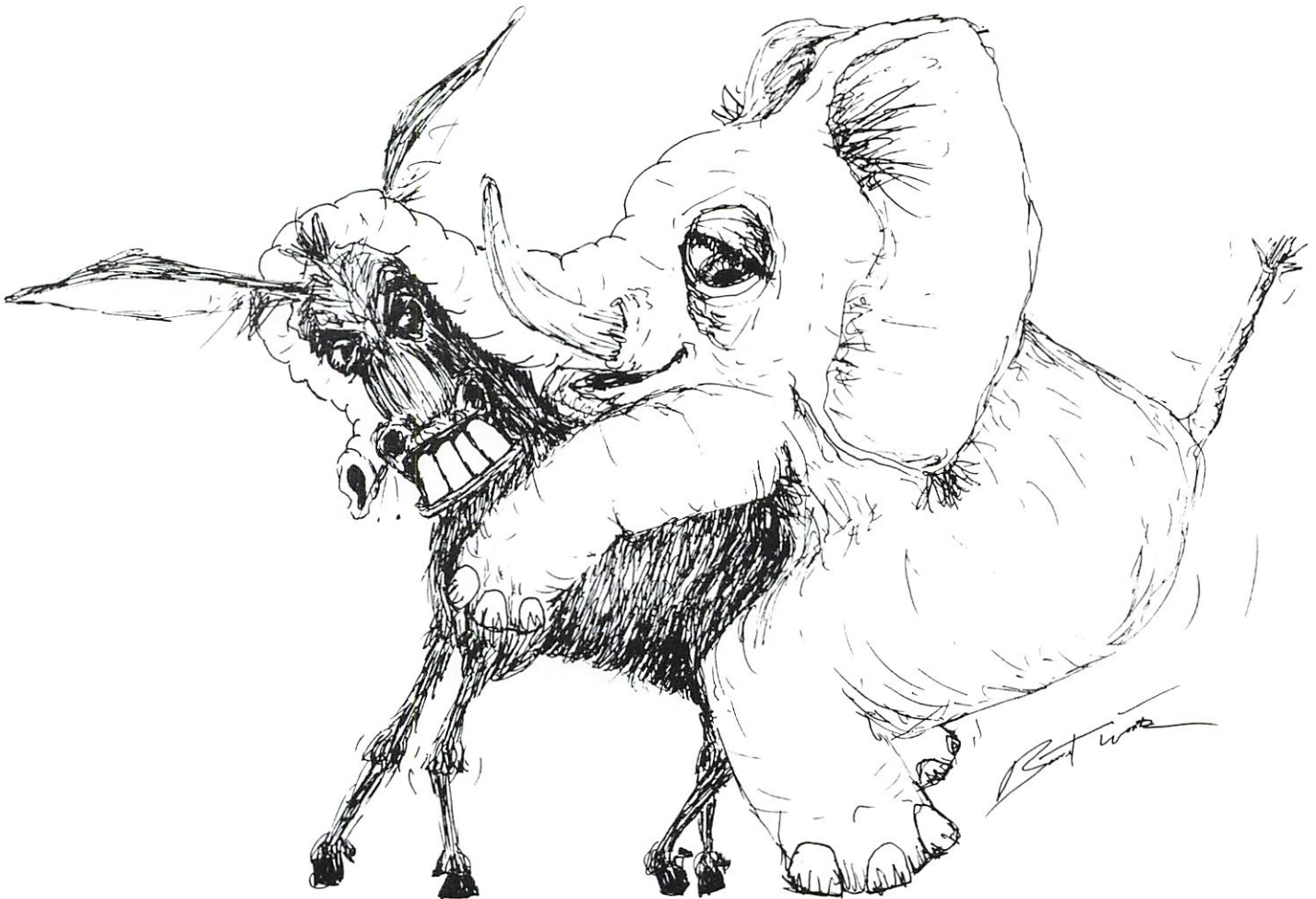
Trouble

Trouble comes in all sizes and shapes.
It's no respecter of persons.
It drips in through the leaking roof,
creeps under the unguarded door,
seeks out its victims unsought.

It's the tax form,
the expired license,
the missing letter,
the police siren behind you
when there's no other car in sight.

It's never far away.
In the end it's the one thing
you can be sure of.

—Brenda Shaw



POLITICAL POSITIONING BY BARRET WERK

Contributors

Daniel W. Ball has written lots of poems and short stories. He is currently working on a novel. He has been published in his high school anthology "The Great Writing Machine" and was editor and chief the first semester of his junior year (vol. 5 no. 1). Dan Ball loves to read all kinds of literature except certain typed of non-fiction. He is a very fast reader — "I can finish a two hundred page book in a few days."

Kathleen B. Brown — I never knew how much I liked chicken fajitas.

Joanna Chappell — I only like to write when I am alone or with someone. No, seriously. I am constantly composing as well as writing on my own view of the world. Cockeyed, you might say.

Scott Cusuck-Felten is a LCC student, 24 years old, Eugene resident.

Jo Durfee — I am an elder student (45), River Road housewife (motto: Just ask-we know stuff) who would really like to be clutching a degree when I'm buried or cremated and I am very happy. Anything else — married, 2 children.

Bryan Gates is a theatre major and writing minor, who'd like to teach his two favorite subjects professionally. His other interests include his punk band, politics, and trying to tie Boy Scout knots.

Josh Gray — I want to change the world! I want my daughter to be able to grow up untainted by stupidity and hate.

Peter Jensen teaches at LCC and LBCC. In June, he and Sandy Jensen will teach a writing class together at Malheur National Wildlife Refuge, where, it is rumored that Peter becomes part bird.

Annie Masaoka — Do not accept what you hear by report, do not accept tradition, do not accept a statement because it was found in our books nor because it is accord with your belief, nor because it is the saying of your teacher.
— Buddha

Mateo — Nature intended men and women to connect physically, we're also meant to connect mentally.

Dee Mentzer has lost any sanity she had left.

Elisia Quick was left in the box.

David Ricketts — I am a child of darkness.

Brenda Shaw is a local poet and fiction writer. She is American, but worked as a scientist in Scotland for a number of years.

Liesl Stein — I never liked Kyle Whelliston.

K.M. Wallace is a poet, first semester at Lane, lives to write, loves to sleep, and can't get into Ezra Pound.

Barret M. Werk — LCC student and porn star.

Kyle P. Whelliston — I never you liked you anyway. Bite me!

Ziggy — I am a traveler. While I reside in Eugene, Oregon, I am studying another language so I can move to France. I am also writing a book called "Marijuana Manners". It will be published soon, special thanks to Pete, for helping me EDIT.

First Amendment to the United States Constitution: Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.

