



Denali

Art & Literary Magazine



Lane Community College • Spring 1996

Starting Over

by Sabrina Hobson

I was standing around on the sidewalk, smoking a cigarette, and trying to decide what I was going to do next. A long weekend in San Francisco had just barely begun.

I had arrived earlier that morning on the Greyhound bus. Most of this first day I had been searching the occult book stores looking for books about Magic, the old religion. I had read a book by Alistair Crowley and was fascinated with this subject and wanted to know more.

With a few new books stashed carefully away in my back pack, and evening approaching, I headed for the North Beach area. This was the night club area of town. It was filled with strip joints, belly dancing, Greek restaurants, porno shops and theaters. I had been here before when I was getting discharged from the Navy and temporarily stationed at Treasure Island.

I had always had a strong desire to see the female impersonators but had been afraid to admit that to myself much less to anyone else. Since I had always been in the company of friends while in the North Beach area I had managed to resist this strong desire up till now. This time I was by myself and I found I was drawn to it like a hunk of iron to the magnet. Swallowing my fear, I showed my I.D., entered, and waited to be seated.

When my waiter arrived, I ordered a Black Russian. Trying to appear nonchalant and sophisticated, I tipped him a buck when he returned with my drink. The show began just about that time, and he disappeared into the darkness.

The show was orchestrated by a rather obese mistress of ceremonies. She would waddle around between each song or dance number, firing off risqué, campy type jokes. There was one dancer in particular who had fascinated me. Thoughts of how beautiful she/he was kept dancing through my head while I stood outside smoking that after-show cigarette. That's when I heard this faintly familiar voice next to me ask, "So how did you like the show?"

There was a golden glow as the neon light was reflected from the center of his eyes. I was immediately embarrassed about staring so intensely into his eyes. I think I said something stupid like, "I really enjoyed the dancing." He was approximately six feet tall, very angular, and probably weighed around two hundred pounds. He had a full brown mustache, golden brown eyes, and one of those country (Dennis Weaver) type of smiles. He had been my waiter while I was watching the show in the world famous Finocchio's. He seemed very normal, very straight, and yet there was something different in the way he looked at

After a short conversation, he asked me if I would like to go to his place and smoke a little herb. I knew what he wanted, yet he seemed to have an air of electricity about him that I couldn't resist. Thinking back on it, I am shocked at how easily I accepted his invitation when, deep down inside myself, I knew I should run for the darkness that had separated us once before.

At this time in my life, I'd had a couple of quickie experiences with what I'd assumed were gay men. I had been the totally passive recipient and had allowed the incidents to happen on a more or less experimental basis. For the most part, they had been embarrassing and very confusing. They had in no way prepared me for the next three nights and two days that I was to spend with this truly fascinating person.

His place was one of those nondescript apartments on a rolling San Francisco hill. It was filled with antiques and French Provincial furniture. His pot was top quality, and we sat on a couch drinking Constant Comment tea and getting quite stoned.

He introduced me to the works of T.S. Eliot, "Let us go then you and I, /when the evening is stretched out against the sky." It was beautiful poetry that helped me to stretch my wings and fly into new skies of understanding.

I recited some of my own poetry that I had written while I was struggling in the land of confusion — Vietnam. He seemed to enjoy my attempts at rhyme. In so many ways, our short time together was a very beautiful rhyme.

He introduced me to many of his friends and lovers. Both girls and guys, for he was a bisexual. He took me to my first nudist beach where we played football in the surf, had a picnic lunch, and laughed together about the motor home people, high upon the cliffs above the beach. They stared at us with their binoculars.

He took me to the heights of passion as he treated me totally female and encouraged and allowed me to respond to him as a woman would respond to a man.

Sunday evening he left me across the street from the Greyhound bus depot. After coaxing and pleading with me I, finally in desperation, gave him a quick public kiss before running across the street and through the safety of the glass doors. I thought I was running away from him, but I was actually continuing the marathon of a hopeless and emotionally exhaustive race from my real self and my true feelings.

When I got back to my apartment in Fairfield, California, I immediately began dismantling my waterbed. I was in too much

belongings and loaded my Air force orange '55 Ford pickup, and headed for my dad's house in Manteca, California. In my haste to get away, I forgot to put my ten-speed bike in the back of my truck.

I told mom and dad I was heading for Alaska. Dad was really pissed off because I was quitting a good job with Underground Construction Company. A Job that my brother-in-law had worked very hard to get for me.

I didn't want another explosive argument with dad. We had too many of those in the past. My good-byes were thus short and rather bitter. I collected what few belongings I had stored at their house and departed early that afternoon.

A few hours later, I was camped out at Clear Lake, California. I had a restless and disturbed night's sleep. The mosquitoes were relentless, and a bottle of Jack Daniel's Black Label became an internal antiseptic and painkiller that disappeared too quickly. That night and the next day, there were some very drunk mosquitoes buzzing around Clear Lake, California.

The next evening, I arrived in Usal Valley. It was a remote coastal destination north of Fort Bragg, California. I spent a week in an isolated camp spot. I walked the hillsides that were covered with bell flowers and spent hours listening to the waves of the Pacific Ocean crash softly onto empty beaches.

"It will never happen again!" I yelled at the ocean. It just kept sending the same windswept, frothy waves to crash upon the empty beaches.

While in the navy I had experienced tons of empty heterosexual sex, but I knew almost nothing about gender and sexuality issues. I had grown up in a period of time when the word "sex" was dirty in and of itself. It would be many years and a third suicide attempt, a hopeless marriage, and more suicidal thoughts before I would finally discover how severe gender dysphoria can be successfully treated. This man in San Francisco knew, but I ran away from him just as I had run away from myself since I was four years old.

Time has erased his name from my memory, but not his face or infectious laugh or his gentle manliness. I wish I could remember his name. I will always remember the glorious time I spent with this master of love. Thank you for the gift of T.S. Eliot which you slipped into my backpack without telling me.

After School

On the Way Out to My Car

I'm not interested
in being figured out
during a five minute
conversation

Contemplation between
footsteps—an aside
to good poetry only after
death

What next?
An offer of aid
you heard nothing of what
I said

Beneath this bed
of fluff on this
blanket of blue
sunshine

It's all mine
as soon as we part
I am released unto
myself

Internal wealth
will find that purpose
you asked
if I sought

And you thought
to act concerned
was all you needed
to fuck

There wasn't much
locked inside my
brain—just my bra
you hoped

This coaxing walk
would bring you closer
to your final destination
my relaxation

Your divine ordination
controlling this simple
idiot you deigned
incompetent

What I meant
was nothing
you will never
realize

How to conceptualize
a woman's power
my power
my mind.

— H.G.

The Two Favorite Complaints of Oregonians

Oh the
Rain is
Endlessly
Gaining
On us.
No more Californians please!

— Aubrey Winkler

The Leaf

One-sided bitch,
she turns like autumn leaves
brilliant with color:
reds that burn, golds that shimmer.

Embraced by the sun,
admired until
pounded with fists of rain —
drooping from the branch,
she begins to detach
and breaks away.

Silently she falls.

— H.G.

Saysee

Rising star in dawn's sky
reeling with beauty and inspiration.
A life without mistakes would be
heavenly. But there's no heaven
in life. Reflections bring childhood:
eating Mr. Goodbars and scratching
lottery tickets. The smell of menthol
cigarettes permeated her house,
gave me a headache even when
there wasn't one burning.
I won five bucks once. I was nine.
She always had a surprise:
"Go to K-Mart and buy something nice."
I didn't thank her enough.
Death came when I was young,
often without good-byes.
There's no heaven here.
Sarah, Saysee, Nanny — I miss you.
Now there is life in heaven.

— Justin Clifton





SANTA CRUZ PIER PHOTOGRAPHY BY LIESL STEIN

The Magic Fish

As Told To Me

by Karl Foster

Many years ago, somewhere along the coast of Poland, there lived a very poor fisherman. Early every day, he would go out into the sea and try to catch enough fish to feed his family. If he were lucky, he would catch enough to also sell in the market place.

One day, as he was hauling in his net, he thought he heard a voice coming from the mass of squirming fish caught in the net. "Help me, help me. Please!"

Surprised, the fisherman searched through the net seeking the source of the voice.

The fisherman wondered who could have become ensnared in his net. Perhaps a swimming child or the victim of a ship wreck? As he pushed aside fish in his search, the voice became clearer. The fisherman reached to the bottom of the net, towards the voice and pulled. But, all he pulled out was a fish.

"Please, oh please, put me back into the water, kind sir!" pleaded the fish.

The fisherman did indeed throw the fish into the water. But not out of kindness. The shock of having a fish that one is holding suddenly talk, gave a fright to the fisherman. He stood there, trying to make sense of it all, when he heard the voice again. "Ahoy, fisherman! Thank you for saving my life." The fisherman peered over the edge of his boat and saw the fish, looking up at him, from the water.

"You can talk," gasped the fisherman. "How is such a thing possible?"

"I am a magic fish," replied the fish, "What is more, in return for being so kind to me, I will grant you three wishes."

"Really? Three wishes?"

"Yes, three wishes. What do you wish for first, fisherman?"

The fisherman, his shock having worn off, thought over this change in his fortune.

The fish waited patiently, and at last the fisherman spoke.

"Magic fish, for my first wish I want this: I want all of the Mongol Hordes to get on their horses, ride day and night, night and day, looting and pillaging their way to the borders of Poland. And, when they reach the borders of Poland, they will turn around and ride day and night, night and day, looting and pillaging all the way back to Mongolia."

The fish looked at the fisherman in surprise and said:

"Fisherman, is this what you really want?"

"Yes, magic fish. This is what I want."

"Very well, fisherman," and as the fish said this, his eyes glowed with a magic light.

"It is done. All is as you wished. What is your second wish?"

"What I want for my second wish is this: I want all of the Mongol Hordes to get on their horses, ride day and night, night and day, looting and pillaging their way until they reach the border of Poland. Then, they will turn around, ride day and night, night and day, looting and pillaging their way all the way back to Mongolia."

"Fisherman," said the fish, "This is what you wished for the first time."

"I know," said the fisherman, "It is also what I want for my second wish."

"Are you sure?" asked the puzzled fish.

"I am sure," replied the confident fisherman.

"Very well," and the same eldritch light again shone in the fish's eyes, "It is done. What is your third wish, fisherman?"

"What I want for my third wish," said the fisherman, "is for all of the Mongol Hordes to get on their horses, ride day and night, night and day, looting and pillaging their way until they reach the border of Poland. Then, they will turn around and ride day and night, night and day, looting and pillaging their way all the way back to Mongolia."

The fish sighed, took a breath, and the mystical light again shone in its eyes.

"Very well, fisherman," said the fish, "it is done. You have your three wishes. But, before I take my leave of you and go back to the depths of the sea, tell me this: Why did you wish, three times, for all of the Mongol Hordes to get on their horses, ride day and night, night and day, looting and pillaging their way to the border of Poland. And when they have reached the border of Poland, they will turn around, ride day and night, night and day, looting and pillaging their way all the way back to Mongolia?"

"Oh," said the fisherman, "Because they will pass through Russia six times."

Star Gazing

It was so peaceful
and quiet
that night long ago
Star gazing

Orion,
The Twins,
Milky Way,
Sagittarius,
Leo,
Big Dipper
Star gazing

Hey, what's that?
It's not a star
twinkling
or a plane flying by
it moves
too fast
first here

then

there

circling,
twirling,
spinning
somersaults

My heart is pounding
with anticipation.
Could it really be?
Have been?
come back soon!
Star gazing

— Dena Mentzer

Untitled

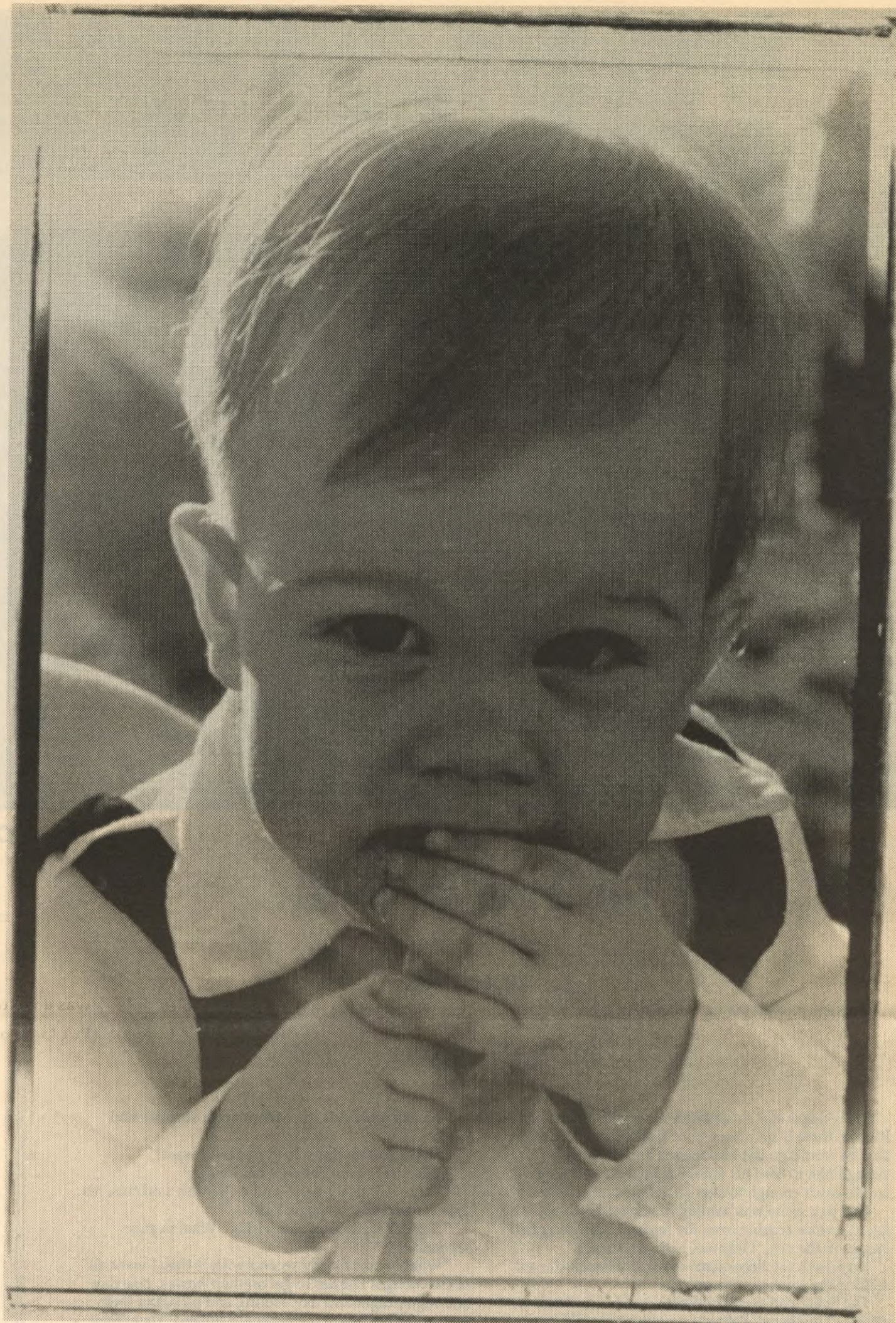
Humanity's
most successful attempts
at creation
Are but weak copies
of God's
original manuscript,
So I choose
to worship
the total creation
Not just the rising
and setting
of one solitary son
Nor the sanctimonious
contempt
of man's organized
Religions
that build fences
of prejudice
and Dare to critique
the wisdom
of their own creator
For as the wheel of life
continues to turn
Crushing
the mountains of pride
Grinding
the forests of hatred
into splinters of equality
And refilling the valleys
with original intent
It reminds us
with each revolution
That the whole picture
is the final solution.

— Cindy Ingram

Advice I wish Someone had Given Me

Don't
stop school.
Don't take the
advice
of any waking
vision
of doors that open
underground.
Dogs are more
important
in this world
than you think and
some
loves
can overstay their
welcome.
Don't get too
tired.
Don't get too
hungry.
Don't get too
lonely.
Grow
a garden
for hummingbirds.
Stay
in one place.
Study
science and don't
drop out of school.
Eat poems
for breakfast.

— Sandy Jensen



ALEX PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANNY ARMANINO

Provolone

Oh, Provolone, how I do ever love thee!
Thy creamy flesh and hot rind intoxicate me.
I recall the times we dallied about, singing
Or spent nights at the fire, laughing,
But as the date on your back approaches, I cry,
"What cruel fate is this, my love's death is night!"
I cradle, touch and kiss thee in our final hour,
Now, sobbing, I cut thee open and devour.

— Kyle Whelliston

V.A. Hospital

I am the one letting go,
watching collapsing cells,
waiting for a nova,
wanting a sign.

Or could I have a faith
for this white,
fluorescent present?

He is the one
entering the black stillness,
cellular downsizing,
losing his neural paths.

His faith in his pocket,
he is waiting to create
new systems
with exploding stardust.

Hydrogen, nitrogen,
oxygen — each
a galaxy poised
for release.

— Jo Durfee

Inside Out

How long?
Your good intentions
always precede you.
I pace, waiting
hoping.
The air, my soul
has your name on it.
I can feel you and doubt,
turned inside out,
like yes meaning no
and yin meaning yang
and truth meaning lies
and you and me
meaning nothing?
As I cancel your image,
as I wait for the wish
to evaporate,
you call.

— Katie Didd

A hand to hold,
A gentle touch,
Am I asking
For too much?

Should I be content,
In this, my cage,
That society considers
A marriage?

You challenge me
To see beyond
This powerful grip
Of this bond.

To reach for the stars,
Achieve a new height,
Come out of the dark,
And see the light.

Can I meet this challenge?
Be all I can?
Or is this who
I really am?

— Dena Mentzer

The Thief of Sound

by Peter Jensen

Unity Bird was whizzed. Someone had stolen his stereo from his jeep.

Someone really fast! Once again, his alarm had worked and woke up the whole neighborhood. It was a hot summer night, and people were sleeping nude as close to their open windows as they could. Unity jumped out of bed and dashed for the door naked except for his knife. He got out into the street less than a minute after the alarm went off.

He had had plenty of practice. He had adjusted the alarm to be so sensitive that a girl with silk hands couldn't open the glove compartment without making everyone's teeth hurt from the screeches of his excellent alarm and bringing Unity Bird running at top speed. In fact, Unity had made it so sensitive that whenever the wind jostled his jeep, the alarm cried out like a strangled goose. It was believed by all of us, since the alarm went off so often, that Unity had adjusted his alarm to go off even when someone was just *thinking* about stealing his stereo.

Once, I had been standing in the street next to his jeep talking with his older sister Esmeralda about her work for the Forest Service and my work for private foresters, who were working for forestry reform, and when we got to disturbing words about what was being done to the ancient, rare groves in the forest, the alarm went off like a U.S. Senator, so we changed the subject back to her baby son, and the annoying sounds stopped immediately.

Perhaps there had been a slight Earth tremor like those that set cows to lowing and dogs to howling some burp in the Earth under Newberry Crater over by Bend, and this had set off Unity Bird's alarm. But the sad fact remains that when this wonderfully oversensitive alarm was needed most, it failed him. Oh, it didn't fail to go off. There was something uncanny about its ability to go off. I am not sure how to explain this, but Unity is half-Mexican on his mother's side. Perhaps it was his ties to his dark-skinned Maya uncles from L.A. that caused him to wonder aloud to me if the dead themselves could disturb his alarm and set it screaming.

But this time, the stereo was gone! Someone had planned his every move. And this thief had been very quick. He had cut the cables and pried the stereo from its tight, metal frame and had got away by the time Unity Bird was standing there trembling in the warm summer night with a foot-long, razor-sharp Bowie knife in his hand.

This knife is a curious Mexican-made version of that famous American knife, whose inventor is said to have died at the Alamo. This knife has a bronze rooster's head on the end of the cow horn handle, a bottle opener in the heel of the blade, and pictures of running cows etched on both sides of the blade. It's odd, isn't it, how each culture takes up an icon like a knife and remakes it to match its own mental images?

Unity listened, but the thief, whoever he was, made no sound. The only evidence that there had been a robbery was the rectangular hole in the dashboard of the jeep belonging to Unity Bird. It looked like the expectant opening to a shuttle hanger in space. Often, this is true. The only proof left by an important event is an absence, a small black hole or an invisible cloak of dark matter or, even worse, nothingness itself. In this case, the silent thief had stolen the stereo of Unity Bird, that elegant black box encrusted with buttons and orange and green lights that made so many outrageous, loud sounds with such a rumbling base as Unity drove around Eugene or as he arrived at his parents' home. His stereo would announce the arrival of this fine young man from over a block away. The base resounded like a pulsing, Klingon battlecruiser decloaking. But now that even the alarm had died away, and Unity could hear nothing, there was a deep absence of sounds, a negative echo chamber that took in the tiny cries of baby birds and disappeared them.

In my own linear, Anglo way, as I stood there beside him sweating, I speculated that Unity had been ripped off by a skinny heroin addict, greedy for cash to buy more poison powder somewhere in the alleys of Felony Flats near Sixth and Blair. That a fine, stolen stereo could be transformed into toxic,

injectable goo to make a doomed man forget his pain and kill himself slowly — I thought this was a weird enough explanation of this crime. But I was at a loss to explain how a palsied heroin addict could disappear so quickly. I even looked up into the big leaf maples hanging over us; half expecting to see our skinny criminal trying to hide up there in a leafy nest full of crows.

I've noticed that crime can have a toxic, electric effect on the spirit of a neighborhood. Even if people would spit on their lawns and expectorate the word "Kids!" when this fine, silver jeep came down the block booming, this crime got to them. I noticed that everyone soon began to worry about going as deaf as Beethoven and living in a neighborhood of silence without any kids, or, even worse, I suspect what it made people really fear was that everyone else would become deaf to them, that neighbors would not or could not hear their neighbors, and that all of us would become as isolated and as powerless as kids. To see this fine young man ripped off, gave us all shudders of vulnerability, for none of us had such a wonderful high-tech alarm system. None of us could run as fast as Unity. None of us had his sleek muscles. None of us were as sharp and alert as he.

In fact, the stereo had been taken in such a fast raid that Unity began to suspect that he had been robbed by Coyote, that shifter, who had not gotten far away but was standing there next to Unity in the dark, clutching the stereo to his hairy chest with his front paws, just around a corner of the summer night, very close by but about five minutes away and fading, invisible but not daring to make a sound or even to breathe with his tongue out panting in the warm air. Unity Bird stood there naked in his muscles listening for the slightest sound with only his silver Bowie knife lashing back and forth like the tail of a cat, cutting the warm summer breeze to ribbons.

Unity Bird had been robbed by the thief of sound.

Deadline

(My experiences as Torch Editor)

Friday morning, 3 a.m.

What was once eleven is now three.
Cramped feet, tired legs plod
from one task to another
having run a marathon in the course of today
in a newsroom no larger than a bedroom.
Our eyes are open, but our minds are asleep.
Hands fumble on the keyboards,
eye are riveted to a tiny black and white
monitor as if looking at a masterpiece,
when we're just trying to find a misspelling
of "appreciation."

Dr. Pepper and Mountain Dew race
through our veins. Our caffeine of choice
keeps us from falling over each other
or slashing each other with x-acto knives
while cutting copy. The coffee maker
sits in the corner. It's so old our adviser
of twenty-two years
can't remember the last time its clock
agreed with official LCC time on the wall.

Time: too little of it running out.
Writing a cutline for a photo of LCC's
entrance sign (covered in snow at the end
of April) took ten minutes.
Making corrections to a story about
inaccurate journalism took five.
Writing an eight to ten inch story
for a hole took twenty. Convincing
a security guard, yes, we really belong
here at 3 a.m. took thirty minutes.
Talking the Managing Editor
off the roof of the Center Building —
fifty-nine minutes. A life is worth that much!

The only argument keeping me going
is that another wacky, unexplainable week
is coming to a close at the deadline.
Finally, I leave campus with twelve sheets
of paper, pampered like the remains
of a long deceased King of England
during the last twenty-four hours.
The nice thing is the parking lot
is empty that early. I could have
any parking space I want!

What I face tomorrow might be worse
than the stress of deadline:
angry readers,
frustrated writers,
exhausted production assistants.
I can imagine a student
picking one up at 8 a.m.
finding the McDonald's ad
a more informative read
than our journalism.
He/she picks out the ad,
throws the issue to the ground,
and steps on it — as if it were
an ugly, struggling insect —
as he/she dashes to class.

ONLY THREE MORE WEEKS TO GO!
I'm numb, but I know I carry
a broad grin — if not on my tired,
drooping face — at least in my mind.

We have accomplished
the seemingly impossible
for the 25th straight time!

— Christian Hill

Surreal

There is a long yellow fruit
that divides into star-shaped disks,
and every harem girl knows its name.
It tickles the nose when
crystalized in water
and floats like a rock,
twisting and turning
as gravity pulls you down the rabbit hole
where you meet a mad salamander
who explodes in a burst of flame.
What's this, but a purple eye
on a dewy web better than Arachne's?
Your pupil is an iris.
The scarlet robe is yours, and this
is all just a stately, grim joke.
Heaven or hell is an apple island
with so many birds of prey
that it's raining leaves, and the rake
is turning colors, metallic, and ready
to fall.
What an unusual medly of animal music.
Let silver expression dance
on the tip of your tongue.
The stars spy the moon,
who shoots them with an arrow.
The scene is viewed by a mismatched
pair of twins.
It's a dark day when the night
plays chess with herself in a willow
with the flat royalty gathered round
drinking cups of tea.

— Aubrey Winkler

Grace

Soaring with elegance
as only you could.
Standing your pose
on the old driftwood.
Catching the bread
thrown over my head
OH Mr Seagull, such style, such grace,
plopping your dropping upon my face.

— Katie Didd

What If

What if a slug wanted to fly?
Make his mark in the sky?
What if a horse needed to hide?
Dig under the ground, under the sound,
to nest with the creatures of the night?
Would it be all right?

Changes happen planned or spontaneous
if only we'd know where it would take us.
Can we discover? ask our mother?
or just find some understanding, compassion?

Am I alone, or is there another?
is change good or only a lesson?
if I were oblivious would I be nervous of this?

— Cindy Ingram





UNTITLED PHOTOGRAPHY BY LIESL STEIN

America

My country tis of thee,
bitter land of illiteracy
of thee I sing.
Land where our forefathers lied.
Land where indigenous peoples died
to expand the country side
and kill off species.

My native country, thee,
Land of economy,
you embarass me.
Chopping down all the trees,
building polluting factories
killing fish in rivers, lakes, and seas
just to get money.

Let nature swell the breeze,
let's live in harmony
and love the Earth.
Change us and educate,
teach our children not to hate,
give them nature with no gate.
We all need rebirth.

—Justin Clifton

To America

*I heard this from others who knew
my grandmother long ago.*

This is how we came here.
People say that when my grandmother was six,
she was caught in a fairy ring.
Between houses, between hills,
my grandmother was caught fast.
People searched the hills between the houses
for three days.

But there is no time in a circle,
and my grandmother was busy with fairies,
picking flowers and listening to fairy stories.
People say that when she returned,
she wore a circlet of flowers in her hair
and only smiled when she heard the sixbells chime.

People say my grandmother was sent to America,
away from the windy hills of Clare,
away from the bells of fairies,
away to America for safekeeping.

—Jo Durfee

Contributors

Danny Aramanino — Your money means a lot to me these days.

Justin Clifton — A lot of who I am will never make it to print. Within these pages, part of me has.

Kyle Whelliston — Pardon me, do you have any fishsticks?

Katie Didd — feels that the stress of a full load at school is nothing compared to the stress of six kids.

Jo Durfee — Full time LCC student, poet, and mother.

H.G. — is having a slight problem with name recognition.

Karl Foster — is a computer student at LCC. All he wanted to do as a small boy was to grow up and marry a woman like Morticia Adams.

Christian Hill — Now 21, I may just get an actual life one of these days.

Cindy Ingram — is thrilled to have her poems published by Denali.

Peter Jensen — A poem of Peter's recently won first prize in a state-wide poetry contest. Peter teaches word watching at LCC & LBCC.

Sandy Jensen — dispenses wisdom and advice at three Oregon colleges.

Liesl Stein — Screw you.

Dena Mentzer — never wanted a year to end more than this one. Hooray!!

Aubrey Winkler — is an aspiring surrealist and poet.

Sabrina Hobson — I am currently employed as a counselor for PSRB with difficult to place clients on conditional release from Oregon State Hospital. I'm also a transsexual who has changed genders from male to female having completed the surgical part of this process October 30, 1995. I offer this true story in the spirit of sharing my feelings on one of the Earth's strangest and smaller minorities. Peace be with us all.

Lisa Collier — No, screw you.



Daniel Ball
Production Manager
Major: Journalism



Stuart Thomas
Resident Pizza Muncher



Roy Compton
Production
Major: Graphic Design



Peter Jensen
Literary Advisor



Dena Mentzer
Editor
Major: Nursing



Liesl Stein
Photo/Art Editor
Major: Nursing



Kyle Whelliston
Online Editor
Major: Graphic Design



Coogan Charles
The Dog-Faced Boy



Dorothy Wearne
Production Advisor

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Editor Dena Mentzer
Production Manager Daniel Ball
Photo/Art Editor Liesl Stein
On-Line Editor Kyle Whelliston
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EDITORIAL BOARD: Dena Mentzer, Daniel Ball, Kyle Whelliston, Roy Compton, Peter Jensen, Liesl Stein

PRODUCTION STAFF: Dena Mentzer, Daniel Ball, Roy Compton, Kyle Whelliston

Lane Community College
4000 East 30th • Eugene, Oregon 97405

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From the Editor

Well, this is the final issue of the year. Although we are in a different format, I am happy to bring you this issue of Denali, especially with all the uncertainty we have had with our financing. Due to those financing problems and the lack of submissions, we are including this issue as a supplement to the Torch

As editor, this year has been a real learning experience for me. I have to say that I have had some great memories to go along with the problems.

I would like to thank you, the readers, for all your contributions this year. Your contributions have made for some great reading.

As of press time, the Denali editor for next year had not been appointed. I hope you will give him/her the same quality and abundance of submissions that you have given me.

Denali is now OnLine. You can catch us at: <http://www.wgx.com/denali>

If you would like to send e-mail our address is: denali@efn.org

I would like to take this opportunity to offer an extra special thank you to Sau Yee, a member of the Torch production staff and a graphic design major. She offered an extreme amount of help during the production of the Winter issue of Denali. Since most of her help came after the typesetting of Denali was finished, I wanted to make sure she got her credit. Thank you Sau.

I would also like to thank everyone who put in time as either an Editorial Board member or a member of the production staff throughout the year.

And one last thank you to the Torch, for allowing Denali the use of your equipment and staff members, with out you I'd still be doing the fall issue.

Have a great Summer!!