

FALL ISSUE
2001

DENALI

denali

DENALI

denali

DENALI

DENALI

DENALI

denali

denali

DENALI

DENALI

denali

denali

denali

denali

DENALI

denali

denali

denali

denali

denali

denali

denali

denali

denali

denali

denali

denali

denali

denali

denali

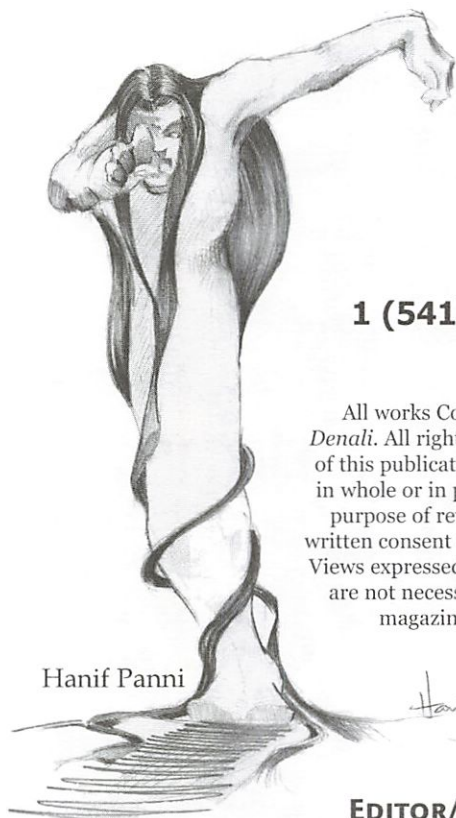
DENALI

denali

DENALI

denali





Hanif Panni

All works Copyright © 2001 *Denali*. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be printed in whole or in part (except for the purpose of review) without the written consent of the author/artist. Views expressed in this publication are not necessarily those of the magazine or college.

EDITOR/DESIGNER:

DREW LAICHE

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT:

SARAH WAITE

COPY EDITORS:

ELICIA REED

SCOTT SWENSON

RATINA WOLLNER

TECHNICAL ADVISOR:

DOROTHY WEARNE

LITERARY ADVISOR:

BILL SWEET

EDITORIAL BOARD MEMBERS:

LILA ADAMS

KIRA DAVIS

JADENE FOURMAN

BRAD JESKE

SAM KARP

DREW LAICHE

SKYE MCIVOR

ELICIA REED

NAOMI REICHMAN

BONITA RINHART

BILL SWEET

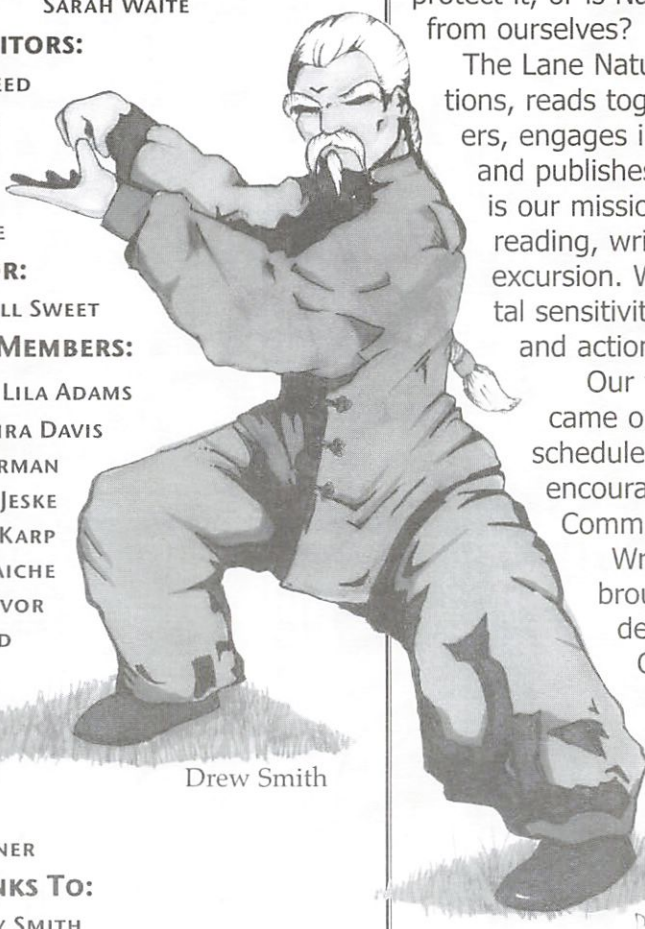
SCOTT SWENSON

DOROTHY WEARNE

RATINA WOLLNER

A SPECIAL THANKS TO:

EMILY SMITH



Drew Smith

Denali

Bldg. 18 Rm. 213

Lane Community College

4000 E. 30th Avenue

Eugene, Oregon 97405

1 (541) 747-4501 ext. 2897

Denali Literary Arts Journal is a publication of Lane Community College. Denali accepts submissions from all Lane County residents. A submission is available for download from our website. For any further information please contact the Denali office.

denali@lanecc.edu

www.lanecc.edu/denali

A SPECIAL MESSAGE FROM THE LANE NATURE WRITERS GROUP

And so what is Nature?? Is it alive, dying, lost, waiting, gravity, out there, in here, green, yellow, blue? Roots and snow and dirt? Turtles and eagles and stars? Can you see it, taste it, hold it in the palm of your hand? Is it what you miss most when you notice the newest clear-cut, strip mall, lifeless river?

Are we of Nature, or its enemy? Is it up to us to protect it, or is Nature all that keeps us protected from ourselves?

The Lane Nature Writers Club asks these questions, reads together Thoreau, Abbey, and others, engages in activity both in and for Nature, and publishes a Journal of Nature Writing. It is our mission to explore Nature through reading, writing, discussion, immersion, and excursion. We hope to promote environmental sensitivity and sensibility through words and actions.

Our first Journal, *Working Currents*, came out last spring. Our next issue is scheduled for winter term 2002, and we encourage submissions from all in Lane Community.

Writings, drawings, etc. can be brought to the *Working Currents* desk outside 456 Center at Lane Community College. We encourage you also to attend meetings, generally scheduled every other week—watch for flyers!

Come along. Read. Write. Draw. Walk. Swim.

Breathe. Talk. Touch. Listen. Be.

January:

ART IN TRANSIT

Art in Transit is an ongoing project that publishes poetry and visual arts on displays inside LTD buses. The displays will be posted in December, March and possibly June. All artists and authors interested in participating should contact the Denali office at 747-4501 ext. 2897. All works submitted for publication in the paper edition of the magazine will automatically be considered for this opportunity.

Mixed Voices—1/28/02

Three selected Denali writers; Dale Brabb, Pamela Herber and Ratina Wollner will be reading their written works on *Mixed Voices*, a segment of *The Northwest Passage* on KLCC 89.7 FM. *Mixed Voices* will air at about 4:20 p.m. on Monday the 28th of January, 2002.

Open Mics:

The Buzz Cafe: Every Monday, poetry. Sign up in advance at The Break, in the EMU. Mic opens at 9:00 pm. EMU at UofO. (346-3725)

DL: Every Friday, Hip-Hop. Starts at 6:00 pm. 960 W. 7th Ave. (686-3494) (Eugene)

Foolscap Books: Every second Sunday, poetry. Sign-up starts at 8:00 pm and mic opens at 8:30 pm. 780 Blair Blvd. (681-9212) (Eugene)

Books on Main: Every last Saturday, open mic / music, at 7:00 pm. 319 East Main St. (942-7423) (Cottage Grove)

February:

Deadline for Winter issue—2/1/02

Winter issue deadline is February 1st, the first Friday in February.

March:

Winter issue out by March 6th

You can start to look for the winter issue of Denali at stands near you.

March brings the second installment of **ART IN TRANSIT**

April:

Deadline for Spring issue—4/19/02

Spring issue deadline is April 19th. Don't miss out on this opportunity, it's the last issue of the year.

May:

May 3 @ 7:00pm—Gallery reception for the "Denali contributors Art Show"

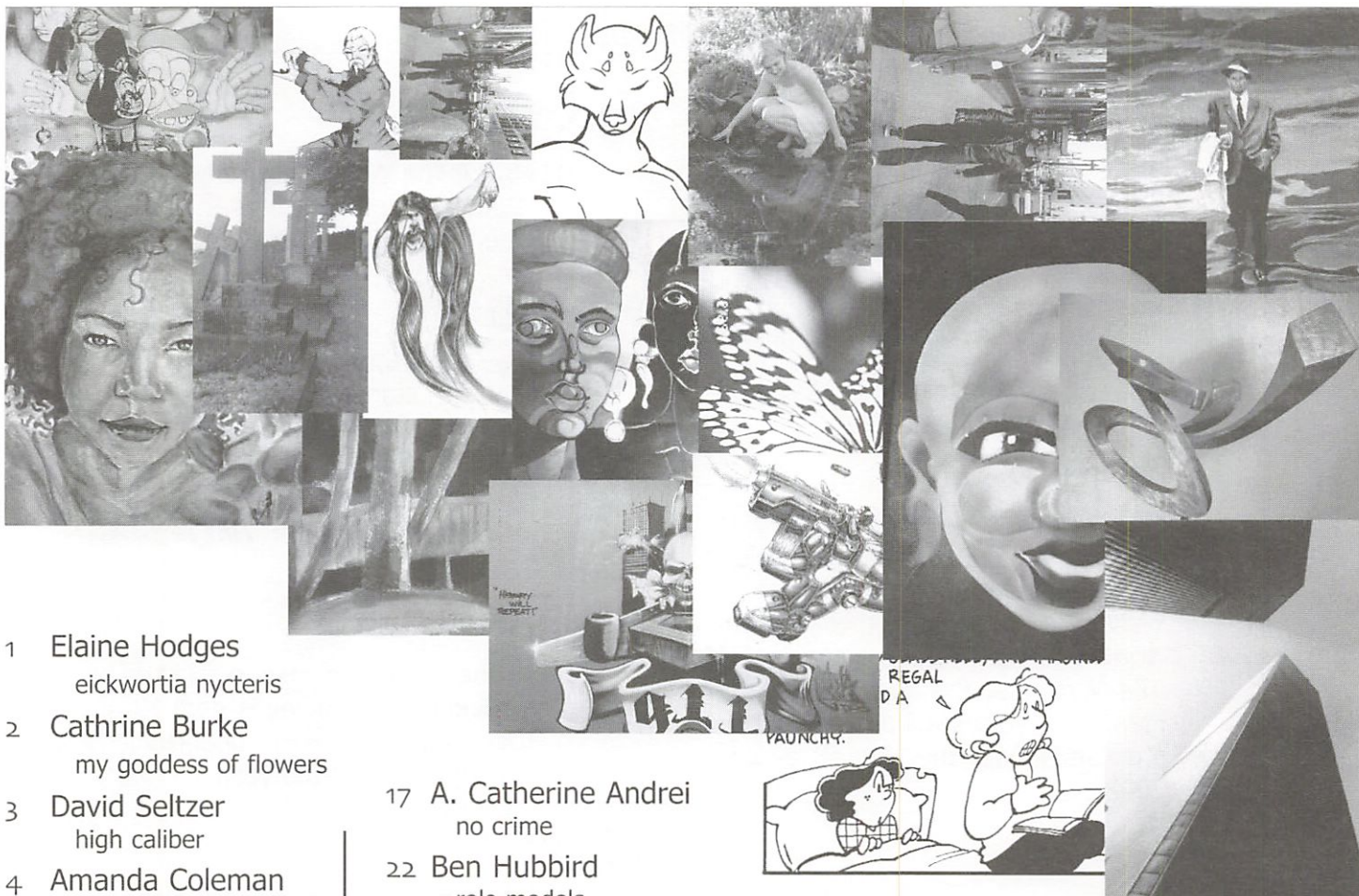
The WOW Hall art gallery hosts a month long art exhibit featuring a wide range of artists published throughout this year's editions of Denali. The gallery show reception is held at the WOW Hall.

Mecca: Community Arts Night.

Every Tuesday from 4:00 to 6:00 pm at The Shamrock House, 3rd and Van Buren. Come to participate in projects with different artists weekly.

For information on how to contribute to Denali's scholarship fund, please contact the Denali office at 747-4501 ext. 2897.

If you are interested in having your art-related event posted in Denali's print and electronic publications, please contact our office at 747-4501 ext. 2897



- 1 Elaine Hodges
eickwortia nycteris
- 2 Cathrine Burke
my goddess of flowers
- 3 David Seltzer
high caliber
- 4 Amanda Coleman
untitled
- 5 Taylor Castle
untitled
- 6 Steven Lopez
history will repeat
- 7 Morgan Pace
untitled
- 8 Avan Smith
selves
- 9 Jeff Taylor
music of the spheres
- 10 Jeff Taylor
melissa
- 11 Richard Crawford
reflection
- 12 Mara Thygeson
circus
- 13 Hermin Krieger
churches ad hoc
- 14 Kelly Larsen
rhythmical repetition
that soothes

- 17 A. Catherine Andrei
no crime
- 22 Ben Hubbard
role models
- 23 McLean Schneider
saturday mornings
with the lesser evil
- 26 Ratina Wollner
the bell jar
- 27 Tamsin Morgan
round and round
- 30 Tim Sheehan
the brown bag
- 31 Erin Currin
tic-toc
- 31 Pam Herber
eyebrows
- 32 Matthew Hanner
white hibiscus
- 33 Hannah Wilson
earthquakes
to Kathrine

- 15 Collective Works
if these walls could speak!
- 34 Jan Eliot
stone soup

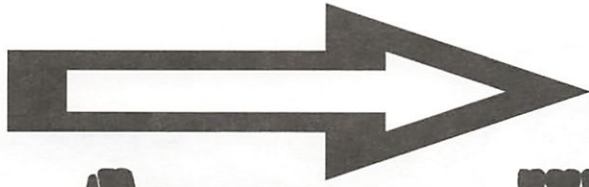
You can now find a current copy of the *Comic News* and info on events happening throughout the community at a Denali box near you.

featured

literature

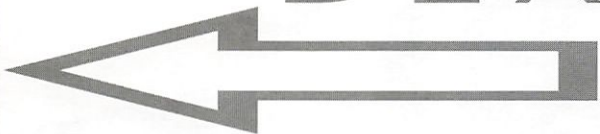
visual

Denali now presents *Art in Transit*, a service to the community. The magazine is looking at literary and visual arts submissions to be published in the interior of all LTD busses. The displays will be in the busses before the New Year. To participate in *Art in Transit*, call Denali at 747-4501 ext.2897.



ART IN TRANSIT

WINTER
DEADLINE



You are the ones who make this magazine possible, so don't delay. We need all of your submissions by **February 1, 2002**. If you have any questions at all, please call our office at 747-4501 ext. 2897.

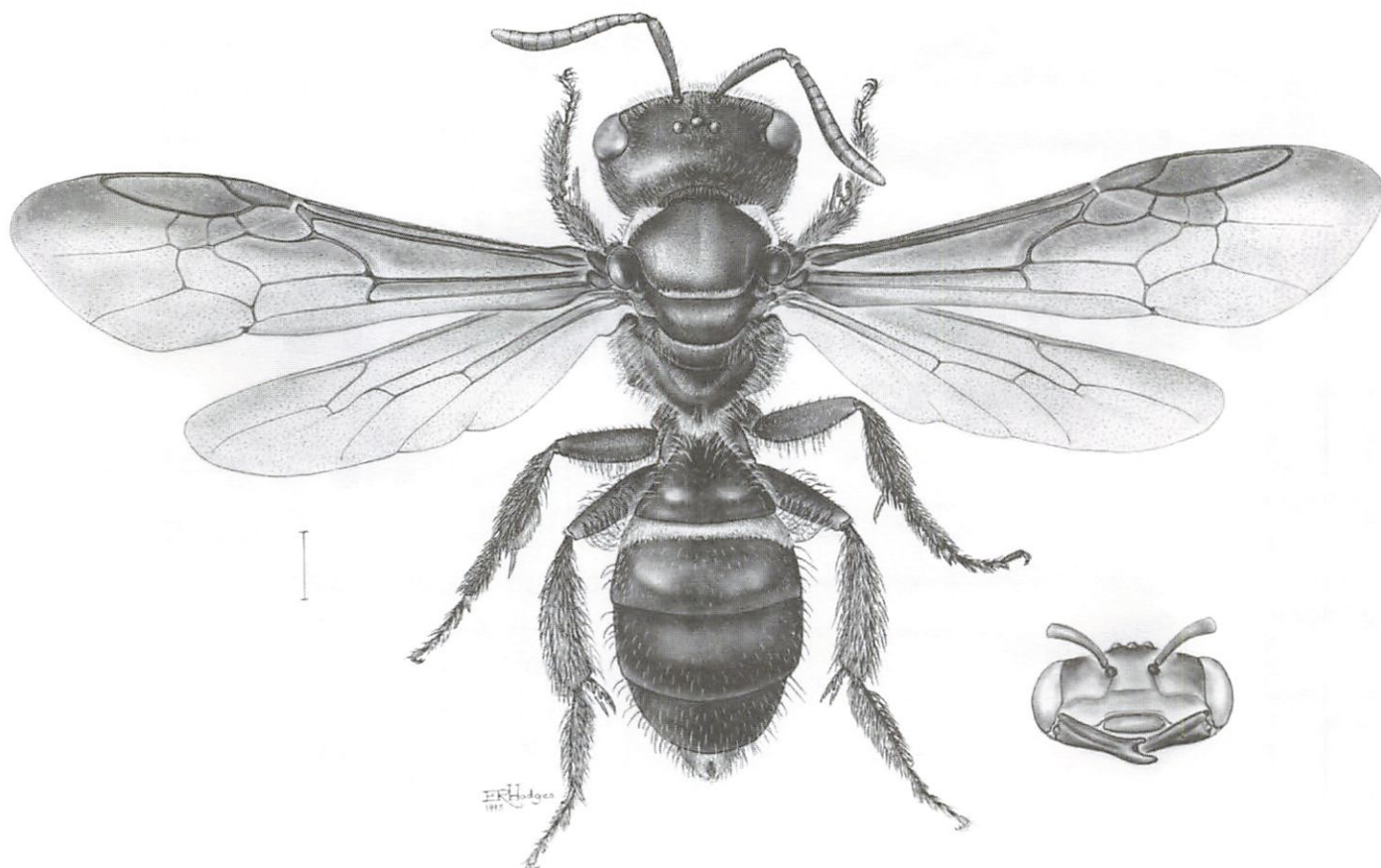
Mixed Voices

Mixed Voices: Tune in to KLCC 89.7 F.M., between 4:15 and 4:30 p.m. January 28 to catch the end of The Northwest Passage and hear Denali participants Dale Brabb, Pamela Herber (pg. 31), and Ratina Wollner (pg. 26) recite poetry and short stories for the radio spot called *Mixed Voices*.



February 1, 2002

elaine hedges



eickwortia nycteris

Anatomical Illustration

This bee was drawn with carbon dust on a clay-coated board. In the family Halictidae (sweat bees), this insect is found from parts of Mexico to Costa Rica.

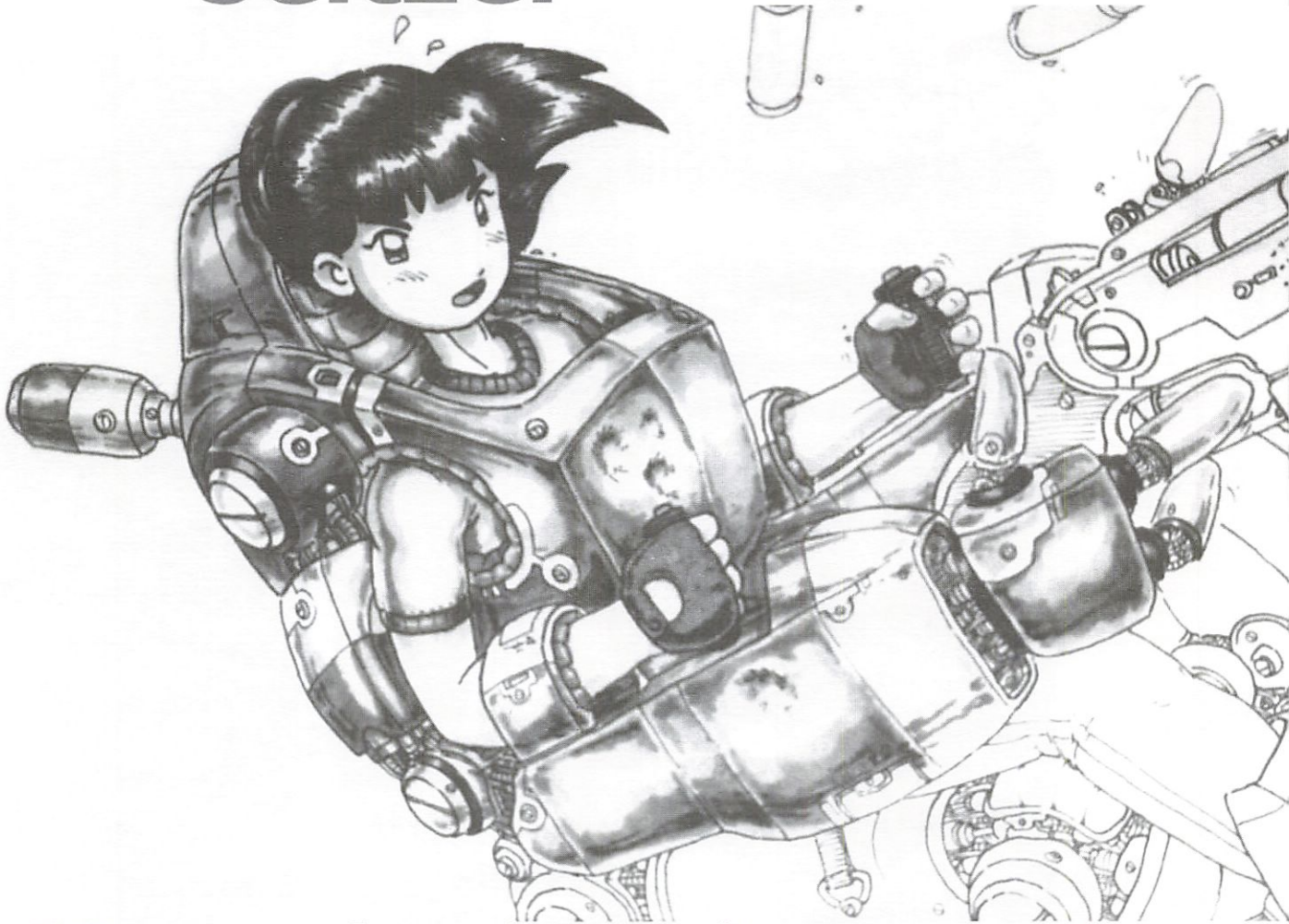
catherineburke



my goddess of flowers

david seltzer

high caliber



"Tiring of endless alien incursions,
one school girl decides to do
something about it."

David Seltzer

amanda coleman



"Hi"

Amanda Coleman

Photograph

Self-portrait of Amanda and Cousin
Claire Stinchcomb on a beach on
the South Coast of England.

taylor castle



“When in darkness, one must find
the light”

Photograph

Taylor Castle

Taylor has been experimenting with photography for six years now. Last year he studied photography at Columbia College in Chicago. With this photograph Taylor was attempting to portray a feeling being caged by manipulating lighting and his subject's dreads.

steven lopez

"history will repeat!"



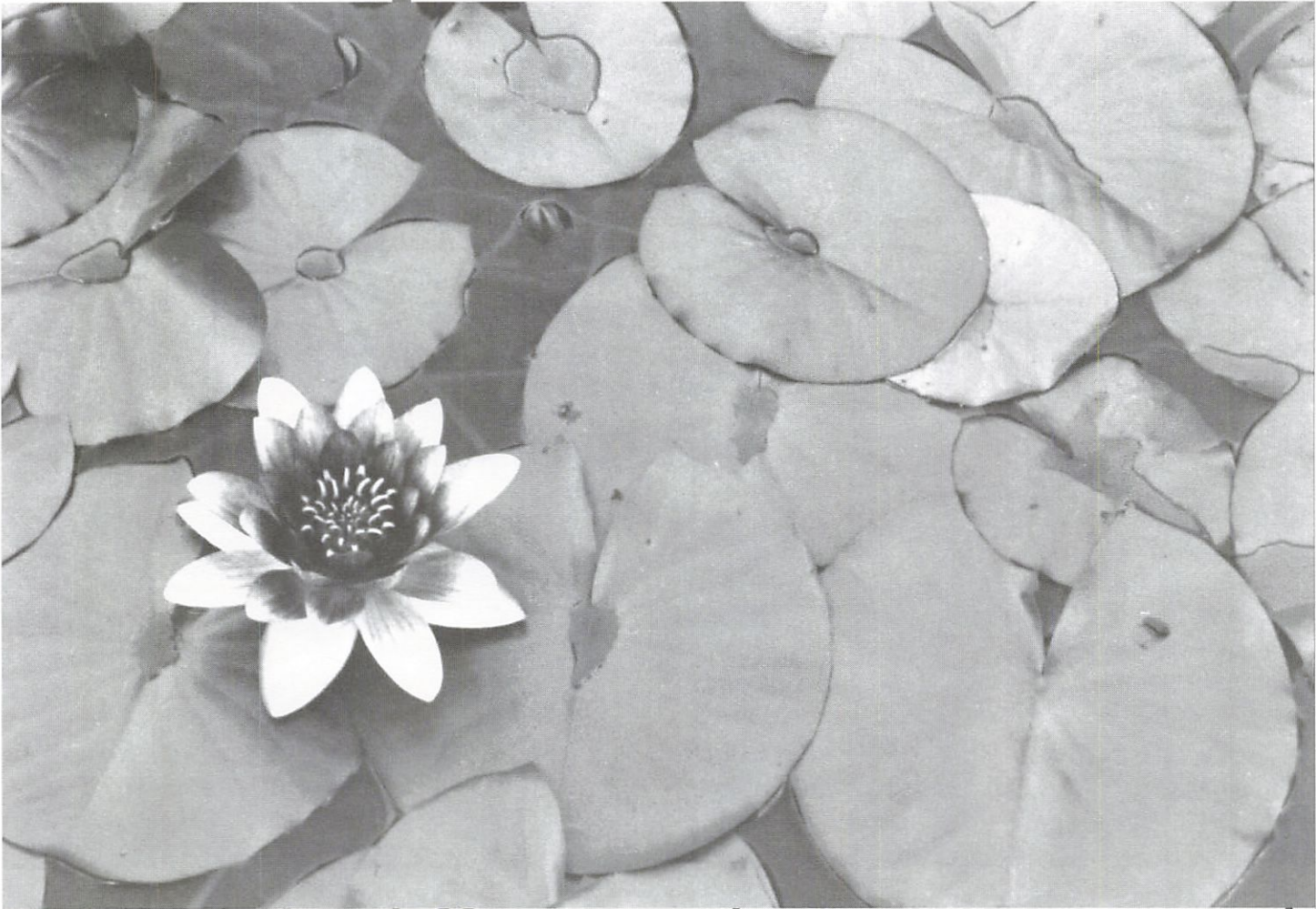
"We gotta paint...

Mural in spray paint

To view more art by this artist please visit www.frustr8.com, where you will find works of spray paint, pencil and computer illustrations. Also, turn to pages 14 and 15 to find out more about this art medium that is yet to find its acceptance within the community.

it's very important."

Steven Lopez



"The only difference between a weed
and a flower is
j u d g e m e n t "

Unknown

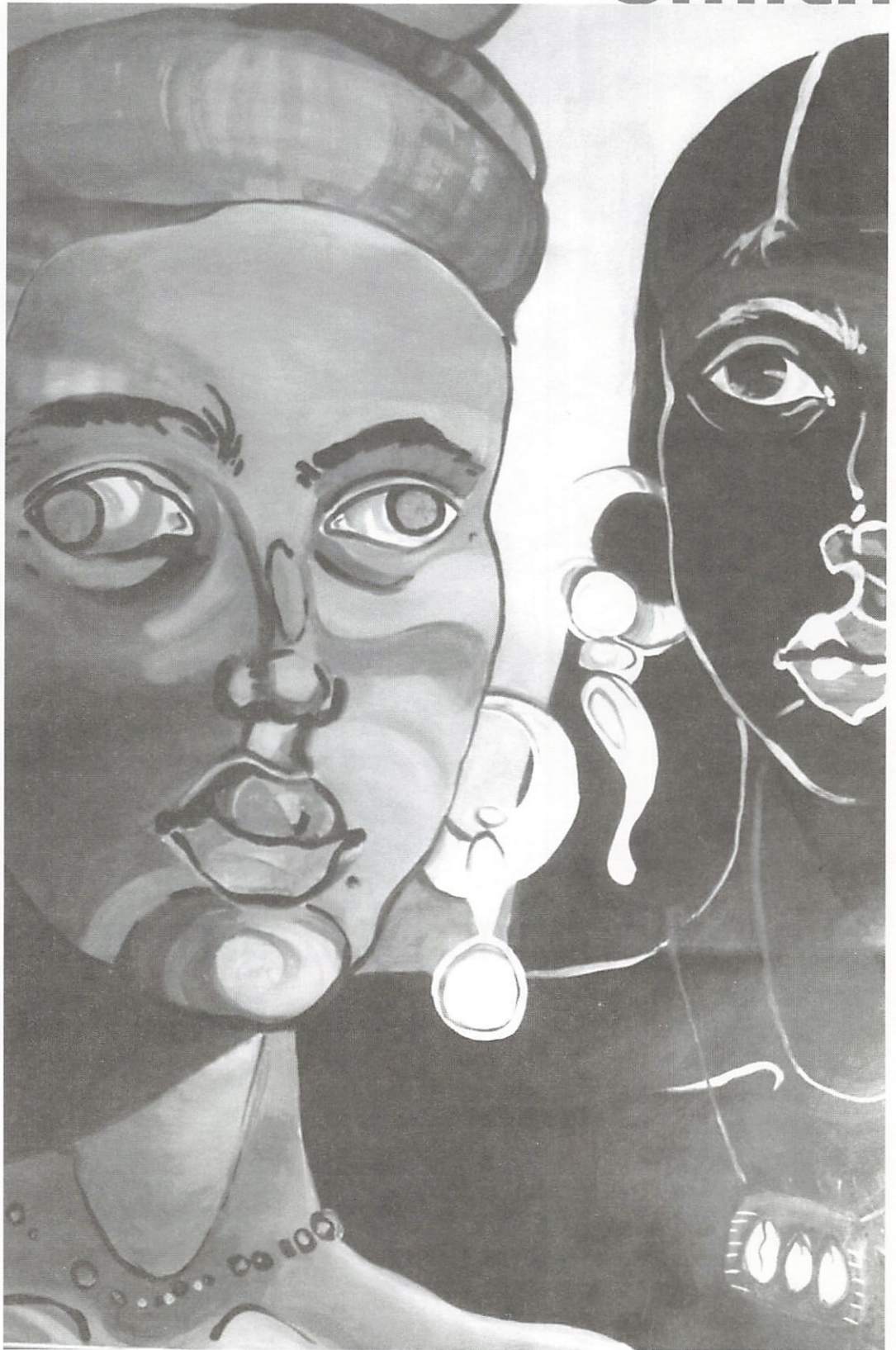
Photograph

"Art, at its best, is revolution within
myself and the world."

Avan Smith

selves

avan smith



jeff taylor

music of the spheres



"The most intriguing motion
is in the mind's eye."
Jeff Taylor

melissa

jeff taylor



richard crawford



reflection
photograph

John Carswell Jr; Sculpture by Bill Blix

"We may not verbalize the most
important aspects
of our lives, but we often can
photograph them as equivalents
of our feelings."

Ruth Bernhard

circus

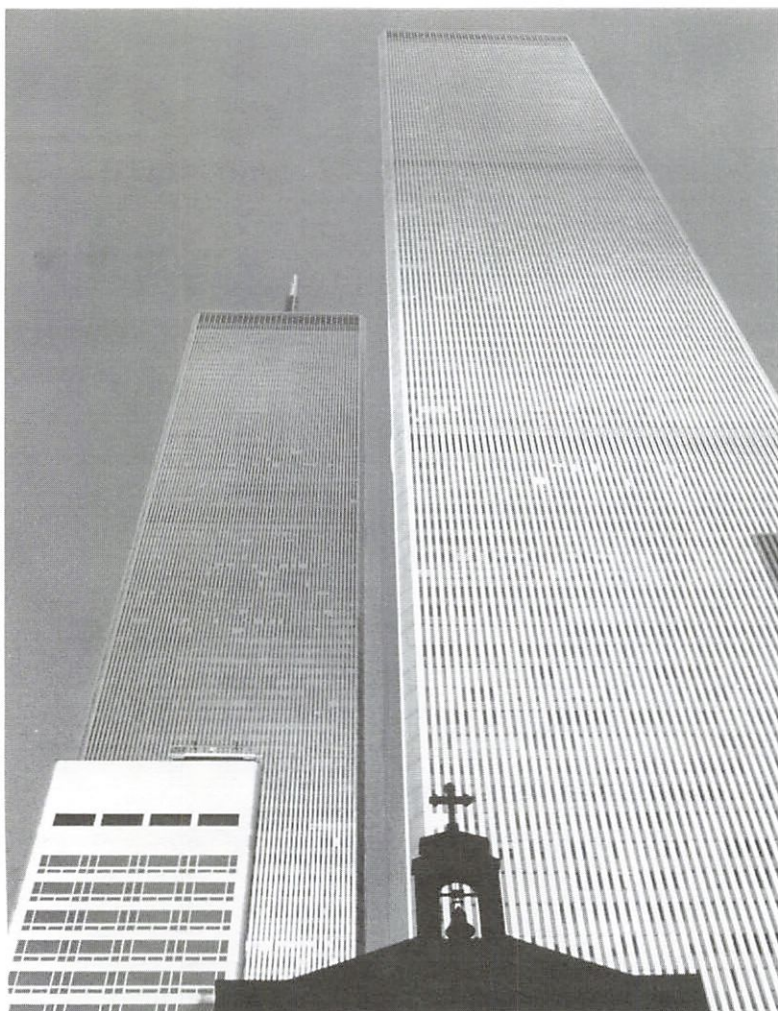
mara thygeson



Watercolor

"Painting 'Circus'
launched me out of a ten-year
art block"

Mara Thygeson

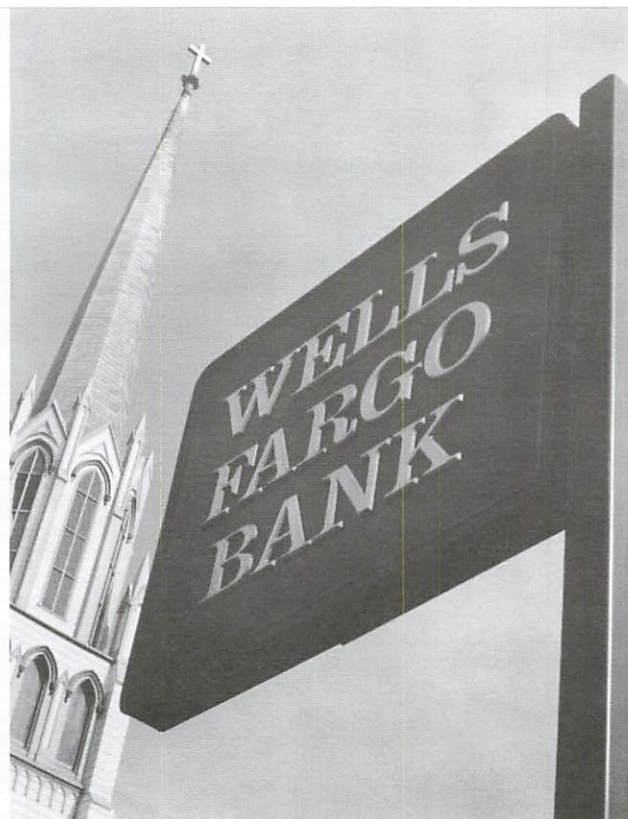


A Great American Tragedy

From his book
churches ad hoc
 Photos by Hermin Krieger
<http://www.efn.org/~hkrieger>



No Opiate for the Masses



California Gothic

Photography has long held a fascination for Herman Krieger. He worked as a photo lab technician during his teens in Detroit in the 1940s and served as an instructor in the Army Air Corps photo school. Find more *Divine Comedy* at <http://www.efn.org/~hkrieger>



Disestablishment

rhythmical repetition that
soothes

kelly larsen



2001 - 19x24 - oil paint



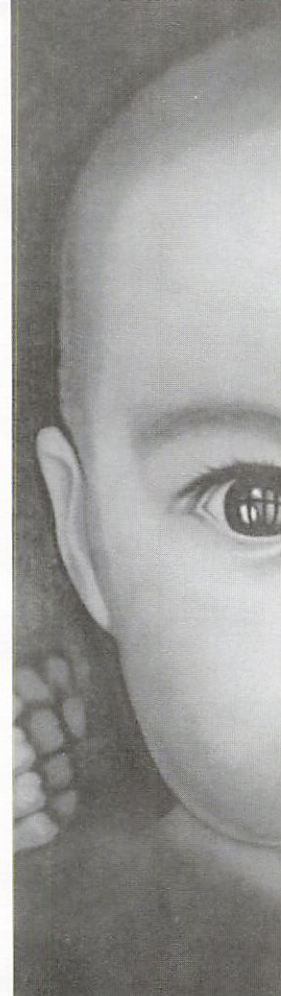
if these walls could speak!

photography and text
richard crawford

Aerosol or spray can art is a contemporary method of artistic expression that has existed in Lane County over twenty years. The first memorial was painted in 1986 in response to the Chernobyl nuclear disaster. The World Trade Center memorial was painted September 15, 2001 (see page 6).

Spray can or graffiti art exists in sketchbooks, homes, businesses, and public spaces. The Monroe Street Wall existed for four years; the 13th Street Wall and Factory Fabrics Legal Wall each existed for two years. Although spray can art is considered a transitory or temporary form of art there are several permanent murals in Lane County. Often the general public is not aware of the method by which these murals were painted.

Permanent murals funded through Lane Arts Council can be seen at the Emerald Valley BMX Track, Factory Fabrics, Shoe-A-Holic, and at the Community Store Building at Lincoln & Fifth. Privately funded murals exist at Cafe Paradiso, DL, Emerald Valley BMX Track, Eugene City Bakery, European Engine Parts; Churchill Alternative, North Eugene, Sheldon, and Opportunity Center High Schools, Le Petit Gourmet Bakery, Maximo's, One-Seventy-One Lawrence, Gene Stringfield Lumber — States



Indus
Unive
Paint
the U
Co
zines
event
Euge
Spr
the ta
Photo
Kauz
Task,



ver Road Grill and the
f Oregon Art Studios.
hung at the Northwest Web Press and
y of Oregon Multicultural Center.
ary graffiti art, spray can art maga-
edules of current graff art and hip-hop
e found at 'DL' at 960 West 7th St. in

art in this publication is represented by
: Akxes, Arise, Beyond Black & White
Capsul, Cor, Delk, fnXonE, Frustr8,
Kiaz, Never, Pestoe, Richardone, Sinso,
Terms, Tyleo, Uneek. ■

NO CRIME

A. Catherine Andrei

Tom had come to fear the Foreman lately. He'd seen him whip Matthew on Monday for no good reason. Said Matthew wasn't minding the hogs proper and it was his fault that one died. Said that killing a hog was the same as stealing and the Master couldn't be losing hogs at a time like this. Seemed now he was kicking up a new ruckus.

"Listen, boy, did you or didn't you take Miss Abigail's ruby bracelet?"

"No, sir. I ain't stole nothing." Tom tried to look the Foreman in the eye to show his sincerity. It wasn't easy.

The Foreman reached over and tore a small branch off the magnolia tree. Then he took out his pocketknife and meticulously whittled away the leaves. He'd probably been good at carving things back when he was young, judging from how his fingers cut all traces of life from that stick.

Tom braced himself against the blow. The switch cut the air like a bullet and landed on his shoulder. It stung worse than the dirt daubers had last spring.

"That'll teach you to disrespect me, boy," the Foreman said. He looked at the small welt in the palm of his hand and threw the switch down at Tom's feet.

Tom began to breathe again.

"Now if you didn't do it, you'd better find out who did. Or I'll find out for you. I'll be back after my supper." The Foreman swiveled on his heel and headed for the gate.

Tom's wife ran out of the cabin. She pulled him inside and raised his shirt up to inspect the wound.

"It ain't nothing. Don't fret over me." Tom sat down at the small wooden table and ran his fingers along the grain. He'd made the table himself and it stood straight. He must have been slouching though because next thing he knew Nadine was slapping him on the shoulder not an inch from his wound.

"Don't you let them bully you. You smarter than all them put together. They just can't see it on account of you's colored." Nadine always knew how to cure what was ailing him.

"You ain't heard of no one taking the Missus' bracelet, did you, Nadine? None of the house girls?"

"I ain't heard nothing but it serve that little Miss just fine if you ask me. She ain't no bit grateful for all her Daddy give her. And since the Mistress died all he does is give her them pretty things. And she don't care. She just lose 'em. Now sit straight like a man."

"I ain't got time for no sittin'. I gotta find out who done it before the Foreman come back."

"Listen, boy, did you or didn't you take Miss Abigail's ruby bracelet?"

Tom strode out into the hot Louisiana sun. He looked up and noticed it was well on its way to the horizon. He'd have to hurry now. What a way to spend the Lord's day.

He looked over at the big house, so white that it reflected the sun. His cousin Daniel worked in there. He got to wear fancy clothes and do light work. Mister Delacroix didn't like his house boys to get dirt under their

nails. He didn't like them big either. Didn't matter much to the Master if they was smart, only that they be delicate.

Probably too scared of him to let him inside.

He walked through the orchard to the back of the house. The blossoms smelled brighter than they looked.

Tom knew if he waited by the back door Daniel would sneak out to see his girl, Molly. He looked around the yard and sure enough spotted Molly kneeling behind a bush. Stupid girl. She was gonna be the end of Daniel. Only thought of herself and not what kind of trouble Daniel would come to if he was found out. And Daniel so blind to her ways. He was no smarter than Molly.

Daniel came out and whistled for Molly. She sprang up and ran to him, throwing her arms around his waist. Daniel kissed her and pulled away. He fished in his pocket and handed her something wrapped in a handkerchief.

Tom ran up to them. He was on them

before they could think to hide. He smiled at his swiftness.

"How could you, Daniel? You that stupid? They done sucked the brains out your head with them crawfish you serve 'em at dinner?"

"Now listen, here, this ain't none of your business, Tom. Molly and me, we just talkin'."

"Well, you just be careful, girl. You gonna get Daniel sent to the fields ..."

"Give it to me, Molly. The Missus already knows it's gone. She ain't gonna rest until she get it back." Tom walked up to her and puffed his chest out. He was a good half a foot taller than she was.

Molly looked to Daniel for help.

Tom was about to push up his sleeves for effect when Daniel nodded his head at Molly. Daniel knew better than to mess with him.

Molly handed Tom the handkerchief. "I don't see how she could miss one little bit of cornbread and gravy."

"Huh?" Tom squeezed the napkin and felt its warmth and softness. He held it to his nose and smelled the sweet tanginess.

He reluctantly handed it back to Molly. "Well, you just be careful, girl. You gonna get Daniel sent to the fields and he ain't got the back for it."

He pulled Daniel away from her as she took her first bite. "You know anything about some bracelet gone missing?"

Daniel shook his head. "Ain't nothing much happened since them men came and the Master left for N'Orleans." ■ ■ ■

... no crime ...

"When did he leave?"

"Early this morning."

"Who were the men?"

"I ain't never seen them before but they talked real pretty and fancy like. And they had them some papers that the Master didn't like looking at. He left pretty much straight away with them."

Tom patted Daniel on the back. "You come tell me if you hear anything."

Daniel nodded, looked once more at Molly, who was licking the gravy off the handkerchief, and went back inside the big house.

"No use crying over no white folks."

Tom sneered at Molly. She ran off into the orchard. Tom smiled again. That'll learn her. He walked around beside the house.

Miss Abigail strolled out onto the lawn, with her lace parasol shielding her ivory skin from what was left of the sun.

Tom knew this meant that suppertime was over. And he was no closer to finding who took that bracelet. Funny thing was that Miss Abigail didn't seem unhappy. She had a dreamlike look on her face and was wearing another bracelet anyway. She was probably thinking about what husband to take. Tom knew she was getting close to seventeen and going to balls all the time. Seemed stupid and expensive to have to wear all those pretty things to just to get a husband. But he doubted she'd be able to bear children with them spindly hips. He felt sorry for her future husband.

Then he stopped himself. No use crying over no white folks.

He walked back over to the village. There were now thirteen cabins on the edge of Master Delacroix's property. When Tom was young there'd only been eight. Times do change. He walked to each cabin and knocked on the doors. Everyone came out. He was respected here at least.

He stood straight like a tree and waited for them to quiet down. "I need to know if y'all seen or heard anything about the Missus' bracelet that went missing."

Everyone began to shake their heads. Mothers looked down at the children straddling their hips and searched their faces.

Finally Tilda spoke up. "You shouldn't be worried about the Missus and her precious jewels. You should be worrying about how I'm gonna feed my baby. How we all gonna feed our children now that they done cut our food in half?"

"But you don't know nothing?"

Frustrated, Tilda adjusted the infant on her hip. "It's as plain as that nose on your face, Tom. Ever since the hogs been taking ill from the fever and the bugs done eat up the corn plants. Now we starving. We starving then something wrong at the big house because ain't no work ever come out of a starving man. Now jewelry missing and the Master too? You figure it out."

Just then the Foreman rode up on his horse. He dismounted and unwrapped his whip.

"Now, which one of you do I get to whip

tonight?"

Everyone cowered back into their doorways, praying for their skin to turn to wood.

Tom stepped out in front of the Foreman.

"You, you found out who did it?"

Tom took a deep breath and attempted to stand straight again. It was hard to be tall in front of the Foreman. "Ain't no one here took the bracelet. I done asked."

"Oh, well then. If it ain't one of you then it must be that house boy. I never did like the look of him."

"No, sir, it weren't him neither. I asked him too. He ain't seen nothing."

"You think you're so smart? Well you're coming with me while I ask the questions."

The Foreman untied a rope from around his saddle horn and tied it around Tom's neck. He mounted his horse and retied the other end. Horse and rider set out for the house.

Tom followed obediently, feeling the rope begin to rub him raw. The Foreman looked back at him and smiled. He kicked his horse in the flank and it trotted to the house. Tom stumbled behind, clutching at his neck.

When they arrived, the Master's carriage was in the drive and he was kissing Miss Abigail on the cheek. The Foreman tipped his hat to them.

"Good evening, Mister Delacroix, welcome home."

"Earl. What's that one done?"

"I believe he stole one of Miss Abigail's bracelets. It went missing this morning."

The corners of Mister Delacroix's lips curved upward at the news. It wasn't quite a smile and Tom didn't like the look of it. "Abby, you'd best go on inside."

Mister Delacroix walked up to Tom, who was still panting from the run. He grabbed the rope around Tom's neck and pulled it taut.

"You been stealing from me, boy?"

Tom didn't answer and he didn't look up at him. Mister Delacroix pulled the rope harder. "You deaf, boy, or just stupid?"

Tom choked out the words. "No sir."

"We got ways
of making you
talk, boy."

Mister Delacroix untied the rope. "No, sir, what? You ain't deaf or you ain't stupid?"

"No sir, I ain't been stealing from you." Tom rubbed his

neck.

"Where's my daughter's bracelet?"

"I got an idea. But I don't know." Tom bit his lip and wished he could take the words back.

The Foreman approached him. "We got ways of making you talk, boy. Maybe I need to fetch your wife and son. Maybe if I whip them senseless, you might find your tongue. It'd be a shame though — that wife of yours, she's mighty pretty."

Tom looked at the Foreman in despair. He fell to his knees. "Please don't bring them into it. They ain't done nothing."

"Now, Earl, I can't lose three of them. They cost more than the bracelet. ■ ■ ■

... no crime:

And they aren't worth shit if they can't work." The master twirled the rope through his gloved fingers.

A look of disappointment flashed across the Foreman's face. "You better mind your master, boy. Now talk."

"I think maybe the Master had to take it into town for some reason."

The Foreman snapped his whip through the air. It landed on the ground near Tom's feet, decapitating several blades of grass.

"Watch the lawn, Earl. Now, boy, are you calling me a thief?"

"No sir. I'm just saying none of us took it so there's probably good reason why it's gone. Maybe you had to take it to town for something."

"I think he called me a thief, Earl. Maybe you should go get his family."

Tom leapt to his feet without thinking. The Master and the Foreman both backed away. "I ain't saying you took it, it belongs to you. Maybe it was more useful to you in town." Tom looked at the Foreman for help. "I'm sure you got your reasons."

The Foreman ignored his plea.

"It doesn't belong to me, it belongs to the Mistress. And I think you've been spying on us." The Master turned to Earl. "Can you explain how a field boy knows so much of my business?"

"No, sir." Earl looked at Tom with hatred boiling behind his eyes. "Turn around, boy,

and grab a tree. Grab a tree or I'll go grab your wife."

Tom's lip began to quiver. He knew what was coming next. He couldn't choose a tree. Should he choose a pine or an oak? He had heard that pine was softer but he didn't know what they meant by soft.

The Foreman kicked him in the back, hurtling him into the pine. It wasn't soft.

"Take his shirt off, I don't want to have to constantly reclothe them."

The Foreman did as he was told.

The whip cracked onto Tom's back and he screamed. His forehead burrowed into the bark and he saw a blinding whiteness in front of his eyes. The whip cracked again, its high-pitched squeal sounding like his mother imitating birds from the homeland.

Everything went white in his head.

"Now, boy, did I commit a crime?"

"No sir." His voice shook like a girl's and he hated himself for it.

"What did you say?"

"No, sir." Tom slipped down the tree and landed in a heap on the ground. He bent forward on the ground, as if in prayer to some unseen god.

"Come again, boy?"

Tom felt his muscles slacken and tears streak his face. "No sir," Tom cried, "you ain't committed no crime." ■

Author's Notes Catherine grew up in the South but migrated north to Eugene as soon as she could. She has written several screenplays and short stories and is currently working on her first novel. Visit www.acatherineandrei.com for more information.

role models

ben hubbird

men love in
ponderous impersonal ways as
waves work gravel to sand.

men tense and quicken
after why is through
and it's time for how.

men convince each
other of many things.
So breathes the world.

men admire losing
well, near as much
as winning.

men are slaves
to the fate they created
as boys.

men love in
ponderous impersonal ways as
waves work gravel to sand. ■

L E S SATURDAY MORNINGS WITH THE S E R Evil

mclean schneider

"six hundred junkies
coming and going
daily"

Coming here everyday is a simple act of self-preservation for me, not unlike stepping out of the path of a speeding bus. Some of the other clients share my sincerity; however, others seem to have closed their eyes and stepped off the curb. I am of the younger generation of addicts at the clinic, yet I am nearly thirty years old and have been addicted to opiates for almost a decade. When I see nineteen and twenty-year-olds, I can't help but feel they've no idea what they've gotten themselves into. Seriously, how many treatment alternatives can they possibly have tried?

When I come here I see them hanging around, looking cool, sneering and smoking as if teen-angst became flesh. They make fixtures of themselves by the butt can trying to buy and sell everything from stolen bikes and their Sunday take-outs (the clinic is closed Sundays) to Klonopin prescriptions and appliances their mothers have yet to notice are missing. These young ones seem to wear the stigma of heroin addiction as a badge of honor, usually after being inaugurated into the black hole by an identity crisis that left them mimicking the latest incarnation of Sid Vicious. Middle class white kids with green hair on a quest for something real to be depressed about. During the week I come early to avoid the crowds. It usually doesn't make a difference what time it is, they're always going to be there as long as they think somebody might drive by and see them out in front of the rock star factory, I mean methadone clinic.

The office itself is characteristically uncharacteristic. They had the brilliant idea of opening it in a residential area, so it goes without saying that the neighbors have issues with six hundred junkies coming and going daily. Because the agenda of the pharmaceutical company that manufactures methadone is the same as any pharmaceutical company, the humanitarian pretense of helping addicts is just the window dressing for typical profiteering. If there are corners to be cut then the administrators will be there, wielding the scythe of maximized profits. Over six hundred clients and less than two dozen parking spaces, an office that comfortably seats a whole lot less than six hundred, and let us not forget the absence of any centralized air conditioning system.

"the humanitarian
pretense of helping addicts
is just the window dressing
for typical profiteering."

To get the total methadone clinic experience, you are going to have to come with me on Saturday. During the week the clinic is open from 6:30 a.m. until 11:30 a.m. with a half hour break for the staff from 8:30 to 9:00. They then open again at 1:30 p.m. and close down at 3:00 p.m. People generally sift through the clinic throughout the day at a tolerable rate and the lines are usually not so dreadful. Of course there are still a lot of people in and around the clinic loitering, cultivating "bad boy" images, or waiting to see the doctor. Saturday is a

whole other story. On this most hated of mornings the clinic is open from 7:30 a.m. to 10:30 a.m., when they promptly lock the door. If you are so unfortunate as I once was and arrive at 10:32, you will find that for some reason or another sympathy is as counter productive to maximizing profits as air conditioning. Not only will you miss Saturday's issue, but Sunday's as well. On Monday you will have to see the doctor because you'll be wildly sick from withdrawal and if you aren't late for work already, you probably won't make it at all because they only give you half your dose.

I arrive on Saturday and lock up my bike amidst a throng of cackling, butt-sucking wrecks. They congregate in a cloud of rank tobacco smoke and bellow and cough and curse and spit. These are the "old school" counterparts to the Sid Vicious types I told you about earlier. They push strollers with one hand and pull oxygen tank dollies with the other. They let their children run amok in the waiting room and out in front, as if the clientele as a whole was offering some socialist day care service. These kids are usually reflections of their parent's neglect in their absolute rudeness, and it does not help the situation any that mom approaches child rearing through bribery and attempts pacification with sugar. Declining offers to buy my Sunday take-out and dodging air-borne lollipops, I make my way into the bowels of hell and back to the end of the line.

Among the cornucopia of construction sins committed by the contractor responsible for the clinic building is an eight-foot tall window running the length of the waiting room. Although most of the clients could not care less who sees them here, there is an influential minority of "upstanding" citizens to whom privacy is of the utmost importance. It is because of this concern that the vertical blinds remain drawn on this window, creating an enhanced greenhouse effect. As if the overcrowding and the non-existent air conditioner weren't enough to recreate the joyous experience that is suffocation. This humidity teams up with at least fifty dope fiends all trying to talk over one another until an unbearable cacophony is exuded from the line, which once the door is locked sometimes wraps around the entire office three times. I have no choice but to hold my ground and hope the charge in my CD player's batteries keeps Tom Waits or Stiff Little Fingers blaring into my ears and blocking out the war stories.

"They push strollers with
ONE HAND and pull oxygen
tank dollies with the OTHER."

The war story is the constant hindrance to a methadone patient's recovery. People who come in to the clinic and start talking about old times hardly realize the effect these awful stories have on people who want nothing more than to heal. No matter how far I distance myself from the world of heroin, every day when I go to the clinic I am exposed to buyers and sellers and storytellers. Saturdays are like a trigger test. I sweat and shudder as the dregs roll up their sleeves to show off their latest abscesses and plan Saturday night's score. I count the drywall mistakes around the receptionist's window, anything to distract me from the torture of listening to these ... *people*.

As I inch forward at a nearly unrecognizable pace, the batteries die in the middle of "Frank's Wild Years" and instantly I am assaulted by the tumult, that incoherent din of hoarse Marlboro man voices bragging about how connected they are and how cheap it is for them. The voices and the clinking of metal boxes is certain the muzak being pumped into my reserved corner of hell. The lock boxes are another element contributing to the snail's pace of Saturday. Federal law prohibits that a single dose leave the clinic unless the patient keeps it in a locked metal box so every person at the dosing window is there for twice as long as usual. ■ ■ ■

... saturday mornings with the lesser evil:

My glasses usually have fogged up to the point that attempting to read is as futile as attempting to find the silver lining—not to mention the screaming children and hacking coughing that resonate perpetually in the waiting room. Past the reception area now, just on the other side of the entrance, a row of six or seven rigid chairs represent the proverbial “home stretch” of the dosing line. Sitting down in that chair means that in fifteen minutes or so, I’ll be out of here. You have to remain vigilant because people will try to get ahead of you in line. It reduces the entire lot of us to the state of bickering fourth graders in the lunchroom.

With one or two people ahead of me, Murphy’s Law dictates that the nurse in charge of the dosing window will bring down that ribbed inch-thick bulletproof steel shutter. The sound it makes as they bring it down after I’ve spent this long in line is a deafening, heart breaking, car crash of a noise. This is immediately followed by a too brief instant of silence that bleeds groans and curses and soon turns to speculation on how long it might take to get the computer up and running again. “Maybe they’re just changing the bottle?” I think. I don’t dare say this to my neighbor in line because that will give rise to persistent attempts at conversation; to some people, merely looking at them constitutes a blood brother bond. “Granfalloon,” anybody?

Finally! I approach the window and relinquish my humanity. I do this by giving my assigned number: “587.” I tell the nurse, who then punches my number into the console and brings my chart up on the screen. This is the teat of the Anti-Christ, the bottle dispensary unit, which is attached to the computer by cables and surgical tubing full of that pink solace, it gives me the creeps. Like the very essence of control, the lactation of a computer, willingly consumed by drones in the making. Self-subjugation. I think perhaps all this heat and noise makes me delirious; no, I *know* it makes me delirious.

Methadone detox can kill you if you go down too fast. They suggest I go down 1mg every three days. After a year of these Saturdays I’m more than ready, but at that rate

“I try to tell myself a lot of things but I’m a terrible liar ... ” I have a year to go. As I walk out that door I try to tell myself that things are better, and they are. I try to tell myself that it could be worse, and it could. I try to tell myself a lot of things but I’m a terrible liar and the intentions of these people at the clinic are transparent. Every time I see the doctor he tries to make me increase my dose, he tells me that the root of just about any problem I have can be traced to my dosage being too low for a metabolism like mine. I can just about see Sunday from here, it’s the only day I get. ■

Author’s Notes

McLean Snider came to Lane after spending the past several years immersed in his holiness Elias Preston at the sacred oracle school for the transcendence of matter [p.o. box 3452-4 Bakersfield, CA] which is currently on “cult status.”

Apart from being a compulsive liar, Snider enjoys behaving pretentiously, crying in the fetal position and writing his own contrived third person biographical material. *Saturday Mornings ...* was written as a narrative exercise in recreating the methadone clinic experience.

Why a writer would wish to torment his readers by recreating for them the Saturday dose line experience at a Methadone clinic is a complete mystery.

ratina wollner

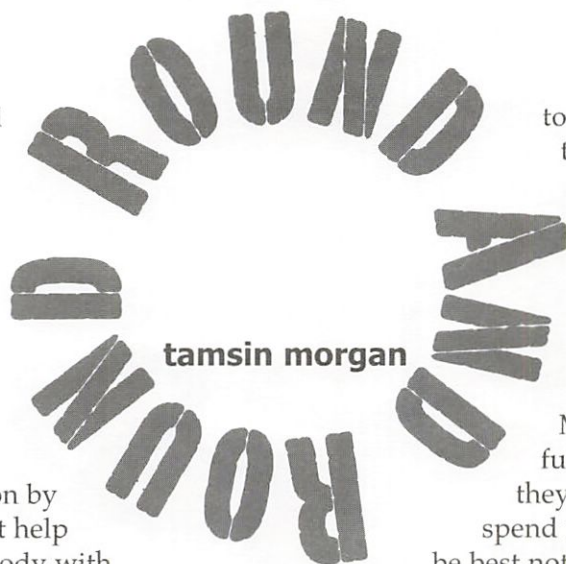
26

Kurt Miller was thick all over. He had thick ankles and wrists and his hands had mitt-thick fingers. Even his dirty blonde hair was so thick, he gave up trying to comb it by the time he was eight. He lived in a three-room shack across the road from my family. I had been well taught not to judge a person by appearance. Still, I couldn't help associating Kurt's slabby body with his annoying thickheadedness. His mother worked nights and his father, a whaler, was absent for months at a time. So, Kurt and his older sister were home alone for most of their growing-up years.

Our neighborhood was just outside the city limits. On our side of the street, all the houses were large, mostly California ranch-style with huge redwood trees standing in big yards. Across the road, things were different; the houses were small and the properties were left to nature, no lawns or gardens, just the big trees that shaded ferns and enormous old stumps we used as forts.

I had been in Kurt's tiny house only a few times in all the years we were neighbors. It was dark inside and smelled peculiar, like a deserted chicken coop. His family ate all their meals on TV trays set too close to the television. I was never invited into either of the bedrooms at the Miller's. One time, Kurt pulled a blanket door aside and disappeared into the darkness. It created a small draft scented with dirty laundry or stale food. Maybe Kurt kept pet bats in there, in the dark. That weird smell might be hundreds of crickets he bought at the pet store to feed to his bats. I wondered if crickets might smell like dirty laundry.

There was a grayish old whale tooth on top of their TV, but the most interesting thing in their house was a bright blue shoebox tied round and round with string. It was on the floor next to their lumpy old loveseat. The box was the only colorful thing in the room. When I asked what was in it Kurt told me to shut up. This was grounds for punishment at my house, but he said shut up all the time in his home. He told me not



to touch the box – ever. It was there every time I visited, except the last time. I noticed it was gone right away. On that visit, the TV was broken; the front of it was cracked down the middle. Kurt said his sister had accidentally knocked it over.

Maybe that blue shoebox was full of emergency money and they were so broke they had to spend it all on food. I knew it would be best not to ask about it. That's the sort of thing my mother had taught me about having manners in certain situations.

Behind the horse pasture, my family had the best woods in the neighborhood for playing hide-and-seek or cowboys and Indians. I tagged after my big brother, Tim, most of the time. He and Kurt were the same age, a year ahead of me. That slight difference in our ages gave them an edge over the younger kids, especially the girls. Big boys always stuck together. In the summer, we fought dangerous, bouncing battles on our neighbor's trampoline, then raced across the pasture to our pool and cannon-balled into the deep end, shorts, shoes and cowboy hats going in with us.

Once, Kurt hurtled into the water right on top of me. His boots bumped my head. I shot to the surface and swam for the edge. When I turned around to yell at him, he had both of his wet cap guns pointed straight at me.

"Move and I'll shoot," he said, "you'll never ride through this town again." I splashed him as hard as I could, the chlorine water stinging his wide-open eyes.

"You moved!" he shouted and started shooting as I pulled myself out of the pool and headed to the house to tell. I heard his guns clicking behind me.

"Mom, Kurt took his pistols into the pool and he jumped on me and tried to shoot me! He's always, always over here. Why can't he play at his own house once in awhile?"

"Because everyone is awake at our house, Annie. Kurt's mother needs to sleep during the day."

"But, Mom, if Tim and Kurt get within twenty

feet of me, I'm dead meat. They even threw rocks at Princess when I was trying to saddle her. Can't you just tell stupid Kurt to stay home!"

My mother had this thing she always did when I was being bratty. She put her hand on my shoulder, then lifted my chin until our brown eyes met: "Ann, you just need to think about this for a minute." No suggestions, no rescue – just her big dark eyes looking right into mine.

When the rain and cold of Northern California drove us indoors to play, Kurt was especially fond of going into my room. He would lie down in the middle of my floor and make fun of everything he saw. My mother loved to decorate and was always changing my room around. In third grade, it was the pink and white motif, with pictures of ballerinas in matching tutus on the walls. Even the interior of my closet was painted to match the pinkness and whiteness of the rest of my room. Kurt's favorite object of ridicule was the ceiling covered with artistically arranged silk roses. Whenever someone new entered my room, they always said: "Oh! You have roses on your ceiling." Kurt loved to chant that remark with his thick mouth over and over. There were lots of times I wanted to scream the two most forbidden words in the universe at him: "SHUT UP!" But getting my mouth washed out with soap because of Kurt wasn't too big on my list. So, I held my tongue. I held it until fourth grade.

Kurt's dad came home at the beginning of that year. He told Kurt to spread the word that everyone in the neighborhood was invited to a party at their house. It had been Mr. Miller's best ever whaling season and he wanted to celebrate. Neighbors from up and down the road came to see what Mr. Miller was like.

"Do we call him Captain Miller?" My mother snapped her purse shut and assumed her party posture. I arched my back and lifted my chin a little as I followed her out the door.

"I guess we should just wait and see how he introduces himself," said my Dad; he didn't have a party posture.

The Millers didn't open their house for the party. Kurt sat in front of their door the whole time like a bored soldier on guard duty. I wondered if Mr. Miller had brought a fortune home from all the whales he had killed and was keep-

ing all the money inside their little house. It was probably piled all over the TV trays and he didn't want anyone going in there and stealing it.

As the afternoon wore on, Kurt's dad drank more and more whiskey and started slurring his words and stumbling around. He said something Mrs. Miller didn't like; something about money and the TV. She went inside and didn't come out again. All the guests began to say their good-bye-thank-you words to Mr. Miller. He shook their hands and talked real loud, saying things like: "Great to meet ya," and "Come by anytime."

After the grownups left, there were only four kids still hanging around. I was one of them. I hoped whale teeth would be handed out as party favors. Mr. Miller sat down on the dirt in front of their house and started singing a song about the sea and storms and harpoons. Kurt yelled, "Dad, stop it!" then turned and ran across the road to my house without looking back at this father. I left, too.

There was still plenty of daylight, so I decided to go for a quick ride. I couldn't wait to be galloping through the woods on Princess. When I led her into the stall and started to brush her long mane, I heard voices behind the barn. I held my breath to listen. It was Kurt and my brother, Tim. I put the saddle on the mare's back and reached under her belly to grab the cinch. The talking grew louder.

"C'mon, Tim, there's nothing else to do. We won't get caught."

"Forget it. I'm not throwing rocks at cars. I gotta go."

My brother left. I heard Kurt making strange little noises and I was about to yell at him to leave when I realized what the faint sounds were. He was crying. It was hard to picture Kurt Miller in tears. He never cried. He just got angry whenever something hurt him. His sobbing grew louder and he started coughing and choking a little. The sound of him gave me a strange feeling in my chest. I wanted my mother.

After a minute, Kurt's crying slowed and stopped. I put the bridle on my horse and led her out of the stall. Kurt was standing there. His face

"I hoped
whale
teeth
would be
handed
out as
party
favors."

..round and round :

was puffy and red and his eyes looked smaller. We stood still, staring at each other. I patted Princess. Kurt stepped forward and touched her soft mane.

"Want a ride?" I asked.

"How come? You never let me ride."

"I don't know. C'mon. We'll have to ride double 'cause I don't think you can handle her on your own."

Kurt put a foot in the stirrup and pulled himself up behind the saddle. I swung up in front of him. The awkwardness of that moment hit me like a fist. Thick Kurt Miller was on my horse, sitting right behind me, holding onto my waist with his thick hands.

Princess took two steps and Kurt started: "Hey, I'm riding Princess with the princess!" He said it again. He started to chant it and push against my back with his chest, his voice right in my ear. He kept bumping my back and taunting. I turned in the saddle to face him, my nose just two inches from his.

"Shut up!" I screamed. "Shut up!" I turned away from him and gave Princess the cue to rear. Kurt yelped as he slid off the back of the horse. He landed on his feet, looked up at me — and smiled.

"I'm telling," he said. He knew he held the mother lode of power in his hands." "I'm telling," he said. He knew he held the mother lode of power in his hands. I would soon be spitting suds.

In my parent's bathroom, I kept my eyes on the drain hole in the sink. If I dared to look up, I knew my mother's eyes would be bright with anger.

"I asked you a question, Ann. Why did you do

it? You know you aren't allowed to use those words. Why did you do it?" My mom stood next to me, holding a bar of soap in one hand.

"I didn't mean to say it, but you should have heard him, Mom. He wasn't just making fun of me, it was Princess, too. It's no fair! Kurt's a stupid clod. I don't care if he's poor. I don't care if his dad is always gone!" I had that strange feeling in my chest again and started to cry.

"Please, Mom, don't put that soap in my mouth. I'll never say it again. I promise."

"Annie, I'm going to tell you something you can't tell anyone else, understand?"

"Okay." The air in the room felt warmer.

"Kurt sold his rock collection last year. Their TV broke and his mother didn't have the money to get it fixed. Kurt had collected those rocks from the time he was very little and they were all he had that was truly his. He sold them one by one at school, but he didn't get nearly enough money to fix the television. A boy who would do that for his family — Ann, you just need to think about this for a minute. Understand?"

"Yeah, I get it." I looked into my mother's soft, brown eyes.

She put the soap down.

"Good. Now, make your brothers think you've been punished. Put your hand over your mouth and act like the soap tasted terrible. This will be our little secret." She hugged me and kissed the top of my head.

The following weeks were spent on school, chores, pinecone fights and riding Princess through the woods. Kurt had a new name for me after the "shut up" incident: "Hey, Suds, betcha can't beat me to the fence."

When he turned eleven, Kurt had an outdoor birthday party at his house. My brother gave him a pocketknife. I gave him a blue shoebox filled with agates and tied round and round with string. ■

Author's Notes Tamsin Morgan has been writing and attending weekly meetings with her writers group for the last two years. She has performed comedy theater with Live Matinee in Eugene since 1978. This is her first published essay. She is currently working on a novel.

the brown bag

tim sheehan

The brown bag that sat in the corner of the bedroom I shared with my older brother, Brian, was a ragged edged, ordinary grocery bag to the untrained eye, but to us, it was an icon, a punishment, a pawn shop, and most of all a symbol of the ultimate authority wielded by my compulsively clean mother, who, armed with vacuum cleaner, dust rag, and determination would sweep into our room like Mr. Clean on amphetamines, dust the room from top to bottom — literally — starting with the walls and door jambs, moving to the dressers, desk, and headboards, and finishing with the baseboards, dislodging every speck of dust from every nook and cranny, crease and crevice, vacuum the entire carpet whether exposed or not, shoving furniture aside with a violence and ease matched only by a rabid Godzilla on a rampage through Tokyo, and finally set her sights on whatever possessions were left out, snatching up clothes, shoes, toys and treasures (as if there were a difference between these last two classes of objects, for what eight year old boy, such as I was at the time, would not value a Hot Wheels Boss Hoss Silver Special commemorative edition of the 1970 Mustang as much as a pirate's chest of gold doubloons, an equivalence lost on my mother). With malice, pleasure, and a generous dose of spite, she dropped those possessions from her painted nail talons into the brown bag where each was to remain unused until redeemed by its desperate owner for the not inconsequential sum of twenty five cents, one half of a week's allowance, or to put it into a more modern perspective, the equivalent of 250 million dollars to Bill Gates.

Author's Notes

I love mining my childhood for story ideas. It gives me a chance to make events turn out like I wish they had.

"With MALICE, PLEASURE, and a generous dose of SPITE, she dropped those possessions from her painted nail talons into the brown bag ..."

I lived in fear of the brown bag. When you're trying to build a world class comic book collection, every quarter is essential.

Brian, who was eleven, despised the thing. Half his worldly possessions lived in it, and, even though his allowance was a dollar a week, he never had the money to redeem an item. On Sundays, he would often have to rent his good shoes from my mother. He gave her a dime and was allowed to wear the shoes to church. They were to be promptly redeposited into the brown bag when we returned home.

Brian was biking to the river with Paul Wiley and Phil Decker one day when he got a flat. He walked his bike home, determined to fix the flat and catch back up. I was in our bedroom reading the latest Spider Man.

"You seen my bike wrench?" he asked.

I pointed to the brown bag and I smiled.

"Where's mom?"

"She's at the store."

He rifled through the brown bag and plucked out his bike wrench.

"Mom's gonna kill you," I said in horror.

He looked at me with disgust. "Watch this." He jerked the brown bag off the floor. He dumped the contents out. He ripped it in half. And half again. And again. He crumbled the pieces into a wad. "Tell mom to shove this. I'm going to the river." He flung the dead brown bag across the room and it landed on my chest.

My life was changed forever. While Brian pedaled to the river, I lay on my bed and grappled with the frightening revelation that the structure of the universe is so fragile it can be shattered by an eleven-year-old brother. ■

tic — toc

erin currin

Tic toc went the clock
I hate you clock I mocked
Because you toc
I'm late for work I mocked
I wish there never were a clock
to run my life on tic and toc

I beg your pardon
Said the clock
You're born on tic
You'll die on toc
So tic I will
And toc I'll mock
Tic toc Tic toc Tic Toc ■

Tic—Toc Tic—Toc Tic—Toc Tic—Toc Tic—
Toc Tic—Toc Tic—Toc Tic—Toc Tic—Toc
—Toc Tic—Toc Tic—Toc Tic—Toc Tic—
Tic—Toc Tic—Toc Tic—Toc Tic—Toc
Tic—Toc Tic—Toc Tic—Toc Tic—Toc Tic—
Toc Tic—Toc Tic—Toc Tic—Toc Tic—Toc

Author's Notes

I am a multimedia major student and in the future would like to publish a childrens book.

eyebrows

pam herber

He asked to do my eyebrows.

What a startling request. A man. Should I be so startled?
A man. He wants to pay attention to me. He wants to
change me. Make me better. Make me beautiful. That is,
after all, what is important. For a woman. To be beautiful.

I like my eyebrows the way they are. And that is a lie.

"What?" I say.

"May I do your eyebrows? It will be a little here and the
tiniest bit there. You will be amazed at the difference."

I don't know whether to shout back, "How dare you!" or
say, "Certainly. May I do yours next?"

Then the thought of his hand placed on my forehead.
Him inflicting the slightest amount of pain with the
tweezers. Brings to mind other possibilities.

I see muscle on a large frame. Soft brown hair all over his
chest. I look up into his face. I breathe his breath.

I like my eyebrows the way they are.

I say, "I would love for you to do my eyebrows." ■

Author's Notes

Pamela lives in Eugene, Oregon. Her favorite outdoor activity, bicycling, provides a great contrast to the inside job of writing. Her work appears in the short story collection, *Dead on Demand: The Best of Ghost Story Weekend*.

white hibiscus

Bengal Rose
China Rose

matthew hanner

At my mother's retirement home
she used to introduce me
to the dining room staff
as if they were old family retainers
not short timers
forced to wear their hair in nets
to earn the minimum wage.

William waited tables
at the White Hibiscus Cafeteria
down on third street until it closed.
Now William works in the dining room.

All he does is pour coffee
and say yes 'em and no, sa' being as
he is too senior and too weak to carry trays.

The young do the lifting
and tend toward sullen when introduced.
The odor of marijuana in the west stairs
lingers after their breaks
pungent and familar
like the smell of an early Fall.

William has no last name being black.
We stare at each other as she speaks.
We have met before.
We recognize the look in each others's eyes.
Twin altar boys attending at service.

I remember how embarrassed I was
to be introduced.
I didn't say much about it to her.
Criticism leads only to a sad and silent reproach.
I'm only doing my best...
Was she proud of me?
Wanting to do something in the possessive
motherly way or perhaps
this was just her sense of republican courtesy. ■

WAS
SHE
PROUD
OF ME?

Author's Notes

White Hibiscus is one of a series of two dozen poems written over four years and dealing with my parents' decline and death in Florida. This writing is an unplanned exploration and usually heavy going. It is a sailor without a compass. It is the sea.

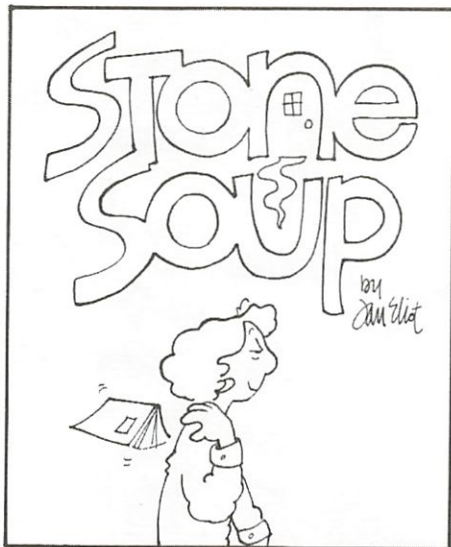
Earthquakes hannah wilson to katherine

That night the bees nesting in our attic
ate through the ceiling and we had to vacate—
everything we needed up the stairway
black with the buzzing swarm—
I thought of the residents of Tokyo,
of how they sleep with cloth parcels
under their futons. Wrapped inside are
toothbrush, money, keys to safe boxes,
perhaps a scrolled poem or photo to steady the shaking.
I tried the next day to pack such a grab-bag
but gave up, unable to fold away the dailiness
or to choose the one thing I could not
bear to lose.

When you got the call, Katherine, what did you gather?
You might be days beside the hyperbaric chamber
waiting for your son to wake.
Did you take needlepoint to stitch down the terror?
Pen and paper to record it?
Dread rises with quickening force—
you must have gone empty-handed,
bearing only what we all store day by day,
knowing it might never be enough. ■

Author's Notes

For twenty years, I taught high-school English, mostly in Eugene, for a few years in Istanbul and Ibadan. When we read poems, I tried to convince students that poems were ultimately impossible to paraphrase. So, although I tried to add comment to "Earthquakes," I discover now that the poem really says all I mean.



Jan Eliot, a local cartoonist, originally settled in Eugene to finish her education at the University of Oregon. She graduated in the middle of a recession, went through a divorce and found herself a single mother. Hoping to forge a career that would allow her to work from home, she came up with the idea of becoming a syndicated cartoonist. It eventually happened but, as with most things, in its own way, on its own timeline.

But in 1995 *Stone Soup* debuted as a daily comic strip, and within a short time was syndicated to over 100 papers. Today *Stone Soup* appears in 130 papers in the US, Canada, England, Finland, India, and Micronesia. *Stone Soup* books are also translated into Portuguese.

Three books have been published, the latest titled *Stone Soup the Comic Strip*. It's available in local bookstores and online. ▣



