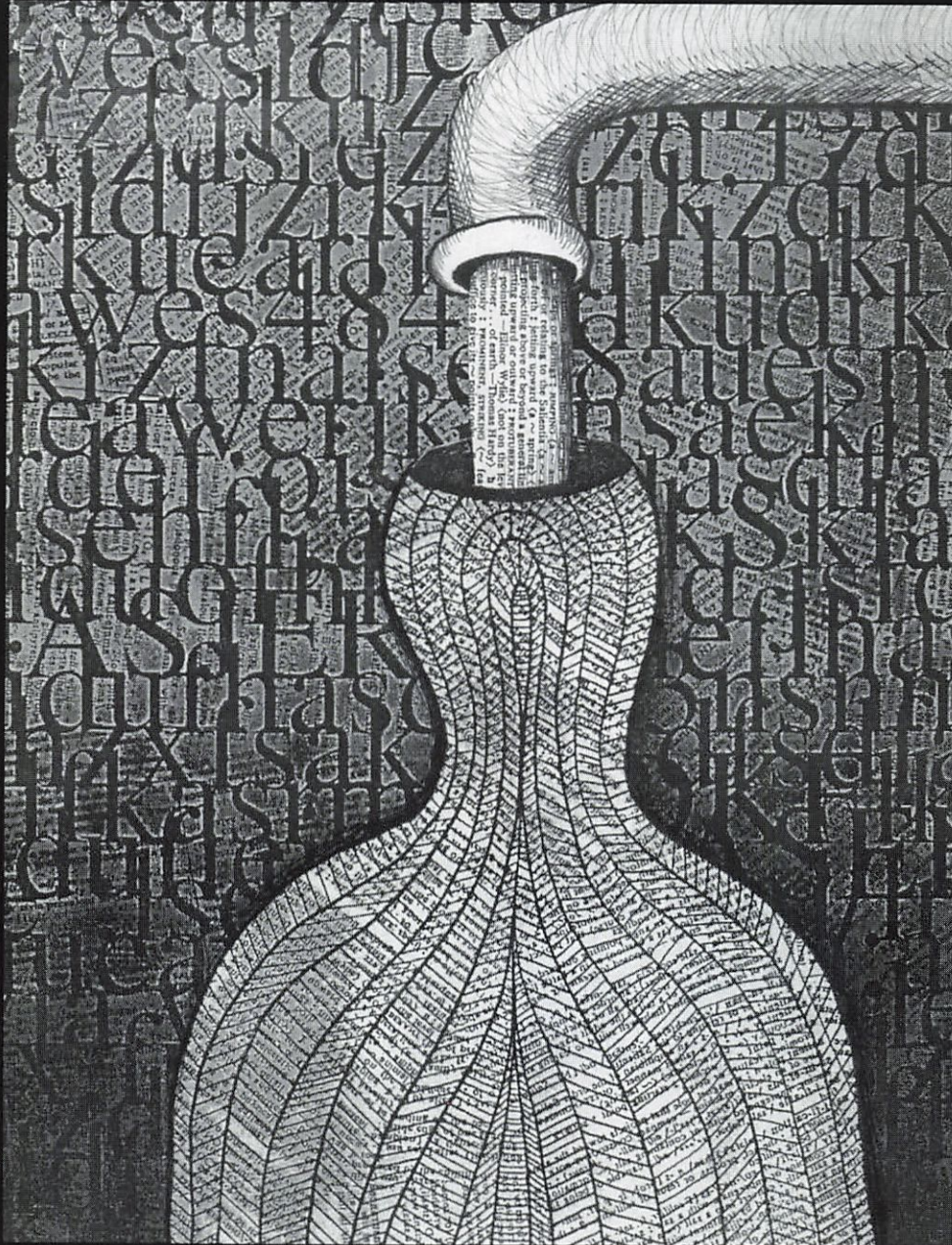


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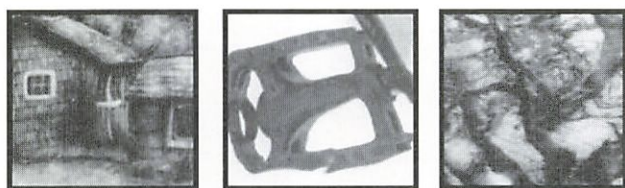


Lane Community College

Winter 2001

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Denali

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Literature

R e l i g i o n

by Cedar Stearns

my shoelaces
trip up a Buddha
walking down
the street and
I wonder
should I apologize
or will he just know?

R e l i g i o n

PIERCED

by Robin Saxton

Like Hindu holy seekers
renouncing the world as it is
a new generation
struts on concrete streets
flaunting steel-pierced bodies
declaring all is illusion

Self-impaled, skewered, holier than thou,
posts and rings dangle
As modern stigmata
avoiding the hand of doing,
the feet of moving,
in favor of the organs
of speech, taste and smell

Over time these emblematic piercings
become a mantra of spiritual reminders,
the touch of which keeps the bearer
on the illusive path of grace.

Do these constant clinking tokens
create an atmosphere of meditative mindfulness?
Might a pierced tongue cause caution in speech?
A pierced eyebrow indicate a questing questioning?
A pierced nipple remind one of necessary nurturing?
A pierced naval draw attention inward.

Might each of us find
in our own minds
a place to pierce
to so sharply keep us
pointed to our path.

Winter 2001

SEEING HEAVEN (for Mark Twain)

by Leo Rivers

The first thing I noticed
was there were
very few white people in Heaven,
and most of them
were either trimming the hedges
or serving other folks
lemonade

The next thing I noticed
was that there
were more trees than people in Heaven,
and no one
wore shoes as they wandered about
but shoes would have looked silly
on the naked

The next thing I noticed
was that
no animal lowered its eyes to Man
and every man
stepped aside to let the deer pass by
just as fast as he would have
a lion

And the last thing I noticed was
as I stepped in
an Angel apologized and explained
part of my Damnation
was to see the Reward of Persecuted Innocents
before joining the Kings and the Rich
in Hell.

SWALLOWING STONES

by Jennifer von Ammon

My best friend tells me she can feel it when her milk drops
As the fluid moves from the back to the front
of her swollen breasts.

This is Wendy's second child, a boy crowned
with a head full of golden curls
She asks me to hold him while she nurses,
so I raise him to her breast,
cradle him in my arms,
heavy as a stack of stones,
an angel.

Wendy laughs easily when he loses his grip.
His tiny pink gums are exposed, and for a moment
her milk is airborne, streaming across the couch,
past me and past my bag of papers, lists and suntan lotion.
When she places his mouth back on her breast and coos to him,
the cooing somehow soothes me too.

I know everything of this connection between mother and son.
My ovaries ache some days, release eggs
that turn into nothingness, as I watch my partner
brushing teeth over the bathroom sink.

Wendy's days seem blissful,
a life of staying home, bare-breasted, barefoot.
She reads books, writes letters, and gardens—
butter-leaf lettuce, geraniums, and herbs.

She can feel it when her milk drops, she tells me
and I swallow her words like stones, the same way
I used to swallow my apples seeds in first grade,
hoping one day, that tiny seed would sprout inside me,
become a tree.

Winter 2001

I THOUGHT THE EARTH REMEMBERED ME

by Cedar Stearns

It was one of those days
Where the clouds are speeding
Fracturing the light

We packed up the mountain
Through the sticky smell of
Honeysuckle and Douglas Fir

Blue and red flowers scattering
The hills like rainbow popcorn

Soft sky expanding above us,
The clouds forcing our eyes upward

Only the ferns can hear us
Whispering in the cathedral silence

Trees arching like buttresses
Over the path, blocking the sun
Splintering the rays into
Dime size reflections

This forest speaks to me,
It is not innocent, but is a witness
She folds us in, secrets us away
Into her dark shadows

We had become a part of the
Breathing soil — Unified

Made solid by her embrace,
We left the woods
Stinking of sex and earth,
Pine and musk
Deliciously converted

JUSTIFIED

by Rebecca Hill

Hot burns the fire and sears my soul
Tormentor turns within to tear at my desire
While butterflies float by on the breath of spring
Sweet hummingbirds pause patiently to dip
Their tongues to the heady taste
Of the nectar within.
The ocean white hot with fury
Seethes upon the beach
Hungriily lapping up the salty
Taste of life.
Wanting yet finding no reprieve
Desiring that which gently placed
Out of reach
By the sinister smiling clown of fate
To whom we must all bow
Snip the thread of one life and
Pull it away quickly with laughter
Ringing in our ears echoing through
The vacant walls of time.
This one shall be no more
Yet weave a new one
Add purple where once was blue
See the color change and mix with the
Green of growing years and maturity.
They shall entwine and begin a new rainbow
Multi-colored hues to become the sunset of my life.

WHERE?

by Blair Girard

Where did it all go?
I remember walking,
Dogs barking,
Singing some Whitney Houston song,
Wondering when my first kiss would come
along.
I remember that big trampoline,
And when Lionel Ritchie
Came out with Dancin' on the Ceiling.
That innocent time
In fall colored grapevines.
When I was going to be Cyndi Lauper's
backup,
And I would ask to go a mile —
Just to ride in back of a pick-up.
I remember when I was forced
To eat Brussel sprouts,
And serious adults
Hushed our youthful shouts.
When daises were new,
And I didn't pay bills.
When I used potholes
For marble-hills.
I remember when I didn't drink coffee,
I walked barefoot and softly.
When I was short enough
To hide in mustard fields,
And I didn't know
About product yields.
When the Ferris-wheel was scary,
And the only thing said after dinner
Was not to get dirty.
I remember toy cars and gravel,
Mr. B's pool and a beach shovel.
Having time to explore the creek,
Never thinking about strong or weak,
Colors or status,

Position or beauty,
Life melted so sweetly.
Now an alarm beeping in my head,
The day of work I curse and dread.
Eight hour days with no exception,
Spending my week in utter perplexion.
Bills to pay, wood to chop,
Laundry to do, groceries to shop,
Up-keep of home, planning ahead,
All day dreaming of bath and a bed,
Always going, always doing,
Watching as the softness I'm losing.
What have I become?
Of the many, now am I one?
My dreaded fears have I forgotten,
Not to be one who's hollow and rotten?
I swore I would hold to my magic,
And not be a part of this rat race so tragic.
Now I sit facing my words.
My weather-beaten wrinkles
And lemon curds —
A bag of heart,
Forgetting her art.
Pelted by peoples' falling pain,
Sheltered by stripped oak trees and rain.
This woman I live with is not to blame,
She carries with her this angry flame.
But I can't fix you,
Nor should I try to.
And anyway you're just
Doing what you have to.
Oh, where can I go to get away,
To some safe place I can stay?
Where my youth and joy
I can keep.
Where through hands of time,
Sand does not seep.

JANUARY SUN

by Jennifer von Ammon

Our last morning with you, moss creeps through
the cracks in the roof. I look out the window, see
the sky's milky cast, think about where we will bury you.

Last night, I put you to bed by my side, felt you breathe,
heard you sigh — watched your legs twitch and your
eyebrows dance.
Were you dreaming? Will you remember this?

I want to remember everything, how the folds of your
neck feel
like cotton in my hand — the rough spots on your
joints, the velvet of your ears.
You are coughing again, a reminder. Is it time to go?

Your grave is ready. Paul says he's always wanted to
be buried beneath an apple tree.
We wrap you in a blanket covered in patchwork angels,
lay you down, say a prayer.
I reach down to touch you, pull the blanket from your
face, and stroke you one last time.

The tree holds a promise of green.
The clouds part. Sunlight streams through.
"The sun's always a sign," Carrie says.

Winter 2001

THREE HAIKU FOR LETTERPRESS

by Andrew Petersen

In her ink-stained hands
the letters of leading clicking
soon; words on paper

She brushes back hair
in one quick motion a smudge
on her wrinkled brow

Darkness falls on pages
hours of working, over
spacing seen before words

CULTURED STONES

by Blair Girard

Sad Tomato
Jazz, plays in my ear
Soothing my turbulent
Soul to rest
Riding high above
Bright light city dust
In a big metal bird
With recliner chairs.

Life seems so small
As I gaze upon our
Twinkling troubles
Up here in my bubble
A million neon signs
Screaming poverty
Yes poverty, our poor souls
Forgotten bums of Earth
Beady diamonds dug from dirt
To factories making femininity
Oooooooooo, so pretty.

Three legged dogs
Crossing Central Park
In a carriage the little
Girl cries
Patent leather shoes
Wanting to know why
But who can tell the truth
To a cultured stone
There in the attic where
The light hasn't shone?

I cry for these lost souls
And me.
For I wander, tripping on trash
And picking it up,
How to sift, how to sift
What comes to your cup?

Watching history repeat itself,
As it always does —
Like the steam from the sea,
Falls in rain to the stream.
I watch the wing light blink.
Think. Think,
It says to me,
Ahh yes, I smile and see.

MY JAPANESE FAMILY

by Ratina

In the summer of 1975, I went barefoot everywhere. My callused feet wore ankle-boots of dust, and I claimed my toes had grown eyes because I never stepped on broken glass as I strode through Minneapolis. My shoes lived at my parents' house in the suburbs, but I barely did, for this was the last summer before my senior year of high school. I was like the bees before the winter cold sets in: buzzing frantically everywhere.

On my first day of work at Yas Kenmotsu's downtown restaurant, I forgot to wear shoes. Or, rather, I didn't have time to hitchhike from my boyfriend's house in the city to pick up my shoes at my parents' house. Although this was Yas and his wife Yuki's first day of business, Yas was unperturbed. He fished around in the restaurant's basement and came up with a pair of used-to-be-white nurse's shoes. They were two sizes too big, but I wore them, sockless, and paid the price of fat blisters.

The night before my third day of work, I stayed at a friend's house in a suburb far from downtown. The next morning, I gulped a quick cup of inky black tea for breakfast and ran out to the road. Within minutes I had hitched a ride all the way downtown, which made me early to work. I decided to spend the time having break-

fast at a nearby Woolworth's.

Cherry cheesecake and more strong black tea were what appealed to me, but the sugar and the acidic tea were too much for my stomach. I lay down in the turquoise booth, vaguely conscious of the waitress hovering over me. Eventually, I unstuck my cheek from the plastic seat and staggered off to work, where I told Yas I needed to lie down for a little while. First I took refuge on a ratty couch in the basement, but soon succumbed to a kneeling position in front of the toilet. Although the restaurant upstairs was busy and Yuki was running to keep up, Yas left his cook-stove several times to come down the stairs and check on me.

"You like a my daughter," he would say each time. Through my daze, I wondered if his daughter threw up a lot.

After the lunch rush was over and I had crept back to the couch, Yas came and sat beside me. I was sure I would be fired; I was amazed that they had kept me after the shoeless incident.

"You like a my daughter," he told me again. Yuki came downstairs, and they agreed. "You call me Daddy. You have trouble, I be daddy to you. You call her Mommy." He nodded towards a beaming Yuki.

So Yas and Yuki became Daddy and

Mommy. I never called them anything else. Several of my friends took jobs in the restaurant, but I was Yas and Yuki's only "daughter," aside from their two biological children. Sometimes I would be waitressing at a Buddhist banquet, the room full of Japanese people, and I would be startled by my reflection in the mirrored wall. "Who's that blonde?" would flash through my mind.

When school started in the fall, I had to leave my job with Mommy and Daddy. Whenever I got the chance, I stopped in to visit them. Once, after nearly a year had passed since my last visit, I arrived to find the restaurant gone. Yas and Yuki had moved on. I hoped they had finally made enough money to buy the land they had dreamed about in Seattle.

My teenage daughters know the Yas and Yuki stories by heart. "You forgot your shoes," Miranda will prompt me.

Madeline adds her piece: "And you threw up and didn't get fired; they called you their daughter instead." I took my daughters on a tour of my memory lanes of Minneapolis last summer. I knew Yas's was gone, but I wanted Miranda and

**“ Yas and
Yuki became
Mommy and
Daddy. I never
called them
anything
else. ”**

Madeline to see the space where my Japanese Mommy and Daddy had welcomed and cared for me. On the downtown mall where Yas's restaurant once was, a swanky bar with a bowling green on its roof preened itself smugly. Although the facade of the restaurant had changed, I felt the love of Yas and Yuki warm me.

"That's where Yas's used to be." The girls peered into the gilt-edged windows. "Of course, the place looked a lot different then. Yas had tacky red fake leather booths and a black Formica counter with stools." We turned away and walked down the mall towards our next destination. Miranda and Madeline were barefoot, flip-flops dangling from their fingers. A fine layer of dust powdered their feet and ankles, and the girls' toes must have grown eyes, for they somehow missed all the broken glass on the sidewalk.

M O T H B A L L E D

by Elizabeth Engstrom

The girl was a little bit too drunk to be in a rowboat, and Danny hadn't realized it until she stood up, bottle in hand, and tried to make her way back aft to where he was.

"Sit down," he hissed at her. "Sit down and be quiet."

"Oops," she said, almost losing her balance. She giggled as she regained her center, the boat rocking, then she sat down hard on the bench. "Sorry."

"You have to be quiet." He took another long pull on the oars, and soundlessly, a giant chain appeared from out of the fog and passed within a few feet of their boat. Strands of seaweed clung to it all the way up to the high tide mark, and barnacles bred clumping colonies right at the water line. Each link was as big as Danny's head.

The girl's eyes grew solemn as she saw this mysterious chain that seemed to tether the ocean to the heavens, and then the ship, big as a walled city, darkened the fog.

Danny shipped the oars and put his hand out just in time to fend off. The big gray monster was cold.

"Wow," the girl said with reverence.

"If we get caught," Danny said, "we'll both go to jail. Do you understand?" He could barely see her from four feet away, the fog was so thick, but he saw that headful of blonde curls bounce as she nodded. He also saw the glint of the bottle as she upended it and drank the last of the Southern Comfort.

Perhaps this wasn't the best idea he'd ever had.

"I'm cold," she said.

"Okay." He took off his jacket and handed it to her, then picked up the grappling hook from the floor of the rowboat.

He moved as far from her as he could, and then he began to swing it, around and around, letting out more line every time, knowing that landing this hook would be an incredible long shot. He gave a mighty heave, saw the rope disappear into the fog over his head, and then heard a loud clang.

He ducked, expecting the hook to come speeding down toward him, barbs first, but it didn't. It held. He waited a minute, listening for the sound of a motor and waiting to be pegged by a searchlight. Nothing. The fog had muffled the noise.

"First try," he said, smiling smugly to himself. He tied the rowboat to the end of the grappling hook's line, shrugged into his heavy backpack, put the coiled rope ladder over his shoulder, put on his leather gloves, and kissed the bimbo on the cheek.

"I'm going to go up there and let down this rope ladder. You climb up it, okay?"

She nodded, subdued by the cold, gray monolithic wall next to them that rose up and disappeared into the mist.

Danny took a hefty grip on the knotted line and hand-over-handed. He was a little drunk himself, and though he'd been thinking about this adventure for almost a year now, he hadn't really thought about how it would feel to actually climb up a rope again, sneakered feet walking up the wet, slippery side of a ship. In the dark. Hands freezing.

But once he was twenty feet up, he couldn't stop. He didn't have the strength to climb back down. If he fell, he'd crash through the boat and it'd take less than a minute for them both to drown in that ice-cold seawater. He had to go ahead. He was in shape, but not this kind of shape. He felt his strength waning; the rope was burning into his hands, but he had to keep going. He had to keep going.

And he did. Below him, the rope disappeared into fog. Above him, the rope disappeared into fog. There was only him and the segment of rope right in front of him, and the slippery gray side of the ship next to him, and the heavy rope ladder and backpack he was carrying. The backpack got heavier with each passing minute. Its straps bit into his shoulders; it banged his back, throwing his balance off. If he was certain he could miss the rowboat, miss the girl, he'd jettison the blasted thing.

Instead, he kept going.

He should have trained for this. He should have spent some time in the gym, climbing a rope.

But that would have meant preparing for a felony. This was just spur of the moment stuff.

Sure. He just happened to have a grappling hook in the boat and a rope ladder over his shoulder. And a backpack full of the proper tools for the job.

His head bumped something, taking him by surprise.

Catwalk. The hook had snagged the catwalk.

Danny grabbed it, then heaved himself up and onto it. He lay there, gasping for breath, feeling his hands ache; the muscles in his arms and shoulders twitched and burned.

The network of rusting metal sketched cold artwork into his skin.

He'd actually made it. "I Fooled you, you stupid, useless hunk of metal," he whispered.

After resting for a moment, he heard a low whine coming up from the rowboat. The blonde.

He ignored her and listened to the water lap at the edges of the ship, heard her old steel plates creak and

“Danny...” she whined, but he was beyond her now, memories overpowering him with that unmistakable Navy ship smell. Shipmates. Foreign ports. Exotic women.

groan as she moved sluggishly against her moorings.

He secured the rope ladder and let it down.

“Okay,” he whispered loudly. “C’mon up.”

He didn’t think his voice carried all the way down, but he saw the rope ladder tighten, and it swayed a bit with her weight. Little moans of terror wafted eerily on the breeze that ruffled his hair.

Wind inside the fog.

Then he grabbed her jacket and helped her aboard, tears of fear moistening the corners of her eyes. She brushed them away with tiny red fingers that protruded out of the long sleeves of his jacket. “What are we doing here?”

“This is my old ship,” he said. “I wanted to show it to you.”

“You were in the Navy?”

Danny looked around at the mist-enshrouded deck. Faint moonlight shone through the fog. “Yeah. I lived aboard this crappy damned ship for four fucking years.” The deck was slick with salty moisture. Rust bubbled the paint everywhere. He scuffed the deck with his shoe and the gray flaked off. “C’mon.” She clung to the back of his shirt as he made his way forward.

He expected to find all the doors and hatches welded shut; he’d heard that they sealed up the mothballed fleet pretty tight. But the first door he came to was ajar. It seemed to invite him in, and that made the hair on his arms prick up a bit. “It’ll be warmer below,” he said, and pulled a small flashlight from his pocket.

He shouldered the door open another few inches with screeching difficulty, wincing at the noise. Then he slipped through the squared-oval opening. “Watch your head.”

“Danny...” she whined, but he was beyond her now, memories overpowering him with that unmistakable Navy ship smell. Shipmates. Foreign ports. Exotic women. Puking bad booze. He shone his light down a ladder, then ran down it as if he had been doing it right up until yesterday. His body remembered this ship, too.

“Dan-ny!” He heard her hesitant footsteps following him in the dark.

He shone his flashlight briefly on the ladder so she could see, then he flashed it around. The ship looked weird, with all the useful stuff gone. It had been gutted. The corroded ends of wires hung out of the bulkheads and down from the ceilings, where their fixtures had been removed. The farther forward they went, the drier it got and the more preserved the paint, but somewhere, water dripped and echoed tinnily. Even their breathing echoed in the vast emptiness which used to hold hundreds of exuberant, sweating, cursing, working men.

“What is this place?”

“They mothball the old ships. The Navy is superstitious about scuttling them, so they just leave them out here to rot. They’re worthless. Useless.”

“Superstitious?” The girl touched the wall with a reverent fingertip.

“Yeah, the Navy’s full of ritual and history that they think is so important, but it’s just superstitious crap. ‘The ship never forgets,’ they say.”

“Forgets what?”

“Forget it. It’s stupid.”

They walked through passageways, the light of his small flashlight showing the way, ducking through the short headspace of the doors and stepping over their lower edges. Then down through another hatch in the deck, down the metal ladder, ever deeper into the belly of the ship.

He could navigate the interior of this ship in total darkness. He *had* done it in total darkness.

He could do it in his sleep. He still *did* it in his sleep.

“Here,” he said, shining his light into a small empty room. “This is where I slept. With thirty-nine other guys.” Unbelievable. This room was way too small for that. He shone the light up to the number stenciled on the I-beam. Sure was. This had been his berthing room.

“Let’s go,” she whined.

“C’mon, I’ll show you the galley.” Danny felt strangely euphoric. He felt as though he was putting something over on the Navy, something he had never felt before, not really. He’d sabotaged a few gas masks, sure, and slept through a few watches, but nothing like this. He was trespassing on their property, and they didn’t know about it, and they couldn’t do anything about it. He was free to go anywhere and do anything, and there were no officers or chiefs to stop him.

He could even go into officer country.

Officer country.

The thought took his breath away.

Another level down, through long passages, a dozen doorways, across a few rooms, and there they were: officer country. Sacred ground, or so they would have you believe.

It looked exactly the same as the rest of the ship. Even the Captain’s quarters, while roomy for only one man, was small and cramped. The paneling had been removed, and the bulkheads were bare gray metal, just like everything else. The wardroom was small, too, not like the area where the enlisted people — the working

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men, the guys who ran the goddamned ship — ate.

Danny remembered standing in the chow line on his first cruise out. He had been lost a half dozen times already, and the lower ranking petty officers seemed to delight in sending him on wild goose chases, getting him even more lost. When it was time for chow, he stood in line, starving. He couldn't ever remember being that hungry before, and then out of nowhere it seemed, came the snipes.

Covered head to toe in black oil, those sweating men with white circles around their eyes walked into the chow hall and the place went silent. The line parted automatically. Danny stepped away from the food and let these men, these enginemen, these sailors who never saw the light of day and worked in 120 degree oil all day every day, from eight until late, eat first.

He kicked at the wardroom bulkhead.

There had never been a snipe in here. Officers were too pure to hang out with those who beat their brains out making their ship run. Making them look good.

Danny had never been in officer country before, and had assumed it was palatial. Of course it couldn't be — it was still a fairly small ship — but they kept it shrouded in so much mystery, they kept the division between officer and enlisted such a vast abyss ... and yet the officers were really no different than anybody else. Most times they were less intelligent; they were more prone to fuck-ups than the seamen.

But would they ever admit it? Hell, no.

"Danny ..."

"Stop whining!" His voice resonated nicely in officer country. He sounded like an officer here. He could have been one. He should have been one.

"Danny, I'm cold. I want to go back"

He clicked out the light.

"I'm cold," he mocked her. "I want to go back"

She made a tiny girlish noise of worry.

"You're a sailor now," he said. "Your country and your shipmates and the safety of this vessel depend upon you. There is no going back."

"Danny .."

"Dismissed."

"Turn the light back on. Please."

"No whining. Stop your whining or I'll write you up. Article fifteen. You'll go to Captain's mast."

"You're scaring me."

"You'll get sent to the brig. Bread and water. Or better yet, the Big Chicken Dinner. You know what that is, don't you? Bad Conduct Discharge. BCD. We call it the Big Chicken Dinner around here."

"Danny..."

"Get out of here," he said, tired of her.

"I don't know where I am. This place is so confusing."

A long groan shimmied the length of the ship: the weary complaint of a dying behemoth.

Danny smiled. "I'm going to sink this fucker," he said, and took off out the door, leaving the whiner behind.

He went to another place he'd never been on this ship: the engine room.

The machinery had been cannibalized. What was left looked incomplete; pipes and ducts reached dramatically to nowhere; holes in the catwalk grid gaped where something ought to be, but vacancy lived there instead.

The dripping was louder down here.

Danny shone his light down into the bilges. They were full of oily water. It stunk of diesel fuel. "Oh, no you don't, you wily bitch," he said to the ship, and his voice echoed and sounded tiny. "These fumes would blow me up along with you."

He could punch a hole in any part of the ship, as long as it was below the waterline. The weight of the incoming water would settle the ship lower and lower, until the goddamned thing finally sank. It wasn't going to take a very big hole, either. And Danny was in no hurry.

He left the engine room — it was too vast, too creepy, too dangerous — and chose the Chief's quarters instead. That was fitting. It would be that goddamned Master Chief Watts who would have had a fit over a hole in the hull. Well, Danny thought, let him have a fit over this one.

Holding the Maglight in his mouth, he opened his backpack and pulled out all the newspaper wadding he'd put in there for protection. The battery, the wires, the small wad of plastique. He'd been pinching plastique from his job site, one pea-sized piece at a time until he had a wad the size of a golf ball. That should do the trick. The ship was steel plate, but it was old. Stressed. Rusted. Barnacled. This should make a nice, tidy little hole.

Danny fixed the wad on the cold, perspiring hull next to a rib, stuck a blasting cap in it, then ran the wires back to the battery. He'd seen enough explosions to know that this was going to cause some major damage, and it would be immediate. Shrapnel would fly, water would pour in through the hole, he'd have to get his ass out of Dodge, and he'd have to do it in a hurry.

Still holding the flashlight in his teeth, he fixed one wire to a battery terminal, then, careful to hold the other wire far away from it, he stood up and played out the wire. He'd touch this sucker off from two compartments down the passageway. The explosion would happen under water. At the most, it would be a loud burp at the surface. By the time the patrol came around in the morning, they'd just find an empty parking spot in the row of mothballed ships.

He grinned at the thought of it, and saliva dripped down his chin. He rubbed his chin on the shoulder of his shirt, but that knocked the flashlight cockeyed. In working

Mothballed

his lips to right it, it fell out of his mouth, glass shattered, and everything went dark.

"Shit."

"No kidding," the girl said, then slammed the compartment door.

Danny dove for it, and before she had a chance to turn the rusty dogs down to lock him in, he had the door open and a fistful of her shoulder. He threw her into the compartment, stepped out into the passageway and dogged the door down.

He stood sweating in the dark dampness, listening to her yell and beat ineffective fists against the thick metal door. She was locked in the dark room, not a good place to be, but better her than him. Bitch.

This put an end to his plans of sinking the goddamned ship. Maybe it was just as well. Maybe he'd wait until they were both just a little bit calmer, then he'd open the door and they'd get back into the rowboat, he'd take her home and they'd never have to look at each other again.

The girl pushed against the door with all her weight, but it didn't budge. She knew when she was had. She was locked in tight.

Danny had been fairly easy to find, making all kinds of racket, talking to himself, with the little beam of light flashing all around the place. She'd followed him as best as she could, she even had kind of started to get the hang of this place, even in the dark.

Then she saw that he was planning to blow them up.

No way.

In fact, she better disarm that mother right now.

She put her hands out in front of her and walked slowly toward the wall where Danny had squeezed the plastique into a crevice behind the support rib.

But one tennis shoe stepped on the end of the wire the same time the other tennis shoe kicked over the battery. The terminal hit the salty metal deck just inches away from the end of the wire.

Closed circuit.

The blast blew the hole in the side of the ship, and it also bent up the bottom of the door to Master Chief Watts' quarters. Danny had only closed one of the six dogs, enough to keep out one skinny little girl, but not enough to keep out the ocean. It poured in, flooding the ship so fast he barely had time to get out of its way.

Jesus Christ, Danny thought, and began running. The

deck slipped and tilted alarmingly right under his feet. The ship was taking on tons of water and was doing it right fast. He had to get up and get out.

He ran up a ladder, but the hatch at the top was welded shut. He backed down, and then had to slog through knee-high water to the next ladder. He made it through the next door, closed it, dogged it, and that bought him a minute or two while he tried a different hatch.

Found one.

Up the ladder.

Locked.

The ship groaned and metal screeched as the old destroyer settled lower in the water, turning onto her side. Danny slipped and slid around, trying to get a grip on the bulkheads, trying desperately to find a way up and out.

"Should have dogged the door properly, Seaman Richards," Master Chief Watts said.

"I meant to," Danny said, "I just didn't think..."

"You didn't think," the Master Chief said. "You never think. You're a poor goddamned excuse for a sailor. The worst I've seen."

"We're sinking!" Danny yelled.

"Your shipmates will all die and it's your fault," the Master Chief said. "How many times have I told you that you can't fool the ship?"

Danny pushed past him, but his shoes slipped off the bulkhead and the surface of the water closed over his head. He pushed off and came up, gasping, swimming desperately against the current, looking for a way out, his heart pounding, his eyes bulging in the dark, feeling his way along, finding it harder and harder to breathe...

Draft. He felt a draft.

He tried to calm his nerves long enough to ignore the roar of the water and the screech of wrenching metal. He closed his eyes, held his breath, and tried

to gauge the direction of the breeze.

Left.

He turned and swam with all the stamina he had left, making for the opening. Where there was airflow, there was a way out.

Please God, a way out, and not just an air vent.

It was a hatch, rusted partway open. Danny stuck an arm through, put his foot on the ladder and heaved. The rusted hinge gave a little, but not enough. Water caught up with him, the current raging around his torso. He took

continued on page 22

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continued from page 21

a deep breath and hoped that he wouldn't burst a blood vessel with the attempt. He saw red globes in front of his eyes as he gritted his teeth and shoved on that rusted hatch with all the strength in his legs and his back, and it gave just a little more. Enough more. Danny made himself as thin as he could and slithered out of the opening.

Outside.

He rewarded himself with a deep breath of fresh air, before the sky exploded into fire.

Shipmates ran past him single file, the heavy snake of a hose under each right arm. Men scrambled frantically trying to keep their footing on the slanted deck. When they slipped, they slid over the side and fell, yelling, into the burning water.

Another fireball in the air.

Another explosion on deck. Pieces of burning metal screamed past him and the blast left him flash-blind and almost deaf. Danny's feet slipped out from underneath him. He grabbed onto the hatch cover and kept himself from going over the side.

"Deploy the lifeboats," the captain's voice hollered over 1-MC. But Danny couldn't see any lifeboats. He just heard the planes dive-bombing them. He heard the explosions and saw them light up the night sky behind his clenched eyelids.

"They're bombing the whole fucking fleet," someone yelled, and an explosion of ice-hot metal blinded him and sliced off his legs as clean as a guillotine would have.

Funny, he felt no pain.

"This is all your fault," Master Chief Watts said. Danny looked up and saw the big man looking down at him.

"My legs..." Danny said, and saw them tumble down the slanted deck and fall through the hole that the explosion had left.

"You should have dogged that hatch," Chief Watts said. "Piece of shit sailor if I've ever seen one."

The waterline slid quickly up the deck. Sailors lost their balance trying to scramble up away from the flaming fuel oil that covered the harbor. Some made it as far as the catwalk and held on until their arms gave out, then fell straight down into hell. Others windmilled their arms,

saw that they weren't going to make it and just gave up, diving right into it, hoping to swim under it and come up on the far side. Fat chance. The suction of the sinking ship pulled them in, pulled them under, pulled them to their graves.

This ship deserved to go down in glory, and nobody knew it better than the ship herself.

Danny, legless, helpless, watched the water rise. "Help me, Chief," he whimpered.

But the chief wasn't there.

And the explosions had stopped.

The water still rose, but it was a silent starry night and Danny's legs were pinched tight in the partially-opened hatch. Pieces of the girl floating in diesel fuel belched up and out of the opening as the ship went down violently, powerfully, heavily, sucking all of Danny's secrets down with it.

He struggled, but he knew there was no use to it. The ship was in control. As he had meant to have the ship, it now had him.

Danny was pinned to the deck like an insect; the water rose up over his chest to his chin. He stretched and struggled, but there was no hope, and he knew it even as he tried.

As cold sea water filled his lungs, Danny looked wildly around one last time.

Master Chief Watts knelt next to him. "This ship deserved a courageous ending like she just gave herself, son. But you... Well, some men just ain't made to be sailors," he said. "The ship never forgets. You did good to get away the first time, acting the way you did in uniform. Too bad you pressed your luck."

This ship he'd kicked and swore at and sabotaged and finally bombed: she'd invited him in, confused him and then held him underwater while she made herself a courageous exit.

Too bad Danny was her only witness.

As his eardrums exploded and the pressure forced the last of the air from his lungs, Danny finally understood the meaning of respect.

FIREFLY

by Eve Powers

Air conditioning. Impossible to breathe in a closed car. Andrea glanced at Mr. Howell. Even with the A.C., his spidery hands left damp patches on the steering wheel. Shepard had gone up yesterday morning, and Mr. Howell couldn't stop talking about *The First American in Space*. A lot he knew. She cracked her window an eighth of an inch. That way if she had to get out, she could make herself flat, like one of Saturn's rings, and slip out into the hot Georgia night before anyone noticed and tried to pull her back in.

Andrea was sitting up front with Mr. Howell because if she rode in back, especially all squished together with soft, pink Janie and greasy haired Frank, she would puke. She hadn't said "puke" to Mr. Howell. She had said that if she rode in the back seat, she would become nauseated. That was the ladylike way to say it.

They were all going to Mr. Howell's house, to look through his new telescope. Big deal. Andrea didn't need to look through his stupid telescope — she had been out in space before, lots of times. No one else in the junior class had been out in space. A voice began to titter inside her. She cleared her throat, hrrrum, to drown it out. Her palms stuck to the plastic seat. She crossed her feet in their huaraches. That was how ladies sat. They'd had a film on it in home ec.

"Well, here we are, kids," said Mr. Howell

"What a surprise," Andrea thought, "I thought we were somewhere else."

It was ten o'clock on a muggy May night. She was being allowed to stay out late because it was for school. They followed Mr. Howell to the backyard single file, like a line of ducklings. Fireflies winked in the grass, and the air was sweet with honeysuckle. She suddenly wanted to take off all her clothes, run over the grass, and dance with the fireflies, trailing a cape of firefly-light behind her, as the crickets sang, "Andrea, Andrea..."

"Are you with us, Andrea?" Mr. Howell said in that tone. She went over to the telescope, where he was explaining which knob did what. They were all clustered together, and Mr. Howell had his hand on Frank's hand showing him how to focus the 'scope.

"That's the Andromeda galaxy," Mr. Howell said.

"Now you try, Andrea." Everyone was sweating. She bent over the 'scope, dialed the knob and the galaxy hit her in the eye. She was entranced, lost her heart to the galaxy, became long and thin and was sucked through the 'scope and fired like a rocket toward Andromeda. Wow! Up close, the galaxy was all sparkly, shining with crisp, piercing light that made her body glow like alabaster; light poured out of her eyes. She dove into the unbearable light of the galactic center, sighed, exploded.

"My turn," said Janie, pushing her aside with a nudge of her plump elbow. Andrea walked a few yards away from the telescope, lay down on the moist grass, and let the fireflies drink her light.

"Even if you could go at the speed of light," Mr. Howell said to Frank, "it would still take two and a half..." he looked around. "Andrea?"

His words were a rubber band light-years long that culled her from Andromeda's core and flung her back to earth. Mr. Howell's brown polyester pant legs stood over her.

"Andrea, if you are not going to pay attention, you might as well go wait in the car."

She tried to say, "Sure, Mr. Howell, I was paying attention," but only small, silent clouds of proto-suns came out of her mouth, like a trick with a cigarette smoke. Mr. Howell squatted down beside her, put his hand on her bare shoulder, and shook her.

"Are you o.k.?" His hand was anti-matter. She jerked away from him and stood up.

"Day dreaming again?" said Frank. "Guess it'll be just Janie and I going to the state Science Fair this year." Janie smirked and twirled a lock of blond hair around her index finger. Shit. Andrea started to say something unladylike to them, then thought, what's the point? They'll never leave Earth, not even once.

"It's late kids, I've got to get you back home," said Mr. Howell.

On the way back, Andrea rode in the front of the car again. The air was finally cool, and they all had their windows down. The sound of crickets filled the southern night. Andrea leaned back in her seat, closed her eyes and fell asleep. Space travel is so exhausting.

REMEMBER ME

by Ratina

Sometimes, when she is at the library, she takes down the phone book of the city where it happened and looks up two names. After twenty-seven years, one is still listed: Jon. Some day she'd like to phone him, to call up the past. She wishes the other name were there, too. She wants to ask him, Do you remember that night?

At first, the footsteps running behind her only tugged at a corner of her mind, like her alarm clock seeping into her morning's dream. With a jolt, she heard the pounding feet move from background to foreground. *Someone's running up behind me* — not just some one, but many someone's. During the second it took for these thoughts to click into place, she turned away and saw the boys, running towards her in the half-dark. Streetlights were far away; she was by the empty field across from her junior high.

She ran, too, but wasn't fast enough. They got her, hands grabbing all over her body. In terror as she kicked and screamed, a part of her floated above and watched. All the boys ran away but one: Scott, her boyfriend Jon's best friend. She and Jon had just been at Scott's place, drinking beer in the attic above the garage.

Scott dragged her into the field and pulled off her jeans. She hoped whatever he was about to do wouldn't hurt too much. Scott shoved his fingers, thicker and dirtier than Jon's, inside her and stuck his penis into her

mouth, saying, "Give me a blow job."

She didn't know how to give a blow job. She tried blowing on the mass of flesh in her mouth, but gagged as he drove deeper into her throat. Scott pumped in and out of her mouth a few times, then turned and started kissing her. Automatically she kissed him back, then flinched as he whispered too close to her ear, "Jon's just using you. He told me." She was silent. Again she felt his hot breath on the side of her face. "I'd like to be your boyfriend. I wouldn't use you."

She felt stiff grass poking between her legs. *I've got to get home. I just have to shut him up and get home somehow.*

"I really don't like Jon that much anyway," she offered. Scott pulled her to her feet. They pulled their pants up. Head bent, she stayed intent on her zipper, willing him to leave.

His arm gripped her shoulders in what he must have thought was an embrace. "C'mon, I'll walk you home." She walked knowing the slightest wind could blow him off course; the tiniest crack in her veneer could start up his violence.

She acted beautifully in this role. Not too eager, reluctantly agreeing to be his new girlfriend, obediently parting her lips when Scott kissed her, letting him shove his fat, greedy tongue into her mouth. The part of her that had floated above when the terror began now settled over her like a veil. Later. She would let herself feel all this later.

She didn't know then how many years it

would take, nor how huge the task would be, to face the terror, speak to it, touch and taste it again. Numbness grew on her as frost creeps across a windowpane. She didn't remember what Scott said to her at her door, did not resist when he asked for her phone number.

Upstairs in her bed she lay, fully dressed, not even wanting to touch the zipper of the jeans that did not defend her. She willed herself to fall asleep. Slumber mocked her, images of Scott thwacked her mind endlessly, like the slap slap slap of a water wheel. Eventually, the constant swats of the night's experience paddling her brain wore her out. She slept.

Early the next morning she jerked awake, sweaty and tense. Last night's memory swam to the surface. Would people look at her sideways today and whisper rumors, would cruel snickers snip at her? Would the smoker's club in the girl's bathroom fall silent when she walked in? She locked her despair behind a stubborn face, eyes clouded with stoicism.

She wouldn't eat today, would ask no one for anything. Somehow she numbed herself through the day. No one seemed to have heard what Scott had done, though whenever she accidentally relaxed, hisses seemed to pinch her.

At home after school, she stiffened when the phone rang. Jon was calling. "What hap-

pened? Scott told me what a nice girlfriend I have." Jon sounded upset. At whom? Didn't he know what happened? She tried to believe Jon had nothing to do with the previous night. He'd walked her just far enough home so that she was left alone where the lights ended and the

field began. Minutes later, Scott and the other boys caught up to her. Hadn't Jon seen them? He sounded scared now. Somehow, she got off the phone. Scott called, and she hung up without a word.

In the cocoon of her room that night, she lay in bed. To her family and friends, she seemed just as she had been twenty-four hours before. She'd fooled them. Her pan-

eled walls, flowered sheets, and jumbled room were the same. But some sleeping beast in her mind began to stretch, opened one eye just a slit. The anxiety in Jon's voice — why? Because she had been hurt? No, his fear was that another guy might take what was his. She would belong to no one again. Inside, the beast lay watchful, alert. Never again would she let someone see her pleasure, she her pain.

Once again she returns the phone book to the shelf at the library. Someday she may call.

"Do you remember me?"

She's just curious, that's all.

“ She locked her
despair behind
a stubborn
face,
eyes clouded
with stoicism. ”

TO JEROME

by Tracy Boussetot

The secretary's hand is on my arm as she leads me, stunned, down the hallway towards the office. She is speaking gently to me, explaining that the phone call is from my mother, my mother who is a million miles away and has never called me at school. There has been an accident. I hear a shrill tight high pitched voice; it is me, shouting at my mother just to tell me what is going on. You need to go home, she repeats, over and over, yes, it's very serious.

In those days, you were just my daddy. I would run outside to the garage when I heard the trucks and trailers pull in the yard, late in the summer night. I remember the pajamas I wore, that said "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," on the front. I would be hoisted up by you, my father the giant, dirty and sweaty and greasy from a long day in the sun. You and the guys would sit around and blow off steam and drink cheap beer while I roved around and looked at the tools and squeezed Gojo out onto the floor and giggled over the calendars with pictures of naked ladies on them. You talked the loudest, laughed the loud-

est, and I was safe and happy.

I sit in the car on the way to the hospital with my hands clasped together so tightly in my lap, clutching the door handle, fiddling with my hair. I seem to have lost my voice. Yes, there has been an accident. It is very serious. "We just don't know," say the doctors, gently shaking their heads, "he may or may not wake up. You need to prepare yourself for whatever happens, you need to be ready."

" You weren't my daddy anymore. You were Jerome, or the Father figure, or the Parental Unit. "

When I got older, I was sometimes embarrassed by you. I started to refer to your profession as "landscape architect." I rolled my eyes when you misspelled another word, when you laughed too loudly. We started to have arguments, to fight about my messy room or the dirty dishes or your back-assed conservative views. When you and Mom were battling out the War of the Roses, I invariably took her side. You weren't my daddy anymore; you were Jerome or the Father Figure or the Parental Unit. When the time came for me to go to college, I ran. I fled without a second look back at you over my shoulder.

Now the shouting was over the phone, about the cost of tuition and did I think money grew on trees and why didn't I just get a real goddamn job? And you still came home late in the dark, after a twelve-hour day, dirty and sweaty and greasy and drank cheap beer and laughed the loudest. Eventually, somehow, through the slowly dissipating mists of adolescent angst and self-indulgent drama, I began to see how tired you would be late at night, how stiff you were in the morning, how quiet you could get when going through the bills and loan papers and mortgage payments. What had it taken, all those years, to keep me safe and happy?

Standing next to the hospital bed, I hold my father's hand in mine. It is so huge, I realize, so callused and brown and thick. The time has come. We've done everything we can. "We're sorry," say the nurses, "so sorry." I gently squeeze my good-bye. I need to go, I need to leave this place.

Suddenly, when I moved far away and began to experience my own life, you became Dad again. When I came home to visit, we'd go to your favorite bar and drink cheap beer and laugh. I wanted to hear more of your stories, the truth behind your

life. I realized just how long and hard you labored to give your kids the things you never had. I found out that even though you may not have always understood my desire to go to college, you respected it and were proud of me. I recognized the strength you must have had, without education or training, to start your own business, to be loud and cheerful amidst the backbreaking amount of work you did, to be dirty and sweaty and greasy day after day, summer after summer. We still argued, we still butted heads over politics and family issues — for God's sake, you used to send me Rush Limbaugh tapes! But when we'd talk on the phone, we were talking like friends, about life and love and the world and other things I never thought I'd talk about with my Father Figure. And I saw that the greatest gift you had given me, more than safety or happiness or a thoroughly unladylike taste for beer, was your love of life, your ceaseless striving to find the fun and beauty in the here and now, regardless of what it had taken to get to here. I will laugh the loudest.

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BECOMING BUTCH

by Ratina

When the shoes are ready, the outfit will appear.

"Charlie, will you teach me to be butch?" I was standing in the produce aisle of the corner store one morning, conspiring with the neighborhood drunk.

He thought a moment, frowning. Pumping his biceps to illustrate, he asked, his raspy voice spraying whiskey mist my way, "You mean butchy? Like Wanda?"

I nodded, as I pictured the woman whose hulking presence in the neighborhood made me blush and stammer. I used to think I had a crush on Wanda, but what I really wanted was to *be* her: mysterious and tough; big and butch. I've always been attracted to people who have some facet I lack, even when I don't like them as people. It's as if I thought I could siphon their power into my soul by going to bed with them.

"That's right." I suddenly felt a little shy. "Just like Wanda."

"Sure I'll tell ya," he growled. "Before someone can give ya any shit, you just go right up to 'em and tell 'em to fuck off!" He waved his fist at an imaginary opponent.

"O.K. Thanks, Charlie." I went back to my quest for a ripe avocado.

My best friend Anna and I had decided to become butch. This decision was an about-face from our staunch, "I'm a fem and don't give me any shit about it!" attitude. Anna and I came out at the same time, and at first, we defied the lesbian uniform: short hair, jeans and a T-shirt. We vowed not to be sheep, but to hang on to our dresses and our tresses.

When I was first coming out, it seemed to be very important to know what I was, butch or fem, so other dykes could know what to expect. Lesbians seemed to love to tell me what a fem I was, which didn't always come across as a compliment. At a party, as I was wrestling the lid off a jar of olives, I felt someone close behind me. I turned to see a studly woman, looking into my eyes as she reached for the jar. "Here, little lady, let the butch do it."

My annoyance gave me the extra oomph I needed to pop the lid off. Flipping back my hair so it wouldn't get tangled in my jewelry, I retorted, "How do you know I'm not butch?"

She backed off, looking doubtful. "Well, I guess you could be."

One day, Anna, frustrated at not getting dates, had said what I haven't even let myself think. "I *want* to look like a lesbian. I want other dykes to see me and know I'm one of them."

It hadn't occurred to me that it was actually okay to want to fit in. I had been so busy being defiant about *having* to that I never checked in with myself to find out whether I *wanted* to. I had a steady girlfriend by this time, so I didn't share Anna's angst about dating. But her statement made me curious about exploring what it would be like to look completely different.

I knew becoming butch would require a whole new wardrobe and I proceeded cautiously, not wanting a lot of attention for my transformation. The day came when someone from the lesbian choir said something awful. "Are you trying to be butch?"

Trying! The indignity! I was wearing my ex-husband's dead uncle's sportcoat. I thought I looked pretty tough. Apparently, I looked more like Annie Hall than Leslie Feinberg.

Charlie and I met again at the store, this time in the milk aisle. The setting must have inspired his next tidbit of advice. "Get some milk jugs," he said out of the corner of his mouth, "and put a little more water in them each day, and use 'em for weights." I never did anything Charlie suggested, but I found comfort in the corner-store consultations. He gave me an old pair of men's pants he'd found. I sewed suspender buttons on them. He brought me a knife with a wicked curved blade, but I only hung the scabbard from my belt a few times before I realized I was scaring people. My girlfriend Brandy bought me a wallet with a chain, and I wore that instead.

I decided I needed a fashion role model. Humphrey Bogart seemed to suit my mood of the moment. I fell in love with Forties-style pleated trousers. Butches do not carry purses, and women's slacks are seriously pathetic in the pocket department. Often women's pants do not have two back pockets, which is not fair — probably a conspiracy between the pant and purses industries. Worse yet, the front pockets are too shallow. Pens, loose change, and keys fall out; you can't jam your hands in deep, James Dean-style.

Next there was the matter of who paid for what. Since Anna didn't have a steady girlfriend, and I did, she poured a lot of energy into helping me get it right.

"No self-respecting butch lets her fem pay for a date," she warned. This was a problem, since I was a broke single mom, and Brandy had no kids and a great job. "Have Brandy give you the money for the date to put in your wallet," Anna advised seriously. "Then, you pay for the date!"

My ego wasn't that fragile, and my butchhood wasn't that important. I let Brandy pay for our dates.

All I would do was remark to the ticket-taker, "My mom's buying tonight."

One day, I got a chance to show off my new-found machismo. Brandy and I got out to my car and noticed one of the tires was flat. I allowed my sweetheart to hold the instruction manual while I changed the tire, nearly ruining the beautiful trousers I had scored at a yard sale. My gallant duty done, I proudly turned the key in the ignition, chest puffed out like a pigeon's. Brandy was cooing appreciatively at my prowess.

Then disaster struck — what was that smell? Oh no — I'd stepped in dogdoo, my number one phobia! Eew! Yuck! Gross! Gagging, I threw my shoe out the window. Brandy calmly retrieved and scraped it off on the curb.

Okay, so I'm not butch about everything.

Some lesbians live happily in solely butch or fem territory, but I'm home on the whole range, and eventually longed for my dresses again. Nowadays, one day's outfit can differ radically from another. I like it all: suits, dresses, and scarves; ties, earrings, and cufflinks. Fedoras and cloches. Brogues and heels and suspenders. Every day is a chance to be someone new.

Being butch is fun. I've felt the potency a man must feel to walk along in a sharp suit, arm-in-arm with a babe in a gorgeous dress. I have been the beautiful woman on the arm of both women and men. Being handsome is as enjoyable to me as being pretty. All I lack is the closet space for all my costumes. And really, isn't what each of us does every day — dress ourselves to reveal or conceal who we are?

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... I thought I looked pretty tough. Apparently, I looked more like Annie Hall than Leslie Feinberg.

MAGIC PICNIC SPOT

by Mark Christian

Blind and old, I hobble to the larder and deftly unhook the latch to open the doors to my magic picnic spot. I reach out and feel jars of different makes: thick bottles with metal clasps and rubber seals, slim ones with pressed cork tops, and mason jars with lids that twist.

I search with my fingers for a particular container and begin to panic when I don't feel it. Horrified at the thought of misplacing it, I stop, take a deep relaxing breath, and begin the identifying process again but this time slowly and more thoroughly. I sigh in relief and smile as I tenderly touch the curved lines of the bottle I am searching for. Then I gently cup it in my hands, shut the pantry doors, and shuffle into the front room.

I take station in my recliner, and fondling the precious bottle, I let my mind drift in anticipation of the memories contained within. I cautiously raise the lid and breathe in the essence. Memories rush in of sweet laughter, sunshine, and a picnic on a warm-spring day. I lie back in my chair and reminisce for a few moments, then I crack the seal again and smell a rain forest filled with giant cedars and pines. I hear a babbling brook and see giant ferns and lazy clouds. I remember vividly this day, fifty years ago, when I asked the love of my life, Lucille, to marry me. I enjoy the touch of her smooth hand as she brushes back my hair and then takes me into her arms, saying "yes" without ever uttering a word. I savor the memory of the sweet love we made.

Again, I take a long breath from the jar and catapult myself to the fresh-mown lawn of the house I shared with Lucille: memories of talks with her in the crisp morning air, cut firewood, and the smell of wood smoke that permeated her hair from our cook stove.

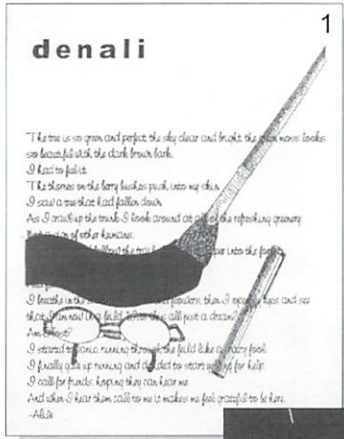
With tears in my eyes, I take a final breath of the priceless scent and remember how I put some of the jar's contents on the nape of my beloved's neck when I buried her five years ago.

I close the lid, get up from the chair, and begrudgingly walk to the cupboard. Then I carefully put the jar up, reliving the day we became one and, together, filled this jar with pine and cedar needles from our magic picnic spot.

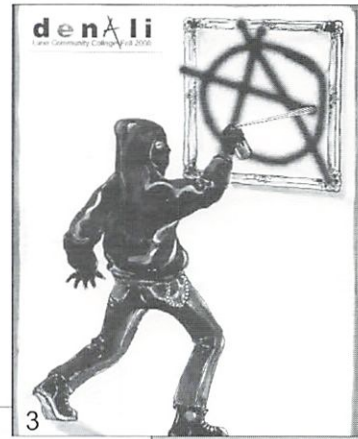
Michelle DeVinney



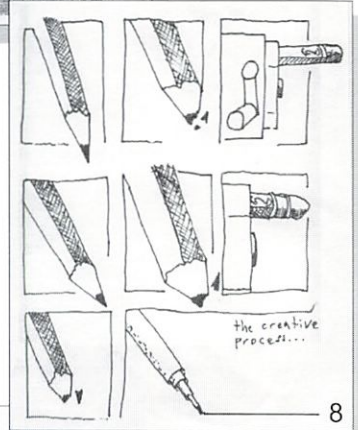
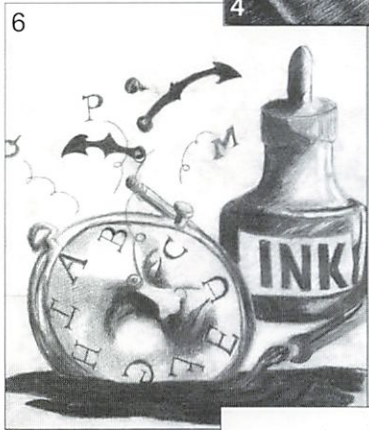
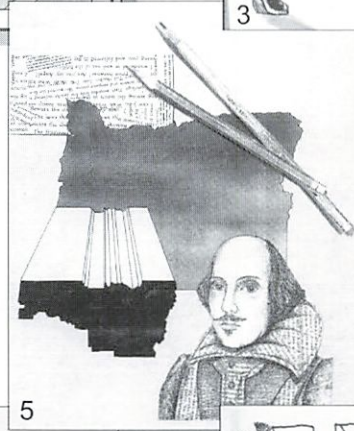
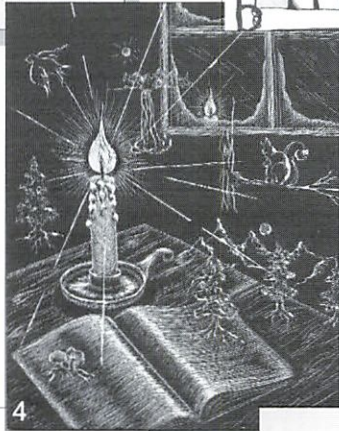
Untitled Print



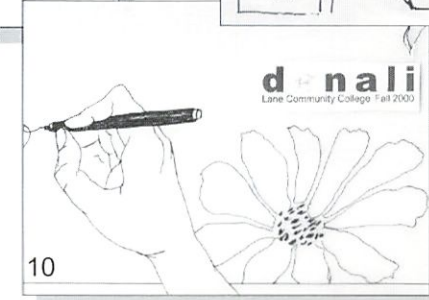
1. **Teresa Beasley**
2. **Kris Robbs**
3. **Jennifer Drake**



4. **Shannon Browning**
5. **Bradley Coffey**
6. **Angie Delaplain**



7. **Marshelle Backes**
8. **Ryan Clark**
9. **Merle Jackson**
10. **Susan Nine**



Editor's Note:

The students of Susan Lowdermilk's Illustration I Class (Art 237), were asked to produce the cover for this issue of Denali. The work that was chosen for the front cover is by Carson Albares and the back cover was designed by Jennifer Arnold. We thought you would enjoy seeing the work created by their fellow classmates as it is equally impressive.

Tim Wulf



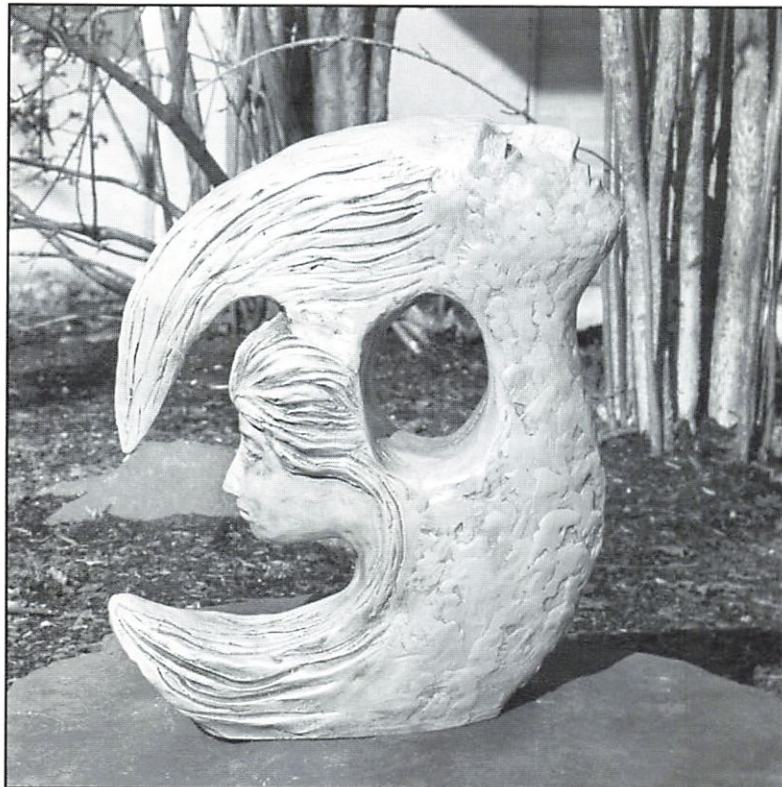
Reflection of a Bike

J i m b o



Immersion

Richard Wilson



In the Beginning

Priscilla Anderson



In Memory of My Mother

Cecilia Gamet



Daniela

Barbara Bakalarova



Framework

Ryan Clark



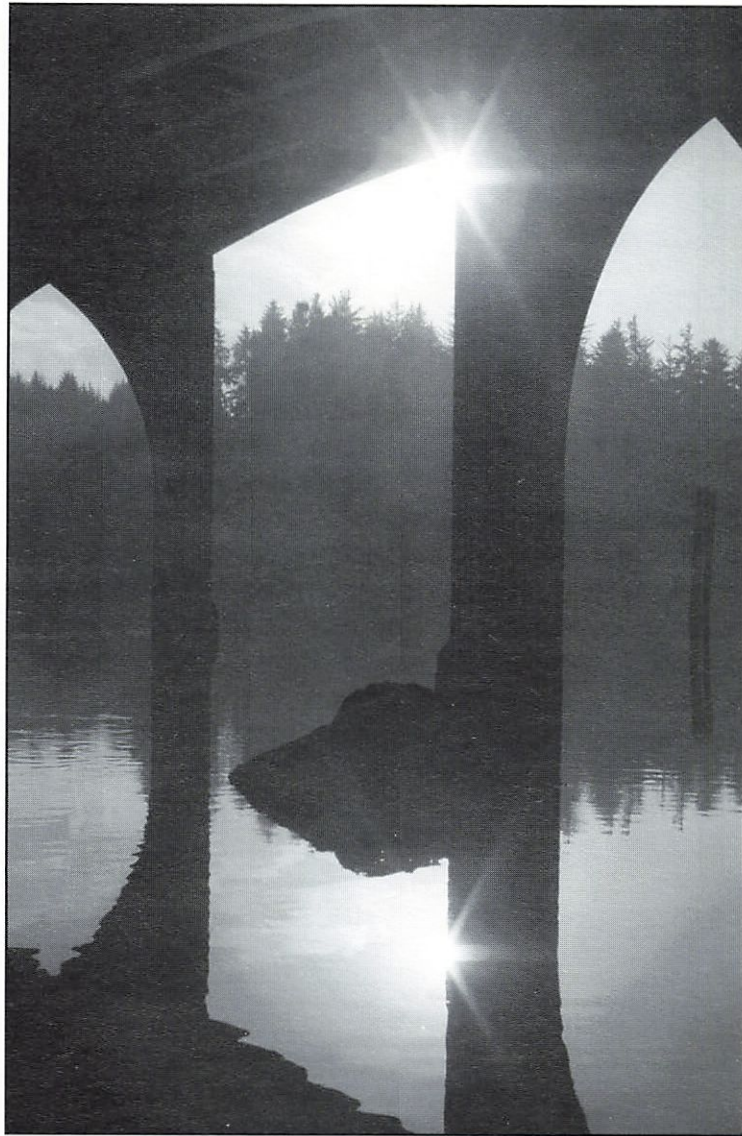
Sorrow Machine

S. La Riccia



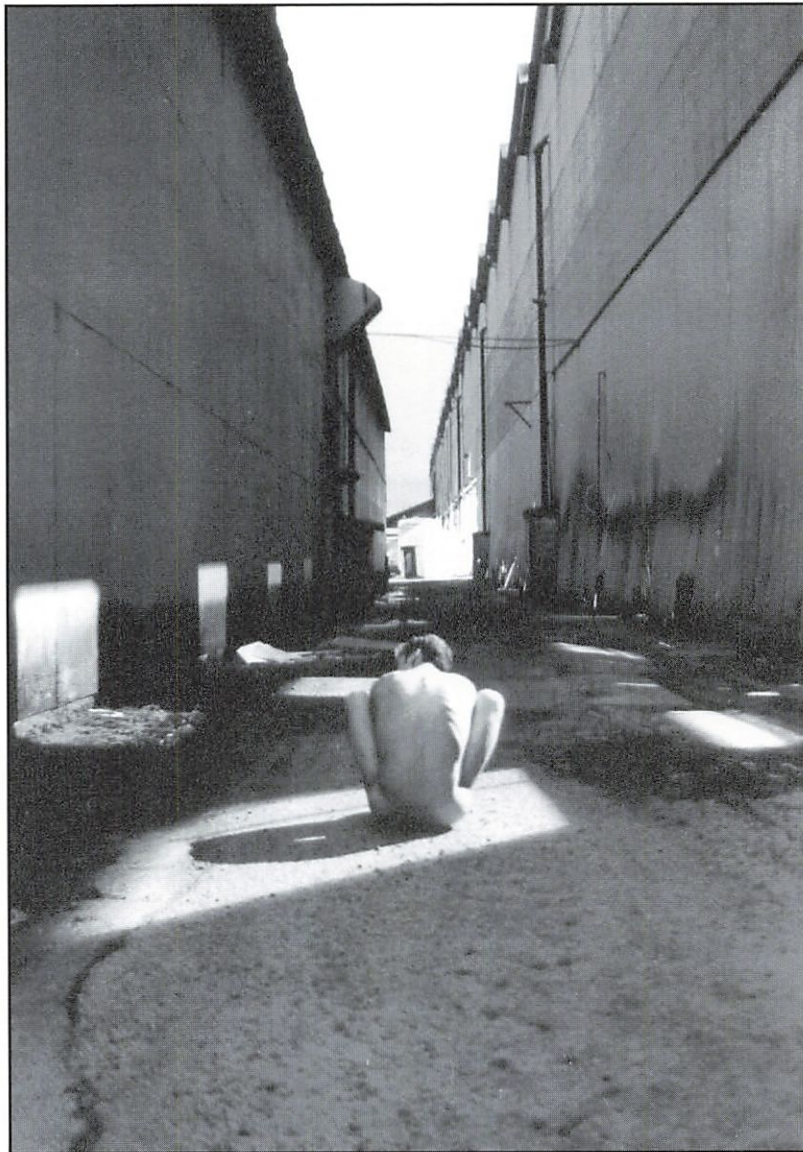
Oregon Cabin

Kira Davis



El Sol

Ben Sattler



The Ponderment

Kira Davis



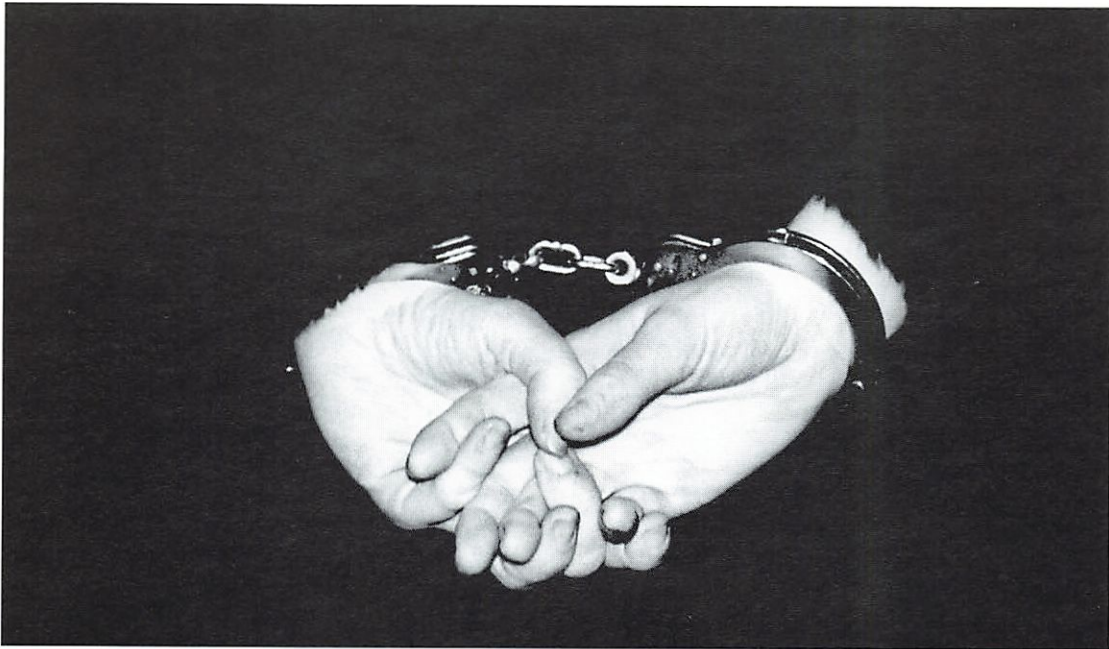
Jailed

Kira Davis



Fishnet Smoke

Drew Laiche



Personal Prison

Winter 2001

Tim Wulf



Untitled

Kris Robbs

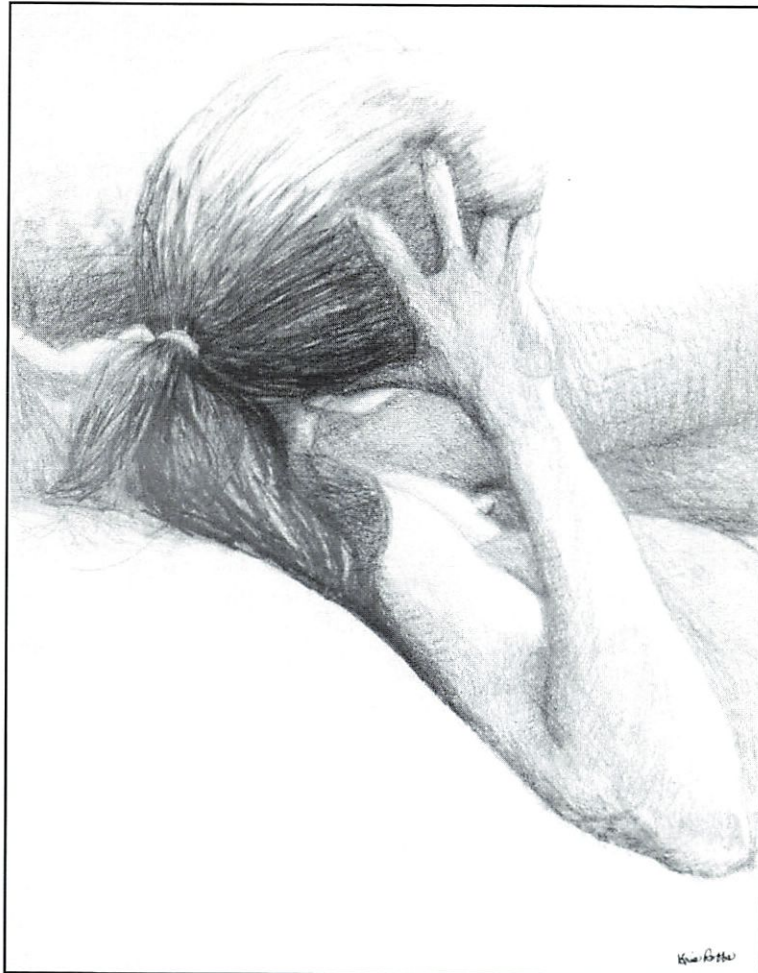
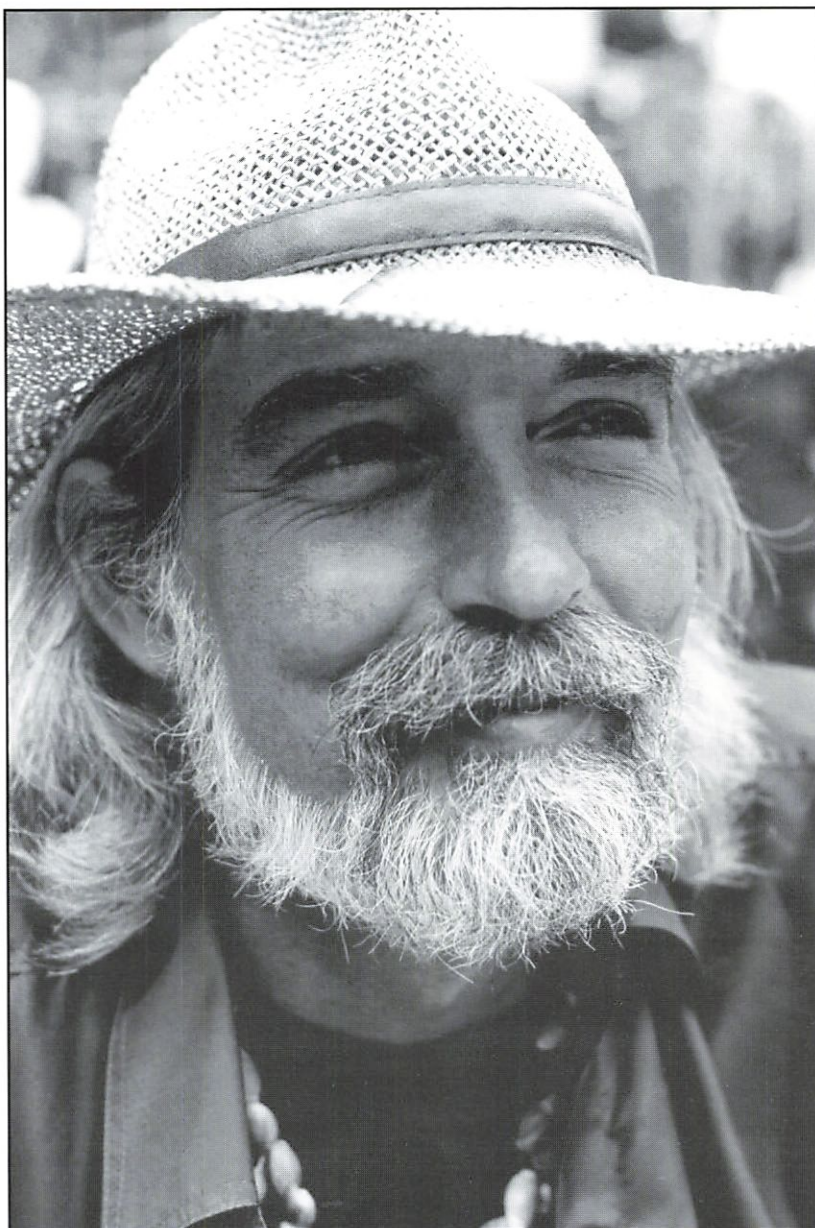


Figure Drawing

Cecilia Gamet



Mr. Dubois

C e c i l i a G a m e t



Karina

submission form

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Denali Literary Arts Journal considers all original submissions of art and writing regardless of medium, style or subject matter. We do not censor except for literary and artistic merit, and we do not restrict authors and artists to theme-based issues.

Our guidelines are as follows:

- Submissions should be typed using a 12 point Times Roman, or Helvetica font and be submitted on a MAC compatible disc.
- Print only your phone number on the work(s) so that they can be judged anonymously. Your name should only appear on this form.
- Plagiarism will not be tolerated.
- High contrast art and black and white photography work best for our black and white format. Art in color will be considered. If accepted, negatives or slides need to be submitted for scanning.

All accepted authors/artists will be contacted by phone or letter regarding acceptance of work for publication. Please call the Denali office at 541.747.4501 ext. 2897 with questions or concerns.

Fill out the form below and turn it in with your submission to the Denali mailbox at Student Activities on the second floor of the Center Building, or the Denali office in Industrial Technology 213.

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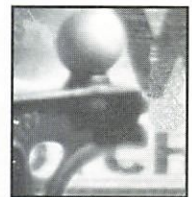
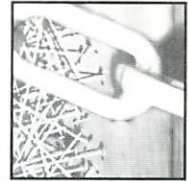
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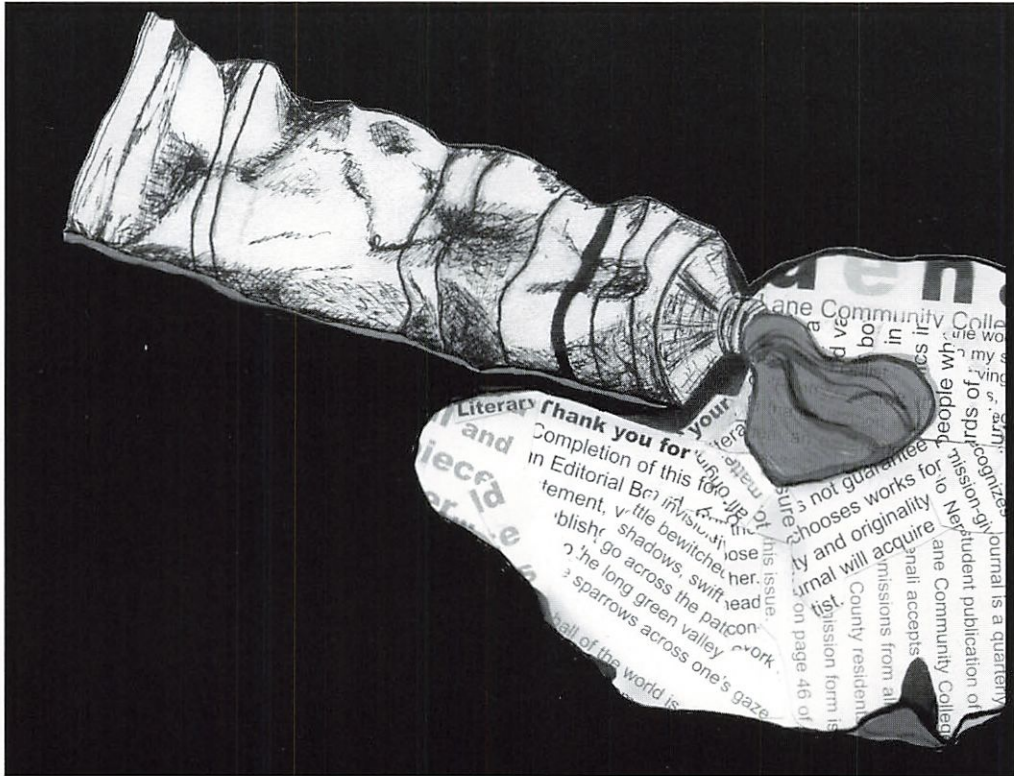
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D e n a l i



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Back — Jennifer Arnold

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