

# DENALI

A person is shown from the waist up, wearing a red and white plaid button-down shirt and blue jeans. They are wearing a black leather tool belt with several tools, including wrenches and sockets, hanging from it. The person is standing on a floor with a black and white grid pattern. The word "DENALI" is printed in large, bold, black letters across the upper part of the image.

Spring 2003



Cover:

Anne Starke, graphic artist

"Representation of the artist/writer as being on the outside or maybe the edge of the frontier like a cowboy."

Denali Literary Arts Magazine is a student publication of Lane Community College, published three times a year. Denali accepts submissions from all Lane County residents.

Submissions and contact information should be sent to Denali, Lane Community College, 4000 E. 30th Avenue, Eugene, Oregon 97405 or try Denali online at [www.lanecollege.edu/denali](http://www.lanecollege.edu/denali)



## DENALI STAFF

## DENALI BRIEFINGS

### Commander in Chief Brian Simard

I want to thank Gen. Starke and Lt. Barnhart for their careful and powerful presentation of the facts. We now know without a doubt that LCC's artist/writer's regime has acquired and tested the means to deliver AMD. We have sources that tell us that the regime has authorized LCC field artists to use "nuclear" art—the very art the regime tells the world they do not have. If the regime correctly launches Art of Mass Destruction from LCC's main campus it could reach hundreds of miles inland. One of the greatest dangers we face is that AMD might be passed to other regimes in the Axis of Evil Artists. All the world can rise to this moment. Thank you to the community of free artists that showed confidence and determination in submitting to our free publication.

### General of Graphic Design Anne Starke

Frankly, this tour of duty has been beyond what any reasonable person could bear. Gruelling hours in the hot desert sun, glued to the computer screen, sweat long since dried up, throat parched. Resizing photos, scanning, endlessly tweaking text blocks and picture boxes. All I can say is "Thank God I'm not reasonable!"

### Literary Lieutenant Jayce Barnhart

We have twenty-six varieties of letters in this language, and I'm proud of them all. Loved ones back home can sleep easy at night knowing those letters buckled down and became words. In turn, those words formed sentences, which became the forward line on the literary front, carrying the extra burden of conveying a central idea. Those ideas, conditioned physically and trained mentally, develop into themes, or paragraphs. Wars of the future will not be fought by paragraphs, however. Instead, we plan on using robots, which are more accustomed to fighting in outer space.

### Web Warrior Johnathan Hall

### Literary Advisor Bill Sweet

### Technical Advisor Dorothy Wearne

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# Matthew Rabel

Major: Graphic Design

"I am focusing on Graphic Design at LCC, although I also study other art forms. My projects don't usually end up in this many pieces; this one was a bit of a happy accident."



## Dawn

photo collage

Canon AE-1

70mm lens

2+ filter

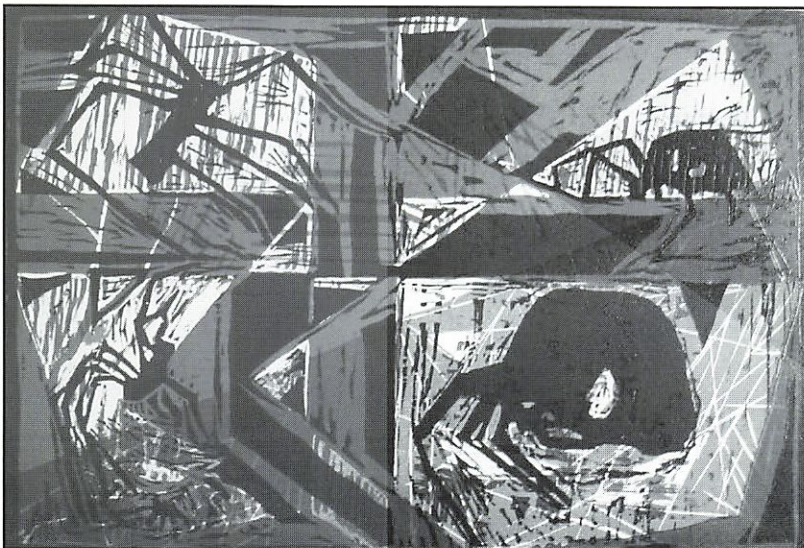
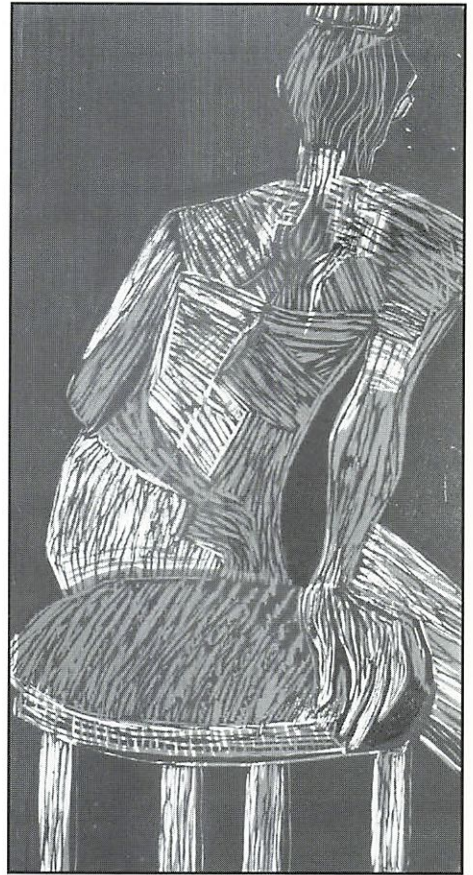
# Renee Manford

Major: Graphic Design

"Closet of Spiders speaks about myself. The theme of spiders was derived from the words my mother spoke when I was born: she said I looked like a spider. As an adult I realized her words were said not in malice, but as a visual description of what she saw. I made the choice to make spiders work for me."

## Woman Sitting on a Stool

woodcut print



## Closet of Spiders

woodcut print

- Juror's award 2003 Lane Community College Student Art Exhibition
- Selected for the League of Innovation 2003

## The Law of Conservation of Energy

(Energy cannot be created or destroyed.

It can only be converted from one form to another.)

Please take a moment to ponder this thought  
That the physics masters have taught.

The very first Law of Thermodynamics,  
As proven by physics and mathematics,  
States energy can't be created or destroyed,  
It can only be changed or redeployed.

The energy you've enjoyed, that surges your soul,  
Cannot be destroyed so where will it go  
When your body quits earth's shimmering show?

Will it disperse and scatter, or blend and combine  
With some other energy from some other time?

Will it stay behind confined to earth  
Or strike out for galactic rebirth?

Will it sail a breeze on soft stellar seas  
Or lie, black-hole cold until the big squeeze?

Will it will or won't it weave  
And help to cleave a brand new Eve?

Will it make a comeback, a monster pop-eyed,  
Number One with a bullet, when worlds collide?

Your energy's a song and it never ends,  
Only transposed to the key of transcend  
So what do you think, which way will it bend?

Will it grace the lips of a poet or Zen  
Or expedite cataclysm?

Please share your thought, just send me an 'E',  
On where it will go, your energy.

“The energy you've enjoyed, that  
surges your soul, Cannot be  
destroyed so where will it go . . .”

– Rich Ross

## When You Meet the Teacher

you ask for instructions, advice  
on where to break your  
lines; if lyrical or narrative is preferred;  
if you should begin your Leaves of Grass,  
or wait until you're thirty. You layer erotica  
onto yellow legal pads; at night slide into  
Pessoa's shedding skins, become someone  
other to impress the teacher.

I say, "Kill the teacher." She is only projection,  
an excuse not to listen to your mind's  
chattering chaos. The only  
good teacher leads you to the rim, then  
lets go. Move your eyes downward, over  
the precipice where demons and gods reside;  
listen to their voices instead. They  
will tell you about yourself, how ugly  
you are, or magnificent.  
Kill them, too. "Do you remember the  
moment someone placed a hand  
on the softest part of your back?  
until then you had no idea; you  
expected sparklers and bottle rockets.  
Your poem is neither."

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— Colette D. Jonopulos

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"I have two non-fiction books in print and have had poems published in *PDQ*, *American River Review*, *Poetry Now*, among others. I am currently co-editor of *Tiger's Eye: A Journal of Poetry*."

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# Frank Leeds

Frank has been shooting surfing, skateboarding and bands since the 1980s.

**Paul Barr at Warmwater  
Jetty, Carlsbad, CA**

Nikonos 3  
Nikor 35mm lens



**Chris Adams in  
Southern California**

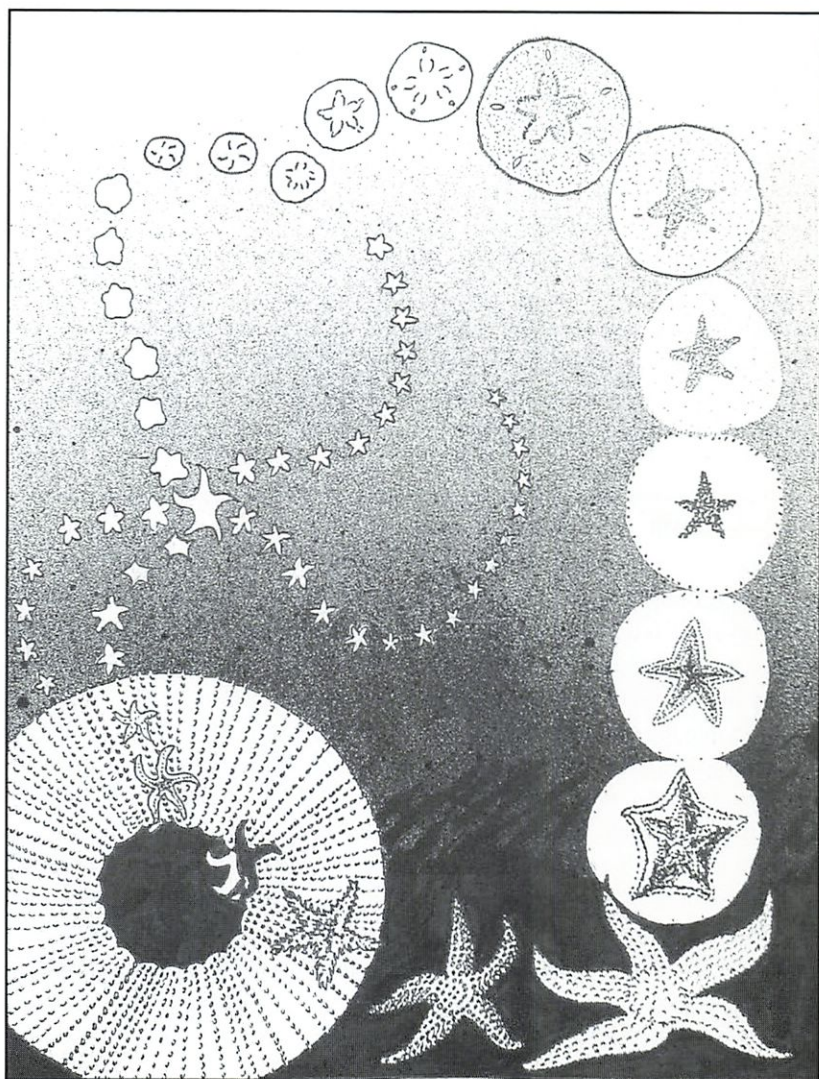
Nikonos 3  
Nikor 35mm

# Lois von Hippel

Major: Graphic Design

"I'm currently an LCC student. Why did it take me so long before taking some art classes? This is so much fun!"

Sand Dollars and Change  
ink



## The Unforgettable Meeting

It was a warm, beautiful summer morning. The sun's rays filtered down and filled every crevice with an inviting light. The flowers were all in full bloom, painting a colorful rainbow over the landscape. Everything was green and alive.

The chapel was filled to capacity that morning. Every seat was occupied, even the extra row of chairs that had been set up on one side of the center aisle. There were people lined up and leaning against the walls. Two men walked to the back of the room carrying large speakers and stopped to pull open the drapes on the windowed wall, revealing the crowd gathering outside. The men set up the speakers so that everyone could hear. At last, the minister came out to the podium, leaned into the microphone, and spoke. "We are here to honor the life and death of Linda Weltch."

Linda had come into our lives when she married my Uncle Tim. Like a whirlwind, she drew us in and before we knew it, she was one of us. We all felt blessed to have her as a part of our family. She was an absolute joy to be around. She touched so many lives. She was younger than I was, but as Uncle Tim's wife, she was my aunt, and my children's great aunt. She was only in her thirties, but loved the title of "Great Aunt", telling us that we could all call her "Great Aunt Linda" because she was the "greatest aunt any of us could possibly have". Then, she would toss her head and laugh, and I could almost imagine a warm ray of sunlight coming from inside of her and lighting up the room. She had a loving smile and a good word for everyone, no matter what circumstances brought them her way. She was the youth director at her church, and along with Uncle Tim, taught "Marriage Encounter" classes to young newlywed couples. She worked hard, laughed long, and loved completely. Everyone who met her marked it as an unforgettable experience.



It was a warm, beautiful summer morning. The flowers had just begun to open their buds to allow a peek at the color within. Everything was green and alive. Linda had arisen early to water her flowers and to fix breakfast for her husband and two sons, Tad and Rick. Today was Rick's fifteenth birthday, and Linda knew that he would probably want to celebrate with his friends later. She wanted to hold a small family celebration before his basketball team and the cute little cheerleaders swept him away and this special day would be gone forever. So it was decided that Uncle Tim and Tad would stay home and decorate the house with balloons and crepe paper streamers. They would barbecue some chicken (one of Rick's favorites) while Linda and Rick buzzed into the Springfield Albertsons to pick out a birthday cake. Rick insisted on chocolate.

When Linda arrived at the store, she decided to pick out some candles and chocolate ice cream to complement the cake. After the shopping was finished, she and Rick began the winding journey along the highway back to Lowell. They were happily playing around, singing "Happy Birthday" and cracking jokes. Rick was laughing and enjoying his special day, especially the time he was spending with his mom.

Up in the hills on the other side of Lowell, a woman and her fiancé were packing up, ready to return home after a weekend of camping. They had chosen this area above Lowell because it was quiet and nobody would disturb them as they enjoyed their weekend of weed, coke, and booze. After they loaded the car, they snuggled together, finished off the last of the beer, and rolled a joint to share along the drive, to keep that high going all the way home.

“ I  
could almost  
imagine a warm ray  
of sunlight coming  
from inside of her  
and lighting up  
the room. ”

They left their campsite and the woman began driving the long winding road home. They were happily playing around and singing silly songs. They were cracking jokes and the woman's fiancé was laughing and enjoying his day, especially the weed that they were sharing.

There, on the road between Lowell and Springfield, just past the Fall Creek exit and just over the bridge, the woman came into contact with Aunt Linda, initiating a life changing experience for them all.

The impact took out about two-thirds of the front end of Linda's car. The steering wheel went through her chest, almost severing her in half. All the excess metal crowded over the floorboard, filling the lower part of the front seat, crushing Rick's legs, causing over thirty-eight breaks and pulverizing some of the bone beyond recognition.

The woman's fiancé was thrust forward so hard that his head cracked an indentation in the windshield of her car. When they finally came to a screeching stop, he was thrust back, snapping his neck and killing him instantly.

It took hours for the paramedics to cut Rick out of the wreckage. Blood, pouring from a cut on his forehead, had filled his eyes, causing a temporary blindness which prevented him from clearly seeing the devastation before him. He kept crying out, "Please, check my mom, I've been calling for her, and she won't answer." The paramedics later would tell authorities that they secretly thanked God that the boy could not see the sight of his mother almost torn asunder.

The woman was transported to McKenzie-Willamette hospital, and although she was held overnight, she had only received a few cuts and bruises from the accident. Nurses did check her blood, however, and discovered that the woman had so many drugs and alcohol in her system that it was amazing that she was even conscious, much less in any shape to be driving.

The media quickly picked up the story. This was the first court case in Oregon, possibly the first in the nation, where the driver who caused the accident was charged and convicted of Vehicular Homicide—driving while under the influence of drugs. For all the damage that she had done, the lives that she had taken, and the void that she had left in so many lives, she received a seven year sentence. Many would think that this would be the end, but for those left behind, life went on.

\* \* \*

It was a hot summer morning. The flowers had spent the blossoms and were beginning to show signs of withering on the edges of the petals. Everything green had begun to yellow, but was still very much alive. A young lady was viewing exhibits at the State Fair when she suddenly stopped, unable to move. There in front of her sat a car with two-thirds of the hood and engine jammed up into the front seat. In the back of the car, groceries were spilled and scattered across the back seat. A half gallon of congealed chocolate ice cream had settled on the floorboard, dotted with random birthday candles. There was a painting sprayed across the seats and ceiling of the car that looked curiously like a mixture of blood and chocolate cake.

The person in charge of the Mothers Against Drunk Driving exhibit walked over to the young lady and asked, "Are you all right? Can I help you with anything?"

I turned to her with tear-filled eyes and with a crackling voice answered her: "No, I'm just looking at my Great Aunt's car."

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"I am 53 years old. I have had some small things published. This is a true story, — Gloria A. Stockton  
and when I submitted it to my writing teacher, she said that it should be published. I would be honored to have it in *Denali*, representing our school."

# Paul Burrell

Major: Economics

"I took this shot in San Clemente, California last summer on the beach. I prefer natural photography, when I have time away from school."

## **A Sign**

Pentax body

38-115mm zoom lens

Kodak 800 film



# Justin Taylor

Major: Photography

"A first year photo student, living in the darkroom."

**Jen**  
Nikon FE  
50 mm lens



**Untitled**  
Nikon FE  
50 mm lens

## I Was a Man Once

I was a man, once,  
not just a girl  
who looked like a boy  
in the wrong bathroom

But, for real  
A Man's man  
face to face  
with danger

I slowed my pace  
in front of a moving car.

Was that a manly thing to do?

Because the driver stopped  
—and got out.

And he was a man  
who wanted me to know  
he was a Man  
who didn't take any shit—"Buddy!"

Raising his fist,  
his eyes focused  
on my clean shaven face,  
and he could see

I didn't know  
how to step up  
like a man,  
or back down.

Stiff with fear,  
I held my ground,  
watching  
as he sputtered and turned away.

Stumbling home,  
sick with adrenaline,  
I thought there's more to being a man  
than meets the eye.

“ And he was a man  
who wanted me to know  
he was a Man . . . ”

— Sarah Ross

## Stealing of the Presidency\*

What kind of nation are we  
When we let someone steal the presidency  
We turn blind eyes  
And we become mute as we listen to lies  
We are deaf to the truth  
Some example we set for our youth  
Take your tax breaks  
Remember it when your heart breaks  
When you're unemployed  
Your whole life destroyed  
Let's go to war  
Forget the education  
Leave a nation of poor  
Support the altercations  
Let's feed other countries  
And turn from our children's needs  
As our soldiers die and bleed  
Let us all forget the stealing of the presidency  
Yes, we must avenge the eleventh  
As the highest tenth gets rich from it  
We're now patriotic  
Time to go hunt the psychotic  
Let's search the caves  
Teach the Afghanis how to behave  
Next we'll move to Iraq  
Look Saddam, we're back  
See the sheep moving along  
A nation blinded for so long  
Everyone is doing fine  
As long as we believe continual lies  
Watching the economy drop  
As the "Atlas" company Enron flops  
Now we live without relief for dependency  
Because we let someone steal the presidency

– Allison Hurley

\* Artist's note: This piece was written in the spring of 2002.

# Tracy Horan

Major: Graphic Design



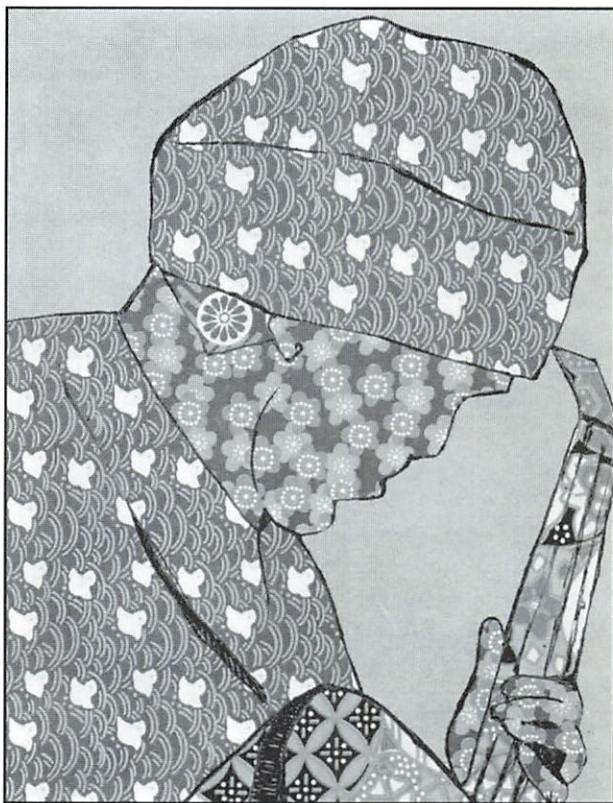
**Nervous Guy**  
intaglio etching on  
zinc plate

# Selina Chavez

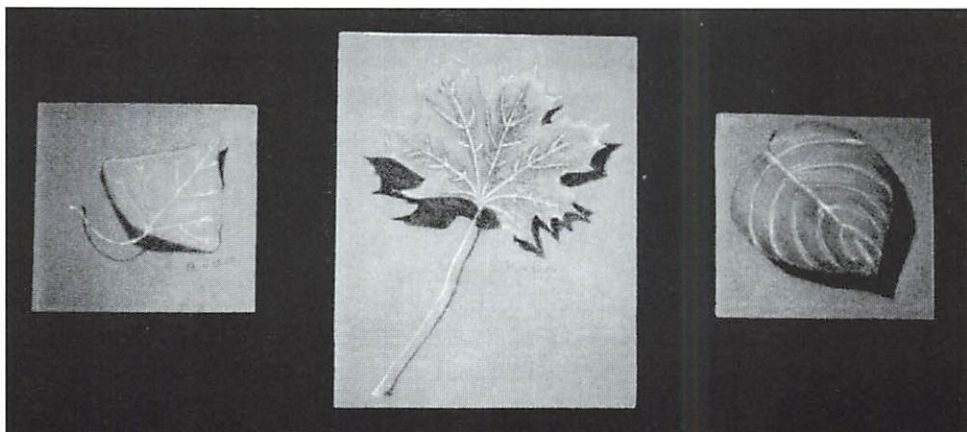
Major: General Studies/Graphic Design

"I hope for peaceful solutions to negative problems."

**My Man Adam**  
paper collage



**Leaves**  
charcoal



## Among the Tourists

My first creative writing class was called Advance Fiction Workshop 452 and my professor was a short Guatemalan by the name of Omar S. Castaneda. I'd never written a story in my life, but I figured I'd watched enough television and seen enough movies to understand what a story was about. On the first day of class Omar told us that writing is "very serious work" and that if anyone wanted to drop the class he would understand. He assigned us weekly writing exercises that dealt with craft issues like plot, point of view, and character development, but I refused to do them on the grounds that no real writer would do such things. I'd seen enough movies about writers to know that writers didn't learn to write by writing. They learned by drinking. I couldn't imagine Hemingway coming home after a bullfight or fighting fascists in Spain to sit at his desk and do a writing exercise.

My first story was called "Circus of the Scars" loosely based on my first love experience about an alcoholic college student who decides to join the circus. He wants to be a strong man, but since he is

“

The process looked painful and he took a shot after each page.

”

weak they put him to work cleaning up elephant shit in a clown suit. He falls in love with the sword swallower, of course, but when she tells him that she can't love him because he is a "shit-clown." He places his head underneath Nelly the Elephant's foot to end it all. I was so moved by the last line I still have it memorized: "...and as the mammoth weight pressed down upon his skull, he heard the other clowns yell, "Whoa, Big Nelly!" and he knew that love was even heavier still."

After a week of anticipation, I received my paper back without a grade, only a little note that has been etched in my memory ever since. It read:

"What are you trying to say?

Maybe you should consider performance art as your medium.

NOT FICTION!"

— Omar

Mr. Castaneda failed to recognize my genius. He even sounded hostile. But at the time I attributed this to the fact that his own work didn't have a clear moral ending, so I just assumed that he was just being defensive since my art had challenged his bleak world view.

But I wanted to get a second opinion so I invited my friend, Wally, to come over and read the story. He said he would, provided I buy him a fifth of Bacardi 151. I poured him a glass, then put the manuscript in front of him showing him Omar's comments.

"Can you believe that shit, dude?" I asked.

Wally, who I don't think had ever read a short story in his life, took a shot of rum, then struggled through all five pages of my story. The process looked painful and he took a shot after each page.

After he finished he patted me on the back and said, "Dude, Omar didn't know shit about fiction."

"You really liked it," I said.

"That part where you fling elephant shit on the trapeze artist was brilliant," he said. "Omar don't know shit."

"But Omar has like, published in the *Paris Review*," I said.

"What the fuck do the French know about literature?" he asked.

At that point I quit asking him questions since I'd finally understood what Omar had meant by the concept of an "unreliable narrator."

My next story was called, "Among the Tourists." It was more subtle than "Circus," but I thought it was what Omar wanted. It was about a guy who takes his girlfriend to Paris to see the Eiffel Tower, but he becomes enraged at all the shallow tourists taking pictures. Finally, he has a nervous breakdown when he discovers that his girlfriend is snapping shots among the tourists. In the final climactic scene, the narrator begins punching the Eiffel Tower as he yells, "Don't you all see that you're all just full of horseshit!? Mierde de vague!"

He is still yelling as the men in white coats haul him away.

After I finished reading my story to the class, there was a palpable silence I assumed was my audience trying to catch its breath after such a tour de force. But when the class began to discuss my story, they seemed more impressed with the little parts that were actually true than with the profound ideas I was tackling with my fiction.

One woman said she liked the part where my girlfriend calls me an "asshole" for not wanting to go to the Louvre.

Another guy said he liked the part where I get lost in the subway and was called "a stupid American" by the locals, but nobody was talking about the issues, so finally I had to spell it out for them: "Don't you see? The Eiffel Tower is a symbol of the superficial tourist values of his girlfriend, but in the end the narrator can't support her shallowness!"

"Well, as I see it," Omar said, passing my story back, "in this story, it is the writer himself who comes across as shallow. And it is perhaps his touristy attitude toward the serious work of fiction that we as readers are having a hard time supporting."

The class found this funny, but I didn't understand a word of it, and I left that day so full of righteous indignation at a world which failed to understand me, I knew I wanted to be a writer.

---

— José Chavez

"I'm an instructor  
here at Lane, and  
I teach creative  
writing."

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# Dina Elizabeth Jeffrey

Major: AAOT

"Late afternoon sunshine in January, casting welcoming shadows.  
The rolling curvature of the edges reminds me of flowing ribbon  
and the shadows . . . a place to hide.



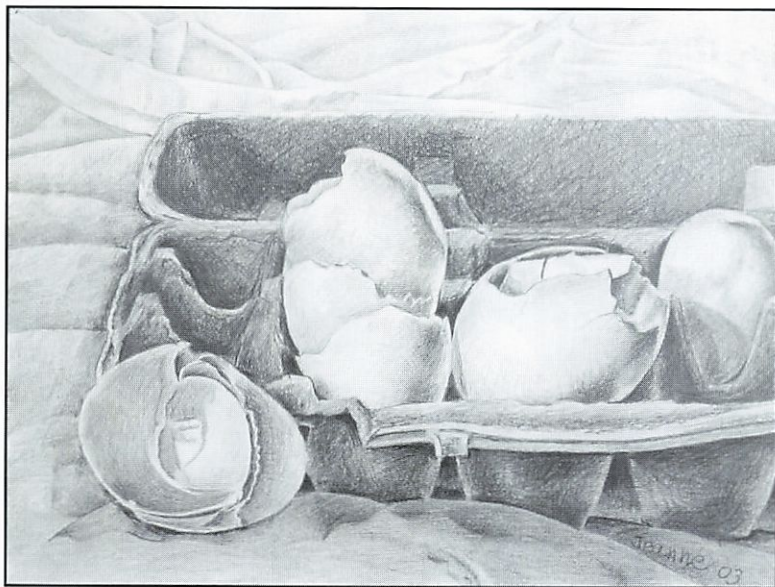
## Fairy Pillows

Kodak Advantix

# Jeanne R. Simpson

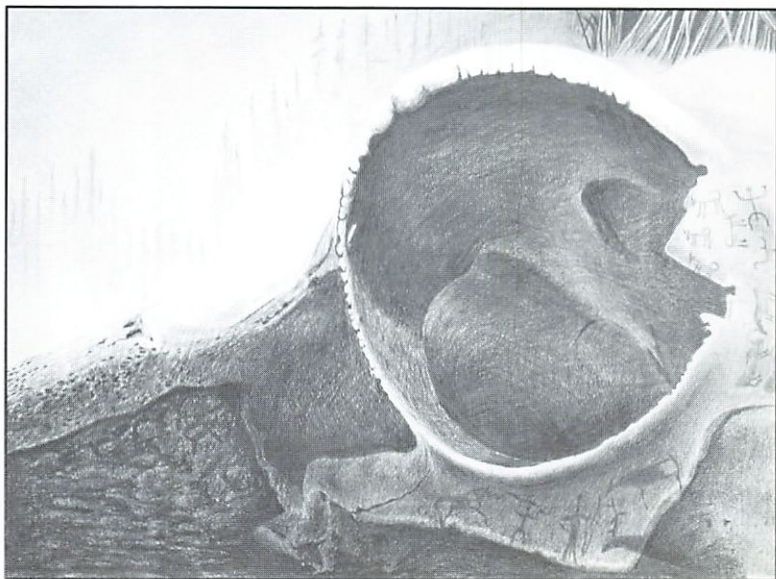
Major: Fine Art/Graphic Design

Jeanne has found her groove at last.



**Broken**  
graphite

**Interior View**  
graphite







# Illustration Competition

"We wanted to create an illustration that brought the central themes of literary and visual art together for the center spread of the magazine," says illustration instructor Susan Lowdermilk.

Seventeen students from the Illustration class participated in a classroom project that collaborated with Denali. Using varied black and white media, pens, pencils, and a large assortment of other mixed media students created illustrations based on the theme.

"This was certainly a 'true to life' illustration project," Lowdermilk continues. "Fine art will come from the idea of an artist, whereas illustration projects are based on a central idea, or theme."

The illustrations were presented to Denali's Editorial Board. Members voted by looking for pieces that had a strong voice, good contrast, conveyed the theme, and would work well physically for the spread.

"It was a really tough job selecting one overall. All seventeen were executed with a high level of craftsmanship and professionalism," added Denali Editor Brian Simard.

First Place – Trask Bedortha, *Now*

Second Place – Lois von Hippel, *Three Books*

Third Place – Connie Huston, *The Writer Sleeps, or Play Pens*

Honorable Mention – Elizabeth West, *Paige's Pages*

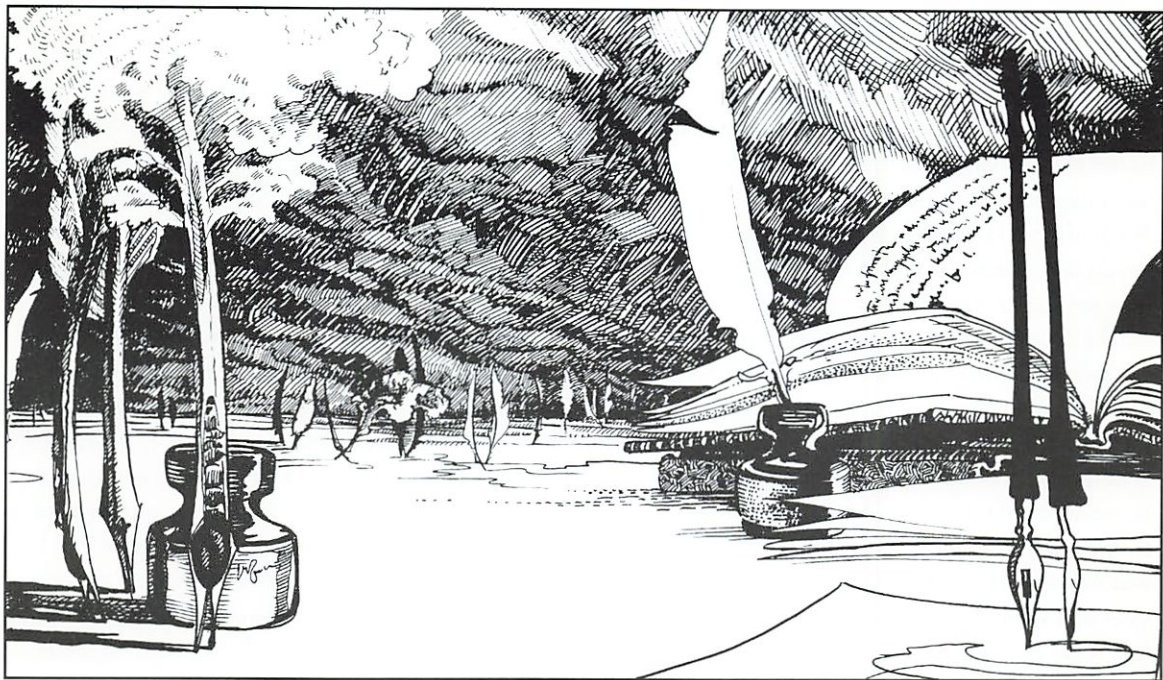
**Three Books** – Lois von Hippel



Great nations write  
their autobiographies  
in three manuscripts  
— the book of their  
deeds, the book of  
their words, and the  
book of their art.



St. Mark's Rest  
[1877]  
preface



The Writer Sleeps, or Play Pens – Connie Huston

Paige's Pages – Elizabeth West



## The Foothills of Lane County

As I hike into the lush green forest, I listen to the rain-swollen creek and rarely stop to think of what a unique place I'm standing in. As I look up, I'm reminded that I am standing in an ancient forest that has never heard the roar of a chainsaw. This area still views man as a friend as opposed to a foe. The massive trees loom over me and squeak softly in the light afternoon breeze as if to say: "Hello, tread lightly, and welcome." The birds, not to be outdone by their residence, chime in with a wide array of shrills and chirps. I push on, listening and watching all that surrounds me. I can barely hear the sound of my own breath, and I realize just how small and insignificant I am in this place.

The sound of rushing water brings my eyes back to the green water rushing towards the Pacific. Radiant sunbeams part century-old conifer limbs and offer their warmth to whatever lies at its end. My ears perk up as a rustling over near some sword ferns to my left startles me. I quickly forget, when I see a water ouzel looking for aquatic insects. Again, I hear a crackling in the distance. Just as I am honing in on where it is, a beautiful trout leaps out of the water to make sure the ouzel doesn't eat all of the bugs. I pull my rod into steady position and lay out a gentle eight foot cast near the spot where I saw the trout rise. I stare intently, mesmerized by the tiny ball of fur and feather as it glides along the river's surface. Apprehension . . . all the noise that I was immersed in is gone. My brain, it seems, has shut off the power to my ears and has transferred it to my eyes and wrist. One second, two seconds, pop! My line erupts, and a pretty little cutthroat dives for the bottom of his pool with my hook now embedded in the corner of his mouth. The ouzel looks on, amused, and takes this as a sign to depart. He flies up the valley to find a quieter stretch of stream. Alone now, I begin to draw in line to free the little spark of energy at the end of my line. I free my fish and sit down to again marvel at the natural wonder I'm surrounded by.

Ironically, places like this don't grow on trees. It's quite the opposite, actually. Trees grow in places like this. It gives me a deep sense of satisfaction to know that someone had the foresight to preserve this land so that I may have moments like these. I am also reminded that nothing is forever and that we all must help to ensure that future generations can enjoy these places. If we are without wilderness where will we be?

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— Matt Newman

---

"With the passing of Earth Day, and the impending trout season, I was reminded that many of my favorite places are right next to home."

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## Public Transportation

It happens like this: you see someone who reminds you of your loneliness. He turns, you turn, and together you board the bus toward Broadway and Pearl. His hands are clean, even his fingernails, their little moons neatly curved. He comments on the recent downpour and high electric rates. Instead of words, you use your eyes, the slight smile your mother told you not to use unless you wanted trouble. You want trouble—some sign that if you leave this world a void will swallow the man next to you with his ridiculously clean hands. His shirt is checkered red and beige, loose across the shoulders. You imagine the line of shoulder blades—clavicle, even the indentation mid-chest as he pivots. He is no longer seated, but damp and veined standing between the doorjams of your bathroom, his nails trimmed and resting on your chipped linoleum floor.

— Colette D. Jonopulos

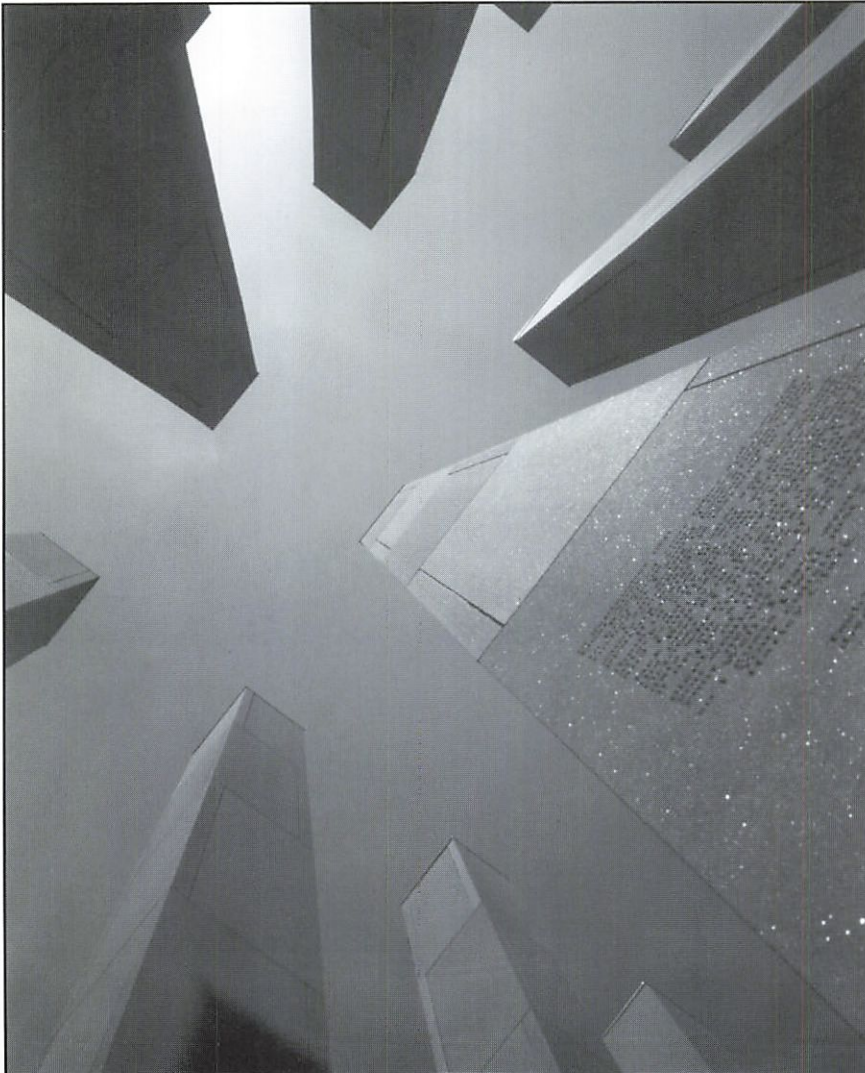
“ Instead of words, you use  
your eyes, the slight smile your  
mother told you not to use unless  
you wanted trouble . . . ”

# Tim Lanham

Major: Graphic Design

"A good photograph is rooted in an individual interpretation of what is pleasing to the eye. Good can also mean disturbing or thought provoking. Perceptions are often widespread and objectivity can be elusive.

"I think the most an artist can hope for is whether the piece caused the observer to respond with any emotion; was it good or bad, happy or sad, or was it something you ate for lunch?"



## **Memorial (Columbus, IN)**

Nikon body

28-105mm D-Aspherical

Sigma F2.8 lens

Reala 200

# Shannon Schott

Major: Graphic Design

Shannon is currently a second year Graphic Design student, getting ready to go out into the world and make her fortune.



**Sunset**

acrylic

## Faith Without a Safety Net

I still have fifteen minutes to burn with this second cup of coffee. Another fifteen minutes to look at the headlines in the paper: budget shortfalls, arrests, accidents, war, and terrorism. My eyes glaze over the sub-heads, and that's just as well. I'm sure they're yesterday's stories with different punctuation, so I allow my eyes to gaze at the street life through the rain-splattered glass.

The cop is still across the street, joined now by a second officer. A thin man with a thin, scraggly beard stands nearby with his hands cuffed behind his back, his eyes fixed on the pavement. I've always been amazed at how the police take their time to dot the i's and cross the t's while their trophy wilts in the mist for the amusement of others. Pedestrians walk around the quarry under cover of umbrellas to sneak a peek. I imagine the fear is that if you look too closely, you can see yourself, so they don't look back.

“ it's done to the drumbeat  
of a 401(k) that is a sinkhole.”

Straight ahead of him is a leather-faced man with deep crevices and gray stubble. He's a homeless Vietnam vet with his sign, his can for coins, his dog, and his shopping cart. He lurches for conversation, for money . . . for a thread of his past, maybe. The past that he walked away from and is afraid to go back to. The present ignores him, and his future . . . is back at the corner tomorrow, I guess.

Across the corner on a bench is a herd of pierced teenagers grazing on fast food and cigarettes and dressed in the fashion of the day: boys in baggy pants with too much crease showing; girls with half t-shirts that show too much ribcage. In the gathering dark, they talk with their hands and arms, making gyrations that only the club can understand, though I do recognize the middle finger of one boy. Back and forth they go, and to where, I don't know. If this is their present, where is their future?

Life should expand as you get older, but sometimes I wonder. I travel and work; I rush to rest. Relationships bend to the touch-and-go rhythms of work performances in an environment with all the structure—but not the humor—of a Dilbert strip. And it's done to the drumbeat of a 401(k) that is a sinkhole. I got off the street, into recovery, and for what, I ask: the mind-numbing life of squeezing concepts into square pegs and in time blocks that aren't mine?

And now I've met this lady, who has this child, and I can't help but drink them in with my anxieties and love. I can see them everywhere I turn, and it makes me stop. I want to walk in their time, to touch their space, to talk in their language, to sit in their chaos. It means my life shrinks further, that I throw away the final bricks of what once was a great wall. My smoldering vulnerabilities get oxygen, and I'm always nervous about that.

The same questions crackle: What can I offer them? Am I good enough? I never knew what I didn't know. I see them down the street, side by side, hand in hand, and I step out of the coffee shop. The little girl runs to me, arms outstretched, and into my chest. She kisses me, the lady kisses me, and quiet covers my soul and the scene around me.

It is only the three of us. My shrinking world can expand from here. It is good enough to be me.

— Daniel Buckwalter

## Black Hawk

(Kosovo)

Shots heard in the distance

Time has come

Making their way

Lieutenants take their seats

Shots heard in the distance

Time has come

Air whips the snow

Motors hum

Shots heard in the distance

Time has come

They load into their spots

Weapons close in hand

Shots heard in the distance

Time has come

Prayers in their hearts

Doors clasp shut

Shots heard in the distance

Time has come

Air all around

Violence coming close

Shots heard

Time is here

Silence

Blood

No shots heard

Time is done

## Names

I've heard, been told

listened to it all:

Small town chick, crazy

Redneck lousy hick,

Worthless as a speck,

Trailer trash, yee-haw

Cowgirl, way too much,

How about a pearl

Necklace that is girl

Born with a plastic

Spoon in the mouth

You lousy stoner,

Dumb ass from down South,

Dude, take a downer,

I've heard, been told,

listened to it all!

---

– Banner R. Witt

---

"Rhyme for  
reason, write  
for pleasure,  
joy for all."

---

# Gary Ulmer

Major: Graphic Design

"Sahali is the reason photography was invented."



## Sahali Rose

Canon G1 digital camera

# Melissa Mankins

Major: Nursing

"I painted my first piece six months ago; since then I can't stop. I feel like a mad scientist building some sort of Frankenstein. I have truly awakened a monster."

**Mother**  
acrylic



**Chaotic Thoughts**  
acrylic

## Shared Space

Darkness fades into daylight and a cool breeze quietly moves the blinds covering the open window. I grab the cord with my stiff hands and in one quick motion raise the clangorous blinds. A huge raccoon faces me, startled. We stare at each other, eyes level, across the six foot gap between the house and the retaining wall. I say hello. He slowly turns and moves up the steps and onto one of the many well-worn paths that cuts through the dense ivy on the hillside.

Each morning I search the hillside for raccoons from my bedroom window. They travel from the river, head north along the east side of Kelly Butte, search porches for cat food and gardens for vegetables and berries along the way. Oregon grape, wild cherry, Indian plum, and sword fern thrive in the mottled shade beneath the tall canopy of big leaf maples. Deep ivy and blackberry vines blanket the ground, climbing up and over the taller vegetation.

My house and cultivated yard lie at the bottom of this lush hillside. On cool mornings, before the sun transforms the small yard into an oven, I like to sit on the ground and pull weeds. I scoot along from place to place, drag trowel and clippers and bucket behind me. I listen to the birds sing: crows, black-capped chickadees, robins, house finches, even an occasional winter wren. Butterflies and bumblebees visit this year's display of poppies and peonies, lavender and lupine. Immersed in place, I lose all track of time. I glance up. Wild eyes stare down at me from above the retaining wall. A large raccoon stops mid-step on the ivy path to see what I am and what I am doing. I don't move. I send him a silent greeting. We watch each other for a few moments. He checks his fur, then wanders up the ivy path and into the blackberry tunnel. I return to the weeds, and wonder about the individual behind those wild eyes. Is this the same raccoon I startled at the window? Will I ever see him again? Would he like to be friends?

A local horticulturist teaches me about the alien ivy that covers many of Oregon's hillsides. It invades wild areas and kills the native plants. I resolve to remove the ivy from my small portion of the hillside. Because ivy fruits only on vertical vines, I decide to cut the ivy from the tree trunks first. Later I will pull up the ivy from the ground and plant native plants. If I reclaim five hundred square feet a year, it will take eleven years. This seems like a reasonable plan. In my imagination I see raccoons feasting on thimble berries and carving paths through goatsbeard and red flowering currant, enjoying the sight and smell of Solomon's seal and ocean spray, red columbine and trillium.

I cover my body with plenty of protective clothing, heavy shoes, and leather gloves, and then gather my hand clippers and long-handled pruning shears. I climb the steps from the yard to the top of the retaining wall, cross over, climb the upper steps and follow the ivy path. Instead of continuing on the path toward the blackberry tunnel, I turn straight uphill through the dense ivy.

I slip and fall forward into the hill, into the foot-deep entanglement of vines and leaves. Summer dust rises from my impact. I sneeze with gusto. While the dust settles into the fresh sweat on my face and neck, I search the immediate area for poison oak. I've barely started and already I long for a shower.

Surrounded by ivy-covered tree trunks, I choose one to start with. It's about eight inches in diameter and joins the canopy high above. I cut the vines at the ground with the hand clippers or long-handled pruning

shears, depending on the diameter of the vine, then pull each vine from the trunk. A shower of leaves and dust descends upon me. I close my eyes, shake my head, and hope all the spiders are someplace else. I move to the next tree.

Slender maples cover most of my hillside. But one area, about ten feet wide, grows only ivy. Before I moved in to my small manufactured home, children liked to slide down this area whenever it snowed.

Covered with sweat and dust, I stand at the edge of the slide area and pull ivy from a tree. Suddenly, the hillside above and behind me comes alive. A huge raccoon flies toward me, slides down the hillside through the ivy, his wild eyes wide with terror. My eyes are wide with disbelief as I watch. He freezes, stares at me, only five feet away. I hug the tree for balance and stay motionless. Within seconds, he turns and leaps behind the nearest tree on the other side of the slide. He hugs the tree. His tiny fingers grip the bark, giving away his location. He peeks out from behind the tree. I haven't moved. Neither one of us has moved. We continue to stare at each other.

I loosen my grip on the tree and slowly slide into the ivy on the ground, encircling my knees and legs with my arms. I hope the raccoon will be less afraid of me if I appear small, like I do while I'm pulling weeds. I watch him as he watches me. After several minutes, the raccoon cautiously comes out from behind his tree. He sits, blinks, yawns, and licks his mouth. Yawn and lick, blink, yawn and lick. Is he sleepy and thirsty? Maybe he was asleep in the yard on top of the butte before he was startled and ran straight down the hill to escape. I watch him. He watches me. Yawn and lick, yawn and lick. Maybe he needs a nap and a drink of water.

No, that's not it. He isn't sleepy or thirsty. I know about this. I slowly open my eyes wide and close them. I yawn an enormous yawn, and then lick my mouth with a long tongue. I blink, I yawn, I lick. The raccoon blinks, yawns, licks. We engage in a facial duet of blinks, yawns, and licks. He gradually turns to a prolonged examination of his fur. We continue to watch each other. After much grooming, the raccoon takes one last look at me, turns away and saunters down an ivy path.

I remove the ivy from several more trees. I think about Monty Roberts and his wild horses, the way the horses show their surrender to friendship with yawns and licking of the mouth. Who would have thought that raccoons are like horses? I make my way down the hillside, slip here and there, still in awe over my encounter with the raccoon.

Now in the mornings I raise the blinds slowly and quietly in case there is a raccoon outside. I search the ivy path as far as the blackberry tunnel. I look far up the hillside under the maple canopy to see if anyone is sledding. Most of the time no one is there. But I hope to see the raccoon again, hope he will remember we are friends.

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— Bredan Marsh

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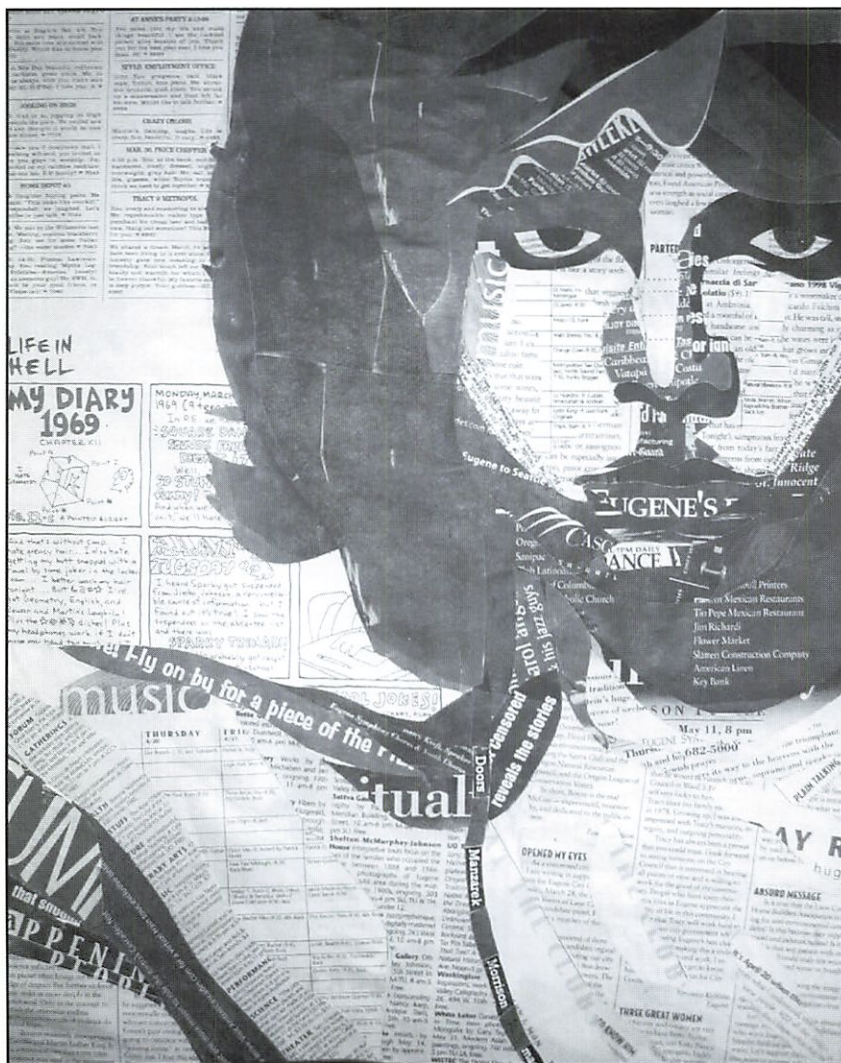
Bredan has lived in this area for most of her life. She appreciates the abundance of wildlife in the area and bases her story on the variety of nature surrounding her home.

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# Patty Lasseter

Major: AAOT

"I'm finishing my AAOT and have attended LCC for three years. I have enjoyed the graphic and art classes here and plan to continue in this field of study."



Jim Morrison  
typographic collage

# Tina Calhoun

Tina loves art. She plans on majoring in art and transferring to the U of O.



**Apples in a Dish**  
graphite

## Photo At Seabury Hall

For David and Anneka

A forty-seven-year-old father,  
with hints of silver tracking his dark, dark hair,  
comes home from a long day at work,  
lies down on the grass, the grassy campus  
where he lives, with the lights winking on  
in the surrounding purple hills,  
the shadow of Seabury Hall etched  
in the rapidly falling tropical black,  
and lying flat out on the ground,  
feet together, muscles tight from  
years of rowing, running,  
training for the child he couldn't imagine  
he'd one day have, raises this blonde  
girl, his five-year-old daughter,  
into the air.

And there she is, poised in an instant  
where father and daughter are  
one in the great circle of time,  
one-of-a-kind, the best kind,  
upside down, one leg straight to the sky,  
the other bent at the knee, small hands  
clasped to upstretched arms,  
ribbon dangling from her blouse  
in a fixed line, like a metronome  
ticking away her childhood  
at her father's nose.

Held above him, she's looking flush  
into his eyes, his soul, you'd say,  
and laughing gaily, as children will,  
as if she knew they were the only act.  
And this father gazes back, eyes gentle  
on her, knowing this moment for what it is,  
and you can see he's rapt, spellbound  
by this bright-eyed princess, his only child  
who came to him in his later years,  
never mind that the Maui mountains are  
his only witness, and all he needs, perhaps.

And you, you look at them,  
and ache somewhere inside, knowing  
they've encored this dramatic piece before,

many times no doubt, the only sound  
the daughter's laughter echoing  
into the dusky bowl around them, and  
then stilled. And you hold your breath,  
not wanting to break the part  
you've stepped into as their audience,  
even though you've thought of clapping,  
applauding the raising of a child to the heavens,  
and this unbroken second or two  
you share with them, not wanting it  
to end, as so much did for you  
when your mother died.

And you feel your heart turn over,  
flutter, know what you'd give for a  
father who would lift you into the air,  
high into the sky,  
give you a foot up, as they say,  
a dad you still call, and still, at this age,  
long for just one small flash  
where you feel cherished,  
one small juncture where you feel  
a safety net beneath you  
that can't be whipped away by wind or whim,  
to lie in the grass and not feel hemmed in  
by your loneliness  
for a father you can't have,  
will never have,  
and oh, Ani, you're so lucky:  
this daddy, this moment, this photo  
that forever focuses the prizing  
of a father for his daughter.

---

— Lynn Balster Lontos

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A freelance writer/editor, Lynn has lived in Eugene since 1977 and taught briefly at Lane Community College. Her poems have been published by the *Seattle Arts Commission* and *The Husk*. "Photo at Seabury Hall," originally written as a prose poem, was inspired by a picture of a friend—a theatre director on Maui—and his daughter.

---

## Longing

Come to me, come to me, home of my own  
Come to me now and I'll take care of thee  
I know in my heart  
How I want things to be,  
Clean shining windows that let in the light  
Tall airy rooms that are friendly and bright

Come to me, come to me, room of my own  
Catch summer breezes soft as a sigh  
Sweet gentle spaces where  
Dreams dance and fly,  
And writing pours out like thick golden cream -  
People and stories that dance in your dreams

And old wounds will heal  
And old tears will dry  
I'll bury my broken heart in the sky  
As the earth raises up and offers its charms  
A carpet of grass and a bushel of blooms  
I'll drink in the view from all of my rooms

Come to me, come to me, home of my own  
Set in a tangled wood all overgrown  
Eastern or Western light, shine as you will  
Dance on the head of a pin or my quill.  
Tell me your story, I'll pass it along

And old wounds will heal  
And old tears will dry  
We'll bury our broken hearts in the sky  
Tonight or tomorrow we'll hear the old song  
And celebrate being right where we belong.  
Come to me, come to me, home of my own.

“ Sweet gentle spaces where  
Dreams dance and fly,  
And writing pours out like  
thick golden cream . . . ”

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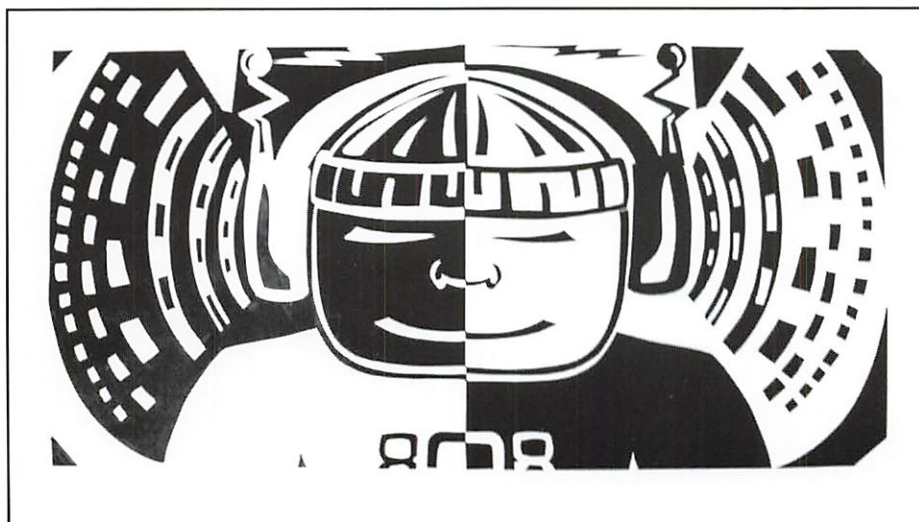
— **J. Macha** Janet Macha Douglas is an ex-Texan who studied French at LCC. She is still searching for a place that feels like home, and suspects it's somewhere in Europe.

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# Chim

Major: Graphic Design

**Picasso's Family**  
photo and paper collage

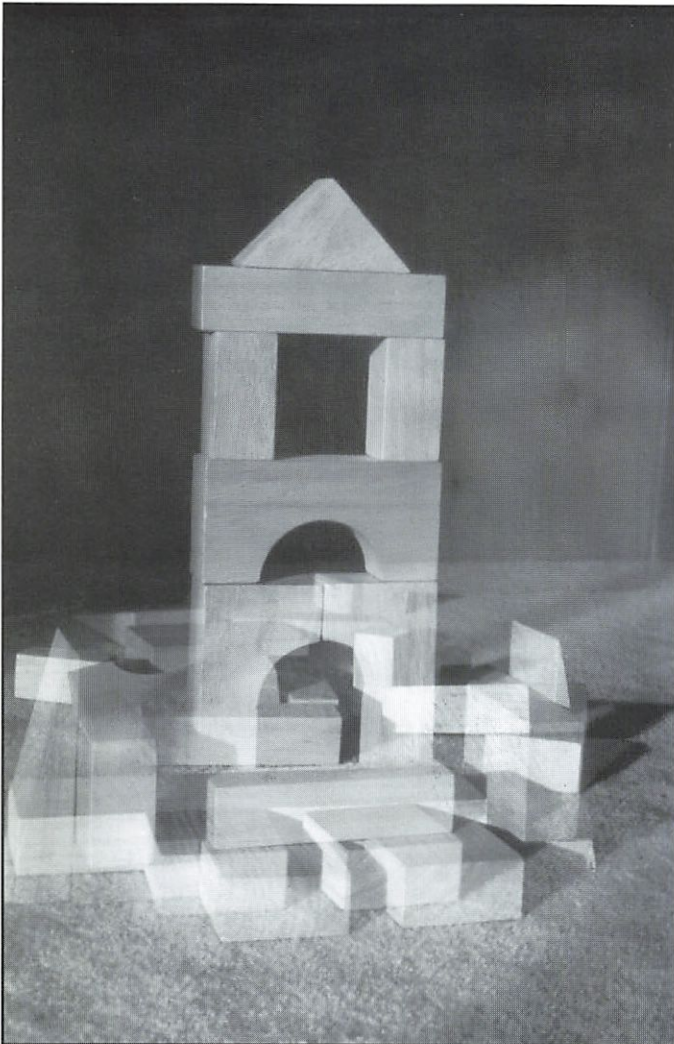


**808**  
paper collage

# Margaret Myers

Major: Flight Technology

"I am a twenty-four-year-old Flight Technology student who has always had a love for photography."



## Legacy Rebuilt

Canon Rebel X

Kodak 80-210 mm lens

# Phyllis Null

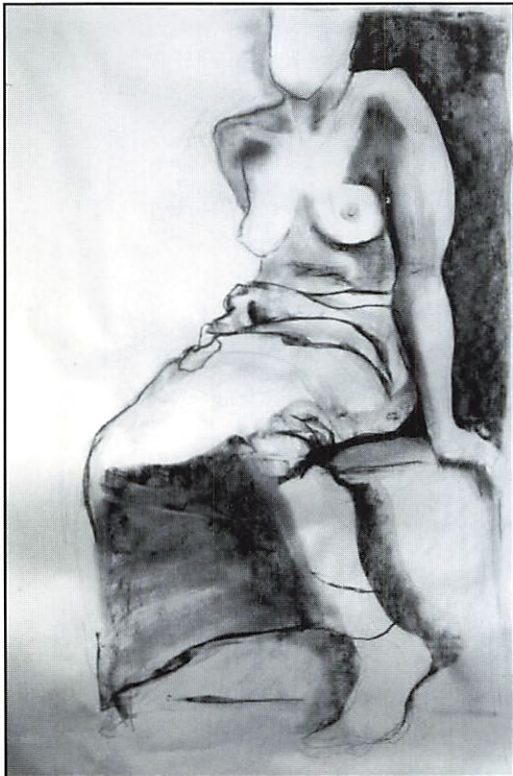
Major: Fine Art

"I am fifty-eight years old, just getting back into doing art after about thirty years of not doing art! I got a degree (BA) in art in 1967. LCC is the reason I have been able to make this happen; I've been taking art here since 2001."

**Untitled**  
acrylic



**Untitled**  
charcoal



## Final Business

- Denali has a scholarship fund set up to help out students of the Editorial Board's choosing. If you want to submit a donation, or want more information please contact our office at 541.463.5897.
- Check out Denali online at [www.lanecc.edu/denali](http://www.lanecc.edu/denali). See all this great visual art in color as well as a downloadable PDF version of the magazine.

## Errata

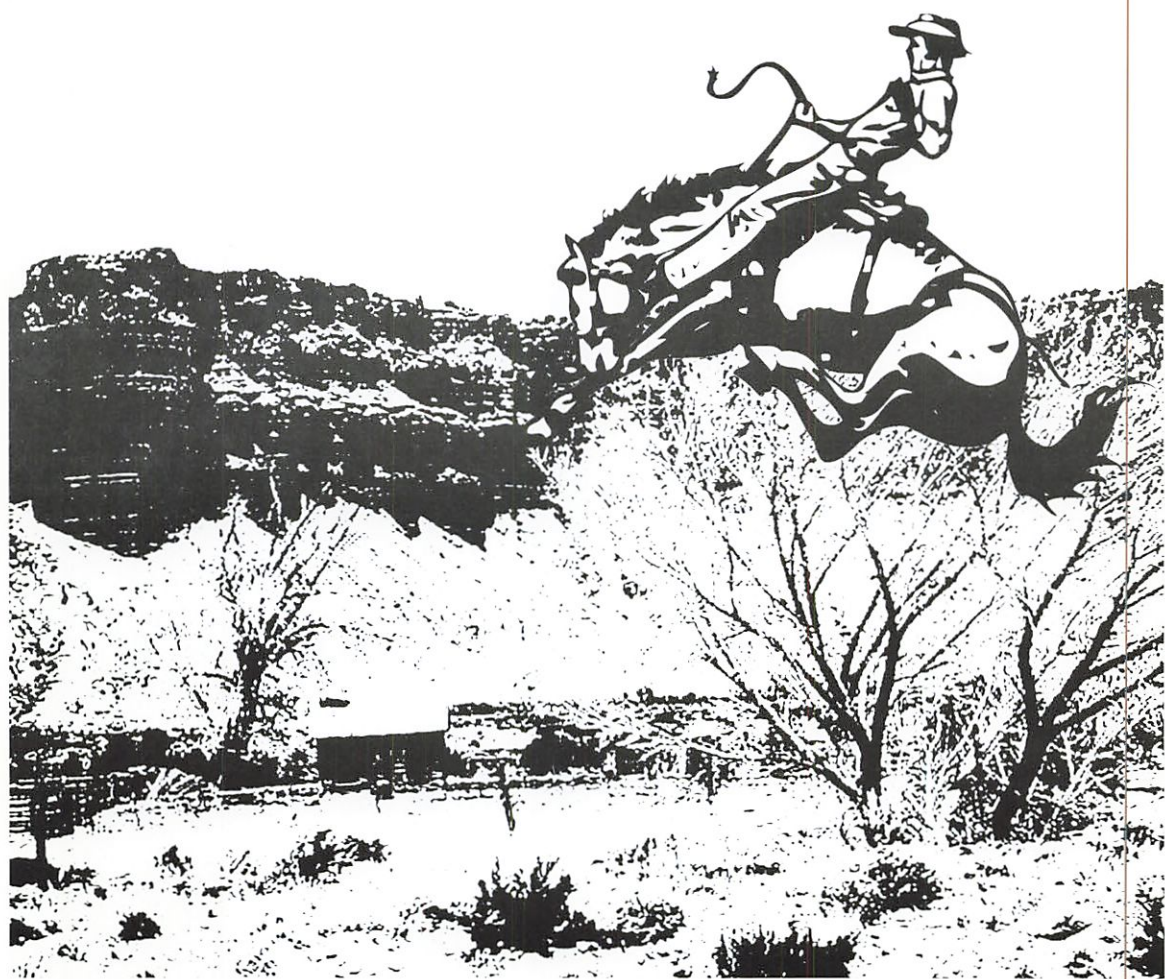
We goofed in the Fall / Winter issue! Our apologies to: Hanif Michael Panni, for incorrectly listing the medium of his artwork (pg. 39) as ink. The correct medium is oil pastel.

Wes Hoskins, for incorrectly titling his literary piece (pg.20) as Advise and Consent. The correct title is Advice and Consent



# RODEO

**Denali**



Color this page in. Create your own art!

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