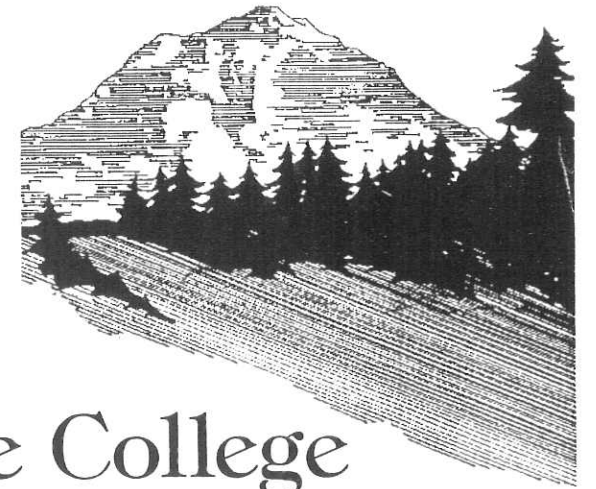


Pahto's Shadow



Heritage College 1996

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Pahto's Shadow is an annual publication of Heritage College featuring artists and writers from the college and the Yakima Valley community. We welcome poetry, fiction, personal essays, artwork, and photography which reflect the rich life and diverse heritages of the Valley. Correspondence and submissions (the latter by 1 January 1997 for the next issue and accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope) should be sent to Professor Loren R. Schmidt, Arts and Letters Department, Heritage College, 3240 Fort Road, Toppenish, WA 98948.



Cover art of Pahto (Mt. Adams) and Heritage College logo designed by Terry Mullen, SNJM. "The trees and mountains in the logo symbolize the rural environment of the college and the appreciation of nature's beauty which characterizes the multi-cultural population of central Washington. The circle symbolizes the unity and mutual concern which the college as a community of learners strives to enhance. The vertical split in the circle represents each unique individual who, through education, discovers and develops God-given talents in order to achieve full human development."

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A Note to Our Readers

Loren R. Schmidt



As we put the finishing touches on this, the fourth edition of *Pahto's Shadow*, I find myself besieged with questions: "When will *Pahto* be out?" "Any good poems or stories this year?" "Am I too late for this issue?" In short, we have become an *institution*. That means (gasp! shudder!) *expectations*. Shall *Pahto* keep "improving" and become a polished, glossy little magazine just like a few dozen others? Should you catch me in that mode, please lay a good one upside my head, eh? Actually, that possibility doesn't worry me too much because I'm counting on our contributors and staff to maintain the raw energy generated by the electrolytic diversity here in the Yakima Valley. Yes, it comes in a little rough, but authentic voices always do.

Who are they? The contributors come from up and down the Valley and hail from a variety of backgrounds and foregrounds. Read "About the Artists" to learn more. On the other hand, most of the staff listed on the masthead are students here at Heritage College who enrolled in English 452 (Editing and Desktop Publishing Workshop) this semester. Under my supervision, they helped define the magazine mission and theme, solicited manuscripts and artwork, selected those you now hold in your hands from the several hundred submissions, edited those manuscripts in conjunction with the contributors, laid out the final manuscripts on Aldus *PageMaker* (in 11 pt. Times New Roman text font and 22/33 pt. Jewel headline font, for those interested in such matters), and printed/assembled/distributed our final product. I am proud of their efforts and hope that you the reader will attribute what succeeds here to them. Oh, before I forget: our staff artists, Linea Jimenez and Vincent Malzahn, deserve special mention for the unattributed illustrations scattered throughout the magazine.

I must also pay tribute to two others whose contributions greatly aided the production of *Pahto's Shadow*: our secretary, Delia Cervantes, who spent many hours converting our contributors' textual and visual submissions into "DTP-ready" on-disk formats; and of course Donald K. C. North, under whose seed grant *Pahto* operates. Remember: your purchase of this issue keeps our garden growing!



Amazing the places you can get an education.

“The 75-Cent School”

Kathleen Tucker

It was late when I got to the laundromat, or laundramat, or laundrymat—however you want to spell it. I’ve seen it spelled all three ways and there are probably more, but this place was spelled “laundromat,” a detail only an English major would notice. But it just goes to show, there are a different lot of ways to do the same thing—sometimes.

Laundromats are always painted white, to make you think they are clean, I guess, which only shows up the dirt more, especially in a grungy, less-expensive establishment like the one I was at, with no attendant to run around and rub down the machines like they are expensive race horses or something.

It’s nice to have them, though (the attendants) . . . in some ways. For instance, the other night—the stuff I got out of the bottom of one of those washers, you don’t want to know. I almost got sick. It’s a good thing John Updike wasn’t there—he’d of had to of described it in great detail, and then everybody’d be hanging over the toilet.

So, anyway, it is nice to have those attendants, in some ways. But it costs a quarter a load more to go to a place that has them, and besides, they always make you feel guilty—like they think you are going to overload and break, or in some other way abuse their machines. Like use them, for example.

So I went to the cheap place that night.

It didn’t have the detriment of a laundry attendant, but I felt uncomfortable anyway, because in the blinding light it was obvious—even more than it would have been otherwise—that I was the only white face in the place. The men, especially, made me nervous. I took a quick look around, sizing up the danger.

A man stood in the next aisle, his arm throttling the neck of a woman. She was apparently his girlfriend. She was smiling a big, painted smile with a big, painted mouth, teeth the size of a horse’s. The guy kept kissing her and laughing, and in between he was talking to some shaggy-haired muchacho sitting on the folding-clothes table right in front of me while a dark, sinister-looking wisp of a male lounged on the table to my right.

No one even noticed me.

I decided to go for it.

Outside, the car was overflowing with clothes. I didn’t have a washer and dryer any more, having left them things behind along with a houseful of furniture and dead dreams for the only other place I could find to live at (except for a river bank), which as God would have it was a 5th-wheel trailer in a mobile court. In some ways it was okay—we were in the mountains; the scenery was great. But you’re lucky if you even have a shower stall in a 5th-wheeler, let alone a washer and dryer; and there’s a real big shortage of things like

grocery stores and laundromats up in the pine trees.

I had started a new school and a new job, too, and what with the paperwork and the running around and the yard sales and the getting things hooked up and the getting things unhooked (not to mention the getting things running properly), laundry had been the least of my concerns. But then my son’s school loomed over us and the kid was desperate for clothes, so I had to drive to the laundromat that night like a good mom, even though I just wanted to go home and go to bed.

Back in the brightness, I threw the laundry on the last machine in the first row. It hulked there, all daunting, like some Mt. Adams of dirty clothes, spreading out over about three washers—with stiff blue jeans and towels for sides; jockey short glaciers; stormy-looking tube-sock clouds that hadn’t been white since the day they left the safety of the JCPenney sack; red stuff sadly lacking any of the lively dazzle of *National Geographic* lava; and green, stagnant pools of shirts and pants, standing in for subalpine fir. It was sad.

I put the colors into piles like I do, but in slow motion, like some climber suffering from oxygen deprivation.

It gets really tiresome, but my mom laughs at everything I do, including laundry. We used to have terrible fights on the subject, sometimes hardly speaking to each other for days. You wouldn’t think there is that much to say about laundry. The problem is, my mom has a polyester mindset left over from the 50’s; she thinks you only need to sort clothes by fabric type, which explains why, a few years ago, when designers were really big on cotton, and the kids and I had these jewel-colored socks and T-shirts that you couldn’t wash with anything except themselves

and my mom did the clothes, they would come out at least one different color from when they went in. This happened many times, and the interesting thing about my mom is, she still thinks she is the only one in the world who knows how to do laundry.

I was so tired this particular night, I could hardly think. My mom, who never worked after she got married and who never tried to go to college, either, does not understand why I am always tired. My brother, The One Who Did Things Right, the one who lives with his wife and no children on an island in California so exclusive it sounds like it should be spelled ALL CAPS—only he is allowed to be tired.

Oh, and my mom.

Every time my brother calls my mom, she tells me afterwards, “Rex is SO TIRED.” It never varies. It is the first thing she says when I ask her how he is, and she always says it in exactly the same way, dragging out the “sooo tired,” until I have finally started to say (keeping the sarcasm carefully controlled—he is, after all, my only brother), “So what else is new?”

I, however, am not allowed to be tired.

I am so tired this night, I feel like the socks—kind of gray. I wonder what the dark-skinned men think of me. They have probably spent the whole day hunched over in tomato and pepper fields, or hauling ladders over acres of orchards. Or maybe they were the ones I saw in the heat and the dust down in the Lower Valley, cutting hops in places that say “DANGER PELIGRO.”

They probably think I’m a wimp, too.

I have finished sorting by now and can put my quarters and soap in. I have to use machines all over the laundromat because so many other people are there and because I have so much laundry. For a while I do my homework, and

then I notice that an Indian man has come in. I decide to do some research. I go up and ask him if he is a Yakama. He says yes. His thin lips press together, making kind of an arrowhead mouth, and he pulls his head back to look at me like a hawk. I try to find out something about Indian beliefs, but what with the fact that I am white, combined with all the racket from the machines agitating and spinning and whumping clothes around, communication is difficult. I feel this huge gulf between us, though I am standing right next to him. I feel like I am talking to a person in another world, who speaks another language, which I guess I am, even though he speaks English well. He doesn't understand what I want, and I can't seem to explain it. I smile, mumble, and retreat to my books.

The first of the laundry finishes spinning and I drift down to the end where there are some dryers. By this time, the Yakama's wife has come in. She has long, thin, graying hair like her husband's, and when I pass by, her face lights up, though I am a total stranger. She gives me the sweetest, brightest smile I have ever seen—like a little girl. She has one tooth.

I am really tired now, but there is a kind of carnival atmosphere in the place and it is sort of cheerful. The light seems to have more color. I feel better. I notice that the Indian couple is in conversation with a young Hispanic woman. The men have mostly moved outside now, near the cars, talking about whatever it is men talk about at night in groups. Inside, a girl keeps bouncing around the building like it is some jungle gym or obstacle course—clinging to the side of the change machine, hopping up on the washers, never holding still. Two babies bump into each other, back off, and smile. A round-faced, barefoot toddler in a ragged outfit staggers past me up and

down the length of the dryer wall, clutching a ragged, unidentified food item which eventually accompanies him to the floor.

He could be a Peruvian poster child.

He drags his whatever-it-is piece of food along the floor for a while before pushing off again. I want to tell his mother what he's done, but I decide that this is not the first time nor will it be the last, and, moreover, that it is probably not my business.

There is a pretty young girl this night in the laundromat. We have been smiling at each other all evening and now she is standing at the same table as me, helping her mom fold clothes. I figure she about 14, like my son. She has thick, dark hair, and the part that is left over from being piled carelessly on top of her head is sticking out in a strange, stiff little spray off to one side. She is one of the lucky ones, on whom even messy looks elegant. I can tell she is going to be beautiful some day. We joke about going too fast with the carts and decide it is a good thing you can't get a ticket in a laundromat.

She and her mom have been having a good time, too. They seem close. Because we are at the same table, it's easy to hear the mom tell her daughter about all her big plans for the girl's room.

"I want to buy you a waterbed," she begins, all earnest, all excited, going into detail about things she wants to do for the daughter's room, the things she wants to get her, the colors.

The daughter reminds her, "All my stuff is yellow."

The mom keeps going. I am envious. They seem to get along so well. I want to say that I have a daughter; that I hardly ever see her.

The jeans and the towels have finally finished. I am close to being done. Then the tone

changes next to me. The mom is saying firmly, "You're not doing it right! Remember how I told you? Fold the towels like this!"

The girl pouts, gets defensive, says "That's the way I did it! You're just too picky!"

"I'm not too picky," counters the mom. "They look better my way—you get rid of all the raggedy ends. Look, I'll show you again."

The mom demonstrates. "See? Fold it like this first, and then in half again, and then so the ends don't show."

I am amused—mothers, daughters, and clothes—but on the sly I watch, and when the mom is not looking, I fold one of my towels her way. I can see what she's talking about.

"If you'd just do like I tell you, we'd have been out of here by now." The mom is getting exasperated.

This goes on—the kid protesting, the mom unrelenting.

I am beginning to have a lot of admiration for this woman, and also sympathy. I bet she's tired, too—another single parent. Some people would give up, let it go—nag, which isn't the same thing—but give up. She doesn't. She just keeps explaining over and over: "This is how you do it; this is why."

I want to support her, even though it seems like a bit of a betrayal. I smile and say, "They wear you down, don't they?" I want to say that I have a daughter. That she moved out in January. That we fought constantly.

The mom gives me a smile. It has a tired quality—that lips-pulled-back effort you have to make sometimes. I think she is glad I took her side, but I'm not sure. The girl gives me a hurt look.

The mom says something about how this is her only child. Maybe we talk some more—I

don't remember. They finish and leave, arguing into the parking-lot night. I gather my clothes, books, detergent, purse, haul everything out to the car, stuff it in. The men stand around by their cars, off to one end, serious, talking. I get in my car and wonder if the headlights work. I have a long way to go.

The night is a very dense black. My headlights drill a little hole that the car can drive through, one bright spot and a small pale glow. I roll along like a reel of film, looking at a road but seeing that mother and daughter instead, thinking for miles and miles about what I said, and if I was right to say anything. By the time I get to Naches, I'm not sure.

Over and over I think about what I *wanted* to say, my little pearls of wisdom, painfully gathered and given for that girl. Because the point tonight wasn't towels—not at all. Towels were just one little battle in a big, long, tough war. The point, really, was and is life. That girl doesn't know it, and maybe the mom never thought about it either, but some day that kid is going to apply for a job, and because she has a strong, "picky" mother, and, therefore, because she knows how to follow directions, she is going to get a job and keep it. And before that, she will do well in school because she knows how to follow directions. At anything she does, she will have an advantage, because she knows how to follow directions. Unlike my daughter.

When Erin started kindergarten, I knew that, except for the local bullies, things would go well for her. She knew her alphabet, numbers, colors. I had read to her. I had done all the right things. What more could there be?

I found out at the first parent-teacher conference.

I'm sitting there in my daughter's classroom, all scrunched up in one of those little chairs, feeling like a little kid myself, when the teacher leans over me and asks, "Does Erin have chores?" I am flabbergasted. I can tell this woman is serious, that there is something wrong. I mumble, "No." I'm confused. The teacher explains that Erin does not seem to know how to follow directions and therefore, not surprisingly, is having trouble. I am shocked. I feel bad. It is my fault. All the way home from the conference, I think about Erin, about the way I hadn't wanted to cut into her play time when she was growing up, the way I hadn't thought she should be my "slave"; and the other times, when I was unable, for whatever reason, to follow up on her when I did ask her to do something. Apparently, Erin had concluded following directions was optional.

After the teacher's lecture, I tried to do things differently, but Erin never really lost the attitude that what others want or think is nothing to be concerned about, nothing to be taken seriously. If I could start over with Erin (and I wish I could), I would keep after her now until she did what she was supposed to do. I would do a lot of things differently. But of course, that is impossible. Erin is eighteen, out in the world, and is going to find out the hard way.

But life goes on. I was back at that laundromat the other day, sitting near the window, waiting for more laundry to finish and writing while I waited. A little girl came up outside, watched me for a minute, ran off, got her little brother, and dragged him over, all excited, like she had never seen anyone do such a thing before, and then they both watched me. I pretended not to notice. Children are shy as animals—stare at them and you scare them away. But inside I was

smiling, imagining one of them turning out to be a writer some day, maybe because one time they saw some lady hunched over a piece of paper at some laundromat.

Then they went away, like the mother and the daughter, and I was left there alone, waiting and thinking and writing—trying to sort things out like they were clothes, and it seems like it comes down to this: Sometimes there are different ways to do things, like spelling "laundromat," and it doesn't really matter. You get your clothes clean all the same—more or less.

And then there are other times when if we want things to turn out right, we have to follow the rules, follow directions, tuck in those raggedy ends, try and try and try until we—or someone else—gets it right. We have to do that, no matter how tired, no matter how busy we are, because it might be important.

It might be more important than we can imagine. ☯

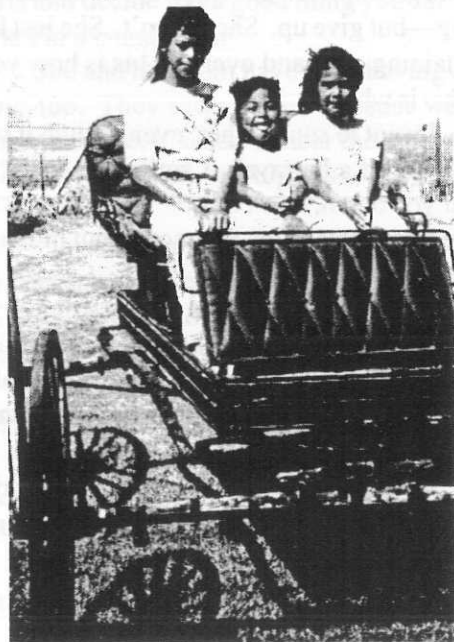


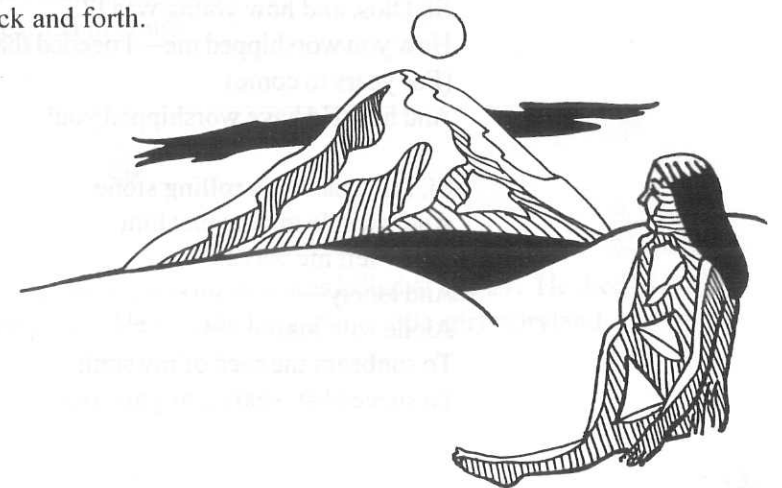
Photo: Neva Drury

Seasoning Time

Jennifer Schmidt

Pahto is the fulcrum.
 Celestial face pulses
 Chili pepper red on eastern horizon
 Color of maize sinking west
 The pendulum
 Ticking time
 South to North
 To South, to North
 While Pahto stands still.

Minutes seem like hours,
 Days appear as minutes.
 I peer from my window
 Pahto still ahead
 As time spirals on
 Back and forth
 South to North
 Back and forth.



Mi Corazón, Tu Voz (My Heart, Your Voice)

Patricia Rivera-St. Clair

Mi corazón, mi papá—
Mi corazón rips when I think of you
Mi sangre ebbs paler with each pump of my pulse
But the breath in my body grows quicker
As your voice grows stronger;
My lips form the words you spoke
In a language foreign to my mind
But music to my heart:
And they reveal a cistern in my soul
Of strange and earthy joy I had forgotten.

Mi corazón, mi papá—
Mi corazón bursts when I think of you—
How you died so young, so dastardly young!
Sí, Dios, and how young was I?
How you worshipped me—I needed that—
(For years to come)
And how I'd have worshipped you!

Sí, mi papá was a rolling stone
And when la muerte met him
All he left me was alone—
And lonely—
Alone with his memory
To sunbeam the seed of my soul:
To succeed at what he might have.

Fear not, papá chulo:
Your daughter will do better—
Your daughter won't dismay—
Your daughter will ripen and sow again
The care you spent on her.

Mi corazón, mi papá—
Mi corazón leaps when I think of you
When I think of how you idolised me
(Though I so very little deserved it—
You idolised the infant girl of
Your old age, though you were a lad
Of but thirty.)

Your courage, though loco, has made me love life;
Your frailties I forget;
Your valiant soul has thrice washed through me:
No niña ever had richer birthright!

And, if it please Dios,
Mis niños shall hear your epics
And hear tu voz
When they learn in my arms
What I learned in yours.



This poem is dedicated to my father, David, who was killed at age 37. He died as he lived—in chaos, but with flair. He was the king of my little-girl storyland.

To Your Note, Thomas Cole

Rita D. Krebs

A comfortable identity walks here, where spiritual and sensual are as one . . . this early winter, with sounds of beauty such as had never been struck upon a note, for the note cannot exist.

The sun dances ritually with snow, birthing millions upon millions of golden spun ice fairies to flutter in the mind's eye, while Father North whispers passionately, then explosively as midwife. Then again, turns conversely as a gray and ragged, irascible and sordid reaper, with demise peering from his tattered, nubby knapsack. Raging. Worn. Tired. Weathered.

Is it defiance? Ignorance? No . . . no, not at all . . . perhaps it is the childish impudence, the sounds of difficult times when one needed to know life the hardest way possible. One is clearly able to feel living that way.

It is that impudence masked as courage that makes me look at the tree, not the landscape as I hum on willing and effortless skis into the late afternoon. And for that Father North retaliates my stupidity, his blustery arrogance teasing hair, biting ears, and forcing icy webs to intricately knit my lashes with frozen tears. Humanity is once again humbled as I seek shelter in a grove of sleek and gentle fir.

These emerald boughs protectively embrace me, much as a mother to wayward child,

enveloping as I rummage for safety deeper and deeper into their feathered limbs. I huddle awestruck; the landscape turns shades of Indigo, Hunter, and Mr. Payne's Gray, washed with the brightest of Chinese White. I thought it curious and wondered why they would be visiting here, while at the same time giving thanks for hot cider, faith, and angels also present.

Magic abounds. The sharp, icy gnomes skitter horizontally, hurriedly to nowhere, while I gaze at a lone crow straining hopelessly against the storm, no gain to be made. A deep fury roars through this haven, ripping from limb to limb as a reminder—a not-so-gentle reminder—that destruction also creates.

I am truly a forgiven guest in this place.

The horizon transforms as abruptly as in the beginning, the hand of God drawing the bitter curtain aside to reveal warmth and quiet. Security. An ethereal brightness of safety surrounds me as I clamber from my hideaway to shake cold from my stiffened fingers with a renewed respect. Awe. I am reminded. The need of birthing and death. Of cycles of things. Of lessons. Of what is real, and of what has purpose and what does not. And of why. ☺



Photo: Neva Drury

Ozymandias and Harriet

Knew Best

Kathleen Tucker

Life ain't no iamb. No pentameter
neither. I think therefore Iamb? Don't think
so, lamb. We don't spray Raid on anapests,
don't duck like terrordactyls swoop past sinks.
No—speech is made of waltzing words that take
us round the floor till we change partners, shift
to trochees, or emphatic spondees make
us wake up, shake our booties, give short shrift
to simple notions. We want easy “that’s
the answers” when the questions aren’t. A dance
the sentence is, an ocean never flat,
a rough-tongued tabby looking for a chance
to jump up in our laps and lick our faces.
It’s OK if she makes us lose our places.



For My Father

Wendy Warren

I am listening.

It is evening on the ocean,
the deep blue and black ocean
that I know like the back
of my hand and can never know.
I am listening
for the plume of mist
to break the silence
and mark the Great Blue’s
place, if only for a moment.
I will know where he’s been
if I cannot know where he is.
I picture him in the
deepness of ocean serenity,
free-moving and graceful,
unfettered by gravity.
And he sings—songs of
millennia, songs of his father
and his father’s father,
songs mysterious and familiar,
as though our hearts,
here in the air,
on the land, our hearts
know these songs
that echo in
deep and secret places.

I am listening.



Dance of the Black Skirt Jasmine



The black skirt
blows, trails wide
in the wind
tugging to be free
to dance its own dance
unencumbered by this earthly
body anchoring it.

It swirls about my ankles
when I saunter
giggling like
a January brook.
Fluid boundaries
dissolving old values,
cold rivulets not yet ice.

The blackness
clings to my legs
clutching as I stride
purposefully towards . . .
black of loam, the fertile
or black of death
or black descent,
underworld's quest for knowledge.

I stride faster
toward _____ or away?
The black gauze crinkled
flows between my legs
fertile menstruation
of death and knowledge.
Yet when the skirt swirls
'bout my "well-turned" ankle
eyes turn too.
Male eyes.
They acKnowledge me.
I exist.



Painting: Carol Powell (Wolf Eagle)

Just a Pinch

Meg Haywood

They carried the groceries in from the car, each one noticeably silent. Occasionally, one would stare at the other, then look away suddenly when caught. Marian methodically emptied the bags, sorting items for the big freezer from those that would stay in the kitchen. One loaf of bread for the bread drawer, two for the freezer. Ice cream goes to the big freezer, juice stays in the kitchen.

"I can't believe you spent seventy-five dollars on a *jacket*. It's not even a coat, for God's sake! I thought you said you got him a coat. What'd he do? Pester you until he got his own way?" George stood in the doorway glaring.

"He didn't ask for the coat," Marian replied flatly, continuing to unpack and sort the groceries.

"I thought you were going to the Big R store. They've got good coats there. One that'd at least keep him warm. And a hell of a lot cheaper than those fancy stores at the mall." George paced back and forth between the kitchen and living room, shaking his head. "Why did you buy him that jacket?"

Marian stood against the sink, her arms wrapped around herself, her teeth clenched, her chin tipped up in defiance. Why hadn't she at least looked at the Big R? "I bought it because I wanted to. Besides, the heavy coats cost twice as much."

"Not at the Big R they don't. They've got coats there that'd last. And keep him warm. For thirty bucks."

Marian hugged herself tighter. "He needed a coat. He's been walking to school in a short-sleeved shirt."

"He needed a coat, yeah, not a goddamned seventy-five dollar windbreaker that he'll outgrow before the winter's over." George walked into the living room, muttering to himself.

Marian rubbed her arms as if to warm herself and finished putting away the rest of the groceries. "I don't need this," she mumbled to the cupboard doors as she opened and shut them loudly. "I can take care of things myself. If I want to buy a seventy-five dollar coat, I'll *buy* a seventy-five dollar coat. I earn part of the money around here and I can spend it!"

She opened the cupboard over the stove to put away the last of the items from the store. A small tin fell out and clattered as it hit the counter. Marian reached for it, then stopped. George had brought this back from a business trip, shortly after they were first married. It looked like a tin that could contain pepper or cinnamon. Printed on the front of the tin was: *LOVE: Spice for Living. NET WT.: Immeasurable.* Marian smiled slightly and poked her head around the door into the living room where George sat watching television.

"Sweetheart, how 'bout I make us some coffee?" She handed him the tin. "And what d'ya say we put in just a pinch of this?"

The Lonely Lahotan

Richard H. Stalter

Long cast, spoon splashing,
Lonely Lahotan elusive.
Swimming slowly with hunting hunger.

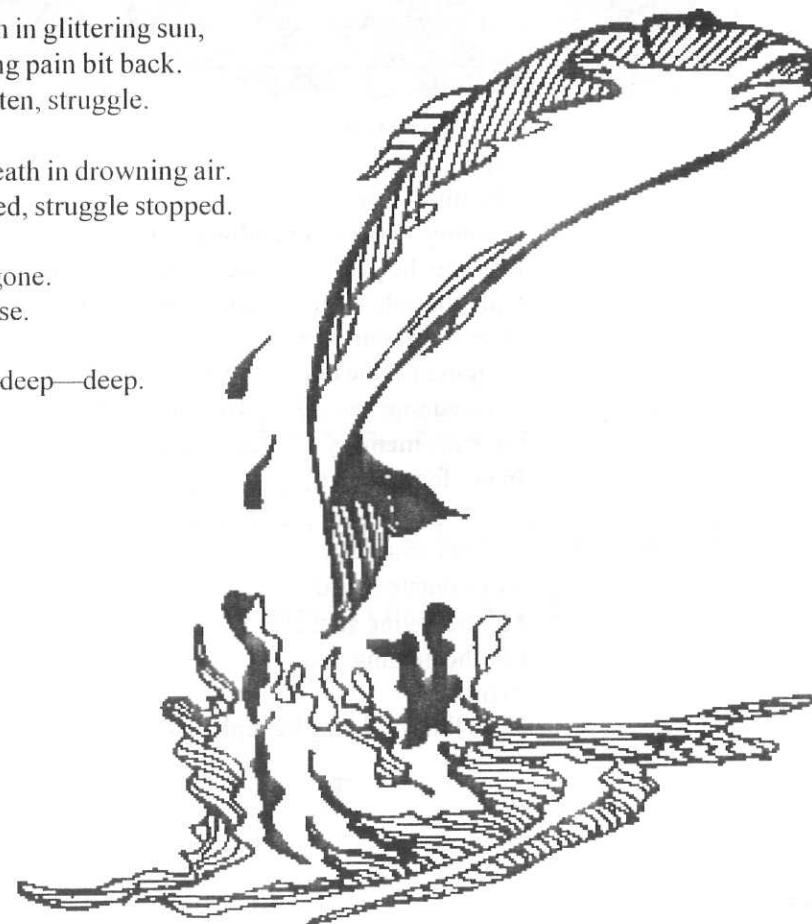
Glinting spoon in glittering sun,
Biting, piercing pain bit back.
Struggle, shorten, struggle.

Net danger, death in drowning air.
Struggle, seized, struggle stopped.

Piercing bite gone.
Relief—release.

Swim, deep—deep—deep.

Rest.



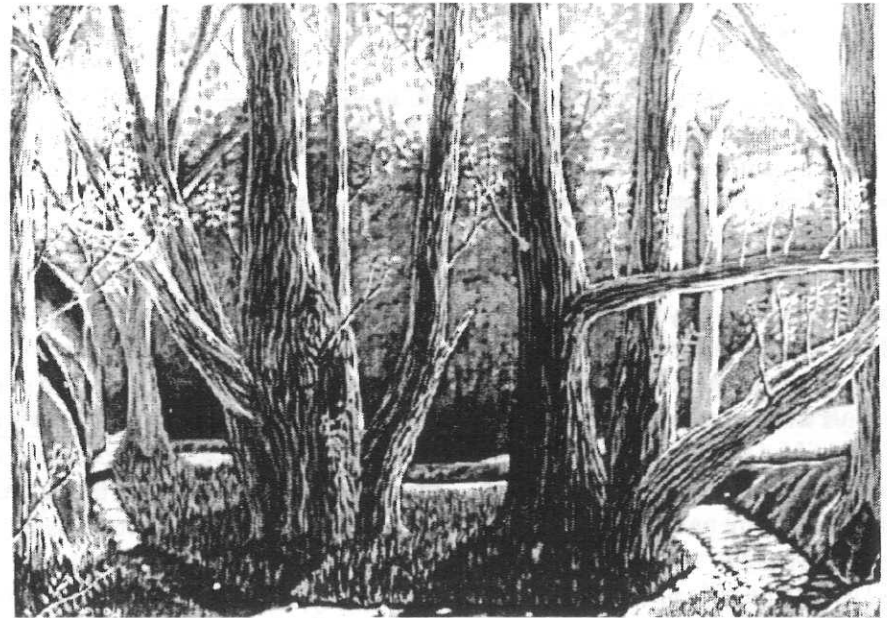
Clear-Cut

Lawrence Larch

I stand alone
Monarch of the nothingness I survey
Measuring the proportions of my existence
Some show growth, happiness, flourishing
Others reveal searing flames, soul-rending drought
Or placid rot.

Deep in my veins
Sap pulses.
The stuff of life
Wanting, needing something lost
Missing the jostle of close-crowding saplings
Only the echo of green laughter remains
Deep within my cracks.
Longing for the ones I communed with
Intertwining branches, sharing our all
Only the memory of vegetable love persists
In my forest heart.

Still my soul seeks
Arms outstretched
For the loving sunshine
For the healing rain
In time
Even this void may be replenished.



Painting: Vincent Malzahn

Evanescent sphere
Pirouettes, floating
Reflections . . .
Iridescent hues
Timeless
Like me.

Drifting
In moss glade
Diffuse in soap droplets
On fiddlehead fern
Transient
Like me.

I drift.
I pirouette, floating
Dancing in venerable vale
My soul timeless
My body transient
Like them.

Deciduous Effervescence

Jennifer Schmidt

Spaces

Kathleen Tucker

It had been three years, if you counted from the divorce; four, if you counted the separation, and she was doing pretty good, really, not bad, except on the days when things went really right and she wished she had someone to share with, and the days when things went really wrong and she wished she had someone to lean on. In between, life was what life is, with or without someone—except, of course, at night, when it would have been nice . . .

Sometimes, when it got really bad, she imagined ads:

“Wanted: Tall, blond, handsome, high-born, down-to-earth Land-Rover type; slim, brilliant, funny, kind, well-educated, well-to-do, well-balanced, late-30’s” . . . The papers never gave you enough space.

It didn’t matter, though. There were no men like what she wanted, probably not anywhere in the world; certainly not where she lived, not in her town! She wished the paper would let you advertise somewhere else—Arizona maybe, or Colorado. She had heard about Colorado from a woman she used to work with. Jeanne never stopped talking about Colorado till the day she packed up and went home in time for a John Denver concert. Surely a place like Colorado would have the kind of guy Caitlyn was looking for. For now, though, she was stuck with the local paper, just like she was stuck in the sticks, in a nothing northern state, meeting no one wonderful.

It took ten years for Caitlyn to get up the nerve to quit, too, but one night she just left the doctors a note, told them they weren’t gods and

she wasn’t their slave, and by the next week she had found a job in another town. She began driving back and forth to work, driving up into great open spaces with scruffy-looking hills that reminded her of the old sofas you see at Goodwill—the ones that have been worn till just the little ribs of stiff brown upholstery are showing. The road climbed up until it felt like you were driving right into the sky, and then sailed down the other side, making you feel free as a bluebird, strong as a hawk. She loved to watch the way the clouds sailed by over that desert, east to Colorado, and every day she tried to think what they reminded her of. The best she could do was not very good—a phalanx of tanks, a convoy of ships, cobwebs, some giant’s skeletal remains.

One Friday she left work late, and not only late but the drive back home, long under any circumstances, seemed more than she could bear when she was so very tired, and so very hungry, and feeling so particularly blue. It was hard to think of driving so far, knowing no one would be there when she got home, just those bare wooden walls with that lonely shine. Jared was at his dad’s for the weekend. That left just the cat.

She didn’t think she could drive sixty miles home on an empty stomach to just the cat.

So it was that after about a two-mile brain tug-of-war, she left the road, not far from the river and the wrecking yard, pulled a tight U-turn, and had headed back north to a little town she had heard of before you could say “pizza and beer.”

It was like the day turned around with her and the sky—just a tarnished silver trophy when

she left town—had on impulse thrown open the hinged lid of Heaven to give mortals a taste of the great party beyond. There was more gold than King Tut’s tomb—the sky a tiger of bright and dark bars one minute, a wild riot of patternless pink and orange the next. Just when she turned around, the radio began playing all her favorite songs, too.

And if you are a lover of skies, and have just turned your car around feeling full of adventure, and have found that not only is the sky a brilliance of color and light but the radio has simultaneously started playing all your most favorite songs, you might begin to think that this is going to be a night for magic.

And so you drive on, rocking to the music, the bass beating the blues out of you till you get to soft, green fields full of power to sooth and heal dry eyes and a dry soul, up into foothills, with a river running silver below—hundreds of feet below—while cliffs of an ancient sea rise up above, clinging to their bleached secrets, and across the canyon mists gracefully drape the dark slopes, further cleansing your soul with their gentle rain, slowing your pulse but not your passions.


And in your mind you see him, the man you’ve always wanted to meet (at least since you finally figured out what you wanted). Somehow you feel like he could be where ever it is that you’re finally going; it’s hard to drive legal. But the day has enough magic to relax you. Your foot eases off the pedal; you smile the last few miles into town.

But by then you’ve lost your nerve as well as your nervousness, convinced yourself it’s just your wild imagination again, out of control and beyond belief. So you park across the street from where you thought you’d meet him, at least get that pizza and beer, maybe write about your crazy notions while you’re waiting, and afterwards stretch your stiff legs on a walk down the darkening streets, up past paintless, blind-eyed

houses, creaking with age, or charming you with their cock-eyed porches and pointed pastel roofs, until finally you pass the glowing stained-glass windows of the church of Our Lady of Consolation.

You come back to your car, chastened and sober; to the car, where you climb in, check the rear view mirror, and see suddenly, coming out of the place you knew you’d meet him, a tall, blond, handsome man who says goodbye to some friends, climbs into a Land Rover, and drives away! Or maybe it was a Mitsubishi. It doesn’t matter—in the fragments of the day your jaw drops, and what can you do but rush across the street, through the swinging doors, to ask the guys behind the counter “Who was he?” And they’re not sure—from Colorado, they think; works summers for the Forest Service; used to come in a lot; one hell of a table tennis player—something like that. You mumble some dumb thing, go back to your car, in shock, and think about him all the way home, imagining what things could be like—you’ve got that all worked out, too.

He lives in a cabin in the woods, wood inside and out, rustic but just right, and when you go there, he has the candles lit to illuminate this meeting of your minds and eyes. And afterwards there are soft sheets and soft sighs, candles dimmed by exploding stars and extinguished by heavy breathing. You see all this clearly as you drive home, till the candlelight becomes headlights, and the wishing star—or is that just an airplane?—gleams briefly before disappearing in a cloud of doubt.

When you finally pull into the driveway, your cat is glad to see you. You go inside, collapse at the table, and she leaps lightly to take her rightful place upon your lap. You pet her absently with your left hand but with your right you are busy, you are very busy, filling in the spaces on one of those ads. 

A Walk in the Sage

Teresa L. Gehlen

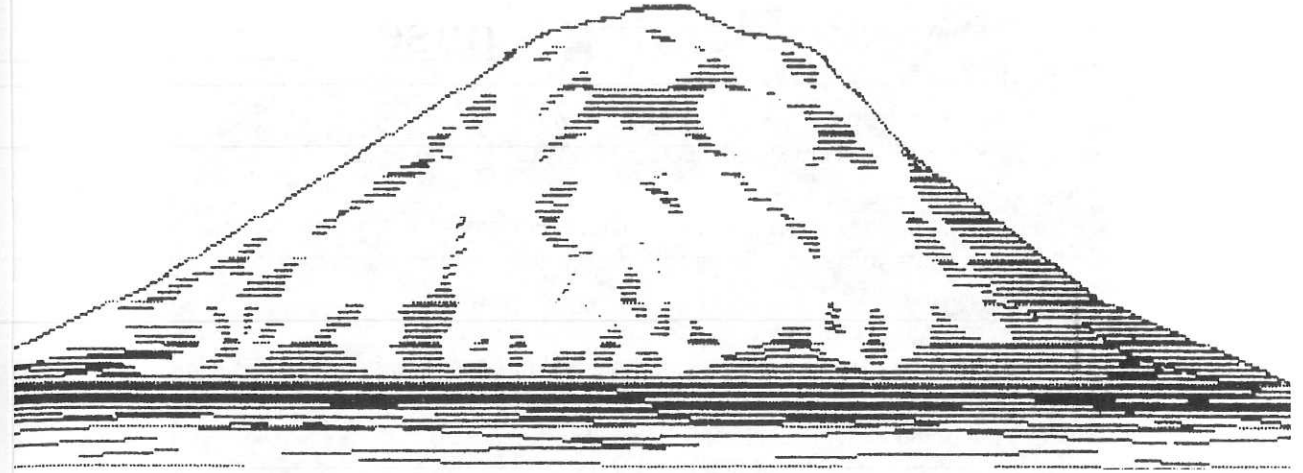
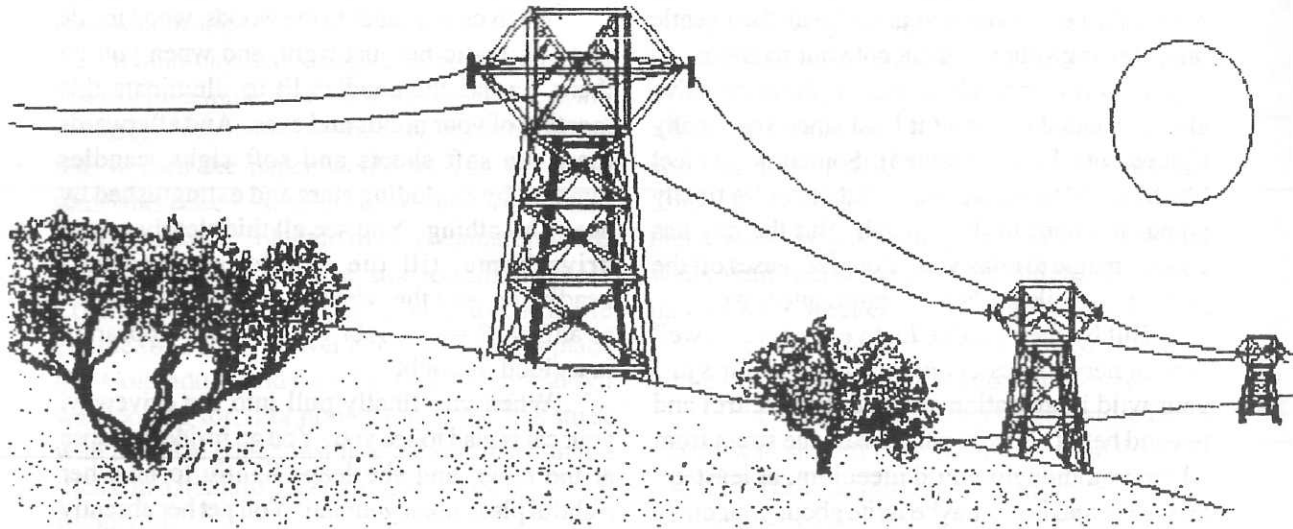
Our fingers were cocklebur tender,
on our return from our walk in the sage.

Though now in the present we ambled,
back there we'd just turned the page.

"We are now back in time," I had stuttered,
somewhat embarrassed and wistful my face.

"It's the overhead wires that do it—
transport us in time to this place."

You gamely agreed and then pondered,
a fact that to us most likely was so,



That little around us was different
than it had been so long, long ago.

We focused on blue sky and red sumac,
and not on aluminum cans;

We heard only the dry creek and the fall quail call,
and not the machinations of man.

In the distance Mount Adams watched over us,
and I showed you its horse running free;

And your dogs explored gayly around us
in the grass blowing light with the breeze.

And what have we brought home with us?
I tell you neither one would I trade.

Not my fingers that are cocklebur tender,
nor my memories of our walk in the sage.



Rogue Moments

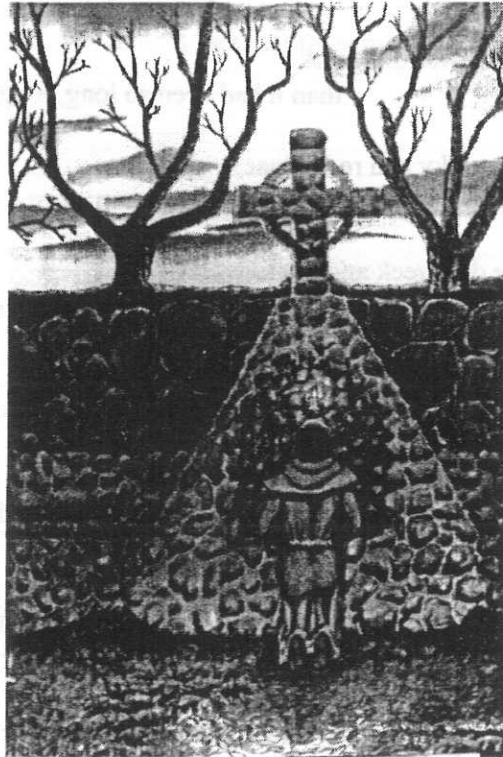
Susan Fleming Chase

Wind up the whispering wind, let it shout and exclaim its pleasure
it tickles leaves and grass and weeds and sets the chimes to dance.

Sunlight fades and causes pause in music, every measure
the drum beats softly near the brook, the white fox courts chance.

Crisp frost glints its splendor on the throws of icy locks
Upon the ground, the slightest sound of deer hoofs pressed in snow.

Cautiously the water snakes steals the warmth from the rocks
An osprey beats its spotted wings to hunt Chinook and roe.



Painting: Vincent Malzahn

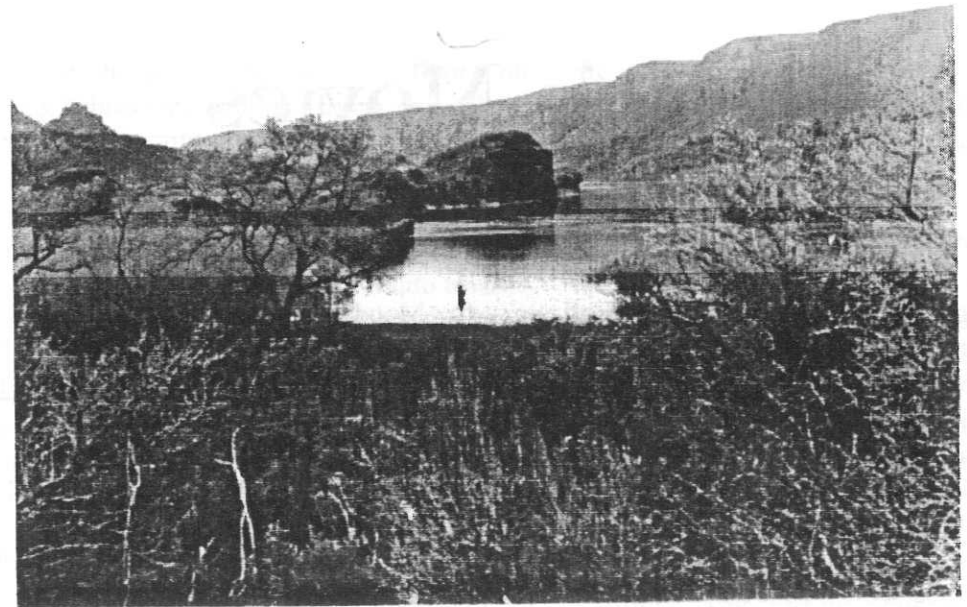


Photo: Staff

Friends

Mary Kendall Hersey

Like stars
in the dark night sky,

Like sun
on a warm spring day,

Like rain
to the parched dry earth,

Friends, loyal and true,
together in joy and in pain,

are the stars,
and the sun, and the rain.



Paco's Movies

Pablo Cienfuegos

Slaughter House horror movies were all we had to watch in our town when I was a kid, Tío. It wasn't because that was the only kind that they made back then or that they were the only ones with Spanish subtitles. The reason was that Esteban Morales owned the Uptown theater. You remember him, don't you? Actually, Morales owned all of the theaters in town. What?! You don't remember him? Let me tell you a story about him and my friend Paco. You won't believe it.

Morales was a cross between Zapata and a gorilla when it came to the Mercedes Theaters. He named the theaters after his daughter. He named his daughter after the car. I didn't believe all of the stories either until one Saturday night he came into the Uptown while Marta and I were in line to see *Slaughter House III*.

Morales busted into the lobby, waving a cigar. He knocked over the cardboard stiff of Frieda, the *Slaughter House* queen. Everybody froze when the door slammed and he blew up at the girl working concessions. His cigar spilled in the popcorn she was serving and he screamed, "You're so lazy! My dog could cook better popcorn!" She burst into tears and ran out the front door. "And don't bother coming back! ¡Híjole! ¡Estos jóvenes hoy!" he bellowed. Really, Tío, I'm not making it up. Then he slammed the cash register shut, yelled at Paco to pick up Frieda and stand her back up. Paco quietly coughed, picked up Frieda, and the rest of us went inside to see the movie.

Monday morning in wood shop, I asked Paco if Morales was drunk or just crazy. He just shrugged his shoulders and looked at the floor.

"I don't know. He does it once a month right before we get paid," he mumbled.

"How come you're not fired?" I blurted out in disbelief.

"The first time he did it, when I was there, I was sweeping, so the other guy quit. Every time he comes in now, I'm sweeping," Paco replied.

I was about to tell him, Tío, that he was crazy for working there, but he started into some story about the gaffer in the latest cartoon at the Uptown. Do you know what a gaffer is, Tío? Neither did I until Paco told me. Can you believe it? Paco actually reads all of the credits of the movies. What? Oh, no—Morales didn't play anything but horror movies and kiddie cartoons. He said that those were the two best money-makers so there was no reason to bring anything else into town. Some people complained, but it didn't matter. Morales did whatever he wanted. That's why I thought Paco was nuts. Anybody that knows what a gaffer is and puts up with a boss like Morales has got to be nuts.

The weird thing was that Paco didn't care if people thought he was crazy. All he ever cared about was the Uptown and the movies. My friend didn't care if Morales set fire to the lobby, as long as he let him work at the Uptown. Movies were the obsession of Paco's life. He loved everything about the movies. He loved the

popcorn, the projectors, the sticky floors, the crying babies—everything. Every day, all day long, all he would talk about was the theater. Even that day in wood shop when I asked him about Morales. He got yelled at by the teacher for waving a broom in the air. Paco was a fantastic storyteller, but it got him into trouble. He was telling us all a story about the latest *Slaughter House* flick. Paco even went down to the Uptown on his day off to watch the new releases, even though Morales made him pay full price. Every *Slaughter House* and every Goofster cartoon that came into Crystal Creek, New Mexico, he knew by heart, Tío.

"Someday they'll read the credits, and they'll see my name, Vas a ver," he would tell me.

Because of his movie obsession, I was about Paco's only friend. Other kids thought he was smoking mota in the projection room. Even Tía said, "Ese joven sueña tanto. Cuidate mijo." Tía didn't like dreamers because all she liked to do was work. She thought dreamers were all lazy. Remember, Tío? She would say, "Para soñar se necesita dormir. Dormir es para tontos."

Paco was far from lazy. Morales had the reputation for working kids until 3 a.m., and firing you if you were even ten seconds late for work. Paco sometimes even worked until 4:00 if something was broken, like the projector. Tía never knew that.

There's no way I could have worked there. Well, no . . . it wasn't because I had to close at the Caballito for Tía. The reason is that Latino time always made me about a half hour late to wherever I was going. Every day I said, "Ya, no está mi culpa, Tía—esta en mi sangre," while I ducked her hand and ran back to the dishwasher. You know how it is, Tío. She still always lectured

me at the top of her lungs, but she never beat me like she did Juan. Besides, I was the only one to close the Caballito since Tío Jorge died.

Actually, Tía was always lecturing me. "El sonar no tiene valor," she would say, her bony finger on my chest and her eyes firing sparks at me. She had this way of poking that made the bone in your chest sound hollow. One day I told Paco that his dreaming was worthless, but all he did was blink:

"Certain movies remind me of my dreams, but everybody's work ends up in their dreams once in a while. You dream about the Caballito. I dream about the Uptown" he replied. He missed the whole point! It was like I hadn't even said anything. That was the thing about Paco. He never read between the lines. What he said was what he meant. Maybe that's why he never cared when people insulted him about being crazy. You have to read between lines to understand insults.

Paco had plans of going to L.A. or New York and studying film making. He never heard me when I repeated one of Tía's dichos. He waved brochures around like he was leaving the very next day. Every time I gave him one of Tía's warnings, he would go off on another movie story. Actually, it was kind of fun to watch the gleam in his eye when he talked about making his own *Slaughter House* series. He would only use Mexican actors. He finished his stories waving his arms and imitating Frieda's voice. I couldn't help but laugh, and I always forgot what I was saying. Tía never saw that side of Paco—the side that made you forget things. What harm was there in that, Tío?

But you know what? Right before spring vacation last year, the stories all stopped. Stopped cold, like it was Paco's Mama dying all over again. That's why Paco moved to Crystal Creek

in the first place. His Mama died and he had to come live with his primos. Last April Paco looked like he did when I met him in the seventh grade. We got into a fight during lunch. We got kicked out for three days and he came to the Caballito because he didn't have any primos at home. Tía fed him and he ate for three hours. It was like he hadn't eaten in weeks. We became friends after that.

Where was I . . . ? Oh yeah—last April Paco went to the doctor. He had a cough he couldn't kick. He finally went to get it checked. He said he had to be in good health if he was going to go live in New York. Dr. Wishart listened to the cough and ran some tests. "You have six months to live at best. You should have quit smoking long ago. Now it's too late," he said.

"Thanks for the advice," Paco mumbled. He paid his bill and went to work. I didn't get that from Paco. Paco wouldn't even tell me about the visit. When all of the stories quit I asked him what was wrong, but all he did was look at the floor and mumble, "I don't have the money to go to school . . ." Before he could finish the reason why, he had a coughing fit that made him leave the classroom. After school he went to the Uptown and I went to the Caballitos, so we didn't get to finish the conversation.

When I told Tía about Paco's coughing fit, she told me that he needed to quit smoking, chew some peppermint tea leaves, and put extra garlic in his pozole. She even told me that if he didn't quit smoking he would die. I didn't believe her, Tío. Paco was never going to die. You know how it is. Nobody ever thinks that their friends are going to die.

Even though I didn't believe Tía, that Saturday I went to the matinee and told Paco Tía's advice. He just stared off at the new "COMING

SOON" poster. All he did was reply, "They're doing a re-make of *The African Queen*. The lady who plays Frieda is getting a role. Morales said he's not bringing it in because little kids don't like Africa, and there's not enough bloody parts for kids our age." You know, Tío, I never noticed when he ignored me because he always went into one of those stories. I forgot all about the advice and almost missed the preview scenes on the matinee.

Come to think of it, that was the first movie story he told since the doctor's visit. Paco cheered up after that and told more tales than ever. He kept on smoking and coughing, but at least he wasn't quiet anymore. He told so many that I always forgot to ask about the visit. I found out about it by accident one Wednesday night.

Raylene, Dr. Wishart's nurse, came into the Caballito, and I overheard her telling Marta about Paco's visit. "That's so sad about Paco having six months to live . . ." I dropped the bus tub I was carrying, and the roar of conversations stopped while I picked up my mess. My ears burned in embarrassment and rage at Paco not having told me the news. Marta cleared her throat; Raylene looked up; the river of conversation started again. The rest of the shift the Caballito looked dark and red because I was so furious.

The next day, I slammed down my algebra book and yelled, "WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOU'RE GOING TO DIE!" Everyone quit talking, including Mrs. Cole. Coughing softly he replied, "What would it matter? If I told you, would I have more than six months?" This time he looked me straight in the eye. He wasn't mad. He wasn't sad. He coughed, bent down, and picked up my algebra book.

"Is everything all right, boys?" asked Mrs. Cole.

"Yes, Ma'am," replied Paco quietly as he stared out of the window. He said all of it so quietly it took all of the wind out of my anger.

"Sorry," I mumbled.

"Don't worry about it. Did you hear about the new director for the next *Slaughter House* series? He's the youngest director in twenty years to make a horror movie." The gleam in Paco's eye returned as though I hadn't screamed or mentioned his dying. Tío, it was eerie sometimes how quickly he could calm down from someone yelling. It was like a part of him was deaf or something or even dead. Tío, he thought he was living forever or something! He was so stupid! It was like didn't feel anything for anything except those damn movies! Tío, they're not real! How can anybody be that . . . separated? I hated Paco for that. It always felt like he ran the whole world just because he didn't care about anybody. What? Oh—after that I didn't see him again until lunch. Morales? What? Oh, I'm getting to him, just a minute. Anyway during lunch Paco acted out a monologue from a cartoon. Always it was something—popcorn, credits rolling—everything that happened at the Uptown. His movie obsession grew stronger everytime I saw him. It was nuts. He was going to die, for God's sake! He acted like it didn't matter! Hijole . . . Estaba loco . . . I know, I know. It's disrespecting to talk of them that way.

Talking to Tía about Paco, she would say, "Cuídate mijo. El soñar no tiene valor." I ignored her. When it came down to it, Paco's stories were fun to listen to. Besides, they were harmless. They were only about horror movies and cartoons. To tell the truth, I liked them because they made me forget about the restaurant. Some

days I wished the Rio Grande would swallow up that place or maybe just sweep me down to the Gulf.

Tío, Tía took over the Caballito after Tío Jorge died. She worked from dawn to dusk to make it go. She would have worked until midnight if she didn't have to open for the breakfast crowd. Every morning right before dawn I would wake up to her talking to Tío Jorge's picture. Some mornings she never even looked up at the photo. She just talked away like he was still sitting at the corner of the table. At 5:30 a.m. it was scary. It was hard enough to get up that early let alone to have to listen to an old woman talk to a dead man. Tío, it was just hard. Sometimes she even cooked him breakfast. Not that I minded that because I was always hungry so I ate it every time. But with all of Tía's crazy talking, the clinking dishes, and the salesman complaining about their enchiladas . . . Tío, sometimes I didn't get to bed until . . . well, the dishwasher would break down . . . I know, I know: because of his movie obsession: "Aguánatate poco mas." Tío Jorge used to say the same thing. Paco's stories always drove the sounds of the dishes and the bad cumbia tunes out of my head for a moment. Why was that so bad?

There was always one sound I could never drive out of my head, though, Tío. That was Paco's cough. This one salesman, Bill Stanley, came in every second Thursday and coughed like he was going to leave his lungs on his enchilada plate. It made the other customers so uncomfortable that I seated him near the back under the velvet painted matador. Even with him back there, I could still hear him over the hissing of the dishwasher. Each day Paco's hacking sounded more like Bill's. Maybe Bill had only six months to live. Come to think of it, he did

quit coming in about last January. I tried to give Paco the advice about smoking over and over, but he would just ignore me. The only thing I could do was put extra garlic in his taco plate when he came by the Caballito to eat.

Then to top it all off there was last October. A week before Halloween, Paco had something worse than his cough happen, if you can believe it. He was late to work and Morales was there counting money. I was only thirty seconds late, too. Paco told me later that he had a hacking fit at the back door right before he hung up his coat. He said he almost passed out. I guess Paco quietly tried to put his coat away, but Morales was already heading down the hall screaming like un loco. Nina told me that Paco never budged. He just stared at the floor. Nina was there to see *Halloween for Harold*. She said Paco looked like a Frieda cutout. Morales screamed louder and louder. I guess the less Paco moved the more Morales screamed. Finally, Morales picked up a Dr. Pepper that was sitting in the trash and threw it in Paco's face.

"Get out! And never come back!" the loco bellowed.

Nina said everyone in the lobby stopped dead in their tracks when Morales threw his fit. Watching Paco and Morales they looked like Frieda too when he threw the Dr. Pepper. Paco put everyone back in motion by coughing. His hacking was louder than when he started it back at the door.

Nina couldn't believe it. She couldn't believe Morales. She couldn't believe Paco. She said Morales turned her stomach like the smell of rotten menudo. She tried to help Paco pick up the ice but he only smiled and shooed her into the movie. "Go enjoy the show, Nina. Watch for the extra in the second scene. He's just a body

the cops pick up, but his name is Alvarez, if you read the credits. Go ahead. No te preocupas por mí."

Paco swept up the ice, washed his face, and worked the rest of the shift. To top it off, Paco went into work the next day, same as always. He told me that Morales needed the popcorn machine fixed. Morales didn't think so. He threw a even bigger fit and threatened to call the police if he ever saw Paco's face again.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"Go to work. He broke the 'COMING SOON' display last night because he slammed the door too hard again. Did you know that *Halloween for Harold* has some Mexican extras?"

Paco could turn any conversation into a movie story. Nina told me later that Paco worked his entire shift after Morales left. She was there because she was going to see *Halloween for Harold* for the third time. I think she just wanted to see what would happen between Paco and Morales, Tío.

Actually, if you can believe it, even Tía went to the Uptown that next day. Morales' fits and Paco's ignoring them were turning into the hottest gossip in town. Tía usually ignored the gossip, but this time even she got pulled in. Jaime, the sheriff, came to Caballitos for breakfast and told her about how Morales wrecked his Mercedes the afternoon he broke the "COMING SOON" poster display. Morales swore there was a black cat in the road that he had to swerve to avoid because he didn't want any road kill on his new paint job. Jaime said that when he swerved he took out the 19th Street lightpole. Nobody saw any cat, so nobody actually knows why the crazy man swerved. One deputy thought that he probably dropped his cigar lighter in his lap

because his Italian suit had burn holes in the sleeve. Jaime was chuckling about how red Morales' face became and imitated all of his arm waving. He had the whole restaurant laughing with his antics. Everyone knew Morales, and Jaime was doing a perfect impression. To wrap up his story he growled, "I'm going to sue the idiots that put a lightpole there." The whole crowd howled with glee. Jaime wiped his eyes after laughing until he cried and said to top it all off Morales had cut his forehead and finger, so blood was splattering all over the deputy and the accident report.

When Tía heard all of that Tío her eyes grew big as pañuelitos. After the entire story she whispered, "Díos mío" and dropped her donut tongs. She couldn't believe that this monster existed in real life. She decided to go to the Uptown herself and see. Now remember, Tío, Tía had never been to the movies. Tía thought it was waste of money. Besides she spent all of her time with Tío Jorge at the Caballito.

To tell you the truth, I couldn't believe it either when the next afternoon she left Marta and I in charge, put on her church hat, and asked me directions to the theater.

Saúl was in line with Tía for *Halloween for Harold*. He thought she was a little old, but he thought everyone liked to be terrified so it was no big deal. Saúl just thought she had good taste. I mean, I like to be terrified too, Tío, but I don't think those kind of movies are for Tía. Good taste or not, Tía paid her money at the ticket counter for the show and sat down to watch for Morales on those velvet red benches they have in the lobby.

Paco was sweeping when she sat down but then he got called over to take tickets. Everyone except for Tía lines up to see Frieda.

"Can I take your ticket, señora?" he asked Tía.

"Oh, I'll just rest here a moment. Gracias joven," she replied.

After everyone was in, Paco smiled at Tía once more and went back to sweeping. She waited, and waited—no Morales. She finally decided that maybe he wasn't coming and went to see the movie since she had paid for the ticket.

Unfortunately for Tía, right when she walked in a body went "Thud" on the screen and Frieda threw up on the audience. Vomit splashed everywhere and shrieks of delight erupted from 150 high school kids. Tía did more than shriek. She ran terrified into the lobby. To make matters worse, she bumped into Morales, spilling Mountain Dew and the open cash drawer everywhere.

"Who let a stupid vieja like you in here?" Morales bellowed.

You know how Tía is. Even if it was Zapata himself, she always demanded respect. There's a rumor that she even shot a man that tried to break into the Caballito once. Well, anyway, when Morales did that well . . . she . . . "tuvo mucho coraje," so to speak.

"¡Nadie me llama vieja!" she screeched. Paco and the concession girl stopped and turned around. Tía slammed down her purse, picked up the cash drawer, and broke it over Morales' head. The little metal spring that keeps the cash drawer in the register re-cut his forehead. Blood splattered all over the popcorn machine and the velvet rope that kept people in line. She laid him out cold.

She yanked Paco's broom out of his hands and beat the unconscious Morales eight more times before my friend could pull her off her victim. While he was trying to calm her down,

people started rushing out of the theater because the concession girl screamed when the blood hit the popcorn. Everyone of them stopped dead in their tracks when they saw Morales and my excited Tía. Saúl said it seemed like forever. Coin and bills were spilled all over the carpet. It was a mess. The popcorn machine was the only sound in the silence. The popcorn started to spill over until Paco moved to clean it up. Like always, his horrendous cough woke everyone up and the crowd started to move. Paco went and got ice and put it on Morales's forehead to try and stop the bleeding. Saúl called Jaime to come take Tía back home to the Caballito.

The rest of the moviegoers just went home. Paco said that Mercedes would refund their money at the door after one girl threw up in the bathroom. Then he went to sweep up the coins and called Mercedes to come get her father. Nobody but Paco touched the money even though it was scattered out all over the lobby. Coin and bills covered in blood, Tío. Saúl said it was awful. Can you believe it? I wouldn't have either if Saúl hadn't told me the whole story.


Like before, Paco worked his entire shift. Nothing ever happened to him again because Morales quit coming to the Uptown. He told Mercedes that he would never set foot in that place again because the neighborhood was going to pot anyway and that's when you get all of the crazies coming into the theater yelling orders and drooling in their soda. He told Mercedes that he was lucky to be alive. Mercedes took over running the Uptown. In truth she took over running all of the theaters. It's kind of nice because now we get more of a selection.

Life at the Uptown calmed down. All of our lives calmed down. Paco worked his shift and told his stories. Tía worked mornings. I

worked evenings. Mercedes ran the theaters. There was one thing though that didn't calm down: Paco's cough. In January his cough became too noisy for him to run the projector. It broke his heart, but too many people complained, so Mercedes had to give him a day job as a janitor.

It's late August now. Well, you know that, Tío. We buried Paco yesterday. His primos didn't come because they said he wasn't worth much and he wasn't their family really anyway. They're funny that way about looking "indio." Tía was right. Paco's smoking killed him. I guess there's worse things to die from. When we cleaned out his room it was filled with every old movie poster you could imagine. His primos let me take them home. I put up my favorite Frieda picture and gave the rest to Antonio and my other primos. You can have one if you want, Tío.

I never go to the Uptown anymore. Without Paco's stories, it's not the same. Besides, Tía can't handle the breakfast crowd alone anymore so I'm at the Caballito from dawn to midnight. Mercedes came by the other day with Paco's nametag. We laughed about the day Tía dethroned her dad. She said it was a good thing anyway because her dad's health was failing. Mercedes eats here once and a while, but her stories sound like mine—all business.

I hung Paco's name tag next to the picture of the San Lázaro. Tía hung up San Lázaro above the dishwasher when Tío Jorge died. She said it comforted her above the hiss of the machine. Marta said I should have put it next to the poster. She doesn't understand, though, Tío. Paco's stories still drive away the clinking glasses and the smoking salesmen. You understand, don't you, Tío . . . Tío? 

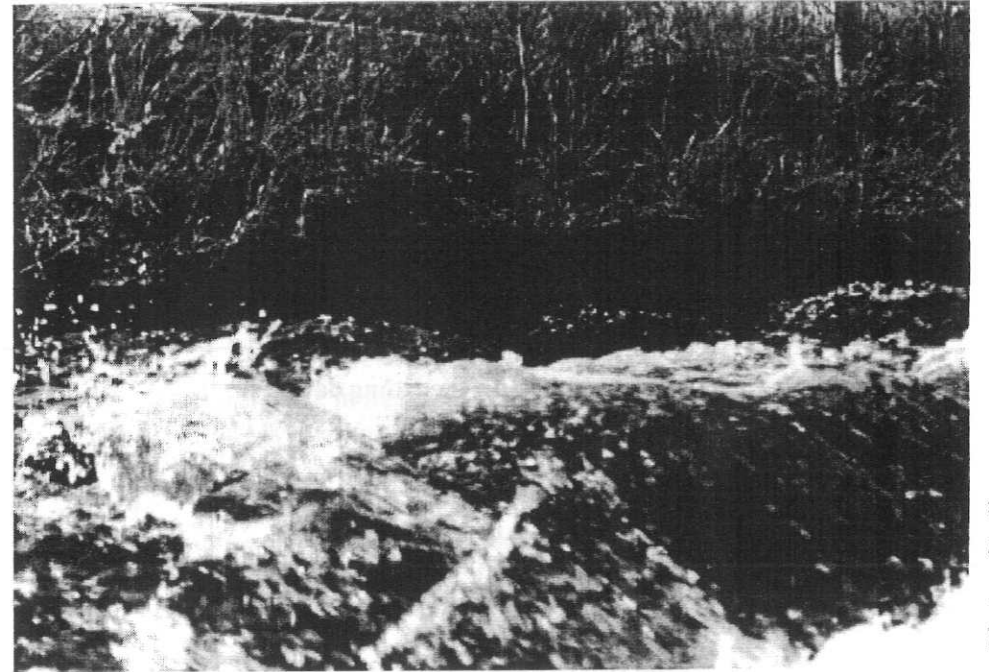



Photo: Staff

At the River

Lisa M. Herndon

I sit
Crouched small
On this fine rock left here for me by some glacial stranger.

I watch the long water slide past,
Intent and oblivious to everything save its own crystalline path.
Trees, rocks, underbrush, grasses of all size,
Even these tawny hills
Still ourselves in silent homage,
In awe
of such steady, silvered conviction. 

Going West

Kimberlee Shearer

O still it calls in whispers deep
it pulls the heart, the soul, the mind
for ever on must go the feet
amidst the fields of time.

The sunshine leads us on the way
it fills us with its warmth and light
but all must meet the fading day
as it slips into night

Then darkness reaches what was blithe
and roses fade upon the cheek
stricken down by pale moon's scythe
the gray has made life bleak.

But still to west the feet must go
the race is not yet finished
ever onward fast or slow
we shall not be diminished.

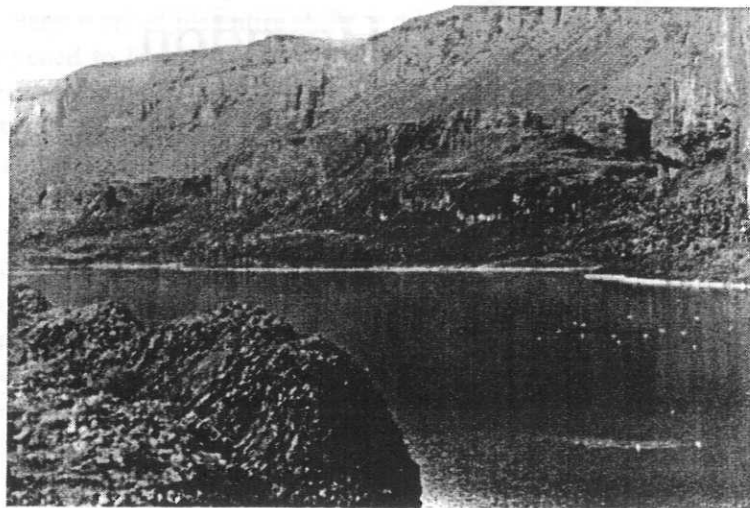


Photo: Staff

On Wings

When in descent to depths unpierced by light
I reach to touch the warmth of light in you,
I find that darkness breeds a will to fight
The smothering influence of the few.
Release for me is not found in this world
But flutters down on wings from up high
So from my heart this wickedness is hurled
That I might leap into the light-filled sky.
Please, lift me now that I may yet aspire
To live in freedom, racing towards the line.
My goal for self is now so much the higher
That for the darkness never shall I pine
Alone my soul floats aimlessly adrift
Until you come and with your hope uplift.



Desert

Twisted arms
 reach
 imploring
 the merciless
 blue
wilted heads
 droop
 withered hearts
 sigh

R - A - I - N.

Lonely Lahotan Fishing at Lake Lenore

Richard H. Stalter

Fifteen minutes from my apartment is Lake Lenore. It lies in a coulee left from the massive deluge that carved the geography of the Northwest and Central Washington. The coulee is a desert area with sagebrush and other sparse plants set in the soil that is between the rough, tumble-down basalt cliffs and the water. It is a rather lonely place to go, even with Highway 28 running up the coulee. Maybe that is why I like to go there.

In the deep alkaline waters of Lenore are Lahotan Cutthroat Trout. They are pink-fleshed like a salmon and even have salmonoid characteristics. They spawn at the north end of the lake in a small stream up which they swim. Lahotan can be very large fish,

up to fifteen pounds. But most are from two to eight pounds. The Lahotan have powerful bodies that are speckled brown-green on the backs that get very dark with colored light to silvery on the bottom. The younger ones have a pinkish blush. Lake Couer d'Alene is the only other place that I know where this fish occurs.

Though Lenore remains lonely, I pass signs of a possible future on my drive. There are some

manufactured homes going up at the south end of Lenore. Nevertheless, the lake retains austerity. Public access is allowed only on the east shore in about four places off of Highway 28. Camping is not permitted. This means that the tourists are only stopping for a short time before going up North to Grand Coulee and Steamboat Rock. They do not go far from the parking area and the urban sprawl stays south.

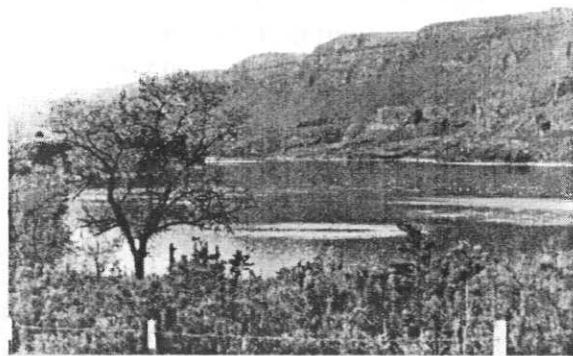


Photo: Staff

Entering the north end access, I pass a board that tells some facts about Lenore and the Lahotan trout. The board also has examples of flies that have proven success at Lenore. Of course the flies have to be barbless. The fishing regulations there say that they may be caught only with a single barbless hook on an artificial lure. Spincasting from the shore or trolling in a boat are how people fish at Lenore. Even the boats do not break the silence as only electric motors are permitted. These are catch and release waters with only one fish allowed to be kept.

Arriving at last, I cast a reflective eye toward my gear. I do not carry a lot of tackle when I

fish. I have a small box of lures and swivels, a chain to string my catch, a Rappala fishing knife, and forceps in an Army map case. The map case also holds my snacks.

I like to reach the boat ramp by about eight o'clock in the morning with a thermos of coffee and a sandwich. Leaving my car locked up, I hike about eight-tenths of a mile to a small rocky bay where I begin working the lake with casts in different directions as the sun comes up over the cliffs behind me and warms up the water. By about nine-thirty I am getting regular strikes. By about ten-thirty I am on my way back, often with a four-pound Lahotan.

Fishing at Lake Lenore tends to be a pure sporting proposition. It is very possible to come back empty-handed. However, some fishermen who go there are after dinner. The Russians who live in Soap Lake from whence they ride their bicycles have their own special techniques and adaptations. Their rods are actually from two different fishing rods. The top is from a shorter less flexible rod than the bottom. This allows less play at the top. It seems to work as they make prodigious casts from shore out into the deep water that no one else can make. Their snapping, sideways casts are made with a ripping *zip* sound from their reels as the line shoots out and a punking splash sometime later when the lure finally hits water. They are usually successful.

People who fish Lenore regularly use long casts with large spoons. My favorites are Luhr-Jensen # 3's with various fish colors on one side and silver on the other. I use a medium action

pole. In spring some people show up with fly rods and enjoy success. Others keep fly fishing from float tubes and small boats throughout the year.

It is funny to watch the tourists use light poles and reels as they use spin-cast techniques along the shallow shore water for crappie and other fish that do not exist in Lenore. They are no danger to the Lahotan.



Photo: Staff

In the late afternoon, starting about three o'clock, I make the hike again, only this time I have a bottle of beer and chips. I am now casting into the sun. It is a good time to soak up a tan. By six o'clock I am finished, maybe with a fish. Sometimes I go later to relax after work.

Regardless of when I go, there are very few people. The highway is only present in the noise of cars and semis. If I turn around, I can see the tops of the larger vehicles. They cannot see me. I am alone with a large lake in front of me. Lake Lenore and I both are alone between basalt cliffs. I am just fifteen minutes from home with the lonely Lahotan. ☺

Haiku

The Wings of the Storm

Manfred von Richthofen

Jagged knife carves sky
Crying, Raven pierces veil
Single feather falls

Calculating Time

Jennifer Schmidt

Black ribbon, cold mist
Destination rushing near
Pheasant strides away

Introspection in the Faerie Garden

Jennifer Schmidt

Pines whisper, star crowned
Cricketfrogs hushed, serenade
Stone scholar reads on.

Fresh Day

Susan Fleming Chase

Still, shallow pool drips
storm echoes in sodden clouds
water bug dances.

Sunrise

Susan Fleming Chase

Fresh light kisses snow
hues of pink, peach hug, caress
Earth sleeps, wait for spring.

Mist

Susan Fleming Chase

Waterfall mist kisses
cool mossy boulders and ferns
dappled fawn drinks deep



Estoy in Love

Susy Valenzuela

Estoy tan in love
con you mi amor

That I can't pensar
lo que hago anymore

Me la paso everyday
pensando en tí

Te tengo in my corazón
y everyday estas with me

Cada día that I'm not
by tu side

Me siento so mal
que I begin to cry.



Labels

Douglas Johnson

All that really matters is the label
Foreign labels
Giovanni, Gucci, Laurente, Mercedes
As long as I can wear a foreign
country they'll know
I'm cosmopolitan
Cosmos
of the world
not just my
pueblo
mi pueblo no tiene bastante
bastante tiempo
bastante comida
bastante dormida
el mundo tiene todo
si me llevo la ropa del mundo
tengo todo
pero es mas fácil agarrar la etiqueta
Todo lo que cuenta es la etiqueta.



Challenge of the Generations

Mary Kendall Hersey

Josh, an ex-Marine turned farmer, always met the challenges of life undaunted—war, drought, the Great Depression, even the death of his son—but when Ellie, his wife of 45 years, died he lost his grip on life. “I can’t go on, Maggie,” he said to his daughter in late October, the day after the funeral. “Losing Ellie—is like losing—half of myself,” he said burying his head in his arms and sobbing.

“I know, Daddy,” Maggie responded, putting her arms around him and crying with him. “But we’re not alone. We’ve got each other, and Bob, and the kids. They need us, too.”

When Maggie had married her childhood sweetheart, they’d moved into the ranch house built for a hired man’s family. Bob farmed with Josh and the operation had run smoothly for nearly six years.

“I know I can count on Bob to run the ranch—he can handle everything. He’s like a son to me,” Josh said. “Now you go home, honey—my grandbabies need their mother. I want to be alone for a while. I’ll be over at dinnertime.”

“You’re sure you’re okay alone? I do need to go home so Bob can go out and do chores.”

Grief-stricken herself, she had understood her father’s despair. But now, five months later, she was worried.

Maggie had watched her father turn gray over the winter. His shoulders, once ramrod straight, now slumped. Even with the coming of

spring, he showed no interest in anything around the ranch. He rarely went out to help with the chores, but when he did it wasn’t with his old spirit and vigor—he didn’t talk to the animals or whistle or sing as he went about feeding the stock.

“Bob, I just have to go back to the house and leave this work to you,” Josh said to his son-in-law one day when he did go to help. “I can’t hold up my end anymore. Maybe we better hire someone to help with the chores.”

“That’s all right, Dad, I can handle it until spring—you’ll feel better when these gloomy days turn sunny.”

Josh seemed to enjoy playing with his grandchildren—most of the time—but sometimes even they couldn’t cheer him. He often cut short his romp with them after dinner, shuffling back to his own house for a lonely evening playing solitaire.

“Give Josh time, Maggie. He’ll be okay,” Bob assured her now.

“I’ve never seen him like this—I think he needs help,” Maggie said. “I can’t see him go on this way. Here it is April and he’s still so despondent.” She stared into space, thinking about her dad. She could not endure watching him age and change—she simply had to do something.

The ringing telephone jarred her out of the daze, and she heard Bob saying, “No, Steve, he just doesn’t have the old spirit anymore.”

Steve! Why hadn’t she thought of him before? “Bob, let me talk to him,” Maggie called.

“Steve, I’m at my wit’s end. Why don’t you drop by and see if you can get Dad out of the house?” she begged. Steve was an old friend of Josh’s who had been a bachelor for several years, and Josh didn’t see him much anymore.

“I’ll do it tomorrow,” Steve assured her. “We can at least have a good visit.”

The next day when Steve arrived at Josh’s before lunch, Maggie left them alone. About one o’clock, she watched them drive off. *Oh, good*, she thought. *They must be headed out for lunch.* Maybe they’d spend a few hours at the club. At least Steve had gotten him out of the house.

That night at dinner, Josh seemed a little more like himself. He talked of some of the people he’d seen and shared the gossip of the day.

“Steve and I ran into old Pete Haskins at the lunch counter and he talked us into going over to the Eagles to play pinochle. We beat the socks off Pete and his friend, Jack,” Josh told Maggie and Bob.

“I saw several of the cattlemen from the Upper Valley, too, Bob,” he added. “They were planning the Spring Sale for right after Easter. That’s just a couple of weeks away, Bob. Maybe we ought to think about going.”

“It sounds like you had a good time, Dad,” Maggie said. “You need to get out more often.”

“But, Maggie, spending an afternoon hanging out at the club with Steve and spinning yarns with the fellows is not my idea of life,” he said. “I don’t like living alone.”

“Dad, I think you need an activity that will get you out of the house more. I wish we could find something you would enjoy,” she said.

After a romp with his grandkids, Josh said good night, and headed home. Maggie felt his

loneliness as she watched him slowly cross the driveway to his empty house. She wondered what would become of him. “I’ve simply got to get him interested in something,” she said to Bob.

“He’ll probably go with me to the calf auction,” Bob said. “He mentioned that at supper.”

“Maybe you could work him into your 4-H Club activities, Bob. Dad could help the members with the animals they raise for the county fair.”

“I’ll talk to him tomorrow. He’s so wonderful with animals and he’d be great with the kids.”



The next morning, Josh fixed his own breakfast as he usually did and was humming to himself as he washed up the dishes, actually breaking into song as he hadn’t done since Ellie died.

“Granddad, what are we going to do today?” called his granddaughter as she and Maggie came through the door. Maggie had in mind to talk to her father about the 4-H plan she’d been talking to Bob about.

“Granddad’s got to go to town,” he told her.

“I want to go, too, oh, please,” she begged. “Mama, can I go?”

“Not today, honey, Granddad has too much to do. You’d just wear out your legs keeping up.”

“No, I wouldn’t,” she moaned to no avail.

“Oh, I didn’t know you were going to town, Dad. You hadn’t said anything about going today.”

“I decided I needed a haircut, and I wanted to do a few other things,” he said with just a hint of mystery in his reply.

“Oh, well, I just came to tell you about an idea I had that you could become a counselor for

Bob's 4-H group. It would get you out with young people and the animals. You'd enjoy that, Dad."

"Maybe," he said. "But I've a plan or two of my own. If things work out I'll tell you about it later."

"Okay. We can talk at dinner tonight. Come on, Susie, let's go home. Granddad can play with you this afternoon."

To Maggie's surprise, when she saw her Dad heading to his car, he'd changed his overalls for dress clothes, not something she'd ever seen him do just to do a few errands in town.

Maggie spent the morning busy with housework. When Bob came in for lunch, she was full of talk about her father's happy mood.

"He was even singing when I went over to tell him about the 4-H plan. Then he said he had to go to town to get a haircut. He was sort of mysterious about everything, and he's not home yet."

"Isn't that what you wanted, Maggie?" Bob asked her. "You wanted him to get out and get interested. Why are you concerned? Be happy!"

Josh was gone a good part of the day, and when he came in for dinner, you couldn't miss the sparkle in his eyes. A whimsical grin on his leathery old face gave Maggie's heart a jolt.

"Whatever you did in town today sent you home in great spirits, Dad. It's wonderful to see you happy. By the way, nice haircut," she said as she gave him a hug.

"I saw a couple of ranchers at the barber shop and we went to lunch. They're encouraged by the outlook of the cattle market, and we talked about a co-op deal with a prospect to Chicago markets. I told them I was sure Bob would be interested. That's right isn't it, Bob?"

"You bet, Dad. We ought to explore that idea. It might work out to every one's advantage," came Bob's quick reply.

Maggie didn't want to talk about the cattle market. Lunch with ranchers wasn't the whole story—she'd bet on that. "So that's why you were singing 'When Irish Eyes Are Smiling'? I-don't-think-so! Come on—tell me what else you did in town," she teased.

"I thought I'd keep this to myself for a while, but if you must know, I bumped into Anna Thomas this afternoon while I was on my way to the bank. We visited for a few minutes when I decided to invite her for a cup of coffee."

"I haven't seen Anna for a longtime," Maggie said. "She was in our guild at church, but I haven't gone since Mama" . . . her voice trailed off. "How is she doing these days?"

"Well, she sold the ranch after Martin died and now she lives in town with her sister, Josh told Maggie, adding that Anna said she liked to get out of the house every day or so to give each of them time on their own. "We talked a lot about the adjustment of living after one's mate dies."

"Martin's been gone for almost two years, hasn't he?" Maggie asked. "I'm glad you had a good visit, Dad."

"I enjoyed being with Anna, and we decided we'd get together for lunch on Friday. Who knows where this may lead? Getting me out of the house was a great idea, Maggie. The spring air, seeing the fields turning green, was a good tonic," he said.

Maggie felt a twinge of sadness, a tug at her heartstrings as she realized what her father was saying. She thought of her mother as she inquired, "Dad—isn't it rather soon to be thinking of something like this?"

Josh took his time to speak, but his long look at Maggie let her know he was hurt—and maybe a little angry.

He put his hand on her shoulder as he said, "I loved your mother, I always will. But I can't

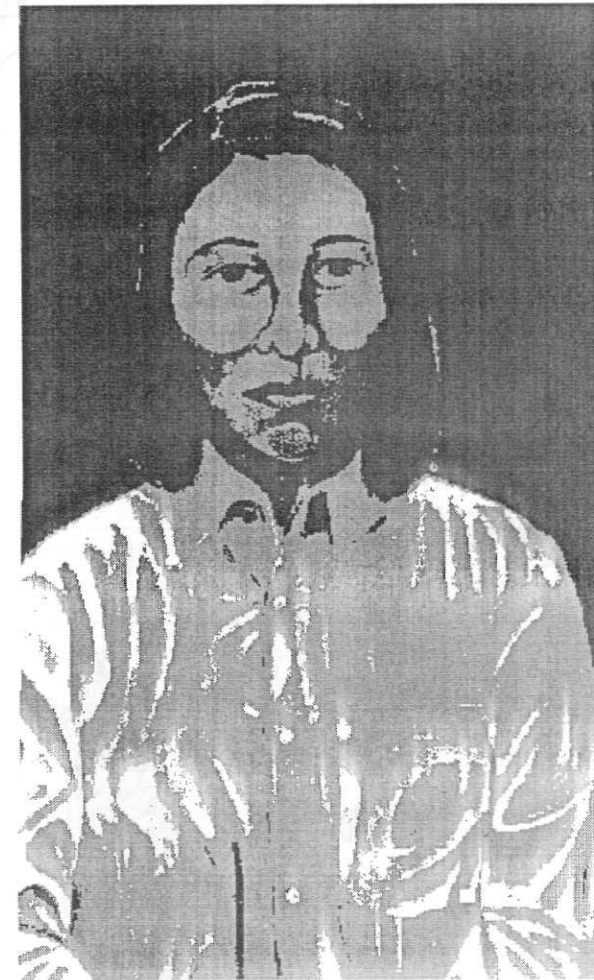
spend the rest of my life alone feeling sorry for myself. I have to find my own way through this, and maybe seeing Anna will help. When your mother died, life changed for all of us, Maggie. We have to cope with that."

Maggie hadn't anticipated this turn of event. She thought of her father in a different light.

"Oh, Daddy, I do want you to be happy. You know I've worried about you. It just that . . ." her voice faded as she looked at him sadly.

"Don't fret, Maggie. Things are looking brighter than I thought they ever would again. That's why I was singing. It's a mood I thought I'd lost. There's life yet in your old Dad."

Before Maggie could say more, he added with a wink, "I'm going to have to learn some new songs, though. You know, Anna's not Irish."



Painting: Vincent Malzahn

Sage Inside Blue Sky

Coyote is Trickster
and so am I.
Hey yii,
hey yi, hey yi.

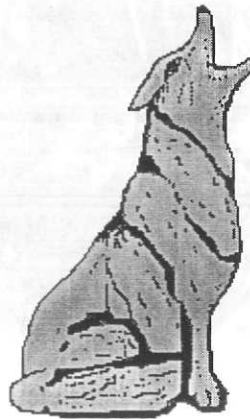
Magpie is Trickster
and so am I.
Hey yii,
hey yi, hey yi.

Raven is Trickster
and so am I.
Hey yii,
hey yi, hey yi.

Hey yii,
hey yi, hey yi.

Hey yii, hey yi,
hey yi.

Hey!



Seventy-Nine Joyce James

She grows roses,
kneeling in her hard-earned dirt;
cuts the stems—
joints jutting out
like words of thorn.
She makes muffins,
mistaking olives for blueberries,
to send with her six-foot grandson
to track meets she can no longer attend.
She takes tranquilizers,
cannot control herself inside or out.
She reads romances,
husband dead for 20 years.
She takes life seriously,
understands less and less—
through her eyes,
through her ears,
through her mind—
slowly everything going
till only her stubbornness
is left.



Learning in Pahto's Shadow

Wolf Eagle (Carol Powell)

Just driving to school is a pleasure to me,
Because most mornings I am blessed with the sight
Of the Mountain,
The Sacred Mountain.

This sight brings back memories of
The vision I received at sunset one night.
It was here, near the top of the earth
That I learned the reason for my life.

It gives me Joy.
It gives me Peace.
It gives me Strength.
What more could I ask from the Great Spirit.

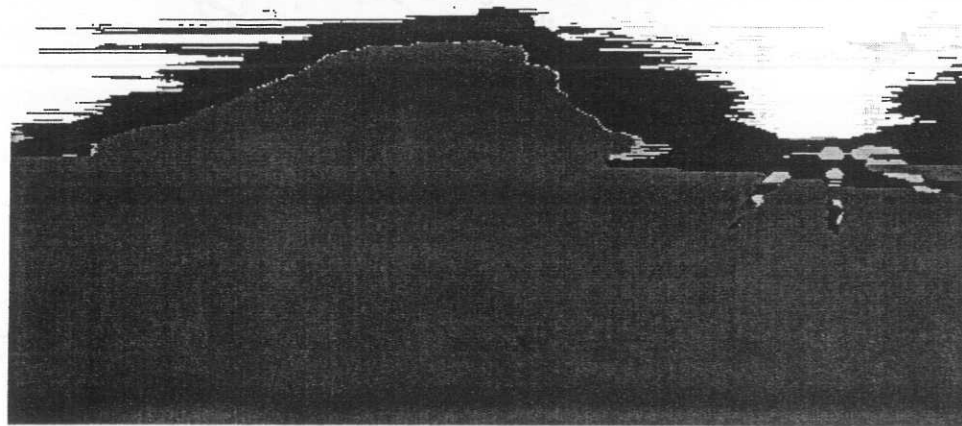


Photo: Carol Po

The Door

Gaijin

Hiking brown hills, trusted old friends
Trailing breath clouds behind
Unwary tread on accustomed track
I came unsuspecting upon a door
Brush framed, set in cleft.
Long I crouched before it
Watching, wondering, waiting.
Breathing barest hint of cedar
While finger-tracings confirmed its age:
Grain worn faint by many scourgings,
Heavy hinges tinged with blood of time.
Old? But how long unseen?
How often passed by?
How long unopened?
Listening, curious what lay beyond
While heart shivered
and breath hissed out twixt clenched teeth.
Yet nothing . . . no one . . . came forth.
My hand faltered toward the latch.
But when icy currents coursed my veins
And Pahto's black fingers reached for me
I rose, colt-shaky on unfamiliar legs
And, no Orpheus I, strode into the starless night.



Ark Found on Mount Adams

Vincent Malzahn, Special Correspondent

Toppenish, WA. (HP) An ark was discovered on Mount Adams in Washington state over the weekend by two experienced climbers. Dave Bates, 23, and Christopher Yomen, 29, discovered the ark buried only thirty feet from their base camp. The two men had been on the mountain since Thursday afternoon taking photographs for the Parks and Recreation Commission. The two felt a tremor on the mountain before dawn Saturday morning. They had assumed the tremor had been related to a shifting of the glacier beneath them rather than seismic activity. As the two left camp a few hours later, they discovered a deep fissure near their camp. The two feet wide and fifteen feet deep fissure was apparently caused by the tremor. Upon investigation, they found a flat wood surface at the bottom of the fissure.

"We were amazed to find flat planks buried in the ice. Especially when we couldn't find the edges of the structure," said Bates.

"It took us all morning to cut out a piece of the wood to bring back—it was thick! When our work revealed a dark emptiness beneath, we spent the rest of the day making the hole large enough for us to enter," related Yomen.

Later that night the two men entered, lowering themselves with ropes and using flashlights to see. Yomen reported that he had felt as if they were "trespassing," and yet at the same time as if they had been "wonderfully privileged." The wood structure appeared to be in good condition and had no apparent openings or breaks other than the one the two men had made. The structure consisted of

38 large rooms subdivided into hundreds of stables and cages. There were several smaller rooms still containing crude tables, benches, and beds. There were three levels combining to make it 45 feet tall. They estimated it to be 450 feet long and 75 feet wide. They took 63 incredible pictures of the mysterious structure they have called an "ark."

Dr. Pablo Bunyon, a professor of anthropology at Oregon State University, examined the wood brought back from the hull. He and his team concluded that the wood was 5000-6000 years old and had been exposed to salt water at one time. They also attempted to identify the type of wood; they decided it was an unknown wood probably belonging to the pine family. If replicated analyses confirm that it is extinct, Dr. Bunyon intends to name it "Gopher Pine" after the Biblical gopher wood. Samples of the wood have been sent to seven other universities for analysis.

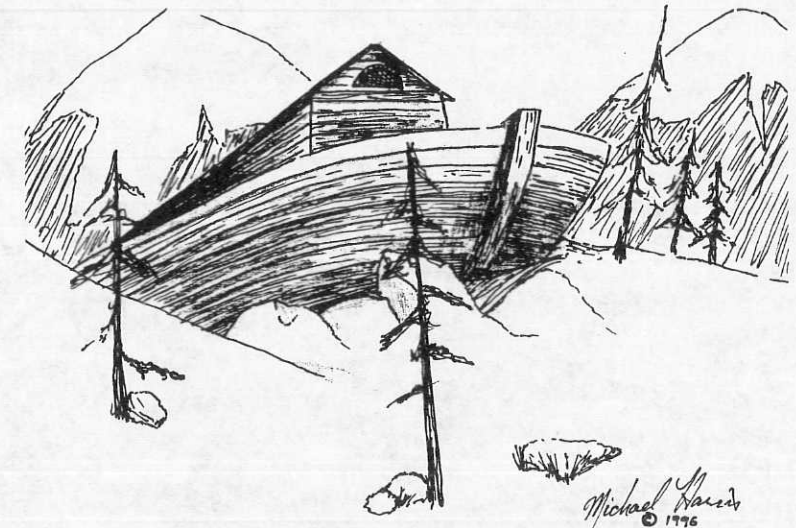
Religious leaders across the globe have responded in various ways when asked about the find. Rabbi Epstein is claiming ownership on behalf of the Israeli government and insisting that his government have sole access to the find. Pope John Paul II has expressed his surprise and interest in the discovery; however, he has declined speculating on the plausibility of the various theories already circulating or the repercussions should any of these theories be proven correct. Protestant leaders have had varied responses; everything from accusations of a hoax to proclamations about the end of the world. Billy Graham, however, has taken a wait-and-see approach not unlike that of the pope.

Pilgrims are already arriving at Mount Adams. People from as far away as Sidney, Australia, have already made the journey. However, they are finding that access to the site is being denied to the public. Even those who avoid the roadblocks are being stopped long before they reach the site, the exact location of which is yet to be disclosed.

Wild stories are coming down the mountain. One group of hikers claimed they had explored

promptly became lost. Totus was asked if he believed Noah had built the structure on the mountain. Totus smiled and replied, "Well, if he didn't, it must have been us." He then joked that Noah had actually been a Yakama Indian and that all humanity had originated from him. When asked if they had been allowed to see the ark, Totus stated that the reports of Bates and Yomen were accurate and that their photographs matched what he saw.

If this is true, the mystery ark does match



the ark and seen the remains of a unicorn. Another group alleged they saw Noah's ghost. Yet another group claimed that Bigfoots (perhaps Bigfeet) still live in the ark and that this lone species decided to stay near the ark after the flood. These outrageous stories will no doubt quickly find their way into the tabloids.

Sergeant Leon Totus of the Yakama Tribal Police was interviewed this morning as he and two of his men descended the mountain. He explained that he and his men had rescued would-be trespassers who had approached the mountain from the nearby Yakama Reservation and

the Biblical account of Noah's Ark in size, shape, and inner design. Various experts have stated that the design is ideal for a large, unsinkable barge. Certainly the interior was designed for a wide variety of animals. And no one is going to deny that the now-extinct wood could be the mysterious gopher wood used by Noah. It certainly appears to be Noah's Ark.

But how did Noah's Ark end up on Mount Adams? So far the most feasible explanation is the half-jest of Sergeant Totus. Are we all the descendants of a Yakama Indian named Noah?

About the Artists

Susan Chase has a degree in Psychology and Sociology from CWU and recently obtained her teaching certificate at Heritage College. She teaches American Sign Language at Heritage and enjoys cross-country skiing, reading, drums, hiking, writing, and foreign travel. Susan and her husband Tim live in Toppenish, Washington. Favorite quote: "It is not difficult to avoid death, gentlemen of the jury, it is much more difficult to avoid wickedness . . ." —Socrates

Pablo Cienfuegos, a local writer, lives with his wife and two children in Moxee. He finds inspiration for his stories as he works with migrant children in a nearby school district.

Neva F. (Mrs. Dale D.) Drury of White Owl Ranch enjoys raising harness horses and internationally famous Hackney ponies, while Dale manufactures horse-drawn "wagonettes" such as the one owned by Conestoga Tours for viewing the local murals. (Dale was assisted by the husband of a Heritage student, Sue Romzek, in building this most recent wagonette.) Neva is a published photographer whose works includes the cover of the *Dairy Goat Journal* {June 1993} and photos in *THE BRAYER*, known as the Voice of the Donkey and Mule World. ***Surplus of 17 kittens if anyone is looking!!

Gaijin writes poetry which seeks to rivet an eclectic background to the humble iron of everyday experience. He credits a misspent youth for making him what he is today: confused.

Teresa L. Gehlen was born and raised in Toppenish, Washington, and holds a deep love for the Yakima Valley. She works as a veterinarian in Yakima and in her spare time enjoys walking along the river and foothills near her home in Toppenish.

Michael Harris is an anthropology major at Washington State University who lives in Ephrata, Washington, with wife Becky and daughters Debbie and Heather. Mike does many things such as chipping arrowheads out of beer bottle bottoms and excavating indian artifacts.

Meg Haywood, a 1990 graduate of Heritage College, is a transplanted New Yorker who now lives in Yakima. She enjoys her blended family which includes one unusual husband, four unique children, a spaniel named Burt, a mutt named Bobbie, two aristocratic cats, and an assortment of rabbits. She writes because she has to and is currently working on a novel for young adults.

Lisa M. Herndon is a teacher and writer who has lived in Eastern Washington most of her life. She has been a bilingual ESL and English teacher in the area. Lisa invites everyone into the teacher-learner circle and a greater awareness of our connectedness.



Painting: Carol Powell (Wolf Eagle)

Mary Kendall Hersey, a widow who raised six children, was a journalist in Yakima, first for the weekly newspaper, *Our Times*, and then as a copy editor and feature writer for the *Yakima Herald Republic* before a career change to labor relations. After 19 years representing local government employees in Central Washington, she retired in 1992. Now she enjoys writing poetry and short stories, gardening at her mobile home in Selah, and aquatics at Lion's Pool. "What a good life I have!"

Joyce James could not be reached for comment—having left nearly everything she has ever known to spend the rest of her life writing about it. It is rumored that she once attended Heritage College, where she studied literature in English and had a wonderful time.

Jasmine, an aspiring philosopher and midwife ("with woman"), finds writing to be a creative path by which she can connect with the wild woman in her.

Doug Johnson, a now and future teacher, is a student at Heritage College. He hopes to finish his studies in Bilingual Education soon. He also enjoys rollerblading with his family and writing.

Rita D. Krebs is currently a registered nurse (among various other stations in life) pursuing a perpetual indulgence in the right brain, be it in writing, watercolor or skiing. With this piece and red pencil in hand, she seeks to bring to the reader the fantasy in reality (or is it in fantasy?) and a sheer love of the mountains.

Lawrence Larch, a life member of the Order of the Larix, leads a relatively sedentary existence. He devotes himself to his avocations: photosynthesis, silviculture, and environmental management.

Vincent W. Malzahn is an English major at Heritage College. He is pursuing a career as a teacher and novelist.

Carol Powell ("Wolf Eagle"—name given by her grandfather) was born and raised in Washington and loves the outdoors, especially the mountains. She is 3/8 Cherokee and enjoys doing many kinds of arts and crafts, especially Native American ones. All her artwork in this publication was picked for juried exhibits at Columbia Basin College and she has had offers to purchase them.

Patricia C.M.L. Rivera-St. Clair: Age 15: Began college in an attempt to run away from home after her mother's remarriage. Age 16: Home-schooled younger brother, who resisted her efforts to "polish him up" and became an aficionado of derelicts. Age 17-18: Got heart trampled on. Thoroughly. Age 19: Deemed unfit to teach public school. (Now totally agrees.) Dropped out of college. Currently involved with a man eighteen years her senior.

Jennifer Schmidt, a lover of literature in many forms, strives to improve her writing by following the examples of a diversity of great writers while retaining her own originality.

Kimberlee Shearer graduated from Heritage College in 1994 with a B.A. in English. Currently, she is proud to be a full-time wife and mother and part-time poet. One of her poems appeared in the 1994 edition of *Pahto's Shadow*.

Blue Sky lives on a ranch in the Yakima Valley. In between bouts of writing, she plans to raise sheep, goats, and border collies that look like the little fluff-balls in Babe.

Richard H. Stalter is a student in Secondary Education and English at Heritage College. He enjoys photography, writing, doing theatre, using and playing with old Commodore computers, and camping and other family activities with his wife, Laura, daughter, Jenny Sue, and son, Nathaniel. He lives in Ephrata, WA where he enjoys fishing the many lakes of the Sun Basin.

Kathleen Tucker would like to take this opportunity to clarify that she is not a famous actress. She admits, however, to being a hopeful romantic, distantly related to The Joan Wilder. "Here's to you, Jesse, whoever you are."

Susy Valenzuela was born in Brownsville, Texas, in May 1953 and has lived in Granger since June 1953, where she graduated from Granger HS in 1971. She received her A.A. in Interdisciplinary Social Science in 1988 and her B.A. in Sociology/Psychology in 1990, both from Heritage College. She also received her Professional Gerontology Certificate from Heritage College in 1990 and has been a Case Manager with Aging and Long Term Care, formerly Senior Information and Assistance, for the past six years. The mother of four (Mari, Mero, Mawie and Morky) and grandmother of three (Andre, Shaqueel and Alexis), her poetry is mainly based on personal experiences and comes from the heart. She sometimes uses poetry to communicate with special people.

Manfred von Richthofen spends most of his time pretending to be a beagle. When he's not hanging out with birds, he writes poetry based on someone else's experiences.

Wendy Warren is a lifelong Valley resident who loves to write, hates to write, can't live without writing, and writes in both journalistic ("just the facts") and creative ("who needs facts?") modes. She lives with her husband and two cats in Yakima.

