



WATERSHED
CSUC's LITERARY MAGAZINE





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Watershed

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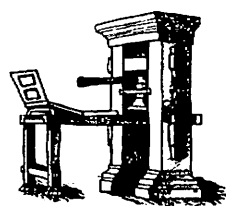
Preface

We, the editors, would like to thank the community for their overwhelming response in submitting 268 separate works. The selection process was long and hard because the works were of superior quality. We have included nineteen poems that express many emotions along with an exceptional prose piece which, upon second, third, and even fourth readings, evokes different and increasingly more complex responses.

*In this issue of **Watershed** we wanted to produce something that would reflect our community of writers and also find a place for readers in all areas. With the variety in our selections we believe this goal has been accomplished.*

Finally we would like to thank Ellen Walker and Casey Huff for their constant guidance, support, and amazing patience. Without their help none of this would have been possible.

The Editors



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Day By Day She Goes To Cut Flowers

Hydrangea, one after another, perish in the bowl. Magnolia
white, slip incontinently down
into the water. Roses
meet my grandmother's shearing will
to scent each room, to give
interiors their associative weight: there was garden in Salt Lake
where she played. There was a Mother who died young,
cut in her room, the fragrance of her hair
warm and orderly, her face flush, her hands, her mouth, her eyes, her bowels
opening and white. When her Father said, "Bring water
for Mother" she thought it was to keep
the woman alive. Only later
during the alchemy of flowers did she learn
about the graces one affords what dies: room temperature water
to ease the shock, a simple vase
so that the flower itself
gives more
than what cannot hold it, and small prominence
in a corner of each opened room, the garden scattered to soften
the thickness
of what overwhelms, dense like flowers and cooling hair.

6/17/84
Craig Philbrook

No True Refuge

When it rains in the spring the air smells
like tea,
warm and poured over ice
aromatic
the warm hits cool
the quenching of dry
the spring rains smell like warm tea on ice
that's what my sister always said
when the days got long
and sunsets linger till ten o'clock
and the girls and I ride our bikes
through the dim
the empty
streets, past open, screenless windows with curtains
blowing through a breeze
and parents on livingroom couches
with wide open front doors
open back doors
watching kids
playing hide and seek
whizzing down the road, the girls and I
our bikes, ourselves, screaming and laughing
at the idea of parents,
of time, of constraints
when the air turns warm
we fill glass canning jars with pink lemonade
and gin
and sit on porches, in the shade with broken sunglasses on
talking on and on
talking
endlessly about the night
rides to the Burger Box drive-through
on our bikes
and waiting in the cars' line
to order
in groups of four,
a car, we were
hysterical
a car we were
riding our bikes through town to a porch
and eating greasy bacon burgers
with onions
in our laps

with poppyseeds, catsup and mayonnaise
lasting until the hints of heat of
daylight hours would weave through and
remove
quenching breezes
of midnight sprinklers and shade and streams
and heat of the morning would curl, would brown
the leaves of trees smelling like
popcorn in the sun,
not buttered
not air-conditioned
not the smell that dances down through
town on midnight streets
from exits of theaters
where people go in
refuge for hours
from the wage, the power
from suffocation
from heated days that smell like
popcorn endlessly dry and burnt and scorched
popped and poured without an end
or a breath or relief, no refuge
except at night on porches and streets
of iced tea in the rain.

Clare Keithley

The Statue

The museum is closed.
The statue listens, hears all is quiet,
moves slowly.
Rearranging paintings, drawings,
displays,
this piece of marble
satisfied with a new order,
a greater semblance,
can sleep again
until woken by the sobs
of inadequacy
blurted out
by the new show just come to town.

Shawn Evans

In the Time of Black Water Beetles

Fatherhood is a myth.
The earth is not female.
My house is empty.
I cannot sleep
for the silence,
the lack of breathing.
It is May fourth
and tomorrow
my son will be born.
Cesarian section.
Outside the black
water beetles pile up
like some kind of anti-snow
in the streetlight. Exiles.
If I walk, they rattle
in my wake.
The chaff of spring.
I mark my life by such dates
not found on any calendar.
Notches on a stick,
fetishes to guard
a fragile thing,
as the soft light
and hard cries announce
the first day of a child.

Byron Fountain

Scarecrow in a crisp, chattering field

The wind cracks us like worn husks,
corn being buried
in the dust with our shoes.
Me and you, our bodies
seeping from our pant legs
and sleeves, the straw
returning to the field.
Fate comes to us like water
from the poles when the planet
has melted with heat,
The substance that breaks down
the earth's used matter
to be used again.
The scarecrow never moved
when he saw the black sky,
or when substance
began gathering on the ground and rising.
He stood and is falling. From his inside out
he is swept away. He insisted to stay
supported on his stick.
We were told, I could have told him
again, as others did,
That it was time to come alive
or not exist—but what a useless thing
to tell straw.

Michael Odom

Cattails

From the marsh, wind-swept cattails
carefully cut, pruned, carried away.
They will be beautiful
when green stalks, supple leaves
dry a golden brown.
Their death compliments, beautifies
a corner of your room.
You will see them
standing tall, against white plaster walls
neatly tucked in vesseled wicker.
No need for roots
you leave them at the marsh.
These cattails, topped with velvet bobbins
are tame.
You will keep them,
knowing all the while
one day they will burst
spilling anxious seeds,
small cotton feathers.
They will cling to your trousers
as you make your way
back to the marsh.
As you begin to cut
they will silently steal away
back into the water
back to new
beginnings.

Lyle Nachand

Absolution

Match strikes blue then red smell
sulphur in this thick
black night of purgatory
Bonfire
Kindled with brittle rejoicing
Flames lick pure and raw
the putrid sores
I carry

You delivered me a
bright hot zenith
imbedded it
in my womb now
Sparks ignite this shining
zero
Black blood lets slowly down
between two prisms
Down into the garden
Coating the impression of you
left on my thighs.

Betsy McNeil

Night of the Snowstorm

The power has failed.
There is only the swirling
flame in the fire place,
and a vanilla candle seeping
incense—more than light.

I touch a match to the old lamp.
It leaps into being,
casting ancient shadows on the ceiling,
pulling me down the curving
stairway of memory.

Outside, night is glowing.
Blue. Iridescent.
Wayfaring flakes cover my hair.
They dress me in white raiment.
I let them consume me.
I listen.

The silence is singing!
It sings to something that makes
no tracks in the snow,
that the pine trees bow to,
that hears the heartbeat of another time.
Something that pulls me into it,
into which I go willingly,
building another stairway.

Barbara L. Kimball

Pike's Refusal
(to join a drunken party)

I.

Europe is still cold, small
rooms smelling of kerosene
and deadly rich tobacco,
except at urban fringes
where the less Bohemian
people concrete high-rises.
We all want *Le Quartier Latin*
until the rot touches us.

II.

I would be dead today
were I truly what I seem:
Once I heard the sparking
of the python's pineal eye,
tasted the round music
of aortas thick with blood.
Now I preface every breath
with the butcher's purple hint.

III.

Notker the Stammerer tells
of two Scots from Ireland who
turned up in Charlemagne's time,
offering wisdom at a fair price
in some Frankish bazaar. They
were given schools of their own,
the Emperor's questions revealing
they just wanted to teach...

IV.

My grandfather was the last
man good at something, making
a living with trapeze and wire,
walking the latter alone while
from the former he swung Grandma
by her hair, which he held tight
between his own teeth. Nothing
to it. They were not happy, either.

Phillip Hemenway

The Milky Way

Cold fire mirrored in snow
A sudden drumming on velvet:
Swans rising from the black lake
Where meteors flare purple and green
And one can almost hear the planets squeaking
As they rise in a line on their threads
Above a western peak
Where the earth wheeling
In its own ropes and chains
Wears this burning helmet of light
And all night these sounds and the falling
Of snow on the tent and the laughter
Coyotes chasing little feet in the snow
As small adjustments are made
In the textured space between stars.

Byron Fountain

Warner Creek Meadow

The meadow flew with the butterflies
And we, being there, flew too.
Running and chasing
green landings and bright petals
All energy blooming on the breeze.

Pause and watch now,
how close we go to the sun.
cautious steps, searching eyes,
then the meadow soars with the butterflies
And we, being there, fly too.

Sally Price

Wearing

The eyes are held
by the oldest muscle
an ocean can tear

the seawalls at shore
breaking them to sand
from behind
the waveless horizons
the dripping walls
the constrictions
the shores
closing onto the sea

but it is not the eyes
it is the muscle around them
that gives
sags
and ages

Michael Odom

**Perusing Pablo Neruda
(the Selected Poems)**

Riffling the book, from the pages I smelt
Odors of a whole life filling my brain
Like hot soup filling a kettle of earth,
And being absorbed, as I am by eyes
(Your eyes!) close up and swallowing
My soul as a kiss swallowing a tongue,
Or a tongue tasting the soup enriched earth
Avid in the lip-grope of a lover.

Commingly imagery ripening
Vegetable jungle of primeval
Carrots, broad-based sequoias tapering,
Flowering sculpturesque parasol apples
Rippling with animal muscle,
Your 'desesperada' and 'elementales',
The luminous nutriments of flesh
Which I in my simple manner wish to crunch.

O let me live a breath of steaming pizza
Unencumbered by logical chopsticks!
Let me live My life of familiar objects
Inseparable at times from pick up and hold
(And absentmindedly fingering them)
As somehow known and unknown, fused like touch
And a dream of walking the pebbled soil,
Where with each step that we take
We repeatedly contact the Earth.

John Storm

The Blush

She sits on the porch,
concentrating
on some newly spun afghan or baby sweater.
She moves that rocking chair
slowly—
worn orthopedic shoes on tattered boards.
A tiny cup holds her morning tea,
hot and steaming in the sunlight.
She continues knitting.
Her floral dress is drained of color—
from the sidewalk
I caught the blue of her eyes.
Those black horn-rim glasses
hide nothing.
 “Morning.”
 “Morning.”
As I pass I feel warm
like an actor under stage lights—
the blush of a lover.

Nancy Boyles

What Really Happens When We Die

So in the weave of evening I wait alone, unstrung
space
because the hand cannot even press the crossroads
as densely as it can fragile ice, what really happens
when we die. I cannot remember
how to make a paper crane
or whether or not I ever wanted my mother. Am I
notes made on paper explaining why I left or just
an art form of their creases? My clothing
slides like snow from a roof, changes form as it lands
and makes its allusion to a fresh burial. Naked,
I press against women, I press against men
and try to bend myself into a lover who does not
really wait to be alone, writing about how he resembles snow, tearing
stories from tablets, pulling hair
from his brush in the moonlight,
making things clean for when he dressed again
to go out in the morning. A candle burning until
nothing stays even to flicker. How the light
brushes to the wall while it can, trying
to press through, wishing rooms
were just linen
and so only dulled illumination instead of ending it. In the weave
of those permeable walls, in the knots
of the fetish made from the shed hair belonging to that lover
I tried to be,
I wait for myself to pass, to strain, to maybe catch
and yet to maybe give and go out with those emanations
of leaving: the final bird white nudity
we quickly dress in overhandled clothes;
the stutter
of winter,
its argument faltering,
overheard
from the overhang in the iced unmending night.

Craig Philbrook

The Divine Wisdom

The divine wisdom attacks the couch,
throws up its feet, exhaling deeply
and sinks to sleep, dreaming colorful blurs

(walking past a child hopping
through a hula hoop, concluding
circles

contain everything

(three old wise men
pulling at their cotton candy beards

muttering

among themselves

that children are

certainly wise

(a poet slumping over a park
bench says

to no one in particular

"The child
will grow up to pull at a beard!"

rushing home

to write a poem)

The divine wisdom
yawns, rubs its belly, checks to see what's
on tonight, pausing between channels
to glance out the window and observe
a child at play.

John Storm

Public Works

What is this 30 foot pine
doing next to
a Southern California sidewalk?
Destroying it
says Public Works
The roots flex their muscles
and the concrete cracks and rises

Public Works
says that for this sin
The tree must fall.
Imagine—
a death sentence for growing.

The city planner
who allotted the pine
18 inches for root growth
has been promoted

Now he can afford
an exclusive tract house
Where Public Works
can protect him
from armies of approaching pines
that send
subversive guerrilla roots
to attack
innocent American sidewalks.

Scott McCarthy

Empty Crowd

We went to town today
the sun melted our feet
to the sidewalk.
Cement thoughts whisked by
in sweating, three piece suits.
Yesterday strolled past
long hair, cloth remnants
of orange, yellow and pink.
The buildings pretended
a noble purpose,
statues holding living memories.
Tomorrow ran around
in the park, Pampers
chasing pigeons,
dancing in the shade.
And the sun burned down,
but eternity didn't notice
as it shined through
a rose window,
coloring an empty cathedral.

Sally Price

Raw Punk

Those were blood days
Where knowing and seeking to know
Were the same as sacrifice.
Where innocence was a virgin
dancing at a drunken party,
inviting disaster, unafraid of the same.

Days where the word pain
was just another word for empty
and numbness was a curtain that allowed you to be.
Blood days when you were living
just a little ahead of your heart beat
and your eyesight was no better in the dark.

Jearl L. Wallace

Jazz Segregation

Jazz can be brown,
milk-toast,
warmed-over baby woof,
once-in-awhile kick beat
followed by eight beats down.

Tuxedos, but nobody's shaved,
funk tunes without slap bass,
32 counts of adjusting the volume,
too much treble and no free drinks.

Jazz can be white,
enriched milk-toast,
monkey vomit, but potential!
never a kick beat except when written,
followed by 16 beats down.

Tuxedos and shaven, perhaps a wife,
no funk, only art, charts and a book,
32 bars of impossible changes at 200 B.P.M.
the union gets the booze tab.

Jazz can be black,
whiskey-soaked bread,
no conductor,
everything off the beat
followed by eight more off.

Turtle-necks and kinky stubble,
funk tunes beyond the realm of dancing,
32 bars of madness, but never missing one,
the drinks are on the house.

Nancy Boyles

Who If I Cried

I suppose it reminds me, in many ways, of connecting the dots. But the dots are like the spots you see when you've sat for a long time then stand up too quickly. They flash here and there then they fade. My doctor says it's a lack of complete protein ingestion. Or the dots are like little grease spots floating on a pond. When a rock is thrown in, they scatter with each consequential ring.

The other day I was lying on the roof of our apartment building with Domonic. We wait until Theodore, a homosexual who does Mae West impersonations and lives on the top story, leaves his apartment. He never locks the door and no one ever robs him. It's like a big unspoken agreement between Theodore and all the thieves and druggies that pass through our neighborhood or live next door to us or are our friends. Theodore works in a pharmacy and is amoral. We wait until he leaves and then climb up to the roof through his window. The clouds were soft and white and pure that day, perverse over the city. Domonic said, "Look," he pointed to an arbitrary spot in the clouds, "Doesn't that look like a prostitute leaning against a lamp post?" I stared for a long time at the place where I thought he pointed. Just when I thought I saw the prostitute a gust of wind changed the shape of the clouds.

I am the director of the Mental Health Advisory Board. I took a couple of valium, in anticipation of the topic of an emergency meeting. A patient at the local state hospital had been overdosed on Thorazine. He was upset about being locked up against his will. The psychiatrist continually increased the dosage of Thorazine as the patient became increasingly hostile. Then an attendant went to wake the patient up for breakfast and found he was dead. The Thorazine blood level was three times above the therapeutic range. The Mental Health Board drank martinis and discussed what action should be taken. Someone was saying our culture was drug saturated when I left early.

Domonic and I were awakened at three o'clock in the morning by music. It was the kind of music that you hear on a merry-go-round or backgrounding a barker's voice yelling, "Step right up and win that girl of yours a prize. Show her what skill you have. Step right up." The music lulled me in an up and down circular motion and I could have gone around and around forever but Domonic had an early breakfast interview with a man who raised the smallest horses in the world for Barnum and Bailey Circus. Domonic was the Unusual Interest Editor for a national magazine. We got out of bed and dressed to look for the carnival music. It was the neighbors two doors down. We knocked on the door, Domonic knocking out of anger, me knocking with lazy curiosity and out of respect for Domonic's respect of unadulterated sleep. The music continued so we opened the door. The neighbors were dancing around the living room, silently, over the furniture, around each other, in a style that knowingly mocked itself. They had clown faces on. They were not the clown faces that you saw in the circus or see advertising hamburgers. One looked like he had not washed his face after walking into a sooty wind. It looked like the darkness of his features had oozed out and started to wrap itself around his head. The other one looked like he had a vortex in his nose and that his face was being sucked into it. I was captivated. I walked into their apartment. Domonic remained in the doorway with the same look on his face as when I ate extra large pickles. The two neighbor clowns immediately started using me as a prop, like the plant stand, like the mirror on the closet door. They swirled about me like cotton candy being wound around a cardboard spool at a springtime fair. Then, as though they had choreographed and rehearsed their performance time and time again, they stood side-by-side and started bending their knees then standing up straight, alternately. I thought how they looked like a pair of horses on a merry-go-round in a carnival nightmare. As each stood straight, he spoke:

Neighbor clown 1: *The clown has died.*

Neighbor clown 2: *We are mourning his death.*

Neighbor clown 1: *The corpse was burned.*

Neighbor clown 2: *The ashes were scattered.*

Neighbor clown 1: *Across Western civilization.*

Neighbor clown 2: *We are all his heir.*

Neighbor clown 1: *We've all joined the circus.*

Neighbor clown 2: *For sixty or so years.*

Neighbor clown 1: *After that we'll try and come home.*

Domonic headed back for bed so I followed him.

I've been feeling pangs of guilt, like a hairline fracture in a little toe. Sometimes I think it may be my thwarted maternal instincts. Everyone I knew from college is married with children. I don't want children so I imagine that instead I pervert my instincts into some sort of negative mother. And these negative mother drives are manifested in my work. I will propagate my species by destroying individuals who will not positively contribute to the gene pool. I do this by declaring certain personalities insane. My great grandfather told me that his grandfather remembered a time when insane people were beaten and chained. Someday when I'm old and lying in a nursing home I'll tell a nurse how, in my day, we used drugs to oppress a person who was other than us. And how we used drugs to forget our guilt. Lemmings kill then eat the weak members of the species.

Domonic came back from the grocery store with four bleeding scratches on his right cheek and an eye that looked like a slit in a shiny plum. I had sent him to get lemon juice for strawberry daiquiris. He had gotten the juice and was standing in line. Then he discovered it was lime juice, not lemon. When he returned to his previous place in line, after making the switch, the woman in back of him said, "Hey, buddy, go to the back of the line." He didn't, so the woman popped him in the eye and scratched him. He said her fingernails fell off and tinkled when they hit the floor. I said they must have been porcelain fingernails and that porcelain fingernails are quite expensive to have put on. He felt better after that.

At 11:10 p.m., after the 11 o'clock news' big story, the apartment building was humming. Everyone took the opportunity to have a party in the hall. Theodore brought out a collection of pharmaceutical drugs and everyone else brought out what they had on hand. After awhile we all forgot how it got started and I wondered why we needed an excuse to do this. But the excuse was that someone went to the zoo with a hacksaw and let out all the animals. They were now roaming the streets of the city. The newsperson said they were "wild and very dangerous." I wondered how much these were real characteristics of the animals and how much these were real characteristics of ourselves that we just put off on them.

I used the elevator several times each day in the apartment complex. Occasionally I was alone, sometimes I was with other people. There was this passed-out drunk on the elevator once. He sat slouched in the corner, a putrid pile. No one said anything, but his presence did relieve the discomfort of being so close to strangers in a small space. I found out a day later from someone down the hall that he wasn't drunk but dead.

One evening when Domonic and I came home from a mental health awareness banquet, we found a girl with her back to us. She had a pair of hooks being run through her hair. Only when we passed her did we realize it was her boyfriend. He was a delicate man who had his arms blown off while trying to protest discrimination towards the handicapped by setting off dynamite in a stairwell. I thrive on irony so I offered him and his girlfriend a daiquiri. Domonic had set up a time for an interview with him for the magazine. We were a little late so the delicate man had picked the lock and let himself and his girlfriend in. In the interview he was to be touted for overcoming his handicap. This was evident in the fact that he accompanied the one hundred and fifty voice choir in the cathedral downtown. He demonstrated this by accompanying himself on the old upright piano that I inherited from my mother. He played the Pastoral Symphony from Handel's Messiah. After a few more daiquiris he played polkas and his girlfriend and I took turns dancing with Domonic around the apartment.

My sister called from the West Coast to tell me she had a small group of cult followers. She was always nervous as a child, consequently she had a perpetual case of diarrhea. Now she was addicted to Quaaludes. Her followers didn't know that. They just benefited from her verbalized justification of her drug induced perspective.

A letter arrived from the police department:

We have had a string of murders within this area. The only connecting circumstance is that each victim had long brown hair. If you have hair fitting this description, please avoid leaving your house if possible. If necessary to leave, please cover your hair.

My hair was long and naturally brown but I had bleached it blonde. I called in sick to work that day anyhow.

Domonic said he needed to go home. His parents had died in a private plane crash on their way to Buenos Aires three years ago. "Where's home?" I asked. He said it was with someone he felt more connected to, someone he felt a sense of permanence with, maybe even someone who wanted to get married. I tried to imagine what kind of house Domonic and this person would live in. The only image that came to mind was Domonic with some faceless body in a bed on rollers going down Fifth Street. A little later Domonic stated that he was moving out to the last apartment down the hall and that he was taking his appliances with him. That was easy enough to imagine.

I received an invitation to a cocktail party. It said:

*You are invited to a fusion of art and life.
Come dressed in cocktail garb and gab"*

I drank several daiquiris while dressing for this event. The address indicated a probably swanky residence on the hill so it took me an hour and a half to dress. I left late intentionally, hoping that a momentum would already be established that would suck me in, like a speeding truck sucks in dead leaves along a highway. As it was, I drove through the ghettos hanging at the bottom of the hill for an hour looking for the street that would lead me to the top. I eventually found the house and took two valium before entering. The large front room was shrouded from top to bottom in a diaphanous material, diffusing odd colored lights placed in various spots behind it. I imagined a display window in a clothing store that I catch out of the corner of my eye then have to do a double take to reassure myself. But these mannequins were moving, slowly, gracefully. They lifted glasses up that prisms chartreuse and tangerine light on their smiles. One of them wafted over to me, creating soft folds in the material under his silent feet, like the backs of two spoons on unbrowned meringue. I took a drink from him. Someone said my name and how was I. And how was Domonic? "He's dead," I said. They lifted their faces to the ceiling, their throats looking like snakes swallowing rats, with short, delicate laughter. I went and sat in the corner, drank, smoked. The voices joined into one:

People starving in Africa shame supposed to die in office this term by police brutality various styles of Ulysses is twenty dollars a quarter because Mozart was the Boy George of classical new theories about dinosaur extinctions and the new religion called psychology due to the disintegration of form in modern art an eighty-year-old woman mugged a black boy and the profane is all that's sacred anymore so would you like another cocktail?

I excused myself to no one in particular and found my way to the backyard. I lay down on the lawn. The sky was clear and the stars shone brilliantly. I remembered a time when I connected certain stars with lines to form Pegasus, Sirius, Orion's Belt. I searched the sky for them. All I could see were millions of stars swirling and I became nauseous.

Katharine Schneider



CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

Nancy Boyles was born in Wrightwood, California and is now in Chico teaching and writing poems.

Shawn Evans offers the following statement: "I like to buy records. I hate to get sick on friends' porches. I like it when my car works. I don't like it when there's not any mail for me. I like to go to the beach. That's about it."

Byron Fountain grew up in Napa, Marysville, Willows, Vacaville, and Greylodge Wildlife Refuge outside Gridley. He now works in Chico and loafs in Durham.

Phillip Hemenway teaches French and English at Butte College, and with Mr. James Schmidt, a colleague in arms, is about to embark on paid leave in the Spring, during which time they will attempt to ascertain, once and finally, the true meaning of life. They do not anticipate an easy time of it. Their first stop will be Las Vegas.

Clare Keithley is a 22-year-old Chico State student in her junior year who was born and raised in Chico. She is switching her major from Political Science to English.

Barbara L. Kimball is now working on her MA in English with an emphasis on creative writing. She writes: "I love; I read; I write! What more is there?"

Scott McCarthy writes: "After waddling around this orbiting wad of insanity for 32 years, I suppose I've ducked more than a few responsibilities. Perhaps a partial compensation for that lack, these poems, also reflect the realization that the orb spins in the direction we push."

Betsy McNeil is twenty-eight, a woman in transformation. She has grown up in the Bay Area and Hawaii; has been schooled in love and life all over the world. After ten years of restaurant-owning and single-mothering, she is returning to creativity on paper—an inspired collector of words and images. Betsy's two girls love hearing her poems read aloud and, at six and four, have the promise of being the next image-makers—women-children of vision and rock strength.

Lyle N. Nachand was born March 5th, 1950 in Arcata, California. He was graduated from high school in 1968 and entered military service in 1969. Following his discharge in 1973, he was employed in a lumber mill for a short while and then began working as a Deputy Sheriff in Trinity County. After six years with the Sheriff's Office he gave up his job and returned to school in 1981. He studied Animal Science for two years at Lassen Community College in Susanville, California and has been in Chico for the past two years working on his B.A. in English.

Michael Odom grew up in various places including Sacramento, Merced, California, and Madrid, Spain. His first true experience with nature occurred in Yorkshire, England where he studied literature two years ago. He graduated from CSU Chico last Spring with a B.A. in Philosophy.

Craig Philbrook lives and works in Chico, where he has no time to himself.

Sally Price is a senior in Public Relations, actually graduating in *four* years. She loves God, people, writing, and her boyfriend.

Katharine Schneider is a woman who dabbles in many different areas, pursuing a dream of making a difference in her world. Not able to afford the purchase of a television station, she has lately focused on writing as a means of communication. In the meanwhile she realizes she must earn a living so she is finishing up a B.A. in English and entering the credential program.

John Storm lives and writes in Chico.

Jearl L. Wallace is a 40-year-old hippie wondering who punkers are.

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