Tidal Echoes
UAS LITERARY & ARTS JOURNAL 2008

Featuring the work of students, faculty, and staff of the University of Alaska Southeast and members of the community.
Tidal Echoes 2008 is dedicated to Emily Wall, Rod Landis, Ernestine Hayes, and Liz McKenzie for their influence on so many of the authors within these pages and their dedication to teaching.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>On the Move</td>
<td>Rebecca Bowlen</td>
<td>Ketchikan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Dangly Jangly Things</td>
<td>Rebecca Bowlen</td>
<td>Ketchikan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Taco Surf</td>
<td>Rebecca Bowlen</td>
<td>Ketchikan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Midwestern Trash</td>
<td>Rebecca Bowlen</td>
<td>Ketchikan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>On the Distaff Side</td>
<td>Carol Valentine</td>
<td>Juneau</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Christmas Joy</td>
<td>Amy McCormick</td>
<td>Juneau</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>The Three Little McCormicks</td>
<td>Amy McCormick</td>
<td>Juneau</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Trollin’ Ray’s Brain: An Interview with Ray Troll</td>
<td>Josh Carter</td>
<td>Juneau</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>His Long Coat Turning</td>
<td>Katie Bausler</td>
<td>Juneau</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>First Autumn</td>
<td>Helena Fagan</td>
<td>Juneau</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Pinta Cove Birthday Gifts</td>
<td>Helena Fagan</td>
<td>Juneau</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>September Wings</td>
<td>Mary Wood</td>
<td>Sitka</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>When in Rome</td>
<td>Laurie Eckhout</td>
<td>Juneau</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Early Morning Conspiracy Theory</td>
<td>Laurie Eckhout</td>
<td>Juneau</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Flesh Wound</td>
<td>Laurie Eckhout</td>
<td>Juneau</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Two Ravens, Five Ways</td>
<td>Laurie Eckhout</td>
<td>Juneau</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>Shades of Brown: The Question</td>
<td>Carrie Enge</td>
<td>Juneau</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>Hayfield-Clarke Psychiatric Center</td>
<td>Brenna McLaughlin</td>
<td>Juneau</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>Hardscrabble</td>
<td>Jamie D. Foley</td>
<td>Juneau</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>Smoked Meat Sandwiches</td>
<td>Jamie D. Foley</td>
<td>Juneau</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Slime Squishing Through Gold: An Interview with Nora Marks Dauenhauer</td>
<td>Loren Bettridge</td>
<td>Juneau</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>Berries</td>
<td>Nora Marks Dauenhauer</td>
<td>Juneau</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>Buds</td>
<td>Nora Marks Dauenhauer</td>
<td>Juneau</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>Grandpa Jakwteen in Eclipse</td>
<td>Nora Marks Dauenhauer</td>
<td>Juneau</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>Cross Talk</td>
<td>Nora Marks Dauenhauer</td>
<td>Juneau</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>Voices</td>
<td>Nora Marks Dauenhauer</td>
<td>Juneau</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>Trouble</td>
<td>Nora Marks Dauenhauer</td>
<td>Juneau</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>Flying Home</td>
<td>Nora Marks Dauenhauer</td>
<td>Juneau</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>Snorkeling at Hanauma Bay</td>
<td>Nora Marks Dauenhauer</td>
<td>Juneau</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Genocide</td>
<td>Nora Marks Dauenhauer</td>
<td>Juneau</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
57  Raven, Saving It for Later  Nora Marks Dauenhauer, Juneau
58  Mama Abel’s  Ralph Mackie, Craig
60  Settling In  Charmaine Weeks, Juneau
61  Blue  Elizabeth Cuadra, Juneau
62  Dad at 27  Robyn Holloway, Juneau
64  Dad photographs mother  Robyn Holloway, Juneau
65  Backyard theatre & Oz  Robyn Holloway, Juneau
67  Love-in, Easter Day, 1968  Robyn Holloway, Juneau
68  Topanga Corral  Robyn Holloway, Juneau
69  Swallowing Senora  Peter Bolling, Ketchikan
71  Keeping Time on the Kee Nax Trail  Judy A. Christensen, Ketchikan
72  Ode to Ching  Mariah Warren, Juneau
73  Beneath the Surface (chapter title)  Carol Prentice, Juneau
78  A Visit from the Wild  Bridget Smith, Juneau
80  Teacher’s Pets  Robert Fagen, Juneau
81  Centennial  Susi Gregg Fowler, Juneau
82  See Spot Rot  Susi Gregg Fowler, Juneau
84  With Salsa  Dawn Rauwolf, Ketchikan
85  Moonbaby  Jacqueline Boucher, Juneau
88  The Fine Art of Raising a Tarpaulin  Carol Bookless, Juneau
91  Prologue  Dick Callahan, Juneau
94  Epiphany 2008  Richard Dauenhauer, Juneau
95  View of Auke Lake  Richard Dauenhauer, Juneau
95  Shark Fins  Richard Dauenhauer, Juneau
96  Translating Pasternak  Richard Dauenhauer, Juneau
97  Raven Boys  MJ Turek, Ketchikan
98  Institutional Back Door  Richard Stokes, Juneau
99  Uneasy Disguise  Richard Stokes, Juneau
100  Christmas Wind  Richard Stokes, Juneau
103  The Life and Times of the Orlando Bloom Fan Club  Caroline Schmitz, Juneau
A Note from Loren,
Sometimes Known as Senior Editor

Congratulations. You have the opportunity to read the newest edition of *Tidal Echoes*. This year’s publication is the result of blood, sweat, coffee stains, and the greasy fingertips of countless people.

First I must acknowledge all those who sent in submissions. This is my second year as a student editor and I have come to the realization that without the many people brave enough to submit their work I would be trying to get my internship credits elsewhere, like in an English 110 classroom listening to freshman complain about how hard it is to write a two page paper. (Although one of them just might decide to switch degrees from Business Administration to English then choose the creative writing emphasis and decide to become a student editor himself.)

Second I would also like to thank the editorial board who dedicated more hours than planned to scoring submissions. Of course we could not have done it without Virginia and Alison; they are like the Hobbits: without them there would not be much of a story. I also couldn’t have done it without Josh, who next year can pass off all the mundane tasks to his junior editor. And we both needed Emily’s experience (and a big stick) to keep us on the right path.

As you read through these pages be sure to keep a pen or camera handy. We have already started talking about next year’s journal and we need your ideas and submissions.

Through this journal the artists and writers of Southeast can come together to display our talents to the world.

And for that quiet billionaire out there, next year we could use a small financial contribution, and maybe a new car for the past student editors.

*Loren Bettridge, Senior Editor Tidal Echoes*
*English, Creative Writing Student (Formally a two-page-paper-complainer and Business Administration major)*
A Letter from Josh,
Affectionately Known as “Sugah” (say it with a southern accent)

Loren has already thanked and congratulated all of those who’ve made this year’s edition of *Tidal Echoes* possible, but I feel it would be appropriate to do so again. So to all of those who made it into the journal, congratulations!

But I also must thank all of you who submitted work to us. We would have liked to have published so many more of the pieces we received, but unfortunately our publication would have looked more like *War and Peace* than the sleek, sexy journal you now hold in your hand.

A BIG thank-you to the editorial board as well! Since Loren is the senior editor, it’s his job to steal my thunder, but that in no way devalues my own thanks. And thank you to Virginia Berg, who knew what was going on even as I lay in the fetal position, and also to Alison Caputo, who thankfully knows how to make a publication look like, well, the sleek, sexy journal you now hold in your hand. That’s always a problem with English majors: when it comes to visual art, even stick figures are a little too advanced. Also a big thanks to Emily Wall for not only kicking me in the you-know-where the fifty times or so it took to get me to take this internship, but also for providing invaluable guidance and having the ambition to produce a literary journal on par with other professional publications. And of course Loren, who helped this clueless small town boy with a silly pet name get in gear and understand the editorial process.

But most of all, thank YOU Tom for choosing to read the finished product of our labors!

Man, if your name is Tom you must be totally thinking, “how’d he know my name?” about now.

*Josh Carter, Junior Editor*
*Creative writing student (when I finally fill the paperwork out)*
Welcome to the sixth volume of *Tidal Echoes!* We are so proud of the volume you’re holding in your hand, and hope you feel a sense of anticipation and pride as you open our community’s journal.

This year we received more than 150 submissions of work from all over Southeast Alaska. This journal is a shared diary of the lives we live in this remote archipelago. As faculty advisor it’s my delightful duty to read all the work that comes streaming in to us, and this year it has gladdened me once again to be in the presence of so much talent.

It is also my privilege to distribute the many thank-yous to those who have poured their hearts into this journal.

Joshua Carter and Loren Bettridge, two UAS students, are this year’s editors. The book you hold in your hand is the result of their knowledge, passion, and incredibly hard work. This journal would not be here without these two.

Virginia Berg, as always, holds all of us in the Humanities Department together. She has spent many hours and sticky-notes juggling the thousands of small details that go into publishing a journal. We would be lost without her.

Alison Caputo is a treasure at UAS. Alison designs the journal for us, and we all waited with bated breath to see what this year’s journal would look like. As always, it outstripped our imaginations.

We especially would like to thank our Chancellor, John Pugh, for his support of this journal; without his funding this journal could not have been published. Chancellor Pugh has been, and continues to be, a strong supporter of the arts and literary arts in Southeast Alaska.

I’d like to offer a warm thanks to my colleagues in the English and Art departments who volunteered their time and expertise on the editorial board: Professors Rod Landis, Elizabeth McKenzie, Susan Koester, Ernestine Hayes, Alice Teersteg, Jo Devine-Acres, David Charles Goyette, Sara Minton, Nina Chordas, and Kathy Hamblett.
Special thanks to Nora Marks Dauenhauer and Ray Troll for agreeing to be the featured writer and artist in this year’s publication.

And finally we want to thank all of our contributors scattered around these islands, who have poured so much into these poems, stories, and works of art. You have helped illuminate the lives we all lead.

We would like to invite all of you who are living in Southeast Alaska to submit next year. We look forward to reading your work!

Emily Wall teaches creative writing for the University of Alaska Southeast and is the faculty advisor for Tidal Echoes. She has been published in a wide variety of literary journals and has won several poetry prizes. Her first book, Freshly Rooted, is published by the Irish press Salmon Poetry.
He has entered the teen years, the window
to his world closing me out, asking his father for answers
more and more these days. I correct papers, listening
to their male-bonding banter, knowing I really don’t speak
the same language anymore. He wants help
with geometry, something foreign to me.
He speaks of video games and medieval battles,
items that hold no appeal to my sensibilities.
Some days he wants my advice, hugs me around
the waist briefly. He skips out the door, trailing
a sweatshirt behind him. On the porch,
his buddies wait, their eagerness to move
alive in their gait. They have a joyful clumsiness
about them. When he trips down those stairs,
rain slants off his hood, catching in the crook
of his neck. He turns midstep and throws his arms
to the wind, a bold farewell to the moment.
Then he continues on his way, into wind and rain,
gathers all that boy energy and heads out to face the day.
For more than a month, our choir director, Mrs. Holmes, prepared us for the big day. We rehearsed one hour each week, learning the tune, memorizing the words, and standing in our proper singing stances. Three days before the Christmas Eve performance, she released us from practice with a note to give our parents.

I sailed into the church lobby and found my mother in the crowd. In one hand she held a paper cup steaming with coffee, in the other she carried one of the sugary pastries sold by the high school youth group. I traded her the choir director’s note for her pastry. She read the message as I bit into the chocolate cream puff.

“It says here that every girl—” her eyes met mine, “—should wear an appropriate dress for the performance.”

“What!” I protested, my mouth full of cream and chocolate. “I don’t want to wear a dress. I hate dresses!”

Before our conversation turned into a full-blown argument in the middle of the lobby, my mother told me that we’d discuss it at home.

Two hours later I sat at the kitchen table, disgusted and frustrated. I chased a stale bread crumb across the placemat with my finger.

“It’s just one night, Amy,” said my father. “That’s it.”

“I won’t do it.” I flicked the crumb away and pressed the palms of my hands against my forehead. “I just won’t.”

“But it’s a special night, and everyone needs to look their best,” he said.

“Why can’t I look my best in pants?”

My mother hovered next to me. “Because for girls, dresses are more formal than pants. It’s just for a few hours. It won’t kill you.”

“It will kill me,” I said, my cheeks hot. “The sleeves are always itchy. I can’t sit right in a dress. And I can feel wind on my legs when I don’t want to feel wind.” I rambled one excuse after another. “I always kick it up when I jump or do cartwheels. Do you want me to kick up my dress in front of everybody? Do you?”

“I don’t think you’ll be doing cartwheels down the aisles while singing at church,” said my mother.

I crossed my arms. “Then I won’t sing,” I said. “I’m quitting the choir.”

My father then said the words that always brought me to tears. “Kathi wears dresses, and she doesn’t complain. I don’t understand…What’s the problem?”

My thirteen year old sister, Kathi, stood on the far side of the kitchen drinking
The Three Little McCormicks

The first moaning breath of the coming wolf roused the three little McCormicks long before it reached their village. It began with a calm, golden haze all around the horizon, with a sweet, balmy feel in the air. A day later there arose in the south a familiar sight dreaded by little pigs; a dense dome of an uplifted wolf-cloud, rearing it’s head against the blue sky. The McCormicks watched its growth as if fascinated by the sight, watched it until it had risen to be a vast convex belly of gray. Their previous experience with big bad wolves was then put into practice. One by one they covered the windows of their seaside home, cleared the yard, and carried in the potted plants. In spite of the approaching wolf-storm, Bob, Amy, and Willis McCormick felt a pleasant glow of satisfaction knowing that their house was made of brick.

By the next morning, the McCormicks awoke to the complaints of trembling window shutters, whose voices accompanied the deeper howling of the wolf. They
By Josh Carter

When I first found out I was going to interview Ray Troll, I must admit I was a little intimidated. I mean, everyone knows Ray Troll. His art is everywhere—coffee mugs, magnets, shirts, art galleries. I also remembered seeing one of his pieces in a local store when I was probably about seven or eight years old and being scared to death (yet strangely enthralled by the complexity of the design). Fortunately, he turned out to be a very casual, very easy man to talk to, and I hope others who read this interview glean the same insights I did.

What originally drove you to start drawing?

Well, I wanted to impress my mom. I don’t know. I started drawing as a young kid. I can remember distinctly picking up the old Crayola crayons and filling up pieces of paper with little drawings of wild things and, you know, I also remember my big brother kinda turned me on to stuff, and I think even at the age of five I was doing historical battle scenes and stuff. But I started drawing dinosaurs and all that kinda cool stuff. I like to say I started my career at about four years old and fifty years later I’m still doing the same thing and still kinda drawing the same stuff.
What artists have influenced your work, if any at all?

There are tons. I don’t think anyone can say that they’re not influenced by other artists. You know, every artist is a cannibal. People say “garbage in, garbage out.” I like to think “beauty in, beauty out.” If you look at my art, I think you can see a lot of the influences are pretty apparent. I wear my influences on my sleeve, I try to emulate but not imitate. I know R. Crumb is one of the first that people might see right away. If you look deeper there’s a little bit of Magritte, a little bit of Rousseau, a little bit of Albrecht Dürer in there, there’s a little bit of Hieronymus Bosch, a little bit of Max Ernst.... There’s a bunch of eastern Washington artists that I studied with actually in graduate school. You can see some Gaylen Hansen in there and some of my various instructors, so all kinds of stuff. Comic book art, those great National Geographic dioramas you’d seen in the magazine back in the 50’s and 60’s. And, you know, MAD Magazines.

How did it feel when you sold your first piece?

I felt like a total sell out, man. [laughter] I’m kidding. It felt pretty cool, I don’t
know. Art and commerce aren’t easy partners, I guess, but you gotta sell those little babies, you know. We make ‘em and always try not to get so attached to something we can’t live without it. And I also don’t like to keep my own artwork around my house just because it’s good to take a break. But you can’t become so attached to your art that you don’t want to let it go. I remember selling some of my first pieces when I was in high school and did some local art fairs and that kind of stuff. It felt pretty cool.

**Does this mean you sell your originals, or do you prefer to keep them?**

No, I sell the originals. I always like to see the originals find a home.

**Do you retain rights to reproduce when you sell your work?**

Yeah. And that’s, you know, just something I think that more artists should do, really. You learn there’re all kinds of aspects to art. You can sell the original only once, and that’s one little piece of it, but you learn to start applying it in different ways, and I’ve always enjoyed that, you know. So you can try an image out as a t-shirt, you can try an image out as a magnet, it goes into a book, you know. There are some artworks that are much more directly adapted to one thing or another. But anyways, it’s all part of making a living as an artist.

**I understand that your art often includes icthyological and paleontological elements. How exactly did science come to inform your art so much?**

Well, I was always into natural history as a kid, and historic stuff. And then I moved here to Alaska in 1983, and fish were showing up in my art before then—but they really started showing up when I came to Alaska. I kinda tumbled into that subject, and the deeper I went into it, science began to inform it more and you become interested in a topic and you just keep following it. And after a while I found that I was corresponding and hanging out with scientists and before long I was talking at scientific symposiums and things, and collaborating with scientists. You know, art is one way to explore the world, and science is another way to explore the world of course, and I think it’s a really good interplay between the two. And increasingly, you know, it’s what I’m driven by.

**How much research, if any, do you do before creating a new piece?**

Well, it depends upon the piece. Sometimes, some of the pieces—I kinda have a bit of a whiplash approach to my art. I’ll be in one track for a while and then I’ll change it up just to keep myself engaged. So in other words I might do some really serious, very research-driven thing where I’m in the libraries a lot reading books or surfing the web looking for stuff and really wanting to know more and more about a topic, or an animal or something to make sure that I get it right. Then once I’ve kind of played that out, the response usually is to just do some things that don’t require any research or maybe they’re just silly little jokes or something. You know, it’s a mixture. Always. But as I said, it depends on the task at hand.
So, I know you’ve worked on a number of educational books, and I also understand that you’ve had a museum show and a traveling art exhibit feature your work. Was it originally your intention to educate the public through your art?

I kinda grew into the role, I guess. I think there’s a lot to learn from art, and I enjoy sharing my knowledge about a lot of these critters and some of the concepts, and I have become a bit of zealot sometimes in wanting to teach people more about some of the wonders of the natural world. Yeah, over the years I’ve done a few books that really are educationally driven. There’s a shark book I did, a shark alphabet book, and that kinda grew out of the experience of, well, being a father and having two kids and teaching them the alphabet. With my son in particular I just realized that by golly nobody had ever done a shark alphabet book! And I know sharks inside and out, living and prehistoric sharks, and thought that that would be a fun thing. So anyways, that grew into an exhibit. I did a traveling exhibit with that. We traveled across the nation, went to like eight different venues. Before that, I’d done a book called *Planet Ocean* with Brad Madsen. Brad and I worked on that book for several years, and that became a traveling exhibit as well, and it morphed into “Dancing to the Fossil Record.” I did this book, *Cruisin’ the Fossil Freeway*, and that’s with the scientist Kirk Johnson. And that’s a pretty information packed book, and a visually rich book. It’s got a lot to teach. Yeah, it’s just fun to get on a topic and share your knowledge about it with the world. And they’re not just kid-oriented things, they truly are—even the *Sharkabet* book—something for kids and adults. I think both will get something out of it.

What is it like—how does it make you feel to have such large shows feature your work? Does it make you feel like you’ve really made it?

I feel lucky to make a living as an artist. I know it’s not easy out there, but I also went back on it, and it’s been years of—of hard work—hard but fun, and you know it’s a lot of work. It’s kind of trying to get a reputation going, getting known for something so that when somebody needs an illustration of a ratfish, you know, somewhere in the world someone might think of me to do it. I feel lucky to be doing it, but I also think that it’s a career that if young people want to get into it you can follow your muse and do what you love; money will follow, but you gotta work at it.

What exactly goes into your creative process? What goes into creating a new piece of art?

Well, the creative process—it’s not predictable. I would say you never know where inspiration is going to come from, but I like to think that most of my artwork is 90% inspiration and 10% work. And inspiration is really just being inspired by, and excited about something. So you can be inspired by just a cool looking animal or maybe there’s an event that was sort of momentous or important
Sparklers  Ray Troll
His Long Coat Turning

Mr. Bly arrives
in our town
the part looking
the quintessential
Poet.

White hair gleaming,
sharp vest wearing,
wide tie shining,
he stands
before the podium
Teeming
*Teeming* *A Thousand Years of Joy*

hand gestures
emphasizing,

vocal inflection mesmerizing.

After book signings
and hand shakings,
Mr. Bly tramps
up library stairs,
fluffs of white hair
out sticking
from his poet’s hat
Pointing.

He is asking,
“What did you think of the Ghazals?”
I tell him,
I love the form
and what he’s doing with it.
“It takes a month to write just ONE,”
he says.

Reminding
that writing
takes working
and re-working.

Mr. Bly strides
back to the rest of his life,
his long coat turning.
The wood stack grows each day,
Pantry shelves fill with jars,
salmon-pink, blueberry midnight sky.

Salted fillets turn firm
waiting in the dark garage to become pickled,
Halibut piles five-deep in the freezer,
white against white,

All poised on this precipice between summer and autumn.

We stand poised, also,
between newlyweds
and old-marrieds,
our relationship seasoning,
intimacy stockpiling,
a shared bank of stories
lining our lives.

The gathering,
The processing,

None of this can be hurried.
Raven Rendezvous Bonnie Elsensohn
Acrylic painting
Two Ravens, Five Ways

Laurie Eckhout, Juneau

I.
Cast iron feathers--
Still as a kettle, waiting
for food. I obey.

II.
Brown eggs fly away
Snug in the vee of yawning
Obsidian beaks.

III.
Rooster-throated calls
Prompt her slow spiral down to
Share your favorite perch.

IV.
Rorschach blots on white:
Carbon copies preening, side-
by-side in the snow.

V.
Two ravens rolled like
Puppies in the fresh snow, then
Flew away like Gods.
I read someplace there are four types of women in the world – the tall silent woman, the maid in the meadow, the demon lover, and the stout hearted woman. I come from a long line of stout hearted women – women named Jo and Beat and Matt and Mike.

And Chad. My mother, Charlotte, has always been called Chad – by her brothers and her husband and even by her children when they want to get her attention. And my mother was the definitive stout hearted woman. She protected her younger brothers from the Pollacks who attacked them with wild cucumbers on the way home from school. She played left field on her high school baseball team - it must have been in the late 20s - when one brother played short stop and one brother pitched. My uncle tells the story of when “Chad swam across the river” between Michigan and Canada. My mother always denies it. Once she said she got half way across and then turned around and came back. But we, my sisters and I, know it’s a true story – she was almost obsessive about us staying away from the river in the summer. She said no one could escape the undertow. Ironically, my parents’ condo is on the river – right at the narrowest point, right where my mother swam across.

I was packing my parents’ things. Not the Big Pack when a couple moves out of the family home, but the Tragic Pack, when a couple moves into a nursing home or assisted living or into some living situation where they relinquish control of their lives to strangers. The Tragic Pack marks the point when the crippling compromises begin and the luxury of free choice ends. When you no longer get to decide what you’ll have for dinner, you just get to choose between the Salisbury steak and the grilled cheese sandwich. And when you no longer get to decide when you’ll have a bath, you just get to bathe on Mondays and Thursdays when the personal care giver can fit you into her schedule. Most importantly, the Tragic Pack marks the line between when people speak to you as an equal and people speak to you as a half-witted child. After the Tragic Pack, normally bland facial expressions are replaced with a rictus of friendship and good will that says, “I pity you because you’re going to die soon.”

The Big Pack, by definition, is expansive. You pack truckloads of useless flotsam and jetsam off to Sal’s and Vinnie’s and feel like you’re getting a tremendous amount accomplished. The Tragic Pack is much more selective. Each item is carefully chosen for utilitarian or nostalgic purposes. The senior pictures stay, but the graduation programs go. The two quart saucepan stays, but the five quart Dutch oven goes. And so you sort through your parents’ chattel, randomly chucking and stashing as if you are actually qualified to decide what is, or is not, integral in their lives.

I was sifting through my parents’ possessions; parents who had previously been
intelligent and witty were now querulous and parsimonious. My father refused to buy boxes for the move, but he also wouldn’t let me buy them: I had backed into a tree once in high school so forty years later he still won’t let me drive his car, and boxes cost $2.00 each - an unnecessary luxury. He finally agreed to drive me (he’s 92 and clearly a superior driver) but flew into a rage because I bought 20 boxes. He said we could get two, pack them, drive them over to the new place and empty them, and then take them back to the condo and fill them up again. The boxes were a constant source of carping throughout the entire move.

While my father reined supreme over the car keys, my mother, that stout hearted woman whose mind was now riddled with dementia, was constantly agitated. This woman who had always been the Great Stabilizer could no longer tolerate any type of variance. She knew my father was upset, but that was not a priority. “Why are there so many boxes? Where are my books?” she asked at 15 second intervals.

“We’re moving to a new place, Mom. We’re going to have to make some new curtains. What color would you like?” I asked trying to distract her from the anxiety.
Slime Squishing Through Gold:
An Interview with Nora Marks Dauenhauer

By Loren Bettridge

In preparing for this year’s *Tidal Echoes* it was exciting to have Nora accept our invitation to be our featured writer. I am thankful to her for not being too hard on me as I plagued her with questions. The simple complexity of her golden poetry is an example for all of us seeking to find our inner voice.

**When did you first start writing?**

I wrote my “How to Bake Salmon” as one of the first. I don’t know what year it was, I just started doing it. I’m a late bloomer. I wrote it for, I think it was the Canadian Press. It was for an Alaskan poet, she asked me to write a poem on salmon, so I did. She wanted it to go in the Canadian Press.

**What types of things do you like to read?**

Oh I read a lot of other peoples’ poetry. One of them is Basho, a Japanese writer. And another is Setcho, another old time poet from China.

**How do the things you read influence your writing?**


**I know you have written in a haiku type style, were you influenced by the Japanese writers to do that?**

Probably, I’m not sure. “Granddaughters Dancing” is one of them. I got cash for that. A man from California or somewhere asked me to see if he could use them for public transportation. He put them in 12 cities, on busses, where they put advertisements. A lot of people told me that they saw my poems and one of them was “Granddaughters Dancing,” another was “We Sound Like Bullheads When We Sing.”

**What piece do you feel is your best work?**

I don’t know, I’d never thought about it. I really like “Granddaughters Dancing.” Another one I really like is “Wealth.”

Slime squishing
through gold and silver bracelets:
women slicing salmon.

We never take off our bracelets.
What is your writing process?
I just take a pencil and write it on paper. I go ahead and do it.

Where do you get your ideas from?
That’s a hard question. I grew up on a boat and a lot of what I write comes from my experiences then.

“Like Phosphorescence”

Like phosphorescence
whirling
around my oar:
Chicago lights at night.

What is your revision process?
O geez I don’t know. My husband is a poet so he and I work on it, he helps me do it. A wrong word here or there.

I’m now proofreading the battle of Sitka. He is writing it. The lady who was helping us died. She was translating some accounts from Russia that have never been published in English before. She translated that and I’m reading it.

What was her name?
Lydia Black. She was an anthropologist.

That sounds like a fun project.
Yeah it’s hard.

What is your publishing process? What do you do when you have a piece that you want to get published?
I don’t ask to be published. They ask me.

Well that’s really nice.
Yeah

Is it just one person that asks you, or multiple people?
Well the University of Arizona asked me if they could do some of my poetry and they did *Life Woven with Song*. That’s my favorite book.

Why do you write?
I think that Tlingits need to know that we have poetry in our literature, which is in the oratory.

How does the Tlingit and oral tradition inform your work?
I think it influenced me to write, because oratory is so poetic. So it just kind of influenced me when I started writing. And the Haiku style. Then I wrote in *Life*
Tribal Man  Sarah Lawrie
Graphite on paper
Woven with Song essays of my life and also I wrote about smoking salmon and stuff like that.

So your subject matter is from the culture?
   Yes, I think that. Wouldn’t you say that other people have done the same?
I would agree.
   Yeah, I am no different then the other people who write poetry.
   I just watched Tom Sawyer, I liked that.

Mark Twain was quite the writer.
   Yeah, I really liked his work. They had a piece on him I don’t know if it was a movie, I started to watch it late the other day and it’s a movie on him, it was good, I enjoyed that.

Besides the battle of Sitka, are you working on anything else right now?
   No, I’m not. I should. I’m proofreading, so that doesn’t leave me much time for anything.

What advice would you have for up and coming writers?
   Just keep writing. Read others peoples’ poetry. Read other people’s writing. Keep writing, don’t copy anybody, and use your own.

Nora Marks Dauenhauer was raised on a family fishing boat in a traditional Tlingit- speaking family and has been working with Tlingit oral tradition for thirty years. Her work in creative writing and Tlingit folklore has been widely anthologized.

Loren Bettridge is a creative writing student at UAS and one of this year’s Student Editors.
Berries

Nora Marks Dauenhauer, Juneau

I could see
only the glare
of licorice jelly beans—
berries,
branches laden with
berries,
berries
for winter.

Previously published in Life Woven With Song

Buds

Nora Marks Dauenhauer, Juneau

All of creation
is puckering with buds,
exploding their perfumes,
intoxication all
who savor this aroma
of spring.

Previously published in Life Woven With Song
Snorkeling at Hanauma Bay  
Nora Marks Dauenhauer, Juneau

So thick
that you could walk across their backs,
the fish seem to have dried out the bay, swimming around ladies
casting bread crumbs, shattering the sea flipping for crumbs, then
transparent blue as the pull past me
in panorama. I wonder,
going down with my mask,
how much per pound they are sold for.

Previously published in The Droning Shaman

Genocide  
Nora Marks Dauenhauer, Juneau

Picketing the Eskimo
Whaling Commission,
an over-fed English girl
stands with a sign,
“Let the Whales Live.”

Previously published in The Droning Shaman

Raven, Saving It for Later  
Nora Marks Dauenhauer, Juneau

Raven!
Where in the world
did you scrounge up
that needle fish?
Don’t you think
it might be wasted
where you’re hiding it
under that leaf
by the sewer pipe?

Previously published in The Droning Shaman
Settling In  
Charmaine Weeks, Juneau

Drifting, Wafting wind  
Lazy flakes hitching a ride  
Piling atop trees

Three  Sarah Lawrie  
Acrylic on board
Exhilaration. And speed. And curves. Old asphalt roads as long as the world, as far as any sun. And dad’s new Bultaco dirt bike that came with its own scream, rising and falling with each gear change. My brothers and I would fight for the season’s first ride on that worn seat. In one quick move, my dad would kick back, thrust the ignition, and twist the accelerator. We’d hit the road, my hands and arms gripping his belly, slung around him like I’d never let him go, like no thing existed that could split us, like there’d never be a time when saying I love you would feel awkward. Love rises in me like a scream when I think about the first ride on any warm Saturday.

When time disappeared with the heaves and cracks in the road, the edgy years just ahead.

80 degrees and 80 miles per hour, no helmet, no leather, sometimes no shoes, the sky poured over us like a clear blue waterfall. We became one immortal machine, rushing wind on that old canyon road, with the bike shrieking between our knees.
We were not about to get naked, my sort-of brothers, sisters, I. We ran the open field of skin littered with blankets and weed and guitars and sex. We tried not to look, but a man strolled by, black guitar thankfully placed, strumming We Shall Overcome and Kiss My Ass. A grandmother, freed from her Lily St. Cyr’s, danced arms up, unshaved, looking a little like Bonzo. We ignored the speeches. Ignored music. And tried not to look. Ugly bodies and beautiful. Embarrassing. None of us would need, you know, “that” talk. We skimmed fleshy blankets with an orange Wham-O Frisbee. And tripping over many reshaping couples, ducked past a group of—what in the hell are they doing?—chasing the orange disc into the skinless peonies.
Keeping Time on the Kee Nax Trail

Between Tongass Narrows and Kee Nax Coastal Trail on the steep shelf above the rocky shore
glossy, green, May-born leaves unfold
The growing season has returned

Epiblobium angustifolium ascends halfway up slender six-foot stems
Full, feather-shaped leaves greet ruby-red buds
Balls of fire bob in the salty, late-June breeze

Territorial flower of the Yukon
Bringer of beauty to Glacier after blazes
Keeper of time in Ketchikan
Purple patches of color comfort and connect

Buds stretch and uncurl one above the other
Purple-pink blossoms slowly fill the upper wand
Salmonberry and alder work to arrest her flame
I relish this picture of sweet summertime

Midway up the stem, purple blooms lose their bright hue.
Patient upper buds wait their turn to flower.
We celebrate these Dog Days with walks and bike rides
Along the Kee Nax Coastal Trail

Bright pink petals crown this tenacious flower
Two-inch slender seed pods replace the first blooms
Sourdoughs say we have six weeks ‘til winter
I savor this late summer day

Still-green pods adorn the flower-free top
Glistening silver tendrils decorate the middle
Golden-brown leaves rustle, reflecting the sun
White breath leaves my lips on a morning walk

The flowering fire is finished
Seed pod skeletons and ash-colored cotton remain
Reluctantly I bid summer farewell
Trusting death to bring next season’s flowers
Beneath the Surface (chapter title)  Carol Prentice, Juneau

_Excerpt from a novel in progress, Tunnel at the End of the Light_

Helen sets the mug of water in the microwave even though she prefers to make her tea with the kettle. It’s faster this way, limiting the time she is away from the window. She settles at the kitchen table with her chamomile tea, hoping it will ease the pain in her stomach, to wait for her daughter’s Subaru wagon to round the corner. The digital clock on the stove reads eleven forty-five. Leigh said she would start early and try to arrive before noon. Then again, Leigh always runs late, a habit that has always irritated Helen.

To Helen’s relief, Frank decided not to miss his standing Saturday morning tennis game, followed by lunch at the club. Frank switched from singles to doubles once he turned seventy but he still plays twice a week, three or four times in the winter when the weather keeps him from his golf game. She liked it better before her husband retired, when she could count on having the house to herself all day. Now, these moments just to sit quietly at the kitchen window knowing she is alone are precious. The snow that had covered the yard, temporarily cleansing the view from the kitchen window, has melted. The new view isn’t nearly as appealing but Helen doesn’t mind if it makes the roads less dangerous for her daughter.

Leigh didn’t seem to inherit any of my nervousness, Helen ponders as she sips her tea. She drives over the pass in all conditions, and it frightens me to death but it doesn’t seem to bother her a bit.

_Frighten to death, _she repeats the phrase in her mind, as if hearing it for the first time. I guess if anyone should be afraid, it’s me.

“Damn,” exclaims Helen out loud as she hears the front door open. Flushing the vomit down the toilet, she stands to rinse her face with cool water and her mouth with Listerine. Thank goodness I used this bathroom. Sometimes, when she is home alone, Helen just ducks into the bathroom at the top of the stairs in their split-level home rather than pass through her bedroom to the master bath. Frank took over their son Kevin’s basement bathroom years ago leaving the upstairs to Helen.

“Hello? Mom? It’s just me.”

Helen hears Leigh calling but she isn’t quite ready. Her face is covered in perspiration and her hands are shaking. She flushes the toilet again, hoping that Leigh hears the water in the pipes and will read a magazine in the living room for a few minutes. Leigh doesn’t call out again and Helen hears no footsteps coming up the stairs.
A bear visited us one morning last summer. She - I assume it was a she as this bear certainly knew her way around a kitchen - pushed open the front door and padded through the dining room right into the kitchen. I know this because when I walked down the stairs that morning at 6AM thinking about whether I wanted oatmeal or eggs for breakfast, the front door was wide open and there was a trail of empty bottles and wrappers leading from the kitchen to the front door. Even though the trail seemed to indicate that she had left, I tiptoed into the living room and the computer room. There was no sign of a bear. I felt so astonished. And

Skunk Cabbage  
*Richard Stokes*

Color photograph
Teacher’s Pets

Robert Fagen, Juneau

Now and then
you’re magic
and each a poet some days.
Twenty years
of rain falling
and snow drifting
and sun chinning itself on the sill
of our home schoolroom window.
All my children.

I see my oldest
daydreaming at the piano,
my artist sketching hordes of robots,
my soccer princess slogging resignedly
through multiplication tables,
my manga maven
pondering sound effects
and ignoring her kanji,
and my next-to-youngest
bubble-bathing her dolls
in her sister’s precious
Barbie shampoo.

At two going on three
my youngest already knows everything
but later she’ll wish
she’d written it down.
Walters stood up in the cannabis patch.

“Ah, misspent youth. Four hundred pounds if he’s a grain. Eating our buds too, the pig. HEY, YOU! TAKE OFF!”

Walters cocked his head to one side.

“Yeah, YOU! GIT!”

They looked at each other, bear and man. I unslung the rifle.

“He won’t charge.” Dan said.

“How do you know?”

“He’s standing up. Softest part of him’s his belly. He wouldn’t expose that if he was going to fight. He just wants a better look.” He didn’t take his eyes off him though, he just said, “President of the United States says pot-heads are helping the terrorists, son. Why do you hate America?”

The bear twitched a shoulder.

“And you’ll go to harder drugs. Next thing you know we’ll find you in some alley all strung out on heroin.”

“He’s not listening.”

“Sure he is. Bears are smart. Listen brother! they catch you out here, they’ll cancel your student loans. No Ivy League. No military option. You’ll be a clerk at the Big Box Store. You’ll fail the pee test. That’ll be it.”

Walters went down on all fours graceful as a cat for all his size. Then he laid down in the plants and began rolling in them.

“Crap.”

Dan took up his walking stick and handed me a weapon, “Hop up on that log like a good fellow and keep an eye on things. I’m going to have a word with him. Don’t shoot him. Fire this if you have to.”

“This is just a flare pistol.”

“Got a banger with the charge. Makes them jump.”

“YOU! Yeah, You! Beat it, I said.”

Brown bears are all about bluff. You can bluff them back until you can’t. That’s a steep learning curve.

We'd chased this one away from the garden at the homestead a dozen times.
View of Auke Lake

Richard Dauenhauer, Juneau

Autumnal orange maple:
flame-like, today ignited
by sunlight striking rock-sides
where mountains cup Aladdin’s
lamp of endless glacial ice.

—October 2, 2003

Shark Fins

Shark fins, circling for
the kill: stones on spring ice, cast
by cautious skaters.

—Juneau, Twin Lakes, March 10, 2003
—We are His poem. (Eph. 2:10)

The season of Nativity again.
This time: return to poetry as prayer,
not putting trust in princes, sons of men,
but refuge from complacency, rather

response to images—how old is new
from Psalms to Ferlinghetti, Pasternak—
the insights, inspiration, here and now.
Respond as they responded to the knock

of wording from eternity in wait
for human life through cooperation
and consent, the word to integrate
and nurture, through compassion, meditation.

It’s time to give myself a Christmas gift,
my promise to myself to translate Pasternak,
his “Christmas Star” for starters, waiting list
of thirty years accumulated clock

ticking off my last creative life,
ever finding time enough for poems.
I learn anew how each time I derive
new energy from this, expanding time

as poetry breaks through to other worlds,
translation, like the tail of a comet,
pulled by the gravity of uncommon words
through which I navigate by lexicon

to struggle with and feel his poetry—
jazz-like rhythm, assonance, outrageous rhyme.
His poet—hostage of eternity
and prisoner of time.

—December 8, 2003
9:05 a.m. across the street

    Black-caps and shorts,
    two young men jump out their window
    to the peaked porch roof
    and light up.

    Perching there with dark eyes
    surveying the garage and the street
    elbows on raised knees
    feet balanced on roof slope
    blowing smoke puffs.

    One taps with his index finger
    Takes off his cap and ruffles thick curls
    with his right hand.

    Cigarettes finished and tossed,
    they hope back through the raised sash.
Uneasy Disguise

Here from the podium
I smile at the sprinkling of faces,
many of them known,
a few only Foodland familiar.

My first poem a quatrain
about ravens, very safe
and mercifully short.
They applaud politely.
Perhaps my disguise holds.

Then I read one with a window
into my soul.
My clothes dissolve
and I read naked.
Again, polite applause.

Then the reading is over,
behind me and done,
once more my drying throat
did not completely close.
Nor did my tongue glue itself
to the roof of my mouth.
Once more, emotions simmered,
but did not wash me from the podium.
Waves of relief mix
with those of regret,
loss of anticipation.
On Christmas Eve, Agnes sleeps fitfully, half conscious all night of the wind. It whistles in the spruce and whips granular snow against the north side of the log house. In the distance Chatham Strait roars. The still-bright moonlight illuminates the bedside clock enough for her to see it’s almost 7:00AM. She rolls over to find Stan, her husband, lying still with his eyes open. “It won’t be Christmas if they don’t get here,” she says.

“You sound like a grandma, grandma,” Stan says as he swings his bony legs out of bed and gropes on the floor for his wool socks. He lifts wool pants from a peg near the headboard and slips his socked feet into the pants. “They have more sense than to chance Chatham in weather like this, particularly with the kids on board. Stay warm for awhile. I’ll stoke the stove.”

Agnes sits up in bed. She’s a short woman, not heavy enough to be called plump, but certainly not petite. She prefers to call herself soft. “I don’t know which is worse, knowing they won’t be here or worrying about them trying. What a horrible week for our radio to go on the blink. What if they have been trying to reach us?”

“You know they have,” says Stan, “but they also know we’ve survived here fifty years. They’ll figure the radio is out.”

By nine o’clock, the woodstove is popping and the warming air carries a hint of blueberry pies. The first gray light of morning begins to bathe the cove. With a pair of binoculars raised to his eyes, Stan gazes at the cove through the large front window, a window Stan considers a justified extravagance. He knows the window loses considerable heat, but it also brings the cove into their living room. Snow lies under the trees around the cove; a sharp line between snow and rocks marks the highest recent tide. Immediately in front of the window, in the small flat area they call their lawn, the wind has stripped away the snow to reveal brown patches of grass. Ice glazes the intertidal, and beyond the opening to Chatham, a long and wavy skein of surf scoters bob. “The wind out there must be blowing fifty knots the way it’s tearing the spray right off the whitecaps.” He becomes conscious of Agnes’s silence in the kitchen. “I’ll tell you what, grandma,” he calls out, “assuming they don’t come here first, we’ll boat into Juneau and see them after the wind quits. We need to get the radio fixed anyway.”

Coming to the window, Agnes presses against Stan’s back. “That would be very fine.” She nestles her head against his upper arm, her gaze falling absently on the cove. Suddenly she lifts her head. “Stan, look there! I think it’s a boat.”

Agnes can feel her heart pounding as Stan focuses the binoculars. “It’s not them, dear,” he finally says. “It’s a sailboat and running on bare riggings—and I hope
The Life and Times of the
Orlando Bloom Fan Club

Caroline Schmitz, Juneau

ACT 1: SCENE 1

Two 13 year old girls sit on a window bench in a femininely decorated room (note: at least 3 Orlando Bloom Posters cover the pastel colored walls). They are dressed in modest, casual clothes.

Ivy: Where is she?
Nadia: I don’t know. Apparently, she’s late.
Ivy: Then we should start the meeting without her.
Nadia: And talk about what? She was supposed to download the Elizabethtown partial transcript for us to look at. Now what do we do?
Ivy: We could use my laptop to look at OrlandoBloomfiles.com.
Nadia: Let’s wait and use Margo’s.
Ivy: You know, we don’t always have to use Margo’s. Pause
Nadia: Where is she?! God! I hate your stupid laptop! It takes so freaking long to start!

Ivy: Here it is. Its latest report says that Orlando was recently in Cabo San Lucas, Mexico for the wedding of his manager, Aleen Keshishan. Also in attendance were Jennifer Aniston, Natalie Portman, and Kate Bosworth.

Nadia: Oh my god! Kate Bosworth went! Uh! That bitch!
Ivy: Oh my god, I know!

Nadia: I’m sure he handled the situation really good. I mean, they probably go to all the same award shows and after parties and it’s so not like him to get into a huge argument in public where the paparazzi could see them.
Ivy: Well…it has been like a year. I’m sure he’s still friends with her.
Nadia: That’s so hot!
Ivy: Oh my god! He’s so mature! I think it’s so great when guys can get over themselves and be nice to their ex-girlfriends!

Nadia: I know! Like? Like Stephen! He just broke up with Margo and then last night he called her mom and said a bunch of made up shit about all that stuff that happened that one time. The other day, at the mall but totally lied about everything that happened!
Nadia: Like at the mall, Stephen, they went together, to buy her panties, right?

And he saw her with some guys who I guess were older than he was and he got all jealous so he called her mom and said that she wanted to go and do drugs with them…and a bunch of other stuff that was so not true!
Ivy: Oh! Margo told me about this too!
Nadia: But she just wanted to hang out with them! Right? That’s probably why he got jealous! She said that he has possessive tendencies!