Contributors, Advertisements, Back Cover
Contributors Notes

Poetry

ZAN BOCKES was born in Nürnberg, Germany. She has published poetry in several literary magazines. Look for her fiction in the next issue of *CutBank*. DAVID BRADEN is a poet and a playwright and a fisherman. He spends his summers on the river and his winters remembering the river. He is working toward his MFA in Creative Writing at the University of Montana. NAOMI CLARK is a widely published author from Port Townsend, Washington. Her second book of poems, *When I Kept Silence*, was recently published by Cleveland State University Press. JOHN DECEMBER earned his MFA in Creative Writing from Wichita State University. He is currently working on a graduate degree in Computer Science. He has published poems recently in *Poem* and *Poet Lore*. TODD FREDERICKSON is in the Peace Corps, teaching English at Sana’s University in Sana’s, Yemen. He has poems forthcoming in *Prairie Schooner*, *South Dakota Review*, and *Great River Review*. HENRY GERFEN’S poem "Final Season" was included in *New Voices*, a 1989 anthology of prize-winning poetry published by the Academy of American Poets. He earned his B.A. from Dartmouth, and plans to pursue a Ph.D. in Linguistics. LOWELL JAEGER is a graduate of the Iowa Writer’s Workshop, and a 1986 recipient of a fellowship from the National Endowment for the Arts. His first book, *War on War*, is in its second printing, and his second book, *Hope Against Hope*, is forthcoming this spring from the Utah State University Press. In the spring of 1990, JIM LANGLAS will be featured "Illinois Poet" in *Spring River Quarterly*. He also has work forthcoming in *Cottonwood*, *Swamproot*, and *Sou’wester*. WALTER MCDONALD is the director of the Creative Writing program at Texas Tech University, and the author of four books of poetry. His latest book is *Night Landings* (Harper & Row, 1989). SHERYL NOETHE lives on the highway between Missoula and Salmon, Idaho, in an old yellow Chrysler. Her greatest joy in life is talking fourth graders into becoming poets. Teachers & Writers Collaborative actually pays her to do it. PEGGY SHUMACHER teaches in the Creative Writing program at the University of Alaska, Fairbanks. She was awarded a National Endowment for the Arts fellowship in 1989, and is the author of two books of poetry. Her latest book is *The Circle of Totems* (Pitt, 1988). KAREN SUBACH has published in *The Iowa Journal of Literary Studies*, *Without Halos*, and *The Cimarron Review*. She has work forthcoming in *The American Poetry Review*. MARTH WICKELHAUS lives in Emporia, Kansas and has published in *Quarterly West*, *Carolina Quarterly*, and other literary magazines. DENISE WILLIAMS teaches writing at Penn State University. She takes great pride in hailing from "a bizarre little mining town" that borders Death Valley, California.
Fiction

ROBIN BEEMAN grew up in Louisiana and has lived in Mexico and California. She's now at the Iowa Writer’s Workshop. Her stories have appeared in Fiction Network, Ascent, Crazyhorse and other magazines. PHIL CONDON writes in Missoula, Montana. Other stories from his ongoing collection, Vex & Silence, are forthcoming in Shenandoah and The Black Warrior Review. RICK DeMARINIS, whose latest novel is The Year of the Zinc Penny, teaches writing at the University of Texas, El Paso. His short story collection, The Voice of America, is forthcoming from W. W. Norton. CRAIG MILLER has completed one novel and hopes to finish another this summer. He has attended the University of Iowa and currently lives in Missoula. NANCE VAN WINCKEL, who directs the writing program at Lake Forest College in Illinois, recently had her first collection of poems, Bad Girl, with Hawk, published by the University of Illinois Press. Her fiction has appeared in The Northwest Review.

Artists & Photographers

CHRISTOPHER FLINCHPAUGH was born in St. Louis, Missouri in 1962, during the same week the Cuban Missile Crisis filled the churches. Of his photography, he writes, "I photograph people and things to understand them. I understand the people and things aren’t what they pretend to be--that compromise and paradox and unintended irony underlie most public displays." He currently works at a nursery in Missoula and plans to enter an MFA program in Photography at the University of Illinois at Chicago in the fall. BEV BECK GLUECHERT completed her MFA in printmaking last June at UM. She has worked in the human services field for seven years and says that her recent work "reflects human dynamics and inter­relationships that are difficult and often traumatic." STEVE SAROFF, whose work appears on the cover of this issue, lives in Missoula where he works as a computer consultant. His photography has appeared in several newspapers and his fiction has been published in small magazines and twice in Redbook. He is a former staff member of CutBank.

Book Reviewers

DAVID CURRAN is editor of CutBank. Most recently, with David Braden, he co-authored a story for the TV series Wiseguy. The show "People Do It All the Time," aired November 8, 1989. LORRAINE FERRA lives in Port Townsend, Washington. She has published poetry in the Westigan Review and The Florida Review and has work forthcoming in the Seattle Review. She is a "Poet in the Schools" in Washington, Utah, and Delaware. EARL GANZ was born in Brooklyn and came to Montana in 1966 to direct the University of Montana’s writing program. A graduate of the Iowa Writer’s Workshop, his first collection of short stories, Animal Care, will appear in April of this year. He is currently working on a novel called The Jewish Wars. LAUREL SPEER write a column and reviews books in Small Press Review. Her address is P.O. Box 12220, Tucson, AZ 85732-2220.
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My Father Teaches Me to Fly

I am old enough to know it is not possible, but the wind rushing in from the lake lifts my hair, brushes my face like a wing. I feel like I could fly, I say. He grins. Anything is possible, he says.

He says, it's windy enough to fly across the lake. He drapes a towel over my bare shoulders, tells me to flap it like this, and he spreads his great arms out like an eagle, his fingers extended like the wingtips of hawks.

I know if I run fast enough down the dock, I can fly out to the mooring post. His eyes believe in me. I suck in air, flap my wings, and know that I can fly.

From the beach to the end of the dock, it's a 40-foot runway. My father gives me the starting sign and I tear down the dock, straight into the full wind.

I feel my legs pumping, the wind snapping my terry cloth wings, see the grey lake ahead, and I'm off the end, flapping, struggling, willing the wind to pick me up, and I think maybe I fly a few feet, but the cold lake crashes in my ears.

When I come up, my father stands on shore, shaking his head, and the towel weighs me down. He says only one thing: You didn't try hard enough.