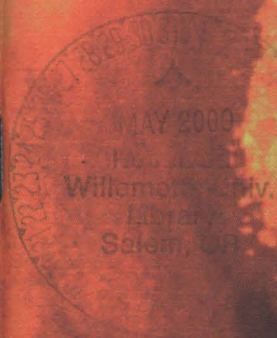


PERIODICAL STACKS

chrysalis

VOLUME 1 / ISSUE 2 / SPRING 1997



cover art

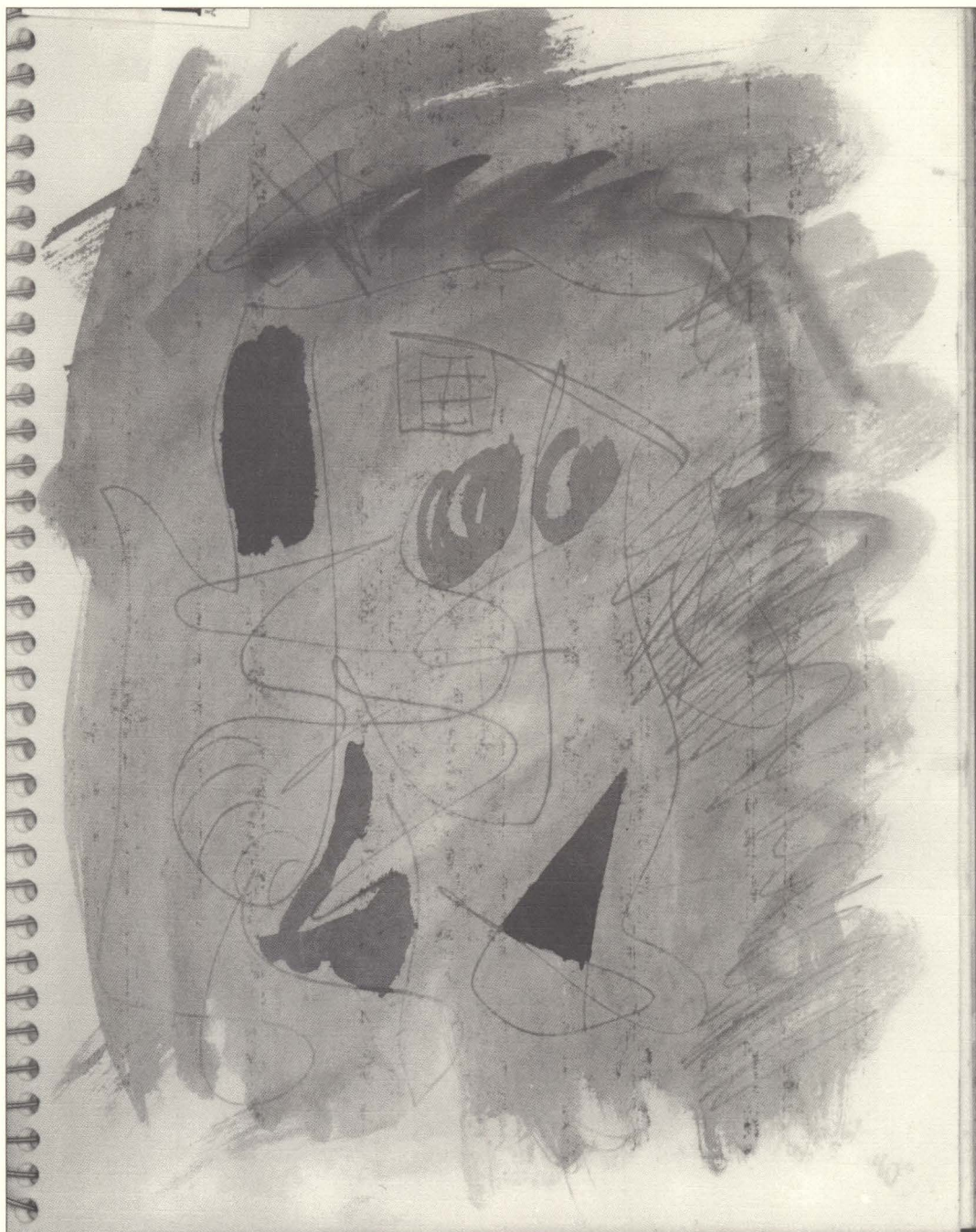
"Dawn, With Magnolias"

Robyn Wingert

I'm west side
But I'm heading southeast
And I'm empty as I stand

— *anonymous*

Dedicated to Carl Hall



"Ode to Gorky"
Derek Hevel



Editors:

Helen R. Atsma
Marie Diamond
Brook K Gauthier
Brian M Kinyon
Eric Mulder
Heather Parkinson
Gary Sweeten
Stephanie Timm
Anna Tollenaar
Austin Whipple

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background art
untitled
Bryce Mercer

1 Chrysalis



untitled
Alex Foxcroft

displaced e

Lindsay Hunter

he called them p o m e s —
 (vaguely kerouackian, smelling
 of clove, bongos beating an
 aneurysm behind the ears)

he tried to say they were about her—
 and it's true, there was
 the word *girl*, and *auburn*—

but in the lanky leanhippedness
and the stained white shirts of his pages
 she is lost in translation—

the female taken for a white dress—

he changes her to a different word,
 a letter in the middle of her displaced.

Cancion Para San Francisco (Muerte, Mi Hermanita)

Amanda Cornwall

muerte, me hermanita
ella baila afuera de mi mundo
baila, en frente de mis ojos.

su baile toca mi alma
las ondulaciones de las caderas
abra el rio de mi mente

sabes, muerte, pequena hermana
la grita de su cuchicheo

muerte, mi hermanita
baila en mi sombra
rie en mis silencios

muerte, hermana, juegas conmigo
juegas con mi, cuando aplasteas mis pulmones.

adentro de mi, algo empieza
muerte, mi hermana
animas mi lucha, mi deseo
para la paz eterna.

Song for St. Francis (little sister death)

death, my little sister,
she dances just outside my world
dances, in front of my eyes.

her dance plays my soul
the rippling movements of her hips
open the river of my mind

do you know, little sister
the scream of your whisper?

death, my little sister
she dances in my shadow
laughs in my silences

death, sister, you play with me
play with me as you crush my lungs.

inside me, something begins
death, my sister
you inspire my fight, my wish
for eternal peace.

Vanilla

For Eddie

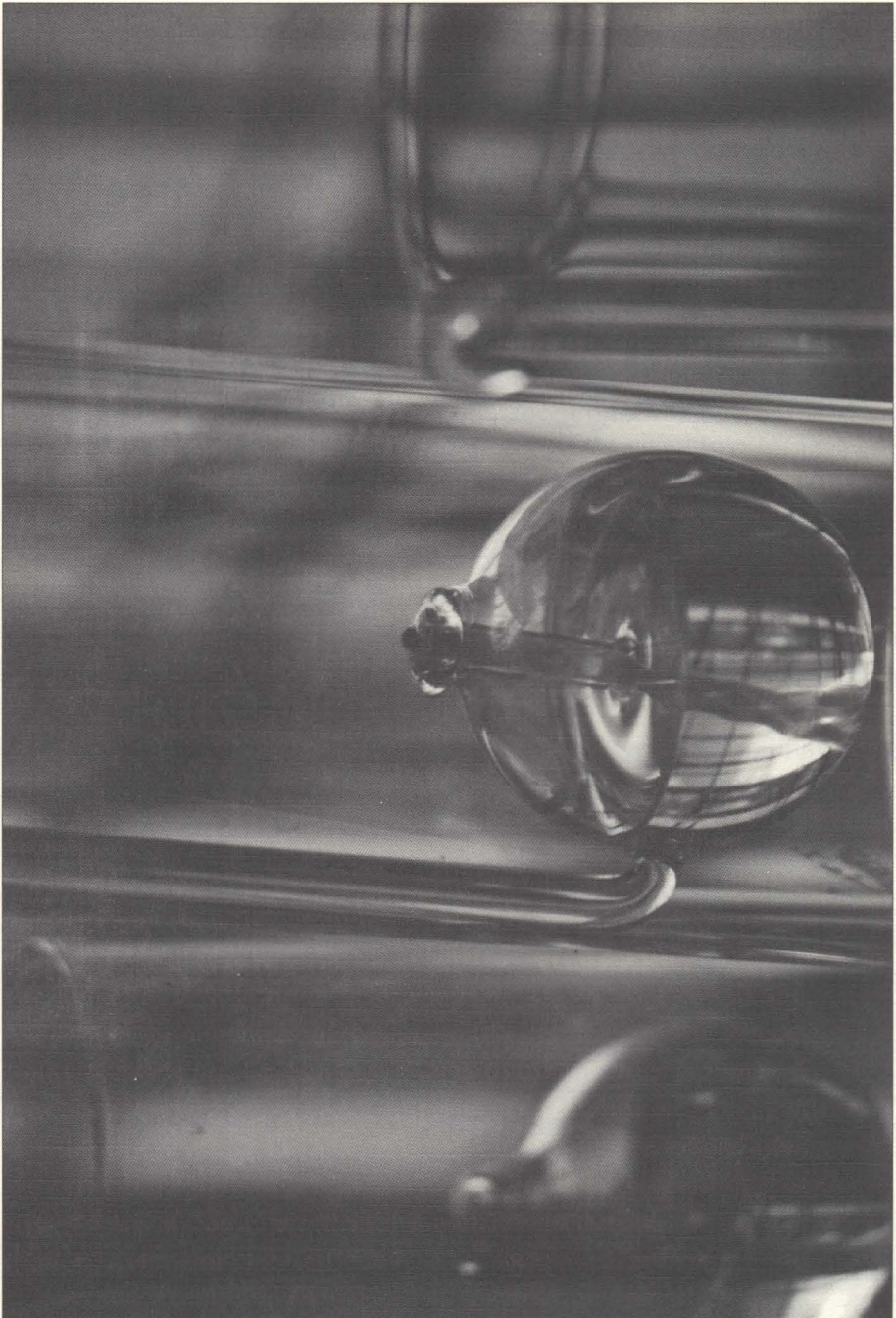
Sasha Inouye

Your a/c breezes
vanilla car freshener through my hair;
the flavor of ice cream I ate
in my dream.

I sat patiently,
watched flavors churn in a bathtub,
lunged for an elusive
perfect spoonful
full of caramelized nuts.
I ate empty bites for hours
that melted down to slurps
of chalky teaspoons
the color of your new rain jacket.

You flung my cold fingers from under that smooth vinyl
as they frantically searched for warmth.

Your a/c blows
the last specks of glitter from my eyelids,
freezes my gold pendant
whose weight I lift
with a sigh.



untitled
M.R. Brassaw

Impulse

Adrian Quan

Joe Daniels checked and reloaded his rifle for the third time that day wondering now everybody could be so stupid. Those government bastards almost fooled him too, but he saw through their little plan. He had spent the past four days warning the people of his small Texan town that all the pictures, all the evidence, all the material the government had put out was false, but no one believed him. Not even his local militia.

He cocked the shotgun to break the eerie silence. It echoed dully against the walls of the underground room. Joe had hollowed out the chamber himself, just for this occasion. Crates of ammunition lined its earthen walls. Daniels sat on one of the boxes and waited. He had known the government was going to pull something funny one of these days, he just did not know when.

Daniels smiled coldly. When they came, they were not going to get him without a fight.

All he had to do was wait.

Eric Laud ran his fingers over the small black handgun that lay on the table in front of him. The dark room cast ominous shadows across Eric's face and the single table. For the ninth time in an hour, Eric picked up the gun, brought it to his left temple, ran his finger gently along the trigger, and put it down again. The news said the comet would kick up so much dust that it would block the sun for years, killing almost all green plants, and lowering the temperature by 50 degrees.

Eric hated the cold.

He took a swig from the squat golden can that sat atop the table next to the gun, draining the beer. He tossed the emptied container onto the floor, and it rolled to join the other five of the six pack.

"Why should I stay alive?" asked Eric of himself.

"Because suicide is for wimps, stupid." replied another part of his mind.

"I'm going to die anyway." "Do you know that?" "I wouldn't want to live in those conditions." "Liar. You're just scared."

Eric put his head down and sighed. He rose his head to stare hard at the gun. An hour passed. He slowly pushed his chair away from the table and stood. He left the room and stepped outside. He was out of beer.

Far away gunshots and screams pierced the East Los Angeles night, the sound reverberating off of the cold stone buildings that lined the street. Not one person was in sight, but James Lee could not shake the feeling that he was being watched. The shop windows that decorated the normally busy avenue lay in shattered ruin. Despite security bars and alarm systems, the shops had been raided and plundered when news of the comet came. James sighed, gazing at the destruction which he presently walked through. At least the flocks of vandals have moved on. A bullet cracked through the tense air and echoed in the cold night not far from James. He swiveled quickly and ducked, but no one was there. Clutching the locket he wore about his neck, he continued down the desolate street. All that illuminated the dark street was the eerie glow of the full moon. A silhouette slowly crept across the satellite's face. It's getting closer, thought James. The comet had fallen into a low, steady orbit around the Earth. Every so often the comet would pass between the moon and the planet, and it would get bigger every time, reminding people on earth everywhere of its inevitable potential for destruction. It occupied almost half of the moon's face now. He could virtually feel the tug of its gravity. The realization that he was probably going to die had dawned on James a long time ago, but the shock had not yet completely run its course. He did not want to die. He did not deserve to die. James shook his head and shoved the self pity out of his thoughts. He reminded himself that he had some good-byes to say before the comet hit. He continued on his way. Looking for something to distract his thoughts, James stopped at a broken store window to study an interesting ceramic figurine. He reached out and carefully placed the delicate statuette in his pocket. "Thief!" screamed a voice from behind him. A gunshot rang out across the night. The bullet tore into James back before he could turn to face his assailant. He fell to the hard cement of the sidewalk as the air rushed out of him.

As the gunman ran past him, James mustered his fading strength to raise his head. The gunman's jacket read LAPD. James' head fell. The locket James wore about his neck lay open in front of him. His beloved wife stared back at

him through one half. His beloved daughter stared back at him through the other. James let out a scream of emotional anguish that echoed across the night. And died.

The small brown Hum-Vee skirted across the African sand of the Kara Kum desert, kicking up sprays of rock and debris. NASA scientist Chevon Elliot had it all planned. The comet was actually much worse than NASA had originally reported. It was almost twice as massive, and would create a crater larger than Mars Argyre 1. Chevon very well knew that there would be no survivors, and that the last man would probably die within two months of impact: all green plants would die from lack of sunshine, animals would die from lack of plants, and humans would die from lack of meat unless they died from the 75 degree temperature drop due to the blockage of sunlight. Chevon had calculated everything exactly, accounting for wind, entry angles, air resistance, and surface conditions using NASA's Cray III down on Edwards Airforce Base. She glanced down at the GPS compass at her side. Almost there. A shadow appeared to her left, a little bit ahead. and she grinned. It was almost time. As long as everything was going to die, she wanted to be the first. She didn't really know why. It just seemed significant to her to be the very first, not that anybody would ever know. The compass beeped and Chevon grinned. She was here. She stepped out of the jeep and sunk into ankle deep sand. Sitting down, she reached into her pack and drew out a thin green bottle.

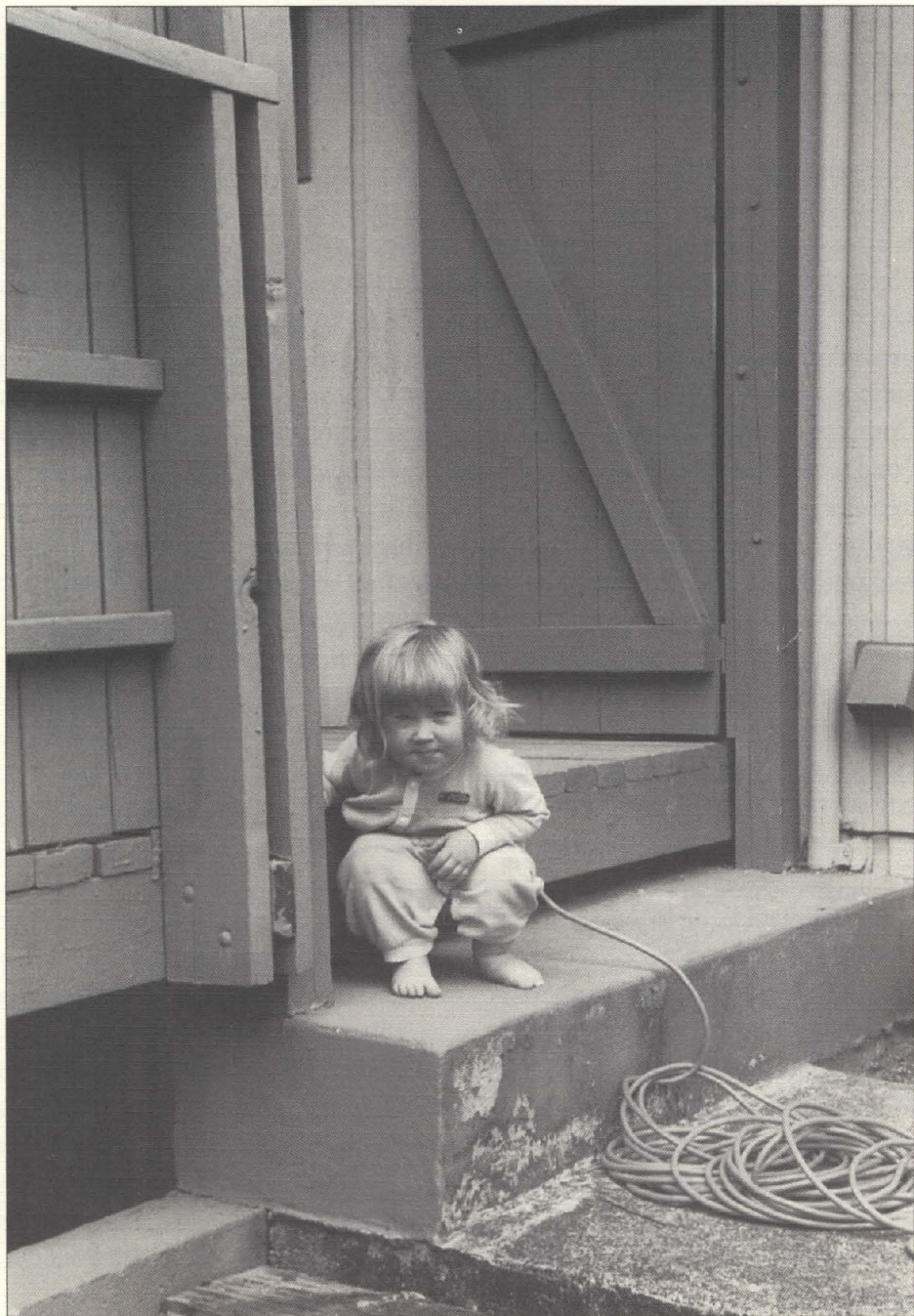
Chevon studied the label for a long time. The wine had been in her family for centuries; it was the first one bottled way back when the family business was wine making in France. The bottle had been passed on to the eldest daughter for six generations. The cork flew into the dry desert sand as a faint whistle first became audible. The comet was a beautiful sight. Silhouetted against the bright desert sun, the comet slowly grew in size as it raced to meet the earth. The rims of the icy mass burst into flames as it entered the atmosphere creating a bright shining corona around the falling comet. Draining the wine, Chevon threw the bottle away as the comet began its final descent. She held her arms out to her sides as she began to feel the heat of the comet's flaming exterior. The comet was right on course and she smiled at her ingenuity. She had considered everything and calculated it perfectly. Almost. The comet drew into the final few hundred yards, and the compressed air preceding the comet blasted Chevon and arcs of sand off into the air. Chevon lay suspended in midair for mere seconds

that seemed like an eternity to the young woman. Chevon died with a surprised expression on her face as the comet slammed into the ground, blowing millions of tons of sand and dirt into the stratosphere and over the Earth.

Evangeline VanDoren felt the impact of the comet from her Austrian home. The cameras on the surface of her underground shelter raised their glassy eyes to the horizon as an impossibly huge cloud rose over the Olztaler Alps. Soon, the huge black cloud surrounded the area and started pelting the ground with rock and sand, while the sun grew dimmer by the second. Evangeline paced the luxurious underground shelter– the ultimate product of her personal fortune. Between her and the surface were about a hundred meters of soil and three feet of solid steel shielding her from any foreign elements. Her personal storerooms held enough preserved and dried food to last sixty years, the air was filtered and virus free, and there were such luxuries as heat, light, water, and electricity, all made possible by her money and the nearby Inn river. Evangeline smiled at her ingenuity and sat back in her plush reclining chair. Yes, she would be the last human being, and there would be nothing to stop her. With her supplies, she could outlast any of those silly group shelters all over the world. They would surely run out of food in a matter of years! By her solitariness, she would last as long as her natural life would permit. As the days wore on, Evangeline was, of course, happy to be surviving so well, and in so much luxury. However, as months passed by, lack of sunshine and of company began to tug at the edges of her mind. Claustrophobia set in. As did depression. Tears mixed with blood. Evangeline would indeed not be the last person of Earth.

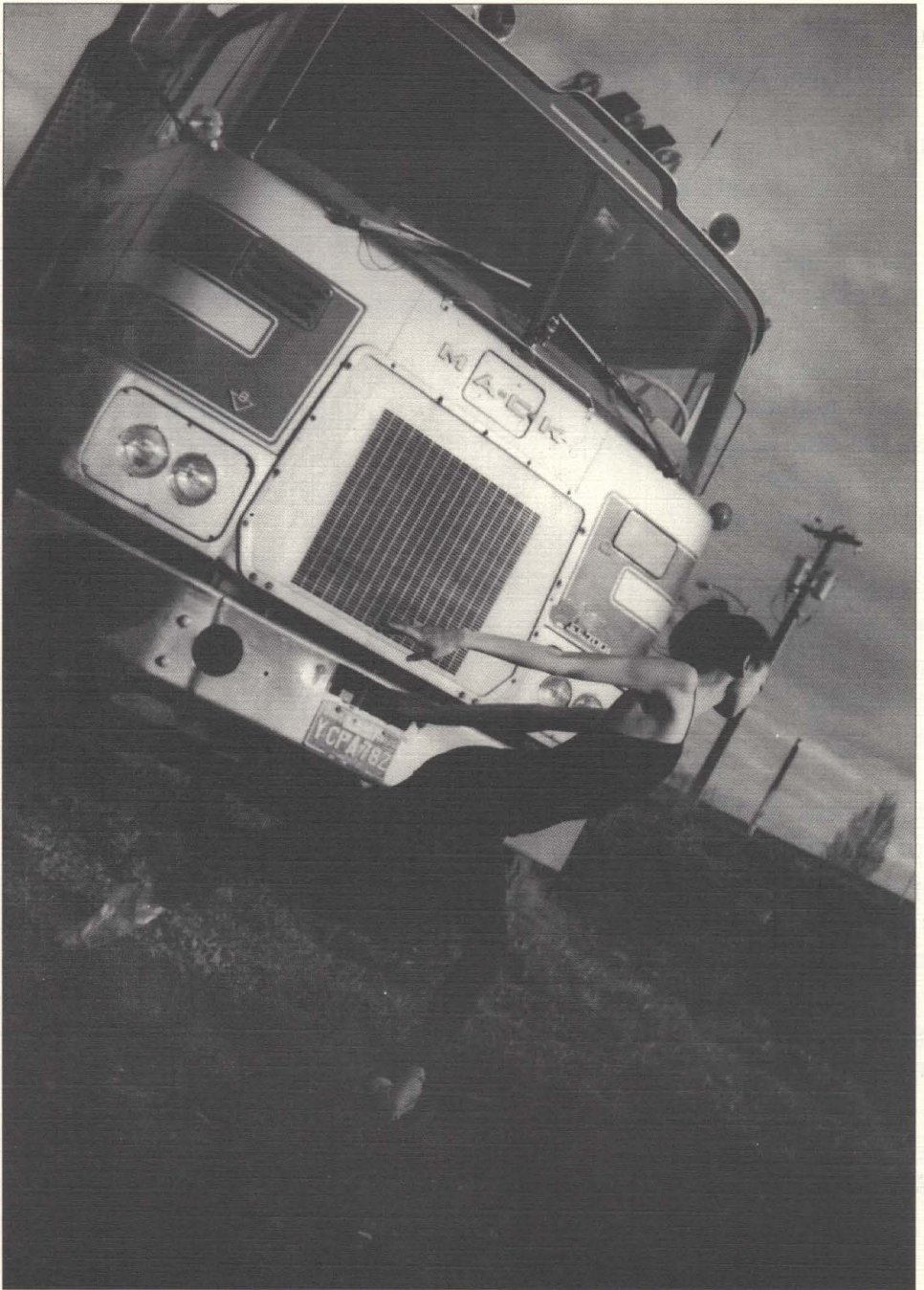
God sighed as he looked down at the Earth from Heaven. It was truly a shame. The humans were not such a bad race, and they almost got it right in their bibles except for that silly creation myth they dreamed up. Oh well, thought God as he reclined in a brightly colored nebula. At least they had gotten farther than the dinosaurs. Unfortunately, they both met the same fates and perished by the same means. Well, the dinosaurs died by asteroid. Same difference. He made a mental note to create more resilient atmospheres next time he made a planet. He checked a scroll of parchment that lay at his side and pondered. Next up on the evolutionary line were the insects. He made a note of it in his planner and reserved a few years a couple of eons away for the incarnation of their messiah, when the whole process would start all over again.

He left to check up on his other worlds.



"Sarah Grace"

LH



"zen dancer"
Brian Kinyon

Late March

Heather Parkinson

I told you I'd come on a yellow morning.
I woke to yellow daffodils
and the slice of a lemon sun
that cut through the slats of wooden rung shutters
and hollowed the room.

I spent the length of a kiss
holding you at the glass
where the time keeping squirrels
trunk the oak tree
counting the age rings

that no longer add up
for the wood pecker has chipped
it inside out
to steal some
time.

Over the back wall
the day passes and branches
wrap around my room
like snakes out of water
disentangling their own shadows.

Forgiven, the afternoon slithers
away, incomplete in the fall
and half-rise of the moon
catching light off the mirror,
singing in the dark.

2 a.m. Rain

For Eddie

Sasha Inouye

There have been many nights
in rooms whose fogged windows
bend with bass notes,
walls and bodies slippery from dancing.

Tonight I have drunk too many
of your apple pie shots
and I feel it's time to go outside
and let the night
lift the heat off my skin.

At the car,
you turn on the music
before the engine.
In Taco Bell's drive thru
I wait for chicken soft tacos
to replace the words under my tongue,
while we kiss to Keith Sweat
and my fingers
trace lines down your neck,
cold as the 2 a.m. rain
pounding on the windows.

1- apple pie shots: a person leans back in a chair with their mouth open while another pours vodka, apple juice, whipped cream and cinnamon in. The person sitting swishes it around and swallows. There is an element of trust.

now, solitaire.

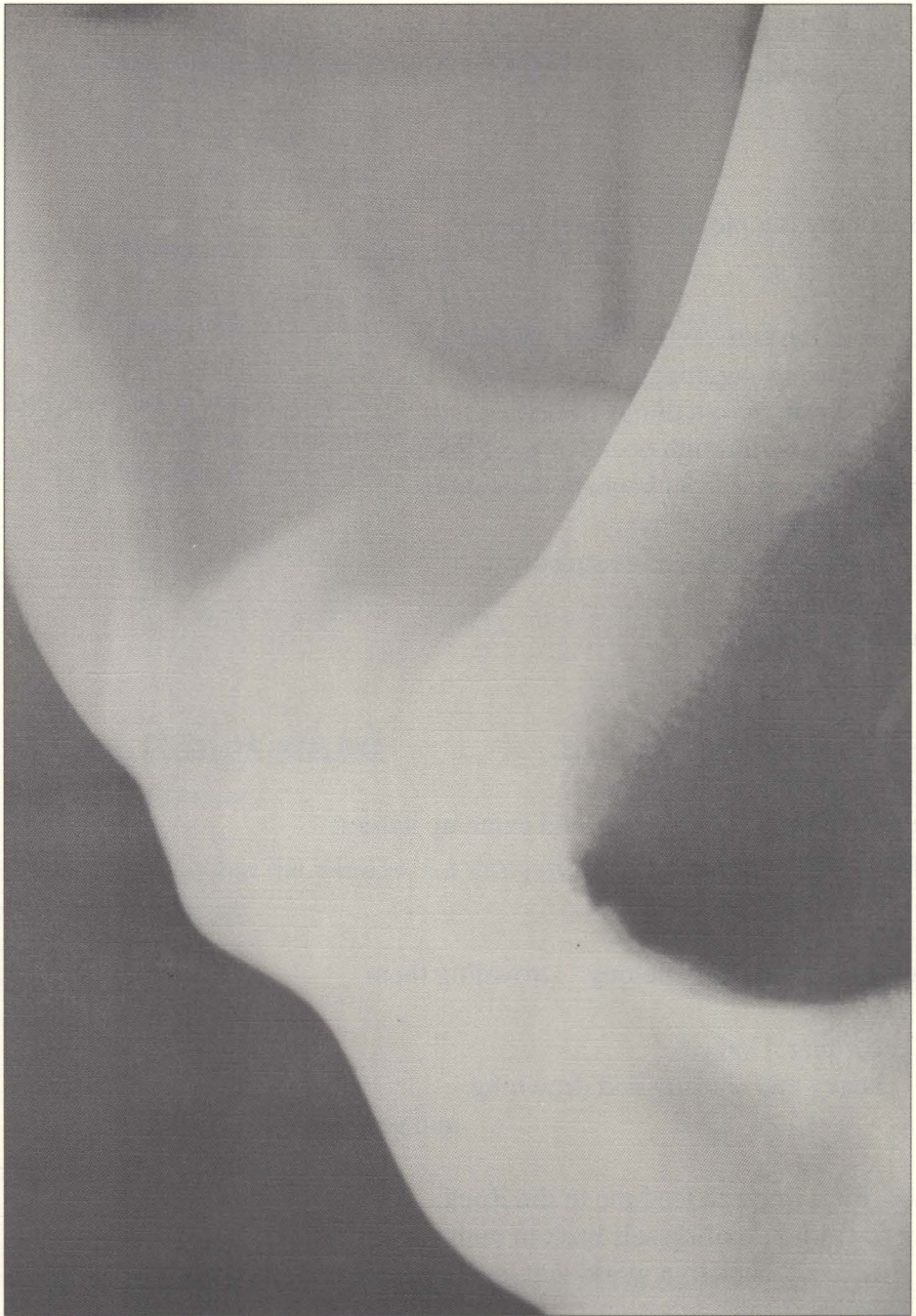
Lindsay Hunter

the world is too much with her
playing solitaire
at her desk in the dark

the eyes there
that saw me in the habits of each age
 hands are older now but still ring true
 when they touch my cheek, less smooth.

my mother is tired at the end of the day
and I am a visitor
standing at the door

the slap of cards is like music I slept with
from the kitchen ten years ago
is graceful like her forehead now, less smooth.



"Bloo"

Alex Foxcroft

Acid Rain

Anonymous

It's raining.

Through my big picture window I see it
splashing
down.

And I hear the cars on the street splashing it up.

Trees are sagging;

The rain makes things heavy.

People walk by through oozes of mud-grass, slurping out water from beneath their shoes.

The grass is squishy.

The rain makes things squishy.

Squishy and heavy.

like me...

The man on TV predicts a flood.

Last year it flooded for days.

The rain fell down hard and came up harder;

Washing cars

people

trees

away from where they belong. Drowning them.

I'm drowning, God,

heavy and squishy and drowning.

and scared...

Throw me a line and lead me to the Rock.

Drag my numb, flailing self back to reality;

back to a world that isn't made of numbers.

and calories.

and twisted assumptions.

For there are too many days when I don't eat, and too many days when I can't stop, and too many days when I won't care.

I'm a yo-yo on an elevator
headed for the top floor.

Father, cut the cables, catch me, and carry me home.

Reunite my body with my heart with my soul with the world.

Let me live in the world where
The rain makes things grow, where
The rain makes things live.

I want
to
LIVE.

the way things stand

M. R. Brassaw

I have been staring out the window for thirty-five minutes now
not noticing anything
not thinking anything
not saying anything
not seeing anything

just staring.

She comes up behind me
hands on my head
running fingers through my hair
wonders what it is I've been watching, so intently, for thirty-five minutes now

I ask her if she's noticed how foggy it is today.

The Quest of Life

David Johnson

The Face Behind the Voice

We live in an inauthentic society. We live vicariously through technology in order to live that which we cannot experience directly. We are stuck in the cycle of only reinventing the past, not discovering the future. Like the farmers who hear the voice of the Lady of Shalott, we know something exists upstream, but we don't have the time to investigate and discover who is singing that sweet song. We are stuck in the Waste Land. Only by traveling upstream, portraying an act of human compassion, can we find ourselves and escape this Waste Land.

The Fisher King directed by Terry Gilliam illustrates the image of the modern day waste land. Inauthentic images are repeated throughout the movie. People are surrounded by ways to escape reality. Jack hosts a radio talk show where he dictates to others how they should live their lives without really understanding what it means to live his own. The television sitcom and the movie rental store are man-made creations, written, directed, and designed to supplant what is real and true. Jack drowns his grief and despair with alcohol, temporarily removing him mentally from reality. Then he attempts to drown himself in the river to permanently escape his life. Finally, when Jack is breaking into the castle, he murmurs, "Thank God no one in this town ever looks up," thus revisiting T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land". Society is a waste land, and it needs to find a Percival who will search out the Holy Grail in order to heal the wounds of the world.

Did you ever hear the story of the Fisher King?

Percival was a young fool, seeking adventure in his youth. One day he came across a great castle and went within. Inside, he saw a wounded king who could neither lie, nor sit, nor stand. A feast was prepared, and the Holy Grail was brought out. But Percival never demonstrated his human compassion by asking "What ails you, my king?" The next day, he was thrown out of the castle. Afterward, he was told that only by the asking of that question could the wounded king be healed. So Percival returned to the spot of the castle, but

because he wanted to justify himself and not help the king, he could not see it. He searched for many years in order to find the castle. Finally, after he rediscovered his youthful innocence, the castle reappeared to him. Percival went to the wounded king and asked the question. By the power of the Holy Grail, the king was healed.

There's nothing trashy about romance.

The big question in *The Fisher King* is: Who is the Fisher King? Jack cannot regain control of his life after knowing he was responsible for the massacre of several people. He cannot forgive his carelessness, his cold-heartedness; and thus, Jack cannot continue to live. Perry cannot stop loving his wife who was brutally slaughtered by the gunman. The Red Knight haunts him whenever he thinks of the past, and thus, Perry cannot mourn his wife and allow himself to love again. Another Fisher King image is that of Langdon Carmichael. He is envisioned as living happily with his wealth, but even he cannot endure his emotional wound and attempts suicide. Perry, Jack, and Langdon all have wounds that cannot heal, and thus they are all Fisher Kings. Each needs a Percival to come and ask the question that can heal their emotional wounds.

But, in *The Fisher King*, who is Percival? Perry demonstrates that magic still exists in today's world through his knightly lifestyle. He shows Jack how to love another without being emotionally healed, and forces him to reveal the human compassion that still exists within him. On the other hand, Jack physically retrieves the grail for Perry. When Jack gives the grail to Perry, at last he can say, "I really miss her, Jack. Is that OK? Can I miss her now?" Like Percival, Jack and Perry each eventually find the Grail Castle that houses the Holy Grail which heals the other, but two different methods were used to accomplish it. Jack is the original fool who has no real plan to find the Grail Castle, but stumbles upon it and changes his life. Perry is the knight who knows where to find the Grail Castle, but cannot obtain it for himself. Each of these methods are successful in obtaining the Grail.

You ever get the feeling sometimes you're being punished for your sins?

We are all searching for our personal Grail Castle. In college especially, people are discovering who they really are and where their Grail Castle should be. But like Perry and Jack, there are two methods in which to find it. To

know which type of Percival you are, answer this question: Which is your biggest fear—to have a goal and fear you won't reach it, or to not have a goal and fear you will never go anywhere? These fears represent the two types of college students: the ones who know what they want to be in life, and those that don't.

I think its time for you to shut up now.

The first category consists of those who know what they want out of life. They fear that they will never reach the Grail Castle which they believe is out there. They fear that they will reach the location of the Grail Castle, but won't be able to see it. They fear that they are not the ones who want to be on their path of life and are stuck in an inauthentic life— doing what others drive them to do. College is often the instrument which they use to go on to graduate school or to the career they are determined to have. But college is also a time to experience other aspects of life and to live in youthful innocence that will stimulate a Grail experience to confirm their life's quest. Percival searched for many years before he was ready to revisit the Grail Castle again. Perry knew where his grail was, but he could not obtain it without Jack defeating the Red Knight. They represent the fact that all obstacles can be overcome. Thus, through persistence and a little aid from a personal Percival, you can find your Grail Castle.

I wish there were some way I could pay the fine and go home.

I fall into the group that does not know what they want out of life and are unsure of the place that they will find themselves. I fear that I am destined not to visit the Grail Castle and I will live the rest of my life as a fool, not really understanding my actions. I fear that if I do see the Grail Castle, I will not recognize it. I fear that I am stuck in an inauthentic life doing what others expect me to do. But this is why I am at college, to explore new options, meet new people, experience new aspects of life, and seek adventure in my youth. "A light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it" (John 1:6). My light, my hope, is that one day I will be illuminated by a Grail experience and my place in life will become clear. Percival the fool, did not know what he stumbled upon when he first came to the Grail castle. Jack did not comprehend why Perry had saved his life. The knowledge that other fools

have succeeded in this quest of life before me allows me to endure the Waste Land in which I am living.

Who have we been chasing? Can I ask that question now?

We all live in the same Waste Land. We are all Fisher Kings. We are all Percivals. We all must help each other find the Grail Castle, which contains the secret of life. Today's inauthentic media has repeatedly attempted to solve this mystery, and some have succeeded. In *City Slickers*, the secret to life is one thing, and each of us has to figure out what that one thing is in their own life. During an episode of "Family Ties," Mallory says that is to live long, to be happy, and to hope you fall in love. In the final "Cheers" episode, Norm Peterson says the meaning of life is love, something that aids us to endure the calamities of life. All of these elusions to the secret of life is to love: the ultimate illustration of human compassion. Human compassion is what allows the Percivals to heal the Fisher Kings of this world. Percival expresses this compassion when he asks the Fisher King, "What ails you, my king?" Jack expresses it when he tells Perry, "If I do this, and I mean if, it's just because I want to do this for you, that's all, for you." Perry sings a song of human compassion to everyone:

I like New York in June. How about you?

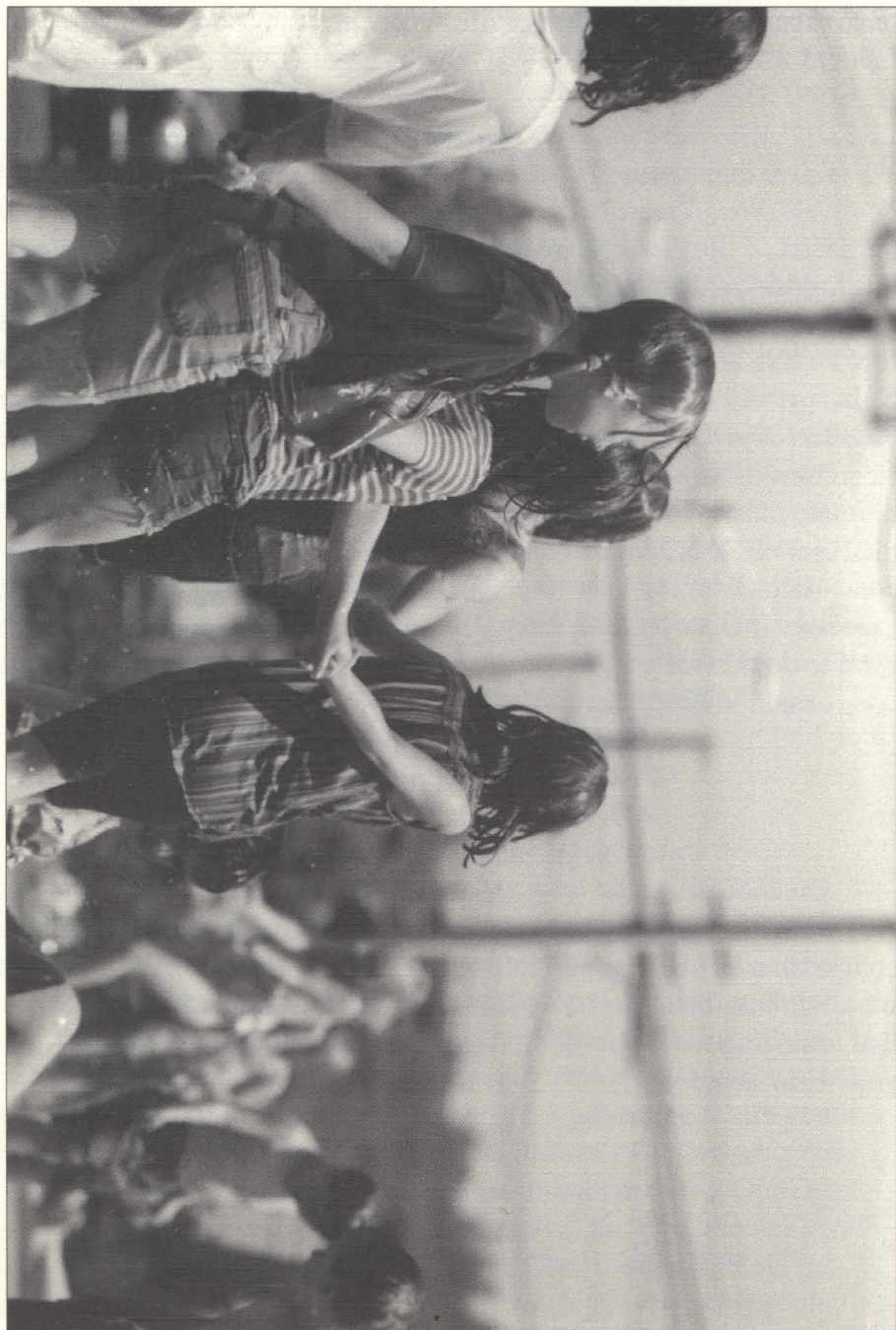
I like a Gershwin tune. How about you?

I love a fire side when the storm is due.

I like potato chips, moonlit motor trips

How about you?

As I walk through this life I call my quest, I will try to express my human compassion as much as possible so maybe the Grail will reveal itself to me. If we all do this, then maybe we can all make steps upstream to see who that is that is singing that sweet song. We can all start by simply asking: How about you? How about you?



"Children and Heritage Fountain"

LH



"Man with Great Dane"
LBH

song of myself

Danielle Gordon

daniellesimonegordon

quick dancing Flamenco
with lights dimmed to shadow
and colored strings glowing
and window shades drawn

clumsy feet flying
with hair wildly tangling
and dark eyes uplifted
and soul winging skyward

lost in the shadows
a lone silent singer;
swept by the rhythm
enveloped in music

arms beating tempo
and feet flying faster;
seeking a refuge

doomedloneinsanegirl

Puka Shells

Sasha Inonye

After surfing
waves under my eyelids
still rock me to sleep
like dreams of your salty kisses,
tumbling
till I'm rubbed smooth as stones.

Without you I am empty as a shell,
missing the trade winds
you breathed into my ear,
your scent on my lips
gone from my curves
where
if you could listen close
the ocean still whispers.

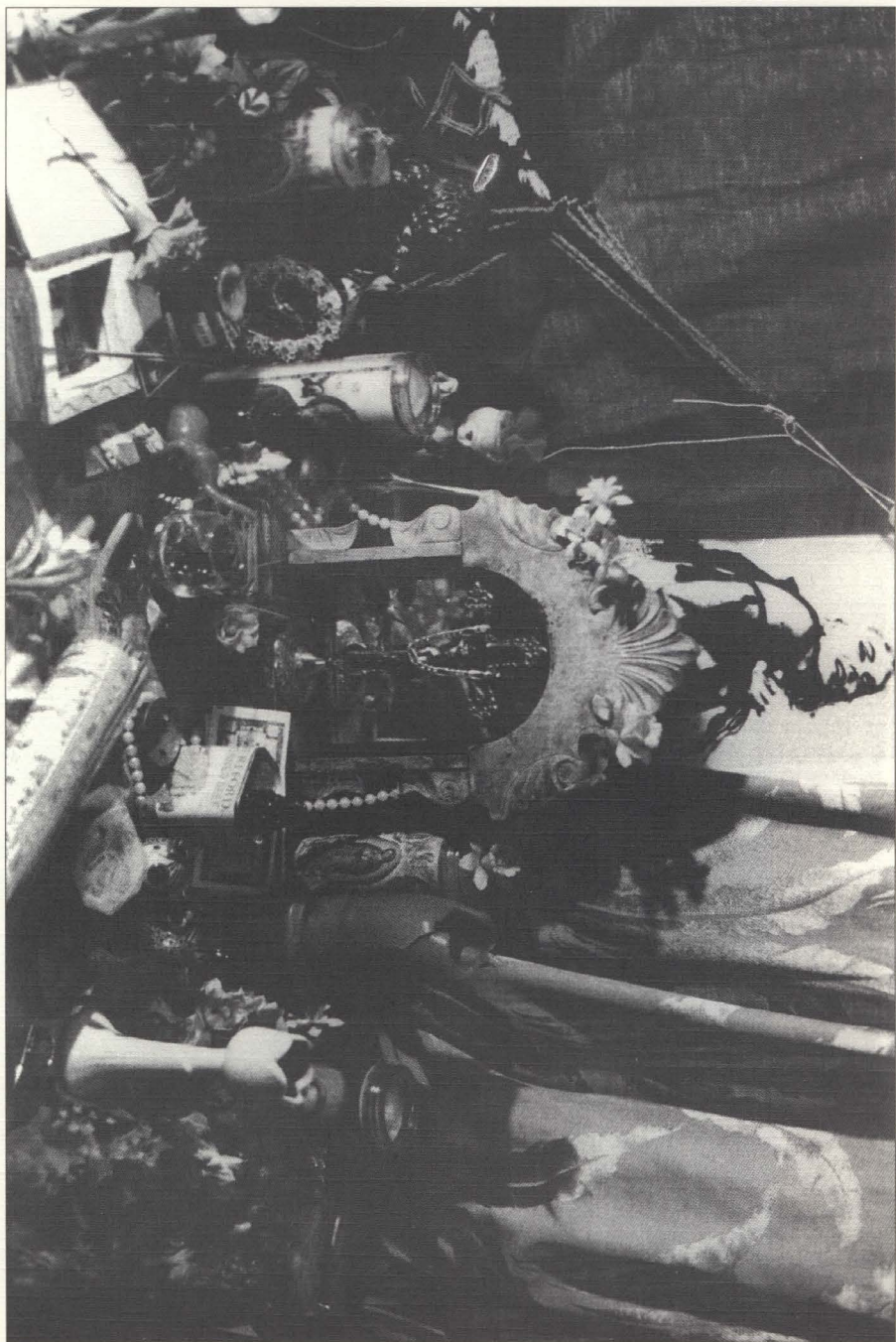


untitled
Erica Eichers

Squirrel

Jorden Leonard

A squirrel on a log
Sinking in muck
Slowly
Back and forth he runs
Almost almost
Jumping
Land is far
But maybe not too far
Slowly the log sinks
Faster the squirrel runs
Back and forth
Back and forth
Finally
No more time
He jumps
He is flying
A flying squirrel
He lands in the muck
Just short of land
Slowly
So slowly he sinks
So weak now
So tired
But still he fights
Harder he fights
Faster he sinks
Just a nose now
Sticking out of the muck
Now nothing
I wonder how long he has
Probably not long
Because
He will try to breathe



"Religioso"
Alex Foxcroft

sunday.*Lindsay Hunter*

it took one smell
of murky sidewalk to knock me
back to san francisco
and a damp day with you.
we stood in each other's drizzle,
me in your cap, you in my hand
and a coachload of old ladies I fancied irish
beamed at us in passing,
one by one through square bus windows,
waving; each named bridget.

it was the best day, a sacrament,
an indubitable proof of love—
the blessing of grandmothers on the young.
when I left and I cried you told me to remember them
the way I pretend they remember us
the way I stand here daft on a wet street corner
smelling rain, smiling my wet cheeks with closed eyes.

Biography of Carl Hall

Helen R. Atsma, staff writer

The 1996-1997 school year has been a time of rebirth for Chrysalis. A new name, new focus and a new vision made this year exciting and challenging for those on staff. However, in this time of rebirth, we look back to the late 1950's, when The Jason, Willamette's first literary magazine, was born under the supervision of Carl Hall.

According to Roger Hull, current art professor at Willamette, Professor Hall was an "extremely energetic, ideal-filled person" who gave much to Willamette University and the surrounding art community.

Born in 1921 in Washington, D.C., Hall's childhood was spent in Detroit, MI, as the son of an automotive worker. His prodigious talent for art was recognized in high school by a visitor, Fred Meininger, who then offered Hall a scholarship to attend the Meininger School of Art, where Hall proceeded to study under Carlos Lopez.

After his artistic training Hall enlisted in the Army and came to Camp Adair in Oregon for military training. He vowed that if he survived W.W.I.I. he would come back to the Pacific Northwest, which he proceeded to do. Soon after returning he married Phyllis Blake from Astoria, OR, and had four children.

Painting remained his passion, and his works of art were shown nationwide at the Carnegie Institute, the Art Institute of Chicago, Detroit Institute of Art, the Portland Art Museum, as well as many others. His works were also integrated into the permanent collection of many museums, including a piece the Boston Museum of Fine Arts bought, painted when Hall was 19.

In the winter of 1947, Hall had an exhibit at the Julien Levy Gallery, in which critics called him "a magic realist." Soon after, Life magazine dubbed Hall as "...one of the ablest and most vigorous of young US artists" in 1948. Hall then took his experience and talent to Willamette University, first accepting a position as Willamette's Artist-in Residence in 1948, and eventually becoming an associate professor. Well liked by his students, Hall taught painting, print-making, and advanced design as well as starting and advising

The Jason. His love for all artistic fields allowed him to appreciate the artwork and literary contributions to the publication. An amateur poet, students can find poems concerning the death of Hall's daughter in the Fall 1983 Willamette Journal.

Carl Hall retired from Willamette in 1986 and died in June of 1996. An artist, teacher, and mentor, Hall lived his life giving the joy of art to others.

Gentle Be

Carl Hall

Gentle be, gentle be.
In life you breath,
Touch, know the fullness of sight
The blossoming tree
Even grief's shadow
Bleeding finally into light again.
Dreams, like life,
Are soon run . . .
Spring abides