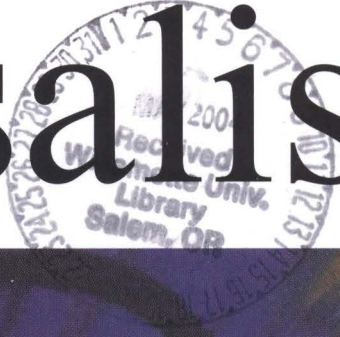
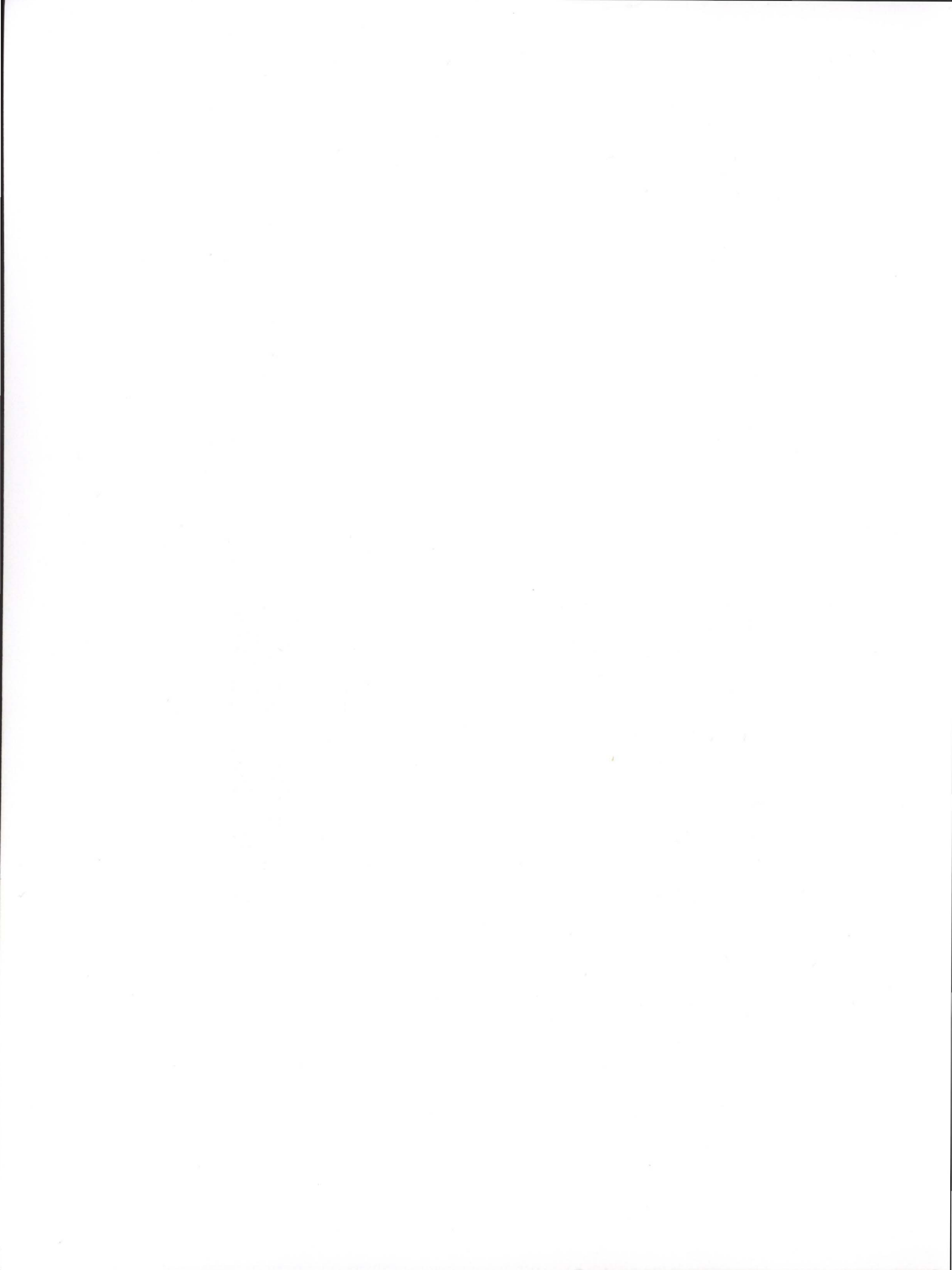


The Chrysalis

PERIODICAL STACKS



Willamette University - Spring 2004



The Chrysalis

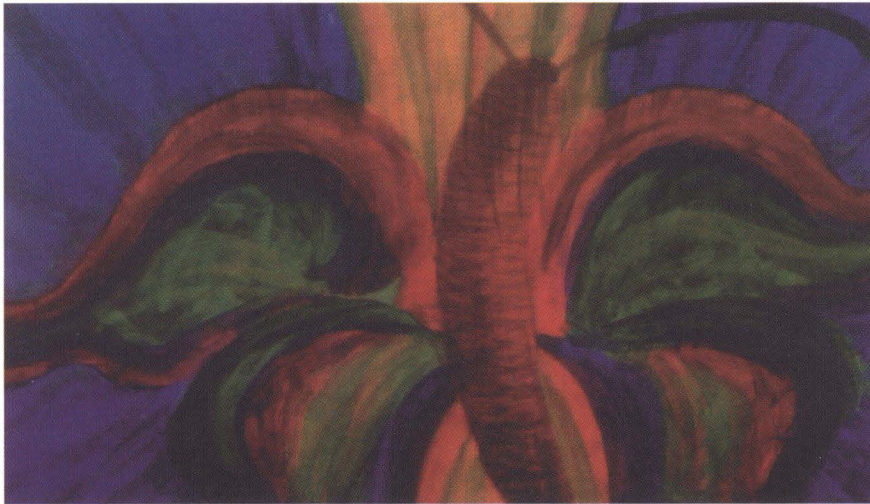
Literary Arts Journal
Spring 2004

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FUNDED BY ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY



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HOW TO REACH *THE CHRYSALIS* MAGAZINE

Send questions or comments to: The Chrysalis, 900 State Street, Salem, Oregon, 97301,
or email, adavich@willamette.edu



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On the Cover, Painting: Brook Gauthier.
Featured in *The Chrysalis*, Fall 1997

Morgan's Cafe

C. Fitzgerald

Sipping wine
Separated together
In parallel universes
Across random tables
Speaking languages
We do not understand
Drawing shadows on napkins
To decipher the world
I could explain what I mean
If you could hear what I said

We age
We age

We walk upon the stage
Read our lines
And deliver our cues
Playing our parts
The bearers of sad news

In a small café
On the edge of a bubble
We meet in darkness
To confess each other
Old husbands and wives
Egg rolls or shrimp
And other major decisions
Hours of conversations
On the way to nowhere
Pleasant time spent in saucers
Treading the shallows
Feeding on hors d'oeuvres
Avoiding the prime rib
And the dessert that would follow
Another glass of wine
To multiply the deception
A childhood dream
Almost forgotten
And the touch of finger tips
An intimate pretense

We age
We age

We walk upon the stage

Read our lines
And deliver our cues
Playing our parts
The bearers of sad news

Do I dare to pretend
Or seem to assume
To continue discussions
In an empty room
While outside
Night comes
Like the realization
That it is all unreal
Do we know that we are players
In an elaborate hoax
Of no import
A discussion turning
Upon itself again
To feed the pretense

"Shall we order more wine?"

Do we dare to continue
And perhaps mention the name
In the relating of histories
And the odd assortment of tales
That make up the past
The wall between us
As wide as forever
And all of our yesterdays
We are at this moment
The sum of the past
And as today stands between us
It has brought us to now

We dance
Without hearing the tune
And without beginning
It has ended too soon

The current jumped
Between some odd possibility of points
And formed at once
A personality
And the channels for some further design
A ride on freedom's highway
With no hope to find a map
And we find ourselves at a junction
Where the highways blend

But this is not a question for dinner
And the waiter returns again

"In a while" we say "after more consideration"
"These decisions are not to be made lightly"
"The wine list is extensive"

I should have been a musician
To sing someone else's songs
You should have been in pastel
To conform to the paper
Without illusion
But from the chalk of a master
You seem more than real
Is it then the mystery of the mask
Of deliberate

A quirk of time
We're out of rhyme
A moments hesitation
And then
It seems again
We are too late



Photographs by
Rob Zarkos



Photograph by
Rob Zarkos

The Play

C. Fitzgerald

I have loved you in the soft places
In the spaces between dreams
In this play between scenes
We have touched spheres
In an afternoon's fantasy
Walking through dialogue never printed on the page
Never spoken outside the world of darkness
In the moments before sleep
Plans and scenes constructed
That never were staged

I have undressed you in darkness
But you were never there
You have asked questions for my answers
And with a casual reply
The scene advances
The players move through these simple designs
These prefabrications
These constructions of mind
Where in dim light
Your answers
Are always the same
These moments lack motion
And never become real
The questions for the answers
Never arrive
The action is never pursued
I let you slip away
Too easily



Photograph by
Lucas Hernandez



Photograph by
Lucas Hernandez

The Waiting

C. Fitzgerald

The lady is unsure
She hesitates and withdraws
On the brink of the affair
But she only steps back
She never disappears
The perfume lingers
Sweet success
Just out of reach
The memory
Of an imagined embrace
Left to fill the darkness
Fickle
No
Illusive
Like love almost remembered
On some night that nearly was
And she listens
From just out of reach
From her pre-programmed position
Unmoved
Deaf to excuses
And reasons unheard
And so I watch
The illusive lady
And dream

MEET THE HAMMIES

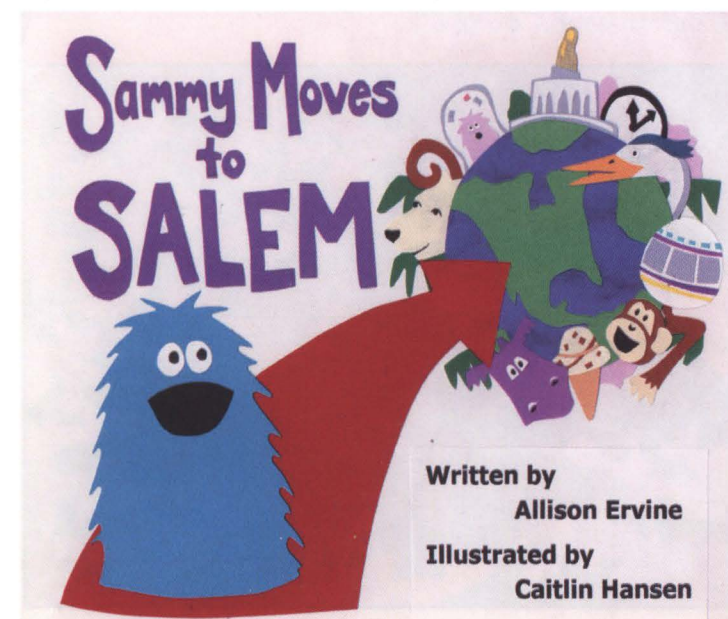
When Caitlin Hansen brought together her love of art and her will to make a difference in children's lives, she illustrated that beauty is shared at home, as well as in exotic and renowned points around the globe.

If you're fortunate enough to meet Caitlin Hansen, a senior Studio Art major at Willamette University, you'll find that she has more than one furry friend up her sleeve. Hansen has used her artistic talent to illustrate two children's books authored by English major Allison Ervine. Hansen and Ervine acquired a Willamette University Carson Undergraduate Research Grant to fund the production of these storybooks and then embarked on a service project, which brought Sammy the hammy to children in Salem schools. Hammy teaches that we can explore diversity and individual dreams, no matter where we are born.

THE CHRYSALIS How did your work on children's storybooks begin?



CAITLIN This project began with a simple furry hand puppet that I made for a friend. We took the puppet with us on our trip through Europe last year after studying abroad, and the response was huge. Complete strangers who knew no English immediately became friendly and smiling when they saw our little creature. We knew that he had potential.



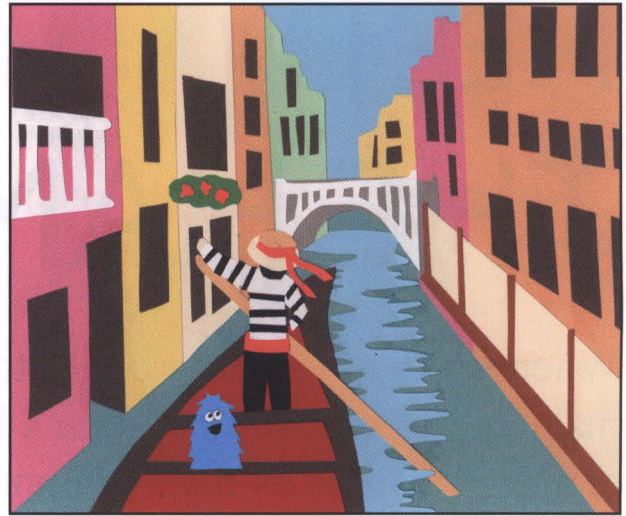
THE CHRYSALIS How did you turn responses to a puppet in Europe into a complete storybook that could in some way enrich the lives of Salem children?

CAITLIN We decided to create two children's books about Hammy: one featuring his adventures throughout the world, the other focusing on Salem. We wanted to encourage positive feelings about Salem in kids who live here, and also introduce them to places they hadn't seen.

THE CHRYSALIS You obviously have quite an extensive artistic background. Tell me about your interest in the arts and when and where it started?

CAITLIN I've been fascinated by art my whole life,

and toward the end of high school, I realized that it was something that could be more than just a hobby. As for the specific nature of these illustrations, the books were a large scale extension of something that I've done for a long time. When I was a kid, my answer to "What do you want to do when you grow up?" was invariably, "write and illustrate children's books." I used to spend hours making intricate pictures and cards, and then I started writing and illustrating my own books. My favorite medium for these illustrations was always construction paper. These days I work mostly in things like charcoal, pastel, and paint, so this project was a great opportunity to return to a very unique and enjoyable way of making art.



THE CHRYSALIS Do you have any future plans for your children's books? Future plans for illustrating? Art?

CAITLIN We would like to get the books published eventually, and I would love to continue this character. There is no end to the places that Sammy could go! I don't have any immediate plans for more illustration, but it's something that I'm sure I will return to. That's the great thing about art, that no matter what I decide to do in the future, I'll always have it to turn to.



Lost

Professor of Music, Anita King

A woman killed in Iraq-
Could she imagine how
A woman in America
Is moved to tears by her photo?

Her fierce intelligence dignified
By Goddess-given-grace:
Is imagined loss less real?
Aquila al-Hashimi.

“Remembrance”

Sadiki Stone

It's time to be a man, it's time to have no fear
Because the ones you depend on will not always be there.

God works in mysterious ways, this I know is true--
I'll know adversity too well before the Lord is through.

My world fails to resemble what I used to know,
I said goodbye several times, but I still can't let you go.

A war is being waged, away the troops will go,
They're calling up Uncle Joe, so watch after your bro.

Your girls are hurting deeply now but I'll help them understand-
I see why you were so hard on me, it's time to be a man.

Two Glugs

Professor of English, Michael Strelow

A delft sky under which
I go about this simple
business. Skeins of apples
scattered through the floor of
the meadow, I pitch ones and twos
at the galvanized tub, whatever
my hands can hold. A lark goes off.
This dross for pressing, a cider to
singe your senses. I'll have the
first two glugs alone
just to make sure it's ok for you.

Dickery Avenue 1958

Professor of English, Michael Strelow

Dumped out on the huge black table of Dickery Avenue:
Penelope, Polish, not Greek, undertakes a Georgian revival;
Henry's pink-eye infecting the whole block; some
Stranger with what we learn is an Hungarian accent,
Implies he makes a living in "sales," a term he's picked up
From other immigrants, a term he thinks guarantees him
The status he had in Hungary--"sells, I vork in sells";
A forty-year old woman who might have been Ibsen
In a former life hammers away at something in her attic night after night.

Brilliant birds forged from forsythia bushes in nearly every yard--
Bush tits, juncos, chickadees as points of sound ticking out weather;
The circles drawn tight in seasons, holidays, deceased pets, re-pointed
Chimneys, stitches in puckered canvas drawn in raw circles.
The circle barked by gravity to see what its heft is,
Made expertly of faulty stuff: of windows too filthy
To see through. Dust moted up in each eye waiting
Henry's plague. Accent that brands itself as seconds.
A slit throat smile--
The rarest and bravest--she lights up the attic with the fire of blood.

The Telephone Lineman's Rash

Professor of English, Michael Strelow

Mine is a skill-job, like Samson's--
No TV rights to sell, no sinking fund, no producer's gross.
And then there's this rash,
Some second-hand disease that can't
Make up its mind where to settle.

From the ladder I see
stone lanterns spaced evenly along the walk,
The vine-maples turning electric red,
Wired trunk to trunk reaching under the firs.

A woman's voice breaks in: "I'm just asking if you'll
Ever come home because out there you'll never be at home.
Come home!" And then a pause, a man's voice:
"Many of our neighbors have bladder conditions,
And nephritis. Now, do you expect me to believe
That all this is just coincidence week after week?
Who do you think you're talking to, damn you?"
And quieter then, a woman who identifies herself
As Maisy, though I can remember knowing
Only one Maisy in my life and this
Couldn't be her for a number of
Very good reasons, a woman calling
Herself this Maisy person recites
The Apostle's Creed in a hokey Indian accent.
Who wants to know exactly what? is what I say.

So, this skill job day by day in the
Indicator species vine-maples, a rash I can't beat
Though I've been from cornstarch on up to
High tech cortisone stuff. I install telephone
Wires above the even lanterns,
Lantern to lantern to lantern. The dust
Stays down and as regular as moon.

Letter to St. Jerome

ANONYMOUS

When Chris found out I was coming, he put me in charge of cooking. His girlfriend, Eve, just sort of brought it up on the way over. You could tell she wasn't afraid to say it, which sort of made me feel good. I mean it bugs the hell out of me when people try to sneak little favors on you, like you aren't going to notice or something.

Anyway, being in charge of cooking was more like a favor than a chore. Cooks don't have to do all that small talk. They just get to stand around in the kitchen and look really productive and tell people that everything will be ready in a matter of minutes and that sort of stuff.

But there was another reason that I was kind of looking forward to cooking. I was sort of facilitating this partially ignorant and partially crazy scheme that this Chris guy sort of threw at me. I mean I love it when people sort of impose their own social rules on other people -- like putting someone that you've only met once and that can hardly make spaghetti in charge of cooking at your own damn party. I still don't understand what in the hell he was thinking.

As it turned out, Eve and this Patrick guy were going to help me, which made me feel better. I mean it would have been one hell of a dinner if I had to cook all of that stuff alone. I won't even go into that.

So we got started and Eve kept on asking me all these questions about how long we should cook the eggplant and how long she should put the potato in the microwave for and all of that. I sure as hell didn't know. So I kept on turning the question back on her. But then she kept turning it back on me until I broke down and answered. I mean I felt kind of like I was changing her beliefs around or something when I told her stuff. I mean I told her to microwave the potato for a minute forty-seven. I didn't know anything about cooking potatoes. I was just making stuff up. And I

was being real serious about it too, which kind of made me feel worse. But she was serious as hell back at me, so I guess that's how she wanted it.

The other guy helping, Patrick, was one of these real calm guys. I mean this guy was calm as hell. He never fumbled anything. And he got to know you, too, but it's not like he thought about it or anything. I mean he wouldn't really ask too many questions. He would just let you tell him about something that you liked and then smile real nice after. I think he smiled about three times as much as everyone else there, but he was real subtle about it. Like he was always grinning a bit when no one was looking.

Maybe he was amused by the fact that he was the only one that really knew what he was doing in the kitchen. I mean this guy should have been in charge. He could chop about fifty times as fast as me and he kept on checking the noodles and the stir fry and then adding water. He liked to add water. And he always made sure that everything was being cut evenly so that it would cook the same. He asked me questions, too, about where I wanted the vegetables and tofu, but it was only cause he was being nice. I mean this guy knew how to do it all anyway, but I liked that he asked. He just made me feel okay. I guess I can be sort of a wreck sometimes.

Anyway, we had just put the noodles in the pan when these two girls showed up, Meg and Tiffany or something. They had about eighty guys around them about two seconds after they walked in the door. That's probably because, until those two girls showed up, Eve was the only female at the party. I kind of got a kick out of being at a practically-all-male party. I mean everyone was all jocular and whatever the opposite of flirty is, but people still tried to look like they were having a good time.

Anyway, these girls had their hair all done up and Chris told his dad that they were "real knockouts". And they were pretty, but they didn't seem that nice. I'm not saying they weren't, but it didn't seem like they were. But they weren't staying, which made me feel a whole lot better.

While the girls were still there, which as you might guess was the highlight of the evening for about ninety percent of the guys, Eve kept on leaving the kitchen and talking to them. I mean she was supposed to take care of the potato, but she just microwaved it and left it there. And I think that's about the only thing she did do. Her job was to cut it in eighths. She said she would. But she didn't even do that.

Anyway, we finished cooking dinner, and Eve kept

going on and on about how she didn't really help at all and that she was sorry about that. I mean she kept on apologizing and all and really all she needed to do was to get some forks and knives for the guys in the dining room. So I asked her if she would do that but she sort of got distracted along the way. So Patrick ended up getting everything. He wasn't sour about it or anything, but you could tell he noticed. He ended up bringing out the eggplant too, which was nice because I didn't know how in the hell to serve it. He pretty much made the party happen if you think about it.

When we brought the food out to the dining room, it sort of interrupted one of these deep question board games that the guys were playing, but most of them didn't seem to mind putting it away. Then everyone started holding hands in a circle for the grace and it got real quiet. Everyone got all embarrassed or something because no one knew what to do. Then someone noticed how Chris was in the bathroom and so everyone just sort of dropped hands, like they couldn't all hold hands anymore. Now that kind of bothered me to tell you the truth. I mean people didn't really want to be holding hands in the first place.

But sure enough, when Chris came back, everyone grabbed hands again. And it was quiet as hell right before Chris started talking, and he sort of noticed the silence but he tried not to. And he told us that we were going to do one of these graces where you go around in a circle and everyone has a go at saying something. It was a good idea, but nobody said anything worthwhile really. I mean I mentioned how good of a year I had, which was pretty much what everyone said. I mean it was kind of embarrassing. I guess I didn't really know what else to say.

But Patrick did. It was his turn right after mine and he just said "pass." Calm as hell. It wasn't like he was ruining the grace or trying to run it or anything, he just passed, and the next guy went on like normal. And nobody noticed. I mean they just kept on going around until it got back to Chris. Then everyone sat down to eat. I mean it really got to me the way he just stuck that right in there.

And I kept on thinking about that during dinner and how maybe I would say something that Patrick would remember. But at the beginning of dinner, I didn't have much of a chance to say anything at all since the first half of dinner was eaten in mostly silence. I mean there were all of these long pauses in conversation. Everyone had their heads down just eating their own food, trying to avoid any sort of eye contact or anything. It sort of cracked me up really. It's supposed

to be a party and no one even wants to say anything. But I was hungry, so I did the same.

And I ate so fast that I finished way before anyone was even close to done. And when I looked up from my plate to see if I could get seconds on stir-fry, Eve was sort of staring at me across the table like I was supposed to start a conversation or something. She actually did this quite a few times during dinner. I just sort of shrugged. I mean I didn't know what she wanted to talk about.

But eventually people got to talking and conversation built on top of itself, until everyone was split into little factions, talking real loud about the things that they always talk about. I didn't mind it much because it helped to distract attention from the fact that we didn't make enough food for everyone. I mean I was starving, and there was nothing left. And I'd bet you about fifty dollars that about half the people in the room were in a similar predicament. I guess I assumed Patrick would have known if we were doing something wrong there in the kitchen. Anyway, I just ended up having about five chocolates and some tea for dessert, and that kind of filled me up.

After the dinner conversation simmered down, that board game came back out. It must've been one of these guys' heart and soul because everyone at the table seemed so uptight and all. I mean the game was one of these show-your-friends-your-real-self deals, but I wouldn't have expected any one of the guys sitting at the table to share more than about their address. But these guys apparently loved it.

So one of these guys read the rules off, and it became clear to me that I would rather have just washed the dishes or walked the dog or something. That was the other thing. The dog. You should have seen her. She was black and kept on searching around under the table during dinner. And she was extra nosy when the chocolate came out, too. I didn't even know dogs liked chocolate.

Anyway, this is how the game worked. One person asked a question off one of the cards, while everyone else wrote their answers down. And then the one person got everyone's answers read to him and he had to try to match the answers with the people at the table. Like I said, the questions were supposed to be real personal and all of that. But half the time they just about made me sick. I mean these guys could stomach the game since the questions were about stuff that didn't matter anyway.

And I could tell you about all the dumb things that were asked, but all I really want to tell you about is this

thing that happened during this one question: "How old is the oldest person you know?" Listen to that question. It's horrible. Who even cares? In any case, the answer-reading guy read the numbers off real quick at first: 87, 92, 82, etc., until he got to this one answer. He couldn't understand what the heck was written. So he showed it to me because I was sitting next to him. And the handwriting was quite illegible, but you could kind of see that it was supposed to say "thank you." I loved it. I mean someone just answered "thank you" to the stupidest question in the world. And after the round was over, I found out that it was Patrick's answer. I just about died. I mean that guy's way more than just calm. I mean really think about it. It made a lot of sense and everyone else sort of just laughed it off, but I thought I could really see what he was getting at. And I kept on thinking about it for the rest of the night.

And then it was almost midnight so everyone abandoned the game for another party, where they could watch the ball drop in the Time Square on TV or something.

I mean this whole New Year's thing is really whacked out and it's so engrained in everyone's head. I mean I bet you out of ten thousand people, only about two or three of them could actually imagine not having a New Year's party. I mean two or three. And those guys probably really get a good laugh at everything that does happen. They probably record the New Year's broadcasts about every year, just so they can watch them in June together. I mean think of all that confetti and everyone all juiced up. I bet whoever does do that gets a royal kick out of it. Everyone all crazy and bundled up in the middle of the June. I mean it makes me kind of laugh a little just thinking about it. Anyway, all I'm saying is that everyone left to another party except Patrick, who went home to go to bed.

I was kind of tired too, but I was staying at Chris's house, so I had to go with him and Eve and another guy up to watch the Space Needle because there were fireworks that were gonna go off. I sort of walked by myself on our way to this park with a view, and I kept on thinking about what would happen if I started answering "Thank you" to everything. I mean even multiple choice tests. I guess the tricky thing about it would be that it'd be hard not to sound like a smart aleck all the time. But I think that you could do it if you really thought about it. I mean it wouldn't be impossible.

And then I started thinking about how everyone was always saying that things were impossible or wrong and that got me to thinking about this theory that I

came up with when I was younger. I mean I never really talked about it because I always thought that people would hate the theory or try to tell me what science had to say about it. I mean it's not even scientific. But I was scared as hell to tell people about it. Anyway, the theory was that everyone's the absolute best at something. I mean the absolute best. For example, someone is the number one best at breathing or breathing in gyms or breathing in gyms while eating ice cream or having the slowest growing hair or having the fastest growing hair. I mean the categories wouldn't necessarily be important or useful. They would just be categories. And there would be about an infinite number of them because there would be a category for everything imaginable and everything unimaginable. I mean the best part would be that some people's talent would be in a category that no one's ever even heard of. Maybe something that humans don't even know about yet. But they would still be the best at it, it's just that no one would ever really make a big deal out of it or something. I mean even right now this thing seems to make a lot of sense.

But the idea's not all that original. I probably just got it from reading all those world record books. That doesn't make it not true, though. I mean those books kind of prove it in a way -- they just have too small of a scope. Anyway, one day when I was thinking about the theory I got sort of confident or brave or something and I told my mom about it. I told her how I thought that everyone was the best at something. I was seven I think. She thought it was some lovey-dovey thing that I was regurgitating from the walls of my elementary. And I explained to her that I was not trying to be nice. I was serious. I was talking about a fact of the world. She is the best. I am the best. I mean everyone.

And she didn't even consider it. She changed the subject. It kind of broke my heart, really.

So an instant after I told my mom about that theory, I decided that I would save my other theory from being screwed over. I mean I wouldn't ever tell anyone about it, unless it was the right person. This was serious stuff back then and it kind of makes me laugh that I hadn't thought about it for so many years. Even though these are just theories, this stuff's a part of me. I mean it'll probably stay with me till I can't remember anything anymore.

My other theory was that everyone has the same number of heartbeats. Like there is an actual number, like a million or something. And people who die young, use up all of their heartbeats in about the last second or two of their life. Their heart just pounds

about a hundred thousand times in a second and everyone else just has a different rate or gets stressed out more or less, so they die at different times. I mean it's a theory. It's not like I was sure it was true or anything, but I just thought that maybe it was. And I guess I still think it might be true. I mean I don't know. I don't have any facts against it. Plus it kind of brings everyone together in this way that's subtle as hell. And that really makes me feel something.

Anyway, I made sure that I never told my mom about it and I promised myself that if I could trust someone enough I'd probably tell it to him or her. Or maybe I would just tell God about it. I mean God's probably pretty open about that kind of stuff.

I thought about it some more, and I thought about how tonight at dinner I should have stopped the conversation and told everyone my theory. I'd be completely dead pan about it. Everyone would probably hate it. They'd probably all smile and nod and say, "That's quite an idea" or "Where'd you read that?" Which, of course, would either put me in hysterics or just make me not talk for a while. But I guess it could have killed one of those silences. And it might've also made Eve look to someone else for dinnertime chatter.

Either way, it got me thinking about how I'll know if I told my theory to the right person. I mean if the person doesn't even flinch or think about it, but just throws one of his or her theories of the world right back at me, then that's the right person. It's someone that I would probably want to go with to Dairy Queen and sort of just shoot the breeze almost all of the time. I mean that would be someone that I could really believe in.

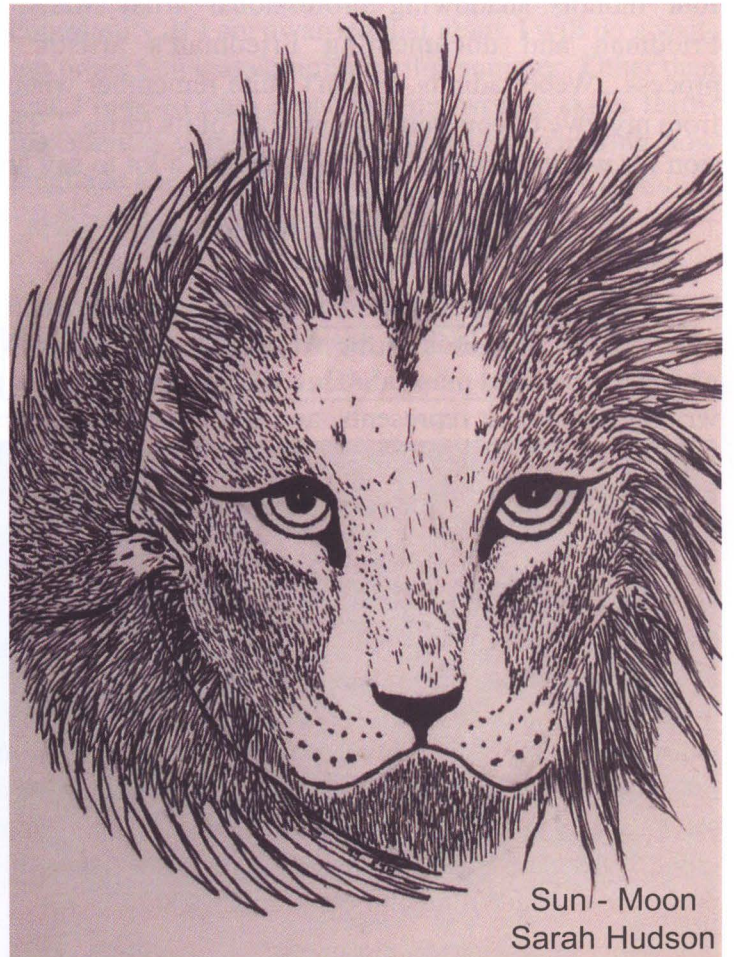
Anyway, we were about at the top of the hill, so I started walking a little closer to Chris and Eve and the other guy. You could start to see the Space Needle. It was all lit up. There was a crowd of people at the top, all waiting for the fireworks to go off. I wasn't really a big fan of all of the people. And I thought about how if this girl that I kind of fell in love with was with me -- she's back at home right now -- we'd have probably just left before the fireworks went off. We'd go to some street bench and talk about how cold our hands were or something like that. I don't know. Sometimes that stuff makes everything worthwhile.

I guess I wasn't really much company. The three others started talking about resolutions and goals and all that. I mean all I wanted really was just to be in a circle and pass for chrissakes. I probably should have asked them if they wouldn't mind going around in a circle and having everyone tell his or her ideas for the coming year. And then I'd have my chance.

I guess I just stood there, though. And the fireworks started going off. And everyone started whooping and hollering and yelling stuff. I sort of didn't think it was that great. I wasn't depressed or anything, I just didn't think the fireworks were anything to write home about. They're kind of too much really.

I mean I wish that the holidays were more like the rest of the year. Like people just let things happen. You know, they would go about their business as usual, and everything would look normal as hell. And the special holiday tradition would be that everyone's keeping a careful eye out for something nice, like a bunch of light shining on some old gum on the pavement and that would be it. And then people would get all excited about their own little holiday, and maybe they would show each other or talk about it or just keep it to themselves if they wanted to. I probably'd just draw a picture of whatever my holiday was and then pin it to my wall. I mean I wouldn't sleep with it or anything. It'd just be close, that's all.

I told the others about all of this, but they didn't really care much. They just sort of shrugged. I mean all I really wanted was for the holidays to be different. But then the fireworks were over. And a whole bunch of smoke was left. And that's pretty much it.

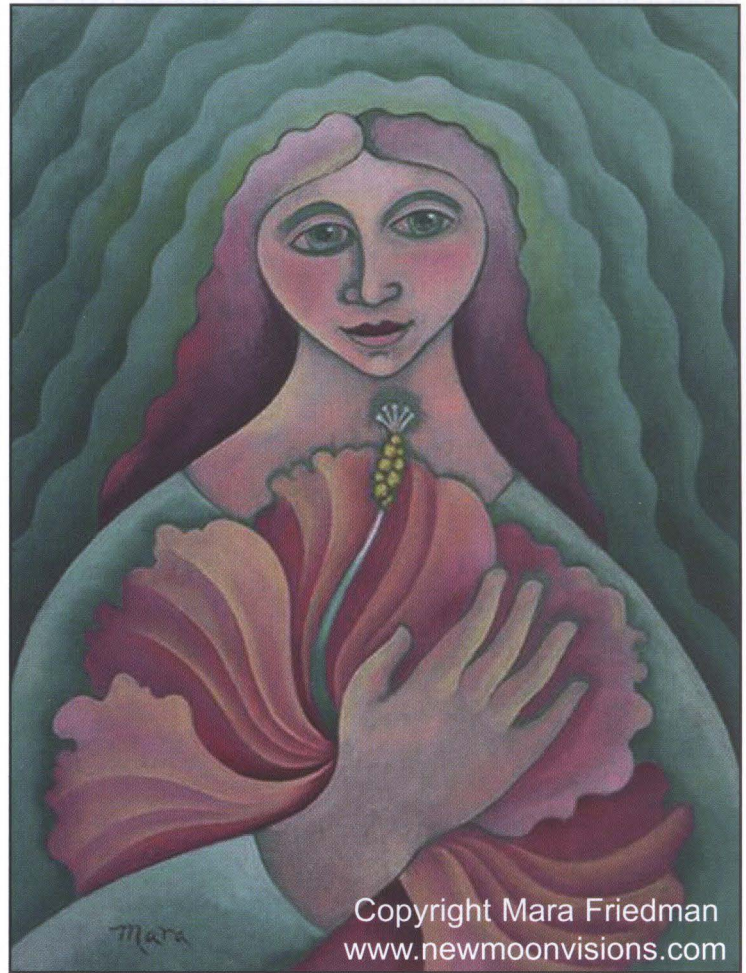


Sun - Moon
Sarah Hudson

The Artist's Life

Writer Crystal Weber explores artistry and vocation.

In May 2003, English and Comparative Literature double-major Crystal Weber began her greatest writing endeavor yet. After being awarded a Lilly Grant, which funds student research and creative projects related to the exploration of a vocation, Weber spent four months shadowing professional artist Mara Friedman and documenting Friedman's artistic process. Weber admits, "I can't quite remember when my interest in writing began, but I imagine it stemmed from my love of communication in all of its forms." Though this blossoming writer may not know when her passion for writing started, she certainly has a lot to say about how her artistic interests have evolved.



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THE CHRYSALIS I take it you like to write?

CRYSTAL I am interested in writing as I am interested in many things. For me, it is a way to explore how I and others think, feel, look at the world, interact and grow. I am interested in most forms of expression: visual, written, verbal, and musical. However, since doing this project, I have a specific interest in the role of nonfiction writing and how it represents, and sometimes misrepresents, reality. The idea of perception is of great interest to me, such as the way that perceptions shape the world around us and how our perceptions are put into writing to be perceived by others.

THE CHRYSALIS What exactly did your Lilly Project involve?

CRYSTAL I spent last summer interviewing, shadowing, and writing about Mara Friedman, a professional artist in the Eugene area. From tape recorded interviews with her and her husband and observations of my time living with her -- I spent several weeks there over the course of the summer -- I compiled a biographical piece of writing that focused on her development as an artist, her artistic calling, her struggles and successes, her work, its influence, her themes, subjects, inspiration, etc. The work was broken down into four parts: a biography with stories based at various stages of her life, a section on her teaching, one on her art, and one dedicated to twenty-eight of her paintings. The entire work came to about 130 pages of text and twenty pages of pictures and was presented to the Willamette community last fall.

THE CHRYSALIS What inspired you to propose and carry out this huge writing endeavor?

CRYSTAL I have a deep love and respect for both the written and visual arts and see them as powerful tools of expression, release, and exploration. I also had a yearning to examine the idea of vocation and calling and, in doing so, explore my own vocational leanings, my own future dreams and interests.

THE CHRYSALIS Any memorable or special insights into the life of an artist and the artistic process?

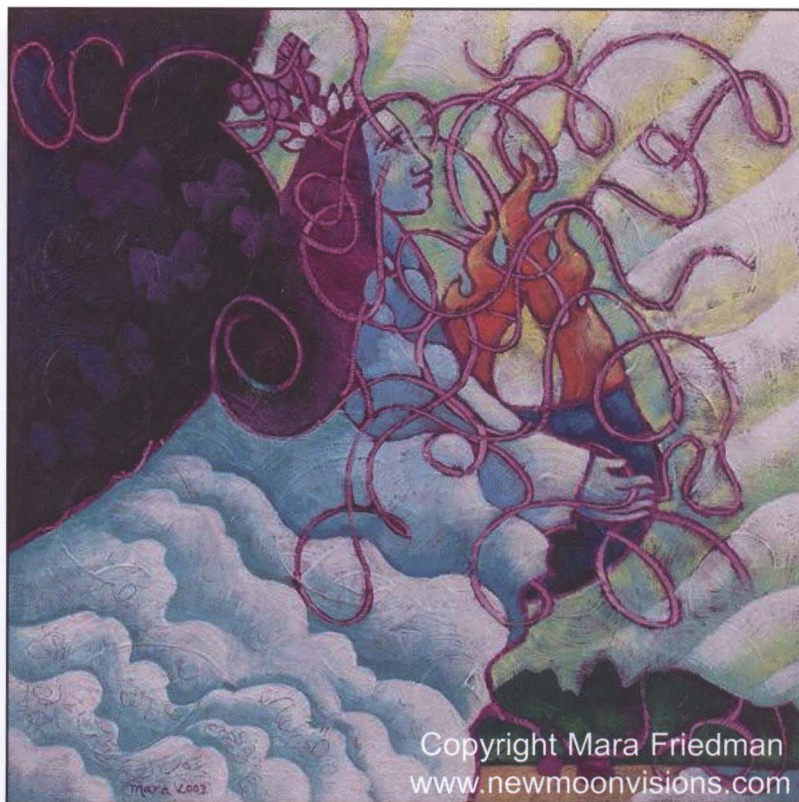
CRYSTAL I think that my main insights were not so much about art as about life and the process and development of one's personal journey. I am often concerned by my lack of certainty about my future, but in studying and writing about Mara's life and process, it really brought home to me that I don't have to have it figured out now. Mara didn't start doing art professionally until her mid 30's. More important than a set idea or plan for the future is an openness to the various opportunities in life, a willingness to take risks and break from old patterns, and a faith in inner voices and intuition. These are lessons I am still learning, but this project is a frequent reminder to me.

THE CHRYSALIS What have been your other experiences with writing and the arts?

CRYSTAL My Lilly Grant project with Mara has been my biggest writing endeavor to date. In school I focus on essays and that sort of writing. I also write poetry from time to time, and I've attempted, but never really gotten into, short story writing. Of course, I've worked with *The Chrysalis* and as a consultant in Willamette University's Writing Center.

THE CHRYSALIS Do you have any special future plans?

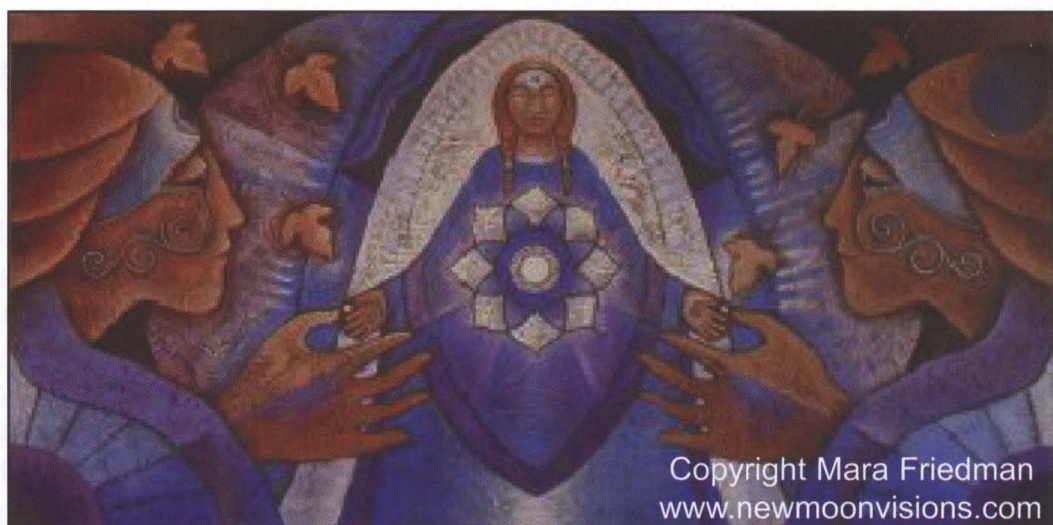
CRYSTAL I am not totally sure as to my future plans. It is possible that I may look



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into revising and attempting to publish my biography of Mara at a future date, although I am not sure about this. I also have applied for a Carson Grant this year to do a project in Northern Scotland on an international community. If I am awarded that grant, I will do a writing project on that community this summer. Other than that, I hope to keep expanding my writing skills, learning about a variety of new styles and exploring how language and life interact.

The Chrysalis thanks Ms. Mara Friedman for allowing her art to be displayed.



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WHOLE

Erik S. de Bie

I'm not a whole man, just like my buddy Rich. Ghosts like me see right through Rich, see right through his feigned self, and most people don't see him at all. Everyone ignores him, and I'm in just the same predicament.

It's hard to live your life as an empty man. You grow up sad, dejected, friendless. No one knows your name.

"Thomas, why do you feel so sorry for yourself? Suck it up and be a man," Rich says to me, but he's just hiding the emptiness inside him. He can't take it, so he lashes at me. I call him Dick.

The girls walked by me one day. "Hi Christie, hi Michelle, hi Steffie, hi Liz, hi Anna." Dick did nothing. They all passed by as though they didn't see me at all. Rich shook his head, and I hit the bastard upside the head. "Stupid Dick," I said. "You didn't say anything. Shut the hell up."

One day we went to Albertson's. Wandering the aisles, the eye travels over the bottles of Merlot and Chardonnay without interest. Since turning legal, I've lost all interest in buying alcohol. They still card me, even when Rich is buying it for himself, just 'cuz I'm there. Sons of bitches. I wonder where they get off doing that. Do they card little kids when their moms buy six packs?

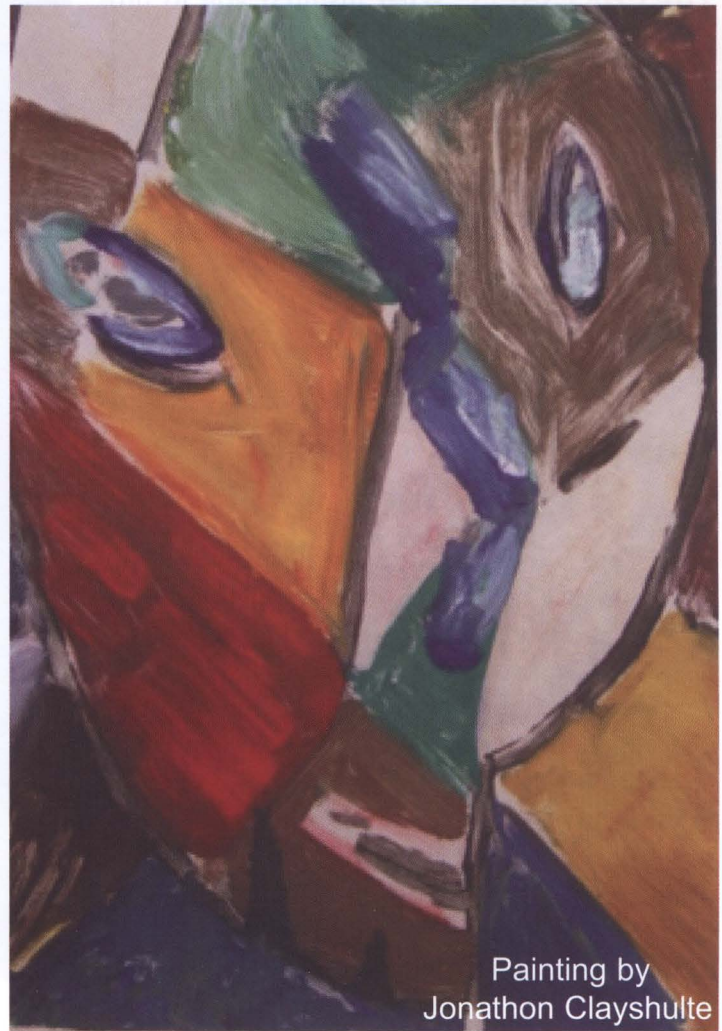
"Thomas, I don't want to go," Rich said. To Albertson's. He's always such a pussy.

"Why, you pansy girl?" I snapped. He's so stupid it makes me tired.

"Christie'll probably be there," he explained simply, as though that was all the explanation he needed. He hardly talks to real women-he looks at porn. I do too, but only when he does.

"Not again," I said. "Look, I'm tired of being ignored. Grow up. Try some real interaction."

We had to wander past old man Samson's



Painting by
Jonathon Clayshulte

house. He had a mullet of all things, and a pet snake. Rich had heard him referred to as "Crazy Snake Man," but he thinks that just comes from a TV show some where. I don't give a flying sexual-act, most of all since I hadn't heard it or seen it. Samson's dog-a giant Doberman named Cuddles-barked at us with an inflection that hinted he wanted to digest our entrails. He has a sign: "Trespassers will be Cuddled."

"But, Thomas, you're not real," Rich said. He was always putting me down to deal with his own insecurities.

"Don't start that crap again." I shrugged him off. "I'm feeling horny. I want to get laid tonight."

Albertson's is kind of the hangout place, besides Denny's. There are places to go in town-restaurants, parks, even a defunct youth center-but Lilton is so boring that teens and twenty-something's get depressed and dejected and congregate to bland, banal holes in the walls, like this dump. They put in a new Safeway ten years ago, but I've never been.

We were about to go in, but then some guy

touched me on the shoulder. I whirled, causing my trench coat to whip like a black cape. Rich didn't even look up, just shook his head.

My assailant was a six-foot black man with hair like a sculpted bush-tree and some serious necklaces. He was dressed in mostly white, yellow, and pinks, which I thought was odd until I made the obvious conclusion, that he was gay. I don't know if I was right.

"What the hell are you doing, you moron?" I asked him. Wish I'd had my knife with me. "You want some change? You want my body? Piss off." Rich shivered.

He shook his head. "You're heading in there for the wrong reasons," he said. His voice was a bass rumble. "I wouldn't do that. Don't worry, don't think about it, just leave people alone, like they've always done on your behalf." He wore a headdress like a halo, gold inlaid, and necklaces like Mr. T from years ago. I thought he had wings-I wonder if he wanted to enfold me.

"You're surprisingly eloquent for a wino," I said. I wanted to hit him, but my body wouldn't respond. "Why don't you go hump a pole somewhere? Where we can't see? Let's go, Dick."

"It won't end well," the man said. "If you contradict yourself, you'll have to face the truth."

"What are you supposed to be, some kind of angel?" I asked. "I see, leave them alone because they leave me alone... that's because I'm not there. I think therefore I'm not. Yet."

"C'mon, Thomas," Rich said. "Be reasonable. Let's go home. I want to sleep."

"Screw that," I said. I flipped off the big man with the bad hair, turned, and stomped off.

"Your funeral," the black man angel said. "See you soon." He turned and disappeared.

"Was that a good idea?" Rich asked. "These weirdoes... some of them seem friendly enough. At least he acknowledged you." Passive-aggressive Dick.

"Unlike Christie?" I asked just to watch him squirm. I amuse myself doing that. "You're right, Dick: the world blows, but that's the beauty of it! I revel in its emptiness."

We walked into Albertson's. Just as I'd expected, Christie, Jimmy and the faceless others were there.

Christie's a high school student, captain of the cheerleading team, very hot, particularly in different poses. She's rich, since she charges high prices, and



Painting by
Jonathon Clayshulte

she does crack. Jimmy's her boyfriend, former captain of the football team. Stink around town was that they'd gotten pregnant and that's why they were still together, even after her abortion. That would explain it, since he was a complete loser, which I was about to demonstrate.

I was so tired of being empty and looked over. These pop-culture dead heads were so stupid I would probably kill myself shortly after saying hello. But sometimes we just need to hang out and moo with the rest of them. First, Jimmy.

I walked in to the magazine section, which was where they all were-the unattached ones browsing Cosmo, Maxim, and other porn or making out in the back-and laid Jimmy low with a single punch to the throat. He went down, coughing, and I promptly kneed him in the chest. He rolled on the ground, moaning in choking pain. Cool. I didn't even kick him in the part of his body that shared his name, albeit plural.

Everything seemed normal. The others' activities weren't even disrupted in the least. Rich shuffled to the end of the row and pretended to read PC Gamer.

"Oh, you're so strong! So great!" Christie shouted, planting a kiss on my face. I could feel a warmth growing in my nether regions and knew we were going to have sex right then and there. Jimmy rolled and shuffled out, giving me angry looks. Poser. I was happy, content, sure.

This was where strange things started happen-

ing.

Then the doors flew open and two Arabs rushed in. I could tell by their complexion, not dress. They were wearing the homogenizing Abercrombie and Fitch, like Christie's gym shorts, which had her name on her butt. One rushed into our midst and waved a 9 mm in our faces, while the other rushed to the registers. He was carrying a bomb. I had a bio teacher from Iran once, and they sounded like him. I wonder if they were related.

Something about disrupting Western culture, I imagined. I only wondered how they'd correctly guessed it would be Lilton's Albertson's. Damned. I hope they didn't get to Denny's.

Lilton's... Albertson's... Denny's... what? Did they have something we didn't?

He pointed the gun, and the only choice was to follow the age-old maxim running through our heads-"don't piss off an Arab." Everyone raised hands, though it wasn't to answer a question-everyone, that is, except me. I was in the midst of an Existential moment.

I exist, and make myself be what I will be. I don't have to give in to this. I won't have any part of dying. I'm going to run through life and jump over every hurdle and through every hoop, perfectly, so that I won't die. God is dead. No predestination. Nothing controls me. You don't own me! I can flip off the man in the chair. I exist outside of reality. I'm strong, great. Christie only recognized it-she didn't make it so by saying it.

The rational and irrational merge in a new dawn.

I leaped in slow motion and kicked the gun out of the terrorist's hand and swatted him like a fly. My trench coat flew behind me like a devil's wings. My fist sprouted claws and I tore his face in half with a single swipe. He flew away, smashing a display case of dead watches and clocks. I noticed Rich was cowering, hands over his ears and a soundless scream on his lips.

I flew at the bomber as though in a game, and demolished him with a glance. I snatched up the bomb and flashed out the door. I flew into the air, a black streak. I felt that the world was very Matrix-style, and I knew I'd done my idol proud (and I don't mean Keanu, though the Matrix thing is purposeful). I flew up, bearing it away from the people I cared about-well, not Dick.

15. 14. Here we go. 13. Getting higher. 12. Even higher. 11. 10. The explosion could hurt Lilton. 9. Didn't really care, though. 8. I wonder what Christie feels like. 7. Almost time to throw it. Relief. 6. Dick sucks. Don't care. 5. Ok... three seconds before I throw...

Some terrorist had set it to explode at 4 seconds. Discourteous.

"EEEEEEEEYYYYYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGG GGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

* * * * *

The patient, clad in an open-backed gown, lies twisted and atrophied, never having left the bed. He's severely mentally handicapped. A little bit of drool slips down his pasty white cheek to touch his pillow. A tiny blip on his heart monitor is a drop of blood in a bronze bedpan. "Any change?" a pretty nurse asked her partner, Rose. Rose shakes her head and wipes the spittle away. "Never. His mother shoulda known better. That's crack-hos for you."

They left, and the patient's mouth curled into a smile as he dreamed.

Richard Thomas was never whole, except for his whole life.



Painting by Jonathon Clayshulte

Wet Dream - A Sestina Gone Awry

Dan Davy

At eight, my life was Narnia-
a jumbled fantasy of reality
designed by my parents' voices. Like druids,
they hummed stories, unfolded the unseen givens
of life in bookform for me, availed
me the inflections of their voices, my mind an agar

for their nightly spinnings. I was a dry rag
tossed in a swimming pool. I recall winter rains
spent idle before the new TV alive
with the sounds and motion. There
seemed no end to entertainment, but commercials angered
my father, so our run

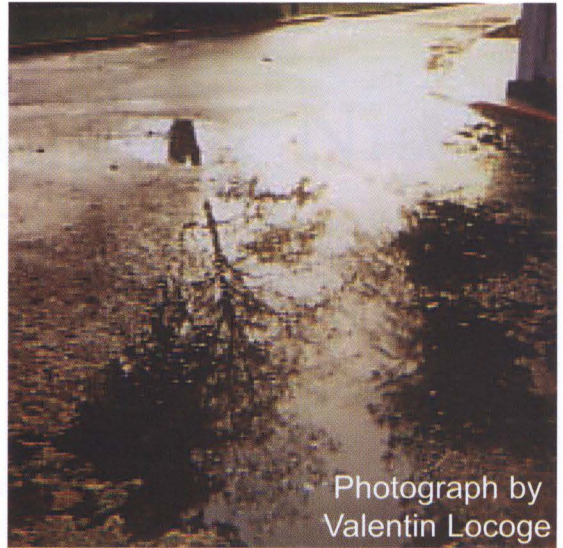
with the TV ended at a garage sale. Understand,
though, that despite my deficit in cartoon knowledge, my angst
at missing Looney Tunes reruns was largely
lost in seas of brushstrokes by Van Gogh, Monet, Derrain.
You see, my parents dealt me an art book and some paints and lathered
me in the unpixeled wonders of colorism, form, and pattern. Above

All others, though, I apotheosized Klimpt. His shallow avalanches
of golds and blacks, of soft orange-cheeked
nudes were so deep and otherworldly
That the carnalities they contained became rune-like
to me, Rosetta glyphs, yet solvable. So I trained
all my energies towards his designs, angled

most my waking thoughts toward his Kiss on my ceiling. Gravely
I untwisted this talismanic union of lips until it became more enviable
than perplexing, this craning of necks towards a moist terrain.
I yearned for that wetness to swallow my lips-they were dunes
in those days, thirsty as Death Valley sage.
Fragile rose fragments, a breeze could break them, those ethereal,

sensitive lips of my youth. But three
sand-box wandering dervishes overflowed them and delivered me revelation
regarding the facets of Kisses and their glowing
secreties. Three girls, muddied tresses and scraped knees, grabbed me bravely
one late winter recess and doused my mouth with theirs, attuned
me instantly to the heart-flutter, the startling

squawks, the lather shaped in kisses. This avalanche
of angels and lips and spit swept me under
its elbowing blanket and wetter fantasies replaced those of Narnia.



Photograph by
Valentin Locoge



Photograph by
Lucas Hernandez

Moon

Dan Davy

Among manzanita shadows goes
an old garter snake,
wispings upwards
under the crackling eaves
of fallen leaves.

It weaves itself into
the scent of ceaseless decomposition,
a rapier flowing uphill,

a rubber tube whose
red and yellow scales have rubbed away with heat and friction-
bright flecks in dirt.

At the hillcrest
the old garter stops,
slender body curved moonlike
in silence,
immersed in the blown rhythm
of summer burnt grass.

Where it remained,
maggots ate its flesh,
flies sowed their young
raccoons gnawed its bones,
and blades of grass plumed moonward.

*Sizzling hot chicken
Bubbling glasses of champagne
Moonlight meal for two.*

~Carol-Ann Tyler

Surface Tension

Dan Humphrey

In the rock
A pool of rain collects, reflects
The leaf pressed into its skin
Like a knife against my neck.

Shadows crowd for rippling entrance,

Dark stars map Dao
And I wonder what colors lie
Beneath these boundaries.

When one chooses to cross,
Blood scarlet drops
Cloud the view. From the pew
We pray for a glimpse,
A moment of partial submersion
When death chills the hollow spine
But does not extinguish the spark
Inside.

Instead, we get nothing
Except remembrance of the leaf
Atop a moonlit pool
Before it sank
Leaving

Life.

Love Bugs Another Night With You

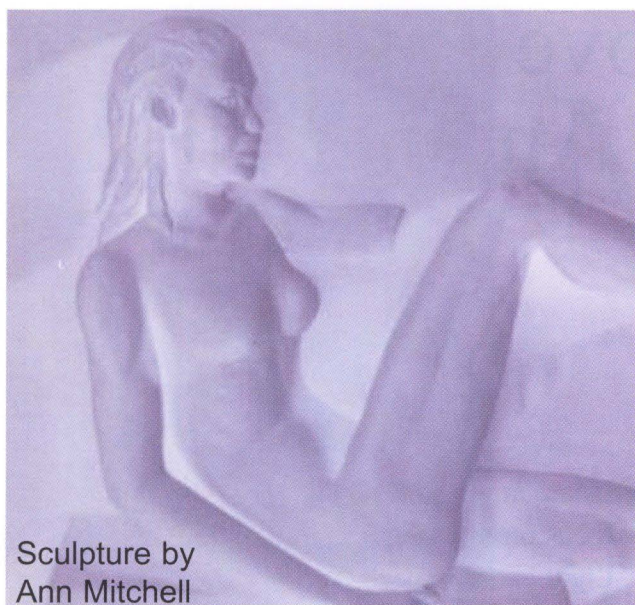
Dan Humphrey

I stare at your face,
focus on its present glow.
Light caresses each freckle
I have kissed and cackles
at my weak will. It's desire
I trap within, which eats me
apart.

I watch your mouth open.
It releases tiny words that
fly around my ears-
buzz my attention to conversation.
Your talk has not changed
your ways seem the same,
I fear you but love you
despite the pain.

This eternal seventh chord
you're pounding into
my melody, never resolves.
I try to ignore it, but
your words bite my skin.
One continues to suck my life
As I swat in hope of catching it
for later dissection.

Small splat I slide
into my pants pocket.
Now I secretly examine your every nook.
Another night with you is over, gone forever,
and here this dead bug still smiles.
He laughs where my blood
smears the page.



Sculpture by
Ann Mitchell

The stick of Butter flies

Erik S. de Bie

Finding You

Michael Robinson

Kissing my eye, your shadowed
outline dances seductively
to the rhythmical melodies
of lustful desire. The steam of your shape
floats through the mass of heated bodies.

With the slightest intention you pull me close, yet I
put up the weakest rebuttal
my vigorously beating heart
allows. I want to hear the stories
of your life, discover the person
you claim to be. Again I'm too eager.
You whisper to calm me.

As our bodies move together in harmony,
I fail to feel the stranger you once were.
We compliment each other
like the remaining petals of the plumeria
boasted by your right ear.
Have I known you for five years
or just five minutes?

It is all a blur.
Smiles mimicking those
Of the giggling hyena.
Let me hold you close
and kiss you, like you first did
to find me.

I slip while baking A
batch of cookies and the stick of Butter
flies straight through the air-like a Fly
but without the little wings, that Is
it-through the open window, A
shock it is, flies out of my Hand
and out into the beyond, Some
place which I cannot see to a Creature,
like the red dog I can only find Most
of the time, who's in my yard of Delicate
emerald grass, dispossessed weeds And
bright red roses with thorns, the flowers Pure
crimson though studded with thorns Of
nihil malice born-Elegant
yes, a defense Form.

Everything is Actual

Mikey Inouye

Jeremy walked toward the water fountain,
and the clouds were moving fast that day.

Kevin kissed Lisa on the lips-

Lisa, with light brown hair

Lisa, with the eyes whose

color is as solid as hard

candy, Lisa, who calls

Jeremy at three

in the morning

to pretend that she's got issues, Lisa,

whose got a nose that can be flattened

with the tip of a finger, Lisa,

who eats her ice cream

the way a small dog

licks condensation

off a glass of water,

Lisa, who wears tight

tank tops every day-

he felt her glancing quickly through

the kiss that he could hear as he

passed them by, while her eyes

filled him with the emerald

in them until she looked

away, at the same time

that Katie dropped her science book-

Jeremy bent down to pick it up,

and Katie smiled at him-

her dimples make her

eyes look like they're

squinting at the sun,

Katie, whose irises

exude a quiet sadness,

Katie, who sips all beverages

timidly through a straw,

Katie, who lost 20 pounds

in the last two months,

Katie, who bought

green contacts-

and though her smile shrunk her eyes,

Jeremy still took notice-

and then it came to him,

how everything's just so

fucking funny:

the way a bird by Katie's feet hopped over
a rolling pencil, the way the happy
voices of a hundred people made the air
feel humid, the way a passing gust blew
the voices to the ground where the dead
leaves danced around each other till the gust
fell away, the way the quiet girl sat to

the side, listening to all the others standing
by the benches talking of pointless things as
she formulated silent judgments in her head,
the way the guys under the tree talked shit to
each other after having learned to maintain
their friendships through an exchange
of constant verbal abuse-

the way that Katie touched his hand so softly,
the way that Jeremy felt his throat constricting,
the way a feather flitted between their faces,
the way the feather continued off, astray,
the way the clouds moved fast that day

the students were actually there,

the grass was actually there,

the sky was actually there,

and it was all so strangely

clear-it twisted every

vein in his body until

all he could do

was laugh out loud

in complete submission

o the silly business

of everything

while Katie looked at him

wondering what was wrong.

"I'm alright," he said painfully,

glancing at the drab metal fountain,

remembering the days where he and Katie

would take long drinks after recess, half

of it dribbling onto the tan-colored concrete,

the place he told her his love for green eyes,

the place he taught her about immortality,

the place he gave her the choice of picking

between the four faucets encased

in chipped bricks and peeling mortar:

one of which would let her live forever,

she shook her head, with a smile so big,

and said to him:

"I want to be dead, someday."

(everything is actual)

He stared deep into her-

Katie, whose eyes gleamed

false and mortal,

-but aren't we all,

and yet so full

of truth eternal?

He continued to look

for as long as he could,

laughed out loud,

and rolled his eyes,

and cried, and cried,

and cried.

Logical Impossibility

Erik S. de Bie

One day I died
and went to heaven
(of all places)

there I found un-white
Pearly Gates and an
angel told me,

while square circles
floated before my eyes

and perpendicular parallel
lines cut sharpened puff clouds,

how the created universe
was uncreated, and two and
two are five with no
god-emperor saying so,

and God the other day
created a stone far too
heavy for our Lord to lift,

and there was no problem,
no problem at all, coming
from evil.

St. Mike asked me if
I was surprised
to see all these things
without my eyes.

And I replied with "no,
not really,
since-
after all-

here I am."



Photograph by
Lucas Hernandez

*A tribute to Philosophy 388: The Problem of Evil.

Mom's Perfume

Mikey Inouye

won't go away-
she walked in after work to talk,
about anything, I guess.
I think it's the way she's
always smelled-she had
the same qualities when I
was younger.

Back then I'd have her clear
wax out of my ears, even when
there wasn't any in there,
and it was nice, lying down,
being warm, with her q-tips
dancing in my ears,
the fat of mom's
thighs like a pillow,
her skin feeling like
a pile of warm laundry.
I sometimes dreamt of the
warmth in her womb-
she left on business trips often,
and once she was gone for so
long, I crept into her small
closet every night to cry,
letting the leather of her shoes
and the remnants of her on her
clothes nurture me through the
night-and that was sweet,
but I didn't inherit her
sentimentality.

She was quiet for a while,
after I'd said "okay" and
"nothing much," because
everything was okay and nothing
much was going on-but then she
asked if I remembered her
reaching to the back of the car
every night to hold my hand,
and I said "yes I do" but she
kept on about it anyway, and
it was the first time I've
ever told her to shut up.

Lozenges

Ben Wilson

Open up wide, pop, glug
Open up wide, pop, glug

My head lashes to force it down.
Do you like me better on sedatives?
Laxatives, mint flavored antacids?
For every quirk and throb,
Every hack and sob and inflammation
Of the knee.

I'm careful when I twist the childproof top,
Because I'm worried that it'll take
Two of me, and call the doctor
In the morning

But it's so easy to get gobbled
By a bottle of aspirin when my head hurts,
Or take a swim in cough syrup
When I need four hours of sleep.

They should make a pill for wisdom
So that learning would be easy too,
And research one for guilt
So I don't have to feel bad anymore.

Let's all take a pill for world hunger
And two for world peace
And a handful for global warming
And apply a nice soothing cream for terrorism
On our skins.

A pill to fix my problems.
A pill so I can be sane.
A pill so I won't have to be sane.
A pill, another pill.

One tablet on the shelf will save a life
Next to it is a bottle that prevents them.
Band aides and disinfectant huddle
Between them.

I close the cabinet
And beat the mirror in.

a man came to me with a confession

Craig Webster

a man came to me with a confession

he told me that he prayed to god
but did not hear a response
i asked him if he was listening
and he said yes

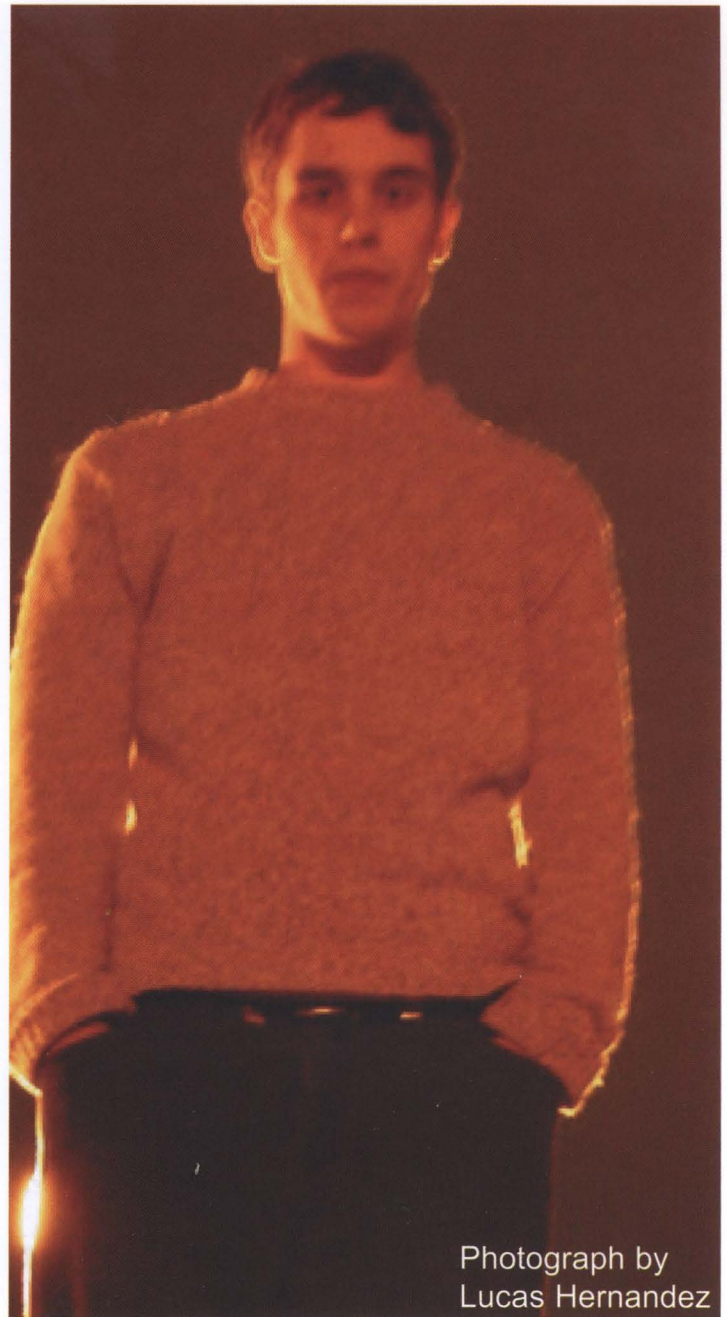
i asked the man what his name was
and he told me about how he climbed
a tall rock and got scared
and thought that someone would have to
call a helicopter but he ended up
climbing down

it just took a while

so i asked the man what he felt
after that experience
and he told me that i was a good man
for listening
a good man for caring
he said that no one out there cares
but not to worry because the change
is happening a transformation something
big

what big thing i asked is going on
he told me about a dream that he had
an intense dream about a drum beating
faster and nearer and louder
something that he wanted to wake up from
but could not
something that he wanted to die from
but could not
he said he was sweating when he awoke
and i asked him if he had had
other dreams like that

he looked away for a moment
he then chuckled to himself
a lot
his chuckle grew to a cackle
something that was a little bit sinister
i smiled reluctantly



Photograph by
Lucas Hernandez

after a while i asked him what
was so funny

he told me that i needed something
he could tell
i needed to finish something that
i have left behind
make things right
and i said okay
and he smiled

he told me that he sat on a park bench
a couple years ago in this
big park in detroit, just kind
of waiting for something to happen
he said that he felt obligated almost

to be there
he could feel it

so he waited and he lost his job
because it was his lunch break
but jobs he said aren't important
when you look at the scheme of things
and i tried to say okay but he
interrupted me
jobs aren't important when you look
at the scheme of things
i stared silently

after it started to get dark
the feeling left him
the angel behind him

did i say there was an angel behind me there was an
angel jeremiah behind me but he told me not to turn

around or be afraid so i said okay and then jeremiah
was silent for a while a long while and it started to get
dark and i thought that jeremiah left the feeling wasn't
there anymore and i was getting cold so i asked jeremi-
ah if it was okay to turn around and i didn't hear a any-
thing so i asked again and once again silence so i turned
around and just as i did i saw a man shoot a pigeon with
a bb gun and all of the other birds flapped away and it
struggled but fell instead and as the man shot he ran
toward where the pigeon was going to land and when
the pigeon flopped and flailed and finally died he tried
to catch that pigeon on the way down but it slipped
from his hands no one likes the sound of dead birds hit-
ting the ground it doesn't hardly make a sound but no
one likes it nonetheless

but when the dead bird hit the ground he
cried
he was old too
and he cried for a long time
and i just watched him there
and the pigeon eventually started
crying too
and after everything had passed
and the man went home
i walked over to the bird and
set my lunch pail down and
cried too.
it was a nice cry,
i cried into the bird for
the world
cried hard
into it
and tried to rationalize

but i could still see the
man's face
sullen with remorse
a pain that will always
stay with me

it's still with me
here in this church

with you

the pain was still with the man

and

after a long silence
with the occasional sudden snuffle

one of the men walked out of the
church and felt better

he felt better
he just felt a little better
that's all

and he saw a bird on his way home

the bird just flew though

the other man was left inside
the church
he felt better now that the man was
gone
now that those thoughts were
on their way out

but he felt better
about the other man too

glad that he had been there
he couldn't explain it
he felt like now he could
really listen

now he could allow for consolation in his heart
he could hear the people's woes
and really hear them
now he was ready for them
he was ready for himself

News of the Day

Chris Icombe

Sitting there, finally alone with myself, I deliberated on what was turning out to be one of the worst days of my life. It was only four in the afternoon though, which still meant another eight hours to go, and one more hurdle to clear. I had to call my mom; that was the real reason I was sitting alone in this chair, out in the middle of the quad, in the gradually darkening sky of an early spring day.

"Yes, this day can still get plenty worse," I thought to myself as I closed my eyes, letting some sort of imaginary light comfort my eyelids.

Looking once more at the time, and then again at the screen of my cell phone, I placed the call, knowing I'd probably get her sometime during her drive home from work.

As I waited for my mom to answer her phone, I tilted my head back against the wooden lawn chair, glancing up at the gray clouds before closing my eyes again.

"Elliot?"

"Hey Mom, how's it going?"

She talked for a few minutes, about her boyfriend, work, and how the war might affect the semiconductor industry.

"How about yourself, everything at school going well?"

"Yeah it's alright, though a bit trying lately to tell the truth."

"Oh? Are you sure you're doing okay then?" It was definitely a motherly sort of concern in her voice, and even if I had wanted to I couldn't have fooled her with my answer.

I opened my eyes up to the sky again, and finding nothing of interest there, turned my attention to a group of kids who had just gotten out of class on the other side of the field. I was almost certain I recognized one of the girls...

"Elliot?"

Yes, I did recognize the girl, and I was beginning to wish I had put off this phone call for another day.

"It's a couple things Mom, or a few things maybe, but I haven't been doing too well lately."

"Not doing well... do you mean with classes, or friends, something else?"

"Classes, and other things too I suppose, but the classes are why I'm calling you."

A cloud was finally breaking somewhere in the sky above, but I couldn't tell where; the girl was keeping my gaze.

"I'm withdrawing from all of my courses this semester, I'm going to get out of here kind of early this year."

She had questions, sometimes accompanied by tears, and I figured that it was understandable, seeing as her only child had just told her that he was effectively dropping out of college. The first question though, and the one which all others would lead from, was "why?"

I wished I could say exactly why this had happened, but I could only speak of circumstances and approximate causes.

"It began last week... I stopped going to classes, and I knew that I probably wasn't going to go this week, or the one after. I'm doing fine with grades, and I like the classes, it's got nothing to do with that. Lately though, I've just felt unsettled, staying up into the early hours of the morning and hardly sleeping at all... I'm feeling closed in by this campus and this town, I need to get away from here."

She asked me more questions, about work, living at home again, if I was going to return to school the next year... all things that I had answers for, which served to calm her down a bit. Finally, she asked something that I'd been waiting for since the conversation began.

"How are things with Sarah? What does she think about all of this?"

"She broke up with me last night."

As my mom expressed the customary condolences, I kept my eyes fixed on the girl across the field as she slowly walked out of my view. With nothing else to look at, I finally noticed the narrow breadth of light that was breaching the clouds.

"Is she part of the reason for why you're doing this?"

"Yeah, but just a small part, the straw that finally broke my back I guess."

"Well, are you going to be okay?"

"Yes, don't worry Mom."

"Are you sure?"

"I'll be fine tomorrow."

"Okay..."

She held her breath for a moment, possibly deciding whether or not to press me some more on the subject, though eventually thinking better of it.

"Have you been watching the news?"

"I think I've been seeing more of CNN than real

life this past week."

"God it's terrible - those explosions, all of those dead Iraqis. Do you know why we're over there?"

"I'm not sure, something about freedom or liberty I suppose."

"I wish I knew."

That was the end of our conversation. She told me that she loved me and to take care, and to call her in a day or two. I said that I would.

As far as I could tell, the day was finally over, as was the week, and perhaps the year too. I turned off my phone and put it in my pocket, exchanging it for a pack of cigarettes and a lighter. I placed one in my mouth and lit it with the Zippo I had received as a gift a few months earlier. The decorative side was facing towards me, a shiny, glittering American flag joined to the face of the lighter.

The clouds had broken in several places now, the light filtering down onto the empty field and quiet buildings. I flipped closed the top of the lighter and extinguished the flame, keeping my eyes wide open as I took a drag on the cigarette; forgetting my day, forgetting the news, forgetting the girl.

I sat alone in that field and traced the clouds with my eyes, forgetting everything else.



Photograph by
Gina Johnson

Winter Romance Revelation

Kasey Jakien

On a cold November evening,
I stride quickly across the courtyard.
The sky is thin and clear as glass,
the trees huddle together in the pale light.
the river slides over slick, smooth stones,

Behind me, a man and woman walk.
One says to the other,
"honey, do you believe in love?"
and there is a pause, and a giggle,
and an excited, "yes!"

I smile, and turn my heel,
race the fading light,
and hurry home to you.
I fill my mouth with words as warm and rare
as summer fruits.

Until that moment I had thought
that such sayings froze o the winter air,
and never reached the mouths
that were warm, and wanting, and waiting
to be kissed.

The Hero No One Wanted

James Towe

Once, long ago in place far away, there lived a boy who dreamed of being a hero. He would sit and gaze at the stars each night and think to himself *I shall be a great hero some day. I shall slay dragons and save everyone. And oh how I shall be loved by all for my good deeds.* Every day he got up and did his chores. He worked hard, and learned as much as he could, about all that he could. After several years of striving hard, the boy became a man. He bid farewell to his parents and set off on what he knew would be a great journey.

He walked hundreds of miles to get to the nearest town, for he lived far away from everyone. Walking into this town, he set his sight, trying to find some wrong to right. People swarmed everywhere. Some were buying things from local merchants; some were laughing about and carrying on in the most delightful of ways. Try as he might, the young hero could find no wrongs being committed. He walked all the way through the town, but still no wrongs being committed.

On the outskirts of this town he saw a farm house, and decided to ask for where wrongs were usually committed, so he could place himself in the right area. He knocked on the door, and it was opened by a pleasant looking middle aged man.

"Oh my, come in, come in. It's such a nice thing to have visitors." Before the hero could move, the man offered him food, water, and anything else the hero wanted that the man couldn't think of.

"Oh no" said the hero "I've just come to find out where wrongs are committed in this town. I'm here to right them. I want to be a hero."

The middle aged man looked at him and smiled. "Oh my, you won't find such things here. Why there are no wrongs ever committed here."

"No one steals your horses?"

"How awful that someone should even think to do that."

"And no one hurts anyone?"

"Oh, that's even worse than the thought of having my horses taken away from me. What sort of bar-

baric place do you come from where these things are common place?"

"I come from a small house many miles away from everything. But I have read that such things happen in the world."

"I'm sorry my boy, but you won't find such things here. No I suspect that they died out long ago." The middle aged man started ushering him to the door. "Ha-ha. Imagine. People harming on another, and stealing. Imagine." Ask he closed the door behind him the hero heard his voice call out, "Best of luck with your search for wrong doings!" A little chuckle could also be heard, but then there was nothing.

"I say, this is a most peculiar town. If no wrongs are committed here ever. I shall have to make my way to the next town. Surely they have wrongs being committed at this very time. I mustn't delay!"

And with that the young hero took off. He hurried along on his quest. For many weeks he traveled until he came upon the next town. It was night when he arrived, so he walked the streets hoping to find someone in need of his assistance. Then, in the distance, he heard a sound. It sounded like a struggle was going on. The hero had never run so fast in all his life, but the ability to realize his dream was drawing ever closer.

He turned a corner to find a most sinister looking man, holding a knife pointed at a kind looking young woman. "Fear not madam, I have come to rescue you!" At this the young woman turned around and looked at him.

"And what business is it of yours to come here and help me."

"Why I'm a hero. It's what I do. I help those in distress, and right the wrongs that this world puts on the innocent."

"Well should I ever be in need of a hero, then I shall ask for ones help, but I am more than alright here."

"But that man has a knife, and he looks quiet evil."

"Boy, leave here now. I shant be insulted like this." The hero began to back up, ashamed that he had done something so terrible, if only in his motive to help. The young woman turned to face the sinister man. "Imagine," she said to herself, loud enough for the hero to hear, "thinking that I would need someone else's help. As the hero rounded the corner out of sight, the sinister man stabbed the nice woman, and left her bleeding there on the ground. As life faded from her she thought to herself why wouldn't that hero save me?"

He saw the great danger I was in and he left me here to die. I suppose there are no more real heroes left at all.

The hero ran quickly from his last encounter, shamed at what he had done. Interfering with another's life. "But this shall not stop me," he said to the night sky, "for somewhere, someone is in need of a hero."

The hero walked several months but had still found no signs of towns, or anyone that needed his help. He began to grow disparaged, until an elderly came walking a cart and horse came down the road.

"Why do you look so sad?"

The hero sighed, "Because I am a hero. But no one wants or needs to be saved."

"Oh, a hero. How fortunate. I have heard a tale that in a cave a few days from here, there lays a damsel captured by a dragon. Most unfortunate to be her. I bet she needs to be saved."

New life beamed into the hero upon hearing these words. Saving a damsel from a dragon. Legends were made from this very fiber. "Thank you ever so kindly for your words. But I must be off, for there is someone who needs to be rescued."

The hero dashed off on his journey. All along thinking about how great the battle with the dragon would be. Upon his arrival to the cave he could see no dragon. He did see a young woman though; she was sitting on a rock in the center of the cave. With no dragon here, he would not be as great a hero, but there were more important things than his glory. He resolved his mind to save the young woman first and foremost.

"Maiden," he shouted "I have come to take you from this place."

"Oh please don't do that," she responded. She did not look at the hero, merely keeping sad eyes placed on the wall in front of her.

"But, are you not a prisoner of the dragon who lives here?" he yelled.

"I live here too, the dragon makes me happy. Though he is not with me right now, he is out with other dragons, and I cannot attend for. For I am just a young girl and he a dragon who wishes to soar where I cannot. But for where he goes, I think this dragon's thoughts are with me. So please leave me now. He means to return anytime now. Go now, before he returns and thinks something is amiss." Her eyes never moved, and as she spoke her voice grew more and more disenchanted.

"But you look so miserable, alone up there on that rock. Can you be happy up there, while also being miserable?"

"Misery and happiness need not exclude one another. I have made my choice, now please be satisfied with it."

At this the hero turned and left the cave. His heart was in shambles. There was no need for his kind anymore. Maybe there never was a need for him. He had placed all his childhood on dreams that would never be realized, for they were only fantasy. Heavy hearted and down trodden, the hero began a long walk for a destination he knew not. He walked long distances, at slow pace. Finally he came upon a town he had never been in before.

Walking in, he could sense that this place was damp and dirty, but he no longer cared about such things. The people here probably liked it that way. He hadn't given thought to stopping at all, until he heard a voice call out "Hero!"

The young, no longer hero, simply waved his hand and said, "I am no longer a hero of any kind. The world does not need me."

Suddenly it seemed that many people were gathered all around. Moving back and forth, where previously there had been scarcely any.

"He lies," the other voice said. The no longer needed hero looked up. It was the sinister man whom he had seen with a knife a very long while back. "I heard him proclaim himself a hero. He has come here to rid this town of all its inhabitants! We mustn't let him live!"

With that a great wave of people overcame the broken hearted hero. He was in no mind to fight for good now. It was not needed and not appreciated. He resisted very little, as the great surge of scoundrels he had once dreamed of defeating, defeated a man who was, most definitely, not a hero.

A hero is an ordinary individual who finds the strength to persevere and endure in spite of overwhelming obstacles.

~Christopher Reeve

Bottle of Beer

Duncan Robertson

A bottle cap makes a chink and hiss that turns my lips into a wry smirk. The tense escape of air bleeds into a sigh like my bones after working. I enjoy this sound. I enjoy it so much that at my age I wonder if this is healthy. I wonder "does my liver hate me? If it could, would it slice open my side and slither out in the night?" I imagine it crawling across my carpet and turning at the door to flip me the bird. I have this kind of relationship with my internal organs. My heart carbonates my blood and has no qualms about letting the pieces of tight air rise to my brain. My intestines get stage fright. They stutter and cry if you look at them wrong. Brain loathes my lips. He hates them like two harlot daughters that left him and are now out screwing his friends. My lungs are stupid and don't know half of what they are told. They just huff and puff and forget they exist. I have to shock them back to reality every once in a while by taking a drag or running some wind sprints. Got to keep them guessing. No predictability in this vessel of flesh. Every ounce of me is potentially dangerous and similarly lazy. Because life is risky. And exhausting. I need this. I want this. I take pleasure in the click and quick release of carbonation, sighing like my bones. Risky and exhausting.

Crosswords (Armistice Day)

Duncan Robertson

I am beginning to make
a habit of crosswords.
The clues tell me all kinds
of unimportant facts
about who and what.
Idaho is the gem state.
Did you know that?
(I didn't know that)

It is a form of procrastination,
this playtime with words.
A bunch of t-shirt kids running in
the street screaming "Car!"
and scrambling to the sidewalks.
Somehow I don't know
Those kids anymore.
Never did.

Somehow,
now, when I cruise through
those games I can't
look them in the eyes.
They are watching the eight-
year-old inside of me, chained
to the bottom of my stomach.

I doubt it will be long
Before I'm eighty-four
pausing to pause on
a front porch somewhere.
Forgetful and remembering.
Not so different.

Subtract a beer and a steady hand.
Add three lifetimes
chalked with worries like right hooks
on my face. Splice my eyes
with doubt. Steady
them with intensity and concern.
Will I even recognize myself?
Inaction breeds regret.
Who and what will intersect my life?

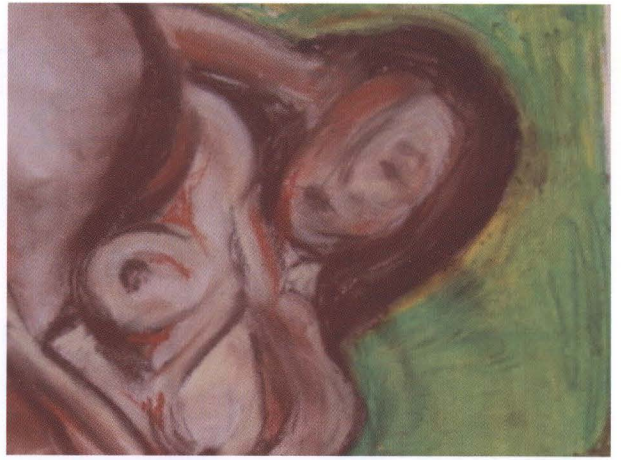
Sometimes I hold doors open
for others. It is a selfish thing, it
brings me a pause that I enjoy.
It requires a sense of connection.
When we catch eyes,
I think "Us folks, we
Have to stick together." Then
I walk into where they were.



Photograph by
Adrienne Davich

Portrait

Kasey Jakien



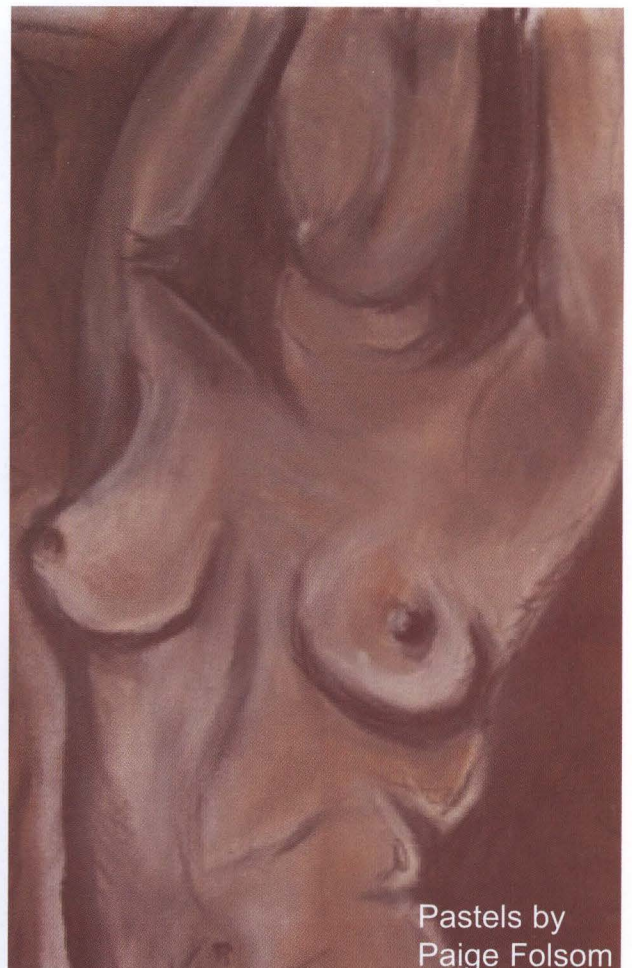
We painted together in the kitchen.
Our differences came out in color and shape,
the precise markings of your pencil, the passionate slurs of my
paintbrush,
we couldn't together face the red lips of love and the sharp eyes of logic,
though we stood and furrowed our brows at the thing for hours.

Parents still ask if we see each other, my grandmother
in Mendocino wants to know if we're on good terms.
Your mother stands in the kitchen and watches TV,
makes a dessert of bitter whipped cream and pumpkin pie.
In one hand, a glass of wine tips slightly,
in the other hand the phone, pressed by her ear, hums as she asks
if you will come to dinner.

"Bring Kasey," she might want to say.
The ghost of me moves up the narrow hallway to the room, carrying a glass vase of flowers--

--picked from the landing of our apartment,
from vines growing up the wall where the moon shone down.
Sometimes I brought flowers in a paper bag from Trader Joe's.
I searched for sunflowers, which my mom
had a painting of on her wall,
something I created in a moment's boredom.
Despite my lack of skill they inspired her,
yellow flowers on a blue background,
all impulse, swift strokes, bright lines,
just emotion traveling across the canvas--

-- which we placed above the bed, turning our heads
left and right to see why it didn't seem to match,
the lips and nose too large?
The eyes too blue?
We looked at it as failure, a symbol of a faded relationship.
If only we had not picked it all apart, tugged it at the seams,
we may have regained the spark we thought had burned away.
Why did we not take the picture as a sign,
of what it could see,
from its place above the bed where
I held you, and you held me?



Pastels by
Paige Folsom

HARVEST FESTIVAL

Willamette University

Fall 2003

The Harvest Festival is an annual all-day occasion put on by students at Willamette's partner school, Tokyo International University of America (TIUA). At this event, TIUA students share their Japanese culture and traditions with the local community. Japanese food, art, dancing and Taiko drumming are just some of the festival highlights.



Screens by
Gaku Miyawaki and
TIUA Class of 2003



TIUA 2003
Takeshi Kawasaki



A Bedtime Story

Erin Kulmac

Jeff closed his door, ignoring the shrill protest from the other side.

"Pleeeeeease, won't you read to me?" his seven-year-old sister, Josie, whined, banging the edge of a book against his door. "Puhleeeeeease?"

"I said no!" Jeff yelled, irritated. "I told you, I have a final tomorrow, now go to bed and leave me alone!"

Highly annoyed, he turned on his stereo and began to get ready for bed, the drums and guitar riffs of his favorite group drowning out the pathetic noises coming from the other side of the door. When he finally turned his music off and got into bed, it was quiet. He turned over and fell asleep.

Jeff woke up and sat up in bed. It was dark. He looked out the window and saw the trees lining the street thrashing in the wind, the stars above looking bright and cold in a black sky. It must have been around one in the morning.

Jeff rolled over to grab his glasses and froze, staring. There was a demon sitting on the end of his bed. It was dark red and filthy, with twisting, thorny, black horns and grotesque, wrinkly skin that hung off its body. The eyes twinkled with malicious pleasure, perverse and mad above the gibbering, slimy mouth full of fangs and slobber. But it was the presence of this thing, the sheer monstrosity and concentration of evil that rolled off it like a bad smell that made Jeff feel contaminated; dirty by its sheer proximity.

The thing slowly turned its head, eyes burning with insane intelligence. Opening its horrible mouth, it roared with the weight of Hell behind it, lunging for him. Jeff screamed, surging backwards, away from the grabbing arm, and fell back through the dark....

Jeff woke up and sat up in bed. He wiped a shaking hand across his sweaty brow, trembling. He glanced out the window and saw that it was still dark outside.

It was a dream. Thank God, he thought, reaching for his glasses. Then he froze, terrified. Something was sitting on the end of his bed.

A flashlight clicked on. It was Josie, looking pale and scared in a white, flowered nightgown, clutching a stuffed animal.

"I had a nightmare. Can I sleep in here?" she whispered, eyes fearful in the dark.

Jeff let out the breath he'd been holding. She looked sweaty and pale and was clutching that filthy stuffed rabbit of hers, but just then she could have been an angel. He nodded, collapsing back onto his damp pillow. Josie crawled up his left side and clutched his arm with warm, clammy fingers. Scrunching her feet up, she curled up in a ball on top of his covers and seemed to fall instantly asleep.

Carefully detaching his arm, Jeff rolled out of bed and got an extra blanket out of his closet. He draped it over his sister before getting back under the covers and falling asleep.

Distance

Crystal Weber

The distance between us tonight
Isn't a problem of physical
Touch. Nothing real
Separates our bodies. No, this

Isn't a problem of physical
Proximity, for merely an inch
Separates our bodies. No, this
Is the aching lack of emotional

Proximity, for merely an inch
Can seem impossible to cross.
Is the aching, lack of emotional
Connection with you real? It

Can seem impossible to cross
My arms over your chest - finding
Connection with you. Real, it
Can't be real. What's real are

My arms across your chest, finding
Myself. My sense of isolation
Can't be real. What's real are
The songs our hearts make when they beat as one.

Myself, my sense of isolation,
Was drowned by
The songs our hearts make when they beat as one.
This silence echoing in our souls

Was drowned by
Touch. Nothing real -
This silence echoing in our souls,
The distance between us tonight.

Sprinkler Tag

Crystal Weber

Shoes and sweaters huddle
in a forgotten pile by the edge of the lawn.
I reach for your hand
and drag you headlong into the arching
canopy of silver spray.

You make me a captive
in the nest of your arms,
karmic payment for urging you
into this lunacy. You hold me fast
as the endless cascade of droplets
sweeps towards us,
raining down laughter
and cool shivers of joy.

Together we race through sleek
expanses of wet-grassed lawn.
Arms outstretched, I
Grab at empty air as you, deer-like,
Leap away.

Our hands touch. You pull me near.
Bejeweled lashes blur my vision
as I look into your face,
eager for a wet summer kiss.

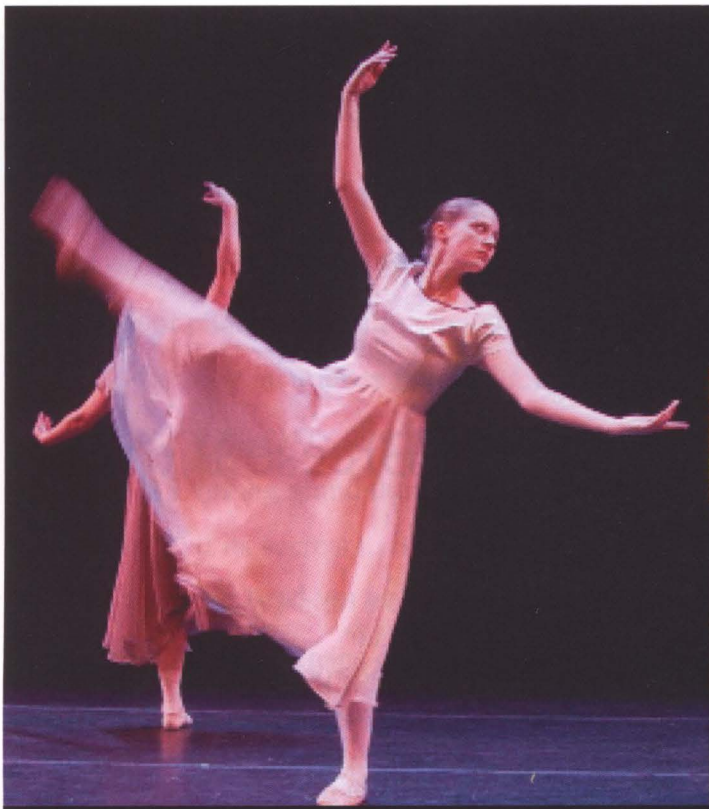
Pearls of water fill the air,
Their shimmering movements outdoing the stars.
We are enveloped in a silver mist
Silhouetted against the deepening
indigo sky.

Water races down our cheeks in rivulets,
Toes curl into soggy ground,
Sprinklers mark off the shimmering seconds
with a steady, predictable whirr.

Willamette Spring Dance Concert 2004

Photographs by
Lucas Hernandez





Tang Dynasty in a Cherub Kind of Way

Breese Pickel

Long ago I felt this pain
It was truth
And the realization there of
I might never see you again
So I didn't let go
I held you there
Night Thoughts by Li Bai
Because I love the moon too
But never did I see it while I was there
So I shouted
I yelled
I WANNA SEE THE MOON
Then on July 5th
Fireworks in the air
I saw it there
Through a faint
Thin cloud
And it too reminded me of home
So with a grin
I could let you go
Understanding that we now have a home together
The big white moon
That comes out at night
To remind us
We're holding each other again
Tonight

Fairview Terrace

Breese Pickel

Smoke rings above my head
Broken up by the air
I can feel your hands on me
And you're not even here

Summer streets burn my feet
As I tip-toe into evening's stare
Headlights flash ash tray come too near
And I come crashing down on
You

Headlights streetlights the dull yellow
The sky looks so two-dimensional
I live inside a jigsaw puzzle
And my pieces haven't come together

Ash covered cherry burns dull bright
As my camel disappears from sight
Paint chips from the center beam
And I come crashing down on
You

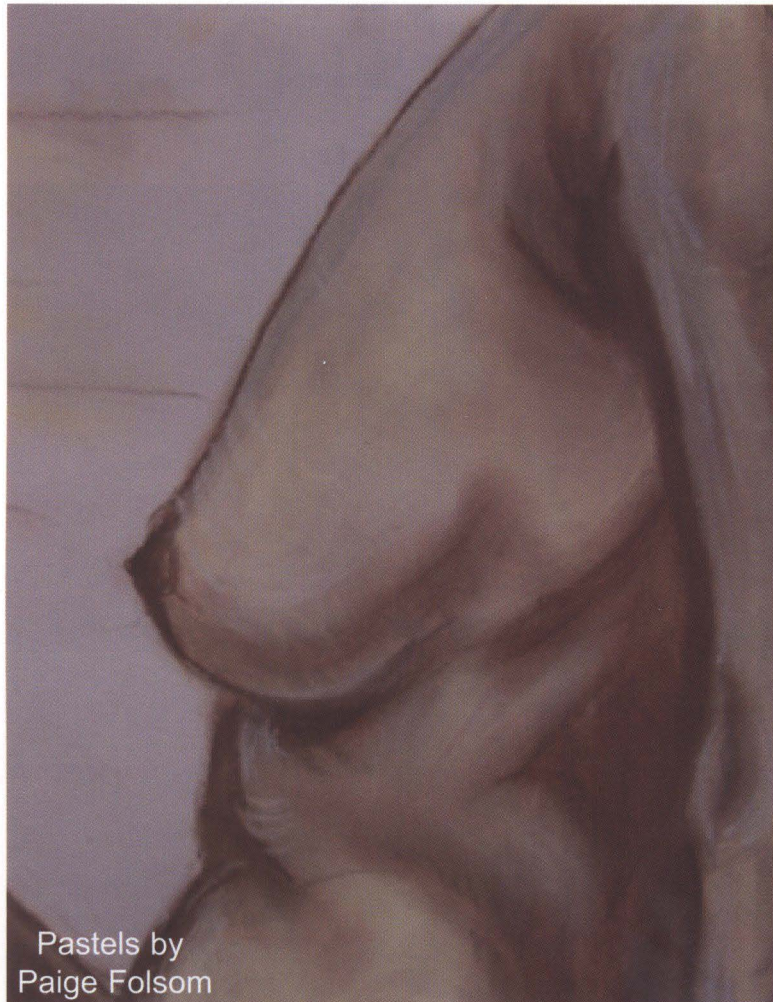


Photograph by
Rob Zarkos

Life Artificial

Ben Wilson

Soft humming beehive in a
Tint of phosphorescent-delicious honey,
Resting on a fancy perch. Or, an
Eye among every now and then eyes
Evoking grand thoughts and
Telling all its secrets to midnight passers by.
Life artificial, a sun in a universe to which I am
Insensitive. Perhaps our sun is encased in
Glass as well, a
Hazy beacon for cosmic sleepy walkers,
Telling all our secrets tonight.



Pastels by
Paige Folsom

You

Sarah Whittle

I can see it in your eyes,
The fear that resides;
It's staring back at me.
Within your sadness and lack of friends,
Your loneliness contends;
Onto your face it's worn wearily.
Your lips, they don't respond,
Even though of many words they're fond;
I still hear what they say.
Your unhappiness is clear,
It's too bad you're my reflection in a mirror,
...and all I can do is look away.

Damaged Hope

Carol-Ann Tyler

a girl sits alone at a cold window pane,
turns to escape the suffocating shame
his memory haunts the back of her mind
refusing to go, though she's screaming goodbye
a thousand times she replays the scene
and every time she is more to blame
her eyes, her lips, her shivering skin:
fresh tears expose her pain,
a word is drawn in her breath on the pane
she doesn't know how it became
visible in her mind before she saw
her fate written on the window
her eyes fall on wrists that her mind
scars with hopes of an end

she's alone
damaged
stop
the pain
she's haunted
ashamed
broken
ruined
"escape"
already
approaching
realization
no more pain

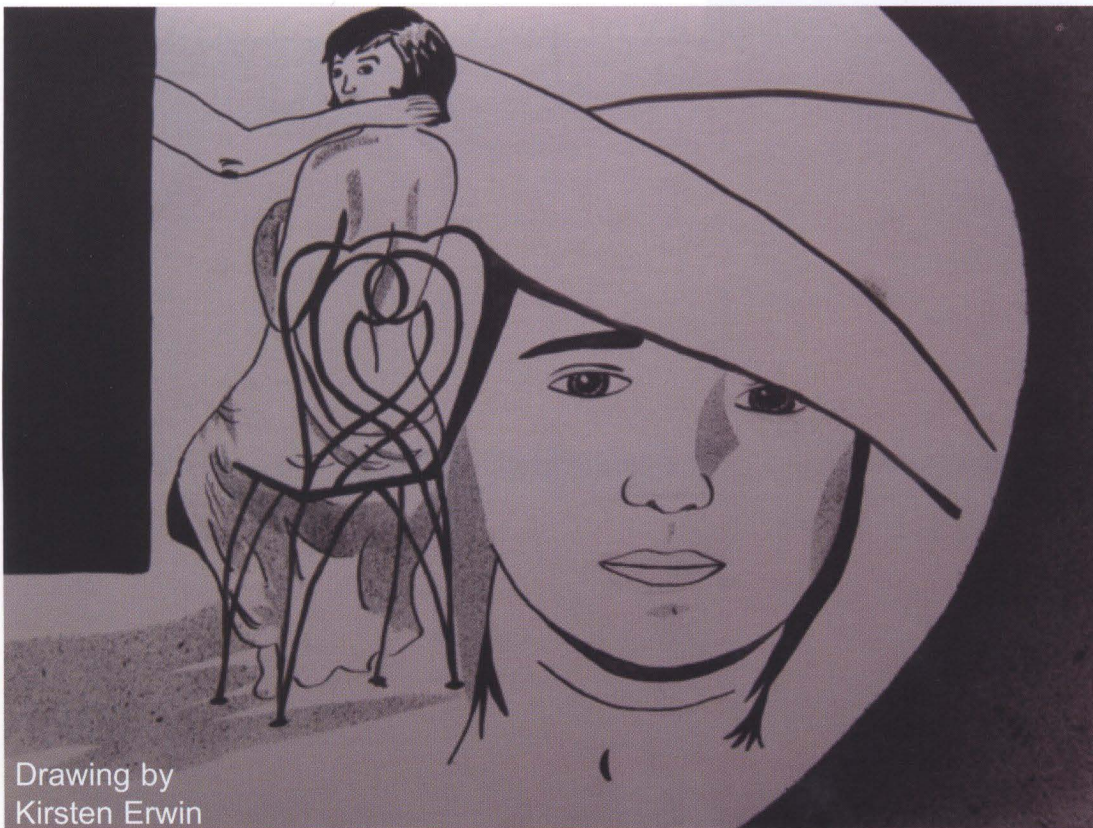
Why I Write

Carol-Ann Tyler

I write to know myself.
I write to create.
I write to eat words with my eyes,
my mind,
my heart,
my soul.

I pick up each word with my fingers,
touch its smoothness,
feel its roundness of meaning.
They slip out of my hand, crashing onto the table
but not breaking,
spinning themselves into a moving journal
of my life.

I write to humor the pain in my heart,
to dilute the fear inside.
I write to expose my dreams,
to attract hope.
I write to capture my own passing,
to become immortal on the page.
I write to peek through the curtain,
to share who I am,
and to learn with everyone else.



Drawing by
Kirsten Erwin

Haikus of Love

Carol-Ann Tyler

Wrinkled tan jacket
Crinkled skin, blue smiling eyes
A hand on my back

A cold winter night
Warm feet below the covers
My cold toes find you

I said forever
For dishes, for messy rooms,
Forever's not clean

Looking for a home,
Your hand travels down my arm
Our fingers converse

Our baby's eyes close
I could watch you forever
Holding her softly

Crayon marks the floor
Scattered toys and braided hair
She has your smile



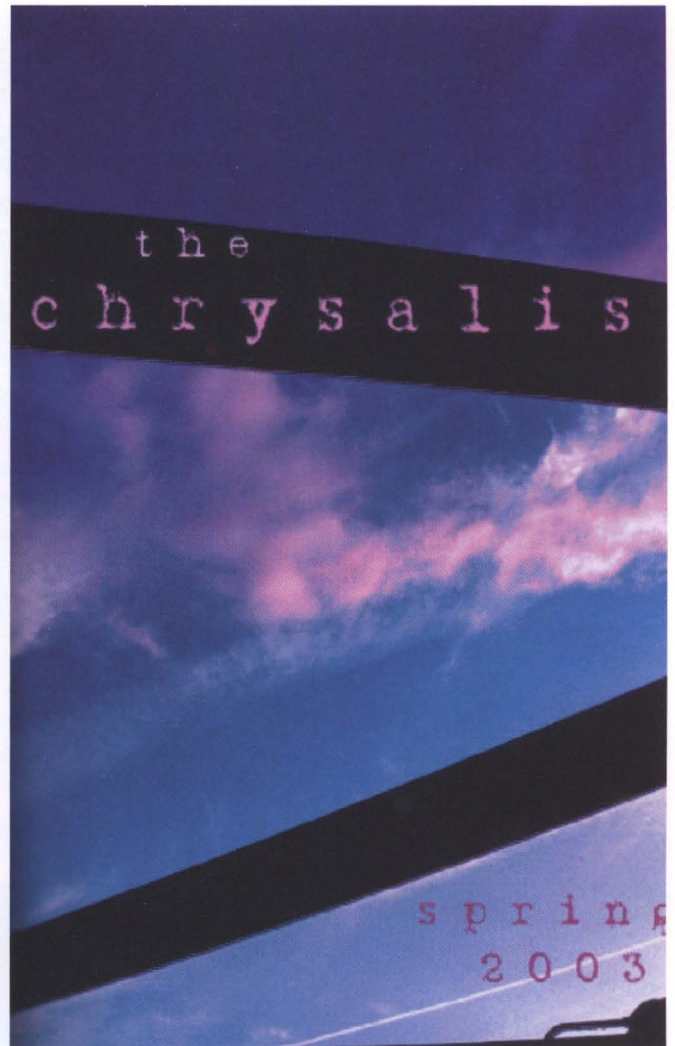
Paintings by Jeanne
Beko, from left to right,
Phucket and Happy
Dos.

THE CHRYSALIS

Written by Adrienne Davich

In April 2003, *The Chrysalis* reemerged on the Willamette University campus, ending a two year hiatus from publication. The Willamette student body was surprised and curious.

Universities across the United States are homes to well-regarded literary journals, and Willamette University is no exception. However, *The Chrysalis*, Willamette's literary arts magazine, experienced a two year gap in publication, leaving many community members unaware of the rich history and ongoing tradition of this arts journal. Behold a story and celebration of *The Chrysalis* and Willamette University, past and present.



From Jason Lee to *The Jason* to *The Chrysalis*

The Chrysalis acquired its name in 1997, but the presence of a literary arts journal on the Willamette campus is decades old. In 1965, *The Jason* emerged as the Willamette community's first creative writing and arts publication. For nearly forty years, *The Jason* preserved artistic expression -- written and visual artistry in all its forms -- and nourished an appreciation for the history and cultural uniqueness of Willamette University, the oldest institution of higher education in the west. The title, *The Jason*, was chosen for its reference to Methodist missionary Jason Lee, who played an integral role in the development of Salem, Oregon and the founding of Willamette University.

Jason Lee was born outside of Standstead, Quebec, Canada in 1803. As a young man, he moved to Massachusetts, where he was educated and ordained by the Methodist Church. In 1834, he was assigned to establish a mission in the western "Indian country," and settled on the Willamette River, approximately ten miles north of the area that is now Salem, Oregon. Here he started a school to teach Native Americans Christian virtues. Less than a decade later, a flood forced Lee to relocate his school to the site that is present-day Salem.

Though Lee was steadfast in his efforts to spread Christianity, he was not very successful at impressing white, Christian values on the small Native American population. However, he was able to promote the importance of education for Native American and white settlers alike. This emphasis on education is thought to be Lee's legacy, as it led to the founding of The Oregon Institute, a school of higher education for the growing white population. The Oregon Institute later became Willamette University.

In 1965, a group of Willamette University students established a literary arts journal, which they named *The Jason*. From 1965-1996, *The Jason* was published annually, but in 1996, after an extended debate, then-editors

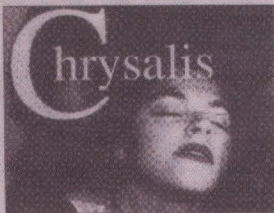
replaced the title of *The Jason* with *The Chrysalis*, and production continued until it came to a startling halt in 2001. Due to poor management, a Spring 2001 edition of *The Chrysalis* was not released. The magazine's small staff had been plagued by editors' travels abroad, which contributed to missed deadlines and organizational oversight. A Spring 2001 edition of *The Chrysalis* was eventually sent to press, but a finished publication was never distributed on the university campus. Hundreds of copies of *The Chrysalis* were left unread.

In Fall 2001, the Associated Students of Willamette University (ASWU) turned down requests to fund a 2002 edition of the magazine, and thereafter *The Chrysalis* became an inactive student media organization.

A NEW AUTUMNAL LEAF

In Fall 2002, *The Chrysalis* was reestablished by a new editorial staff, and a modest edition of the magazine was released in April 2003.

Student literary annual resurrected



After a year of absence and a lack of funding, Willamette's literary magazine is back in action and taking submissions.

By AVI KATZ
1/24/03 WJZ/3

It's for the crafty, the creative and the artistically inclined, and the quiet Willamette community will have the opportunity to see it.

The *Chrysalis*, Willamette's literary arts magazine is collecting submissions in visual and literary art mediums for publication this spring on Student Scholarship Recognition Day.

The *Chrysalis* re-established itself this year when, after prompting from her advisor Professor Gretchen Moon, sophomore Adrienne Davitch petitioned for funding from various campus resources to bring the *Chrysalis* back on its feet.

After a one-year absence due to a lack of funding, the *Chrysalis* will return with the financial and creative support of the president's office, the CIA Dean's Office, the English Department, the Writing Center and the Pacific Food Club in Writing Center.

"I think it will be a great way to showcase a lot of hidden talent."

The purpose of the *Chrysalis* is to give artists and writers a venue to express their creativity on campus," *Chrysalis* publisher sophomore Adrienne Davitch said.

"There are not that many opportunities for students to get attention from the Willamette community for their accomplishments in the visual and literary arts, and the *Chrysalis* provides that opportunity."

Willamette offers a wide variety of performing arts events in the form of plays, music recitals, concerts, and open-mic nights but literary and visual forums have been limited to none.

Senior art majors present their work at the Halle Ford Museum in the spring and in past years, publication of the *Chrysalis* has given students a forum for their work as the non-performing arts have not enjoyed as much publicity as their performing counterparts.

"It's important for there to be a way to creatively express yourself," sophomore E. A. G. McClendon said.

"There are too many people with interesting ideas but there not to be someone where they could share their work."

The *Chrysalis* staff, which includes Davitch and consultants from the Writing Center, has raised \$3,100 in funds for the literary magazine.

The edition is scheduled to be fifty-two pages in length but may expand based on the number of pieces chosen for publication.

The deadline for submission is Jan. 31, as the *Chrysalis* staff is still collecting submissions and is open to all forms of creative works.

The *Chrysalis* staff is hoping that this year's edition will lead to the continued publication of an annual literary arts magazine.

"In terms of my hopes for the *Chrysalis*, I can only say

Willamette's literary art magazine includes short stories, poetry, art and photography.

but I hope that the *Chrysalis* will be able to keep itself established after this year," Davitch said.

"We're going to do our very best to make it a success this year, but I hope that there will be students who will want to carry it on in the future, as I think it's really important that the humanities are recognized in all respects."

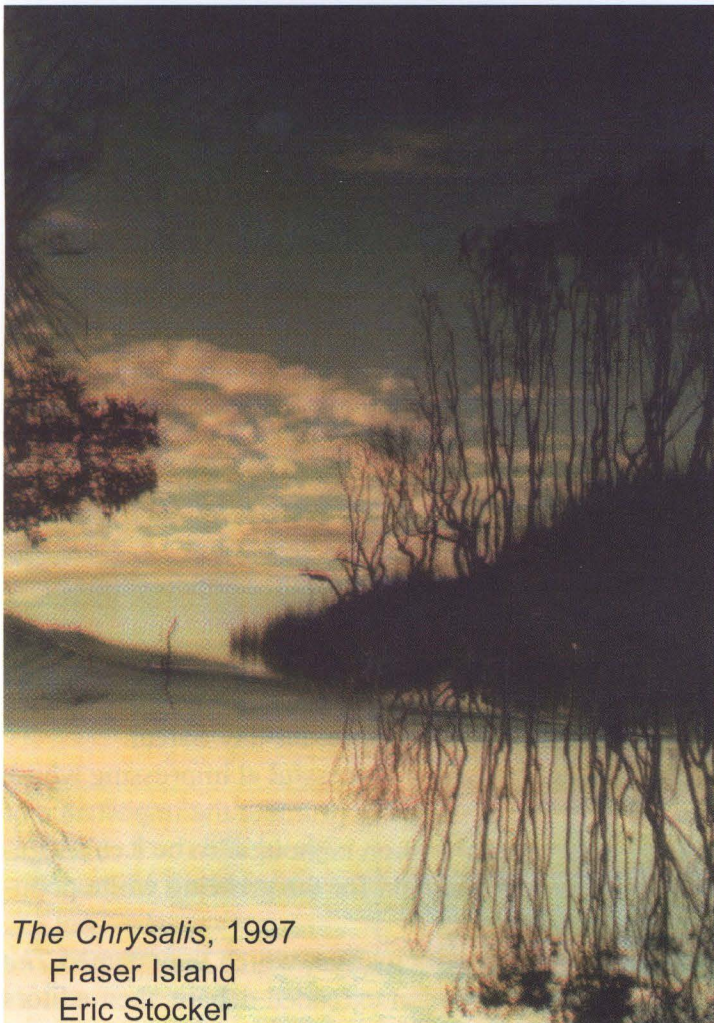
Willamette community members interested in submitting their work or who have questions regarding the *Chrysalis* itself can contact Davitch for more information regarding length, publication guidelines and other concerns.

"I'm really excited about the opportunity—the *Chrysalis* will present to Willamette," sophomore Kate Harrie said.

"I think it will be a great way to showcase a lot of hidden talent."

COLLEAGAN ARCHIVES

This 2004 edition of *The Chrysalis* was produced with an expanded budget, made possible by ASWU. Now future editors are left to continue and improve upon this creative writing and arts journal. In celebration of the past, present and future publication of *The Jason* and *The Chrysalis*, here are some selections showcased over the past thirty-nine years.



The Chrysalis, 1997
Fraser Island
Eric Stocker



The Jason, 1991
Young Woman Sitting
Paula Portinga.

The Jason, 1996

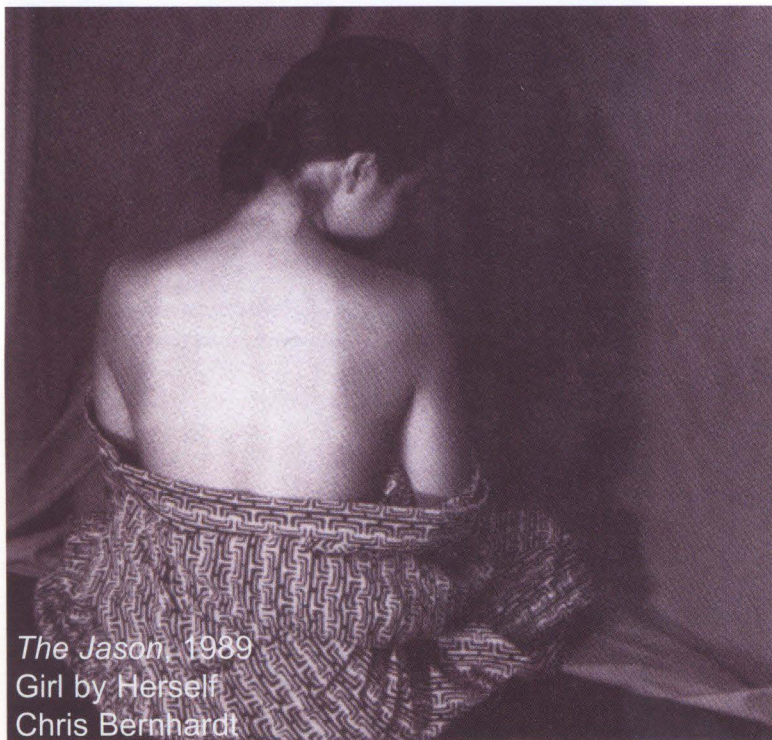
On Playing Ophelia

Jennifer E. Grose

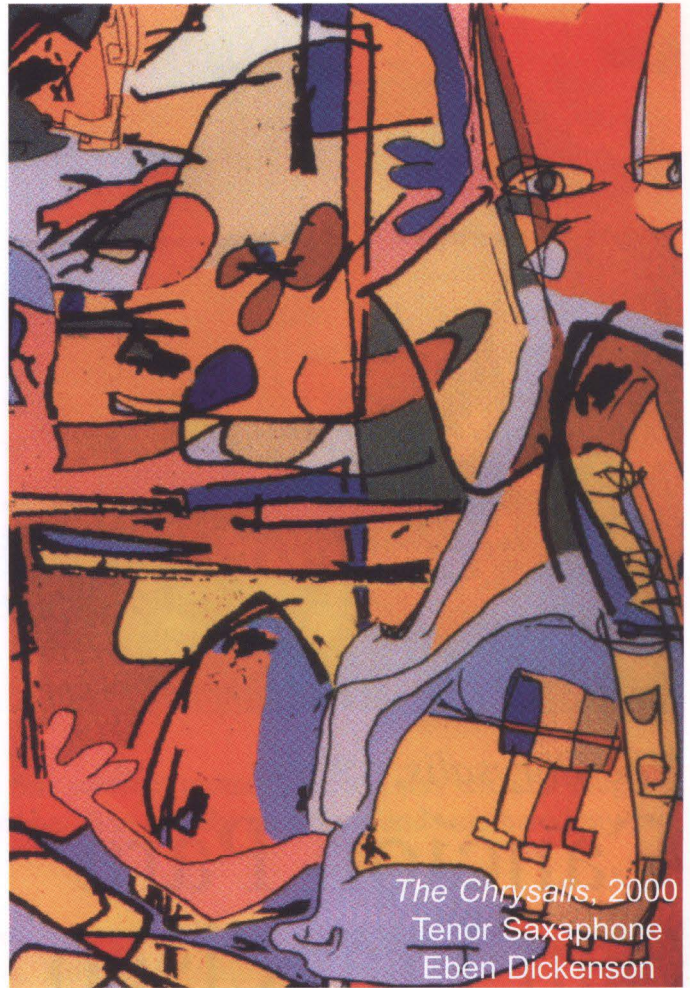
Dedicated to Beth Powell

Elusive Ophelia
Anguished siren
Forgotten in the light of day -
By moonlight she tumbles into the waters of my
dreams -
And drowns herself
Night
After
Night.

I'm desperate to catch a glimpse of myself again
But in all reflections I see only her pale face
Eyes staring blankly into mine
Silken hair undulating
Lips moving
Still moving.
Yet when I reach out to hold her,
To urge her trapped spirit towards peace,
She disappears
And leaves me
Wearing my rue with a difference.



The Jason, 1989
Girl by Herself
Chris Bernhard



The Chrysalis, 2000
Tenor Saxophone
Eben Dickenson

The Chrysalis, 1998

Serenade

M.D. Usher

I assure you I am the common folk
Poet-cum-plumber your mother warned you
About, a smithy preferring tricks
To the trade, a pop-eyed, bow-legged joke
Of a man, fat, steatopygous too.
Butt: like a soldier to melt, mortar to mix
You, kiss and caress you, darling, I will,
Swear by the hair of my chinny chin chin.
Just open the door; let me in, honey,
In! The other suitors long are gone. Still
The night lies silent. Come now: 'tis no sin
To indulge a poet in his poetry,

A plumber to use the tools in his box,
To listen when a monster lover talks



The Chrysalis, 2003
Gici
Gwennie Seemel

Song for St. Francis

(little sister death)
Amanda Cornwall

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 crash my lungs.

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

The Chrysalis, 1997

Cancion Para San Francisco

(Muerte, Mi Hermanita)
Amanda Cornwall

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

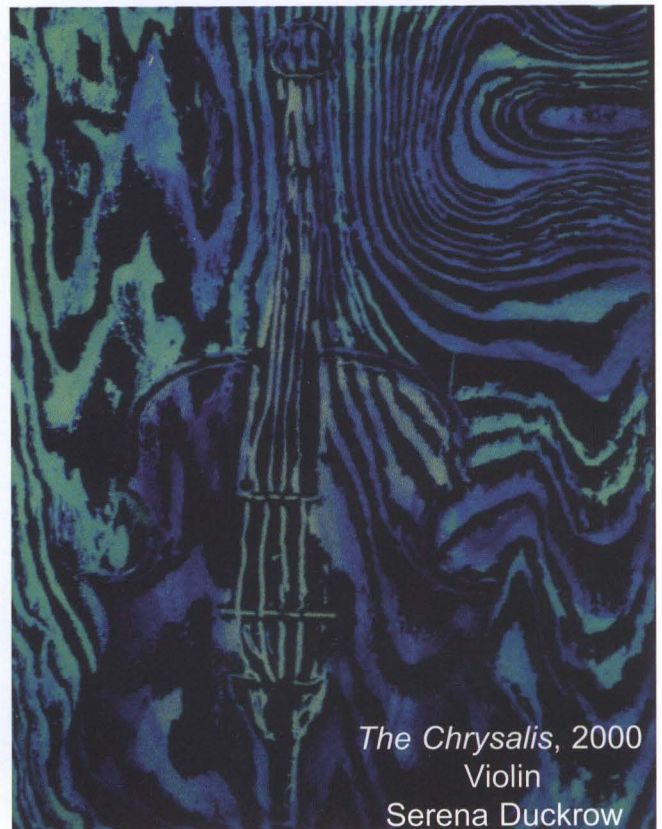
su baile toca mi alma
las ondulaciones de las caderas
abra el rio de mi mente

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 eternal.



The Chrysalis, 2000
Violin
Serena Duckrow

The Jason, 1995

13 Childhood Stories

Lucas Hill

1. Earl Warneke was infamous for the time he was caught in the men's room at the Expo Park with a pencil up his ass.

2. They told me my great-grandfather died cleaning his gun. I didn't figure out (until I was 13) that he wasn't cleaning his gun at all.

3. When he laid the rabbit in its shallow grave it gave a soft, soft, sigh.

4. Kelly VanAmburg, my mom's old friend, was drunk one fine summer morning when I was ten, and caught me looking at her huge breasts, which hung out of her bathrobe. She angrily seized me and smothered my face in her sweaty bosom: "Look at them! Look at them!"

5. Matt Gwynn used to bark drunkenly through his greasy mustache how he was going to take the kids and go down to California. Cathy, his beautiful wife, beat him to it. Now Matt is alone and rakes lawns for a living.

6. Russel Harp punched me in the nose, and so he became my best friend.

7. On the day I found the dead rat on the playground, Mr. White (with hearing aids like huge yellow dog boogers) praised my dimples.

8. We buried the dead bird with rocks. I was told not to let my baby sister touch it. Dead things are bad for girls.

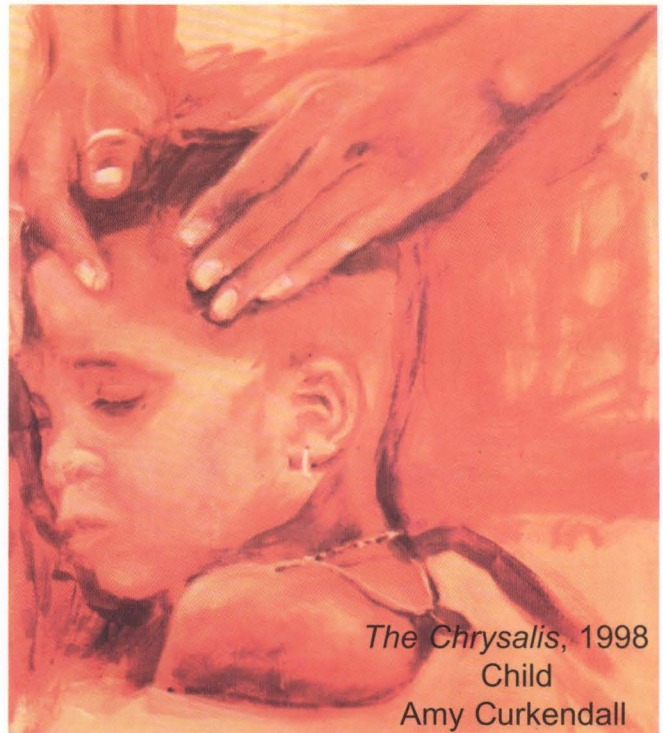
9. Mike Mitchell was pale and fat like a grub and his nickname was faggot. We called him faggot until he dropped out of school and disappeared.

10. Nathan LeOvure threatened me with the DREADED HEART PUNCH until the day I punched him in the throat.

11. Richard's uncle John had a stroke and spent the rest of his life drunk and twitching in his wheelchair, swinging his good arm at his nephew. When he died, Richard told me he'd gone back to Arkansas.

12. He had a dog once named Bimbo, who died from being locked in the car for two days in July in Los Angeles, and it was my fault, my fault, my fault.

13. When my sister was a kid we fed her a piece of candy, and then told her it was poison. You're gonna die, you're gonna die, we chanted. She got over it, but now she carries two knives, everywhere she goes, and takes candy from nobody.



The Chrysalis, 1998
Child
Amy Curkendall

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