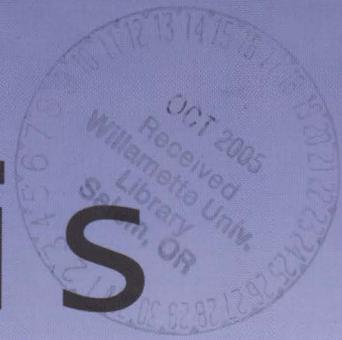


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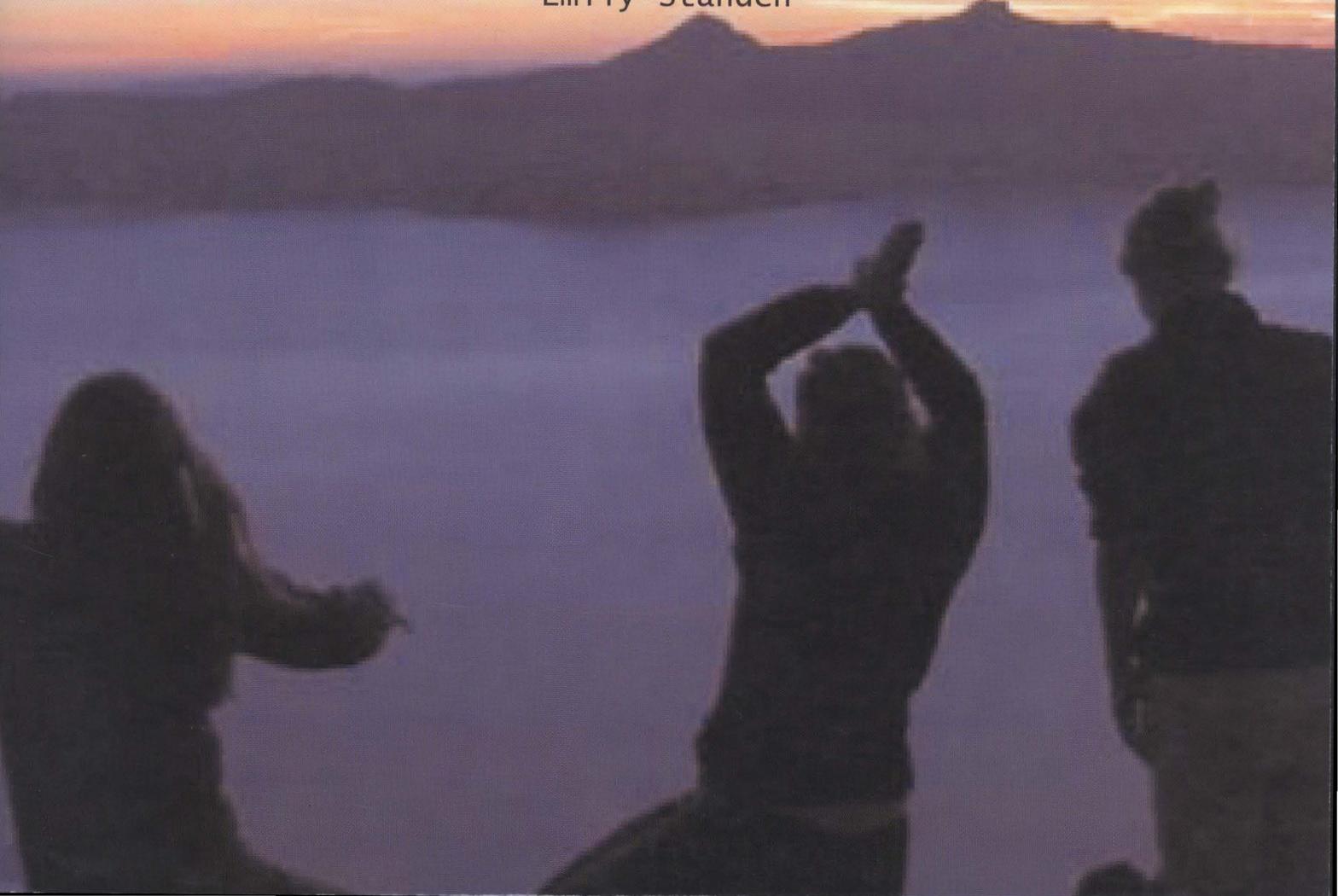


willamette University / Spring 2005

PERIODICAL STACKS

Pottery in Oaxaca
Shannon Lawless

wildlife of the Pacific Northwest
Emily Standen



The Chrysalis

Literary Arts Journal

Spring 2005

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Cover Photo by *Eric Lam*



Wildlife of the Pacific Northwest

The Chrysalis Interviews Rachael Warren-Allen

Written by Emily Standen

Rachael Warren-Allen, a 2004 Carson Grant recipient, combined her passions for biology and art into a three-month investigation entitled "Wildlife of the Pacific Northwest." She traveled throughout the Northwest to wildlife refuges and took pictures of the animals living there, many of which she also painted. According to Warren-Allen, her artwork is intended to "celebrate the wildlife that exists and to make known its loss." Her artistic interests and talents largely stem from her father, who is also an artist. Warren-Allen, a Studio Art and Biology double-major with a minor in Environmental Science, hopes to increase public knowledge about endangered animals through her artwork.



The Chrysalis: So tell us about your project.

Warren-Allen: My project focused on wildlife of the Pacific Northwest, which is Oregon and Washington. During the project I took wildlife pictures in five different wildlife areas, the Willamette Valley, Ochoco National Forest, Goat Rocks Wilderness, Oregon Coast/Sea Lion Caves, and the Malheur National Wildlife Refuge. I picked my favorite pictures to display and also did paintings inspired by the photography trip that made a statement about the animals' environmental status. I used color to depict this status. For example, I painted a wolf as it appeared in 1937 and a grizzly bear as it appeared today. Both paintings were gray because the wolf and grizzly bear are now extinct, where they used to be abundant in the Oregon and Washington area.



The Chrysalis: How did your art interests begin?

Warren-Allen: I have been creating art as long as I remember, mostly because of my father, Tom Allen, who is an artist. Growing up, my father created art and my mother did theater. Between the two of them, my sister and I were both encouraged to pursue our mutual interests in the arts. She double majored in Spanish and art and I am double majoring in biology and art.

The Chrysalis: What was the inspiration behind your project?

Warren-Allen: My main inspiration was my desire to combine my passions in biology and art. In biology I am really interested in working with and helping endangered species and want to create art that does so. Over time, I have realized that people often get caught up in their lives and do not notice the amazing wildlife that surrounds them. Much wildlife is dwindling in numbers and many species are struggling with changes in their ecosystems, so most animals are trying to adjust to some degree. So I decided to just focus on reminding people about all the amazing wildlife that is right here. If any of my pieces communicates to its viewer, causing them to stop and consider the beauty of the world, then I feel that I have made progress in my effort to inspire and encourage people to protect wildlife.

The Chrysalis: How did you conduct this project?

Warren-Allen: I took most of the Willamette Valley pictures over time, but I also spent a full two days devoted to these pictures. For the other locations, I took four day camping trips, photographing what I saw during that time. I picked places that are known for their wildlife and different habitats. I shot over seven hundred photographs, fifteen of which I used in my presentation, and then began painting. The red winged blackbird and the mule deer paintings are both from pictures that I took. The wolf and grizzly bears are both drawings created from looking at a whole bunch of pictures. I painted on canvas because I have not done that much in the past and I wanted to experiment with it.

The Chrysalis: Do you have a favorite picture or painting from the project?

Warren-Allen: My favorite painting is probably of the Grizzly Bear. I worked a lot on his pose and I am pretty happy with the outcome. My favorite photograph is of a mountain goat because I had to climb up the side of a pretty steep canyon in pursuit of the goat. I also really like the golden-mantled ground squirrel picture because of the sharpness and the colors.

The Chrysalis: What are your future plans involving art?

Warren-Allen: Eventually, I hope to do research involving endangered species and create artwork inspired by that research that will inspire others. For now, I just need to practice, practice, practice! It takes a long time to really have some "control" over the paint. I get ideas of what I want to do, and sometimes the painting



works, sometimes it does not. Unknown art is part of the fun, but I need a lot more paintings behind me before I can produce enough good art to compete in the art world.



For Leegain, in China

Cassandra Farrin

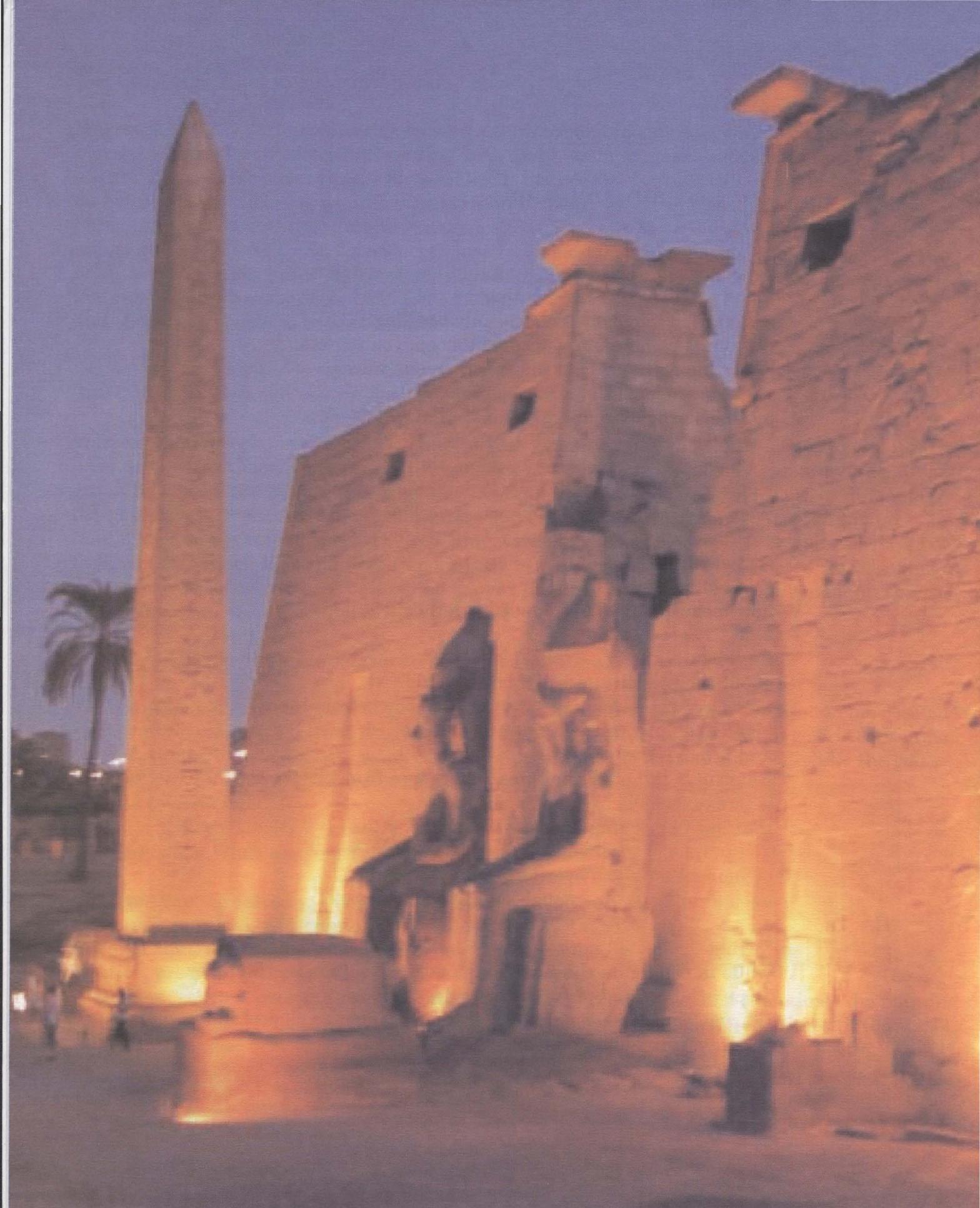
I stop myself, I turn myself around I'm so convinced
I saw you in a red coat leaning
against the telephone pole sleepily nodding.
At home in Chang-du you cannot sleep, you tell me.
We talk long hours into the morning, our voices
worn down like still, smooth stones
by the jarring of midnight trains. You call them a
howl; they churn inside you. I ask,
"Is there peace in this city?" while we
lean out high city-windows into palpable city-sounding city-people:
We notice human voices like we as children notice
our fingers and toes—
so many and so useful!
Especially, we notice,
how meaningful when mingled together!

*

I tell you
about the pleasantness of a boy's hands
that have been washing the rice-filled bowls from lunch.
You feel empty, you tell me you feel emptied
and I, too.
Emptiness full of possibilities, emergence from sleep
where one boy held my empty hand
that in the morning had held another's letter.
You tell me of receiving,
of your father's fish overflowing in your hands,
enough to feed you, enough to fill you and me.

*

Twilight snow fell here
while in Chang-du the sun shone and you told me its rotundity.
Hope is a battered place that stands
the way your voice naturally speaks my language as poetry,
the way a friend walking away
meets unexpectedly.



*Entrance to Luxor Temple
Photograph by Emily Doerr*



Row of Spinxes at Night, Photography by Emily Doerr

Spring 2005

A Sleepless Night

Written by Craig Webster

Exhibit A: Kenneth Harlow

A flash of light sliced through the office window, off of a glass jar, and into Professor Kenneth Harlow's right eye. The hazel concentric sphere surrounding his pupil appeared to grow as the innermost shrank, and Kenneth awoke from a six minute bout of sitting motionless. Blood filled his gaunt cheeks, his pointy nose flinched, and he propelled himself out of his chair. Once standing, he walked over to the imitation-wood bookshelf that stood immediately adjacent to the doorway, and frantically began searching behind a heap of manuscripts for his faded brown wind up.

Harlow's office contained nothing of sustenance. The walls were fluorescent white, the desk and shelves were mismatched, cheap, and haphazardly placed, and the army of scattered black and white documents added to the room's lifeless appearance. The documents were photocopies Harlow made at the library. You see, he had never purchased a book in his life and refused to keep any that were given to him. He so strongly believed in the library system that rarely did he have a book for longer than twenty eight days. He refused to keep even his own book, which, after three years of publication, had sold seven hundred and forty thousand copies worldwide.

Some students under his guidance suspected that this eccentricity was a fraudulent guise that he employed to look like the prodigy that his colleagues espoused him to be. The rest just thought he was crazy. He was the only professor on campus that they considered their peer-his unassuming charisma and young face made twenty three seem like nineteen. His fellow professors, however, couldn't distinguish twenty from forty-either on paper or in age.

Many of his students formed rituals to occupy the five to ten minutes between their arrival and Harlow's. Two minutes before Harlow appeared in class for creative writing on January 26th, 2005, Margaret, a tall and needy sophomore, wandered hesitantly into the hallway to sip water. The routine started primarily to appease her weight-loss program's incessant nagging, and naturally the habit morphed into the foundation of her mental well-being.

"When I was in the hall today, dear, the walls seemed awfully pale and sickly," she commented later to her boyfriend over lunch. Margaret's boyfriend wrote off comments such as this one as charming. Eventually Margaret discovered that charming was a horrible thing to be.

Margaret's classmate, Reta, never learned this. She attracted men with her prominent breasts and enticing self-doubt. She rarely felt guilty about her manipulative nature, and often justified its corresponding power with the time she invested in preparing her adorable, little blonde curls. They bounced when she walked. She assumed that the disarming sparkle in her eye was divinely inspired. You can't reject a gift from God. And very few men did. Most men knew that Reta was like an arcade game: you better enjoy it while you lasted.

The plight of one particularly inexperienced fellow came about because he thought she was trustworthy, that she had beauty and shape in her soul, that her mannerisms were fresh and free, her voice not despotic, and the sound of her heartbeat not mechanical.

Chad, a six-foot tall basketball player, definitely didn't feel that kind of warmth for her. He had known Reta for about a year and a half, winding up in the same dormitory as her twice in a row—this year he lived next to her. Chad hated living next to Reta. He hated lying awake, wearing earplugs that were supposed to block out the pounding rhythm of pleasure. He suffered the awkwardness that would ensue after one of his friends visited her, and, since nearly all of his friends had visited her in this fashion, he thought that her dad might have been the kind of dad that liked to ask for favors.

Just for the heck of it, Chad thought that he might ask her about her childhood in creative writing, before class started. He imagined her breaking down in his arms, bawling about the inequities of her early life in the underworld or where ever she was from. But on this particularly dry day in January, Reta didn't show up. Chad noticed that the atmosphere in the classroom was dull and

uninspiring, possibly due to Reta's absence (he thought). The students doodled on their spiral notebooks and quietly pretended to enter new phone numbers in their cell phones. Margaret returned from her ceremonial trip to the fountain and the silence in the classroom absorbed her, her classmates both anxious and withdrawn.

In no hurry to interrupt this awkward feeling, Harlow entered the room gradually. That is, his presence was announced when he flung the door partially open and moaned just audibly. His jacket, scarf, and a thick stack of papers that he held impeded him from actually making it into the room on his first attempt. He only managed an awkward left foot to keep the door from closing again.

Once in the classroom, he impregnated its ambience with acute anxiety, as he shuffled through his ragtag assortment of materials.

"Morning class," Harlow announced genuinely, not looking up. "Sorry I'm late. I do apologize twice."

Then Harlow paused and straightened up. His eyes shifted, peering around the room at his students. Unsatisfied, he resumed his search through the dense collection of ragged papers. Finally he pulled out an overhead sheet and set it boldly on the table near the front of the class, beginning his lecture.

"Do we have any questions?" Harlow's lips pursed as he scanned the room.

"You have, as I'm sure, refined last week's stories in preparation for today. The reading, I think, speaks to the notion that your works are bodies that need nourishment. If that is so, then today's class will be kale soup."

Most of the students chuckled. Harlow hoisted an archaic overhead onto the table, sliding his hand written projection into blinding light, the blurry words dashed across the wall. He twisted the knob near the top of the arced neck of the projector, focusing his hand written instructions for peer editing. He looked over toward Chad while doing so, and the words behind him remained unfocused.

The muscles surrounding his nose and eyes froze and his mouth dropped deviously into a smile. In an instant, Harlow transformed from the lighthearted jokester that stood in his place a second ago to a lonely and embittered man. He paced slowly to the far corner of the classroom, where Chad slouched. Chad sensed Harlow's recklessness—the rest of the class could, too. Harlow paced slowly to the back corner of the classroom.

He now stood next to Chad (small and insignificant) and gazed out the window, concerned. The brood of black clouds that crowded against the window looked malicious. During this time, silence overtook the classroom. Harlow calmly turned and lowered himself into Reta's seat.

Chad felt the denim of his own jeans rest hotly on the tops of his thighs. His spine arched over the slanted backside of his desk. His feet mangled together. He began to jot down fragments of sentences. Something. The deafening silence. Chad's mind raced through a series of thoughts about humanity, sexuality, guilt, and last night.

"This will be my last lecture," Harlow announced, breathing freer. He looked to Chad for a response. Chad shifted uncomfortably and continued to write, his eyes downcast. A student on the other side of the room made a coughing noise.

Harlow unbound himself from the wrap-around desk and stormed to the front. He slammed his hand into the orange button on the overhead projector and the light turned off.

"This is my last lecture!" he exclaimed. The students' chests filled. Harlow inhaled calmly.

"So I have your attention?" he asked, beaming. He took a seat next to the projector on the table. "Good. Now, there are five principles upon which you must be firmly grounded before you touch pen to paper.

"First and foremost, you must understand where others are, and where you stand in relation to those others. These others are the writers that came before you, as well as your contemporaries. I promise you that if you ignore the past and you think you know

something new, your most prized writing will be complacent and dry. And you will become some hound at Boeing because you will not be able to survive as a writer.

"Second. Always delete the first three quarters of any story you write. Any sort of spark that you began with is only useful because it leads to the flame that caused it. Once you find the flame, you will realize that your work is merely a glowing ember floating into the blackness. You will turn and recognize your heart as the night sky, the fire as your "true" work—your masterpiece—and the darkness surrounding it all as you. Most will tell you that the fire is an entity on its own. But you now know because I'm telling you—that the fire is only brilliant with respect to the darkness surrounding it.

"Third. Always leave your readers with much of the story untold. If the story is done, then so are you. Once finished, your book or short story is useless. LEAVE GAP-ING HOLES. People will criticize you—call you on the phone and ask you what happens in the end. Don't tell them. An unfinished story will be left on a shelf somewhere, and your reader will reread again and again the soft strokes that you perfected. Your ideas will eventually reveal themselves in your readers' dreams, and therefore strongly impact his otherwise hopeless life."

With that Ken Harlow sat down, his face alive on the surface and sullen underneath. The table creaked quietly as he rocked. A sudden bout of sadness overtook him, then quickly vanished. He leaned back and let his head hang off of the table. The contents of his mind scattered, and his mind's eye watched this implosion. He recalled his mother, the librarian, the attendant, control. Beneath his skin, he felt the warmth of resentment. How much could they tell flashed through his mind?

He resurrected and fled the room, leaving his yellow slicker, grey scarf, papers; his life, too. He wished he could mend himself into the opaque yellow walls of this school and hide himself from his own embarrassing feelings. Snuggled up against his mother

institution, the familiarity would soothe his insurmountable guilt (that breathed through him in waves) into a sensation that he could handle.

After entering the courtyard, Harlow headed due east past the orange barriers that sectioned off the construction workers from the rest of us. He followed the distinctly winding path, past the awkwardly placed rose gardens and waved a pale "I'm off" to a friend of a friend who he would no longer accompany in his nighttime figure drawing class.

Standing next to his car, he scanned the parking lot to see if anyone could tell where he was going. Only beggars and students, professors and the insignificant, could be found. What a lot. He jammed the key into the car lock, flung the door open and ducked into his dark blue Metro. It seemed as if the door slammed on its own.

After inserting the key into the ignition, he stared at the windshield of the car opposite him. How could he feel like an outsider at the only school he'd ever known? While driving away, it was all he could think of. How could B--- do this to him?

He drove for four days, stopping only for rushed bathroom breaks. Driving frantically, he received a total of three tickets for speeding and two for reckless driving before he reached the rolling hills of A-----, five and a half miles west of Fort Mill, South Carolina. When he straightened up out of his car and tacitly scrutinized this new god-forsaken place, he felt the worst he would ever feel in his life. With that feeling tucked comfortably next to the wallet that he stored religiously in his left shirt pocket, he swore himself to a life of loneliness and writing—without the stress or merit of everyday living.

* * * * *

Exhibit B: *The following piece of writing is found immediately after the Table of Contents in The Collected Works of Kenneth Harlow (edited by James Harlow). T.C.W.O.K.H., an instant literary classic,*

was published in December 2057, three years after Kenneth Harlow's death. The piece is entitled "A Brief History and An Explanation":

It wasn't until the age of nine that Kenneth learned how to write, and it seems to me that those must have been the nine most peaceful years of his life. He became obsessed with writing immediately after discovering it and honed his skill by recording life events in weekly installments, distributing them to the parishioners at St. Paul's Episcopal Church. At twelve he hit puberty, and, due to his guileless honesty, Pastor Marcus Andrews requested that he discontinue the publication.

He entered high school at twelve and finished within three years. After receiving the Honorary Flanchlet Award from the International Compendium for High School Authors (ICHSA) for "courage and bravery," he was accepted into B--- College's esteemed English program. There his incessant scrawling found a welcome home.

Ignoring his father's advice to pursue a Ph.D. in Critical Analysis ("a degree that actually means something"), he enrolled in the creative writing Masters of Fine Arts program. Soon after, Mifflin-Houghton published the six-hundred-page epic, *Hornsby's Friends*, which he had been writing and rewriting since he was thirteen. The book received rave reviews in the *New York Times* for its "imaginative redirection of the 'coming of age story'" and sold half a million copies in its first year of publication. In an interview with the *Boston Globe*, he remarked, "Writing is my companion. Nothing else sustains me as it does." During this early literary success, Kenneth had few friends and spent most of his time alone.

Once he received his MFA, Harlow's young age and willingness to mold his literary style around his mentors allowed the B--- English department to bend the traditional rule of encouraging their graduates to teach elsewhere. B--- offered him the Writing in Residence Fellowship, issuing him ample time to write, and the quaint obligation of

teaching the one-hundred level Creative Writing class. At the age of twenty-three he had a tremendous amount of influence in the literary community and due to his erudite, contemplative style was nicknamed by critics the "Next Lewis."

En route to establishing himself as one of the key literary figures of his time, he did something that dramatically altered the last three quarters of his life. One Monday morning in January, he mysteriously left B-- and moved to rural South Carolina, where he withdrew contact from his colleagues and friends. To this day, the reason for this abrupt relocation is unclear. The suddenness of his move surprised his students especially, who thought he was joking when he informed them of his last lecture and then left the room. Once he received his MFA, Harlow's young age and willingness to mold his literary style around his mentors allowed the B--- English department to bend the traditional rule of encouraging their graduates to teach elsewhere. B--- offered him the Writing in Residence Fellowship, issuing him ample time to write, and the quaint obligation of teaching the one-hundred level Creative Writing class. At the age of twenty-three he had a tremendous amount of influence in the literary community and due to his erudite, contemplative style was nicknamed by critics the "Next Lewis."

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Eleven years later, Harlow released a rag-tag collection of short stories, entitled Grouse Mountain, which most critics claimed as evidence of his downfall as a

writer. The book sold eleven thousand copies, and was considered to be a flop by its publisher, too. In contrast to the bold, authoritative tone he customarily assumed, the "new Harlow" was "introspective, aimless and ambivalent about the most trivial of matters" (The New Yorker). Despite critics' disapproval of his flagging tone and hopeless outlook, Harlow described to me his experience of writing Grouse in a letter. He wrote, "Never has my mind been clearer, nor my pen more precise, as in those moments of devising the battle between my own voice and God's."

Since Grouse, Harlow became increasingly reclusive. He bought farmland and became self-sufficient, keeping his friends close, his writing even closer, and everyone and everything else as far removed from him as he could manage. By living frugally, Harlow supported himself without taking a job. Throughout the last thirty four years of his life, he wrote relentlessly. He kept no journal, and his writing often reflected that—sometimes sparsely edited and unreadable. But even with these "unfinished" works, Harlow's completed and legible stories number nearly five hundred.

In this volume, I have collected forty seven of Kenneth's stories, which I believe to be representative of his work. The last thirty-six are printed as Kenneth wrote them, so as not to misdirect his voice or intention. The first eleven are reprinted from previous publications, and are included to represent his early style. It is my hope that binding this fraction of his work together will record the gripping torment that Kenneth experienced while writing, as well as the resounding wisdom that he gained from years of solitude. I ask that the reader take special care in realizing that Kenneth is a man of great complexity, a man I have not really known as a brother, but whose writing has guided me through the darkness of my days.

- James Harlow, Editor
December, 2057

Exhibit C: *A revised excerpt from Chad Jorr's journal:*

1-25-05 - The door creaked as I passed into the warmth of the dormitory. I was thinking about a girl named Ingrid that I had recently met at a party. Up the stairs and down the hall I strode; under the dimly lit pale yellow ceiling, past the opaque blur near the rows of doors on either side. She either had nothing to lose or everything to hide, because she refused to make eye-contact with anyone. Inside the hallway, the carpet smelled faintly of alcohol vomit, an odor that can be quite soothing if you let it.

She and I will probably marry each other and not divorce, then have two girls and a boy, each two years apart. The boy will be named Orange, so that his elementary peers won't make up any mean rhymes about him.

I can relate to the way in which it hangs around the bathroom, alone and constantly reaching, awkward. Although awkward, the smell has a significant role in my life: it fills the deafening silence that consumes me after parties.

I turned the corner around the light blue metal frame out of the hall into the stairwell, and from the darkness that surrounds the single, uncovered fluorescent bulb, a tall man, enveloped in an oversize plastic yellow rain jacket rushed past me into the hallway, nearly knocking me over. My response was slow, but eventually I moved out of the way to let him pass. In that instance our eyes met, and the blackness of his pupils consumed his face. It looked like he didn't see me.

I didn't recognize him as Professor Harlow until I sat down to check my email-and even then I didn't realize what I should have.

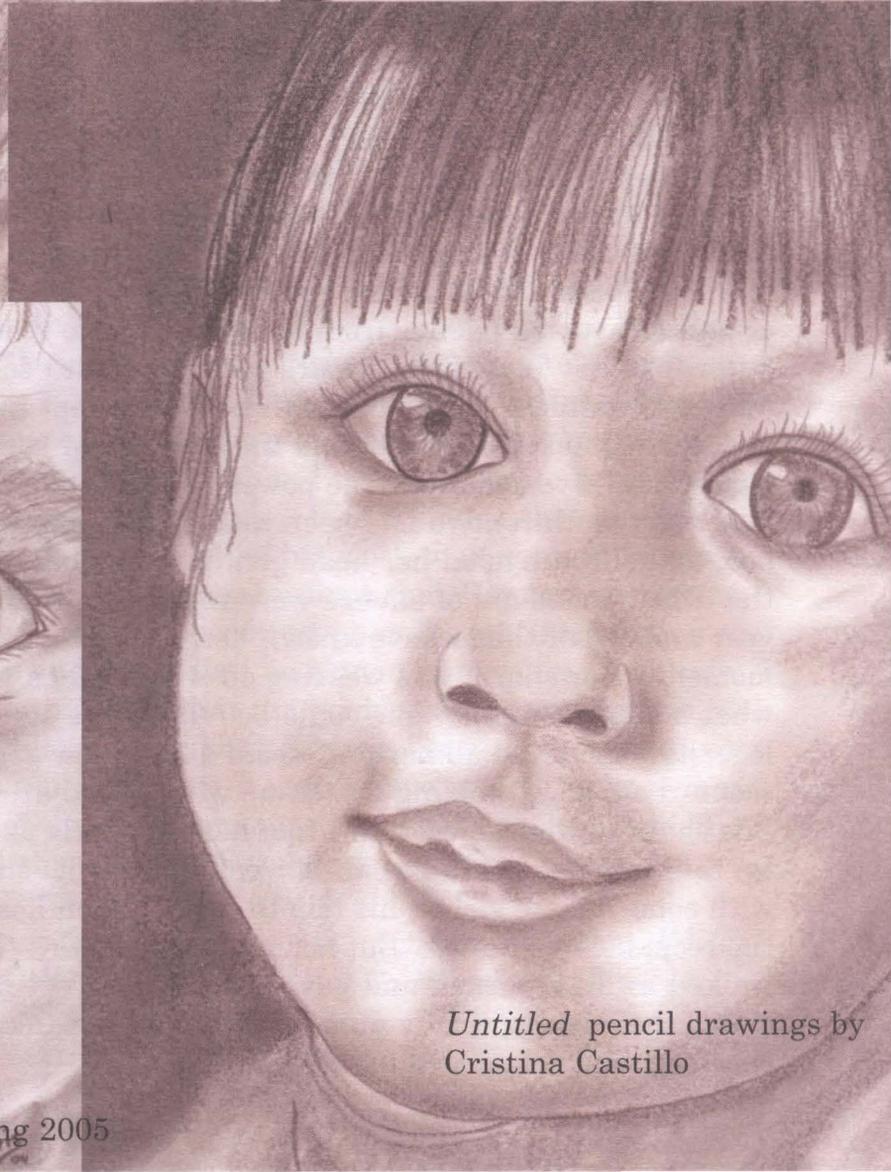
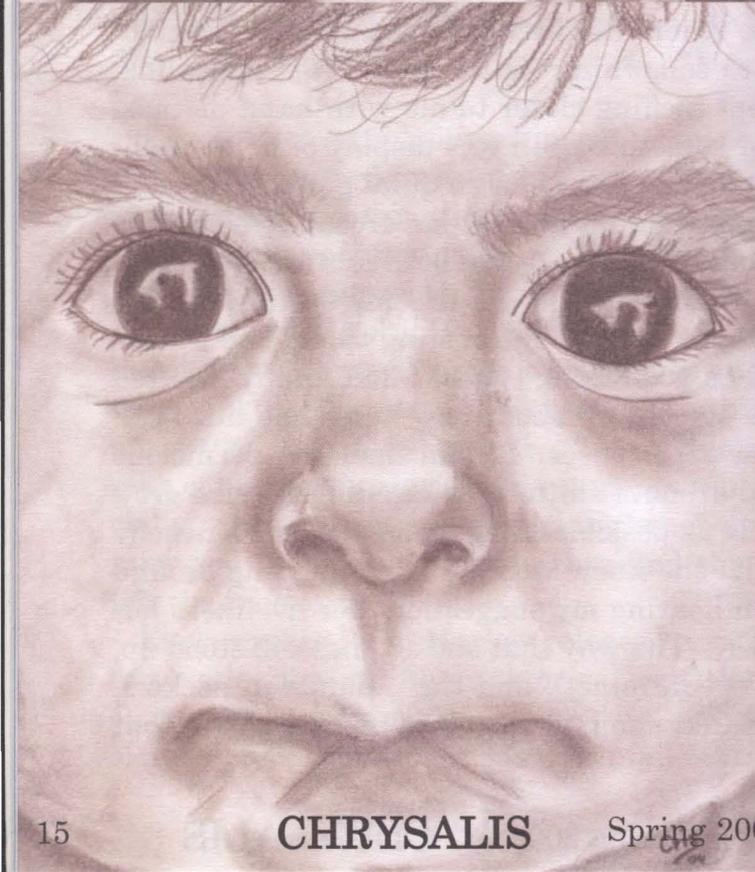
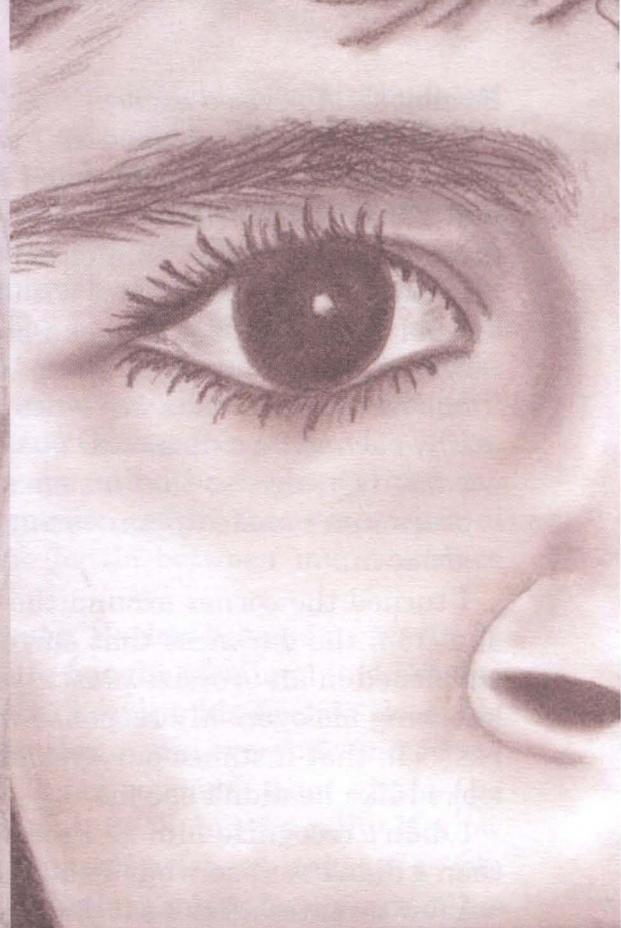
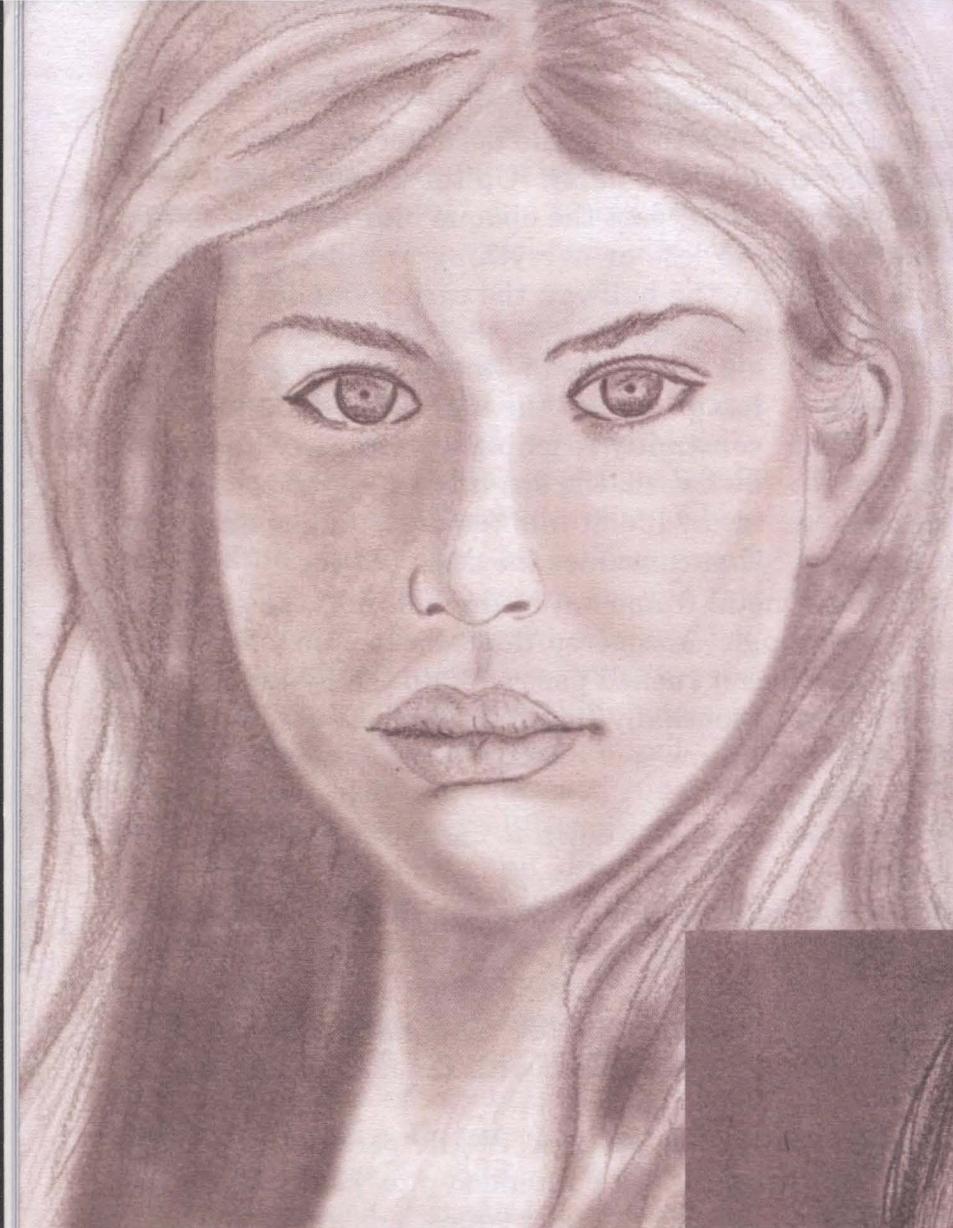
A few minutes after I sat down in front of the computer in my room, Reta knocked on the door and came in.

My roommate was staying at his mom's house tonight to take care of his anemic brother. I miss him when he's gone even though I never admit it.

She said she wanted "to talk."
I recognized the wanting "to talk" with someone as her customary exit strategy from parties (with the man of her choice, of course).

I have prided myself in never falling for that seductive trick. While perusing my ragtag assortment of 3x5s from high school with which I tackily (*intended pun*) covered my bulletin board, she began asking me these fundamentally insincere questions about my mother and father and friends from home. I tried to ignore her by typing steadily on the computer, but her ingenuous nature developed into something that I admit was appealing. Maybe I wanted to make out with her. She kept inching closer to me with hand motions about how much things cost and the economy or something. In this display of her "intelligence," she revealed to me the power of hand motions. They can be quite powerful.

It was two-thirty. We had been talking for more than an hour. I sat cross legged on the bed, and she snuggled her head gently on my blue corduroys. We both felt restless. And the timely moments of silence were increasing in length. I could feel my eyelids. In the year and a half that I have known her, she never seemed as interesting as she did at this moment. Her charm was wearing off-which was a good thing. Also, I had finally realized what a sincere listener she could be. Then she started up about how much she liked college, how she loved all her professors-all her new experiences. I could smell her pernicious scent. I sat back, holding myself up with locked arms. I shifted. The ceiling seemed grey. She changed the subject and I told her (as gently as possible) that if she needed somebody to "talk to" she should go call her boyfriend (who she knew was probably messing around with some debate girl on his trip to D.C.). Upon hearing my suggestion, her liveliness left the room before she did. But not in the usual way. The way that she acquiesced, stood up, walked away, returned and gave me a hug (no eye contact), and then, hands in pockets, closed the door especially quietly, you could tell that she had something inside of her that was tangible and needed to be forgiven.



Untitled pencil drawings by
Cristina Castillo

Self-Portrait

By Megan Iguchi

I have never been able to paint a self-portrait. I will start with the first few strokes of my round face, and my paintbrush will lead me to paint a dog or child. My teacher says that I have talent. He says that in two years, when I'm eighteen, I should move to New York; he says he knows a guy that could help me set up my own studio. I like to dream that will happen because I know it won't. I want to get out of this town, but I know I won't. I'll stay here my whole life, same people, same house, same town for the rest of my life. My mama won't let me leave. She says that I have to take care of her for the rest of her life and then she makes me promise. So I promise, I cross my fingers behind my back and promise. But I know that I won't get out.

My mama tried to get out of this town. She tried so hard. She wanted to go to college. Her teachers said she was smart enough to go to a state school. She tried to get my grandparents to help her out, but they didn't believe in "educatin' girls," plus they didn't have the money. She worked two jobs when she was in high school and saved up all of her money. But then she got pregnant. Yup, had me on her seventeenth birthday, just like her mama had her on her seventeenth birthday. It's kind of an oddity in my family and I hope that that gene did not get passed on to me. I don't want to get pregnant. Hell, no boy even looks at me. Since my mama failed at leaving this place and I am the reason she failed, she doesn't want me to leave. Nope, I am stuck here in the middle of America, land on all sides, no ocean in sight, in the middle of a town I despise.

*Portrait, Photograph and Collage by
Jessica Fox*



My town is full of dusty roads, at night you don't have to lock your doors, yellow, rolling hills surround it, everyone is in everyone's business, and weeks revolve around church on Sunday. I hate it. Fifty kids in my class at school, and I am the only one without any friends. I am the "odd" kid. See, unlike all the other kids whose mamas got pregnant before they graduated high school, mine did not get married. She is the only single parent in the whole town; kids tell me that she tries to sleep with their daddies. I hope they have their fingers crossed behind their backs. Makes me want to slap them when they say stuff like that to me.

I got in a fight one time at school. A pretty bad fight. This pretty blonde girl, with a perfect amount of freckles scattered across her nose and pink little cheeks and who all the boys love and who is the captain of the cheer team and the most popular girl at school called me a whore. I was pretty mad, seeing as how I have never even kissed a boy. I said, "Scuse me? What did you call me?" and she says, "You heard me, whore." I spat at her. She ran for my long, brown pig-tails and grabbed onto them. She tried to whip me around as if I was a lasso. As I tried to kick her directly in the shin, Mr. Camerado grabbed me. "Meli," he says, "Come with me." I look at him all big-eyed because I am the innocent one. Stuff like that always happens to me, where I get blamed and I did not do shit.

Mr. Camerado is the art teacher. He has this huge, black cat black mustache that covers his whole mouth. Sometimes I wonder what his mouth looks like. After I first met him in detention I painted a picture of what I thought his mouth looked like. I painted huge flaming red lips with white splotches, and huge rabbit-like yellow teeth. Mr. Camerado took me into his office and sat me down. Then he just stared at me. He has thesethick glasses and this nose that looks like those glasses with the huge fake nose that you can buy at the dollar store. I look away, turning my eyes away from his glare. I stare at the picture of his family, chubby wife who looks about twice his weight and

half his height and a young son. The son is so small it looks like I could eat him if I wanted to. I relate colors to emotions. The emotion that I get from this picture is blah, blah, boring, gray, boring. Poor, Mr. Camerado. So young, yet stuck in a boring, school teacher life with an ugly family. He sees me staring at his family portrait and turns it away from me. I see his mouth begin to move from behind his immense mustache, "Meli, I have been meaning to talk to you. One of the other teachers showed me one of your drawings and I would love for you to take my art class." I examine him. Where is the lecture? Why isn't he blaming me? I don't know how to respond, except to nod my head. He says, "Good, I'll see you tomorrow during sixth period," and gets up and escorts me out of his office. That was my first real meeting with Mr. Camerado. He is a very surprising man.

My mama tells me that I am the reason she failed at leaving our town. She screams at me, pretty pink lips parted and yelling. When she yells her hands close into fists, her body tightens making her taller and closer to God, her pretty long, blonde hair swings back and forth. I am the reason she is stuck in this dinky little town - "You stupid bitch! Why did you have to come along? You make me feel sick!" she yells in her raspy voice. She takes off the belt that is holding up her tight blue jeans and one of the straps of her tight black tanktop slips off of her shoulder as she begins to whip me. Just like the stupid pretty blonde girl tried to.

Once when I was little, I found my mama's birth control. I remember I was alternating sucking on an apple lollipop and swallowing her pills when she found me and she yanked the lollipop out of my mouth and put it in my hair. She threw me into my room and locked the door. She came into my room three hours later with some scissors and cut out the lollipop. She cut my hair so short that I got nicknamed "Boy" by the kids in my class until my hair grew out a year later.

My mama showed me how to shave my legs. I was the first girl in my class to shave my legs. Fourth grade and the first girl. All

the other girls stood in awe of me, until that pretty blonde girl shaved her legs the next day and I was forgotten about. But I remember that day when my mama showed me to shave my legs. She came home from work early, smile spread across her face, whistling "Shameless" under her breath. My mama is so pretty when she smiles. She's got the most perfect teeth, just as white and straight as a picket fence. I've always wanted a picket fence, she says, when I tell her that. Go get my purse, she says, I have a surprise for you. I run over and get her oversized half bag, half backpack thing she calls her purse. She pulls out a package of the cutest pink razors I have ever seen. I am going to teach you to shave, she proudly says. That night she doesn't act like my mama. She is my best friend, my older sister, a new and improved mama. I feel special and loved. I remember that night and the color of the sunset, a yellow-orange-marigold, a color that wraps itself around you and embraces you and smells so good that you just want to live in it forever.

The day after the fight I go to Mr. Camerado's class for the first time. He lets me sit in the back and gives me a good canvas and quality paints, ones that are way too expensive for me to buy on my own. "I want you to paint something that has special meaning to you," he says. I sit and think for the whole class period. I decide to paint a marigold. I stroke the color of the fading sun onto the canvas, slowly, enjoying the paint and canvas. I decide to add myself into the middle of the color. That is where I want to live. I begin to draw myself, long skinny limbs, and once again I fail. What began as me ended up as a flower, no not a flower, a weed, a dark green ugly weed in the middle of my canvas. After the rest of the class has left Mr. Camerado comes to check on me to see how I am doing. I say that I have messed up. He says it's okay and gets me another canvas. This time he sits down next to me with his own canvas and collection of brushes. He starts asking me questions.

"How was your day? How is school going? Do you have any siblings?"

"Good, thank you," I respond, "schools alright, and no, I don't have any brothers or sisters."

"I didn't have any siblings either, just me and my mom," he says.

It's nice to sit next to an adult and not be accused of anything. All the other adults in this town think that I am a troublemaker because of my mama. I stare at his mustache, revising the image I have of his hidden mouth. I think it is light pink and soft, like the kind of bubblegum I used to steal from the store.

My mama first taught me to paint when I was two. Of course it was only watercolor paint bought from Wal-Mart and I was painting on construction paper. She says that she put the brush in my tiny hand and I was a natural. She's glad that I take after her in the artistic department. At least I take after her in something, she says, as she rolls her pretty blue eyes. I remember mixing the watercolors together and painting pictures for my mama to hang on our walls. I would autograph all of my pictures "To mama, love Meli." I would give them to her and she would lean down and kiss me on the cheek, leaving the mark of her bright pink lipstick behind. She bought me my first brush and real acrylic paint when I was ten. She put the brush and paint next to my pillow, so I found it when I woke up in the morning. When I thanked her, she just smiled and said, "I didn't put those there. Must have been the tooth fairy." I gave her a huge hug and she hugged me back, pulling me into her warm, thin body. She whispered in my ear, "I love you."

My mama smokes. I used to watch her sit at our kitchen table while she took long drags of her cigarette. When she inhaled she would close her eyes, lean back in her seat, and let her long body take in the smoke. Her shoulders would relax as she exhaled, the smoke sometimes forming little circles, angel's crowns she called them, or sometimes blowing the sweet smell into my face. I would mimic her, pretending to wrap my long, skinny fingers around a cigarette, slowly inhaling and exhaling. Mama giggled

when I did this. "Meli," she smiled at me, flicking her cigarette into a bowl, "Do you wanna be like me?" I nodded yes.

After meeting Mr. Camerado I started eating lunch in his office. I don't have anyone else to sit with in the lunchroom and Mr. Camerado is my only friend. Sometimes we just sit in silence watching the TV. He'll sit behind his cluttered desk and I will sit on the other side of it. Our lunches will be mixed up with the pens, pencils, and paintbrushes he keeps on his desk. We usually watch the painting show with the guy with the huge hair. I've seen Mr. Camerado try and copy what the big hair guy paints, and usually it's pretty much exactly the same except he'll get a tree or two out of place and paint things different colors, like the sky orange and the grass blue, but he says that it is modern. He says that I paint modern too and that it is good to be different. He tells me that when he was little he was real different and nobody at school liked him, but his mama really helped him out. She put him in art lessons and helped him find something he was passionate about and he discovered it was okay to be different, that he liked being different. He has a gentle, soothing voice, it kind of sounds like the voices from the book on tape books that mama buys. And sometimes when he talks I just want to close my eyes and let him talk me to sleep.

When we aren't watching the television during lunch, we sit and talk. He likes to talk about his family, his wife and son. He tells me stories about his son, John. "John's only nine months old, but I can already tell that he is going to be just like me. He already loves to watch me paint. Makes little grunting noises, urgh, urgh, when I paint somethin' he likes," he says proudly. I talk about me and mama. How she is a great mama and loves me a lot, just like he loves his son. How my daddy left when I was one and mama missed him tons. He tells me that his daddy left his mama before he was born and he has never wanted to speak to the bastard again. Coming from Mr. Camerado's mouth bastard doesn't sound

like such a dirty word. It sounds like he said puppy or blue. Mr. Camerado's real tall and thin, and I wonder if he got that from his mama, just like I did. Sometimes Mr. Camerado talks about his friend in New York.

"You should meet my friend in New York, Jim. Man, we had some great times. He's the one who introduced me to my wife. Bet he would love to take you in as his apprentice. You should move there when you graduate."

I get real excited about that idea. Maybe Mr. Camerado will move there with me. Mama used to paint before she had me. She painted pictures of herself, my daddy, and what she thought I would look like. She was real pretty then, just like she is now. Her blue eyes shone with pride in her self-portrait, probably 'cause my daddy told her that they were going to get married. Her skin looked really soft, like how the best kind of laundry softening stuff that my grandma sometimes buys for us makes your clothes feel. Freckles were sprinkled across her nose and her nose was and still is perfectly rounded and slightly turned up at the end, not snobby-like, but childlike. You get the feeling that she is all innocent from her nose, that she has a little girl side to her still. She was captain of the cheer team before she got pregnant and had me. I can just imagine her yelling for my daddy on the football field and jumping all up and down in the air all excited like.

I like to look at the portraits of my daddy that I hide in my closet. Mama would be real mad if she knew that I stole them from the trash pile and kept them. My daddy was handsome. He had brown eyes, like mine, but his were almost black and mama said they were so intense that they sucked you into his soul. He looked like the color yellow, like he was happy all the time and made my mama happy too. Mama painted him in his football jersey and I am sure that he was the most popular boy at school. Her pictures of herself made her look yellow, too. Now she is blue.

Mr. Camerado invited me over to dinner at

his house with his family. He says that maybe I can baby-sit his son and I say that I would love to. I love being at dinner with Mr. Camerado and his wife. If my daddy was still around, I am sure that my mama and him would be just like the Camerados. Mr. Camerado is very gentlemanly and asks Mrs. Camerado how her day went. And she says, "Wonderful, honey." She asks me how long I have been painting and asks to see one of my portraits. Mr. Camerado says, "Meli is the most talented artist I have seen come through the high school. Meli, you could really do good selling your art if you wanted to." I blush. Mrs. Camerado and I notice that he has some food stuck in his mustache and we start to giggle. He asks us what is wrong. Mrs. Camerado replies, "Nothing," and we continue to giggle. Her whole body jiggles when she giggles. Reminds me of cherry jello that my mama used to make. Makes me like her even more. After dinner, Mrs. Camerado asks if I will join them in the living room for some dessert. I feel like a princess as she leads me into the room. Mr. Camerado is sitting in the corner holding baby John, and baby John reaches up into his daddy's mustache and grabs the chunk of food Mrs. Camerado and I had been giggling about. We all laugh. I feel marigold and want to live in their house forever.

My mama used to get real frustrated with me when I was little. I remember when I was seven, I was watching TV and I know I was watching the Mighty Morphin Power Rangers cause mama really likes the Power Rangers, specially the pink one cause she likes pink, and she came home from her job at Wal-Mart and put her purse down on the table. Then she slowly unpinned her small, white nametag, and carefully slipped it into the garbage disposal. It made a real bad grinding noise, so loud that I couldn't hear my show. I turned up the volume on the TV. "Mama, Power Rangers is on!" I said. She turned to me, pointing at me with her long, skinny fingers, her nails painted the hot pink shade I had gotten her for Christmas. "You," she cried, "You, you, you..." She

grabbed me off of the floor and shoved me under her arm, as if I was a football and she was a linebacker. "You, you, your fault, your fault, your fault, you little bitch!" She rushed me into my room and left me there, slamming the door behind her. I heard the click of the lock. In my room, I could hear mama singing along to the theme song of the Power Rangers, and then flipping through the channels until she got to the channel with COPS on. I could hear her laughing to herself, "Fat cop! Fat cop!" I didn't get any food that night. After awhile I learned to stash food in my room so that I wouldn't go hungry.

After my fight with the pretty blonde girl, I came home pretty upset. My mama asked me what was wrong and I told her. She hugged me and stroked my hair and told me that everything was going to be alright. Right then, in my color marigold, I believed her.

I bet the pretty blonde girl could draw a self-portrait.

I went to go baby-sit the Camerado's baby. Mrs. Camerado was going to her mother's house and Mr. Camerado was going to go teach an art class at the senior center. Baby John gives off the colors of the rainbow to me. He is so young and innocent and small and helpless and he has his whole life to pick what color he is going to be. He's a brand new person and I wish that I was him. Mostly he cries the whole time that I am taking care of him. I rock him back and forth, stroking his tiny head and hum "Rock-a-bye, baby" under my breath, just like my mama said she used to do to me. Finally, baby John goes to sleep. I notice in his nursery that there is a painted picture of their family hanging. Mrs. Camerado is holding John, she is looking at him and smiling just like a new mama should, and Mr. Camerado is standing behind her. He is looking at his wife and baby. He is standing tall and proud and he looks so happy, like he is in his own kind of marigold. Mrs. Camerado pays me eight dollars and I am excited because now I can go buy some new paints.

I walk into my house after babysitting.

Our house is pretty small. Just my mama's room and my room, kitchen, and TV room. My mama is real proud of my art and hangs it everywhere. Our hallway is a timeline of my paintings, starting from the little kid years until now. Mama loves color and our kitchen is painted a bright yellow and our TV room is painted a brick red. I start to cook dinner for myself and wonder if mama wants any. I head to her room and knock on the door, which she has painted flowers over. "Mama!" I yell, but hear no response. I open the door a crack and peek in. I feel red, fire red, intense fire red, burning intense fire red, screaming burning intense fire red. Her eyes are closed, like an angel wearing one of her angel crowns. She is naked, exposing her longness: long legs, long arms, long torso, long blonde hair, long fingers, long toes. She is sprawled across the bed. Mr. Camerado, with his pink soft bubblegum mouth is lying next to her. I can see his longness: long legs, long arms, long torso, long mustache. The both of them perfectly long together. The sheets underneath them shift slightly as he turns in his sleep to pull her in closer to him, closer to his longness, closer to his warmness, closer to his marigold. "Whore!" I screamed, leaving the door open as I flew into my room and slammed my door.

I lay crumpled on my floor, couldn't shed a tear. Just lay there for what seemed like hours. Mama didn't come get me. I didn't expect her to, never would expect her to do that for me. I was feeling colors I had never felt or seen before, dark blues mixed with green, brilliant reds mixed with black. I pulled out a canvas that Mr. Camerado had given me the day before and began to paint. Strokes of mixed up colors across the canvas, until all the colors turned into black. Then I began to paint myself. Round face accentuated with long brown braids; upturned nose, not too snobby and not too childlike; deep brown eyes, cold and hard and hurt; freckles only on my sallow cheeks; ears too big for a head so small; large forehead, small pink, cracked lips. I draw myself naked, limbs just as long and skinny as my two braids,

ribs showing and tiny breasts. I draw myself naked, and the colors of the rainbow.

* * * * *

Third Rate Grade

By Avi Katz

like my uncle

graying and shrinking
too many days reading
Charlotte's Web

I remember a man who would throw a Mean kickball, fiery rockets of Rubber, his goatee still heavy with Color.

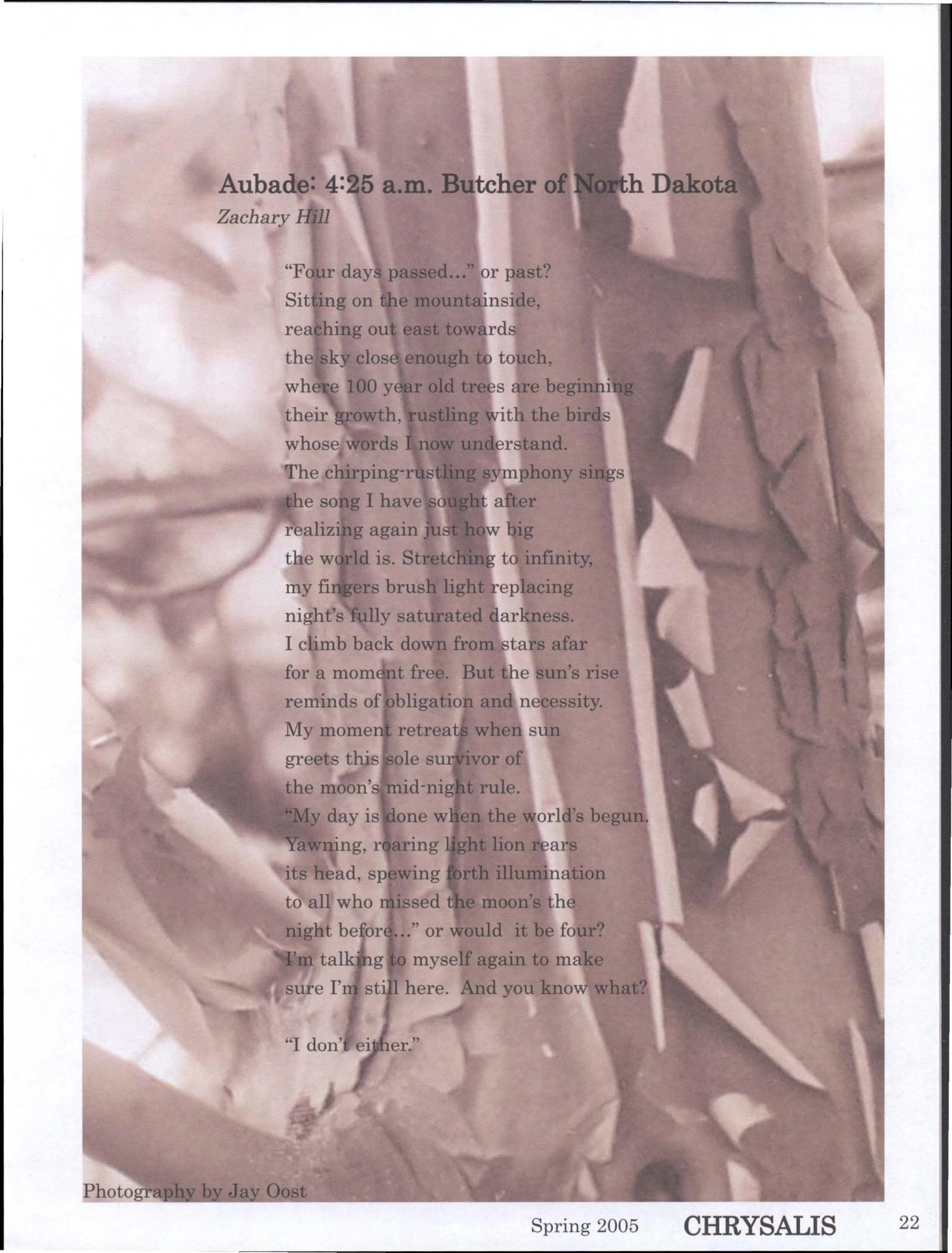
but now he seems a fraction, one-third the giant with the limitless wingspan.

Three-fifths the scholar who scribbled in cursive.

Five-fifths the teacher taking care of his own. Joel and Sienna.

I stopped playing kickball a long time Ago and the tap of that tether-ball chain Proves just how old I have become

sad that he is no longer mr. easton, but the one-half syllable of Will.

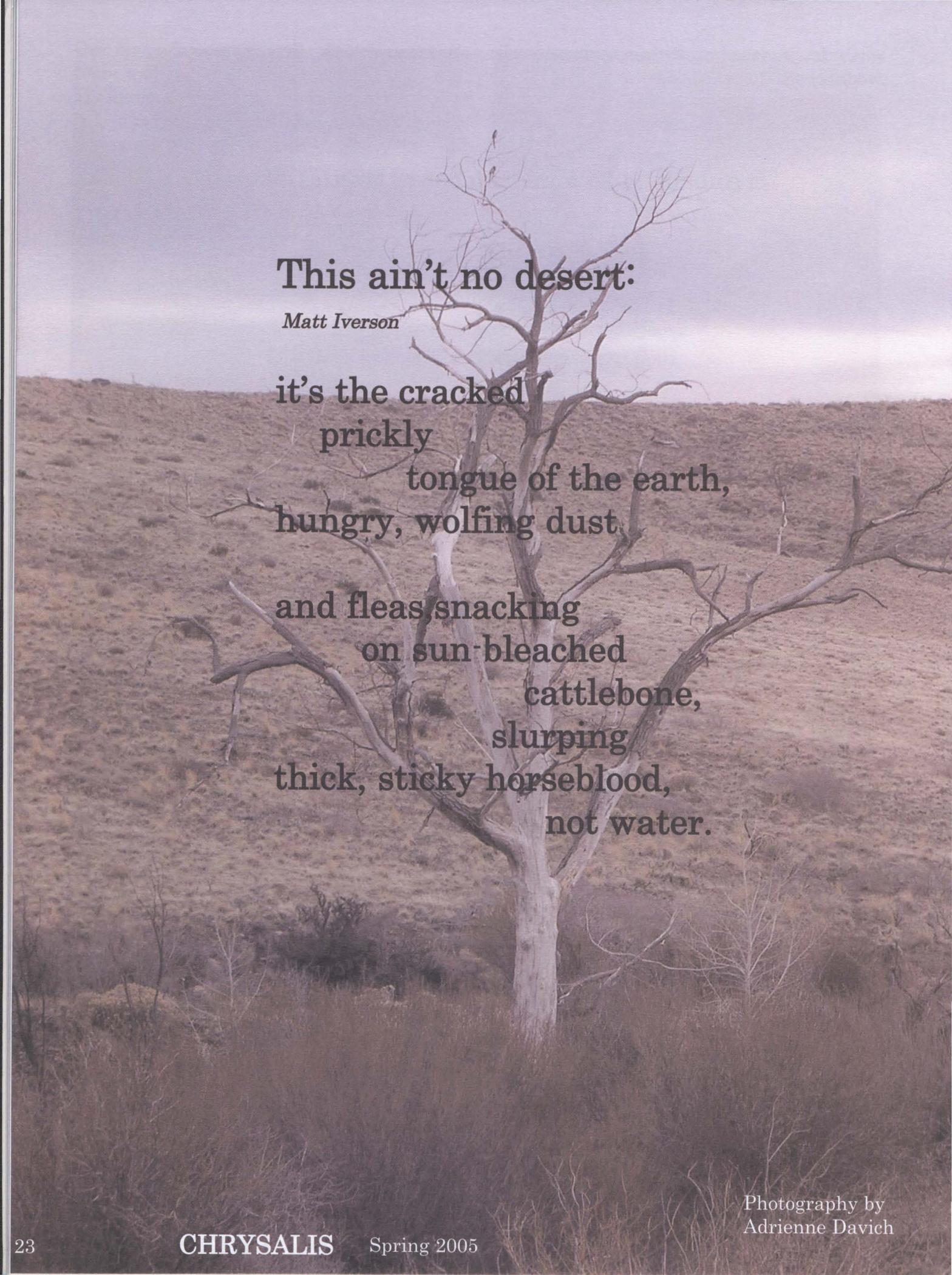


Aubade: 4:25 a.m. Butcher of North Dakota

Zachary Hill

“Four days passed...” or past?
Sitting on the mountainside,
reaching out east towards
the sky close enough to touch,
where 100 year old trees are beginning
their growth, rustling with the birds
whose words I now understand.
The chirping-rustling symphony sings
the song I have sought after
realizing again just how big
the world is. Stretching to infinity,
my fingers brush light replacing
night’s fully saturated darkness.
I climb back down from stars afar
for a moment free. But the sun’s rise
reminds of obligation and necessity.
My moment retreats when sun
greet this sole survivor of
the moon’s mid-night rule.
“My day is done when the world’s begun.
Yawning, roaring light lion rears
its head, spewing forth illumination
to all who missed the moon’s the
night before...” or would it be four?
I’m talking to myself again to make
sure I’m still here. And you know what?
“I don’t either.”

Photography by Jay Oost

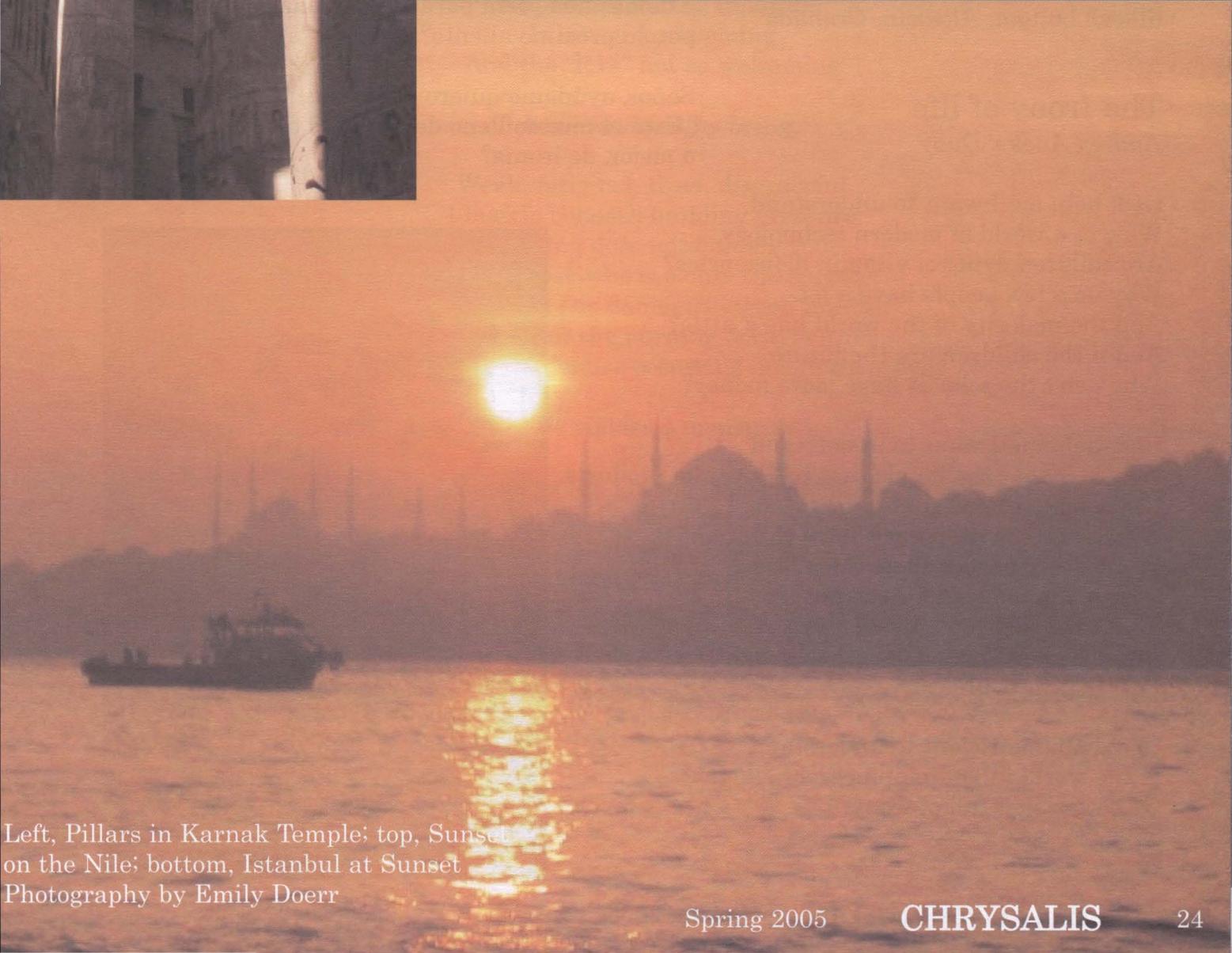
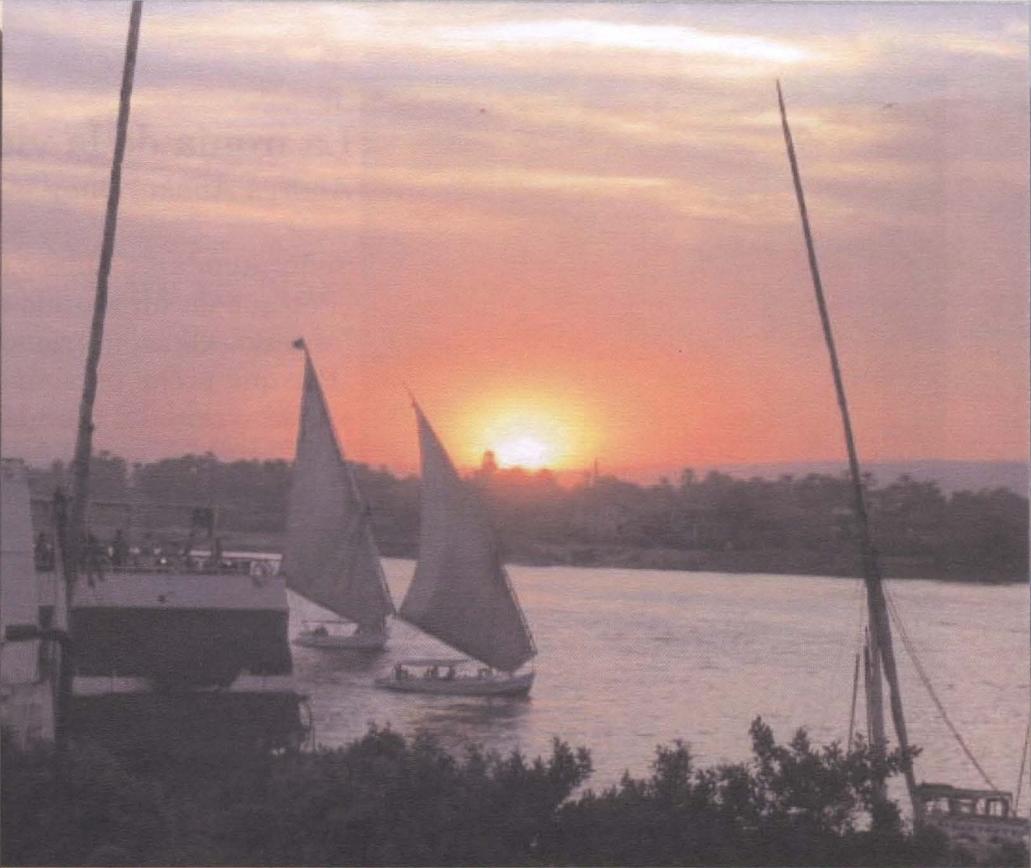
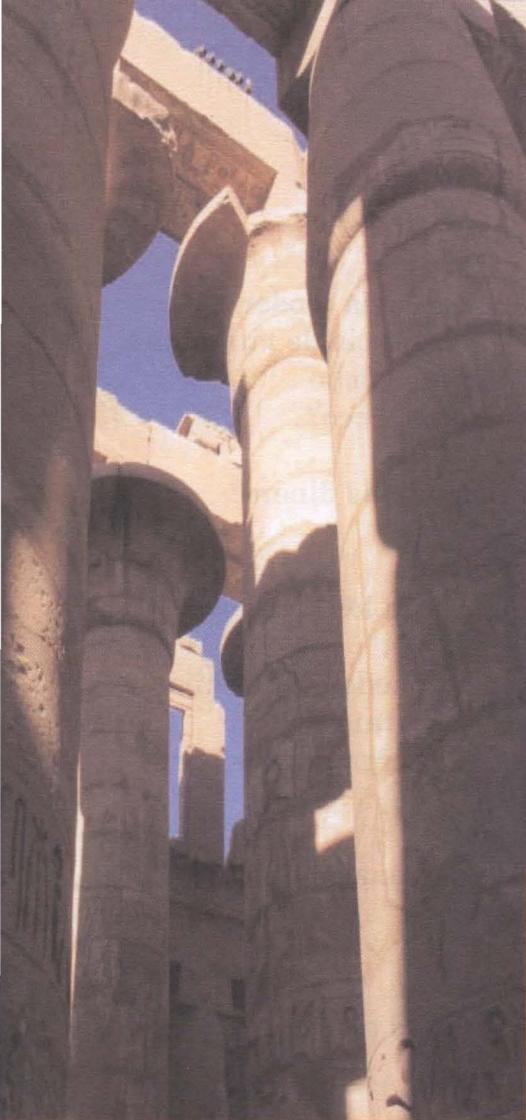


This ain't no desert:

Matt Iverson

it's the cracked /
prickly
tongue of the earth,
hungry, wolfing dust
and fleas, snacking
on sun-bleached
cattlebone,
slurping
thick, sticky horseblood,
not water.

Photography by
Adrienne Davich



Left, Pillars in Karnak Temple; top, Sunset on the Nile; bottom, Istanbul at Sunset
Photography by Emily Doerr



Paintings by Jeanne Beko: top, *Lirios* (lilies); bottom, *Albaicin, Granada*

La ironía de la vida

Andrea Aneke' Duby

Señor ayúdame-quiero entender
 ¿Por qué en un mundo de tecnología moderna
 los niños están muriendo de carencia de vitamina?
 ¿Por qué pocas personas tienen mucho
 y la mayoría del mundo tiene un poco?
 Y si los niños son el futuro
 ¿Por qué las escuelas no tienen más dinero?

Señor, ayúdame-quiero entender
 ¿Por qué las manos que producen los productos
 no pueden utilizarlos?
 ¿Por qué algunas personas no pueden tener hijos
 mientras otras personas los abortan?
 ¿Por qué la vida es demasiada larga para las per-
 sonas
 que toman sus propias vidas
 y demasiada corta para las personas que luchan
 por su próximo aliento?

The Irony of life

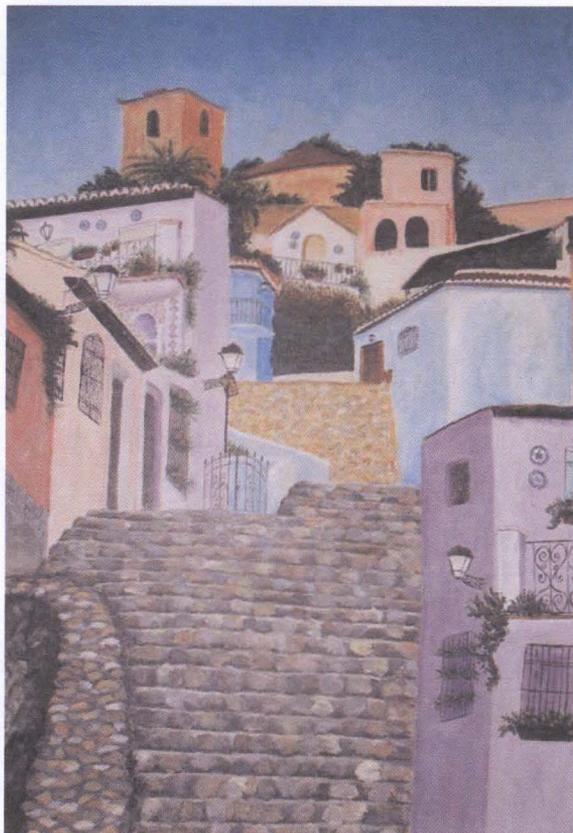
Andrea Aneke' Duby

God, help me-I want to understand
 Why, in a world of modern technology,
 Are children dying of vitamin deficiencies?
 Why do a few people have a lot,
 And the majority of the world has a little?
 And if the children are the future,
 Why don't the schools have more money?

God, help me-I want to understand
 Why is it that the hands that produce the products
 Cannot use them?
 Why can some people not have children,
 While other people abort them?
 Why is life too long for the people
 That take their own lives?
 And too short for the people that fight
 For their next breath?

God, help me-I want to understand
 Is the world full of happiness, or sadness
 Or better, is it full of irony?

Señor, ayúdame-quiero entender
 ¿Está el mundo lleno de felicidad o de tristeza
 o mejor, de ironía?



Life in Name Only

By Kevin Rancik

Je voudrais mourir
I would like to die
As I do in my dreams
Bloody helpless injured and alone
Condemned by the hands of god
Exiled by his wretched sheep
Who do his deeds with great error
Exiled for my birth
Over which the "choice" was not mine
I've not the choice now
Nor will I in times still to come
True as such may be
Compassion for the condition
Is not so forthcoming
And the "love" not so welcoming

I have wronged by being.

Weak, fatigued, tired, disgraceful
I buckle beneath building pressure
Suffering does not become you
So say those who see only the surface
Who see not the damaged jagged interior
Who see not the burning decay within
Not the human demise occurring before their eyes

Je voudrais mourir
So god
Take this life I'm told you granted
May the hordes feast on my scraps
For I have already failed
Merely by being.

Where I Was(nt)

Zachary Hill

I was in North Dakota of all places,
trail blazing and already blazed trail
across America's fruited plains.
16 hours straight behind
Ba's VW insignia stamped wheel
at 65 miles per hour
across flat terrain, past waving grain
with darkness surrounding
almost feels like flying.

Through the vacuous void I flew,
nothing around except the occasional
grasshopper hopping through
my window to the world,
globbing the windshield greenish-yellowish
that the wipers only served to smear
further clouding my view of the
vast, expansive absence
that my headlights illuminated in front of me.

What was so memorable about nothing?
How many nights have I slaved away
in front of texts, trying in vain
to fill my brain with useful information
about some important person,
or some important thing,
only to draw a blank in the line
left for me on the next
morning's short quiz

The bass battled the roar of the road
as I sat listlessly Listening to
AFI's "Half Empty Bottle" for
the thousandth time blaring over
my hoarse voice singing all the words
that I can't ever remember specifically
singing any other time.

I blinked deeply and took
a long pull off the Marlboro that
had been restlessly resting in my left hand.
The orange glow briefly brightened,
for a moment, altering the
taken-for-granted-bland blur of
dull green interior lighting
I had forgotten was accompanying
My accompaniment for the past many hours.
Oh, how many times I'd searched as
deeply as a my brain would allow
for one last look at my father's face,
to hear once more his voice,
but come up empty handed. Yet,
when Nothing happened Nowhere,

I remember it perfectly.



Photography by Rachael Warren-Allen

His song

Dan Humphrey

I drift into the ocean breeze, with my father, silently.
The waves perform their timeless task, perpetually crashing, a constant beat.
Seagulls sing along, sometimes stopping to swoop and glide
Down into the salty water, where urchins lie waiting.

My father and I walk beside the seaside,
His Permian eyes pass over small black pebbles
In search of fossil material coveted in his mind,
A simple stone in mine.

I could care less about rewards,
For me it's the soft waves crawling on my feet as I venture aimlessly,
Following my father's footprints,
Listening to his song.



Evening Then Mourning in Christ Church

Cassandra Farrin

Passing blindly the holy water we arrived breathless.
We stamped into the narthex to discover in fact there was
No narthex but
Immediate high-ceilinged darkness instead.
Evensong already wavers among incense, candlelight—
I feel my boots unforgivable on mosaic floors, my loud
Procession down to the empty seats.
Alone now,
My muscles relieve every wooden contour.
Distractions: the face of the choir girl,
The coughing man beside me,
The stillness of vaulted ceilings.

I returned today, on a whim. Unhurried
Meandering among the alcoves,
Then my sheepish return to the holy water.
Clergymen, chattering, rehearse
Below the crucified Christ.
Today *I* am empty, fasting,
Fasting and it is my lunch hour. Today's only distraction:
A grumbling stomach. The church
Is full, full of people healing, gambling, feasting
On the walls and stained glass windows, straining to live—
Albeit the only audible voices are still rehearsing.

A man calling for his mother
Beckons me: Where is the funeral? Was it here?
He asks as though I would know. A grievous
Wrong turn, he is saying, we're looking...We mustn't be late.
He leaves me for the clergy.
In the doorway I see, though lacking in color,
The woman who could be me, grey-haired, black-coated, pale grief,
Watching the Christ and her son beneath.

A Brief Departure

Mikey Inouye

I stayed up all night
reevaluating my life.
In the morning I had math.
By the time I was dressed
I had decided to drop my major:
not a single poem or short story
for the rest of my time on earth—

for the man at the Dragonfly Café
had spoken with such foreboding words!
Nobody would publish his book.
Devoted to literature all his life,
now slapping price stickers on dildos
in the storage closet of the
Salem Adult Shop.

I thought of the man as I went to Calculus,
but shoved him out of my mind
before he had a chance to become
a central character in a short story.
I turned my attention
to the surrounding environment,
stifling all of its symbolic notions.
No more to abstractions!
Down with the metaphorical!
Everything is as it is!
Hello tree! Hello flower!
Hello hot girl in green skirt!
The sky is only sky,
the sun, only sun!
And I am only walking,
on the pavement (only pavement!),
on the planet, only turning,
only turning, only turning!
A rose, is a rose, is a rose, is a rose,
and how wonderfully I had arisen!
I was surging with real energy,
and all the words were gone—
the 12-point font in Times New Roman,
looping and slicing through white space,
finally wiped from my brain.



Painting by Jay Oost

When I got to class I sat down
to theorems and assurances,
limits and infinite lines—
explanations everywhere!

I'd had Red Bull and vodka for breakfast,
so it was easy to slip into a tingly torpor.
My eyes wandered from the whiteboard
down to the sand-textured table.
It seemed to be shifting in my direction,
like all the planets and particles
of the galaxy were finally gravitating
toward me in the form of answers,
instead of so many impossible questions.

When class was over
I headed back to my room,
and then sat in my chair.
Looked out the window.
Stared at my computer screen.
Filled a glass of water and drank from it.
I thought about this new world I had,
with all its simple sentience,
its glowing glory,
its soft and silent luminescence—
and the static on so many frozen neurons
thawed away, their bright interiors
cracking out of their icy cases and rushing
through the milky cosmic strings in my
head
like so many streaming, wayward stars—

and for the life of me,
all I could do
was write about it.

Waiting

Kasey Jakien

This is the horrible time after a break up,
If you are the one doing the breaking.

The other sits and collects poisons, plotting
How to foul up the drinking water, how to

Kick at you with silence.
You wait. For forgiveness, or

Compassion.
The other counts artillery,

What few missiles are left
That can still puncture your heart.

You think the waiting is the worst, like
In the old days, when a messenger

Would stand atop a mountain, looking
For a runner's torch. With thin claws

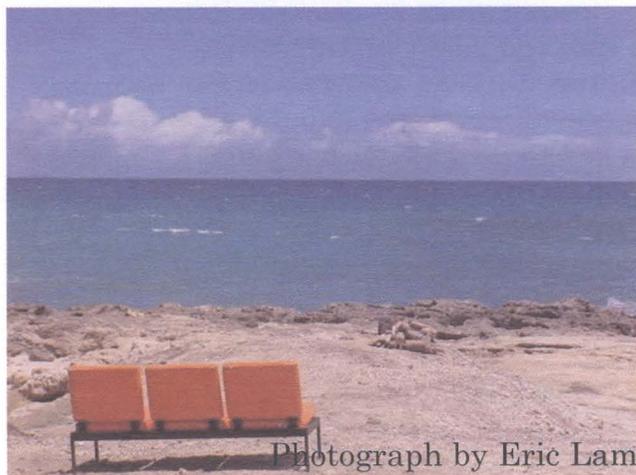
The wind would swing back, forth,
As the messenger waited for the torch.

Today, it is you who is running, and
You have snuffed the light.

The messenger stands in the dark, and
You wait to hear: "I'm here!" or

That silence, cold as sleeping alone.
But often it is just your heart—old, reliable

Torch that burns through the night
That keeps you waiting for a message.



Photograph by Eric Lam

Choosing Judas

Kasey Jakien

At what point did God know that
Judas was it?

Was Judas greedy at the supper,
Wanting more wine, more bread,
Eyeing it like a fox? His mouth
Guzzling wine until it slithered:
A thin red thread down his neck.

Did he sit with twiddling thumbs,
Thinking: please Lord, don't let it be me.
I've got this bad gut feeling.....
I always jinx these things.

When the Lord searched
Through the thirteen pious men,
Was Judas more sinful than the rest?
Set against the light of Jesus' purity,
Did he squirm like a belly dancer?

Perhaps he could not read or write.
Perhaps he broke a lover's heart.
A robber's nose.

The stamp was set,
The shackles ready.
Judas Capitalist-Businessman.
Smoking a cigar of dollar bills,
His eyes two shiny dimes.

Did he hate the pious Jesus, with
Hands open as a lover?

Or was he a drawn card?
King of spades, nails, pins,

God sitting at his magic
Roulette table, names and places
Spinning round and round. The
Silver sphere falling on the letter J.
Jesus, Judas. The first two
To go.

Last night I saw Judas at the local
Market, a Lucky Strike in his mouth,
Empty vodka bottle filled with
Ashes. He spent all his coins on forgetting,
He said. Never saved any for
Forgiveness.



Art by Jay Oost: top, *Reflection*; bottom, *Native*

A Month in Moments: Yale Divinity School

Cassandra Farrin

1.

Margot Fassler, voice of earth and small rotundity, read Eudora Welty to the crowd, "Old farm man, old farm secret-keeper," she read Chuckling as we balanced among pews and saw him, The farm man, farm hand who wouldn't tell.

2.

Jihad. I circle the word.
Pages argue gaily with the wind and wrap
Around my fingers splayed across the book's spine. I twist into pockets,
Pencil gone, I cannot work. I sigh...

3.

The rotund, sermon-giving man,
Lutheran no doubt, he nearly dropped
The book slipping it over my head where reading
Of Nazis I crouched among the shelves.

4.

At the Asian market I find old kaki orange-fleshed with mold:
One flat, \$.85. I safely buy a 20-lb. bag of rice instead.
Mumblin', a Korean man reads CASH ONLY and,
Fumbling the clerk's silence, jostles the ATM while I wait.

5.

Small Ishad, fatwas issued for her death. "I have no card," she apologizes,
"Security." Demanding itjihad with every question she returns to us,
"If that old faith is safe," she asks, "Why not go back to it?"
"I want my questions," we say, "Uncertainty equals us," I say.
She says I'm on my way.
"Keep fighting."

6.

Before-dawn emptiness overwhelms me.
I weep for you forgetting me these seven months.
In an hour lawnmowers reawaken me and
Shivering, I steam rice for onigiri, restart my day smiling.

7.

Autumn leaves catch my black wool coat.
Today we sang old farm-song lullabies and
The chapel rang our hearts free.
I am welcome, she told me today, though a passer-by.
"Be blessed," the chaplain said and with a finger painted fragrantly the cross.
Be blessed you, she said,
Be blessed your journey.

Photography by
Emily Doerr

Art

Matt Iverson

Art is in iceberg,
smashing into a ship called Art,
drowning in the sea of Art:
down go the passengers, all named
Art.



Bad Art

Breese Pickel

When I see shadows
Falling
 A Swedish Spider-Man
Painting
 Moving no where
Watching him dance
On the building's side wall
Part of me
 Hopes he falls

Frío

Andrea Aneke' Duby

Llenan la noche
Las palabras vacías
y todo es frío

Rítmicamente
Las lágrimas del amor
Se caen al suelo.



Photography: top, by Eric Lam, *Summer Plumerias, Oahu, Hawaii*; middle, by Andrea Duby, *Column Complex, Mitla Archeological Site, Oaxaca, Mexico*; bottom, by Andrea Duby, *Guardian Angel, Palacio de Bellas Artes, Mexico City, Mexico*.

An Elegy to the Self

By Mikey Inouye

I'll drink to you tonight, dear self:
to all the people you could have been, and
to all the decisions you decided not to make.

To the day you sat in the Whale's Mouth wind tunnel
under the road where you pondered the dead squirrel,
swearing to yourself that you would never kill again.

To the thoughts of who you were meant to be,
to the crinkling leaves that skittered around you,
crying out their heavy, hollow clatters,
to the sticks and stones you carried home
and the plastic buckets you kept them in,
to all the playgrounds and parks you did not frequent
and the swings and seesaws you never sat on,
to the louder children you never spoke with,
to each drop of rain and flake of snow that never fell
on your shoulders and the certain rays of sunlight
that never passed through you.

To the day you could have run away—
to the toothbrush, clothes and sandwiches you packed
along with the old, earmarked copy of the *Odyssey*,
to all the hobos you could have hugged and
the garbage pales you could have searched,
to the bitter breezes that never bit your cheeks,
the newspapers you could have worn and
the tin tuna cans you would have stolen
from the stray cats in all the dark alleys you never roamed,
to all the yellow fire-lit windows you never peered through
and the sidewalks that never touched the broken soles
of shoes whose bottoms you would have worn down
to the final threads—and to the final threads of all things,
the beginnings and endings you could have witnessed,
the cars that could have run you down,
the metal banisters on all the condo balconies you could have leapt over,
to all the flighty suicidal imaginings you could have realized,
to the blood that could have left your body
and every particle that never wandered into you,
to every dangerous ride you never rode
and every secret you could have told to
all the waters you never swam in.

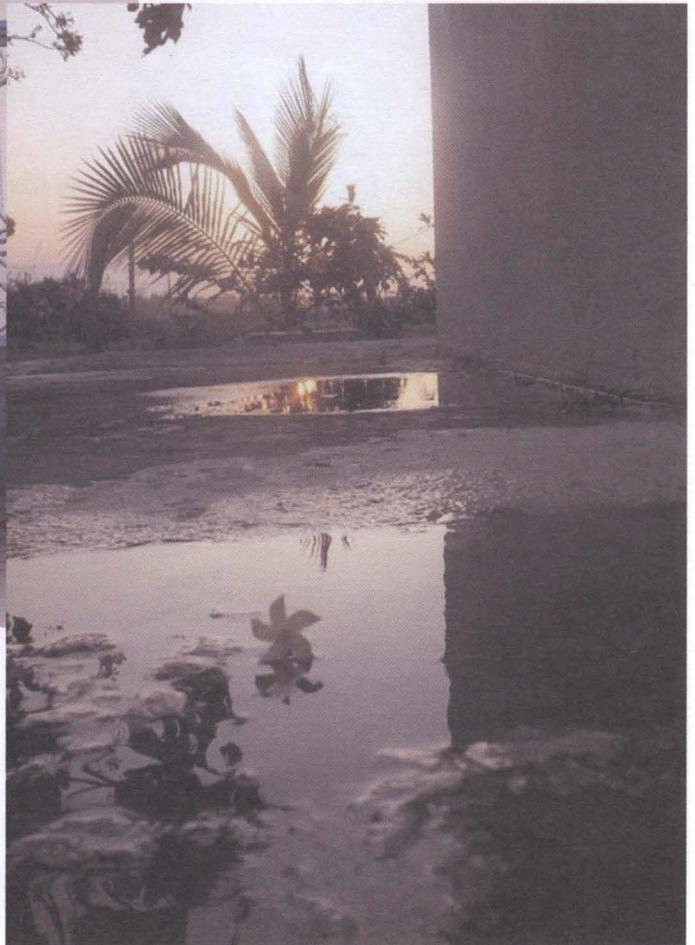
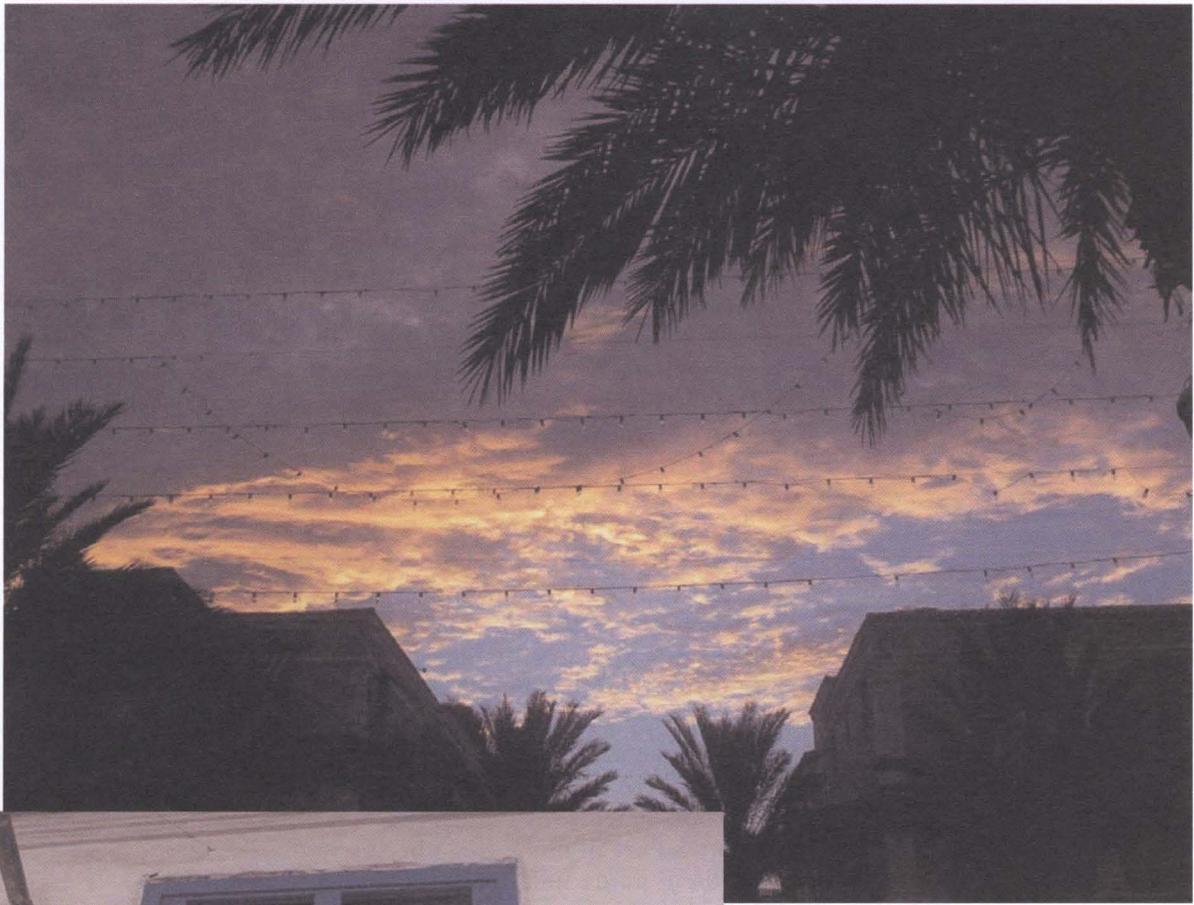
To all the grades you could have earned,
and the people you could have whispered to
in every class you could have attended,
to all the colleges you did not apply to
and the teachers you did not have,
to every girl you did not date,
to missed movies and aborted conversations,
to the right things as of yet unsaid and
every fancy fuck and cigarette you could have
held in all the different hearts and lungs
within all the varying bodies
from all the probable genetic
combinations that could have come to be,
to all the angles and times in which

you could have exited the womb,
to the decision to go this way
and not that way—
to all the not-that-ways, and

to all the almost-not-that-ways
that turned into the ways you went,
to all the phone calls you never made
and the yellow lights you could have sped through to make it on time,
to all the un-kissed kisses and all the promises you could have kept,
to the tipsy girl twirling under a blue umbrella
on the sidewalk below your dorm room,
sloshing around in the hollering rain in golden galoshes,
to all the Hi-Hello-How-Are-You's that could have flown her way,
to today, to yesterday and the day before, to the tipsy girl's
sweet face, and to the way she sings "It's Raining Men!"
at the top of her lungs and the way her voice rises to
match the rhythm and volume of a billion back-up singers
pattering on the concrete and cracking off the corrugated roofing,
to Rene Magritte's *Golconde*, to all the
faceless, unaccountable men in silly black bowler hats
raining out of the painting—to paintings—to still life, to fluid life,
to life that is more than simply *what happens*, to poetry *goddamit*,
to love, to love unseen, to love unspoken, to love unacknowledged,
to all the things and places I will neglect to mention once
the whiskey runs out, to whiskey (which has run out),
to nada, our nada who art in nada, nada be thy name,
and a na-da-di-da-da halleluiah amen.

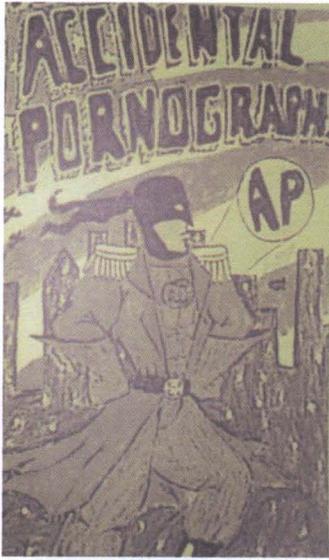


Photography by Stacy West



Top, *South Beach, Miami*; middle, *Blue Door*; bottom, *Floripondue in Pasachoa National Reserve in Ecuador*.

Photography by Stacy West



Accidental Pornography: Intentional Art

Crystal Weber

Creativity comes in all shapes and sizes, forms and structures, and Willamette has a variety of publications that give voice to the creative and artistic outpourings of students and faculty. Senior Jacen Greene-Powell is the editor of *Accidental Pornography*, in charge of orchestrating the publication of the *AP Zine* every few months. While *The Chrysalis* and *Accidental Pornography* have much in common, their distinct styles provide two valuable and diverse formats for students and Willamette community members to present their work.

THE CHRYSALIS: What is *AP*? (The zine, not the test)

JACEN: *Accidental Pornography* is a zine (pronounced “zeen,” as in magazine) that celebrates the diversity of talent at Willamette, whether it be poems, art, stories, jokes, quotes, photos, or that awesome notebook doodle of Chewbacca on a dinosaur fighting members of Bush’s Cabinet.

THE CHRYSALIS: How is it unique and different from other literary sources on campus?

JACEN: Well, unlike the *Collegian*, we don’t publish any news. Unlike the *Chrysalis*, we publish each and every submission, and then have a party to compile the zine, instead of a few select editors working to make it all pretty and stuff. Any contributor can participate in the actual editing and organization of the zine, leading to a sort of “creative chaos.” You wouldn’t think it works, but it does..

THE CHRYSALIS: Who submits works to *AP* and what sorts of things do you look for?

JACEN: Everyone submits works to *AP*. Professors, students, members of Freaks and Geeks, non-members of Freaks and Geeks, foreign dignitaries, hyper-intelligent talking squirrels... you name it. What do we look for? Anything that you want to share with the Willamette community, that you produced yourself. If you think it’s good, great. If other people think it’s good, also great. If nobody but your mom and your dog like it, that’s okay too.

THE CHRYSALIS: Do you know where the idea came from or the origins of the name?

JACEN: I think Ryan Rogers, the president of Freaks and Geeks when the zine was conceived in 2003, wanted to emphasize the absurd labels we as a society place on art. Some of the submissions to *AP*, being uncensored, are certain to offend members of the Willamette community. It’s not intentional, or encouraged, but it just happens: that’s art. *AP* is conceived best as a postmodern approach to publishing. We try not to set any boundaries or limits on our contributors, and we pass no judgments as to the “artistic value” of any of the pieces.

THE CHRYSALIS: Why are you involved? What is it about working with the zine that inspires you?

JACEN: Art and humor are an essential component of basic happiness. Too many people restrict the way they experience life by saying, “this is somewhere humor belongs, and this is not;” or by thinking about art as something to be appreciated in certain settings, but that doesn’t exist elsewhere. The anarchic construction of the zine is a celebration of ALL forms of art and humor, and I find that inclusive and celebratory attitude very refreshing. Plus, I like out of context quotes and drawings of pirates.

Pottery in Oaxaca

The Experience of Carson Grant Scholar Maria Olivares

Written by Shannon Lawless

For seven generations, a family in Oaxaca, Mexico, has made pottery with four simple tools: a dried corn cob, a “kidney” made from a dried gourd, a leather strip, and a piece of metal. For two weeks, Carson scholar and Willamette University senior Maria Olivares visited the remote village of San Marcos Tlapazola to experience this skillful simplicity first-hand.

Studying pottery in Oaxaca seemed like the perfect project for Olivares. An art-studio major specializing in ceramics, she wanted to visit this region of Mexico, which is internationally known for its pottery. The trip would also give her a chance to explore the country her parents once called home and practice her Spanish.

Or so she thought. When Olivares arrived, the rickety pickup that regularly makes the hour-long trek to San Marcos Tlapazola was filled with people speaking Zapotec, the indigenous language of the area, rather than Spanish. Alone and unable to communicate, Olivares finally found one woman who spoke Spanish. Arriving at the village after a bumpy truck ride, the woman gave her directions to the potters’ house. To her relief, she was greeted by a woman who spoke Spanish as well as Zapotec. A common language did not make things easy; it took a while to convince the woman who she was and why she was there. But when they finally reached an understanding that she had come to learn about pottery, she was greeted warmly and introduced to her home, workshop and routine for the next two weeks.

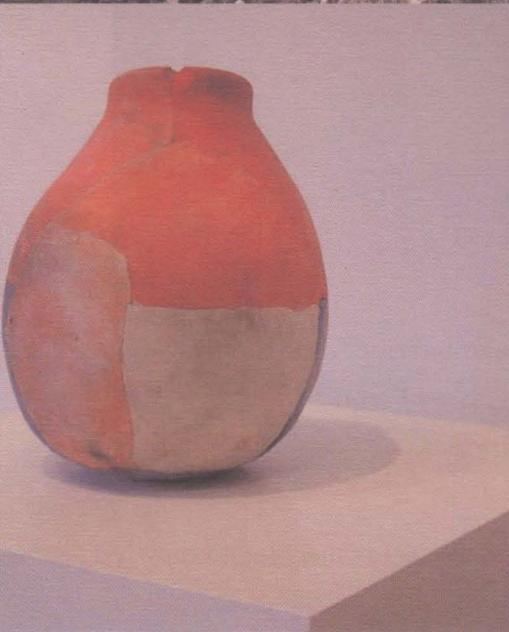
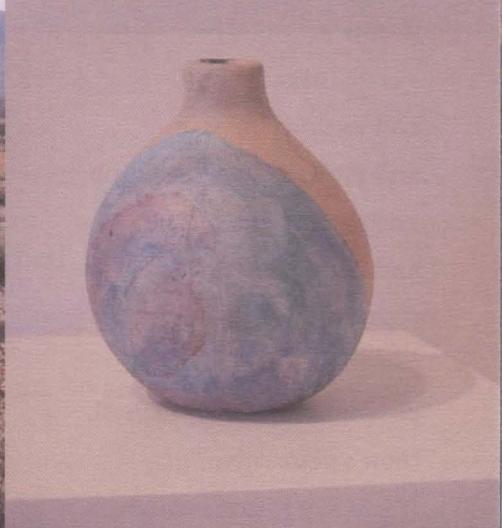
Seven women, all extended family, preserve the ancient lifestyle and art of pottery-making. They rise at five in the morning to grind *maza* for fresh tortillas, cook beans, do laundry and prepare for the day. Olivares joined this work at noon, when pottery making begins. She watched the women use their hands and four homemade tools to fashion perfectly symmetrical vases and pots. Their skill comes from years of practice; all the women in their family began making pottery at age eight. By the time they are adults, they can easily balance spinning clay on one hand or a rock while molding it into a large vase with the other hand. A fifteen to twenty-inch vessel takes only fifteen minutes to complete; the task can take hours for many artists. After sculpting the vessel and applying a slip, a fine particle clay that turns the vase red when fired, they place their work in an open fire of sticks, leaves, and bull dung located in the courtyard at the center of the house. The pots solidify as the fire burns itself out. Each December the family asks farmers in the surrounding countryside for permission to access the “mines” of clay on their land. When permission is granted, they load a pickup truck with as much clay as possible. Back home, the clay is dried, reconstituted with water and rocks sifted out. Their year’s supply of clay is then stored in its own room.

Today, the women’s devotion to an ancient art has given way to a successful livelihood, which has allowed them some modern luxuries. They own a television, which they often watch during laid back evenings, and a cell phone to help coordinate the pottery business. Their work is sold at Saturday and Sunday markets in their town, a nearby town, and internationally through the workshop coordinator who arranged Olivares’ visit.

Though Olivares has always preferred to make handbuilt vessels, she notes that after her trip she has learned to work more simply. Beyond her art, she points out that one must be flexible although “not everything goes as planned.” She could be referring to the language barrier from the first day of her trip, or the case of giardia that cut her trip a week short. Despite these challenges, Olivares remains thrilled about her experience in Oaxaca and is determined to incorporate pottery into her future studies and life. Although she is not sure exactly how, she will undoubtedly do so with the skills her Carson grant experience has taught her: simplicity and flexibility.



Photography by Maria Olivares and Shannon Lawless
Olivares' pottery displayed in the Willamette Art Gallery and pictures of Oaxaca, Mexico



Little Things

By Zachary Hill

It's the little things:

Between coffee

and copies

and collating

and stapling

and cowering in my cubicle to avoid saying,

"yes sir,"

"right away sir,"

"I'm right on top of it,"

and "here you are, Sir."

and answering phones

and data entry

and organizing years worth of junk that's built up since the last young person that worked as a junior intern

organized it.

and feeding the fish

and picking up catered lunch

and getting the mail

and giving the mail,

passing time,

passing people,

passing Jim down the hall,

"how's your colon?"

If you say it fast enough,

no one will know, or

have any idea

"how'syr go(l)in?":

"fine"

"great"

"never been better"

"alright, and you?"

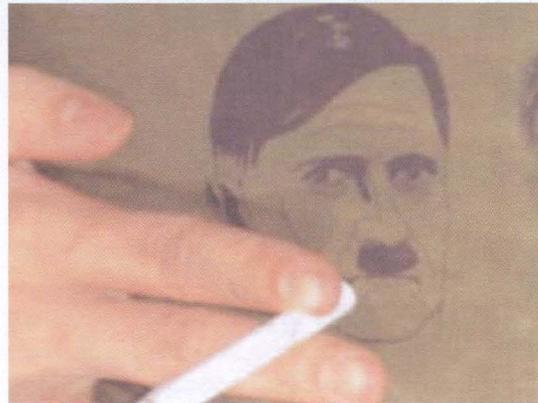
or,

"nothing."

I chuckle to myself,

hiding a smirk

as this one little thing eases the pain of taking yet another interoffice memo to the Xerox machine to copy for circulation at that afternoon's staff meeting.



Dangerous in Large Doses
Photography by Eric Lam



Loft of the Lost Boys

By Stephanie Soares

This room is a Neverland tree-house
Figures of colored canvases
Line the wall
Recuperating from recent work done
Coats of color, white to Wonder
"Silks, perfumes and gold"

Three tables rest on the backs of age-timbered arcs
Each littered with black watered glasses
Bottles of Magic, visual potions
Spiraling reds, clouded blue oceans
Pinpoint brushes scatter like stars
Across Night's horizon in this wooden World

Drawings, spliffs and ashtrays
Stacks of books carelessly strewn
And the Boys, sitting behind and before,
Regard, dispute, continue and explore
Pencil to the paper, brush to the piece,
Canvases lit by a soft somber yellow

A striped kitty sleeps calm and undisturbed
In her corner of this New home.

Standing behind them and before
This canvas color-flooded Floor
Is another, painting the fourth
Of a multipart masterpiece.
All occasionally stop, laugh, cough, listen
To Silence speaking

Or to the music blanketing this bunk.
Loft of the Lost Boys
Who found themselves in the Art they create
Those that shall live
Higher than Time told
Of growing Old

For the Lost Boys:

*Thomas, Guillaume, Mathieu, Antoine, Mathieu, Cyriaque, Fabien, Fabio, Mathieu,
Michel et Greg*



Above: *Chompity, chomp, chomp,*
Collegian Office
Photography by Eric Lam

College Brunch

Duncan Robertson

Most everyone is cooking
in the kitchen, or taking
turns reading the paper
in the nook. Inside the morning
sun, sieve-like on their faces.

I can hear them over the buzzing
chope saw. Me and Jon, we
are building a table.
Just right quick,
no one expected this any people.

Food isn't the shortage,
it's that he has no table.
So he is building one. Jon,
my friend-he is like that.
I am helping.

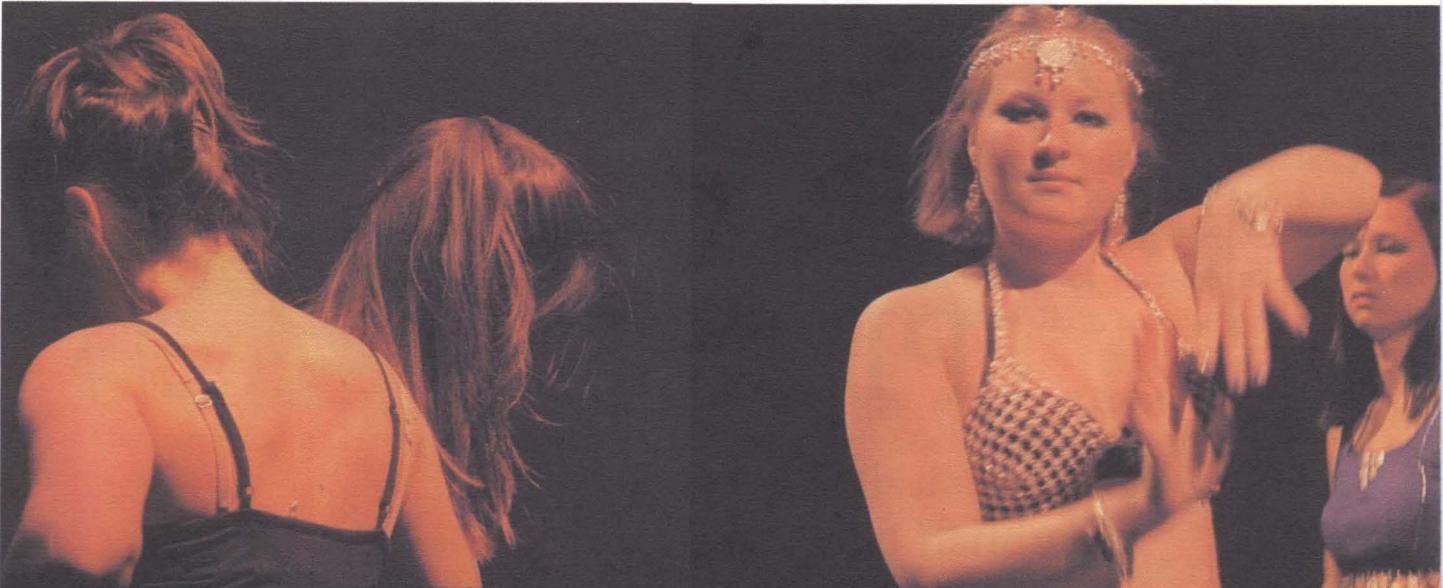
I'm holding the old lumber
steady as he cuts and screws it
together in purposeful ways.

It won't be much of a table,
this one. plywood and knotty 2x4s.
He'll take it apart within the day
I'm sure. Fine people will sit
at this table, and that makes it

A good table.
My hands keep this board steady,
so the screw will pass straight,
hold fast. The grip of purpose
fastens my hands to this born-again
wood.

So that Jon may gather the pieces together,
like his friends holding fast
to one another's generous laughter in
this day. May we remember the eggs,
the bacon, french toast, and syrup

on this table, gone within the day.



Walden's Pond
Dance Concert 2005

"Live each season as it passes; breathe the
air, drink the drink, taste the fruit, and resign
yourself to the influences of each"

-HenryDavid Thoreau



GOING TO PRESS

Writer Erik de Bie prepares
to publish *Ghostwalker*



Life in Quaervarr has been peaceful for fifteen years, ever since hero Dharan "Quickfinger" Greyt defeated his mad father, Gharask the Child-Killer, and became Lord Singer of the town. Greyt, one of the finest musicians of the Silver Marches, has brought hope and joy to Quaervarr, where his beautiful voice and winning smile have swayed the hearts of the people and his flashing sword and keen strategy has kept the monsters of the wild North at bay.

But Greyt holds a terrible secret, a secret kept from all, even his beautiful wife, Lyetha, whose son was murdered by the Child-Killer. For fifteen long years, the people of Quaervarr never seriously questioned their hero, their champion, their idol. As long as they could live in peace, they had no questions. That was until one night, when the mysterious figure appeared at the crest of the hill on the fringe of town, a haunting shadow no one had ever seen before. He was a single dark mountain breaking the monotony of the fields. That night was to change everything.

Children hide where they can watch from safety, unseen. The adults of Quaervarr close their doors and bolt their windows, gathering children and weapons alike. Silence grips the town, and any sound seems a whisper of a nameless blasphemy. Even the Lord Singer's flawless song falters. No one knows the man's name. No one knows where he is from. No one knows why he has come. But everyone knows he has a task that will not be left undone. He is the wind and shadow. He is the fire and the ice. He is the spirit of vengeance; He is the Ghostwalker.

Publishing dream comes true...

Seven years ago, a high school junior, Erik S. de Bie, felt he wasn't "cut out" for chemistry class. He decided then to dedicate an hour a day to writing. Although at fifteen years old he was not expecting to publish a novel, that is precisely what he's preparing for today. de Bie, who has written seven novels in his spare time while pursuing an English major at Willamette, says his latest novel is different from the rest. *Ghostwalker*, a fantasy-adventure story, is going to press.

The style and substance of *Ghostwalker* is unique, indeed. de Bie has carefully crafted a story that blends genres, fantasy-adventure and mystery, with the classic good-evil clash of a western. Walker, the tale's anonymous, dark hero, emerges from the shadows to take his revenge on a corrupt Lord and his minions. The enigmatic Walker is neither sadistic nor evil, for truth or justice. He is, rather, a force of retribution for past iniquities. From where does his resentment stem? And what is the source of his mysterious, ghostly powers? These mysteries unfold in de Bie's novel.

-Adrienne Davich

THE CHRYSALIS (Crystal Weber): So, here you are, a senior at Willamette and you are getting a novel published. How did that come about?

ERIK: Wizards of the Coast (with whom I'm publishing) do this open call thing every so often, looking for new talent (they have lots of house writers). I submitted for that and didn't get it. I did, however, get a letter that said my submission was eye-catching, and they wanted me to submit another one, this one for a different novel (one more matching my tastes). I did that, they liked it, and I was in. I feel like I got really lucky.

THE CHRYSALIS: Can you tell me about the process of getting a book published?

ERIK: My process has been rather unusual. WotC commissions books - a risky business, I know, but it allows them lots of control over what gets published in their established worlds (they're a fantasy adventure company). They commission a book a little less than two years in advance, to give their writers plenty of time to write (a full year), editing and revision (half a year), and the actual nuts and bolts of publishing (whatever time's left).

THE CHRYSALIS: So, tell me a bit about the book. When will it be out in print?

ERIK: They tell me it'll be out December 2005 - I'm so far ahead of schedule with the writing and revision, I'd like to see it earlier, but that may or may not happen. As for how it reads, as my editor describes it, which I think is quite fitting: "It starts off *Kill Bill*, becomes *Brotherhood of the Wolf*, and ends *High Plains Drifter / Unforgiven*."

THE CHRYSALIS: Tell me about your love of writing. Where does it stem from, what fuels it?

ERIK: I can identify two sources: My love of story telling (I have never lacked in imagination for fictional stories) and my controlling nature - it's fun to play God, able absolutely to shape the setting for characters. I say setting, because the characters become their own people, no more easily controlled than friends in real life.

THE CHRYSALIS: Do you have any specific future plans with writing? Do you see this book as the first of many?

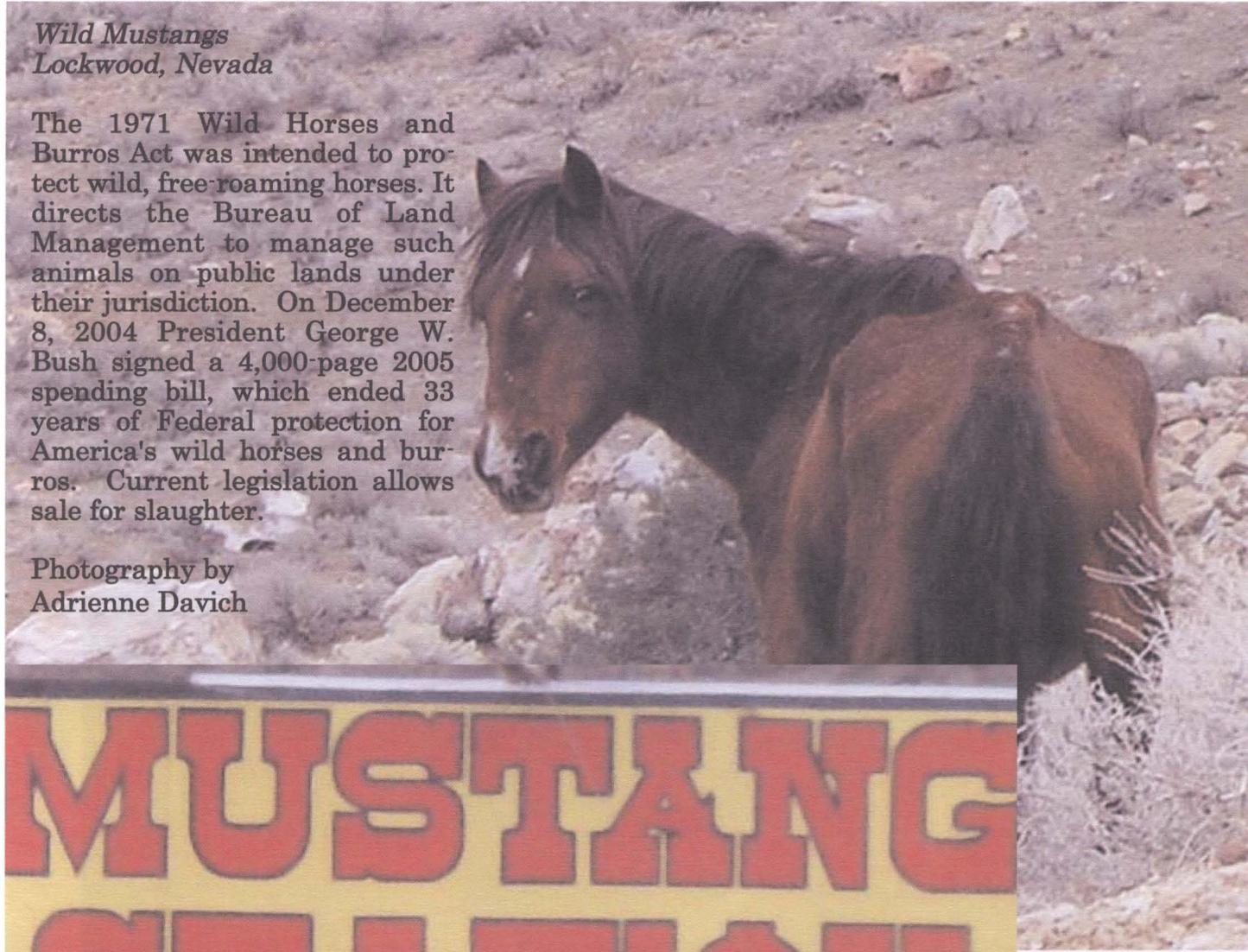
ERIK: That's the hope, but we'll see what happens. I am also having a short story, "The Hunting Game," published in May of 2005.



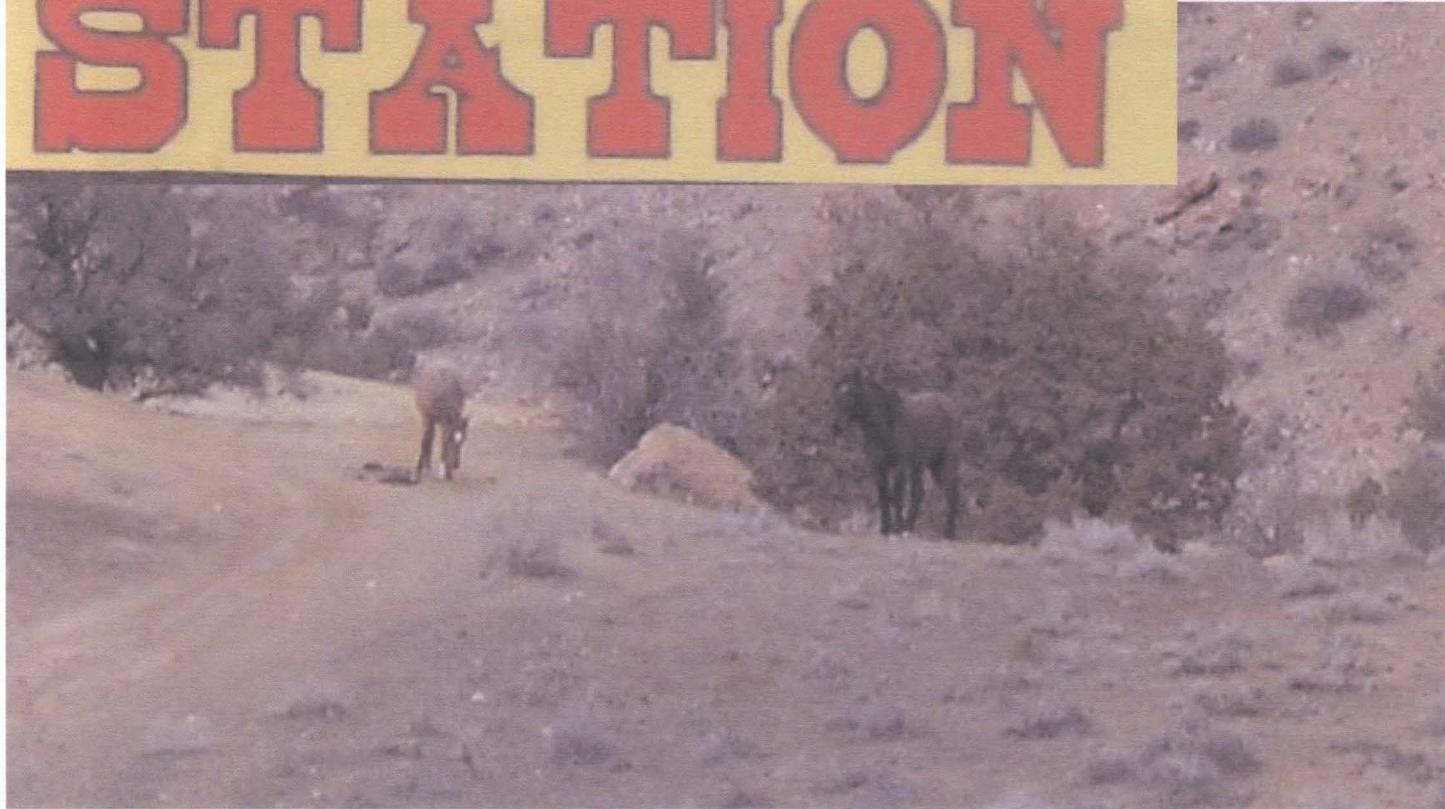
Wild Mustangs
Lockwood, Nevada

The 1971 Wild Horses and Burros Act was intended to protect wild, free-roaming horses. It directs the Bureau of Land Management to manage such animals on public lands under their jurisdiction. On December 8, 2004 President George W. Bush signed a 4,000-page 2005 spending bill, which ended 33 years of Federal protection for America's wild horses and burros. Current legislation allows sale for slaughter.

Photography by
Adrienne Davich



**MUSTANG
STATION**





Photography by
Lucas Hernandez

Top, *Love Birds*; right,
Butterfly on a Rose;
bottom, *Peacock*



Reality Twist

Erik de Bie

If God were a cow,

then a weed would be a fir
a moped would be a Harley
and a butterknife a broadsword

a set of PJs would be a tux
an atari would be a Gamecube
and a pinto would be a jag

a comma would be a dash
a wisp of cloud cumulonimbus
and a trout a blue whale

a drop would be a fountain
addition quantum mechanics
a toenail a skeleton

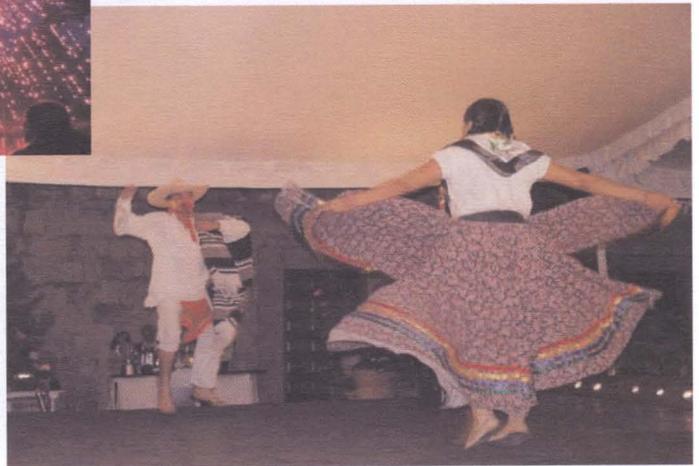
a shack would be a mansion
a kiss becomes intercourse
an Apple is a Dell PC

a shot is a nuclear blast
a whim a physical law
and man would be a god

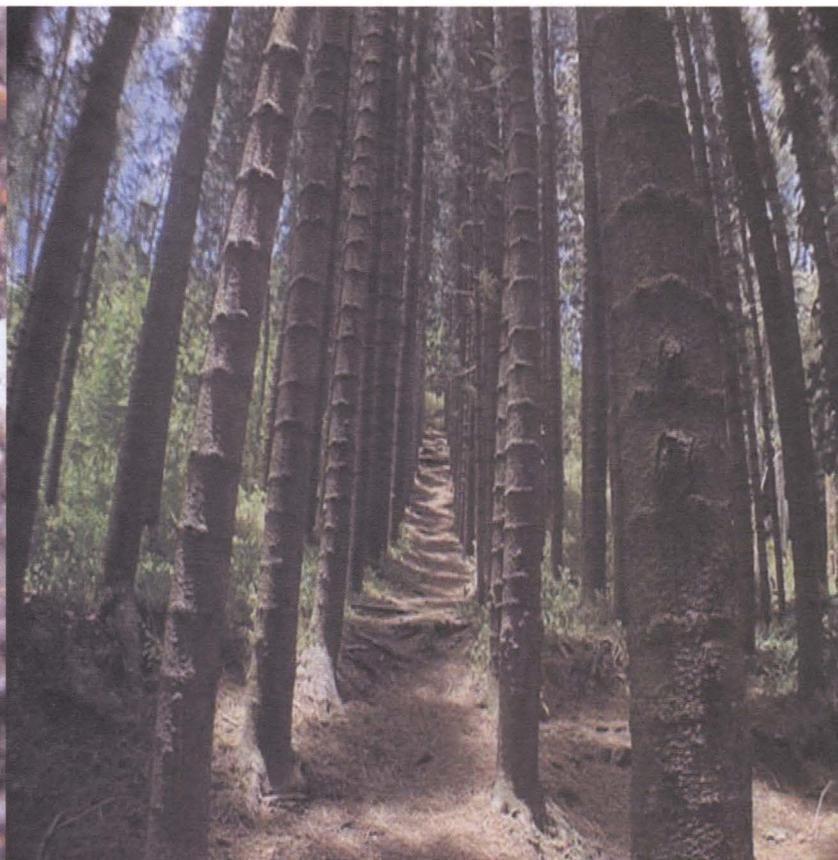
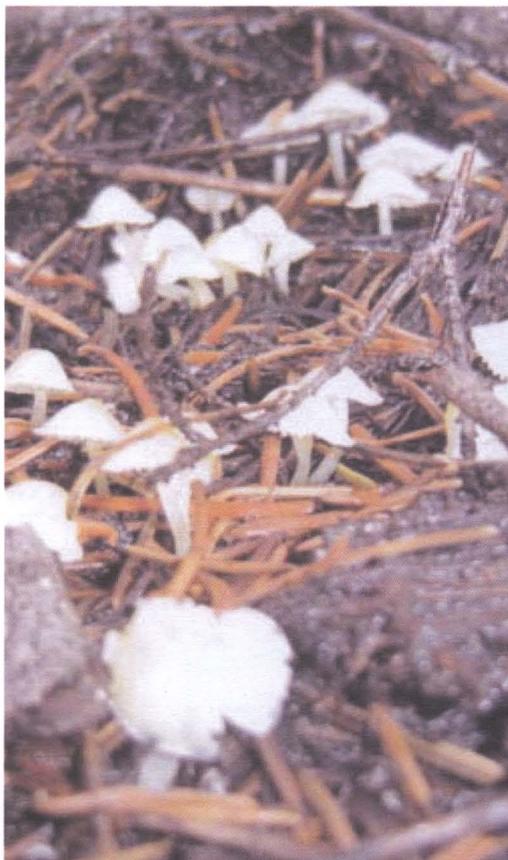
But if God were a cow
(as in India)
then man would be a pig
(close genetic cousins)
or perhaps a wild ape,
(yay Darwin)
orangutan or bonobo
(if he belongs to a fraternity)

And that would make more sense

Past/Present Light bulb, Macau, China
Photography by Eric Lam

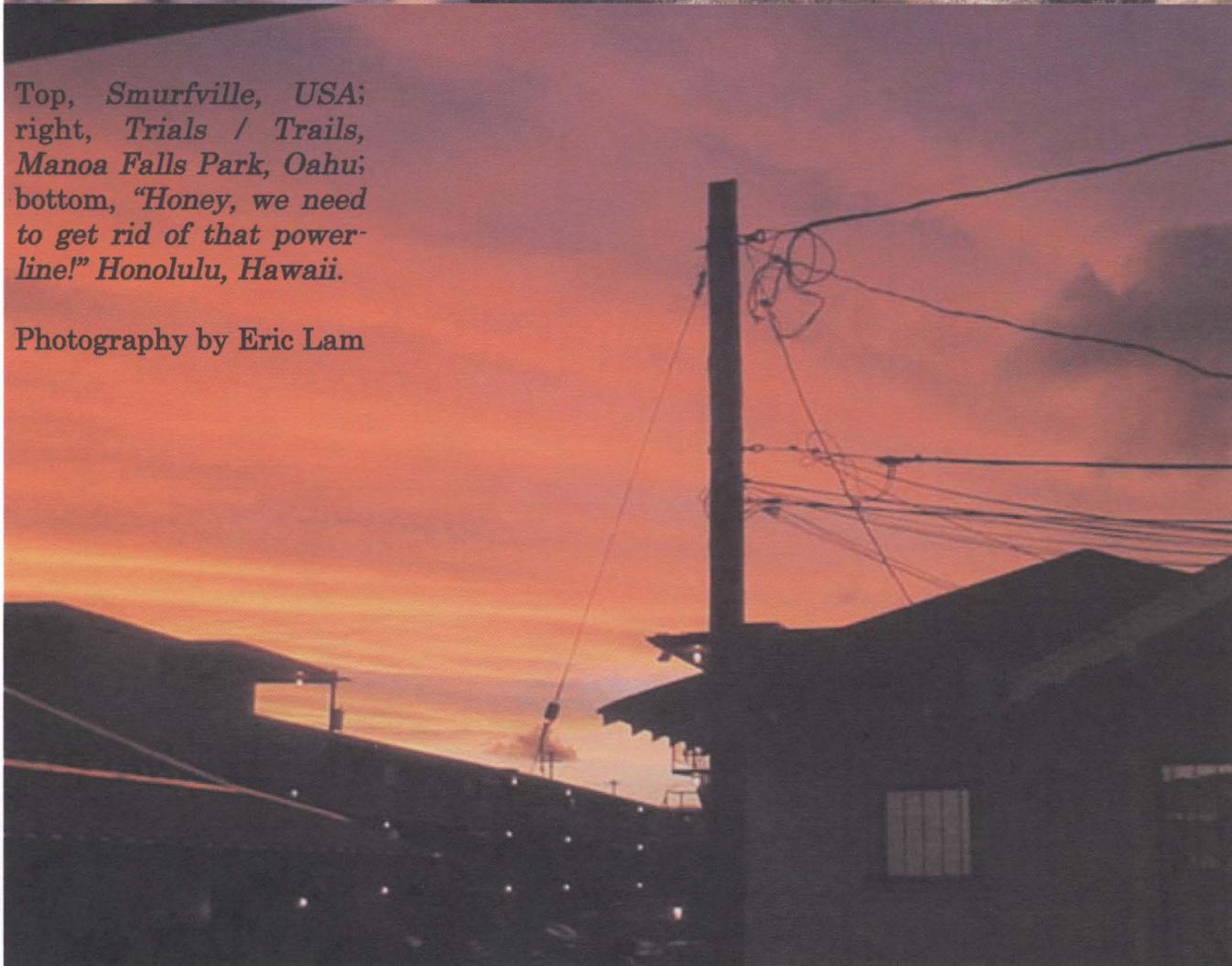


Top: *Fifty-year-old hands*; left: *Fourth of July in Independence, Oregon*; right: *Dancers in Mexico*. Photography by Lucas Hernandez



Top, *Smurfville, USA*;
right, *Trials / Trails,*
Manoa Falls Park, Oahu;
bottom, *"Honey, we need
to get rid of that power-
line!" Honolulu, Hawaii.*

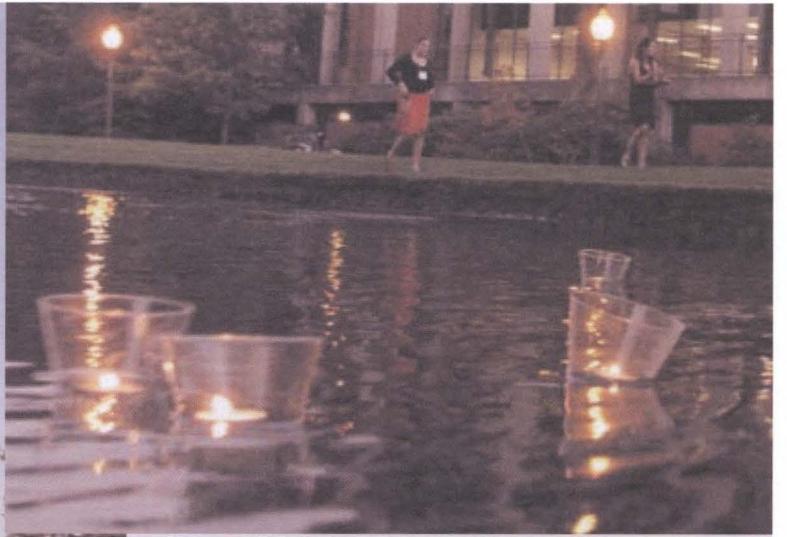
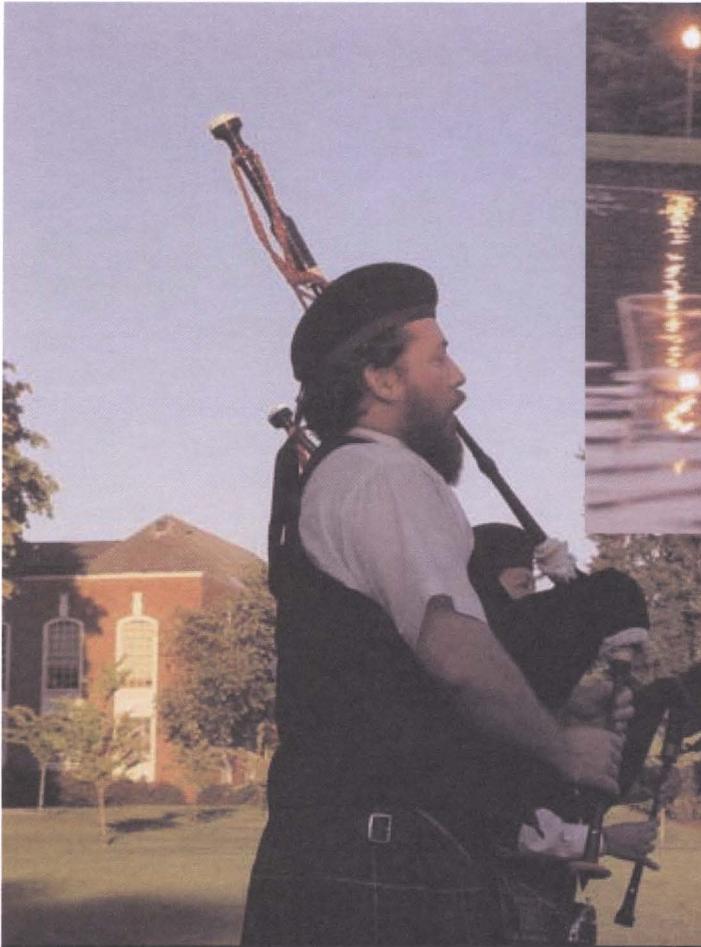
Photography by Eric Lam





Above: *Young Lovers*; below, *The streets of Oaxaca, Mexico*.
Photography by Lucas Hernandez





Photography by Lucas Hernandez

