

The Student Health Advisory Committee // Issue 1 // Volume 1



THE VULNERABILITY PROJECT

A look into the power of vulnerability within the
University of Oregon's student body

Spring 2020

THE VULNERABILITY PROJECT

An online journal of student submitted pieces
that speak to the power of vulnerability

Curated by the Student Health Advisory Committee



TABLE OF CONTENTS

Welcome Letter.....	1
Vulnerability Stripped.....	2
Taking up Space.....	3
Butterfly in a Hospital Waiting Room.....	4
Delicate.....	5
Be You.....	6
Time.....	7
Coming Home.....	8
It's Personal.....	9
Body.....	10
Inside the Mask.....	12
True Color.....	13
Vulnerable.....	14
Fortaleza.....	15
June Gloom.....	16
Reflection.....	17
Acknowledgements.....	18
Resources.....	19

Welcome to the Vulnerability Project!

We, the curators of this journal, are a group of individuals from the Student Health Advisory Committee (SHAC). In the Fall Term of 2019, we felt inspired to create a collaborative environment where students could discuss mental health and well-being. This is when the Vulnerability Project was created.

Through this project we hope to create a community where we can laugh, cry, empathize, and express ourselves openly and anonymously. This is even more important during the COVID-19 pandemic, where we are all apart from each other. While we all may be separated, this project reminds us to stay connected.

Vulnerability is something everyone experiences when it comes to mental health and wellness. To us, vulnerability means empowering ourselves to be open with others, even when we are hesitant to convey our emotions. Vulnerability may mean something else to you, as well as others; this journal is a space to convey that. With vulnerability we are able to harness and strengthen bonds we have with loved ones and forge new ones with those around us. During the time of the pandemic, when we are all far from each other, vulnerability can bring us closer.

We are not alone, and we still have our Eugene community! After all, this is what inspired our logo. We wanted it to represent Eugene and what makes it unique: its natural beauty and its community of warmth and comfort.

We hope you enjoy our collection of student work and this exploration in the empowerment that comes with vulnerability.

Warmly,

The Vulnerability Project Team

Vulnerability Stripped

Strip away each access layer that leaves you hurt. One layer after the next from ego, vanity, and greed These stripped layers peeled from you will help.

School bullies that pick on you daily. Let them go to strip away the hurt. You might be the last to be picked for a team. Find something else you are better at doing.

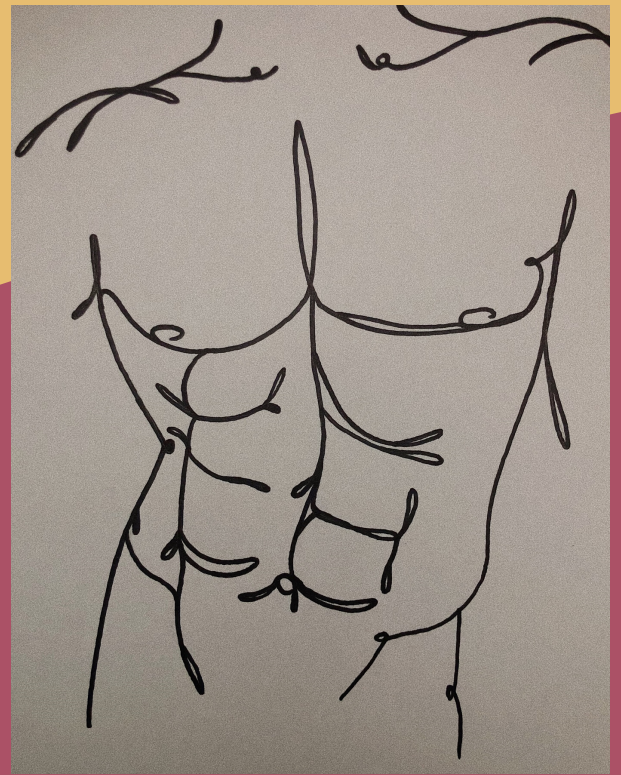
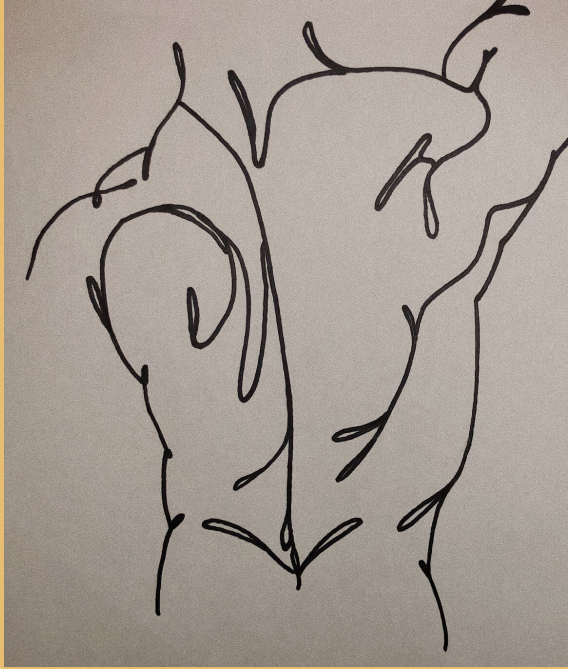
Let go hurt feelings and the sadness that leaves you stripped bare. Turn all that around to make a difference. Delete each layer of vulnerability from each layer bottled up.



This poem, "Vulnerability Stripped," is talking about the meaning of being vulnerable, which includes stripping away someone's ego, vanity, and greed, so it just leaves that individual. Every feeling that leaves you hurt and alone it should be let go to reveal the real individual. The process of doing this can leave anyone vulnerable. Check out my online portfolio: www.lynetteslape.com.

~Lynette Slape

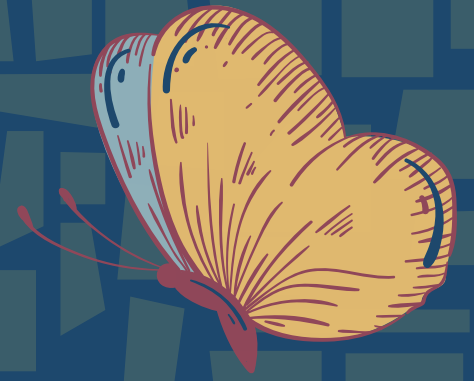
Taking up Space



While vulnerability can mean many different things to many different people, to me it means expressing myself through art even if I fear judgement from those around me. This art series is something that I have wanted to do for a long time and finally completing it and sharing it was freeing and I feel like a weight was lifted. -- Anonymous

Butterfly in a Hospital Waiting Room

JULIA LIU



You are a butterfly in a hospital waiting room
You flutter amongst the chaos, the blood, the edges of life
You are clarity in this mess, you are a sign of hope
I watch you enter the room as I wait for recovery
Unexpected, glorious, inspiring
I saw you in places I'd never search in
But here you are, in your whirlwind, in your light
You could start a hurricane
You could change it all
I see you and I am no longer afraid to breathe
I no longer fear the news, no longer hide from the truth
You inspire me to reach past the fabric of the present
There could be more than this silent complacency
There could be more than staring ahead, waiting to be let in
In my several hours here, you defy time
The years explode in this moment, and I see it all
Stay, but you do not belong here
The room is too bleak for you, too industrialized, too artificial
Leave, be free, fly amongst golden gardens and garland
I will remain in this room, trapped by time
I am waiting, waiting for progress
You are a glimmer of a grand system
And now we rest in this moment together



I chose to take this picture because flowers are as fragile as someone's mind. Subject to the weather yet resilient enough to hold its form and last through the rain and harsh sun. The petals are always vulnerable and one or two may be lost but the flower as a whole still remains strong

-Nataschia Wibben

Be You



OPENNESS.
"SOME THINGS
STAY THE
SAME ONLY
BY CHANGING"

- HANLIN WANG

Time.

Time is oppressive
I fight against the clock

Tick.

I race against the limitations of my efforts

Tock.

I struggle against these constructed boundaries that
slice through thought

Tick.

I never have enough, what a limited resource

Tock.

There is so much I could do, so much I'd like to
accomplish

Tick.

So much lost, dying thoughts buried within deadlines

Tock.

I can never be on time while my inspiration strikes late

Tick.

My ideas float somewhere lost in spaces of time

Tock.

I

Tick.

must

Tock.

stop

Tick.

the

Tock.

Clock

TICK.

Julia Liu



Coming Home

These are photos from my orphanage in India.



Visiting home for the first time in 18 years really forced me to understand that I am person of multiple cultures and identities. I will never fit into one box or mold.



And I am okay with that.



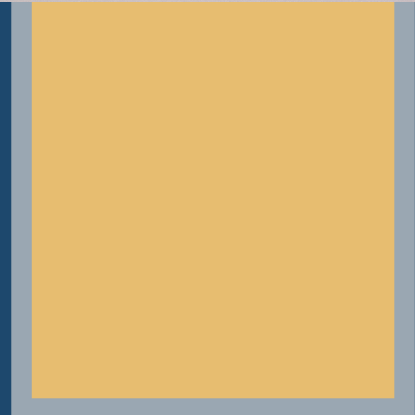
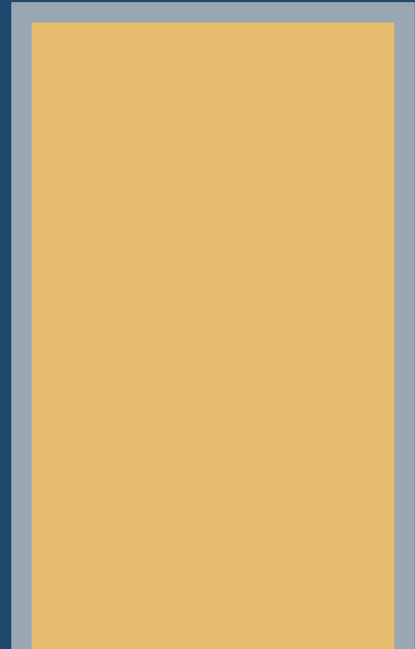
It's Personal



I haven't always liked it when people take pictures of me, but this picture is special; it was taken by my brother in the apartment I've spent so much time in during these college years. -- Laura Reich (Photo credit: @alex..._photo)

Body

By Tenaya DeWitt



Artist's Statement

I am interested in the body, and how we make a place for ourselves in the world. In this body of work I initially set out to explore the particular anxieties that I feel are pervasive in the public at this time due to socioeconomic, political, and environmental issues. Over time my focus turned more inward and I began to consider my personal anxieties about my body and its complicated relationship to the space around it. For this specific work, most of the research I did was directed inward. I focused on contemplating different parts of my body and from that sprang a constellation of work focused around a collection of ideas such as gender identity, mental health, and an examination of my creative process. Ultimately, this became an exploration of self care and an expression of a desire to find gentleness towards myself and my flaws. I staged the work in a scene made of my furniture because the home is a place of comfort and control.

In itself, making in ceramics is at times a form of self care and comfort for me. I like to work with soft, gentle forms reminiscent of the body and thick, luscious glazes. I think it would be ideal if for each of my works, the viewer was a little bit tempted to try putting it in their mouth. Since I began working with ceramics in middle school I have enjoyed working with whimsy and humour. Now I am a student at the University of Oregon attempting to define my practice as an artist. This work will be presented to my peers and teacher. I am excited to share these ideas with you, and hope that they will be a good fit for your gallery.

- Tenaya DeWitt

INSIDE

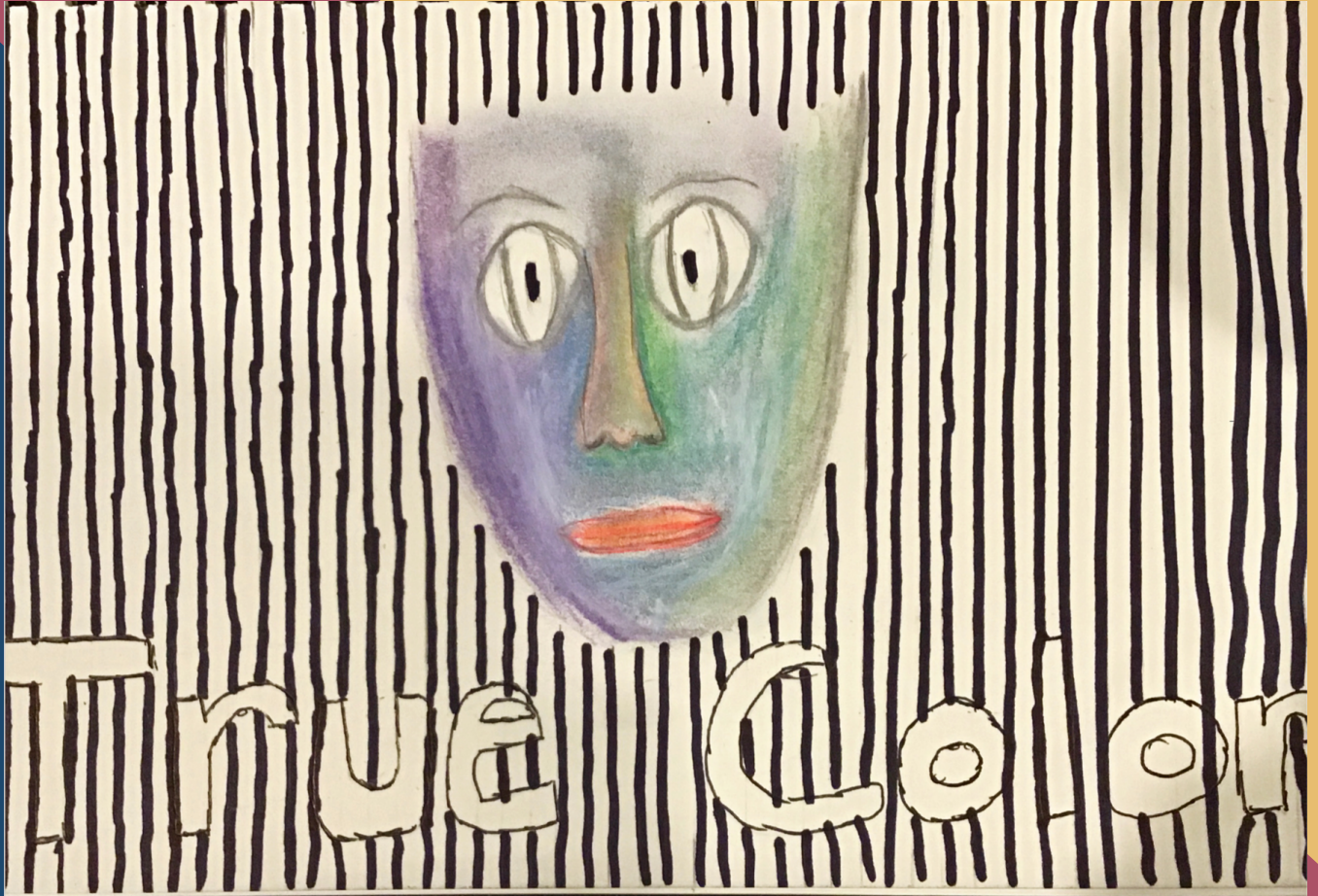
THE

MASK



This mask first shows the external characteristics that a person possesses, & descriptions that we believe we can visually see on a person. The inside of the mask highlights all of the other things that come together to make a person who they are, events & culture & the history & values of a person. I think that too often we overlook that the majority of who a person is is not immediately visible to us, & showing these characteristics that are on the inside of the mask is what it means to be truly vulnerable. Going through life with the mindset that all of these things on the inside of someone's mask are unknown to us will allow us to be kind & empathetic always.

TRUE COLOR



The reason why I created this piece of art is that to me vulnerability means being open about one's own true colors. Being vulnerable means you are true to yourself and the people around you whether it be friends or family. In today's society where social media only shows the best of people, it creates an idea that people's lives are perfect. As we know this is not the case. These unrealistic standards of living caused people to feel down on themselves because they may not feel the same about life. One may hide their emotion and personality traits because they may feel as though it is stigmatized. But being vulnerable to who you allow you to self reflect and grow as a person. Being vulnerable to people around you allows you to know who truly loves you because they accept you for the good, the bad, and the ugly; all the true colors that make you one of a kind.

-Matthew Medved

Vulnerable

By Caryn Sumner

It starts with your hand
Soft, warm
On my skin.
Sometimes you'd stroke my hair with it
Gathering every strand and tucking it in
Behind my ear.
You choose to warm me.
This time, white light shines
Through the blinds
Covering rattling glass that would
Be frosty to the touch.
We held hands in the night,
Velvet finger brushes between snores
And zaps of consciousness.
I wondered if the stars watched.
Then morning came,
White light,
And you covered me
Using those hands
With a white blanket and you wrapped your arms with it.
They are warmer.
We held each other up.
Weight, sleepy and honey slow,
Equalized.
My head on your chest,
Your head on my shoulders,
Tangled together yet never close enough.
And we dreamed, our bodies
Vulnerable.
Or hearts
Beyond even that.

Fortaleza



This is what vulnerability means to me. My parents are the most hardworking and driven individuals I know. Right now under COVID-19, my parents risk their lives going to work every day. This picture was taken at the restaurant my parents work. They work in order to support our family of five, and they do so by putting their lives on the line. My dad has Type 2 Diabetes and is immunocompromised, but he continues to work every day. **Vulnerability to me means being willing to put your life at risk for the well-being of your loved ones.** My parents aren't the only people considered "essential" during these unprecedented times, countless other immigrants continue to put their lives and health on the line in order to provide food for others. **This is the face of vulnerability, and it comes with braveness. It comes with *fortaleza*.** -- Anonymous

June Gloom

By Caryn Sumner

I share my mother's bathroom for it has two sinks, one for her and one for a ghost.

My childhood bathroom has been overthrown by my brother and his girlfriend who both live like slob. It was in my childhood bathroom where, now blanketed in A-cup bras and sweaty tank tops, I would find the empty glass bottles of alcohol in my hamper. But my Mother's bathroom possesses other hauntings.

Mother's bathroom is white and clean and has blue and white striped wallpaper. I'm at first disappointed due to the difference in showerheads, for the one in my old bathroom allows for a different kind of pleasure other than cleanliness. My mother's shower is a glass cage with a separate bathtub. I once accidentally saw her squeegee-ing the droplets off, naked.

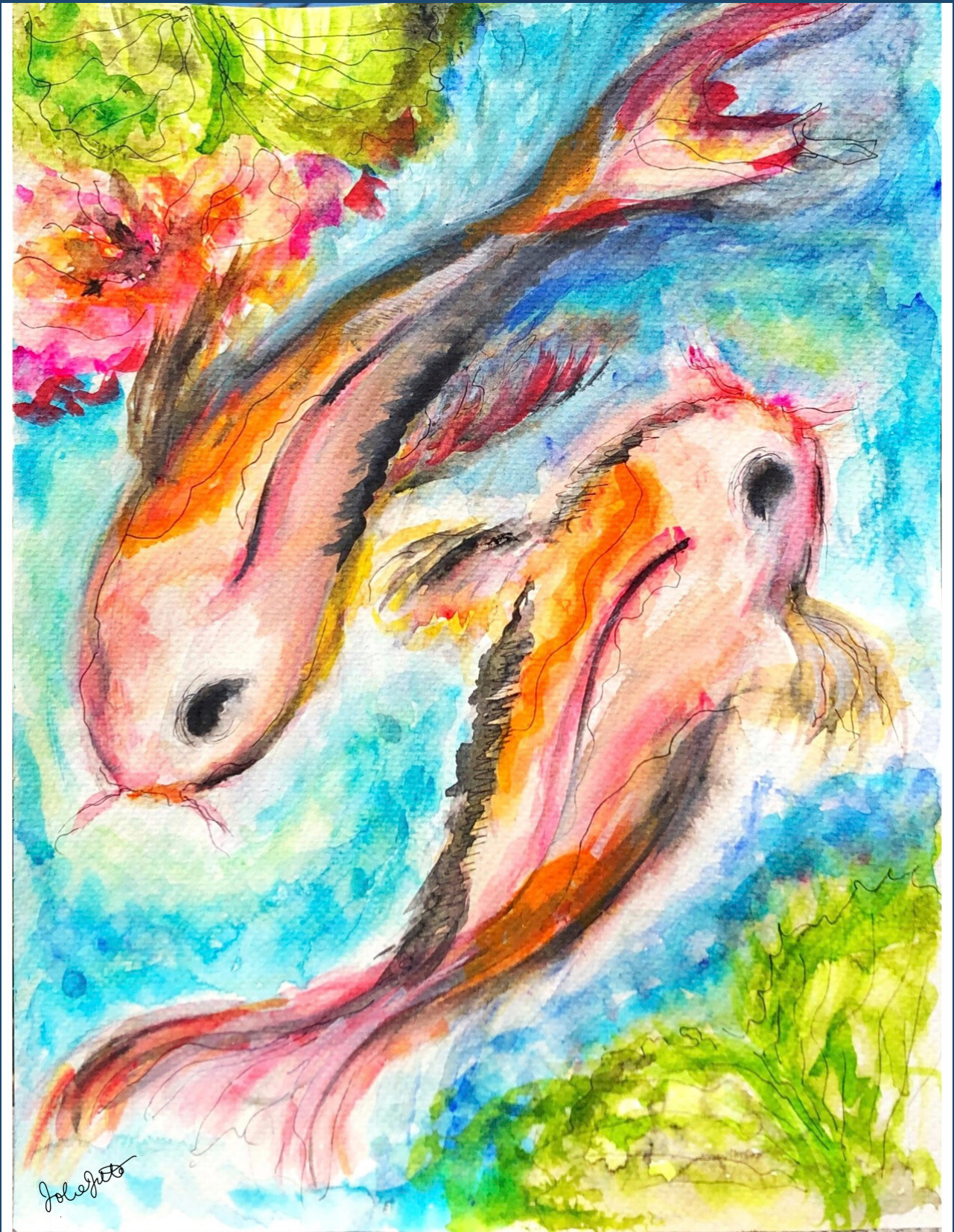
I wondered how long it had been since someone else saw her like that. Has it been since my father? There are beauty products on the countertop and a few smooth shelves. Aging cream, lipsticks, tanning lotion, regular lotion, old perfumes. There is a tray of sparkling rings and earrings. Necklaces hang and shimmer by the mirror. I never thought of my mom worrying about beauty. She is beautiful, but she seems to care more about comfort and professionalism and science. She likes to wear shirts with built in bras over the summer, but not in public. She spends time sweating in the garden. Her hair is always up.

Above the bathtub is a shelf of more perfume bottles riddled with color and dust. Antiques. They glow in the June gloom light from the window above the bathtub. The very window that had to be replaced due to the gunshot. He claimed, at first, that it came from outside. But who would shoot inside this cookie-cutter, middle-class, two story home?

Police had quickly proven his statement to be untrue. The bullet came from inside the bathroom with the perfume bottles; glass mingling with glass. The two sinks, at that time, were both being used. I never knew why it happened. Was it an accident that he shot through the window? Did he simply miss himself? Did he fail that day only for a sickness to take him years later? The question I always ask is, where was I? Have I suppressed the sound? The bone tingling bang and the shattering of glass that must have fallen in the backyard where I played?

Above his old sink, in the blue light of June, I scrutinize my face. I have his eyes, blue, green, sometimes grey. I have my mother's smile. My nose, possibly a mixture of both their noses. I can't remember them together. At least not happy together. I use my father's old sink this summer, with the ghost of him helping me wash my hands and brush my hair.

Reflection



In Japanese culture, koi fish are highly respected. A red koi symbolizes power and courage, while hints of black color represents adverse struggle to succeed. The pond that the koi fish swim in is a source of tranquility, and also enhances self-reflection. They are symbols of both perseverance in adversity and strength of purpose.

~Anonymous

Thank you to our Supporters!

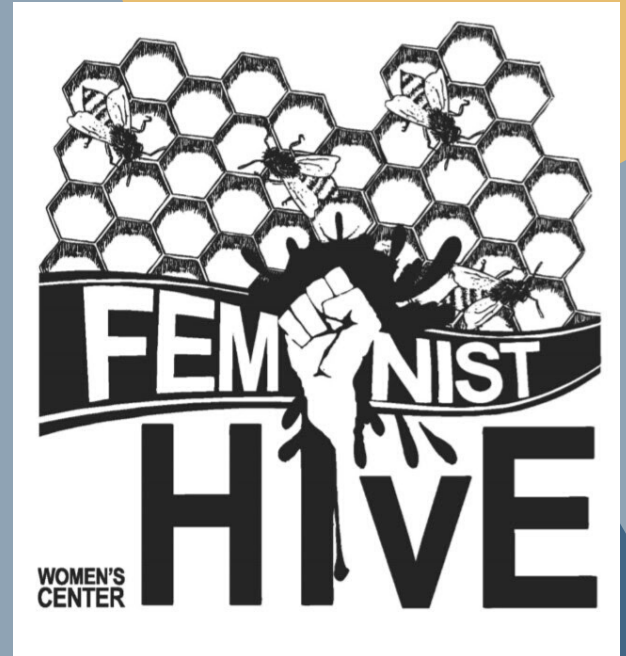


sky
CAMPUS
HAPPINESS
@ U of Oregon

Questions?
Email Ting-fen at skyuofu@gmail.com
or text/call Katie at 856-466-5596



This health and wellness workshop is presented to you by UO CSI registered student organization, SKY@UO, and organized by trained College of Education PhD student



O UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

Student Health Advisory Committee

- Promote a diverse and healthy campus culture
- Advise the health center executive leadership
- Participate in community action projects, events, and outreach
- Represent the student body
- Recruitment occurs on a yearly basis, and guests are strongly encouraged to attend and participate in weekly meetings!

Follow us for more information

f @UOSHAC

health.uoregon.edu/get-involved



University of Oregon
Pre-Med Club

ADD US ON ENGAGE TO RECEIVE EMAIL NOTIFICATIONS!!

ASKLEPIADS (PRE-MED CLUB)

MEETINGS ODD
WEEKS OF THURSDAY
6-7PM

WE ARE ASKLEPIADS, THE OLDEST PRE-MEDICAL SOCIETY ON CAMPUS. WE HELP CONNECT STUDENTS TO MEDICAL SCHOOL RESOURCES, INTERNSHIPS, AND SHADOWING OPPORTUNITIES. ALSO, WE OFTEN HAVE PHYSICIANS COME INTO OUR MEETINGS TO TALK ABOUT THEIR HEALTH PATH AND GIVE STUDENTS A BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF THE MEDICAL FIELD. PRE-MED STUDENTS ARE OFTEN UNDER A LOT OF PRESSURE, SCRUTINY, AND ARE ALWAYS STRESSED; OUR ORGANIZATION IS OPEN FOR PEOPLE TO FIND FRIENDSHIPS AND LIFT EACH OTHER UP RATHER THAN TEAR EACH OTHER DOWN FOR MEDICAL SCHOOL! THAT IS WHAT VULNERABILITY MEANS TO US :)

RESOURCES

University Health Center:

health.uoregon.edu

Duck Nest Website:

health.uoregon.edu/ducknest

UO Counseling Center:

counseling.uoregon.edu

Crisis Text Hotline:

Text 741741

National Suicide Hotline:

Call 1-800-273-8255