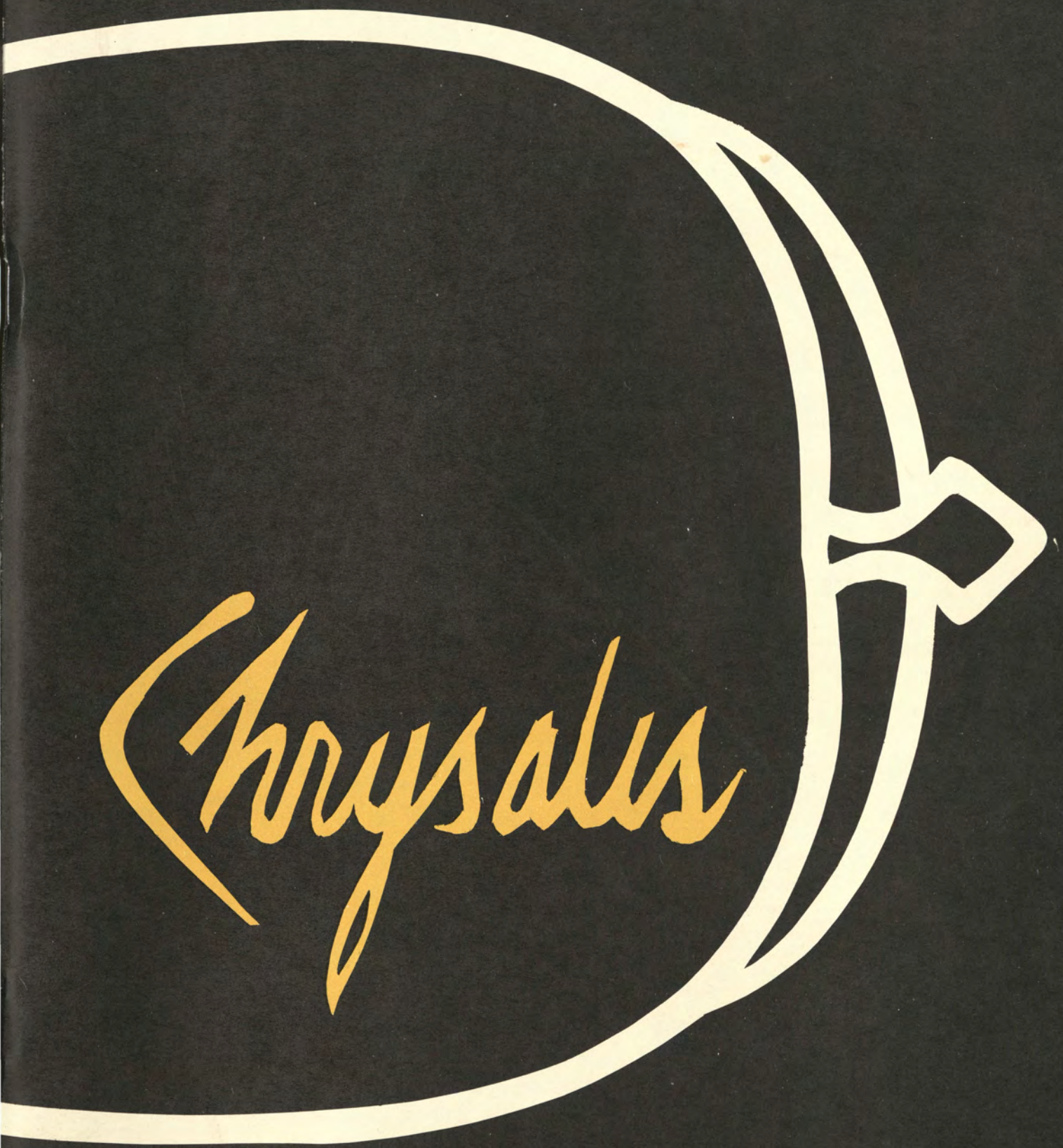


*Chrysalis*





Revere the Jabberwock, my son  
The jaws that bite  
The claws that catch.  
Revere the Jubjub, and slay  
the frumious Bandersnatch,  
Defriend the Criterion, <sup>(1)</sup> my son,  
The words that bite — the lines that catch.  
Revere the frantic muse and slay  
the lifeless, lightless match.  
We have slain the gibberish  
With words of minds <sup>(2)</sup> that carry on  
the strains of selfless thought—  
The essence of the CRITICON.

#### Literature

1. Ancient sect of Alevos in the temple of Alumnac Hall (i.e. the reception room)
2. Renewal of the ritualistic cult will transpire in the above place of worship (see footnote 1.) Oct 9:00 P.M. (post mortem Thursday (sic.) Oct. 10, at which time the druidic leader, Robin McCallie, will recite words by contemporary worshippers of the literary arts.



# Chrysalis

volume 11

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# PIGEONS

“And if you shoot a cow make some smoke signals and we’ll send someone to help you drag it home.” Larry’s three brothers roared to cousin Cathy’s sarcastic remark about the hunting adventure he would undertake the next day. Grandfather’s eyes turned watery and his face darkened as he tried to stop himself from joining the boys and grandmother smiled and said, “Don’t pay any attention to them, Larry, they’re just kidding.” Larry pretended he hadn’t heard a thing and lifted the spoon to his mouth, his eyes fixed on the steaming soup dish in front of him. Cousin Cathy suddenly cut her laughter short and said, “Come on, Larry, we’re just joking,” but Larry bit his lip hard to keep himself from smiling. “H’m!” he thought. “We’ll see who’s gonna laugh tomorrow,” and he took another spoonful. As soon as dinner was through he excused himself and left the room-ful of giggles. He walked to the nearby cornfield where he hid, sometimes with cousin Cathy, to smoke cigarettes. “She can go to hell,” said the boy as he inhaled, and he cursed his whole family for the next ten minutes.

The next morning he didn’t have to keep a proud grin from showing as he walked away from the old farmhouse with a shotgun on his shoulder and the six red shells grandfather had given him in the front pocket of his jacket. His brothers had gone to town with grandfather, and Cathy’s boyfriend with the shiny hair had taken her out on a picnic earlier that morning, so fortunately there was no one left to make fun of him. When he turned around a couple hundred paces later grand-

mother was still on the front steps wringing her hands and forcing her smile to hold out. From all the advice she had just offered he could tell she wouldn’t stop worrying until he returned. But he assured her he’d be careful, and he knew that he surely wouldn’t kill a cow the way cousin Cathy’s father accidentally had some twenty years back with that very same gun.

As he walked up the dusty path towards the mountain slopes ahead he remembered how he almost didn’t get the gun because grandmother thought that he was too young. But he insisted that if he’d used the 22 and pellet rifle that a shotgun wouldn’t be much different, and grandfather agreed. Larry hugged him excitedly then and promised to follow the old man’s myriad advice. Grandmother just sighed and kept trying to thread a needle.

The path was dusty because it was summer and the earth didn’t turn to mud like it did during the rainy season, but he preferred dust to mud anyway. Cathy’s giggling clung lightly to his eardrums like the dust that was already up to his knees. He knew the cows would raise one hell of a cloud that day when the farmhands let them out from the field. Almost always he could figure Cathy’s giggling out except sometimes like that afternoon after the cows had been milked and grandfather told him and Cathy to go on home and that he’d catch up with them in a while. Then the old man turned towards the shed into which one farmhand was leading a cow. Another of the workers was somewhat behind the first, pulling the black bull with a long tube that was



Birds

Higgins

connected to a ring that pierced the animal's nose. That was when Cathy giggled and grandfather turned on his heels and gave her a sharp look.

Larry looked up and saw there wasn't one cloud around. It was only nine in the morning but maybe the sky would stay clean. "Fine day for hunting," he mumbled without thinking that first day he'd been alone with a shotgun and he felt embarrassed like he would in a few years when the smiling whore closed the door and they were alone. It was an old gun, surely. The barrel was shiny and smooth as glass from being handled and the stock was nicked here and there, but it was a nice old gun anyway. He looked back. The house was around a bend now and he couldn't see anyone on the road so he carefully leaned the gun against a fencepost and lit a cigarette. On both sides of the road there were towering, smelly eucalyptus trees. Grandmother had the notion that the steam of boiling eucalyptus leaves was good for colds, so when Larry or one of his brothers was sick the whole house smelled sweet of those trees. He inhaled deeply and thought of how he and cousin Cathy used to hide in the cornfield and of how she used to tease him because he would wet the cigarette when he put it to his mouth. She would whisper, "look, here's how you do it" and would softly grasp the cigarette with her pale lips and inhale with half-closed eyes. He looked at the gun leaning on the post and at the barbed wire with little yellowish tufts sheep had left when crossing. He'd show Cathy his bloody pigeons that night.

He dropped the cigarette in the dust next to a shiny cake of cow dung. A swarm of black flies covered when he stomped his heel into the cigarette. He took the gun, and letting it rest on his shoulder he walked on, the dangerous end of the weapon pointing to the empty sky the way grandfather had said it was safe. He looked at the cows, the whole herd was staring at him with teary, suspicious eyes. Suddenly he swung the gun off his shoulder, aimed at one of the stolid beasts, and laughed quietly. He just couldn't figure out how Cathy's father had managed to be so stupid.

He walked on towards the big plowed field where the tractor had been the day before. The birds just loved worms or something in that freshly turned black soil and they would peck in the furrows, sometimes fifty of them in one flock. No, finding them wouldn't be too hard, but getting close enough without being seen was going to be something else. Grandfather used to scratch his shedding scalp and tell stories about how the darn birds had outsmarted him several times. "There's always a sentinel fluttering above his group," he would repeat as if trying to convince himself of the fact, and grandmother would conclude with "they can smell you too." But no one could have talked Larry out of it.

The weight of the shotgun on one shoulder was not very comfortable so his shoulders took turns in bearing. He put his hand on the pocket where he was carrying the shells and he thought of the iron beads and the grey gunpowder waiting behind, six silent bombs. He tried for a moment to visualize himself as a killer--the darn

thing could blow somebody's head off, after all. But images of improbable bloodshed dissipated like the dust clouds behind him and he came to the end of the road and walked into a field of yellowing grass. The plowed land lay about a mile ahead and now the climbing would be harder without any paths. He would soon come to a deep gully he'd have to cross. He'd been there before with cousin Cathy and his brothers to pick berries and look for nests in the heavy bush. But now he wasn't looking for nests and he could already taste some of the importance he would give himself as he walked into the house all dusty with a dozen bloody pigeons.

He'd shot that gun for the first time two days before. He'd been watching his grandfather clean his fancy Spanish double-barrel and he asked if he'd let him shoot one, please? Grandfather said he could if he wanted to and it seemed like hours before he finished with his big gun and put it into the cabinet where he kept his hunting equipment. Then he took out the old single-shot and handed it to Larry, and he must have noticed the disappointment in the boy's face because he explained he'd have to practice with that one before he could use any of the complicated guns. The old man put his hand on Larry's shoulder and they walked out to the garden. After he'd learned how to lead the boy pointed to the tip of a pine and pulled the trigger. The explosion rushed through his head making his ears ring and for a moment he felt a mule had kicked into his shoulder. But he liked it. Grandfather looked amused and told him that if he pressed the gun tightly into his shoulder he wouldn't feel the kick so much. He also let him have another shell. Larry shot again and decided that after dinner he'd ask grandfather to let him go hunting.

"We'll see who's gonna laugh tonight," he said as he looked up for clouds and saw two pigeons drop into the gully. He loaded the gun. Blood rushed to his face like it would in a couple of years when the whore was undressing. He didn't have to worry about the birds seeing him so he ran a while, and when he was about twenty yards from the gully he knelt and moved on his knees. When he was closer he crawled in the grass, his heart pounding into his throat, and hid himself behind a small bush on the edge of the gully. He forced his eyelids far apart and looked hard through the trees and into the bushes below. The corner of his eye caught something moving, but he couldn't tell what it was from where he lay, so he crawled very carefully down the edge of the gully. His hands were sweating on the gun and he rubbed the grooved hammer with his hand. He was ready to cock when he saw them lying on the sandy bed of the dry creek. He felt a tingling sensation spring from his groin up his back as he tried to hold his breath and watched cousin Cathy writhing under her naked boyfriend. Her face looked red and contorted and her naked legs jerked apart and grasped. She moaned loudly. Larry's eyes struck on her hand as she dragged it slowly across her boyfriend's white back, leaving four red lines on it. Her legs jerked again. He strangled

the gun with his moist hands and started to breathe faster, all the drawings and jokes about which he'd giggled in school suddenly filling his skull, pushing his eyeballs out.

He crawled away backwards and when he was far enough from the gully he stood up and started to run uphill as fast as he could until he fell on his knees exhausted and panting like a dog, his face stinging red and the heavy gun still choked by his hands. The boy took a cigarette and lit it. He was still breathing heavily and his veins throbbed excitedly like they would in a few years with the whore.

—Frederick Chiriboga

## My Philosophy is a Moving Sidewalk

Sultry days  
at last they're gone  
blowing down deserted streets  
past shop windows  
where we once saw ourselves  
in funny dented images  
the days seem to dawn clearer  
since I met with Julie Mayfair

and only today I burned my poetry  
and threw out my paint brushes  
my feet lighter  
I walk faster  
past the store windows  
catching glimpses of myself  
in drops of rain  
on the glass

I hang my coat with less care  
but it doesn't matter  
who tells it like it is  
and throws down his hat  
and runs into the street naked

my walls now plastered with photographs  
and paintings hung in no special order  
save nothing, destroy nothing  
my philosophy in a new pen  
on the moving sidewalk  
in family portraits around the world  
in me  
in Julie Mayfair who would care less  
who moves away and closer with each step

—David Smith



## 10:30 AM FRIDAY MORNING

Shall I be Pip, observing the gold dabloon  
and saying I see nothing?  
Is society insane and am I  
the only sane one?  
People move like bobbing figures  
on a dance floor.  
Do they see?  
Do they feel?  
Watch their faces: are they real or  
merely masks attached to puppets jiggled  
by a sneering God.  
Little boats weaving and bobbing on  
a dance floor ocean.

I, like Ishamel, stand at the bow  
contemplating until the self  
has become a fault.  
What would Diogenes say? Excuse me, Sir,  
but would you define honesty please?

Must human senses, human perceptions be  
present for a tree to make  
a sound when it falls, or a chair  
to exist in a room devoid of people?  
Is red red in the dark?  
Man in his audacity dares to say that  
he is necessary  
for this to be.

I stand at the bow ---- two feet from  
the edge----looking vainly for a  
reflection in the water.  
Only a distorted reflection of a face  
in the ocean  
to prove that I exist.

There were twenty-six pills in the bottle and  
I took all but four.  
How odd that I should feel hunger now.

—Faye Carol Mitchell

## FINGERS

I try not to think:  
I occupy mind's restless fingers  
with colored empty eggs  
those fingers crush  
and in disappointment  
greed for more substantial toys.

I try not to think:  
I occupy them  
with daily problems  
weather shoes that bastard  
bed women Mom & Dad  
which are slimy to those fingers  
constantly slip through them  
and are kneaded into oblivion  
or expedient little corners.

I try not to think:  
I try to drown them into sleep  
but they are buoyant and float back to me  
eager restless trembling  
like a prisoner  
for a woman's body  
for things  
I don't know what — so

I try not to think.

—Frederick Chiriboga

*Many times I've sat  
And stared out that window  
At nothing--  
Thinking or making plans,  
Until a pseudo-friend  
Shook me back  
Into the world of make-believe.*

—Carolyn Hall

## Smokey

Swirling, curving and tempting,  
forming a blue-gray veil and your face . . .

Smoke, penetrating and veiling every movement  
of your hands,

And through it I can see your smile, your face,  
Your jaw—strong and determined  
not to give in.

Drifting up with the air to blow them away

Smokey screams leave your lips and I watch

Fascinated as each breath brings a new

Floating fantasy.

I can catch every word if I listen closely

And hold it, but once it is touched (I find)

It divides and becomes empty air again

And leaves the arid smell of memories and staleness.

With each new breath more comes and the blue-gray  
film continues  
floating and living a fleeting moment.

And if I hurry now I can listen carefully and for a  
brief moment hold your dreams . . .

Before they are crushed, I try to save your  
Only hope from being ground out, twisted  
And discarded.

There's little I can do . . . . . in minutes

Because there is no fire . . . . . now.

—Sharon Lynn Mills

## The Green Gold

for every child, there is a chest  
that stays a chest but becomes a box  
open the old box and the old mind slips

the golden rings on child fingers  
then the gold going green  
and time

the yawning years  
the slow stretch  
to diminishing oaks

the clouds shading sharp corners  
then the straining, screaming storm  
and time

the feathered nights  
the nectar days  
(the bees that stung and stung.)

after the cookies,  
the grandmamas hold flowers  
in their dead hands

close the box  
let the chest and the old mind forget  
the green gold  
a while longer.

—Peggy Horne

## Portrait of My Uncle

My senile uncle's sat  
unshaven every afternoon  
I can remember  
on the same bench of the same park  
eating seedless tangerines  
from a paper bag  
because they're easy to digest.

(His bathroom cabinet contains  
a shaving brush his parents  
must have used  
to paint his crib with  
and eight assorted brands of laxatives.  
Once, he cried quietly,  
a blue rose crushed under his cane,  
because he'd heard on television  
facts about cross-pollination,  
mutations and the seedless fruits.)

My uncle eats seedless tangerines  
and stares at setting suns  
in their unrevealing nest of easy orange  
with the affected apathy  
that haloes crippled millionaires.

—Frederick Chiriboga



# curse of an atheist

In a strange land far away where the blind lead the blind, sightless; where the deaf lead the deaf, soundless; where the mute lead the mute, toneless; silly sacchrine souls existed. These were scared sacchrine souls, stubborn sacchrine souls, believing in a maker and a leader, though makerless and leaderless. Thus, in a flat world bounded on all sides by a tall white fence, they existed, fearing the unknown and pretending it did not wait for them beyond their tall white fence.

But one day a soul, more rebellious than the rest, crept cautiously to the edge of the flat plane and peered through the slats of the fence. The other souls were busy giving the vows to some adherents and did not notice him. He turned and looked back at them. Cowards, he thought, afraid to wonder, afraid to question, afraid to learn. Well, I shall search; I shall discover. He peered through the slats again, but all he could see was the blackness . . . a black abyss of nothingness. And he trembled with fright. Perhaps he would wait until tomorrow . . . Then he heard a voice whisper, "Jump."

But he hesitated. "It is so black," he said aloud to the invisible speaker.

The voice laughed softly and strangely. "Jump . . . jump."

The soul turned toward his friends. They had seen him near the edge and were advancing toward him. Their fists were raised in anger and rage.

"Jump," the voice urged.

Hurriedly the soul began to climb the fence and, upon reaching the top, looked down at his friends.

"Come back; you know you are not allowed beyond this fence. You are not allowed to question."

Compelled by a sudden, insatiable curiosity, he ignored them and perched himself on the top slat, ready to jump.

The souls drew back in fear. He slowly stood and spread his arms for balance. And as he tumbled forward, he heard a gasp from the silly sacchrine souls behind the tall white fence.

A shroud of blackness enveloped him. He listened for the voice, but it was no longer heard. He began to fall faster . . . faster . . . faster into that black abyss. Shivering with the cold the blackness brought, he became afraid.

"Voice, voice, where are you?"

There was no answer.

He seemed to fall for an eternity when he saw an orange blob in the distance. It was a bright, glowing

disk that grew larger as he fell toward it. Ah, light and warmth, he thought.

But the orange blob began to burn. It scorched his skin and seared his eyes. His fear returned.

"Voice, voice, help me," he pleaded as he fell nearer the orange blob.

Wierd, diabolical laughter resounded suddenly around him, surrounding him with its senseless insanity. "I cannot help you. And if I could . . . why should I? You are one of the silly sacchrine souls, who believe in a maker and leader. I mock you. You are an absurd paradox. You who live in a flat world with no dimension . . . You don't even live; you just exist . . . existing in your safe secure world hemmed in by a fence of dead ideas. You refuse to look beyond the slats of the fence. You refuse to see the truth: there is no maker; there is no leader. You are disgusting in your smugness and astounding in your stupidity."

"Wait," the soul begged. "I have ventured beyond the fence. Now I know the truth. Let me live. Let me go back and tell the others. I'll make them understand."

The voice sounded sad as it answered. "I cannot let you go back. Once you climb over the fence, you may never return. You have only one choice. And that is to die."

And in that black nothingness silently, slowly the soul burned to death.

—Augie Pogers

## An Afternoon

It was an afternoon  
for glowing fireplaces  
and for sipping tea;  
for watching snowmen wear away  
as raindrops silently committed suicide  
against the glass.

It was an afternoon  
for thinking about Mother  
staring at her cell's floor,  
for shattered hourglasses in the skull,  
for washing down the sand  
with Father's tears.

It was an afternoon  
for leaving pills and liquors  
in their cabinets,  
for sipping tea  
and watching snowmen  
wear away.

—Frederick Chiriboga

## Good Morning

Good morning  
Sir it's nice to see you dead  
again  
we'll have to bury  
you again  
you know.

(The butler  
looks out the window  
and continues)

Nuisances, Sir.  
Oh, yes, the coffin now  
again

(Approaches Sir)

but you're

(Enter Milady,  
interrupting)

Good gracious George  
you're dead again,  
how nice  
we'll have to  
bury  
(she doesn't sob)  
you again  
you know.

Butler jumps  
out the window  
he's just opened.  
Milady looks through  
same window  
down at rocks  
on shore of sea)

Jaimes,  
I never liked  
brains on the rocks  
you know.

(Dead butler's brains  
washed gently away  
by sea)

(Sir rises,  
approaches window,  
hugs Milady.  
Both giggle)

We've killed him  
again  
you know.

—Frederick Chiriboga

## The Children

*There are so many.  
All standing mute.  
And I stand by helplessly  
Unable to speak.  
Just like them.  
And the sky is no longer quite as blue.  
But there are so many!  
Their eyes aching, too dry for tears.  
Feelings they have,  
Feelings they shouldn't even know exist  
That I have never felt  
And never will.  
Perhaps I misunderstand  
But it is too much . . . .  
I walk away knowing I can do nothing,  
Through crowded streets, and empty.  
As before I stumble over another  
tattered doll--one eye and no nose at all,  
And I leave it lying,  
And walk away,  
Ignoring the dirty streets  
And only the pale blueness of the sky reminds me  
That I must renew my promise.*

—Sharon Lynn Mills

*Clouds that hide the Truth  
In mystery from man--Smoke  
From the Fires of Life.*

—Suzanne Lewis



Self Portrait

Gwen Coalter

## *I'll Outgrow My Tomb*

*I'll outgrow my tomb,  
Memories inseminate themselves  
and their wombs embrace  
the amorphous embryonic future  
and already  
rustling echoes flood my skull.*

*Leaves:  
some thoughts are with you  
under snow,  
and others in callous buds  
wait for freedom  
--silent bombs--  
and others wait,  
in deserted nests,  
to hatch.*

*I draw the shade  
to sever Winter from my room,  
and rub the sun's glare  
from my eyes,*

*and wait here in my tomb.*

—Frederick Chiriboga

## *Winter in the Morning*

*The bitter scar across my face  
tries to sing, to ease the space  
of yesterdays*

*when I was a fairy's child.  
Then my tongue knew only smiles  
and lovely lisps.*

*What kind of winter made me loll  
to bones and flesh of cold rag doll,  
dying in the ash*

*of flickered fires long gone dry,  
of icy days that make me sigh  
with too much wisdom.*

*Little girls are shallow springs,  
yet tattered dolls aren't pretty things.  
I cry*

*my music without meaning gone,  
now my meaning has no song.  
And winter in the morning.*

—Peggy Horne

## *Love Left Alone*

*How can I tell you?  
This has bothered me much lately  
We're far apart and hardly see each other  
Despite this, you are on my mind a lot 'n'  
After all the months, you are not forgotten.  
You want to be free, not even a lover  
I don't want a lover, I want you beside me  
Would you believe me if I told you?  
But you have been hurt before  
And do not want to be hurt anymore.*

*Understand me, please  
I do not wish to bring you pain  
Lord, I'm scared--how will you take this?  
I just want to make you see . . .  
No, I can't, you want to be free.  
If I don't tell you, you won't miss--  
A feeling says this is all in vain  
That though makes my heart freeze  
This hurts me, too  
But, how can I tell you?*

*The words won't come and Time does fly  
The tears are starting--I must go before you know  
Love, Good-bye!*

—Paulette Bier



Washday

Hazel Pearce



# BROKE ALL MY FINGERS

Set your gaze upon  
A single drop of mist  
And see within—a sea  
Of beauty unexpressed.  
And prism-crystal words  
Are given painful birth  
Upon a fitful wind,  
To shatter on the Earth.

—Suzanne Lewis

broke all my fingers in a doorway and  
it looked funny to some people standing  
around  
it hurt like hell  
I said goddamndoor goddamndoor goddamndoor  
then I said it several times  
after my fingers were plaster cast  
and still later remembering that damn door  
it hurt like hell and some people thought it  
was funny  
I'd like to see them crush  
all their fingers  
I would laugh till my gut burst  
might even laugh at the door  
say "nice going door you caught another one"  
and laugh some more  
anyway I'm not going to be  
hanging around doors for a while.

—David Smith

## AS I TELL YOU TO GO TO HELL

As I tell you to go to hell  
do you think I expect more  
than your stale cigarette smoke  
and I should have to clean up the room  
you answer with different senses  
glaring I cannot cope with  
in smells and sharp sounds  
there is a flute in my ear  
which I cannot hear  
you stand as a choir  
pointing to the sky  
so much I should still say  
raise hell while I can still move (of course)

As I tell you to go to hell  
I mix another drink  
that I don't really need  
books, lecterns, friends  
fly through the window  
only mishapen responsibility  
lying about the room  
in no special order  
I won't arrange them  
I leave now  
without apologies  
I leave you all now  
yes, I see your open palms  
the symbols are sickening  
at this time  
would you mind if I left quietly  
you to your hell  
and me to mine

—David Smith

Often the night  
Fades into oblivion  
As I sit within this dreary room  
Reflecting.

And the sun peeps above the horizon.  
A thousand memories flicker and die,  
And I am left with the present  
To do with as I choose.

But tonight a New Year beckons,  
An old year fades.  
Another chapter in the existence of mankind  
Is ended.

I find myself a paradox.  
Like Janus, I face both ways.  
But as his two faces never meet  
Neither do my two lives.  
Except in the briefness of an almost peripheral glance.  
Never fully seeing—  
Gleaning only a fraction of total perception.

As he depends upon his other face,  
I too find my reluctance to part is strong.  
And so in ways unexplainable,  
I sever ties, and then retie them,  
Sometimes into careless knots  
Which may someday unravel  
But never fully break.

—Martha Page Lohmeyer

## Sundays

### Fly Now, Pay Later

I swallow  
an army of carnivorous ants  
that hollows out my body  
and I float up to the sun  
and return burned to a crisp.

As I sit here wondering, smoldering,  
my wife walks into the room  
and shouts  
and sweeps me with a broom  
into the cracks of the floor.

Im dust under her heel  
so I do as Romans do  
and act friendly with the nothings  
and smile and say "well, hi there dust"

but suddenly

I grow and Grow and GROW  
filling up my room  
crushing my wife into my favorite poster  
breaking all the windows  
and pouring through them  
out to meet the snow  
to wrap myself around the naked trees  
to spite the jealous fog.

I grow and Grow and GROW  
and spread around the planet Earth  
and start to shrink and hear  
the shouts of mankind dying  
and SHRINK and Shrink and shrink  
like a punctured balloon my hollow body  
crushing tons of rock and flesh  
and understanding  
all one styptic glob  
that starts to shoot out arms  
and head and legs and  
— me.

—Frederick Chiriboga

Farmers and their wives and children,  
A choir pf patches,  
Stand  
And rending render with scrubbed faces  
A rock-of-ages-cleft-for-

An old man, blurred and greyed,  
Raises carefully cleaned hands to a heaven,  
Shouting a come-to-god-all-ye-

Amid the echoes,  
A black dagger of a fly rushes in  
From the open door,  
A buzzing blasphemy.

The little girl on the second row  
Moves one thumb about the other.  
The little girl on the second row  
Watches and envies the fly moving  
Back towards the door,  
Out of the hollowness.

—Peggy Horne

### Autumn

The road is empty  
Except for she and I  
And some fallen leaves  
Among which she is searching  
In her gray skirt  
Her head wrapped in a red cloth.  
Her long fingers rustle the leaves.  
I stop to see what she has found  
Nothing, face on the ground she goes on  
Searching, rustling leaves  
As the counterpoint of autumnal colors  
Raises its kaleidoscopic fugue to the azure sky  
And the clock in a distant town tolls, time.

—Thomas Burnshire

# From Silence into Silence

AT THE BEGINNING OF BECOMING,  
CAOS RULED A SHORELESS SEA  
WHILE UNRESOLVING, SLOW-ENTWINING  
STRAINS OF SILENT MELODY  
WAITED FOR THE MASTER'S WORD  
TO MOULD A SYMPHONY OF LOVE:  
AND WHEN THE VOICE AROSE WITHIN . . .  
"LET THERE BE" . . . LIFE . . .  
THE WORLD AND SOULS WERE BORN.

FIRST MAN: *I live.*

FIRST WOMAN: *I live!!!*

IN QUIET, TWO-PART HARMONY,  
HUMANITY BEGAN

FIRST WOMAN: *Have you seen a dragon's wing?*

SECOND WOMAN: *— A web of red-gold thread spun shining from  
the sun?*

*Aye!—But have you seen the willow cry—*

FIRST WOMAN: *—Tears of rainbows? Aye!! And you?*

BOTH WOMEN: *And you??*

FIRST MAN: *A mountain pool of cobalt blue;*

SECOND MAN: *Warm black peat beneath my feet;*

*Mosaic mountains; amber streams,*

FIRST MAN: *Trees of beryl and apple green;*

*The cinnabar sun, veiled in vermilion,*

*Fading silently into*

*A mist of pale wisteria blue,*

FIRST WOMAN: *Where the winded linden trees*

*Whisper wind-harp melodies.*

ALL: *Fire-fly-candle-light parades;*

*webs, spun-silver, spider-made!*

WHAT WONDERS FILLED THE WORLD OF MAN  
BEFORE THE GRASPING HATE BEGAN.  
BUT AS TIME MELLOWED, MAN DECLINED.  
THE MEN AND NATIONS MUTTERED "MINE!!"  
AND BUILT THEMSELVES HIGH TOWERS, WALLS,  
DEFENCES, AND AN ARSENAL . . .  
THE JEALOUSY, THE GRASPING HANDS  
OF NATIONAL PRIDE AND MASTER RACE  
SET OFF A SPARK TOO SWIFT TO STOP—  
AND WITH A FINAL, CULMINATING, FULL-  
RESOUNDING CLASH OF ARMS  
—SHATTERED LIFE AND LEFT BEHIND  
THE SILENCE OF AN ENDING WORLD,  
WHERE CAOS RULES THE SHORELESS SEA  
AND UNRESOLVING, SLOW-ENTWINING  
STRAINS OF SILENT MELODY  
WAIT—

—Suzanne Lewis

## *Untitled Nocturne*

*The motley man said millionsof words  
And the child-prophet said but one,  
We were forced to listen to the motley man  
Until our bowels shuddered  
And our teeth gnashed  
And our eyes fell from  
Bloodless sockets onto the floor.*

*They did not allow us to listen to the child-prophet.*

*The idiot asked "why?"  
And was sentenced to die  
At dawn  
Beneath a willow.*

—Mary Rubenstein

*sitting here in the dusty dirt  
making minute mudpies with my tears  
getting grubby just like a little kid  
hoping the hurt will go away  
just like a little kid's scrape on the knee  
put a bandaid on my heart and make it all better  
make me stop snivelling and send me back out to play*

—Mary Blaine Croxson

*Golden kites dipping  
Pointed fingers in blue ink--  
Writing airy words*

—Suzanne Lewis





*drop a word  
i collect them  
like so many pebbles scattered along a dusty road  
some rough, smooth, shiny, dull  
the road is yours  
but i intend  
to follow . . .*

—Mary Blaine Croxson

## *Rag Doll Symphony*

*They say  
that's all it is---  
a symphony for rag dolls  
and chimney sweeps---*

*I cried on the fourth of July  
Once---  
A long long time ago  
When  
Voices said things  
and  
Sunsets and blue skies and flowers were "in."  
Play on wicked world----  
Rag dolls are good people---  
Limp they hang,  
Like me on Sunday morn----*

*Gosh, I'm a "nigger" lover  
But I like good music and tomato paste.*

*Color me green for Saint Patty  
and roll out the band----  
Rag Doll Symphony---exquisite!*

—Mary Rubenstein

# Nothing

(A one-act tragedy)

Location: Bedroom

Dramatis Personae: Dad  
Mom  
Nothing

## ACT I

(Dad and Mom are sleeping. Blue spotlight on imaginary crib where Nothing sits playing with a small flask labeled "love.")

NOTHING (screaming) – Can't open it, can't OPEN it!

DAD (startled) and

MOM (also startled, sit up. Orange spotlight on Dad and Mom to show how startled they are.)

DAD (still startled) – Did you hear anything?

MOM (not calm) – Y-y--yess

NOTHING (screaming *very* loudly) – Anghh! Can't OPEN it.  
Angh!

DAD (trembling) – Hear?

MOM – Y-yess. Maybe some hippies broke into the living room. . .

DAD – No, it's in *here!*

MOM – No, I can't hear.

NOTHING (waves flask in the air. Audience gasps noticing flask is labeled "hate." Audience *must* gasp.)

DAD – Oh heck, it's nothing.

MOM – Ya, nothing. Let's get back t'sleep again.

(Nothing smiles, crawls out of crib, still holding flask in air, and approaches Dad and Mom. Increased spotlight intensity on imaginary crib. Audience strains eyes in vain. Nothing is at bed's head, looking at his parents.)

NOTHING – (says nothing)

(Nothing shows flask to audience. Flask is unlabeled. Audience holds its breath, strains eyes to see Nothing who is by now with ease removing cork from flask in which there is something.)

NOTHING – (still says nothing)

(Nothing pours one-half of flask's contents on Mom's head, then goes to other side of bed and empties remainder on Dad's head, then runs back to crib and intensity of spotlight on crib decreases to normal and spotlight on Mom and Dad goes off because they are no longer startled. Curtain.)

END  
of Nothing, a  
one-act modern tragedy.

—Frederick Chiriboga

## FINALE

an alley wench  
sits  
on a pile of newspapers.  
shadows about her  
writhe  
like poisoned snakes.  
a wroth drizzle  
flogs  
light from the moist air.  
the alley wench  
whispers  
mom?  
—Frederick Chiriboga

## The Dead Clock

My face darkened by heads  
of splinters driven deep  
into the flesh,  
eyes prostrate on two charcoal creasents,  
I woke up in the mirror,  
wondering where I'd slept.

Dear Sirs and Ladies present:  
the shattered face and limbs'  
instantaneous rigor mortis  
marked the precise time  
and explain the motive  
of this bestial crime:  
INTOLERANCE; on March 18;  
at 6:03, A.M.  
(Angry murmurs.)  
I do not ask for vengeance.  
Dear Sirs and Ladies:  
*Time* cries out for Justice!  
(Angrier murmurs;  
a child screams  
"the bastard's guilty!")

I spat the viscous taste  
of fantasies into the basin,  
put a band-aid on my wounded knuckle  
and two aspirins in my dizzy stomach.  
Intolerance, dear sirs?

—Frederick Chiriboga

## Dialing IN(finity) 000-000

'Little man' . . .  
—What, what? he eagerly answers.  
Don't bind my sins in that patchwork of  
Hypocritical Godliness—you make me ill!  
—What, what?—bad connection, bad connection.  
Stupid, you do me no good, only harm.  
I'm overtaken by nervous anxiety, which  
Is being caused by your inconsiderateness; stop.  
—What, what?  
I hate you 'Little Man.'  
You constantly interrogate, but never answer.  
I need ANSWERS, 'Little Man!' You can't live in  
This world with an abstruse outlook on life itself.  
Give me the answer!  
—What, what, what??  
I understand, 'Little Man'—You know less than I!  
What a gift to have you as a friend—  
Please excuse my sarcasm—I suggest you set  
Up housekeeping in another medium.  
—What, what, what?  
Shut up, you horrendous creature! Can't you say  
Anything else besides 'What!?'  
You idiot!  
Do you know what you are? One gigantic paradox—  
Life, death, *eternity*?  
Life, death, that's for sure.  
—Where, where?  
In the void of the Unknown you make your kingdom.  
You were born in the Garden of Eden with my primitive "ape"  
Ancestor Eve. I don't doubt that you have deteriorated  
Since then, a hell of a lot of help you are in this world.  
You'd better leave quietly, 'Little Man,' before I  
Crush you and answer my own questions.  
Then you will not have an occupation, O Master of  
The Void. You *will* be replaced by a button—  
I will never die—you will.  
Don't you think it's about time?—you've seen too much.  
Goodbye, 'Little Man.'

—Gail Alexander

## HARLEM REVISITED

The sun beats against the street  
The heat of passion  
Fighting  
Blood runs  
It mingles with garbage

—Margaret Hayes

Mourning mountains lay  
Like old, age-gnarled fingers knit—  
Praying to the sun.

—Suzanne Lewis

# THE RIDE

Barbara Ely

Lee Kinney, his sober features immobile, rested his arms on the top rail of the heavy board fence and watched the horses. There was only one that he wanted to get his saddle on--the red roan on the far side of the corral.

The dust billowed and settled over the rodeo grounds. All the trees in the vicinity were already heavily coated with it, and the pickup trucks that carted hay and grain and barrels of water were streaked with dirt, straw, and manure. From the rodeo arena came the shouts and cheers that accompanied the bulldogging event. Lee could hear the loudspeaker blaring the announcer's voice over the crowd.

He brought his arms down and moved around the edge of the corral to get closer to the roan. This was the horse he had drawn for the bronc-riding. He looked at the broad shoulders and the well-muscled haunches. There was power there, and in the sturdy legs with their straight bones and clean hocks and fetlocks. The roan swung its head around, and for a moment Lee felt the fiercely intelligent eyes piercing him with their gaze. It made him vaguely uneasy, to be looked at that way. He had the suddenly unreasonable feeling that this horse knew that he, Lee Kinney, was going to do battle with him that very afternoon. It was superstition, Lee told himself, and turned away, but he still felt the roan's eyes on his back as he walked toward the tack shed.

It was cooler inside, and there were other men there, oiling their equipment. Lee lifted his saddle off a rack and set it on a stool where he could oil it down. The oil softened the leather, made it a little more elastic. Soft leather absorbed some of the jolts that one took while topping off a bronc. Lee had an idea that he would need all the soft leather he could get. In fact, he knew he would. He had ridden the roan before, in his dreams. He had felt the hard shock of the saddle surging between his legs, and he had seen the world spin as he struck the ground. In his dreams, the roan had thrown him in double-quick time.

He did not think it so odd that a dream should come to life. His Indian blood held him dimly to the theory that dreams foretold the future, and he had seen it happen before, but perhaps this dream would not be completely true. Man did not trust to fate alone, and he could ride the roan all the way to the whistle. He did not feel predestined to lose.

He worked the leather with skillful hands, a lean figure in dusty denims and chaps, worn boots, and a hat that was pulled low. He was, at twenty-two, a top bronc rider, and he knew it. In his mind, there were

no strings or ribbons attached to this fact. He could ride; he was good, but he was also wise enough to know that no man is infallible. He had not been thrown since he began the rodeo circuit earlier that year, but he had taken falls before and he would again. It was a point with him this time--he wanted to ride the roan more than he had ever wanted to ride a horse. At least, as far back as he could remember, he had not wanted to ride any horse like he wanted to ride this one.

While he smoothed oil into the cantle and down the girth, he concentrated on thinking about the roan, anticipating the struggle to come. It was always a struggle; horse against man, and man against horse. The roan had a quick intelligence, and there lay all the trouble and all the challenge. Stupid horses were easy to ride; they became "pattern" broncs--horses that bucked in a predictable way. Vicious horses were never predictable, but they could be counted upon to do everything in their power to damage the rider, even to the extent of causing serious injury to themselves. Lee knew, however, that the roan was neither stupid nor vicious. Clever, yes, and certainly spirited, but not of the quality that characterized most broncs. There was something fine about the roan, something polished and professional.

Lee put aside the bottle of oil and wiped his hands along his thighs. He squinted at the clock on the wall. Not long now. His stomach began to knot with the usual tension. There was something about the rodeo--the heat and the crowds, the smells and the sounds--that made his nerves jump. It was like the first speech he had ever given in high school. His knees had become weak, and his mouth had gone dry, and he had been overcome by a breath-choking terror. Maybe it was just excitement.

He went to a barrel by the door and lifted a dipper of water. Letting the wet liquid roll around his tongue, he stared out at the activity in the arena. The bulldogging was over, and men were readying the chutes for the next event, the bronc-riding. In the meantime, outlandish clowns dressed as cowboys chased each other up and down the dusty track, to the calls and cheers of the crowd.

Lee didn't care about the crowd. His business was only with the horse and the judges, and the crowd was just a sea of unknown faces that looked on and got some fierce pleasure out of seeing a horse bested by a man, or the other way around. He never dressed to appear pleasing to the eye of the audience, as some riders did.



Nor did he put on a show for anyone's benefit. He rode with concentration and determination and looked to no man for praise.

Down at the chutes, Lee could hear hoofs drumming on wood. Some bronc was already eager to fly apart. He hefted his saddle onto his back and started across the stretch of sunbaked earth that led to the arena. Children played cowboy there by the heavy wooden fence. He walked through them and on to the chutes. There was a horse in each. He saw noses push between the slats and caught glimpses of wildly rolling eyes and nervously working ears.

Riders stood in cigarette-smoking groups, their numbers pinned to their backs. Lee was number seven. He didn't like the number, but it was better than being first or last. Going first, a horse was likely to be too excited and would have an erratic bucking force. Going last, there was a good chance that the horse would be so tired from fretting in the corral and chute that it would be almost impossible to get a working performance.

Lee dropped his saddle by an empty chute and squatted on his heels to roll a cigarette. Some of the other riders had taken off their shirts while waiting for their numbers to come up, and their tanned, sweaty shoulders and backs glistened. These were happy men, men who lived simply and by luck and skill. They sat in the sun, laughing, joking, and rolling dice. Lee smoked in silence. He felt at ease here, and comfortable, but he was not one to make friends readily, and so he often sat alone.

The announcer's voice blared. It fired off a lengthy spiel about the upcoming event and then went into a few descriptive words introducing the first rider. Lee's eyes were on the Quarter horses being unloaded from their vans for the race later that afternoon, but he heard the bang of the chute gate, the slap of chaps on leather, and the pounding of hoofs as the first bronc broke forth.

The tendrils of smoke from his cigarette spiraled upward. He inhaled deeply, and when he breathed it out, the smoke hung in the air for a few seconds before dispersing. The sun beat down heavily, but the heat felt good on his arms and the back of his neck. The loudspeaker blurted again, and the number two rider went out in a burst of cheering.

Lee studied the toes of his boots. They were scuffed and scratched, and dirt had worn into the fine cracks of the leather. The soles of the boots, and the heels, were ground thin by hard use, but the boots were still good. In fact, they were even better than new, now that the stiffness was worked out of them. These boots had clutched the stirrups of many a saddle on many a horse, and they would do so again often before he traded them in on another pair. There were good friends, these boots. He looked at them with fondness.

The crowd roared for number three. It must have been a good ride. He waited until he heard the gate open on entry number four and then walked down to the

seventh chute. The roan was there, waiting quietly. A couple of rodeo hands came into the chute with him, and he hoisted the saddle onto the broad back. The horse remained quiet while Lee tightened the front and back cinches and one of the other men adjusted the halter and rein.

Back outside the chute, Lee leaned against the slats and watched the roan. The horse returned his gaze with steady, knowing eyes. Some broncs fought the saddle and worked up a good sweat. They were tired before the gate was even opened. But others saved their fight for the rider. Lee knew he was looking at one of these now.

He tried to remember his dream: how did the roan buck? But there was only a shadowy memory of a snaking neck and hindquarters that twisted under him like balls of steel. He felt tension creep along his veins. According to the dream, he had been thrown. His ancestors had placed a great value on dreams . . . He shook himself and turned away. Ancestors or no ancestors, it was mere superstition. These days, a man got results from what he did, and not what he dreamed.

The roan blew the dust from its nostrils, and Lee lit another cigarette, cupping the match with the palm of his hand. Somewhere there was a shout, and a runaway calf came bawling around the corner of a shed, with a horse and rider in hot pursuit. Lounging cowboys and rodeo hands watched with interest as the rider spun out a loop that settled neatly around the calf's flying ankles. The calf nose-dived and skidded on the ground, and the men laughed good-naturedly.

Lee heard the gate open on number six, and he stubbed his cigarette out against the heel of his boot. He went into the chute and checked his saddle--the cinches, latigos, and stirrups. The roan's ears flicked back and then forward. A man entered and adjusted the bucking strap around the roan's flanks. Lee climbed to the top of the chute and settled himself carefully in the saddle, his feet feeling for position.

His mouth was dry. Somewhere in the back of his conscious he heard the dull roar of the crowd and the louder tones of the announcer. The rein was passed up to him, and he gripped it in his left hand, holding his right free. Faces were around him, looking up. Grinning, friendly faces of other riders, who were saying friendly, encouraging words. Between his legs, the horse trembled slightly. Its ears were pointed at the arena. He took a deep breath, jammed his hat on more firmly, and nodded briefly to the man at the gate.

The roan came out of the chute in two stiff-legged jumps, designed to test the rider's seat. Lee raked with his spurs, and the horse came apart beneath him. The roan side-jumped twice and then sunfished wickedly. Lee tore his hat off and fanned it wildly, exuberantly. He was riding a hurricane! The bronc went into a tight spin; its back humped and lashed. It ducked left and zigzagged right, left, right. Lee tried to pull the stubborn head around, and the roan came with the rein,

rearing sideways and then swapping ends suddenly, unexpectedly. Lee lost three inches of rein. The saddle slammed him once, twice, and then he felt his grip loosen. The pommel made a vicious jab at his belt, and the cantle slapped him forward. The roan came up beneath him, bucking and twisting, and Lee felt the pound of the powerful, bunched muscles. One of his stirrups flew free, and the horse lunged and swapped ends again in midstride. Lee felt himself going off over the roan's rump. There was a confused view of flying hoofs, flying tail, and flying stirrups, and then he hit the ground with a very final and definite jolt.

He laid in the dust for a moment, regaining his breath and staring up at the hot sky while the mounted pickup man hazed the roan out of the arena. Lee knew that he would see the horse again some day, and he knew that he would ride it to a standstill. But for now . . . well, destiny caught up with all men.

## *Sand Song*

*To some moon the long bird rises,  
unendurably free,  
then hovers in my mind,  
dipping and swaying.*

*The sand makes each step  
an abyss that holds my weariness.  
I wonder at sand strength  
that can slow a man's moments.*

*A wave pulls from the sea,  
slides in silver,  
grasps at my feet,  
then rejected slips back to deeper sands.*

*My arms hang heavy with my hands,  
and the beating bird behind my eyes  
is learning slowly  
of sorrow with the strength of sand.*

—Peggy Horne



Crayfish

Higgins



The Staircase

Higgins

## Snowflake and Gravestone

cummings' IMMORTALITY

one  
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 hi  
 s  
 snowflake  
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 is upon a gra  
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 one<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>e.e. cummings, *73 Poems* (New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, Inc., 1963), poem 61.

The above poem reveals cummings' thoughts concerning death and immortality, a conventional topic of poetry. But cummings' treatment of his conventional subject is very unconventional as the poem's syntax indicates. The poem's effect is not only emotional but also visual and aural.

A restatement of the poem in conventional sentence form reveals the function and necessity of unconventional syntax. The restatement is, "This one snowflake is alighting upon a gravestone," which is a poetically descriptive statement. cummings' unconventional form produces a much more complex idea than that of the restatement. The poem does not pass through the mind's skies like a shooting star, but slowly emerges like the gradually growing light of the rising sun. cummings' unconventional form also serves as an expression of the action described in the poem, for the snow is alighting, and the poem's form, with syllables and letters gliding down the printed page, suggests the snow's soft fall.

The sounds of the poem produce a long sigh. The short "o" of "one" becomes the long "o" of "stone" at the end of the poem. Thus a sigh of ah-oh permeates the whole poem. The main sounds are a long "o" and a long "a," which combine in the two main images of the snowflake and the gravestone. The long "i" of "lighting" introduces a lighter, shriller sound, which forms a contrast to the heavier, lower long "o's" and "a's."

The two central images of the snowflake and the gravestone symbolize immortality and death, respectively. As has been pointed out, cummings combines the ah-oh sound in "snowflake" and "gravestone." The whole meaning of the poem rests in cummings' juxtaposition of the above images not only in their sound but also in their meaning. The gravestone establishes man's transient state, for it is a man-made object, and therefore it is subject to decay. The snowflake is Nature's creation; it is a pure crystal. cummings makes a very definite comment on the snowflake's immortality in the parenthetical expression, which forms the bridge between the two juxtaposed images. In the parenthetical expression, cummings shows the snowflake alighting, and thus he establishes a warm relief from an otherwise very cold, wintry, and dark poem. By spilling the spelling of "lighting" down the page, cummings allows the reader to construe "lighting" as "lightening," which emphasizes the lightness and freedom of the snowflake and increases the heaviness of the gravestone. There is a touch of tragic irony here, for the usually unimportant parenthetical expression forms a very important bridge between the two images.

The poem's form is cyclic, for it begins and ends with "one." Thus cummings emphasizes the cycle of death and rebirth to immortality. The snowflake never stops falling. The timeless God continues to renew his compact of immortality with man, for the snowflake is a divine caress.

—Thomas Burnshire

## AUTUMN

Curling, thin, brown hands  
 waving good-bye  
 are broken gently at their wrists  
 and flutter away  
 in haphazard spirals.

—Frederick Chiriboga



Cry in the Night

Mary Lee Dawson

## *Smoke and Sunday Afternoon*

*gathered together  
it is good to be together  
over oranges, children and coffee  
never old  
could I belong to another time  
escape uncertainties of now  
never I think  
glued to the sight  
of the expanding present  
fresh birth always of  
one person  
and I accept your distance from me  
gratefully I expect it  
you gazed at me silently  
and the room was warm  
with us, quiet  
so many sounds  
meaningless alone  
I looked again  
for a symbol, a face to touch  
you notice my hands, my eyes  
I am part of you  
and you of me  
that was all  
party over, I smiled  
and looked at my watch  
and thought I would like to kiss you  
so we poured our drinks  
mentioned children suffering and dying  
our tears fell into the punch bowl  
a harpsicord echoing  
princess seeking a prince  
and vice versa  
old wombs thrown away  
sunsets are not on canvas  
I see my life in your music  
in cigarette smoke  
curling about the room  
we are all together  
so be it  
if we should really only  
all be suffering inwardly*

*I think I  
would burst with  
the sun in my body  
forgetting the world momentarily  
to try to remember  
glasses filling up  
more time and space  
cross your fingers and hope  
to die still young  
and fighting on Saturday nights  
tears, fears  
we are together  
the room is still warm  
logically incorrect  
this banquet of ours  
all the brave young men  
who know that  
to think is to build  
to build is to realize death  
and death is birth  
why then should I fear  
you  
when you are in me  
and we are all together*

—David Smith

## *Laconic Contemplation*

*I touch the cold window-pane  
with the tip of my nose  
and closing my eyelids  
snatch two eye-fulls of stars  
from the unwary night.*

*The now captive, tiny, white spiders*

*with outstretched legs trembling*

*creep into alien skies*

*flicker and*

*fade*

*I o p e n m y e y e s.  
The stars have all hidden  
behind a dark cloud,  
the moon stares a glare  
impossible to hold.*

—Frederick Chiriboga



Portrait of a Young Girl

Joyce J. Meadows

## In Defense of Sentiment and Sheepish Grins

play your cards straight kid  
that sheepish grin  
flex your muscles that once were air  
get rid of it kid  
pick a dozen cans for your sweetheart  
who isn't even pretty  
good GOD  
they hard paved the kid's grin  
how many times I got to tell you  
foot work and bend with the blows  
good lord  
they hard frozed his fingers  
tough break  
and your dreams punish you  
Fight Kid Fight  
oh kid  
they got us all wrong

—David Smith

*Isn't it so nice to be enclosed?  
Each drop slides aimlessly down the shield  
And I smile,  
The wind sings and whistles . . .  
Each breath on the window reveals only a  
Disillusioned world,  
Of slick streets and vague light patterns  
Distorted,  
And if I stop, I can sit quietly.  
Isn't it so nice?*

*not really . . . .  
To know that even inside the world is out  
The rain out, life out.  
And I feel sad as I trace a thin narrow line  
Across the window.  
I see the world clearly now  
Quite sad, bad, very wet and  
Discontented, so slick,  
Slippery, dangerous,  
The street, town, the city.*

*I crack the window and simply, easily, unknowingly  
Let life drip in.*

—Sharon Lynn Mills

## Written on One of those Days

*Funny thing that I am me  
And wish that someone else could be  
A little like me in my ways  
So I could share these pensive days  
When all I see and all I hear  
Compared with laughter and a tear  
Lies in between these things we feel  
Not sad, not glad, and half unreal.  
To live within a distant land  
A piano, paper, and silken white sand  
To hear the cries of roaring waves  
A king is calling to his knaves  
Alone, alone, what shall I do  
I could never explain to you  
Just what I need of a friend today  
For I am miles and miles away.*

—Sylvia Owens



## MY POTATOES

Bloaugh  
my empty stomach said  
as my eyes swept carefully  
through empty shelves  
and barren drawers,  
and the loudest,  
vilest BLOAUGH that's ever bubbled  
burse into a bag of small potatoes  
I'd left forgotten  
in a musty cupboard.  
O ugly, UGLY  
metamorphosed tubers  
shooting out albino, fuzzy,  
bifurcating memoranda  
of your obscure  
existence:  
I denied  
the sight of you;  
my stomach welcomed  
water, but I couldn't sleep  
that night as your tentacles  
escaped the garbage can  
reminding me that you  
would not forget.

—Frederick Chiriboga



Cat

B. Eddins

## What Memories Emerged Before Me

What memories emerged before me  
like jaded idols from a marsh  
the night you came tapping  
on my skull's wall  
like an exhausted beggar  
at a monastery's door.

But I'm not an archaeologist  
of sunken dreams;  
my skull is sealed  
like an expensive coffin  
or like a chilly cell  
around the snores  
of tired monks.

—Frederick Chiriboga

# ESP

Carolyn Hall

ESP is a phenomena which people purportedly experience every day and some even lay claim to, but which scientists have not as yet been able to prove actually exists. In our present society there is much controversy over its existence, but few of the people who claim it exists and claim to have had experiences with it will allow this to be recorded. This is due partly to the fact that many people regard these occurrences as 'queer' and 'unusual' and partly to the fact that people believe what they really want to believe.

ESP, or extrasensory perception, is defined as "response to an external event not presented to any known sense."<sup>1</sup> Thus, according to our present limited knowledge, it is completely a phenomenon of the mind. One of today's foremost scientific goals is to conquer the mind, and little by little, through intensive psychological probing, the gulf between the physical person and the mental person is shrinking.<sup>2</sup>

There are three generally recognized types of ESP: telepathy, clairvoyance, and precognition. These will each be treated separately, although oftentimes they overlap so much as to be almost indistinguishable.

Telepathy is an "awareness of another person's thoughts, or the passing of information from one brain to another without ordinary means of communication."<sup>3</sup> Today most investigation into ESP phenomena is placed here.<sup>4</sup> It has been suggested by some scientists that everyone is born with a certain amount of this power, but that most people either consciously or unconsciously repress it because of its strangeness to them and to others. Freud believed that telepathy or ESP was pushed into the background by more sophisticated means of communication, but he also believed that ESP predated sensory communication.<sup>5</sup>

This pushing into the background of ESP can be shown by the fact that many children seem to have ESP, but that the reactions of unsympathetic adults represses this and it is ultimately lost or ignored.<sup>6</sup>

Another example that seems to back up Dr. Freud's theory that ESP predated sensory communication is the case of the Australian aborigines. These people live in the desolate bush country of northern Australia. They are believed to be a Stone Age people evolving from the Neanderthal man of Jave 150,000 years ago. They all seem to have mysterious mental powers that cannot be explained by science, but are nevertheless accepted as genuine. They seem to be able to communicate over

both long and short distances without visible means of communication. "The aborigines are undoubtedly the most highly suggestible, the most nontalkative, and the most psychic in the truest literal sense of the word."<sup>7</sup>

Among these people ritual and tribal murders are still performed by the Medicine Man with the help of posthypnotic suggestion (a type of voodoo). They seem to know through no visible means when something is wrong with another: "At 2:30 one morning, Tommy Two Fingers awakened his boss, a mining prospector, and said, 'Got 'em go now. My uncle bin got 'em bad trouble. Bin kill 'em properly-dead-finish.' Later, it was verified that his uncle had been killed in an accident at 2:30 that morning, 75 miles away."<sup>8</sup> This sort of occurrence, according to observers, seems to happen quite often among these people, whose spoken language is very primitive, and whose written language is nonexistent. Of course, their sensory powers are quite good in order to allow them to survive in the land which is their home; some observers have advanced this as a theory--that they observe things a more sophisticated man does not--but this cannot be true over such long distances.<sup>9</sup>

Clairvoyance is another part of ESP. It is "... knowledge about a thing or condition ...;" or to be "... aware supernormally of something which no one else knows anything about ..."<sup>10</sup> Probably the most famous clairvoyant of all time is Peter Hurkos, the Dutch housepainter who gained his psychic powers only after falling off a roof and sustaining a skull fracture.<sup>11</sup> He was probably best known for his work in helping the police find missing persons.

One of Mr. Hurkos' missing person cases involved a German boy missing for several weeks from a Rhine barge on which he worked. The boy's brother and mother brought the case to the attention of Mr. Hurkos. No body had been found, but a memorial service had been performed. Mr. Hurkos held a garment belonging to the boy; he told the family that the boy was not dead, but had jumped ship and was on his way to Paris to enlist in the Foreign Legion. The police were contacted, and three days later the boy was found in Paris and returned home.<sup>12</sup>

Another example of clairvoyance involved the first recorded experiment with ESP. This could also possibly be listed as telepathy, but because of the nature of the test has been listed here. This was recorded by Herodotus. He said that King Croesus of Lydia (560-546 B.C.) decided to consult an oracle concerning what to do about the menace of the Persians. He decided to test several oracles to see which was best. He sent out seven messengers to seven different oracles to ask on the hundredth day, "What is King Croesus the son of Alyattes now doing?"<sup>13</sup> Six of the oracles failed the test, but the Oracle of Delphi (the only one whose answer was recorded) said this:

I can count the sands, and I can measure the ocean  
I have ears for the silent and know what the dumb  
man meaneth;

Lo! on my sense there striketh the smell of a  
 shell-covered tortoise,  
 Boiling now on a fire, with the flesh of a lamb in  
 a cauldron,--  
 Brass is the vessel below and brass the cover  
 above it.

Croesus had been making a tortoise and lamb stew in a brass cauldron with a brass lid, according to Herodotus. Thus he consulted the Oracle of Delphi.<sup>14</sup>

The last recognized form that ESP takes is precognition, which is "knowledge of the future . . ." <sup>15</sup> Precognition seems to occur very often in dreams. One recorded dream was seen by Maureen Englin, a singer. When she was seven her nine-year-old uncle was in the hospital after an appendectomy. She dreamed that he was dead; she told her mother, "'His funeral passed our house. I saw it. I saw the white hearse . . .'" <sup>16</sup> Later that night the telephone rang summoning them to the hospital. The boy died that night; and the funeral passed Maureen's house just as she had seen it. <sup>17</sup>

In the last forty or fifty years much testing for ESP has been done. Scientists wanted to be able to control this force, but first they had to find out exactly what it was and if people really possessed it.

Some of the first ESP tests were conducted by Dr. J. B. Rhine at the University of Chicago. He had invented and used the Zener cards. These were a set of twenty-five playing-size cards in sets of five. There were five different symbol sets: circle, square, cross, star, and wave. These are laid face down on the table. The Sender picks them up one at a time and looks at them. The Receiver records his impressions of what was on the card. The average number correct is from one to five; there seem to be definite chances of ESP if more than five are recorded correctly. <sup>18</sup>

Since dreams seem to be a vehicle for ESP impressions, this, too, has been studied. It seems that persons are more receptive when relaxed. The Dream Laboratory at Maimonides Hospital, California, was begun by Dr. Ullman. Here they test for telepathic dreams. The subjects are placed so there will be no sensory clues. The subject falls asleep. A Sender sends a telepathic message or looks at a picture. When the Receiver's eyes begin to move, he is dreaming. A Recorder wakes the Receiver and records his dream. Then a panel of three judges evaluates whether the dream was telepathic or not. <sup>19</sup>

To many people ESP is a real thing, and has been satisfactorily proven. Many believe it is a talent and can be improved with practice so it can be called on at will (spiritualists and mediums develop this by sitting often with a group of similar people). <sup>20</sup> But scientifically the question is still a moot one and may never be really proven. Only after people recognize the power and are willing to test it and claim it will this question ever be solved so that science may go on to the more rewarding pursuit of how the power may best be used.

## FOOTNOTES

1. Stone, W. Clement and Norma Lee Browning, *THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MIND*, p. 240.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 205.
3. Smith, Susy, *ESP FOR THE MILLIONS*, p. 17.
4. Schreiber, Flora Rheta and Melvin Herman, "ESP Enters the Laboratory," *SCIENCE DIGEST*, October, 1966, p. 48.
5. Smith, op. cit., p. 23.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 24.
7. Stone, op. cit., p. 54.
8. *Ibid.*, p. 54.
9. *Ibid.*, chapter 5 on the Australian aborigines, pp. 53-66.
10. Smith, op. cit., p. 17.
11. Hurkos, Peter, *PSYCHIC: THE STORY OF PETER HURKOS*, p. 11-18.
12. *Ibid.*, pp. 122-123.
13. Carington, Whately, *THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE*, p. 13.
14. *Ibid.*, pp. 13-14.
15. Smith, op. cit., p. 18.
16. *Ibid.*, p. 21.
17. *Ibid.*, pp. 21-22.
18. *Ibid.*, p. 49.
19. Schreiber, Flora Rheta and Melvin Herman, "What Psychiatry Is Doing About ESP." *SCIENCE DIGEST*, February, 1966, pp. 35-36.
20. Smith, op. cit., p. 15.

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4. Schreiber, Flora Rheta and Melvin Herman, "What Psychiatry Is Doing About ESP." *SCIENCE DIGEST*, February, 1966, pp. 32-36.
5. Smith, Susy, *ESP FOR THE MILLIONS*, Sherbourne Press, Inc., c. 1965.
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