




Chrysalis

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MAY 21 1984



Visual And Verbal
1984

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generation

“And the home
of the
braaaave.”

And everything I've learned in life
Slips away at one A.M.

With the sound of electric snaps across the dark gray screen.
That single white pinhole lingers long
And holds me on its tiny lap
In the darkness of my living room.

Scott McClelland

New York

The smoking madness and millions beckon:

“Homeland, homeland,
homeland lies through me,”
in a voice that loves and spits the same.

Through cold steel lips she breathes
and cinders of lives not lived, but earned,
whisper and fall at my feet.

Through plateglass eyes she sees
and knows the lives I’ve lived, not earned,
niggered and buried, asleep.

There is a perfumed wind in the fall
that drifts through shadows,
scenting the air with its tale:

“I am the final estate of the desolate,
when you run, you will run to me.
Homeland, homeland,
homeland lies through me.”

david bradley



Emily Clark

Silkscreen

"I Used To Have Two Left Feet"



Ann Czapiewski

Silver Print Photo

Untitled

Calico

A sandpaper petal, pink
beneath whiskers,
licks my hand for no apparent reason,
green, green eyes steeped
in mousey dreams and screechy ovulations.

Much was shared:
My smile at a rumbling furball,
Her tail in my sleepy face,
Churning metal birthing tuna dinners,
Litter-scented crap, and a plump,
familiar silhouette in the window each night.

Subtle moments stumble into years--
the graceful butcher (how was I to know)
of youthful hearts in bodies aging.

Now only
tight throat
stillborn memories
and a pencilbox filled with fur
like a useless urn.

Richard S. Whitt



Sarah Otto

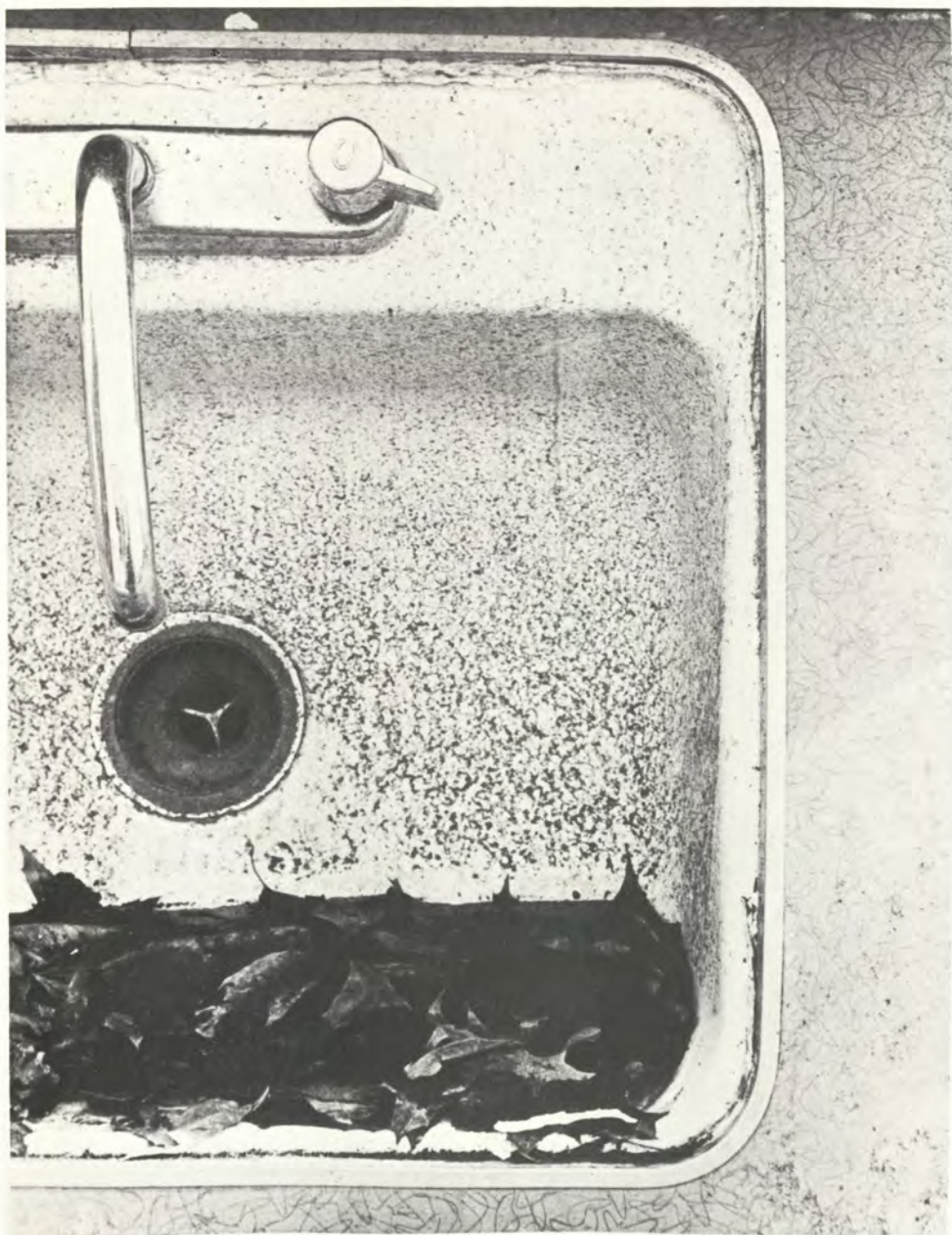
Graphite Drawing

Untitled

Sunk

These eyelids are cast platelets,
greasy grey disks that float
on dead fish water. On shipyard piers
we visited historic picture pamphlets.
Now I slip away in sleep
and photos fall from fingertips
and iron disks do drop to depths
to be for now
forgotten.

kevin jones



Anna Walters

Silver Print Photo

Untitled

Her Dragon Feeds

The claw reached out and grasped her
Rending soft hide
Like a taloned hawk rips open prey.

The eyes, ember-red, admired her flesh
Searing and branding every inch,
Chortling at the suffering--
the burning marrow within her.

Cursing the brass-coated beast
She ripped out her vitals
And offered them to the bloody mouth.

Sated, he extracted his stained claws,
Dripping crimson--the beloved's blood--
Then, slithering gold, he left her--
a glowering remnant of sacrifice.

Jeanmarie K. Rouhier

Kathy Konopka

Dye Transfer Print

"Ron, A Car, And A Diaper"

Corinne McMullan

Color Print

Untitled





Patti Cannon

Silkscreen

Untitled



Theresa Welling

Woodcut

Untitled

Beware The Small Italian Restaurant

What sweating flesh is this,
descending upon me in the night?
Bringing clouds of acrid scent;
aging parmesan, provolone,
garlic, stale chianti.

Suddenly
clenched between the hands
of a fat woman
I have never seen before,
I am grated like a huge cheese,
watching my body fall in flakes
to the dirty floor,
mingling with uneaten pizza crusts.

I am the antipasto.
My altar destined to be
a red and white checkered tablecloth.
My last vision;
the gaping hollow mouth
of a hungry man.

Patterson Haden

Empty Shelves

We are Vain and
We are Blind.”

-David Byrne

“We think we know what we’re doing
We don’t know a thing.”

-Tom Gray

I.

Here sits the self-proclaimed head
of a pack of gnawing,
stamping heretics,
who thinks as he sits:

“I come not to kill Shakespeare
but to improve on him.”

And his second, Dr. Gore,
blood-sucking rodent
who teaches the educated
that the verb is a verb
used as an action word.

And farther behind sits the pack
of poseurs, pretenders and thieves
each watching the next for some sign
that to clap, or to snap,
or the slap of a knee
is the emotion required.

II.

We have no coffee shop
in which to mix our bohemian brew,
no opium den or unfurnished flat;
We live in quiet wealth,
that is the thing that kills the light.
We have our own rooms.
We have good heat.
We have empty shelves.

david bradley



Peter Schnibbe



Silkscreen



"Byte And Ballast"

Ideas.....and other forms of violence

did you hear the joke about great ideas?
 someone had one once
 it blew up the world
and if this sickness spreads.....
how did this happen to such impassioned children?
 ideas.....

they dance and sing
and try to make us in a subtle way
and we live in that
we are better off alone
inside a rainy day
 ideas.....

the clock that strikes is not the clock that strikes them down.
the clock that strikes is not the clock.
the clock that strikes is not
the clock that strikes
the clock.

 ideas.....
 and other forms of violence.
did you hear the joke?

greg hershey



Woman with a Basket of Apples (For Paul Gauguin)

Out of the vibrant green she comes,
Out of the immemorial forest,
Where roots dig deep into memory, and beyond,
Winding through the dark, wordless earth.

Brown as soil, she approaches the feast,
Wicker basket of apples, tempting as ever,
A precarious halo steadied with one hand
As she bears the fertile harvest like an offering.

Calm and stately, the broad, swarthy flow
Of flesh's composure, the fall of hair,
The body's freedom is Gauguin's main study,
The green forest is her only ornament.

The fruit she bears mimics her, dark and smooth,
Sways down the path in the rhythm of walking,
Almost floating above her head, ruddy,
Dancing like the spirits,

Or the earth, carried swaying round the sun,
Approaching new seasons constantly and slow,
Though in her climate such changes are slight;
And I would change sides of world, these are my grounds,
To be waiting at the feast when she arrives.
To only be an apple in her basket

Doug Stalley

Linda Hoover

Hand Spun Wool and Cotton

Tapestry

Soldier, I

My face now--the side of a mountain,
craggy and rough,
brush hangs on stubbornly
even after years have
washed the rest away.

In the dawn of my valor,
ashen haze rose--
horse's breath in winter--
I shivered,
not knowing how
war lasted.

Then battle's circular colors
contorted
blurring an angry caracole,
high noon--dusty
twin shade to years gone:
I followed the ebony
and scarlet men
into a sudden dead alley--
they turned on me
like maddened dogs.

Now, stars stare tauntingly--
animal eyes in the night--
rain ricochets
splatters like blood
on columns of white graves.

Connie Swift

Untitled No. 54

It is very late at night
and my children wish I were dead,
so I lay low, and pretend I'm asleep
when the front door opens and lights flick on,
then off.

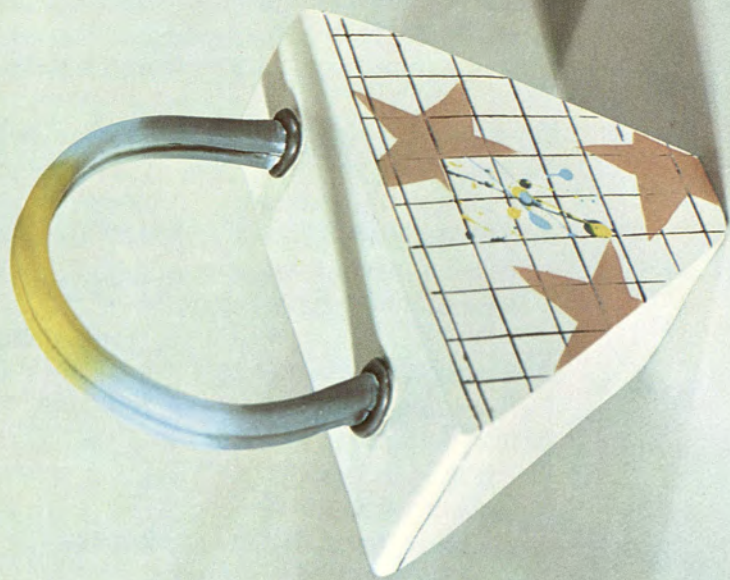
In the midsummer doldrums I lie still
with the streetlight streaming in
and the sweat on my forehead
and the radio speaks of faraway
and the cars glide by in the night.

In the chaotic past I looked here:
to the calm of the future; to home--
to save me, to hold me,
to pull me to its breast,
there and then to rest my head and heart.

But aftermath buries,
my eyes burn, my back aches,
I am cold in the swelter,
the ice in my chest gives warning:
here lies a man who burned in a flash
a spark that was here and gone.

And when dawn comes to my eyes
I will rise and wash and leave my home,
each day to stand and choose
which train to board:
the one towards the horizon,
or the other, towards the clouded city
and the factory that blackens it.

david bradley



Paul McMullan



Ceramics

Untitled



Robert Yoder

Mixed Media

Untitled



Ann Czapiewski

Silver Print Photo

Untitled

Cigarettes: Three Poems

I. Biological

An erect white lizard's tail
Appears between my fingers.
I try to burn it away.
It always grows back.

IIa. Practical Use

The woman is
Lovely,
Mature,
Gracious.
My soaken lips drip. My words are a spilled bottle of bilge.
I pop in the cork.
I shut up.

IIb. Practical Non-Use

Visibility in the little room
Is down seventy-five percent.
Fred turns on the amber headlights and finds a chair.
I can almost
Make out
His features;
Swollen eyes . . . ashen skin . . .
Expression of strangulation.
He can't breathe, I can't stop talking.
"I'm sorry, I'll put a cork in."
"No, please, don't! I'd rather listen to you."

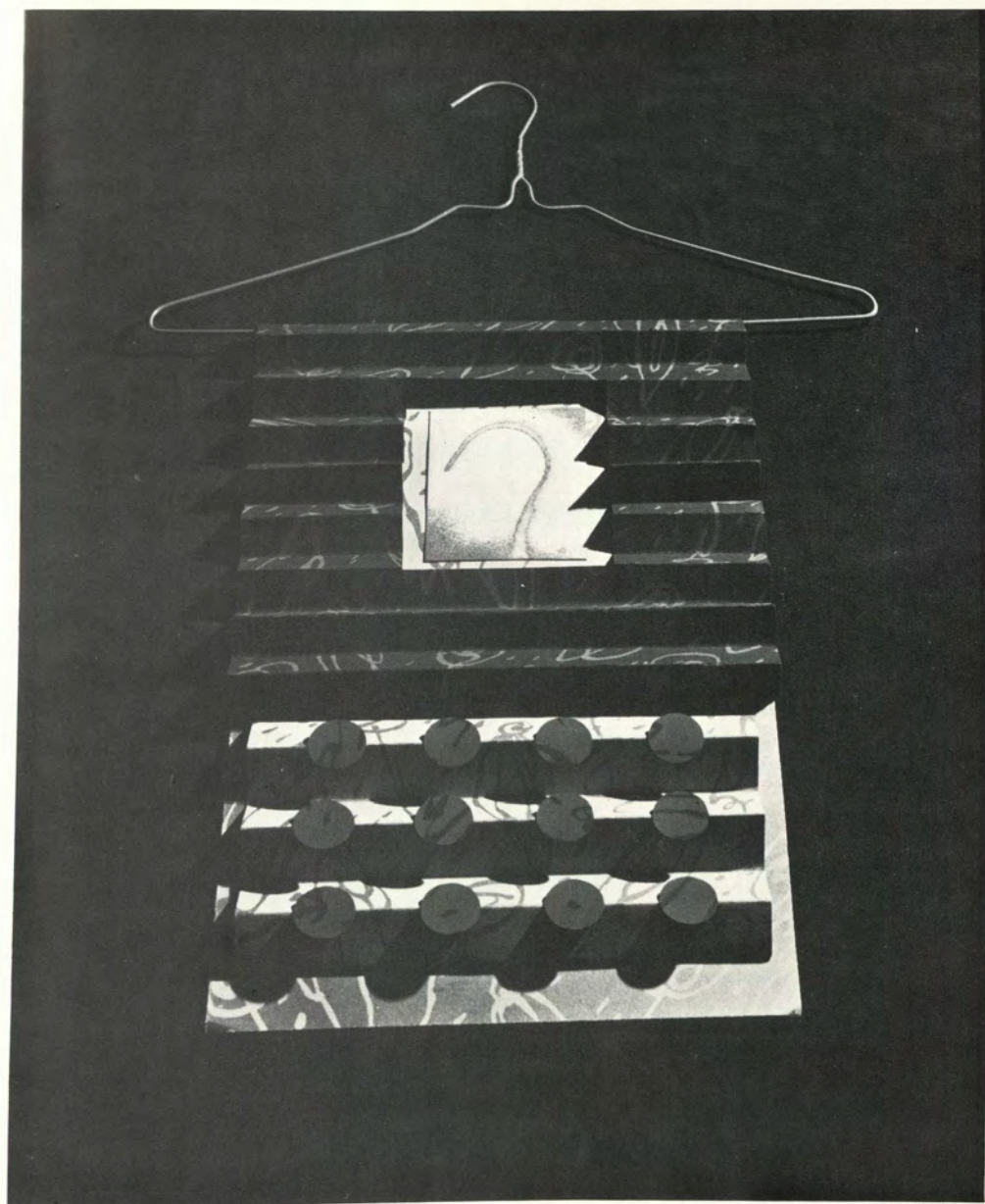
Maurice Heilberg



Pat Van Horn

Cotton and Silk Weaving

"Faded Denim And Rose"



Corrine McMullan

Silkscreen Intaglio

Untitled

Murder Your Darlings

I.

In early days the Larger Beasts
took arms to fix their places,
and such a sound their marching beat
the small ones hid their faces;
the stir began away back north
where mighty Tigers grew
and filed their bloodied claws and teeth
on those they thought untrue;
and when they felt themselves prepared
they poured across the land
where smaller ones who could not fight
were bloodied by their hand;
and following not far behind
the Tigers and their pillage
there came the brackish battlecry
of Vultures through each pillage
the lowlands filled with blood and gore,
yet onwards still they came,
and no one helped for each one swore:
"The bell tolls not my name."

II.

Until one day the Tigers reach
the Vultures grasp preceded
and Eagles who had hid themselves
saw their claws now were needed;
and in the East a mighty beast,
the Great Bear, was awoken,
and though the Tiger's mate he'd been,
that bond had now been broken;
all down the wind their cry was heard
and soon was seen their power,
and all the small ones breathed relief,
and readied for the hour;
for now the tide had stopped progress,
and now the tide was turning,
and soon the sky was lit at night
with Tigers homeland burning.

III.

Now stood the greatest task of all:
to give to every one
what rightfully belonged to him
and give back what was won;
and though the Tiger loosed his claws
on all the smaller beasts,
no land was ever given back
by those from West and East.

Divided up between the two,
the Eagle and the Bear,
were all the lands that they had freed,
to fight back no one dared.

And so we see that though they're saved
the small ones still met death,
when one by one they were enslaved
by those from East and West.

The End

david bradley

Punishment

For once in her life
she followed through
on her threats.
She stopped the car
and made them walk home.

Mark Golden





Georgina Valverde

Silkscreen

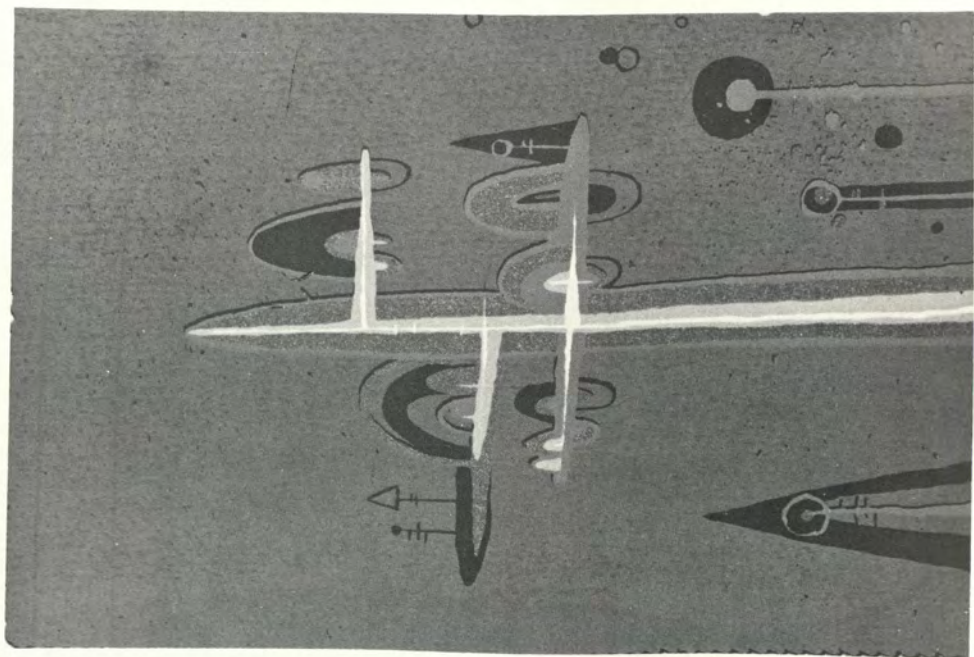
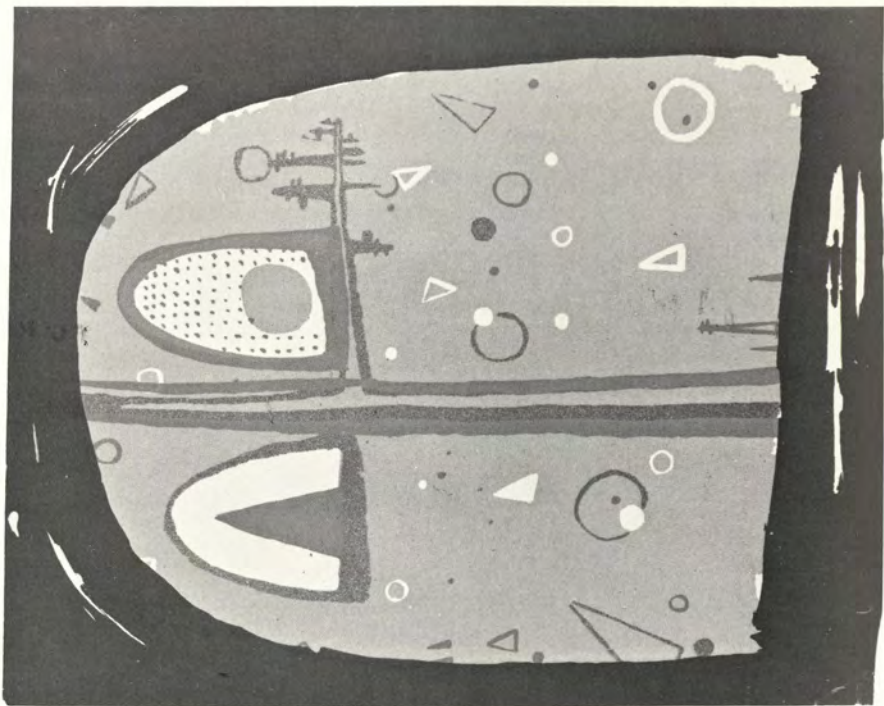
"Then Came That Fateful Day He Faded; By The Way"



Georgina Valverde

Silkscreen

Untitled







Cathy T. Callahan

Color Lithograph

"Spinner"



Lynn Somers

Manipulated Photo

Untitled

SHORTS

Newsbreak

She sighed,
I gasped.
She sighed again,
I'll never last.

Werner Franz Doerwaldt

Untitled

Her shapely thighs,
Firm breasts.
Deep-fried complexion,
Chicken at rest.

Werner Franz Doerwaldt

Untitled

The crack in the roof,
Is living proof,
That the earth shakes,
When we make love.

Werner Franz Doerwaldt

Rastus 'n Me

we was hitched like them traincars
jus' rollin' down the tracks
clippity-clap, clippity-clap, clippity-clap.
my house here
his house there,
with the line between
but we was friends, n'matter what it means.

scott mcclelland

Coal Babies

This here yard seen trouble enough
from the likes of you.

Long side these tracks
like two chunks o' misfetched coal

Bin 'coons

Misgood smudged on your face
from the soot on your hands.

Don't your momma know where you at?

kevin jones



Werechild

Werechild brought from the homeland
You always gaze at the moon
Your face silvered with the glow
Teeth bared in a human hiss.

When night creeps upon us,
we shut ourselves into slumber.
You slink onto the lawn
tortured by your desires.

Once more my hounds growl
when you pass by.
Finally, you look at them.
They cower and whimper like curs.

All the while, in your eyes
I see a blood-glow,
sullen and pulsing,
silent as death on a Sunday morning.

Jeanmarie K. Rouhier



Watching

As night falls and you
pull on your nightgown,
I watch you through your window.
I can feel the sheer pink silk
burning my fingers and my eyes
as the gown slides over your body.
You brush your teeth, filling your mouth
with minty foam I can taste.
As you slip beneath your covers,
I watch you through your window.
You glance toward where I am hidden,
waiting,
and as if you sense something
dark with electric danger,
you turn away and pull the comforter
tightly around your face and body.
I watch you sleep.
but in the morning I have disappeared.
You wonder if perhaps
it was only your imagination after all--
until you discover the stubs
of the endless cigarettes I smoked
beneath your window.
You shudder,
and we both know I'll be back tonight,
Watching you through your window,
Never quite letting you sleep.

Natalie R. Glatfelter

Becky Saben

Lithograph

"Fan"



Ron Turner

Silver Print Photo

Untitled

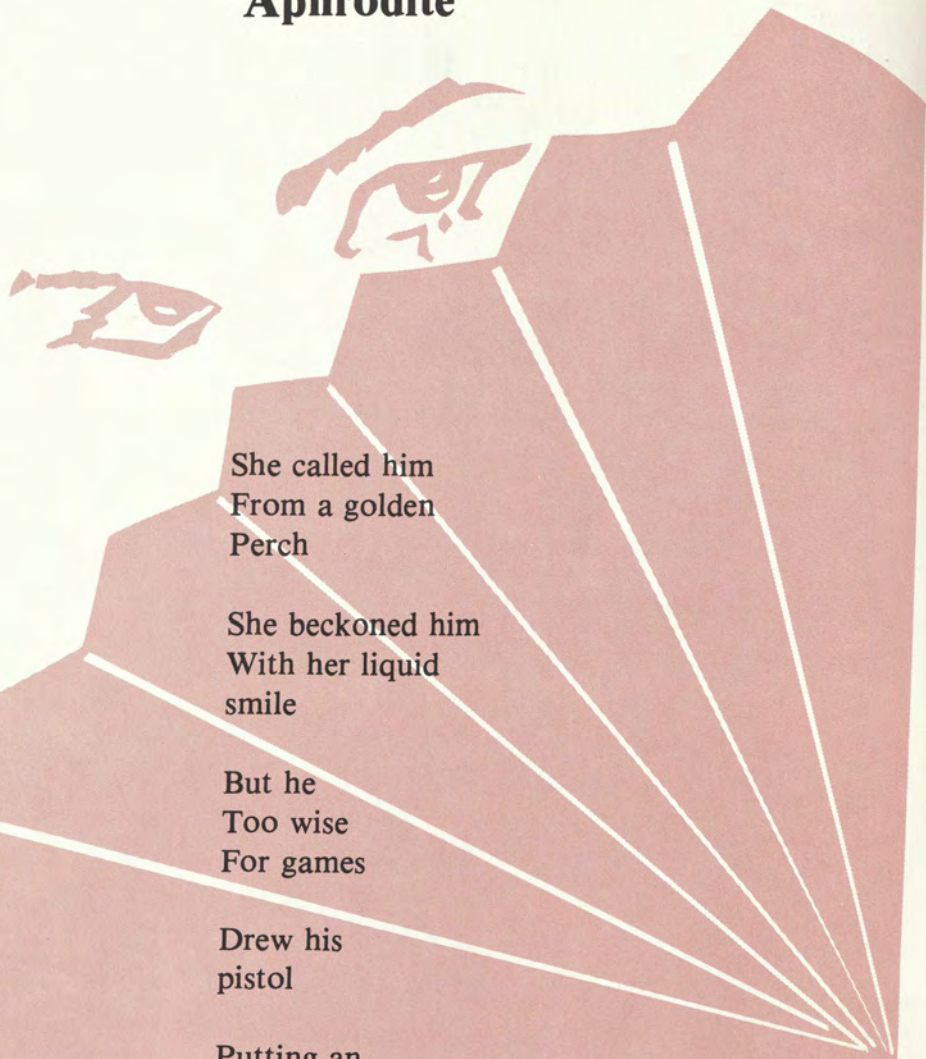


Ann Czapiewski

Silver Print Photo

Untitled

Aphrodite



She called him
From a golden
Perch

She beckoned him
With her liquid
smile

But he
Too wise
For games

Drew his
pistol

Putting an
End
To her
Tease

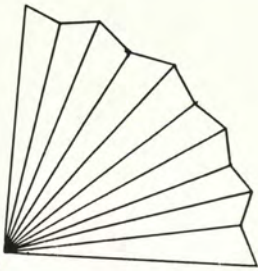
Ross Girardi

Emily Clark

Silkscreen

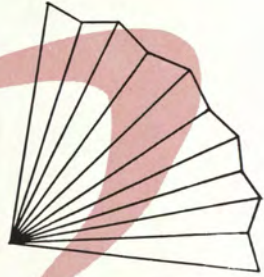
"S.O.S"



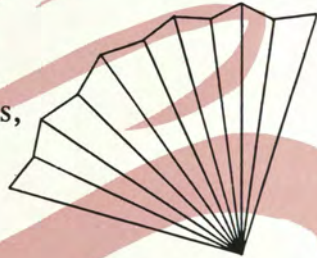


October Wind

The wind made an instrument
Of each window,
Whistling through every crevice
Of each aging barn,
Ploughing gatherings of leaves
In rustling billows.



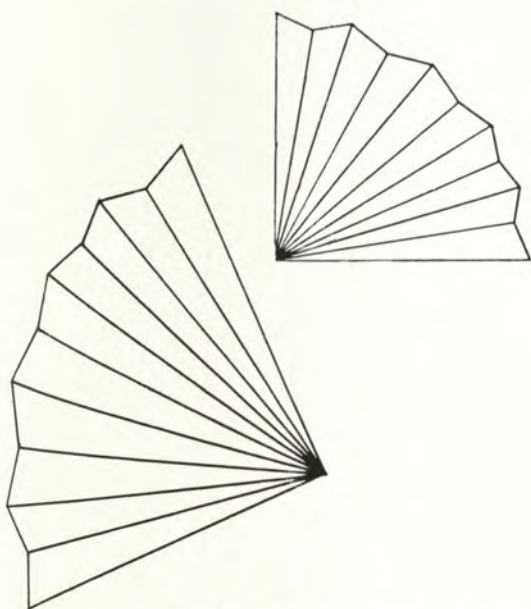
Hollow trees wail,
Weeping over imminent collapse.
Raw blasts find flutes in chimneys,
And the nut tree's
Globed ornaments
Fall on roofs
With a rattle and roll.



The sky travels quickly tonight,
Calling out its delight.

Doug Stailey





The Process

A gathering of chiselled, grey, ancient sisters
Descends into the hollow.
And there, in the barn, on the carved altar,
A maiden weeps
Struggling in her straps and chains.
The crones enter, cackling with delight.
Wielding glittering instruments in gnarled claws,
They split raw cracks
In the ornament of young flesh
Revealing yet another sister.

Maurice Heilberg



Anna Walters

Silver Print Photo

Untitled

Man on the Edge

His children in the ocean playing
His wife asleep
The young blonde
Reading in the hot noon sun
Doesn't notice he is watching
Behind his shades are a million sacraments.

Ross Girardi

But

If I were a valiant prince
flashing bareback across
some distant shore,
marked by sun and star

Then I would swoop to your
arousal and carousel you off
to a vapourous-nothing land
where horses and men
breathe as easy as
imaginations do

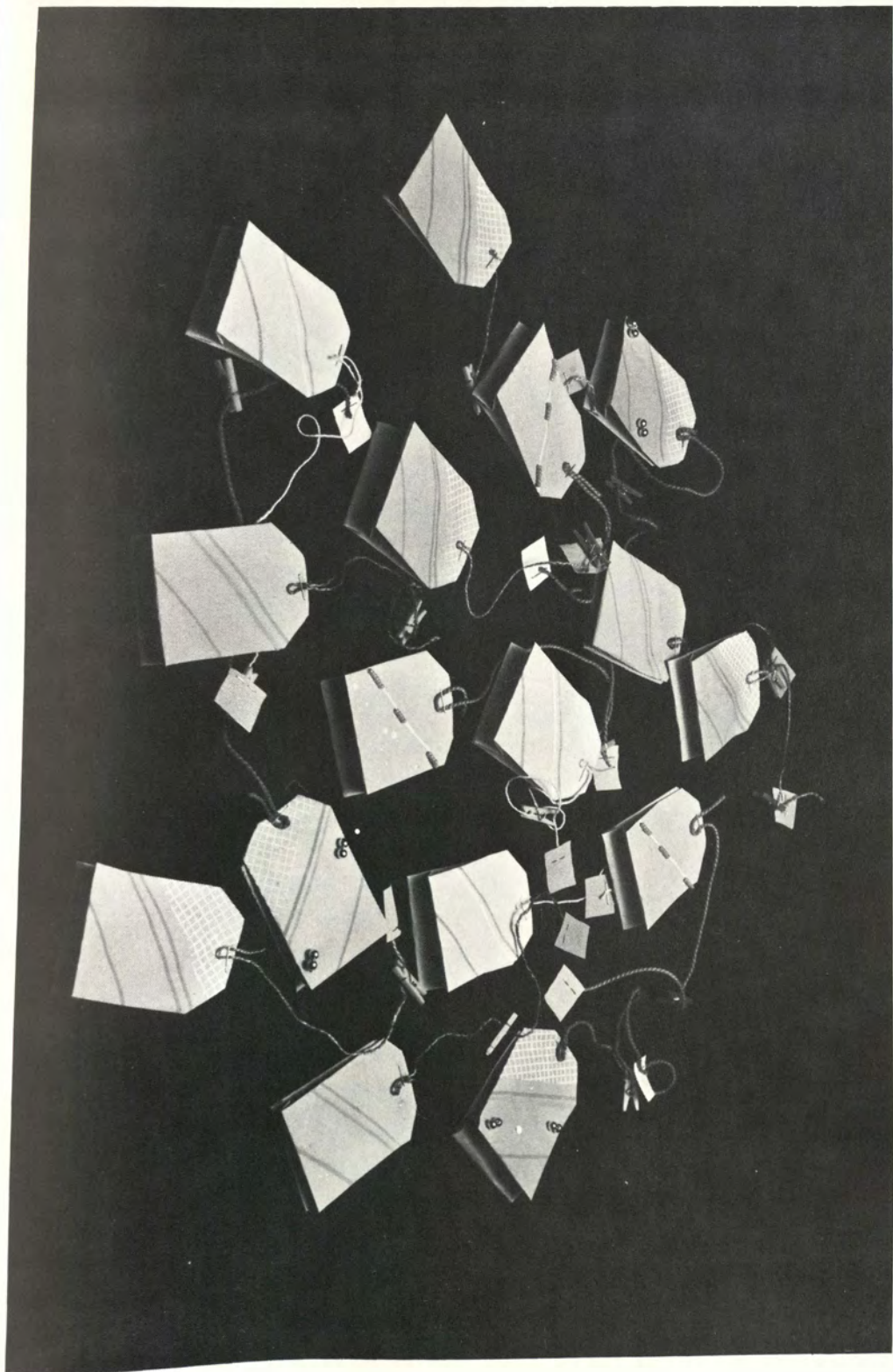
But I am no prince
I have no horse
And you, my dear,
Have no imagination.

Russell Chamberlain

Theresa Welling

Silkscreen

Untitled



At Dusk

I carry the remains:

Shimmering heads
swimming in a basin of blood:
their bright eyes gape in the dark.
I bring them here,
to the newly plowed garden
and sling them into the night wind.
Silver gulls
glide far above the furrowed sea, then
Dive.

Jayne Offenbacher

Horizon

Geese infested graphite sky
encounters lime green leaf
fields freckled by beef and barns
and barbed wire fences.

kevin jones

Yesterdays Sun

I remember when
you took me through the woods
to meet your companions;
white hawthorne
purple flowering raspberry
fetterbush and mountain holly.

We sat on great boulders
by the river.
They were white and warm in the sun.
You caught some fish
and explained that the sweetest
part to eat is the trout cheek.

Your house was old and weathered gray,
filled with glass jars and books.
The floor boards were worn in soft grooves,
cool and smooth under my bare feet.

A storm is building
in the valley below.
The gray clouds crest
and roll, sending
fingers of fog
up through the trees
until the mountainside
is swallowed up.
There, in the rumbling
thunder, I can see you;
strong with yesterdays sun
bright on your cheeks.



Ron Turner

Silver Print Photo

Untitled



Suicidal Stumps (a seasonal piece)

Suicidal stumps and dagger raindrops--
entropic partners in the autumn occasion.
A posthumous playmate dance
pins Hiroshima shadows to sidewalks,
while the annual slugfest
of prima facie rot begins,
promising a multi-color floral viewing.

The conceit of you
is as real as a month-long freeze
when the germs that breed
in loving configurations
die
with a short heave.
Invisible hands drape the curtain
shroud the villain dark with tailored sneer.

We warm-blooded viewers of the ritual know
Bonfire
Bonfire
the world
given half a chance
murders itself once by once.

Carole Nash

Ron Turner

Manipulated Dye Transfer

Untitled





Kelley C. Galbreath



Silver Print Photo



Untitled

Wolf Witch

The nighttime clouds burst open, revealing a mass of sky. A pulse of wind, regular and strong, threw chills at the wolves left and right, raising the hair on their backs. Spines curved, they raced up the blackened hill and whirled in circles, searching the spewing clouds. Suddenly, an echo of light rose in the sky, but died quickly as night, rumbling with discontent, closed on the flaccid rays.

— — —

The screech of a spiralling owl broke the night, possessing the beastly dark for a moment. A wing, an extended claw--the mouse screamed far away from the hill. The wind slid upward in swells, snatching at souls. Meanwhile, blinking shiny eyes the owl settled in its nest.

— — —

They touched, a living warmth, a reassurance. After slipping eyes uneasily over their shoulders, they returned their gazes to the silent black roof, ebony and cascading, stretching like a sleeping cat; occasionally inhaling into its bowels the night creatures.

— — —

The moon, lover of night, remained hidden, obscured by clouds--jealous children of darkness. The wolf witch, faintly shimmering, emerged from the clouds far above the wolf pair. She was strengthened by the moon, her mother, as she pushed away the night's power. Again, night rumbled, cursing her presence. Her light waned as she gazed down upon the circling wolves. Quietly she faded, hoping to elude dark's anger. Quickly she whispered the chants of Luna and in a blaze of light withdrew to her mother's side.

Sighing, the wolves climbed down the hill and clawed their ways into a cave. A mouse's scream hit the night and ricocheted off the dark. The owl had fed once more. Dimly lit, the cave opened to them: a haven. A tinge of light caught their eyes, breaking apart and refracting to the cave sides. They froze . . . wailing, carressing sound spread toward them. They answered in sand-thick tones, grainy and moist.

They stepped toward the light, heads warily tilted back. Their skins salmon with creamed fur resting gently upon their legs; their eyes, a glazed blue, covered with lashes of soft cream. Cautiously they stepped forward, casting shadows behind them. The witch walked toward them. She sneered and howled a greeting.

— — —

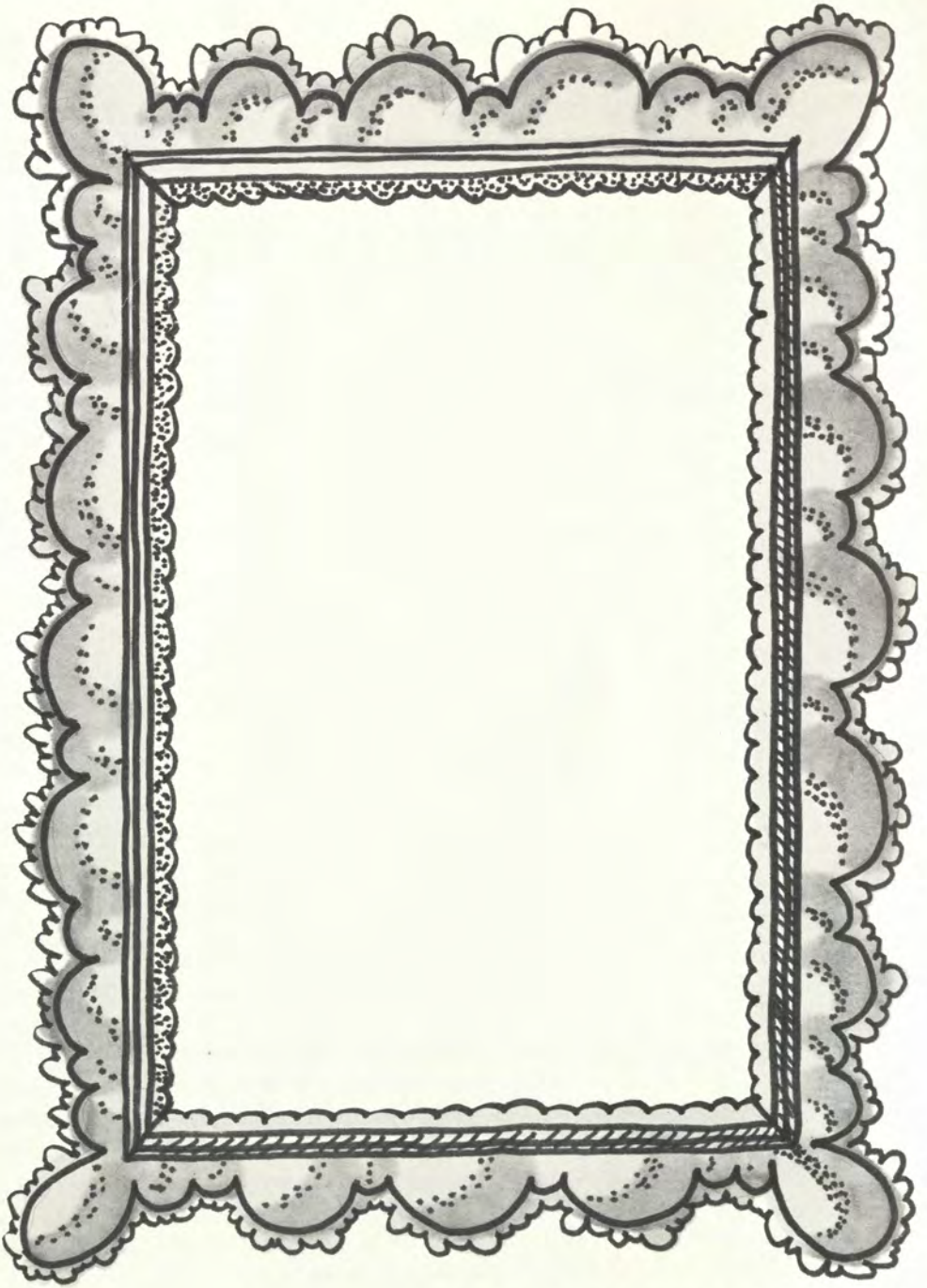
She felt her powers ebb, as the night drained the new moon's weakness. Faintly she sang, drawing on the fullness of sound. Suddenly her mother's voice consumed her, a round, silver-toned song, "I must be reborn . . . despite the jealous dark. You, my child, must give them the touch. You can no longer hide from the night."

— — —

Renewed, her eyes glittered, a ray of light emanated from the deep sockets. A sword hung loosely at her hip, upon her head lay a crest of creamed fur and a black jewel glowed softly on her forehead. They straightened silken legs, tensely and shied at the metal at her side. She cooed, calming them and crept forward, feeling the dark suck at her. With gloved hands she touched them.

They shuddered quietly, a moonglow appeared in their eyes and they passed into the night. Springing forward, they began to run across the blackened plain, challenging the night. They reached out beyond the dark clouds, deposing them with brilliant motion. The wolf witch watched them, knowing that the night was taken by surprise at the change in the power from her to the wolves. She realized that night lost its majestic crown and they, the moon's own spawn held the throne. She felt the night scream--and she gazed at their silken hair, spraying behind them, sensed the salmon in their skin, looked at their glassy eyes. Their bodies glowed, renewing the moon's light; they ran like lightning flashes across night's land. She shed tears for them, gazed deep into their silk-white souls and removed the moon-glow. They stopped, exhilarated, fur settling into place and searched for her, but she was gone, flying far from the hill in a gleam of light, a burst of sound. Enraged, night enveloped them in a death shroud. Their wails were heard far beyond their hill home. Lifeless, they fell as night consumed them. The owl, unsettled, blinked shiny eyes and flew off in search of another mouse before dawn. Then silence, as night breathed alone once more.

Jeanmarie K. Rouhier



Fill this frame with your best artwork.

NEVER...

let it be said that only the Chrysalis staff is published within the Chrysalis cover. Now it's your turn to become a bonafide artiste.

Simply fill out these two pages with your best art work and poetry. At Chrysalis, we feel that we represent J.M.U. And what better way than to involve everyone in our magazine. So, let's begin.

Write your best poem. Below are some starting lines, or you can simply rearrange the lines to create interesting concepts.

I sit and watch the pigs fly by
I watch the evening stars blink out
I wait in the drowning rain
I stop to watch the traffic light blink
blue and green, my eyes blink


I am just a broken can
I became a broken brown jug
My heart stopped beating and my
nose grew big
Suddenly my navel perked up





STAFF:

Editor-In-Chief:
Becky Saben



Visual Editors:
Patti Cannon
Kathy Konopka

Visual Aides:
Anna Walters
Ann Czapiewski
Lynn Somers
Nick Townsend
Molly Shields
Yo Nagaya



Verbal Editors:
Wes Willoughby
Jeanmarie K. Rouhier



Verbal Aides:
Carla Christiano
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Steve Rossi
Kevin Jones
Ellen Torrey
Jon Zug
Patti Haden
Karim Khan
Cathy Lucas
Theresa Kilcourse
Tammy Mannerino
Dave Contessa

'kris- ə- lis

So, that's **Chrysalis** this year. We hope you've enjoyed it and will keep it close to you for many years. Taped to your body, perhaps.

Well, the basic purpose of an Editor's Comment is to say thanks to all the people who helped make the magazine possible. Here goes: First of all, I'd like to thank Mr. Alan Neckowitz for leaving J.M.U. and attending "Semester in London". My life suddenly became more exciting with continuous problems and interesting phone calls about bids and budgets. Thanks to Dr. Wendleken for taking over and trying to understand my ramblings. Thanks to Mr. Ken Parmele and Mr. Alan Tschudi for explaining the printing lingo. Thanks to Yo Nagaya for shooting and printing many, many photos. Thanks to Emily Clark, Kathy Konopka and Patti Cannon for the **Chrysalis** cover. Thanks to Patti Cannon and Kathy Konopka for the many hours on layout. Thanks to Anna Walters for all her help throughout the year. Thanks to Ian Katz and Rusty Jones for their help. Thanks to all the Editors and staff of **Chrysalis** and to everyone who submitted their work. And finally, thanks to the nurses at the J.M.U. infirmary and all the little people.

Should you wish to submit your works to **Chrysalis** or if you would like more information about the magazine, we can be reached at Box 4112, James Madison University, Harrisonburg, Virginia. Name, address and phone number should accompany all manuscripts and artwork.

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Staff members did not participate in the selection of their work.

Enough. Thank you for picking us up.

Becky Saben

Becky Saben

Biographies

Georgina Valverde, from Mexico City, Mexico is a senior Art major. "I grew up in houses with flat roofs."

Pat Van Horn, a declared immigrant from Planet X, is a senior Art major with a passion for the soft textural nature of cloth and silk. She also hopes one day to return to her homeland; Planet X.

Emily Clark is from Fairfax, Virginia and is an Art major. She stated, "Blue is my favorite color."

Patti Cannon is from Staunton, Virginia and is in her junior year. She is an Art major who declares, "I love energy, open-minds, intelligence, and the ability to transcend the All-American ideal."

Maurice Heilberg is a senior English major from Alexandria, Virginia. On poetry, he says, "I feel that Robert Frost's "The Road Not Taken" is the 'Stairway to Heaven' in modern poetry."

Greg Hershey is a junior from Columbia, Pennsylvania. He is an English major and of his poetry, he says, "I would like to say that inspiration comes from a lot of things, which are not always profound, and one shouldn't mimic the source of inspiration, but use that inspiration to transcend the inspiration itself."

Scott McClelland is a Communication Arts major with a double concentration in Speech Communication and Theatre. He is a senior from Erie, Pennsylvania. He says that he comprises, "Every act of disgust capable of bringing about the negation of the family."

Corinne McMullan is from Harrisonburg, Virginia. She will be graduating this year with a major in Art. She explained "My brother can't draw a straight line and I am a lot like him."

Paul McMullan is also from Harrisonburg and is graduating with a degree in Art. He feels that he "got married too young."

Anna Walters is a sophomore and an Art student. She tries to avoid placing herself in any stereotyped categories.

Ann L. Czapiewski is a senior majoring in Art. She's "going west."

Kelley C. Galbreath is a senior in Art from Martinsville, Virginia. When asked about herself, she replied, "When I was little, I used to dream I was a genie and could snap my fingers and make the bad things in my life disappear. One night I had the dream and when I went to snap my fingers, I woke up to find a wasp between my fingers."

Kathy Konopka, an Art major and a senior from San Clemente, California, said, "I can't help it if I'm shy."

Ron Turner is a junior Art major from Fulks Run, Virginia. He stated that his sisters have no artistic talent.

Robert Yoder, from Danville, Virginia, is a senior Art major. "Sometimes the only thing that's important to me is the sound that rain makes when it hits metal roofs."

Theresa Welling is a junior with both Art and Communications majors. From Falls Church, Virginia, she explained, "I can't sum up my existence in one sentence. Pardon me for not being profound."

Russell Chamberlain is a senior English major. On life, he says, "Life is a bowl of potato soup, but with effort, you can make it vichyssoise."

Werner Franz Doerwaldt is a senior from Winchester, Virginia. He is a Communication Arts major and is concentrating in Journalism. When asked about himself, he quoted Yeats, "The best lack all conviction, while the worst are filled with a passionate intensity."

Ross Girardi is a junior majoring in Psychology. He is from Richmond, Virginia and he says of his work, "Through poetry (art) we can discover the mysterious secrets within us."

Natalie R. Glatfelter is a senior from Phoenix, Maryland. She is a Communication Arts major and has a concentration in Journalism. When asked about her work, she replied, "For me poetry is a way of relaxing, and I think relaxing is the way to enjoy life."

Mark Golden is a sophomore Sociology major from Arlington, Virginia. Of himself, he says, "I am suburban, sarcastic, sane, sensitive, spunky, serious, straight-edge, searching and tall."

Patterson Haden is a senior English major from Batesville, Virginia. She states, "I spend most of my time on a farm in Albemarle County drinking martinis and telling bad jokes."

Becky Saben is a junior who feels that anyone who wants to know where she is from will check the phone book. She has a double major in both Art and Communication Arts. "I owe my life to my roommate, the 'Yo Nagaya Loan Agency', and to a perverse fortune cookie that insists I will live to a comfortable old age."

Kevin Jones is from Richmond, Va. and is a junior majoring in English. He said, "Let go, a little."

Carole Nash is a post-baccalaureate English major from Madison County, Virginia. She says, "The essence of my life is The Antigone Complex: The salvaging of dead animals from the roadside and giving them proper burials."

Jayne Offenbacher is a first year Graduate student majoring in Counselling Psychology. She is from McGaheysville, Virginia. Of herself and her poetry she says, "As a poet, I use my imagination as a source of experience."

Jeanmarie K. Rouhier is a senior majoring in Russian, German and English. She is currently from Harrisonburg. She says, "I owe my ability with language to an over-stimulated visual center as a child; my parents let me ride too many merry-go-rounds."

Doug Stalley is majoring in English and Communication Arts, with a concentration in Radio / Television / Film. He is a senior from Springfield, Virginia. When asked about himself, he quoted William Blake, "And I made a rural pen / And I stain'd the water clear, / And I wrote my happy songs / Every child may joy to hear."

Connie Swift is a senior English major from Amherst, Virginia. Of her poetry, she states, "The poetry that I write is an attempt to find and transcend some connection between the deeply personal emotional state and the constant chaos of the world of reality."

Richard S. Whitt is a senior majoring in Public Administration, Political Science and English. He is from Bethesda, Maryland. He is an "avid fan of life, female companionship and The Monkees."

David Bradley is a senior English and Communication Arts student. He is from Washington, D. C. When asked about himself, he said, "I want nothing more to say than something's happening here today."

