Molly Shields
David Lovegrove
Ginger Haydon
Paul Tury
Jim Hall
Ginger Haydon
David Lovegrove
Wayne Verity
Robert Yoder
Laurie Minor
Neil French

Muchachos
Mission
Fill the Space I
Good News
Dollhouse
Fill in the Space II
Homestead
Ron’s Room
Untitled
1912
Lion Mask

Cover by: Paul Tury & Peter Schnibbe
Intaglio  Mission  David Lovegrove
Manipulated Silverprint  Fill in the Space I  Ginger Haydon
Lithograph  Good News  Paul Tury
Sepia Toned Print  Dollhouse  Jim Hall
Manipulated Silverprint  Fill the Space II  Ginger Haydon
Intaglio  Homestead  David Lovegrove
Mixed Media  Untitled  Robert Yoder
Bronze Lion Mask Neil French
Chrysalis Magazine

Editor-In-Chief:  Peter Schnibbe

Art Editors:
Anna Walters       Laura Richardson

Art Staff:
Nancy Stanfield
Laura Harvell
Dawn Hughes
Chris Sprouse
Paul Tury

Photographers:
Ron Turner
Peter Schnibbe
Anna Walters

Typesetter:  Randall C Bodine
Denver Butson
Elizabeth Holden
Beth Gordon
Diane Sullenberger
Denver Butson
Sarah Motes
Greg Hershey
Doina Iliescu

A Poet's Business
Untitled
Nighthawks
Clandestine Destiny
guilt
Duke Steps
Boys in the Playground
Dulceata

Cover by: Nancy Stanfield
a poet's business

to notice
(under a
makeshift hat folded newspaper)
a fleeting, flustered smile
of the working girl's
tired face
made wet, red, round and young
by late day's
suprise slow sleet drizzle

Denver S. Butson
Darkness licks the faded walls
While heat roars at the shadows
Beard and breast sweat
To the summer's city sounds that slink through an open window
Waiting for a breeze to invite itself in
And cool the tangled bodies
A neighbor drops by with a friendly meow
Not minding the air thick with passion
Nor the scruffy grumblings of the bearded young man.

Elizabeth Holden
In that tired city
That breaks down every night
there is one corner,
one restaurant that is never dark.
Two men and a woman
sit at the counter,
like regulars at a bar;
they come here every night.
The men take turns
lighting her cigarettes,
they drink coffee
and talk about their lives
in the day
that they hate.
The soda-jerk wears white
and brews the coffee,
he never stops.
He drinks coca-cola,
tells joke after joke;
they laugh quietly.

Beth Gordon
Clandestine Destiny

Freckles of plaster cling to your face
where you raised one purposeful arm
to blot away the sweat that anointed your brows.
Proof of your artistry surrounds us,
genius
mastered in the pouting lips
of porcelain challices and luminous ivory sculpture,
you are comforted knowing that each tenuous arc
bears the insignia of your fingerprints.
We stand together in communion of unmolded flesh—
together,
the final genesis,
my white-shrouded form awaits your chisel.
I cry "I am not Galatea."
You smooth the last inch of plaster
onto my lips in a frozen hush.
A vain sigh of fulfillment
echoes in sepulchral chambers.

Diane Sullenberger
rain lashes
the crusted
cheeks of beggars
a quarter rattles
alone in a tin can
yet, as my hands
find only lint
in my pockets,
my eyes dive
to a sidewalk puddle
and I wonder
how many blocks
until home.

Denver S. Butson
Duke Steps

Squeeze sings in my ears this time it’s about black coffee
Elvis comes in at the end of the song, I remember, so I turn it up loud, bouncing it into my ears and I know you’ll be by any minute We speak because it’s silly not to, these days, and so we speak somehow when we pass as you will, any minute now but I’m too dressed up and the sun’s too hot to be just sitting so I wear my shades and listen to this tune.

The people pass me to the music, bright and silent, mouthing so big to each other they pool around me but you haven’t come by yet, your cologne always hits me you always come by on the right and even if I don’t smile you’ll speak—it’s silly not to, isn’t it?

The song fades as you do, wading the colored rivers of people, sun breaking on your glasses like waves.

Sarah Motes
boys in the playground

there's a boy alone and no regrets
quiet in his secret home
and much is not said between himself
laughter like his shirt — he does not wear it well
and it hangs on him in rain

he crosses the street to a new emotion
a playground
the realization kicks him where his father was a man

across the street the boys are playing running for their lives
—you're it
— you're it
— you're it

there's a boy all alone
waiting for his life to begin

Greg Hershey
DULCEATA

You asked for a handful of dirt
from your native land,
nothing more.
But to let pass
through your rough hands
the earth of your father's toil
then you would remember
how the four hundred plum trees
blossomed with the spring,
and how when the petals fell
that year from the storm
you gathered and sprinkled them
over his grave.

You were a boy then
when the orchard was full.
You were tall and too lean from the walking
in miles through the trees.
Like your brothers
you went without shoes
when the walking was good
and the grasses tender
under summer's breath,
the blue sweetness of plums
floating in each footprint.

You wore shoes in the winter
and on sundays to church.
You wore them that Sunday
to the church and in the orchard
when the winds had passed
and the sun was hot
and the white petals
lay like a shroud
on the glinting green
heavy with rain.
Your shoes were leather
as dark as the soil beneath them
on the hill beyond the bridge
where you stood by the grave
letting myriads of petals slip through your fingers
like cornmeal and ash.

In Constantinesti
I climbed the hill,
crossed the bridge
worn with the passing of so many feet.
Below, the river was dry.
I could have walked through the bed
kicking dust in the heat
cutting through grasses grown wild.

On the hill by the grave
a donkey hung its teathered head
and the wind blew dust from its back.
There were flowers
as tall and wild as the grasses,
yellow and blue growing thick
as the coat of a donkey in winter
and I knew the soil was good.
Bending
I brushed the dust from the dark earth
gathering in my hands
the soil I imagined was petals.

In Constantinesti
I met a man who knew you.
He gave me water from his well
and dulceata
as sweet and blue as plums.

Doina Iliescu
Personel File:

Denver Butson—a sophomore, English Major, he likes things that make him feel as high as Daddy's knee with cotton candy crystallizing on his face and clean diapers.

Mark Golden—Junior, Social Work Major: "My hair is it's natural color, I don't have an androgynous attitude and I laugh at my own jokes."

Beth Gordon—a senior Psychology major she likes lucky charms, Clint Eastwood movies, and sweatshirts. She says that all of her poems are about people.

Greg Hershey—is a senior English major from the heart of Pennsylvania Dutch Country. He hopes one day to be a famous rock and roll star.

Elizabeth Holden—Sophomore, English Major: from Richmond, Virginia. "If someone was to write my biography, I'd like for it to be a two volume book."

Doina Iliescu—Senior, English Major: Favorite pasttime is analytic geometry. She enjoys good conversation, weightlifting and assorted varieties of fruit.
Michael Keller—a senior English major often accused of being an "elitist who thinks he knows something about poetry."

Tammy Mannarino—an Italian redhead and English and Political Science major who likes reading and writing poetry almost as much as working at D-Hall.

Sarah Motes—is a senior majoring in English whose ambitions beyond graduation include coming up with something clever for paragraphs like these.

Diane Sullenberger—Senior, Biology and English Major: Lives in Manassas, Va. but claims Rockville, Md. as home. Her tragic flaws are white wine and dancing.

Scott Hamilton Suter—Senior, English Major: Hails from the heart of the Shenandoah Valley. Besides being a writer, he is a sculptor and musician. His stories attempt to deal with the dichotomy of the head and heart and the ambiguities of good and evil.
Rosemary Stifter
Peggy Walsh
Randall Bodine
Georgina Valverde
Rita McCaslin
Anna Walters
Alice Smith
David Kidd
Sean Calleran
Rita McCaslin
Peter Schnibbe

Paper Boy
Untitled
The Thing With Two Heads
Untitled
Places in the Woodbine
Untitled
Pail & Window
Delicate Beauty
Untitled
Trestle Series #1
Untitled

Cover by: Chris Sprouse
Paper Boy
Cibachrome
Rosemary Stifter
Oil  The Thing with Two Heads    Randall Bodine
Acrylic  Untitled  Georgina Valverde
Intaglio    Places in the Woodbine    Rita McCaslin
Do I WAnt It to Have a Subject?

I Just Don't Know.

Oil  Untitled  Sean Calleran
Intaglio   Trestle Tree Series—#1   Rita McCaslin
Untitled

Mixed Media

Peter Schnibbe
Personel File:

Randall Bodine—Art Major: I speed up to run over small animals and I'm an honorary member of the Jackson Pollack water polo club.

Sean Calleran—Nothing is known about Sean's biography. He remains an enigma.

Neill French—Senior, Art Education Major: "It feels strange to be graduating. I feel like I've been at JMU forever."

Dawn Hughes—Senior, Art Major: Built with character and the light of reality to have knowledge to know here, and listen to words that are not present.

David Lovegrove—"I threatened my parents with moving back home if they didn't send me back to school."

Rita A. McCaslin—"I was born in Ithaca, New York on a Friday 13th, and grew up in Dodge City, Kansas (the home of Boot Hill and located near 'The World's Largest Hand-Dug Well'). I later moved to Wichita, where I met and married my best friend. Shortly after the wedding, the church mysteriously burned to the ground."

Laurie Minor—She is a gallery assistant at the Zirkle House, 983 Main Street, Harrisonburg, Virginia. She is very happy and eventually wants to bring peace and happiness to the whole world and then nuke it!

Laura Richardson—Graphic Arts Major: "Aren't trees beautiful!"

Peter Schnibbe—Once a career student now suffers from post-cerebral evacuation, a common malady in which the cerebral cortex takes an "extended vacation." Diagnosed as long term, Peter will be able to perform simple tasks only under extensive drug therapy. He is now considering dishwashing as a career.
Molly Shields—is a senior Design major who thought it was more important to go to Richmond than to write a clever biography for Chrysalis.

Chris Sprouse—is a freshman majoring in Graphic Design, but that’s not his fault. Chris wants to be a starving artist when he grows up.

Nancy Stanfield—"It all happened so suddenly."

Rosemary Stifter—"There was this boy on this train and he had a gun. He told me to shoot him so I did."

Paul Tury—"When I was little I threw a hammer into the air. It landed in my friend’s eye. Since then I’ve never been the same."

Georgina Valverde—was born into royalty in Mexico City, Mexico. She has always been a princess. To escape the jealousies of the third world, her family was exiled to Woodstock Virginia, where she learned to assimilate American redneck values. Since that time she has studied aerobics at JMU and has gone over the borderline to become the “Mexican Madonna.”

Wayne Verity—is a junior majoring in art from Buffalo N.Y., Bayside N.Y., Flushing N.Y., Huntington L.I., Hereford MD., Sterling VA., and now he’s a Harrisonburger. Wayne says he plans to someday work for the F.B.I.

Anna Walters—Junior, Photo Major: “I’ve never been to London and I don’t have an asymmetrical haircut but I still hope to make it as an artist some day.”

Robert Yoder—(from telephone interview, March 3, ’85) Robert recently moved to Seattle with records and a bicycle. He finds it equally hard to listen to his records without a stereo and getting comfortable on a bicycle because he has no couch. He also expressed concern over the fact that his avocado will not grow.
Mark Golden
Sarah Motes
Scott Hamilton Suter

The Years Between
Premonitions of an Automotive Death
Going Home

Cover by: Paul Tury
The Years Between

his mom wanted a girl
and failed to get one
the unwanted stranger
was wrapped in rags
and laid in the corner

I didn't know him then.

I knew him
years later when
he would walk up my street
on his way to mop floors
keys jangling like cymbals
between the bass drum footfalls of his boots
only to stop in front of my house
and throw a football or frisbee
or whatever was handy
like when he picked a card
and I told him what it was
from the reflection in his glasses
oh I thought I was so clever
and he pretended I was

I didn't know him
years later when
they found the lady
around the corner
hanging from a pipe
naked and bruised
and they say
he tied the knot

No, I didn't know him then.

Mark Golden
Premonitions of Automotive Death

premonitions of automotive death
on a sullen chilly night
on the way to
an old wooden house
and the party was some
hollow-eyed boys on acid
the floors were that inky
old-house brown
the creaks were deafening
  and the boys were rolling
  their eyes
  like drowning ponies
and on the way home every car on the next rise was the one, white-eyes on rubber black pavement

the rain was thick the wipers moaning (not this oh not this one) this one

Sarah Motes
Going Home

My senses fooled me this morning. I awoke to the light of the sun and the smell of my grandmother's damson preserves. I tried to get out of bed to run down to her kitchen. The restraints held me back. Slowly my mind cleared and I looked at Dixie, the nurse. I realized that it was her perfume that I had smelled. The vision of Grandmother's house clung stubbornly. I tried to remember the last time I had seen her. I couldn't. I started to think of the other things that I have taken for granted in my life, I turned my face from the light.
I used to share my room here with Mr. Joshua Railsback, another terminally ill patient. Mr. Railsback's tumor seemed to be consuming his brain faster than my own. He slept often. In his sleep he murmured and cried out with sharp sounds, reminding me of the butt of a hypnotist's joke. Railsback jerked about like a marionette in a child's hands until he would awaken, turn to me, and say, "I must have been dreamin' agin."

When I moved in I thought that we would not live long in the same room. Our personalities clashed. When I asked the volunteer lady for a radio he turned towards me and said, "You ain't going to hear no real music on that radio you know! They don't play nothing but that damn city noise. I've heard cows giving birth that sounded prettier'n that." He glared at me. "You know they used to let me play my banjo in here 'til some damn city boy down the hall said it bothered him. When they come in here to take it away, I jest told them to stick it where they do them enema things!" I knew from his eyes on my suit in the open closet that I was a "city boy." We spoke little for several days. One day he began to talk about himself.

"I'm from Short Gap, Kentucky. Lived there all my life 'til jest a few weeks ago. Then they brung me to this place, and I'll be damned if I know why! They oughter let a man die at home. Let him have some peace, 'stead of sticking and probing him. Oh, and have I told you that I'm going home? No, I 'spect not. The daughter'n her husband is coming down from Cleveland to pick me up in a couple of weeks. I reckon I'll still be around." He coughed up the phlegm that rattled in his throat, spat into the dish by his bed. "I'll be happier'n a hog with his snout in the slop bucket when they get here! Yes sir!"
The tension between us eased. I told him about my college degree, the successful consulting career, the trips to Japan and Europe. He smiled and said, "You've certainly had a full life. I reckon you think my life's been pretty dull, jest farming all week and some music and a little 'shine come the weekend. But what the hell, I reckon we oughter be friends if we're going to be living together."

"Or dying together," I said. I got off my bed, reached out to shake his hand.

For a few days Mr. Railsback stabilized. His naps were still performances. Everything reminded him of home. When he got his food tray, "I can't wait to get home, I'll have me some real food, some ham hocs and turnip greens. None of these leftovers from an experiment." Or sometimes, "It smells damned funny in this place. I believe that I'm going to sneak in a couple of jars of good ole Kentucky soil." His complaints irritated me often. We spent many hours of silence, but we could not live too long in silence.

The night before his daughter came, he woke me up and stared with big eyes. He said, "A terrible dream, a terrible dream! I must tell you about it. It was so frightening!"

I said, "All right."

"I was home agin, jest like my other dreams, and me'n a couple of other fellers was goin' over the ridge on a coon hunt. Well it was a fine, starry night, jest right fer the hunt and we split up so as to cover more ground. But after I'd hunted around a bit I got confused and lost my directions. When I looked up to find the pole star clouds moved in and it got darker'n the inside of a cow! I couldn't fer the life of me get back home! I couldn't get back home!" He fell back in his bed. His head made a deep dent in the pillow.

I called the nurse. She came, left quickly for a sedative. Before he went to sleep, he whispered to me, "I'm going home tomorrow."
"Yes," I said.

The next morning Railsback's daughter and son-in-law arrived. I was surprised. They dressed like "city people." He looked at them, but did not look happy.

His daughter cried, "Papa, it's been so long since we've seen you! How have you been?"

"I've been dying," he said.

"But we're here now. We've come to get you, Papa. To take you home!" She was crying.

"You had to wait 'til I was dying to come see me? Well now it's too late. Where will you take me? You sold my farm from up in Cleveland. Never even had to come down to sign a paper."

She looked ashamed. "I thought you would like to visit your friends and all the old places that you love so much!"

"No," he said. "I believe I'll jest stay right here. Damn nice of you to come to see me though. Why don't y'all come back by after lunch."

She blew her nose, said "O.K."

Railsback did not speak for a long time. Finally he turned to me and said, "A damned shame that she ran off up North. Up to the city. She don't even know what home is anymore. I was a fool to think that I did. To think tht I could go back there. I ain't got no place to go." He stared at something on the wall behind me. He said, "I'm going to sleep awhile. When they come back ask them to jest let me rest in peace."

"Sure," I said.
Railsback’s sleep was calm. There were no cries, no movements. I went to sleep, too, for a short time. I awoke, my mind cleared slowly, I recalled the scene I had witnessed. I rolled over and saw Railsback. He was dead. I hesitated before calling the nurse. I stared at Railsback, his face showed no fear, no pain. He looked like he was sleeping.

Now when I awake in the mornings I imagine having Dixie with me in bed, her hair on the pillow like another’s once was. When I return from my long sleeps she always comes in, greeting me, reminding me of returning home, of finding the other gone. Reminding me of the trips that I once took, of leaving family and friends behind, of coming home and finding they were all gone. Reminding me that I wasn’t returning home, but to memories.

Dixie often returns me to my grandmother’s house. The house that I was raised in after the accident took my parents. The house was filled with love and Grandmother’s devotion. She never left me alone, was always there. Once, when I was at school, my dog died. She comforted, told me he was happier now, he was in heaven with other dogs to play with. I didn’t believe her. How could he be happy? He was dead. When she died, in her hospital bed alone, I was in Paris, not thinking about her.

The guilt of her lonely death haunted me always. Until recently. I imagined her wishing for the house, for the reality of memories, for me to come back, for me to save her. From what? From death? Now, I lay dying, I no longer feel the pain of loneliness or guilt. I turn my face from the light, close my eyes, and remember Railsback. Sleeping.

Scott Hamilton Suter
Chrysalis Magazine

Editor-In-Chief:  Peter Schnibbe

Literary Editors:
Tamara Mannarino    Michael Keller

Reading Committee:
Mark Pricer
Mark Golden
Paige Hairston
Debbie Gerling
Ralph Brown
Casey Stuck
Mary White
Tad Fox

Official Advisers:
Alan Neckowitz
Alan Tschudi
Dearest fellow students & faculty,

Here is JMU's art & literary magazine for '85! I must confess this year has been a little bit more frustrating than previous years due to budgetary problems. As a result, we've had to cut the magazine back to the bare necessities with absolutely no frills. I believe we've eliminated most of the problems that plagued us this year and should thus give next year's Chrysalis staff the big green light to do more creative and adventurous things. Good luck to all of them.

I would like to acknowledge a tremendous art and literary staff, Laura, Anna, Michael, and Tammy for putting up with so many hassles and seeing this through to the end—even though at one point it looked as if we might not even have a Chrysalis this year. I would also like to thank this year's Student Government Association for their support and the University's publications department. And of course, many thanks to our advisory staff of Alan Tschudi and Alan Neckowitz.

Your humble editor-in-chief,
Peter Schnibbe