CHRYSALIS
1986-'87
Sandra Rose
Apollo
Clay/Wood

Grant Hutchins
Untitled
Pencil

Holly Guthrie
Untitled
Charcoal
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#### Literature

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Phill Ungar
Kottlers Jug
Pottery

Lorraine Brinka
Untitled
Pottery

Phill Ungar
Volcano Roll
Pottery
A lonely winding road in winter
Fallow fields and tangled brush
Mountains in the starlit dusk
Waiting for the train

a friendly taximan that
"piped the sunshine in,
and piped the moonshine out..."
once in the backwoods

A sleepy Sunday town
Winter swans on a pale sunned beach
Margaret's sorrow springing
over Goldengrove unleaving

crusty bread
ice-chilled landing
grey Sound slowly passing
I want a malamute, not a husky

Windwhipped Harbour
Five-dollar hamburgers and ginger-ale
crowded camaraderie
crowded independence
you would not have given up for me.

I see you in snow
Flakes feathering dark hair
cold-kissing your cheek
around so-brown eyes I can never read.

Your barriers rival mine's most formidable
winter images
bright cold passion
glittering ice-fields of emotion.

I can see an unlit fire
laid in a cold stone grate
no old ashes to dance in the draught
clean as slate.

pey pey oh
I hear the creak of dried wood
under my feet.
the roughness of unsanded wood,
the damp air hangs
like laundry on its line.
The door opens heavily,
as if I were pushing open
the door to a cell.
Inside there is a warmth,
Like a grandmother’s quilt
wrapped around me, the silence awakens,
as I step near the window.
A feeling of sunshine touching
my arm as I sit in a field.
The freshly mowed grass
is unearthed as it swings towards me.

Robin Ruddle
Martha Seals  
*Untitled*  
Silver Print

Cathy Keffer  
*Untitled*  
Silver Print
Halloween

The hallowed night inhaled with anticipation
as my brother transformed
Boy to Bear--
Finger painted lips and cheeks,
delicious red smudges;
Streaked black whiskers
from his blotched pug nose
to his supple blushing ears.
Taking his hand, I led him into
Halloween.
Only houses whose eyes were shining
invited us.
Doorbells and trick or treat
rang circularly through the thick air.
Homemade devils, flowered ghosts
(our neighbor hated plain sheets)
and little goblins
haunted the night
scaring Raggedy Ann and Andy
to the white knuckled grasp
of their wicked witch mother.
Bags and bags ingesting chocolate bars,
gumdrops, and peppermint sticks.
The night observed the little bear and I
closely with its sparkling eyes
as we ventured home amidst
floating faces.
My little cinnamon bear brother
raced to the kitchen table
for the traditional examination
of his prizes.
Somewhere behind his
rosy-faced, black smudged facade
I saw the little boy
warmly anticipating
his first bite of sweetness.

Today, Halloween has aged for me,
But that little bear remains
eternally young.
Stopped in my mind
from growing.
Only the faded black and white photograph,
faded and cracked,
remains.
I have to fill in the colors
every Halloween
as the wind
exhales.

Kat Tyler
People Little Kids Know

None of them know the color of the sky.
their shadowed eyes
running rigid rivers-confluence
merging units of greater understanding
as if sails could guide
to a planned destination.
A vessel, honed from
oak trees whose leaves once gave shelter
from the pain of mistake.
This-a venture through uncharted waters
may one day be mere slop in a wash bucket.

They say it must have been in a museum
meeting as it was with
de ja vous feelings of known excitement.
Suffragettes who forget to wear bras,
or maybe decide to leave any such restrictions behind.
This is about bleeding,
not the regular kind but of something
more universal in theme.

Progress with pain
the latest measure of stamina,
Society dedicating new art,
but no twenty-first century medium can hold all this.
The worlds underwritten ambition
What is it any way?
Where is it going?
“Hey how about turning the channel,
this show is really getting us confused.”

Peyton Jackson
March Cement

Your room was in the basement
of your Mother's house.
It smelled of damp cement walls.
You outgrew your bed at thirteen.
We would lie in it-
Your feet would hang off
and get cold.
We had not outgrown the need then
to talk about ourselves.
We would grope at the basement air
with our mouths
searching for some small truth hovering
between the sound.
You told me you used to cry into the pillow
and sometimes still do.
You said you masturbated
against the sheets and
thought of colors.
You said, "Whatever you do,
don't panic—
that's the thing."

I watch you now
from the other side
of the wet cement wall
Your face makes no offerings—
Speech is unthinkable.
I pass you in the street.
I hear
a piece of you falling.
It hits bottom
inside and
ripples
away from
some
soft brown
center of indifference.
I think of the shape
of your toes
and try not to panic.

Mary Kelly
Isabelle is Mysterious


Lynnette playing croquet on my wall; my pink shoes, black hightops, and red Winnie-the-Pooh galoshes.

Oh, and my groovie Greg Brady sleeping bag in blues and greens, and the orange dresser borrowed from my--hesitation--mother (my other mother's old best friend). Her--the first one's--legs behind a girl on a swing in Kodak on the wall.

Foster's beat-up tamborine from San Francisco's thrift shop shaking up memories of "Love Child" a few months back.

Xeroxed friends, just looking at me, and I stupidly drop my eyes.

In the stillness I can just let my mind's preoccupations curdle into the tones of T-Bone, and Straightening My Room is my favourite thing these days.

Judy Bauer
Throwing oyster shells at sand fiddlers at the sound

It's strange how it stings for a second and begins to throb. A clean curved slice on the tip of the index finger, one side raised and pale as the blood seeps out and races down to the palm wet with sea water.

That just pisses me off. That sinking feeling like letting the grounder squirm through your legs. It's all your fault because you're a greedy little bastard, and who said you could play shortstop anyway. It sure as hell wasn't Eddie Williams.

The sand fiddler mass moves into the reeds where the water laps up softly and they're safe. Those one clawed idiots, expressionless and fragile as hell, digging little holes they can crawl into spitting little bubbles out of their geometric mouths. I could kill five hundred of them if I really wanted to, but I can never get them all because they think of themselves and won't stop scrambling into the water, or their miniature caves or into the marsh, and I'll never see them again.

Harry Atwood
Dana K. Hurt
Wallscape with Chair 1
Silver Print

Martha Seals
Untitled
Silver Print

Brenda Hooper
Untitled
Silver Print
Saturday Max

Saturday Max smiled
high above the suburbs’
blue velvet serenity.
Bathed in vibrant cool satellite glow.
Alive in black and white television moonlight.
Saturday Max vowed

to be something
more than symmetric,
to be nothing
less than perpetual
electricity dancing
in rhapsody
to dreams in silk shadows.

Michael Keoponick
I'll Call the Plumber Tomorrow

Somewhere
in between
Yesterday and tomorrow
I think I lost my mind.

It could be somewhere
Under the old, ratty mattress,
where the ghost-like strips of cloth
wave in the current of the electric heat.
The same place that me and Yo-Yo, the cat
had it out, fighting ten out of fifteen rounds
for a piece of yarn
that he had won title to last week anyway.

Or maybe I left it
Behind the ketchup in the refrigerator
when the gallon of milk jumped in front of my hand
and I, not noticing,
turned the jug topsy-turvy,
trickling a sticky white mass into the tops of
last night’s leftovers.

Of course I could have lost it down the bathtub drain
when I remembered to wash that dirty spot behind my right ear
that I nearly always forget.
It could have then floated atop the water with the soap scum
and unlike the ring in the tub now,
be gone forever.

Then there is always the possibility that my mind is playing
companion
to my lovely red wool sock
Since I can’t seem to find it either.

Lisa Gross
Brenda Hooper
Untitled
Silver Print

Martha Seals
Untitled
Silver Print

Brenda Hooper
Untitled
Silver Print
A Lesser Lt. of Samuel Houston

Down at the Dusty Lunch,
where Dora harvests a 55-gallon Mart
and smacks a failing appetite
(then curses plastics outright)
there survives the dregs of glittering Texas
and route 20's only true servant.

Today her sonny will break and strike the shack;
the only home he's ever known.
A wristy hard shot against that head
would have killed a lesser child.
Punishment is Dora's motherly touch
and how with big sweeping bangs to the body
she continues to zest for life.
It was the man-child, Bucket Dundee that
showed her all the low-down love
in the world is best shown in
a tight teaching-ball fist and served up
with loads of good intentions.

Tonight his pockets will bulge large and sticky
for sonny will travel to those foreign lands.
He speaks the road, he thinks,
and will therefore be just fine.

As Dora wagers to herself which cubes
will leap into her cup of heady beer,
she'll lessen the heat for her Lucky-Struck palate
then find the note on the television screen.
Of course she'll find it, it'll block her view
so she wouldn't be able to speed down California highways
to find and punch the faces from lesser men,
nor at ten make smooch yoo-hoo at the noble House of Ewing
of the Lone Star state
while betraying flies to keep in shape.

While the moonlight critters find their way
Dora will rule from behind closed eyes.
She'll swagger straight up to some smart-assed trucker
and fire juice right smack in his eyes.
For no apparent reason that cook will cheer
and the gringo will come to know
the wrath of Dora Valdez de Camacho,
Queen of the Dusty Lunch
Isabel of route 20
Driver of bruising punch.

Tomorrow when the shade has tricked
her ears to begin their ringing,
she'll scrape boot-like slippers
towards the kitchen's dirt floor
and no longer find the loving, yet familiar
still life of dirty dish cup and open door.
She'll recall sonny's message she never had read,
then curse that phantom trucker who took strength
from her night

and lesser will grow her fight.
Christmas

She went to see the 73-year-old man to get rid of Christmas selfishness. She would replace the granddaughter who did not come this year and he could tell stories about life in the 1920s.

His tan and dirt orange couch sagged like skin and his brown curtains hung like clothes. When he offered her a drink she offered him a short story.

She moved away to avoid seeing his nose hairs, but not his formaldehyde eyes.

He feigned a 17 year old sliding his arm along the back of the sagging couch. She got up like parents were coming but the mould of her body remained on his tan and dirt orange couch.

After she ran out and repulsion happened, she reasoned perhaps selfishness was safe.

Edie Morgan
Call To Entry

Date Of Submission, Nov. 17 Thru Dec. 3.

Bring Artwork To Nicholas House 1-3pm.
Send Literature To P.O. Box 4112.

For Appointment, Or More Information,
Contact Sandra Rose At 434-7534.
1) Sandra Rose, editor-in-chief, is a senior art major who believes that Harrisonburg has the right boom potential to become the next Las Vegas of the South. Ms. Rose sees nothing wrong with staying home weekends—every weekend—waiting for Virginia to implement a state lottery. "Being editor certainly has its benefits," she says. I have been able to print friends' resumes on our computer which has helped tremendously with car payments.

2) Randy Pope, art editor, is a junior art major convinced that Da Vinci's Mona Lisa was painted on a paint-by-number canvas. He says, "You can see the lines and numbers under the painted surface with a magnifying glass." He is also quite obstinate about his opinion on the leaning Tower of Pisa. He believes that everybody but him is walking around with their heads tilted.

3) Phyllis Byrnes, art editor, is a senior English major who landed on the art side of the magazine, strangely enough. The death of Pop artist Andy Warhol was particularly upsetting to Ms. Byrnes. "I still say that his euphemisms will be respected throughout our lives," she says. "He was a fine man with true culture."

4) Julie Novitsky, art editor, is a junior art major who despite her flare for aesthetics refuses to wear fashionably attractive glasses. "My Coke bottle glasses will make a resurgence in popularity," she says. "Parisian fashion designers will no doubt insist their models wear them next season.

5) Kathryn Donelly, art editor, is a junior art history major often confused with model Carol Alt during her frequent trips to New York. "True, we both date professional hockey players and have appeared in the 'Sports Illustrated' swimsuit issue," she says, "but the similarities end there."

6) Neal Helm, literary editor, is a senior English and journalism major who is thankful Adam and Eve discovered "Original Sin." "Without them we would still be walking nude which is fine if you're Allen Ginsburg," he says. "In addition, the nude scene in the film 'Room With a View' would not be as funny."

7) Michael Keoponick, literary editor, is a senior English and marketing major now relocated in Atlanta Georgia. Mr Keoponick has recently heard a great deal about the "Gone With the Wind" sequel. "I am glad the Mitchell estate is granting permission for a second film version," he says. "I would hate to see Sylvester Stallone get hold of it in 2011."

8) Lisa Culp, literary editor, is a senior English and journalism major ready to find a husband twice her age, if she cannot marry Luke Skywalker. Miss Culp insists that she will expose the lie of the dreaded real world for what it is not. She says, "For answers, go to Mr. A."

9) Anne Gervinski, photographer, is a senior art major who has collected a large assembly of nude portraits during her tenure at JMU. "One of these models is going to become famous and I am going to cash in on it," she says. "I am not sure how "American Photographer" will look upon it though."

10) Kim McGuire, layout assistant, is a junior art major and jack-of-all-trades. "My job includes a bit of everything," she says. "Without me, these guys wouldn't know paint from prose."

11) Carolyn Wadsworth, secretary, is a sophomore majoring in political science. She is forever in search of an available copy machine. "Actually, a couple of these editors do not know that I have been responsible for any, and all love letters to them this year," she says. "They were getting big egos, I heard."
Me Again

Me again,
me and my five-fingered bordello,
me and my well acquainted right hand
working with me for a better fantasy,
me and the silence of the house empty,
the wife gone shopping
and the kids in school,
me in the mirror,
me at the front door underwear/newspaper/toe-touch,
me in the shower,
me on the bed,
me reading the paper,
pacing in the hall,
petting the cat,
me standing at the toilet,
me in the refrigerator again,
me changing TV channels,
me with the radio on,
me at the backdoor,
in the garage,
on the front porch,
me on the bed again
stroking my miserable penis.

Denver S. Butson
Larry Towe
Untitled
Silver Print

Suzanne Jones
Untitled
Hand Made Paper

Sandra Rose
Kiki
Ink/Airbrush
Lisa Redman
Birthday Party
Prisma Color Pencils

Kim McGuire
Lips
Guash

Karen Vander Veer
Just for the Camera
Prisma Color Pencils
Floppy Girls

All I can see are floppy girls.

There are no bare breasted sweating leaps
No shivering open air deep breathing
No twisting taut torso
No wet hair
No masculine concentration
No twisting taut torso
No graceful smirk
And pure charity glance
No eraser tip in teeth
No pencil end

In the mirror,
In the bathroom,
As dependent as children.
Like silly mood posters
That write on them "Mood"
And there it is
With no possibilities.

Daniel A. Villasenor
Blame it on Ra

Here we are,
burns smacked on the beach society,
looking
for that vertical smile.
Ra is the one
as the night gnats
and moths
sprint into light are, or the common fly
sucking on the sticky fructose
or some seemingly empty Coke can;
Ra is for us, the burns
poor and all, and drunk
as much as possible,
like that fly with the elongated tongue
in my Coke can.  Bland is bad,
a bad word indeed.
colors are loud and clash
for attention is the key,
so as the vertical smile
will say "sure" to the horizontal proposition
we're so sure she'll enjoy,
so much love so love may slip
pass our teeth right out into the air.
But do I love,
at the time, at that moment
love is being committed, but
committed I'll never be,
because life is too sweet
as is the sun and fun
to be had,
as well as that smile
in the end.

Skip Sibson
ODE TO A NOSE

As I was walking 'cross the stately moore,
Glimpsed I a stately nose upon the floor.
As I stooped to pick it up, cried I,
"Oh nose! What dost thee on the floor?
Oh nose! Who hath the scent of flowers-a-thousand bore,
Who once hath sensed the passing of the queen,
Who once beheld the misting of the rumbling, salty shore!
Never able to do thy office more?
Never again perform thy olfactory chore?
It is a pity!" I cried,
And with that, passionately, then
Flung I the nose aside.
"Oh wretch!" cried I,
"Who never have known to love mine own nose dear,
Who, one day, should it disappear
I would most heave and sigh!
Oh dastardly plight of man!"
It is a fate deserving many woes,
That man may never appreciate, full, his nose.

Lorraine Brincka
Napalm Girl

As a child, the famous picture that hung from every loud train car in Japan wrenched me like a small branch-
The Vietnamese girl running wildly on a battered road somewhere in a miserable land.

I didn't understand that
her naked body was burning.
Her outstretched arms slightly bent,
and the limp hands cupping toward the earth
were the futile instincts of flight.

She was screaming at the sterility of war,
the camera man, pivoting like a machine
on the loose gravel, grinding grooves into the earth.
The hairy bodies of men scare her
while the napalm rips her like tissue.

I used to lay awake at night while the jets roared over head,
their silver stomachs bulging.
She made me wonder when the marauders would come to tear me apart.

In me she
sears with brittle arms,
screams what it's like to hurt before hate can numb,
and lets her neck flap back.
Her stringy black hair spreading out on my carpet in a damp, tangled mess.

Harry Atwood
Suzanne Jones
*Untitled*
*Hydrostone*

Grant Hutchins
*Nancy*
*Terra Cotta*

Kim McGuire
*Untitled*
*Ink*

Lisa Redman
*Untitled*
*Charcoal*
Metamorphosis of Narcissus (from the 1934 Salvador Dali painting)

No straining in the dark brought him to taste the wind. Those moving together with arched back and foreheads high, never touching, slowly pulled his petals apart, their softness white, splitting the smooth shell confining him within.

It began when the Child from across the splintered mountains told the Others what she’d learned. She’d come to them as they stood in their poses: one, hand on hip, chest pressed forward; one with head to knees; another with fist raised to the sky; their ivory bodies shining as if polished and their stiffness never bent or rippled. But the Child burned trembling in her pose; the chessboard square where she stood cast gold among the blacks and whites of the Others. Here, beneath the sky, always sluggish, heavy red, and barren trees contorting their branches without a breeze, did she tell of watching the Narcissus break; its leaves and petals unfurling against the Folding; the Folding a collapsing-in of body and soul, crushing the spirit and trapping it under broken bone and withered skin of memory and sorrow, of moment and rage. The Narcissus was free of this; it could grow with the Eye, the soul of the mountains, which rippled the smooth planes of face into hidden depths and shadings, as if Eye and face were mirrors of infinity, reflecting one another without end or pause.

This breaking filled the Child with questions. She crossed to the center of the mountain’s circle to lift a hand of bequest to the Statue of Words, his pedestal within a ring of bleached bone. The Statue bowed graceful lines to listen, each curve and contour fluctuating Self, each inhalation the attraction, each exhalation the repulsion of life and its answers.

“You, Child, will soon fold inside yourself even until you cease to reflect within the Eye of the mountains. This the Narcissus knew and released at his time of breaking.”
With twisted heart, the Child touched the ring the Statue centered. "What must I do?" she rang out, tears no longer able to wear away the weight of the Folding.

"Following where the Road ends and approach the Eye, adding your tears to its expanse; then delve within what you see. Only then will you be free."

When the Child concluded, the Others did not laugh. Remaining rigid in their poses, longing slivered their spines. The Child’s eyes glowed blue flame and her face flooded with this light. She turned, body cleaved from air, bones greeting earth as she ran. Approaching the Eye, her body dragged. Time and its harpies seeking to drain her spirit, leaving her body an empty vessel for the Folding’s weight to overwhelm. But the tears shed were of body’s blood, tapering down through the Eye to where she saw and threw her furious self within. Here, shadows and surfaces beneath were sketched, shifting in a dance without walls nor floors; nor the graceless weight clutching Spirit to soggy strength and aimless awakes. Here, she was one and she was all with the one; all moving beyond poses and folds, slowly sinking through the earth and evaporating throughout the sky.

The Others, in hesitant approach, could not but notice the Eye’s growth and the Child’s absent pose, now laughter curving their forms within the Eye’s depths.

Each cautiously bent and drank, and turned away; but never without looking back. Poses splintered down the front. Each slowly began a walk, alone among their others, to the ring and words of the Statue at the center.

Lisa Culp
Carolyn Maloney
The Day After
Stone Ware

Phill Ungar
Saint Michael
Terra Cotta

Suzanne Jones
Dragon Tea Pot
Stone Ware
curling downward, ever downward
like a breaker along the beach
loved by seagulls, breaking slow,
bright in the light of dawn:
my love’s hair

Matt Theado

Of love and possession

of love and possession

the crocodile snaps
his jaws
shut red

on the crane
who has just spent
the day picking
the reptile’s smile
beautiful

Michael Heath
August poem
(for Chrissie)

deserted August
and the cicadas
and the pale distances
tinted only by child shrieks
and dog yelps.
These are the hottest days, the longest ones.
Yesterday I wrote a letter
that mentions a breeze.
Today there is none.
I fight an urge to tear it up.

If this were an historical age,
her face would turn a dry August
into a battle,
centuries of debate,
and poetry.
Instead,
our age is an anonymous sawdust swelter;
Her face,
a simple oasis.

Denver S. Butson
Brenda Hooper
Earth Camera
Stone Ware

Suzanne Jones
American Girl
Terra Cotta

Kevin Womack
Revelations
(part of a series)
Silver Print
Phill Ungar

George, the Gentle Giant
Wire/Insulation/Found Items
The scrawny paperbacks (the ones with on the back other books on how to be a fucking human being) the Leo Buscaglia paraders the Jane Fonda crotch crowds and the Looking Good masturbatees they tell us what we want tell us what we need we need to know like how to stand straight to lock the jaw just tight to roll the brow to make the eyebrows straight what to say so confidence spills out of our cords like music how to hold our butts tight when we walk so one day our cheeks won't slip on each other in the middle of the night when we roll over how to cross our legs and puff our bulges how to bring the fork to the mouth without a trace on the lip or just enough to finger with our index so she knows what we really want all this and a girl told me today that the reason I'm alone is because I walk above the ground and you can't read the contents of this donkey duck world on the flap of my jacket but I never wear a jacket because I'm too cool for that you see because jackets are for guys who don't have square shoulders who wear ties to hide their pencil necks but you see right there she said you think you don't need anybody or anything and you breath confidence like music and you say whatever you feel and you go where and when you want to go so nobody can get close because if they did they'd have to close their bibliographies and they can't do that because they'd shrivel up and Jane Fonda would get fat and Leo would stop hugging you mean to tell me I said that because you can't read me stumbling over the lines of some psychocommerciallogical horses ass that no one will come to me even though my eyes are wet and wide because I don't smirk like the Marlboro man but like me I smirk like me and what is so intimidating about that see watch my lip it curls just so and see she said you're breathing hard and leaning forward and you're scaring me and I said I'm sorry it's just that it heats me up you know and she said if I could I'd get a breast transplant and I said I like your breasts the way they are and lets get the check how much you got lets see you had the salad and I the fettucini so that means you put in this much because you see I know I could ride bikes and then slide with your skin in the corner of the shower without paying for this meal but I'll get the tip because I feel like getting the tip and she said I love being with you because you never play any games and I said thanks.

Daniel A. Villasenor
Of the Night
Bauhaus: "We love."

How weary it all is,
this struggle
to reach with fingers a star or
to grip with small hard fists
of heart.
I want to claw down to the spine
to know
why we live to
strangle the night,
death the tongue-kissed lover.

But,
like armless angels
in separate rooms
we bend from
cushioned dark:
a harpist's fingers
plucking strings
shadow-streaked
across the walls—
  a distant hum
the only release
we know
in its call
and our sway forward
to say
we love.

Lisa Culp
Marcia Cochran
Data Focus
Ink

Grant Hutchins
Print Magazine
Acrylic

Gayle Wilkerson
Print Magazine
Mixed Medium
Editor's Comment

"Labor, labor, labor," said my High School Latin instructor. I'll never forget that word, because I've come to realize just how much hard work and cooperation it takes to produce a magazine!

I would like to thank; Dawn for stamping posters, Leroy for last minute lay-out, Ben Critzer and Ken Parmalee (especially) for their advice and guidance, Mr.Alan Tschudi and Mr.Alan Neckowitz for putting up with all the mess!, and (not least), Susan Vaclavecik for her advice and concern for the Literary side of our publication.

The most important people I'd like to THANK are the editors and staff; Randy Pope, Julie Novitsky, Kathryn Donnelly, Neal Helm, Michael Koeponeck, Lisa Culp, Carolyn Wadsworth, Anne Gervinski, Kim McGuire, and Phyllis Byrnes. A commendable and job well done (considering the odds!).

Para alcanzar el éxito hay que trabajar y trabajar, antes de recoger la cosecha debemos primero sembrarla.

Gracias de su Editora,

Sandy Rose
Having me inside
she knows
the first fledglings
of a sky bound spirit
gone mad with blue and white horizons.

she knows
the silent respect
of one match fires warming lonely wilderness.

And all around
she feels
the spider web shudder
of nature's secrets, brought in
with sugar cubed hands.

All this
  eyes dilated, pulling, wrenching—
Candle burning,

I shouldn't breathe too hard.
  this flame will only flicker once.

Peyton Jackson
i.
I was pregnant
for Halloween,
and the next day I wandered
the sidewalks of my hometown
with one hand
warming my stomach
and the other hand
supporting my back,
because I liked it
so much.

ii.
One day it will be
the full plumpness
of a child-to-be,
and he will want to touch me there
twenty times a day.
And he will hold us there
as the weeks pass and his fingers
stretch out more and more,
and then it’s two hands
warming the roundness.
And he’ll wake me up
to kiss Phoebe through my stomach,
or to read a poem to Huckleberry
in the middle of the night.

Judy Bauer
Integration Requirements

- Consistent data/applications environment
- Data sharing
- Easy access to information
- Foundation for advanced technology

Kevin McClatchy
Untitled
Computer Graphics
"E&P experienced oil and gas prices at today's levels during the 1970's and was profitable then. Now we merely need to get back to doing what we know how to do. While we emphasize cost-cutting and efficiency, let's not forget what made this a successful company—the everyday activities of generating prospects, drilling them, producing efficiently, accounting for our production, and performing the myriad jobs that make up a big oil company."
Christian Starr
Dormers
Water Color on Bristol

Christian Starr
Boarded Up
Water Color

Christian Starr
Windows
Water Color on Bristol
Kim McGuire
Untitled
Silver Print

Kim McGuire
Untitled
Silver Print
Kevin McClatchy

Frozen Blue Flame
Stained Glass/Sterling Silver

Legacy of the Celts
Copper

Crow Balanced on
Yin and Yang
Titanium/Sterling Silver/Nu Gold

Captured Sky
Tourquoise/Sterling Silver

Grant Hutchins
Rose
Prisma Color Pencils