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I am not as I was,
Nor as I should be,
For I am as I am,
Not as I would be.

By Marcie Gaye Larson

They say my youthful idealism will fade
And tell me my blood will run slower, thinner—
That joys manifest in every dawning day
Will soon cease to amaze me;
And if I am lucky, I will envy those small children
Who alone can divine the glory in the flower.

And yet I cannot believe it—cannot comprehend
Or conceive of an end to the wonders engendered
By the tellurian splendours that present themselves
at every turn.
I will not cease to yearn for the mountains
Or ache when embraced by arbored graces.
I'll thirst for the borning of every new morning,
And be filled with awe for things grown old,
And age will hold the promise of vernal renewal.

By Jennifer Yane

One night a sprite came winging down and touched
the cradle bed. One night the stars came singing up
and joy filled their berceuse.
A thousand rays flowed in a kaleidoscope sky, and
the fairy melted into the stars. Around and around they
all flew, until the song blended into a hum on which the
child would dream, and the rays flowed into milk from
which the child would drink.

And the child grew.

Until he could dance to the tune of the heavens. And
as he danced, he sang his song of the wonder of himself:
Of his eye at the sky,
    ear to hear.
Of his nose with a rose,
    mind to find
And his legs running wild in the sun.

Blake came, and piped his flute for the song of the
child. Together they flew with the nymphs, over thicket
and plain, mountain and desert, fathomless ocean and
rusty creek.
And all that they saw was happy and innocent.

Too soon, and yet merrily, as we were loathe to
leave one glad moment, though we knew the next to
be the same, daylight blue faded and deep night blue
wrapped Blake and the child, the land and the sea. The
moon cleared a path with shimmering white, and elves
swirled to the dream song—in and out, in and out, while
the child fell asleep in Blake's arms.

Yet the child grew until he was no longer a child,
but a man.

And he stopped his ears, as with wax, for he would
be rocked no longer by the hum of the night song. The
stars still spun into milk, but he felt no need to drink
of it now. As a man, he stood alone, and planted his
feet and closed his eyes and would not notice a flower,
a leaf, a pebble, a raindrop.

Blake wept through the day for the days that had
passed, yet he piped in the night, still calling the man to
the dance of the elves.

But the man could not hear, could not see, and
therefore would not believe.

The man could not sing a song for himself. He
searched for lost joy, but this could not find, because
it was not hidden.

Yet as a child he had known that he was not alone,
that nature and man moved together. Each revelled
in the other, found purpose together, and gave glory
to Him who had made them.

By Mary Moran
If a beast has shelter, food, a mate and a warm blanket, he is safe, secure, at peace. Add one question then another and the peace is gone. The Beast has become a Man.

By Ann Dowd

He shot a bird with his toy gun, and the bird fell from its tree. He went over and looked at it on its back with its feet in the air, head sideways, eyes shut. He just shot it with his toy gun, and it went completely out of its tree.

By Cristina Lunson
**Outlines**

sketches of life

Never seen by those who

trace shadows on paper

Bind dreams in a book, stick

them on a shelf

And then slice life itself into little pieces

equaling 24 hours which

Run on indefinitely till

The shadow overtakes the man

and the worm eats through

the binding on the dream.

By Ann Dowd

**TIME**

When slowly, slowly time hangs on the line and drips
meaningless to the ground, I walk--dust between my
toes--and silver clouds like faraway sunshine melt the
golden petal--singular, like my nose shining in the
olrey sun. Soon the ground will soak all the time and my
golden petal will be forgotten.

By Sharon Dalrymple

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**STRANGER ON MY TOWER**

Once upon my marsh tower  
Hearing sea gulls rather laugh at me  
I was counting cloud formations  
Blowing toward the sea

Strange someone approached  
By the log bridge in the grass  
And shouting out I directed  
Where she should try to pass

I know now I needn’t have feared  
Any footing as sure as that  
She hopped across with confidence  
Where I may have fallen back

While wondering if to invite her up  
But only for this evening  
I knew she was standing there then  
Seeing the gulls leaving

“That’s some sky,” she observed  
And almost said to me  
“Nice clouds too—over there  
Or do you disagree?”

That was when I stayed there  
Though I knew it time to go  
Everyone asked such questions  
But she really wanted to know  

“I never thought about it really  
I just like to sit and stare.”  
This seemed more the thing to say  
But for polite meaningless words she didn’t care

“Do you ever come up when it’s raining—  
To see if there's any change?”  
“Of course not completely weatherproof, you know . . .”  
But I knew that would not explain

“You’re a very lucky one  
To have a place like this  
Some would pause here every day  
And never attempt a glimpse”

On speculating reasons  
That made her stop to pry  
I’ve come up often ever since  
To sit and watch the sky

Some days it seems like a great blue bowl  
And others the sea upside down  
But before I talked with the stranger  
It was just what wasn’t ground

By Susan Martin
WINTER
The clouds hang in the
leaden sky like shreds
of torn, wet cotton;
Below the trees shiver and moan
as the cruel wind twists
their naked limbs.
A shriveled, withered leaf
shudders faintly,
then reels, and plunges downward
to lie crumpled
in death.

By Faye Carol Mitchell

MARCH
THIRD
The sky is covered with inky thumborints
The air grows taut with a sharp stillness.
Even the birds hop hesitantly now.
The wind blows cold and brash
The cautious huddle behind closed doors
Waiting; fearfully watching.
Now a snowflake falls,
Then another, drifting downward.
Soon the air is silenced with frosty film.
The ground groans, clutched by icy claws
That twist its form into fantasy,
Sepulchral and soulless.
Trees tremble and stretch their limbs
Imploringly toward a treacherous sky,
While the pitiless storm shrieks triumphantly!

By Faye Carol Mitchell

LISTEN
Oh hear the wind
Banging
In violence with no malice
But uncontrolled and unrestrained
Screaming
In a thunderous, overwhelming voice
But saying nothing,
Rattling
Like a wild, willful animal
Breaking loose from a cage.
Moaning
Like a creature in pain
With no comfort, no relief,
Sobbing
Like a lost child
Bewildered, confused, unhappy,
Oh listen to the cry of the wind
And hear my spirit speak.

By Veronica Schober
One passerby, intently watching, grabbed a pebble and tossed it up and down, up and down. Thinking of other things, life's pleasures perhaps or personal sorrows weighing them up and down. The frightened eyes of the crippled girl wildly toured the angry mob around and around, and the curious whispers gained intensity as they circulated around and around.

Her whole life had been a series of awkward stumbles, often tripping, falling down. She staggered willingly with the load the town assigned her until they THREW HER DOWN. It started with the gossip from the more gelatine members of the community, but one day the committee on public affairs dropped in—just to see. "There're rumors of witches among the populus; we had better take this one with us. SHE'S DIFFERENT!"

Her family thought they remembered how she was dragged away; though they really couldn't see. The neighbors, and others who didn't care, nodded knowingly and watched with curiosity. Later, all were told about the stoning in the square. Many of the most prominent citizens had been there.

The passerby passed by. He had thrown his stone too, just a pebble he'd found on the ground. And the icy wind that congealed the bloody body scattered little bits of trash around, where the sports enthusiasts have collected under the branches bobbing, up and down, up and down.

By Susan Martin

Drawing: Barbara Jacobs
How clearly Moon shines
Tonight through the parted clouds.
Tears have cleared her eyes.
By Catherine Studebaker

GOODNIGHT

Majestic is the crimson trail
Strewn behind the fleeing sun,
While settles over all the earth
The mist of nighttide's veil.

Jutting peaks in scarlet draped,
A virgin moon in splendor hung,
A silver star in lone array,
In a realm with navy caped--

Silhouettes of pine trees sway
To the zephyr's placid strains.
Choristers of the forest loft
Whisper vespers for the day.

Pulsating veins have curbed their pace.
The daily boom has ceased,
And round about the tacit orb,
Oblivion bares a welcome face.

And all the shadowed world,
The rush aside has flung--
And has donned an image calm--
Careworn souls in slumber curled.
By Judy Hyde

JANUARY II

The glowing fiery being crept
over the rim of the mountains,
An alien to the darkened sky!

Then it fell! Smashing into the marble snow which shattered--diffusing diamond splinters over the startled valley!
By Faye Carol Mitchell

Beetle-browned, the child
Of summer crawls through the grass
Like a carefree bug.
By Jay Mountjoy

Startled quail take
To the sky; cutting the crisp air
With soft feathered knives.
By Madeline DeLisle
A PROTEST AND A PLEA

A statement about man's nature, a search for comprehension of our society, a plea for understanding and communication: these constitute the theme of "The Angel of the Bridge."

The story is well constructed and every detail is important. Mr. Cheever uses irony, satire, and parallels in characters and events to make his point. His use of first person is especially effective because it gives the reader a double insight into the characters. In revealing the nature of his mother and brother, the narrator also reveals himself.

The story does not have an intricate plot. There is a series of events that brings about a revelation to the narrator and thus to the reader. What happens, however, is not as important as the way the characters react.

The narrator, his mother, and his brother are each afraid of something. Their phobias are somewhat related, yet each is alone in his fear, unable to share it with the others.

The mother is old, but she dresses in a red costume and wears a red ribbon in her white hair. She waltzes on ice, skates in Rockefeller Center and tries not to become old. Three different times we are told that she waltzed with "a paid rink attendant." There is something pathetic in the figure of a lonely old woman who must pay for companionship. Strangers are scornful of her, and her son is embarrassed; they do not understand.

The airport in its newness symbolizes all that the old woman fears. It makes her realize that she is growing old. She can waltz on ice skates in Rockefeller Center, but she cannot bring back the steam engines and the telegraph, just as she cannot call back her youth.

When she refused to ride the plane, her son caught a glimpse of her feelings. He realized "how her way was strewn with invisible rocks and lions and how eccentric were the paths she took, as the world seemed to change its boundaries and become less and less comprehensible." Gradually he will come to realize that every person's way is strewn with "invisible lions."

After the incident at the airport, the author skillfully shifts the attention to the narrator by telling of his reaction to flying. This is only one of the well executed transitions in the story.

The narrator tells us that he enjoyed flying, being up away from the world. Yet even in the air, he realized that people were still worldly and that, once on the ground, the man beside him would go on selling imitation leather inner soles. The man seems to sense that it is not just the leather that is imitation; there is something false about his entire society. Later he will realize that this is a part of what he fears.

On the particular flight he mentions, he saw a formation of lights that he could not identify. The lights seemed to him "like the emergence of a new world, a gentle hint at my own obsolescence, the lateness of my life, and my inability to understand the things I often see.” Just as the airport had brought awareness to his mother, the formation of lights brought him awareness of his own limitations.

At this point in the story, the focus shifts to the brother, and it is discovered that he is afraid of elevators.

"But what are you afraid of?” the narrator asks.

"I'm afraid the buildings will fall down,” his brother replies.

It is a completely unreasonable fear, so unreasonable that one wonders what the brother is really afraid of. We are not told, and perhaps it is not important. The important thing is that he is afraid and that no one understands. The narrator laughs and thinks it "strange and sad, but also terribly funny.” His brother's hidden lions, like those of his mother are "eccentricities" to him.

Later, when he sees his brother in the street, he wonders "how many men waiting to cross the street with him made their way as he did through a ruin of absurd delusions, in which the street might appear to be a torrent and the approaching cab driver by the angel of death.” In time he will see that every man suffers from fear and delusion, and that each man suffers differently and alone.

Finally, we discover the narrator's own particular phobia. He is crossing the George Washington Bridge when suddenly he panics at the thought that the bridge might fall. This is as unreasonable as the idea of a building falling, but the panic is real.

Thereafter he avoids the bridge, driving miles out of his way because his travels are "obstructed by barriers that are senseless and invisible.” His mother and brother are not the only ones who must overcome invisible lions.

He even goes to a doctor, but the doctor does not understand any more than he had understood his mother or brother. A man at the airport laughs at him, reminding us of the man who called the narrator's mother a "crazy old dame.”

From a hotel window he sees a drunken woman in a sable cape being led to a car, and later he witnesses a savage fight. He thinks again of a new world, but these signs seem to indicate an "emergence of brutality and chaos.” It is this kind of society that forms the basis for all his fears.
Later he remarks, "I felt that my terror of bridges was an expression of my clumsily concealed horror of what is becoming of the world." He was not afraid of small old-fashioned bridges because they did not remind him of hamburger stands, or the monotonous architecture of housing developments, freeways, and palm trees where they did not belong. They did not remind him of the complexities of his modern society.

What really troubled him was the misery, drunkenness, and dishonesty that he saw around him. He hated the modern world and its acceptance of such practices. He hated his own hypocrisy in pretending to accept them. That was his "absurd delusion." He seemed to perceive that the rest of society was deluding itself too, not about falling buildings, crashing planes, or cabs driven by angels of death, but about the fundamental principles upon which it is built. Perhaps society's entire set of values is based on delusions about justice, evil, love, morality. This possibility was what was frightening to him. He saw the nature of society, but he could not comprehend it, nor could he reconcile himself to it.

He found himself alone on a bridge again. He felt the familiar panic which was made worse by the loneliness of his predicament. He thought about his mother and brother, and it seemed to him that they were all three "characters in some bitter and sordid tragedy, carrying impossible burdens and separated from the rest of mankind by our misfortunes."

There is a desolate sense of aloneness. His brother could not explain why he was afraid the buildings would fall; his mother can not explain why she does not want to fly; he can not explain why the bridge frightens him. Man's pride and insensitivity make it impossible for him to communicate, and without communication there can not be understanding.

The realization of his aloneness brought more despair. He believed that his life was over, or at least everything that has been good was over. There was nothing left.

Then the girl appeared, materialized really, and he was no longer alone. It is a strange coincidence that she should appear just then, strange that she should know just what to do. She is a mysterious person, and the harp in the cracked waterproof makes her seem almost unreal. Whether or not she was real, whether or not she was aware of how she was helping, she did help. She sang him "old" songs, taking him away from the "modern" world. She became a link with the kind of world the man desired. She touched that part of him that was searching for something better than average, and he responded. In this way, she restored life to him. She "sang him across the bridge," and having done that, she disappeared just as she had earlier appeared.

The narrator discovers that he can still live and that life can still be beautiful, because there has been one human being who reached him.

The story might end happily at this point, but it does not. The narrator himself has been saved, but, ironically, he is unable to save anyone else. He found his angel, but he can not help anyone else find one. He can not share his experience, so his brother will go on using stairs and his mother, though old, will still go around and around on the ice.

Seen in retrospect, the story with its characters and their ridiculous phobias seems almost a satire on man, his culture and its absurdities. It is no wonder that man should have unreasonable fears. He has built a society so complex that he can not comprehend it. He can not even understand himself, much less his fellow man. He can not understand; he can not communicate; he can not be reconciled.

By Jean Clanahan

END OF NOTHING

A hundred flames came soaring
Across a maltese sky;
And as they sped their charted course,
A world of men asked why.

Why do those piercing arrows
With lethal aim approach?
Why do those surging blazes
On GREAT MAN'S earth encroach?

Yet neither ceaseless hoping,
Nor shrieking supplication
Could prompt brazen, inane gods
To save that Godless nation.

And in the searing holocaust
Myriad wails were heard,
While somewhere in the Great Beyond,
Immortal eyes were blurred.

Thus when the earth was ravaged,
And naught but ashes lay,
Heaven gushed forth racking sobs,
And earth with tears did flay.

And in a peerless, tearful voice,
The Maker sad words wrought,
"Man with his self-made wonders
The Higher Power forgot."

By Judy Hyde
The Den of the Hidden Scalpers

On the one-and-one-quarter cent stamp issued by our Postal Department primarily for the use of non-profit organizations, is depicted a calm and tranquil scene centering about an excellent example of Spanish colonial architecture. It is sub-headed: "Palace of the Governors, Santa Fe, New Mexico."

Built in 1610 by the Conquistadores as a military base and also, should the King of Spain lose his mind and attempt the treacherous journey across the Atlantic, through barren Mexican deserts to this God-forsaken place, a Royal Palace, it has rarely been the center of calm and tranquil scenes. War and pestilence have been its constant companion, and today its graceful arcade regularly bears witness to the liveliest phenomenon of all—the tourist trade. Never has the swarm of humanity surrounding the Palace been so relentlessly active as in this manic century.

Santa Fe knows no tourist season as such. The flow of gaping travelers is an uncertain thing, and for this reason the Indians who come to the arcade and sit on blankets, selling their wares, seem to be a permanent fixture of the place.

The action starts early in the morning when tourists, attempting to get a head start on other tourists, leave their local lodgings in droves and head for the Plaza. Once there, they seem uncertain where to go or what to do. But they are inevitably drawn to the most imposing side of the square that makes up the Plaza: the Palace. They wander aimlessly, as if quite dazed, down the shaded arcade in front of the Palace, and it is in this receptive state that they are invited to look over the rustic-looking merchandise spread out on blankets at their feet. The fact that the arcade is one of the few shaded places nearby accounts, I am sure, for most of the sales, and for a very strange reason. Dazzled by the sun, the tourist walks into the arcade completely oblivious of his surroundings until he realizes with a genuine shock that he has almost squashed a piece of pottery or jewelry by stepping on it. The blankets are placed in such a way that one cannot avoid stepping on at least one, especially if temporarily sun-blinded. This puts the tourist in a curiously apologetic frame of mind. He feels as if he has just accidentally invaded someone's home. (Where else are there blankets or rugs underfoot?) He looks up to see, not the irate face of a fellow tourist whose picnic he has almost spoiled, but the noble, friendly countenance of a Pueblo Indian, with the inscrutable "I-have-been-expecting-you" look which seem exclusively the quality of Oriental and Indian merchants. What is more, this smiling craftsman is in a unique position: sitting humbly at the feet of the erstwhile "intruder," with a trove of jewelry and other treasures spread out on the blanket before him. He is the very picture of Montezuma's emissary come to pay tribute.

The tourists feels like Cortez, only sorry.

By now the tourist has accustomed his eyes to the beehive of activity going on all around him. He realizes that he is in a sort of bazaar, that he is about to be sold something, and that, all along, this was really only a place of business set up to sell things to tourists. But the psychological gestalt, his first impression, remains unaltered. He feels like a trespasser.

This is all planned, of course. The Indians, many of them women with aboriginal-looking blankets covering pink plastic curlers, Capri pants and P.F. Flyer tennis shoes, know where to place their blankets and how to look when the blankets are practically trampled on. The bewildered tourist, looking down at the jewels and the pottery, is deciding not whether to buy, but what. Sizing up the situation, even as he is being jostled by other tourists, he can see that the merchandise before him is as authentic-looking as anything he has seen in the Southwest. This stuff looks like the real McCoy. And it is, indeed, handmade by the Indians themselves—from hobby kits. All up and down the arcade, by this time, the "bargaining" has begun; this is a fascinating sight. The Indians know two things about these tourists: that from all the merchandise on the blanket they haven't the slightest idea what to buy, and that they don't know how to "bargain." For an entire block one can see the Indians holding up articles of their own choosing, and quoting prices. It is perhaps the most overt act of pure selling in existence. Except for the money, the buyer might as well not be present. There is no definite act to "buying." One is simply sold to. The turquoise necklace or what-have-you having been held up by the seller, a price—in carefully broken English—is quoted. And, to the astonishment of the tourist, without his having said a single word, the price comes down, down, down like a sinking galleon, until the tourist is flabbergasted into buying. It is not uncommon for an item to start at $20 and finally sell for 75¢ (its cost being 25¢ originally). Well, the tourist muses, is this not, after all, the way these serene naive people disposed of Manhattan Island?

At sundown, the day's business is concluded. The Indians frugitive remove their blankets, wrapping the trinkets up in them, and don suburban car coats. Their exodus from the plaza is a spectacular one, for the money, the buyer might as well not be present. There is no definite act to "buying." One is simply sold to. The turquoise necklace or what-have-you having been held up by the seller, a price—in carefully broken English—is quoted. And, to the astonishment of the tourist, without his having said a single word, the price comes down, down, down like a sinking galleon, until the tourist is flabbergasted into buying. It is not uncommon for an item to start at $20 and finally sell for 75¢ (its cost being 25¢ originally). Well, the tourist muses, is this not, after all, the way these serene naive people disposed of Manhattan Island?

By Barry Wichmann
LIFE

People run,
Being fools,
None really looking,
Or thinking.
Revolts,
Destruction,
People run.
In the misty morn,
Along a cobblestone alley.
In the village,
A man walks alone.
Crying.

By Sharon Dalrymple

MASKS

Masks,
grotesque,
Leering smiles
gnashing teeth.
All the world caught
In the lie of Halloween
with mask on mask
smile on smile
And the man lost
somewhere in between.

By Ann Dowd

By Carla Johnson
**A MAN MARKED GOD**

I went to a marketplace  
In an obscure corner of Nowhere,  
And there—  
In naked reality—  
Was life,  
Being sold  
By a man marked god.  

By B. J. Swain

**YEW AND I**

Hey, yew!  
Let's make a tree-ty!  
Yew sink your roots  
Wherever yew want to,  
And so will I.  
Yew let yourself grow  
to the most tree-mendous heights  
yew can imagine,  
And so will I.  
Yew let your needles  
question the wind,  
And I will question men.  
Yew - - -  
Hey, woodsman—spare that tree!  
Yew become board,  
And so do I.  
I wonder what they'll make of me.  

By Suzanne Lewis

**One day I was crawling**  
around in the street  
counting the pebbles and relating  
their number and  
similarity or lack of it  
and their anonymity to  
various aspects of life  
when a car came and  
rann over me.  

By Cristina Lunson

I almost had a friend once  
but before I knew it  
she asked me what I thought of truth.  

I had memorized it at school  
but before I could recite  
she said never mind,  
just to be myself  
but I didn't have a self to be  
honestly.  

By Susan Martin

13
Frank Cramer was barely aware of the door beside him opening. A cooling stream of air, tingling and sweet, wiped across the dots of perspiration on the back of his neck and, for a moment, gently relieved the insufferable stuffiness of the room. Someone left, he knew, but he was too deeply implanted in the reality of his dreams to be disturbed by the harlequin movements of the figures around him. In fact, since the time he had been delivered to the dreary, sanitized waiting-room, his eyes had been closed. He had found this much easier and certainly more pleasant than having to watch the others with him, perched and forever waiting, growing more unsettled as the minutes dribbled on. And, too, the world within offered him much to explore. Tiny stars, bright splotches on black, planets zooming—all appeared for his amusement if he but tightened his lids.

It was during a particularly lengthy idyllic moment tracing the erratic movement of a blazing sphere, that an utterly pleasing sensation swept over him. An aroma, delicate and pure, seeped into his nostrils and through his consciousness. The scent grew heavier and heavier and made him drowsy. Perhaps, Frank Cramer thought, the wicked witch had laid him down in a field of poisonous poppies just as he came in sight of the Emerald City. To sleep, to dream. To take arms against a sea. It would have been easy to succumb, but instead he decided to struggle against the sleep of death, shifting, squirming, crying softly.

The stringy lady in the next seat replaced the bottle of "Fascination" in her purse and slid her chair away from his. A hand was resting on his left shoulder. A distant voice firmly told him to calm himself; yet, it was the tenderness in its tone that mollified him far more than the words. Besides, only faint traces of the deadly perfume remained.

At that moment it occurred to him that the voice and hand must belong to his good fairy, and she had saved him. She, with the melodious voice he had often read about, always watched over those in need. She was singing. To open--his eyes. But, he could never do that. To open meant to die. His world would vanish; the fairy disappear. Still, the musical strain strengthened, and harsh cords filled him, overpowered him. His eyes darted open and stared into a waving ocean of white.

The uniformed nurse released her grip on Frank Cramer's shoulder and took him by the hand. "The doctor will see you now," she said, as she urged him to his feet and led the way across the room into the inner office. Frank Cramer merely lowered his eyes, following the shapely calves swishing steadily before him. How firm and lovely they were. Yet, they, too, would perish like everything else in this world of sight if they were not freed from the choking white mesh that held them. Violently, he fought the desire to lunge at the strangling film and tear it from its victims. It was not until he was nestled in the thick foam of the familiar couch that he relaxed and partially forgot.

Frank Cramer was not a stranger to this office or to the fat figure lighting a pipe next to him. Eagerly, he began again to count the number of holes in one of the ceiling tiles to see if anything had been altered since last week. It was a game he had played often—something to keep his mind off the penetrating inquiries of the doctor. He had so mastered the art, that he could go through the routine of question and answer without losing track of a single spot. He was a touch proud of that and had remarked on the subject several times over a game of checkers with his friends.

The doctor was speaking now in monotones, asking the same questions, and Frank Cramer droned out the same answers for the most part. Occasionally, he would insert some new response which would either surprise or shock the interrogator. Sometimes he loved his mother and loathed his father. Other times, to keep it interesting, he would reverse the order of preference. But, it was done only for the benefit of the doctor, he told himself. He felt extremely sorry for him, having to listen, day after day, to what might be bothering a multitude of other people, and never have the opportunity to tell what might be bothering him. And anyway, the doctor has to endure an uncomfortable chair, while the patient was able to lie down in complete peace.

There had been times, however, when Frank Cramer's peace of mind had been sharply disrupted. On these rare occasions the subject would somehow revolve to the topic of Hilda and the baby. Usually these interjections would come about the twentieth spot, and only then would he lose count. It made him furious. Not only was his attention distracted from his major pastime, but the doctor was rather inconsiderate to make indecent implications on the manner of death of his wife and child. It seemed as though he, Frank Cramer, were being blamed for something entirely not his doing. Automobiles could never be controlled with any certainty—everyone knew that. He shut his eyes, tightly. Fiery spheres became headlamps plummeting...
toward him. Bits of light shattered the darkness, tinkled, and fell as slivers of glass. Then, miraculously, silence sliced through the chaos until nothing remained but the dark. Cautiously, his fingers slipped from his face, and he opened his damp eyes, instinctively reaching toward the ceiling to caress each dot with every tear.

The doctor’s pipe had gone out, and he promptly relit it. Smoke curled around in the air above the couch and hung oppressively over Frank Cramer’s head, enmeshing him in white clouds and crushing him under their weight. He wanted desperately to lose himself—to break from this sinister cocoon and run. To be in Guiny—anywhere but on that vinyl bier.

Suddenly, the door opened, and a shimmering whiteness floated to his side. A silvery wand penetrated the coffin, laid on him, and magically lifted him through the lid of smoke. The good fairy had returned. It was she who guided him lightly across the room and to the safety of the orderly in the outer-office. Frank Cramer closed his eyes and happily found his private world waiting for him.

By Brydon M. Dewitt

TO THE TUNE OF DRAID BELLS

Once, on a solemn silvery night,
In silence shone the moon above.
The stately oaks, with branches high,
Stood reaching for the radiant sky,
And I, completely lost in dreams,
Could hear the sound of rushing streams
That seemed to sing a druid rhyme
Whose melody would last through time.
When the ancient rhyme was sung,
The vesper bells that long had hung
Without a tune to still a heart
Or calm a lonely soul did start
To peal aloud a joyful sound,
Their silenced voices finally found.
They seemed to speak, and I could hear
Prophetic voices of the past,
Whose message cleared the mist of Time
Until there stood revealed at last
The doubts and fears that plague the world,
The men and deeds of pain,
The evil of a stagnant soul,
The legacy of Cain,
The golden ages of the past,
The gleanings of the mind,
The heroes’ deeds, the selfless acts—
The triumphs of mankind.

By Suzanne Lewis

Traduction de douze vers de Renascence
d’Edna St. Vincent Millay

La terre est très vaste de chaque côté,
Mais non pas plus vaste que le cœur, c’est vrai.
Le ciel se trouve au-dessus de la terre,
Mais non pas plus haut que l’âme, c’est bien clair.
À cause du cœur, la mer et le terrain
Peuvent devenir encore plus lointain.
À cause de l’âme, le ciel peut s’ouvrir, et
Le visage du Seigneur peut se montrer.
Mais l’est et l’ouest serreront le cœur qui
Ne peut pas du tout les distinguer. Oui,
Et lui dont l’âme est plate, incidemment,
Se trouvera frappé du ciel en passant.

By Betty Ritenour
By Judy Coleman
That first Saturday was when I met her—when I was alone—when I was experiencing that curious "Walter Mitty" type of existence when you’re alone—when you’re someplace new.

"Hey, would you like some coffee—we’re fixing some in the kitchen."

"No, thank you," I rather indifferently said.

"What are you doing in here all by yourself—that can be dangerous, you know."

I sort of laughed—like I always do when I don’t know what to say. She left, but I knew I would be seeing more of her.

And so, we became friends.

Lynn was the extrovert type—always had her say—the one who people knew was there.

"Damn Lynn," I would sometimes say, "you’re really great; laughing like that—always seeming not to give a damn."

"Yeah"—accompanied with a sad grin was her only reply.

They would come to her room—always get her dates. Even at the dinner table if she wasn’t there, "Where’s Lynn?"

Eventually and quickly I got rid of that jealous enzyme inside of me. It was when she bought me that dopey little wind-up chicken—it was because of one of my favorite tales of an experience I had with a chicken. It meant a lot to me—the toy chicken.

The night we shortsheeted the housemother was fun—I guess one of the greatest things is to have people like Lynn—carpe diem—spur of the moment happiness.

The water battle in the hall when we go everyone involved—and charged. Playing monopoly and eating popcorn and watching the tube and playing records and dancing and dating and riding and. But one thing was lacking—the one-sided conversations—like I was only interested in having her understand me—the other me besides playing monopoly and eating popcorn and watching the tube and playing records and dancing and dating and tennis and riding and.

On more than several occasions we, or group, that it, consisting of five of us, would sit around and have our philosophical intercourses and once I heard her say, almost to herself, but yet as if she wanted me to digest, “Everyone is just sitting here, patiently waiting to be understood, yet no one is listening, not even themselves... not really.”

I laughed, "What are you talking about?"

And so, it continued. She took her turn, but is was different—like she knew it was futile.

She helped me in that respect, for I knew that she knew me, and I would say, "Yes, we’re best friends"—but no one ever bothered to ask what she was like really. It was the seemingly happy side—the gay side—the hell-raiser side we all knew.

Then she said, "I’m transferring."

“Oh, you’re crazy—everyone says that—why—you’ve got everything going for you here—yeah, sure you are—we’ll see."

But she did.

It was five months before I saw her—I went to visit—"Damn, it’s great to see you again—etcetera— etcetera— etcetera"—the usual stock phrases.

"Raising much hell?" I inquired, sure of the answer.

"Yeah."

Maybe it was the embarrassed look of hers—I don’t know—but something was strange. She was no longer the extrovert—no longer missed at the dinner table— they would no longer come to her room... but was she happy?

And so, we talked her into returning. Playing monopoly and eating popcorn and watching the tube and playing records and dancing and tennis and riding and... RELIEVED.

Lynn again appeared happy—so I thought—until one night she said, "You know, the most fatal thing to happiness is the remembrance of happiness."

I didn’t laugh or say anything—I just looked at her. We sort of drifted apart, but when people would ask—still— "Yes, we’re best friends."

That last Saturday when we were leaving for good—I packed everything—everything except one dopey little wind-up chicken who—through my blurred vision—I saw was smiling at me from the empty room.

I was alone—when I was experiencing that curious "Walter Mitty" type of existence when you’re alone—when you refuse to accept the cruel April—when you’re someplace new.

By Linda McGonigal
By Gwen Coalter
SUNSET

Sunshine gold on translucent sky
To amethyst as sunset fades,
Aurora wears her bright pink dress,
Leading a thousand pale pink maids.
Pinkness bows to the purple Knight,
Riding gallantly at eventide.
The black King enters with his court,
A million stars are at his side.
The silver Queen rises higher
As her attendants form a chain
Of golden glitter all around.
Tonight 'til dawning they shall reign.

By Marcie Gaye Larson

ON A DAY

When the morning shines bright and clear
Depression vanishes
Like shadows in the light.
Ill will evaporates
Like water in the sun.
And from the heart
Of metamorphic rock
Springs love.

By Veronica Schober

STRANGE IS LOVE

Love blossoms from strange plants,
Grows many strange vines,
Entwines lives of strange people,
And yet does not seem strange
To he who finds the vine
Growing strangely within his heart.

By Betty Handler
I THOUGHT OF YOU TODAY

I thought of you
today
as I ran through the
dull, dry, dead leaves which
crackled
beneath my feet.

And I laughed because
the sky is blue
and I am alive
and you love me!

By Faye Carol Mitchell

TO BURY

Take a shovel and bury
The past
Deep under the dead grass.
Bury a smothered love,
A fleeting kiss,
A wilted sigh,
A dry embrace.
Dig until your hands
Fall from their stems.
Gather the fresh day now
Into a box,
And hold it to your breast,
For tomorrow, it, too,
Must go under.

By Mary L. Rubenstein

GRAY WORLD

The alarm hadn't gone off yet, and no wonder, it was only 5:30 a.m. I had tossed all night, but I still wasn't sleepy, not even tired. I bolted upright in bed when the thought struck me that today was the day Bob would be coming home. It must have been the excitement of the news that had kept me awake. After that, I knew I would never be able to go back to sleep, so I got up, dressed, fixed the alarm so it wouldn't ring, then checked on Billy. He was sleeping soundly, curled up on his cot in a tight little ball.

Funny how much he looked like Bob; brothers don't usually resemble each other that much. Both of my brothers had my mother's coloring, sort of delicate. They had the kind of hair that was light brown until you saw it in the sunlight then it turned almost blonde.

With Billy still asleep that morning, I decided that I would go outside for a walk. Maybe the morning air would ease my restlessness. I stopped at the entrance hall to make sure I had everything. I had on my light colored rain coat, boots, scarf, and I had remembered to get the flashlight, although I knew that I really wouldn't need it because the sun would be up soon. After that last lecture of Dad's, I don't see how I would ever forget the flashlight again, let alone attempt to leave it behind.

Once outside, I knew it had been a mistake to come. In the past five weeks it had always depressed me to go out. It was so bleak and barren with the buildings leveled and all of the grass and trees gone. The ground, oh, if only it were brown, but it was gray and charred just like everything else.

On that morning there was going to be color in the sky. That helped--when the sky was blue and the sun was bright things were a little easier to bear. On rainy days it was worse--everything the same, dank and dark, with mud running the color of soot. In the rain the odor was worse too. On a dry day the wind might drive that burnt odor away, but in the dampness, the smoke from the ruins wouldn't rise as high and the sickening, acrid smell would seep into the shelter. All of this was to be expected though, the warden had said so. He said things changed slowly after a nuclear explosion. It would be at least a year before the rubble and ashes could be cleared away.

I couldn't think of these things now. Bob would be coming home today! The family would be together again for the first time since the blast.

Bob had been coming home from college for Easter vacation the day of the bombing. Mom and Dad knew he was coming, but they weren't sure of the time. After the attack we hadn't heard anything about him at all. Four weeks passed and we were beginning to think he was one of the many who couldn't be found--one of those who would never be found. Then, last Monday a
truck of Civil Defense workers came by. One of the men said he had been given a message by a Bob Graham. It seems Bob hadn’t been in town during the blast, but he had been seriously burned and was now at the medical shelter with the other wounded. The communications had been cut to a minimum or we would have heard from him sooner. Mother and Dad hadn’t waited to hear and more. They quickly made arrangements to leave for town (or what was left of town) and to bring Bob home.

I was walking through the ashes of what had been our house, and giving a little prayer of thanks that Dad had had the presence of mind to build our shelter into the hillside, when a voice behind me startled me out of meditation. It was Mr. Simms, the Civil Defense warden of our community. He had promised Dad to look in on Billy and me when he made his daily rounds.

“Kind of early for sightseeing, isn’t it, Lisa?” His voice was gruff but friendly.

“Good morning. Yes, I guess it is early but I couldn’t sleep,” I replied trying to sound as cheerful as he had.

“How long have you been out? You know you shouldn’t stay out more than a half hour at a time,” he said, sounding a little too much like my father.

“Not long,” I replied, then trying to elude another reprimand, “How are the Thatchers? I see you just came from their direction.”

“Oh they’re all fine--except.”

“Except what?” I was suddenly interested in our conversation.

“Old Joe’s in a state because he’s been asked to take a colored family into his shelter. You know Joe, before any of this happened he was bragging about his big shelter and how it could comfortably house seven people. Now, he feels he has to take in these people to make up for him with a family that had a larger shelter.”

I thought to myself, “Brother, the biggest fanatic in the state--why he wouldn’t even ride in the same bus with a Negro--and now, out of the ‘generosity of his heart,’ he was going to take in a whole family of them.” But I said, “Why, Mr. Simms, if Mr. Thatcher has the room, I don’t see any reason why he shouldn’t take in the family.

“Better not let your father hear you talking that way. You know he feels the same as Joe--so do lots of other people around here. Well, I have to finish my rounds and you better go in now, Lisa. Bob’s coming home today, isn’t he? Let me know how he is.” Not waiting for any reply that I might make, he turned and stalked off.

As I started back for the shelter, I thought how painfully right Mr. Simms had been. If Joe Thatcher was the biggest fanatic about the Negro, then my father was the second biggest.

Three o’clock in the afternoon--weren’t they ever going to get here? Billy had just asked me for what seemed to be the umptyninth time, “Why don’t they hurry, Lisa?” What could I tell him when I needed someone to give me the answer? If only he would go somewhere and play. Before I had time to say anything, I heard the roar of a truck’s engine outside, then the deepness of men’s voices.

Both Billy and I fell over each other trying to get through the cluttered shelter to the entrance. Being small and seven years old has its advantages, because my young brother squeezed past me and fairly flew to Bob, who would have liked to have tossed the wriggling Billy into the air for joy, if it hadn’t been for his badly burned hands.

If Bob hadn’t been with my parents I wouldn’t have known him. His hair was completely gone and although his face was healing, it was going to be scarred beyond recognition. I just stood there, stunned beyond speech. It was Bob who brought the voice back into me by saying, “What’s the matter, Sis? Where’re your manners? I want you to meet Sam Williams, a friend of mine. Sam, this is my sister, Lisa.”

To my embarrassment, a boy, this Sam Williams, had completely escaped my attention. He had been standing in the background, trying to keep out of the family reunion, but now he came forward and took my extended hand in his bandaged one and said, “Pleased to meet you, Lisa.” As I looked at him, I noticed that he was just as badly burned as Bob. I muttered something that was supposed to be, “How do you do?”

Then Dad said, “Come on in, the boys have quite a story to tell.”

As we were going in, Mother pulled me to one side and told me that Sam’s family and home had been completely destroyed, and that he was going to stay with us until the Civil Defense workers found a place for him with a family that had a larger shelter.

I had a thousand and one questions to ask: Who was Sam Williams? Where was he from? (My brother had never mentioned him before.) Before I could ask any of the questions that bothered me so, Bob and Sam had begun their story.

Bob was speaking, “I was driving home from school when I saw Sam hitchhiking. I was by myself and we were both going in the same direction, so I picked him up. We stopped for gas about five miles out of town, but there wasn’t anyone at the station and the road seemed deserted. Apparently, you had been warned of the attack, at least a few minutes ahead of time. I didn’t realize what was happening because we didn’t have the car radio on and the siren from the city sounded to me like a fire engine. We got out of the car to wait for the station attendant to return. Sam was being unusually quiet, sort of listening. He had talked almost all of the way from the college. Now, he was watching the sky, when suddenly he saw something, and jumped on me, knocking me to the ground. Just as we hit the ground, I felt my face and hands burning. Sam was dragging me into the gas station.
We both lay in the building against the wall until we heard the Civil Defense trucks moving—I don’t know how long we had been there, we had lost track of time, but it seemed an eternity.

“When Sam heard the trucks he pulled himself to the door and called for help; it was only by sheer chance that he was heard. Then we were taken to the medical center—the rest of the story you know. I owe my life to Sam,” Bob finished humbly.

For a few seconds there was silence, then everyone began to talk at once. There was so much confusion in our 3-room shelter that we didn’t even hear Mr. Simms come in. Of course, the story had to be repeated for him, and needless to say he was just as astounded as we were.

After due comment from everyone the conversation lulled into general issues. The men talked of the affairs of the community restoration, while Mother put me through the third degree about my few days alone in the shelter.

Suddenly, there was a loud oath from Dad. He was storming about something that, at first, seemed incoherent. Finally, I caught the gist of what he was saying. Mr. Simms had told Dad about Joe Thatcher taking in a colored family. Now, Dad was really ranting and raving. He was going on about how the black devils were becoming mighty uppity, moving in on white people. This went on for what seemed an endless time, but could have been only a minute or two, when Bob jumped to his feet clenching his fists. He yelled loudly enough to be heard over Dad. “Will you please be quiet! Just shut up! You don’t know what you’re saying.” All of this time Sam had been quiet—too quiet.

Now there was dead silence until Sam said softly, “It’s all right, Bob, it’s all right.” Then addressing Mr. Simms, “Could I hitch a ride back to town with you, sir. I’ll really have to go.”

My mother found her voice and protested, “Sam, you’re staying with us. It was all settled. Don’t let Mr. Graham scare you off. He always reacts this way at the mention of the word Negro.”

Sam hung his head. Bob, fairly beside himself now, said, “Mother—I thought you knew! I thought you all knew! But how could you—we’re so badly burned. Dad—Sam’s a Negro.”

By Elizabeth Luxner

By Barbara Smith
memoirs of an
ex-projectionist,

abridged

In an age which has seen so many remarkable improvements in fields related to the storage and relay of all kinds of information, it is surprising to discover that in some fields which we regard as modern, change has been resisted so staunchly that scarcely any new ideas have made inroads worth mentioning. One such citadel of tradition is that of motion pictures.

I am referring, in this instance, to the mechanical process upon which the motion picture relies, and not to its content—although essential changes in content are open to debate. In my years as a part-time projectionist, in high school and college, I have had a good deal of time to meditate on the subject while listening to the interminable whir of the projectors in the dark solitude of the projection booth.

Since the days of Lumiere in France and Edison in the United States, projectionists like myself have been engaged in principally the same operation. It is the job of the projectionist to see that a very long strip of film on a reel is guided at the proper speed and in the proper manner past a lamp which magnifies the image through a lens, throwing it onto a screen before which, it is hoped, an audience has assembled.

Movies have always come in metal cans which are next to impossible to open. There has been no improvement whatever in the realm of containers. These are appropriately disc-shaped, and are made to pop open with very slight pressure. They do not actually do this, needless to say; if this were to happen in the mails, the results could be disastrous. The proper way to open them, I have found, is to take a position at one end of the projection booth and roll the disc-shaped thing quite forcefully along the floor so that it smashes open against the opposite wall. This is done when the projectionist is alone. Once accomplished, the major obstacle has been overcome. All else can be blamed on the inferiority of the projector, the print, or an untutored audience. Once I was fortunate enough to have a legitimate power failure occur just as I was making the discovery that I had run two reels of a D.W. Griffith epic in reverse order. In the combined pandemonium of the power failure and, once power was restored, the monumental fall of Babylon, no one noticed.

But to get back to the procedure itself, there are many intricacies which are childishy simple to execute, yet totally impossible to describe. This is especially annoying in training a replacement. Once the reel is out of the can it is important to place it on the correct arm of the projector: that is, the one whose gizmo runs clockwise—a puzzle I have never solved—it is wise to place the reel on the top arm. From there, a healthy hank of film is grabbed to take part in what is known as the threading process. This is very elaborate. The uninitiated are inevitably awed by it. By far the most important, the most overriding element of all is the making of the loop. This technique is based on a universal law which I may have been the first to recognize as such: the Two-Finger Axiom. I have had innumerable audio-visual officials stand before me with straight faces and explain that, while there is no hard and fast rule, as such, their particular projector absolutely requires a loop of precisely two fingers' width. I smile and comply. They never specify which fingers.

Success or failure, then, depends completely on the making of a good loop. Should the loop fail, Mary Pickford becomes indistinguishable from Lon Chaney, and it is necessary to turn on the lights and sheepishly re-thread the film, grinning nervously at the restless, foot-stomping mob. Once, to avoid doing this when a loop failed, I stood through the last two reels of Rashomon (1951) with two fingers holding the film in place. No one was the wiser, but this act of stoicism left my two fingers quite numb for some time afterward. The loop made, it becomes relatively easy to push the film past the lamp, make an identical loop and then, if the audience is a particularly game crowd,
with modern ideas and a lack of neo-classical traditionalism, it may be necessary to wind the film around a cylindrical object called a sound roller. This is necessary only if the picture was made after 1927. After the sound roller comes a cryptic succession of levers and rollers followed, at least, by the take-up reel. The rest is up to Bell and Howell.

A brief run-down of the mechanical aspects makes the job seem easy. It is not. In the lonely darkness of the projection booth, far from the oblivious crowd, there cowers a poor soul, the projectionist, whose doubts and fears the happy audience has no reason whatever to suspect. There is, for example, the fear of the irrevocable mistake. This is the fait accompli; the sudden, horrible realization, when "The End" sweeps into view on the screen altogether too soon, that one reel, or more, has been left out. At that point, when one is tempted to turn up the lights and leave the audience puzzling, the dictum about fooling all of the people all of the time takes on a new relevance. Someone is sure to smell a rat. Someone in the audience, usually a visiting dean emeritus who saw the film in his youth and remembers every detail, is sure to mention a discrepancy. Honesty being the best policy, it is wise to look for someone, the president of the Film Society perhaps, who is empowered formally to declare an intermission. Intermissions can be most handy things. Smokers in the audience are most grateful for them, anytime, and smokers are a vociferous group who overrule all dissent.

Comfortably far as I am now from the agony of movie projecting, I may even rehabilitate myself into an audience member again. The prospects are hopeful. Once a week or two ago, when the Columbia Broadcasting System, in full view of fifty million people, showed the last reel of The Notorious Landlady without benefit of the preceding two reels, I found that the sharp pangs of sympathy I felt for the tortured announcer in his abject apologies could be allayed considerably by reaching for another big fistful of popcorn. It was a supremely emotional moment. But in spite of my recovery from the projection-booth terrors, I can never forget that there is more to the movie business than meets—well, more than most people think.

By Barry Wichmann

A UNIVERSAL DREAM

Lord, let me count the stars above
And put them in my eyes,
Ride upon the clouds
And float throughout the skies.
Let me touch the silvery slice
Of moon
And have some moondust blown
Upon my hair.
Let me travel down the Milky Way
And drink from starry streams.
Let me wear the rings of Saturn
And have the love charms of fair Venus.
Let me have the strength and the warmth of the sun.
Oh, God, let me go around and around this universe—
Only let me not be eclipsed from this infinite beauty
And fall like a comet back to earth.

By Mary L. Rubenstein

Here we sit around the table
My brothers and I.
Our shoulders curve,
Our breasts sag
And touch the wooden table top.
The chairs are hard
So we cannot rest our backs
Against them.
Our hands support our heads,
While our necks fall limp.
We sit with glassy stares
And watch
And contemplate
The bread crumbs left from Sunday supper.
Sometimes we utter
A cry
For we think we have found the answer.

By Mary L. Rubenstein
My hoola hoop is warped
my train is off its track
my doll has no more clothes
my lollipop is in the dirt
my crayons are all melted
and my coloring book all scribbled.
My shoes are too small
my sleeves are too short
my socks will not come up enough
my collar will not button
and my mother does not answer.
My swing set is rusty
my cowboys and soldiers are distorted
my caps are all used up
my teddy bear's stuffings are falling out
my drum head is burst
and nothing is much fun anymore.

By Cristina Lunson

"title"

I guess I'd call her a poet
she never looks back
she is
but
constantly on her tiptoes
walking

By Linda McGonigal

By Judy Coleman
ART CREDITS

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Drawing Francis Swigon 2
Woodcut Prudy Gurley 4
Drawing Barbara Jacobs 7
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CHRYSALIS

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Criterion Club announces with pleasure the winners of the 1966 Writing Contest

First Place, Winner of the Rinehart Award: Brydon M. Dewitt for
To Be in Guiny
Honorable Mention: Suzanne Lewis for "Yew and I"

Criterion Club wishes to express its sincerest appreciation to the judges of the 1966 Writing Contest: Dr. Mary Brill, Mr. Robin McNallie, and Mrs. Helen Swink.