One could say many things about this spring-singing Chrysalis.

For example: A number of prizewinners in the Annual Creative Writing Contest, sponsored by the Criterion Club are represented. Mrs. Martha Arnold of George Mason College won first place in Poetry (State Contest) while Gary Entsminger of Washington and Lee and Connie Lowrance (Mary Baldwin) were awarded second place and honorable mention, respectively. In the Fiction division, other State winners were Richard Bausch of George Mason College who won first prize and Robert Lockhart, second place prizewinner from Washington and Lee.

On the Madison campus, in Poetry, Suzanne Underwood received first place for "Broken Arrow Blues," while Susan Miller placed second with her "Elegy for Edith." These two poems are found in the Winter Edition of the Chrysalis. Dan Culler's first place winning short story appears in this edition and Frank Barker, who won second prize in Fiction for "The Harvest" is represented in the Winter Edition.

One could say, "Congratulations."

—The Editors
Staff

Editor
Suzanne Underwood

Associate Editor
Dede McLane

Business Manager
Pat LeRoy

Poetry Staff
Bert Trotter
Judy Bentley
Suzanne Underwood
Deborah Fairfield
DeDe McLane

Prose Editor
Sara Arason

Art Staff Editor
Susan Casberg
Jeanne Bardon
Byron D. Lee
Jack Harvey
Pam Livengood

Publicity Staff
Pat Dunaway
Suzanne Underwood
Dave Smith

Faculty Advisor
Mr. Tedd Zeiss

Art Advisor
Steve Tipton
Ken Szmagaj
CAMPING OUT

We shall not sleep tonight—the woods need mending.
Drawing the breath of trees, we lie limp
As the wind wrings out every hanging thing
And slow-soaks the earth which grows all night.
I have settled myself across your chest
Your arms are all I need to know of sleep
The rub of ripping leaves sends down dry whispers:
We were not meant to sleep
Tonight, winding our limbs across the earth,
Like two crossed roots, two trees meet secretly.
We shall not sleep but weave wet threads
And seam the shuddering trees from underneath.

—Suzanne Underwood
The Daisy Jumper
for Cynthia Shawn

Nameless, the blond child
plays.
Feet bare with brown tender
dirt.
Tiny hands squeezing more than
daisies.
Beautiful, fragile, innocent
child
Trees bend to hear your
laughter.

You run to jump, to glide on crystal
air.
Wisp of hair gallops behind your
back.
Then one long leap muscles sense
success.
Beautiful, fragile, innocent
child
Daisies tremble after
you.

—Judy Bentley
early morning market
tomatoes and tomatoes and tomatoes
ripe red fresh
country lady long skirt
selling flowers
one kind & one bunch

early morning man
looking and looking and looking
great gray old
city home one room
bought flowers
50¢ & a smile

—Judy Bentley
TO MAKE US WISH THAT WE WERE IN HIS PLACE

A loud buzz . . . seeming to crescendo until it reached ear-shattering proportions . . . louder . . . louder . . . click . . . silence.

The monster had been temporarily halted. It would not renew its terrifying attack on the senses for another ten minutes. But ten minutes isn’t an eternity and the assault was too swiftly repeated, this time with disastrous results.

"Aaaaarrrgghhh!"

Russ Williams faltered only momentarily. He was too near the end of his bed when he reached for the switch and he plunged to the bare floor and awareness. Rubbing his injured elbow and swearing profusely, Russ rose from the floor and successfully switched off his alarm clock.

After throwing on his trusty war surplus army pants, worn flannel shirt and four year old Sears and Roebuck sneakers, he left his one room apartment on Lotus Avenue and stepped out into the brisk McCrackersville afternoon.

"McCrackersville ... population 1,743 ... the booming metropolis," he chuckled to himself. "If it weren’t for the college, this place would be a frigging ghost town."

But what the hell. Ole’ Russ loved McCrackersville. He had a lot of friends and admirers at Cregor’s College of Fine Arts which was just outside the city limits. Russ had quit school two years previously but had decided to stay on in McCrackersville partly because it was a pretty nice place to be a twenty-three year old freak to retire and partly because his parents had disowned him after he quit school. He knew the old farts would take him in, but why put up with all the shit. Russ has been the "dependence route" once and that was one too many. Russ didn’t need anything from anybody; not in a regular sense, anyway.

Everybody who knew who Russ Williams was thought he was the coolest dude in the world. They could always expect the "cool, anti-hero unusual" from good ole’ Russ and they always got it. Russ was independent as hell and a lot of the college kids loved him for it. Russ knew he was admired. 1966 was the year of the eccentric and anybody who had the guts to be weird became a McCrackersville youth culture hero.

Harry Rachet didn’t need an alarm clock. Harry was one of those people who just gets up, does what he has to do and goes back to bed. What Harry had to do was manage the Big R Truck Stop. It was about the seediest place in town, but he made a comfortable living from it and had learned to accept most things and accomplish his various tasks automatically, brainlessly. In fact there was really only one item in the grand scheme of things called living that upset Harry. It was a "smart-assed brat" named Russ Williams. A large portion of Russ’ fame rested on his ability to make asses out of authority-wielding adults, and since Harry was Russ’ boss, he was naturally a prime target. Harry was well aware of this, but with Russ
bringing in the college kids, a good 30% of Harry’s meagre business, there wasn’t a helluva lot Harry could do about it.

“One a’ deez days dat kid is ‘gonna’ go too damn far,” thought Harry as he pulled on his jacket, adjusted his tie and left for the Big R.

It was 2:15 p.m. and the most famous McCrackersville youth culture hero was running his usual fifteen minutes late for work. Russ was the night cook at the Big R Truck Stop, where the good ole’ boys stopped for a bite to eat before continuing their usually long truck drives. Russ’ working at the Big R was just another feather in his hero’s cap as far as his college admirers were concerned. It was really wild seeing a well-educated, long-haired eccentric working at a truck stop that catered to duck-tailed country roughnecks with a second grade education who loved to beat the hell out of anybody who didn’t fly the confederate flag from the antennae of his ’57 Chevy. The good ole’ boys who knew Russ didn’t hassle him anymore and warned the good ole’ boys who didn’t know Russ not to screw around with him. Russ knew there were dangers involved in being a “Free Spirit,” so he always carried a blade which he had learned to use well. A lot of the good ole’ boys now wore Russ’ signature on their hides. Oddly enough, being beaten by Russ made the good ole’ boys think Russ was really a good ole’ boy at heart and they had a good ole’ boy’s respect for the famous McCrackersville freak.

Anyway, anything that could be interpreted as a flirtation with death was thought of as supreme individual bravery by Russ’ newly-found fan club, and he was particularly famous for working at the Big R. Famous enough, in fact, for some of his admirers to risk personal harm and go to the Big R just to watch Russ “be cool.” Of course some of his most famous performances did not occur at the Big R for Russ was “cool” everywhere.

“Hey! You guys know what Russ pulled last night,” one student would say. “He flagged down a cop car, asked the cop for a light, then he calmly opened the car door, laid across the front seat with his head in the cop’s lap, used the lighter to light his cigarette, thanked the poor son-of-a-bitch cop and split. Talk about strange; ‘at’s all right.”

“Yuz 15 minutes late, Williams. Yuz ain’t been on time since I’ze hired ya,” barked Harry Rachet. Oh, ta be back in Long Island wit me mudder, he sighed to himself. “Williams, who da hell does yuz think yuz is?” readdressing himself to Russ.

“Earl of Northumberland, Harry, dedicated to placing my Lord Mortimer on the throne,” Russ replied using his best Shakespearian accent.

The Big R crowd chuckled politely, enjoying the spectacle and knowing there were bigger laughs to come. By this time Harry was regaining a fraction of his composure.

“Get on dat stove, Williams, and get dese orders ready for cryin’ out loud,” he barked.

Without a moment’s hesitation Russ leaped, muddy sneakers and all, on
top of the grill.

"Ain't I a card, Harry?"

Something snapped in Harry's brain. Tears rose in his eyes. His face became a deep chartreuse. It was a full two minutes before he was able to utter anything other than a low gurgling sound.

"Williams, god damn yuz, dat does it. Dat was de last time yuz iz gonna try to make a fool outta Harry Rachet. Yuz fired," screamed Harry progressively deriving an obvious amount of pleasure from having the last word, or so he thought.

Poor Harry was wrong. He hadn't had the last word and it wasn't the last time Russ was going to make a fool of him. Calmly grasping a ketchup container between his thumb and forefinger, Russ came through for his expectant audience. In beautiful script he proceeded to squirt "kiss my ass" across Harry's shirt and tie. He then tossed the container to Harry and walked out of the Big R to the applause of the college students, announced,

"Exeunt Earl of Northumberland."

There was more laughter while the good ole' boys tried to figure out what an "egg-zunt" was let alone an "Earl" or a "Northumberland."

Russ arrived at his apartment and when he was sure he was alone, he didn't look so cool or amused. It wasn't getting fired that bothered Russ, but a rising feeling of despair and pointlessness. He rather forlornly started reading from a collection of poems by Edward Arlington Robinson. Bitter tears started rolling down his cheeks as Harry Rachet kicked the door in and aimed his pistol at Russ' head. But he didn't pull the trigger. He knew he didn't have to. This "punk" Williams was crying. Harry started smiling, then laughing. He laughed until he cried. He dropped his gun on the floor. Harry wasn't deep or compassionate, but why kill him now? Harry had the last word and he knew Russ could never take it from him. In fact Russ was still whimpering and staring pathetically at Harry.

"Yuz is nuttin', is yuz Williams. Yuz is just a big discustin' zero," Harry said. He left laughing, forgetting his pistol in his gaiety.

Russ hadn't moved. He had ceased whimpering but tears still stood out on his cheeks. He looked at Harry's gun abandoned on the floor, to the last lines of the poem he had been reading, and back to the gun before deciding what he was to do.

"And Richard Cory, one calm summer night,
Went home and put a bullet through his head."

by Dan Culler
hey you, with the barb-wire tongue, be careful how you handle my soul, willya? how
can I be nice when you point out my imperfections all the time? cool it with the funny remarks, huh? can I help it
if the toilet flushes funny? —Paula Picard
Ode to a Toilet

There you pose in unembellished splendor
Your glistening basin majestically
encircles the
gurgling, gushing liquecence of
your innards.

Your temperament fluctuates,
One moment serenity prevails in your being
The next your quietness is overcome by
swirling waters, eager to make you
clean once again.

OH! Waste, thou hast fled to newer horizons
And paper doth accompany you.
Bear with me, your noise is too much to bear
In my present condition!

—Patricia Lynn Jones
The child was a dreamer
And sat, for a moment, in silence.
A fixed smile played on her lips;
A wordless song hummed in her throat.

The old man touched the head
Of the contented one with
A wrinkled finger that
Gave evidence to age and use.

Slowly, he sat down beside the child,
Not speaking, but breathing heavily.
Moving was not easy
For his worn body.

Just as he became content with his position,
The girl stood up, making laughter
Tumble around her; hopping from one
Foot to the other.

The old man turned slightly,
Gazing with knowing eyes
And remembering with sun-flecked details
The ways of smiling youth.

—Darlene A. Goode
To Donna’s Grandfather, In Sympathy
Intransitive

When you told me in stressed syllables
that your grandfather was dying
and your eyes parenthesized the phrase
that broke your tongue;
When what you knew of words had said the picture
(Grandfather’s jagged fragment spelled on sheets,
hands curled as commas, linking flesh to sleep,
while summoned ones come scrawling hastily
to hyphenate the row of bedside hope);
When you blinked in broken English—one last try
to tie the aching distance of my face;
Then striking silence with a sudden blank,
you sounded my mutual stare. I know you said
“We split infinity”
(one before you speechless,
one word-worn)
all, all, all who pray or pause
hold him only figuratively
and let go the same
when he declares a sigh, that senseless sign
running like an error off the line.

—Suzanne Underwood
Grapple me, God, and with Thy gnarled knuckles
Locked in mine, commit me rudely-soft
And roughly tender to my knees. And buckle
My soul with wrists and thighs to plunge from lofty
Heights, and pride-made palaces, down and down,
Until my stone-hewn heart is cleft in Thy hands,
And branded in my mind Thy face, and ground
In grains my will, as if it were sand.
Then Thou, my spirit's love-lord, lift me softly
In Thine arms. And I will rise and roll and spill
Like summer thunder into You. My lofty
Soul, rejoice to have those hands refill
My cup; those wrestling fingers bring me gently
Bruised and bent, with broken knees to ecstasy.

—Paula Picard
The Little Kid

the little kid

(Your strawberry-ice-

teaing comes and plays in your

trashing you with the sunshine

and the poppies)

Until you care (not

but as)

you most ly sigh you then!

You mast ly sigh you then!

(To find that it was no

to find that it was no

your

Oh--the glee

the ecstasy

when all the games

when all the games

(you thought with

the games you thought with)

those that

the little kid

(your magical--

comes and stays)
What were they through
in your yard
Are we of your
rainbow - boy!

Anga Evans
A Slug Had Left A Trail On The Cement
And Waited On The Step, Near A Leaf

They said to use salt
to kill him.
Plain table salt
right out of the box.

Good!
He was too large to step on,
a huge mound
round and slippery.

I wanted him dead.
Even in those few desperate seconds
when I thought of
saving him with water
and washing off the salt
I wanted him dead.

Still, he should have had a voice
a croak
Something!

To writhe, looking upward, shedding
Shedding the layers of his body—
He should have been able
to cry out.

Mrs. Martha Arnold
George Mason College
The Watch

She speaks in few completed phrases
Words and half-words falling like shattered bone
Or frost, settling,
Jagged and obsuring, breaking
In ragged rhythm, ominous and still.
Her eyes do not reflect our faces
Pitching headlong out of sight,
They flee belief like clouds before a wind.
Her shoulders twitch,
Dodging blows and missiles of her mind.
Crouched in its chair,
Her body howls at the moon-faced clock,
Shuddering at its simple sway
While it hurls its endless, insolent seconds
To fall just short of her tongue.
She cannot catch their mercy,
She stands parched, taunted
In her bitten desert; she revolves,
Rapt in her wail
She cannot force down the lump
Of schedule, pace, filled time.
Her world rises in her throat
And sets in her eyes
And is spitted on her helpless tongue.
Even her bones do not obey her;
Let them fall where they may,
She will not survive the clock for long.

—Deborah Fairfield
the hot dog man
the hot dog man is silent
he speaks with his eyes and black hair
i pay for my hot dog with everything on it
he fingers the cash register
like he has been doing for eternity
he is young his eyes speak a sadder truth
i leave and he returns to his chili and mustard
his long slender hands wrap more hot dogs to go
his long beautiful hands
the hands of a child artist poet lover
wrap more hot dogs to go
i leave and he returns.
i love you hotdogman and you'll never know
the simple praise i give you.

eyes returning a sadder truth — Judy Bentley
A Private Marriage and Other Mother Earths
For George

you slip the ring
on her
finger

and think
at last
happiness is

secured
well
when the trees bend

and your shelter
is a ruse
for privacy

those friends
you said you
didn't need will be

far away
and her be careful
her skin isn't chapped.

Gary Entsminger
Washington & Lee University
Come, Let Us

You, my sweat-wrung stallion
My prick-eared, proud-foot herd-rider,
Hair-raiser, my dusty warrior
—may I never shake you off!
Bear down on me, apocalyptic charger,
Thrust to the core the center of my desert,
Until my sun-cracked world runs wet.

The hot sand flees your hooves,
The air, your burnished skin.
Your veins swell with sheer pursuit,
And mad, day; now run your best; my tail-chaser,
if you would make this mare before sundown!

Deborah Fairfield
Richard Bausch

George Mason College
of the University of Virginia

RUNNING

He heard the doctor say the word cancer and the word moved on his skin. He listened politely, watching the doctor's mouth.

When his wife came in to see him she began to cry and he was ashamed of her crying because she was ugly when she cried. So to keep her from doing it he feigned death and scared her away. When she had gone a nurse came in and put something into the veins at the crook of his arm and left it there for awhile. Then she came back and took it out and smiled at him and told him it was all right. He told the nurse it was not all right. It was not all right. It was fucking not all right. Then someone said to try and sleep some and so he closed his eyes, shutting out the white curtains and the rumpled covers of the bed. He could hear his own heartbeat where his ear lay against the pillow. No, he was still not dead. He was a funny vessel, still holding a lot of warm liquid.

An orderly came in and told him to quiet down.

A doctor talked of sedatives, pills, drugs, serums—symptoms and remedies.

His wife was there and then not there.

He was given a shot to make him sleep. He did not resist. He watched the needle turn in the skin of his arm. The hand that held the needle was small and had little hairs on it. He thought of his wife and wished her well. The features of her face began to arrange themselves in his
mind, and he saw that she was crying again. The tears made little bright pools in her small hands, and she held them out to him. He rolled out of bed trying to get away and she followed him, still holding out her wet hands, still crying. He went out into the hall, going down on all fours, trotting past serious nurses and harried interns, keeping his head down and his ears back. Some people patted him on the head and he sunk low to escape them. An attendant shooed him out on the first floor, hitting him on the rear end with a broom. He bared his teeth at the attendant, then went out into the highway. He saw a little black car lying on its side in the road, its free door standing open like a shocked mouth. He got into the car and it righted itself and began to move and as it gathered speed, he felt himself waving to himself.

When the car had only gone a little way, and when it was moving very rapidly and smoothly, the door on the driver side opened and cold night air rushed in. The night air had tomorrow in it. Tomorrow came in the window carrying something that smelled bad, something wet and small. He did not see exactly what it was, but he thought it must have been his wife so he climbed out of the car and began to run in long strides away from it, from the smell and from his wife holding out her hands. The air moved against him as he ran, and he could feel the earth losing its hold on him, each stride taking him higher and farther, higher and still farther, leaping over houses, cities, counties—sprinting, hearing himself breathe, hearing his toes as they touched the ground, as they barely touched the ground, the long ground, blue in a salt rain...

His wife leaned down to kiss him where her tears had fallen. He saw that she was crying and he did not like her face. He closed his eyes and began to run again (he felt her touch him with her lips but he did not respond). He was running. He was all leg and foot, all stride: all sinew and straining cords of need—running.
GRIMM TALE

We should have been children, you and I
With wishes strung like mittens from our sleeves
Something to hide in
When the ice-heeled wind was kicking.

We had a father to pray to—
His swearing slapped us all the way to the tub
We learned the scalding parable
Of Jesus' clean feet.

We were better than children, trees were
For scenery and all our climbing
Was done on stairs, We learned about falling
From leaves we raked in the backyard.

Father kept us from closets
On those panting nights that raced around the house
And roared like tigers. We were big-eyed black Sambos
But the storm, closet-close, never melted.

We should have been puppies and shed fuzz
For fur, with time to romp and run
No bones were buried in our house—
We ate them each night for supper.

We had one secret worn inside our clothes
Father never noticed; all he saw
Of Beauty's upturned faces made him proud.
We, too, were fooled in little dresses.

We could not long play children
When the night undressed us
Inside the covers we swapped snarls in sleep
And in our captive darkness clawed the child-scented sheets.

—Suzanne Underwood
THE FLICKS

Gutted, gaping, random-brick rubble ruin
Where once stood small town neon pride
STATE in the biggest yellow lights on Main.
Procurer of pictured paradises
Vendor of vicarious vices
Pander to years of fresh country girls
And hairsprayed, heavy-legged matrons . . .

Disney and James Bond held over forever—
Packed, awed houses for Snow White
(Chronic questioner, as the vultures circle:
"Is she—dead?" "For God's sake, yes!"
)Black-and-mirror ladies' room,
Proud passionate balcony
With its hot and salty popcorn kisses
And not-quite-quiet discoveries
Bubblegum excitement, unpopped dreams
and cinemascopic education . . .

The big glowing clocks, forever out of time,
The railings for the feigned royal boxes
housing god-knows-what ghostly critics,
The dusty brocade and zealous air-conditioning—
The screen itself, that ever-ever world,
Framed in mauve curtains
that must be drawn 'twixt short and feature
annoying pinkish waves over dawning British landscape
or grimy New York bar)
killing director's titles with incongruity . . .

The popcorn machine shorted,
one afternoon, pre-matinee.
The secretary of fifteen years' service, in the office above,
went up in smoke.
Small drama for our dreams' demise.

—Deborah Fairfield
Place, Following
a Night of W. H. Auden

Like cows
Huddled
Against a barn
Keeping warm
In a snowstorm
We have crowded,
Every day of every month,
Cold,
    Solitary,
    Separated,
At the edge of parties
The doors of subways
At the alters of churches
At midday meals
Hearths,
The dens
Of the nearest poets (making their poetry).

Connie Lowrance
Mary Baldwin College
I lie to ponder through the night,
In quiet, pastel, half-done dreams,
The future—be it dull or bright—
And the worth of half-spent schemes.

Many times I've wondered if it's true
That loneliness besieges all
Who lose a friend and lover too;
Who find the self once again small.

If I find it too-soon ending,
The tasting made the love worthwhile,
Like succulent grape, from vineyard to blending,
Warmed the soul and brought a smile.

Spayding the bitch to spite the mate
Would not slow hot spring's onward rush.
Yet action does with dream debate
When responsibility quells the blush.

I reach up to rub my eyes,
Wishing them closed and thinking done.
But they see, like wayward spies,
The half-done dreams of a scheming one.

—Darlene A. Goode
Haiku

Listening softly

Forever speaking loudly

The world learns nothing.

– Sheppard