

Seyra  
Mourning

Manassas High School  
FINE Arts MAGAZINE

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\*submitted to Jersey Shore Home Builders Assoc. Essay Contest

\*\*school winner of Century III Essay Contest - submitted to state-wide judging

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\*Junior Class Poetry Contest Winners

## III. Art

work submitted by, in order of presentation:

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Gayle Eagleson, Colleen Patterson, Olivia Burton,

teacher: R. Trimble -

Cici O'Keefe, John Guida

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Rochelle Butkowsky



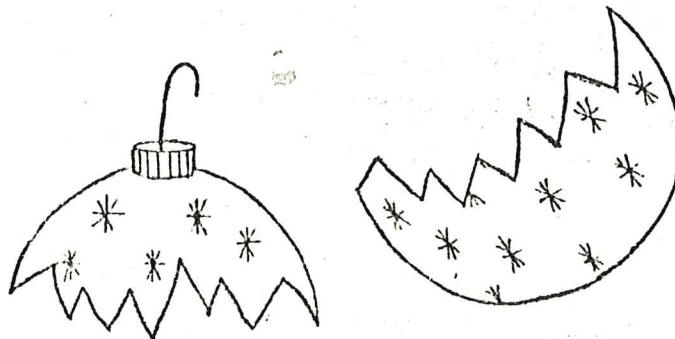
## TWO CHRISTMASES

Nadine McCarthy

Christmas is always a time of tension at our house. But this year it was going to be different. I could just tell by the wreath on the front door. It was appropriately decorated with bright red ribbons and gold Christmas balls. Outside it was snowing; inside it was magic. I had never seen my house look so festive. Everywhere I looked Christmas decorations ornamented my house. Colors of gold, red and green were all I could see. When I saw my mother decorating the tree, I realized this was the season to be jolly.

\* \* \*\* \* \*

It seemed such a shame that a place could look so bad. The last time I had been there it was quite the opposite. As I walked further in, I noticed that my old home had decayed since I had last seen it. The first thing I noticed was the stale odor of years gone by that each room seemed to possess. The odor was nothing compared to the inches of dust that lay on top of everything. I felt a state of depression setting in: this place used to be my home. Now, not only the people I loved, but the places we loved are just memories fading fast.



## Season of Infinity

The season of summer stays in my heart- never leaving my thoughts. I long for days of balmy air and bows of sun. This idea of an everlasting season can be a reality, although nature decides its form.

As the sun's rays weaken for some of the year, they change greens to golds and blues to grays, taking with them warmth.

Nature becomes angry and turns bitter. A time of cold and of a colorless world does not conform to a wish.

When this does pass, however, a formerly dormant and generous sun decides to spare some bountiful color and warmth. The grayness and anger are gone. Nature is now repenting by giving us spring!

Now the season in the heart is abounding all around in a vibrant reality! Things are now warm and green to stay. Yes, summer is always!

Rochelle Butkowsky



## Vignette

The beach seems a center of life in the summer - cluttered with umbrellas, towels, and screaming children. As I walk down the barren boardwalk on this bitter November day, I realize its heartbeat has died. The sandy beach appears a desert. Not one footprint marks the ripples of sand. The dune grass is blown by the howling autumn wind. The noise of the wind screeching and the cold ocean waves crashing on the shore is deafening. Yet, in the summer, these sounds can hardly be heard. The spray of the ocean splashes my face and a breeze chills my cheeks. The smell of fishy salt water is thick in the air. I take a deep breath as if to retain this freshness forever. In the summer time, the smell of this crisp, clean air is over-powered by the stench of hot dogs and french fries. Though the summer's liveliness has died, nature has flourished. I look down on the beach where everything is still. An old damp beach towel lies half buried by sand. This is the only reminder of the summer's life and activity. The towel is a symbol of the strength of nature. The waves, the wind, and the sand have overcome man's harmful activities to give us new pleasures during the fall.

Stacy Whitman

## My Attic Room in Contrast

The morning sun shines in on my peach and white colored room, awakening me to the crisp morning air. The peach flowers which decorate my walls capture the sun and become alive and radiant. These flowers introduce me to the beginning of a new day as I plant myself on my thick peach carpet which is so gentle on my feet. The palm tree, the ferns, and the many other plants which surround my room are a healthy flush green, and carry a sense of warmth and liveliness. All of this warmth is confined into my small attic room, which is my own world.

\* \* \* \*

As I awaken, my peach and white colored room is unilluminated and dim. The peach flowers which decorate my walls look as if they are covered by one large shadow, and the flowers can barely be distinguished as flowers. I peek through one of the windows just to see the rain pouring from the dark massive clouds which linger over my house. I step on my peach carpet which is so cold that it sends a chill through my body which informs me to go back to bed. Knowing that I cannot, I walk towards my palm tree to find a companion, but even it is dormant and almost barren. Here I stand alone, in my cold dark attic room, looking for a little warmth, but can find none.

Beth Engler

### ILLUSION OF WAR

War is murder. It's full of hate, fear, pity and hopelessness. Any sign of beauty or peace is destroyed in the midst of this terror. Men lie fatally wounded on the cold earth. They are victims of inhumane acts. They are stripped of their possessions and often trampled in the rush of an attack. Is this war of terror and mutilation worth the honor one may gain from his country if he wins? Each day men awaken to the roar of a nearby shelling. At every waking moment there is a fear of self-destruction. This is a place to witness the battering of close friends. Time and time again men march forward with their battle-stained clothing, their eyes more callous than before. To many war is an illusion. It is not good and it's not just. War is deadly and it's dehumanizing.

Written by  
Tracee Hahm



### Contrasted Abstractions

Cornelius the calico is carefully preparing a cozy bed of pillows on the hearth of the red brick fireplace. Purring a happy tune, he circles around twice with closed eyes before settling down for his mid-afternoon nap. A brilliant ray of sunlight smiles upon him and bathes the entire room in warmth. A welcome breeze adorned with a scent of wild flowers whispers through cracked windows, blowing open the yellow striped drapes. As the sun paints a golden path up her blue domain, she continues to shine through the stained glass windows, outlining a copper kettle in a halo. The knotted wooden floor also reflects the bright light, throwing it upon the framed pictures on the wall. This moment is unending until Cornelius rises, stretching his legs and arching his back, and descends from his throne of pillows to lap up the bowl of milk awaiting him in the kitchen.

\* \* \* \*

A menacing cold draft blows through an empty room, searching for a target and extinguishing lanterns, darkening the room even more. Fierce howls are heard through a crack under the splintered wooden door, bringing threats of a mid-winter storm. A torn gray sofa and a lonely wooden chair are the only inhabitants, except for an old shaggy sheep dog curled up shivering on the bare floor. A musty odor fills the room, bringing a dampness that envelopes it. As the day creeps by, the dismal atmosphere is intensified by total darkness and bitter cold. When the door is blown ajar, the hound seeks shelter behind a broken wooden chair, but he cannot escape the merciless treatment of winter.

Kristie Davis

## The Relationship Between Setting and Character in Wuthering Heights

In Emily Bronte's Wuthering Heights the physical characteristics of the setting reflect the personalities and mo of the characters. The haunted environment of one residence, Wuthering Heights, and the refined surroundings of the other, Thrushcross Grange, represent the contrasting natures of three main characters: Heathcliff, his love Catherine, and her husband Edgar.

First of all, this romantic novel begins with the antagonistic Heathcliff as the master of Wuthering Heights, a rugged and weathered home on the English moors. This estate's brooding and menacing appearance parallels the personality of its dark, morose owner. The story unfolds because of the curiosity of Heathcliff's tenant, Mr. Lockwood, who is interested in the history of this dismal setting. His interrogation of a servant reveals how Heathcliff's destructive influence has affected life at Wuthering Heights, starting when Heathcliff was introduced into the Earnshaw's peaceful home as a child.

Likewise, the existence at Wuthering Heights that shaped Heathcliff's character is molded by Heathcliff in the next generation. While he is in charge, the gate to the estate remains closed and locked. The furniture in the house is provincial and "would have been nothing extraordinary as belonging to a homely, northern farmer." Vicious dogs roam the grounds. The other occupants of the house, Heathcliff's nephew Hareton, and daughter-in-law, Cathy, seem cold and hostile. The wind has stunted and slanted surrounding fir trees, producing a haunted and evil appearance. After the death of Heathcliff near the end of the novel, however, the gate at Wuthering Heights is left open and flowers fill the yard. His death spurs the emergence of new life both in the environment and in the relationship between Hareton and Cathy, who fall in love. Thus, Bronte has used detailed setting descriptions to create moods and to show the effect of Heathcliff's cruel character.

Similarly, the author uses a neighboring manor, Thrushcross Grange, to contrast the personalities of Heathcliff and his rival, Edgar Linton. Both men attempt to win the affections of Catherine Earnshaw, Heathcliff's adoptive sister. The Linton home, Thrushcross Grange, is representative of Edgar's worldly yet sensitive nature, which attracts Catherine. This estate is nestled in a protected valley, just as Edgar is raised as a spoiled child

in a sheltered atmosphere. The pleasant, high-class life at Thrushcross Grange intrigues a young and impressionable Catherine, who has experienced only the unrefined, unrestricted life at Wuthering Heights. Heathcliff himself describes the fashionable residence as "a splendid place carpented with crimson, and crimson-covered chairs and tables, and a pure white ceiling, bordered by gold...." Edgar's polite manners and refined behavior mirror the setting at Thrushcross Grange. The differences between Wuthering Heights and Thrushcross Grange symbolize the contradicting characters of Heathcliff and Edgar, between whom Catherine must choose.

Not only do Heathcliff and Edgar reflect their environments, but Catherine also has characteristics of both major settings. Her free spirit emerges during her childhood at the rugged Wuthering Heights. Her disposition becomes wild and willful like the stormy and windswept moors. After a five week stay at the Grange, however, Catherine develops into a more cultured and socially conscious young woman. Consequently, Catherine accepts Edgar's marriage proposal and buries her feelings for Heathcliff because of his low birth. Catherine is a combination of both worlds--the wild, earthy Wuthering Heights and the peaceful, aristocratic Thrushcross Grange.

Finally, Bronte creates settings that add dimension and color to the characters. Heathcliff is easier to imagine when the reader pictures him in the dark, barren Wuthering Heights. Edgar Linton's weakness is accentuated when life at Thrushcross Grange is compared to that at Wuthering Heights. Catherine's personality is defined more clearly by showing her association with both environments. Ultimately, her difficulty in choosing between the two men and their two worlds forms the central conflict of the novel.

--Stacy Whitman



## HOME BUYING ON LONG-TERM AGREEMENT

Acquiring affordable housing for the prospective homebuyer is a problem which plagues today's potential purchasers. Difficulties facing prospective homebuyers include interest rates, inflation and lack of land available to build on. Solutions to these problems seem to come to mind quite easily, but putting these thoughts into action is another story. Consequently, purchasing a home today is possible only for the people who can afford to buy on long-term agreements.

Long-term agreements begin as a homebuyer obtains a mortgage. Unfortunately, the exorbitant interest rates deter one from buying a home. Although paying a mortgage allows one to write off interest and taxes on one's tax returns, this benefit does not suffice for the majority of buyers. A probable solution is to make more money available. The eagerness of potential loan candidates can be seen as they stand in line overnight for the opportunity to borrow at a low market rate.

Even if more money were made available to expectant homebuyers, the problem of inflation arises. Adversely, inflation is an uncontrollable dilemma which can only be solved by shortening the money supply. Inflation is a problem faced by any homebuyer, one which unfortunately perplexes consumers at every level of income.

As inflation is a concern of the homebuyer, so is the scarcity of land. With a lack of space one can resort to a condominium, which is less expensive than a house. Because the owner is not burdened with exterior maintenance and because

condominiums are more economical to heat and cool, they have become popular. This factor has opened up the housing market to a first time buyer.

Solutions to home buying problems have eluded experts constantly, but it has not dampened the enthusiasm of people striving to obtain the American dream of owning a home. If one aspect of a problem is resolved, it often creates a problem in another area. For example, the availability of money for housing could have an inflationary effect on the economy. Therefore, in order for a prospective homebuyer to acquire affordable housing, that homebuyer must be willing to make a long-term commitment with the current rate.

ELLEN SHEEHAN

## Housing vs. the Natural Environment

Gail Darche

A familiar issue today is housing. It seems as though there are so many people and so little space to accommodate them. As a result, our natural environment is being destroyed.

All over the world our natural environment is being trampled upon in order to build houses, condominiums, and other living facilities. The demand for housing promotes problems for the Environmental Protection Agency, the government, and most of all, the people. The EPA is involved in a constant struggle against contractors, the government, and other who threaten the survival of our environment. The government feels that it is its obligation both to house the homeless and to preserve the environment. Although it is sad and unjustifiable in some of our eyes, the government usually grants the right to build.

This right to build has direct effects on our animal kingdom and its well being. We are getting in the way of Nature's path and thus may find ourselves getting hurt. For example, if a housing project is built too close to a river or stream, it may rise up and flood the building. In this case, Mother Nature is protecting her natural environment. Unfortunately, Mother Nature has no control over the miles and miles of forests that are being leveled and built upon. She cannot help the millions of animals who lose their homes. Animals are life, and we humans were given the job of helping to preserve our animal kingdom, not kill it.

And what about the open space? Do farmers depend on this space for their income? Of course they do! Now, the farmers lose out as well as the animals. The farmers' income will decrease, automatically involving the government.

Either way, at least one party will be unsatisfied, whether it be the farmers, the homeless, the government, or the trees and animals. Since most Americans are either using birth control or understand the responsibility and expense of having children, the population will not increase too much. Also, a fair share of people pass away every day, making more living space available. I, myself, am an environmentalist and love Nature, and absolutely hate to see it being harmed. But evidently, we environmentalists are the minority. We are forced to sit back and watch beautiful, clean natural lands covered with "tacky" condominiums at the speed of light. It takes centuries and centuries for Nature to grow, but merely minutes for man to destroy.



RELIGIOUS EXTREMISM

Ellen Sheehan  
Century III Leaders

As the pressure from religious militants grows, the pacifists find it difficult to express their disapproval without getting as violent as their opponent. Middle East activists are gaining strength because they understand the importance of simplicity. By simplicity, I mean explaining a certain situation; fanatics use brief answers which are to the point, where as politicians pay a great deal of attention to details and drawn out explanations. By being terse, extremists capture the attention of the common people and further advance their beliefs and interests. In other words, by brevity, fanatics lure the media to their attention because media chooses to respond to clear cut situations. Also, simplifying a situation is much easier to do than rationalizing it, for killing and violence are easier routes to follow when compared with the time consuming method of discussion.

Observing the acts of religious extremists, one must also view the impetus behind fanatic reasoning. In Middle East countries problems concerning political, economical, and social situations have been approached with various solutions, and none of them have worked. In lue of this fact it is not difficult to see that religious extremism offers a messianic solution that government has failed to deliver. As fanatical violence continues to flourish it entangles more peoples' lives and obtains more recruits. This uncalled for violence tends to set off a chain reaction among people of unstable nations.

As terrorism continues to pose a threat in the Middle

East, precautionary measures must be implemented by world powers. In order to remedy this situation the United States has to take a stand on the beliefs of which we so dearly strive to uphold. It is wrong for unstable Middle East countries to control world powers, just because they threaten with violence. Therefore countries must confront this senseless violence and suppress it by means of constructive mediation. To eliminate fear and end this terrorism all nations must unite to secure democracy.



## Dream Utopia

I create a primeval beach:  
Quiet, sea-shell pink dawn,  
Graceful waves lap into shape.  
A golden ocean treasure  
Of glinting, wet, ridged sand  
Jeweled with drops left  
By the moonlight.  
Cold to tongue, pure white,  
And written about in the music  
Of soft-silk night...  
Ah, but a dream remains  
As long as the mind can conceive it.  
Rays of reality awaken me  
From my atlantis.

Kathy O'Donnell

First Place Award  
Junior Class Poetry Contest  
Spring, 1964

### Struggle

I lived in peaceful days  
I took pride in my ways  
But then I could not see  
And storm came upon me  
I kept it all within  
I didn't admit to sin  
I didn't tell a soul  
I was no longer whole  
I struggled with myself  
Denying truth and self  
Then I opened the door  
And there was peace once more

--Kathie Molnar

Second Place Winner  
Junior Class Poetry Contest, 1984

### Set Me Free

I am not in the right body.  
I was here before, there before, and lots of other places.  
Many of my lives I still feel burning within me,  
trying to reveal their past.  
It will happen.  
I don't belong here, not at this precise time.  
Not in this specific place.  
Don't tie me down any longer.  
Yes, I yearn to go. I yearn to go.  
Tears roll by as I think of where I want to be,  
what I want to do.  
Please let me go.  
Many of my past lives were wild, burning, hot.  
I long to be there.  
Please set me free.  
Let me go.

Susan Sitar

Third Place Award  
Junior Class Poetry Contest  
Spring, 1984

Split Second Decision

Karen Lyons

Will I step off this cliff  
Is it worth it?  
I mean, mom and dad  
Still love me,  
Don't they?

The waves are crashing furiously,  
Do I want this that bad?  
Maybe, maybe not.  
No one cares.

Gee, those rocks look awfully  
rough.  
Isn't suicide painless?  
I've heard it to be the fastest  
way  
To get to Paradise.

Wait Is that my friend?  
Is that the one that can  
pull me back?

I guess someone really  
cares now.  
I now have a home.



Sun Magic

Karen Lyons

The sun is a magician,  
It makes everything seem  
lightstruck,

Everything is brighter  
than before.

Each of us shows the  
different colors  
of the sun,

Some tan darkly and  
evenly,  
As dark as cedarwood,  
Some redden like a  
cooked lobster,  
Others receive a splash  
of freckles,  
Across their noses.

## Eternal Internal Youth

Lovely Rose, so fine and delicate,  
You've ripened to the hue of a violet.  
You stood tall and proud in your prime,  
Capturing my attention as does a mime.

Your thorns pierced my soul's very skin  
'Til my admiration you did win.  
We grew upon each other's vines;  
Now entangled, they are our binds.

Long ago this tale took root,  
In the ground, as did our suit.  
Time crept by, so did our age -  
Our favorite book read page by page.

One by one your petals now fall,  
But deep inside beneath them all,  
Oh, Rose, your radiant sanguiness  
Still remains...as does our bliss.

Kristie Davis

## ORPHAN

Alone and forsaken, left in this world,  
With no one here to care.  
I, a derelict, here to stay,  
With burdens that I bear.

A crowd, they say, is the loneliest place,  
And I can honestly say, that's true.  
For here I am, alone in this world,  
Without any solitude.

Depression fills my utmost being,  
And through my tears I pray.  
Oh, Lord, I am your orphaned child,  
Please take all my sorrow away.

As my sorrow mounts upon me,  
Being an orphan every day,  
I talk to my Heavenly Father,  
To Him I have learned to pray.

So now, being old, I am able to see  
My Heavenly Father, He cares for me.

--Raquel St. Clair

## The War to End All

Have you heard the news 'round the land?  
First the death of Archduke Ferdinand  
Now a war to end them all  
Many young men will heed death's call.

From all walks of life they come  
To be an ally and fight the Hun  
The thought of war glorified that day  
Suffering is the price they'll pay.

Russians to the east, French to the west  
Neither front was ever at rest  
Death on land, sea and air  
U-boats, aces and trench warfare.

U.S. tips the balance of power  
Now they're caught in the bloody shower  
Young men die one by one  
At Chateau-Thierry, Somme and Verdun.

The Baron flying the sky  
While down below the troops do die  
To break the trench they must use fire  
The tents become our funeral pyre.

The guns stop, all is silent  
Calm is here to replace violent  
Treaty of Versailles a quest for peace  
We'll never forget the scar war leaves.

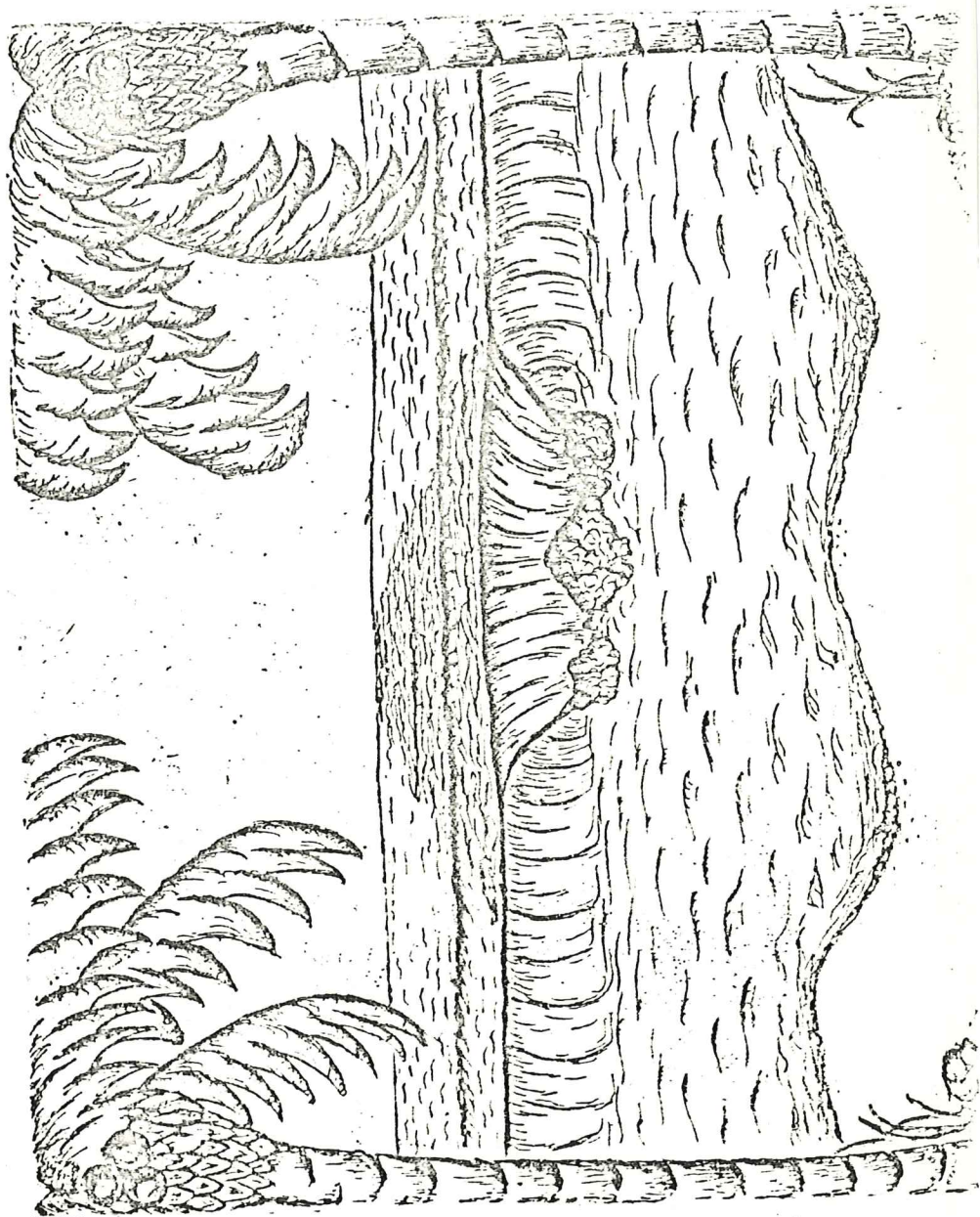
Alice Neary





Fig. 2

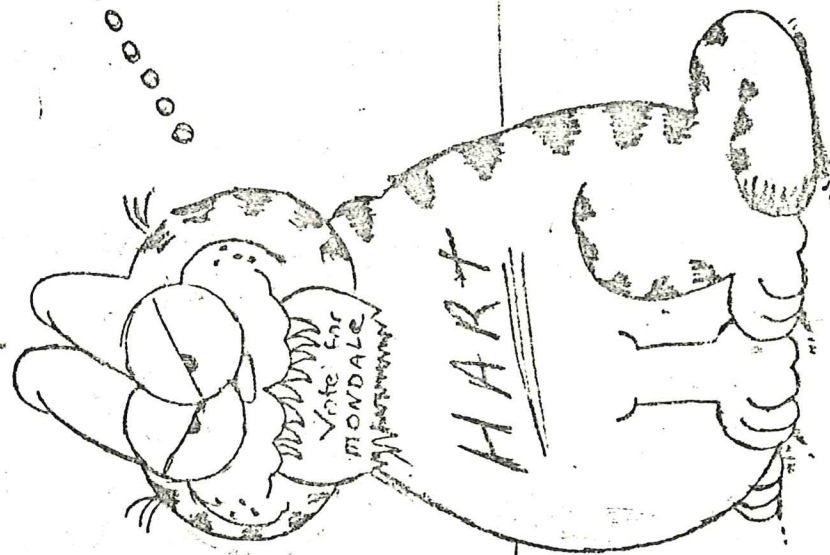






VOTE FOR...

Where's  
the  
Beef?



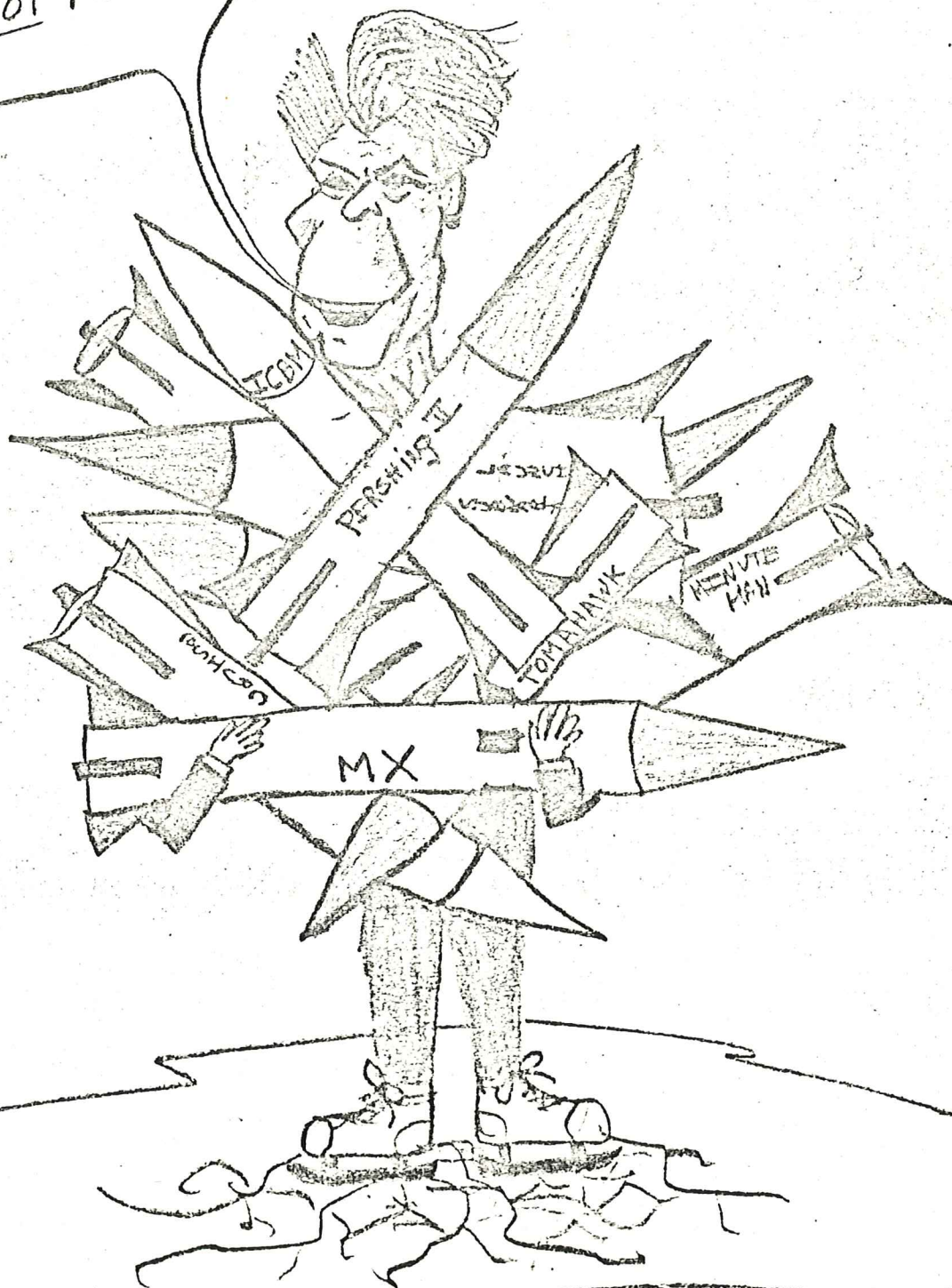
VOTE  
FOR  
MONDALE

VOTE  
FOR  
MONDALE

Vote for



We Need MORE  
Money For Defense.  
A real Lot More!



Johnny Lewis '84

"THE CLIPPER" is a publication for teachers and students to present their work to a public forum. It is open to any and all staff and student personnel associated with Manasquan. All work is subject to screening by the staff of "THE CLIPPER".

On the page we solicit input. Planning to come out with another edition in the spring, we may utilize some of your ideas. Please feel free to jot down suggestions, concepts, ideas, criticism, and so. Put this page, with your comments, in the mailbox of either Mr. Trimble or Ms. McLean.

Also, we would like to know what piece contained in this issue was the most enjoyable. This is purely a subjective assessment. Write down the title and artist who composed the item most enjoyed by you.

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