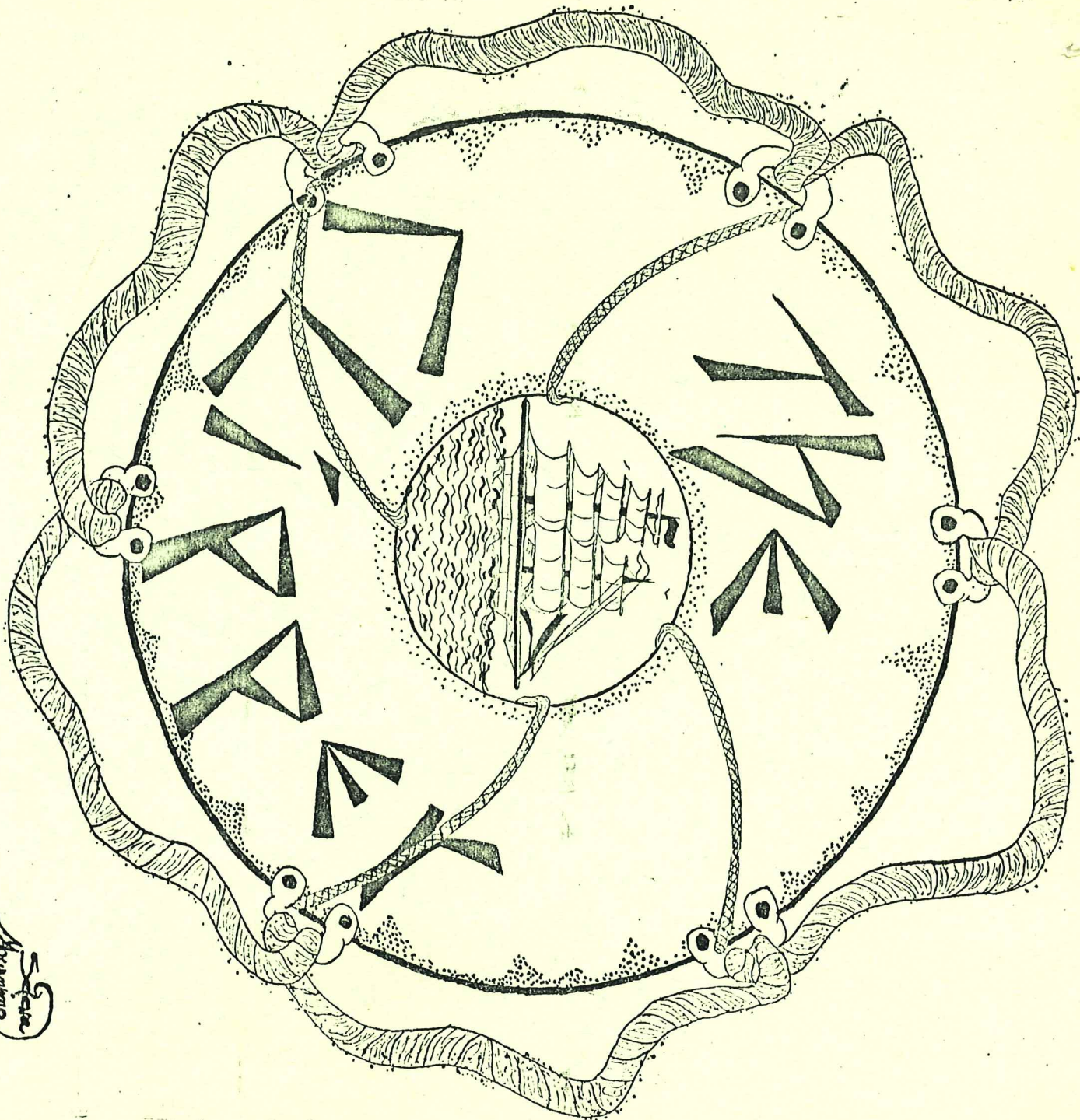


Massachusetts High School
Fine Arts Magazine

Seena
Apr 1942



MANASQUAN HIGH SCHOOL

"THE CLIPPER"

FINE ARTS MAGAZINE

Spring, 1985 Issue

BROAD STREET, MANASQUAN, NEW JERSEY 08736

(201) 223-3520

Contents

POETRY

"You" Kristie Davis
 "Indecision" Kristie Davis
 "That Day" Kristie Davis
 "You" Sara Murphy
 "The World Around Us" Dan Sheehan
 Music Dan Sheehan

submitted:

independent
 independent
 independent
 independent
 independent
 independent

ESSAYS

"Sands of Time" Amy Kropke
 "The Pink Girl" Nadine McCarthy
 "A Nurse's Story" Jennifer Ryan
 "The Life of a Slave" Jennifer Ryan

independent
 Ms. Imperatis
 Mr. Trimble
 Mr. Trimble

BALLADS

The Ballad of Bernhard Goetz Chris Bruther
 The Ballad of Baby Face Raquel St. Clair
 The Ballad of the Bitburg Visit Karen Harding

Ms. Stigliano
 Ms. Stigliano
 Ms. Stigliano

PEN & INK

Old House

Brian Hilla

independent

POLITICAL CARTOONS

Suzanne Loughran
 Doug McCann

Mr. Trimble
 Mr. Trimble
 Mr. Trimble

Jay Surdovel

ENGLISH III POETRY CONTEST WINNERS - 1985

First Place - Debbi Jewett
 Second Place- David Larson
 Third Place - Jennifer Davis

RESEARCH PAPER

The Abuti Pygmies, by Brett Beliveau

Mr. Trimble

YOU

Their eyes look at you
Through deceptive mirrors
That reflect only
A mere facade of
Your infinite dimensions.

So you wish you were
A pane of glass
(or better yet, crystal)
But you'd settle to be
A pool of tranquil water
Instead of a stained glass window
Or a raging river--
Or a mud puddle.

But you are
What you are:
Tainted, wild, or turbid.

So you pick up a stone,
Aiming to shatter their mirrors
Before they shatter
You.

Then your fingers loosen,
The stone falls,
And in absolute apathy
You walk away.

Kristie Davis

That Day

We walked far that day
The sun upon our heads
Crystals beneath our feet.

Everything mattered that day-
The oyster beds,
The breezy heat.

We tried hard not to cry-
Hid our tears,
Forced fake smiles.

We could ignore it no longer-
Spoke of our fears,
Walked for miles.

Each wave brought crashing memories that day-
So happily gathered,
Hardly forgotten.

The sky was a pattern that day-
Blue and white spattered,
With clouds of cotton.

We promised we'd write,
Drop a line
Or pick up the phone.

We said take care,
We'd be fine,
We're not alone.

We said I love you that day,
I'll never forget you-
You're my best friend.

We said good-bye that day
For now because we know
True friendship has no end.

Kristie Davis

INDECISION

Long parallel lines
Of indecision surround me
But cannot box me in.

They can grow longer
And longer like
Clay snakes
But they cannot box me in.

They obstruct my view to
The left and to the right.
But I can still see
Straight ahead
And behind.

They cannot bend;
They cannot loop;
They are constant lines
Of indecision trying to
Defeat me, but they cannot:
I must defeat them. And I can.

Kristie Davis

SANDS OF TIME

by Amy Kropke

As I walked out of my house the wind screeched across the lawn and sent a sharp tingle up my spine. The streets were empty; in the winter they were always empty. I was thinking of how things used to be.

I never realized how lucky we had been. This cozy square mile - I had always referred to it as a desolate, boring place to live - was such a comfort to come home to. The smell of the ocean closed in on me as I drew closer to the beach. The moisture was smothering my face and I was feeling especially happy. I couldn't wait to see everybody again.

It has been over a year since we all were together. Now, with the wedding, I will have the chance to see everybody. Married, that makes me feel so old! Of all people, I can't believe she is the first. I hope she will be happy with him.

The air was so clear and refreshing, it made me feel healthy. The water crashed on the jetty and sprayed up onto my boots. By the time I got to the end of the rocks, I was pretty wet, but I felt good.

I was physically drained, working nine to five, five days a week. Is it worth it? What else could I do? I don't think I want to get married. I wonder if she does. As far as I know they have only been seeing each other for about six or seven months. I don't even know this guy either. We should really get together more. We have really grown apart since high school.

The six of us had spent so much time together. We couldn't all go to the same college, I guess. I never thought we would have to part. It's easy to get used to things, everyday together. It was so easy then; we shared the same heartaches, pains, and dreams. Why did we lose touch?

It was so safe when we were together. We never worried about impressing people or what we looked like or even what we were doing; just because we were together, we were happy. I don't feel different, any smarter or any older. I feel the same and as I watch the ripples take the sand, that is the same too.

I am still me. When we are all together, it will be the same. We will sit and all talk at once about - everything! Then we will all just sit and not even have to talk, but know what everybody is saying. That is the way we are, so much a part of each other; we are together all the time even when we are alone. Yes, they'll still love me for myself, but even better, I laughed, they'll love me in spite of myself.

It was growing dark and I just barely made it back on shore before the ocean took the jetty. I stood for a minute to watch a few old gulls scrounging on the beach. The waves rolled on the shore, engulfing the sands, then returning. The waves, just like the years rolling in engulfing my youth, came one after another. Forever.

The Pink Girl

by Nadine McCarthy

I sat and watched a little girl in a school yard climb upon a jungle gym. Her chestnut brown hair was in tight braids and she wore a child's pink outfit. I call it child's pink because I think it's a color that anyone above the age of four looks foolish in. She climbed and bounced with a carefree attitude that only children possess. Her main worry was probably whether she was having peanut butter and jelly or ham and cheese for lunch. She probably wanted the peanut butter and jelly because kids never like what is good for them. I wondered why she was the only child in the yard. I worried about her and hoped that she would not fall. If she had, I decided I was going to help her.

I then stopped gazing out the window to write this essay. I thought her little pink being was something to note. Not because it was of major importance, just because I liked it.

As I finished writing I looked outside again. To my chagrin the little girl was gone. Now there were at least a hundred screaming children in the yard. This did not bother me; I only wished I could have studied her a while longer. I guess if I had, I would not have written this essay and probably would have forgotten the pink little girl as the day went on. But instead I wrote about her and will have her in my memory every time I read this paper.

A Nurse's Story: After the Battle of Antietam

The war has been going on for some time now. The sight of blood is a familiar one and death is ever present. It is so anguishing not to be able to help some of these men who have fought so vigorously and so gallantly for what they feel is right.

During the battle there was not enough room to accommodate the wounded; they had to be treated outside where the risk of infection is extremely high. My heart aches for these men who come into our medical unit, and I find it impossible to remain indifferent, to retain a shield that protects one from feeling the physical and emotional pain that these soldiers do. Not a day goes by that I don't curse this country, a country that once existed in a beautiful harmony that now seems a million years past. Is it so wrong to want peace—to want to be able to be able to lie in bed at night and not fear what daybreak will bring? How I long for a world free of war, a world free of crime disease, and death. I wish I could escape from this horrible nightmare, but that is impossible. My job forces me to accept the vivid reality of war and the cruel heartlessness of man.

Yesterday was one of the busiest since the commencement of the war. A seemingly young man was brought in with extensive open wounds. I say seemingly because the majority of his face had been blown away, exposing muscle, and in some places, bone. Because he wasn't found until quite a few hours after he was wounded, infection had spread to most of his mutilated body. The only things left intact were his right hand and right eye. He had virtually no chance of survival, and we tried to make him as comfortable as possible. Throughout the course of the day his health deteriorated, and we knew he wouldn't live through the night. When I checked on him at midnight, he gestured for paper and something to write with. I retrieved it for him, and he proceeded to write something. I noticed something peculiar, something familiar about the way he held the pen, with his thumb curled under his index finger. Just the strain of holding something took away what little strength he had. He completed a shaky "M", and put the pen down. I looked at him, and there was something searching, something desperate in his eye that I couldn't figure out. Leaning back on his pillow, he closed his one eye and his muscles contracted. I had seen this before and would see it again. This man was dying and all I could do was watch. Helplessness makes one wonder about the meaning of life.

When the gentleman passed away, I felt so mysteriously attached to him that I was compelled to know who he was. I searched for his clothing, and, when I found it, I read his name tag. What I read was not the name of just another strange patient coming into our unit; it was the name of my son...

By

Jennifer Ryan

The Life of a Slave

I awoke this morning to the sound of a whip against the side of our house—if you can call it that. All eleven slaves including myself live in this shack no bigger than a large bathroom. There are three beds for us to share, with mattresses only one inch thick. There are holes in the ceiling, and on stormy days the wind and rain beat unrelentlessly against the house, which offers no protection. There is a tiny stove in the corner on which rice, our usual meal, is cooked. From the moment I stepped out of bed this morning, I worked nonstop. I am basically in charge of picking the cotton and taking all the seeds out. It is a boring and tiring task, and I dread doing it. So, from sunrise until lunchtime I picked and seeded cotton. For lunch we got a piece of fruit and two slices of buttered bread if we were lucky. After lunch I witnessed a scene I have grown so accustomed to that it does not phase me anymore. One slave, enraged by the selling of his mother, spat on Master. The master shook and turned red with anger. He walked to his horse, got his whip, and ordered his two companions to tie the slave to a broad tree. The two men proceeded to do so, and with sharp, and stinging blows the slave was whipped on his bare chest until he reluctantly muttered an apology. From around noon until sundown I worked in the field under the blistering sunlight. Finally, Master rode up on his horse and dismissed us. We trudged wearily back to the shack and sat silently, eating dinner. How much can you talk about when all you do is eat, work, and sleep? As I sit here, look at that cruel hole in the ceiling, and listen to the unsuccessfully muffled sobs from my roommates, I realize that that hole resembles the hole that each one of us in this house has gauged in his soul--the hole that has drained us of love, liberty, and virtually life.

By

Jennifer Ryan

THE BALLAD OF BERNHARD GOETZ

December of nineteen hundred eighty-four
Behind a closed subway door.
With Christmas just around the bend.
Everyone needed money to spend.

Bernhard, mugged once before,
Was not afraid of the subway, anymore.
He was sick of crime in the city.
When you look at his case, you must feel pity.

He was so afraid, he bought a gun
Hoping a shooting deed would never be done.
The first couple times he was rejected
But he needed the gun to stay protected.

They must have taken him for a fool
They asked for five all calm and cool.
They were going to take all his money
But Bernhard didn't think their game was funny.

He pulled out his gun, in the nick of time
He shot them before they could take a dime.
Instead of telling the police he was mugged
He ran off like a convicted thug.

If you turn to a life of crime
You will wind up doing time.
In the end crime doern't pay
It will catch up to you, someday.

---Chris Bruther

THE BALLAD OF BABY FAE

On October fourteenth was born Baby Fae,
A medical miracle of today.
It was in a Kansas delivery room,
Baby Fae arrived and was sentenced to doom.

She had brown hair and bright blue eyes,
And was very determined to survive.
Even though her chances were small,
With a cripple heart, she fought through it all.

In all of this time, she rarely cried,
Although her problems multiplied.
Writing her off, doctors sent her home,
Where she would die amongst her own.

On October nineteenth they received a call.
A transplant specialist would help after all.
They decided to try something drastic,
A baboon's heart would be transplanted.

On October twenty-sixth, a miracle was done,
By Leonard Bailey, a cardiac surgeon.
In spite of all the help they gave,
Baby Fae died after twenty-one days.

Remember that when you think your efforts will fail,
Make faith your boat, and hope your sail.
Try your best, help all you can,
It will all be worth it in the end.

--Raquel St. Clair

THE BALLAD OF THE BITBURG VISIT

Cemetery visitors wipe their tear-filled eyes
Even though they know of the many cries.
Heard by the soldiers about forty years ago
Signifying pain from the Jews who suffered so.

Just so that Hitler would reach his peak in power
He made the Jews bear torment hour after hour.
Now the dreary scene is set, and Reagan goes away
To pay the Germans one last respect on the fifth of May.

Reagan feels the German soldiers suffered as well,
That they too were prisoners in a nightmarish hell.
They were just like thread-wound tightly around a spool.
Man, unable to escape Hitler's fascist rule.

So our President goes to Bitburg and the ceremony begins,
Despite the many protests and the Germans' past sins.
His solemn look makes us wonder how he feels inside.
Is he glad he made the trip--is he satisfied?

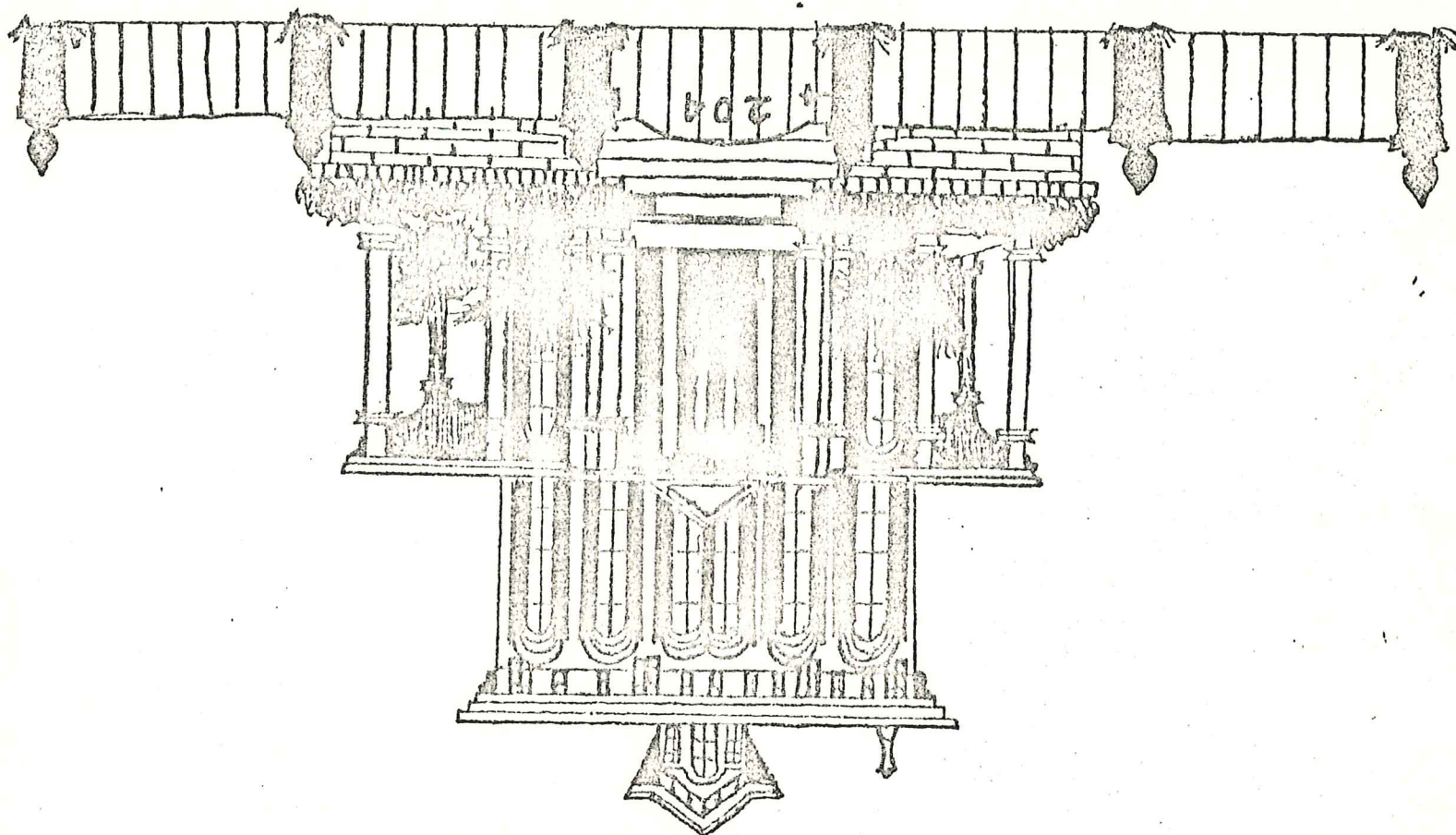
It all began in April, when Reagan was told to visit
By the deputy press secretary, who said he musn't miss it.
It would have been an insult if Reagan didn't show
But many are against it, saying Germany was our foe.

People continue to argue, fight, and disagree.
Reagan goes to Bitburg to join the ceremony.
He mourned for a brief nine minutes, turned around to leave.
He was never sorry he went, this we must believe.

We can't admire the soldiers for killing during the War.
Those who can forgive them--instead we should adore.
Staying angry is easier, but the truth we must now face.
We are all one people forming the human race.

We all learned a lesson; one we must not forget.
Let your conscience guide you; this you won't regret.
Don't listen to all the others with false hopes and plans
Just do what you believe is right; it's in the good Lord's hands.

--Karen Harding



/ Moving?



1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000



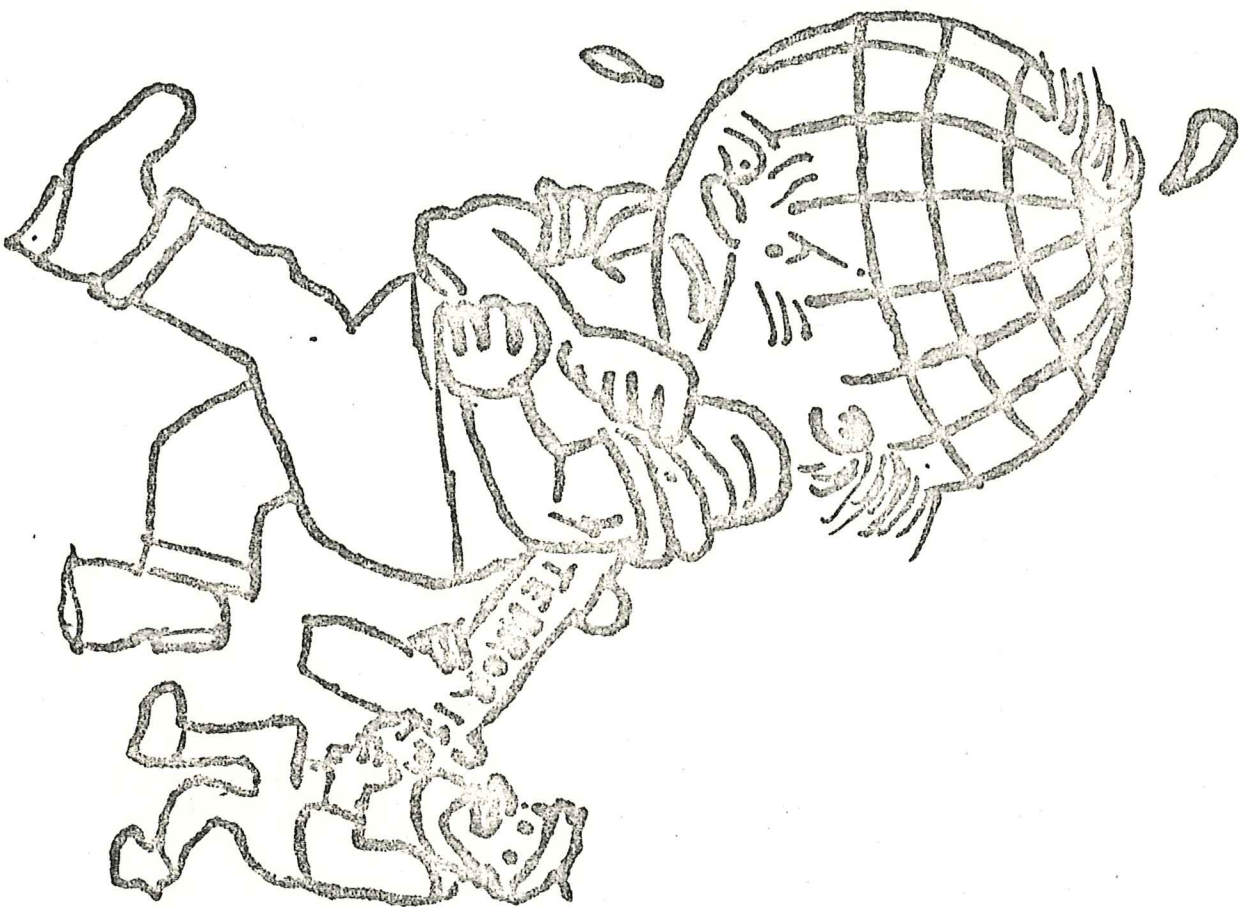
1000

| S. LOCURAN

1/10

S. LOCURAN

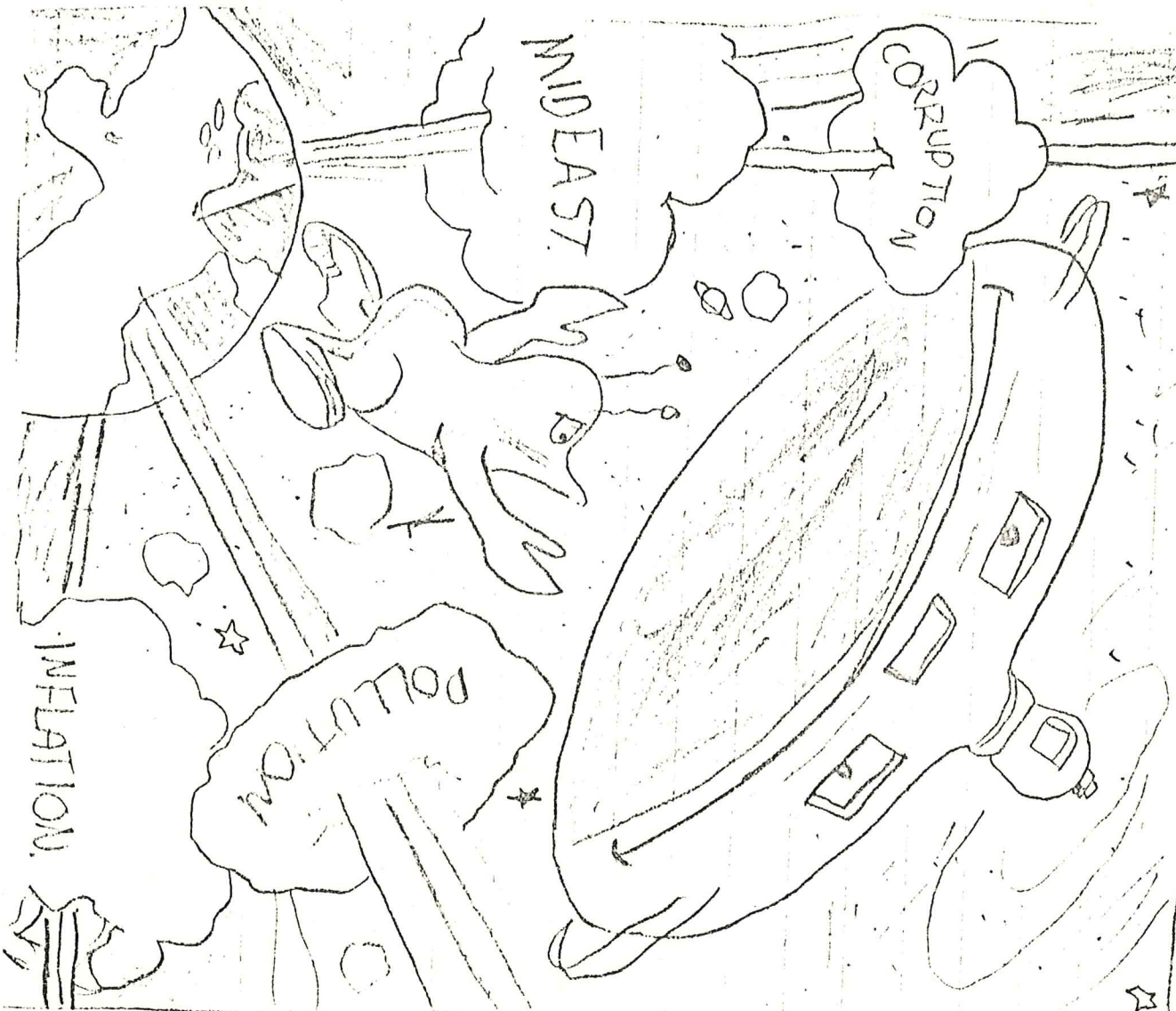
WHAT is This World coming to?



Doug McCamy

JAY SWEDELL

For Earth's Sake, Don't Leave Me!!



the windshield wipers
beat a steady rhythm,
pushing back
the faded memories
from her mind.
tattered pieces of life
cast off onto the road,
like pages of
a discarded newspaper.
projectiles of thought
bounce about,
then shatter on the floor
in a million
irreparable
pieces.

-debbi jewett-

ON DEATH AND DYING

It is said the good die young,

But they've left so much undone.

Cyanide to suicide. Fears to tears.

Hollowed souls that cry out for years;

"Why did he do it? What will we do?"

"Mom, don't cry, I'm counting on you."

Warped minds of solemn kinds

Wondering of his eternal finds.

The piper called from a distant hall

A promise of peace for all,

And laughter without tears.

A place where one has no fears.

Floating isles full of smiles.

"Someone help me through these miles!"

Crys a pitiful moan from flesh and bone,

"OH PLEASE, GOD, PLEASE. I WANT TO GO HOME!"

-David Larsen-

THE LESSON OF LOVE

Intricate threading webbed around
Emphasizes pain in my heart.

Love, like a clockwork ticks away
Till no more it appears to start.

Innocence, sincerity, shown with ease,
Our youth, once lost, rides on.
No more will we endure the strife
Of thoughts of days long gone.

Glass crystals shining in the sun
Reflect to me new thoughts
Of you, given up too easily;
My soul has yet to be taught.

Please teach me though to hold on tight,
Be strong and yet so willing.
And soon I will return to you
My heart, not for the killing.

-Jennifer Davis-

PYGMIES: Mbuti

BRETT BELIVEAU
ANTHROPOLOGY
MR. PRIMBLE
JANUARY 7, 1985

It is dark at high noon except for the few rays of sunlight penetrating the thick canopy of leaves overhead. The temperature never falls below 70 degrees and often exceeds 90 degrees. The humidity is 95 % and the average amount of rainfall is between 70-80 inches every year. These are the conditions in the Ituri rain forest, in Africa; habitat of Africa's pygmies, the Mbuti or Bambutu. The Mbuti are the largest group of pygmies in the world, numbering about 35 thousand in the 1960's.¹

The four groups of pygmies are; the Mbuti, the Twides, the Aka, and the Efe. The Twa and Tswa are two African tribes that intermarried with the pygmies.² The Mbuti are nomadic hunter-gatherers who travel in little groups or bands. The

¹ Turnbull, Colin, Wayward Servants, Pg.16

² Ibid., Pg. 19.

Efe pygmies are strictly bow and arrow hunters while the other bands hunt with spears and nets.³

Because the pygmies hunt in the thickest parts of the forest, they must be very quick and agile. They have a short, stocky build with the average height of a full grown male falling between four and four and a half feet. This makes it easy to run through the forest, especially because they have short, extremely powerful legs. They have Oriental-like eyes set far apart, broad noses, and a light brown skin color.⁴

The Mbuti bands consist of 10 - 25 individual patrilineal families. They abandon camp, find a new sight and build a new camp about once a month. There are no chiefs or formal councils, but most respect is shown toward the elders. When there is a dispute, they settle it by a public discussion.

Their homes are igloo shaped huts made from young trees covered by waterproof mats of leaves.⁵ It is a constant struggle to keep the jungle from encroaching upon their settlements.

The Mbuti people look at the forest as a benevolent spirit. They believe that it is living and sometimes they even call it 'Mother' or 'Father'. These pygmies are constantly singing. When they are happy they think their singing makes the forest happy. When things are bad, they

³ Ibid., Pg. 20

⁴ Turnbull, Colin, The Peoples of Africa, Pg. 23

⁵ Ibid., Pg. 29

sing to wake the forest up. They also enjoy story telling as a past time.⁶

Because the Mbuti think the forest is living, they also believe in special spirits that live in the forest. For instance, PEPO is the force which animates all living things in the jungle. They believe that without PEPO, they would all be vegetable-like growths. There is also a spirit called KETI, which is an invisible spirit that roams the forest. If a Mbuti hunter is chasing an animal through the forest and it suddenly disappears, they say that the KETI got him. KETI is animated by PEPO and the Mbuti don't really look at it as being malevolent but as a neutral spittit. They believe that when you dream, you are actually slipping from this world to the KETI world.⁷

Then there is BORU, which has the invisibility of KETI and is respect for the human and animal body of flesh and blood. If a body is mutilated at death, this destroys BORU.⁸

The spirit of each individual, their personality, is called FOHO. ROHO determines the way in which each Mbuti pygmy acts. If a pygmy has done something wrong, he can use ROHO as a justification of his actions.⁹

6 Ibid., Pg. 48

7. Bleeker, Sonia, The Pygmies, Pg. 38

8. Ibid., Pg. 40

9 Ibid., Pg. 41

The only spirit believed to be evil is the malevolent SATANI. This spirit is an invention of the village people. SATANI are dangerous and evil spirits in the forest and belief in them keeps most village people from going into the forest because something bad will happen to them. To most of the Mbuti, SATANI is just an old folklore. The one spirit every Mbuti band believes in is the forest. The forest is the pygmies godhead and controller of everything. They believe no matter what, the forest will take care of them. They are reassured of this every year at the time when honey is produced. It is at this time when the forest is abundant with fruit, vegetables, mushrooms and honey, the Mbuti chief sugar source. In fact, the food in the forest is so plentiful at this time that the pygmies can give up hunting for a while.¹⁰

Unlike our system of kinship, the Mbuti do not concern themselves with family relationships. Their informal system divides the family into generations rather than kin.¹¹ The following are the titles the Mbuti use for address or reference;¹² Tata (Grandparent), Epa (Father), Ema (Mother), Apaui or Moto (Sibling), and Miki (Child).

¹⁰ Ibid., Pg. 44

¹¹ Perl, Lila, Africa and Its People, Pg. 57

¹² Ibid., Pg. 59

This system that separates the band into age groups lets children call anyone in the next higher generation Epa or Ema. This way of life emphasizes band unity rather than stressing individual families.

Another aspect of the Mbuti used to determine the band is the territory it inhabits. Territories are usually marked by rivers, hills, or other types of natural boundaries. They are used to separate one band from another. Trespassing is seldom ever seen except for visiting relatives. But the Mbuti consider the villagers trespassing as soon as they enter the forest.¹³

In the band, the nuclear family owns no territory but every family in the band shares the territory. The territory which each band occupies is always ample for its needs. Although everyone shares, individuals may claim a tree for its honey or bark. This does not mean he owns the tree but it means he gets first choice of the honey and bark, which they use for clothes.¹⁴

When the Mbuti need something they cannot find in the forest, they go to the village. Each Mbuti band is associated with a Bantu village. The Mbuti do odd jobs and work a couple of days and in return they get food and things like beer, tobacco, soap, and salt. They also bring meat and rare nuts to trade with the Bantu. This relationship helps the economy and existence of both tribes.¹⁵

¹³ Ibid., Pg. 60

¹⁴ Ibid., Pg. 61

¹⁵ Ibid., Pg. 64

This friendship is also evident in a microcosm between two boys, they call Karé. This involves a Mbuti boy and a village boy becoming partners. They will trade with each other and no one else. This partnership keeps both economies stabilized.¹⁶ The partners' blood has to mingle in a ceremony known as Nkumbi.

NKUMBI is one of the rites of passage. It recognizes a boy maturing into a man. This ritual usually takes place between the boys' ninth and eleventh birthdays and involves the circumcising of the partners. If they don't take part in Nkumbi, it is believed that they will not see their ancestors after death.¹⁷

The female ritual for recognizing when a girl becomes a woman is called Elima. This is performed when the girl has her first menstrual period. This is a time for great public rejoicing because it means she is ready for motherhood and should start contemplating marriage. The Mbuti perform these ceremonies by themselves in the forest, but once in a while the villagers participate. Mostly, the villagers think this is unclean and a disaster for the girl. Some tribes of Mbuti think the girl is bleeding because she has had intercourse. Then they ask her which boy had relations with her and she selects a boy she likes. If the boy denies it, she

¹⁶ Ibid., Pg. 65

¹⁷ Ibid., Pg. 63