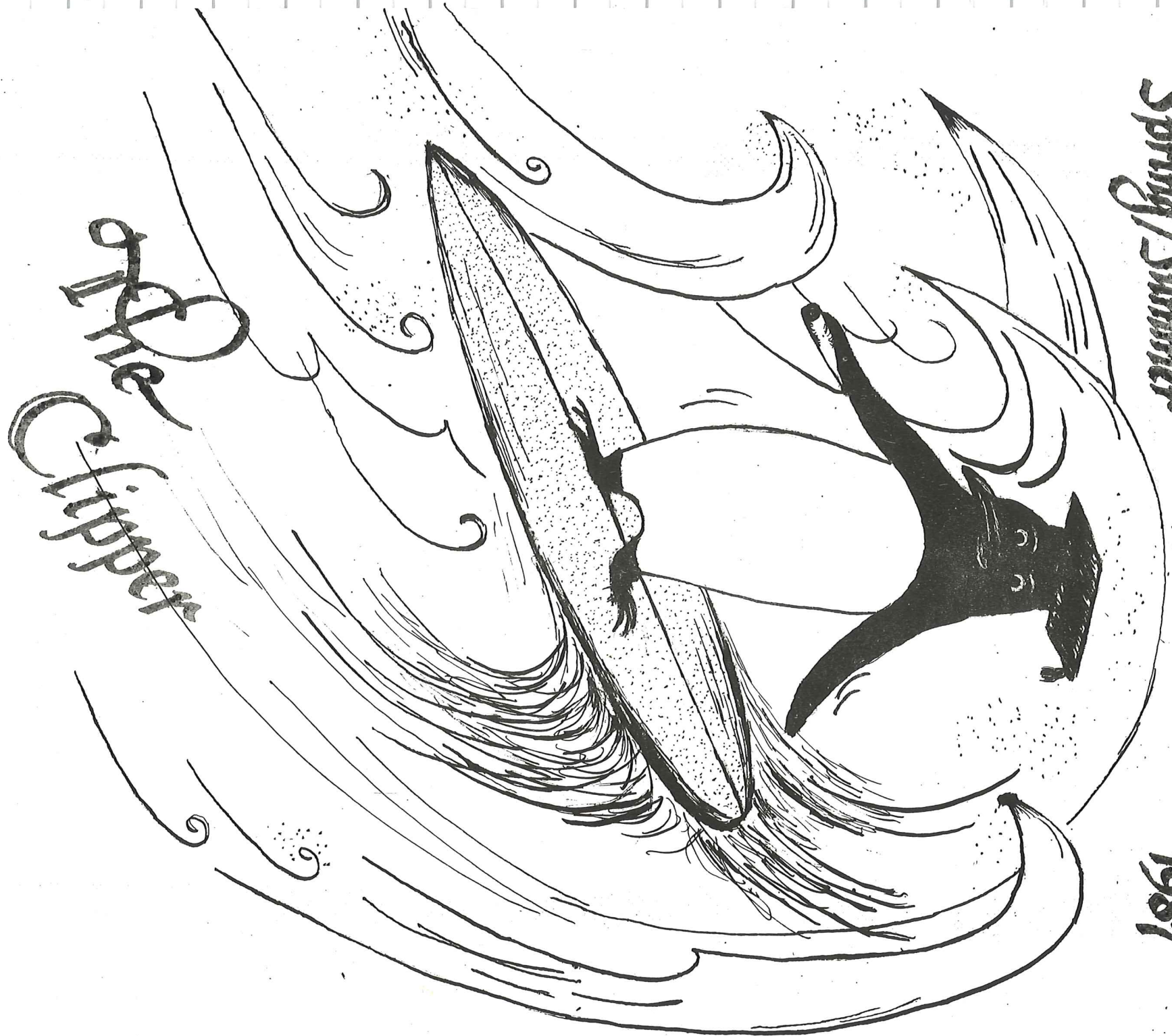


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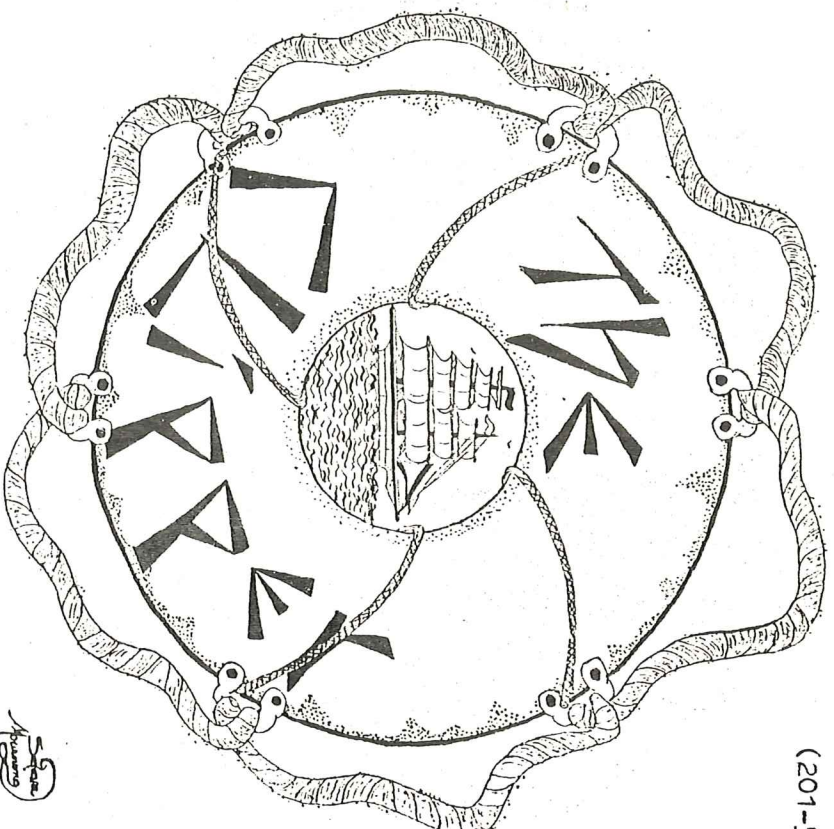
1987



MANASQUAN HIGH SCHOOL

Broad Street, Manasquan, New Jersey 08736

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"THE CLIPPERS"

MANASQUAN HIGH SCHOOL FINE ARTS
MAGAZINE

Spring, 1987
Issue

"Give me the children, both boys and girls, and I'll
teach them only two subjects from six to twenty-one.
I'll teach them gymnastics for the symmetry of the
body and the arts for the symmetry of the mind."

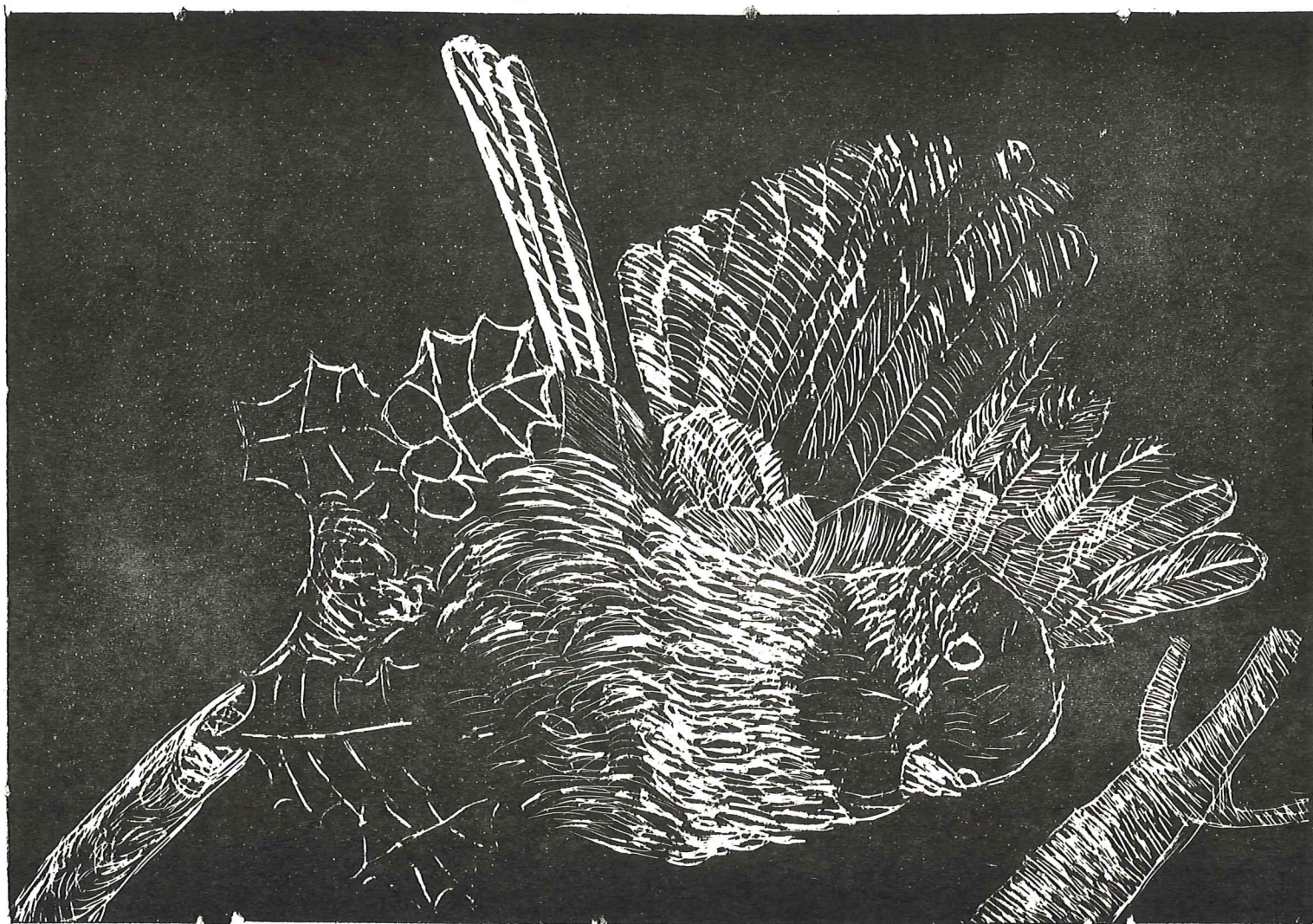
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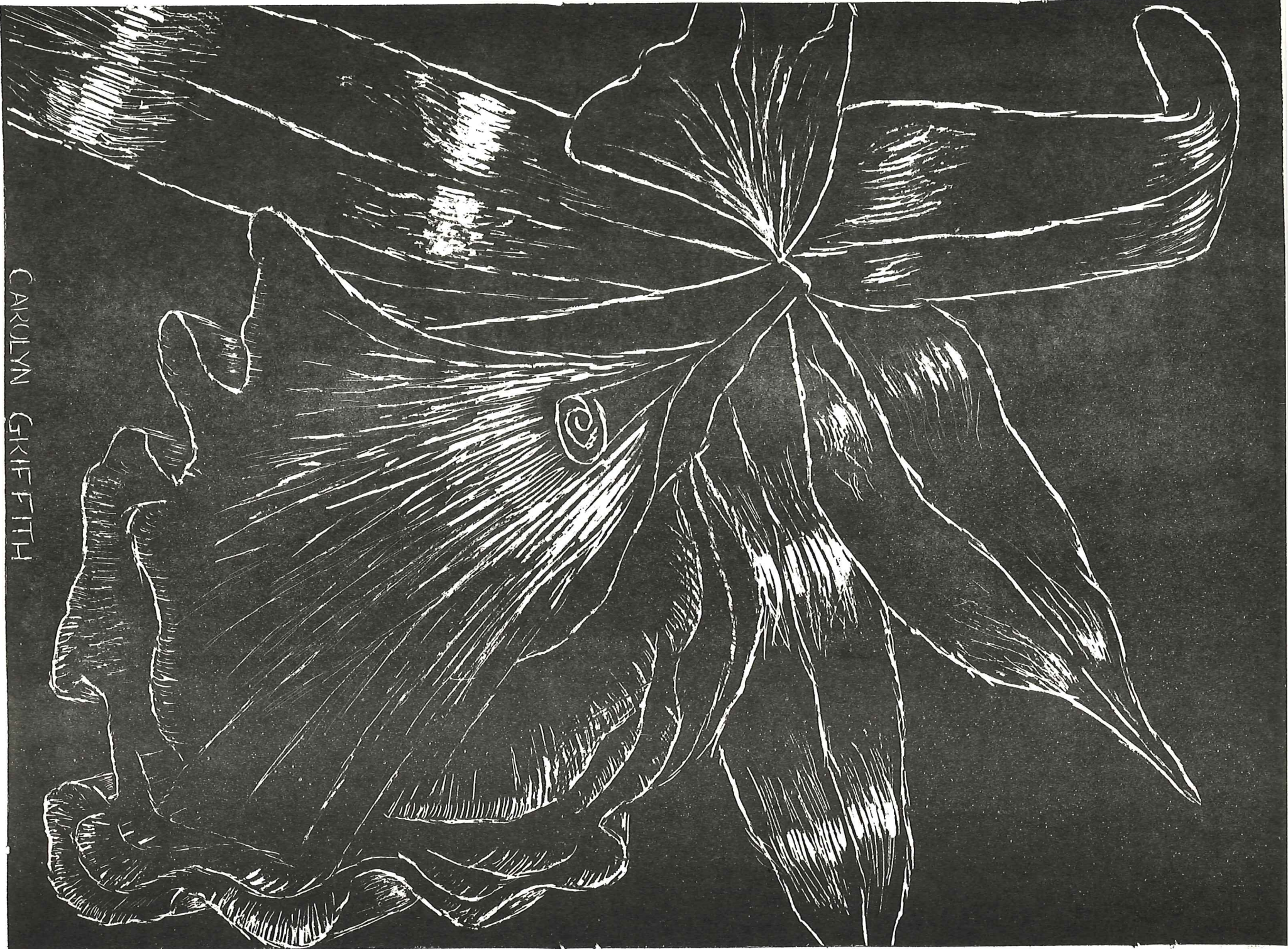
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Editor-in-Chief:
Rochelle Butkowski

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Mr. Richard Trimble





CAROLYN GRIFFITH

My Sleep

Oblique shadows racing with the wind
Electric angles moving against the moonlit patterns on the shade...

Now I lay me down to sleep.....

I am launched into a world of surreal fantasy-
A never-ending spiral of uncertain emotion

I pray the Lord my soul to keep.....

Reckless fear sears through my unconsciousness
Like a violent flash of lightening

Guide me safely through the night.....

Bittersweet slumber ravaged by technicolor images
Haunting echoes of silent screams

Wake me with the morning light.....

The intensity of unleashed imagination is too much to bear

If I should die before I wake.....

The edge of destruction approaches...

I pray the Lord my soul to take,.....

Time stop.

Awakenrelaxbreathedeeperremember-

There has never been a nightmare that wasn't followed by a dream.

Jennifer Ryan

Quiet Please

Without words
the mind
is trapped

So it must
find another
escape.

There are many
different ways
to express yourself,

But could you
live without ever
speaking again?

Phil Radel

Poem

A poem is used
to express

A feeling or an emotion
or anything.

I have never read a badly
written poem except

this one.

Poems are filled with
different things to interpret
such as metaphors, language and imagery.
I hate reading poetry because it is so
hard to understand..

But this one isn't...

-Or is it?

Anne Keane

LOST

Our lives are happy.
Carefree, joyful youth-no obstacles before us.
We laugh together, then I turn around
And you are gone.

What did I do?
How did I lose you?

Certain of our immediate reunion,
I play the game of hide-and-seek, and go to find you.
My pace quickens as the search grows longer.
I realize that my pursuit has led me in a full circle.
I am no closer to finding you than at our moment of
separation.

What did I do?
How did I lose you?

The moon passes swiftly through the clouds,
As fleeting shadows raise false hopes in my heart.
The eyes of the world glare accusingly at me,
And the knot in my stomach causes my hands to tremble.
I call out your name in the night air,
But no response emerges from the darkness.

What did I do?
How did I lose you?

I grope at the empty, enveloping sky,
Feeling humbled, helpless, but mostly frightened.

...Time passes and I learn of your safe return home.
You do not see me there
Because I am foolishly bound to my distant search.
It then becomes clear to me
That it is I, not you, who has been lost.

We meet, and angry accusations, "Why's," "What-if's,"
and "How-could -you's,"
Are replaced by tears of relief and joy.
Friendship so deeply felt
After experiencing the solemn void of its absence.

THE SOLSTICE

It shakes me like a storm then leaves me behind.
Those who knew of me then are not so unkind,
Don't we all walk alone in the deep, dark forest.
Still everyone tells me these times are the best.

The metamorphosis of my mind is in its chrysalis.
I take my life cum grana salis.
Where do we go to fill with light?
Acceptance and refusal is not always right.
My dungeon shook, the deed is done.
I will always seek what is already gone.

Kathleen Finnegan

Isolation

After the rain
The tide rolls in,
Softly, Calm,
Constant.
Peacefulness surrounds.
Then it repeats over and
Over again.

Christy Brennan

Pretend

I felt that I'd love him the first time I heard him sing,
But if only I had known the sorrow he'd bring.
We were together for so long, always sharing our lives,
When something made him change-I found out that he had lied.
I thought he really cared, somehow I thought he needed me,
I told him everything-and trusted him completely.
We'd been so very close, and he'd sworn that we were friends,
Then suddenly he left me... it had all been pretend.

Patti Wahlgren

The Twisted Fate of Oliver Twist

In the latter portion of century nineteen
Many poor children could often be seen,
At a large workhouse in London's countryside,
Living under a crooked beadle's chide.

Oliver was born in a low social class
In which his early years did pass.
He was then absorbed into a life of strife,
But was finally adopted into a gentleman's life.

Fagin the Jew, a scoundrel with red hair,
Sat at the top of a crime ring's head chair.
Successful at first, though wily and spiteful,
Later to the gallows he went - so undelightful.

Brownlow and Maylie, good people of affluence,
Who - on Oliver's life - had a great influence.
To Oliver they were kind to a great extent,
Their relation toward Oliver showed their helpful intent.

Life began in a workhouse where Oliver was born.
His mother soon died with no one to mourn.
The parish, where Oliver was raised and grown,
Soon apprenticed him out to a life on his own.

To the city of London did Oliver go,
To better his life from the one he did know.
He fell into crime after being taken in
By the infamous man, whom they called Fagin.

Charged for a crime, after being caught, then reviled,
Brownlow felt sorry for the poor, sick child.
Kind Brownlow took Oliver to his home to heal,
Soon he got well after his first "real" meal.

Sent to London by Brownlow on a personal errand,
He was kidnapped by Sikes, another brigand.
Sikes attempted a robbery with Oliver to spot
And during their escape, Oliver was shot.

Wounded, he was left in a dry river bed,
Then he finally crawled to Maylie's home, almost dead.
There, the Maylies aided his injury,
Helping him to a speedy recovery.

Not so fortunate were his teachers of crime,
Both Sikes and Fagin were running out of time.
Sikes hanged himself while attempting escape
And a trial and the gallows sealed Fagin's fate.

"When you get someone to carry out your scheme,
In turn you reward him with his dream."
Fagin used this human weakness line
And attempted to sway Oliver to a life of crime.

PENN STATION MEMORY

High school students are never completely pleased with their lives. They always know other people who are better off than they are. Many times I have heard students complain about how awful their lives are and how depressed and upset they feel. This is exactly the way I felt when my friends and I took the train into New York City one rainy day last August.

Another summer was coming to an end. School would soon start, and more pressure would be on us to decide our futures. The passing of time always depresses us, and we were all whining about how our boyfriends upset us, our lack of money, and our indecision about colleges for the following year. Even though we were all entering our senior year, all we could see was the dark side of life and how we would be separating in less than a year.

Finally, the train arrived at Penn Station. Before becoming even more depressed by the beautiful, unaffordable clothes and jewelry on Fifth Avenue, we went to the Station bathroom to freshen up. Upon entering the restroom area, we were accosted by a large group of very different people.

These people were of all ages, some lying on the cold floor, some sitting on mattresses, and other huddled next to each other, propped up against the wall. As we entered, they just stared at us. We tried not to look at them; nevertheless, we found ourselves glancing about and wondering about their plight.

As we were leaving, those who were able to, stood up, while the others yelled from their beds asking for money. When we ignored them, they shouted curses at us, saying that we were rich snobs who should go back to where we came from. They frightened us, and we rushed out of the bathroom area.

When I look back on this incident, I realize how immature I had been to feel sorry for myself and to think that my life was horrible without taking the time to compare my own situation with that of others. Those people lived in the restrooms of Penn Station and begged for a living! Their situation jolted me into reality and made me realize how lucky I really am to be who I am.

When I remember how I used to consider myself unfortunate, I cannot believe that I could possibly have wanted so much for myself while ignoring those in situations worse than my own. Now, I think twice before I complain about what I lack. The expressions on the faces of those Penn Station beggars will remain in my mind forever.

Sally Heyniger

PART OF ME

I can't tell you how I feel in meter or rhyme.
I can't even tell you in any certain words.
You make me feel like all tomorrows are bright
And that our yesterdays are insignificant.
My life is essentially laughter because of you.
You make all pain go away and fill life with joy.
I rise every day thinking of you.
You are all I dream of at night.
I can't explain this feeling inside.
I just can't do it; oh how I've tried!
You are my todays, tomorrows and who knows
Maybe someday you will be Part of Me!

Lisa Ball

THE PEDANT'S FAREWELL

O! Fear'st I forthcoming day!
We shall part and say good-bye,
Souls once allied, familiar for years.

Sweet Sorrow sets in as we plan our way
To somber pleasure when the mind answers why
Our lives result in cloudy fears.

All gather rosebuds while ye may;
By and by none is spared a sigh-
No widow's dismay, no orphan's tear.

We will converge, we twain, some day.
This bond that no one could buy
Is our gem serene as the parting nears.

Good Luck! Let's seize that coming day!
O, Brave New World, we're bound your way!

Lisa Ball
Rochelle Butkowsky

Gentle Reader, can you spot allusions to

Shakespeare (2)

Swift
Keats
Hardy
Herrick
Hopkins
Wordsworth
Gray
Huxley
Bellow, et al
Dryden

A TWIN'S LAMENT

My sister and I are like day and night,
We try to get along but we always seem to fight.
We end up starting to yell at each other,
Then we get in trouble with my father and my mother.

I always blame her, and she always blames me,
But we both have to pay the punishment fee.
Almost everything we own, we have to share,
It always seems to me that it isn't quite fair.

We share a room and we share a phone,
When can I get a room of my own?
People ask us both to compare ourselves,
If they want it done, they can do it themselves.

The thing that usually gets me really fed up
Is people thinking I'm mad because they get us mixed up.
They think that it's a crime, so they start to take a fit,
But what they don't understand is that I'm used to it.

They ask many questions that don't make sense,
I give stupid answers as an act of defense.
Why can't they see that we're not the same,
The only thing not different is our last name.

People always say that they wish they were one,
But the truth of the matter is it isn't really fun.
I understand why people do what they do,
But wouldn't you get tired of it happening to you?

Michele Landfried

A STUDENT'S LAMENT

My eyes are so tired as I stumble to the door.
My book bag is so heavy, I drop to the floor.
Weak and tired, without any power
I tread off to school in the early morning hour.

Now at school, it is the point of no return,
Trapped for eight periods, eight periods to learn
Of math and science and other subjects I dread,
All of the subjects drilled into my head.

All through the halls I'm battered and rammed,
And when I get to my locker I find it is jammed.
It opens when I tug with all of my might.
I then dash to my class at the speed of light.

The heat in the class is too much to bear.
My sweat never stops and soaks all that I wear.
I wish it was cooler; I can't concentrate.
I'm going to pass out; I'm going to faint.

I'm chained to this desk in a place I don't want to be!
I want to go home, I want to be free.
This class is so boring. Why won't it end?
I just watch the clock and play with my pen.

Homework isn't fair, it isn't right.
It keeps me up late long into the night.
Taking schoolwork home is definitely wrong.
In school is where my homework belongs.

Enough of the quizzes; enough of the tests!
I've given my all, I've given my best.
Just a couple more weeks and I'm out of here,
So I'll say adiós and see you next year!

Steven Brown

THE BLACK DEATH

Susan E. Donahue
A.P. European History
Mr. Trimble
January 19, 1987

of Europe was diminished to a size which proved more manageable. As the Black Death approached, the European was overwhelmed by a sense of inevitable doom.

The Black Death was a combination of bubonic, pneumonic, and septicemic plagues. It raged through and destroyed the Western world from 1347 to 1351, killing 25% to 50% of the population. During its course it caused economic, social and cultural changes.

The Black Death only started a decline in Europe's population. Chronic depopulation characterized the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. However, the Black Death was the most dramatic form of depopulation. F.A. Gasquet said that the Black Death marked the end of the Middle Ages.⁴

The Black Death is believed to be a result of the spread of the plague bacillus, *Yersinia pestis*. It was carried by fleas on mice from the Gobi Desert, east into China, south into India, and west across central Asia to the Middle East and the Mediterranean Basin.

There are several theories that try to explain the Black Death. But it has traditionally been credited to the Genoese settlements at Caffa.

De Mussis stated that the plague settled in the Tartar lands of Asia Minor in 1346. Thinking that a minority group must be responsible for this disaster the Tartars attacked the Christian merchants in the vicinity. The Christians were chased to Caffa, a walled city on the Crimean coast. The Tartars, who

fled to get away from it. Unfortunately with them traveled infected rodents and the plague.

By 1349, the entire Islamic world had been engulfed by the Death. About a third of the population of those living in the towns had died.

The Black Death entered western Europe from the Mediterranean island of Sicily. The Genoese reached port in Sicily in October 1347. They were forbidden to stay but they docked long enough to spread the plague. By December 1347, the Death had spread to southern Italy and much of southern Europe, because Italy was the commercial center of the Mediterranean Basin.

Giovanni Villani claimed that the Black Death reached Florence in late 1347 killing about 4,000 people, ranging from 45% to an outrageous 75% of Florence's total population.

As the plague hit France: Languedoc, one of the wealthiest provinces lost close to 50% of their population. In the market district of Albi. In Avignon as in Marseille it is believed that there was a presence of pneumonic plague, which is contacted from other humans, not fleas on rats. In one six-week period 11,000 people were buried in a single graveyard, at least 1 out of every 3 cardinals died, and total mortality probably exceeded 50%.⁷

Iberia suffered the misfortune of relieving the Black Death from disparate sources.⁸ First, across the Straits of Gibraltar from North Africa. Second, from the north across the Pyrennes and third merchant ships from Italy brought it to the major ports on the west coast. By 1350 the Black Death had run its course

God. To the people of the fourteenth century they were witnessing another form of the Great Flood which Noah survived. They believed God was punishing them for something that they did or didn't do. Because of this belief the Church of Europe was effected greatly both during and after the plague.

The people felt that all the Church had done was wait until it was too late and then point to them and tell them how wicked they had been. The villagers, however observed that the parish priest was just as likely to die of the plague as they were. God's wrath seemed just as hot against Church as against people. The people felt that the priest was not performing his duties. However, if the parish priests had chosen to devote his superior wealth and privileges conferred by his status solely to preserving his own person, than he would have stood a better chance of survival than his parishioners. The fact that he suffered more proves that he did indeed perform his duties. During the plague years those who took care of themselves lived on while those who exposed themselves died. So it can be assumed that the best of the clergy died while the worst survived.

Because the Church had been reduced by so much during and after the Black Death the usual rules governing the ordination of priests were abandoned. The Bishop of Norwich obtained a dispensation to allow sixty clerks aged twenty one or less to hold rectories on the grounds stating that they would be better than nothing.¹²

However some good did come to the clergy because of the plague. Before 1348 it was found that 73.8% of the parishes were served by 'non-priests' unable to celebrate Mass, marry their parishioners

in many countries by the resentment of the Church's wealth and the questioning of its philosophies and its organization. In Italy it was the great period of the Fraticelle who believed that poverty was of the essence of Christ and that a rich church must be a bad one. The second half of the fourteenth century was also a time of spiritual unrest, questioning of values and conducts of the Church and also marked disrespect for established idols and a seeking for strange gods.

The Black Death not only effected the church and the population it also had a psychological effect on man. After the plague the crime rate soared, blasphemy and sacrilege was a commonplace and the pursuit of money took control of the people's lives.

The Black Death was followed by an immediate decline in public morality. There were more cases of maltreatment of orphans, more people carried arms, the strict rules governing female dress were relaxed and there was an increase in the number of prosecutions and convictions of every kind of crime.¹⁶

The plague also created great tension between the rich and the poor. In the country the landowner was generally impoverished while the peasant improved. In the cities the situation was very different. Here the laws of inheritance ensured that those who survived among the rich stayed rich while the poor stayed poor. In the country side the gap between the rich and the poor narrowed, in the city it widened. The Black Death left mistrust between classes.

Taking a look at the number of deaths in England because of the Black Death it is quite obvious that one-third of a country's population cannot be eliminated without having an effect on the

the evidence shows that it probably ~~was not that~~ sharp of an increase.¹⁸ But it is clear that wages rose rapidly enough to put a heavy burden on any landlord who depended largely on paid labor.

Prices of agricultural products fell steeply during and immediately after the Black Death. This, of course, was due to the lack of demand. The proof that labor was on the move is provided by the existence of the Ordinance of Labourers of 1349 and the following Statute of Labourers in 1351 which were direct attempts by the government to prevent workmen from transferring their loyal ties from one employer to another. However, for a long time it was accepted doctrine that the two were dead letters from the start. They were both ignored by the laborers and treated with indifference by the employers.

The Black Death introduced a situation in which land was plentiful and labor scarce because the landlords could not afford to hire many laborers. The landowners were also unable to get a good price for his products or to buy what he needed for the farm. The odds were definitely against the landowners.

It can be assumed that the Black Death was primarily responsible for the exceptional trend of wages and prices between 1340 and 1360.¹⁹ It is also clear that it did the landlord little good and much harm. Even if he was able to maintain agricultural levels enjoyed in the early thirteenth century he could expect to receive little more and maybe even less for his produce while having to pay quite a bit more for both his labor and his imported goods.

The one question that always follows after discussing the Black Death and the effect it had on the laborers and the peasants is

