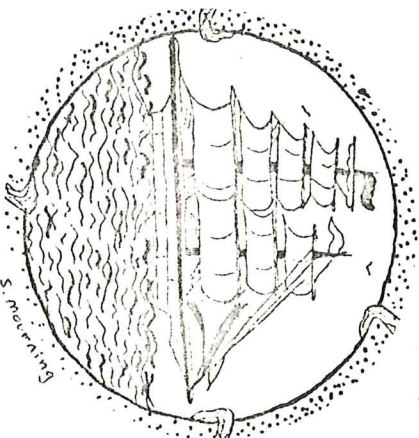


The Cinema





THE CLIPPER

Manasquan High School Fine Arts Magazine

Spring 1988

A Publication of the Creative Writing Class
of Manasquan High School

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Back Cover

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(journal)

Two in Her

We are together, we're here
Turned different ways we stare.
We want to share simple emotions.
I the girl to the right want you
to see my true feelings,
I the girl to the left have only
my facade to present.
We are one,
We are together.

Shawn Clifton



A HELIUM PARADISE

I am free.
Floating along in the warm spring air,
I view the countryside.
I have company.
But I am alone.
There is silence, I am free from all pressures.
Just peace, no worries.
My colors are vibrant and striking-
Red, yellow, purple, and green catch their eyes.
I stand out among all the others.
The beautiful blue sky refreshes me.
Until
The mood breaks,
and it is time to land.

Renée Lauzière

CALM BEFORE THE SUN

The waves brush against the shore
Slightly shifting the sand seashells
As they roll back in.
The breeze whispers and all is silent;
Except for the cries of the seagulls.

Kerri Doyle

"There Is Another Way To Turn"
In memory of Thomas J. Mallon who died in
Vietnam in 1967.

There are tense,
tear-filled eyes
and soft, concerning cries.
While lying wait,
to climb up a wall.

The top of this wall,
has everything to offer.
Faces of death,
and death itself.

Running down a hall of horror
has its hopes and its disappointments.
You hope you don't get disappointed.

In this hall there are few places to turn,
to your friends on your left,
to your friends on your right,
to the one above,
watching over with disgust.
There is down,
for the ones who can't fight.

Your last thought,
but your first reaction,
is to move ahead,
so you can stay off the ground.

Ahead lies another challenge,
and your enemy shall look at you as a challenge.

He will stare into your waste,
know your every step,
see right through you,
and then shoot you.

You have fallen to the ground.
Did not grant your enemy
the challenge he put in your way.
He has won this round,
another is to come.

Beside a wall,
stands a man,
waiting to rise up
and look death in its face.

Bill Stephenson

ALONE

He is a very quiet boy. Shy and to himself. Inside he feels a tremendous amount of pain. He feels alone. Alone like a single branch on a huge, old oak tree. He speaks, but no one hears him. He escapes into his own world and lets no one in, not even me. This world is full of demons and bad things. He feels nothing. Life is just one big waste of time. No one cares. I want to help. I need to help. He keeps pushing me aside. Not allowing me to care. If only he knew, he's only hurting himself. At times he is so mysterious, so intriguing. Someday he will learn, just as I did. He's not alone.

Stacey Lomax

It was a hot, dry, afternoon. They both relaxed on the furniture supplied on the deck. He was so intrigued by her beauty. She couldn't be bothered as she casually looked on at the other men surrounding her.

Stacey Lomax

WAVES

GNARLY, FAST

CRESTED, SWELLED, TUBED

AWESOME RIDES

THE NORTH SHORE

JENNIFER CONVERY

NO TURNING BACK NOW

In a million years I will never understand. There is nothing that is so sad. To end your life at a moment's thought. How could things be that bad.

Just to sit and wish they were no more. Maybe a gun or a knife. Just to close the door and end your life.

She slit her wrist, and the blood spurted out. Do they ever think they may just have been wrong. Is there maybe a hint of a doubt. When they finally realize they can't cry out to be heard they sit silently in a daze and wonder could this have been another teenage phase?

She's fading fast, fading strong
As she drew her last breath she finally realized....

SHE WAS WRONG

Shana Merrigan

HATE

The vermin, its disease-ridden tail is like a huge worm.
Wanting to hit the ball with all my strength with hopes
of breaking the bat or injuring a player.
Characteristics behind lime green-trendy color associated
with snobs, clothes or homes in Fla. or Bermuda
"Heavy Metal" Screaming lyrics that in three chords punch
out a nerve racking beat with violence in mind
"Road Kill" skunk, acute to nasal membrane, reaction
only makes it worse
Sludge out of a barrel looking like a chocolate shake with
foam oozing over the side.
Paté thicker than pudding but softer than ice cream
A dry hairy taste left on your tongue leaving you with
the urge to shave your tongue.
A white policeman beats a minority worker, no justice will
be served.

Matt Wood

FOUR DOGS

Four cold and angry dogs. A mother and three of her puppies. Two other puppies had died already. They had been abandoned to suffer this hell after the mother had become pregnant.

Unsuited for independent life, these poor animals did not have a chance. Theirs was a miserable existence with no available food or shelter in these coldest of winter months.

Death was waiting patiently to claim these poor canines as his own. Soon, another pup succumbed and gave in to death. The remaining three were closer to death also.

Soon, they all would bow to his all-powerful master.

Jack Howard

A TRAGIC LETTER

Mrs. Maloney was a woman of about fifty. Her husband had died about ten years ago and left her to raise her ten year old son. I had watched her son Patrick grow from a small boy to a strong man. Everyday when I delivered the mail to the Maloney house, Patrick would be playing ball or participating in some other activity with his friends, and there was always a kind word from Mrs. Maloney.

Now the times had changed, and Patrick had been drafted into the United States Army to stop Nazi aggression in Europe. Mrs. Maloney was left to live alone.

Shortly after Patrick had been shipped out, letters from him began to come in. Mrs. Maloney would wait by the window to see when I was coming, and as I approached I would hold the letter in my hand and wave it at her with a broad grin on my face. She would greet me at the door with the excitement of a schoolgirl and say, "Another one from my Patrick today? He will never forget his mom!"

I would just smile and reply, "You are very lucky to have such a reliable and loving son."

Unlike the Maloney house, every other stop on my route was either simply a cold black mailbox or an uncaring person at the door. The Maloneys were always kind to me, and I looked forward to bringing the mail to their house.

But as I walked along my route today, I could feel my heart aching. As I approached the familiar house I could see Mrs. Maloney awaiting my arrival. I wanted to turn and run. Mrs. Maloney was hoping for a letter from Patrick, but what she would receive today was a letter from the War Department of the United States. I had delivered such letters before. I had seen mothers faint and tears well up in fathers' eyes after I had given the envelope to them, but never before had my heart ached as it did now.

I walked slowly up the porch steps, where Mrs. Maloney was already waiting. As my heart began to beat faster, I tried to convince myself that it did not concern me and that I should not get involved. I must have looked ghostly white, because as Mrs. Maloney looked at me her pleasant expression became alarmed. I held out the envelope and Mrs. Maloney grasped it reluctantly.

Like A Night Long Ago

It was a dark and chilly evening. Not a moon beam peeped through the clouds. It was not a typical fall night. It reminded me of a night long, long ago. I was a few years younger when 'it' happened, and since then I have never returned to the woods. The doctor told me that my memory had blocked out something, but he wouldn't tell me what. All that I remember is that I woke up a few days later with my family and doctor standing around me. No one ever told me what happened, but then again, I never asked.

I don't think I really want to know, at least not yet. The thought of it makes me shiver and scares me out of my mind. Sometimes I can't escape that dreary feeling and it seizes my body and lures me into a state of shock, but eventually I always snap out of it.

The house feels so empty, unfamiliar and cold. It's like a dark cloud covers our house and it won't go away and allow true sunshine to shine through. There are boxes all over the house tucked away. Mom doesn't like me to go near them though. I peeked inside once and saw old clothes, cards and pictures. I saw pictures of another boy. I think I might have known him at some time, but I just cannot seem to grasp that memory. Still, nothing looks familiar to me but for some reason everytime I think about it I get the same gloomy feeling. It's scar y how that boy somehow resembles me yet looks so full of life and energy, my contrary.

"Jim! Jim!" shrieked my mother out of nowhere. "Your brother, he's out there in the woods all alone and its almost nightfall! You've got to find him!" She ran onto the porch where I was sitting and waited for me to respond. "Hurry! Hurry!" she screamed. Mom gave me a look like I was a meaningless waste of life. I could see it in her eyes. Why couldn't it have been me lost in the woods instead of wonderful Jim. That's what she was thinking.

of the room and left me to my thoughts. What was it in the woods that night?

I knew someday I would remember my past, and I feared the horror it would bring me. I closed my eyes and let that dreary feeling come over me again, and slowly reentered a state of shock.

Jackie Edwards



Crab Stew

I was lying on the beach trying to catch some rays, when a crab walked up to me and greeted me "Good day."

He said, "I'm taking a survey to see who enjoys eating fish, I'd like to know what fish you eat and your favorite seafood dish."

"Well, I like lobster and excuse me I like crab and I find the other crustaceans really rather drab."

The crab then asked about tuna and if I liked sea bass. He questioned me about bluefish and then finally he asked.

"What is your favorite dish?" but by then I think he knew. "My favorite dish is 'Curious Crab' in soup or in a stew."

Paul Gleitz

Whispers in my skull

There is a lizard in the garden
and a tomato on my porch.
All my toys are broken
and I just ran out of hooche.

I can see a thimble in the sky
and a shingle on my floor.
I have to run to mirrors edge
'cause my mind is asking more.

The snakes are through the window
and my books are smiling at me.
My room is being stubborn
and my cat is making tea.

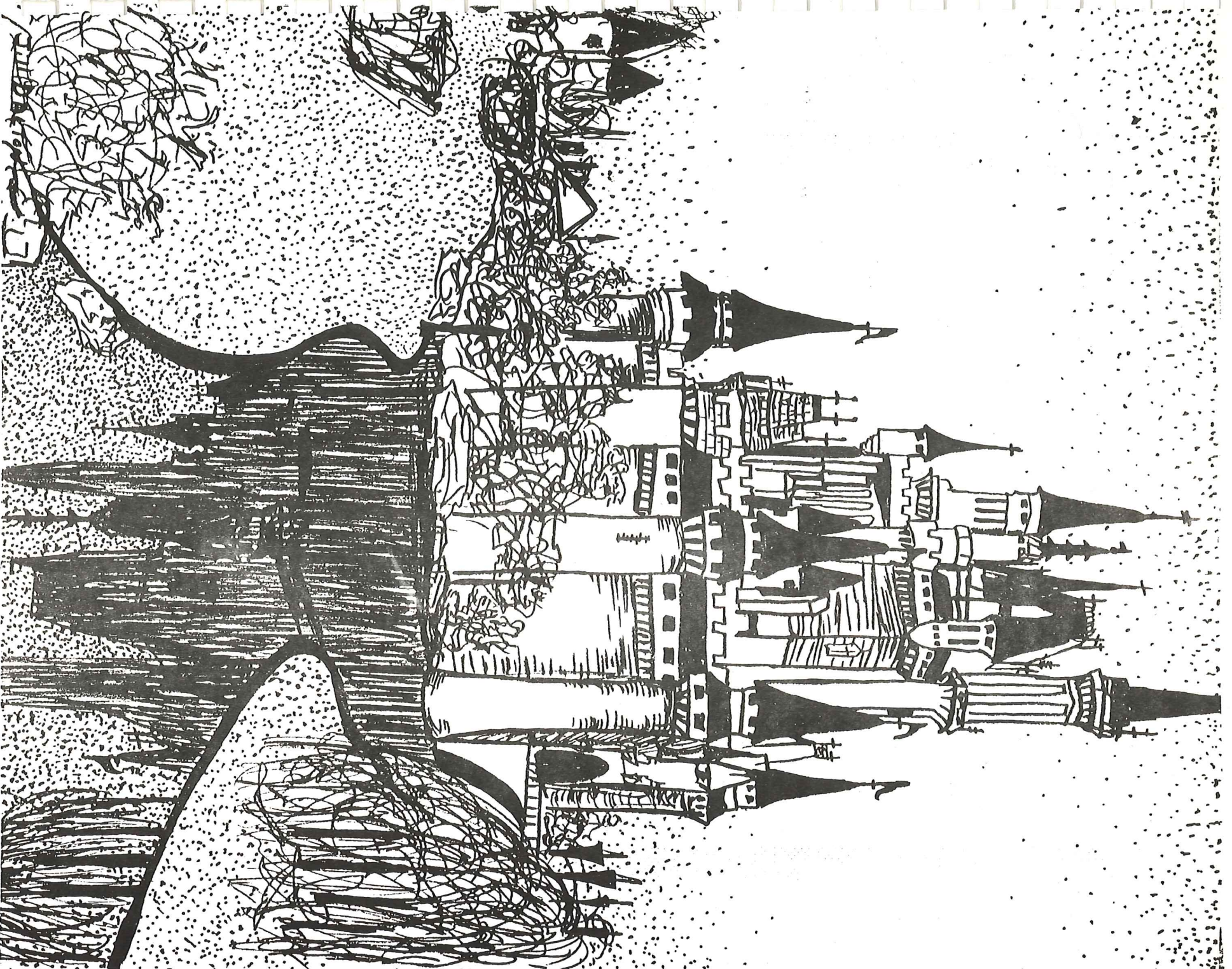
It is snowing in the bathroom
and my curtains are running free.
My neck is drying on the fence
and the roots are eating meat.

I'm swimming on my cracker,
the cracker of despair.
I see the bushes sleeping now,
while the faucets cry in vain.

My van is parked by heavens gate,
I'm about to close the door.
I hear a cry from days gone by,
I can't stand it anymore.

All the world is peaceful now,
my books are sleeping well.
I just had a brush with death
but, now I'm back from ~~HELL~~.

Paul Glettz



Jill Dalton

FLEETING TREASURE

I watched as a child pranced through the crisp waves.
The sun shone brightly and protectively down on him.
This little child with golden hair and brown skin:

A CHILD OF THE SUN.

Around the boy, splashes of water became illuminated
by sunbeams.

I watched longingly.

How does youth pass so quickly and without awareness?

My tired eyes began to sting with envy at his agility.

I shut my eyes for a moment

and when I reopened them the child was gone.

I bent my head and went at the loss of such

a fleeting treasure- the gift of youth.

Barbara McGill

CLOSELY KNIT FAMILY

The closely knit family.

There is no sign of it anymore.

Just faint memories of how it was, or
so I am told.

The father, proud with his wife by
his side and the children around him.

Now there is no togetherness.
Many times they act towards each other

as if they were strangers.
Living in a hotel for no rent,

knowing little more about each other
than acquaintances.

No feelings shown towards one another.
Just an emptiness through them all.

David Jost

BUMMIN'

He walks the streets alone,
Looking for a place he can call home.
A place where he can hang his hat,
Somewhere he can sleep and be
Sheltered from the rain.
A place of warmth and security,
But he won't find that here.
Not in the big city,
Not in this selfish cruel world.
No one will lend a helping hand,
To the old scraggly man,
In the dirty brown hat.

Gavin Geissler

ON THE WAY HOME

As I walked through the field
I could see the sun overcoming the horizon of rooftops.
I was stopped by the wind
That felt like a man running late for work.
I watched the weeds and flowers
Sway in the wind.
The sun warmed the air
But it was still strong and blowing.
The trees swayed, the leaves rolled and a paper cup went by.
The ice and snow from last week put cracks in the street
That I came to.
I came to the house.
I looked at the porch and saw the sun hit it brightly.
I walked in and sat down to watch T.V.

Joe Davidson

STARVATION

What demon is behind all this?
The deprivation of basic needs
People are starving, dying
Are others unfeeling or merely naive?
See the pain those starving people feel
Nothing in their stomachs for weeks
Their underdeveloped grossly bony bodies
Searching for a morsel of anything
The flies nibbling on them eat better than they
Who's responsible for this appalling fate?
God, the Government, or all of us?
So go ahead, turn your back with your bellies full
And throw your scraps away after eating a hearty meal
Think of their saddened faces
And try to pretend you don't care

Jackie Edwards

I Love You

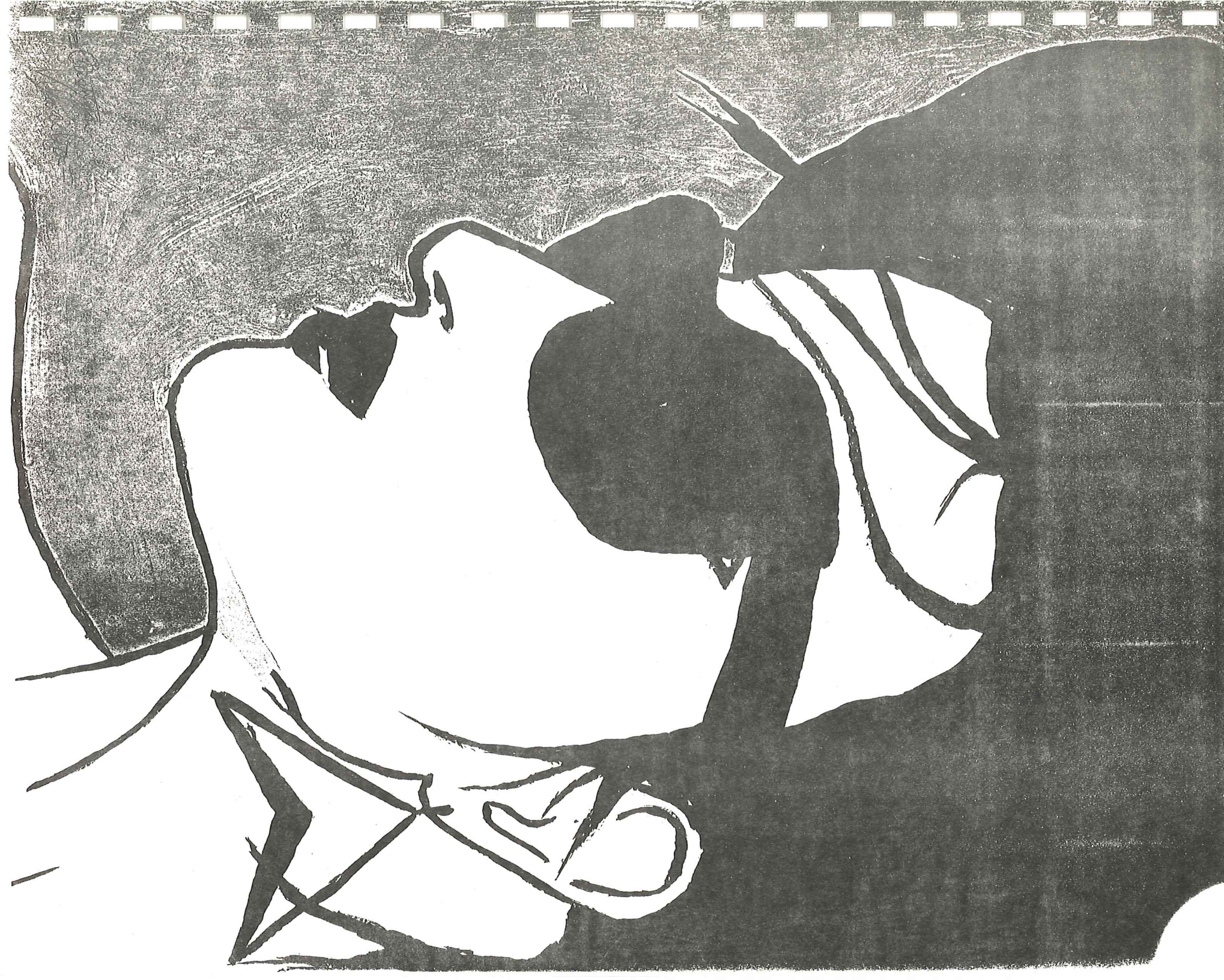
You don't know this,
But I've been watching you
Watching for a very long time.
Everytime I talk to you
I start to quiver
And everytime I hear you
Say my name my heart begins to melt.
I wish someday
You would feel the same way I do.
I love you - you know
I wish I could hear you
Tell me how you feel
But I'm also scared to listen
Because it might just break my heart.

Jennifer Convery

A SPECIAL MOMENT

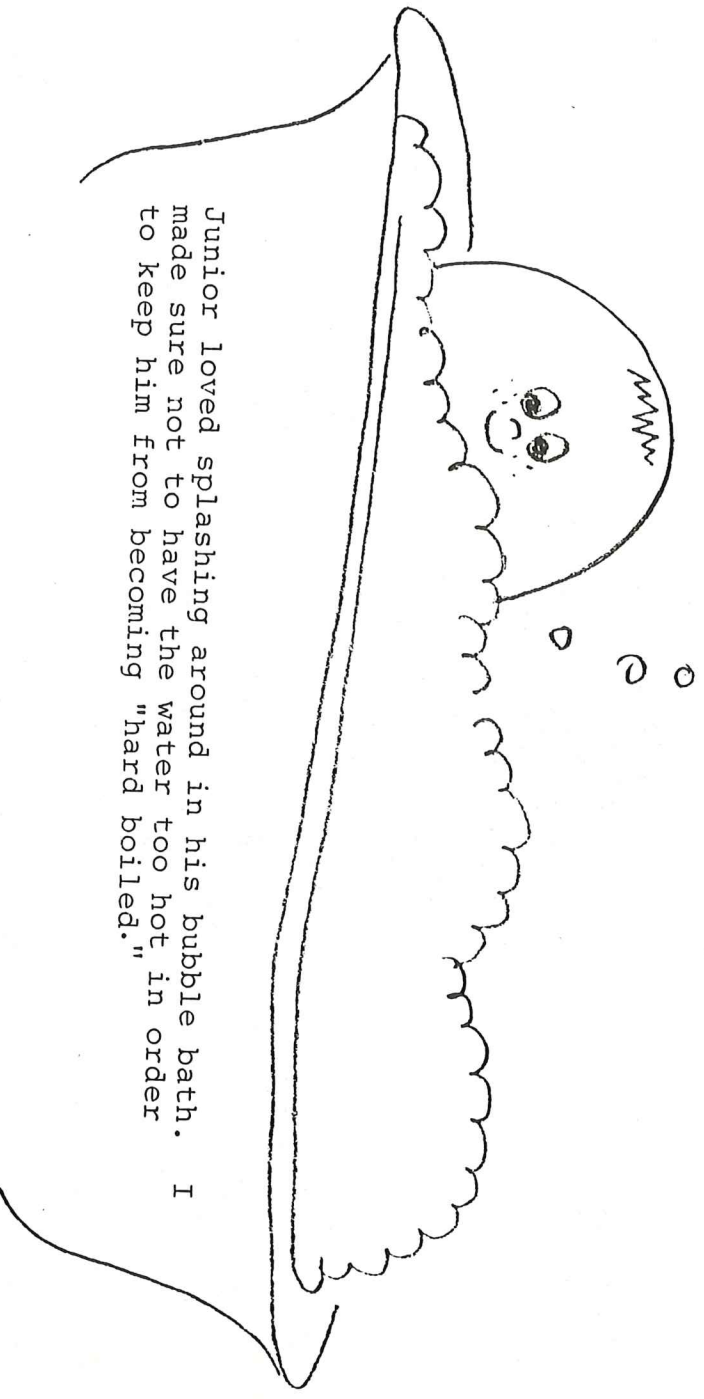
Sad thoughts come to mind
When I think of that man in the wheelchair.
Each day when the sun is shining
I see him with his little girl.
He takes her to an old track field
A place he used to run.
He wheels himself along the track
One arm holding his daughter's little hand
One arm spinning the wheel.

Jackie Edwards



While grocery shopping, I taught Karl not to put all of his "eggs in one basket." He loved the wide variety of colors and objects lining the shelves.

While shoe-shopping I taught Karl how to be "eggonomical" and to get the most for his money.

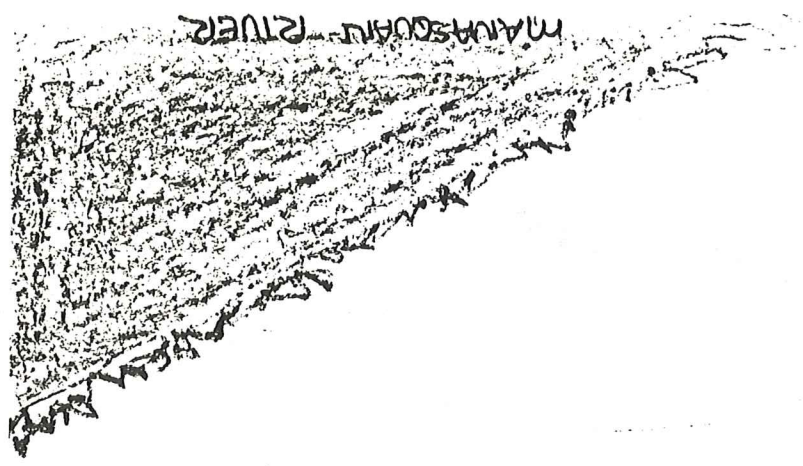
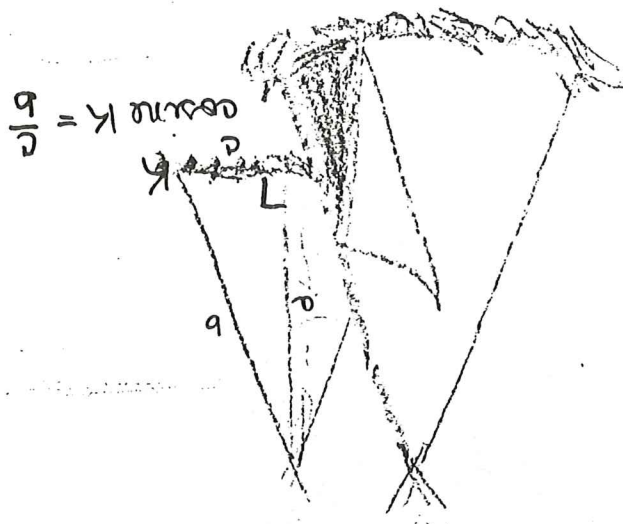


Junior loved splashing around in his bubble bath. I made sure not to have the water too hot in order to keep him from becoming "hard boiled."

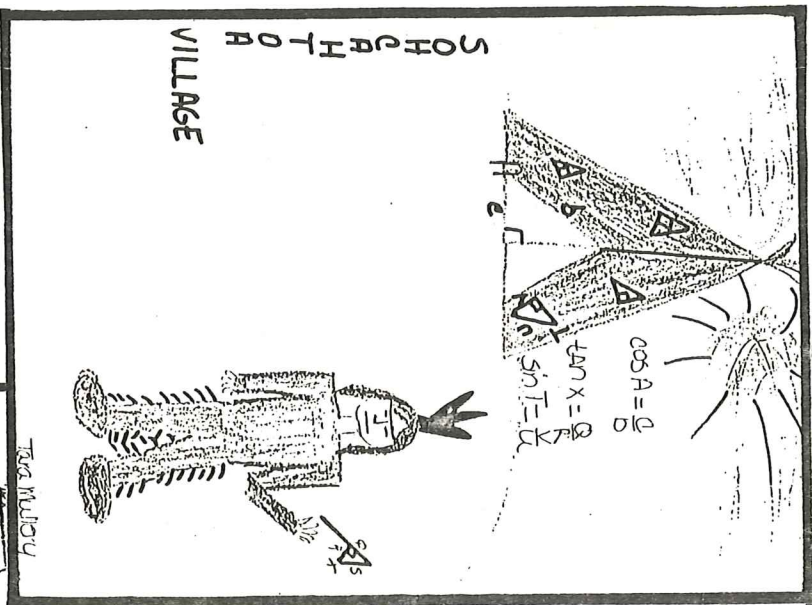
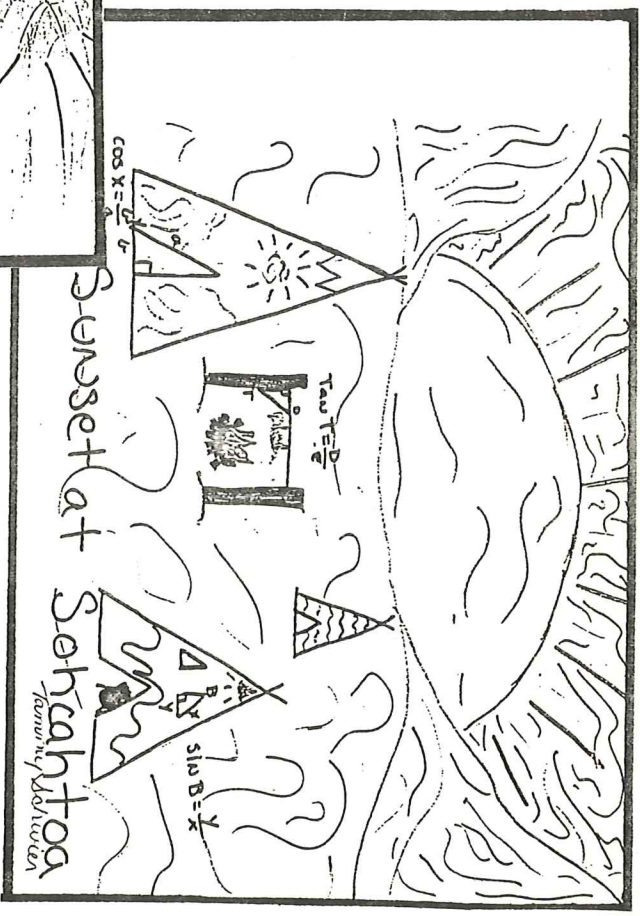
I'd like to express the joy I got from this assignment and state that it taught me in a small degree, how difficult it would be to care for something besides myself for an extended period of time.

--TRACEY NIELSON

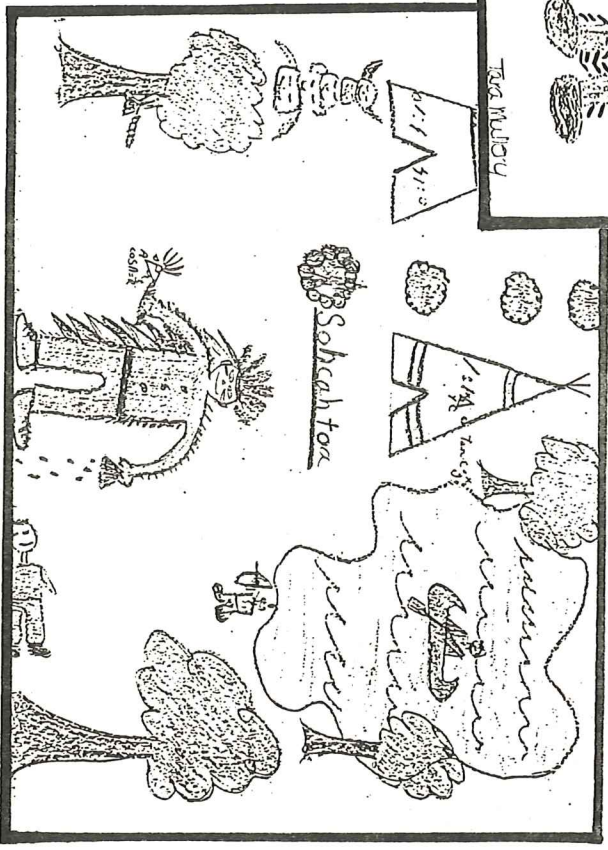
SOYAH TO



form Cerae



The World of Geometry



Lost Soul

The rain blew hard
The sky was dark
The weeping girl
The flawless pearl
They threw her out
Into the night
And now she sees
The sight of fright
She'd come home ill
With dreadful chills
Her condition rare
They did not care
She felt their hate
It was too late
To save her unborn child's fate.
She lay crying
In an alley almost dying
Thinking of her crushed soul
And of the people who had
Pushed her down below.

Joy Carey



Flower of Age

A child playing in the garden,
came upon a rose.
It was an extraordinary rose,
white with a touch of rouge.
The sun's rays brushed the petals so,
in a way the drops of morning dew
appeared to be diamonds.

This unique flower grew alone.
Each day the child observed it,
and each day it flourished
just a little bit more.
When the rose bloomed in full;
the blushed purity had turned a crimson red,
burning with a desire for love.
Such as the child,
now modest and so innocent,
soon to obtain fullness of the heart.

Kerri Doyle

TRUE TO HIMSELF

He's a shy boy, who doesn't know how to express how he feels. He's scared I might hurt him, if we last too long. But I plan on making it even longer.

I love how he walks, how he talks and I wish he would quit pulling; pulling so far away. He will say that he doesn't understand all of what I am. But that's okay, because I'll help him see. He'll learn what ~~its~~, about if he takes the time.

I am his link to what he wants to have had, although very few understand this; he is a man, all of sixteen, showing him how to be a child.

And though he believes it cannot happen, I will show him that it can and it will. He will be a child again. He will play in the sun again and swing so high, he's unseen. He will cry again and be alive again, to himself.

And to himself, he will be a child as he has always wanted; not a man forever searching. He will be himself, because he is sick of being someone he is not.

Cassie Kliegerman

Senior winner-Wordsworth Poetry Contest

SUNLIGHT REMEMBRANCES

Bright sunlight shining on my face
brings memories of ducks
bathing in the lake.
Bright sunlight shining on the lake
reminds me of running
through a wet field of grass.
Bright sunlight shining on a wet
field of grass brings
memories of swimming in
a shimmery ocean in the
heat of summer.
Bright sunlight shining on the
shimmery ocean reminds
me of dancing in the
fallen leaves of autumn
while-
Bright sunlight shining on my
face in winter brings
dreams of memories
yet to come.

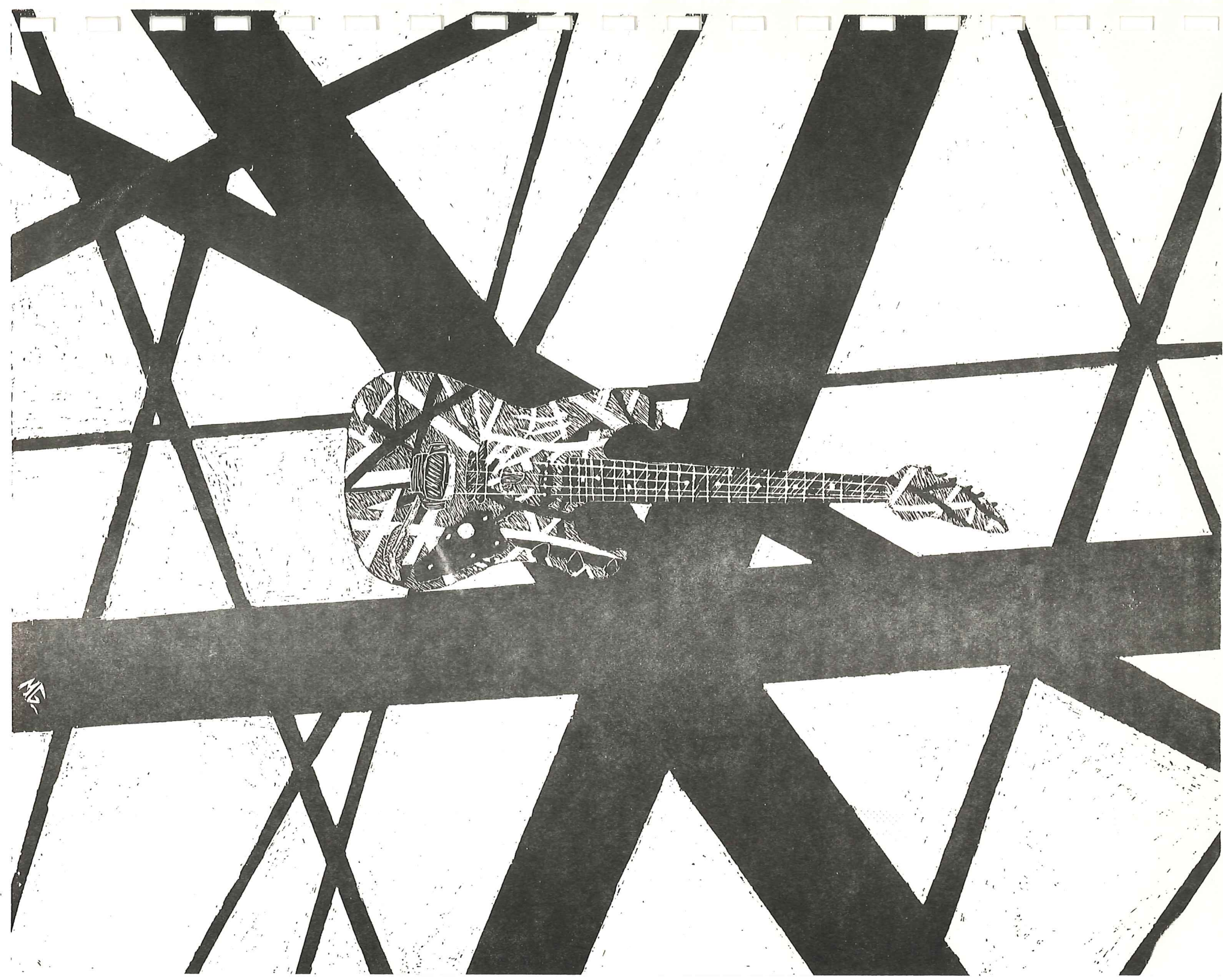
Elyse Schlauch

Junior winner- Wordsworth Poetry Contest

SUMMER STEEL

The clouds mounted the summer breeze
And rode over the ice grey sky.
I was stretched out on the dock
Watching the drama above.
My legs dangled over the cool river
As my toes played with the tips of the waves.
The clouds came in faster.
As their power surmounted,
The river magnified their charge
And transformed into liquid blue steel.
I jumped up, surprised, as the raindrops
Pelted my warm body
And I felt alive.
With one glorious last look, I turned my back
And ran to shore.

Michelle Bareis



HONORABLE MENTION: Brookdale

Community College 1988

Holocaust

Essay Contest

HITLER'S ANTI-SEMITISM;
INSANITY OR POLITICAL ACUMEN

Submitted by:

Elizabeth Aitkenhead

A.P. European History

January 18, 1988

is not. However, Hitler did not know that and thus believed the doctor was poisoning his mother. This coupled with the daily doses of morphine that Bloch gave her for her pain led Hitler to perceive this Jew as "the brutal attacker who had finally mutilated and killed his beloved mother".²

Though this may not seem significant in the imbedding of anti-semitism in Hitler's breast, two factors seem to suggest that they are more influential than can be seen at a quick glance. The first is the evidence that there was a strong attachment between mother and son. The Oedipal complex which Hitler suffered would make the dependence upon his mother inevitable. The second is the fact that Hitler returned to Vienna after burying his mother and Vienna was a hot-bed of anti-semitism. This is the indisputable place of firmament for Hitler's feelings of anti-semitism.³

Yet another contributor to Hitler's irrational anti-semitism was his fear of the identity of his unknown paternal grandfather. Since Hitler's grandmother became pregnant while working for Jewish family and the head of that household supported the mother and son for many years, Hitler had a great fear that his grandfather had indeed been Jewish. As if to eradicate this and to deny it all the more, Hitler vowed to oppose Jews more emphatically.⁴

Another family member who may have had an effect upon Hitler's anti-semitism was his father. According to an American psychoanalyst, Hitler was, in destroying the Jews, trying to destroy his abusive father whom he blamed for many of his imperfections including his possible Jewish taintment. His Oedipal relationship with his father can also be cited as a factor in Hitler's developing anti-semitism. His father shifted from the hated figure of his

of Guido Von List, specifically The Laws of the Aryan-Germans, Theodor Fritsch's Handbook of the Jewish Question and Protocols of the Elders of Zion. Thus, there can be no question that Hitler would have seen roots of anti-semitism in his society.⁸

With these seeds of discontent in his head, Hitler found a society in Germany that was quite ripe for new leadership and even would be conducive to his political thinkings. Here was a land whose nationalism was causing a tide of anti-semitism. The emphasis on German culture encouraged the attitude that held that Jews were outsiders. Here also was the homeland of one of the most effective agencies for spreading fear and Jewish hatred, the Pan-German league. This land was also particularly fertile soil for the planting of Hitler's type of rule since it possessed four tendencies that indicated such a conducive nature.

The first is the traditional standing of racial superiority. The second was the Germans conviction that it was their destiny to conquer and control the Lebensraum or Slavic lands. The third was the myths of German antiquity with its pagan prehistory urges of nationalism. This type of nationalism though, was filled with a stress on myth, mystery and magic which was very close to the Nazi ideology. The fourth was the Germans tendency to exalt power and war.⁹

However, there is here no mention of Germany's tendency to accept anti-semitism. The Germany that Hitler faced was post-war Germany and it was also in the midst of a horrible depression. It was living under the humiliating consequences of the Treaty of Versailles as well. It was a land filled with "people who were bewildered and resentful" who Hitler could persuade, to his advantage, of the guilt of the Jew in all their problems.

prejudices, he was an acute political observer."¹¹ Thus, he was able to gain control of a European nation and came to have a profound effect upon history.

