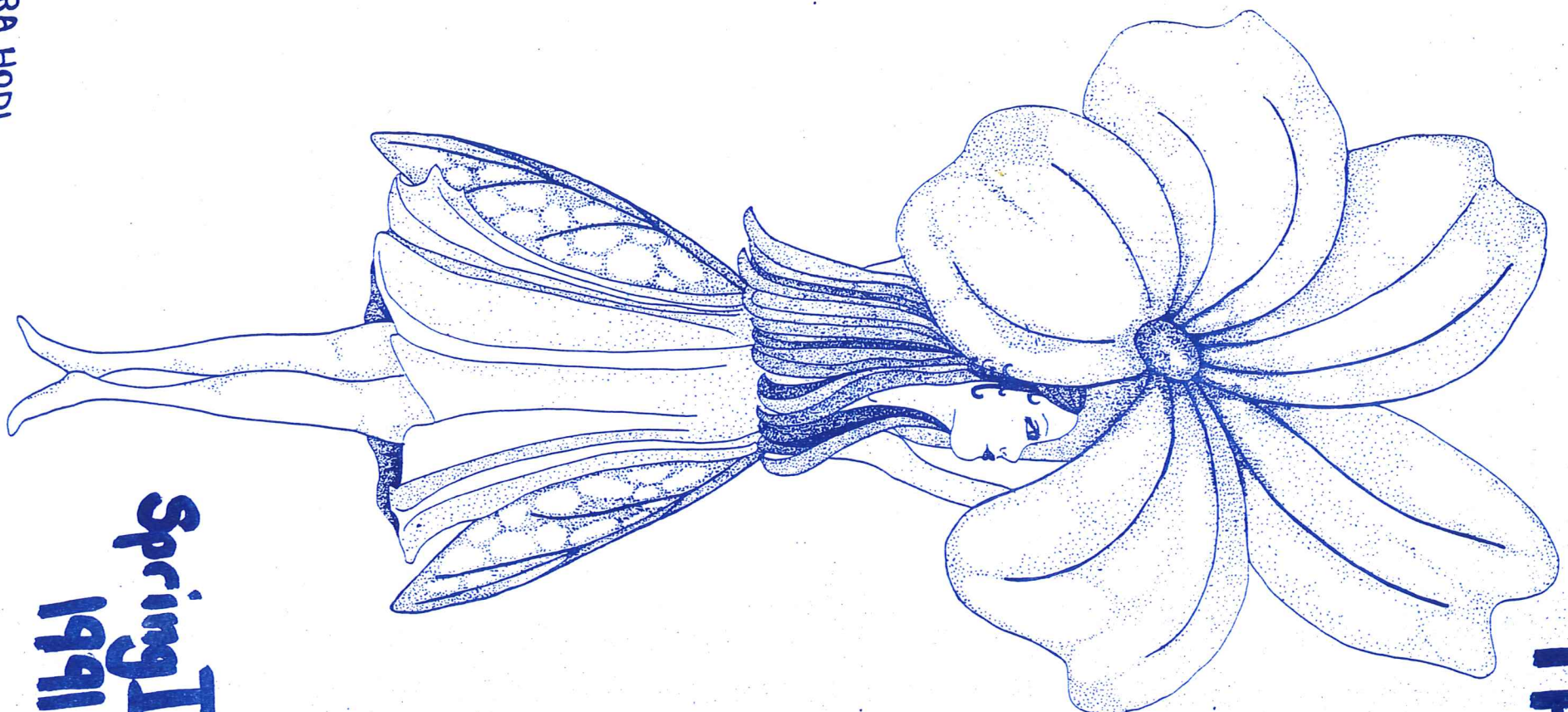


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 "What I Most Hate to Do".....Sara Baumgartner
 "A Breath of Spring".....Kris Collabella
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BIRDS

They sing and fly
And look like a grace in the air.

-Ty McCormick

A Breath of Spring

The whisper soft wind
Gently rustles the leaves
And brushes against my face
Like eyelashes grazing against my cheek.

The bright sunlight
Glow's down upon me
Warming my face
And shining upon my soul.

The sweet scent of the spring flowers
Fills the air
With a blooming aroma
And sweetens each and every breath.

-Kris Colabella

Love For All Seasons
a sonnet

The autumn sings a song of love for us.
Mem'ries of childhood freedom in the air.
This bond means love, friendship and joyful lust.
It means we took a special chance, a dare.

In the winter time our love remains warm.
Your arms shield me from the breezes that blow.
I will protect us from turbulent storms.
We can conquer somber days, nights of snow.

Spring time walks through the park, flowers blooming.
Spring fever sings a song of liberty.
Unknown answers still we are assuming.
Life is no longer mediocrity.

When the summer comes a new love is found.
We make tearful good-byes without a sound.

Lynn McGrath

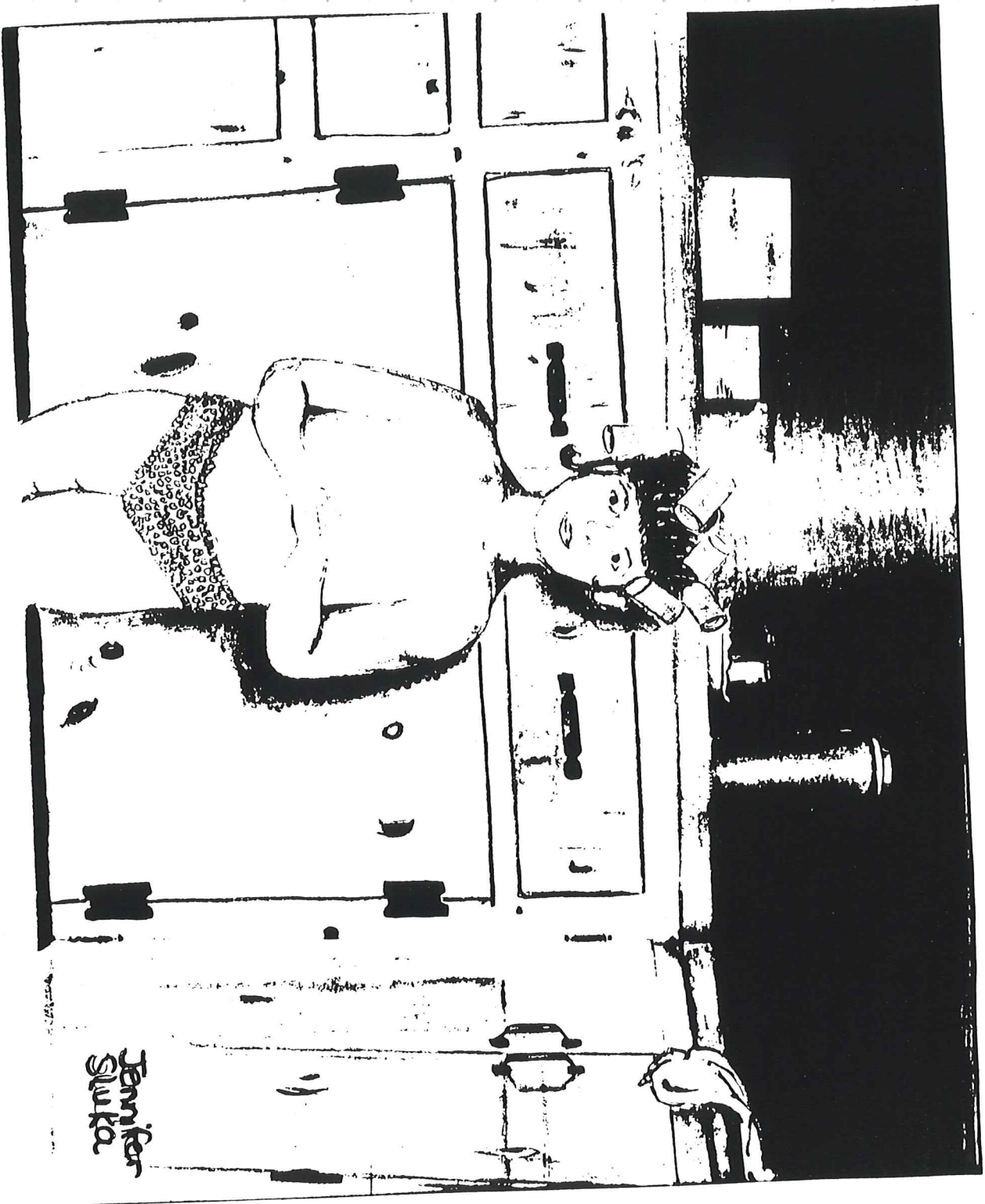


TARA
MUNDY

TARA
MUNDY



Erin
Cavallaro



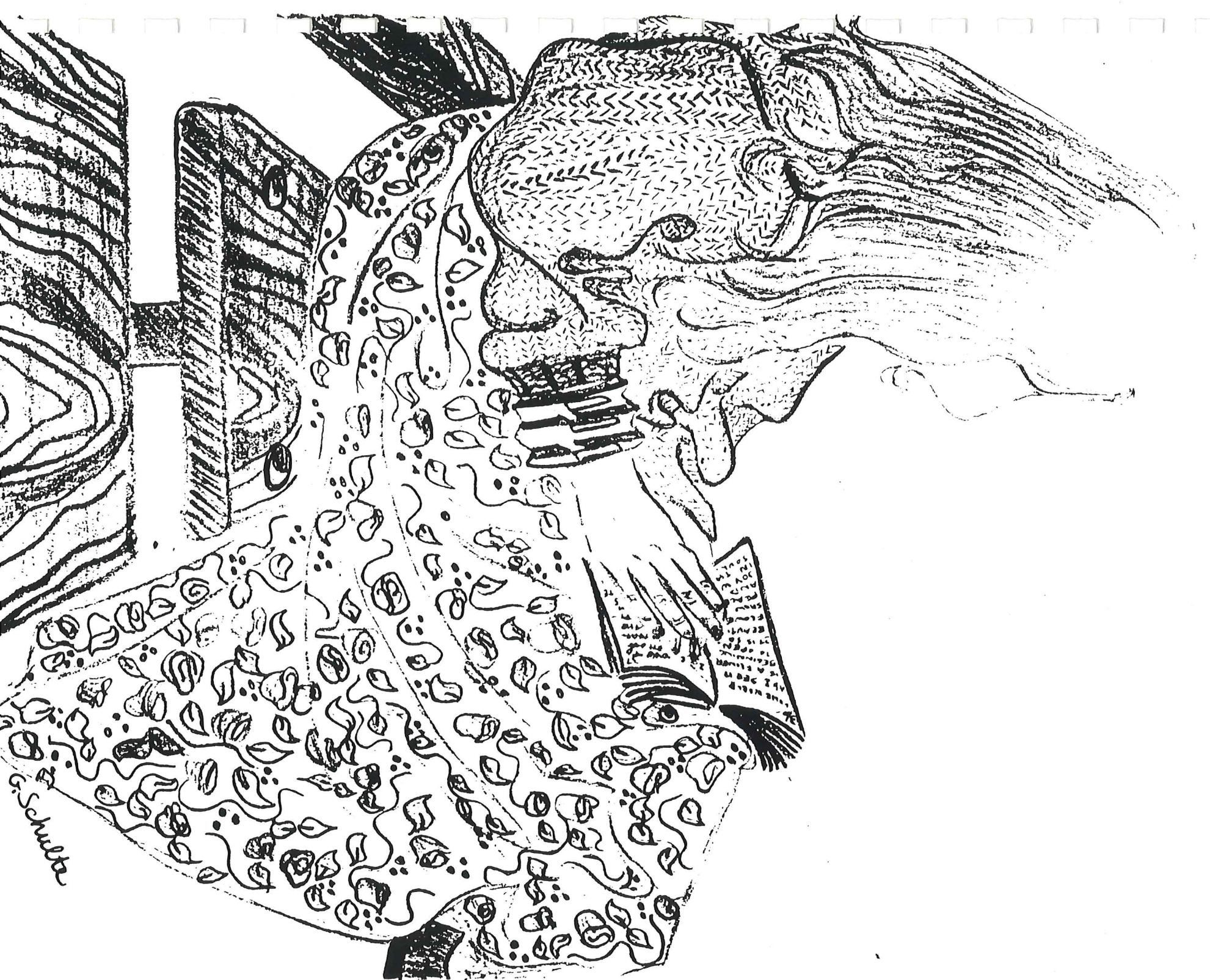
Jennifer
Sluka







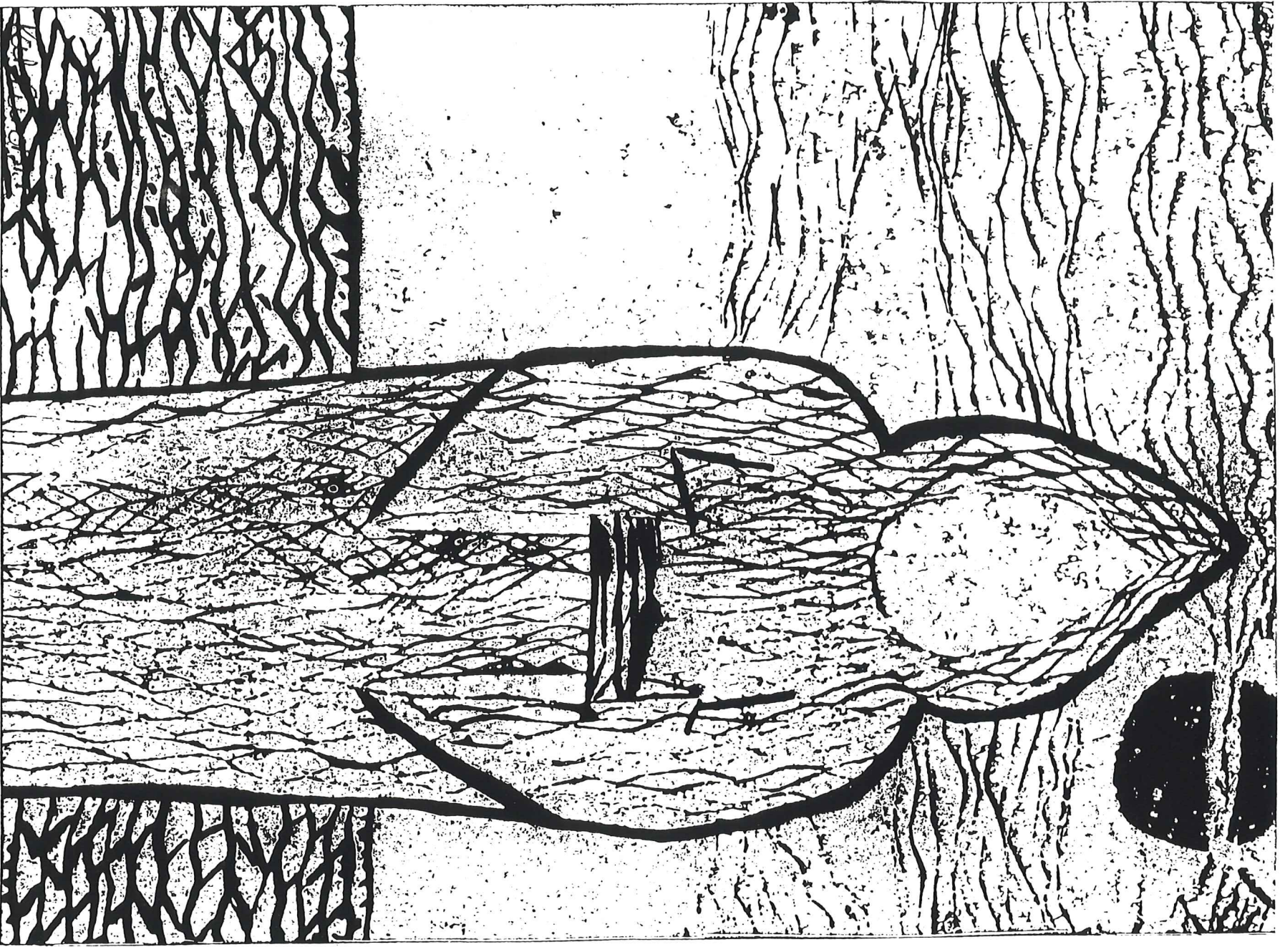
Andrea Jannarone



Schulte



PETE RYAN



KAL PUROHIT

PARTICIPATORY DEMOCRACY : MYTH, REPUTE, AND DREAM

Today, the majority of Americans, although admiring the Constitution, take for granted the freedoms given to them. For many of us, life without our present form of balanced government is a thought we may never have even considered. We have been protected as citizens from tyrannical government and have been given important rights.

All in all, we regard the Constitution as a sacred document not to be changed drastically because it has worked for so long. However, in 1787 when the Constitution was drawn up, the states' ratification was needed for it to go into effect. Not surprisingly, many states had internal debates on the subject of ratification. One of the biggest conflicts occurred in New York.

As an attempt to persuade people to vote for ratification, three statesmen (James Madison, John Jay, and Alexander Hamilton) wrote letters to the editors of area papers. These letters are now referred to as the Federalist Papers. They are considered to be the foremost arguments for a strong, centralized federal government. Implied in many of the essays is the argument that man is innately good, therefore capable of self-government and entitled to certain inalienable rights and an active role in government. To a point.

In the Federalist Papers # 39, Madison argues that in order to achieve a true republican government, the masses of people must

class of America in control of the government. Maybe if the majority of the people at that time knew what they were getting into and were not swayed by obvious propaganda like the Federalist Papers, the Constitution might never have been ratified, and history would have been changed drastically forever.

However, the Constitution did benefit the citizens of the United States in many ways. It is now time to re-consider the Constitution and the rights of its citizenry. With the expanded electorate in the 1820's, black males gaining the right to vote in 1868, women in 1918, and then American Indians in 1924, we have come to realize what participatory democracy truly is. To a point.

The greatest danger now threatening citizen-government is voter malaise. With almost sixty percent of the electorate not bothering to vote in most presidential elections, perhaps the Founding Fathers were correct in their suspicions ... we can prove them wrong with an active, voting, informed, and involved public.

As Benjamin Franklin said to a passer-by in a Philadelphia street in 1787, when asked what type of government was being drawn up behind the closed doors of Independence Hall, "A republic, Madam, if you can keep it."

Melanie Schroeder

The Third Reich

They came for the priests, but I was not
a priest. So I
took no action.
They came for the
Jews, but I wasn't
a Jew. So I did
nothing. They came
for the Poles, but
I have no Polish
Heritage. Why should
I protest? They came for the blacks, then orientals. But I
am white. They came
for the Catholics,
the protestants,
and all of the
other Christians.
I wasn't religious.
And when I care?
they came
for me, there was nobody left to stop them.

Zan Wendell

The Pool Hall

To the pool hall the players go,
the good ones go to put on a show.

Fred and Roy play everyday,
They must play well, just to stay.

The boys are not intimidated,
although the stakes are high.
Their lack of experience,
sometimes makes Roy cry.

Someday they hope to be the greatest,
the gurus of them all.

With a little bit of practice,
they'll be the best in the pool hall.

--Mike Langella

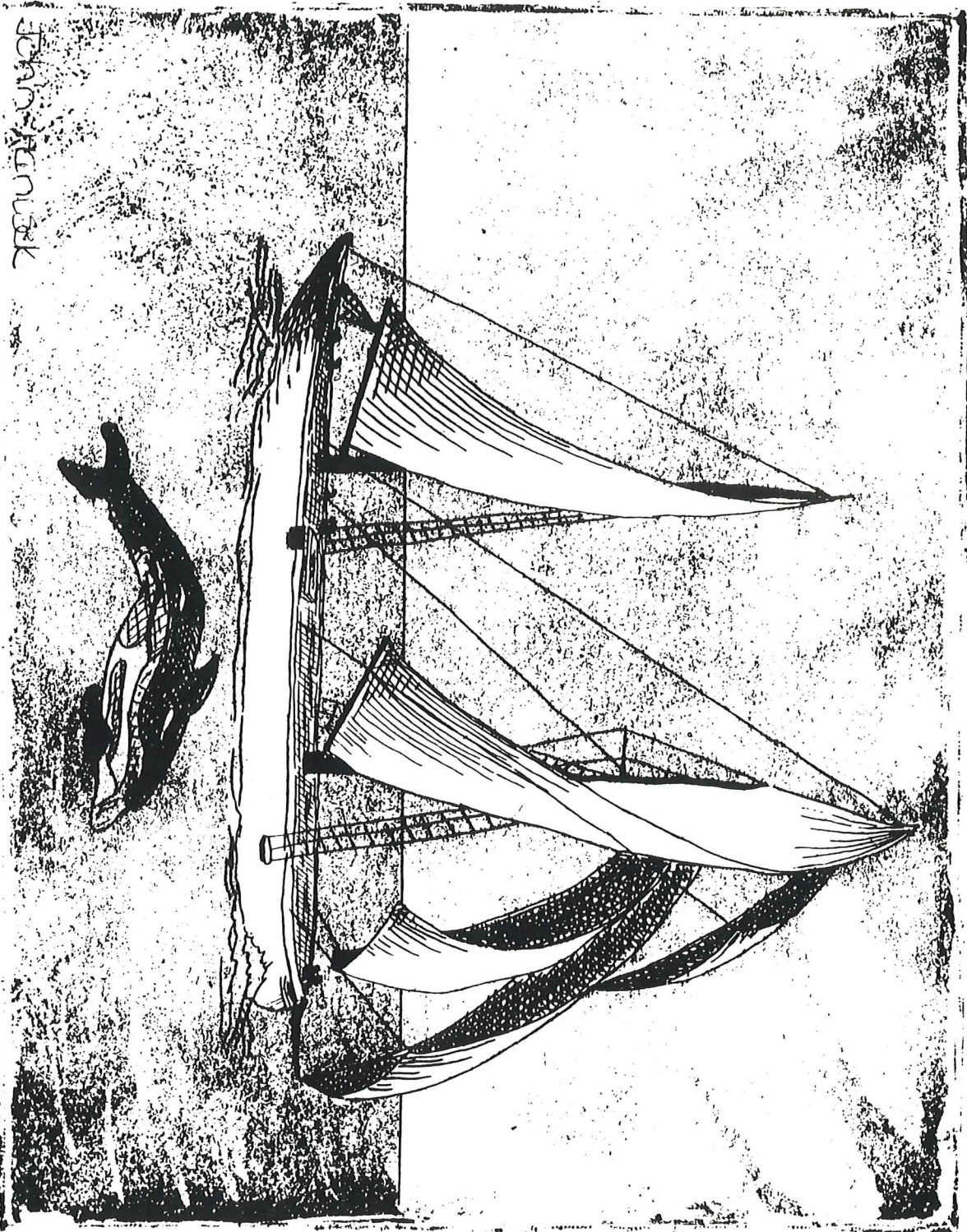
Time and again

I've been sitting here alone
while the neon moonbeams blink the coming
of another millennium of
rhapsodies, death and false understanding.
The windows of the city slowly begin to yawn
letting the cold, liquid air surround
the kitchen tables and beds of society;
and the screeching silence of the night becomes
the crying lies of daystroked time.
Now the personalized, electric suns
are bringing dawn to the universes of the home
and life begins in the same way that it ends:
ending and beginning.
Still there is nothing around me,
inside of me,
but i can hear the asphalt frontiers calling
like so many times before;
their sweet low moaning drums in my ears,
causes my frozen ambition to perspire
and tears open the rusted lockets that
have held these feelings prisoner
each time i've let them fall.
Before i can react, shamed or forgiven,
before thought melts into movement,
he trips up to me, in front of me,
sheathed in infancy and infamy,
mystery and life--
smelling of freedom, tasting of loneliness
and sounding like a choir of crying cherubs.
He whispered that i was the daughter of the sun
and mother to the earth and moon;
then he gently stabbed me twice in both of my eyes
with his jaded point-of-view,
until i was blind to the visions
of the outside and time and the
lights of eternity swooned around me.
what i have left to learn, to live,
to die for and to give is inside of him:
instead of blood it coarses through his veins
and fills his every idea;
my powers, my intentions, my inevitability
are his flesh and bones,
my creation allows him to see.
My imagination controls his being and
my reasons are why he still breathes.
He stands and waits for me to realize what i know,
to understand what he is:
then he walks with the sunlight
and refracts into a dripping rainbow
that disappears into me through my branded eyes.

a car horn blares and i see where i am:
walking up the newest road; far ahead and stretching.

Tara McDonald





JOHN HANUSSEK

JOHN HANUSSEK

Moon Ship

I once had a pirate ship
made of wood and rags of cloth
I put it together with nails
and bits of string with glue
then finished it off
by painting it black and gold.
I rode my old, rickety bike
over to the fishing pond
for my ship's maiden voyage;
the only thought on my mind
being would my prize float,
or would it plunge to the bottom
and take my heart down with it, too.

With a short, simple prayer
consisting only of,
"please, let it float,"

I set my ship down
in the murky waters.
With fingers tightly crossed
and my mind whirling
I watched my ship bobble
and bounce and finally
settle into the soft current.

I watched it gleefully
for an hour, maybe two,
and then drew it back to me
by the anchor string that I
had neatly tied to the bow.
My pirate ship could float.

So many days were spent
sitting by the pond,
playing with pirate ship
and pretending I was its captain.

One warm spring morning
my pirate ship broke away
from my tugging grasp,
its path carried my eyes
across the cornered horizon.

The blurred scene went on
as I felt the ship I'd made
sink deep into
the depths of my despair.
I lost my ship that day.
Today I still sit by
the pond, waiting for
my pirate ship to return;
but all I ever see
is the spirit of my ship
sailing across the moon.

Tara McDonald



SARA TOROWICZ

FRIEND

If you are to betray your friend,
Who will support you to the end?

-Jessica Soltys

WHAT I MOST HATE TO DO

Sara Baumgartner

What I most hate to do is definitely my homework. When I try to do my homework everything distracts me, even the littlest things. A noise that's not even there will break my nonexistent concentration. Homework is a real pain to do because it's something I'm forced to do. Some homework could take me up to an hour to do one simple assignment that takes a little thought.

When I do my homework the atmosphere can't be totally silent or I'll start hearing things in my mind. Little voices saying "don't do your homework, do something you want to do, there's always later." But if I put my homework down now it seems like there will be more later.

The light outside starts to darken with a rapid pace, closing me inside. "I have to do my homework, I have to do my homework." Someone's talking to me! But no one's home. If I don't do my homework I'll fail the test, I'll fail for the marking period, I'll fail the course, I'll fail for the year, I'll stay back, I won't go to college, I won't be able to get a job, I'll be a bum on the lonely, cold, fierce streets. I...I...I think I'll do my homework.

The blank page seems to have a strong glow, it stares right back at me as I hold the pencil to its throat. It seems to know what I think. It knows I have no clue as to what I am doing. I think the page is alive. If the paper's alive, then what, how will I ever do my homework?

I dim the lights so the glare doesn't tear through my eyes. I write my name on the paper and it just disappears, like my thoughts. I sit here without a thought in my mind. Something's taken my mind, my thoughts, the memories that I have collected through the years. All those hard years of collecting that useful information. I'll have to start all over again.

As I eat my eraser I think really hard. But then I soon forget what I was thinking about. I have something to eat, thinking maybe hunger is the reason I can't do my homework. A full stomach might make me think more easily and clearly. After my dinner I notice that the clock hand is whizzing around like everything was in fastforward. But my paper still stands blank. What does the future hold for me if I can't even do a simple assignment? Maybe when I grow up I won't get a job that requires you to write. I'll be a zoo keeper, or a garbage person. Those are well-respected jobs. And if it weren't for them where would this world be now?

Healing Wounds

The sunlight blinds my eyes, making my vision impaired.

The pain in my heart has taken to much time to heal.

Time that I do not have, time that is so precious to my eyes.

A broken heart and blinding eyes sharing something in common.

Both searching for a fragment of time to heal their wounds.

--Kate Kennedy

Rain

Breaking the dust that prevails so long,

Ruining day with a tear drenched skies and grasses.

--Kate Kennedy

" Free" Verse

I woke up late one afternoon, Realized I was in a world of cartoons. He-Man told me he'll beat me up because he thought that I looked like a Donald Duck. Then I hung out with Spider-Man;

He told me he was going to start a comic strip band. The Incredible Hulk was going to play the

drums, Charlie Brown grabbed a guitar and started to strum.

Snoopy tried to rock on the Microphone but Tom & Jerry both said he should leave it alone.

Then I hung out with Mickey Mouse; We had two drinks so we went to his house. Mickey's drink was ugly but mine was deaf, so I drank it all until there wasn't none left.

They were cartoon Characters I met everyone. That story is over, But My Rhyme Ain't Done.

--Ty McCormick

Sunshine

Sunshine's a symbol
a symbol of Love
a symbol of Light
and Warmth from above

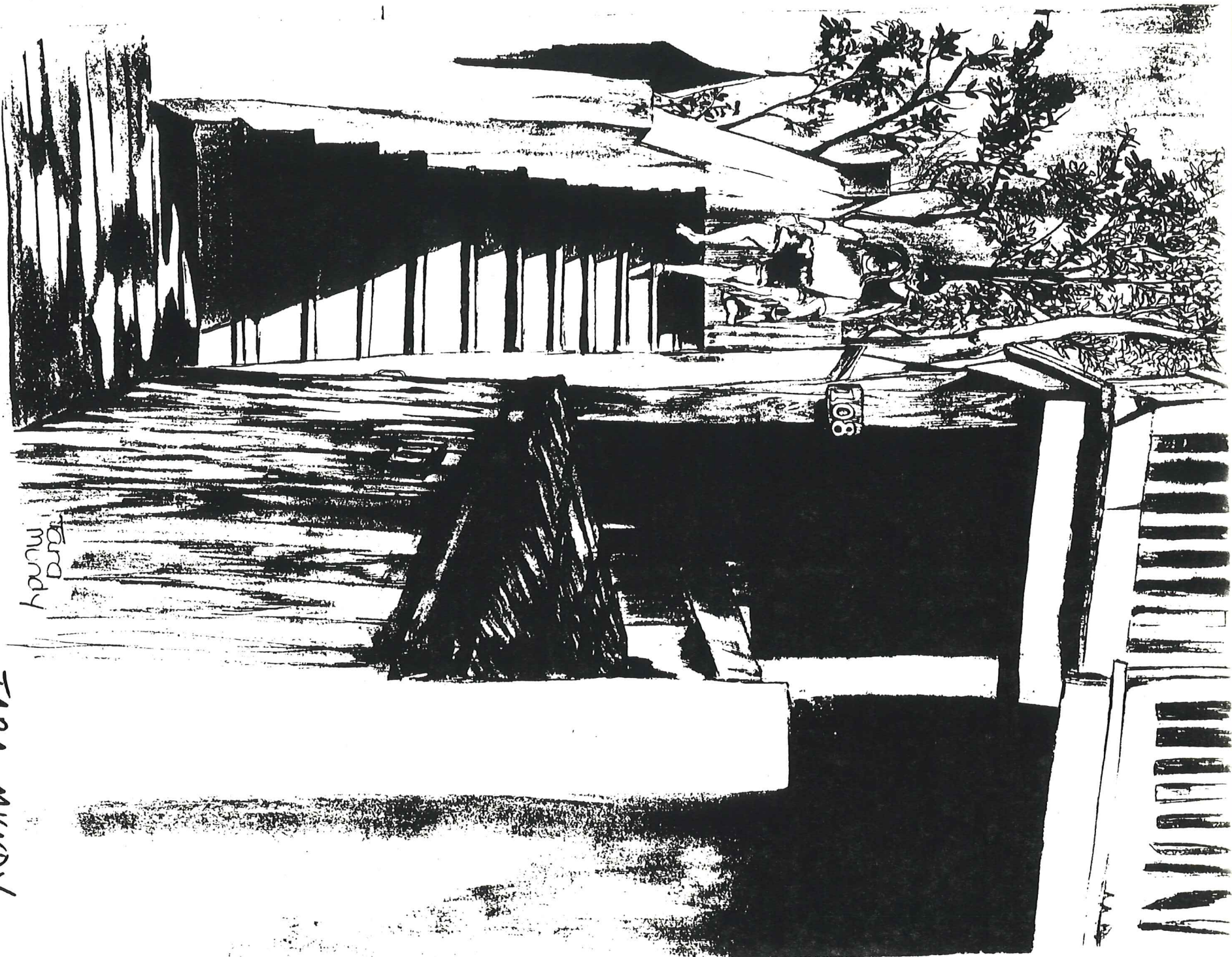
A symbol of Hope
a symbol of Smiles
a symbol of Life
that stretches for miles

A symbol of Faith
in what is to be
a symbol of Friendship
a symbol of me.

--Jackie Stone

TARA MUNDY

TARA
MUNDY



lake
at the Edge
of the forest

gilt edged
leaves
Fall

Splash

in
to the
water

drops
rain
ping
Pang
Ripples
hit the
lake

lapping
against the
shore
crash
waves

little
Boy
throwing
rocks
slosh
splatter
wa
t
er wet
dripping

-Kris Colabella

