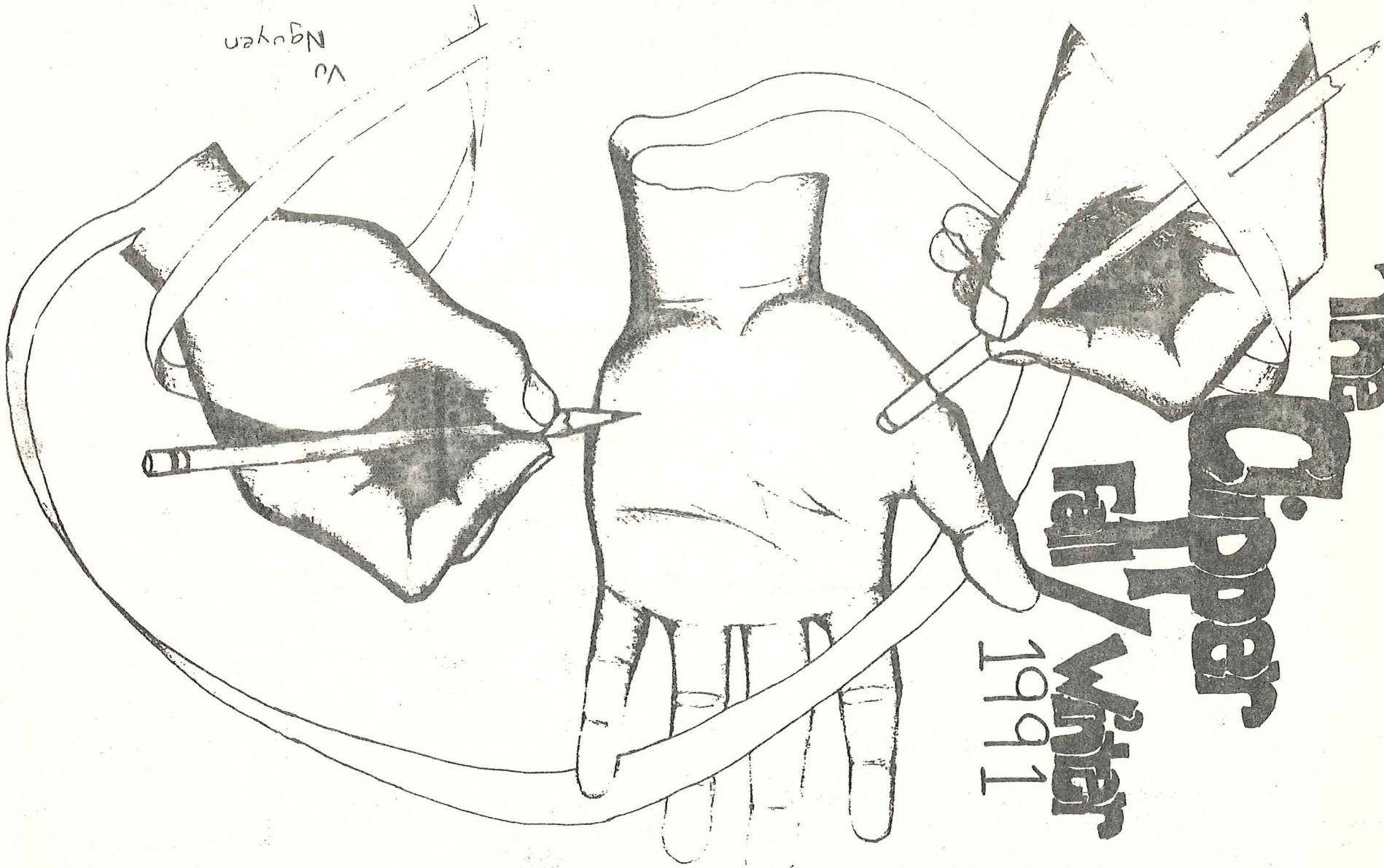
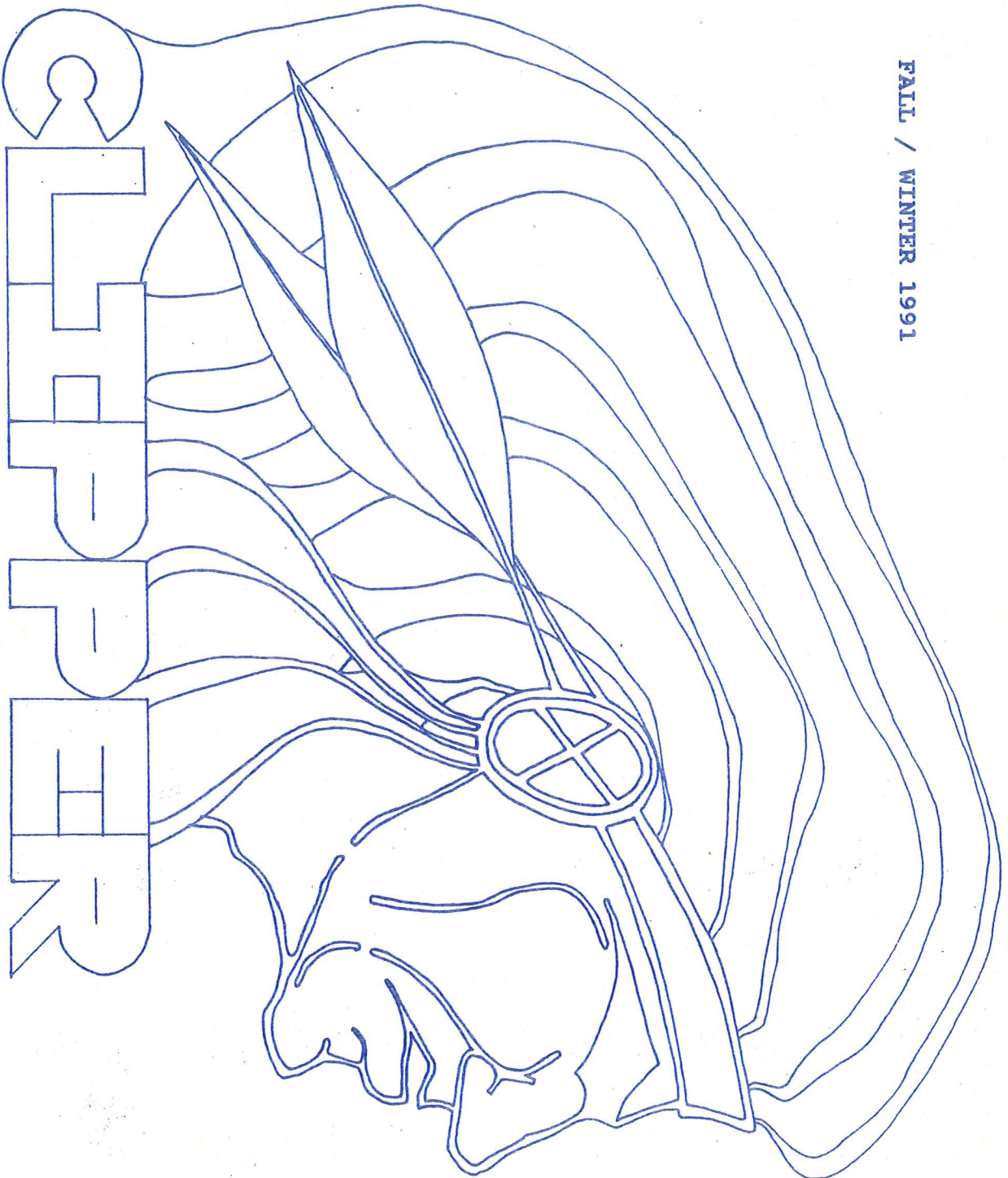


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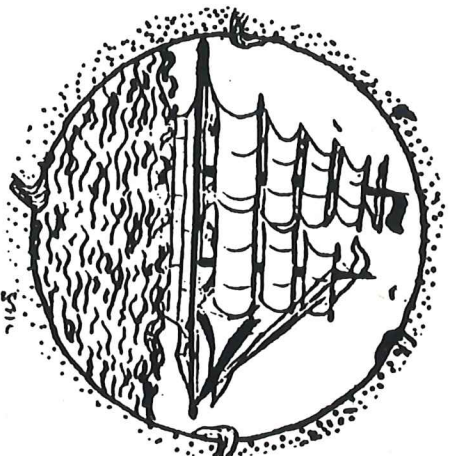


Vu
Nguyen

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THE CLIPPER

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Fall/Winter 1991

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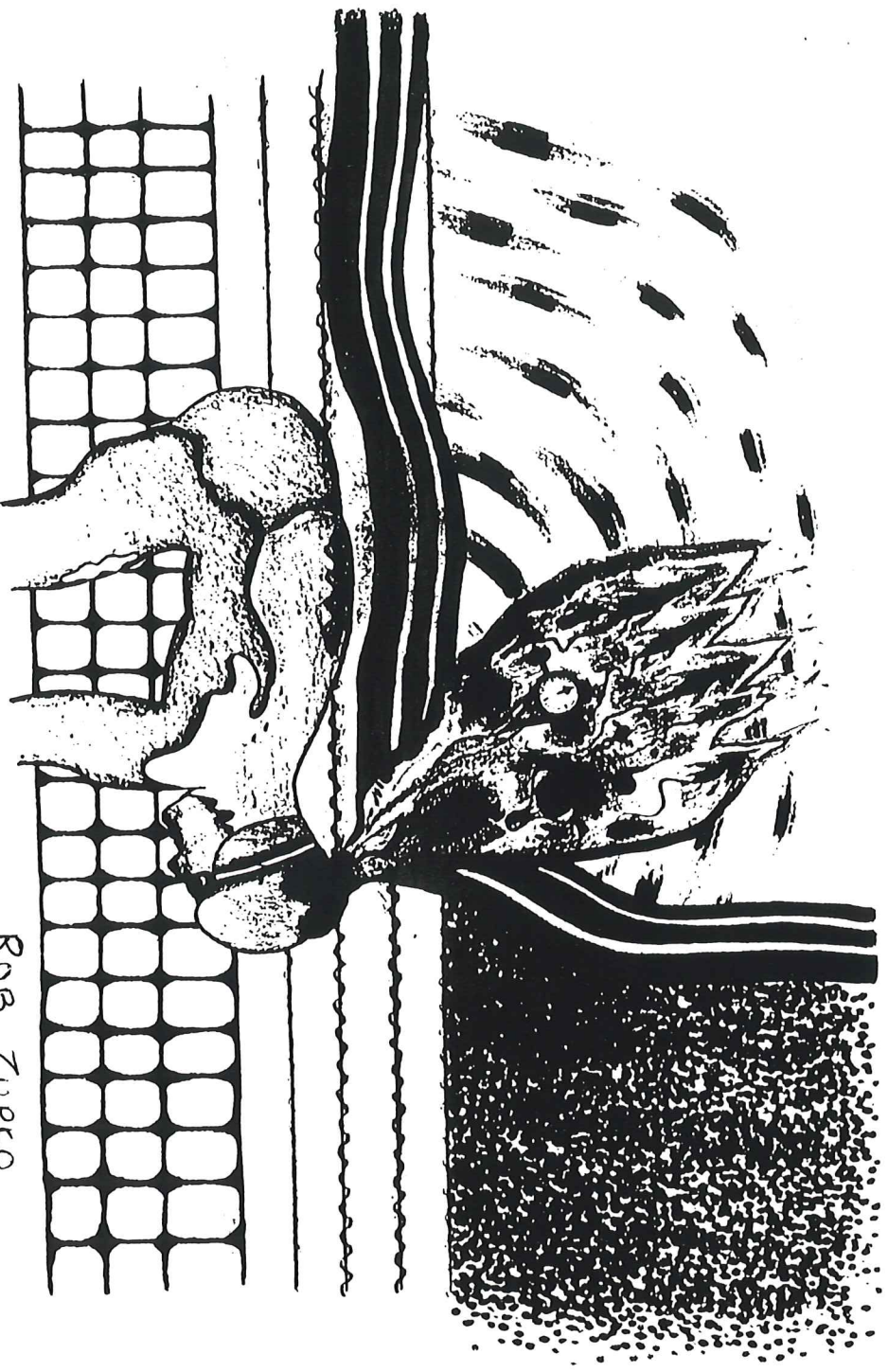
Nothing born of the Earth,
could know the celestial grace;
could free my mind of this cursed,
Horrid Helpless-hopeless space.

A space-a place! A terror zone,
filled-not with simple nothing alone;
But full with such an extreme nothing,
becoming strorger as it grows.

And then like wine to the carafe,
or seed to the fertile field;
Fulfillment came with a strength,
to make this nothing yield.

And as my angelic remedy visits,
and spreads joy with her stay;
I hope to enjoy her flavor,
in each Mystery pageant day.

--Peter Ryan



Rob Zupco

A Lesson In Reality

Short Fiction By Lori Rozental

I stumbled to my front door, but before I reached it I noticed that the lights were on in my parents' room. I glanced at my watch, and after a few minutes of trying to focus on what time it was, I realized that it was 3:30 in the morning. I unlocked the door and slowly walked up the stairs to my room, hoping that my father and mother had fallen asleep.

I reached my room and fell right onto the bed. My head was spinning because of the alcohol that I drank through the night, and I was already dozing off. Then my door swung open, which was what I was kind of expecting. "What do you think you're doing coming home at four in the morning, with out even a phone call?" My eyes couldn't focus anymore, but the booming voice that echoed through my room told me that it was my father, raving mad.

I sat up and looked at him with a pathetic look, "I couldn't find a ride home, and I was at least twenty minutes away. I would have called, but I thought I would be home a while ago so....."

"I'm sick and tired of having your mother and me sit up until all hours of the night waiting for you, while you're out getting smashed. You're only fifteen years old!"

"I know, but there's nothing I could do!" The words coming from my mouth felt like the same words I repeated every night that I was out. And my father, who was also drunk because he had been out tonight, was saying the same things over and over again. Then came the part where we started accusing each other of not caring, which of course wasn't meant from either of us, but we couldn't control it because of the state we were in.

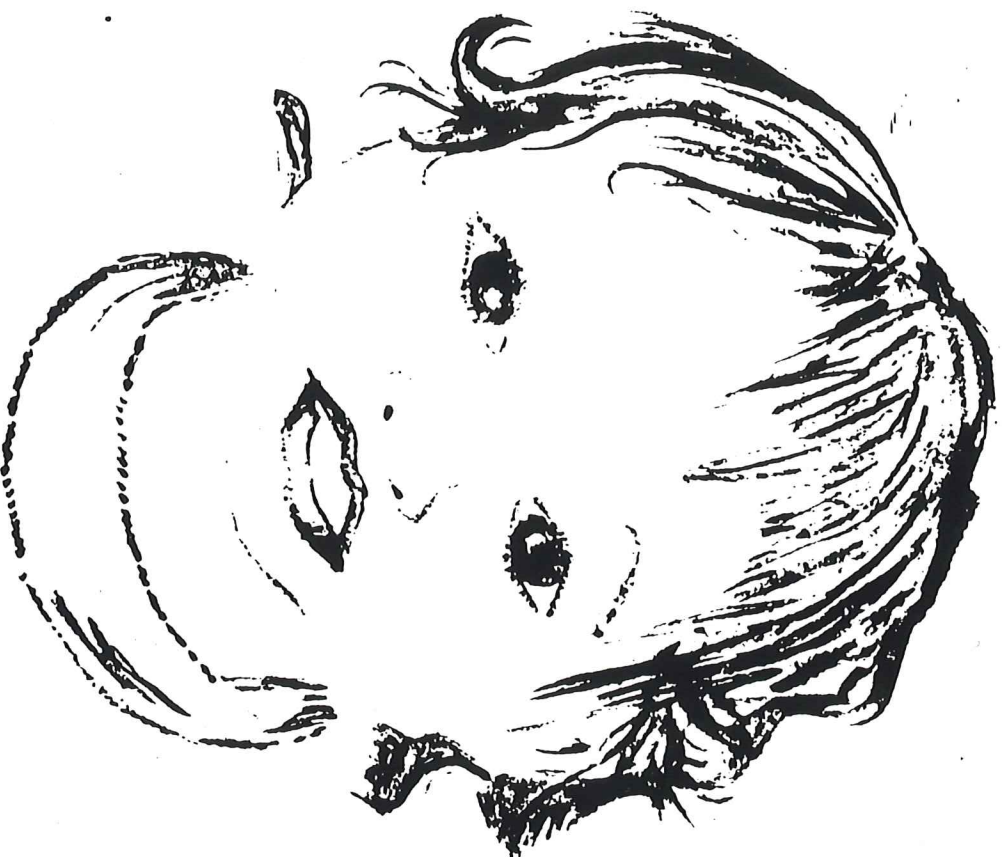
After an hour of fighting, my eyes, from all the tears, were almost swollen shut. My father was also tired and left my room with a final note, "You're not going anywhere for a long time. That means you're in this house every day and every night, now we'll see how tough your life is!" And with that, the door was slammed shut, leaving me to my anger and hatred.

The day after the fight, I decided that I wanted to run away. I collected all the money I had (which was about \$200) and packed a few things for myself. I got on the first train north and just took it to the end. When I think about what happened, now, I laugh because it really was all so stupid. I foolishly believed that I would get off the train in the city, where I had never been before, and survive all by

since I was a little girl, we all understood each other.

This experience really taught me a lot. Whenever I'm down about things, and want to get away, I think about all those people in the city. The poor and homeless who are starving with out life. No shelter, food, warm clothes, money, jobs, and most importantly, family. I smile because of what I do have, not what I don't. I'm glad I realized all this so early in life or I would be jealous of everybody because they have something better than I do, or they look better. I can finally say "I don't care" and just be happy with who I am.





TWO PEOPLE

Two beautiful people
Created me.

Two affectionate people
Raised me.

Two brilliant people
Taught me.

Two patient people
Fed me.

Two persistent people
Bathed me.

Two humorous people
Clothed me.

Two caring people
Supported me.

Two parents
Loved me.

--Eileen Russoniello

ALONE

Along the lonely shore
with no one to talk to
but
herself
She sings a lonely song
to
herself
And shares a lonely story
with
herself
All because she has no one
to
talk
to.

-Greta Schulte



Suddenly, a 26-inch prankster popped out of the trash can! Unbelievable! Little Davy was armed with a bow and arrow! The pointed arrow was like a sign of death! I quickly jerked my head to the left, attempting to dodge the weapon. Luckily, he didn't have an extensive aim!

Not more than a second later, I darted as fast as possible to the nearest exit, the backdoor. It was locked and bolted! Then I realized that I was no longer secure in this house of doom.

I sluggishly turned to scurry for the basement door. As I extended my arm for the knob, I now realized that I was stuck in a clear, gooey substance. How nasty! Crazy glue! Those beasts!

When I released myself from the glue, I spotted a phone in the kitchen. As I dodged for the phone, I noticed "Dreadful Debbie" standing somberly with an enormous pair of scissors. Right in front of my eyes she slashed the cord. "You'll never be free from the distinguished McDoogie kids!" she hollered as she skipped away.

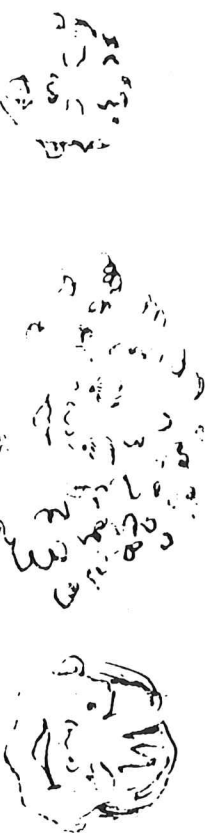
For almost an hour, I was dodging pellets from a toy gun, getting attacked by "Killer" hamsters, and being assaulted by flying rubber-bands. I even had three pieces of cherry-flavored Bazooka gum in my hair, compliments of young Donny.

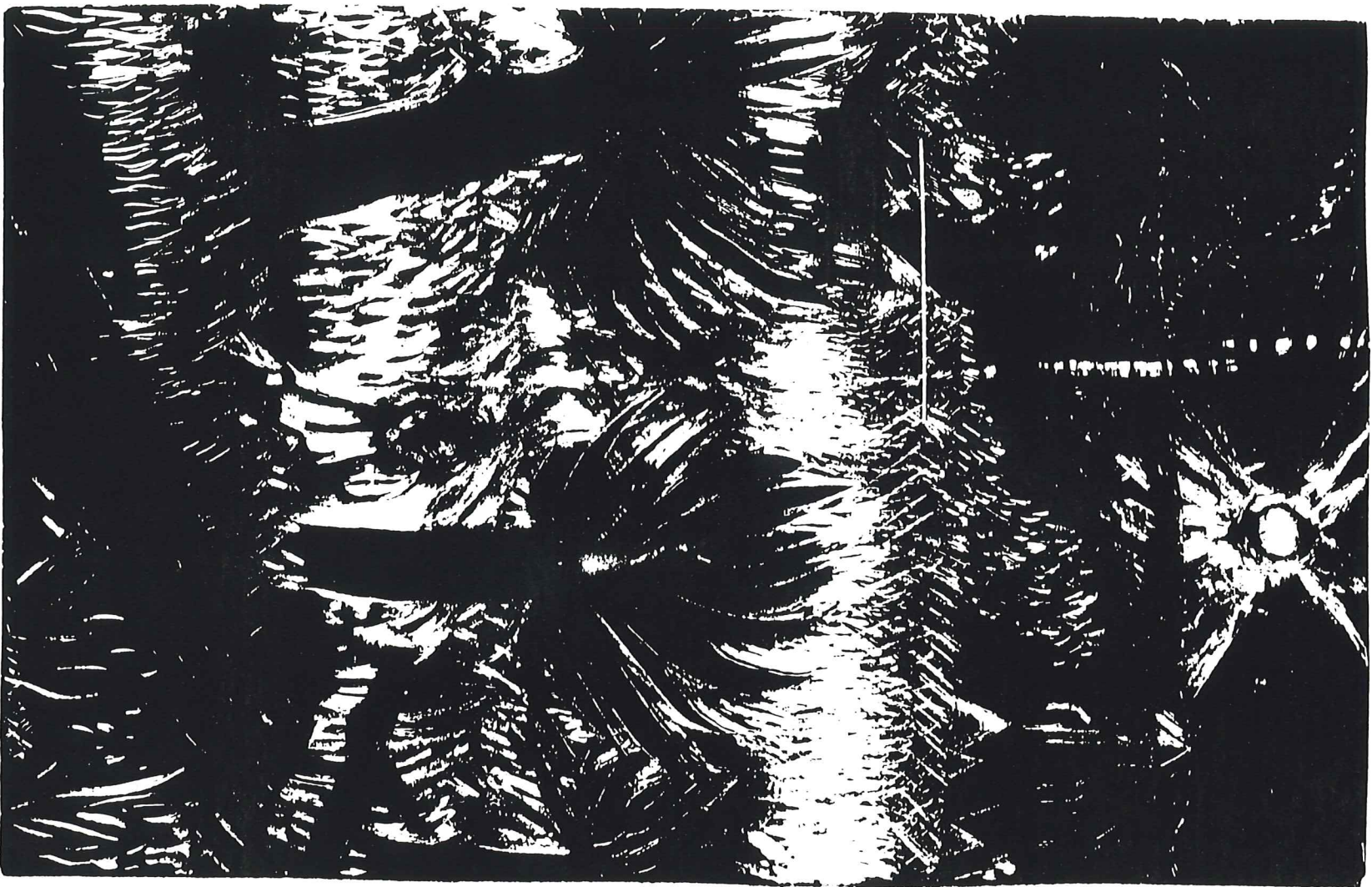
Finally, I locked myself into the bathroom and didn't move until Mr. and Mrs. McDoogie came home. When they finally freed me from my "private prison," I was still quivering, but capable of speaking.

The one word that I kept repeating was "evil." It was obvious to them that I had been through hell, and they were more than apologetic.

Mrs. McDoogie took the blame for their behavior. She declared that since she was a child, she has been a horror movie fanatic. When she was pregnant with each child, she became addicted. Her doctor warned her that her children might suffer some impairment from this depravity, but she refused to listen.

Well, I guess that explains why the kids are so vicious. What I don't understand is why there is a machine gun sitting in Mrs. McDoogie's bedroom?





Jackie Stone
Scratch board

Suddenly all panels were lit.

Active became the crew.

They realized this was the reason
why they learned all they knew.

Bay doors slid open silently

And let loose the payload.

Deadly bombs dropped many miles.

On beams of light they rode.

Below lay the world as they knew it.

Billions sleeping.

In minutes an empty world would

Be about the sun silently spinning.

SUICIDE

The blood drips so slowly down,
As he sits and watches with a frown.
Soon there is a puddle of red,
And if nothing is done he will be dead.
He screams from fear and pain,
As he sits and watches the blood stain.
Minutes pass and nobody shows,
To his surprise nobody knows.
Slowly he falls asleep,
When his mother comes she will weep.
To see her only son is dead,
Right beside his blood-stained bed.

-Krysie Conklin



Greta
Schulte

estictions on how I seep
RL

Jennife Dunne
R

you ae not to be in my oom at night
R
how can I do my wok
R
you beathe so oudy
RL
you hate my ight
L
how can I think
just un out
R
eave me aone
L
how can I tun aound
R
without you yeing
L
at me constanty
L
how can I ive
L
with these commands
my time to seep...
L
how can it happen
that I jump to you voice
R
when you say sti
L
and Im aeady fozen
LR
how come you cant eave
L
and neve retun
R
I love soitude
L
how came you depive me of it?
R

Spinning around
Around in circles
Circles of fun
Fun never-ending
Never-ending in smiles
Smiles from faces
Faces of children
Children of loving
Loving the day
Day of sun
Sun shining
Shining with brightness
Brightness so bright
Bright for their eyes
Eyes covered
Covered from sadness
Sadness is gone
Gone away from their minds
Minds are not hearing
Hearing cries
Cries are heard
Heard from laughter
Laughter of play
Play all around
Around their world
World sees no troubles
Troubles to be worried
Worried about time
Time is eternal
Eternal is their age
Age of such youth
Youth and unselfish
Unselfish in their world
World of a child.

madeline mauro

INSANITY

The screeching hurts my ears.
It's bothering me; getting
louder and louder, until I think
it couldn't possibly go any further.

As it gets louder, the sound
Reaches higher pitches; the
kind that ring in my ears
And shatter wine glasses.

Why doesn't anyone hear it?
The sound is getting louder,
The tone is getting higher, so high
I've got to scream.

I'm screaming, yelling so
loudly; trying to drown
out the sound with my
very own soothing voice.

But no one understands
why I'm acting this way.
No one hears the shrilling
sound that haunts me.

-Sue Kammerer

GIVING UP

I saw you in my dreams last night.
Why weren't your eyes there?
Did they only appear to be missing,
or had they really disappeared?

I could see straight through you.
You were so hollow, so lonely,
And there was nothing I could do;
There was no helping you.

I reached for you, falling forward.
I grasped your arm tightly.
Why couldn't I hold on?
We were spinning so fastly.

I hurled you onto the ground,
But you kept going,
Straight through it, nonstop,
And you were yelling so loudly.

I tried to catch you, save you,
But you wanted to fall.
Your body was so limp and pale,
And where were your eyes?

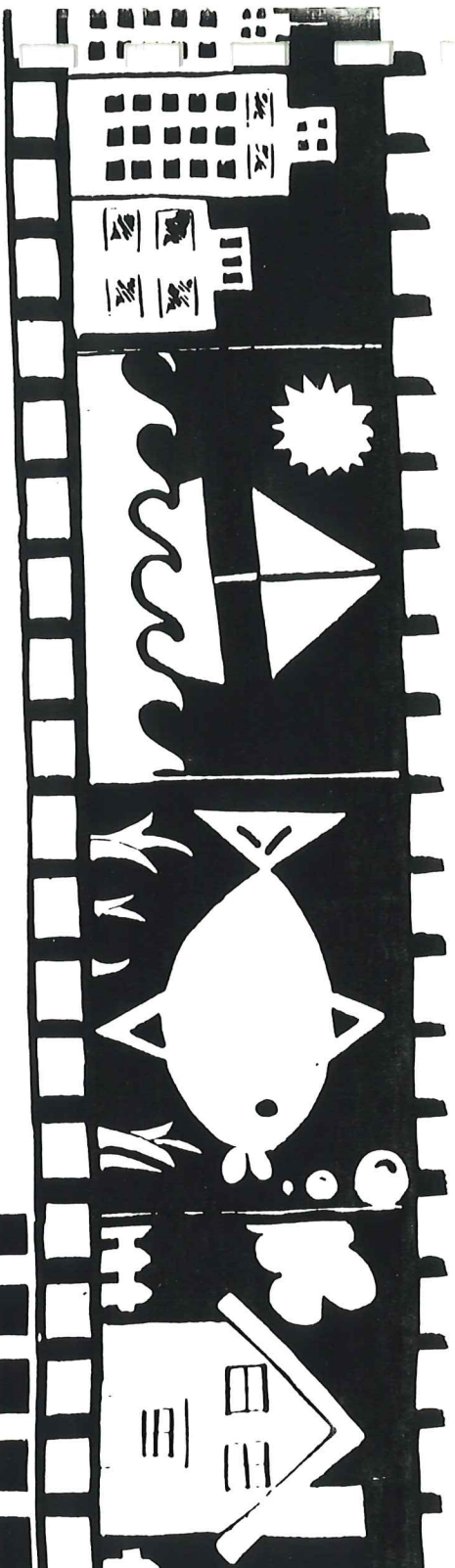
-Sue Kammerer

Early Christmas

My fourth Christmas instilled only a very brief memory in my mind. Yet, for some odd reason, it stays with me. The room was dimly lit, and there was plenty of snow outside because this took place in Vermont. Mother was watching Purusha and me. She had a smile which was vague, yet definite. We had been sitting on the living room floor, in awe of the objects above. They were two miniature parachutes falling down slowly, very slowly. The moment itself seemed to be part of a dream, everything moving in slow motion. Almost feeling helpless, all we did, all we could do, was watch.

- TULASI SISTI





A FRIEND

Into her eyes
I looked through
I saw a person
I thought I knew

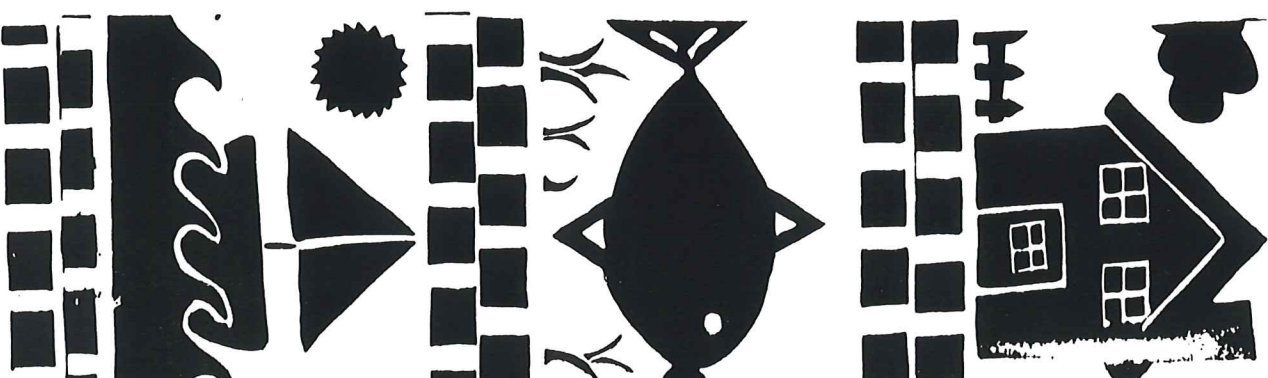
Then a picture
became vaguely clear
that person I thought
was nowhere near

When she listened
she only heard
she never gave
a single word

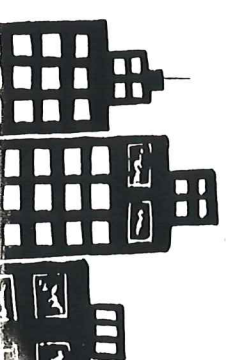
I felt weak
and all alone
the evidence of a traitor
had just been shown

And just to think
my new-found friend
turned out to be
a devil in the end

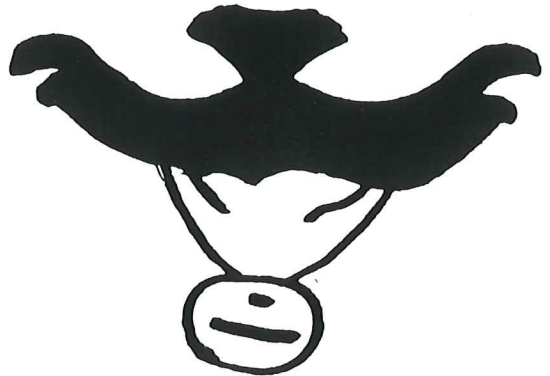
-Tracy Mascia



J. Sluka



Jennifer Boone



A "REALIZATION"

From the very moment of my introduction into this world, I have been puzzled, perplexed, and vastly tormented by the hypocrisy of this world. People will tell you one thing and then say the exact opposite to someone else. They'll turn you away when you need them, after they'd already told you they would be there for you. This world, or an unearthly realm, is undescrivable. It frightens me witnessing some of the things going on. There's absolutely no purity left in this world. This is a self-centered place of existence. Everyone cares just about themselves and only pretend to care about others. They act as if you're worthless if you don't do what they do, or like what they like. It's pointless, let alone ignorant.

Reality used to be a friend of mine, but now reality is depressing to even think about. I'd rather live in my own little dream world, where people are kind and "real," instead of just paper-doll cut outs pretending to care. I'd like someplace where I'd be able to serenade a rainbow, without being bantered at for emitting feeling. That's what I need.

If only I could get away, as if I were comatose. Then I wouldn't have to worry (or deal with) a watcher's point of view. It would be as if I'm in the presence of mirrors. I'd be my absolute self. It would be like I were set adrift on memory bliss, allowing my truly joyful memories to be set free. And if I start to shake on a clear day of extreme chill, I could rely on you to calm me, soothingly into warmth. The beautiful love I feel would then be able to burst out of its hidden chamber.

Even after I die, I will be able to indulge myself in these thoughts and feelings upon my heavenly being. If I were you, I'd think about this. Just allow yourself to drift into a peacefully gentle world of deep thought. Think about things and enlighten those we dwell amongst.

-Steve Jackson

THE LONELINESS OF A STORM

Damp loneliness sweeps across the land.
A chill is in the air.
The darkness of night, then a flash.
For a moment the night turns to day.
The silhouette of trees outlined by the neon sky.

--Robert Collins

STORM

The Fierce!
The Fury!
The Force!
The warning flash,
Before the rip of madness.
The wall shakes,
And the ground quakes.
The fury builds,
And builds
To a climactic
Point of mass chaos.
The sirens sound
And the whistles blow.
But soon the giant
Moves on.

--Robert Collins

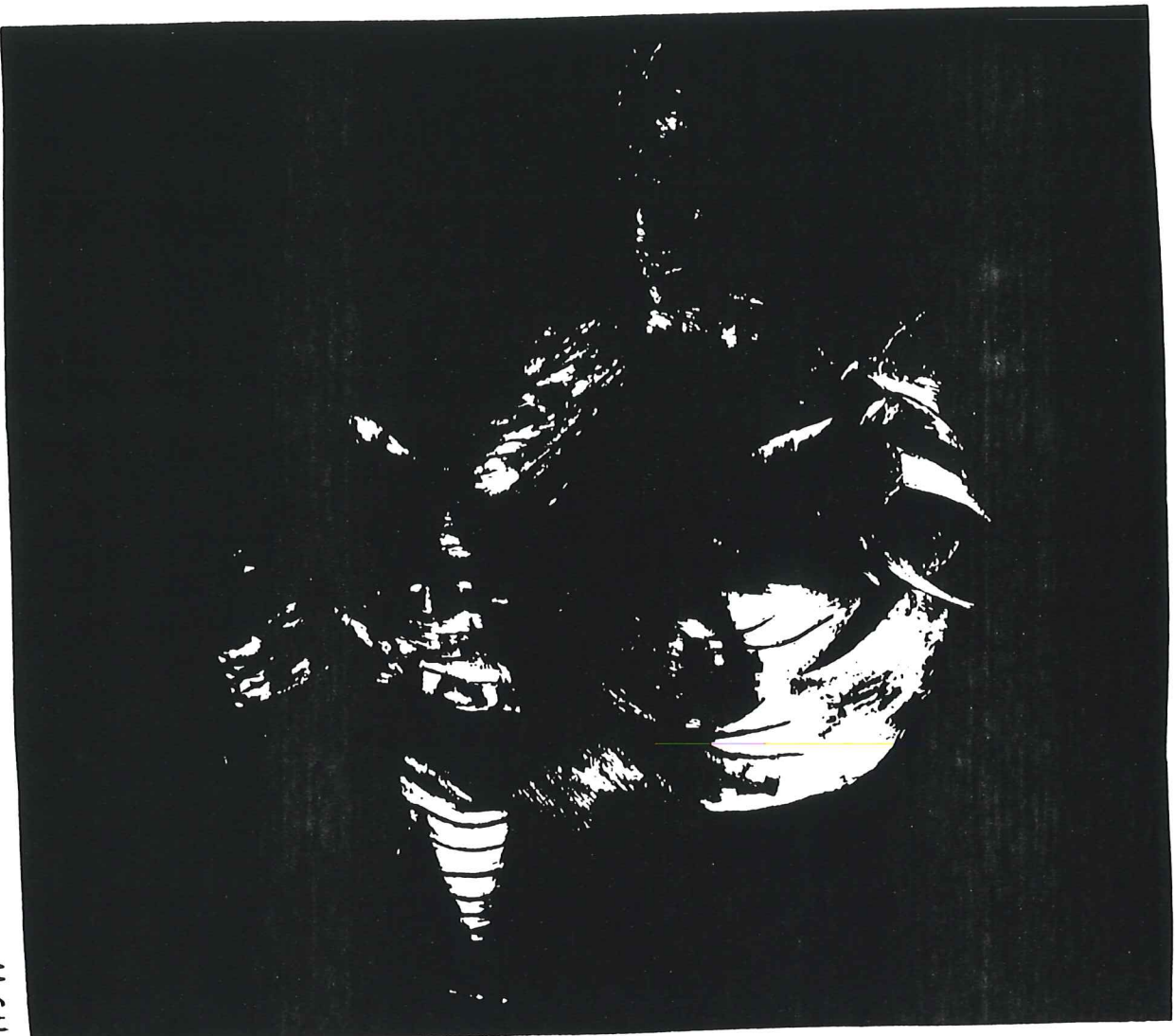
RAIN

The sheets of rain come down.
Blanketing the vision of the viewer.
The pounding of the droplets on the ground,
Making a rut along the house.
A low bass rumble of a giant in the background
A flash here a flash there
The steady tranquil rhythm,
Putting the most restless
to sleep.

--Robert Collins

commanded. But what the hell? They would shoot me if they saw me.

So off my bullets went like a pack of running dogs at a helpless little kid. Two troops went down and then I heard gunshots from their direction felt blood on my chest. I did not even feel the hit because it was so cold. Or was this what it really felt like to get hit? I just lay there and waited for my time to arrive. Well, it was a well-fought individual battle but someone had to lose. I guess I am the lucky one, huh? I just lay while off in the distance I heard the voices on the radio fading out as I started to lose my heartbeat.



MICHAEL
BURGER

Boredom is a state that is on no map, but mysteriously, everyone has been there. I know that I take voyages to boredom, and that these are self-inflicted--worse than drinking, boiling coffee, or a walk in the dead of winter without gloves. Because the mind is involved, it takes extra effort to rise out of this lethargic mire. I have devised ways to escape and become re-energized, but they are so unexciting! There also my false ways to avoid boredom by facing it head-on; these work rarely because sometimes after a session in boredom, almost any activity around looks enjoyable. In effect, just to avoid slipping into a dreary mood, I waste time and pretend that I'm doing something useful.

What does boredom feel like? I mean, how does one know when one has reached the destination? I believe the symptoms vary, but the first signs to appear are the common ones: heavy eyelids, a weak neck, and the sudden sensation of lead blocks that slow down walking. Also, remember the mental haze that rolls over anything one might do, making it faintly there, or too far away to bother with. After these tell-tale indicators have settled in, it is almost impossible to point out every other manifestation, and anyway, no one wants to be led into the state...

What does boredom look like? No, not how quickly one can fall asleep, but if a landscape reminded one of the state of boredom, would the place be a certain color? Maybe, a vast expanse of moundless sand? A golden plain of unharvested wheat, or would it be flannel grey? How about a forest of green trees, like the kind that one watches for five hours on the highway? Does it look like a brick wall, or a blank piece of loose-leaf paper that seems to be ten meters long? To me, it is a black velvet band of mud, too wide to cross and too thick to rise above.

Avoiding boredom should be a lifetime goal for Everyman. Some sure-fire ways to circumvent a boring period are to stay active, think constantly, and try to avoid joining anyone who is in a boring mode when one encounters him. The next time one feels that he is slipping into a State, he can reverse the effects by realizing that boredom is a waste of time, and no one yet can go back in time, like he can to boredom. Are we there yet?

Patience

For some love is a path
that is tread on softly.

For some love is a path
that is tread on harshly.

For some love is a path
that is tread on with frequency.

For some love is a path
that is tread on only once.

But for me, love is a path
that I walk on freely without a care,
because I know the secret of love,

Patience

-Patrick J. Keeley

THE COLOR WHITE

White stands for peace,
and it is the color for me
People are dying every day,
death is all we see

White stands for peace,
the people run to see
This beautiful thing they call peace,
will it ever be?

White stands for peace,
I know its hard to see
But I know in the end,
it will be up to you and me!

White stands for peace,
and it is the color for me
World peace is the only thing,
that I really care to see

- Patrick J. Keeley

Essay on Politicians

by Peter Ryan

A politician is a member of a profession based on popularity and manipulation of charisma. To be a politician, one must have a finger on the pulse of the desires of the people. The one job of a politician, is NOT to effect change, however; it is to get re-elected. Sometimes this may seem like a negative view of politics, but to vote for a politician is only to vote for his career, and anything he may do to improve it.

The one-time elected official has only to try to effect the change he had originally promised to make. The career politician has the added responsibility of adapting to change in the political climate of those he "represents." Each step and advancement politically is only a rung on every politician's dream ladder (i.e. the White House).

Such politicians also have to answer to the very influential special interest groups. This term simply refers to those with a lot of political power who do not get in trouble for basically buying the favorable attitude of the politician they are affiliated with. Without the support of the special interest groups, a politician's career is cut short by lack of funds, or by the career trampling by one who does have such support.

With the backing of a special interest group, a politician's next goal is to associate the image he portrays to the people, with the their political agenda. Unfortunately, most Americans are too busy with the trivialities of their existence to be concerned with what is going on around them. This is the most ripe time for a politician to go into action and manipulate the issues.

Every politician wants to further his career; every special interest group wants its demands met; and everyday people want a semi-content life. The well-rounded politician uses these three ends of the political triangle and comes up with the following: The average voter becomes interested in the charismatic character of the politician. (This is usually done easily, since America has only two parties which have a stronghold on politics, and a monopoly on choice; and in essence the voter has only has two choices.) In whichever direction the politician decides the voters are leaning (conservative or liberal), he throws a couple of promises and positions the voters wants to hear along with the ideologies of the special interest group, thereby creating a platform.

WALLED WITHIN

Take all your false securities
And add them to your wall
You think it will blank out all your pain
And give you back your control
Your excuse is--you use it for shade
But I know you use it to hide
Too weak to knock down your boundaries
Too scared to live on the other side
The truth is too clear in daytime
So you surrender your life to the night
Wanting to live with a challenge
But never willing to fight
Your struggle is of your own weakness
That your eyes are too blind to see
And if I told you I'd give you protection
You would follow me
So stand up on your high wall
And look down at what you've made
Now you're tempted to jump to the other side
But you'd rather stay in your shade

Kate Myers

DANCING IN VAIN

You used to dance with breaths of fresh air
Taking careful steps but seeming not to care
You used your veil to hide all the pain
Loosing your grace but still dancing in vain
The crowd was alive with a furious roar
Smiling through tears you tried to give more
You thought you had strength to dance through the night
But your veil became darker and made you loose sight
You showed signs of weakness and fell off the stage
And the crowd turned their back with confusion and rage
You began to cry cold tears of disgrace
But the crowd never knew because the veil hid your face

--Katie Meyers





Yu Nguyen



Shaun Ellis

Change Near for The Soviet Union

Matthew Ludwig

Change has been going on in the Soviet Union for a few years now, and I feel change there will not stop soon. First, there are uprisings in Lithuania, then statues of Lenin and Stalin fell. What's next? The people are not happy with the way things are now, which marks definite signs of change ahead. Perhaps in 1992, the Soviet Union will be history.

In one year's time, the government and economy of the Soviet Union will be altered. Prime Minister Gorbachev will not be in power much longer, to the dismay of the United States. Hard-line communists will try to gain control of the government, but will not be successful. Boris Yeltsin will become President for a short time, and during this period few reforms will be executed. By 1992, a moderate Communist may become President of the U.S.S.R. Ironically, the economy will not be changed for the better. The ruble will still be worthless, and the food shortage will be barely improved. The United States will be sending millions of dollars in aid over there, to our disadvantage.

In one year, change will be prominent in the Soviet Union's political system. The economy will not improve, and the people's tempers will grow short. No additional seceding republics will be acknowledged by the United Nations. To some eyes the future of the Soviet Union looks bright, in the long run. To others, it looks as dim as the present. Only time will tell the difference.

I agree with James Madison's thoughts expressed in the Federalist Essay Number 51. He presents a view of our government in its original innocent form. Madison tells of a near perfect system, all powers equal, and no influence of certain branches by other branches or party lines.

Unfortunately, the government Madison told of does not exist. The system is there but it is battered and abused. Madison's feelings about the rights of the minority are still true, and some of us are still trying to create communities independent of the majority, but it is more difficult than one thinks.

Madison's presentation of the system of checks and balances was well done. This is a safeguard against the abuse of government. By outlining this in the Federalist Essay Number 51 Madison not only explained to the common person an intriguing part of the Constitution, but also showed them that those in power were watched over.

The Federalist Essay Number 51 gives us the opportunity to look at our system of government and praise it, and also challenges us to improve it. Madison was effective in his attempt to persuade people to ratify the Constitution, but also let the people know that there was room for improvement. I believe this had a great deal to do with the success of the Federalist Essays. It is much easier to believe in something that leaves a little room for improvement, than in something that seems perfect.

The Federalist Essay Number 51 is a well written piece of "political propaganda." James Madison was effective in his presentation of the Constitution, why it should have been ratified, and also the few corrections that could have been made.

-Ailene McGuirk

part is more involved with the issues than personalities of people. The press still attacks those people with whom they disagree, but the style of writing is much better and less vulgar than the 1820's when De Tocqueville was visiting America.

Even though De Tocqueville was critical of the American press, he did not take lightly the immense influence it had in America. He felt it was the power of the press over public opinion that kept the political life of the districts within America honest and responsive to the people. Although there were many journals available at the time of his writings, he felt that the power of the periodical press was secondary to the power of the American people.

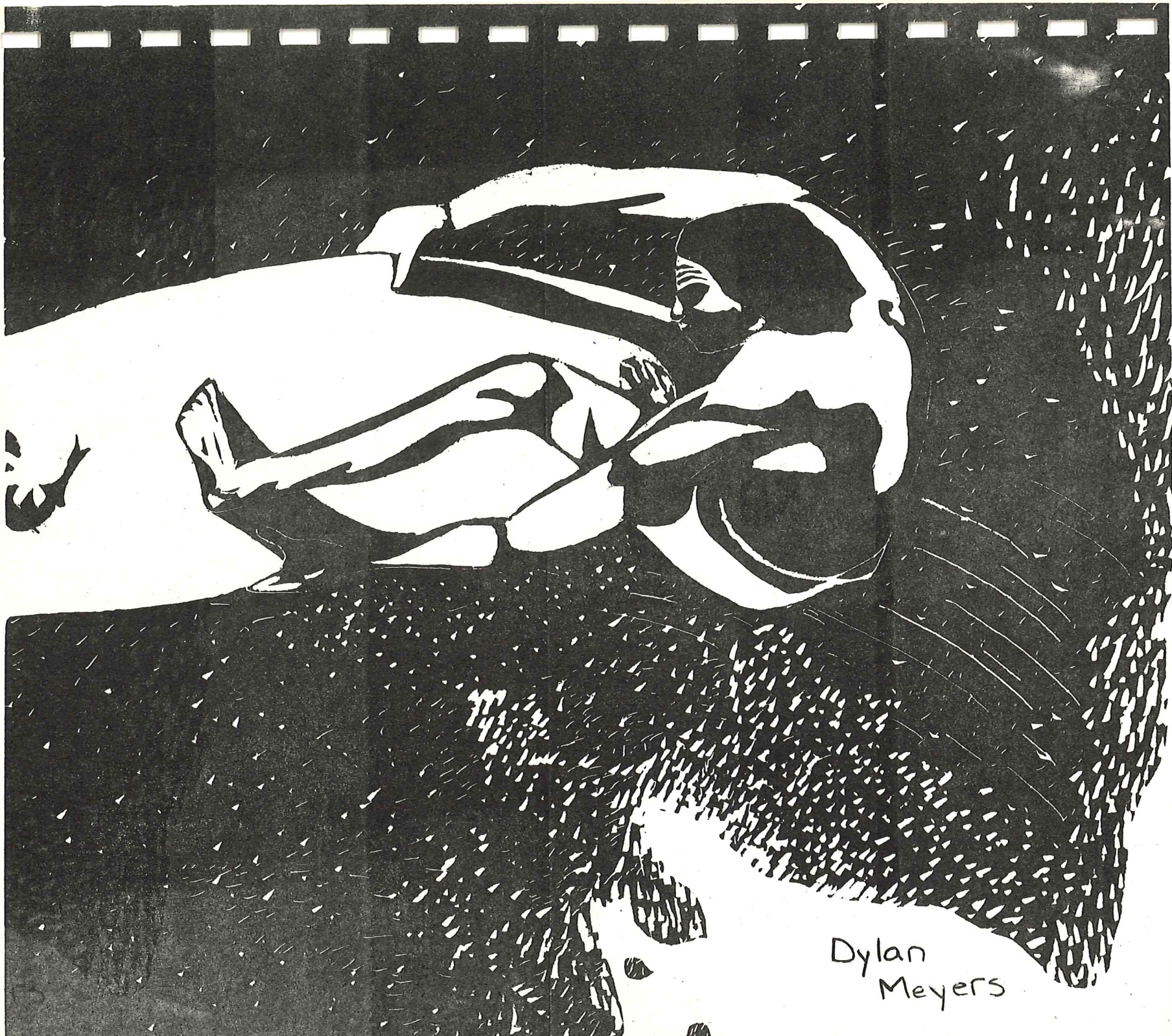
The power of the press is based upon its freedom to report and criticize political leaders and their actions in office. Without this freedom of the press, I believe, like De Tocqueville, that our leaders would be able to abuse their power. The downfall of Richard Nixon in the early 70's probably would not have occurred without a free press. De Tocqueville was correct in his belief that the press keeps a check on the political system and our liberty could be lost without it.

-Meg Richens

feel that Madison really got to the heart of the matter. Madison tells the public that America's success can only come about if the states are united as one. He stirred the patriotism inside every American when he wrote, "every man who loves his country, every man who love his family, his liberty, and peace will be needed to protected." By this he means that every patriotic individual should strive for the ratification of the constitution.

In this portion of the Federalists Papers Madison really does appeal to the common man. He tries and in my opinion succeeds in belaying all fears or doubts anyone might have about the power given to the government under the constitution. Madison wrote assuredly and with force. He attacked huge issues well and addressed the common man's fears. In my view, James Madison was the man who sold the constitution.

-Nick Foster



Dylan
Meyers