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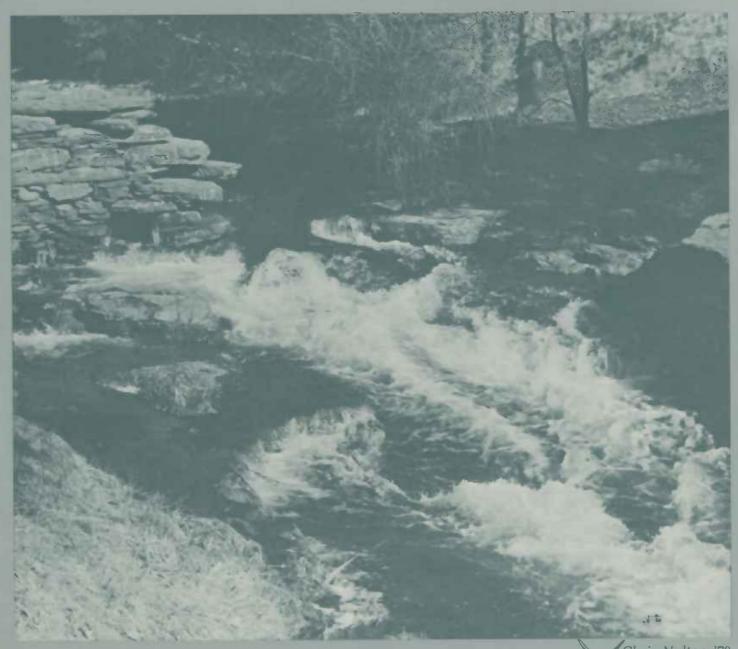
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Chris Nulton '79

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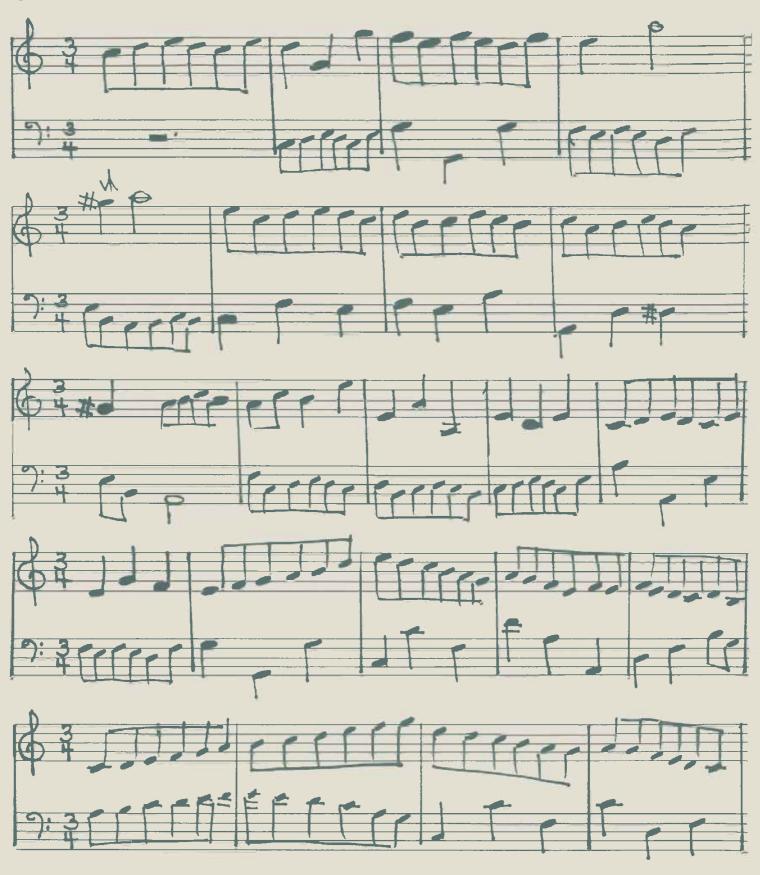
Editorial

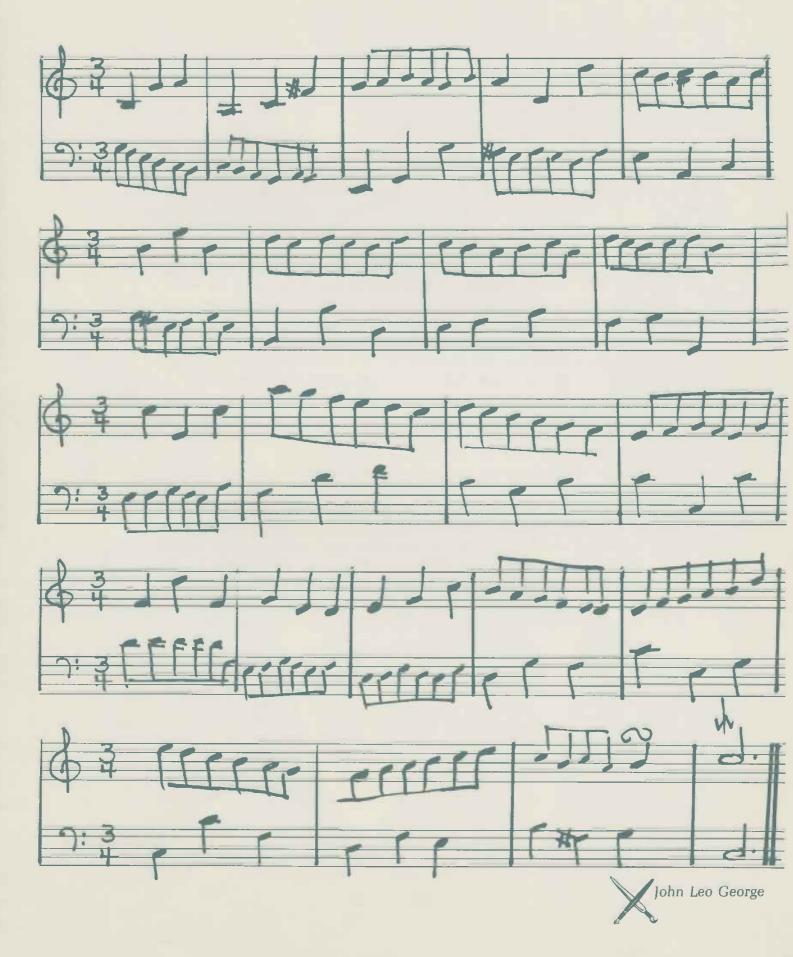
As editor of Instress magazine, I would like to thank my staff and advisor for their support and encouragement in making Instress 1977 a reality. Once again, we have tried to stress the importance of the arts in our publication.

Instress is not a professional magazine; however, this has not been our purpose. It is a statement of the growth of both students and faculty and is meant to be viewed as such.

Editor

Inventio





July Reverie

We sat on the sloping bank of the Potomac between a cluster of trees, one dropping spiders into the night. The waterway stretched to either hand only a few feet from us and slid past in a silent current. The great pencil of the monument rose over the rounded heads of trees across the water. To our left the Lincoln, squared and well-lit, stood sentry at the Washington side of Memorial Bridge. To our right the Jefferson's round top met the 14th St. Bridge. Airplanes passed low over us with tremendous cracking as their clumsy bodies pushed upwards. Before us the river was peopled with boats and their running lights made a candlelight parade in the evening's shadow.

It grew dark and the fireworks burst upon the night—bringing forth short gasps and oo's of joy from the spectators. A group of young, and not so young, men and women to our front and right added choral patriotism to the night air. A boat piped its music in our direction so that we were serenaded by flag-

waving tunes and the classics.

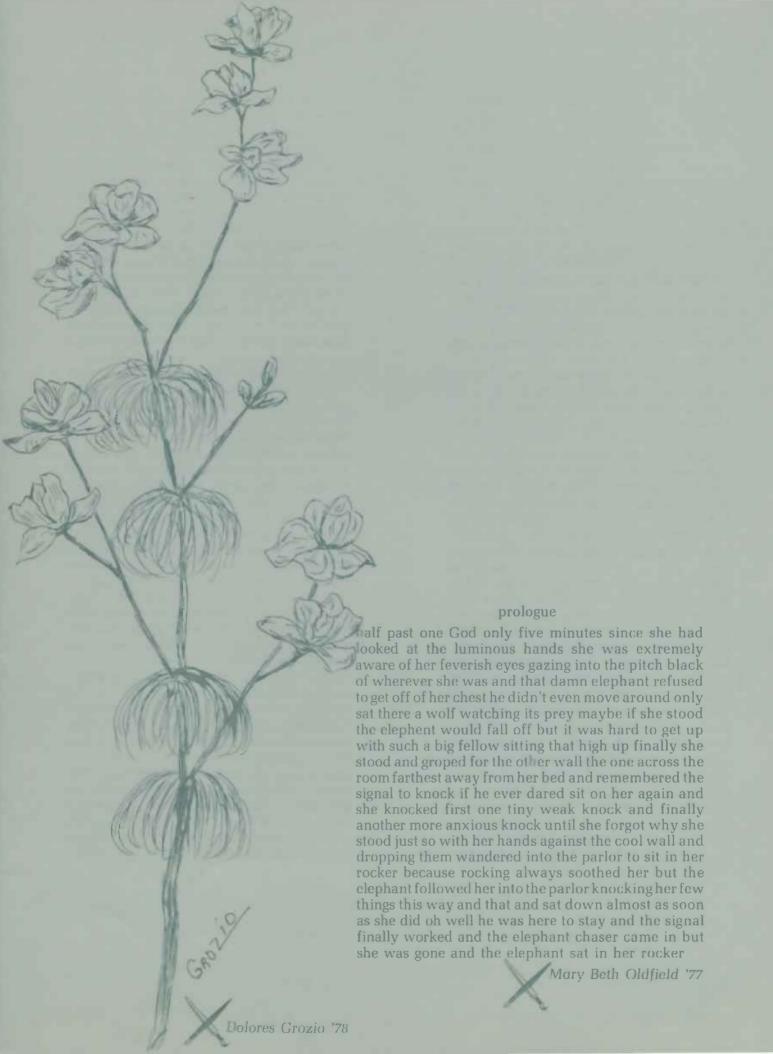
The fireworks were fantastic. Huge gold stars with widening tails streamed upwards—gently—not too high, like balloons being tossed, slowing, and then gliding down. We could see the sparkle of ground displays between the trees or sometimes just their flush lighting the treetops and monuments. Gold bursts broke into sticks and sprayed. Rose, green, blue and white dropped a path into the dark water—breaking it apart to reach us. The boats had doused their lights. All was quiet and awed. Once again it was July 4th, and the minds of the people went back. . .

Catherine McCoy '79

6







The Rock

He opened his eyes to the morning sun which crept playfully through the cracks in the shutters, almost as if to say, "Why do I find you here, my son?" He smiled, wideawake now, and said, "Good morning God. Thanks for the day."

He got up stretching and dressed. Then he let himself through the back door quietly, so as to wake no one, and ran down the path to the beach, releasing all the pent-up energy

he had gained while he slept.

He walked down to the water feeling the warm sand on his bare feet. He liked the sea best at this time of day, when it was still sleepy and the waves tumbled lazily over one another, sending out ripples which rolled to the shore, licking the tips of his toes. He laughed at the clumsy efforts of a young gull as it tried, unsuccessfully, to make a graceful landing on the sea's changing face.

The Rock was still there. Its defiant steel-blue presence broke the continuity of the shoreline as it stood, emerged in the water. It was his favorite place and he climbed it now, grasping its irregular surface, pulling himself slowly to the top. Although he'd climbed it many times before, when he finally reached the top, he always felt like it was his first time. The sparkling blue-green waters throwing off the shiny flecks of sunlight never ceased to fascinate him, and the sensation of the sea's gentle mist on his face brought with it a feeling of renewal.

As he sat, marveling at the beauty there before him, he pulled the Book from his pants pocket and it fell open to the page where he had left his pencil. He loved to write but today he found it difficult to begin. He hadn't written in the Book since last week. Until then he had never shown it to anyone. But the teacher had asked each person in his school class to bring in something which he had written for homework.

So, that day on which the assignment was due, he had handed in his favorite story. very carefully copied on a piece of paper. He had been so sure that she would like it. As he remembered now the events which followed, a frown creased his forehead. The teacher, Miss Johnson, had seemed extremely perplexed. She told him that it was all so unusual and that he should have learned by now that there were such things as capital letters and punctuation marks which had to be put in the correct places. Mistakes were not permitted . . . especially in his case. After all, he was already sixteen years old and if he ever intended to be promoted to fourth grade, he must learn how to write properly. She had also added that, perhaps, it was he who was the biggest mistake.

When she read his story out loud and the class exploded in laughter at his errors, he found that he could stand it no longer. He had tolerated their laughter and insults many times before, but this was different. It felt as though a piece of him was being brutally torn away. He turned and fled from the room, not diminishing his speed until he collapsed on the sand near the Rock from sheer exhaustion.

Later, when he had picked himself up and gone home, he found that many changes

had been made. His mother had spoken with Miss Johnson and they had decided that it would be better if he stayed home from school from then on. During the days that followed, there seemed to be a quiet, almost expectant atmosphere surrounding the house. He often walked into a room and found the members of his family gathered there talking. They always spoke in whispered tones and broke off in midsentence when they became aware of his presence. Several times he caught the words "mistake" and "different", but he couldn't find any connection between them in his mind. This didn't really bother him as long as he could come here to the Rock and forget the laughter and the whispering.

"Hello," a voice spoke, breaking in on his thought. He turned around and saw Sandy's inquisitive eyes smiling at him, as the top of her small head peeped over the Rock. He smiled back as he took her hand and helped her the rest of the way. Sandy had not ridiculed him that day and now, after school each day, she came to the Rock to listen to him and to hear his stories.

Today as they read, they were interrupted by his mother's voice calling him. They scrambled down from the Rock and just before they parted, some sudden impulse caused him to place the Book in Sandy's hands. Her eyes lit up as she took it from

him and waved goodbye.

He ran back to the house where his mother was waiting. He had forgotten about the appointment at the doctor's and hoped that she would not be angry with him. Surprisingly, she said nothing about it as they drove to the office. Later, in the examining room after the doctor had given him the injection, he began to relax. He guessed that his mother had forgotten about reprimanding him because she was so busy filling out the forms. At first he counted them, but soon his eyes felt so heavy that he couldn't keep them open. The drug was beginning to take effect and time as he knew it faded and finally passed away.

When Sandy climbed the Rock the next day, he was not there to help her. Thinking that he was sick, she went up to his house and knocked on the door. His mother came out and spoke to her, but Sandy refused to believe what she said. She returned again and again to try to climb the Rock, always sure that he would be there with his hand outstretched to pull her to the top. Then came a day when she grew so tired and discouraged that she placed the Book safely in a crevice of the Rock where it lay forgotten.

Sandy grew over the years and although she often walked along the beach, she never remembered the Book. But a time came when she looked at the Rock and the memory of cut knees and futile attempts stirred in her mind. Needless to say, the Rock no longer looked formidable and some whim promp-

ted her to climb it.

She had almost reached the top and was searching for a handhold when her fingers touched something. She pulled it out and as she held the Book in her hands, everything came back in a rush. Because she was older, she now understood what her younger self had refused to admit and she now cried the tears which younger eyes had been unable to shed.

A few months later, when she had the Book published, the critics had little enough to say about it, which was unusual considering the large number of copies that were sold. Sandy was not sure whether people read it because they understood and still cared enough, or because they enjoyed the novelty of something different to read. She had left the Book unchanged except for the following words which served both as an introduction to the Book and her final tribute to him and others like him:

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions,

Perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer.

Let him step to the music which he hears, However measured or far away."

(Henry David Thoreau) Ann Teresa Gast '80

Bursting ball of fire, flying past Heaven's players, hits homeplate, the earth.

Mary Catherine Rishcoff '80

Frozen icicles
absorbing the rays of warmth
sweat drops of water.

Mary Catherine Rishcoff '80

A single droplet clings hopefully to the leaf, only to fall off.

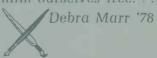
/Mary Catherine Rishcoff '80

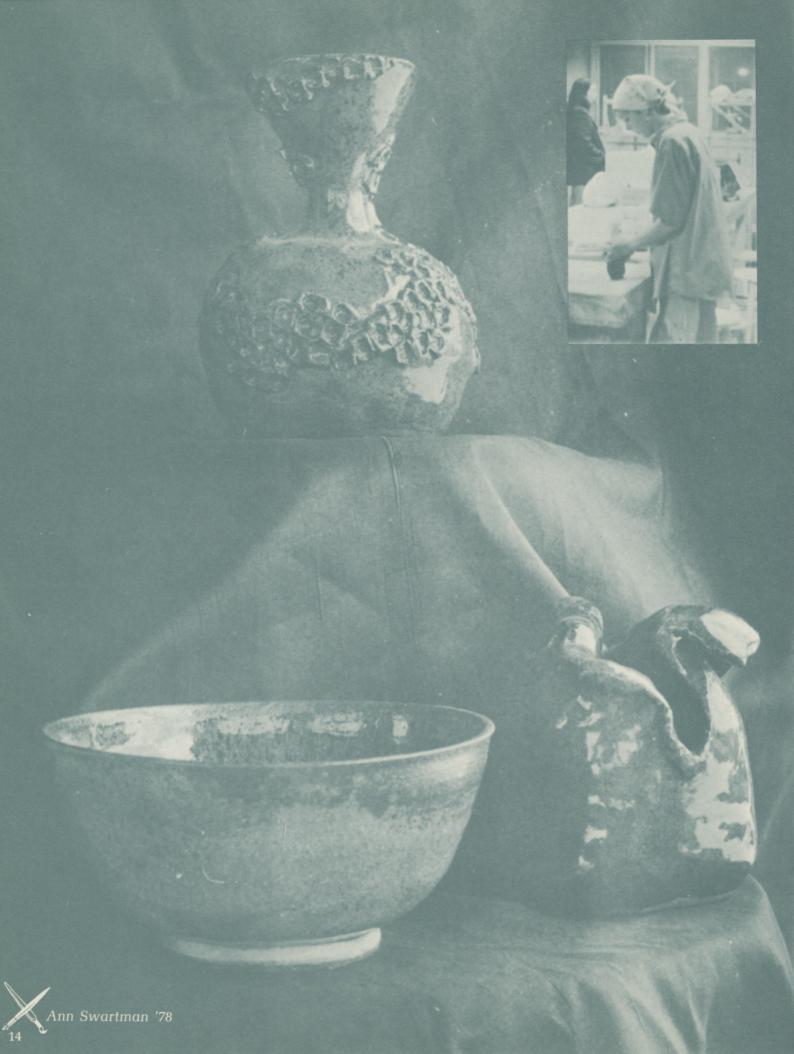
Ancient mandolin, that echoed throughout Europe, where have your tunes gone? Mary Catherine Rishcoff '80



A Child's Eyes

The eyes of a child see wonders all about, and scarcely, if at all, have time to doubt. Children accept at times, things we forget how to see, Like magic, and dreams, and elves, and candy trees. They are very quick to know if we have fears or guilt to hide. Children learn by the way that we live They learn loving by the love that we give. We have much to learn from childhood's glee, How to set the child within ourselves free.





Silver Shadows

The waves had silver shadows
as the sun lay very low,
And the shadows followed after
where their master waves would go;
And they slid back from the sand
As they tried to stay beneath,
Till their masters would return again to take them in their keep.

Catherine McCoy '79

An Island

Close as a circle, drawing us in,

Like the swift autumn leaves that fall downward to spin;

In the daze of the dark which comes after the sun,

Confusion and doubt have the power to stun.

And the dread of the night, and the wonder of space,

As we stampede our way to the end of the race,

Show that pauses grow fewer, it's harder to hear
the small sounds of nature, although they're quite near.

To pull from the whirlpool that says it is life,

To close out the din and the fear in the night,

To find in the still a completeness of heart,
Is to know we are separate though still we are part.

Ain't it a shame that I'm afraid to try and write a poem for fear you'll laugh or smirk at me and the void that's my dome? Why shouldn't I be free to share the feelings I possess with those who care and those who love and cheers to all the rest? You can see it daily in the masks called faces with eyes so politic, "If I let them know how I really feel, they'll cut me to the quick." A smile to your face, a sneer at your back—a commonplace event; who is friend and who is foe? Our humanity seems spent. Most folks write and put it in a drawer where no one else can see; the further I go, the more I'm sure that that's where this should be; still I see so many who want to share themselves with us—but they've been shot down so much, their fears are ponderous. "What can I do," some say to me, "I'd love to help my neighbor," But "I'm not bright," or "I'm not deep," or "I'll get hurt for all my labor."

Do you really believe that you have to be "something special" to help? Can't you see that the smallest soul can make his presence felt? I know the solution, I try it myself, despite a frequent rebuff, for you can't just stop when you turn some off—you must be a trifle tough.

Arnie Garinger

I'll give you the answer here and now; try it if you dare: For each little person in this big world, Care, for God's

sake, Care!

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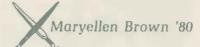
Baby's Tears

I remember when I was about nine or ten, (I guess it really doesn't matter if I remember the exact age).
I was sitting on the arm of the tan couch in our good room, and I was afraid.
SIMON AND GARFUNKLE was playing on the stereo and I was crying.
I didn't know why.
I seem to cry at the oddest times.
I even cried on Christmas once as I looked in a mirror.

(It steamed over.)
My father yelled at me and said
"Don't act silly!"
That hurt me and made me cry even more.
This past year has been hard on my eyes.
I cried almost every day.

(That is even more scary.)

Now I listen to JANIS IAN and I cry. I still don't know why.



Reality

Drift slowly off to sleep little children,

To the land of dreams and wishes and magical mystical miracles. . .

This is the only land where it rains cherry kool aid and flowers talk,
And there's a huge oval looking glass and every time you look at
yourself you become the most beautiful person in the whole world. . .

There is a rainbow in this land, with a pot of gold at either end.

Best of all, there is a very special bridge that can take you from
earth to heaven whenever you want to go. .

The trees don't grow fruit they grow chocolate fudge, and all of the clouds are made of cotton candy.

The sun shines every single day because it never learned how to stop. Keep this world for as long as you can, for when you wake up you'll find out that it always rains water.

Debra Marr '78







ASTERS"

Kathy Futch



1976.5

You are a part of the stars I see And of the world before me No. . . Search not the sky nor the forest nor fields For what I must find Is a way for my dreams to be heard by you I can't know the path of that river Perhaps it ends before the sea winding-entangledit loses itself deep within the greens and browns in uncertain security Flickering lights tell the tale Of a once scattered romance The water's prismed edges hold me between believing and dying

Martha E. Casterlin '77

The sun withdrew its hallowed arm To stretch beyond the years, And some fur-clad beings trembled Within their prison, strained to hear. An icv silence held their night. No mind dared stir within, For thought could only lend regret, For times which might have been. But soon their shadows they discerned To lure them from their fears, Instilled a questioning desire, Impelled them through the years. They set forth with new-found weapons, Not yet knowing what could be, Drawn still, as crystals faded, Held by what no truth could see. And time brought fleeting wisdom. The soul of space—they grasped, Instinct yielded them its secret, A dawn had come to pass.

Martha E. Casterlin '77

Liberation

Winter started early this year It snowed the first week of November Mama said I should call and tell you The telephone wires are cold I've been watching it snow for hours The baby will be born in July I would have told you but. . Doctor says I'm doing fine. Drink lots of milk he says, you know how much I hate milk Haven't thought much about names It's gone by bastard so far Marty offered to marry me, can't see that It's your child and mine What ever happened? Seems I lost you somewhere between Tennessee and Illinois That was three months ago I wish you'd write back to at least let me know you got this Take good care of yourself I miss you nights.

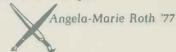
Mary

Chauvinism

Got your letter while I was in the Carolina's Almost missed me I was leaving for Florida the next day All the orange trees are in bloom here The air smells like orange chip cake I was sorry to hear about your problem Everything happened so fast I would have called you Mom was in the hospital for a hysterectomy and I've been working all over Travel about 800 miles a day I wish I could be with you There are so many other things I have to do I saw Charlie in Abilene in February He said to remind you You owe him a bottle of Chivas from the time We all went to Ricketts Glen for the weekend Enclosed you'll find a check It'll help you through the rough spots Next time I get up your way I'll give you a call

Will

It was by God's grace
He died in childbirth
only four pounds
Frail, just like his mother
She lived life
hating every minute of it
She'll be at the retreat a long time
It's for the best
They say she just sits there
and stares into space.





First Touch

Sitting, talking, eyes aglow, hearts afire. Looking, not touched, we both hide the desire. Two hands, a touch, the warmth is flowing through. A look, a smile, the feeling's brave and new. A kiss, so shy, not wanting to be known. Again, not shy, the feeling now has grown. So soft, so kind the words are in my ears. So far behind are my old-fashioned fears. Question, answer, the whispered word is yes. Feeling, knowing, this moment will progress. Slipping, fading, the world around me goes. Petals falling, colors of sky and rose. Growing passion, his nearness is pleasure. Needing, wanting, feelings can't be measured. Floating, fragrance which mingles with the air. Buried deep in the wisps of soft dark hair.

-Ellen Wheatley '80

CAT

Soft fur bristling as he senses danger.
Eyes alert and searching Quiet. . . deadening silence He waits
Sitting, ready to pounce or dastaway.
In the tall grass. . . a sound. He crouches.
ANIMAL trots toward him, CAT hisses.
Both scamper. . . panic.
The grass bends in the wind.

Maryellen Brown '80

CURIOSITY

Think
How it might have been
Had I said I cared
Or if you had shared
Yourself.
Pretend
That we did do
Things we wanted to
Would things have changed
Or not?

Charlene Tanny '78

So many times I drift off into the idea of being close to you It's quite baffling -the factthat these thoughts come to me strongest when I'm sympathizing with the clouds changing faces with the sun the wind that wafts thru my hair relieves me of this desire for I learn each time to persist in looking up to that one sky that we both share and I soon find how close we really are. Mary V. Sweeney '79

The Loss

We fought together. We laughed together. Today you're married and I have only memories of you. The times we shopped, worked, and went to school together. The times we hit each other and went without talking for a whole hour! The times we stayed up late at night and just talked. The times we redecorated our bedroom. The times we both were thinking the same thing. The times you loaned me money, and the TIME you asked me to be your maid of honor. Today there's an empty chair at breakfast, but no empty space in my heart. It is filled with memories of you and the times we had. Because, today I didn't lose my sister, I lost my best friend.

Peace is crystal clear mountain water pouring over the souls of mankind gathered below in the hollows of rock.

Mary Beth Olsavsky '78

At night, the mountain captures the sun and does not set it free till dawn.

Maryellen Brown '80

KALEIDOSCOPE

I thought about you once,
when the day stood still,
and wondered what would you think
of my rainbow thoughts;
Would you care if white innocence
blended with purple passion
to make lavender ecstasy?
Or would you walk away from
my candy striped dreams
and chocolate-covered tears?
Someday maybe you'll stay—
long enough to touch
my prism-coated smile.

Daria J. Kizis '78





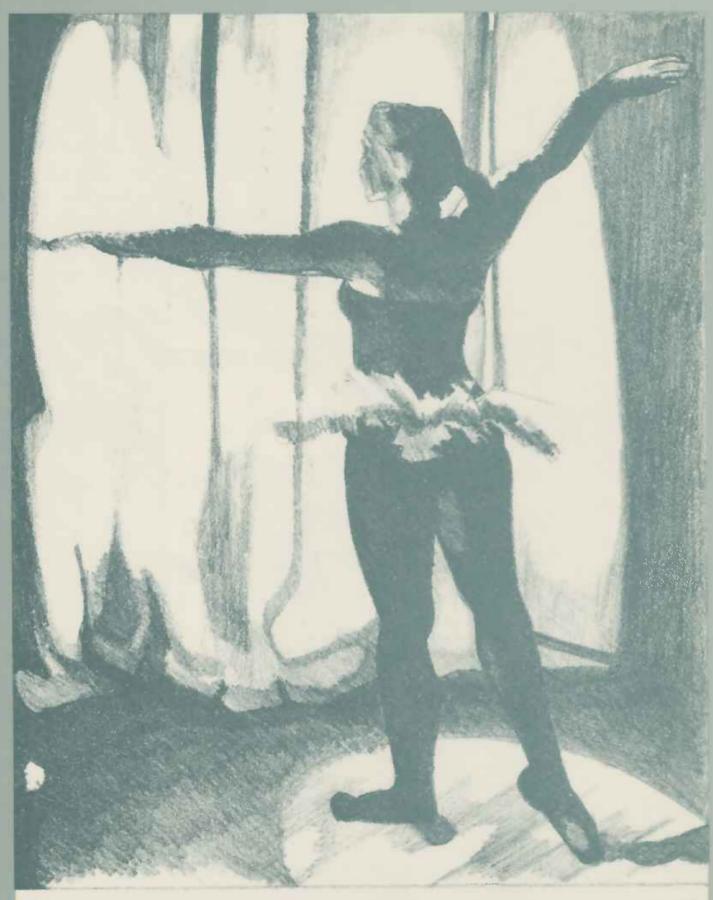
Fantasy

Stretching lying long and supple as fine crafted hands played lightly over now alabaster skin Feeling lean and taunt smoothly sculpted under a carpenter's craft Dreaming through quiet lids of plank-straight blondness and shoulders enveloped in cool wrappings of nakedness Slow and languorous void of cumbersome gropings floating lightly around and around molding and coaxing plumpness into sensual animal sleekness craftsman exhibit your art Nothing as ever before portrayed only swirling graceful dancing smiling contentment

Mary Beth Oldfield '77

I live for you but you are gone Fantasies begin never fulfilling but more sacred than death Darkness comes again never any stars they're all gone now The heavens are empty like my nights That I might touch your face again just hear your song Then the wind wouldn't be so forlorn. The curtains swirl about my tears Snow on the sill and my hair Your shadow behind me and in my eyes and in my hands but always gone. . . The sun is so far when fantasies end. I'll fall soon reeling wishing I couldn't feel that the shadows were shadows and my love was the fantasy I do want you -it always comes to that Your hair on mine And your whispers through the stars. Oh God-please touch me-How long can it go on? I want the darkness and I want the stars But in between that's where it ends. The wind will never come hard enough on me Shades of passion You must feel it on me There can be nothing else Once And when it's over The music plays again To catch a fallen dream between my fantasies. . .

Martha E. Casterlin '77



4/6

FOR DEGAS

KATHY FUTCH 1/96

Virgin Mind

To be alone to create myself and nurse the stirrings of life, find me first in the midst of scheduling time to envelop myself in the blackness of solitude. Tick tock clock time brings remembrance of twenty-one passing years, given birth, but still no creation of my own to mark growing emergence. You looking for me as the fulfillment of dreams or the needed ingredient to an otherwise incomplete life forces isolation; creates only false life. Alone the blackness allows me to search bat-like for the forever solitude I seek as myself singular; light confuses my virgin mind. Mary Beth Oldfield '77

NEW YORK, NEW YORK-THE BIG APPLE

Stoned giggles skitter across the streets of the City

Litter piles high as the garbage men

Stark light shrieks at the craven "Darkness, sir?"

Crippled beggars run to the neighborhood bar

To turn in their pencils and complain to the union steward

Four punks sport identical yellow shirts

And none dare pass their square of sidewalk

Their world is small so grant them your fear

Golden hearted hookers growl in harsh ones

To the john who declines to come in with the gold

Storefront fortresses are ringed with bars of steel

It takes a poor thief to want to rob a jail

The grizzled wino pees in the gutter

The Broadway buffs smile with

Yesterday's rain carries its passengers along the cliffs of curbstone

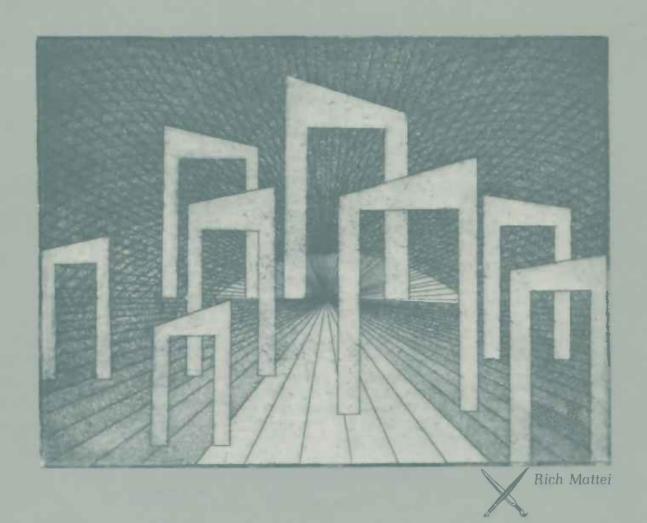
Dixie cups, phlegm, gum wrappers and a grizzled wino's piss

C. J. Dugan '78

We are boarding opposite trains. Our distance has been showing for a long time. Soon it will be but the length my eyes can gather. When walking I'll hold the branch for you to walk by-undisturbedbut only discover my aloneness. However, hope will always be my better companion and this time he gives me visions of many new horizons and infinite plains before me. Perhaps, at the next depot, I will encounter someone illuminating the coming darkness with the virtue that shown in you, who will be that very virtue that was you. Mary V. Sweeney '79

In brilliant contrast with the azure sky
The apple blossoms spread their painted leaves
Reflect the sun but weaken soon, then die
And these the bare green bulbs cannot retrieve.
Alone they dangle in the summer air—
Those tiny seeds with hardened flesh o'erlaid
The sun's bright heat and rambling days both wear;
The softened fruit will fall to death's decay.
This simple sequence passes every year;
There is no change in it that I can see.
The scent of blossoms, taste of fruit, I fear
How very faded they might come to be.
But no, for nature's cycles trick the mind
To see each year the magic of first times.

S. Casterlin '79



Pick the Lock

Thoughts rain blows against the bolted door There are no words to unlock it Though they scream to be heard by all Then either I remain silent or you are deaf There must somewhere be a hidden key These rattlings and ramblings have no effect The door will never open a crack This door is shut and locked eternally Those we call master, poet, author They are only whispering through the keyhole.

C. J. Dugan '78

It's Happening
I'm finally cracking up
after all these years
of patient waiting
and earnest preparation
This is the real thing buddy
but don't feel bad
because you caused me
to finally face what I am
Just get lost and don't
follow me around anymore
or echo my thoughts or
agree with every thing I say
Thank God it's finally happening
Mary Beth Oldfield '77



