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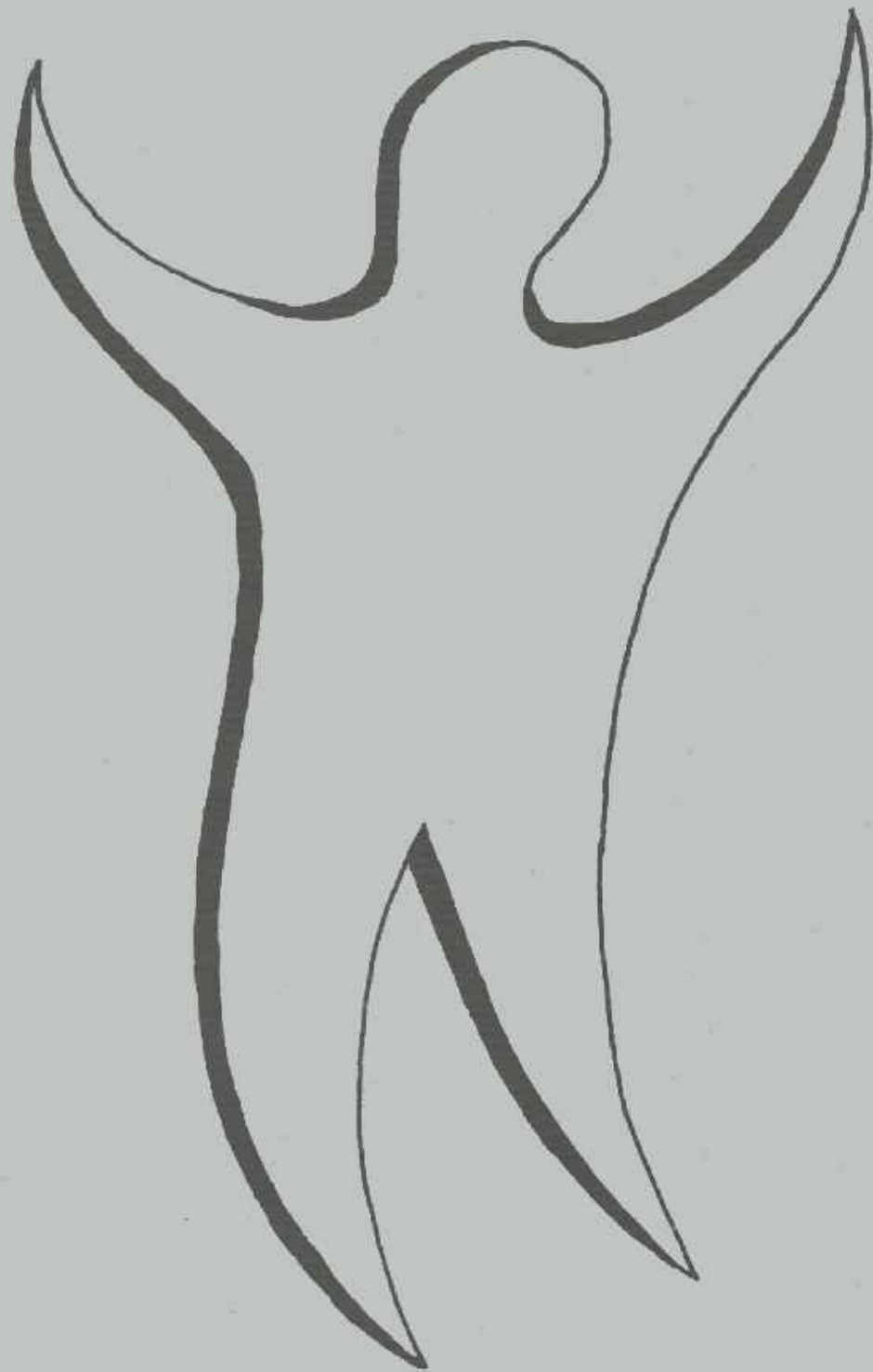
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**instress**

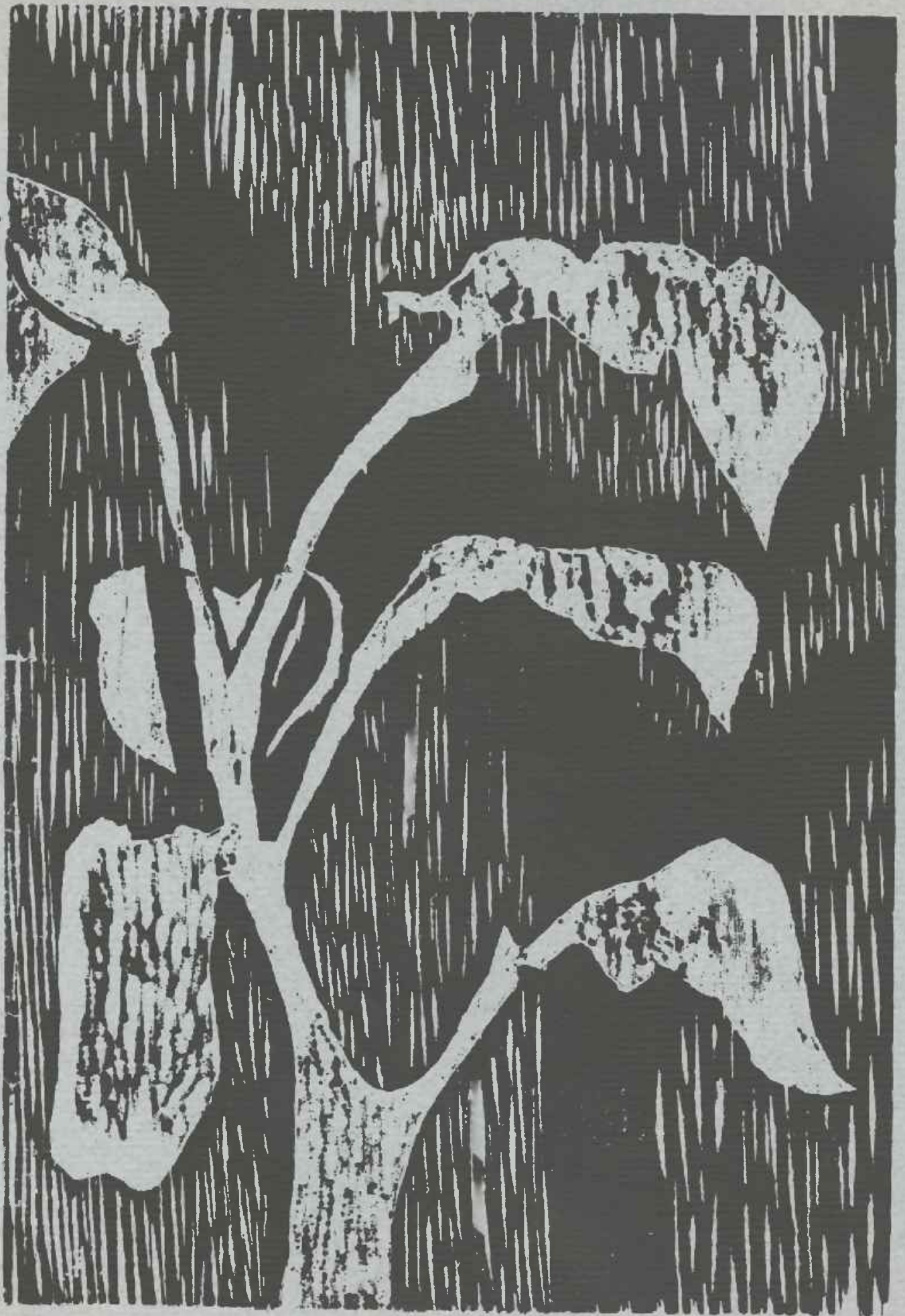


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EDITORIAL

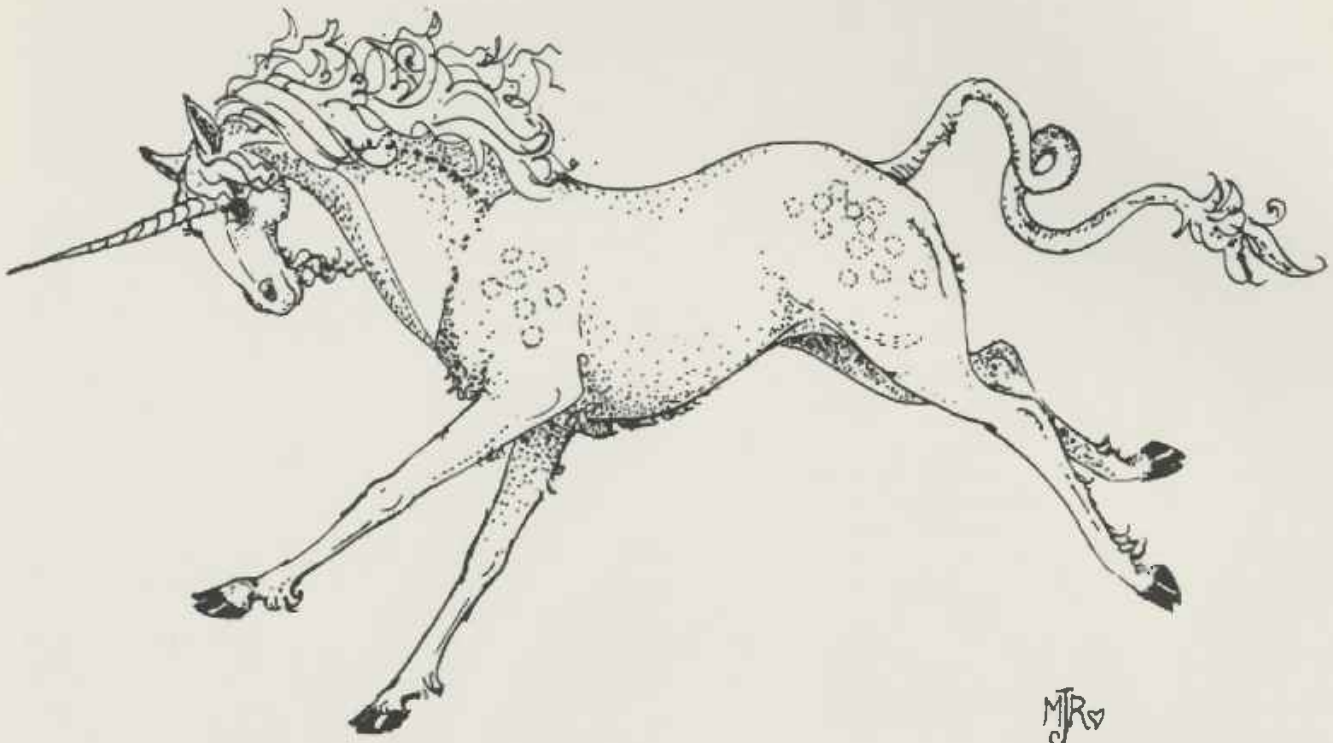
"Instress" comes from Gerard Manley Hopkins' poetry. As the title of our magazine it expresses the deep, brief experience by which the reader shares in the reality and essence of a creation and realizes an aesthetic union with the creator. The reader then may be moved to create a work of his own which others may share with him. "Instress" is therefore ultimately a positive, continuing and creating experience.

This magazine is published for the first time in two years. There are two reasons for this: lack of interest, and (more important) lack of funds. For her aid in overcoming both obstacles the editors and staff of "Instress" would like to thank Sister Regina Kelly. Thank you, Sister Regina Kelly! We also extend our expression of gratitude to those who have contributed their work to this magazine, as well as to those members of the English and Art Departments who have lent their support. Lastly, we would like to thank those great persons who gave their time unstintingly to the tiring task of transferring the concept of this magazine into this masterpiece.

Thank you, us!

The editors





The Sky: Visitors

## MEMORIES

The Land: Unicorns

I

They came in shining spheres of sun-bright flame, on the last day of summer. At first they were errant stars, shining through the twilit clouds as no star could. The dance of their reflections over the sleeping waves grew ever brighter, more intense as they drew near, until the sea gave off the brilliance of day. They came to rest upon the darkening sands, smooth sides lapped by golden waves.

We knew not, at first, whether to stay or hide. Clouds and stars alone inhabit the sky; these strangers had no name or memory in our race. Aching for flight, we stayed.

Stillness. They rested on the sound without sound. Their lights dimmed and faded, until cold grey metal remained, the ashes of glory.

We went no closer. That which drew us to the water-side held us entranced.

A searing pain, a blinding flash, and when we dared look again, the sands were empty. Save for two polished hollows into which the incoming tide flowed, nothing remained.

II

We have heard the tale often from our parents. It was the first impression which we received from them. The twin orbs of burnished metal resting for a few heartbeats on the soft sands of the sea; this was beauty, disturbing yet pleasing, lost now forever. For we know not how to recall the wonder to our shores, nor how to forget the haunting simplicity of the forms encasing the delicate minds within. The old ones are changed from the rest of us, more careful and silent. We cannot know them fully; they have touched the alien and not yet returned from its lure.

This has placed a great burden on us. When it is their time to die, we will accept their knowledge and memories, as the children of our race have always done, but we are frightened. We do not want to be set apart from our people by this strange knowledge! To accept the touch of alien minds, to know the yearnings born of two worlds; perhaps our children's children will be able to forget the impossible longings for others not of our kin. Perhaps they will see them fulfilled.

It had taken only a few minutes to decide. We realized what colonization would mean to such a planet. We are still too concerned with mechanical toys and technological games, no matter how complex and necessary they may be. Perhaps, in years to come, a few who can understand will settle here, destroying as little as possible.

There is much they can teach us, much we must learn. Their delicate beauty, elfin grace and music are captured in our memories forever. This planet will remain untouched for millenia. The fleet light years behind will not be informed of our discovery.

But our children will know the timeless, haunting beauty of the unicorn.

III

We have heard the tale often from our parents. It was the first impression, vocal and mental, which we received from them. The day they first saw Saganna (for so they have called the planet) and the race which inhabits it, the restless yearning of mind toward mind, of knowledge toward knowledge, and the harsh necessity of foregoing such friendship; this has set them yet further apart from the seekers, the sensors of the fleet that still glides homeless through space. They care not, they have aged, and soon will die. But their deaths will bring us a heavy choice: to continue with our not-quite-kin, or to return to the joy of that meeting.

It may not be. The destruction that spat us forth, wanderers among the stars, still haunts us with the threat of death. Our children's children will fulfill the hope born on the nestling sands of dancing seas. Perhaps they will not be too late.

Yet perhaps we are too far past the time of their already legendary innocence and grace. May our children never forget that a maiden drew a unicorn to its death at the hands of hunters. Let this remain a fiction, the fantastic dream of disillusioned beings, rather than repeat the tragic formula. We will not remember.

III

A newfound planet rides the solar wind, reflecting light from a golden sun. There is one memory that will never fade, for it will be relived here, as it was on Earth.

Anne Marie Dranchak  
'75

PEELS

Peels  
orange peel  
lay  
on the ground  
eaten  
skinned  
carved  
intrusion upon  
nature  
left  
undignified  
to rot—  
fertilize  
soil  
grow  
peels  
pit seed  
make tree  
love.

Linda Pistolas  
'78

THIS QUEST I'M ON

This quest I'm on  
Is there a cause?  
I mustn't stop  
Or even pause—  
But go the road,  
The one I'm on  
And live the mask,  
The one I don.  
And play the fool  
Perhaps the wise—  
Whatever you  
Can least despise.

Peggy Kirk  
'75

ICARUS COLLECTION #1

Yes, father, you and I are more than any men  
Have been or yet will dream to be . . .  
We have been loosed from sullied bonds  
Of earthtrodders. The wind—it beckons me!  
Dear father, can we now not touch the stars?  
Can I not reach just once beyond my grasp?

Ah, here in truth is seen the little cloud . . .  
Oh, gods above! Is Apollo that far beyond?  
I reach. The muscles of my arm and side ache  
But where is he? Yes, now I know. . . .

Mary F. Santasania  
'75

OH, JACK DONNE, IF YOU ONLY KNEW . . .

*Just for tonight I'd like to see  
What young Jack Donne could do for me . . .  
Or hear some sonnet (stately read)  
By suitor questing for my bed . . .  
Or listen to a luteist play  
A song new-writ for me this day . . .  
Perhaps some soldier passing by  
Would, seeing my beauty, wanting it, die.*

*This wondrous gossamer yesterday  
Floats gently through my mind  
And harsh reality—today—  
Is all it leaves behind.*

Mary F. Santasania  
'75





We all said she was crazy. She said she was crazy. Of course none of us really believed it. It was just talk. But she believed it. We thought she was putting on an act. But she believed it and we encouraged it.

She wasn't naturally smart. She had to work very hard for everything; that didn't discourage her though. She had to be better than the rest of us. We were always satisfied to just get by. She was never satisfied. Even if she won 'the best in the show' she said that she knew she could have done better if she had put more into it. Put more into it? If she had pushed any harder, she would have fallen right over the edge.

Everyone went to her for help. If you had a question, there was only one person to bring it to. She seemed to know just about everything and was more than ready to help. I have often wondered who answered her questions. None of us could have; we didn't even understand the questions she asked, let alone know how to answer them. Maybe she was crazy. I would have been had I worn her tennis shoes.

She was a real crack-up. She used to talk about her inconsiderate cat. She thought the cat was a real tramp because she would go away for weeks and not tell a soul where she was going or who she had spent the night with. Now that was one inconsiderate tramp of a cat! You wouldn't believe how she could keep a straight face telling that one; I hate to admit it, but I really got suckered when she first told us that one.

And the fits she used to throw! One day, we saw her standing outside one of the open doors on the floor, with her ear pressed up close to the wall. "Spy!" we called out in unison. "Spy! Spy!" She flipped out! None of us could believe it. "I am not a spy!" she shrieked over and over. She collapsed into a limp pile of arms and legs and continued screaming "I am not a spy! I am not a spy!" We thought she was a pretty good actress. She did things like that.

## THE LEGACY

Sometimes she would go into strange trance-like moods. She thought she was someone special, well, not only special, but chosen. She seemed to feel that someday she would be called upon to bear a great burden. I am sure that she would do it, too. But she would never tell anyone about it. She never complained. She was pretty much of a loner. She never confided in anyone.

She expected a lot from others. You could tell by her attitude. If she could do it, she thought everyone else should be able to. We used to get mad about that. She expected too much, of others, as well as of herself. I mean, we are only human. She said that you have to reach for the top; otherwise, you will never even come close to your goals. I guess that is true. Sometimes she made sense.

One day she went away. No one ever knew where she went that day. She didn't say and we didn't ask. Of course, we each had our own ideas, but we kept them to ourselves. That was the funny part, now that I think of it. We never talked about her personal affairs. I don't know why she was different; we beat everyone else to death with our gossip. Maybe it was a type of respect. Maybe it was something else. She left for good around Christmas time. I never did think that she was happy here. She was so serious all of the time; she never let loose. She wrote a note to all of us before she left. I don't quite understand, but I know I shall never forget it.

*One alone in a crowd,*

*Always quiet, never loud.*

*Yearning silently to be part of the whole.*

*Wishing to open my heart, my soul.*

*I know I am different, often strange;*

*Without your help, I may never change.*

*Reach out now, I need someone.*

*Catch me quick, before I run.*

*There you sit, your circle tight,*

*Fleeing days, creeping nights.*

*My eyes are closed, my fingers numb.*

*Tomorrow, for me, may never come.*

Mary Beth Oldfield

'77





# THE REVOLUTIONARY

The history of Russian literature has been essentially didactic, concerned with religious, moral and social issues. Fyodor Dostoevsky's *The Possessed* is a prime example of the novel form used for political criticism. The character Shatov, whose murder forms the focal point of the novel, presents Dostoevsky with the opportunity to reject the rational, atheistic and authoritarian revolutionary elements of his time, and to assert his own alternative to the destructiveness he considered inherent in the revolutionary objectives of his contemporaries.

The essence of Dostoevsky's analysis is evidenced in the conflict between Shatov, the character through whom Dostoevsky speaks, and Peter Verkhovensky, the leader of a revolutionary cell whose principles Shatov rejects because they would ultimately be destructive to the Russian people. According to Dostoevsky's portrait of Peter, the organizational and authoritarian tendencies of the activist revolutionaries supplied the opportunity for the subversion and use of sincere revolutionary actions for the protection and the enhancement of the personal power of the cell leader. Dostoevsky also criticizes the use of reason and science as the basis of society by positing a program for post-revolutionary society which, rather than achieving its aim of providing the greatest freedom for the masses, results in a political elite enjoying full freedom at the expense of the mass. Peter's acceptance of this system coincides with the designs for the acquisition of personal power which are expressed in his murder of Shatov. The motives of the murder are given as: 1) the necessity of protecting the cell from the "intended" betrayal by Shatov; 2) Peter's desire to exert and prove his control over the cell members by binding them to him in guilt; 3) the intense personal dislike Peter feels for Shatov, not only as supposed traitor to the revolution, but as symbol of the forces opposing its successful completion. The murder is therefore seen as the first expression of the repression and destruction of freedom bound to occur with the implementation of the ideology Peter represents.

Unlike the activists of the revolutionary cells who desire to use the people to further their own ends, Shatov holds the Russian people in high regard. It is his reverence for the people which distinguishes him from the cell and causes him to reject their views and goals. Shatov is convinced that the liberal and activist theorists fail to understand the Russian people and desire to remake them in terms of an ideal with which they have no connection. Shatov also rejects the revolutionaries' attempts to use reason and science to remake society, fearing that their dependence on scientific and rational thought would further only their own ends and would ultimately destroy freedom. The willingness of the revolutionaries to pre-empt the responsibility for the future of mankind reflects their atheism, which affects Shatov in a unique way. For him, God is the synthesis of the nation, and any attempt to curb or change the people to serve the interests of a minority is therefore doubly sacrilegious. Hence Shatov cannot accept any part of the revolutionary credo. He represents a danger to the revolution, and to Peter, since Peter identifies the interests of the revolution with his own. Shatov must be eliminated.

Shatov's death is significant in a number of ways. The murder serves as a prime example of the intolerance of free thought which Dostoevsky saw inherent in the organizational and authoritarian elements of the revolutionary ideology represented by Peter. The fact that Shatov is killed at the beginning of a time of hope and faith in his life, with the attendant promise of action, points to Dostoevsky's fear that a more humane and acceptable alternative to change would be blasted at its inception. Finally, Peter's evasion of punishment reflects Dostoevsky's fear that once the alternative to violent revolution is eliminated, the activist revolutionary will be the only force capable of achieving change within society. With Shatov's death and Peter's escape, Dostoevsky expresses his own fears, soon to be corroborated by actual experience, concerning the future of Russia.

Anne Marie Dranchak  
'75

## POSSESSED:

The Political Hopes and Fears of Fyodor Dostoevsky





SITTING

On the affluent  
Mts. of West Orange  
I can see  
for miles  
I watch  
(N.Y.C.)  
and the Empire of a State  
Building  
I look  
at you  
Mt. and  
Come to you  
to cry  
you—  
Pig Mt.  
All you offer  
is painted inscriptions  
on your cliffs  
cars  
wildly passing  
making  
convulsive noises  
No Peace!  
Your Paths  
are silverlined  
with  
aluminum cans  
and  
Frito Wrappers.  
And  
the Empire of a State  
Building  
turns  
its lights out  
at 2 a.m.

Ilene Kingston  
'76

IF YOU CAN'T HAVE LOVE

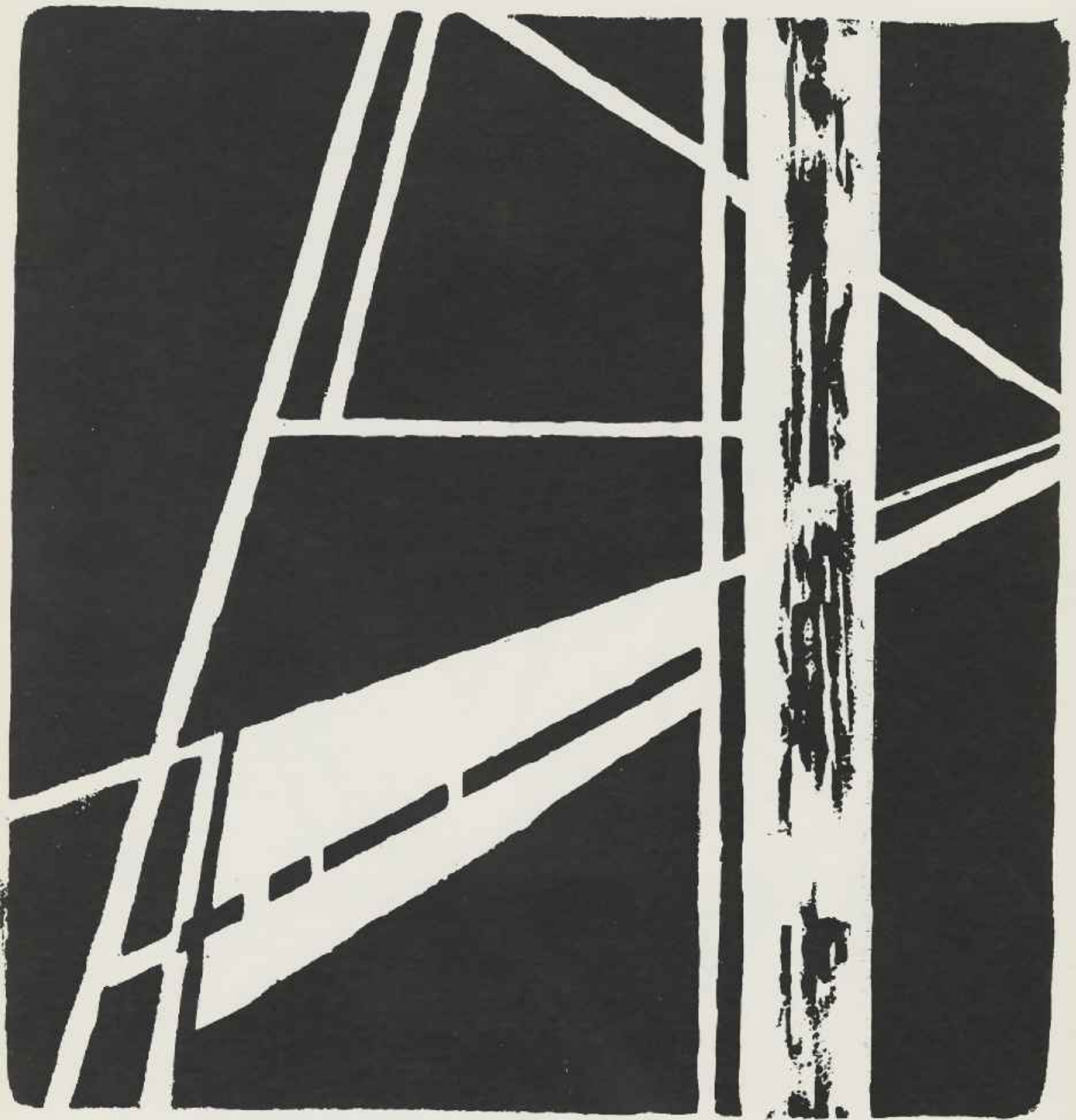
If you can't have love and faith in your fellow man,  
Or trust in me, then think about  
A story told very long ago  
And you will see that there's no doubt  
That God is alive and feeling free  
Just look around, and you will see.  
Oh my friend  
There's no end.  
Oh my friend - - - believe.

The parting seas, and Lazarus  
And the wedding feast all seem so real.  
The actions of one man who loved  
His fellow man will make you feel  
That God is alive, and feeling free  
Just look around, and you will see.  
Oh my friend  
There's no end.  
Oh my friend - - - believe.

The story is that Jesus,  
Friend of man and beast, believed the Lord.  
And in return for love and faith,  
God gave him so much more.  
Yes God is alive and feeling free  
Just look around and you will see.  
My dear friend  
There is no end.  
Please, my friend - - - believe!

Connie Szczech  
'76





# Letter to My Daughter Jan

Dear Jan,

When I was about thirteen years old I met a tall, dark and handsome boy at a church social. He showered me with attention and walked home from school with me every day. We fell in love and had such happy times together. He was utterly charming and full of fun. He used to tell me all about his plans for our future. He was going to be a great king and I his queen. How romantic he was. I thought he was very conceited and I told him so.

He took me to my first movie. We saw the picture "Ramona" which was a beautiful Indian love story that left quite an impression on me. He also took me to the Aragon Ballroom in Chicago, where we danced to the music of Wayne King and his orchestra. It was a beautiful place and the floor was like glass. I thought I was in a magic wonderland.

His name was Freddie Bell and he was learning to be a mechanical dentist. He asked his boss if it was all right for a couple in love to have sexual relations and his boss said "yes, if they really were in love". I was quite stunned when he asked me about it and I said, "I couldn't possibly do it before marriage." I could see that he was hurt and so was I. I questioned his love and wondered how he could want to put me in such a vulnerable position and I instinctively thought of the probability that a child would come and I couldn't run the risk of his abandoning me and the child. I knew that he loved me but would he love our baby also. I couldn't take that chance. I wanted to be sure that my child would have the love and affection of a dependable father, and so we parted. I was crushed and it took me a long time to get over it. I never saw him again after that.

A short time later I developed severe pains in my legs. Our doctor thought it was rheumatic fever but I believe it was nerves that caused it.

Love,  
Mother

Florence Nelson  
(Senior Citizen  
Creative Writing Class)

# RANDOM THOUGHTS

THE MIDDLE STATES EVALUATION TEAM WILL EVENTUALLY ARRIVE AT COLLEGE MISERICORDIA  
TO EVALUATE OUR SELF-EVALUATION!

OR SHOULD WE KEEP IT TO OURSELVES?

## EVALUATION SLOGANS

To evaluate or not to evaluate that is the question.  
The time has come for evaluators to be evaluated.  
Should we have an evaluation of evaluators or an evaluation of evaluations themselves?

Evaluating Committees cry EVALUATE.  
Administrators cry EVALUATE.  
Teachers cry EVALUATE.  
Students cry EVALUATE.  
EVALUATIONS make me cry!

If I evaluate you will you evaluate me?  
or I'll show you my evaluation if you'll show me yours.

Everybody's evaluating everybody and everyday and everything.

"I know not what form your evaluation will take  
but as for me give me a good evaluation or give me death!"

Evaluations are funny,  
They make a cloudy day sunny.

Evaluate evaluators,  
Evaluate evaluations,  
Evaluate yourself it's later than you think.

## NOTICE:

The ad hoc committee which was set up to evaluate student evaluations  
has evolved the idea that the evaluations are individual but  
inevitable so  
they want each one to evaluate his/her/their self  
and this self study will eventually show  
an inevitable evaluation  
which will be suitable for evaluation yourself, EVIDENTLY!

The dictionary must define the word EVALUATION so look it up.

Evaluation is driving me crazy,  
What did I do to evaluate you?

## EVALUATION EQUATIONS

Evaluation = Examination  
Evaluation = emulation  
Evaluation = emancipation  
Evaluation = annunciation  
Evaluation = extermination  
Evaluation = exaggeration  
Evaluation = Entertainment  
Entertainment = Movies  
Movies are rated.  
Let's rate evaluations,  
All evaluations should be X-rated.

# AT RANDOM

Is evaluation so important as to force one into false evaluations?

What form of evaluation is right? What form of evaluation is wrong?

Who can evaluate?

How can you evaluate?

Is EVALUATION NECESSARY?

Isn't evaluation inevitable?

I've got the Evaluation Blues.

Song (to be sung to the tune of H-A-R-R-I-G-A-N)

E-V-ALUA-T-ION spells evaluation.

oh hell . . . the trouble with parodies is that they usually aren't.

In E-E-ENGLISH, isn't e.e. cummings evaluated?

E-E-EVALUATIONS are/is c-c-coming aren't/isn't they??

To Evaluate Is To Grade.

So if Grades are evaluations,

let's evaluate grades:

Awfully lot of average A's.

But even more beautiful B's,

Certainly a certain amount of solid C's,

Darn near no one gives dastardly D's,

F is FORGOTTEN!

Evaluations are Infernal

Infernal comes from Inferno

Inferno is hell . . . so are Evaluations!

The best evaluation is the evaluation itself.

All evaluations should be followed up.

We should have follow-up evaluations.

Did you say evaluations are fouled up?

## EVOLVING EVALUATIONS

An evaluation is an evaluation, or is it?

If evaluations are inevitable, then inevitably you will be evaluated.

Can creative writing be evaluated?

Are evaluations just creative writing?

Eventually evaluators go mad!

But evaluations aren't for adults only, are they?

Isn't this childish????

"Everyone will be evaluated on that great evaluation day  
by that greatest evaluator of us all!"

Rogers and Hammerstein

who also wrote "You'll Never Walk Alone" and "Climb Every Mountain"  
two great evaluation songs.

I've had enough of EVALUATIONS.

Addenda:

Starring the steering committee.

Don't let the steering committee give you a bum steer!

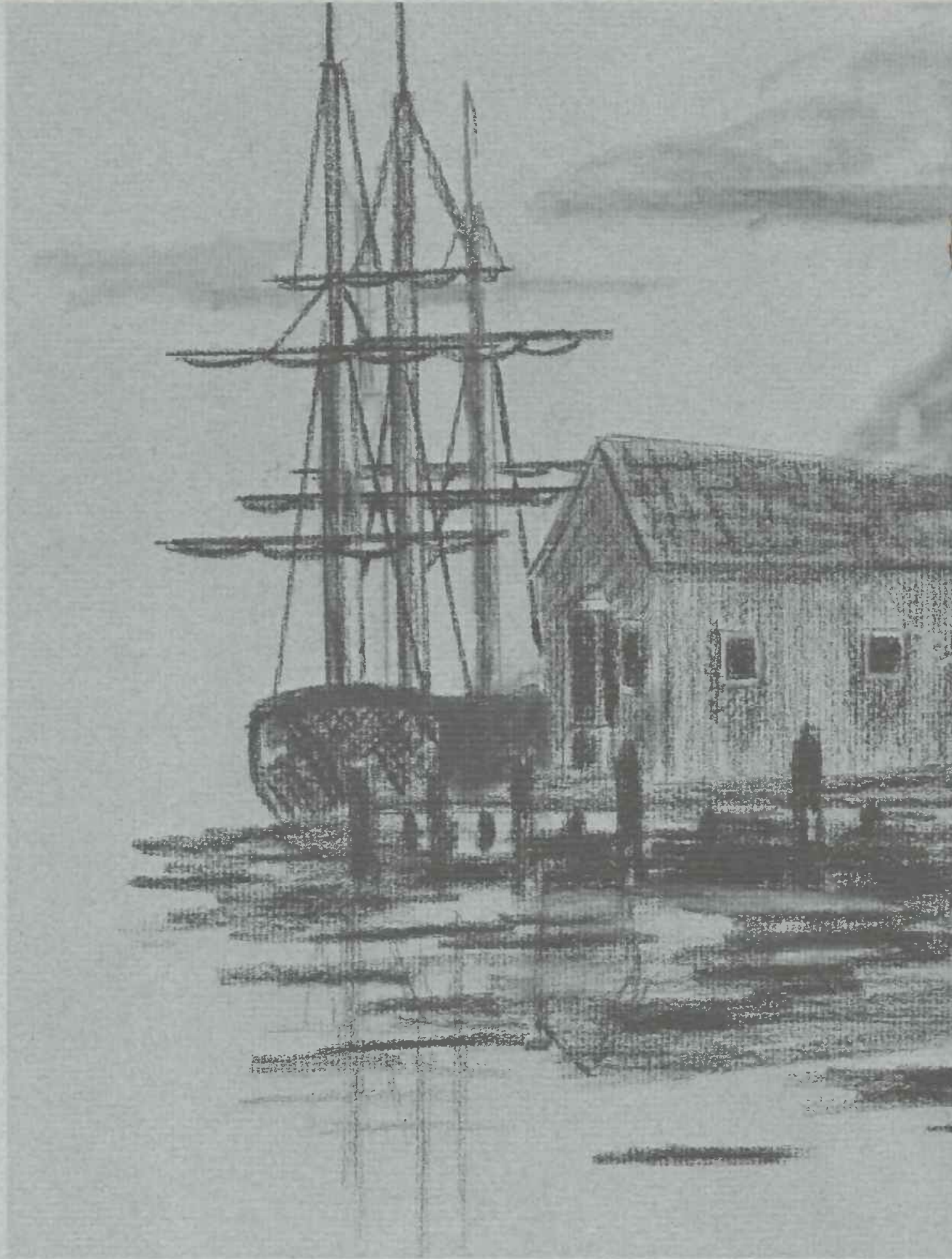
Straighten up and steer right!

The steering committee sure has power drive!

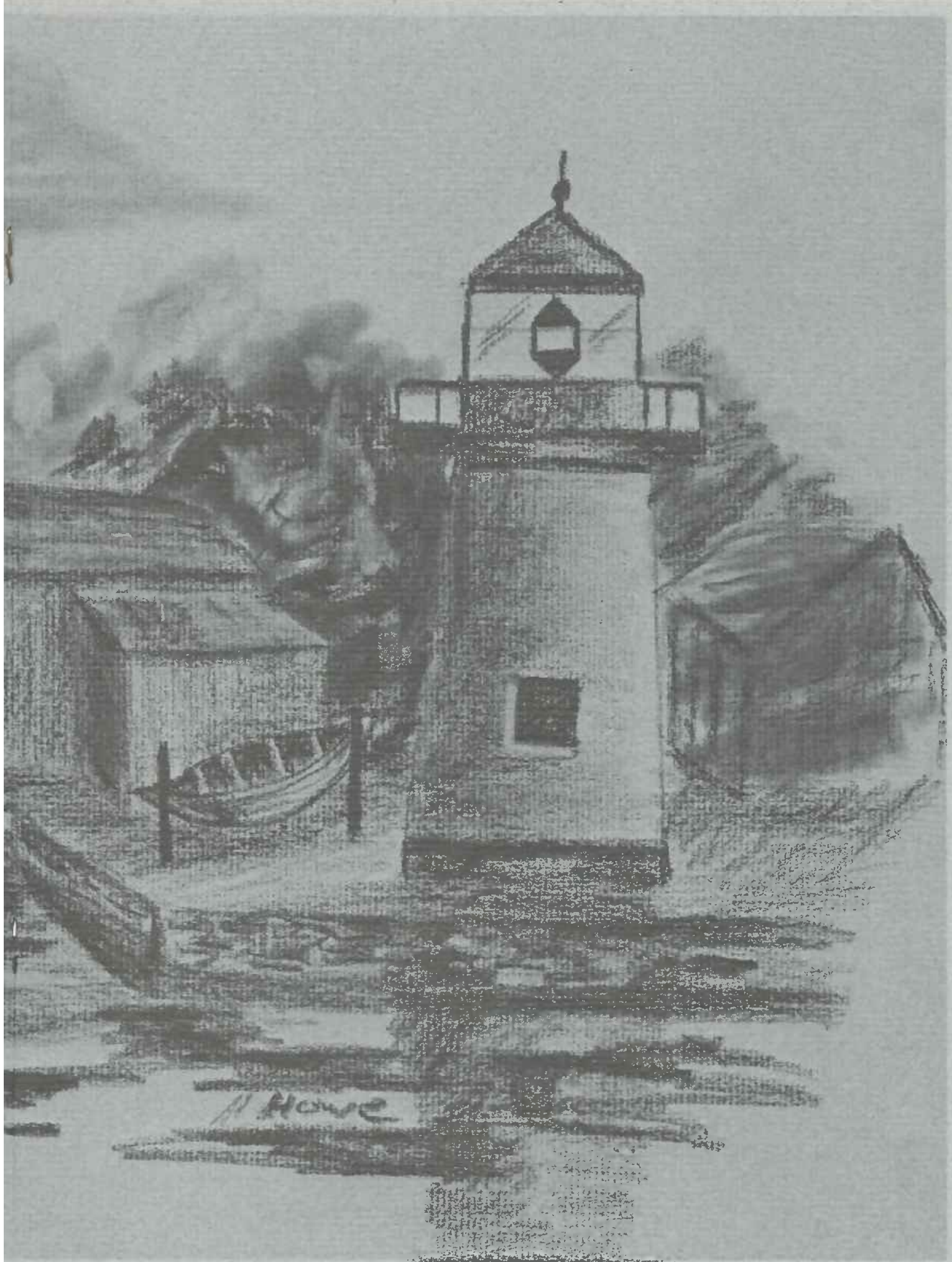
Steer is just a lot of beef.

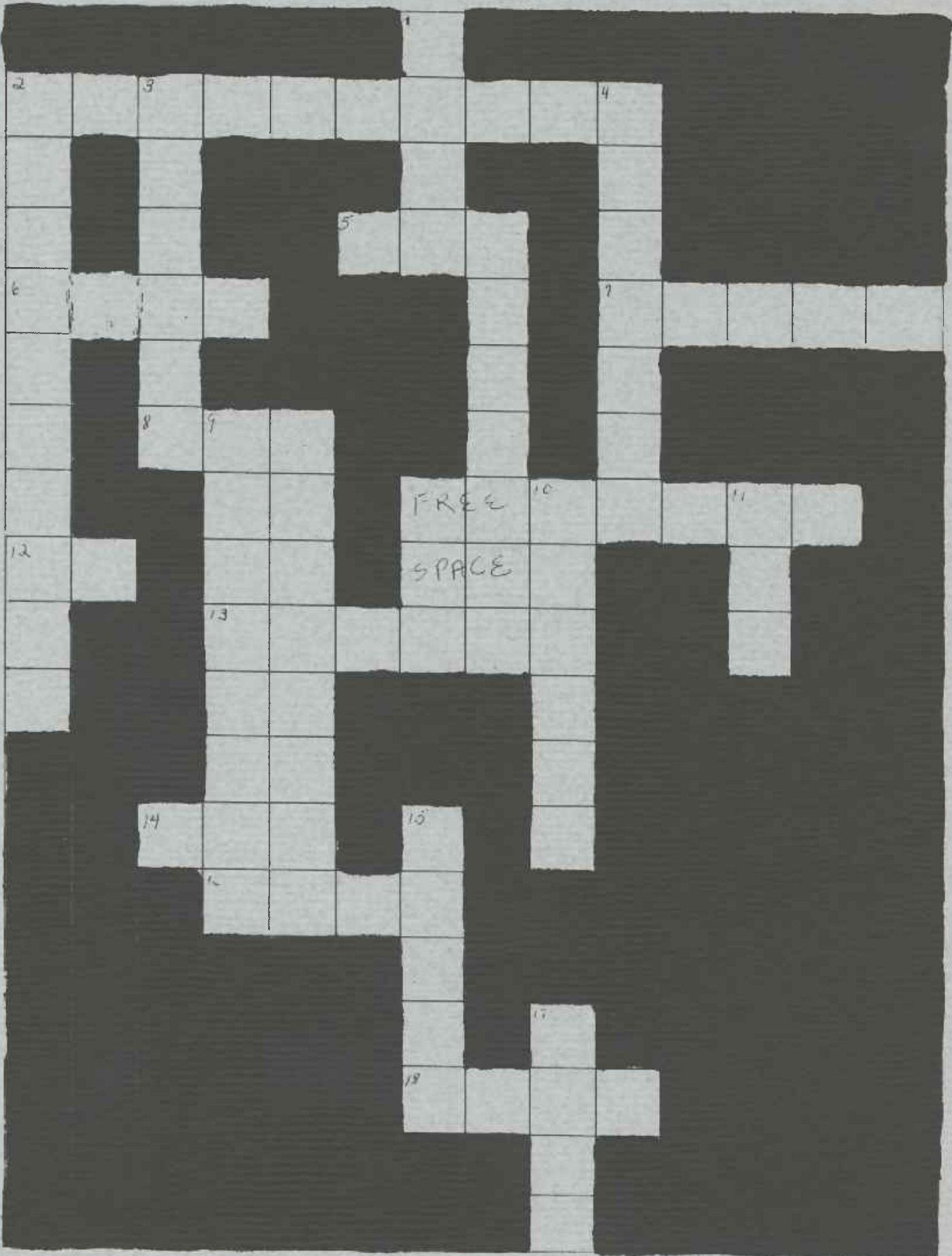
Rusty Andersen  
Chairman: Theatre Arts Dept.











FREE

SPACE

2

3

4

5

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10

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14

15

16

17

18



Apathy

All those cold people  
Nestled in their warm houses;  
It frightens me.

James Sulton  
'76



"Illegitimus Non Coborendum"  
by V. I. Lenin

Across

2. What surrounds Miseri
5. A male chauvinist \_\_\_\_\_ would have trouble here.
6. The opposite of across
7. How do we study for exams?
8. \_\_\_\_\_esident \_\_\_\_\_ado \_\_\_\_\_asochist
10. "Miseri" is Latin for \_\_\_\_\_
12. \_\_\_\_\_stress
13. Home on \_\_\_\_\_ Heights
14. Mountain (abbrev.)
16. The cry of the student: "\_\_\_\_\_ me!"
18. Lake St. is the \_\_\_\_\_ home.

Down

1. We are \_\_\_\_\_ women. (Sorry: persons)
3. We never get an \_\_\_\_\_
4. Exams lead one to \_\_\_\_\_ (it's painless).
9. Registered sadomasochist
10. I go to \_\_\_\_\_
11. We can't live without a \_\_\_\_\_
15. I will \_\_\_\_\_ return!
17. Students have a tendency to \_\_\_\_\_ before vacations.



MA

*Finger-touching love transmits  
Mama-tender warmth.  
You heal  
When we are  
Made to feel  
The sting-stung violation  
Of the out-sider.*

*Brenda Seow  
'76*

NOT YET HIS TIME

*Someone stuck palm trees  
In the sand  
Strewed broken branches  
Expecting Christ II.  
Yet, forgot  
To sieve the stones and jagged glass.  
He never came.  
His runner did  
Whose bare soles  
Pierced, bled a trail  
To salt water.  
And the sting in the open wound  
Was of red sand washed away.*

*Brenda Seow  
'76*

FOR TERRY

*I'd like you to see me  
As I really am.  
Would you still love me?  
Can any man know  
In the heart of another  
What lies there, secret,  
Hidden from my eyes.  
Until we met,  
I never knew anyone  
With quite as sweet manner.  
For three days I knew you,  
We walked in the sand;  
We talked in the moonlight  
And you held my hand.  
The wind was fierce,  
But the first time you kissed me  
Was more tender than  
The sweet sea air.  
When you left  
My heart ached.  
I dreamed you returned,  
I called out your name.  
But the wind didn't answer,  
And I was left with memories  
Of a blond, sun-kissed boy.*

*Carol M. Beline  
'76*



PRELUDE: MEMORIES

*My memories come  
And fold themselves around me.  
I just close my eyes  
And gently they carry me  
Back.*

Carol Beline  
'76

HE

*He will come into my life; as a  
person slowly wading into a cold stream.  
And as he is testing and waiting for  
my response the stream will become warm.*

*The heat of passion, and love as it grows  
and matures, will guide us as we age.  
Then, he will never leave my life, neither  
suddenly nor cruelly.*

*He will never leave my life as one  
who plunges into a river of ice.  
He will be there—permanently, forever:  
I know, he will be there.*

Deborah Knorr  
'78

Dedicated to H.L.

'Our' LOVE

*A yesterday theme emerges with today's variations.  
A multitude of past operettas have mosaically  
faded into  
grey and white  
impressions of  
songs.*

*A novel music now tenderly touches my tune-sensitive tendrils,  
An Opera  
Freshly flowing with aria, recitative, harmony, and duet;  
Embracing, caressing, and stimulating dormant depths.  
Crescendo replacing decrescendo  
Symphony replacing song  
Duet replacing solo  
Opera replacing operetta  
A yesterday theme emerges with today's variations.*

Karen Lukowski  
'76





天  
地  
人

A CANDLE

A candle  
burns  
and melts  
but when it's blown  
out  
it hardens  
and makes a  
comeback  
greater than any  
mere  
man  
could ever do!

Linda Pistolas  
'78

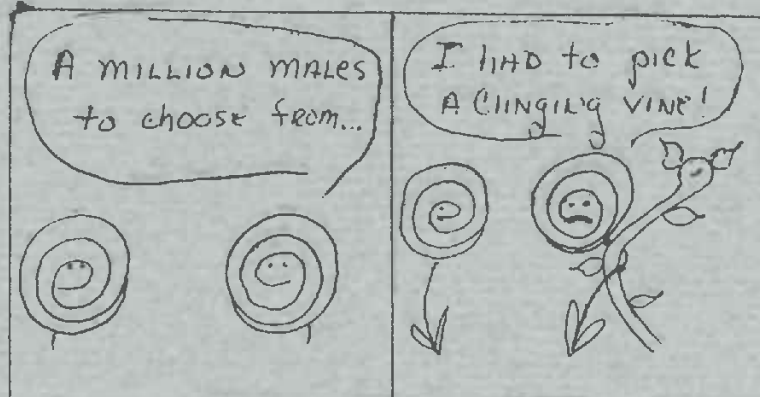
I SHOULD GO SO CAREFULLY FRIEND

I should go so carefully Friend  
And keep my heart so close  
In this world of hypocrisy  
Love is not an easy boast.  
"I Love this dress!"  
"I love this day!"  
"I love you—  
I guess!"

Understand the context  
Before you quote the text!

Peggy Kirk  
'75

Rosie



Barbara Vilushis  
'75



## *The Taste of Her Tears*

*The taste of her tears  
is still fresh on my tongue.*

*Sittin' heré alone,  
I'm wonderin' what I've done.*

*We had so much,  
still I wanted more,  
more,  
more.*

*James Sutton  
'76*

## **A FAIRY TALE**

Once upon a time, in the kingdom of Columbia, there ruled the wicked king, Richard I. His corruption was commonly known, but no one was able to prove anything to the courts summoned to discuss the problem. The King kept all the evidence of his dishonesty hidden in a large vault in the White-Castle-on-the-River, where he sometimes lived. However, he carelessly chose a man with integrity to serve him. This man confessed to the House of Lords that he had helped to conceal a plot of the King's against Governor McGeorge, leader of one of the Northern Provinces. This plot was intended to discredit the governor, who had aspired to the throne through a plebescite which the King had arranged to prove that he held the people's love. Try as they might, the Lords could prove nothing to implicate Richard in the scandal.

Richard's rise from commoner to crowned Prince of Wails had caused great wonder among the historians of the realm. His rise to power during the reign of King David the Insipid, who stepped down because of ill health, his loss of the throne to King John the Beloved and his successor, had defied explanation for twenty years. One day, a student historian was searching through the old records of the House of Commons. She discovered a letter written by Richard in which he outlined a plan to implicate one of King Franklin's faithful followers in a treasonous plot. It was this action of Richard's which brought him to the attention of King David and began his infamous political career.

The student rushed to the capital, where she confronted one of the rebel leaders, Sir Howard of the House of Lords, with this discovery. He published the information through the castle informer, and watched joyfully as all of Richard's supporters began to join the outcry for the King's head.

The only remaining force on the King's side was the military. Being composed of astute and practical men, however, they seized and beheaded Richard. Henry, who became known as the Kissing King, was placed on the throne. He quickly won the hearts of all his country men (and women) through his sound judgment and vigorous nature.

Mary F. Santasania  
'75



## SEEKER

*The wonder of their riches  
lies hidden mysteriously within  
them like a buried time-honored  
treasure. It awaits one exhausted  
fortune hunter who upon opening  
the antiquated chest finds riches  
beyond wildest expectations.*

*What would he ideally do with his  
treasure but cherish it and share  
its beauty throughout the land.*

*I am this seeker of Beauty,  
roaming the whole of the earth  
during the short time that is mine  
searching for the greatest treasure  
of them all:*

*The genius, the gift, the talent of a man.  
To unlock this deeply concealed wonder  
and find that it opens to the world  
the joy and beauty I seek.*

*Eileen McGowan  
'75*

## OHIO

*only in this obscure state  
could such a place  
exist?  
This town  
small, warm, charming  
Possessing magnetism  
and charisma  
That binds one  
unobtrusively  
I love the people  
the real people  
who Allow themselves  
to be Human  
to laugh  
to cry  
to tell you  
you are wrong  
they Are  
Real  
Not statuesque  
or callous  
as in the old  
homestead  
All the good  
Elements  
of the old homestead  
in a quiet  
little town  
That ceases to ever really be  
asleep.*

*Ilene Kingston  
'76*

## A DAY

- 1) Sunrise . . .  
*Slowly breaking  
Stretching across  
Narrow ribbons  
Of sky-like tiny  
Fingers prying  
The mystery of  
Night over day  
Day over night.*
- 2) Noon  
*Like an explorer  
Cautiously,  
Approaching the peak—  
He stands high  
Searching below  
Looking and then  
Moves on.*
- 3) Sunset  
*Carnivals of color  
Gaudy, flashing  
Mellow, muted  
Clothed like a  
Fallen gladiator  
His procession  
Stretching as  
Far as far.*

*Peggy Kirk  
'75*



BEFORE YOU LEAVE

Before you leave,  
let me have another cigarette  
finish your drink,  
don't hurry.  
The ship will wait  
it won't leave yet  
not 'til you're done livin'.  
It's filling fast,  
a place will be saved  
for us.  
Just think,  
a new thrill  
a challenge in our life  
again.  
We've tried to conquer life,  
the game isn't hard to play  
just join us,  
you'll see  
A million thrills,  
a million kicks,  
stay for a while  
we'll catch the next ship.

Linda Pistolas  
'78

I WISH I COULD WRITE A LOVE POEM

I wish I could write a love poem  
Just to let my loved ones  
Know how much I care  
I can't. The words  
Are acrobats inside my head,  
But paper and pencil just sit and stare.

I could scream so my emotions  
Would resound from hill to hill.  
Writing them, no one would understand  
My thoughts on love and life,  
Of careers and friends  
And one day, a shining wedding band.

All these things I long for.  
All these things I love.  
I want so much for you to know.  
My talk is usually aimless and  
Music is not my style. If I could  
Write love down, it might bloom and grow.

My cigarette is burning out,  
Now the candle light is dimming  
And still I have not told  
Of hopes and dreams  
Which make a love poem  
Come through, beautiful as gold.

Constance M. Szczech  
'76

HAIKUS OF THE SEA

The jewels of the sea  
Are scattered on my shores but  
What King collects them?

Peggy Kirk  
'75

HAIKUS OF THE SEA

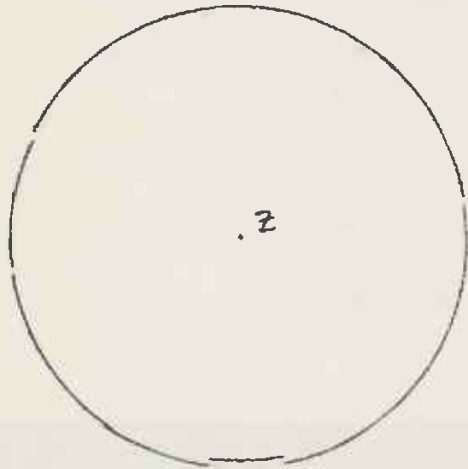
Swirling space of sea  
Pulling and tugging at shore  
In time and tempo.

Peggy Kirk  
'75

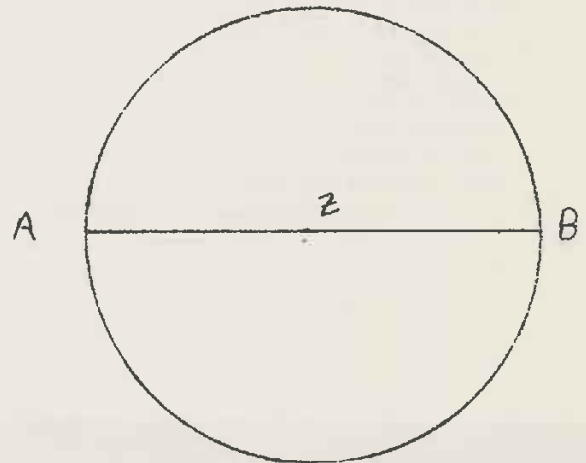
# USING GEOMETRIC CONCEPTS TO

Simple geometric concepts can be used to make attractive designs.  
These designs resemble the hex signs of the Pennsylvania Dutch.  
The following steps illustrate how one can construct such designs.

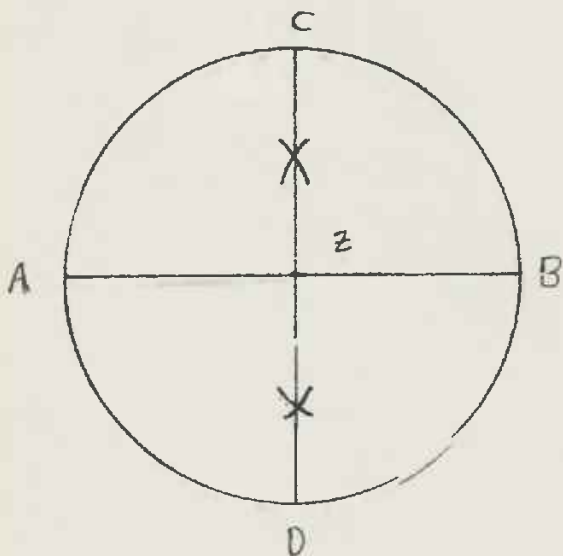
1. Construct a circle of any size radius by using a compass. Label the center of the circle z.



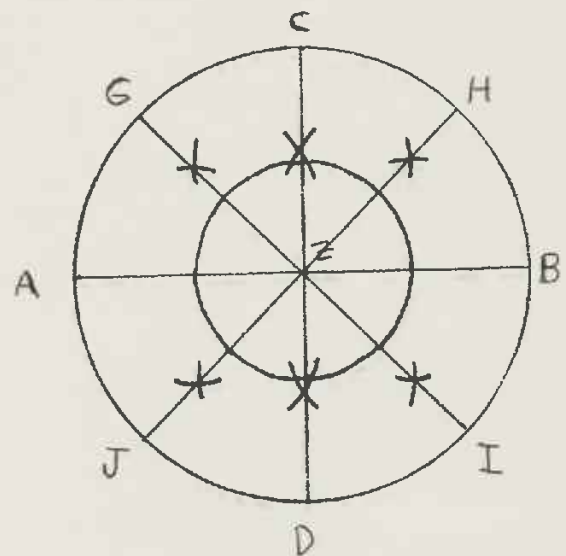
2. Construct a diameter of this circle. Label the points of intersection A and B.



3. Construct the perpendicular bisector of that diameter. Label the points of intersection C and D.

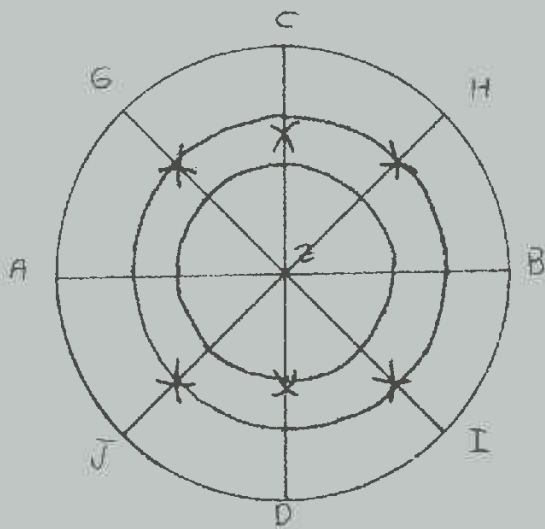


4. Construct the bisector of the right angles. Label the points of intersection.

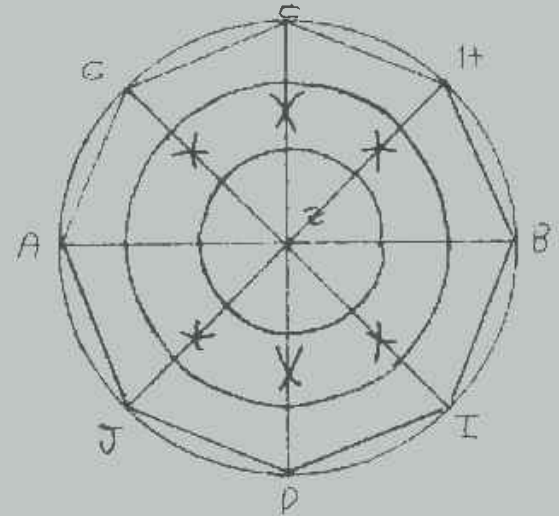


# MAKE ARTISTIC DESIGNS

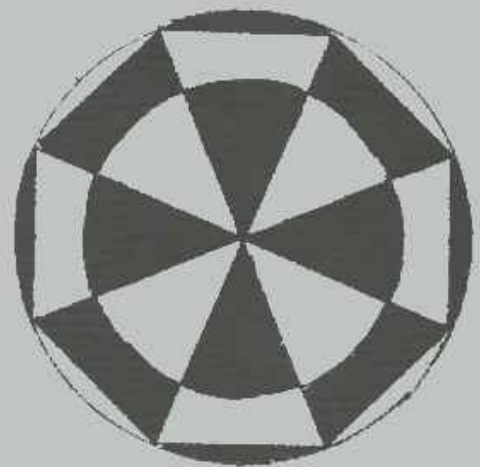
5. Construct a circle inside of the large circle.



6. Construct the chords connecting the points A-G, G-C, C-H, H-B, B-I, I-D, D-J, and J-A.

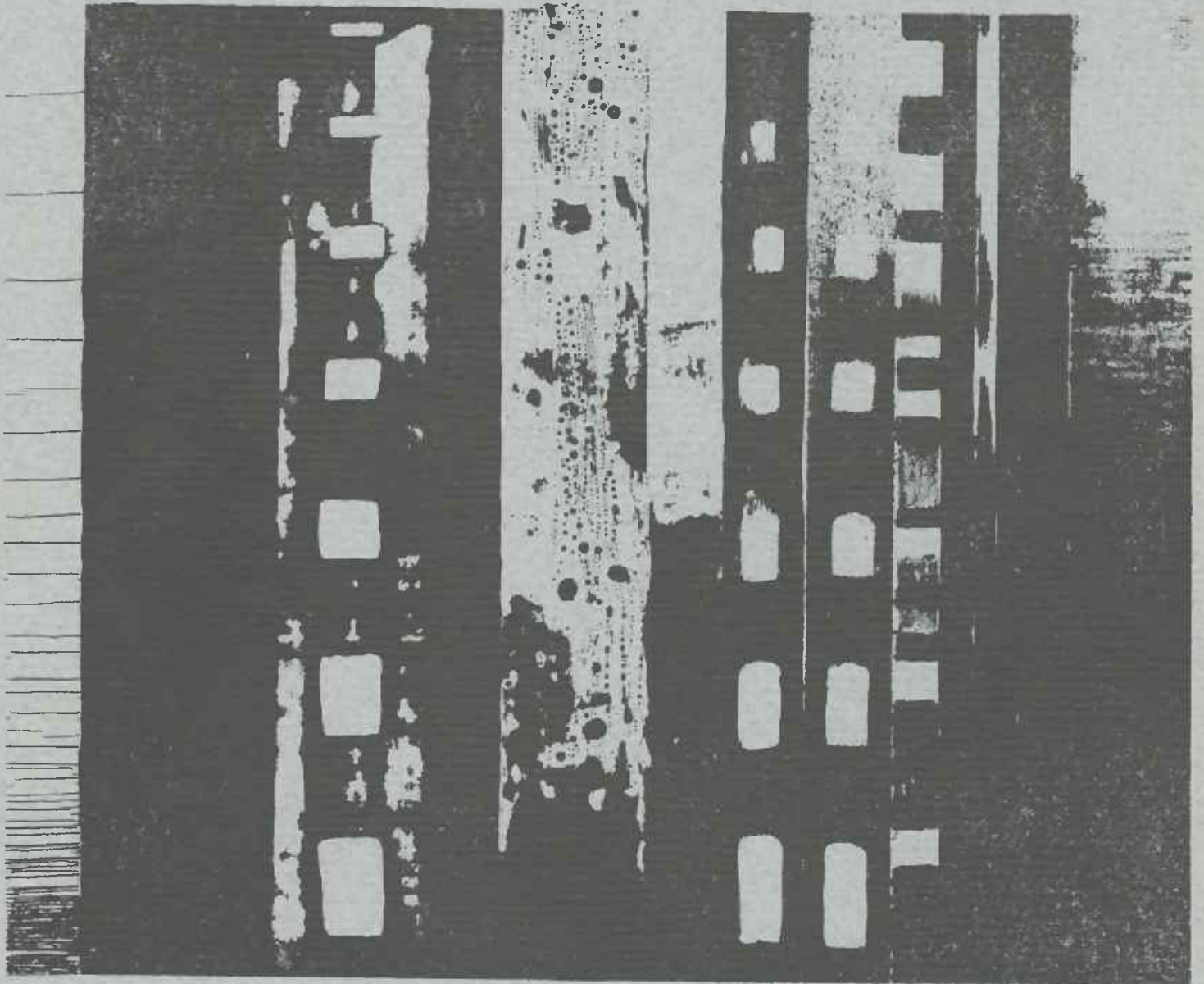


7. Erase all construction lines and labeling points. Color the design.



Thus you have made an attractive design using geometric concepts. Many more designs can be made using these concepts and others.





W. H. H. H. H.