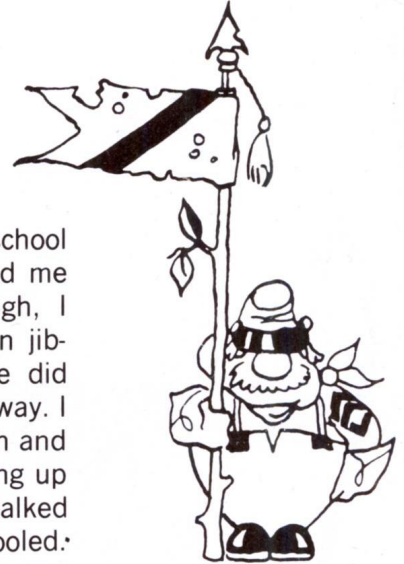


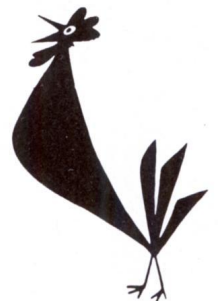
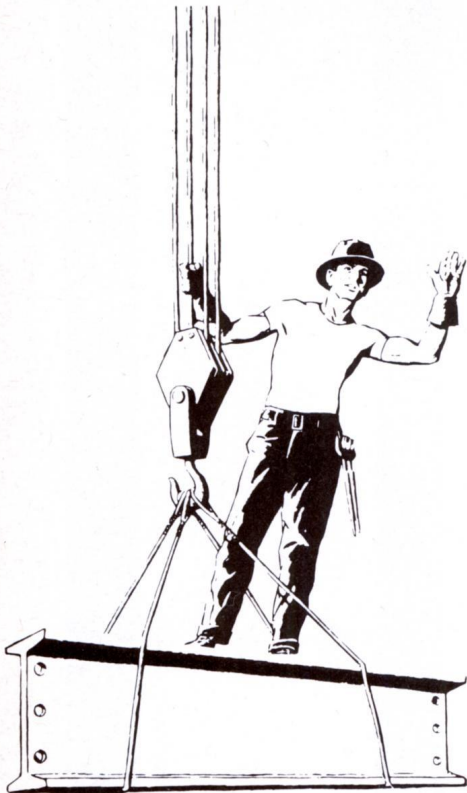
Spokane

Strange Days Indeed Most Peculiar Mama



A Strange thing happened to me on the way to school today. A strange man approached me and asked me where the "Phleb Knob" was. Strangely enough, I didn't understand him so I merely responded in jibberish. The strange thing though, was that he did understand me. So strangely enough he walked away. I then, like a stranger, yelled out something jibbrish and he stopped, waited one minute and began jumping up and down on one foot. Then the strange man walked towards me and looked right in my eye and drooled. While this was going on, a strange crowd of strangers gathered and looked at us strangely. Then in a strange way, I said "Abbdub Jasma, Akka Luka, Jabba Blob Bleh." We then broke down laughing in a strange manner.

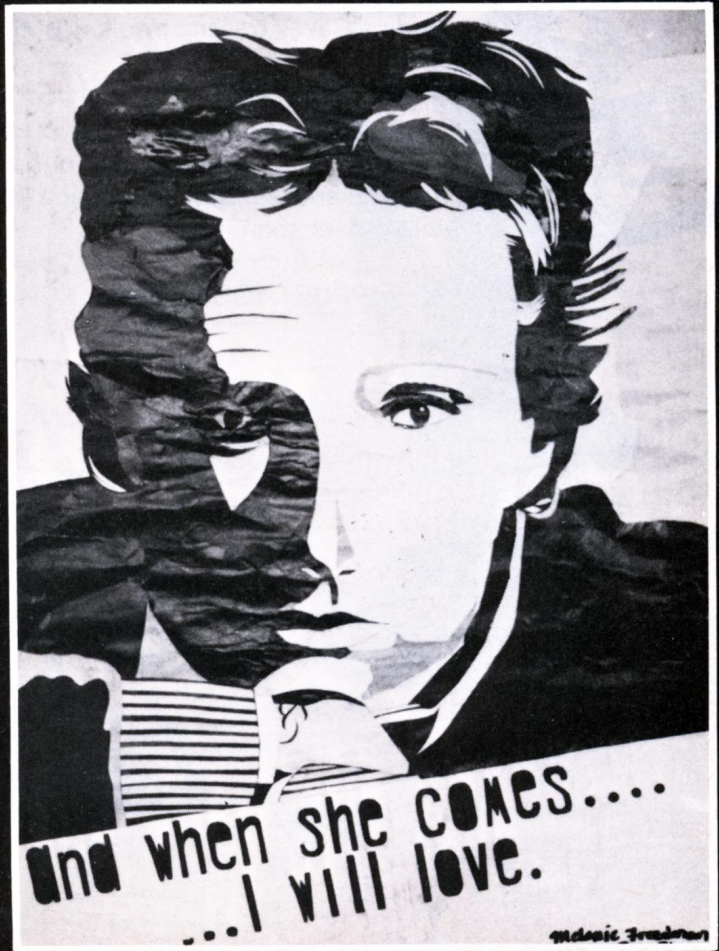
- MITCHELL BELLMAN



ART 1984



Counter Clockwise:
Richard Lipman,
Brigitte Bako,
Melanie Freedman,
Melanie Freedman





“Why go to school?”: this is a question which definitely ranks close to the top of the charts of “questions asked by students and even sillier people.” On my personal list, the question “Why go to school?” falls somewhere between “Who was that masked man?” and “What’s that green thing on your arm?” However, it is an important and relevant question. It is also a very silly question, but it must be answered - even at the cost of many lives.

Why go to school, then? Well, for starters - Veggy Burgers!

Perhaps it would be more constructive if we approached the question on a metaphysical level, and we will as soon as we look up the word ‘metaphysical’ in a suitable dictionary.

At any rate, we do go to school - and why do we do so? This is a very pertinent question so always remember to include a question mark at the end of that sentence.

It does not have a simple answer, in any case. Well, not just in any case: Perhaps in the case of the Phantom Killer, but definitely not in the case of Smith vs. the state of Massachusetts.

In the case that an answer is found, this writer could not even begin to take it seriously and analyse it with any degree of competency until I can remember what the question was.

To be frank, and similarly, to be beans, the question of school is one which affects us all. It is not something to be taken lightly, (or internally, as it can cause vomiting, rashes, and, in some cases, including Casey Kasem, swelling of the silly glands.)

We must therefore look at school as a medium in which we can express ourselves intellectually, creatively, and socially. Then we must climb up onto our seats, flap our arms like chicken’s wings, sing the national anthem backwards, and hope against all hope that this essay will be over soon.

SO SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL, NON-PROFIT HIPPOPOTAMUS

- Alan Echenberg . . .

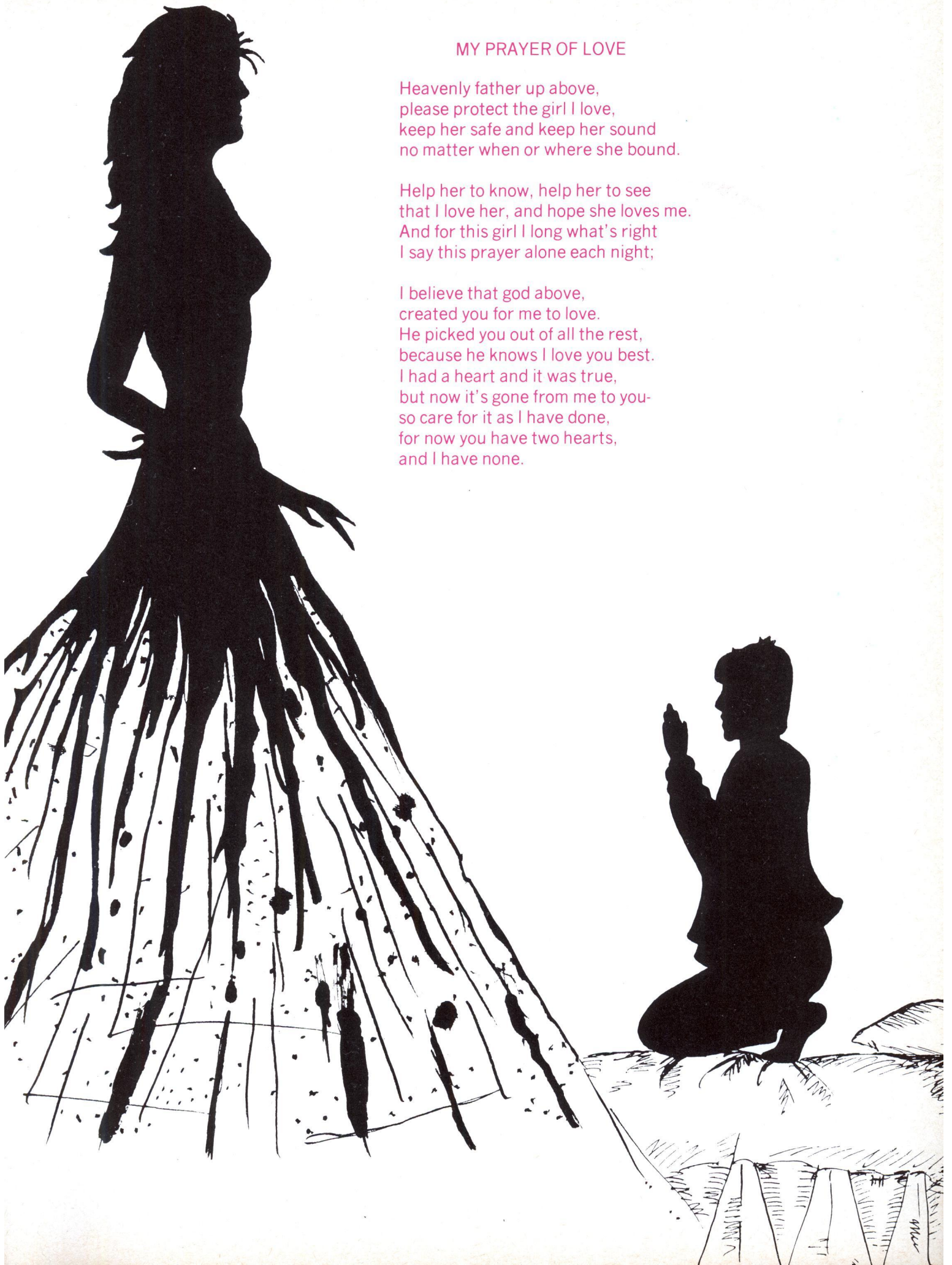


MY PRAYER OF LOVE

Heavenly father up above,
please protect the girl I love,
keep her safe and keep her sound
no matter when or where she bound.

Help her to know, help her to see
that I love her, and hope she loves me.
And for this girl I long what's right
I say this prayer alone each night;

I believe that god above,
created you for me to love.
He picked you out of all the rest,
because he knows I love you best.
I had a heart and it was true,
but now it's gone from me to you-
so care for it as I have done,
for now you have two hearts,
and I have none.





IDLE THOUGHTS

I'm sitting on the roof with a cup of coffee
and insects are dying.
Millions of them;
crawling across the burning asphalt
choking on the sidewalk
and suffocating in their moundlike department stores.
Gazing down on them
I wonder if they're thinking about their children
and ask myself why I was born.

Suddenly I choke
and a brownish blob of Tasters Choice flies out my nose
and lands in my cup.
At last I have it;
the secret of my existence.
For fifty years I toiled,
suffered, stooped to call myself a man
so that this day I could sit on a roof watching insects die
and ask myself silly questions.

Daniel Goodwin





GENUINE REMORSE

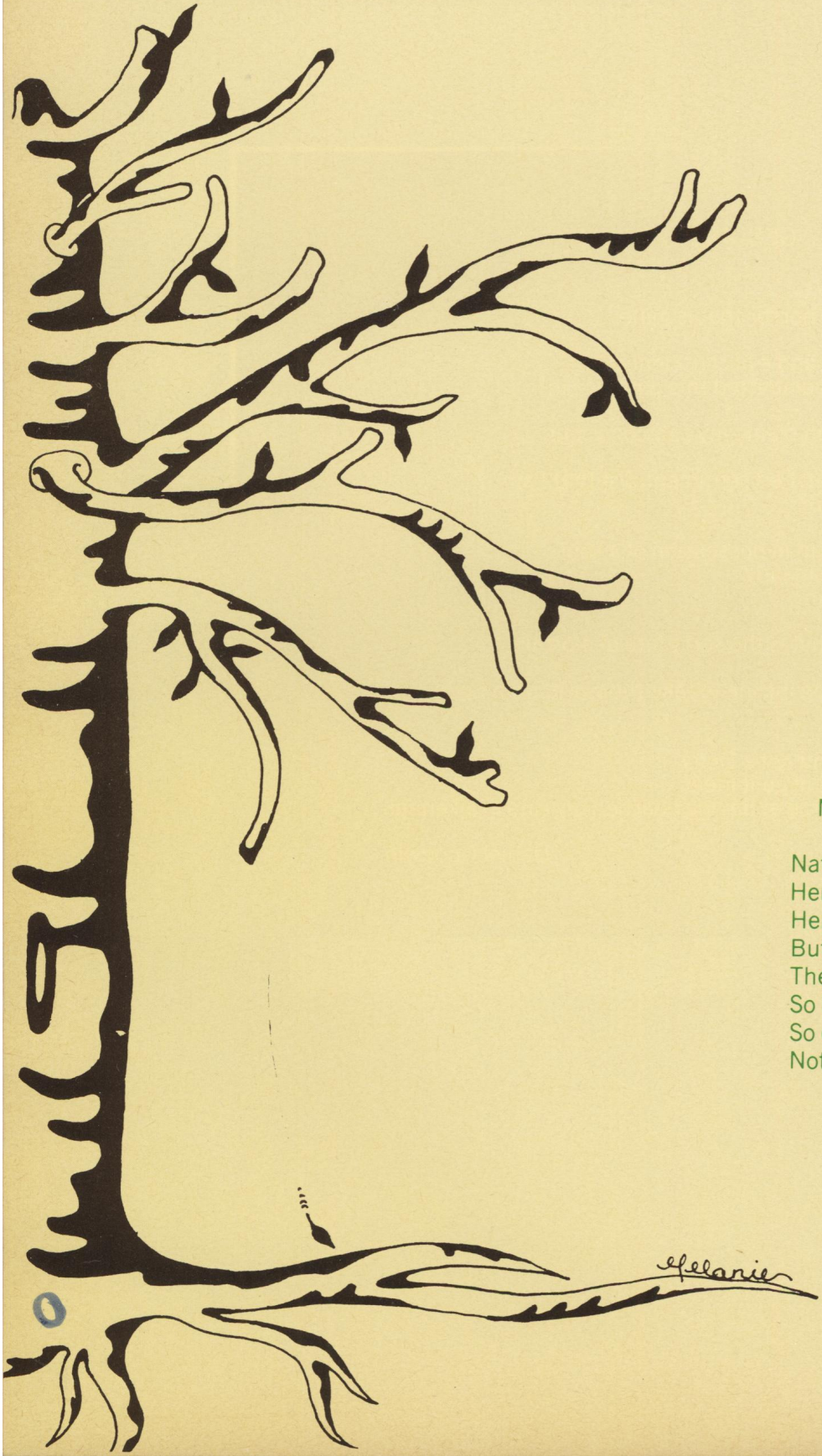
O tragedy, tragedy . . .
O unforgiveable horror that is mine!
Tell me,
thou most black and evil conscience
who was it that committed this Satanic Sin?
Say it was thou;
at least then I can blame my sub-conscious.

O wretched, wretched sentimentalist that I am . . .
Yet what can I do?
Shouldn't I
like any other man in possession of a soul
feel remorse at stealing
Nature's freedom?

To experience guilt is the sorry fate of mortals;
Some men,
such as God's Son incline to take the world's sin upon
their shoulders
yet I,
a mere mortal and not a Deity
limit the amount of guilt I feel
to genuine remorse at having boarded my cats in a kennel.



Daniel Goodwin

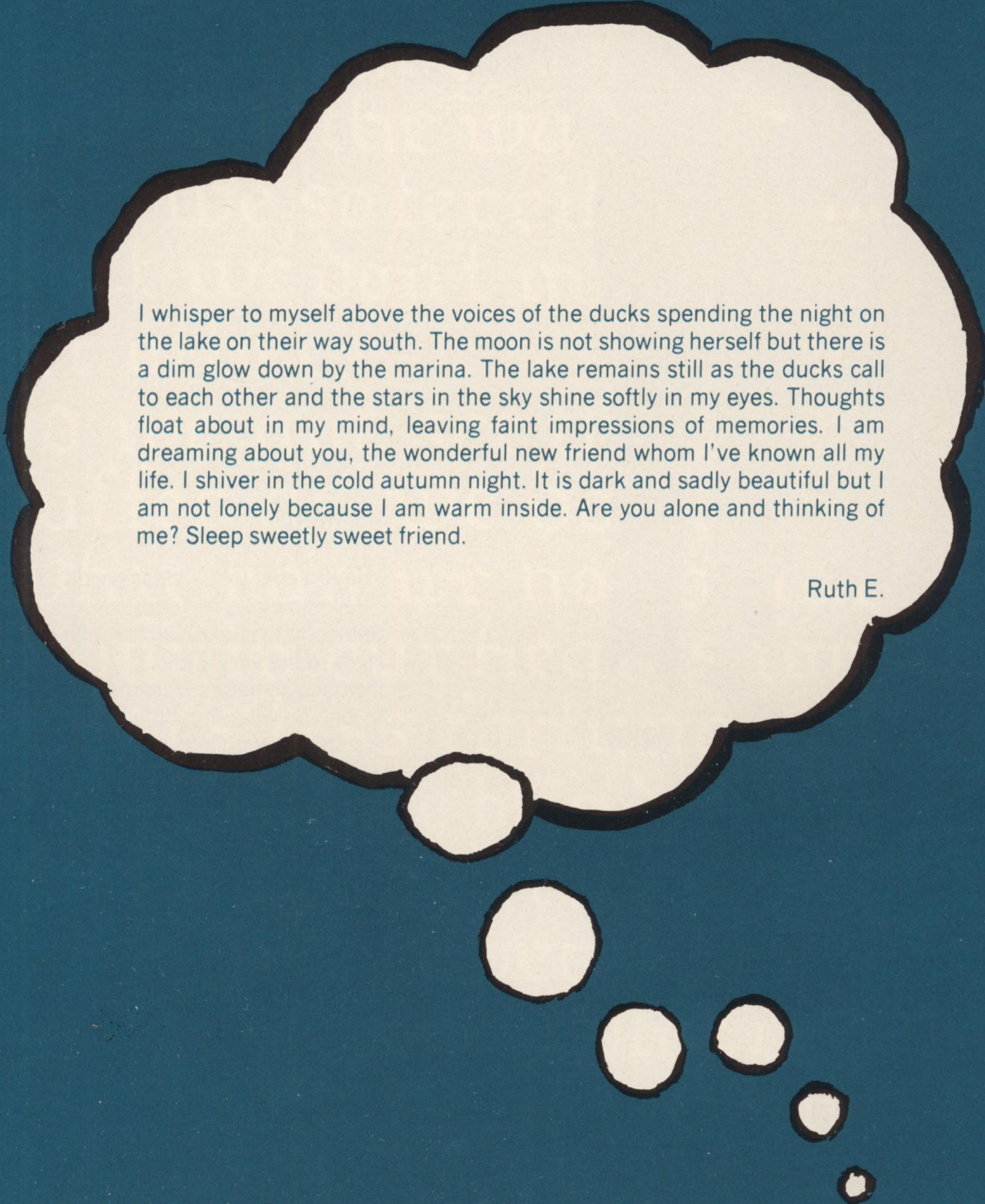


Nothing Gold Can Stay

Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leaf's a flower;
But only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides to leaf.
So Eden sank in grief,
So dawn goes down today.
Nothing gold can stay.



R.7.



I whisper to myself above the voices of the ducks spending the night on the lake on their way south. The moon is not showing herself but there is a dim glow down by the marina. The lake remains still as the ducks call to each other and the stars in the sky shine softly in my eyes. Thoughts float about in my mind, leaving faint impressions of memories. I am dreaming about you, the wonderful new friend whom I've known all my life. I shiver in the cold autumn night. It is dark and sadly beautiful but I am not lonely because I am warm inside. Are you alone and thinking of me? Sleep sweetly sweet friend.

Ruth E.



A FRIEND

I have a goal today, dear Lord,
I'd like to make a friend:
Someone to cherish all through life,
right to the very end . . .
Perhaps someone with shoulders broad
to lean on when I'm blue . . .
A someone with a friendly smile
a loving heart that's true . . .
A pal to chat with on the phone
someone to really care . . .
To dream of when I'm sleeping, or
my hopes and dreams to share . . .
It wouldn't matter if my friend
were thin or fat or tall . . .
and whether he was rich or poor
I wouldn't care at all . . .
Because this friend I seek today
need not be rich or poor or clever . . .
What really counts is that he be
a true-blue friend forever.

Rhonda Proshetsky

Why...

Why do people do the things they do... and act the way they act... are we so terribly cruel that we don't make room for others...

do we not see that others suffer as we do...

Why can we not make room in our hearts for others less fortunate...

Why are we blinded by our striving need for ambition...

Why did we become the way we are... and why don't we do anything about it?

Jk. Pellatt

ART 84

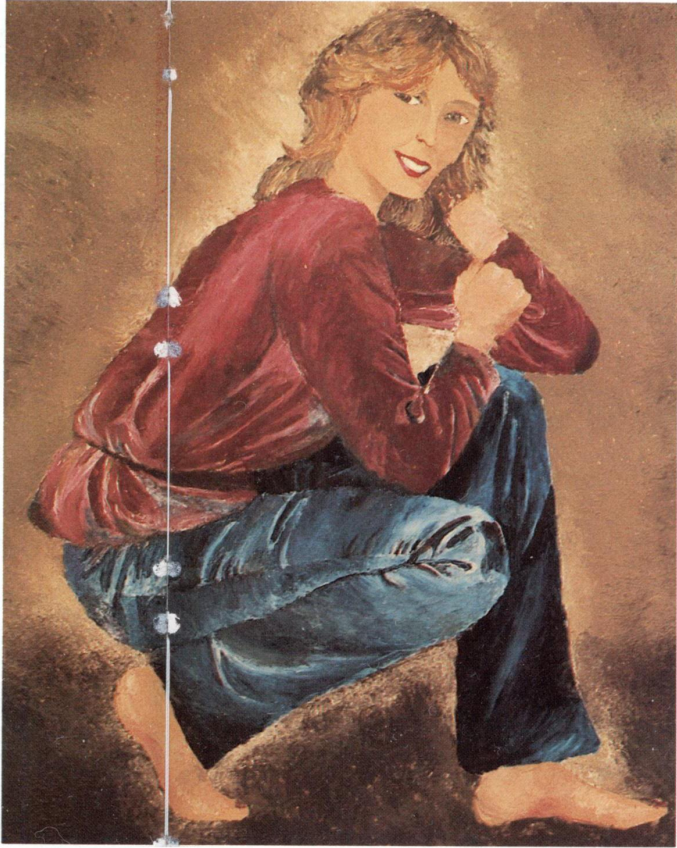
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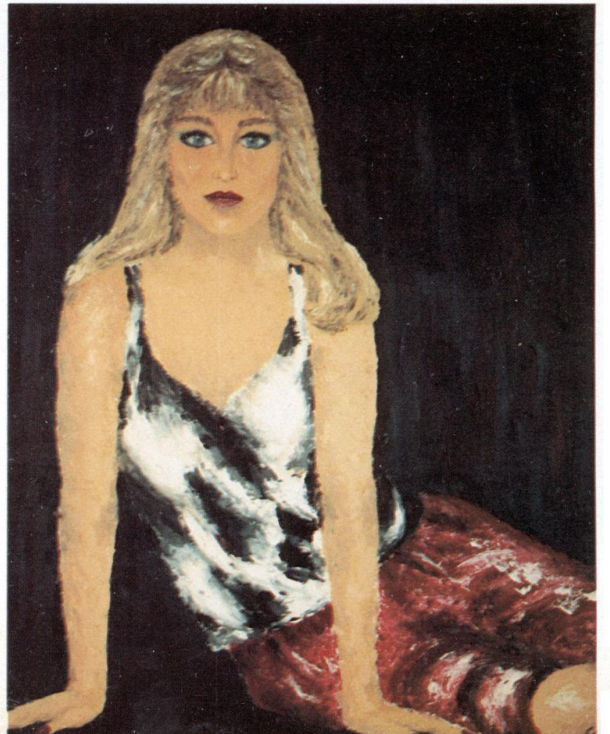
1. Laurie Krief
2. Melanie Samra
3. Arlene Star
4. Eva Abisoror
5. Brigette Bako
6. Melanie Freedman



6.

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4.



3.





THE ACT

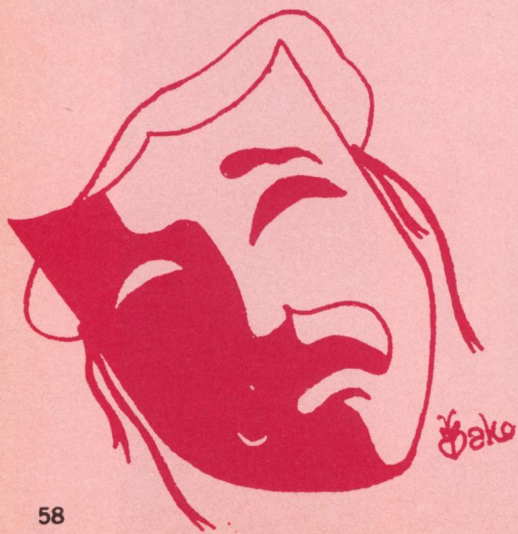
I've tried and tried
And tried my best
But all just seems to fail,

How can I ever find a way
That we both could understand
I've worked and smiled and laughed at jokes
Which I never thought were funny,

I've had to agree with the many things,
Which I'm totally against,

Why should I have to act the part,
And be something that I'm not
Because if you can't love me for myself
Then I can't love you at all.

Nina Israel



The



THE SNOWFLAKE

A girl.
Running against the wind
The last fallen snowflake
Flies into her eyes.
Soothingly she takes in
The fresh new view of the sun
And then darkness.
A sudden change of heart.
The pain cuts deeply.
Shattering the illusions
Of a broken reflection.
A flower blossoming.
Unfolds . . .
Alive yet dying.

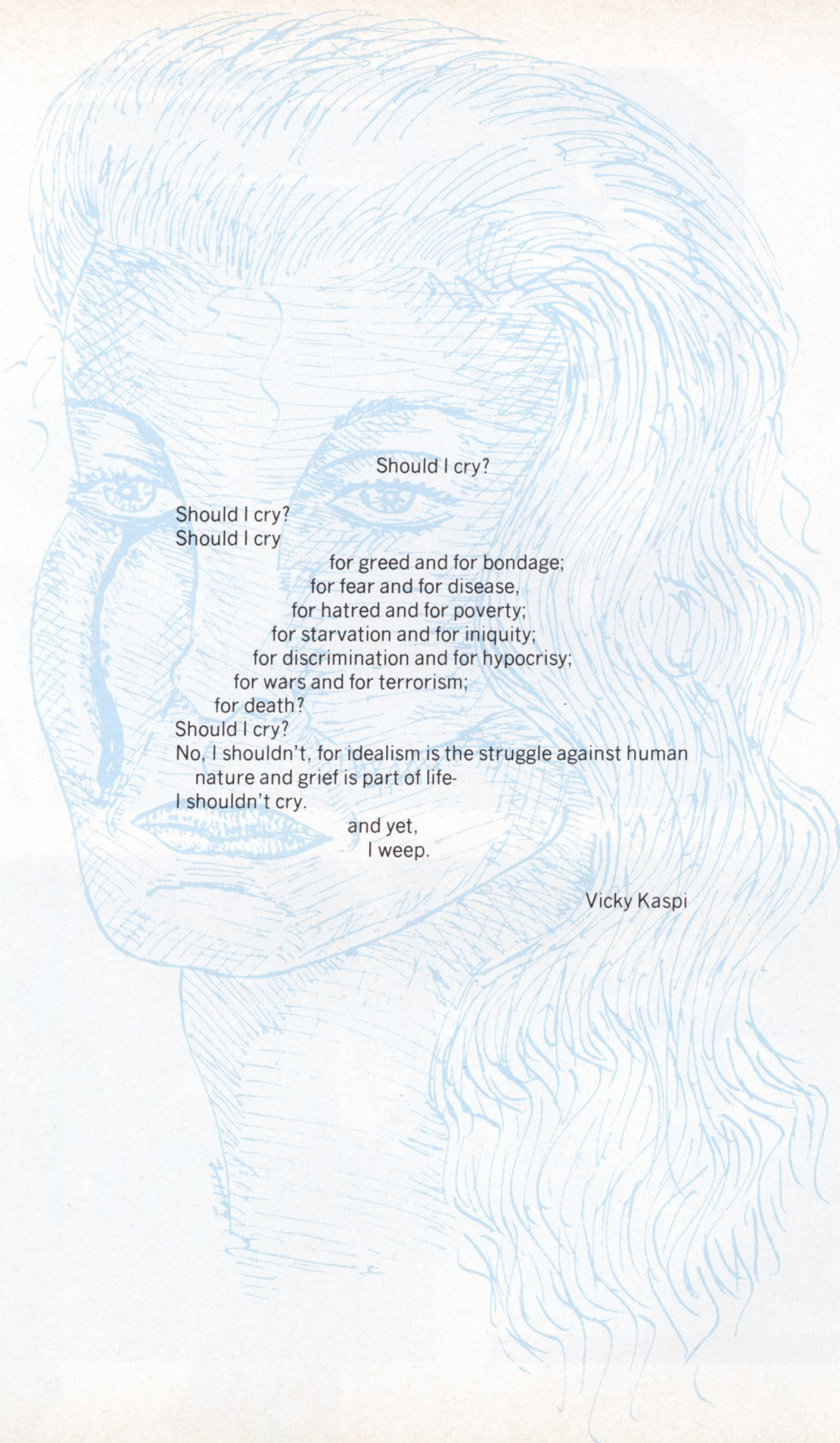
Judy Dimentberg

As I sit and watch the sun set,
Tears fall down my face
They form a puddle at my feet
I walk along the beach,
Feeling the soft spray of the ocean against my face,
Far into the distance, a figure stands,
Without any movement.
The ocean looks so empty,
Yet so full of anger,
As the waves slap the shore.
I am alone, feeling as though the world is mine.
Knowing each day will end,
And start anew.
I walk slowly,
To meet the figure in the distance.
His face appears clearer now,
And his arms are opened.
For who?
Me . . . ?
Closer, and closer I approach this vision.
Though this was not reality I was faced with,
It was only a mirage . . .

Robin Nozetz



Robin Nozetz
83



Should I cry?

Should I cry?
Should I cry

for greed and for bondage;
for fear and for disease,
for hatred and for poverty;
for starvation and for iniquity;
for discrimination and for hypocrisy;
for wars and for terrorism;

for death?

Should I cry?

No, I shouldn't, for idealism is the struggle against human
nature and grief is part of life-
I shouldn't cry.

and yet,
I weep.

Vicky Kaspi



Who could ask for more . . .





... in 1984.

