

An Untouchable Love

by Scott McAnally

A young figure of 28, in another part of the world, sits as he waits to be fed. It is early in the evening. Fading to rest in the beginning darkness, the sun diminishes the old day, for my friend, whom we shall call Gustav, who thinks in the unconsciousness of a daydreamer, about the oncoming night. Yes, this night among others was going to be a fantasy of dreams, all in one.

He is fed a good meal by the helper but leaves a good portion of it, for he is very excited—like a child having to drink his milk before going to the circus. He is finished and the helper readies him for the occasion. The time has come for the helper to be taking him to the concert theater, and they walk with haste to the car. Gustav gets into the car through a previously opened door.

The drive to the theater is a meager distance, but for Gustav, it is long and perilous. He thinks of his love for music to help pass the time. As he thinks, he considers his favorite instrument, the viola. He plays well, yes, very well, and he knows it. But this now is a thing of the past.

At last he arrives. The door opens and he steps out and stares unceasingly at the grandeur of the theater. But in an instant, his thoughts were rudely interrupted as a firm hand guided him through the entrance. He is escorted to his seat by the helper.

Here, he ponders in all its magnificence, the spiritual presence of Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Tchaikovsky, and others. He then gazes at all the laborious carvings and paintings which clothe the immense walls of the theater.

He realizes that these old works of art have heard the formidable echoes of vibratious songs written by the kings of music genius. In a brief moment, he will be thrust into the midst of a single composition of glorious music by angel-toned violins and violas, to the evil throbbing and drone of the tympani.

A few moments pass, and then a subtle silence slowly creeps over the audience. Gustav sits and fixes his sight on the large, dark, satin curtains as if something is going to be presented to him that he has never imagined or set eyes on before. The curtains slowly rise with elegance and poise. Gustav closes his eyes in hopes of concealing the orchestra. He must only hear the passages of strong, influential music. He thinks to himself that this must be so, as to let his mind dance on priceless notes with the beauty and grace of Terpsichore.

With eyes closed, he hears the light tapping of the baton upon the podium. A brief moment of silence, and then quietly, as if a song goddess is giving birth to new notes of grand beauty, the flutes slide down to the violas and basses. Here the imagination plays a lead role in Gustav's mind as it portrays the notes while the music glides breathlessly from ear to ear.

A sudden burst of all instruments in complete vigor startles Gustav, but in the same instant he gives forth a grin, a unique satisfaction that no one else may enjoy but Gustav.

The music quietly simmers to a death song. The entrance of golden horns bringing a tear to his eye, for the magnificence is much too good for people to hear and enjoy. Yet he understands it was created to hear, and receives the full appreciation of it.

Gustav sits for hours thriving on the music. With eyes closed during this time he visualizes it dancing and singing, imagines it growing, hears it die and come to life again. Time passes too quickly and now the performance is over. He reluctantly leaves the theater. Again he is escorted to the car and gets in through the previously opened door.

Nothing is said or imagined on the returning trip. Gustav now feels that the return ride is much too fast.

He arrives at home and gets out of the car by a door that was already opened by the helper.

He is helped to his room and is readied for a long slumber. But for a few moments he sits at his bedside staring at his most prized possession, the viola. It sits on its stand in a corner, nicely polished by his helper. Once this object of beauty was capable of producing the same warm tone as that brought forth by musicians that evening. Gustav used to be a part of that very orchestra. Yes, as I said before, he played very well—no, excellent; he was a leader among his fellow musicians. He used to produce fine music from his viola. His love for music was unmeasurable, and he put it into his viola.

Presently, he thinks of himself, as he reluctantly looks at his body. He follows, with his eyes, his long arms down to the stubs. You see, Gustav has no hands. He shuts his eyes and lies down to a comfortable bed to dream of the past night and his untouchable love.

Final Destiny

by Sharon Karapetoff

M-e-o-w! M-e-e-e-o-o-o-w-w!! The old lady knew she must get up to let Forgotten in, even though it was 6:23 in the morning. She hated to be awakened by Forgotten so early because she knew that she would not be able to go back to sleep again, and sleep was the only means she had of escaping from the lonely day ahead. M-e-e-o-o-w-w!!! There was Forgotten again. "Okay, okay, I'm a'comin'!" she sighed. She opened the door about two minutes later and the cat scampered through the kitchen. The old lady strained to see the clock again. Yes, it was only 6:25 a.m. and the start of another never-ending day. She pulled a chair from the kitchen table and sat down as she did each morning.

She began to think of her past life—a happy one indeed, when her husband and son were right here with her. She remembered the happiest times they shared with each other. She pictured herself sitting in their old blue Chevrolet going out for a Sunday afternoon drive, taking a hearty picnic lunch along to eat in the country. She remembered her son's surprise party on his twelfth birthday and saw his happy face glowing above the candles as they all sang "Happy Birthday, dear Johnny." She recalled when she and her husband would sit together and

listen to the radio on the quiet summer evenings, cracking the fresh chestnuts they bought from the market. Yes, those were the years gone by, so long yet so short a time.

Forgotten suddenly jumped on her lap and brought her back from her faraway thoughts. She stroked the cat's silky white fur as it purred softly and nudged her hand with its warm nose. The sun was beginning to rise above the horizon now, but it did not brighten her thoughts. She could think only of her loved ones and how she'd missed them through the many dark months that lay behind.

She felt a little different today, however. She felt as if her husband and son were sitting right there next to her in their usual places. In fact, she could almost hear their breathing and actually see them sitting there beside her around the little wooden table. She suddenly remembered she must get breakfast for them now so they would not be late getting to work. She quickly jumped to her feet, dropping the cat to the floor and the next instant falling herself to the cold linoleum. She lay sprawled on the floor beside the cat, her hand limply resting on Forgotten's sleek body. A contented smile shone on her face for she, too, had now reached her destiny.

DONNA

by P.M.S.D.

The aisle was dressed in white, and flowers were scattered from side to side. The candles burned brightly along the altar and windows. The guests were hushed and all was silent. The music began to play Lohengrin's March. It was then that I saw her and I trembled! The soft gold of her hair fell about her shoulders like sunbeams from heaven. Her small blue eyes sparkled with the radiance within her heart.

Our eyes met just then and the corners of her soft lips turned into a small and lovely smile. A lump filled my throat as the small, petite figure came closer to me. The world left my thoughts and my whole being became centered on the young woman walking slowly, but sure of her destination. I realized how innocent yet mature she was, with the white lace looking so much a part of her light complexion. The veil around her face could not conceal the happiness shining around her. Her cheeks were blushed with delight. I smiled at her then and her small, rather turned up nose wrinkled with embarrassment. Glancing at the hands that held the delicate nosegay I asked myself. "Why do they shake so?" I knew I really shouldn't wonder for mine were shaking too!

The music stopped, she had arrived! Her father held her arm tightly entwined in his. A tear gently rolled down his cheek as she touched his cheek with her kiss. The minister began the ceremony and her father looked at me and spoke the words, "her mother and I give her into your charge." He patted her hand and tenderly placed her arm in mine.

She looked into my eyes searching for my thoughts. She sighed as she found the love which was in my eyes. Then we both began to breathe very easily in the comfort of each other's love.

The Genius

Laiden heavily
And bored to death,
The genius goes by
Without a breath.

Speaking to no one,
Not caring a bit
With experiments his life.
And his life his wit.

With humor and passion,
Beauty and fun,
The world passes
With his work undone.

—Linda

Presence

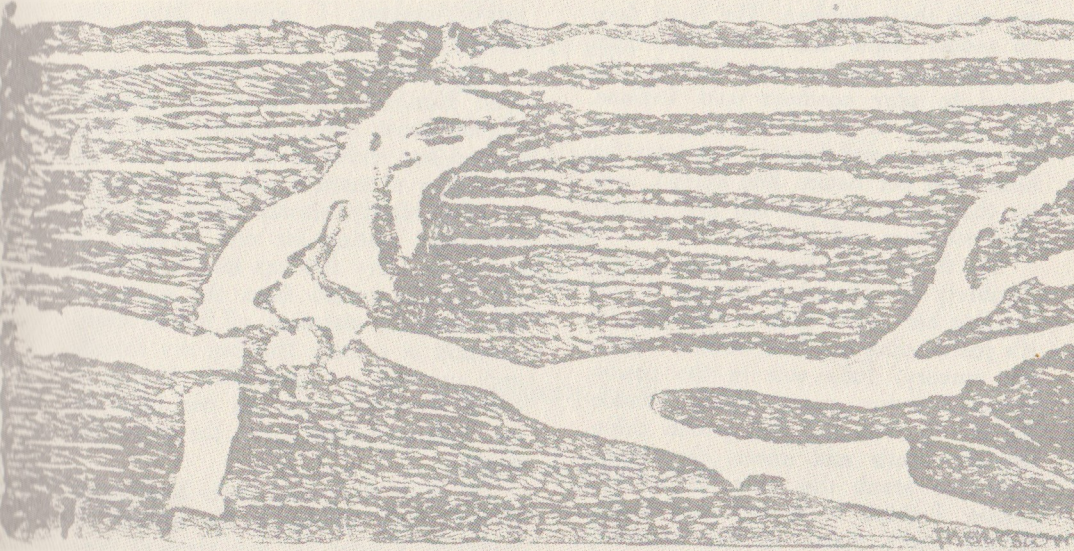
they say i exist,
but do i?
how do they know?
they hear me—
but maybe they are deaf,
and just imagine they hear me.
they claim that they see me—
but perhaps they are really blind,
and just pretend to see me.
they say they can feel me—
but perchance they are lying to me,
so that i won't be hurt by
the truth—

—Emily Wayrynen

EVE OF NOVEMBER

A desperate turkey searches hungrily
For a small, but meaningful morsel of food--
Only to be eaten
For Thanksgiving dinner.

— John Chmela



The Glass Windows

My weary eyes can see him cleary;
He was small and full of life;
Everytime I saw him and he saw me, he
would run to me with great joy.
Each time he would take a piece of my heart;
But I didn't mind, for my heart was his to take.
It wasn't long, before the good times we had
passed away like the minutes upon the clock.
Then, his small body changed into that of a man;
He went out into the world with a piece of
my heart, which was a part of me
I will never forget, I'll just give glory to
God for the time I was given.

— Sandy Erway

Making Money The Hard Way

by Vanessa Schweitzer

Don't let anyone say that babysitting is an easy way to make money! To those inexperienced believers, I say that they should spend five hours with Julie, a seven-year old, and her five-months old sister, Kimberly.

A typical night begins with my goodbye to Julie's parents as they leave me with their children. The front door no sooner closes than Julie, free from her parents, decides that she's in the mood to play cowboys and Indians, her version of which is tying me to the staircase and beating me over the head with her baton. She doesn't realize that a sixteen-year old girl doesn't play cowboys and Indians!

By the time I have untied myself, Kimberly is screaming for her bottle. Feeding her is not such a difficult job; it's just finding out that while I was in the nursery, Julie was in the newly-carpeted living room, spilling onion dip and crumbling greasy potato chips. On my hands and knees, desperately trying to scrub the stain out of the carpet, I think to myself—are a few dollars really worth all this trouble?

Ten o'clock p.m. Julie's bedtime. But Julie has other ideas. First I must read her two stories. What I don't know is that two stories amounts to half a dozen *Little Lulu* comic books. Then, the traditional exchange of good-nights takes place.

I start out with "Goodnight, Julie" and turn out the light.

It's her turn with. "I'm afraid of the dark."

"Then I'll leave the night-light on."

"Do you want to see my mother's jewelry?" she continues.

"No, Julie, some other time."

"Can I read in bed till I get sleepy? If you don't let me, I'll tell my parents that you beat me. And you won't be my babysitter anymore."

Knowing that Julie's naive parents

would place complete faith in their daughter's accusations, I relented allowing her to read until eleven. Leaving her room, I count the hours until her parents come home. But my hopes for peace and quiet are dampened by Kimberly's cries caused by diaper rash. I never was an expert at changing diapers. There never seems to be enough diaper to go around! Pin-pricked and powder-spotted, I emerge from the struggle.

Eleven-thirty p.m. Holding a wide-eyed Kimberly, I watch the Johnny Carson Show. Every attempt to put her to bed has ended in fits of cholic. On the verge of tears, I watch her eyelids as they slowly, slowly close. Finally, her head resting on my shoulder, I carefully carry her up the stairs. My leg muscles twitch from the strain of ascending the staircase, all fifteen steps, an inch at a time. Holding my breath and praying a dozen Hail Marys, I gently ease Kimberly on her back in the crib and then close the bedroom door.

Walking down the stairs bowlegged to avoid the creaks in the middle of the steps, I listen for any signs of protest from the nursery. Julie is asleep. All is calm.

With my blouse soiled from perspiration and baby oil, my hair straggling in my face, and my eyes puffed and bloodshot, I sink into a chair. I wonder how many teenagers are at the same moment suffering from the after effects of babysitting. Tired and shaken, I fall into a fitful sleep.

Two o'clock a.m. The bang of a car door awakens me with a start. Mechanically, I greet the parents and accept the few dollars thrust into the palm of my hand. Then the question comes. *How were the children?* Smiling outwardly, crying inwardly, I reply, "Just fine." What a way to make money!

LIFE

every individual
has
his own
little
babbling brook
of
entity.
and each of these
rises
with the
spring floods
and
is reborn with
new vitality and
adventure.
but when
summertime's warbler
has
escaped on china wings
and the
eaves
decorate themselves
with icy bric-a-brac,
the
winding
rivulets
lie dormant
in their
beds,
waiting
endlessly
for another
spring's
debut.

—Emily Wayrynen

PRELUDE TO DEVASTATION

IDENTITY.

ME, MYSELF, AND I.

"I THINK, THEREFORE, I AM."

UNION.

"DO YOU TAKE THIS WOMAN?"

FAMILY.

FAMILY PICNICS.

"DOES YOUR FAMILY ATTEND CHURCH ON SUNDAYS?"

THE FAMILY REUNION.

"OUR FAMILY HAS 34% FEWER CAVITIES."

CONGRUITY.

OUR FAMILY LIVES IN THE SUBURBS.

MANY FAMILIES LIVE IN THE SUBURBS.

MANY NEAT ROWS OF NEAT BRICK HOUSES.

CONSISTENCY

SIMILARITY.

MANY BRIGHT, SHINY CARS.

ALL BELONG TO FAMILIES.

MANY FAMILIES.

MANY FAMILIES WHO LIVE IN NEAT, BRICK HOUSES, ALL MOW
THEIR LAWNS, CLEAN THEIR GARAGES, AND PAINT GARDENS.

HARMONY.

BROTHERHOOD.

"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR. . ."

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

ARE WE OUR BROTHER'S KEEPERS?

COLLECTIVISM.

UNIFORMITY.

"COME ON OVER TO THE L & M SIDE!"

AGGREGATION.

"IF YA CAN'T BEAT 'EM: JOIN 'EM!"

MANY PEAS IN A POD.

MANY PODS ON A PLANT.

MANY PLANTS IN A FIELD.

MANY FIELDS IN A UNIVERSE.

ONLY ONE UNIVERSE.

WILL A STATE BECOME EQUAL TO A UNIVERSE?

UNITY.

EQUALITY.

"HAIL! HAIL! THE GANG'S ALL HERE!"

CORPORATION.

ASSOCIATION.

COMBINATION.

MANY CORPORATIONS, ASSOCIATIONS, AND COMBINATIONS.

ALL OF THEM ALIKE

MANY COMRADES.

MANY BROTHERS.

MANY FAMILIES.

"ALL FOR ONE AND ONE FOR ALL . ."

A HUMAN MACHINE.

MANY HUMAN MACHINES.

"ONE NATION UNDER GOD, INDIVISIBLE. . ."

GIRL SCOUTS.

P.T.A. MEETINGS.

FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION.

CITY HALL ASSEMBLIES.

LABOR UNIONS.

A. F. L. - C. I. O.

COLLECTIVE BARGAINING.

PEACE CONFERENCES.

N.A.T.O.

"UNITED WE STAND, DIVIDED WE FALL."

UNITED AUTOMOBILE WORKERS OF AMERICA.

UNITED DAIRIES.

UNITED AIRLINES.

UNITED NATIONS.

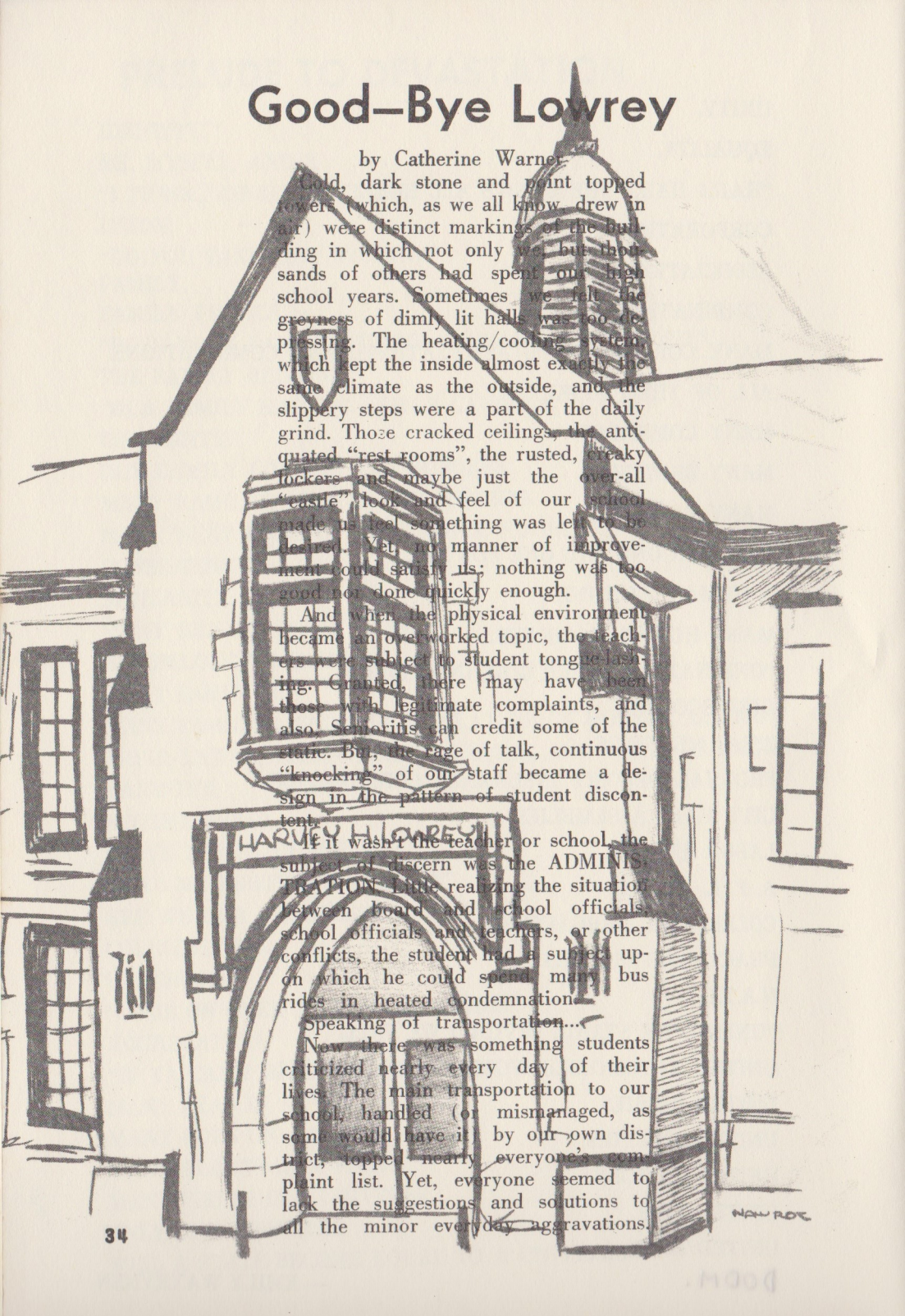
UNITED THIS.

UNITED THAT.

DOOM.

Good-Bye Lowrey

by Catherine Warner



Cold, dark stone and point topped towers (which, as we all know, drew in air) were distinct markings of the building in which not only we, but thousands of others had spent our high school years. Sometimes we felt the greyness of dimly lit halls was too depressing. The heating/cooling system, which kept the inside almost exactly the same climate as the outside, and the slippery steps were a part of the daily grind. Those cracked ceilings, the antiquated "rest rooms", the rusted, creaky lockers and maybe just the over-all "castle" look and feel of our school made us feel something was left to be desired. Yet, no manner of improvement could satisfy us; nothing was too good nor done quickly enough.

And when the physical environment became an overworked topic, the teachers were subject to student tongue-lashing. Granted, there may have been those with legitimate complaints, and also, Senioritis can credit some of the static. But, the rage of talk, continuous "knocking" of our staff became a design in the pattern of student discontent.

If it wasn't the teacher or school, the subject of discern was the ADMINISTRATION. Little realizing the situation between board and school officials, school officials and teachers, or other conflicts, the student had a subject upon which he could spend many bus rides in heated condemnation.

Speaking of transportation...

Now there was something students criticized nearly every day of their lives. The main transportation to our school, handled (or mismanaged, as some would have it) by our own district, topped nearly everyone's complaint list. Yet, everyone seemed to lack the suggestions and solutions to all the minor everyday aggravations.

Then in '67 came the news
Lowrey would have only two more
graduating classes, ending with 1969.
Gradually, after the shock wore off,
the ultimate realization brought on a
profound psychological effect. Students
began to convince themselves that there
was nothing in the world that would
allow them to have a full, happy, nor-
mal Senior year. New complaints and
complications appeared. No sophomores
to the pathos of progress, leaving only
a memory to those of us who . . .
to initiate, no one to boss around the
Senior Fountain, no new girls for the
boys, and vice-versa. "Good teachers"
phased out, leaving those who students
felt were either senile or callow.

Students made up new responses:
Cut down on club activity, cut down
on sports activity—in short, cut down
on *activity*. School spirit became passe,
and Lowrey became notorious for its
chronic complainers, and dirt-kickers.
But, little did they know the truth of
it, this expression of human nature
was but a fraction of the pits, down-
falls and general frustration waiting
for them after they passed the final
time through the halls of Lowrey.

Beckoned back to the task, we now
bow our heads, some mockingly, with
relief, or maybe even thoughtfully
grateful for the knowledge which has
been passed on to us in these canyon-
like hallways. Lowrey had done its
best to prepare us, now it must bow
to the newness and sink into the obliv-
ion of memory. Its smoke-grey brick
and decades of tradition will crumble

to the pathos of progress,
leaving only a memory to
those of us who. . .loved
. . .it. . .

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