Saturday, December 15, 1973

VOLUME I - ISSUE IV

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The ORGAN staff would like to wish all students, faculty, and administration members a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Along with our wishes for happiness, we hope that everyone has a SAFE vacation. See you all next year!!
YEARBOOK PROGRESS REPORT

The yearbook staff would like to extend their appreciation to all those individuals who brought pictures of themselves to the dance Saturday night. We were very happy with the variety of pictures that were received. It will make a much more interesting yearbook than having 430 pictures with the same pose setting etc...

This past week the staff has been compiling layouts for the different sections of the book. We have been putting together material submitted by the students (poetry, essays, photography) as well as that material the staff has prepared. We still need a lot more work submitted, and I am therefore requesting once again, that any individual who has a piece of work to give it to myself or any yearbook member. This is Your book and it should be represented by Your work.

Stacy Scott
I can hardly walk. Feeling so sick. God what is it? Can't even stand up to unconsciousness. My adnoids are pulsing with nausea. My eyes feel like fish bowls and my stomach! Intake of breath getting harder, breathing heavier. Ahhh, a clutching pain in my chest. My right ventricle throbbing nervously. My knees - oh God my knees. I'm falling, crashing headlong to the floor. Ears beginning to twitch and I swear I can feel my hair growing. My ribs icing out and cold chills running down my back sending spasms of mucous charging down my throat. Kidneys burning, rolling me into the walls, heaving and thrashing at imaginary stars hovering above me. Uhhhhhh - a stabbing burst of agony overtaking my spine. That's the last time I ever eat that meatloaf.

Regaining vision now. Heart slowing down and my digestive tract taking over the almost impossible process of digestion. I think I can move the fingers on my right hand. Ears not flapping so much. Gotta drink some water. Yeah, hope I can crawl to the sink. Feeling much better now. Metabolism quickening. Pulse regaining normal speed. Eyes not blinking so much. It all happened so quickly, but I'm really not sure.

I was standing there on that line starving as usual. Waiting for that meal which is my life sustaining substance. To think I base my entire life function on that food. No wonder I'm psychotic. But still I go there and wait on line like a lamb being lead to the slaughter. I grab a milk carton and slide cautiously onward eyeing the metal containers from which they'll shovel my dinner. Potatoes? Potatoes? a shrill voice screams at me. Then something which resembles peat moss is dished onto my plate alongside the waxen vegetables. Beans? Beans? Each meal is a gruesome nightmare. Gravy? But there is nowhere to turn.

I move on to a large tank of a foaming bubbling liquid and touch the spiggot to let it curdle into my glass. Then it's forward to the soda machine where I'll try my luck at whether the Coke is tasting like Root Beer or the Sprite like Alka-Seltzer. Then it's down to the last and most frightening counter of all. I approach the salads hesitant at first but then always remembering that not all the tables have ashtrays. I search frantically for perhaps a slice of tomato, yet, as always, there is none. A treasured possession rarely received. I then put on my tray what resembles a chunk of marble from the relics of a destroyed Greek coliseum. The color is bland and vague and the icing is crusted and stiff. And already I know that I'll be thumbing to Royal Castle for one of their macabre Feastburgers. Then it's on to the silverware with the rest of the vultures where I'll push and stand there, pulling and plucking until I can turn over a spoon, fork, and knife. Then I try and find the ketchup spoon which is in the mustard which is dribbling into the salad dressing. By the time I sit down I realize that my once famished appetite has been reduced to a pigmy's snack. In only moments I am done. But my stomach has merely been teased. I've got to have food. Food like food that's food to feed my face. Put that saliva to use. Get that tongue into action, squashing and splashing, liquidating and disintegrating until my throat goes raw. To feel those raw hearty juices just running down my chin. The succulent essence of a tender sirloin, oh, I'd sell my soul right now. Where are you Satan? Do you hear me? For just a bite, just a forkful? Oohh, why do I dream?
MURORS OF A PSYCHOTIC - continued

Why do I torture myself? I didn't even get any mail today. Nobody cares. No one remembers. Forgotten so soon. What if I die here? Who would know? They'd probably just dump me in the swamp or give me to Mr. J and serve hamburgers all week. No, I don't want to die, I just want ... ohhh, I don't know what the hell I want! Things have to get better. Maybe that shipment of Columbian will come in this weekend. Why doesn't someone send me some money? Why doesn't someone send me away? The sensory response fibers can't hold on much longer. Don't even have any cigarettes. But I don't even smoke. I'm going to bed.

Basil Smoak

CONGRATULATIONS

to Mr. Howie - how did you break your ribs playing basketball?!!
to Mr. Fox for missing his English class; he said it was because of a traffic jam, but we all know it was a hangover!

ATTENTION - DR. BELFORD

We agree that nothing exists. Everything is just an idea in our mind, including the final exam - right?????!

GOOD-BYE TO ADRIENNE ALLISON. IT WAS NICE KNOWING YOU! FROM THE GANG.

*G*R*I*P*S

Why can't Marymount have a decent library? Many books needed by the students aren't here; the periodical section is exceptionally poor. My High School was smaller than Marymount, but the library was three times as good.

Bob Wilson

ATTENTION - MR. WETON

"ENOUGH " for some is sometimes too much for others!

John Paul Gibbons
THE LITTLEST JINGLE BELL

Once there was a store that sold jingle bells. As Christmas drew near people bought lots of jingle bells but whenever they shook the littlest jingle bell and heard him go " jingle jingle " they would say, "No thanks, I'm afraid that's a little too small."

On Christmas Eve, all the bells had been sold except the littlest one. He was very sad because he had hoped so much that somebody would buy him and take him home for Christmas. All of a sudden one last customer walked in. It was Santa Claus himself. " A jingle bell has fallen off my sleigh," he said, "can you sell me one?"

"I'm sorry" said the clerk, "but all the bells are sold except this littlest one you can hardly hear. " Well," said Santa, "I don't want a bell that would wake the children up when I land on the rooftops, maybe this one is just right for me."

So he picked up the littlest jingle bell and when he heard it go " jingle jingle" in its cheeriest way, he turned to the clerk and said "You're right, it's too small."

Rosemary Leitz Smithson

A HOME FOR TOMMY TREE

Once upon a Christmas time, lived a very sad Christmas tree named Tommy. Tommy Tree was sad because Christmas always came and went, and nobody ever picked Tommy for their Christmas tree. One by one, his friends in the forest were taken away to make some home happy for the holidays. As the years went by, there were only two Christmas trees left in the whole forest ... Tommy Tree and his little friend, Sylvester Spruce.

"Surely I'll be picked now," thought Tommy, "I'm much better looking than Sylvester." But alas, the people picked Sylvester Spruce.

"Why? Tell me, Sylvester, why? Why wasn't I picked? I'm much prettier than you!"

"That's quite true," replied Sylvester. "But you're 283 feet tall!"

John Paul Gibbons

THE LAMP IN THE WINDOW

For all the many years that we've had Christmas, none of us had to worry about whether or not Santa could find our homes. But take the case of the little boy who lived in the misty old bog, and had never seen Santa's merry sled and eight reindeer. Every Christmas he had his lamp in the window to guide Santa to his neat little house.

Finally, after what seemed to be years and years, his perseverance paid off, and Santa did manage to find his way to the little home in the bog.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS," greeted Santa. "Here's the electric train and sled you've always wanted."

Tears came to his eyes, and he looked at Santa and said "Electric train! Sled! You danged fool, I'm 72 years old!"

John Paul Gibbons
All that I have seen around me are bits and pieces of scattered lives which can be seen through like a piece of broken glass.

"Daddy, when are you going to send me some money, I've been waiting for weeks."

The music is blasting in the room down the hall. Between those closed doors and the hallway there is a closing out of society. And I can smell the aroma, like that of a field of flowers. Growing, blossoming into full bloom - so sweet. I cannot sleep or think or even dream anymore.

"Man, do I feel loose" - this is one of the famous statements of the year. "Boy, am I HIGH!" "I think I'll go catch some rays" - it's all very intellectual.

I feel chipped like the walls and blue like their color. This room of blue is cold like an ice cube and empty like a hollow. And, like these buildings, I feel worn and torn apart because no one cares for them. Poverty fills my heart for I am not cared for.

People congregate on the sidewalks. I guess it makes them feel at home - like on the city street corners. Sitting on cars in the parking lot. They congregate in the corridor and hallways in Carroll Hall, leaning against the railings for moral support. They congregate in long, massive lines in the cafeteria.

All the land around us is left undiscovered, unexplored. Maybe it's like their empty, unexplored lives. And their minds which are full of pot smoking, empty mail boxes, empty bulletin boards, empty heads. Just bits and pieces, flashes of the real and sparks of light here and there. But nothing is stable that you can pin point it to be. There is no real security or stability in it all, just boredom and scattered thoughts. Bits and pieces or empty faces, empty minds, empty hearts, empty lives...

Andrea Cardinalli
TO F. D. K.

I only knew him for a time,
I didn't know him well, but I
Knew that he bothered me so,
He made me laugh; he made me cry.
I never told him to his face,
The feelings I had inside, I only
Gave him warm smiles and comfort,
Yet still I felt so lonely.
He ended his responsibility,
Of nine-to-five stress,
Many said that he was crazy,
And that his life was a mess,
He wanted to learn the secrets of life,
To write his poetry and play his guitar,
He wanted to travel near,
He wanted to travel far.
I loved him as a brother,
Each day we talked of something new,
And as we shared our dreams,
Our trust and friendship grew.
I'd always known what to say before,
I'd never told him a lie,
But what else could I do, I just took his hand,
Wished him luck, and said good-bye.
Good-bye to my fair, young wanderer,
Good-bye to my dreamer and lover,
Good-bye to my curly-haired, grey-eyed,
Soft-mannered, good-natured brother.
If you ever return this way again,
Please come see me for a while,
Share your new experiences with me,
Embrace me with your tender smile.
Until then I'll keep with me, The many happy times we've shared,
And I'll wonder why, when we said good-bye, I didn't hold you
for a moment - I should have dared...

C. A. B.
I LOVE YOU...

I love you not only for what you are, but for what I am when I am with you.
I love you not only for what you have made of yourself, but for what you are making of me.
I love you for the part of me that you bring out.
I love you for putting your hand into my heaped-up heart and passing over all the foolish, weak things you can't help dimly seeing there and for drawing out into the light all the beautiful belongings that no one else had looked quite far enough to find.
I love you because you are helping me to make out of the lumber of my life not a tavern, but a temple; out of the works of my every day not a reproach, but a song.
I love you because you have done more than any creed could have done to make me good and more than any fate could have done to make me happy.
You have done it without a touch, without a word, without a sign.
You have done it by being yourself ... perhaps that is what being a friend means after all.

Robert Kincannon II

Japanese Poetry

TAIRA NO KANEMORI

In spite of my efforts
to hide my love,
it shows in my face
and makes people ask,
"Is something bothering you?"

ONO NO YOSHIKI

My love
is like the grasses
Hidden in the deep mountain;
Though its abundance increases
There is none that knows.

A DECADE

When you came, you were like red wine and honey
And the taste of you burnt my mouth with its sweetness
Now you are like morning bread - smooth and pleasant
I hardly taste you at all for I know your savor
But I am nourished.

Amy Lowell