

SPECTRUM

Paper of Allied Arts

Raytown High School

May 1969

A Prayer For Peace

By John Michael

It's been said that soldiers are dying in Viet Nam so that "some" may protest the war here, in America. . .

It's been said that hippies and other "rif-rar" are actually dissenters, and Communists—it's all a Communist plot—

When a uniform talks, people listen . . .
When a long-haired, bearded, student youth talks, people listen, but in a different way—

FREEDOM OF SPEECH . . . Is It Real? Is It Valid?

Is it even feasible, much less, possible?

"I have a dream"—do you now, Martin?

When will all understand that some have something to say, and that all have the right to say it?

A uniform doesn't make a hero.
A beard, long-hair, and liberal outlook doesn't make a coward, or homo-sexual.

Some day, some where, the two shall meet—and there will be peace.

But for now, just listen—
Listen to that young fanatic and that old patriot—

FOR ONLY THROUGH COMPROMISE AND UNDERSTANDING IS THERE ANY HOPE.

AND SO, FOR NOW, AND FOREVER, EXERCISE
THE FREEDOM OF LISTENING AND
UNDERSTANDING— AND THEN, AND ONLY
THEN, WILL THERE BE

FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

Amen

Yesterday, Today-Tomorrow

By Karen Birgarn

I can't see what lies behind,
For things in that time are veiled
By the joys, the sorrows,
By the love, by the hate,
By my dreams of today.
Today I cannot see,
For it passes too quickly.
And tomorrow I chase,
In that time there is hope for
Understanding yesterday,
and seeing today.

Citizen Norman Hawks had been contemplating the murder for some time. Nothing but the delicious act had occupied his thoughts for the past year. He had eagerly awaited the proper moment, being careful to abide by all the legal aspects of the execution procedure.

In accordance with the Population Equalization Act of 3050, murder was a necessary evil. How else could the Province ever hope to accommodate the ever-growing masses? Enforced death at a certain age had been considered, but was disregarded as it became apparent that it would place the Province as a butcher of old men and women in the eyes of the Citizenry. Therefore, this more suitable plan was initiated.

He wiped the barrel of the ancient Iver Johnson 22-caliber pistol with a clean cotton rag; he stroked it with admiration, fondling it with genuine affection. He had really learned to love the weapon.

The intended victim was Johnathan Worzz, ex-neighbor and full-time crook. He had neatly managed to swindle some 800 credits from Norman's badly depleted bank account under the convincing cover of a housing-expansion project, guaranteed to bring in at least two-fold profits. Since the days of the Great Lawbreakers had ended, Worzz had set himself up in a well-to-do job at the Citadel of Propaganda. Now, less than a full year later, Norman was ready to collect his two-fold profits . . . the money and the maximum interest.

The large marble building on the left corner of Victory Gardens was the Citadel of Population Equalization. It was here that Norman went to fill out the proper forms necessary to make his kill legitimate.

"One," he smiled, raising a sweaty finger. From out of the slot, two typed copies of the Population Equalization Kill-Warrant floated into the pan below. Norman peeled the copies apart, filled out the necessary information with the ink provided. He began to read. "In accordance with Province Ordinance 74, section

4D-3050, the use of individual life-taking is recognized as a necessary evil in order to stunt the population growth and is officially promoted to a legal status by the Population Equalization Act of 3050." He read slowly, savoring each bit.

"Fill in name, address plus proper information on victim in spaces provided." He worked quickly and effectively, scanning over the material he felt important. Down at the bottom of the sheet, a small paragraph sat awaiting his glance. It was ignored. Taping the two copies together, he slipped them into the entry slot.

Later that night, Norman went over the data he had collected for the last twelve months. He had found, during all this time, that Worzz hardly ever deviated from his set pattern. He went to the Citadel of Propaganda by taxi-tube at exactly 8:30 every morning. Lunch break came at 11:00, usually spent at Brown's Pub. He left work at 6:30 and walked home by Triumph Park about 7:00 every night, after securing a copy of the Province Bulletin.

Norman settled back into his chair and smiled. Tonight.

It was 7:35 by Norman's seldom correct timepiece. He crouched agonizingly on his newly bruised hip, gun poked into the excellent cover of an evergreen. What had happened? Had someone else gotten to him first? He gazed down the walk frantically.

Then a painfully familiar tune hit his ears. Whistling his usual dreary song of some forgotten Pre-War music, Worzz advanced slowly, flipping through the sections of the Bulletin.

Winning, Norman aimed expertly. He had practiced and practiced for this moment. He somehow wished, that after it was all over, he could do it again. Unfortunately, the play allowed no repeat performance with the same actors.

Worzz hit the tanned side-walk with a sickening thud. Face down, scarlet oozed in a small puddle around his head where the silver missile had made its deadly entry.

Trotting over to the fallen figure, he jammed his grimy hand into the pockets of the slain figure and pulled out a first and second year credit book. Quickly slipping back into the coverage of the evergreens, Norman smoothed the end of his smoking pistol. He began to flip through the books.

Then suddenly, for some wild reason, he ran! He ran as he had never run before! Some unearthly fear of someone or something sent waves of panic through him! All the old fables of religion, God, and final damnation floated through his head as he raced through the clogged streets, gun waving wildly at his side.

Safe in the confine of his cubicle, he pondered his strange action: "Why did I run like some stupid idiot? It was all done nice and legal . . . wasn't it?" Then suddenly, that last little patch of black lettering that had mattered so little now mattered so much.

A worried Norman Hawks slept uneasily that night.

Norman Hawks tugged at the stiff collar of his gray uniform, as its chemical bite spread red irritation across his neck. Salty perspiration formed on his pink face as his turn came to be tried. No testimony would be given; none was needed. The Automatic Jury had already registered all necessary information pertaining to the case in its memory banks and rendered the verdict.

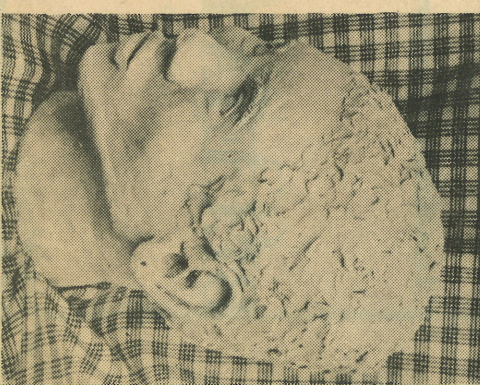
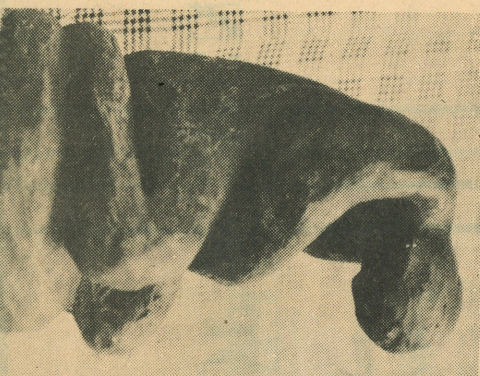
"Citizen Norman Hawks, although the legality of your kill goes uncontested in the Court of the Province, the crimes you have committed are ones of grave importance and cannot be ignored. As specifically detailed in subsection C: ". . . all citizens in the capacity of exterminators, must, upon completion of the said act, retrieve and dispose of the corpse. Failure to comply with this law constitutes a felony and calls for a detention term of not less than five years."

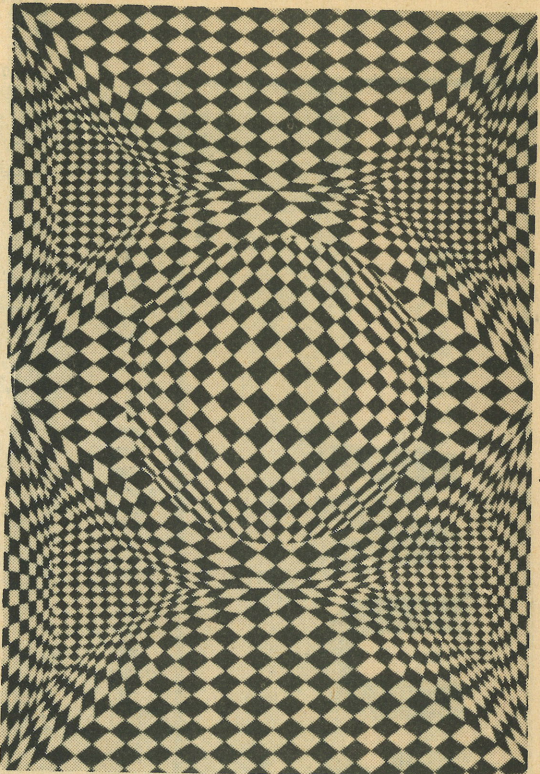
"Thus, upon the evidence forwarded, I hereby sentence you, Citizen Norman Hawks, to five years of hard labor at the Citadel of Criminal Detention for the crime of littering and obstruction of traffic."

Sculpture—
Geena Yocum

Portrait of Phil Cooley—
Diane Beck

Untitled work—
Ginger Cuzick



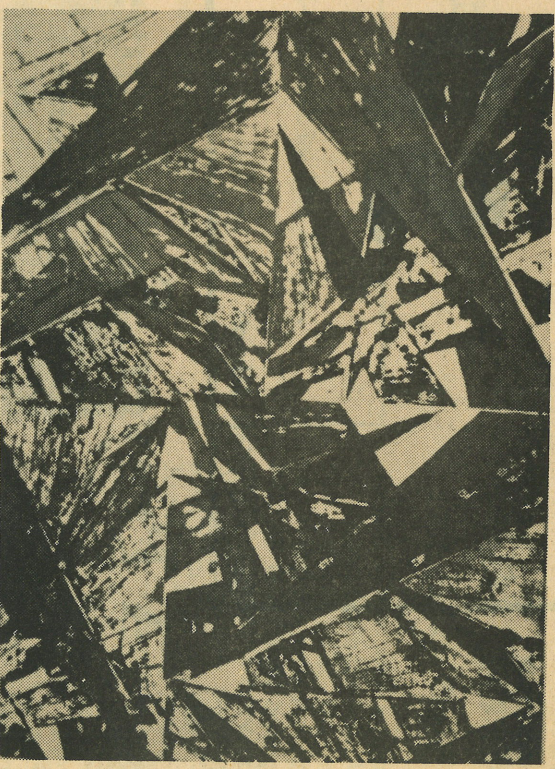


Left: Op Art by Steve Rideout, Junior

* * *

Right: "Tomorrow's Highways" by Brenda Martin, Junior

Tragedy of Age



Memory By Becky Dowell

Thoughts; hysterically churning
Taunting, beckoning me on;
Brow burning, tossing turning,
Vision: a face wanted gone.

Eyes pure and green
Dance before my yearning soul
Roughish expression, somewhere seen
Drives insanity as a goal.

Leave me! You demon, you devil!
Grant peace to my bleeding heart;
Allow life, unchained reveal
Cease ripping my mind apart.

Nightly am I driven
By your haunting, mocking face;
The train of memories ridden
Stopping always this same place.

Leave me in my ruins
Be finished with your plight
You! And your devilish doings
What more? You've won the fight.

A Visitor By Jennifer Goodman

Perchance someday a visitor
Should arrive from outer space
And encounter, not an earthing,
But a TV face to face;

If then he saw the likeness there
If such amazing sights
As Phyllis Diller's crazy hair
And Barman in his tights;

If he should watch the late-late show
With "Godzilla" and "King Kong";
Or may be hear a note or two
Of Mrs. Miller's song;

If then the Raiders should emerge
And begin to sing and dance,
While screaming girls in miniskirts
Go off into a trance;

If to his shock this glimpse he got
Of our frightening human race,

He'd jump back in his UFO

And head for outer space!

By Nancy Boyd

The petite and decrepit
old woman continued to rock
back and forth, back and
forth as she listened to the
methodic squeak of the chair
and the tick of the alarm
on the bureau. She hugged
her body tighter for addi-
tional warmth and slowly
rose to painfully pour her-
self a cup of the fragrant
tea on the hearth.

As she settled back in
her faithful seat, she swish-
ed the warm liquid around
raw gums. She lifted her
nose in pleasure and hun-
dreds of wrinkles jumped to
new positions before sliding
back to time-worn niches.
Systematically she began
flexing the fingers of her
tough and boney hands to
ease the arthritits. She lean-
ed back with an involuntary
grunt and closed heavy eye-
lids over hazy and tin-foil
pupils.

She listened to the chil-
dren exuberantly laughing
and shouting outside her win-
dows. The game of softball
was apparently in full swing.
She had played softball as
a girl, but, of course, that
was long ago, and she sighed.

Her garb was reminiscent
of the past—a heavy sweat-
dress, the sweater in turn
covered with a bodiced-
apron. On her head was a
sentimental hat, a relic of
some once-happy occasion,
that sat dangerously over
her left ear. Even the en-
vironment was suggestive of
age—the out-dated calendar
pinned on the wall, the rag-
ged curtains, the cluttered
mantle. The very edifice was
of an obviously early ar-
chitecture and spole of dec-
ades gone-by. But it was
home, "home sweet home,"
and it offered her shelter.
She sat and stared, feel-
ing the age within and
around her. She sighed soft-
ly and settled back to wait,
alone.

Satan

By Becky Dowell

Terror strangled their soul
From the depths of unknown;
Slowly drained and stole
Seeds of sanity sown.

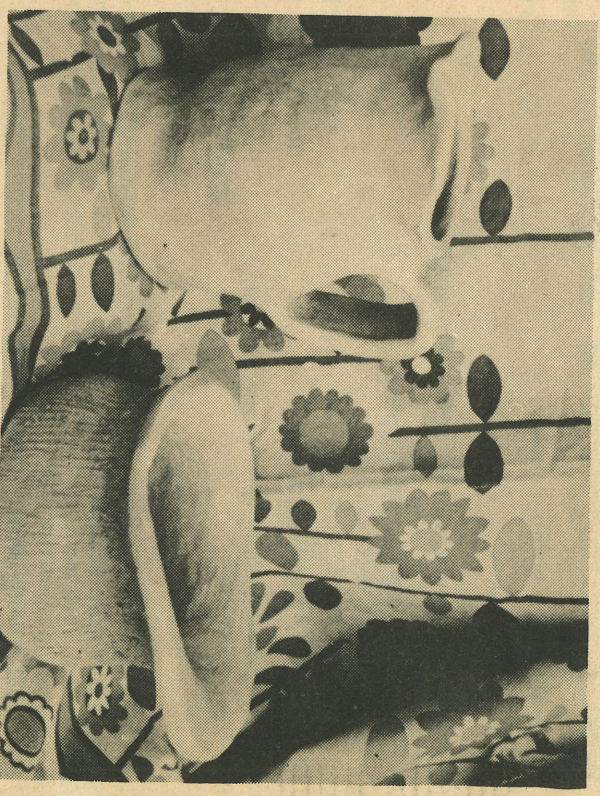
The ghastly beast of time
Gnawed and rotted all;
Left their corrupted minds
For destruction's gall.

Passions boiled blood
Bringing fire of hate,
Dozing in the flood
A mockery of their fate.

A taunting, deathly smile
Grinned at Satan's fools
Challenging, in all its quiet
Disobedience of Hell's rules.

The blackened, hollowed eyes
Predicted souls of sin;
Bloodthirsty, swarming flies
Sucked from life's den.

The smell of death lay stark;
Burning brimstone's flame;
Lost in the abyss of dark;
Signed with Satan's name.



Pottery—Danny Adams

“Astronomers, painters and poets may lie by authority.”

Sir John Harrington

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“Art is not a thing; it is a way.”

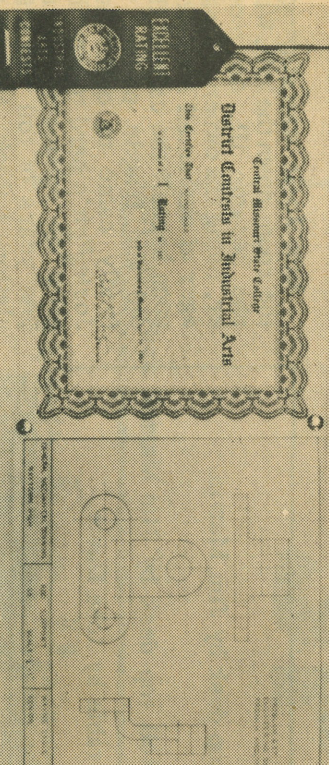
Elbert Hubbard

RENICKS FLOWERS INC.

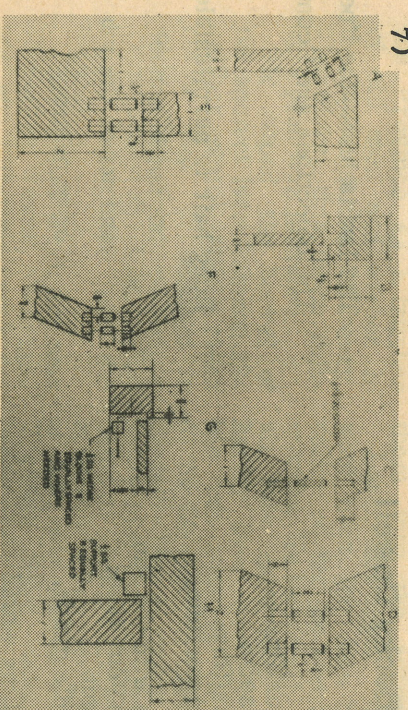
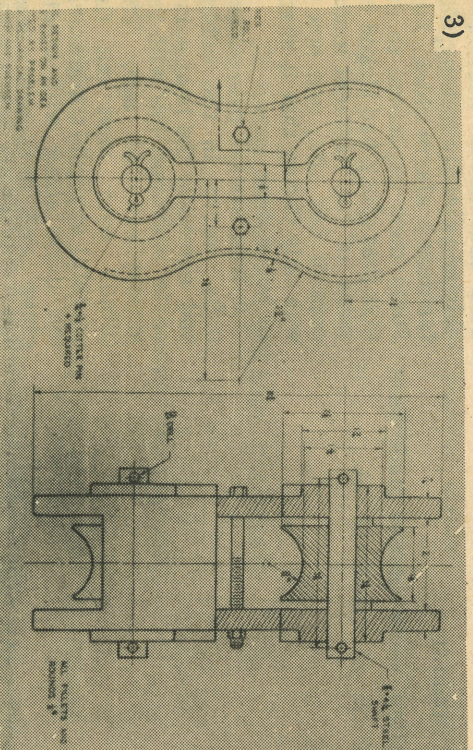
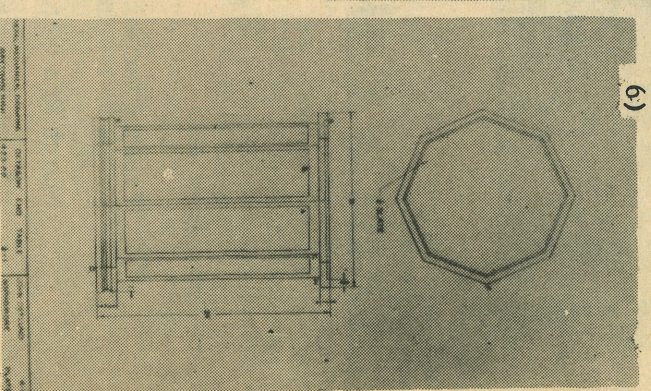
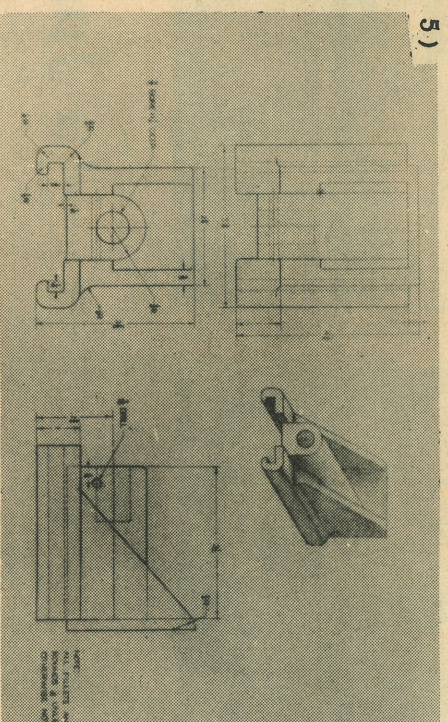
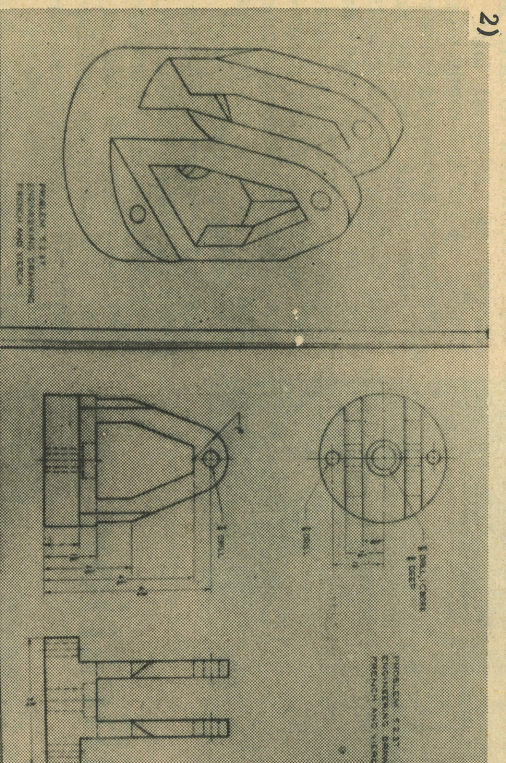
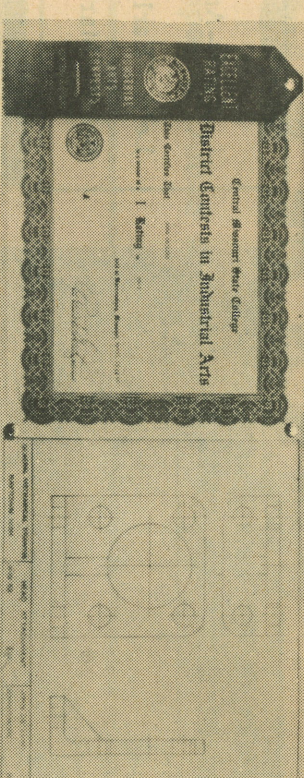
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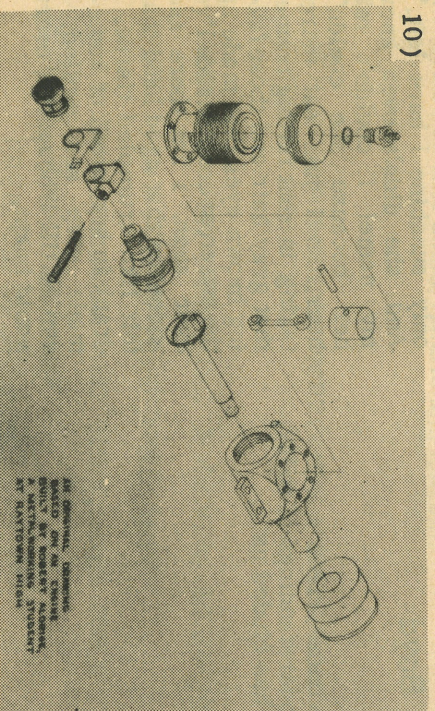
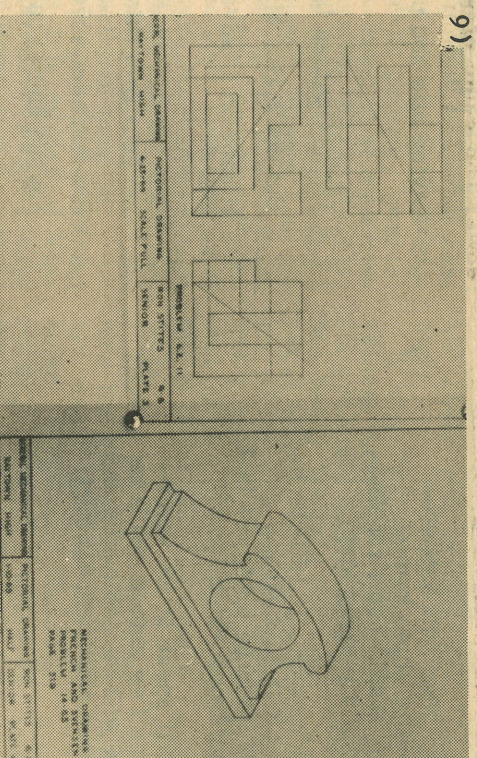
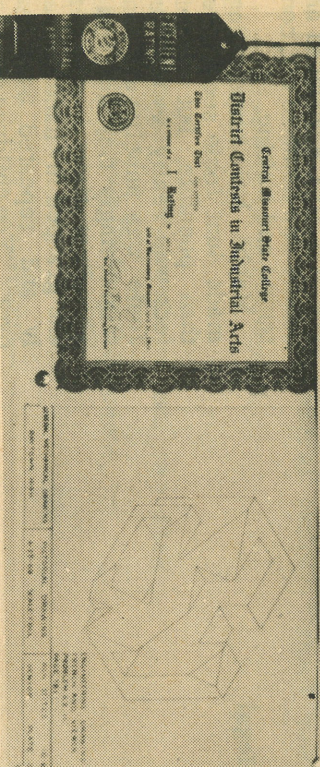
WAYNE CAGLE



JOHN OSTLUND.



IRON STITES⁸⁾



“Let each man exercise the art he knows.”

Aristophanes

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“Art is man’s nature; nature is God’s art.”

P. J. Bailey

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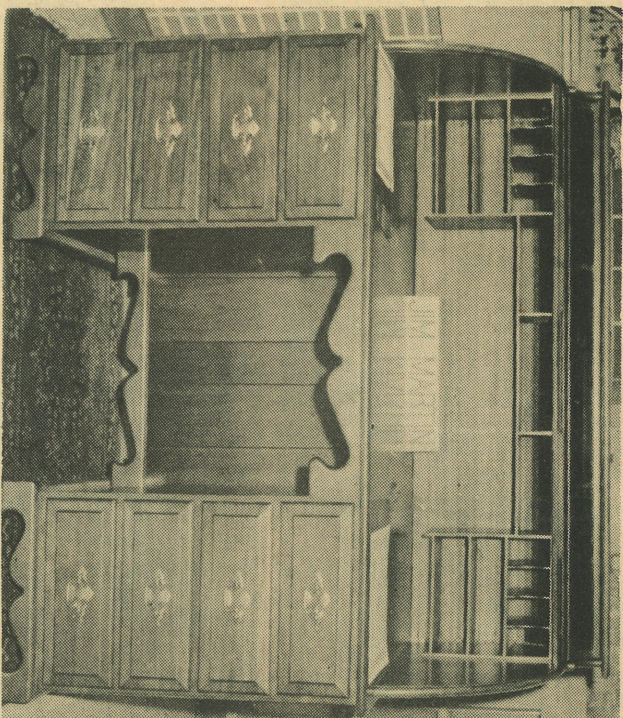
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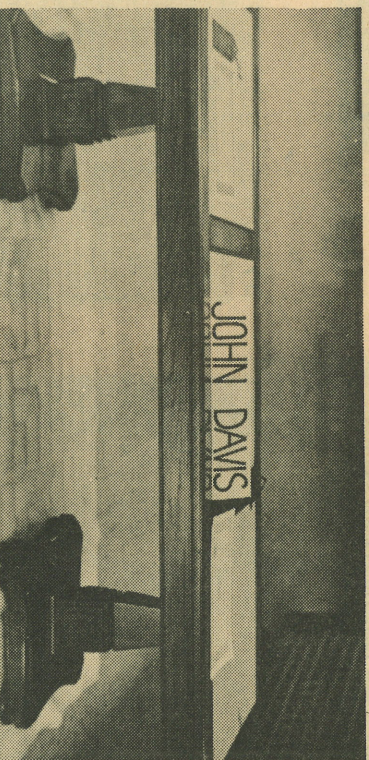
Aunt Josie By Nancy Boyd



Early-American roll-top desk by Jim Martin.

Left: Early American Roll top desk by Jim Martin.

Below: Marble top coffee table by John Davis.



Aunt Josie was staying in the room down the hall. When she became ill, my mother, being the owner and manager of our small hotel, took upon herself the care of this old and fragile patient we fondly came to call "Aunt Josie." It's hard to say what ailed the exhausted woman, just years of toil and tribulation, I think. And so, we all determined to help and serve our adopted aunt to make up for the many years she helped and served others.

Aunt Josie had, by her own choice, the room at the far end of the hall near our apartment. The bed was placed in front of the door so she could watch people come and go. In one corner was an antique bureau with a cracked mirror. In the other corner, behind the door, was a rocker meant for company. Yet somehow the old seat was always dusty and burdened with clothes never done. Beside the bed was a small table, laden with bottles and tubes of medicine that never seemed to help, and a loudly ticking, old-fashioned alarm clock. Aunt Josie once explained to me that that clock had ticked off some of the happiest moments of her life, and now it was only fitting that it shared her sadder ones.

It was always overpoweringly warm in the cubby, and somehow the heat seemed to surround me with the atmosphere of age. The blinds ever shut out the youthful sun and I could smell the dark along with medicines and dust and cheap talc. The whole scene made me want to leave immediately and take that poor little lady with me. But I couldn't, because she wouldn't have it that way. She was like a wounded animal come home to die, contented and waiting.

Maybe her surroundings made Aunt Josie seem older than possible, but the effect was really awful. Aunt Josie was unbelievably and frighteningly tiny and frail. The first time I saw her, she grasped my hand fiercely and repeated over and over, "You children are such a blessing to me. You're the only sunshine I have left." And she didn't even know my name! I couldn't tell her because she couldn't hear. So I just sat there, taking in that failing frame, that gray hair and those fading brown eyes that made up the sweetest countenance I've ever seen. I sat there and squeezed that aged hand that felt like crumpled tissue. I drank in her smell of homemade soap and smiled. I smiled till I thought my heart would burst.

Duty's Call

By Becky Dowell

Feel the far wind calling—
I must be leaving soon;
Darkness will be falling;
March to a bottomless tune.

I'll remember you with the sun
Reach out to touch your face;
Guess I'll have a gun
And live under God's grace.

I'm leaving behind my world
But I know why I must go:
Hearts survive on stripes unfurled
Freedom will reign and glow.

I wonder what will happen—
Will reality come home?
And if it should come tappin—
Is life but a leaking loan?

When it's over . . . I'll be back;
They say I'll be a man—
Will my mind be void, and lack
Feelings from which I ran?

Time will speak at my return
Of things I've gained and lost;
Blazing will the memories burn
Great was experience's cost.

In Justification

By Mickie Choppell

The law is just—the "people" made it
The objections are "commie plots"—the people made them

Long hair is permissible
but not in school
and not on the job
or in public

We have freedom of speech
But the papers misinterpret—unintentionally
Giving bits and pieces of the Negro's speech

The policeman is your friend
But don't give him a flower
Homosexual advances are illegal

Do your own thing
But don't let anyone—
Anyone know you're happy.

Upon Reflection

By Nancy Boyd

The joys and memories of that once sweet season
Have soured with the recognition
That they shall never again be.

The faith and convictions we once shared
Have evolved into our misunderstandings of today,
And the unity we once knew has eluded us.

"It's all water under the bridge,"
But with a pain I realize that it shall never again flow my way.
Its sparkling effervescence has faded down the current of time,
And life will never be the same.

"What is art but life upon the larger scale. . ."

E. B. Browning

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