

**OUR CHOICES
WILL TELL
OUR FUTURE'LL BE
HEAVEN OR HELL**

Simple, can't be.
Life's too complex:
social cliches, empty churches,
social club's climb, standards declining
low enough to shoot my
brain into oblivion
Me, not ready, yet, for
Heaven or Hell.

Obtrusive sounds, bustle, hustle
amid invading synthesized music, uncontrolled
video, tantalizing ads depicting do's and don'ts,
as if I needed more confusion, intrusion
into what I thought I had learned: the right way to be.
Society's moral codes change: increasingly,
decadent as porn parlors, stages
now play chilling, thrilling images:
creating emphasis on false priorities, desires.
Obsession with sex, wealth: anything
that makes us feel good is the code.
"Feels good? O.K.," they say.
No longer are we conscientious, have no concern
for others, nor for our future generations.
World-wide, we are imagined now as
lacking the values that
made our country great once,
but HOW now?

But rules change, you say, parents relay?
Your mirror says: "Free, at last!
Is it the devil who says, "Do it now,
anything, everything that makes you feel good?"
It's all here for you: YOU YOU YOU.
Smoke will do it,
Liquor will do it,
Drugs will do it
Money will do it,
Porn (Art?) will do it,
"Yeah man, do it now,"
you shout, no matter what:
for the sake of freedom of speech,
free art, free sex, anything's O.K.

for you now! YOU YOU YOU.
Can you change, make the choices
for what really matters to your children,
to you: their only model?
Future generations wait, other countries
now reflect on our worthless patterns:
wrapped up in sin, wealth, corruption,
just caring for US US US.

You say environment stinks,
clean air, all but vanished.
health not obtainable,
trees broken before ready,
replenish slowly, produce too late.
Waters receding, land running dry.
Some say, "What good is living, when
everything dies?"

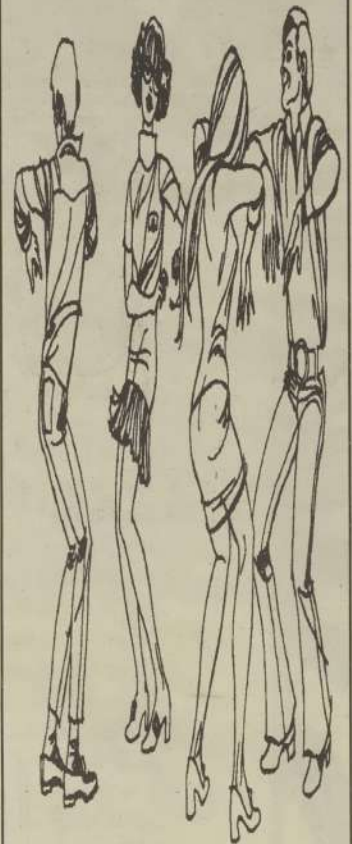
We live only once,
leave damaged footprints in ruts,
turn into dust, then to clay, reflected in
mirrors of distant places, buried by
explosions, volcanic eruptions.
Note that they are really dead, those buried with
the gold they unwisely did not use for others,
for their own growth, nor for their
children's future,
but only for their now: THEY THEY THEY.

Left is one candle to
flicker, reaching for air, clean air.
Shout it out: "Not much time, hurry!"
Choose the right path,
mend errors accrued,
build families.
Families of trees,
droves of fishes, productive loam,
homes that contain love, truth.
refurbish, support,
encourage growth for all humankind,
end self-made destruction, but HOW?

I now can see hell. Heaven won't wait.
All wait on the choices from
THEY US YOU ME

Starting NOW!

-helenmarie



X2

one way to win
one loves another
one who has already
won the game
one knows not
one wants the other
one lost his pride
won some shame

too cruel for you
to be tied to a chair
two ears forced
to listen to me
too cruel for me
to try and bare
two sources of guilt
to shake my tree

for years I dreamed
for dreaming heals
four years shot
for nothing new
for years I hoped
for what they feel
four times more
for loving true

- Matt Russell



RHAPSODY

Join us in a trip through several images. Sit
at the table of talk. Bask in the imagination
reformation. Quaff the liquid visuals. Dine upon
the unheard word. And relish the must heard.

Many thanx go out to Mr. Page Maker of the Aldus Corporation, the
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Schmugeldorf, the music/future colleagues, the Dancers, the unmen-
tioned, all other Aspects (secondary), J. Censor and all the loons of
The Clackamas Print (you know who you are), Oh, yeah, and my cats.

Please respect the Artists, Writers and Photographers featured in this
issue and don't copy their work. Thanks.

- Chad Patteson & Cori Kargel
Co-Rhapsodors

QUOTH HE:

**"If you pick something up, and it
makes you go 'UH!'--put it down."**

~ Maury Webber



Stay tuned for RHAPSODY next term!