

Reality

Unknown

1981

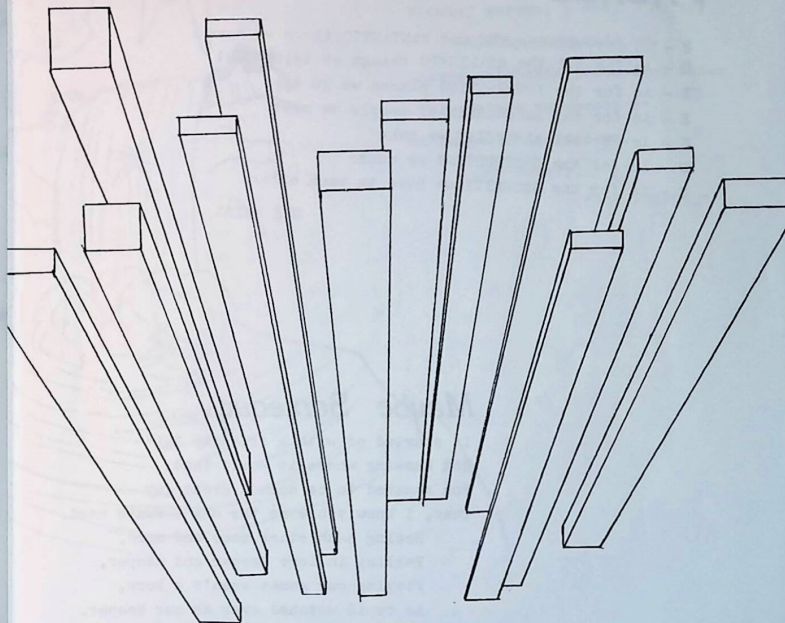
reason to be

Fantasy



REALITY

*Everything is Just the Way it Seems*



We cannot see  
All four sides of everything  
In a way  
It's like life  
We can see  
The past  
And the present  
but  
Nobody can tell us what  
The future is, or even  
The side we cannot see.

Ed Oliver

# Friends

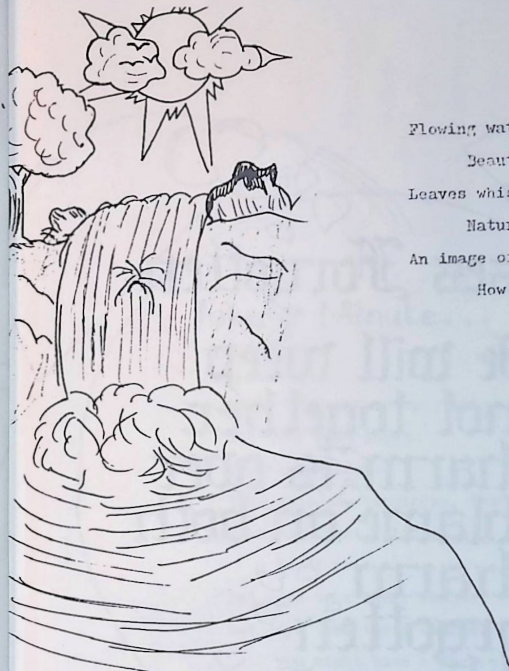
F - is for all the FUN and FANTASTIC times we have  
R - is for all the REALISTIC things we talk about  
I - is for the INTERESTING places we go to  
E - is for the EXTRAORDINARY people we meet  
N - is for all the NOISE we make  
D - is for the DESTRUCTION we cause  
S - is for the SECURITY we have in each other.

SUE WEISS

## Maybe Someday...

It started of with a friendly "Hi"  
Not knowing where it would lead,  
You appered to be such a great guy  
Than, I know you were the one I would need.  
Seeing each other more and more,  
Falling in love deeper and deeper,  
Playing our games wasn't a bore,  
As cupid watched over as our keeper.  
There were times I didn't know what to say,  
A look, a glance, or a smile will do,  
Longing to see you day by day,  
Will our love always be true?  
As time went on so did we,  
Different paths have come our way,  
Yours to the mountains, mine beyond the sea  
Will we unite? Maybe someday.

CHRIS RUSCHMEYER



Flowing waters; a deep blue sky  
Beauty surrounds me.  
Leaves whispering; the wind blows  
Nature surrounds me.  
An image of God are we.  
How lovely.

VIRDA FERGUSON

## LOVE

Everlasting Beauty  
Deceiving  
Conceived ----- A New Birth  
Destroying ----- The Unightly  
Believing.

HATE

VIRDA FERGUSON

A poem by  
Carl Sandburg:

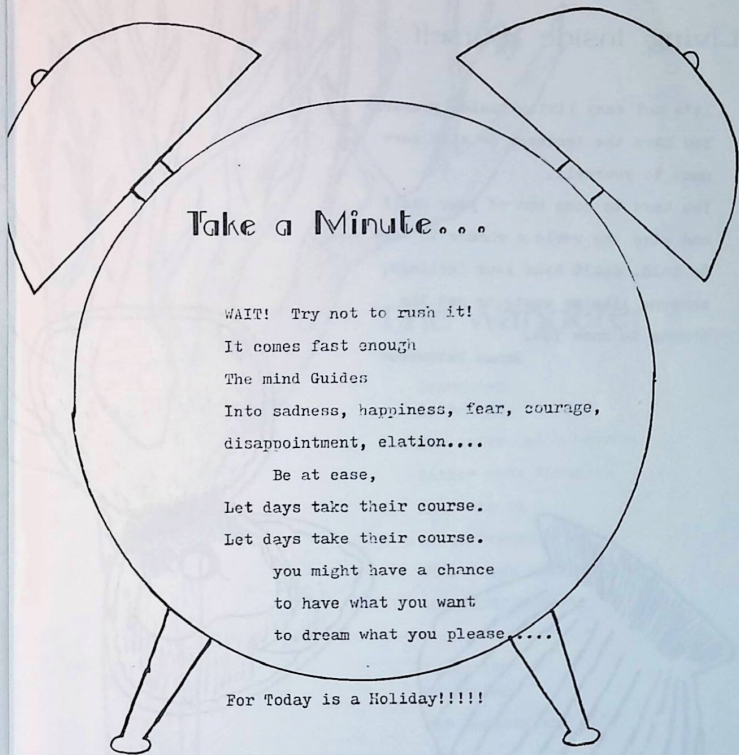


## Kisses Forgotten

We will weep  
yet not together.  
The harm is over  
the blame on both  
the harm  
forgotten  
the blame  
kissed away  
with kisses  
forgotten.

D. Dine 1968

CALLIGRAPHY BY DIANE DINITO



## Take a Minute...

WAIT! Try not to rush it!  
It comes fast enough  
The mind Guides  
Into sadness, happiness, fear, courage,  
disappointment, elation....  
Be at ease,  
Let days take their course.  
Let days take their course.  
you might have a chance  
to have what you want  
to dream what you please.....

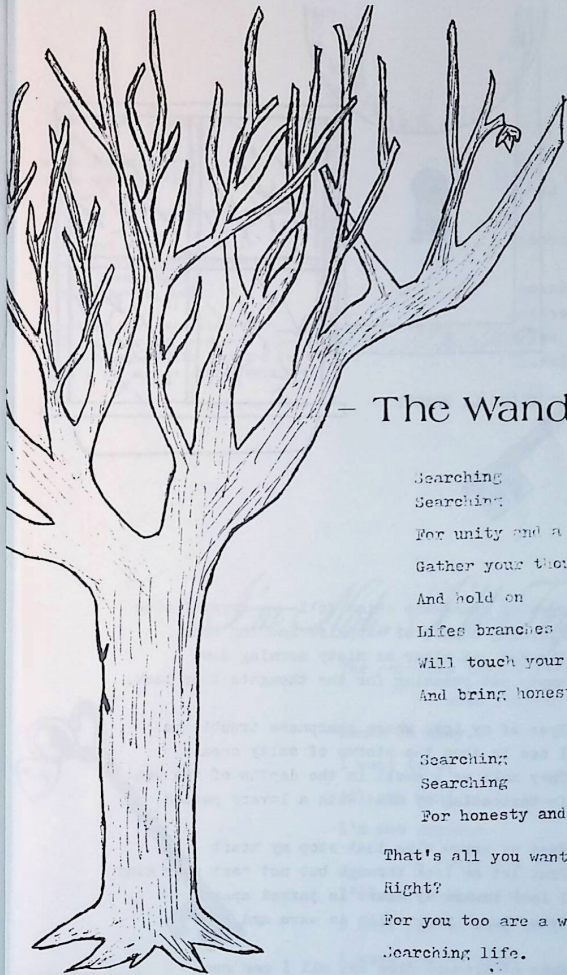
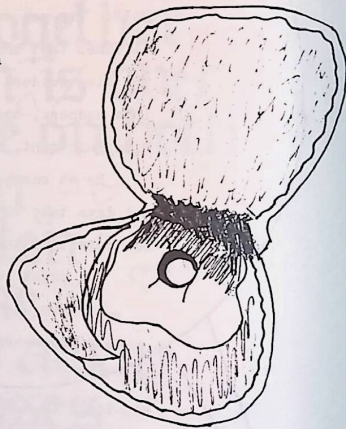
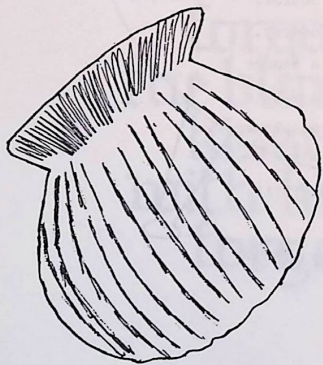
For Today is a Holiday!!!!

MARK MUTTER

## Living Inside Yourself

It's not easy living inside yourself  
You have the tendency to stay very  
much to yourself.  
You have to come out of your shell  
and give the world a chance to know you.  
Be bold, don't hide your feelings,  
someone like me wants to get the  
chance to know you.

Shawn Patterson



## - The Wanderer -

Searching  
Searching  
For unity and a reason.  
Gather your thoughts  
And hold on  
Life's branches  
Will touch your deep soul  
And bring honesty

Searching  
Searching  
For honesty and life

That's all you want  
Right?

For you too are a wanderer  
Searching life.

MARK BUTTER

I met you on a bleak  
and dismal day  
My tears and sorrow  
you took away  
The times we shared  
I'll always cherish  
From now until we  
both shall perish.

MARY ALICE LA FRATTE



Eyes of grandma's china doll----crystal blue  
Piercing chunks of sapphire looking back  
Clouded yet clear as misty morning dew  
Empty yet reaching for the thoughts they lack.

Eyes of my love whose sharpness trouble me  
I see in them the storms of salty oceans  
They make me a shell in the depths of the sea  
In toxicating my mind with a lovers potion

Eyes of arrow blue that stop my heart  
That let me look through but not past your mind  
I look inward my heart is jarred apart  
Even though your smile is warm and kind

Eyes of Michael Blue are all I can see  
Sorting apart the love inside of me.

MARLENE CEASE

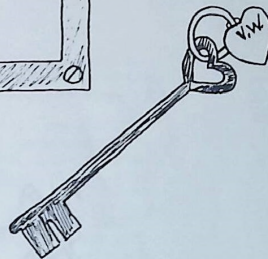
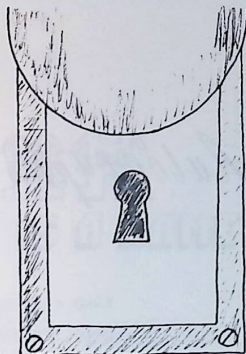
### *Salt and Pepper*

Black and white  
In my sight  
A sneeze  
Pass the salt and pepper please.

Bound and bumpy  
Goes on both smooth and lumpy  
It has been ground  
With a shaking sound.

Together they must always go  
Rain, sleet, and even snow  
We go together like lock and key  
That's the way it will always be.

-Valerie Wills



### *I'm Not, I'll Try, I Am*

The emotions that I feel

when looking in your eyes

sends me away.

I want to be

all you want me to be.

I'm not someone

to leave you in the cold.

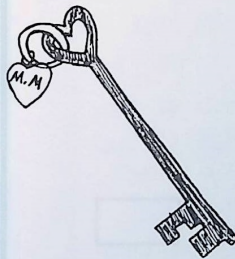
I'll try to be caring.

I want you to care too.

I want you to know,

I am .....in love with you.

MARY GUTTER



# Autographs

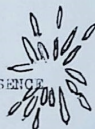
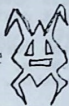
# THE LIFE IS A GAME



LIFE IS A GAME  
EVERYONE PLAYS  
NOBODY WINS  
FEED IN A QUARTER  
THE ACTION BEGINS  
MOVE LEFT

MOVE RIGHT

IF MATTERS NOT  
YOU PAY THE PRICE  
YOU CALL THE SHOT  
MOVE QUICKLY  
TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE  
THE GAME IS SHORT  
PLAY WITH CARE  
IF YOU LOSE



IT'S FAR FROM RARE.

STEVE CHESKIEWICZ





To imagine the Death of a friend or person close to us seems almost impossible. We try to push the memories as far away as possible.

This poem is about a friend who underwent a tragic death. For those of you who have never experienced this, and those of you who have, this poem hopes to change the way you feel about death.

Read the words and if by chance, you meet this problem; try to apply the thoughts to the situation.

TO CATHY

THE LAUGHTER  
THE DREAMS  
THE MEMORIES

-HOLD ON-

- TO THE OPEN ROAD
- TO THE FAMILIAR FACES
- TO THE MEANINGFUL SONGS

DEEPER I GO INTO MYSELF  
ONE I LOVE HAS BEEN SET FREE  
SO LARGE AN EMPTY SPACE  
WITH MANY THOUGHTS RUNNING THROUGH

- A NICKNAME UNSPOKEN
- A LOCKER UNOPENED
- A PHONE ONCE TIED UP  
THAT DOESN'T RING

WHAT HAS GONE  
HASN'T ESCAPED  
BUT LEFT BEHIND

THE MEMORIES OF  
THE LAUGHTER  
THE DREAMS  
THE SPECIAL TIMES

- HOLD ON-
- HOLD ON-

JUDY ZARRELLA

# FANTASY

You can look  
or see  
Poems take on different depths

Finding  
and relating  
Are different concepts

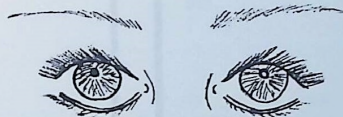
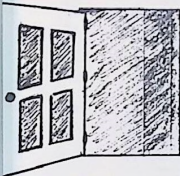
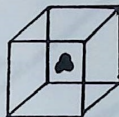
Those who write  
Know what they see

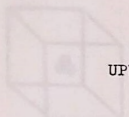
Yet  
Those who look  
don't know what is written

To know what is meant  
you must be what you see  
and finally

Write what you are.

JUDY GARRELLA





UPWARD BOUND

LITERARY/ARTS MAGAZINE

SUMMER OF 1981

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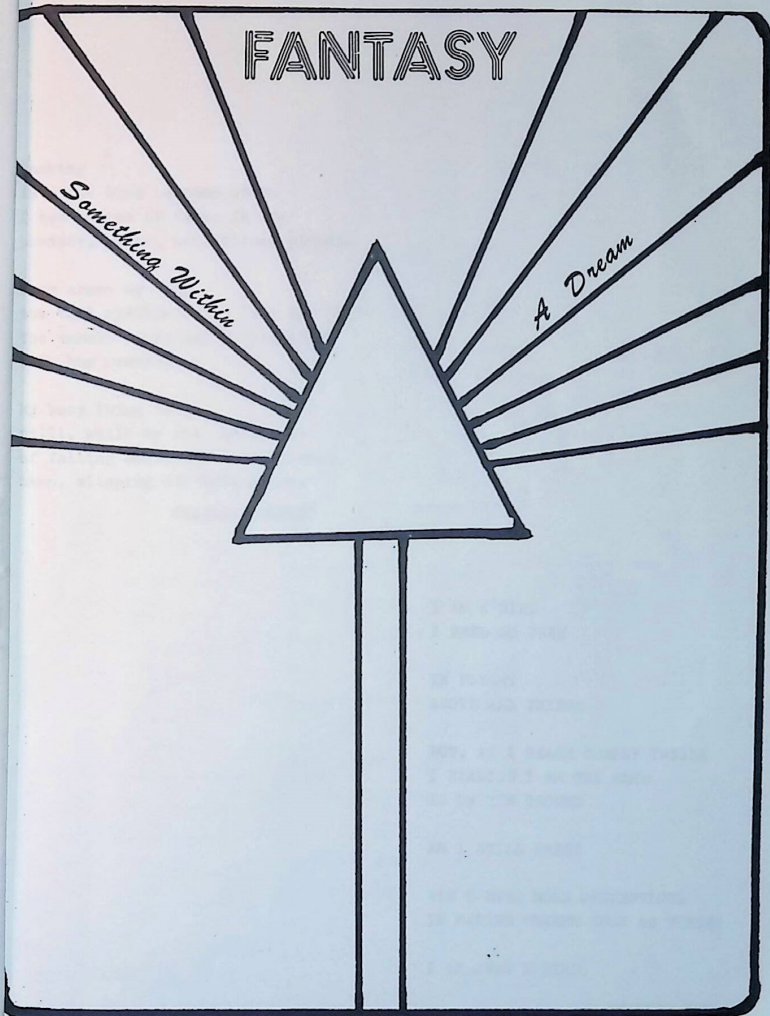
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FANTASY

*Something Within*

*A Dream*



I'm Going to Dream Tonight

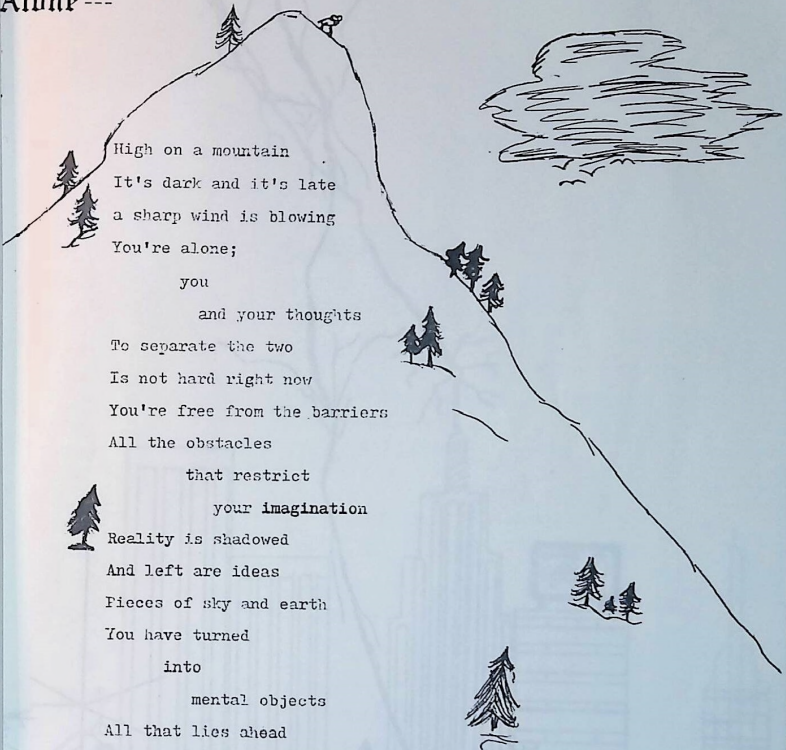
It's gotten to be  
That I don't know what I want  
I'm at the half way point  
So early in my life.  
I don't want help  
Just someone to be by my side  
I can concentrate on nothing  
thoughts just wander through my head.  
Is that Good or Bad?  
Reality is just a dream,  
For I'm dreaming my life away.  
Why do I care.

I'm in Destructions Path  
Is'nt everyone?  
If I struggle to be wise  
Will it count it there is no world?  
Why?

No one has the answer;  
I'm going to dream tonight.

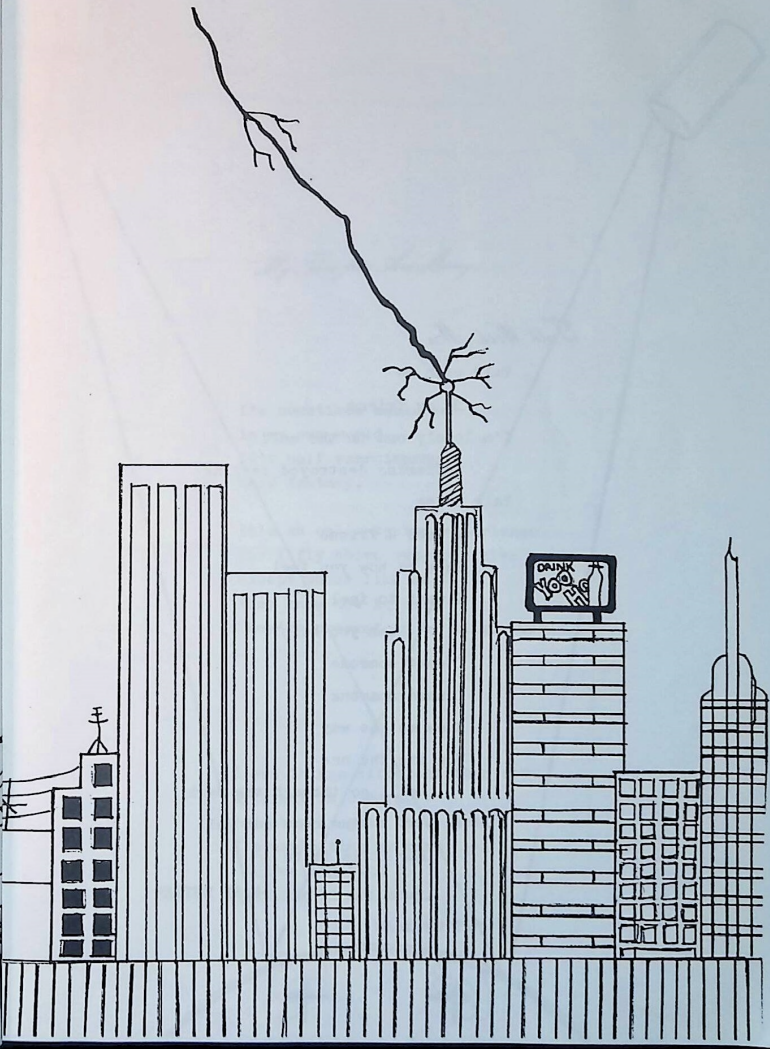
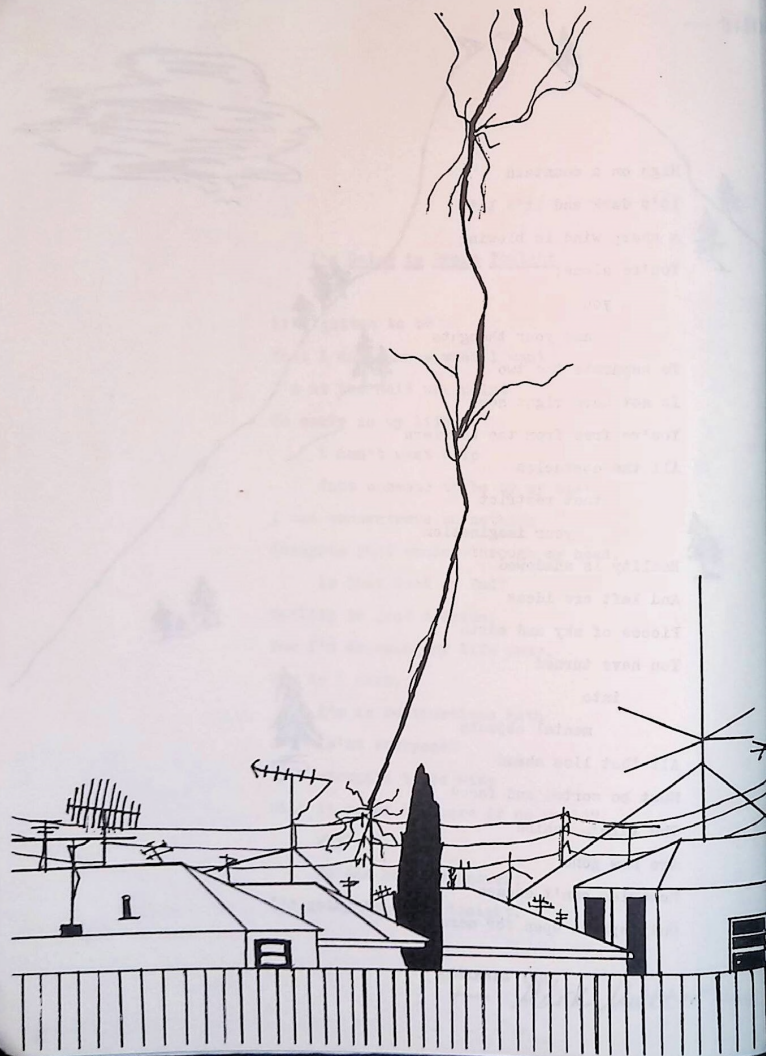
— Mark Mutter —

Alone ---



High on a mountain  
It's dark and it's late  
a sharp wind is blowing  
You're alone;  
you  
and your thoughts  
To separate the two  
Is not hard right now  
You're free from the barriers  
All the obstacles  
that restrict  
your imagination  
Reality is shadowed  
And left are ideas  
Pieces of sky and earth  
You have turned  
into  
mental objects  
All that lies ahead  
Must be sorted and faced  
The things behind  
Are now gone  
Memories can't escape  
Only spaces open for more

JUDY ZARRELLA



*Talk With Me*

Talk with me

Be my friend

I'm lonely out in the cold

Suffering destroyed feeling

Talk to me

I need a friend

Show me how you feel

I want to feel

can you help?

I want someone

I need someone

Show me the way

You are the one

We'll go through the dark

And come out well

For it is to be

MARK MUTTER

*My Thoughts Are Many*

I'm sometimes secluded  
in my own world.

It's half consciousness  
half fantasy.

It's an enlightening experience  
for I fly above everyone else  
except those like me  
they know how I feel  
They're present in my unique world.

I see things different than some  
My light is clearer  
Yet they dispute that fact  
I'm exploiting my mind  
Feeling high  
My thoughts are many.

MARK MUTTER



Here I lie dreaming alone in the dark  
Quiet but noisy as the cars whiz by

Feeling the chills up and down my spine  
Staring at the shadow of an eerie door

As the wind blows through my soul  
A spirit comes to my mind

Entering into the unknown  
I wait

Pondering my tragic journey

Finally it came; completed it's mission and left  
Pleasure-ridden with joy at it's current victory

After--  
I lay therein the dark----dreaming  
Knowing I'd never be the same.

MARLENE CEASE

Confusion ties me up.  
There's so much thought  
So much to say  
Only a few to listen  
-----and really hear.

What happened to  
my hopes of first impressions?  
All the people I love.  
Are there hidden paths  
-----that I can't see?

There's too many faces  
Not enough time  
Too many decisions.  
Images sometimes turn into regrets.

If there was more time to spend  
There would be space for more words  
More time to realize  
Maybe even hear.

JUDY ZARRELLA

January

June

OUT OF SEASON

February

July

There really isn't any reason  
To act the way you do  
My life is acting out of season

I'm blaming it on you  
I'm falling like a tree leaf  
You make me feel this way  
But it just gives me more grief  
I'm begging you to stay  
Outside it's really too hot  
I'm loving you once more  
If you think I'm vague, I'm not

Let's end this caring war  
My heart is no longer cold  
Wintertime in love  
Were together I'm bold  
The spring skies shine above.

STEVE CHESKIEWICZ

May

November

April

December

- 1 -

I am everything around me,  
the wind  
the sounds  
the everlasting surroundings.

I am what I want to become,  
I am my feelings

A sound breaks the silence  
the world is breaking through.....

I fear what I am  
the feelings indescribable  
emotions overcome.

Hotel California is the place I become  
just for an instant  
the instant is gone.

Love,  
Sex,  
Hatred,  
Anger,  
Abnormality,  
The one I trust is becoming like the rest.

The shadows of myself.....  
the feeling of just writing.

The sense of being exquisite lasts  
for but moments.

It's over  
I'm over.....  
The unexpected.....

MARK MUTTER

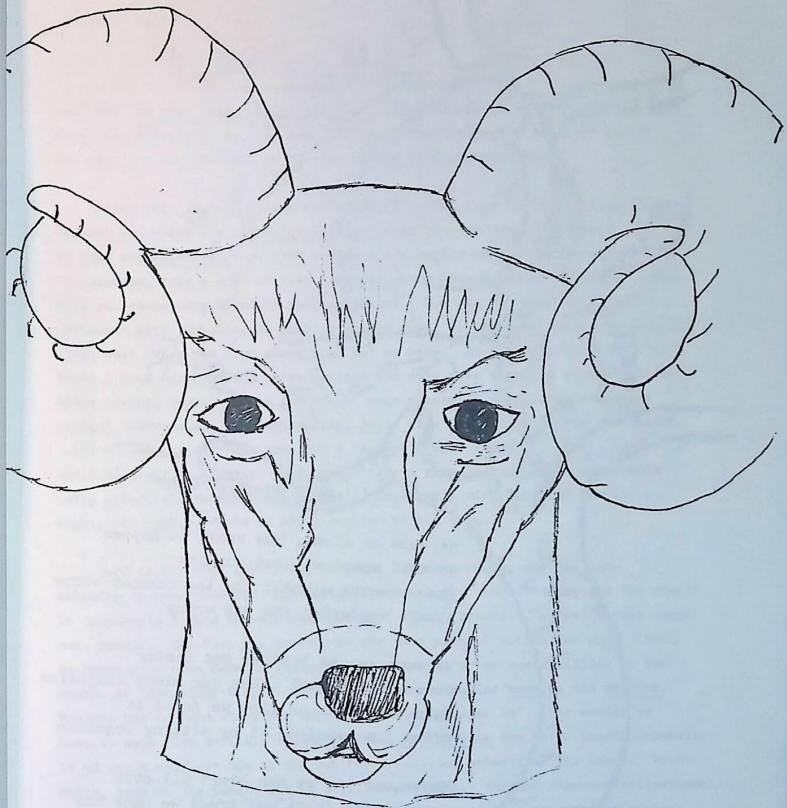


## THE RAM

If I were to compare myself to an animal, it would be to my own zodiacal sign of the Ram. I am an Arian. I have determination and drive. I am constantly striving for each step in life.

The Ram and I fight as one and our heads will guide us through—His in power and might, mine in wisdom and honesty.

TOM VEST



### WHAT WE WERE

We were so close, How could it happen  
We fell apart without warning  
Each blaming himself for the unknown error  
Always wondering who was wrong

We were so, as Brother and Sister  
Consoling in each other our minor tragedies  
When there was no time we found it  
Often just wasting it by sitting together

Maybe one day we can start all over  
Rebuild the faith and trust we once had  
And instead of "Me" be "Us" again

IRENA GRABOWSKI

### THE FAMILY TREE

Did you hear that... Wait a minute, before you hear it from anyone else, let Lisa Loopner, and Todd Delavanta, the areas top two dirt reporters give you the low-down on all the action at Sturdevant Hall!

First off, let's grind-up the "ROOKIES". You guys trying to make it on your own think you're pretty sneaky trying to edge around the vets! We just wanna let you know that you're not slipping under our noses. (ACHOO!) For example, take a look at that "Braided" trio--Diane, Valerie W., and Karen. Have you three ever heard of the expression.. "You can let your hair down"? Obviously not! Speaking of putting things down, is there anything you actually like, Joe? When you find something, let us know! At least we know that Tom G. loves a good backrub, but we've noticed you only give them. A word of wisdom about giving, guys. If you don't want your electrical appliances returned without instructions on reassembling, don't give it to Ed. On the other hand, lending could be a great thing for a "Rubick's-Cube-Fanatic". Chris can't do it in less than five minutes! Well, you take a rest leaving your instruments lying around (all twenty-nine of them!) especially with Tony and Charlie in sight. (Remember, Chris is still working on the cube.)

Word is out that Debbie B., Marlene, Francis, Cuong, and Joe, are scheming to overthrow our "egotistical" counselors. (No, Shirley and Tom aren't in jeopardy!) A word of caution, however. (Well, actually, a few) Better watch out, people. The five are working on the same plan of action for you! (But, do these guys even dare to listen? Nope. Debbie's too busy building up her vocab. of "Bing-Bing-Bing". Francis is out collecting mummies and daddies. Marlene has no idea where her curling iron is "plugged in". (No wonder we have so many fire drills!) Cuong is still auditioning for Major League Baseball. If we could only get him to try out for a position other than the bench! Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Joe is still complaining.) Through rigorous evaluations, and long, tedious hours, Donna, Patti, and Sandy have been selected as spokespersons for this group. After the "proposed" change in counselors has been made, the three will be debating nationwide. Trying to overcome the shock of being outcast from this group, Judy, Diane, and Valerie, attended a "Woe, cheez-puff, and Kool-Aid party", in a room of solitude, and despair.

Tom Vest

(OH YES, IT'S CONTINUED HERE)

Recently, Valerie M. was seen laughing hysterically on the phone. Sources later revealed that no one was on the other end. At this very moment, Shawn is still waiting for Valerie to stop laughing so "you-know-who" can call! On another line (get it?) of business, Virda, our recent "Disco Queen", was caught dancing through the gym, wearing a red dress. Becky took interest in this new sport, and "turned over" her basketball to learn the new steps. (the NBA has reconsidered sending further scouts).

.....EXPOSE.....

Upward Bound's "Lance Romance" for this summer, Tom V., has used the excuse of "tripping" as to why he's been "falling" into the ladies' arms, too many times. As of last week, his curling iron was confiscated! Unlike Tom, take a look at our diehard couples: Jim and Debbie (yes, after one year they're still going strong), Becky and...uh...what's his name(?), Steve and Sandy (they still haven't said one word to each other), and Mark and Valerie. (will she ever get over the embarrassment of sitting with him at meals?). Would you believe only three couples? Maybe we should title this section "As the P.U.B.'s Turn", or maybe even, "Another Dorm". Tune in this fall for the next update on "Expose"!!

Now that we've had a chance to "prind" the "Pookies", let's "grill" the "oldies". Why don't we take a look at--no, more like, whv don't we take a "over" Mary Alice! Because of her, every single doorway was raised in Sturdevant Hall. (Now, Jim feels inferior). Of course Rob wouldn't think this was funny. No, he has his own line of jokes, which no one will ever understand. (Except for Valerie, of course!).

Due to the fact that Pepina planned on stringing the entire city of Wilkes-Barre with popcorn, Orville Pedenbacher will be strung-up instead. Poor Jeanine. She had her shovel all set to "dig" through the popcorn, looking for rainbows! Hint-hint, Jeanine. They could use you and your shovel in Iceland, although, we heard they're rationing rainbows!

Have some free time? Sube will fill you in on the latest methods of "tush-counting". Then again, why bother, you could be counting the strines

(EVERYBODY STILL IN TUNE? READ ON!)

on all the dudes' socks? Too bad Sue W. and Irena couldn't count along with us. Would you believe it took three hours for those two just to count the number of exposures on one roll of film? Who would doubt it? Wait one minute here. Sue H. takes the cake with the klutz award. She's the only one we know of who can walk into capital walls without a single bound! So much for her excellent coordination, huh? Don't worry. At least Ann Marie "WUVS YOU". How many languages can you say that in? Forget it, we don't want to know!

You guys thought we were gonna let our "staff" slip by, didn't you? Are you kidding? This is the clincher! Let's begin with the only one who'd stand up to Garth in a dark alley. Who else but "Kung-Fu" Terry? And that's only because she has an obsession with hospital shirts. The only dialogue she knows (no, not "bing-bing-bing") is "Ooh, hahv!". In the first place, what was "Grizzly Adams" doing in a dark alley?

We appreciate our counselors for their "keen" taste in clothes. Take a look at Michele and Ana. "Ped City". They have their own meaning of the word "Preppie". We shouldn't forget Ana's "asset" in life-----we also shouldn't forget the fact that we value our own lives!! (I wouldn't sav a word, Michele, or we'll go into details about your problem of being uncontrollably-unpredictable!).

Thomas Thomas; (no, folks, that's not a misprint) you really deserve a lot of credit for roughing-it two years in a row with us. It takes a lot of "guts" and deep thinking. While we're on that "train of thought", tell us something. Does juggling have any real meaning in life?

Little do we realize that without Shirli's "Fred Scuttle" glasses, and Bill's "John-Denver-look", they'd never be able to see eve to eve on anything. Shirley has the double disadvantage here. What we all know as a "mirage" in the morning, is actually a tall, thin bug, which scientists (at the P.U.B. lab's) have not yet been able to identify!! Just like the true identity of Bill. Are you punk or soul, or still trying to decide? And what about Joe? Does he still inhabit the fourth floor? For answers to these and other questions, it would seem wise to consult the "all-knowing" Anne G., our Director. She can probably be found somewhere with Margi and Jeani (or is it Judy?), reading dozens of evaluations! (You know, the ones Katie spent hours putting together. Right now, she's proofreading this).

(THIS IS IT. FINALLY!)

Here we are, at last, getting down to the "nitty" and the "pritty". Such as, that famous "nit", Debbie H. Too bad she doesn't get to see much of Jim. He could have the makings necessary to banish that "nit" forever. If only they weren't so shy when they're together. Speaking of shy, something has to be done about Judy's problem. It's getting out of hand, here. It's bad enough that she has to walk around everywhere with a bag on her head, but when it gets to the point where she has to live with the fact that pranks are at an all-time-high this summer (Amazing, you sav?), it's time to draw the line. (Her quest for the summer, is to find out what it's like going on adventures after curfew). Another "bag-head", Mark, has just published "One-Hundred and One Different Ways to Escape from Your Poom After Curfew". Surprisingly, this book has sold over five copies. (Extremely intelligent P.U.B.'ers).

We'd all like to give a big thank you to our Editor, Pose, who, through it all, only suffered six nervous breakdowns, incurable insomnia, and inerown toenails. We're also sorry, Pose!! (Pearly.)

Another word of thanks goes out to Madelyn "Miss Pippy" May. We're privileged in carrying on your tradition, as best as we could.

"We Are Family". It says a whole lot. Actually, "We Are P.U.R.". In order to hold such a high title, we first, have to possess the qualifications. We ate, slept, talked, danced, studied, argued, mended, and have done a lot more together. The big word is "together". Without it, there's no family. Every single person in this program is special in their own way. This is what we've worked for.

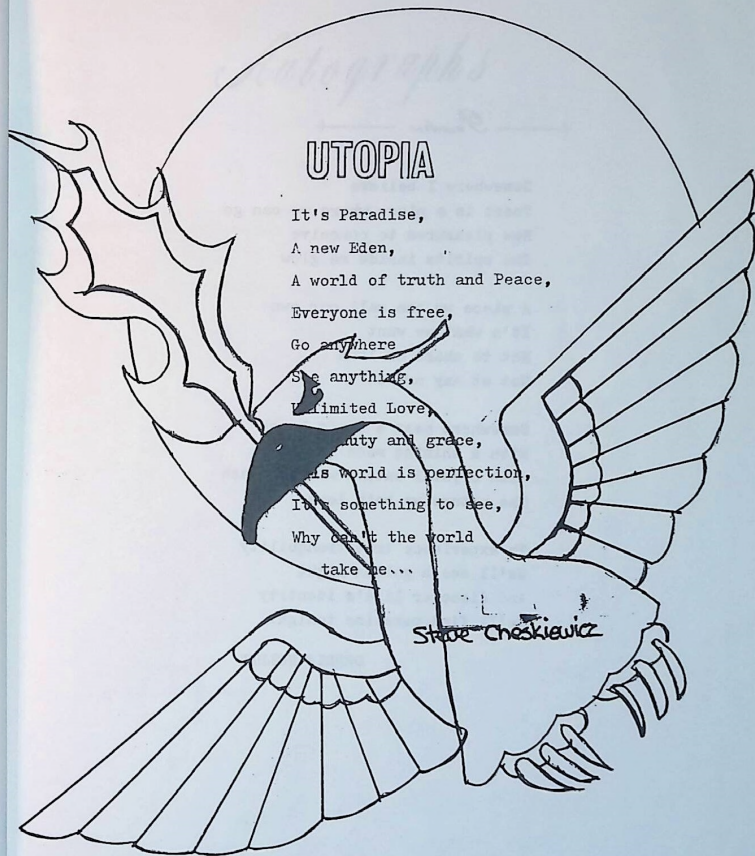
July 31, 1981, should not be looked upon as a "good-bye", but more as a "beginning". In leaving, we take the memories, and the future with us.

Thank you, especially to Anne, Marzi, Katie, Jeani, Tom, Shirley, Ana, Terry, Bill, Carth, Michele, and all of us P.U.B.'ers!!!!

"SUBMITTED RESPECTFULLY--"

Jim Dougherty

JUDY ZARBELLA



## UTOPIA

It's Paradise,  
A new Eden,  
A world of truth and Peace,  
Everyone is free,  
Go anywhere  
See anything,  
Unlimited Love,  
Beauty and grace,  
This world is perfection,  
It's something to see,  
Why can't the world  
take the...

Steve Cheskiewicz

— Paradise —

Somewhere I believe  
There is a place where we can go  
New pleasures to conceive  
The spirits inside me glow

A place we can call our own  
It's what we want  
Not to share or loan  
Not at any price

Somewhere near a sandy beach  
With a shining moon above  
With crystal waters within reach  
The nature we both love

Th experience true tranquility  
We'll see a golden light  
And discover life's identity  
We'll find paradise tonight.

DEBBIE HOLDEN

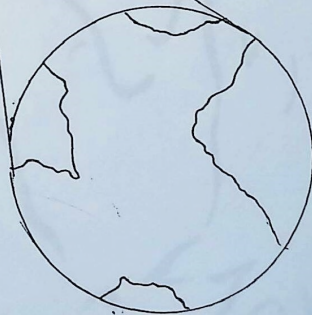
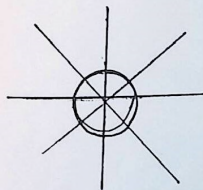
*Autographs*

Endless  
Love, Life, Laughter  
It has no limits  
No boundaries  
The start  
origin

and end  
Can we see  
What started this sea  
Our journey in time  
As our minds begin the climb  
An answer ahead or behind  
We can hope to find.

STEVE CHESKIEWICZ

## Origin



## Legend

She glides through the dusk  
pale and pure

A ghost in flight

She runs through the night

A magnificent stallion white as snow  
comes drifting through the dew-dropped  
leaves.

She stands quite still as her mane drifts  
in the wind.

Under the willow that weeps for mankind  
No one has ever seen her for she travels  
at **twilight**

but everyone knows her for she is a.....

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d

MARK MUTTER



Legend\*

# Autographs

Terrie  
Boliscki  
(Blondie)

Thomas  
(TRIP)  
(SHUT-UP)

Wanda  
Boguan

## We Are Family !!!

Donna Holden

Regina  
Bogumil

Debbie  
Holden

Stephen  
(Cliff's wife)  
(Go Home)

Debbie  
Balka  
(P.W.)

Phil  
Holden

Jimmy  
Gaughey

Bob Lanning

Tom Estes

Shawn  
Patterson  
(James)

Samely  
Wesover

Karen  
Dobson

Wong  
Huang

Irena  
Strabawis

Betty  
Strujewski

Sam  
Carroll

Diane  
OConnell

Francis  
Higgins

Telma  
May

W/E (SUBE) Wozniak

Anne Marie  
Patterson

Pary  
Alice  
DeMatte

Sue  
Hall

Sue  
Wicks

Chuck  
Calkout

Joe  
Stralowski

Mark  
Mutter

Mark  
A. Cean

Carla  
Haley

Jill  
Crawley  
(Sister)  
ZARZELIX

Valerie  
Wells



- 1921



John B. ...

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