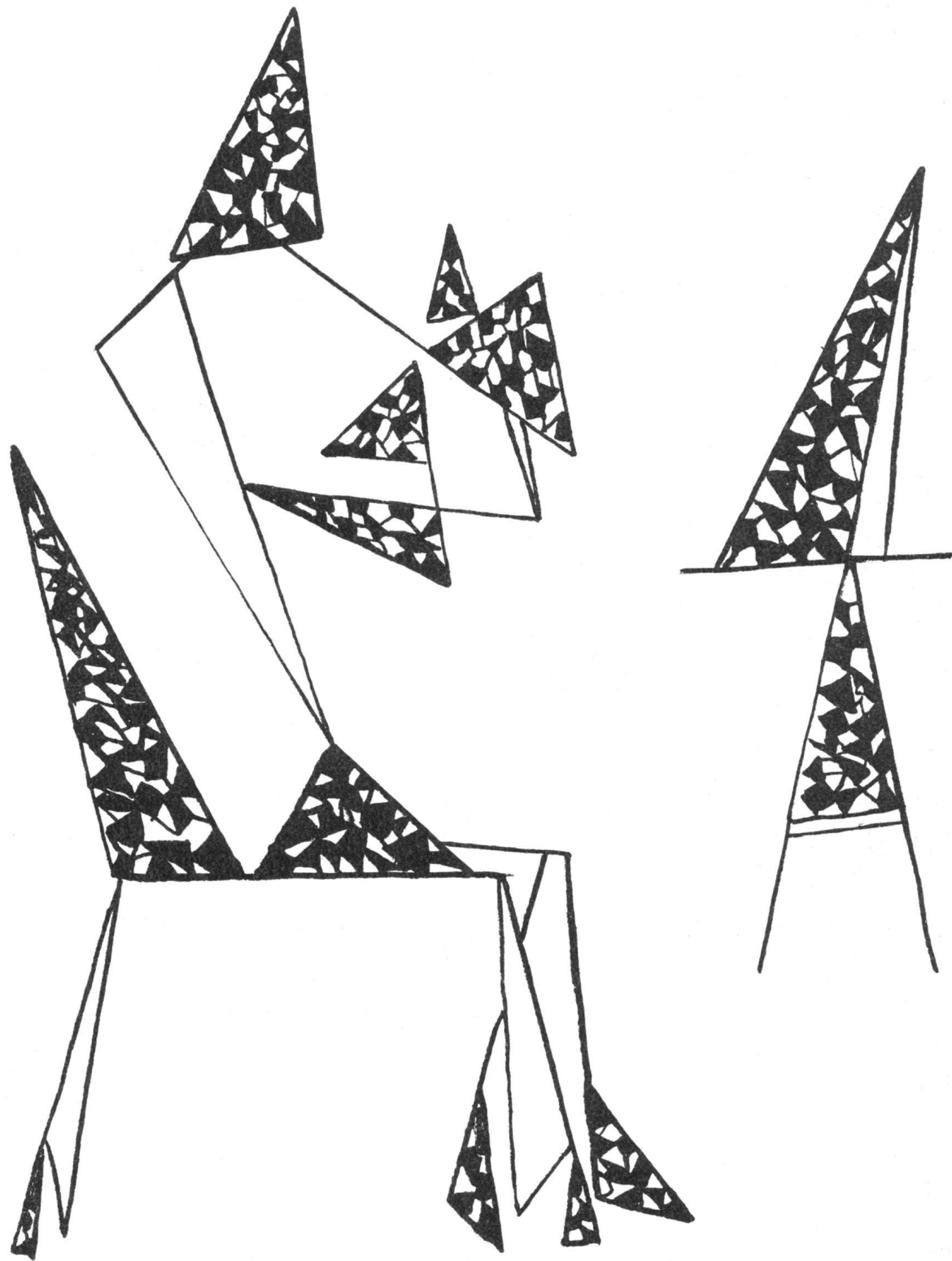


arts & letters



PRELUDE

It was a Prelude
I could hear the laughing of the Woodwinds,
The crying of the Strings.
They were heralds of a movement, strong, stirring.
Soon to come.

What music were they playing?
None that I had heard.
It seemed to grow,
From warbling infant notes
To pulsating adolescent rhythms.

The Brass section was silent.
For there was nothing tin-like,
Nothing false about the Prelude.
Like me, the bugles knew
That this was a Beginning, a Bridge connecting old
and new.

Then the Tympani sounded.
It shrieked and shouted.
Then shivered in uncertainty.
For the Prelude had reached its end
And the new movement was unknown.

Sylvia Moscovitz XI-B

TIME

Time is infinite and everlasting. It is an irresistible force and no object, no man, can halt it. Time is time—it was a hundred years ago, it is the present, and it will be in the future. Like Euclid's circle, time has no beginning and no end; it is continuous. Time has watched men being conceived, it has seen him progress, and inevitably time will see civilization destroyed. Civilization began in time and, in time, it will end.

Time is destructive. It forms wrinkles on man, it makes him weak and frail. As an everflowing river dulls the sharpness of its rocky bed, time dulls the sharpness and ability of man. It causes our eyes to lose sight, our hearing becomes lessened, and our productivity is ended. Death, a by-product of time, eventually curtails the life of all living things. Death destroys the individual, but time destroys the civilization. As a giant hammer, time has tumbled the walls of the great ancient civilizations of the Greeks, the Romans, and the Egyptians. But there is one thing that neither time nor death can destroy, and that is man's thoughts. Ancient Greece is no more, but the idea of sports lives on in the Olympic Games. Euclid is long dead, but his ideas about circles and triangles live on. The great power of Caesar's Rome has been destroyed, but his ideas of government form the basis of many modern governments. Time indeed is an irresistible force, but man's ideas are immovable objects.

Time is in the present. It is an iron hand which rules us. Time is an absolute ruler which we fear as the peasant feared Louis the Fourteenth. At eight o'clock the whole of America rises. At four o'clock the whole of England drinks tea. There are many more unwritten laws which control our lives. Individualism is becoming a thing of the past, for now we all do the same things at the same time. Every student feels the autocracy of time. There is a time for algebra, for French, and physics. To eat there is a certain time, to rest there is a certain time. This mass control by time can only result in one thing—people will be alike

as two peas in a pod. We must therefore revolt again, time. Let us ignore the clocks that rule us, stop the pendulum from swinging. Let us take time in our own hands, and spend hours admiring the flower. Let us take time to search for true bliss, instead of the superficial happiness which is so prevalent in our society. Why not take the time to use our imaginations to produce more Shakespeares, Tennysons, and Wordsworths?

But these are only the thoughts of an idealist. Man is too busy to realize that he is becoming the servant, and not the master of time.

Michael Herzig, X-F



Marilynne Malkin

DANDELION

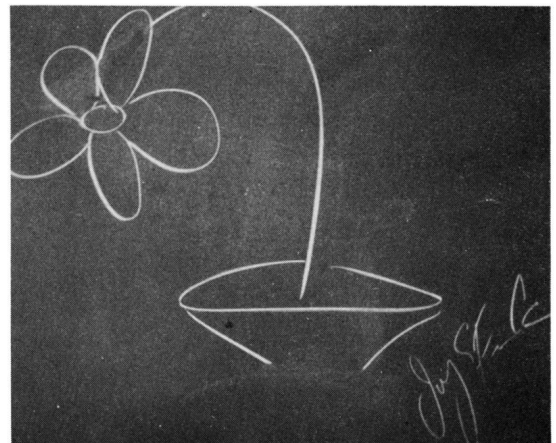
Gold and amber sight
marked the green,
Beauty was moment's distance
Recognition

— Appraisal turned to hatred.

Individuals unconsidered
But the mass — stamped unapproved
Character — each one's trait
was forgotten

— Now remained blind hatred.

Heidi Hess, X-B



I WALK ALONE

I reach out, only to lose
My hand in the dark. I am
One within myself. Abuse
From others belongs to other
worlds.

My felicity comes from within.
The legacy, dreams, and the hopes;
The virtue, the vice; good and sin,
Belong solely to my conscience.

I walk the path, passing by
The curious, the conscientious.
"Such sorrow and grief," they cry.
"Perhaps we should give our aid."

These immorals of goodness
Try to purloin what is mine.
I must hide from their enviousness
For my loneliness is my freedom;
It is my God.

Mary Feldstein, XI-E

THE OCEAN

Not a sound, not even a murmur, is heard over the land, for it is now deep in slumber. Silhouetted against the black coat of night, the ocean rests peacefully. Its water, cool and clear, bubbles as eagerly as a young mountain spring. The quivering waves pass endlessly on and on into the hushed silence. But they are not alone. A small breeze whispers contentedly to the mid-night sky as the fluffy, grey clouds float aimlessly through the starry heavens. The wandering sea gulls dive as thunderbolts into the glassy mirrors below, and soar up, up, up again. Until the rooster's warning echoes from the land, the scene remains quiet and lifeless . . .

As the rays of sun shine through the transparent sea, the waves expand taller and wider. Silently they crawl, their white-capped fingers search and search. Ferociously the menacing claws seize their prey, dragging him farther and farther into the silvery wilderness. The captive, tortured mercilessly against the jagged cliffs, in the blistering heat and in the endless depths of the sea, is squeezed until every last drop of life is drained out from him. Then, as if nothing had happened, all is peaceful again; that is, until the next opportunity to strike arises.

The birds, animals, and the people themselves are fooled and unaware. But I have learned, I understand, I am not fooled, I am aware! Too many times, in my little village, I have seen the women weep and the half-naked children call out to their fathers or brothers, but they received no reply. I am old and crippled by the enemy. I have hope; someday, somebody, somewhere, will avenge our every droplet of blood and tears the ocean has caused to flow!

Jeff Price, XI

UNCERTAINTY

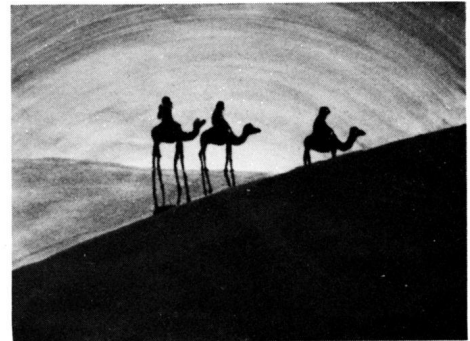
A tar-like yellowish pall
Densely covered the city,
Like a soggy blanket choking the
people.
The murk hid wraith-like figures
Flitting like criminals
From place to place.
Were they real?
Or were they the fugitives
Who always seem to hide in shadows
Or camouflage themselves in the
misty vapor
Of obscurity?

Ruth Rosenfield, IX-J

I STOOD

I kicked on a rock
and it would not move,
I stamped on the grass
and I stubbed my toe,
I reached for a tree
and I broke a branch,
So I stood, and I stood,
And I let things be.

Evi Blueth, VIII-J



THE BATTLE

The men on both sides were by now despairing of victory. For seven months the stalemate had persisted, with neither side granted triumph. In the trenches, gaunt scarecrows of men stood in constant vigilance. The silence was punctuated at intervals by bursts of machine-gun fire and the subsequent groaning of the dying. Ragged and indifferent the troops maintained their stand wearily, as tension increased, constantly increased . . .

In another part of the world, other men were waging a war of a different nature. This was a war against disease, against suffering. Weary-stricken natives appeared in ever-increasing numbers to utilize the white man's medicine. They were being vaccinated against the disease which plagued them — the disease of the minute, steel-blue fly of death . . .

Far distant, yet another battle was raging. John Binks was struggling with himself. It was a war to suppress his own painful memories, which were squeezed into the narrow confines of his subconscious. They threatened to erupt violently and end the fight in which John could only be the loser, in which the victor could only be the bartender . . .

In the mind of Peter Murton, lieutenant of "B" company, a plan was materializing. This slow and disastrous decimation of his comrades could not be allowed to continue. The situation had to be rectified immediately. Grabbing his pistol and several pineapple-shaped grenades, Peter sprang over the barbed wire and headed for the enemy's position . . .

The figure of one doctor stood above all the others — tall, muscular, dignified, George Finerick was director of the McNess Institute mission to the Gold Coast. He had developed an immune device, to tame the ravages of the dreaded Clock Disease which killed 5000 Africans every month. The serum was now being tested, and on it depended the lives of hundreds of thousands of African natives. Even more important to him than this, George's career hung on the results. He was so occupied with his work that the dedicated scientist failed to notice the minute insect of shiny blue which had settled on his arm . . .

John Binks lived on the bottle — it was his passionate and sole interest in life. He had once been a successful businessman, having amassed a small fortune by various underhanded dealings. He had married a beautiful actress who very soon deserted him — but not his money. Now, John was drinking himself into oblivion. Suddenly, a spasm of pain pierced his abdomen. His face was contorted into an expression of painful agony . . .

The valorous officer was now speeding towards the enemy, as bullets zipped by him, miraculously, leaving him unscathed. A few men of his company, following his example, left the trenches. They preceded ever-increasing numbers of re-spirited troops, who pressed on in the heat of the battle. The tension snapped. Peter approached the enemy lines and tossed a hand grenade into a crowded area, as the enemy desperately fled in disorderly retreat. One man hesitated long enough to discharge a pistol into the pressing horde. The bullet leapt from the barrel and found a target. The fearless lieutenant fell to the dust . . .

Doctor Finerick soon had a dizzy sensation, as the thoughts in his mind became constantly more confused and out of focus. He was confined to bed, deliriously recalling "Madeline" and "Wintern University" in his fever. Soon, with the arrival of coma, all was peaceful — until, one vigorous yell, and the promising young doctor fell stiffly into bed for the last time . . .

John Binks was rushed to the hospital in a shiny white ambulance. The pain was increasing in intensity, becoming almost unbearable. John saw everything clearly now — between fits of agony. Suddenly all was calm, and Binks escaped all the torment he had suffered during life in death.

Three men, all having waged war and lost, now lie in oblivion in six feet of earth. Though the brave lieutenant was given a full military burial; the courageous doctor was paid a lasting tribute by the world; and the drunkard was laid to rest in a pauper's grave during a pelting rain, the end result was the same. For them, the world had ceased to be, and the things that they have strived for are no more. Men are not created equal, nor do they live equally — but in death there is eternal equality.

Stanley Nattel, IX-J

LE LABORATOIRE

Cette année il y a eu une innovation très intéressante et utile à Wagar. Tous les élèves et les professeurs la regardent avec beaucoup d'intérêt et d'admiration, comme un enfant regarde un nouveau jouet. Mais cette innovation très coûteuse, comme tout le monde le sait, est plus qu'un jouet. Il s'agit naturellement, de notre laboratoire de français.

L'emploi d'un laboratoire pour enseigner les langues est un des grands progrès de notre système d'éducation. On dirait qu'au laboratoire chacun a un professeur privé. Là, il peut répondre à trente questions en quinze minutes, tandis que dans une classe ordinaire il ne répond peut-être qu'à une question. L'élève peut aussi comparer son propre accent à celui d'un Français et il peut corriger ses fautes de prononciation. A l'aide du laboratoire, on apprend à utiliser la grammaire qu'on a appris en classe, et à parler plus couramment.

Mais comme tous les nouveaux jouets, le laboratoire n'est pas infaillible. Il peut être quelquefois très comique. Les élèves se demandent combien une machine peut leur apprendre, parce qu'une machine ne reste pas immobile, n'attend pas, et ne peut pas réfléchir. Les élèves trouvent que les longues phrases qu'ils doivent dépêcher pour améliorer la prononciation sont un peu trop longues. En effet, elles sont si longues qu'on oublie le commencement de la phrase quand on doit la répéter. Les cabines devraient être aussi complètement insonorisées. Mais, on peut facilement entendre la voix de trente autres camarades de classe, chacun répétant sa propre version de la réponse juste. Cela fait quelquefois un véritable bruit.

D'autres fois, on oublie sur quel bouton on doit appuyer. Si on se trompe, la machine commence à faire une chose complètement différente de ce que le professeur a commandé. On peut aussi passer une demi-période à écouter le programme de la personne qui a parlé auparavant. Les jeunes filles disent aussi que les écouteurs dérangent leurs coiffures.

En somme, il y a plus d'avantages que d'inconvénients à un laboratoire et je trouve que les périodes du laboratoire sont très intéressantes et utiles à l'étude du français.

Linda Teitelbaum, XI-H



Chaque Matin

Chaque matin je me lève
A sept heures et demie.
Ah, que, je déteste la vie
A sept heures et demie!

Car j'ai la fièvre
D'un malheureux rêve
Qui de repos me sèvre;
J'ai le teint brouillé
Ou même bouilli
Et j'ai de sèches lèvres.

J'entends ma pendule
Qui sonne comme une folle
"C'est l'heure où on joue,
Et puis, levez-vous!"

Elle ne comprendra pas
Qu'il faut presser le pas
Pour être à l'école
A huit heures et demie.
Ah, que je déteste la vie
A huit heures et demie!

Elizabeth Woodburn, XI-H

J'ai un Désir

J'ai un désir ardent dans mon coeur: j'espère un beau jour être libre et marcher dans la clarté du soleil. Quand le pourrai-je?

Je n'ai aucune possibilité de me rendre utile. Il n'y a aucune place où je puisse trouver du travail à faire. On n'a pas besoin de mon savoir ni de mon talent quand on voit le teint bronzée de ma peau.

Un jour je marcherai dans les rues avec fierté et je prendrai ma place à côté de mes semblables. Maintenant je me baisse la tête, seule avec mon chagrin, isolée du monde extérieur. Un jour mon désir ne sera plus vain. Les autres acquierront la justice et la tolérance et je serai de nouveau fière d'être membre de la race noire.

Renée Chawkin

J'aime les Chevaux, Mais . . .

Chaque hiver mes parents amènent toute la famille à Ste. Agathe pour une semaine et nous nous amusons dans la neige. Nous faisons du ski et nous patinons toute la journée. Le moment le plus intéressant de cette semaine c'est quand nous faisons une promenade en traîneau autour de la ville. C'est de quoi je veux vous parler.

Le soleil brillait. L'air était vif. Il faisait très froid. Nous nous sommes bien habillés et nous avons attendu impatiemment hors de l'hôtel. A deux heures nous avons entendu sonner les clochettes dans le lointain. Finalement, après nous être embarqués dans le traîneau, nous sommes partis. Nous avons chanté toutes les chansons que nous connaissions. C'était réjouissant à voir et nous faisons un bruit immense! Les pauvres habitants de la ville; Mais nous nous sommes bien amusés.

Il n'y a qu'une chose qui ne manque jamais de me tourmenter: c'est l'odeur des chevaux. Bien que ce soient de beaux animaux, et qu'on ne puisse pas se promener en traîneau sans eux, je ne peux pas m'accoutumer à leur odeur.

L'année passée, pour quelque raison, l'odeur était particulièrement désagréable et je ne pouvais plus la supporter. Mon père m'a donc suggéré que je m'assoie au bout du traîneau en tournant le dos aux chevaux. Cela allait bien pendant quelque temps et je respirais l'air frais.

Alors voilà ce qui s'est passé! Nous avançons sur un chemin dans les faubourgs de la ville. J'admiraient le beau paysage. Nous sommes arrivés à une colline, nous y sommes montés et nous avons commencé à descendre l'autre pente. Les chevaux ne pouvaient pas garder leur équilibre sur le chemin très glacé. Le traîneau a pris de la vitesse et nous avons descendu la colline à une très grande vitesse. En bas, il y avait un grand pont. Nous l'avons frappé avec force. Alors, à ce moment-là j'ai été jetée hors du traîneau, la tête la première, dans la neige, sur le côté du chemin.

Quand je me suis reprise et que je me suis rendu compte de ce qui s'est passé, je me suis levée et je me suis approchée de traîneau. Au lieu d'y trouver ma belle famille, j'ai trouvé une bande d'hyènes ricanantes. La seule partie blessée en moi c'était mon orgueil.

Cette aventure m'a appris une leçon: "Ne vous asseyez jamais au bout d'un traîneau quand il est en marche", ou "portez toujours un pince-nez (nose plug) quand vous vous promenez en traîneau."

Eileen Cohen, XI-E

L'Invitation Ecosaise

Depuis plusieurs années, Georges devait se rendre en Ecosse pour y régler des affaires, mais il remettait ce voyage chaque fois. Enfin, un beau jour il s'est décidé, a pris le bateau et s'est finalement retrouvé à Aberdeen où il s'est empressé de trouver un hôtel.

Il s'est souvenu alors que les Mac Norton, des amis de ses parents, demeuraient dans cette ville. Georges a donc décidé d'aller leur rendre visite. D'ailleurs on l'a reçu le mieux au monde, même si on ne lui a pas offert d'apéritif, car c'était vraiment trop coûteux. Quand même,

on a longuement parlé et a un moment donné, Georges a lâché: "Ca me ferait plaisir de prendre un repas avec vous. Comme j'aurai un peu de temps mardi, je m'invite à dîner."

Les deux autres ont fait une drôle de tête, mais cela a vite passé quand George a ajouté: "Ne vous dérangez pas, recevez-moi comme un membre de la famille."

Eh bien, quoi qu'il ait pu en penser, ses hôtes s'étaient dérangés et ils sont passés à table avec grand appétit. Quand M^{me} Mac Norton s'est excusée, alors que le premier plat faisait son apparition sur la table. Georges n'a évidemment demandé aucune explication, mais il a trouvé ce manège étrange.

Lors du deuxième plat, M. Mac Norton s'est levé de la table sans rien dire, est passé dans la pièce à côté, et a laissé sa femme tenir compagnie à leur invité. Et il en fut ainsi jusqu'à la fin du repas. Georges n'a absolument rien compris, mais il a remarqué qu'il ne pouvait manger qu'en compagnie d'un seul des époux et cela l'intriguait énormément.

Au moment du café, ils se sont tous retrouvés ensemble, et tout marchait pour le mieux. Georges a ensuite pris congé de ses hôtes en les remerciant de leur hospitalité, mais il s'est promis de "faire une enquête" sur ce mystère.

Georges a questionné le gérant de l'hôtel où il était descendu et celui-ci a souri en entendant l'épisode du repas.

"Je les connais parfaitement," a-t-il dit, "car je suis le frère du dentiste qui les a soignés. Votre histoire est très facile à comprendre, quand on sait qu'ils n'ont qu'un seul dentier (false teeth) pour deux."

Judi Hamori

Pourquoi Etudier l'Histoire?

Les corps des soldats qui ont combattu dans les guerres mondiales et les révolutions sont enterrés depuis longtemps. Les mots fameux des généraux et des commandants se sont fanés avec les années. Les théories du passé sont améliorées chaque jour. Alors, pourquoi l'histoire des événements et des gens qui ont vécu hier, ou il y a deux mille ans, est-elle un sujet obligatoire pour les élèves de nos jours?

La réponse est très facile. L'histoire se répète. La nature d'un homme, la poursuite du savoir, de l'amour et de la culture, le désir de dominer et le sens du devoir ne changeront jamais. Chaque génération apprend chaque fois davantage que celle qui l'a précédée, mais en effet, leurs idées sont les mêmes et ensuite leurs actions seront les mêmes. En étudiant le passé, nous connaissons l'avenir.

Cela mis à part, l'histoire est plus étrange et intéressante que la fiction. Peut-être est-ce parce qu'elle traite d'humains comme nous.

L'histoire est si variée et elle renferme tant d'événements différents, qu'un élève qui continuerait son cours dans cette matière hors de la classe deviendrait sûrement un individu cultivé.

Susan Cheifetz, XE

Le Franglais — Le Meurtre de la Langue Française

Je crois que le français est vraiment la plus belle langue au monde. Sa pureté et sa clarté l'on rendu unique. Les autres langues changent souvent, et pour le pire, mais il y a longtemps que le français est resté au premier rang avec sa beauté et son classicisme. Différent à la sévérité de l'allemand ou de la musicalité de l'italien, le français coule de la gorge avec douceur et souplesse.

Récemment, un phénomène s'est produit en France. Le français a été bombardé de mots anglais. Cette infiltration est en partie le résultat des touristes américains, et en partie aussi le désir des Français d'être au courant de l'actualité aux Etats-Unis. La langue qui était autrefois la langue de la pureté, s'est changée en un pot-pourri d'expressions anglaises. Le supermarché était simplement l'épicerie. D'autres mots comme stock market, red tape, beatnick, coffee break et star attraction sont maintenant prononcés par des milliers de personnes chaque jour. Autrefois le patriotisme d'un homme aurait pu être mis en question s'il employait des expressions anglaises, aujourd'hui le "franglais" est acceptable, et même, attendu. C'est la langue des écoliers aussi bien que celle des fous, la langue des riches aussi bien que celle des pauvres.

Le français a beaucoup avancé depuis le temps des Romains, et les Gaulois y ont entremêlé leur langue. Les langues, comme toute autre chose, montent à un niveau d'excellence, et puis elles descendent. Paris ne s'est pas fait en un jour, ni la langue française mais si le 'franglais' continue à progresser, le français mourra.

"L'état c'est moi!" a dit Louis XIV, il y a plus de deux cents ans. On pourrait bien dire de nos jours, "La langue française, c'est le franglais!"

Sharon Hymer, X-E

LA CULTURE CANADIENNE

Qu'est-ce que c'est que la culture canadienne? Ou plutôt existe-t-il une telle chose? N'est-ce qu'une variété de la culture américaine? Ou bien est-ce tout simplement un mélange de deux différentes cultures, la culture anglaise et la culture française? C'est une question à laquelle il est assez difficile de répondre.

Le Canada est un pays fort grand et formant un véritable foyer d'assimilation. On y trouve des gens de toutes langues, des Anglais, des Français, des Allemands. En effet, le Canada est une sorte de Nations-Unies. Naturellement, les ouvrages de ces personnes montreront les influences des origines de l'auteur.

Mais cela commence à changer. Jusqu'au commencement du vingtième siècle les deux grands groupes du Canada c'est-à-dire les Anglais et les Français, écrivaient dans le style des pays de leurs ancêtres. Mais comme le Canada se séparait peu à peu de ces nations, les œuvres de ces artistes démontraient de moins en moins ces influences. On trouve maintenant des pièces de théâtre et des livres tout à fait canadiens. Un style distinct se développe, un style peut-être placide et sans trop

de vigueur, mais quand même canadien. Quant à l'influence américaine, elle est moins importante qu'on ne le croit. C'est vrai qu'il y a ce grand pays tout près de chez nous, mais c'est vrai aussi que le Canadien pense différemment à l'Américain et aussi qu'il a une façon différente de s'exprimer. Ainsi l'on voit qu'il y a en vérité une culture typiquement canadienne qui vient de naître et dont tous les Canadiens seront bientôt fiers.

Henri Markovits, XI-E



Mary-Lynn Whiting

Les Arbres d'Hiver

Et il y a des arbres,
Comme les doigts décharnés,
Qui s'étendent au ciel,
Si bleu, si doux.
Menaçant le calme, la paix
Des cieus, ils restent
Tout droit, debout.
Et ces mêmes arbres
Laissent tomber l'ombre
Qui seule empiète
Sur la neige blanche.
Le dur plancher du monde.
Oh, arbres,
Comme nous vous détestons!

Arbres méchants!
Devez-vous ruiner
La blanche pureté
Que nous aimons
Tant plus que vous?
Revenez, nous vous implorons,
Quand vous aurez des feuilles,
Vertes et grandes,
Et votre ombre tombera sur nous,
Et sera bienvenue,
En place du soleil brûlant.
Oh, arbres,
Comme nous vous adorerons!

Sylvia Soyka, IX-J

A DISCOURSE ON FREEDOM

In attempting to affix a price upon freedom, we enter that vague and misty state of uncertainty, for, conceivably, one man's freedom may be another's bondage, and thus the obvious clash in reference to value will occur. It is for this reason that I will define "freedom" as the condition of affairs presently existing in the Western world in respect of government, justice, religion, and all other prevalent features of society. The question thus resolves itself to the price of maintaining the Western way of life, whose counterpart must be considered as the Communist.

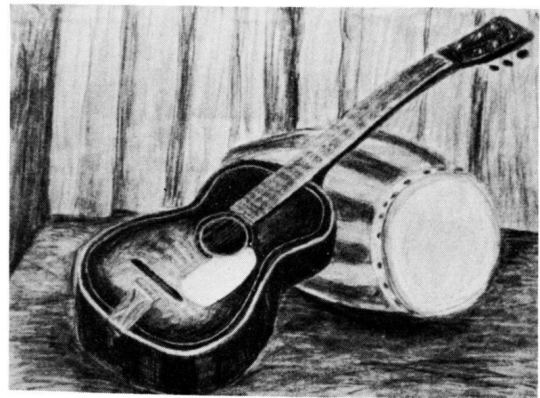
Throughout the ages men have constantly struggled for what we call freedom, and most often it has taken man's highest possible sacrifice upon the "Altar of Freedom" - his own God-given life - to obtain this liberty, this quality which raises him from the bestial position of servitude to the echelons of masterdom. Where this change has been effected, citizens of a nation, not a minority of avaricious, power-hungry men, rule. As noted, the cost is great, for very rarely has the attainment of liberty not been exacting, in blood and in lives; the reward, however, is far greater. The Bible dictates: "As ye sow, so shall ye reap," and to reap the reward of liberty, the highest price must often be the toll. A famous general in the Spanish Civil War, once said, "I would rather die on my feet than live on my knees."

How lucky we are! We have been born in a land where the sunshine of freedom shines brightly. Liberty, justice and equality grace both our language and our society. There is no Gestapo, no Secret Police, no secret arrests, no suppression of religion - none whatsoever. It would seem probable, according to logic, that citizens of a free country would be most appreciative of the freedom they enjoy; but, with man, this is not the case. Apparently, freedom has become, to many, a rather dull, common-place, matter-of-fact commodity, and, according to the laws of supply and demand, has depreciated in value, like a house, a car or a water-logged boat. In effect, we are parasites, for we are willing to live off the fruit borne by our valiant predecessors who struggled to attain the liberty we enjoy today. At this point, I find it rather improbable that these same predecessors fought and died to bequeath us a water-logged boat, or something of comparable value. We must learn to appreciate liberty if we are to successfully defend it, and defend it we must.

The challenge of preserving freedom, awesome in its dimensions, must be met; this challenge must be faced; it must be conquered. Fierce physical combat has flagrantly reared its ugly head from the depths of its temporary, turtle-like shell, in Southeast Asia and in northern India. Yet, far more

devastating is the intangible, subtle mental warfare whose knife-like strokes cut man away inside, leaving him void of courage, backbone and spirit, reducing him to a palpable blob of flesh which exists but does not live. To counteract this, we must fortify our minds, delete from them the last vestiges of fear and cowardice, and strengthen them with the tenacity of purpose and resolution. We cannot let the fear of death, or of world destruction, become a rationalization for capitulation. Surely we must strive for world peace, but not at the expense of world freedom.

Stephen Tanny, XI-E



FALLING PETALS

And every petal has its own
Place in the sun:
Each has a separate ray.
And petals with petals
Are in a rose,
And some not even that.
Roses with roses in rosebuds,
And some not even flowers.
But every one has water
And sunbeams.
And for each one,
Survival.
To the day they fall,
Fluttering softly down
To cover the earth
In sweet caress,
They are but one sequin each—
Petal among petals—
In nature's gown.

Sylvia Soyka, IX-J

THE DENTIST'S OFFICE

The dentist's office is a house of horrors. From the moment I arrive I feel that I am doomed. Sitting inside the hall of doors, known as the waiting room, one customarily picks a magazine and pretends to read it. Then it happens. Sounds which could only come out of an Alfred Hitchcock movie are heard. Each sound relates an action; each action relates a pain.

Then the bomb falls. A sweet little monster, the nurse, comes to say that the torture chamber is ready. It's funny that the hall of doors should be called the waiting room, while it is in the torture chamber that the real waiting is done.

The first assault of the forces comes. The nurse straps a white towel around the neck while the dentist probes with mirrors and sharp pokers. Cotton is forced into the area between the cheek and the gums. The attacker then retires to another room. This cotton is one of their best weapons. While in this reclining position, and having been looked after by a taxidermist, it is impossible to swallow and a puddle of saliva forms in the throat.

The next quick attack is here. Into the mouth they jab a needle, most likely containing a drug to make the victim divulge information. Again they retire to the other room. Has it ever been noticed that every time the nurse returns her hair seems to be messier and her clothes a bit more wrinkled? It makes a person wonder what goes on in that other room. At this time there is a horrible feeling in the mouth. Actually there is no feeling at all. Without a doubt the enemy has used a paralyzing drug.

Then they start the final advance. Since the victim has been rendered immobile, they move in the heavy artillery. First there is a barrage of drills which burn the teeth. A flood of ice-cold water follows which makes the teeth contract and crack. Then they use the finisher. With pellet guns they shoot bullets into the teeth. Surprisingly, if he survives, the victim is released. They now know that he is stronger than they.

I often hear people talk of how rough things were in the war, but when I come from the dentist's office I know that I've really seen action.

Marty Greenberg, XI-G

WINNER — SENIOR POETRY

ON JUSTICE

They were honest men;
deputies
and sheriffs
and cops
and voters
and jurors.
(Let us not forget the jurors)
They paid their bills
and raised their families
to love God and hate the commies.
(Yes sir, they did their duty.)

But that night
three men hung.
Go home nigger, you ain't got no right
in Mississippi.
And they sang
their songs,
And chanted
their chants.
Go home nigger, you ain't got no rights
in Mississippi.
And the flames shot
up to the sky
And burnt God's hand.

We live in a democracy so says the declaration of independence and so the police came and arrested those ruthless murderers and the New York Daily Mirror wrote a front page spread and the next day the Yankees lost the World Series.

After due process of the law
Each man was fined ten dollars.
That's Justice,
That's America.

Allan Rosenzweig, X-G

WINNER — SENIOR POETRY

HE IS MUSIC TO ME

He is music to me.
A sound.
A sound so sensitive only the grass may hear.
A note so beautiful only the wind may understand.
He is a haunting melody,
Remaining there quietly.
In my mind.

Freya Rosemarin, XI-H

John Keats

These immortal words of John Keats, inspired by the "warm stubble fields" of autumn held as true in the swift-moving twentieth century as they did in the leisurely pace of the early nineteenth century. Autumn is a beginning and an end. The "mellow fruitfulness" reminds us that summer has ended and that it is time that we collected her bountiful store of plump, tantalizing pumpkins; flush, rosy red apples, and countless other delicious treats. The mists however suggest to us that autumn is concealing the future and we must see through them if we are to meet the challenge of another year.

When I think about autumn, I visualize mile after mile of rolling hills covered by a rough carpet of dirty, yet colourful leaves. The trees, which have shed their summer coats, stand stark naked and defenseless while the North Wind blows gusts of air at them causing their branches to quiver and shake like a naughty school boy who knows that he is about to be punished. In the air, flocks of birds flee to warm refuge in the south. They too are being attacked by the Wind but use their wings to glide along the crests of each windy blast. For the birds and the trees, autumn is an end to the summer pleasure and each prepares for the future as best it can.

The meaning of autumn can be found not only in the wide outdoors, but also in smoky conference rooms. Here business tycoons are planning what they feel will be our needs in the upcoming year. For them autumn ushers in a new year. Summer has brought with it success or failure, and now these people must delve through autumn's mists to ensure that they will enjoy a rewarding year.

For millions of people autumn means the end of the regular baseball season and the beginning of the World Series, football, and hockey. Thus these fans, across the nation, will paste themselves to their television sets. For most children and teenagers autumn spells the end of a glorious summer vacation and the beginning of another ten gruelling months at school.

The Jewish people, not surprisingly, have chosen autumn as the beginning of the new year, for as I have stated previously, it seems to be a natural division. Shakespeare has described autumn as "the teeming autumn big with rich increase" while Swinburne has visualized it as "cold autumn, wan with wrath of wind and rain" — yet only Keats's statement projects the dual meaning of our most important and beautiful season, autumn — "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness."

Ron Simkover, XI-E

AUTUMN

Naked, skeletal trees
Weave to and fro,
A ghostly dance in the chill air.
A carpet of leaves leading to nowhere —
Multi-coloured and brilliant.
Gusts of wind raise up long forgotten
Whirlpools of dust from the depths
Of graves, terribly ancient.
Time is motionless.
Showers pound the earth.
The world is transformed into a paradise
Of many hues.
Time takes up its mournful, inevitable march
Once again.

Helen Adam, IX-J

NO GIMMICK

Let me kiss and hold your hand,
Among the moaning garbage cans.
Hold me tight and do not shiver
At sodden bags of chicken liver.
A children's courtyard? Rather than
Thoughts of Romance (not of rape
Hugging a flowering fire escape)
(Say:) "Starlite, so right, eternally, forever."
While guitars ting and sirens wail —
We'll hear a metal nightingale.
Reverently receive the sacrament
Of potato chips and Pepsi bent
Sloe-eyed on your nylon knees —
Confess to a polyethelene jeeze.

Alec Fiszauf, XI-E

A City at Night

I lie awake in my bed. The room is dark, the door is shut, the covers are drawn. I am safe. There is nothing that can disturb me or my thoughts. I think. The day's events pass through my mind in a jumbled confusion. Slowly they unwind and appear in ordered sequence — broken only by the rhythmic changing of the corner light which bathes the room first green, then red.

The silence continues with the ticking of my clock. Muffled sounds of night traffic seep through the window — a slamming door, a mumbling engine. A cat screams, a falling garbage pail clatters. It starts to rain — a gentle rain like the rustle of fine silk or young yeaves. The passing tires slap the pavement, sounding like an old dance, carrying with them yet another hour.

The dial glows twelve-thirty. The city outside the window stretches luxuriously and perks to life. Footsteps! One, two, one, two — a solitary passer. More steps, subdued voices, a sudden laugh. Dragging chains — a man and his dog.

A tire squeals, a siren whines, horns blast and then another lull. Two voices now, falling chips, victory's shout, a leering threat. Running feet! Is someone in a hurry or is he being chased?

The rumble of a heavy truck, the whirring sounds of a busy motor — clanking pails, thumping boxes. The night workers come on duty. The ting of glass on metal, grinding of steel bristles against asphalt, the racing siren. Garbage collectors, milkmen, the street cleaner, the ambulance driver, the cop on his beat — all preparing the city for tomorrow, protecting and helping the people so that they will see it.

Tip tap, tip tap, the rhythm of a slender heel, happy laughter, cynical laughter, forced laughter. Gay voices, vivacious voices, tender voices. Quiet good — nights.

Is it a good night? For some, perhaps; for many? But there are the others. The lonely ones, scared, cold, hungry and homeless. For them the night offers no comfort, no joy, no security. And, from the city comes even less. Things revolve about them — they are in the middle, but they are alone. The lights blink off and on. For the others, warm and colourful, full of promise; for them, nothing but garishness — a harsh reminder.

The rain has stopped. The sky is edging gray; my bed is warm. I sleep.

Nancie Wolfe, XI-F

GOING UP

Do you find that the elevator man
Says "Going up" when you wish he would say
"Going down", so that you without delay
May descend to complete your vital plan
Of visiting your darling cousin Anne?
Why does the elevator man make prey
Of your time so swiftly fleeting away,
While you cannot but impatiently scan
The dial showing the twentieth floor —
Where the elevator has long been leased.
The pause will last thirty minutes or more,
Causing your wrath to be greatly increased.
Why not employ the lost staircase instead?
You'll stay in shape and get further ahead.

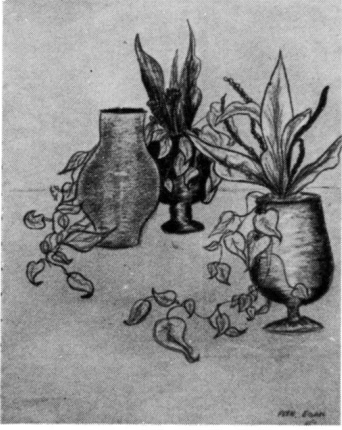
Frank Rubin, XI-E

WINDS OF CHANGE

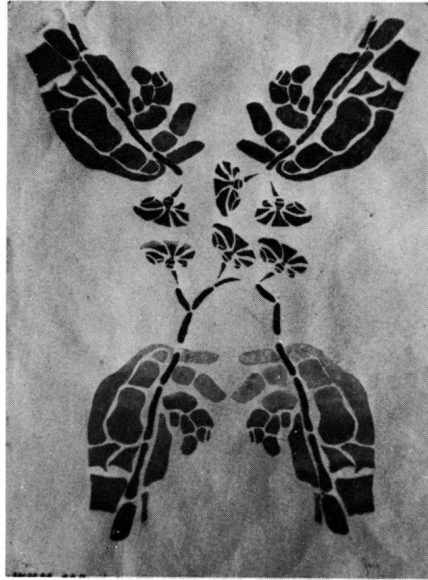
The winds of joy, bearing the breath of beauty,
Warm with love's security sure,
Sweep a glowing blush of happiness
Into lips and cheeks.
The winds of sadness on streaked
wings of pain,
Cold with the gloom of grief,
Bring a deep crease of suffering
To the cheek and brow.

Katya Jakerov, XI-H

ART



Fern Egan, Gr. X



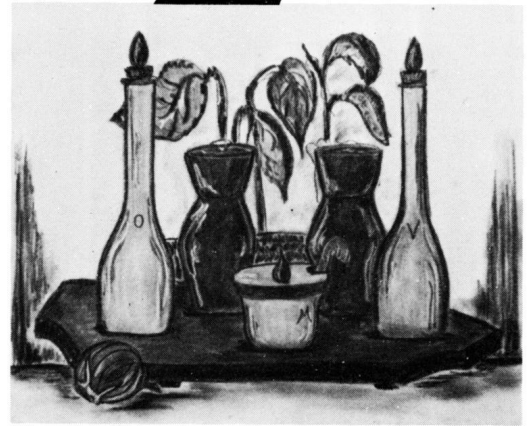
Joey Miller, Gr. X



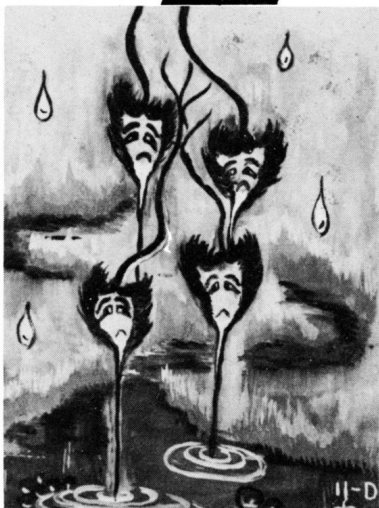
Marilynne Malkin, Gr. X



Mary-Lynn Whiting, Gr. X



Mary-Lynn Whiting, Gr. X



Marlena Apple, Gr. XI

Elaine Brock, Gr. IX





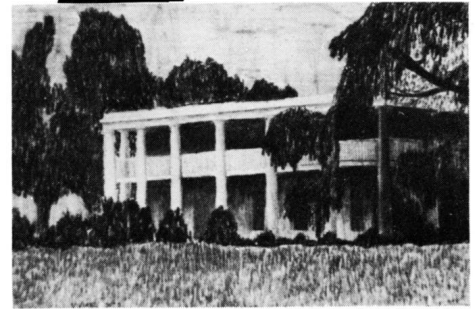
Susan Chefitz, Gr. X



Beverley Wolfus, Gr. XI



Marlana Apple, Gr. XI

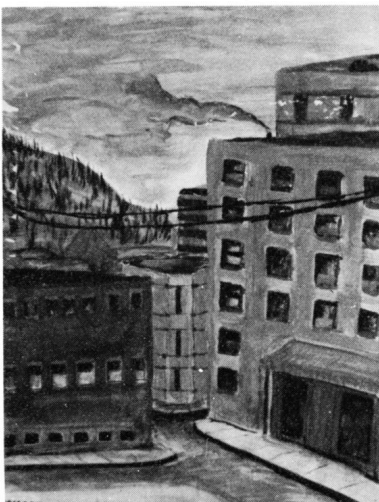


Vivian Woo, Gr. IX

Diane Sonabend, Gr. X



Katya Jakerov, Gr. X



Janet Goldberg, Gr. X

