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THE EMOTION MACHINE

He was my Emotion Machine
I'd laugh
Or cry
Whenever the mood dictated
Or moved him
And at the end
Of the day I'd sit and watch
The clouds
Pass
And the only feeling I'd feel
Would be frustration
Because
I couldn't feel anything else
But one morning when the sun shone
I sensed an end to this hell
I looked to the west
Some strange force
Waved to me
Urged me on
Then suddenly
I
Realized
The Emotion Machine was only
A fabrication of my confused mind
But now
How can I tell Them
When the only ones I see
Are just as insane as me?

Rhona Raskin 9-A

THE MODERN CLASSIC

There is a disturbingly negative tendency in modern poetic criticism to bewail the so-called disappearance of classic poetry from the modern scene. We are told that there are no more Shakespeares, no more Coleridges, no more Miltons—with perhaps the exception of the one and only (thank God!) Ogden Nash.

One detects in this criticism a curious lack of appreciation for new art forms that are being fostered by the novel media of communications, such as radio and television. Only the most perceptive of critics—and I most certainly count myself in their ranks—appreciate real art when they see it. It is my contention that in that branch of twentieth-century poetry, crudely referred to as the commercial jingle, we possess the modern equivalent of the delicate and lovely Shakespearean lyric, and of the masterfully constructed works of Milton, Coleridge and others.

I shall devote the remainder of this essay to an analysis of the poetic merits of one of the foremost examples of this new literature. The work I have chosen for this occasion is the much maligned "Esso jingle," which was formerly heard on the hockey telecasts. This brief, but strikingly original, poem reads as follows:

Drive in at the happy motoring sign,
Get Esso quality every time,
Look to Imperial for the best,
Da da, da da,
Da da da.

Immediately, you can see the numerous literary qualities. To begin with—the metrical pattern of the lines. The first and third lines are in lilting tetrameters. In contrast,

the second follows the trimetrical pattern, while the second to last and the last are in dimeter and monometer patterns respectively. Subtle contrasts are also evident in the metrical pattern of feet. Consider the beautiful effect of the alternating iambs and anapaests in the first line. In the second line, the poet had a brilliant inspiration. It's hard to believe, but he did succeed in tying together anomalous dactylic and spondaic metrical feet (with an elision). Throughout the remainder of the work, he throws in a few more iambs, anapaests, and even a marvelous piece of trochaic (Da da, da da) meter.

One of the literary charms of the poem is the unstated climax. This is extraordinary. It is unique. Never before has a poet abandoned the clumsiness of real words and lapsed into the pure poetry of meaningless sounds—that is, "Da da, da da, Da da da."

Pathetic fallacy is that poetic device wherein an inanimate object is given some human characteristic such as sadness or joy. Poets such as Homer, Dante and Shakespeare used this form of poetry many times in their works. Now, again, we witness an admirable revival of this ancient device in the jingle ("happy motoring sign").

Finally, there is the "Da da." If I may quote from a book of literary terms by Karl Beckson and Arthur Ganz: "The term 'dadaism' was founded by Tristan Tzara in Zurich during World War One. It is a nihilistic movement in art and literature which protests against logic, restraint, and literature itself. Some Dadaists claim the word 'dada' was selected arbitrarily, but the term is also believed to express what the members of the group want in literature and art—masculinity, instead of femininity, 'dada' as opposed to 'mama'." Here, then, in the Esso poem is surely the culmination of dadaistic fantasy.

I therefore proclaim this a classic poem.

David Duchow 11-G



Harvey Lubin, XI-E

TOMORROW'S MEMORIES

Time has passed;
the ache within rekindled.
foolish me . . .
Again his words blind out
the truth, and I am mute.
My heart relents, it does not
heed the lurking pain.
I am young . . .
Now, Time is on his side.
I feel today tomorrow's memories.

Doreen Rubin 11-B

Montréal ? Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?

Les directeurs de "Expo '67" prétendent que ce spectacle attirera des millions de visiteurs à Montréal. Ils attendent un grand nombre d'Américains parmi ces visiteurs. Mais si un article que j'ai lu dans une édition du magazine "Diners' Club" indique tout ce que les Américains pensent de notre ville il n'y en aura que des courageux et aventureux à exposition. Voici quelques-unes des idées de l'auteur:

"On peut acheter des 'huskies' pour voyager au nord, de l'autre côté de la rue d l'hotel 'La Reine Elizabeth'. On ne comprend que le français à Montreal, même aux grands hôtels. Au-dessous de l'enseigne d'un restaurant comme 'Chez Pierre', il y a la traduction anglaise 'Pete's Hamburgerateria'. La nourriture servie dans ces restaurants est tout à fait la même chose que mangent les bûcherons, c'est-à-dire un jarret de porc, etc. Quoique les Montréalais? sont fiers que le Mont Royal est au milieu de la ville, ils ont tort; il est au bord (hélas!)."

Naturellement, le maire de Montréal a écrit une lettre, pas trop polie je crois, au rédacteur du magazine, et ce dernier a publié une excuse dans l'édition suivante. Néanmoins, le dommage avait été fait.

Comme vous le savez tous, on ne sait pas beaucoup du Canada, sans compter Montréal, aux Etats-Unis. Par exemple, quand je demeurais à New Jersey, il y a six ans, j'avais l'idée qu'il neigeait toujours ici, que le Canada était entièrement une terre inculte, et que la population se composait de bûcherons, ou de "voyageurs", ou bien d'Esquimaux?? Et je n'étais pas du tout le seul qui pensait ainsi. Si l'on ajoute que les seules nouvelles de Montréal dont l'Américain entend parler sont les bombardements des séparatistes, on voit qu'il y a beaucoup de raisons pour passer l'été de 1967 autre part.

par: Kenneth Futornick, 11A



Diane Margolis XI-B

WINNER — JUNIOR POETRY

FUNNY, AIN'T IT?

When the old man was a young man,
The young man was ideal.
He never swore, he never erred,
He was pretty well unreal.

When the near goals were all far goals,
He never asked for aid.
He worked, he slaved, he sweated,
And never once complained.

When hard cash wasn't ready cash,
He never begged a raise.
His money came the hard way,
("The only way, those days.")

Now the young man's turned an old man;
His children find it strange:
He talks of all his virtues —
Funny how he's changed!

Ella Schwartz 9-B

PEACE STILLNESS SOLITUDE

Peace. Stillness Solitude

All quiet without me — within me the
seething, rushing, splashing, gushing,
flashing rain-of-a-storm

Releases me,
Subdues me

Peace. Stillness

The drops on my hair
fall moisturizing and heating this dry and
clean, cold white-of-a-manufactured-paper

The ink of poems surging into
my harmony.

Peace. There is my quiet outside — brown,
crisp notes of my song

fallen from the orchestra
of trees — now still, now not
crackling, now snoozing in the undulating
grass-of-a-sea

Darkness — duskiness of a misty
morning — does my light kindle — does it
glimmer in the cotton-candy-of-my-
cathartic-fog?

No Time to strait-jacket me!
No mocking arms
of a machine pressurizing me
Freedom of spirit envelop me

Peace Stillness Solitude Dusk

Harvey Mayne 11-B

Autumn

I love the Autumn—it's kin to me,
I think of myself as a maple tree
In a gypsy dress of brilliant leaves,
My hair is fine as golden sheaves
Of wheat in a rippling field—
Lying rich and bare to mountain and God.
The pungent smell of fresh-turned sod,
Musky smoke, a vivid shawl,
A lonely marsh, the last bird's call—
The russet apple yield.

Indian summer—the dusky haze
Means cornfields and corncobs,
And one hoss'—shays,
And patchwork quilts and spelling bees,
And bitter smell of burning leaves.
For the space and sun where road meets sky—
A mountain stream, a brook run dry,
All these bring back old memories divine —
The death of maple, the scent of pine.

Maureen Kolomier 8-E

WINNER—SENIOR POETRY



Diane Margolis 11-E

THE SAD VICISSITUDES OF LIFE

OR

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN WHILE PICKING BERRIES IN THE WOODS

As I was picking berries in the woods with my two friends, Dexter and Ichabod, whom I had met at Camp Pococotopectin, a strange thing occurred. I had bent down to tie my shoelace (I did this only because it had become untied) and when I got up again, I noticed that Dexter and Ichabod had disappeared. In their place, however, stood two dishevelled tree stumps. At the time this did not seem unusual in itself, as they were non-conformist anyhow. However, I became concerned when I sat down on one of them (Dexter, I believe) and it bit me. It was then that I decided that this state of affairs could no longer be tolerated. Thinking back upon the day's events, I attempted to deduce from what had occurred that day the reason for these happenings.

Dawn had come earlier than usual to Camp Pococotopectin. The sun had risen majestically in the west. (This was really not so unusual as the earth was turning backwards that day.) Large, billowy, black clouds, were already being blown in from the south by the strong north winds.

It was just a regular summer day.

Most of us had stayed in camp that day because of rumors of an impending chicken stampede. It was, therefore, with great courage and temerity that we started out on our berry-picking expedition. Our trip had been largely uneventful. We had stopped on the way to nibble bits out of a sorcerer's house (although the bricks didn't taste very good) but that was all.

* * *

It then occurred to me (by shrewd deductive reasoning) that the sorcerer might be at fault, so I decided to investigate.

I came to a path which had been beaten clear by the frequent chicken stampedes, which were common in that area. At once, I spotted the sorcerer, standing near his outdoor barbeque. I perceived that he was roasting some boys, but as they were from Camp Mitygitchee Manitou, which had recently beaten us in the mumblety-peg championships, I did not interrupt him.

After he had finished, I introduced myself and asked, "Sir, did you change my friends into three stumps because they nibbled at your house?"

He was silent, chewing on a piece of frog's liver. Then peering curiously at me, he broke the suspense. "Are you the philosopher stone?" he asked.

"What? . . . No," I replied.

"Well, then, did you own the berry patch down the road?"

"No," he replied, suavely chewing on a newt's toenail.

"By the way," he added, "would you happen to know a boy named Hansel. I've been looking for him . . ."

"Then, why", I interrupted "did you stump my friends?"

"Because they were disrespectful to their elders," he said, sucking intently on a bat's ear.

"You mean . . ."

"Yes," he replied, leisurely changing himself back and forth from a whooping crane to a green flamingo. "They were eating ELDER berries".

"Oh," I answered.

* * *

I knew it was getting late in the day because the sun had begun to set in the east, and so I started back towards Camp Pococotopectin, contemplating the vicissitudes of life, green flamingoes, and the upcoming quoits tournament between us and Camp Smith.

Michael Silverstein 9-A

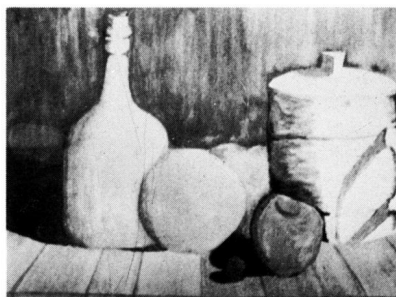


Judy Kawalek IX-D

THE ART CORNER . . .



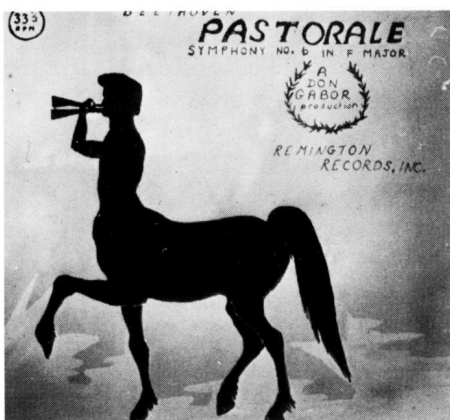
Diane Margolis X1-



Viviane Woo X-E



Edie Schneiderman X-E
(Linoleum cut)



Riva Spier X-F



Susan Cheifetz X1-C

"I come and stand at every door
But none can hear my silent tread
I knock and yet remain unseen
For I am dead, for I am dead.

"I'm only seven tho' I died
In Hiroshima long ago
I'm seven now as I was then
When children die, they do not grow."

(Hiroshima 1&2)

A child is dead. A bomb fell. A world is destroyed. Blood, the stench of burning hair and flesh—Peace. But how can one live with peace when all that resembles home is a pile of ashes? How can one live with peace when all that resembles mother is a body charred beyond recognition? How can one live with the child who is deformed? How can one live with Peace?

How can man turn himself into a weapon and burn and murder and destroy? How can man claim, "I didn't do it. I was merely obeying orders. I merely pulled a trigger. I merely pushed a button. I merely turned a gas valve. I merely murdered. I merely destroyed a world. I'm innocent!"

A man haunted by children's cries. A man haunted by death—a man haunted by life. A refugee.

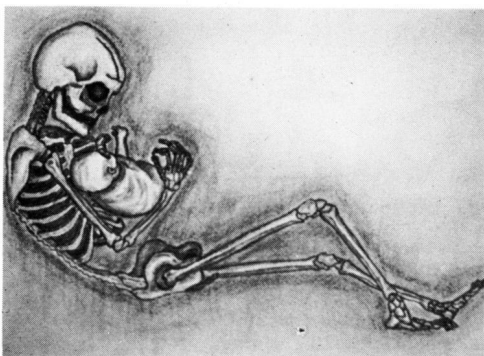
The morning dawned bright and sunny. Emerging from his cave he was blinded by its brightness and saw nothing.

But only yesterday there were fields. Only yesterday green, gold and red wove beautiful patterns. Yesterday there were silver streams and blue oceans. Only yesterday there was beauty and light. Yesterday there was hope, children, yesterday there was life.

Frantically he ran for his wife and child, his father and mother, sister and brother. He ran for his world, he ran for his life! But all that was left was man and Death. The two great powers, the two everlasting powers—man and Death. For life was no more than a thing of the past.—A vague memory of beauty, of love, of happiness—a child, a wife, a world.

A vague memory of the past—but a beautiful one

Anna Fishman 11-F



Harvey Lubin XI-E



Rosalinde Katz, 11H

LE CONCOURS

La nuit a plongé la petite ville en noirceur. Tous les citoyens allaient chez eux pour passer une nuit plaisante avec leurs familles.

M. Georges Larangère avait eu un jour vexant et quand il est arrivé finalement chez lui, il était très surpris de voir sa maison en noirceur. Sa femme et ses trois enfants, où étaient-ils?

Il est entré dans la maison. Il n'a rien entendu. Il a donné de la lumière dans le salon. Toutes les choses dans la salle étaient à leurs propres places. Il cherchait une chose qui lui montrerait quelque chose d'étrange.

Quand il s'est rendu compte qu'il ne pourrait pas trouver une réponse à la question qui avait commencé à le tourmenter, il a téléphoné la police.

Le sergent de la station a décroché le récepteur comme d'habitude. Quand il a entendu ce que M. Larangère a en a dire, il a commencé à parler avec excitation.

"Vous avez dit une dame et trois enfants, monsieur? Eh bien, écoutez cela! Il y a quatre ou cinq heures, quand le téléphone a sonné et quelqu'un m'a demandé où il peut trouver Mme. Georges Larangère. Puisque je n'ai pas eu de soupçon et je lui ai donné votre numéro de téléphone. Votre femme m'a téléphoné une demi-heure après ça et m'a dit qu'elle avait gagné une grande somme d'argent à un concours."

M. Larangère l'a interrompu. "Mais je ne sais pas encore où je peux trouver ma famille!"

"Monsieur", a dit le sergent en riant, "ils sont ici, et votre femme a laissé une petite note sur la table dans la cuisine."

M. Larangère est tombé dans une chaise. Il était déconcerté, mais maintenant il a compris la situation. Dix minutes après, sa femme heureuse et ses enfants souriants sont entrés dans la maison. En voyant l'expression de leur mari et père, il lui ont demandé ce qui n'allait pas. Il les a regardés et il s'est éclaté à rire. "Rien, ma famille," il leur a dit, "seulement que j'ai eu une expérience insolite ce soir; et maintenant racontez-moi votre prix!"

Bryna Shatenstein, 11C

Le chemin
 Etendu long devant moi
 Mes pieds lents
 parmi le déchet
 Mes yeux se fermant
 contre la saleté
 Mon poing serré
 à cause de la douleur
 De la laideur
 de cette scène
 Je marche sur les têtes cassées
 des dieux plastiques
 Brisés contre le duré
 contre le trottoir
 Contre les mûrs
 Et la rue mouillée
 par mon chagrin
 Par mon malheur
 par mes larmes
 Mon éternité existe
 sans commencement
 sans hâte
 et pire, sans bût
 Est composée
 des bidons vides
 qui couvrent le chemin
 où je marche
 sans cesse

Mais
 Contre le gris
 ma jeunesse
 Malgré l'éternité
 ma vie
 Quant à la réalité
 je suis
 Et quoique cela soit
 entre le débris
 Entre les larmes
 entre les cris
 Je serai
 et je verai
 Un ciel bleu
 Un arbre nu
 Une terre blanche
 et dans la douceur
 Un cuir en bandoulière

Sylvia Soyka, 10-B



Trudy Ludmer

UNE ANECTODE

Une chose très amusante m'est arrivée, il y a deux ans. Cet incident a eu lieu pendant mes vacances d'été. Toute la semaine j'ai nagé, j'ai joué au tennis et je me suis exposée au soleil, jusqu'à ce que je pensais que j'allais mourir d'ennui! J'ai manqué de la compagnie.

Quand nos amis de Montréal sont venus pour passer leur vacances avec nous, j'étais très heureuse parce qu'ils sont venus avec leur fils qui était plus âgé que moi. Il était charmant, gentil et aimable. Le seul désavantage était sa hauteur—il était très petit! Tant pis, j'étais très contente d'avoir sa compagnie et d'être invitée au cinéma. Tout était mieux que de s'ennuyer toute seule.

Samedi soir, nous sommes partis pour le cinéma à pied parce qu'il n'était pas trop loin et c'était une belle soirée pour faire une promenade. Nous n'avons pas attendus trop longtemps bien qu'il n'y avait pas beaucoup de monde autour de la caisse du cinéma.

En Amérique il y a des prix spéciaux pour les enfants moins de quatorze ans. Finalement notre tour est arrivé, mais je ne savais pas quelle sorte de surprise m'attendait! Imaginez donc que mon ami devait payer un billet d'adulte pour moi, tandis que pour lui-même il devait payer un billet d'enfant! Ce n'est pas toujours juste de juger l'âge par la taille. Quelque fois cela peut devenir embarrasement, comme dans cette situation!!

par: Hélène Englander, 11B

THE LOOKING GLASS

A childhood comes to be within a dream—a
 Stream of thought ne'er o'erflowing its banks.
 A glimpse of what once was and was not—say,
 But this hour is not

A second turns the clock back a hundred more
 In echoes of a life once lived, now gone.
 Only the white comes forth; no grey may enter
 Where only blackness throbbled.

What herculean task would be to set aside that
 Unreal and phantom world of crooked shadows, unfelt pain—
 Not seek comfort in green fields and castles,
 Long forgotten castles of long forgotten foes.

And then: emerge from having groped about awhile
 In hidden chambers of daylight's darkness
 To the world of stone and lamp-posts
 From vanishing mists of recollections.

An ending that is only the beginning, or so they say
 (But we know better).
 Is that why we return to half-life, half truths of infancy
 And succumb to so bitter-sweet a folly?

Michael Herzig 11-A

Depuis trois années consécutives, je travaille avec les élèves français dans une école de musique française. Elle était nommée après le compositeur des pièces de musique, Vincent d'Indy Il avait demeuré en France pendant la plus grande partie de sa vie. Après seulement les trois ans, j'apprenais plusieurs termes de musique et je trouvais bien des adages-par exemple, "Comment ça va?" ou "Je pense que non." Et beaucoup ne sont pas appris dans nos écoles anglaises. Aussi, j'y faisais la connaissance de belles jeunes filles françaises. Il est incroyable combien on peut gagner d'amis français. Mais ce ne doit pas passer seulement dans une institution même que ça. Montréal, très très grande, est pleine de gens français qui voudraient faire la connaissance de gens anglais.

Quand je fais du ski en hiver, dans les Laurentides, je rencontre plusieurs gens français sur les téléskis qui montent les collines. Ces personnes veulent, je suis certain, avoir des amis pour donner tout ce qu'ils peuvent en moyen de langue différence.

Si on veut devenir homme d'affaires, il faut savoir le français pour acheter ou vendre les choses aux personnes françaises. C'est très important pour vivre avec prospérité et succès dans le Québec et au Canada à l'avenir.

Le moindre qu'on peut faire maintenant, c'est près de vous. C'est le Cercle Français. Dans cette organisation, qui devrait avoir chaque élève de l'école comme membre; on peut apprendre la langue mais seulement un petit peu. Le meilleur moyen est de parler avec les gens français, qui parlent le vrai patois de Québec. Alors, parlez français avec eux!

par: Arno Rosemarin, 11D



Harvey Lubin, XI-E

HOW I SEE MYSELF

Some people when they dream, imagine themselves rich and happy. But my dreams are almost nightmares; for this is how I see myself.

It is dark and the darkness falls upon me like a heavy cloak, enveloping my head so that I stumble blindly forward. The ground is rough and rocky, and my feet move slowly as they find a way through the maze of stone. My hands try to move aside the brush and trees that try to bar my way as I go forward. The branches scrape my face and my mouth can taste blood as it trickles down my cheeks. My eyes stare blindly in front of me. Fear is everywhere. It is in my shaking limbs and in the air itself.

I am running from something or someone. I don't know what; yet I plunge farther and farther, knowing I can't turn back. Where does safety lie? I don't know. I hear a movement behind me and break into a run.

The way is getting harder as I beat out a path. It seems to be darker, and the undergrowth and the hanging masses seem to be denser. I hear a shrill piercing cry and then realize it is my own.

My head begins to swim as the enveloping cloak becomes too much. The world in front of me appears as a kaleidoscope. My feet are numb and my arms bruised and aching. The inside of my mouth burns and my heart is palpitating furiously. I try to move my feet onward, onward; yet each step feels as though it is my last. My useless arms can no longer push a way through the brush so that my head may follow uninjured.

I slip and fall. I cry out for help. No one hears me. My throat begs for water, yet there is no one to hear its plea and obey. I feel a sharp pain along my forehead and in my stomach. I must have hurt them when I fell.

The tears roll down my face from my tired, tortured eyes. Almost everything is black now, and the air is sticky, yet cold and chilling. I am like a child now, afraid to be on its own. I cry out to my mother, forgetting that she is dead and buried, and no help to me.

I feel something breathing upon my neck. Then I know that I will not live to see this dark, dense, frightening, world; wake up and see morning and a new day.

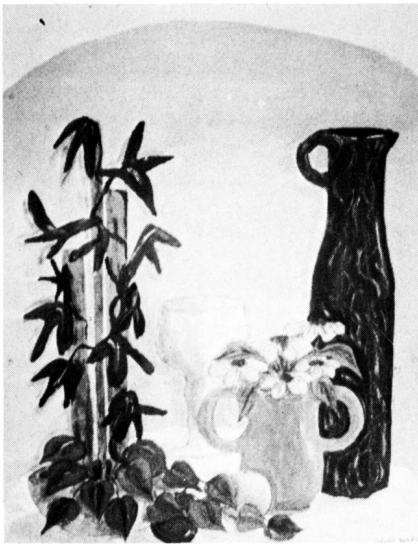
Rosalinde Katz, 11H

Someone laughs
Someone cries
And yet the sound
 echoes the same
Emotion.
 like
 — a nylon stocking round your neck
 like
 — you're choking
 like
 — you're dying
 gonna die
 are dead.
And who's to judge?
The nylon manufacturer?
Who's he?
Some nobody
 a number,
Who laughs, cries and dies.
Some joke
But that's the way it feels.

Someone whispers
Brown eyes cry
And yet the sound
 echoes the same
— like
 be proud of yourself
 stand up and be proud
 like —
 I'm afraid
 like —
 are you sonny?
 like
 I was
 no more
 and never again.

Heidi Hess 11-D

THE ART CORNER REVISITED . . .



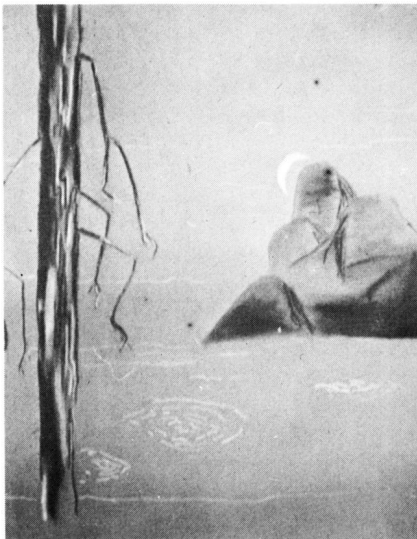
Terry Wolkove 1X-D



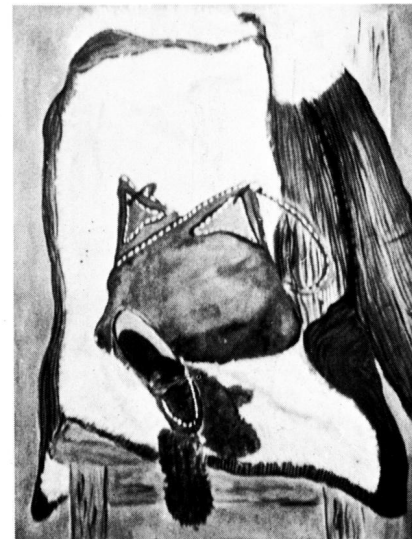
Susan Cheifetz X1-C



Viviane Woo X1-C
(Linoleum cut)



Sharon Cobrin X



Edie Schneiderman X1-C

THE EARTHWORM UPON FURTHER STUDY

An annelid,
the earthworm is segmented.
So too is Man,
divided right down the centre, Black and White.
(one half follows the law, the other makes it)—
—a tidy settlement and most just.
It's called cell specialization,
or was it division of labour?

The earthworm has an epidermis
(or dermis of some kind or other)
So too has Man—
Over centuries he has erected a barrier of hate
and superstition.
(it's called Bias)

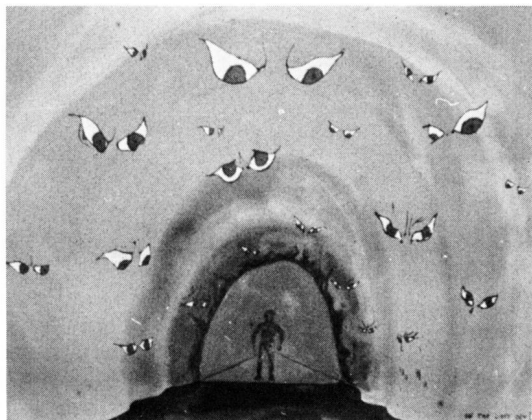
The earthworm is quite primitive—
When annoyed it buries its
anterior setae in the
soil, and so departs for the
sanctity of the burrow.

A human, on the other hand,
being more intelligent,
organizes friends to protest.
Failing in this, he
reverts to hate literature.

The earthworm,
rather stupid,
has not yet learned to
produce the Bomb.
This puts Man two
steps ahead.
(or in the grave)

Allan Rosenzweig 11-D

In the Lion's Den



Harvey Lubin XI-E



Susan Cheifetz XI-C

LA VIOLENCE DANS NOS TEMPS

La violence est un danger toujours présent ou en assaut criminel contre un homme ou en force injuste de nation contre une autre nation.

Il y a de la violence dans tous les coins du monde. En Viet Nam il n'y a pas seulement une bataille entre le Nord et le Sud, mais aussi un combat entre le Communisme et le Libre.

En Novembre de 1963, une autre forme de violence a choqué le monde. John Fitzgerald Kennedy a été tué par une balle d'assassin à Dallas, Texas. C'était un acte cruel et choquant démontrant la violence dirigé contre un homme, une famille, une nation et contre tout le monde. Voici dans un pays dévoué aux concepts des arguments raisonné et "paisible" change de politique, personne ne peut croire qu'une telle chose puisse se passer.

Récemment il y avait eu une guerre civile contre les Grecs et les Turs communautés sur l'île de Cyprus. Aujourd'hui les Indiens se battent encore avec les Pakistanis.

Mais pire que tout, dans la nation très civilisé d'Amérique discernement est une barrière toujours présente. La Résistance à la Révolution Nège était forte en Mississippi en 1964. Harlem, New York, était la scène de beaucoup d'éruptions d'hostilités dans lesquelles blancs et nèges étaient blessés.

La violence de nos temps ne s'est pas concentrée parmi les adultes seulement. Les Jeunes Délinquents sont un problème important avec les troupes de rues encore en effet.

Dans le Québec même le F.L.Q. et le A.L.Q., deux groupes de Séparatistes, dans une furie ont présenté encore une autre forme de violence—des bombes et des menaces de bombes étaient trop fréquents dans les mois précédents.

Dans chaque société il y avaient les chefs, les savants—les bons, et aussi les criminels, les rebelles—la violence.

Il y avait toujours été violence. Violence continuera jusqu'au temps quand les forces du bon pèsent plus que les forces du mal.

Rhea Abrams, 11B

WINNER—JUNIOR PROSE

PARADE OF DEATH

The tall, haughty woman in the green hat glared indignantly at the obscure little man who had just elbowed her in the back. As he scurried off into the crowd the tall woman glanced at her jeweled watch: 4:05. She would be late for the subway car. At exactly 4:10 she gave an abrupt convulsive jerk and toppled directly in front of an oncoming train. The green hat floated clumsily through the air and landed at the little man's feet.

The little man sat serenely behind his massive mahogany desk, a smile of satisfaction slowly spreading across his face. He was somewhat hunchbacked but his air of definite superiority made up for this defect. The large, neatly kept moustache, which spread from one corner of his mouth to the other, matched the jet-black hair which was plastered against his forehead. Webbed fingers and oversized hands rounded off his neanderthal appearance. Before him sat a strange array of chief executives, representing some of the largest underworld organizations. Each was familiar with the little man only by the name of "The Liquidator."

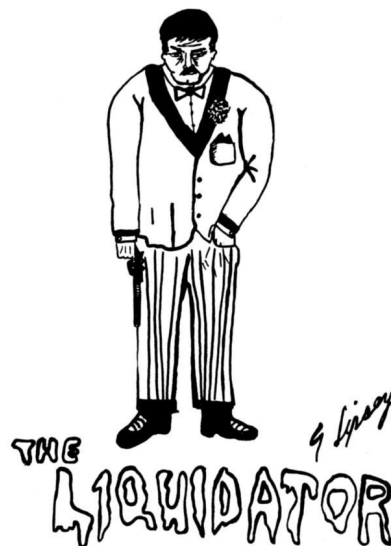
"Monsieur Liquidator, you have proven your mettle," spoke LeCavalier, the French representative, "But tell us, for curiosity's sake, how did you manage the feat?"

"In actuality," replied the Liquidator, with the wisp of a Latin-American accent, "it was quite an elementary operation. A wire with a needle attached was run from my elbow to a specially treated belt which generated five hundred forty-six volts of electricity. I thrust the needle into a certain minute spot on the spinal cord, which carried the charge directly to the brain. Calculating perfectly, the electric charge destroyed enough tissue to prove fatal in exactly three hundred seconds."

"Ole!" cried Rodregez, the Spanish delegate, "You passed our test with flying colours. Now let us review our position and your job. Kahlmann, you know the details best."

"Jawahl mine herr!" said the German executive, "To recount what we discussed previously our four organizations have decided to overtake a country, Brazil to be exact. Our plot is to assassinate the president of Brazil, throw the nation into a state of anarchy, and overrun its public offices with our own people. Your job, herr Liquidator, is to assassinate the president so we can claim to be saviors of the country and denounce his former administration as the murderers. Have you yet formulated a plan of action?"

"Gentlemen," said the Liquidator in slow deliberate tones, "after meditating upon the matter for a considerable amount of time, I have come to the conclusion that the following is the most efficient method of liquidation. In one week less one day there will be a festival parade honouring the president. One of the band masters will be a mercenary of mine. His long baton in reality is a high-powered rifle with silencer. Being a crack shot he will shoot the president through the left eye, and the band leader will only seem to be performing a baton trick. By the angle of entry the bullet will be judged to have been fired from the crowd. I have reserved in advance a platform on the parade route from which you may view the spectacle."



"I think your plan is superb," said Mr. Roccario of the Mafia, "Nevertheless we all have other appointments, so, arriverdedia!"

Six days later in Rio DeJanero the parade was under way. The president was waving cheerfully at his loving public. Half a block away sat three distinguished-looking gentlemen, gazing expectantly at the oncoming band. Mr. Roccario was not present for he had said that he had other business elsewhere. Ever so slowly the man with the baton advanced upon the president. Twenty yards to go . . . the three executives strained all senses to the utmost peak. Five yards . . . the anxiety was unbearable. Three yards . . . one. A deadening explosion rocked the atmosphere. Three finely dressed bodies were flung high above the crowd. The next day the papers read: "Three Die in Parade Catastrophe. The unfortunate deaths of Andre LeCavalier, Juan Rodregez, and Otto Kahlmann were caused by a main gas line exploding beneath their platform . . ."

Roccario sat beaming before the Liquidator, "I commend you on your excellent efficiency. With those three gone I now have supreme right over the underworld. The false plot to take over Brazil worked like a charm."

"I am happy you are pleased. If you would find it convenient I would like my fee of five hundred thousand dollars."

"Ah yes, your fee." In one swift movement Roccario slipped the luger from its shoulder holster and pumped three bullets into the infamous Liquidator. "You see, now I have absolutely no competition." Without any hesitation he whirled around and walked confidently out the door.

"The fool," thought the Liquidator before the eternal darkness set in on him, I placed a miniature time bomb on his lapel to go off in eight and one half minutes. Then I would be the one to have undisputable supremacy."

Eight and one half minutes later an explosion shattered the silence of the night.

Stanley Lipsey 9-D

*arrivederia: an Italian word meaning
"see you again"

RE-ENTRY

Depression
Its shadow webbs me in
And drags me down.
Alone.

Life closes in on me, and with each breath I find
myself suffocating.

People.

I find I must escape, or I become cornered, and
death creeps upon my spirit.

My refuge the sea.

The waves totter on the brink of birth, rise strongly,
surely to their conquering, height-defying peak and
suddenly, unexpectedly, they release their roar, the
non-submittance to death, as they crash down into
the stillness of after-death. Back and forth, birth and
death, so soon.

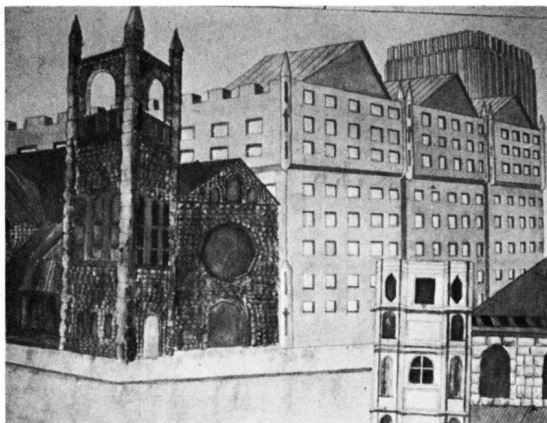
Captivated by the twisting and tossing of these
untamed waters, the wildness from deep within me
stirs. They are unchained, mighty, and laughing. Their
lives are short, yet unconquerable in power, for in
truth they are undefeated, untamed until death. And
I cry out in self-pity, but in vain, for human instincts
bring to light my limitations.

No one is around, and the friendly, sympathetic
breakers have worked their purpose for I am com-
forted. A silent black cat, unbidden, has crept into
the depth of my soul, has lightened my burden and
left peace in its place.

The thick air is no longer difficult to breath and
my spirit finds itself escaped from the claws of suf-
focation.

On the water-drenched shore, the bare footprints
which follow me explain to the sea my exit. I look
up into the sky with a smile on my lips. I hold my
head up high, and am able to re-enter the world of
society, at least for a little while.

Liz Wexler 11-E



Viviane Woo X-E

MONTREAL

Grey steel leaning
Wide beams straight edge
Stretching far there
Into the cold empty air
Too much air

Narrow noisy
Crowded reeking
Fashions popping
Windows stopping
'Mid streaming mobs
Treading a way
And all still in the dull hum
Till suddenly the buzz overwhelming

Then turn to face
The dark night breeze
The cool excitement
Hand in hand with laughter
Running wild until
the tears run too

And all is lost—
The reds and greens one
With the orange and blue
Purple and pink
One with the blinking yellow light
One with the black forever

Red carpet roads leading up—
White stone in soft velvet emeralds
With spring brown standing guard
Winding ribbon round
Not far the rickety-rack
Victoria's spiral black still makes its way
And mud brown leads the day
With shadow pink
Enhance lost memories of
Oh! Henry and Hershey
Lingering in those corners

Too much the heavy world?
Then climb and let the load tumble
Escape the roar the age has brought
Flee to love green
Roll in the tall
Rising high to their swaying tips
Stroll the worn paths
Of light hearts touching
And shy eyes burrowed
In deep endlessness
Wiping away the city

So tired weary eyes
But even so the heaven
Pink and orange paradise
Over the building tops
Soft light warms the cold
Then shut them
Close
Still it is there, hidden deep

Sylvia Soyka 10-B