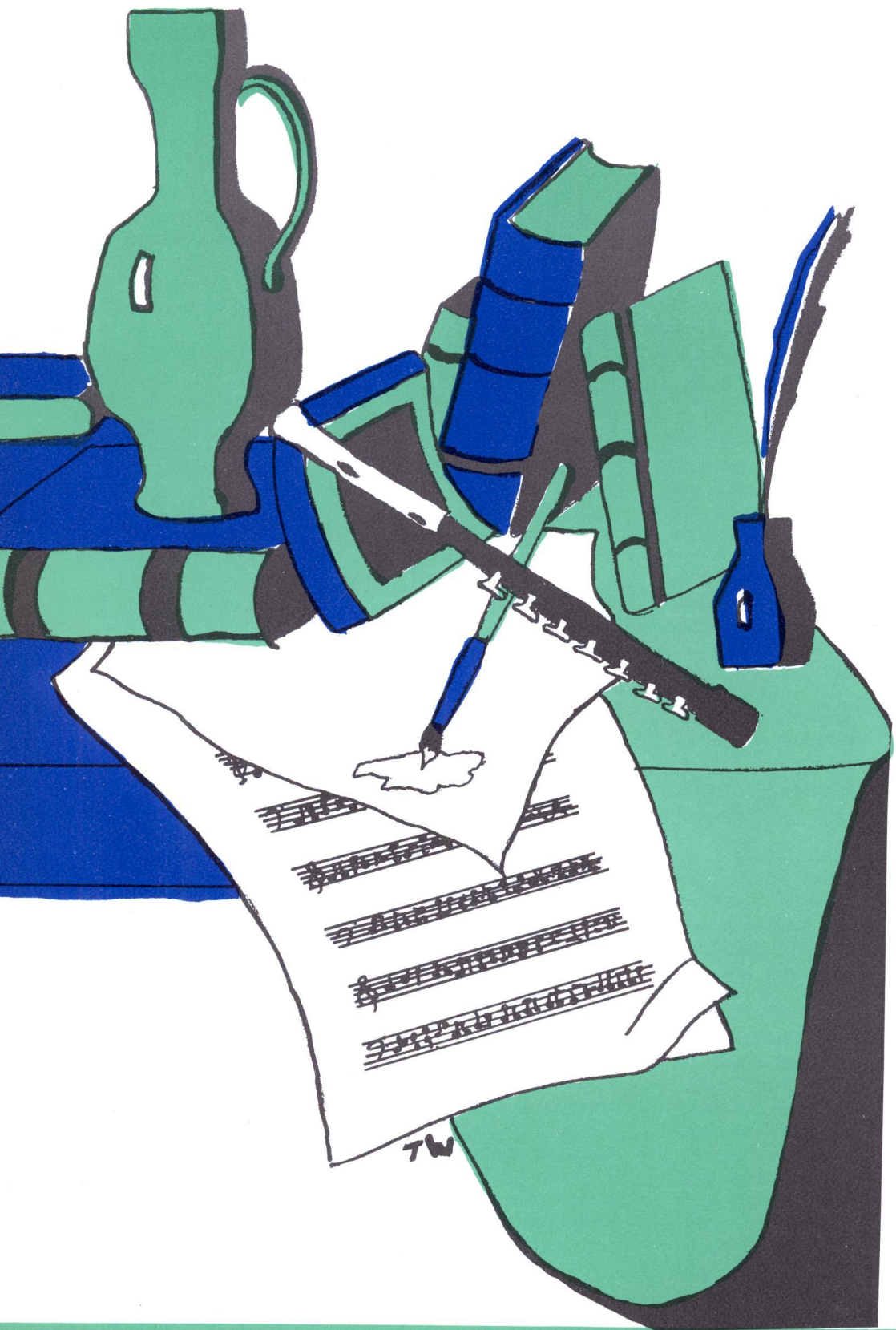


ARTS & MUSIC



TW

PRAYER IN MID-FLIGHT

DEAR LORD, WE PRAY

I love you, yeh!

FOR OUR DAILY BREAD

but she loves you too

AND FOR YOUR FORGIVENESS

and your xke

FOR ALL OUR SINS.

so mosey on down

LEAD US NOT, WE ASK

to the corner bar

INTO TEMPTATION

wth your new blond broad

BUT DELIVER US

in her red sports car

FROM ALL EVIL.

Sylvia Soyka

Rm. 305

Level 4.

OF APES AND MEN

A pastoral romance

Summer had come early to Camp Pococotopectin, so early, in fact, that campers were forced to march through two feet of snow in a raging blizzard to arrive at their tents. In a few months, however, the snow had disappeared and it became warm enough to venture outside. Being in a venturesome mood, I gathered together my two confrères, Dexter and Ichabod and, machetes in hand, we set forth to penetrate the thick underbrush of the Amazon River.

It was a long journey (3,436 miles to be exact) but at length we reached the mouth of the Amazon and were at once swallowed up by the river. We would surely have drowned, but I, in a stroke of cunning brilliance, grabbed Ichabod's algebra book¹. I quickly turned to the appendix and found the logarithm tables with which I constructed a rough log raft.

We paddled day and night for three hours when we decided, with great fear and courage, to step ashore.

As we walked through the dense, uninhabitable jungle, we noticed its queer inhabitants. A bemused man in a loin cloth appeared, beat his chest and exclaimed, "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?" Unabashed we moved along until a savage, cannibalistic head-hunter jumped into our path. In his hand was a skull, and with a fierce look in his eye, he expostulated, "Alas poor Yorick, I knew him well."

Much affected by these strange events we rambled on, saying nothing. Soon we came to a clearing, and there we saw the wizard who had recently transformed Dexter and Ichabod into dirty, disshevelled tree trunks (which, incidentally, was the form in which they were now travelling). My friends were naturally afraid of meeting with the wizard, but by quoting to them from "The Power of Positive Thinkng" and other deep philosophic works, I convinced them to

greet the wizard, who promptly converted them to a pair of grinning orangutans. The wizard burped and galloped away. By the time I had finished laughing over the sad misfortune of my friends, I saw that they were nowhere to be seen.

I set out at once in search of the pair. Although it was becoming dark I kept up my spirits by humming the tuneful strains of Mozart's Requiem.

My quest soon took me to the famed Orangutan Hilton, which is the summer home of any ape who's anybody (or anybody who's an ape). I sauntered into the recreation area (wearing dark glasses to make myself inconspicuous). I spied two apes who were playing ping-pong. Could these be my friends? I went over to them.

"Are you my friends, Dexter and Ichabod?" I asked politely.

"No habla Espagnol," one of them replied caustically, hitting me on the head with his ping-pong paddle. These were obviously not my friends.

I spotted two other likely orangutans, playing chess. They were absorbed in thought. Cautiously, one of them moved his rook with his right foot. It was useless to interrupt them at such a critical moment so I waited the end of the game. Later I asked them,

"Are you Dexter and Ichagod, my friends?"

They broke out in a dazzling chorus of "Yes, We Have No Bananas."

Alas! They, too were not my friends.

Suddenly, I saw in the distance two orangutans. They were dirty, unkempt, and drooled at the mouth. As I approached them they grunted and scratched their sides, I was overjoyed. These were surely my friends. For a moment I thought of leaving them there and going off without them, but I decided against it. For the best laid schemes of apes and men gang oft a 'glae.²

Without losing my casual manner I sauntered over to them and said coolly, "Dexter and Ichagod, I presume?"

"Eep, eep," replied Dexter.

"Eep, eep," replied Ichabod.

We then hurried back to Camp Pococotopectin, so as not to be late for the backgammon tournament with Camp Mitygitchiemanitou.

¹ Ichabod carried his Algebra book with him at all times for often, in a moment of frustration and/or despair, he would take out his Algebra book and meditate upon its sublime truths.

² Any reader attempting to find a connection between this statement and the story will be extremely disappointed.

Michael Silverstein
Room 204
Level 3.

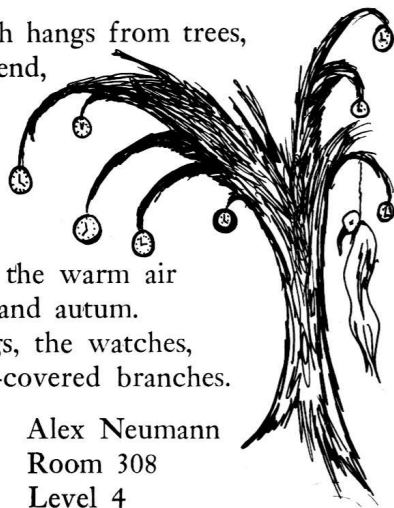
GIFT OF SPEECH”

-Simonides

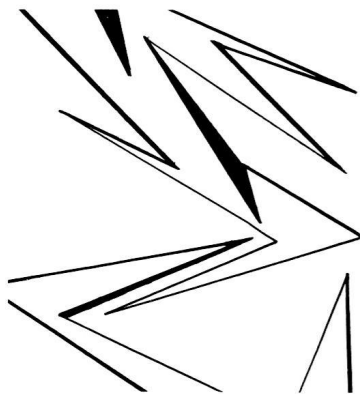
THIRD TIME TREE

be there time, which hangs from trees,
signifying its own end,
along with the end
of others.

but like spring,
there is a rebirth,
all is new, young,
allowed to breathe the warm air
of spring, summer and autumn.
then again it swings, the watches,
from lonely, snow-covered branches.



Alex Neumann
Room 308
Level 4
Wagar Page 51



ON WAITING FOR THE BELL

There are no birds today,
No birds to greet my searching eyes.
No birds to help me pass away the time.

Gliding,

Zooming across satin cushions of air.

Gone for the winter.

They have gone,

For it is cold out there.

And why should they freeze

just to make my mind light?

——— only the cauliflower sheets and laundry,

bouncing reluctantly in the wind;

pulling on the line.

I know — for like me they pass the time,

Still, ——— no birds.

Eli Herscovitch
Room 311
Level 4

L'ORGEUIL EST TOUJOURS PUNI

Il y avait, une fois, un arbre d'une taille impressionnante qui régnait au bord d'un lac majestueux. Même le vent le plus violent ne parvenait à faire plier ses branches. Ses racines immenses et ses feuilles d'un coloris splendide étaient l'orgueil de ce roi qui gouvernait son domaine. Cependant, aussi beau, aussi somptueux qu'il parassait à la surface, son âme était noire. Car cet arbre avait un coeur de glace.

Mais hélas, son bonheur causait le malheur de ses voisins. Car ses racines gigantesques chassaient celles des autres habitants de son domaine. A cause de leur impuissance et de leur manque d'espace, les autres arbres suffoquaient petit à petit.

“Je te prie, O Roi de notre domaine,” supplia une épinette. “Donne-nous un peu d'espace pour que nous puissions vivre aussi à notre aise.”

“Tu es tellement grand et robuste,” ajouta un sapin minuscule, “que tu peux te permettre de nous faire un peu de place.”

Mais leurs supplications aussi touchantes qu'elles fussent ne pouvaient guère faire fondre la glace qui couvrait son mauvais coeur. L'arbre était trop fier de lui-même pour aider son prochain. De jour en jour la même scène se répétait, mais en vain.

Lorsqu'un jour, finalement, le destin changea son cours pour un meilleur but. Des bûcherons qui passaient par hasard, s'aperçurent de la triste situation dans laquelle les petits arbres se trouvaient. Et parce que c'était leur devoir, ils commencèrent à abattre et à déraciner cet arbre egoïste, qui à son tour comprit ce que c'est que la souffrance et la peur de mourir.

Peu de temps après, il succombait sous les coups des hâches des bûcherons. Finalement, il expira.

Mary-Loo Artinoff
Room 203
Level 3

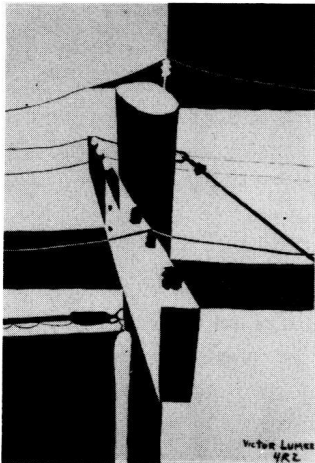
LA PAIX

La Paix:

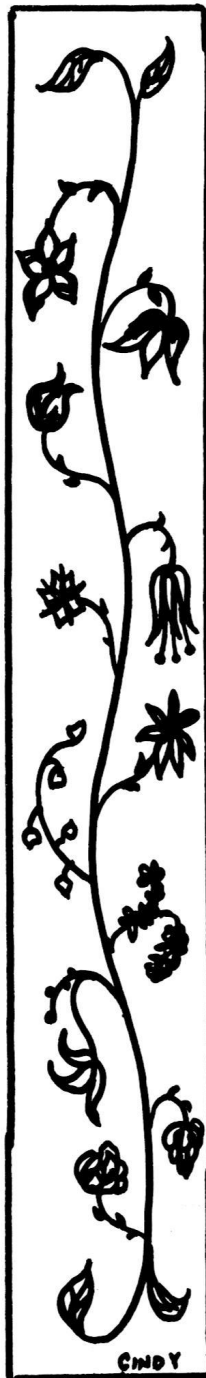
Qu'est-ce que c'est?
C'est un monde tranquille,
Le soleil qui brille
Sur tout ce qui est bon.
C'est un enfant riant,
Un oiseau qui chante,
Bonheur d'occasion.
C'est la mer roulante
Les vents chuchotants
Les fleurs douces.
C'est la pluie nouvelle,
Un arc-au-ciel
Qui mène au pot d'or.
C'est la cloche de la joie,
La lumière de l'espoir,
L'amour pour tous.
C'est

La Paix . . .

Barbara Sourkes
Rm. 300A
Level 4.



Victor Lumer



THE WORLD OF THE SUN

She lay in the numbing heat of the noonday sun, drowned in the stillness of deserted windlessness, prostrate on a gaudy tourist beach-towel. The sensitive skin of her arms and legs was dry and red, and it hurt to look at.

It was the sudden shadow more than the sound of approaching that made her stir. The intermission - - the abrupt obstruction of the heat — sent shivers along her body and she opened her eyes, slowly lifting the lids to reveal wide, open brown life beneath them. Her first awareness was of the sun pulsating above her — it was feeling rather than seeing: Her eyes knew its intensity. She wriggled the toes of her right foot in the sand. Hot. Burning. A slight breeze came from the water and on it the dry smell of salt. She craned her neck to see the ocean; instead she saw a vague green mass against an infinite yellow-blue. Slowly she put her head back on the towel and looked up.

I'm burned.

I know.

It will hurt.

Get up — slowly. Wait. Put your shoes on first: You can't walk in this sand barefoot.

I know.

The wooden shutters were pulled down and the sunlight streaming in between the slats was harmless. The electric fan purred softly in the siesta-quiet of the darkened room. The cream was cool on her burning stomach and his hand was soothing as it spread the medicated grease on her body.

Have you finished?

Go to sleep now. It has to sink in or something. You'll feel better later.

I am too heavy for me to move myself. Even my mind is an unbearable burden.

Why did you lie in that sun? You knew what would happen.

I wanted to broil my skin. I wanted to feel you soothe it and restore its sensibility. I wanted to lie without thinking. Why don't you smear my body with raw tomato?

Go to sleep.

She stole from her bed and tip-toed out of the room so as not to wake him. He moved his legs. She stopped. No, he was still sleeping. She shut the door with a sigh of relief. The next door opened into the bathroom: Water would only dry out her skin.

Across the hall, through the open archway, was a recessed entity which for a moment appeared a doll-house room. She blinked and walked into it. The sun was not as strong here so the shutters did not have to block the afternoon daylight. She stopped in front of

the refrigerator, stretched and pulled the handle. The door open, she stood, somehow transfixed, contemplating the subtleties of sun exposure on the Riviera Adriatica. Reaching into the cool of the fridge, she felt for the large bottle of milk until she found it, then held it before her face, determining whether to drink all that was left from the bottle. In the end she poured half the contents into a glass. She put the glass on the table and, after returning the bottle to its place, sat down.

For a moment she stared at the sheets of paper and ball-point pen which lay on the table, trying to focus her memory on that morning when she had abandoned them there, and marvelling at the potent silence.

I sit here in my transparent watermelon, watching — but there is no contagion in that huge fireball which flames in and over the natives. Still, sadness falls with the night and the laughing trees mock the coloured lights, and the rolling tide roars a danger to the lonely. A sand-filled love weaves a drunken way among the unwarned: The sky's warmth misshapes even steel into disguise.

Goddamn. She ground her teeth, her one hand gripping the other. The beauty of her words, the aptness, never escaped her. But she hated their senseless expression, their discontent, the gripe of their spoiled comfort. She hated their truth. The doubt that the words told of plagued her. She stood undecided on the question they raised, unwilling to judge the case they presented and afraid to interpret the situation they described.

On these words hinged the reality of her entire existence. If they had accuracy beyond their rhythm, beyond their sound, beyond their objective meaning, then her life was a farce: Her paradise of search was a burst bubble and the heat of her skin was the beginning of hell. Then again, should the subjective significance (she sneered scornfully at the pompous phrase) of the words be misguided, her poetic passion was a lie and her innate lyric instinct a sorry joke.

The stairs creaked beneath her feet; she tried to walk lightly. After an eternity of concentration she reached the bottom and carefully let herself out of the building. Damn. She was wearing nothing but a rather less-than-more bathing-suit. No sweat — she pulled a wrap off the clothesrack standing by the door . . .

She kicked a stone — her bare toe! too late. The decision on those words lay with her. But the whole thing was impossible! She could not deny either of the two elements of her most essential self. Her poetry, her writing was her pride, her assertion, her

identity (she jumped at the hanging arm of a tree above her and broke off a small branch). It was her voice, the media of her thought. Could it be merely an affectation? Her love was her joy, her truth, her womanness; it was a growing, developing ultimate — the perfect paradox. If it were not pure . . . And yet her spontaneous expression slandered its security, its very being.

She had broken up the branch, bit by bit. Where was she? She looked up. Lost. No, she was everywhere. She closed her eyes and smelled the green shade and the late afternoon sunlight in the air. She spun around and, in careless hope of going in the right direction, began to run. After about fifty yards she opened her eyes to check her surroundings. Then she ran in earnest.

She bounded up the stairs and, suddenly remembering the borrowed shift, cascaded down again and on reaching the rack, flung the garment over the top, almost knocking the whole contraption on its side.

Hey! What's going on down there?

Wherever you are, stay put — I'm coming up to get you!

She found him in the kitchen, one hand on her unsolved dilemma, recently dismissed, now erased by its dismissal.

Did you go because of this? He gestured toward the words written on the top sheet of paper. She nodded impatiently. It's good, but —

I know, I know. I figured it out just now: I was tired and I wanted to be burned. Besides.

She went to him. She laid her cheek against his breast.

You're fire to touch. It must hurt terribly.

The words are quite beautiful, but hard.

I know.

Ti amo.

I know.

Sylvia Soyka

LA CIUDAD DE MARAVILLAS

Los atracciones, que la ciudad, Madrid, ofrece a los turistas, son de una gran variedad. Con una poblacion de dos million, Madrid clasifica como una de las mas grandes capitales de Europa.

Sin embargo, logro retener su propia superior individualidad. Esto hace Madrid una ciudad de contrastes fuertes y distintos. Dentro de algunas yardas de las avenidas extensas y ocupadas, Vd. puede encontrar calles y plazas, silencias y tranquilas. Cerca de los rascacielos muy modernos, hay, tal vez, una iglesia antigua o la entrada barroca de una casa de alguna familia noble. Pero, de algun modo, la mezcla rara de lo que es nuevo y de lo que es antiguo no ha danada la unidad extupenda de los cuartos diferentes de Madrid.

La forma de la ciudad recuerda exactamente las fases sucesivas del crecimiento de Madrid. El castillo antiguo (después — El Alcazar, reemplazado hace doscientos años por El Palacio Real) se cree haber sido construido una vez sobre este mismo risco escarpado que ascende del mangen izquierdo del rio Manzanares, y bajo su proteccion el centro de la aldea morisca gradualmente formo. Sin embargo, después que la aldea fué libertada por los espanoles cristianos en el siglo duodécimo. Como la Reconquista progreso, el pueblo ceso estando una avanzada fortificada y, en 1202, los derechos de una ciudad municipal se concedieron. Progreso continuamente durante todo la Edad Media.

Fernando y Isabel mas enriquecieron la ciudad por el establecimiento de varios edificios notables; y en sus bordes, ellos construyeron el Monasterio de San Jeronimo que se puso un palacio famoso de reposo para los monarcas ocupados.

Sin embargo, no era hasta el siglio décimonono que el crecimiento de la ciudad en todas direcciones logro un ritmo nuevo y mas rapido. Las puertas antiguas que hasta entonces fueron los limites de la ciudad, estan todas encontradas en el centro de la metropoli moderna. Los varios progresos grandes todos reflejan el crecimiento incesante de la capital espanola. Las personas amistosas y el ambiente encantado combinan para dar a Madrid so tono y calidad especial!

Shirley Blaichman
Room 214
Level 2

FREEDOM REVISITED

"Are the birds free, Mother?"

"No son, they're not."

"The deer are free, aren't they, Mom?"

"No love, they are not."

"Are we free, Mother?"

"I fear we are not."

"Are we ever free?"

"At last the answer yes, my son.

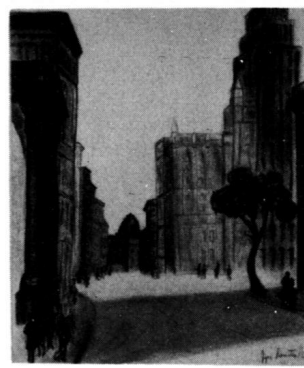
We are like the free, free wind,

But the wind is not alive

And so we are free like the wind,

But only after we die."

Patricia McQuillan
Room 118
Level 2.



Joyce Borenstein

WINNER — JUNIOR POETRY

IT HAS TO BE ACCEPTED, I GUESS

I hear

A tiny bird

Let out its cry of anguish

of knowing

That it's an orphan,

for its mother was

caught and tangled

roughly

in a barbed wire

which was put up

by the farmer

To keep out trespassers.

While I was riding in the bus one day,

A wasp

buzzed in bewilderment

Angrily, widly,

Not knowing how it got in

and how it was

to get out,

An eager, lively puppy

with those huge soulful eyes

saw the crow upon the grassy hill

and wanted to

chase it into the fields of poppies,

But a leash

Man-made

and Man-held

Limited its freedom

A drowsy horse

tired from

pulling a milk-wagon,

standing in front

of a wood factory

While tied up

is suddenly terrified and bewildered

by the scraping

of cranking, chunking

Churning metal wheels

of the dusty machines

and of the harsh

Screech of splintering wood.

Carol Brodtkin

Room 106

Level 2

THE BOY

There he was, leaning nonchalantly against the railing, looking at the ties of the railroad tracks beneath him which stretched out to his freedom. A smile spread over his face, as if he were musing over possible escape routes. His wide shoulders and slim waist suggested an athlete although his blond hair was really too long for football. He raised his hand, long slender fingers and clipped nails to brush away the hair from his eyes, a remarkable blue against his dark tan. His teeth also formed a startling contrast to his skin. He wore a silver ring on his right hand and as he lowered his arm the metallic glint of it on his hand blinded me.

He turned and strode off quickly heading towards the city. His loafers made little sound against the cobbled stone of the bridge. The throb of industry caught him up in its grasp as he walked, in between his two worlds, towards security and away from beauty.

He often returned to this other world, this place which had no mediocrity or ugliness. Only humans could spoil it, and they did.

Where did he go? To another place as dazzling in the morning, as hushed at night. Where do we all go in search of a place of repose, and who intrudes?

Ruth Rosenfield,
Room 305,
Level 4.

J'ATTENDS

Les jambes sont engourdis
Les mains sont gelées
Je lève les yeux au ciel glacial
Si clair, si noir, si cruel.
En réponse, il envoit un vent brutal qui pique ma
pauvre figure — pour un moment seulement.
Encore, le silence glacé.
Je me sens suffoqué,
Isolé,
Sans contact avec le reste du monde.
Il n'y a aucun son . . .
Tout à coup je détecte un murmure, éloigné.
Il est faible, mais je suis sûr.
Le murmure grandit à un grondement.
Le coeur palpite au battement du moteur.
L'autobus arrive.

Ruth Libman
Rm. 300A
Level 4

PERSONIFICATION

Your gait, forward, always,
Carrying your mathematical shoulders hunched,
Chanting of your perfect knowledge,
As if you knew all, but had since forgotten,
Yet, your beacons of bifocals still precede
you down corridors of pedagogy;
Why travel to academe?
Perhaps to show others their errors,
Those unfortunates in dischord with your multifold
unchallenged asides;
Though they do not noticeably tremble at your
assuative views,
And you must screech phosphoric insults to assert
your power,
Then, when like geometric pellicans, they still
refuse your handout
Your luminescent crown disappears around angles,
Muttering of effete innuendos.
Myopic, misguided maniac,
I sincerely hope you might shut your vision once,
And truly see,
Outside as well as in.

Ken Waxman
Room 210
Level 4.



Deena Sacks

*... To not recognize another's existence is the
best weapon conceived . . .*

Eric Anderson.

Pass thee by, O righteous one
Look not in the haunted eyes
Hear not the silent pleading cries
Of those mirrors from which you run.

The addict and the prostitute,
Victims of the 'Greatest Age'
Food for lunatic ranters' rage
The homeless and the destitute.

The lush on a bender, drunk and blind
From incomprehensible problems fleeing
And yet another sub-human being
The criminal with his twisted mind.

Ignore them, they do not exist for you
Why bother with the inferior?
You so secure in being superior
Perfect Man — pure right through.

Do not equate yourself with those
Don't taint yourself with internal strife
Of ones who cannot face the life
The cold sterility which you choose.

The 'drug-fiend' junkie and useless bum
By all society have been forsaken
Society straight-laced never mistaken
Says "They aren't of us, they are gutter-scum."

The lonely ones, the ostracized,
The weaker ones, the gullible,
The imperfect, the fallible,
The innocent, the victimized.

Beg forgiveness at their feet
Pray for pardon and give them aid
You, the great ones, have betrayed
Those whose eyes you will not meet.

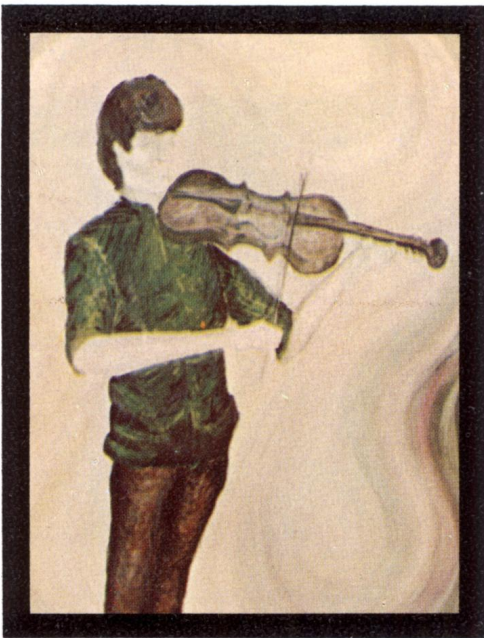
Diane Soroka
Room 204
Level 3.

"POEMS WITHOUT WORDS"

—Horace

The paintings themselves are the thing. There is very little to add. We present them in full colour as a tribute not only to those whose work is here but to all those who

have ever contributed to our heritage of art, to all those who are painting now and especially to those whose talents are as yet untried and undiscovered.



Joyce Borenstein



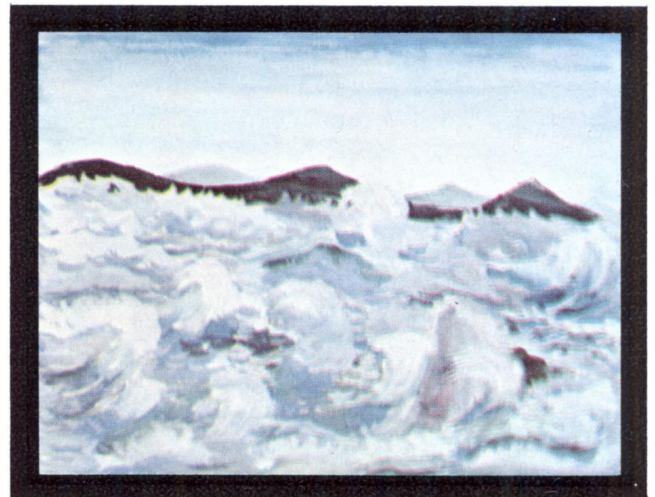
Amy Osher



Jenny Nicholls



Heather Wise



Frances Levine

"POEMS WITHOUT WORDS"

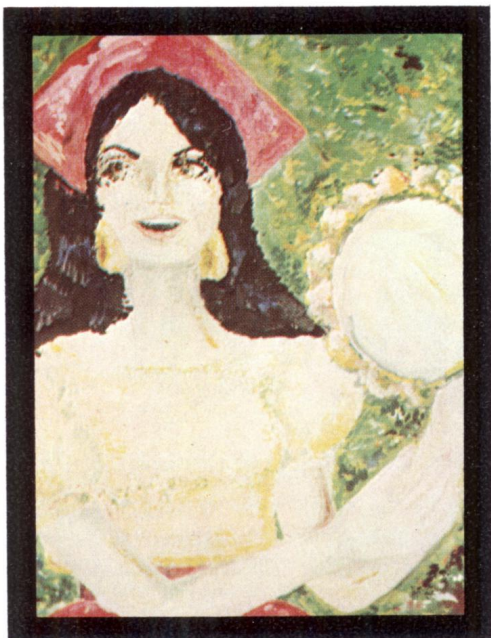
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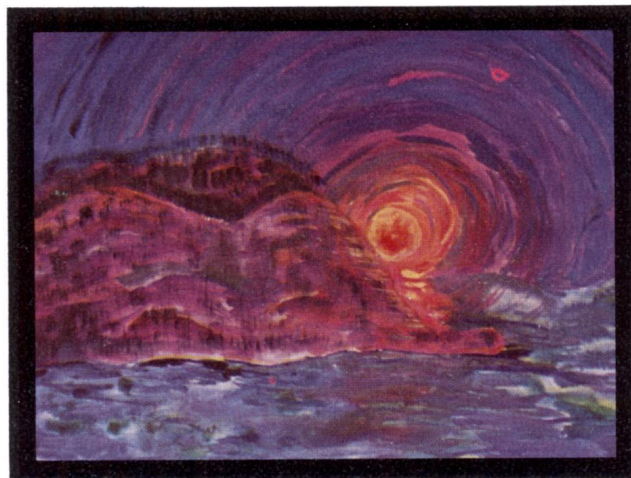
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Bronia Hecht



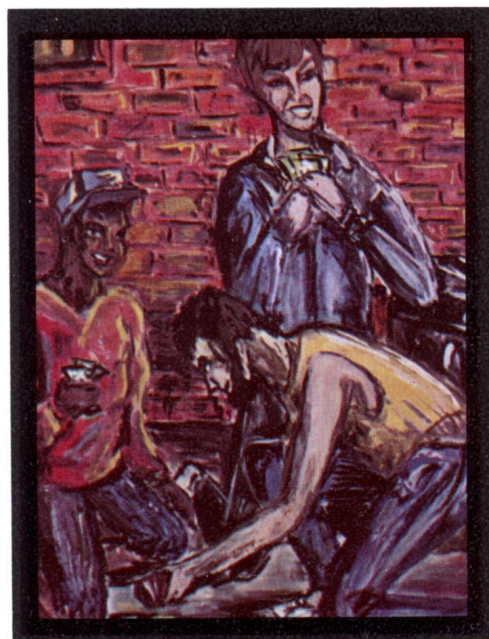
Isabel Albert



Barbara Greenspoon



Isabel Albert



Annette Wolfstein



Jenny Nichols

MORNING

Morning drops the blanket that has
wrapped her, with a sigh,
And gentle, slender, fingers, she drops
it on the sky.

It covers up the heavens, like grey and
lifeless shrouds,
And we raise our eyes to see it, and we
call the blanket – clouds.

Morning peers below her from a double-
poster bed,
Then falls back with a shudder, and pulls
a quilt about her head.

For she saw the graceless day, and the
withered autumn leaves,
She saw a tree's bare branches, and a
field of wet corn-sheaves.

But Morning is a mother, so she ups and
looks around,
For she can't neglect her children,
and soon she's earthward bound.
From a pouch of cool brook waterdrops, she
flings a scattered few,
And transforms a meadow glistening, in
dank green grass and dew.

She throws her freshest fragrance,
and it pierces musky air,
She scatters scarlet poppies that
bloom wild in her hair.
She touches up a drab brown leaf
in paints of red and gold.
She roams wild through the country-
side, and warms the chilling cold.

When Morning is nigh finished, and,
when her work is through,
She trips back to her hiding-place,
there is no more to do.

For Autumn is her season, so she
left a morning glitter,
But the nights are growing longer,
and the days are growing bitter.

Maureen Kolomeir
Room 214 Level 2

TIME PASSING BY

In the endless monotony of time, life slips by unheeded and unobserved. There is a restlessness in the air and as autumn approaches and departs I feel the surging need for creativity. This need is often overpowering and my mind assumes a holocaust of hazy obscurities that just as quickly fade into total oblivion, and die unheeded like the autumn leaves. The earth is stripped of its fruits and the trees stand naked and bare. As you look at the trees and see their barrenness, the emptiness of time is vividly apparent. Strange to view life from a window yet this is how I see it. In the classroom I see life through glass and it looks gloomy and cold. Then a strange indifference seizes me and I feel dead. Dead, just like the leaves, lonely and dead. Apprehension envelops me and my mind screams frantically to re-awaken and make use of all the time that is slowly creeping by, now faster, then even faster. How ugly is this curse of time yet rarely am I able to shake it off and it eats me and I waste more time. Then I realize I have nothing but time and it hurts to know it's going by and soon will very surely die.

Yona Berkowitz
Room 314
Level 3



LES ADOLESCENTS D'AUJOURD'HUI

Les adolescents d'aujourd'hui sont très différents des adolescents des années précédentes. Ce changement a été causé par la manière fantastique dans laquelle le monde a progressé.

La science a développé la façon de faire les choses. Le résultat de ceci est que beaucoup d'adolescents d'aujourd'hui sont des paresseux, qui refusent de faire le travail à la fois physiquement et intellectuellement. Une grande partie de leur paresse est causée par le fait que dans la génération moderne, dans laquelle nous vivons maintenant, bien des choses peuvent facilement se faire, simplement en pressant un bouton ou tournant un commutateur. Les parents insistent sur le fait qu'un peu de travail ne fait jamais de mal à personne, mais beaucoup d'adolescents d'aujourd'hui trouvent cela difficile à croire. Parce que nous vivons dans une génération avancée en science, les adolescents se sont conformés justement.

Les adolescents d'aujourd'hui veulent l'indépendance et la liberté de leurs parents. Malheureusement, beaucoup d'adultes n'essaient pas de comprendre ce problème, et les difficultés arrivent souvent.

Par la compréhension et la patience entre les adolescents et leurs parents, les adolescents grandiront et seront dignes de la société d'aujourd'hui.

Steven Prashker
Room 211
Level 1

THE KISS

—a narrative

1
Time whispered to our hearts
. . . He's gone, it said. And we
listened to his pistol from the
void, with his palest hand
grasping at the blackest thoughts
to fire at his pain (and ours).
Recollection stabbed me with
the peace it held. Vague
remembrances gave tranquil
agony.

2
Flashes of the aura 'round
his face in Stanley Street's
harsh cellar cigarette smoke.
Angelic blonde, soft eyes, soft
smile: he told us of his hopes
and we dreamed with him.
He was a poem. A stranger and
a friend. A brother. When we
met to chords of deaf guitars.

3
Familiar mystery, always fleeing
panting from a fire far in
deep memories. A fallen
angel he, perhaps, I thought.
Fallen, yet above our farthest
wishing-star. Faded
he became. (Let me weep now
for him.) When I saw his eyes
then I knew about the gun today. .

4
His poems songs of loveliness,
of men, of beauty. Painted
in my passions with his blood.
His muse ripped him apart until
his tears were flailing
wildly. Wretched muse to
ravage him. Rainbow rhymes
breathe tenderly and comfort
me. From dark to dim.

5
He gave himself to us; he tried
to yield his dreams to her. He
tried. Crazy thought. He
was a crystal spark. She could
not hold elusive sparkling misty
wind. Wisp of something
steadier than flesh. An instant's
soundless flicker in his life. Blue
ways lay ahead — he walked
the road.

6
We follow him, he beckons us. . .
tantalizing fingertips of soul.
We see him when the bullet
in his chest dug in all
through his life. It took him
much too long to die. Queries
never enter: his replies have all
been felt. He touched me while
I lowered him in his grave.

Lorne Segal
Room 303
Level 4

“UN”NESS

I looked down the abyss winding on and on, smaller and smaller, the black spiral enclosing the tunnel twisted into nothingness. Mesmerized I began my journey hesitantly placing one foot before the other as I walked through the passage-way — leading I knew not where

Something summoned me from far away — something vague in meaning but forceful in urgency. I followed. The tunnel seemed to be turning and the black stripes moving, but I ventured on, not frightened but wary.

I reached the termination. There was a black curtain draped over an entrance. An entrance to what? I knew not — yet only the heavy dark material separated me from that knowledge. I pushed it aside and entered . . .

A transparent film tinted with lavender softly colored everything. A velvet moss stretched like a carpet covering as far as I could see of an uncontained region. The misty sky filled the upper heights and gently nudged the billowing clouds swaying slightly in compliance with the rippling breeze. Floating weightlessly to the ground was a multitude of feathers drifting with the slight wind until they came to

rest upon the smooth moss. At intervals in the moss had pushed through several weeping willows basking in the soft glow of the sun, brushing the ground with their velvet leaves barely touching the grass.

Among the willows glided a population of fairy-like creatures. Clothed in gowns of silk they appeared to be sleep-walking and thus drifted through the violet haze with angelic smiles playing about their lips. Each was dreaming — dreaming obscure and shadowy dreams.

Soon dusk fell and as the shapeless shadows stole over the fantasy scene, I was drawn back whence I had come . . .

I blinked several times to re-adjust myself. The blacks and grays glared at me from various positions around me. The geometrical bars and hard walls surrounded me. The naked light bulb threw a harsh yellow light, revealing the ugliness of the cell. A rat squealed eerily and quickly vanished into the crack in the wall.

I was cold as I lay under my thin rough blanket. A sickly stench hung pungently in the room and mixed with my odors and dried sweat.

A bell clanged piercing the comparative silence. The bell commanded reality and I obeyed . . .

Ruth Rapkowski
Room 308
Level 4



NOSTALGIE

Seul, tellement seul,
Pas un ami.
Seul tellement seul,
Seul jusqu'à la fin de la vie.

Cherchant, seulement cherchant,
Pour quelque chose de meilleur.
Cherchant, seulement cherchant,
Pouvoir obtenir mon plein.

Stupide, tellement stupide,
D'imaginer que je pouvais simplement attendre.
Stupide, tellement stupide,
D'attendre, car maintenant c'est trop tard.

Seul, tellement seul,
Pas un ami.
Seul, tellement seul,
Seul jusqu'à la fin de la vie.

Beatrice Kaenel
Room 202
Level 3

UGLINESS

The face stood out like a candle — bright,
Three warts, six scars, such a fright.
My expert eye could detect those little traces,
Of a sparkling reflection from the braces.
The eyes were crossed, behind glasses tan,
A graceful figure like a moving van.
The lithe movements with dance steps gay,
Like Shriners' elephants on opening day.
The voice was sparkling, a nymph-like sound,
Breaking all eardrums for miles around.
Such is what I observed it to be,
As I walked from the mirror — was it ME?

Sandra Kalb
Room 119
Level 2



Maxine Borenstein

WINNER — JUNIOR PROSE

A MEMORY

I gazed across the blowing grass and tall flowers, in the direction of the small nimble figure scampering about the field. How wonderful the young child looked, as his long blond hair glistened in the glorious spring sunshine, and his face thrilled with the fun of running across the land, so recently awakened from winter slumber!

Feeling flushed with affection and pleasure, I continued to watch the boy. His tiny hand waved at me. I smiled and responded to his gesture, overwhelmed with happiness as I witnessed his delight with nature and her fresh beauty. Yet a nagging pain crept into my heart. Before my mind the picture of his brothers whirled by. It had been so many years since John and Tad had frolicked in that way. As they had grown, life's pressures and problems had engulfed them in its vise-like grip. And now I thought that there would be no escape for this child. He would grow older and take up his role with all the others, assuming the grave responsibilities and entering the endless struggle which constitutes life!

But for this moment the child was truly free! Free from all conflicts; free from suffering and hardship. His pleasure with life was real and profound. However, it would only be temporary. Other sunny springs would come, bringing with them the same crystal-like freshness of air, gently warming sunlight, and tranquillity of lands and seas. Yes, these would remain; but the child would change. The boy would grow to manhood, and from there to old age. His life would change with every step taken, becoming more complicated at every turn along the path. I hoped that his life would be easy and worthwhile. But most of all, I silently wished that he would be able to return to this spot at various times, and laugh and frolic freely in the innocence and beauty of an untroubled life.

While I thought of all these things, the child, his hands outstretched and holding flowers, began running in my direction. This last picture stabbed at my heart and I silently cried; "Stop." I wanted him to remain forever unchanged. — But there could be no stop. It was now a memory!

Renée Karp
Room 119
Level 2

HE WAS A MAN

Was he a child,
When all was so simple —
Black was black, and
White was white, and he knew not that —
He knew so little?

Was he a boy,
When running to play baseball with
'the other guys',
He would trip,
And fall,
And still be able to
run home to —
Mommie?

Was he growing up,
When he began to question,
And rebel, and hurt, and
"Why do people die, and kill, and love,
How do I know what is good
Or bad
Right
Or wrong!"

What was he when he
Knew his ideal,
Yet could not reach his goal —
And began again?
When he was husband,
Father,
Provider,
. . . and God,
When he found
There was no place to run
And hide
And that only the close few cared if he
Lived or died?

HE WAS A MAN. Francis Venetsky
Room 118 Level 2

"AND STILL HE RAN ON"

A glowing child shrieked wildly as he scampered on the hill-top overlooking the tiny village that struggled against its bosom; at the far end of the grassy slope a dilapidated hut protruded against the sky — the home of Steven Yearling. His face portrayed the innocence and exhilaration that so frequently accompanies youth as he lifted his shining eyes to the sun hovering above. He was playing a game — a wonderful, magical game that transported him down a million miles to that village below. It was, in his eyes, a happy, joyous village and yet he was afraid of it and even he did not comprehend the source or the reason for this fear.

A door opened and slammed shut and a voice that dripped with vehemence and hatred shattered his reverie. A massive woman, grotesque and surly, appeared, beads of perspiration glistening on her forehead. Her name was Angela; her occupation — prostitute. The bright colour of Steven's cheeks disappeared and was replaced by a deathly pallor.

Fear tinged with hostility glazed his eyes as he stared at her his mind numbed, paralyzed.

"Keep your mouth shut, understand?" she lashed out.

"Just keep your lousy mouth shut and we'll get along just fine."

He continued to stare at her and suddenly she was afraid. "Damn you; will ya quit starin' at me like that?" Steven blinked but continued to gaze at her and his eyes seemed to bore into her. Her breath quickened and she began to shout.

"Stop it, ya hear. O God make him stop it!" Angela walked toward him and dealt him a stunning blow across the mouth and he fell backward. He rose and his gaze rested longingly on the village below. Angela grinned cunningly:

"Like to go there wouldn't ya? You're chasin' a dream, boy — you're never gonna see the insides of that filthy town." And she spat. "Not while ol' Angela's around, ya ain't."

And then as his eyes brimmed with tears she added, softening:

"If I told ya once I told ya a million times — thar ain't nothin' down thar but a lot o' ol' fat women — besides ya should be grateful — after all it ain't ever' woman who'll take a kid in just 'cause his ma an' pa happen to run off and leave him."

Even as she spoke she was sure that he would not venture down the mountain — not merely because she forbid him to do so but because he was a coward — afraid of people, afraid of life.

Yet this time Angela was wrong for as Steven gazed broodingly at the cramped village it seemed to be beckoning to him, and extending its arms in invitation . . . He began to run; the wind slapped his face threateningly and the rocky ground his feet and still he ran on . . . As he approached the village the nauseating odour of the fish market sickened him, the cackling of the fishwives shrilled in his ears and still he ran on . . . And then he stopped abruptly as the chaotic scene became more subdued and only excited whispering could he heard.

"Ain't he the young feller who was stole some five years back?"

"That's the one all right and no mistake."

"Where'd he come from?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I ain't rightly sure that he's the same"

"He gotta be — hey — somebody call Agnes — after all he was her kid!"

A haggard woman stepped out from the crowd. "Who here's been a talkin' 'bout . . . ?" The last word froze in her mouth as she gazed at Steven. She broke into a loud wail and put out a thin bony hand imploringly. He drew back, anguish and torment pinching his countenance as his brain whirled in a frenzy. He must go — this was a nightmare, and yet suddenly he knew that it wasn't. He quivered and turned blindly. And still he ran on

Sandra Margulis
Room 313
Level 1



PARIS AFTER DUSK

As all the quiet nuns retire with the flaming sunset, they utter prayers. Their conservative, sparse, little cell-like rooms are flooded with scarlet light from the ball of fire which is now setting. Its scarlet and orange arteries pulse throughout the heavens, and gradually fade, and disappear. The nuns, exhausted after charitable and merciful work of the day, sleep. For the majestic blazing brilliance in the sky has led to dusk in Paris.

And there is a hush.

Without warning, Paris suddenly becomes alive. It now has become the "City of Lights". The Champs Elysées is swarming with streaming traffic – Citroens, noisy motor bikes, Ferraris, and Volkswagons. The colours blend together like a Renoir masterpiece and slowly, they too fade.

For now, the bistros, cafés, nightclubs, and discothèques are swinging with the gay people of Paris.

In the little bistros, couples are laughing and singing, sitting at little tables covered with red-checked tablecloths. Wine is brought out and toasts are made. The delicious aroma of good French Onion Soup perfumes the merry atmosphere. And accordions become louder, awakening the tired little nuns sleeping across the way in their plain convent. And they close their eyes again, sighing.

Other couples, in love, are sitting in other places, the famous and dim cafés. Eating their fondue and drinking cider and wine, they too are happy. The sad gypsy with his tattered

clothes wanders from table to table playing his violin sweetly and sorrowfully, causing a young Parisienne to weep. The giggling tourists, who think all is charming, are thought of as curious by the people of Paris. The poor nuns are restlessly rolling over in their hard, narrow cots.

The loudest music comes from the high-class discothèques. Here, there are great mixtures of people. Women in Dior and Cardin gowns, scented with Jean Patou perfumes, and girls in micro-skirts and long, swinging, shiny hair. The originals sway, but the young move and bounce. And the men, young and old, are trying to keep up. Here, the music is booming, harsh, and ultra-modern unlike the little accordion in the bistro. There isn't any French cheese or wine. The tinkling of the champagne glasses add to the music. An occasional young nun wishes dreamily, but sinfully.

While under the bridges of Paris, lovers are holding hands and walking. Quiet, yes, but their love is the only music they need.

One by one, the stars appear. The silvery moon rises high in the sky. Night life in Paris has begun.

SHADOWS

Shadows and shells,
 insubstantial nothingness,
 faceless all, with form
 and shape and voice
 but shadows.
 i am one and
 no more real than others,
 walking blackly, deathly
 thru the unreality of light.
 and the houses are
 opaque bubbles and cars
 blaze by, or sit,
 the live darkness of shadows frightening.
 And my head is echoing empty
 and the harmonica's shrill bounces
 in planes through
 the vast vacancies of mind.

Karyn Marczak
 Room 203
 Level 3

Antonia Zerbisias
 Room 203
 Level 3.