

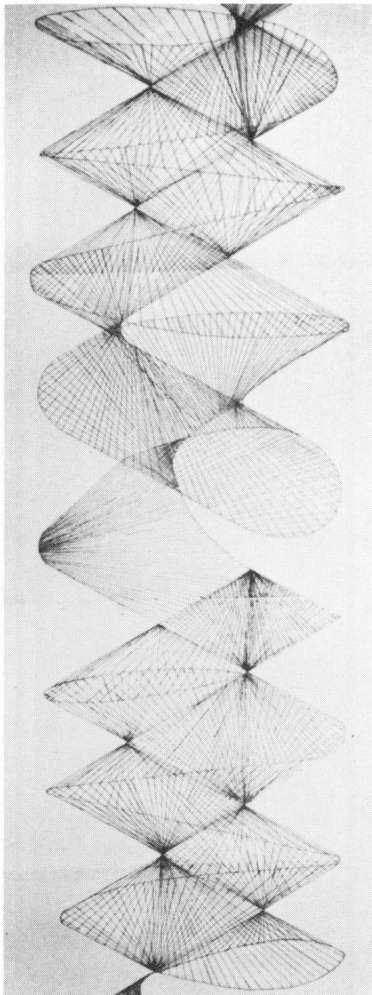
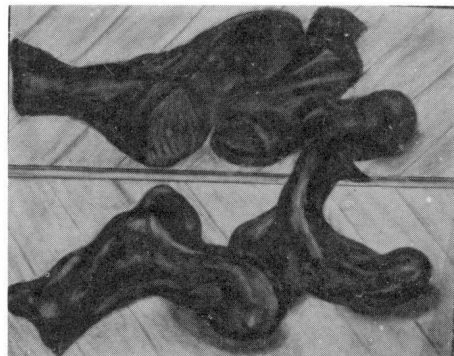


# CREATIVITY

### SONNET PLUS 3

Hide from the daggers that pierce forgotten grief.  
Evade the stabbing memories of  
Long nights, whispering in shady  
Passages the throttled curses that decry the untimely  
Deaths of the young. Sealed in  
Earthy tombs and eaten by the  
Sucking maggots humanity breeds.  
Then crush the gods; turn them downwards.  
Revenge the dead that lie worm-ridden  
On mounds of clay, festering in the  
Yellow sunlight of day.  
Proclaim the greatness of other statues. Throw  
Open the gilded doors of the funeral temple to  
Evoke lost passions of peace and life.  
Then recite the burial chants,  
Rhyming the verses with the words of songs  
Yet unknown to a generation of murderers.

Julia Gersovitz  
Year 4



### THE NARROW CROOKED ROAD

The road is long, it stretches forever  
Sometimes good, sometimes bad  
It curves, climbs, and stretches on and on  
Passing through rocks and trees  
Past farms and lakes, cities and towns  
And I myself walk the road.

I walk along on its dusty shoulder  
Tugged back and forth by the people I meet  
Enjoying the scenery as morning slips into afternoon.  
The road stretches on and on - - forever  
In the direction the prophets sent me  
As I myself walk the road.

Time passes like cars on a highway  
Hurriedly rushing to G-D knows where  
And I quicken my pace to catch up  
Trees and towns flit past my eyes  
And the sky darkens, bringing rain,  
As I myself walk the road.

My walk becomes a dream  
Penetrated by the beam of light  
Reflected from the glistening pavement  
I question my prophets of the past  
And wonder what they meant  
As I myself walk the road.

Linda Tiffenberg  
Year 4

## SENIOR PROSE WINNER

### PULLED FROM THE FIRE

Blinded by crimson flickering, he was taken from the house. The house was a tomb of scarlet clouds of hot needle points that fiercely burn and die faster than those they kill.

In a moment he would have been gone, but with our milk-white hands, for we are righteous, we pulled him out. Five minutes to kill, we pulled him out after four.

There, gone your house, filled with flaming possessions that are ashes of glowing destruction. But to our supper we go, and over graced and blessed meat and passed potatoes, we speak.

Good neighbours, we risked our delicate fingers to save his whole body. And then we watched as they took the cinder away on a white stretcher, take the ash to a white world of terminal agony . . . hospital.

Now, when we talk about ourselves, we talk of our merits. Now we are next to God!

...

From time unknown the killer has struck with sudden death. In the blaze perished all: wife, child, mother, cat, dog, bird . . . and there he could have died too. But just a moment from death, he was pulled out, to be left lonely in hospital, to die slowly and painfully. Where were they to comfort him? Those that pulled him out. Where were they to see the end to their beginning?

...

A child, saved from a parental beating is left in the same house and dies the very next day at the same mother's hand. And we know that it is a pity, for once we saved that child.

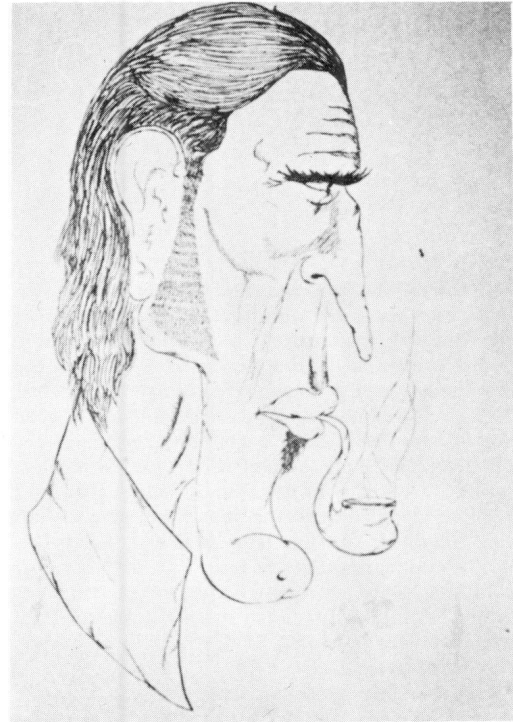
...

So you talked to that hippy to persuade him to come home. You beg and plead down on bended knee. Finally you win and leave, forgetting to give him the fare. Now he wants to go home! But can't!

...

Remember the author, he writes the first chapter. But remember that he writes the epilogue too.

Patricia Diane McQuillan  
Year 4



### REMORSE

I know I didn't prove myself,  
I know I never will;  
In my struggle for existence  
I copped out.

I'm painted black  
by people and myself.  
I'm so deep I can't come back  
I'm packed up on a shelf.

I'm pushed so hard,  
I wouldn't move.  
I'm bruised all black and blue  
I'm so tired of this old life I don't know what to do.

Gary Krogan  
Year 1





## JUNIOR PROSE WINNER

### "QUOTH THE RAVEN ..."

Man, with stoical features and jaw slightly dropped in awe, eyed the vast expanse of ruin he had once been proud to call home. His body was frozen in a statuesque fashion. Nothing but his eyes moved, in a slow circle, scanning the area for something vaguely remembered, something called life. He licked his lips ponderously. A lugubrious expression crept over his features, not unlike a cloud hiding the reassuring rays of the sun. Suddenly, he was thirsty, he was hungry, he was sick, and he ached with the pain of reality. His lower lip trembled like a dry brown leaf in an autumn breeze. And soon his arms trembled. And his legs. And Man fell to his knees with a soft crunch that only he heard.

Was it cold? Was there a strong wind pouring through his desolate features, rumbling its way across the plain of his bare chest? Is that why he shook as if naked in an Arctic winter? Is that why? Is tha.....

"NO!" came the insane shrieking reply that Man knew he had uttered, but did not care to hear. A tear of mingled emotions floated down the sea of dry, wrinkled waves and whitecaps once commonly known as the human face. Again he muttered his reply in confirmation of his original thoughts. And the wind and the trees sighed in soft agreement.

Staring at the ground, Man pushed himself forward, hauling himself to his feet with the momentum. He battled fiercely to retain his balance, and miraculously did so, reeling and stumbling here and there, like a toy gyroscope spinning and leaning hazardously on the infinitely tiny pencil tip once known as the Earth. And Man knew he was alone.

\*\*\*\*\*

Man awoke in the deep, dark, dank recesses of a labyrinthine cave. No more was he oppressed by the sickness of reality which had previously haunted his restless sleep. No more was he frightened by the boredom of loneliness, for a soft whistle would bring to his side his new companion. He did so, and the golden-haired, brown-eyed Dog appeared at the cave's mouth, stretching and yawning with the new day. Man himself suppressed a yawn as he peered out over the horizon, which sank to reveal a flaming disc surrounded by velvet royal robes, inadequately dubbed clouds.

No, the sickness which now plagued his mind as well as his body, the inevitable one, was the one that had frightened men before the destruction and killed them during it. It was the one that turned hairs white, the one that ate the skin and made faces ugly. He was afraid to say it, but he rolled it around in his mind's mouth with his mind's tongue.

They had said that it yielded no pain, but Man knew better. Even as he pondered, the disease raged through his meagre body - - a tidal wave drowning and smothering the life which God had so thoughtlessly left behind.

\*\*\*\*\*

Man awoke with a start. He rolled lazily on his side, away from the imprint he had left beneath him in the sand over the days. As he rolled, he saw the ocean and the beach and the sky come rushing by him in a collage of nature's colour, until his eyes came slowly to rest on Dog, lying on his protruding ribs, tongue dried and shriveled, hairs partially white, dead. And Man again knew the pain of reality.

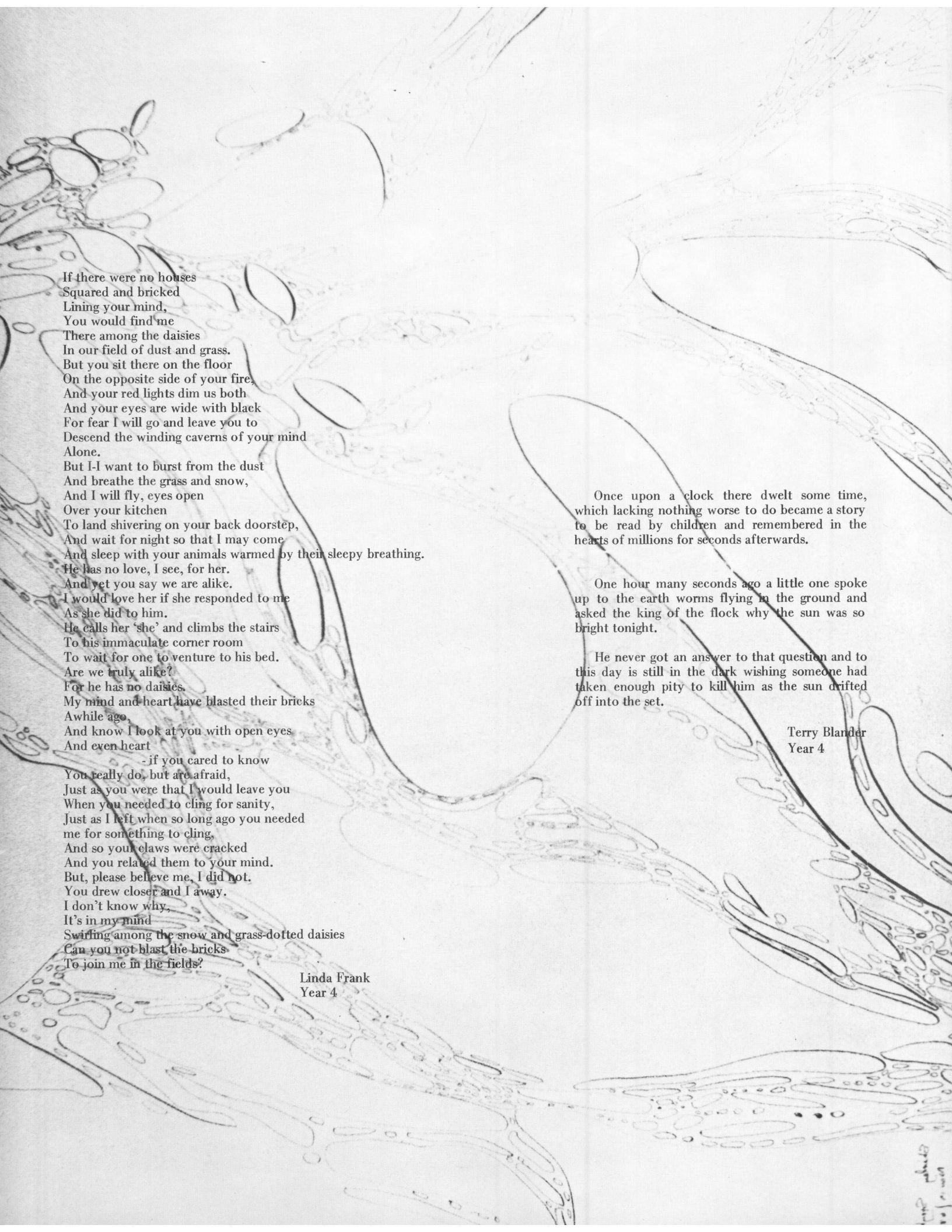
Determined, Man struggled fiercely to his feet, wavered, took a few long, drunken strides, and fell first to his battered knees, and finally to his leprous, arched back.

His pitiful cries of the delirious soon shrank to short, rasping exhalations of breath. He seemed to attempt a line from a poem of the Ancients, "Quoth the raven . . ." And the rolling sea, the raging wind, and the swaying trees whispered in unison, "Nevermore", through the timeless night air.

Howard Drobetsky  
Year 1







If there were no houses  
Squared and bricked  
Lining your mind,  
You would find me  
There among the daisies  
In our field of dust and grass.  
But you sit there on the floor  
On the opposite side of your fire,  
And your red lights dim us both  
And your eyes are wide with black  
For fear I will go and leave you to  
Descend the winding caverns of your mind  
Alone.  
But I-I want to burst from the dust  
And breathe the grass and snow,  
And I will fly, eyes open  
Over your kitchen  
To land shivering on your back doorstep,  
And wait for night so that I may come  
And sleep with your animals warmed by their sleepy breathing.  
He has no love, I see, for her.  
And yet you say we are alike.  
I would love her if she responded to me  
As she did to him.  
He calls her 'she' and climbs the stairs  
To his immaculate corner room  
To wait for one to venture to his bed.  
Are we truly alike?  
For he has no daisies.  
My mind and heart have blasted their bricks  
Awhile ago,  
And know I look at you with open eyes  
And even heart

- if you cared to know  
You really do, but are afraid,  
Just as you were that I would leave you  
When you needed to cling for sanity,  
Just as I left when so long ago you needed  
me for something to cling,  
And so your claws were cracked  
And you related them to your mind.  
But, please believe me, I did not.  
You drew closer and I away.  
I don't know why,  
It's in my mind  
Swirling among the snow and grass-dotted daisies  
Can you not blast the bricks  
To join me in the fields?

Linda Frank  
Year 4

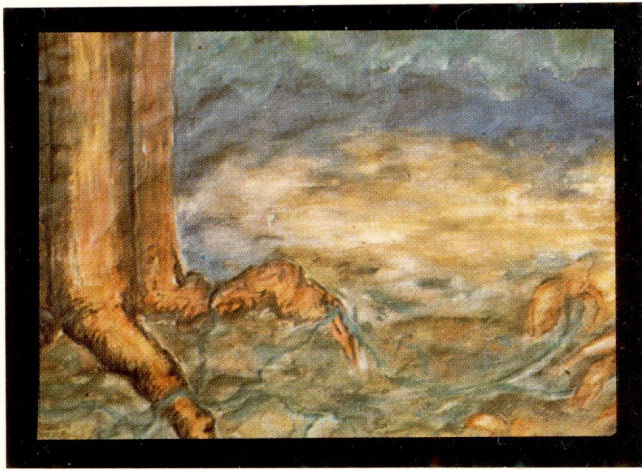
Once upon a clock there dwelt some time,  
which lacking nothing worse to do became a story  
to be read by children and remembered in the  
hearts of millions for seconds afterwards.

One hour many seconds ago a little one spoke  
up to the earth worms flying in the ground and  
asked the king of the flock why the sun was so  
bright tonight.

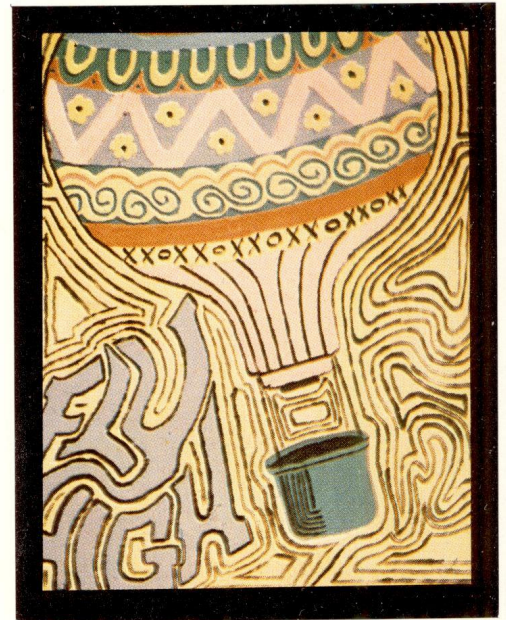
He never got an answer to that question and to  
this day is still in the dark wishing someone had  
taken enough pity to kill him as the sun drifted  
off into the set.

Terry Blander  
Year 4

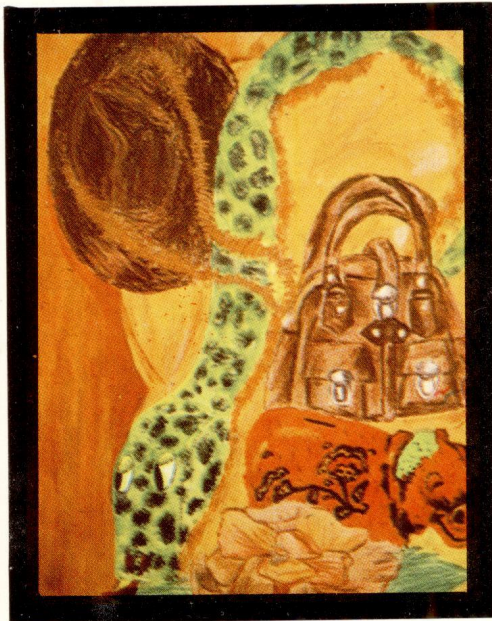




Ellen Shizgal - *Senior*



Wendy Rosenthal - *Junior*



Heather Kavell - *Senior*



Jill Heppleston - *Senior*

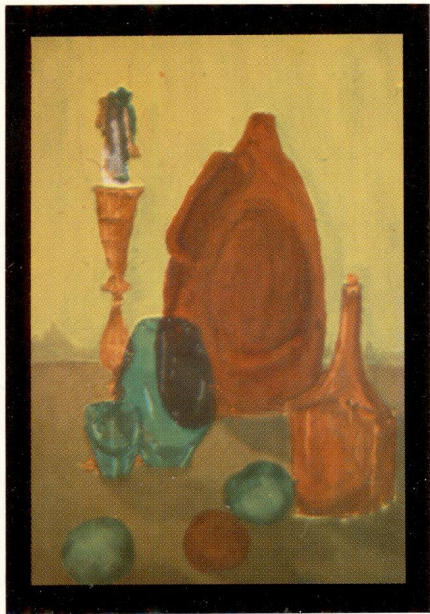


Clifford Neuman - *Junior*

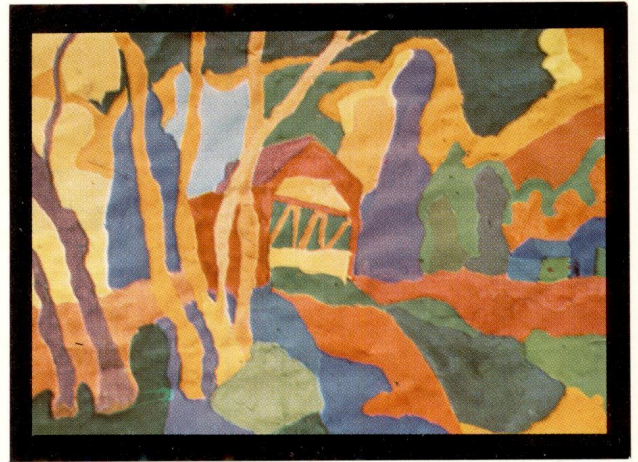


Rena Taker - *Senior*

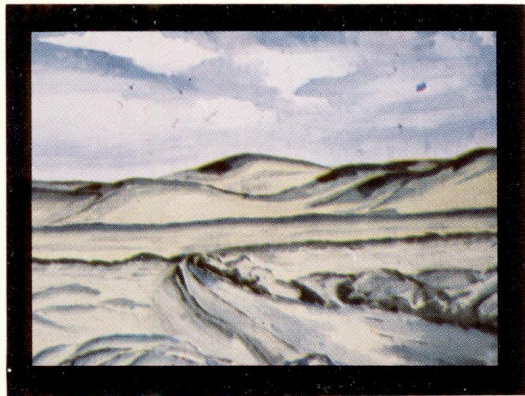




Marie Helfield - *Junior*



Vicky Breitenbach - *Senior*



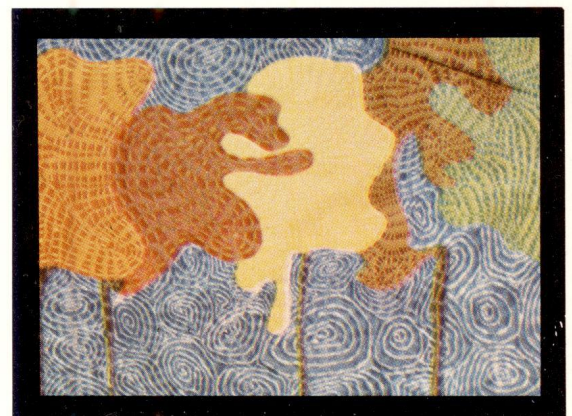
Eric Kurtzman - *Junior*



Geoff Goodman - *Senior*



Pat McQuillan - *Senior*



Melinda Barry - *Senior*



## TEMPLE OF TIME

A mass of grey stones blotted out the horizon; they seemed to lie piled to no real purpose, yet as I neared, they shifted themselves into a regular pattern. Brick upon brick. I thrust open the door, and crossed the portal. Here was the final resting-place of Man's chosen god. At last he had come to realize the potency of Time, and the incredible power it exerted over every facet of existence.

Time controlled life, strength, beauty. It withered and shrank beings until they were rendered up to Death. Time spun the seasons round and exercised each event, each disaster in history.

The vaulted structure receded endlessly into the background, and I could not as yet perceive the length of the temple. Only at the sides did space exert any limits—here a stone table stood, cracked and scarred. The architect had truly known the fearsomeness of his god, for the temple's walls and ceilings were black. No windows allowed the sun to warm the floors. Only the greyness of dawn and twilight managed to filter in.

Having surveyed the building's structural merits, with a studious eye, I concentrated on the stone slab at the side. No incense burned, nor candles glowed as I had noticed at other ceremonies of worship

—rather a sputtering grey dimness illuminated the table top. Etched in the granite were various symbols representing man's attainments throughout the centuries. Occasionally I focused on a scientific formula, remembered from school days of memorization. Other signs were mere chisels in the rocks of ancient times. In the farthest corner of the table were freshly engraved the letters of the century's latest discovery. It had glared in bold print from the newspaper on the corner stand; now I traced its lines on an ancient table. My finger quickly withdrew, for I sensed a strange feeling racing through me at the touch of cold stone.

Again I began to wander, and noticed three corridors branching off into oblivion. The door through which I had first entered gaped far behind. I eased my way through the third opening. Pictures, foggy as memories, faded on either side of me. I passed two, three doors, and, as the darkness was not particularly beckoning, I tumbled from the fourth. The sunlight played upon the whiteness of my once black hair. The steps I took thrust deep pains up my spine. The realization that I had aged forty years in the temple crumpled my reason. I spun round to the building, prepared to rush in through the door and reclaim my youth. Only a pile of rubble and grey stones greeted me.

Julia Gersovitz  
Year 4

## FOR THE PUBLIC PEELERS

bloody shell,  
snow bled  
shell,  
drip to crust, finger down  
deep plunge into  
blood.  
a path of daisies  
to lead through the  
haze of leaves. Down the trickle  
fairy fire of liquid  
swirl and swirl in  
circled haze again  
of the fingered  
blood.  
O shell, o crust  
inside,  
fly away and  
escape.  
go screaming down swallowed tunnels  
of sweat and  
lies. Shell.  
Shell, no water to  
fill the hole  
of prayer  
to the body shrine  
and fire, follow  
through the glass  
joined shadow  
and pull. Pull and  
breathe  
red down

Joe wore knickers  
And smoked 2 sherlock holmes pipes  
He wore one brogue  
And a construction boot  
No socks  
No nothing  
Nothing Joe wore nothing  
But it's only for an image  
He wore his nose  
He rested on that  
Green nose  
In a virgin bed  
With busted springs  
Joe is a peddler  
Of dry guts.  
Joe is intimate  
In an abyss strung bacolith  
Catacomb bedroom  
And tells jokes to  
Sugar people  
That wear wrong  
Lense glasses  
Staring blatant at the target  
Of forest home  
In crevice existence.

- Frank Lawrence

## FIREFLIES

Screendoor summers, with chocolate ice-cream stains on their blue dungarees, tart strawberry sodas, and rich smelling toffee, sticking to the pads of their small fingertips, the children holler, mouths full of pink bubble-gum, and the endless barking of the dogs continues.

I walk barefooted on the heated sidewalks, that remain warm, even long after the sun sets and scenes from the play called "My Life" pour into the empty circles within my mind, and a lump rises in my throat. My coarse hands grope about, longing to grasp something tangible, but there is nothing; so I walk on. The monotony of the sidewalk breaks, and I stand, facing dunes of pale grey sand that beckon me to run and lose myself, in their timeless maze of existence. My body aches with loneliness and despair, yet I am drawn towards this isolation, and my feet sink into the soft warm sand. The seagull cries, soars, and dives, and my envy grows for his strength, and I long to challenge this independence, but I shrink to the pale grey sand, and my whole being is heavy.

The red evening sky surrounds the rapidly fading sun, that casts its shadow on the wet pebbles that line the shore. The sea water slips in, bearing tiny sea creatures for sacrifice to the hungry crows who, at daybreak, swarm in a patch of black velvet. My saliva is thick, and the taunting salt water trickles down the side of a rock.

The night sky has fallen, and the moon comes tumbling down. And I reveal my uncertain lies, and lament my dead desire. The night birds are calling: enveloped in a sheathe of black, I am a man.

Bryan Joan Elliott  
Year 4

## MONRECIFA AND THE MAD

Outrageously furious,  
Red hot,  
Monrecifa pursed her callous lips  
And stalely coughed  
Dried caries, milk and molten rock;  
On blue-black demons  
It rode roughshod. Volcanic-mad,  
Her ash, her grit forment her woodland.  
Blitzkrieg  
Hammered from her lofty gullet;  
And the packed hot boulders drop  
Like suns and clouds.

Michele Richran  
Year 3

## UNIVERSAL SONNET

(dedicated to the tormented lovers and their poems)

I've never loved;  
could be I've liked  
but I sure didn't sense  
the doom that diked  
your feelings as it did.

You wrote your poems  
with rolling rhyme,  
crying woeful couplets  
lacking rhythmic time.  
It's sad  
you didn't know your crime.

Remember to write what you know best.  
Don't make yourselves such literary pests.

Gisele Rucker  
Year 4



## JUNIOR POETRY WINNER

### THEME IN RED

The bull:  
Taunted by the matador's cape  
Driven by anger and frustration  
To charge  
Screaming at the flaming flag  
That blots out the vision  
Of everything save itself  
And - it is gone!  
'El Toro!' jeers the enemy  
With boundless hate  
It again attacks the taunting cloth  
The sword:  
Plunged into the eye  
The blood streams out  
Enveloping the bull  
In an aura of naked fury  
The only thought:  
Destroy the hostile object  
Waving and dancing  
Ever beyond reach  
The final plunge forward:  
A searing agony  
As the brain is stabbed  
By the gleaming blade  
Crimson swims before its eyes  
Then - black.

Brian Stein  
Year 1

### THE ORDERS

From behind the bloody battle lines  
The orders are given  
From the plush decor of the top brass' offices,  
With their pretty secretaries taking notes  
That don't mean anything.  
The soldier awaits the orders;  
Waiting in his bunker  
Watching his pals die:  
With his cold K rations in a can.  
And the generals think, while sipping wine,  
To send another thousand men  
To their empty deaths.  
The wine pours; the blood spills.

Martin Felsky  
Year 2





## MOUNTAINS

The white snow gathered at the peak of the steep, rugged mountain. Its roots were planted firmly; it would not melt. I deserve such a chance. I wanted to be there too.

I have my own mountain. No one can see its peak, not even I. For hidden here, for only God to see, is my goal. However I am still on the ground, only capable of looking upwards. I am so small and insignificant.

When I see a mountain, my whole body quivers. I do not know why. I pretend to be frightened, I have made so many mistakes. I cannot afford to make another. I do not want to dig my own grave. My mountain is pure and beautiful. I cannot force myself even to touch it. I do not wish to spoil its perfection. When will I be allowed to cleanse myself? I am not praying. I am begging. I deserve a chance. No one wants to help me. They say, "Why should I? He killed a man" I am not sorry. This man deserved to die. I do not intend to state my reasons. There is no reason why I should.

I live like everybody else. I eat and sleep; occasionally I think. I have nothing to live for. Yet there is my mountain. I know I must climb it. Someone is forcing me.

My mountain stands erect, with nothing to support it. It gives

me such pain. Why did God choose me for so great a task? The sun does not shine here. A dismal, overbearing cloud hovers overhead. It is waiting for me to reach my peak. Then its purpose will be defeated and it will linger somewhere else.

I think it is time for me to stop looking at my mountain. It is time I should touch it and get accustomed to its ruggedness. It is my comrade as well as my enemy. I must overcome it. Hm. The touch is to my liking. I do not see why I was so unsure of myself. Something has restored my enemy. I must go on.

My mountain no longer exists. I was not the right specimen that God was looking for - someone who knew what he wanted. He wanted to see how this person would react; how he would try and grab his goal. But I am different.

God and I are no longer friends. I am not afraid of him. Why should I be? People say I am insane. I wouldn't be so sure. I am more sane than all of you. I am supreme. I have no feelings; therefore I need no control. Am I happy? How should I know? I can no longer feel. I only have a name. Adolf Hitler. What will I do? Try and run other people's mountains. Why shouldn't I? I have no conscience. I am sane.

Leslie Rubin  
Year 4

## THE DRAINED LAKE

and you've tasted the bitter sweetness of love  
yet you've received no flowers for your faithfulness  
not even a blossom  
and you've cared for him and always put him above  
you've given all you could but received less  
the song he's singing has a different beat than yours  
and you hear it but can't understand his words  
you dislike the tune yet he thinks it is catchy  
and he's been singing it for weeks now  
yet you've been trying to drown out his notes  
but he hasn't played to his rest  
when eventually he reaches his crescendo  
your accompanying part will completely fade out  
no you've never been his lover, you never will  
it's only the imaginative dream you've always known  
you're only a puppy at the heels of his master  
but you're dizzy from chasing your tail  
but summer's end and fall will be here too soon  
and he will be swept away with others of his kind  
and like day, with no backward glance  
he'll fade into night  
without an apology  
and you will be left alone  
shivering in the dark he's left behind  
for he is your only sunshine.

Wendi Frank  
Year 1



## SENIOR POETRY WINNER

e.e. ?

it would be nice, yes, i suppose;

if i could sit here forever until i get up with no worries  
at all  
i would throw off my clothes and run, almost free

naked through the grass  
yes barefoot too  
and then oh people would open their windows

and try to look out into me:  
but of course they could not really stare or notice  
shall we say the intimacies and  
wonders of the homosapiens form;

no they could not stare or consider it sinful

if i could let all the money that i own drop  
out of my pockets and not care what  
sewer it could enter or who  
finds the pieces and loses it again of course nobody loses all the time;  
haha;

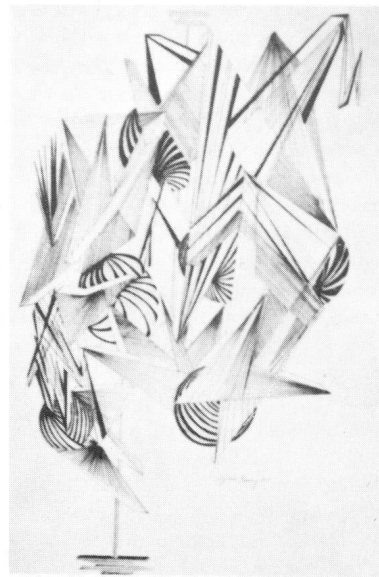
elders should not stop and wonder and follow this truly wierd and insane  
animal back to his cage;  
then criticize the colour of his skin instead,

but then again i might, yes, i suppose;  
feel a mushroom instead.

? Eric Manolson  
Year 3

he lifted his eyes to the inside of his skull  
to watch the cross work of blood-soaked veins  
mapping the interior of his mind.  
there is death in the air, but the strings could  
not be cut to release the shaking body hanging from  
his neck.  
he placed his fingers to gauge his eyes outward  
and fell headlong into the black void  
deep and silent interwoven in haze.  
there was a vision and he saw bobby  
hand held,  
but he reached out and the vision was black.  
he turned to touch the presence closer to him  
and caressed the bones of Bairj and stared  
wide-eyed as he saw Bairj touch the hand held  
, bowing in prayer before their link.  
and I bowed with him, my head hanging on the  
other side of my neck,  
and when I looked up and saw Bairj alone,  
cross-legged  
in white,  
I knew I would not be able to crawl back through  
the haze that permitted me to enter or follow the vanished  
hand held.  
and I knew it would be easy now for me  
to cut the string.  
Bairj burned incense to rid my skull  
of the smell of blood-soaked veins  
and death in void.  
but his whiteness made my death more  
known to me.

Linda Frank  
Year 4



## AMOUR

Les fleurs du monde  
Sont dans mon coeur  
Quand je pense  
A mon amour.

Le soleil brille  
Quand je te vois  
Et quand tu pars  
Je pense à toi

Les oiseaux chantent  
Le ciel est bleu  
Quand dans tes bras  
Je trouve bonheur

Il n'y aura pas d'autres  
Jamais de ma vie  
Pour toujours ce sera toi  
Toujours dans ma vie.

Toujours dans ma vie.  
Storm Leutner  
Year 2



## LA MOUCHE AU PLAFOND

(with apologies to Saint-Denis Garneau)

Je vois un plafond  
Un plafond de plâtre  
Avec une mouche!

La mouche sur son plafond de plâtre-  
C'est la mouche collée au plafond  
Qui est morte (pauvre petite mouche).

Lorsque rien n'arrive  
Dans ma classe de français  
Je regarde la mouche (en haut).

Et quand je suis ennuyée  
Quand on fait la grammaire  
On n'attend pas la mouche du tout  
C'est ridicule-elle est morte!  
Comme un clou de porte. (door nail)

C'est une mouche libre  
La liberté au plafond.

Voudrait-elle pas s'envoler  
Je pense que non  
Qu'est-ce que c'est  
Qui arrête la mouche.

Elle ne pourra s'en aller  
Qu'auprès avoir dérangé la classe.

On l'a écrasée!

Susan Futterman

Year 4



## EL GAUCHO

En la América del Sur hace diez generaciones, nació una raza neuva de hombres . . . el gaucho. Los gauchos fueron de padres españoles y de madres indias. Esta combinación única de conquistador y criollo, fabrico una creación esplendida y misteriosa . . . un tipo de hombre que era independiente y libre.

El gaucho vivia en las grandes pampas de Argentina. Erraba por todas partes libremente. Poseia un caballo que era su compañero de vida, y un gaucho consideraba su potro la cosa más importante del mundo. Todos los gauchos eran muy notables por su dedicación a sus animales.

Sus vestidos eran muy pintorescos. Consistieron en un sombrero. Hecho de fieltre, cómo esos de los conquistadores españoles; y una camisa larga que fue empujada bajo los pantalones vastos, que se llamaban "bobachas." Tambien llevaba fajas hermosas, y ponchos de muchos colores vividos . . . el orgullo del gaucho. Los ponchos fueron tejidos de la lana de la llama, de la oveja, o del guanaco. Pero la mas importante de sus posesiones era su façon. Esta arma terrible era un cuchille de plata y hierro, unas diez y ocho pulgadas de largo. La façon acompanaba el gaucho por todas partes, y le protegía.

Como era la personalidad del gaucho? Era un hombre que deseaba y merecia mucho respeto. Era un individuo con algo de caballero y poco de bandido, siempre jugador generoso, siempre negociante. Sus pastiempos eran el jugo y la narracion de cuentos y

anecdote; sus pasiones eran la independencia y sobre todo la libertad completa. Todo lo que necesitaban era caballos para galopar, y un sitio propio en el suelo para dormir. Nada mas! El gaucho tenia muchas calidades admirables. Era honrado, fiel y tenia mucha integridad.

El boleear con otros amigos, el jugar a las cartas, y el visitar los boliches (tiendas en que se vendia cosas sencillas y el licor) eran sus modos de recreacion.

El gaucho era una parte en que erraba. Sabia la region completamente, pero no podia existir mas que en el aire libre. Por desgracia, llego la civilización a las pampas en el siglo diez y nueve. Ferro-carilles, ranchos, pueblos acompanaron la civilización, y las pampas fueron abiertas a todos. Los gauchos habian perdido su modo de vida; sus campos verdes y salvajes.

Las pampas se ponian civilizadas y industriales. Ahora, no existen los gauchos. Sus niños no siguen el modo viejo. Son obreros. . no son hombres libres! Libres de la civilización, de las inquietudes y las aflicciones del mundo.

Ahora no viven mas que pocos gauchos en la Argentina. Estos sirven como recuerdo de los otros, de la gloria de la vida del gaucho libre. Sin duda, los gauchos eran los heroes inolvidables de una tierra vasta y animada.

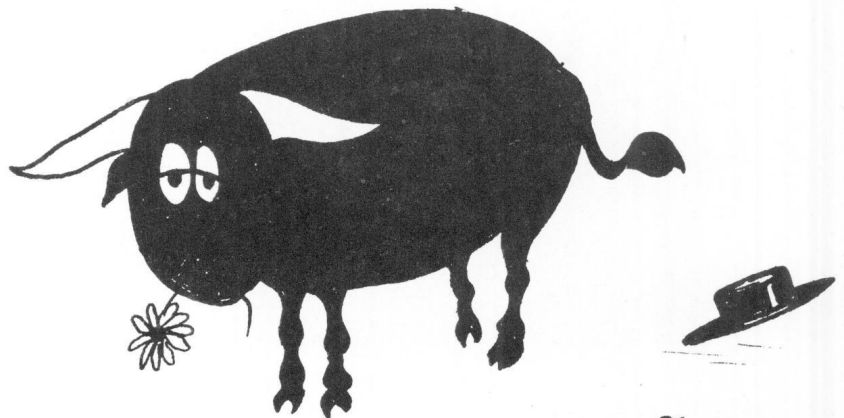
Renee Karp  
Year 4

## EL INVIERNO EN EL CANADA

por David Azouz

Empieza la nieve y el tiempo frio,  
Cuando el invierno viene al Canadá  
Chicos y chicas juegan en el jardin blanco,  
Todos son contentos con la nieve blanda.  
Canadienses juegan su juego predilectado,  
el hockey, el esquí y otra cosa.  
Tenemos mucho a hacer en este tiempo amistoso,  
Y el mejor pais en que hacerlo es el Canadá

Niños vienen con narices rosadas,  
Padres entran en casa muy tarde,  
Mucha chas compran vestidos nuevos,  
Ahora sabemos que el invierno es con mucha nieve.  
El invierno no es siempre buen amigo,  
Cuando tiene catarro o está enfermo,  
Esta estación es enemigo malo.  
Sin embargo, el invierno era siempre mi amigo.



ESPAÑOL . . .

### TIME WILL TELL

With increasing frequency, a certain question is arising in people's minds as they observe the society of which they are a part. As they observe the world around them, they become puzzled and confused and with trepidation they seek the answer to the nagging question: In this decade of the 1960's, is a man slowly or rapidly (depending on the way one looks at it) destroying himself? Is he destroying the entire fabric of his existence as he has known it for hundreds of years?

Today we live in a "mass society". There are so many thousands of people grouped together within the same social structures that all organization has become enlarged and magnified in order to cope with everyone. The "American way of life" no longer seems to be the ideal one, as thought in years gone by. No longer are the old virtues of honesty, thrift, generosity, and ambition the ones which earn admiration and praise. Instead, there is an ever-increasing emphasis on materialism, which distorts men's minds and hearts. Atti-

tudes and outlooks change; so do the people possessing them. There is a loss of individualism as each person becomes afraid to express himself as the unique personality he is, and he struggles to find security inside the mass. He discards his identity so that he can be a part of the larger mass identity. These trends in present-day society have been noticed by at least one segment of the population -- the youth. The alarm and fear with which the young view their environment have led to another problem which seems to be disrupting our patterns of life.

The alienation of youth has manifested itself in various ways: the hippie culture, the "generation gap", and student unrest. Perhaps these are symptoms of a deeper malaise, one that sinks to the very depth of man's roots. Maybe these indicate the final breakdown of Western society, as the dying patient grapples with adversity and seeks his last desperate breath. Or, maybe our civilization is as healthy as it ever was, and is merely experiencing some minor ailments which can easily be cured.



The little people look to their social organization and apparatus for guidance and help. They expect their governments to solve all problems, cure all ills, and make everything right again. Yet, government seems to be "Big Brother"; its immense bureaucracy and the increasing scope of its activities frighten the individual. He realizes that it is not oriented towards making each citizen's life the best possible. It seems to be a part of a far-off world in which it deals only in money and wars, and not people. No wonder that people are restless in all the countries of Western Europe and America; as life is supposedly becoming "bigger and better", they are receding into the background and are finding that they have more to fear from life than expect or hope for.

Since the Intellectual Revolution of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, science has played a dominant role in man's life.

Discoveries and inventions have brought technology to the point that man has the capacity of completely obliterating the entire race of mankind from this earth. This is what is most frightening -- that man can destroy himself in a fit of rage, and leave no trace behind.

We have come back to the original question: Is man destroying his whole culture and civilization with his frantic existence of the 60's? Is his downfall imminent? Are we like the ancient Romans who, though descent to luxurious idleness, plunged Western civilization into darkness and barbarity for a thousand years? Or, are we undergoing minor upheavals along the path of society's evolution? As passionate observers, we cannot know if we are witnessing the disintegration of Western society; only time will tell.

Lois Dubin  
Year 4

## SOLITUDE

Loneliness  
is a phobia  
that is  
emblematic  
of Man's  
fear  
to be  
alone with  
himself.  
For  
then he is  
compelled  
to face  
himself  
and  
what he is  
Not.

George Weiss  
Year 4

## BULLS EYE

take your  
thought  
sticks from  
the quiver  
aim steady  
and shoot  
your arrow  
high into  
the sky  
through the sun then  
across the universe  
and into  
your  
mind

(eric manolson)  
Year 3