

WAGAR
15c

JULY 1963



The man who follows the crowd, will usually get no further than the crowd. The man who walks alone is likely to find himself in places no one has ever been before.

Creativity in living is not without its attendant difficulties, for peculiarity breeds contempt. And the unfortunate thing about being ahead of your time is that when people finally realize you were right, they'll say it was obvious all along.

You have two choices in life: you can dissolve into the mainstream, or you can be distinct. To be distinct, you must be different. To be different, you must strive to be what no one else but you can be....

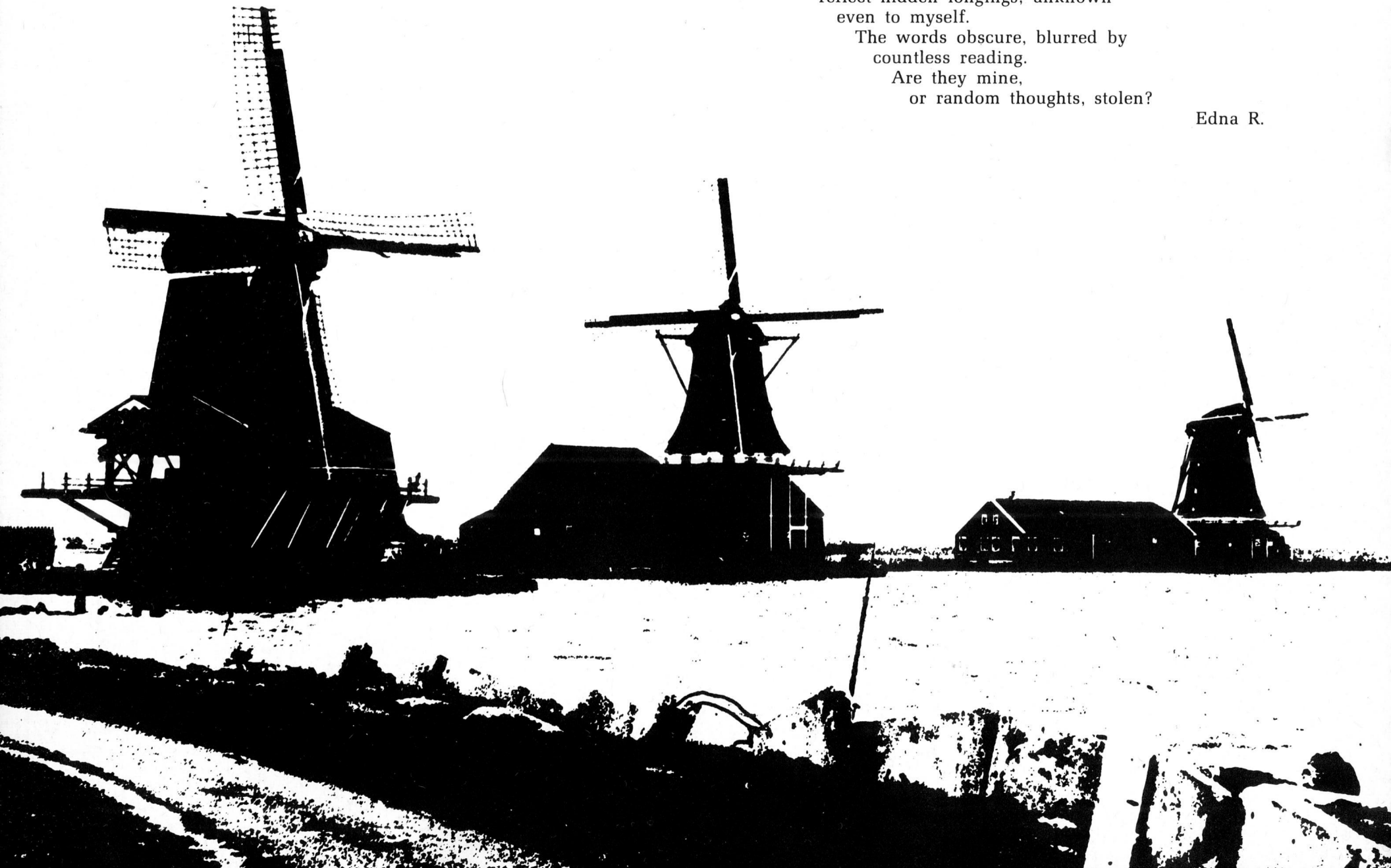
NO RESPECT

"It's a shame about the boy."
"Who?"
"You know, the boy?"
"Who?"
"The boy who jumped."
"Jumped? Oh, where?"
"Downtown."
"Stupid kid. Must've been high or something."
"Possibly."
"How stupid can you get. No brains."
"I don't know."
"Really dumb. No respect at all."
"The kid DIED!"
"Oh really? Well, what can I do about it? No part of mine!"
"And so..."
"And so, what's new?"
"What's new? A kid jumps off a building and you say what's new?"
"What's wrong with that?"
"Don't you want to know who he is?"
"So alright. Who is he?"
"Maybe I should let you find out at home."
"And why?"
"Because he was your son."

Barbara Lupovitch

Miscellaneous daydreams
written on my pillow, under the
cover the darkness,
reflect hidden longings, unknown
even to myself.
The words obscure, blurred by
countless reading.
Are they mine,
or random thoughts, stolen?

Edna R.



ODE TO STUPID COMPOSITION ASSIGNMENTS
By Ros Schwartz

I'm surely not the only one
To need a composition done
With all thoughts flown from my head,
And all ideas quickly dead.
It's terrible, you must admit,
To know that you're forced to submit
A thing which may take weeks to write
In a matter of, (with luck) one night.
And knowing this, our teachers still
Insist we comply with their will.
(Don't spread it, but my meter's wrong--
No better wording came along)
In fact, to torture us still more
They want it copied neatly! Lor'!
And this is why, you see, I hate
To know it's Composition Date.

My little poem's boring you?
Well, never mind, it bores me too.



FINAL EXAM - ENGLISH COMPOSITION - GRADE 8

June 1971

Time: 1 1/2 hrs.

Write a narrative or description composition of about 150-200 Words (10 marks)

Topics: Do It

Hellish Smoke

John Smith

Reach for the Top

Year End Scores

Congratulations

Ros Schwartz

Congratulations

Once upon a time, thirty students were sitting in a classroom in their favourite high school, writing their beloved English Composition Examination. Their minds were busily scurrying through vocabulary and sentence correction when suddenly... through the door appeared -- Superword!

I could easily end my story right here by pointing out that these students (who had only one and a half hours in which to write a 150--200 word essay) were diligent and honest; and during an exam one's eyes must never roam for any reason-- so of course they didn't look up at the distraction, but continued with their hieroglyphics.

But I'm only at 101 words, so I won't do that.

In any case, as I was saying before this rude interruption, through the door appeared -- Superword! (Repetition, you'll notice, is a very efficient way to use up space. Charles Dickens did it all the time!)

"I'm Superword!" cried Superword. "I'm here to save you from the dreaded, evil, Supercomposition exam!" And with one masterful motion he --

Oops! My limit's up.

P.S. If you have read this without the slightest emotional involvement, I extend to you my heartiest congratulations. And if you can find any connection between this story and its title ("Congratulations") again, Congratulations!

WOMEN...MOTHERS

There are women who
Are big in politics
They make long brilliant speeches
And always have time for conferences and social
functions
And affairs.

There are women who
Are cool and up-to-date
They drive two-seater sports cars
And are always well dressed
And wiggle.

There are women who
Are women of the world
They've seen every Broadway show
And always take long vacations to remote Greek
islands
And seem to know a lot of important lawyers, journalists
musicians, and actors.

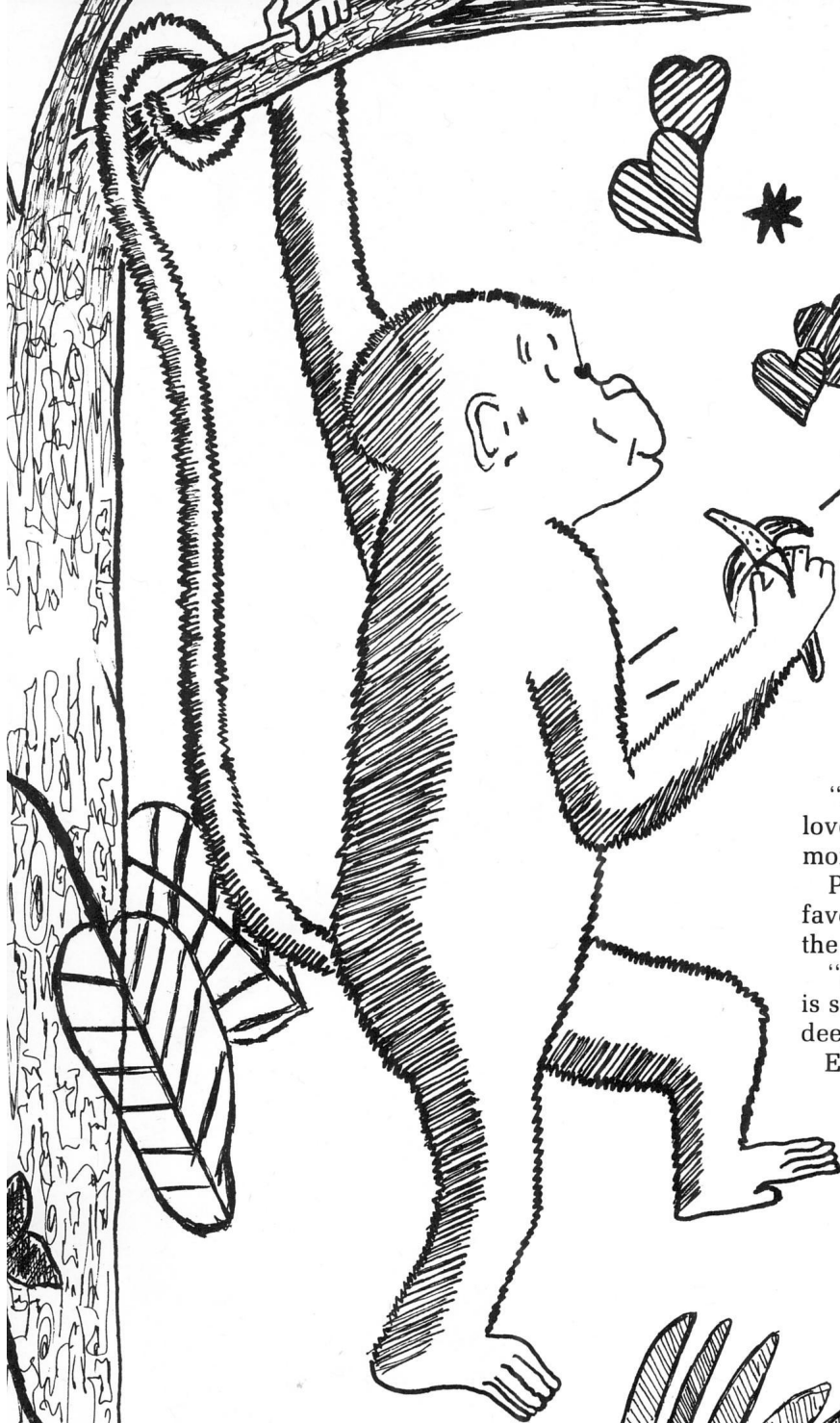
There are women who
Know how to spend their afternoons
They have time to make souffles
And always attend dancing class.
And send their clothes to the dry cleaners.

There are women who
Seem to be young forever
They have soft hands and hard nails
And never have to have the gray washed out of their
hair
And don't have wrinkles.

There are women...
And there are women...
...And then there are mothers...

Risa Bramon





"It's no good Alex," she said, "even if I did love you, Father would never let me marry a monkey."

Poor Alex, he sulked, and lumbered off to his favourite banana tree, climbed up, and hid in the branches.

"Poor Alex," thought the human female, "he is so cute and cuddly, but I could never love him deeply. For I'm madly in love with Herbert."

Enter Herbert- a giraffe.

Joan Yanofsky
Isabel Hornstein



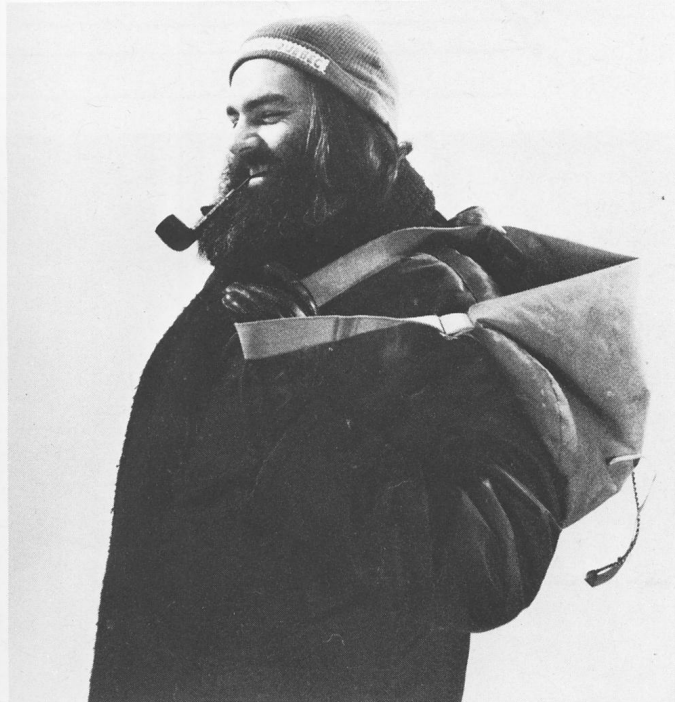


Glen Gutwillig

KIDDY TALK

Insulated against the cold,
Wrapped in furs, blankets, parkas, mittens,
mufflers.
Their noses red, rosy.
Pushed outdoors by over anxious mothers
...they toddle off, pink, blue, red, snowbunnies
only to fall in the face of
the breezing wind.

Edna



Cheryl Buckman

YOUTH

5 years not to realize you have it
10 years to wish you didn't
15 years to appreciate it
25 years to fight for it back
And after to accept that it's gone
But to console yourself with the fact you had it.
Risa Bramon



Glenn Gutwillig

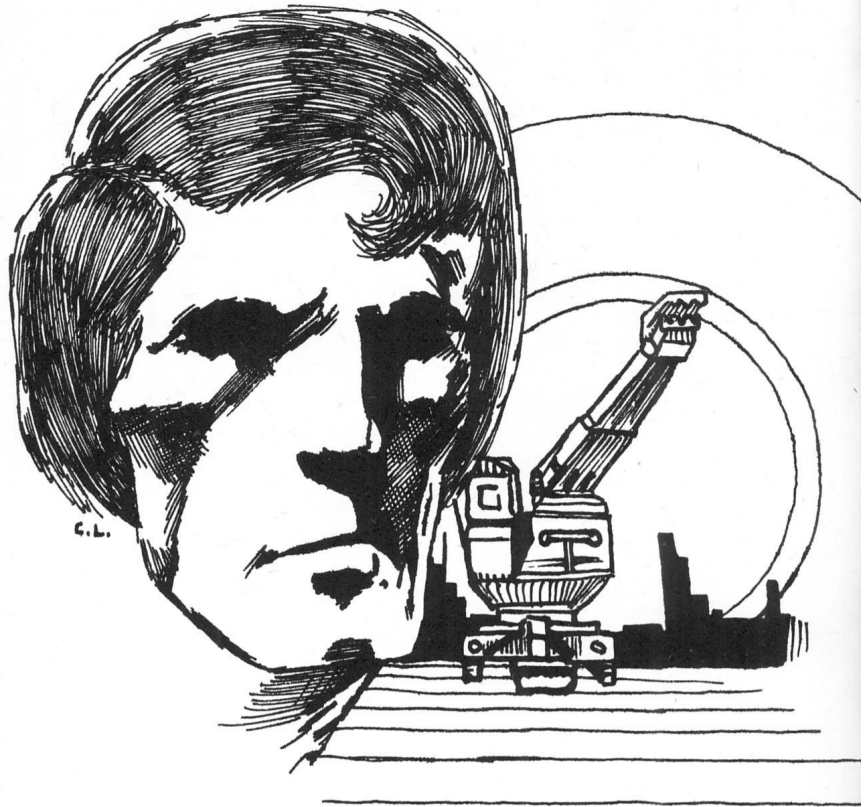
MAN

Pushes forward

Leaving behind him
Steel and stone monuments
To his presence.
Each day
The roar of a motor
And the earth-shaking cry of the
dynamite's blast
in answer
Ensure him that
Life goes on...and
As he pushes,
he stands back to admire-
But-
others too watch;
The wild things watch
A man's steel and stone push
push back the forests, plains meadows
their forests, plains, meadows.
Their Homes.

.....
and each nite
High step a hill
A lone wild dog
Throws his head back in call-
He calls
And listens,
for the answering cry-
for if he hears this cry
He knows - once again-
(for another day)
That he is not
THE LAST ONE OF HIS KIND.

Barry R.



HAPPY BIRTHDAY

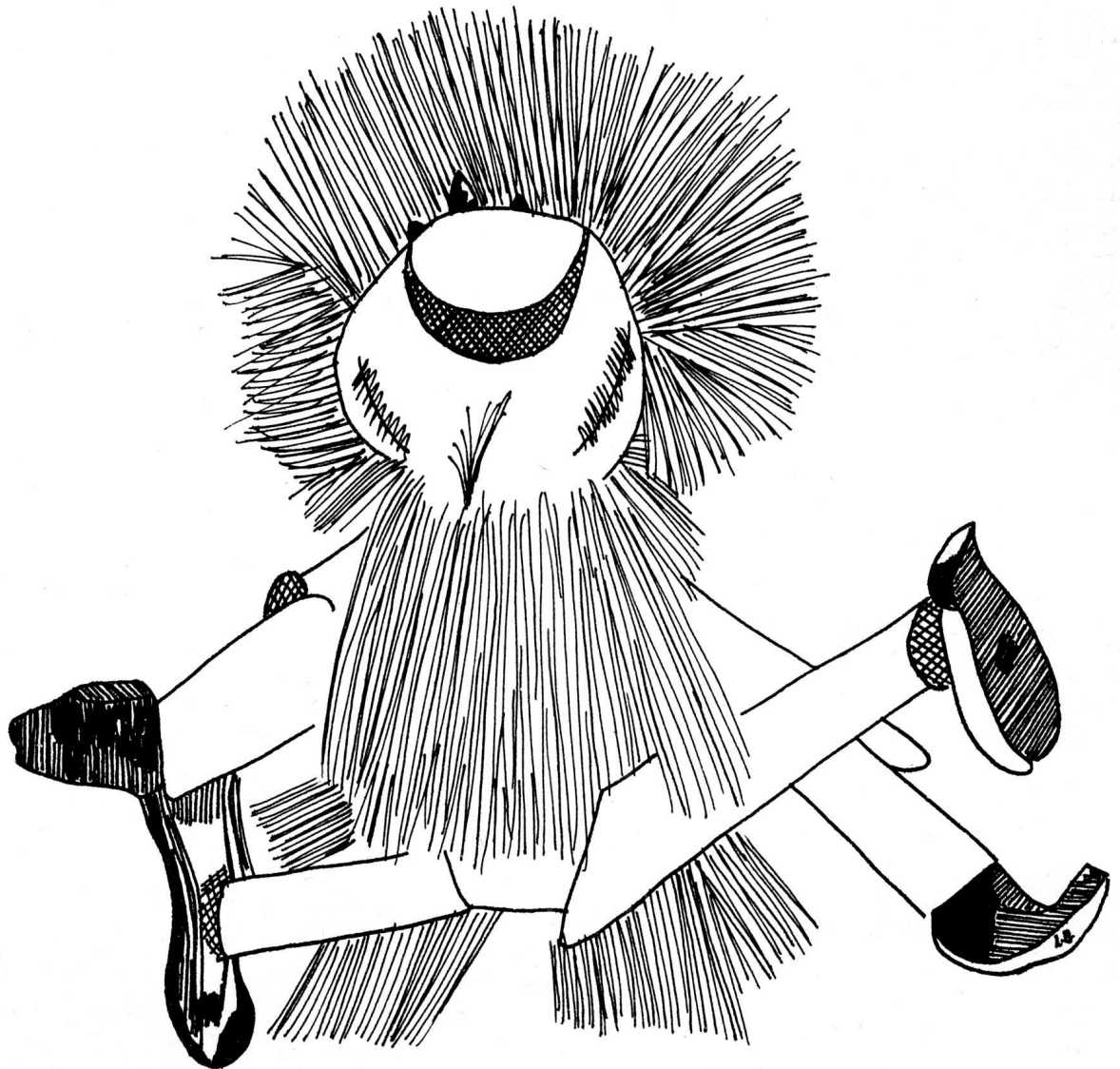
The room is silent and I'm sitting alone
Until it slips out that today's the day
And suddenly I'm surrounded by a mob of man-
nequins
With brightly painted smiles
And arms wide spread, ready to crumble
Happy Birthday they shout in my ear.
And some lifeless lips emitting cold kisses
Find their way on to my cheeks
Their faces radiate, exuberant for me
Cause I've finally reached the high level of my 16th
Birthday.
Such an achievement is one to behold.
Graduation day, maybe.
A special day, just for me.
A day for hollow smiles and incomprehensible
sweetness.
And emptiness wrapped up so beautifully
Not perfectly though.
One little flaw.
And it's glaring up at me.
I found it, I wish I didn't though
Cause the contents of the package are pouring into
my mind
And instead of loving the colorful facades
I'm suffering for the lack of insides.
Anyhow, I doubt you'll understand...
But, all I'm really trying to tell you is...
Kiss me tomorrow instead.

Susan Champagne



Hey, everybody, look at me!
I'm smiling!
I think I'm gonna burst. My insides are where my
outsides should be and my outsides must have gotten
lost in the shuffle.
The world's all pink and rosy!
And for once, my make-up isn't smeared by salty
drops, drip-dropping from now vacant tear ducts.
Hey, everybody, look at me!
I'm laughing!
Love is here and is wrapping me up
so I won't be cold on long winter nights.
Days are bright and never seem to end
And I'm completely immersed in feeling totally good!
LOOK AT ME!
I'm glowing!
I hope this feeling great never quits
At least until
tomorrow...

Joyce Herling



I Was a Teenage

I was a teenage bubblegum addict, who have gone through the un- Here is my woeful story.

I suppose you might say I was I entered HIGH SCHOOL - that of the up and inners, of the down and they realize what monsters they at- tossed into the storm like a frail mother's words so well now.

"Marmaduke, now you're in High future may depend on the friends you

Mother, how valuable those words already immersed in this institution aroused my curiosity - how foolish I

As a grade eighter my life was by the "veterans" - those who sur- against this brutality, I searched out a chosen, and was accepted by THE dict is quite hard to distinguish from intelligent looking, perhaps even fool the eye of the uninformed, but at teeth are so lemon-yellow, his tonsils moving. It usually juts out in a man- or its cud. A surplus of saliva is addict has an overdose, his speech is gross foreign body in his mouth. Af "friends." Soon, however, I was had acquired; and I must say, I was anything - crackers, apples, steaks, chomping away on their gum. They chew from the crinkliest paper, in the and deftness, that no one would see in school, the barbarian hordes would your entire supply, right before your they always knew where and when best flavours, hiding them in secret

Bubblegum Addict

Do not laugh. Do not look down upon those
nerving, scarring, experience of addiction.

thrown into the evil world of chewers when
world of the hard, status-seeking individual,
outers. That prison of unchainable youth, do
tempt to educate? I was just an innocent lad,
sailboat on a turbulent sea. I remember my

School. Stay out of trouble. Remember, you
met now... Marmaduke, are you listening?"
were - if I had only taken heed. But I was
of ill repute. My youth and inexperience had
was!

made miserable. I was constantly tormented
vived the first critical years. In defense
group of friends. Unknowingly, I had
GUM ADDICTS. At first glance, the gum ad-
the typical savage of the school. Half-
three quarters intelligent looking, he may
a closer look, it is easy to recognize one. His
need sunglasses. His jaw never stops
ner similar to that of a cow chewing grass,
always sickeningly evident, and, when the
slurred and inaudible, as a result of the
first I was shocked, afraid of these new
fascinated. I noticed the extreme skills they
impressed. They could eat absolutely
(addicts often get the munchies) while
could remove the little coloured balls of
most deadly silent class, with such precision
or hear them. (If you were caught with gum
swoop down upon you, taking from you
greedy little eyes.) Most fascinating of all,
new shipments came in, and bought out the
caches around the school. When the drug

store supply was exhausted, and mouths were dry and craving, they would be
chewing away at it, with the expertise and grace which only the most advanced
gum chewer could attain. That dumb, disoriented look took time to cultivate.
Oh innocent bystander beware! Do not let yourself be drawn into this savage
world!

Soon I began to get curious about this strange thing. I decided to "try it" - just
to see what it was like. Soon, I was "trying it" frequently, until one day, I had to
walk a mile to the nearest store. (the others were going through a gum famine).
I realized I was hooked. I started chewing six, seven, eight packs a day. I hoar-
ded my supply; I would not share with anyone. My lusty cravings increased,
until I would get off a bus eight stops before my house in order to purchase the
little culprits. When the price went up, my piggy bank's reserve began to
diminish. My dentist bill went up - I was getting paranoid that he would notice.
Then one day my parents found out. I had been careless. Perhaps it was a final
cry for help. That fateful day, the gum became caught in my long hair, and, in
my frenzied struggle to remove it, my scissors slipped, leaving a very con-
spicuous-looking "hairsyle" on my head. In an attempt to conceal it, I covered
my head with my woolen hat. The only thing was that it was June, and I began
to sweat profusely. My parents noticed the peculiarity.

Friends, I tell you, I could hold back no longer. I spewed forth my confession.
My parents were taken aghast. Horror seized my mother's face. "Oh, Harry, I
knew this would happen. Oh Marmaduke, how could you? Where have we
failed?!"

"I don't know Ma, I just don't know," I stammered, and blinked to hold back
the tears.

"We gave you everything - regular dental checkups, only the best toothpaste,
we even gave you Trident. Haven't we done our best?" My parents could not
understand.

"Help me, oh please help me!" I wailed, my sobs full of misery, my saliva full
of sugar and orange coating. My tongue looked like a rainbow. Oh, woe was
me, innocent victim of this terrible habit.

Now I am scarred for life. Big steel braces harness my mouth. Still, every
time that coloured package greets my eye, my jaws twitch. Oh, People, beware
of this evil thing! Take heed from my mistake, or you too will be engrossed in
the sticky, chewy, terrible labyrinth of the Bubblegum Addict!...

as confessed

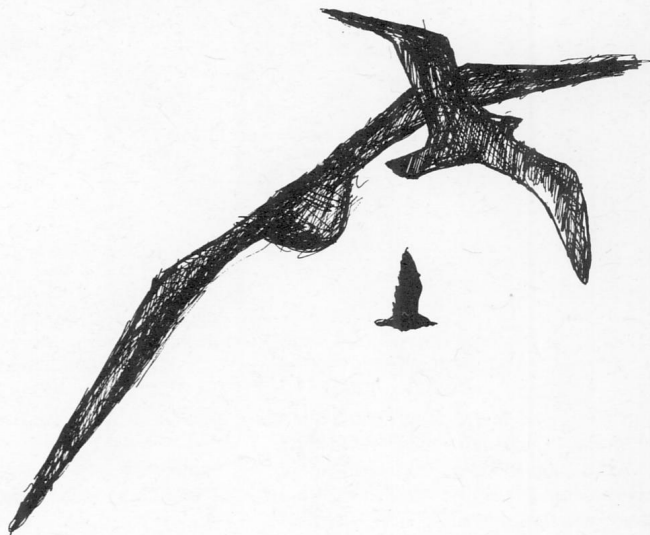
To Marilyn Lerner

PORTRAIT

Bright clouds of
Another day,
The green grass fields
Of home,
The trawlers in
The harbour,
The seagulls
Flying high,

And on the corner
The poet and his poems,
Musing,
This town,
His home.

Joseph Bornstein



He turned away
within himself
eyes bitter
wounded
without hope
a single word
falling
like a
water droplet
perfect sphere
upon untouched serenity
rippling into patterns of
circle
within
circle
within
circle
endlessly
reaching out towards
infinity
and...

He looked
through tears that would not flow
upon a world
which asked
with grim unanimity
and unconcern
unsympathy
that he be
happy

the word
to him
meant only
that his voice stay steady

A single word
a short
sweet
simple
casually
dropped
that

burned
within him
seared his heart
cut through
skin
and nerve
and sinew
now sharpened
honed
to tear apart
his soul
ravage
without mercy
Nourish the earth
with his blood
feed the future
with his dead ideals

and misery grew
chord upon chord
building to the climax
rushing music
howling
in violent discord
seeking
searching
only for a victim
swelling
until he heard no sound
no music
and no life

and only blackness
was within his soul

R.S.



SANTA'S "BABY"

DO NOT
MOVE
PLEASE

FUN ANYONE?!

"hi's and byes
and cries and sighs
and eyes and whys
and lies and "oh my's

song and long
and wrong and ping-pong
and "look at me"
and "did you see?"

and faces have traces
of wiles and smiles
dead and red
and they said it was time for bed

and girls in curls
meet boys with toys
"may I have this dance?"
"I'll take the chance"

and times are rhymes
of tra la la
of drink and stink
and the pink fink

noses crinch when they feel a pinch
and bodies bump and jump
and move and groove
with arms and charms

and stamp and cramp
and smash and crash
and ash from a butt
that's been shut

and smoke
what a joke
"my heart just broke"
"have a coke"

and wishes and dishes
and kisses and hisses
and "I like your dress"
and "she looks a mess"

"I'm having fun!"
"I'm having none"
Have you guessed the scene?
A SWEET SIXTEEN!...

Risa Bramon





The funeral chapel was empty except for a coffin that was placed at the altar, directly in front of the podium where the minister was to stand. As the clock struck ten, the sexton entered, lit two candles at each side of the casket, and switched on the semi-dim lights.

Gradually, people filtered in and took their places. Some of the congregants were acquaintances. They nodded solemnly to each other. The organist began to play a dirge as the minister entered. He was attired in a black robe, and silk hat. His prayer book was clutched between his fingers and tucked under his arm. Gradually, conversation ceased. The minister commenced his eulogy in the usual manner, "My dear friends, we are gathered here today to pay our respects to a wonderful human being."

Suddenly from the congregation, a voice yelled, "A bastard!"

The minister continued, "...a benevolent creature, a man of great understanding..."

From the audience came another cry, "The dirty son of a bitch..."

The minister continued once again, "...a man who gave charity not only from his pocket, but from his heart."

From the congregation, again "a miserly scrooge."

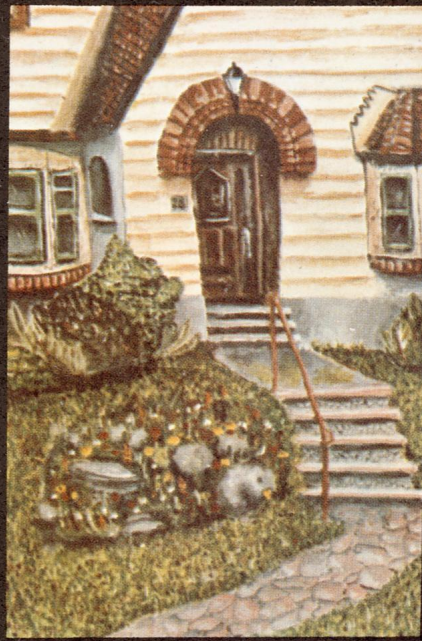
These cries from the congregation grew into a chorus for, apparently, they all had reason to contradict the words of the minister. Then suddenly, the minister threw off his robe and put down his bible. Once again, he began to speak. The congregation, shocked at the minister's disrobement, listened quietly. "We have come here, today, to pay our last homage to an out and out rotten, a merchant of Venice, a blasphemous idiot, a man who had compassion for no one and hatred for all human beings. He was, as you say, a bastard!..

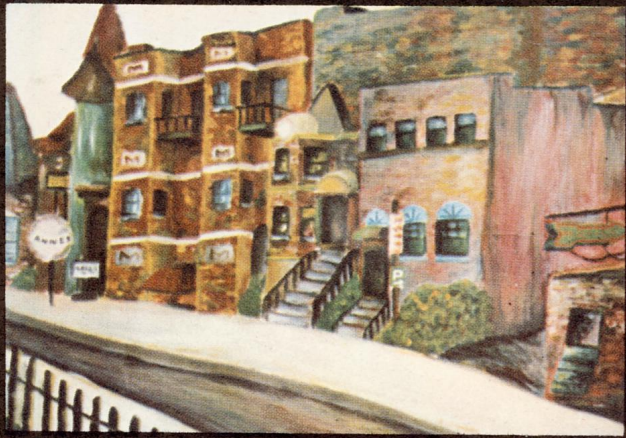
-Shelley Carpmann

-STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND-

A tense excitement fills the air
An anticipation of wonder among the crowd
The usual sweet smell of weed
the hazy clouds of smoke
The blue-jeaned crowd-happy but in an excited tremor
The familiar recognitions among friends
Wall to wall bodies
Hungry for their hero,
Waiting...
The courteous appreciation of the opening band
Everyone getting in the mood
Pipes passing
Smoke rising
Hands faintly clapping
Conversation gradually dying
Then lights fill the auditorium once again
And the crowd resumes
Waiting...
But then there is no more waiting,
The lights fade out
Musicians fill the stage
The familiar beat spurring the audience
On to cheers and clapping
For there "He" is
Jean-jacketed
Passive and cool
His lazy sauntering stride
And waving long arms.
People staring in awe
Screaming in disbelief
Pinching themselves to make sure they are not dreaming
Every onlooker hypnotized
Beholding the man
With the long silver-streaked hair
And wild evil eyes
Rough beard
And curving rich lips
Into a devil's smile
This one man's presence
Captivating an entire mass
As he plays his big black piano
His flowing fingers
Long and graceful
Gliding over the keys
In a rich honky-blues
His voice echoing throughout the hall
Everyone knowing and loving
The rugged drawling

The soothing southern songs
They've waited to hear
Real
For so long.
His eyes rolling
His elbows tightening the end of a song
His body loosening and stiffening
Kneeling off his seat
Dancing on his music box
His every movement fascinating.
The whole hall throbbing
Resounding the vibrant rhythm
Of the audience
In harmony with the music
Spellbound by the magical sounds
Everyone clapping
Tapping out the beat
Dancing and jumping off their seats to every ballad
Knowing that it's all right now
In fact it's a gas
Jumping Jack Flash
Is up there on stage
Telling them everything is gonna be all right
To soothing drawn out monologues
Words linked together as quick as thoughts
Repeated over and over
Each time with a little more feeling.
Every girl believing she is his
Queen of the Roller Derby
His Sweet Emily
His Delta Lady
His young girl waiting back home in his bedroom.
Tingles and goosebumps
Tears and cries
Sighs and whimpers
Cheers and applause
As he comes out for the last time
Feeding the audience his last sweet tune
Singing a Song for You.
And then it's over
And eleven thousand content fans
Still longing for more
Crawl out of the building
Wearing simple satisfied smiles
And warm inside-
Each one touched by a
Personal note of electricity,
They say: Leon Russell-unreal!





Look gently at the sky of winter
For its silver greyness
Masks the blue of spring
Seek between the meshing fragments
As they twist and swirl
Before your silent eyes
There's a pattern they conceal
With random motion:
Search it out
in shades and tones and variations on a theme
Somewhere
deep behind its darkness
lies a miracle waiting to be born

R.S.

Burning, burning brightly,
The fires of heaven, they glow,
The star-swept night
Seems lost in the night,
Of the single lonely flame.

And I, earthbound, my feet made of clay,
stand, watching the sun ship
Sail to the stars
Cry, And wish that I were Apollo.

Gertrude

Sunlit seas of apricot orange
toss and turn to the beat of the waves,
while children in bare skins,
unwatched on the sea shores,
build crumbling empires,
and granular graves.

E.R.

Twisted around the lampost,
stood the woman of many loves.
Hips poised, lips pressed,
striking for a conquest.
The make-up of her ware, cannot hide the
lines of many years of pain.
She lights a cigarette,
smiles her smile,
and steps up to a man.

J.P.



DAVY
DIXON HAS
K(NTS).



72-3⁹

Personally



to Baird - M.P.?

THESE ARE THE WORDS

Just words
I'm writing
for lack
of anything
better
to do -
just words
little symbols
to keep me
busy
to
kill time
that
desperately
needs
resuscitation
artificial
or otherwise

into
the future
(or the past-
depending

how
you look at it)

Just
passing seconds

passing by

in a
winless race
rushing

from
what could be

to
what could have
been

to
what never was

Carole
+ f.

Just letters
to waste
the seconds
as they
pass
irretrievably



Raymond
+
Gertrude
4 ever!

hard love
a
click



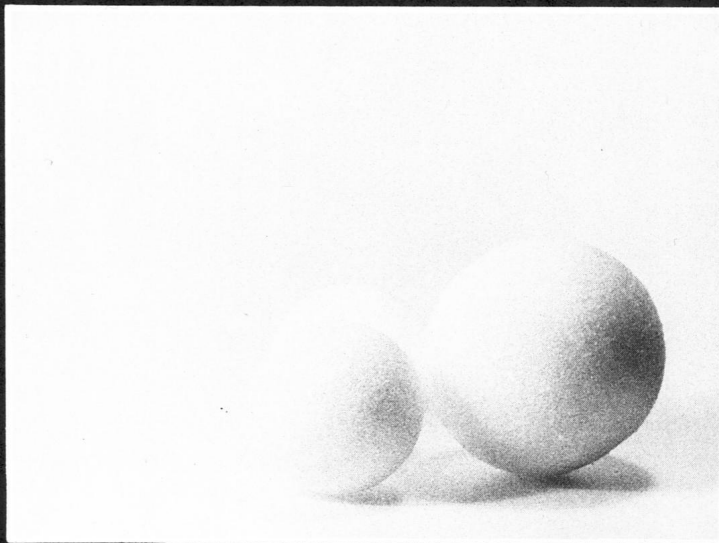
Lenny Scheer



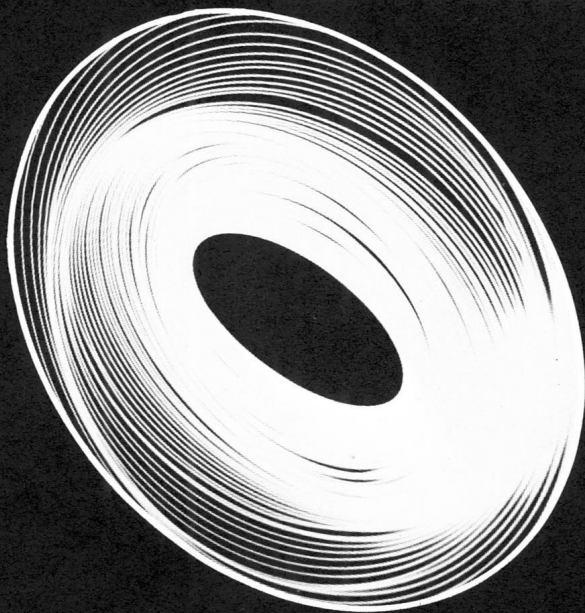
Lenny Scheer



Cheryl Buckman



Cheryl Buckman



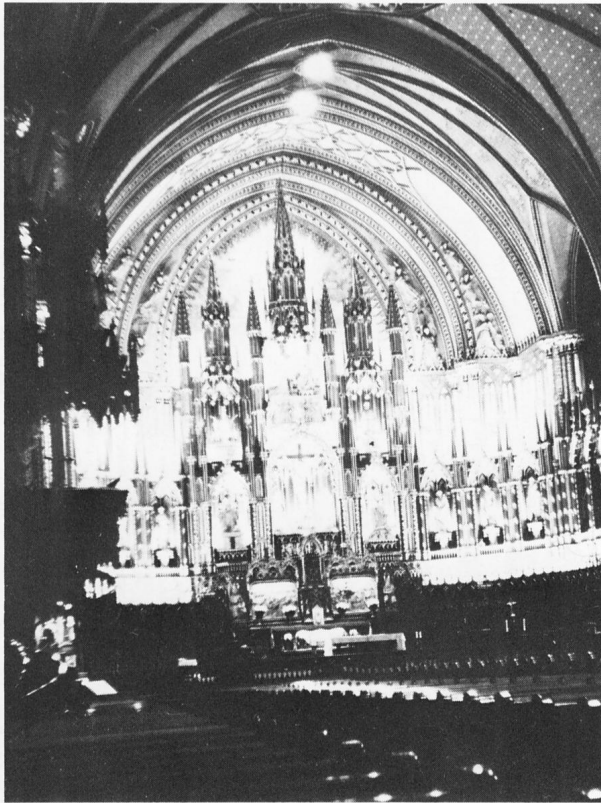
Ronnie Gregus



Cheryl Buckman



Brian Kanefsky



Brian Kanefsky



Brian Kanefsky



Cheryl Buckman

I'd like to hold your hand
but I'd crush it
for I couldn't let go
I'd like to kiss your lips
but you wouldn't be able to breathe
for I wouldn't be able to pull away
So instead I touch your fingertips
just for a second...then let go
And I brush your cheek...a moment's pleasure
...and pull away.
I place no demands
I reveal no signs
I just touch...not hold
I just brush...not caress
Yearning for you to be mine
but you've turned me into a machine
pouring out tears and hurt...and pain
In dark hours (when I'm alone and no one can see)

Joyce Herling

Smile, they told me. The sun is shining.
So I smiled.
Cry, they screamed. It's gonna rain.
So I let the tears roll down my cheeks.
Laugh, they coaxed, as the fat man fell down the stairs.
So I managed a slight chuckle.
You're embarrassed, they told me.
As I spilled a drop of grape juice on my plum pleated skirt.
So I pinched my cheeks till they turned red.
Hurt, they told me.
So I winced in pain.
Sing Dance Sit Jump Crawl Run
Be Don't Now Later
They're crushing me
They're moulding my brain
Into the same shape as theirs
They're squeezing it
And throwing it around
To where they want it to be.

But I think that the wind is shifting
My way this time
And for once I'm running with it
Not against it
And maybe, now, I'll have the strength to go my way.

Susan Champagne

