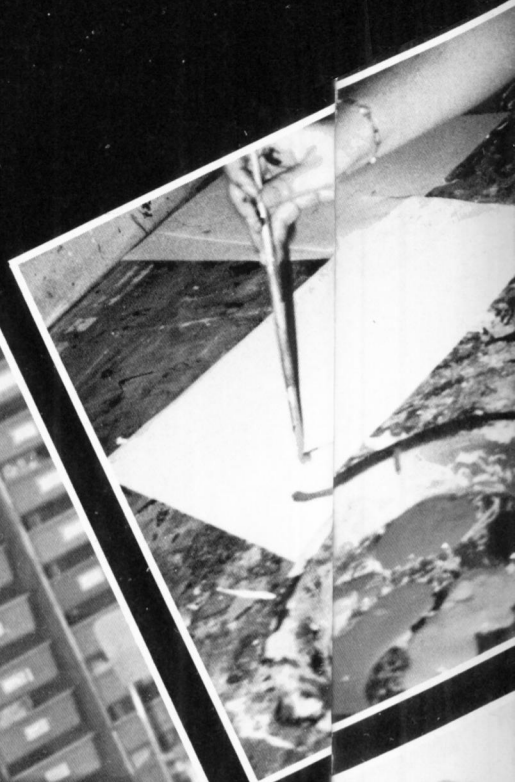
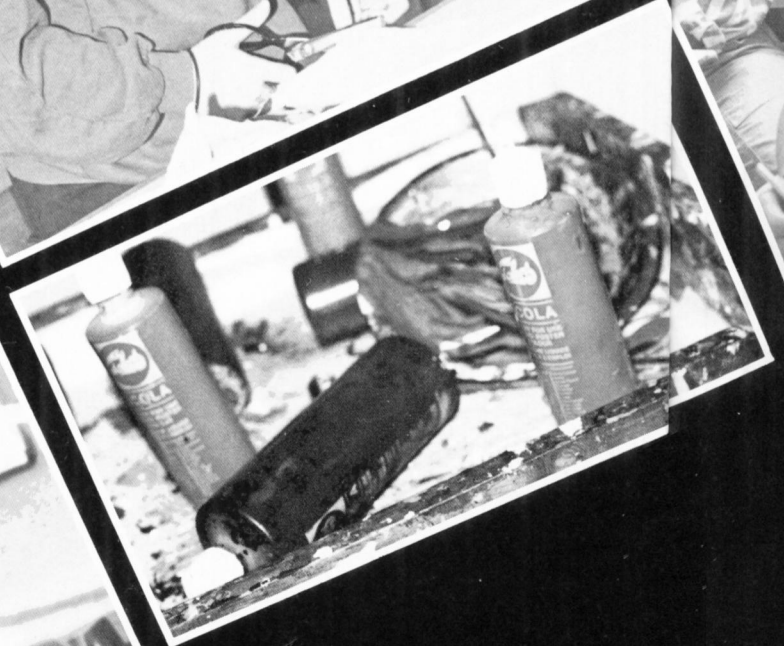
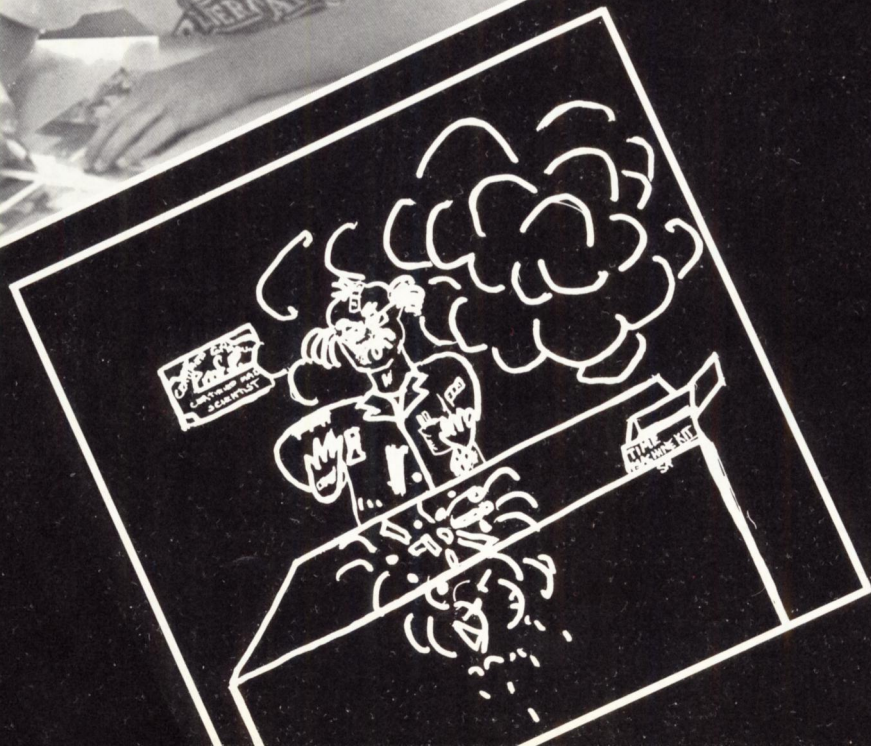


# CREATIVITY





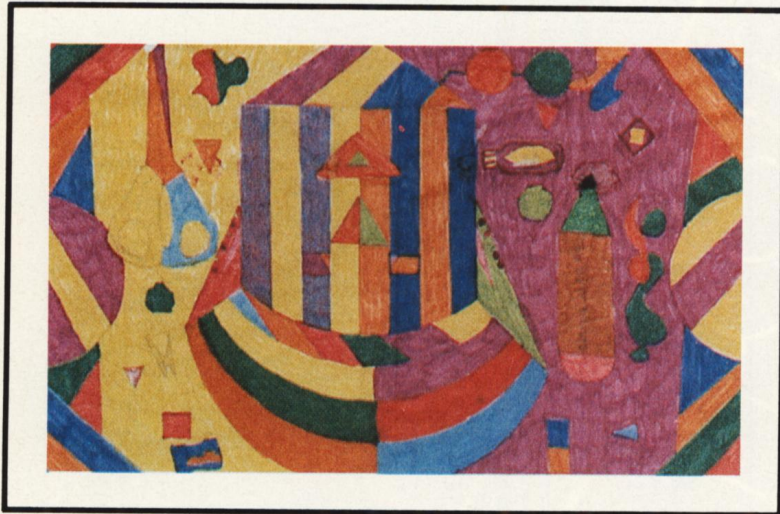


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2. H. Wapia
3. S. Maslia
4. D. Grinberg
5. M. Segal
6. C. Dubrovsky

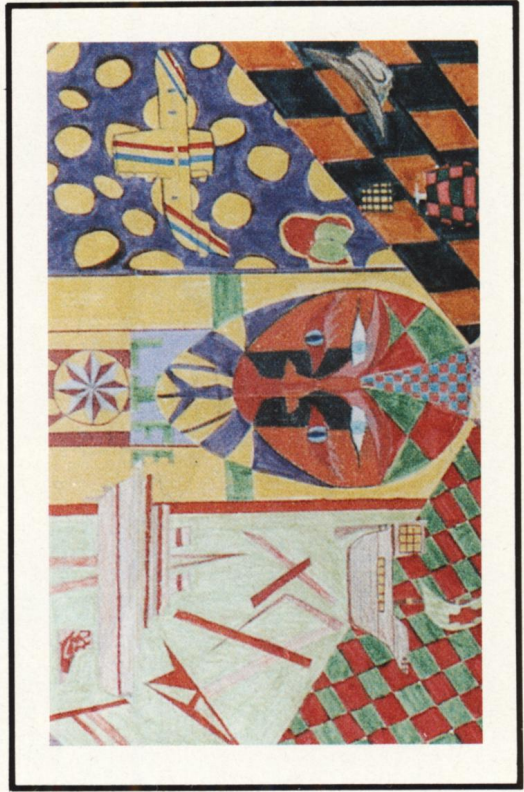
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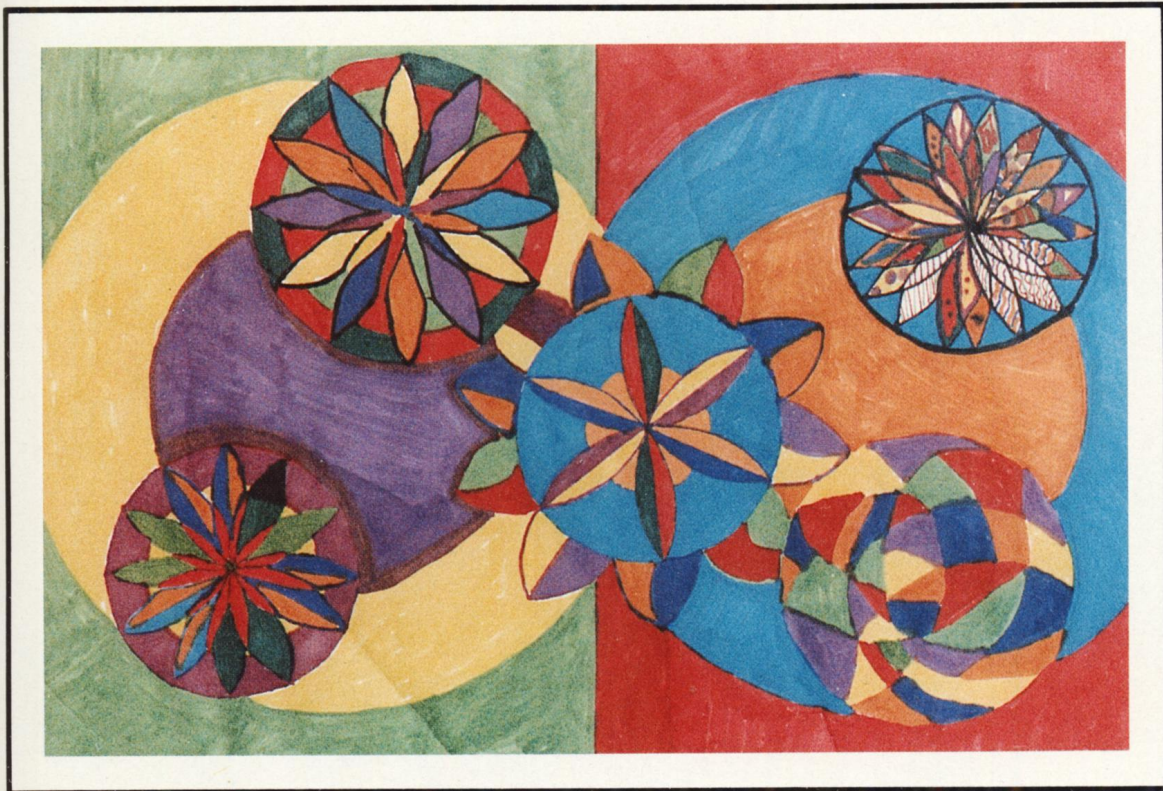
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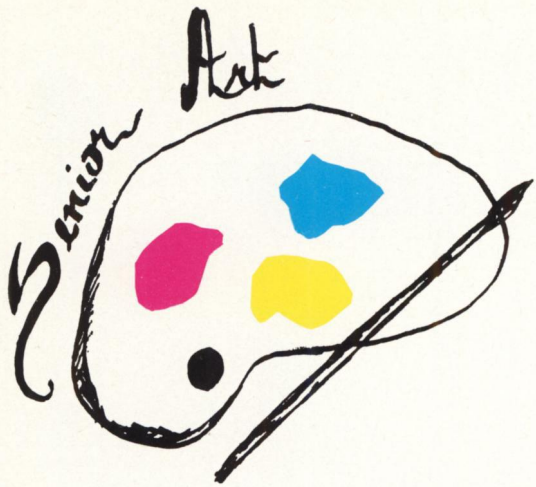
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3



4



1



5



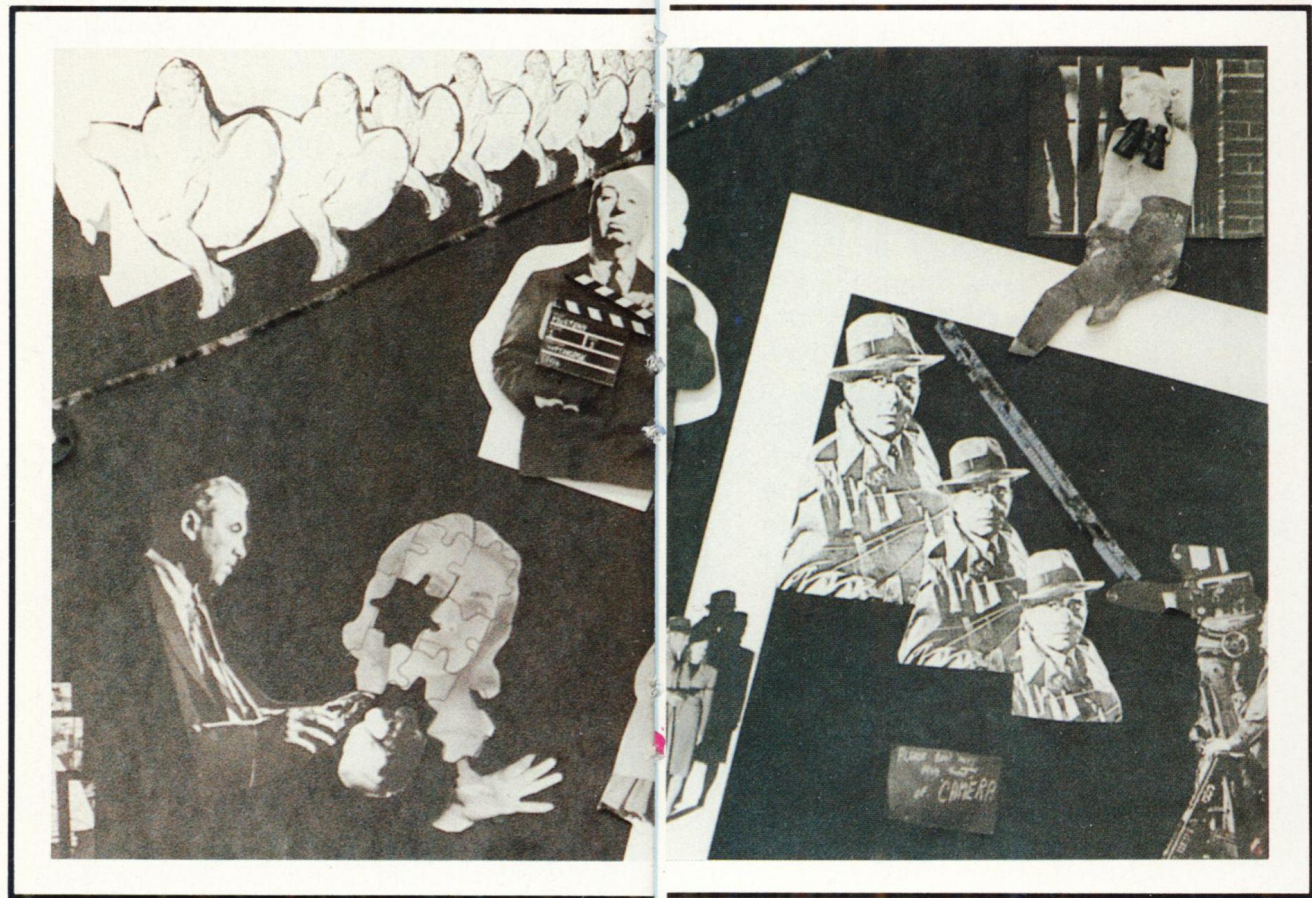
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- 1. S. Reinblatt
- 2. M. Marovitch
- 3. S. Reinblatt
- 4. V. Cohen
- 5. A. Steinberg
- 6. L. Elmoznino

2



3



4



## WALK

I am walking down St-Laurent with a friend of mine, side stepping the dusty guts of stores that spill out into the streets and intermingle with the passersby. The people melt into the high stacks of crushed velvet and dirty clothes that I am sure no one will ever buy. Shane wonders aloud how we could manage to steal an enormous roll of material and a furious lobster rustles out to confront him. He looks like a man but his angry black eyes and red face betray him. He is a salty beast with rough manners. "You want something?" He points to Shane's jacket. "We have jackets like that inside for four dollars!" We leave the crustacean behind swirling in a steamy broth of heavy traffic and sticky pavements. I have come here to try and think up an essay, but no words flow. "I love the urban! . . ." says Shane refusing to finish a sentence. "I love to pollute!" He stops walking and empties his pockets onto the sidewalk. "I love to chat with drunks!" There is a drunk available. "This is my friend, Alon" he tells the man. The drunk stumbles forward with enough beer for the day. Shane becomes calmer. "I want to know what you think Wagar is all about", I ask. Shane has never gone to Wagar and he cannot remember any of his high school courses, so he chooses not to answer. Instead he enters a clothes store and exits with a mannequin's head under his jacket. "I mean", I add looking back to see if anyone is chasing us, "this city, this planet, have nothing to do with Wagar. Why bother?" Shane is chewing on banana chips so I don't understand a word that he's saying. "You see Alon, nothing has anything to do with Wagar. Stop whining and face facts. You're leaving anyways, so just let me enjoy myself around you for once. Now, what am I going to do with this head?" The drunk shadows us, catching a gust of hot air when we walk into a shoe store.

Alon Kaplan

## RESIDENCE OF YOUR DREAM

You are wandering through the residence of your dream . . .

Moving slowly down the corridor of fear,  
You experience the anxiety of total darkness.

Quickly you turn, stepping down the stairs of mystery,  
Nervous about your shadow that moves on it's own.

Once inside the room of illusion,  
The thousands of flesh eating parasites are merely a hallucination.

You check inside the closet of horror,  
And out jumps the monster from your next nightmare.

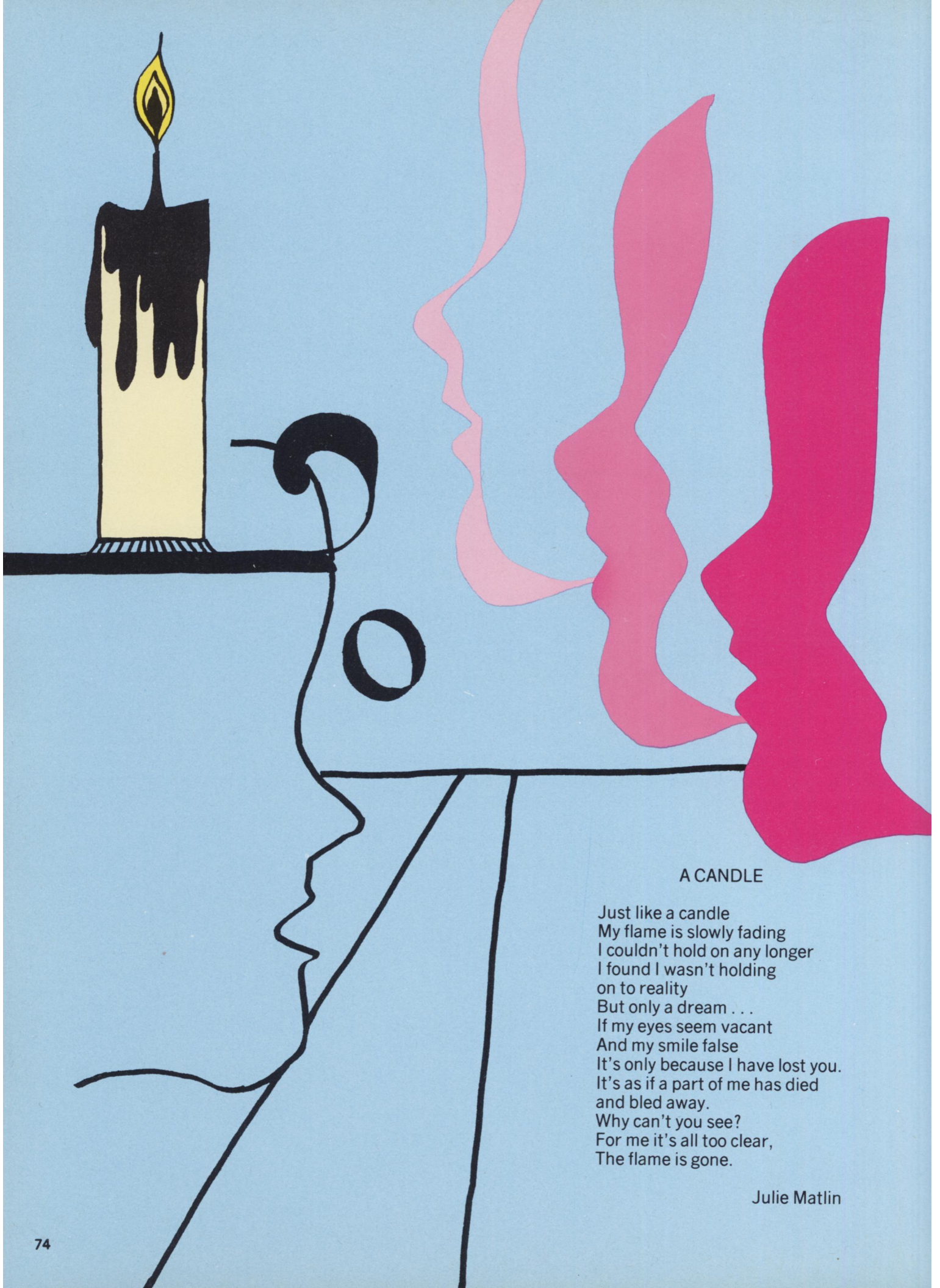
You pass by the mirror of lies,  
However it reflects no image.

Looking out the window of escape,  
You see faceless men guarding your soul.

You then step out the door of reality,  
And your eyes open after a long night's sleep.

Robbie Rosman





### A CANDLE

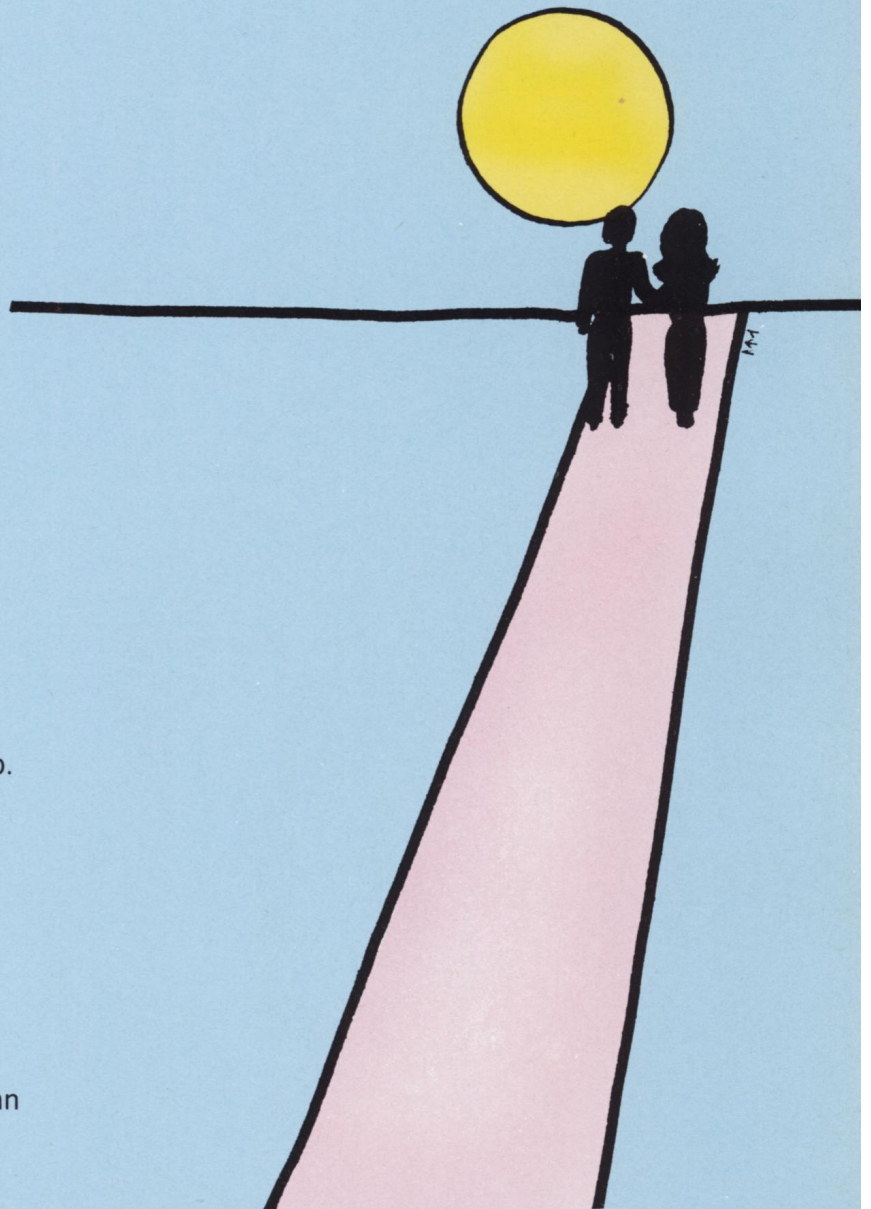
Just like a candle  
My flame is slowly fading  
I couldn't hold on any longer  
I found I wasn't holding  
on to reality  
But only a dream . . .  
If my eyes seem vacant  
And my smile false  
It's only because I have lost you.  
It's as if a part of me has died  
and bled away.  
Why can't you see?  
For me it's all too clear,  
The flame is gone.

Julie Matlin

## MOONLIT NIGHT

There is no moon tonight  
To shed light on the path which we once  
Walked along together  
And like the road  
Our friendship is obscure and  
Meaningless without  
Your concern

Lisa Carioto



## SUPPRESSED EMOTIONS

You were my friend . . .  
But in my dreams so much more.  
I was your confidante . . .  
But in you I confided nothing.  
In my heart was the passion of love . . .  
But in yours was the warm glow of friendship.  
On your face was a cheerful grin . . .  
But on mine was the pain of heartache.

The friendship ceased . . .  
But life went on.  
The pain has eased . . .  
But remaining is the empty feeling  
of suppressed emotions.

Kelly Freedman

## A FRIEND OR A FORTUNE

They put a friend on one side  
And a fortune on the other.  
"Pick one or the other," said they,  
And I had to choose.  
A friend or a fortune,  
Which would it be?  
Would a fortune offer me a destiny?  
After hours and days  
Of debating this through,  
I finally realized that  
I can have both,  
For in a friend,  
There is a fortune.  
A friend can give you  
Love and understanding  
And can share  
The same hopes and dreams.  
You, my friend,  
Are the fortune  
That will last me forever.

Joelle Dayan



## HOPEFUL

It's so subtle,  
A touch  
A glance  
A certain something you say  
Could you possibly love me?

I lie awake at night  
Wondering  
Hoping  
Praying  
Dreaming that you might love me.

I watch for you  
I wait  
Impatient  
Nervous  
Eagerly anticipating the day you say that you love me.

And what joy  
What bliss  
What total rapture I feel  
When you finally tell me that you do.

Elyse Rosen

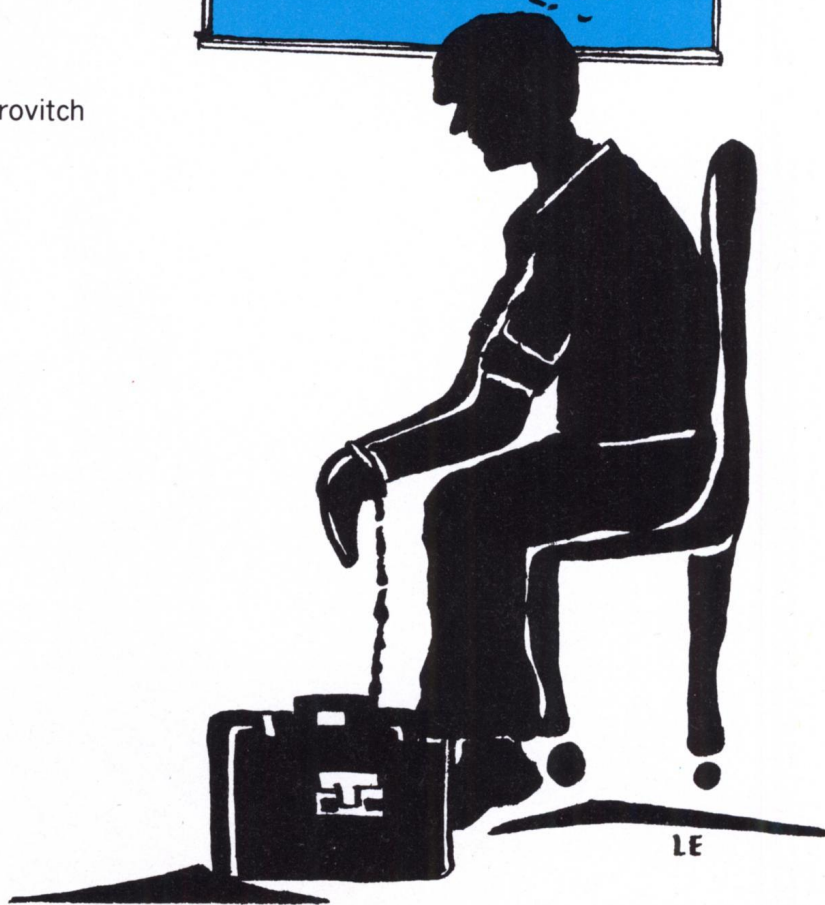
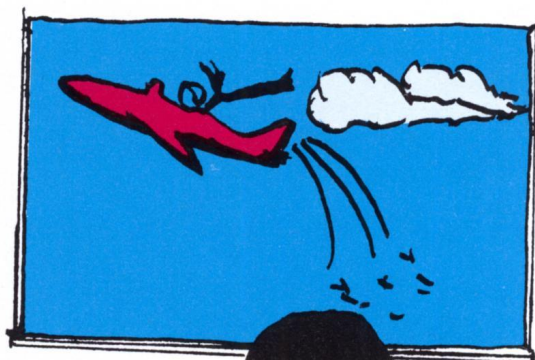


## DREAM OR NIGHTMARE?

I remember a boy  
who dreamed of  
landing on clouds  
in an open, flying machine,  
and of drawing  
his name  
across the sky  
with a rainbow  
to underline it  
while the mortals lay buried  
beneath tightly twined branches  
and heavy dust  
and  
looked up at the sky.

Now I see a man  
who thinks of  
a marble desk  
surrounding him,  
with a rolling, closeable  
lid  
and satin cushions,  
His name engraved  
on the office door  
like the writing on a tombstone  
placed close to the window  
where he can  
look up at the sky.

by Maureen Marovitch





## STOP THE CLOCK

Stop the clock that ticks away  
That puts a timer on our day  
That informs us when it's time to eat  
That instructs us that it's time to sleep.  
That tells us when to laugh & cry  
That tells us when it's time to die.  
Time to get up! Time to go!  
You're late! You're late! I know! I know!  
Meet you in a minute! Meet you in an hour.  
Who on earth gave the clock all this power?  
Doesn't it bother you? Aren't you afraid,  
That your clock is going to put you in your grave?  
You're going to wake up one morning, feeling fine  
And suddenly you realize that it's that time  
You'll start to shake and sneeze & cough  
And you'll look at your clock and your alarm will go off  
Only this alarm won't be to start off your day  
Sorry sir, you're going the other way.  
You've seen your last second, your last minute, your last hour  
And you'll have to listen because your clock has power.  
For you've never questioned your clocks demands  
And you know no other way but to jump at its commands  
You're now its slave! It's now your master!  
But - wait there's a way to prevent this disaster  
Be your own ruler - start now! Today!  
And break that damn clock that ticks our life away.

Naomi Blicher

LE