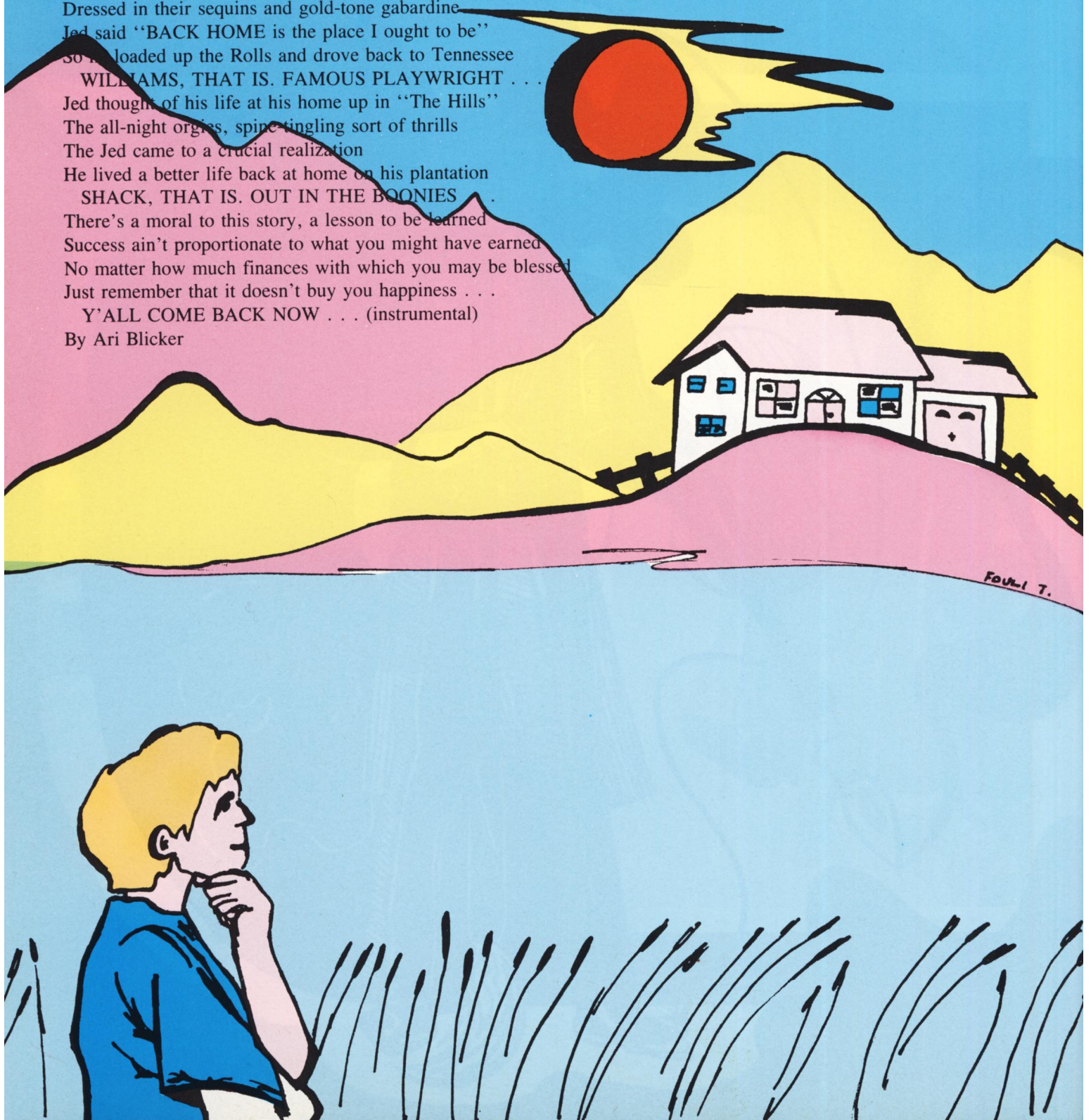


CREATIVITY



The Beverly Hillbillies Part Two
The Voyage Home
(sung to the tune of 'The Beverly Hillbillies')

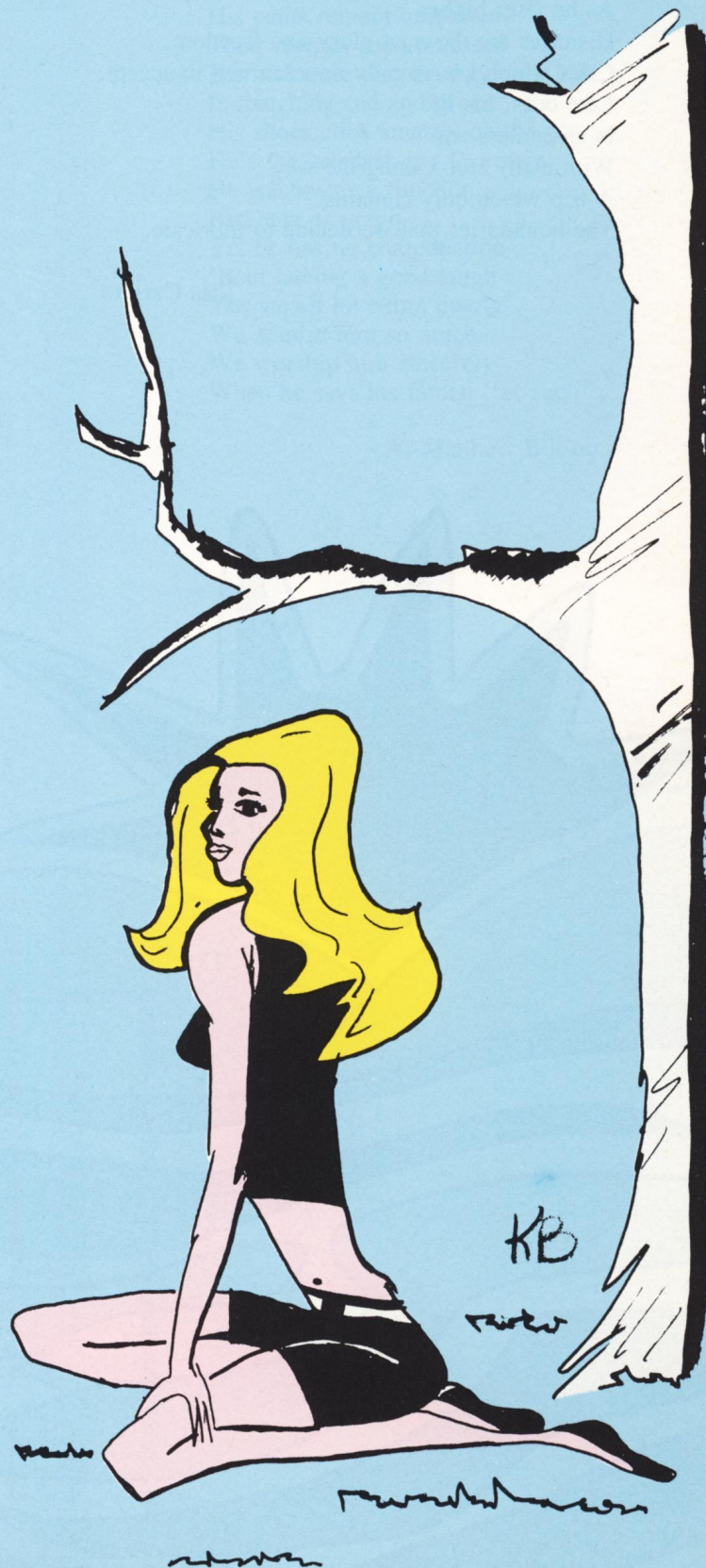
Well, here's another story 'bout a guy named Jed
An oil tycoon with a million-dollar spread
Then one day while he was havin' a big bash
He heard on T.V. about a stock market crash
CASH, THAT IS. JED HAD NO MORE . . .
All the guests left in their chauffeured limousines
Dressed in their sequins and gold-tone gabardine
Jed said "BACK HOME is the place I ought to be"
So he loaded up the Rolls and drove back to Tennessee
WILLIAMS, THAT IS. FAMOUS PLAYWRIGHT . . .
Jed thought of his life at his home up in "The Hills"
The all-night orgies, spine-tingling sort of thrills
The Jed came to a crucial realization
He lived a better life back at home on his plantation
SHACK, THAT IS. OUT IN THE BOONIES . . .
There's a moral to this story, a lesson to be learned
Success ain't proportionate to what you might have earned
No matter how much finances with which you may be blessed
Just remember that it doesn't buy you happiness . . .
Y'ALL COME BACK NOW . . . (instrumental)
By Ari Blicker



THE UNKNOWN

Stagnant is the water as I
sit watching the crystal clear pond.
A faint breeze passes through
the leaves and I become aware of the
soft melody penetrating the air.
The wind, the unknown.
It contains the unwanted truth
which chokes us all
Until we are no longer afraid,
only horrified.
The unexpected becomes reality
There is no escape from the fear
Which envelopes all our lives.
And yet there is no enemy
In a place this isolated
from the world.
Why must we live a dream in
order to find happiness?
Or must we accept the martyrdom
Which many of us face
When we awake every morning?
"We live to die" (someone once said)
So why musn't we enjoy our lives
and what is has to offer?
For we will one day
miss it very much.

- Lisa Carioto



BOUNDARIES

He moves with agility
As he soars through the eternal sky
His grey wings move rapidly
As he rises higher
His cries are those of glory and freedom,
Cries which I have only now learned to accept.
Like ours, his life
Is an endless trip
With many stops along the way
A trip which only contains
The boundaries that we decide to fabricate.

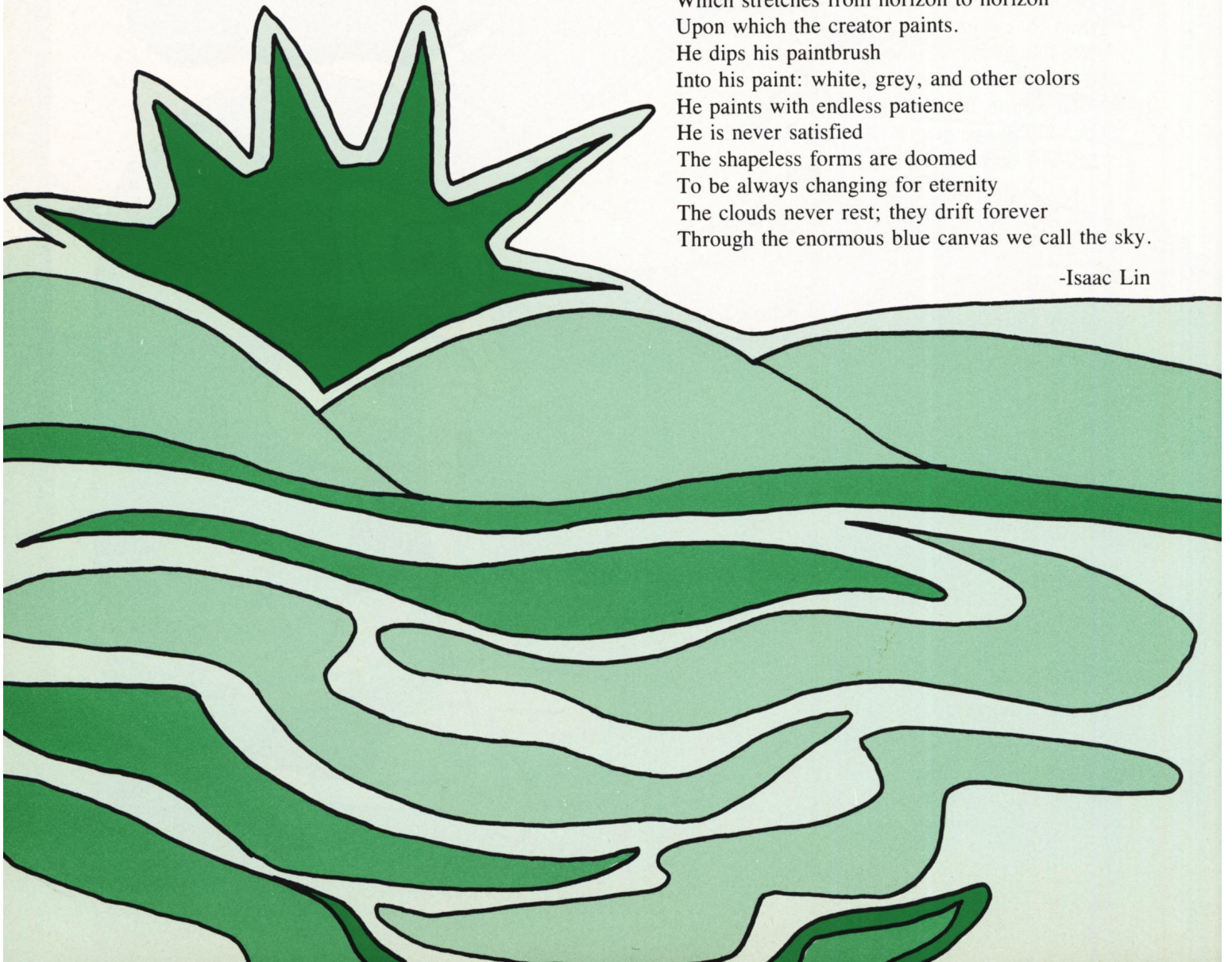
- Lisa Carioto



THE SKY

The sky is an infinitely large canvas
Which stretches from horizon to horizon
Upon which the creator paints.
He dips his paintbrush
Into his paint: white, grey, and other colors
He paints with endless patience
He is never satisfied
The shapeless forms are doomed
To be always changing for eternity
The clouds never rest; they drift forever
Through the enormous blue canvas we call the sky.

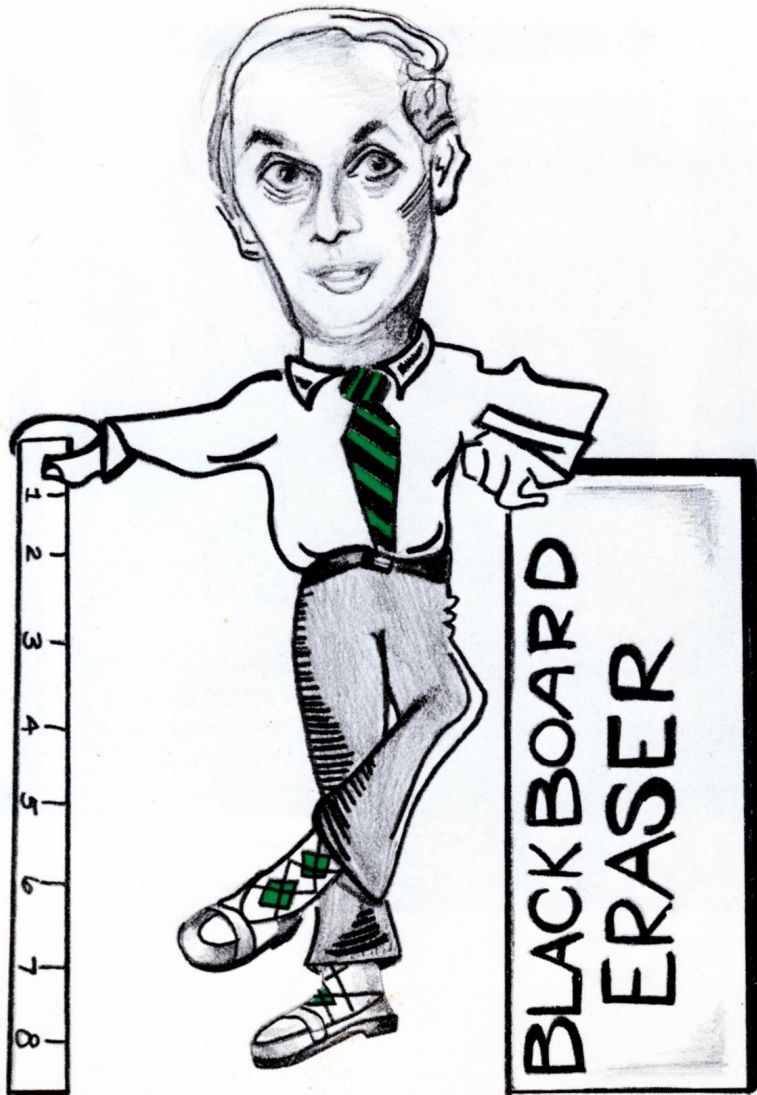
-Isaac Lin



Ode to a Math Teacher

His eyes are clear and blue
His posture so erect
His superbly coiffed hairdo
Does not suffer from neglect
His natty tie is knotted
His shirt is clean and pressed
His pants remain unspotted
Their creases are unmessed
His socks are dapper argyle
In matching red and green
His shoes click smartly on the tile
He's the swellest guy I've seen
He teaches us a function
Parabola or graph
Yet he has no compunction
'Bout having a good laugh
Yes we all love him dearly
We admire him so much
We worship him sincerely
When he says his famed "as such".

- A. Matthew Blicker

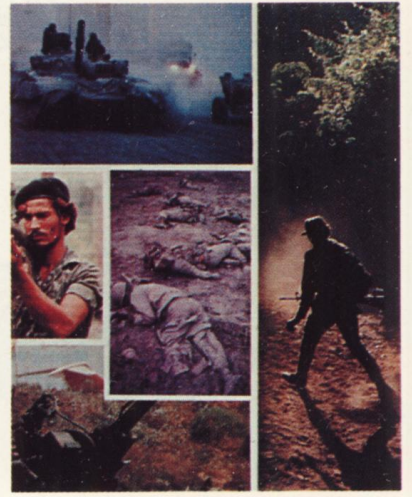




Jo-Anne Friedman



Sharon Singer

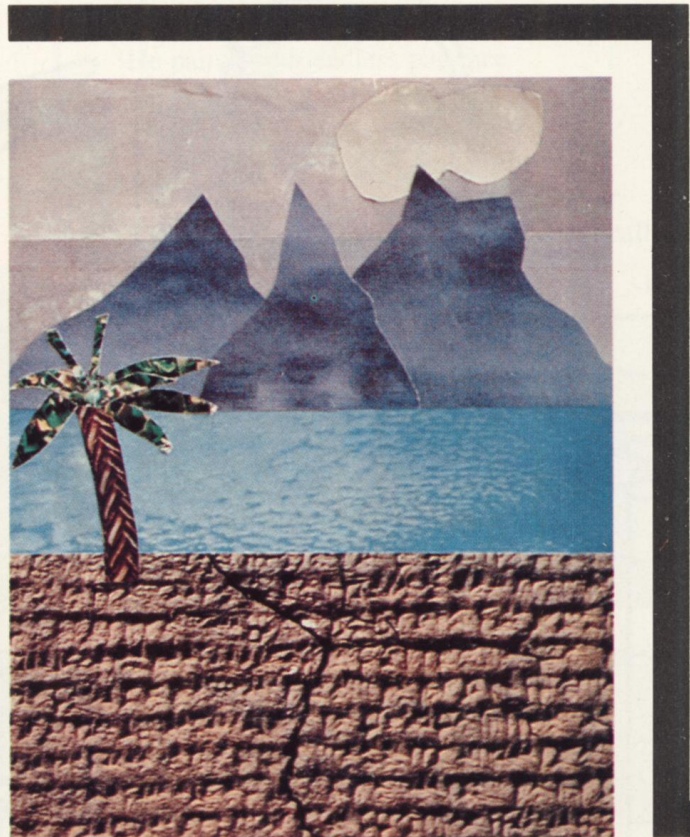


MASS MEDIA

Kenny Werbin



Stephan Bouzaglou



Lauren Pito



Bev Kirshenblatt



Sharon Singer

JUNIOR ART



John Chan

Nothing could go wrong. How could it? My two chocolate wafers had been pressed flawlessly, the insignia stood out like a rose in a ragweed field. With the thought of being devoured by a hungry child and then getting washed down with milk, I let them put me through the stuffer without a struggle.

Other wafers had said that the stuffing process was painful, but all I felt was the glorious, white, sugar substance fill my two wafers. After I came off the assembly line it was only a matter of being boxed and shipped. My life as an Oreo cookie had finally begun and I was ecstatic. Suddenly I felt a big hand pick me up and fondle me. I thought it was just procedure, but when he threw me into the box marked "REJECT", I knew something was wrong. I sat there with several maimed cookies and cried. Our lives had ended as quickly as they had started. But then, like a lottery winner I got lucky. The owner of the Oreo plant saw me. He picked me up and looked me right in the stuffing.

"This cookie was double stuffed," he pronounced, "who came up with this concept?"

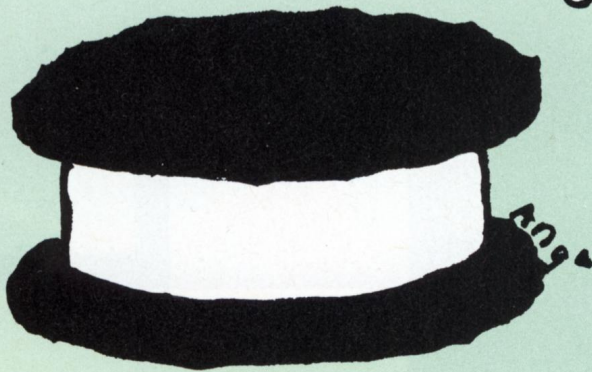
"It was just a reject," the worker responded.

"It's fantastic. Manufacture more! Oreo cookies will now manufacture a new product: Double Stuff Oreos. I'm keeping this cookie."

"Sure thing Mr. Christie!" the worker replied.

Now I'm the Double Stuff prototype and I live in a cabinet in the head office. I may never get devoured by a young child but I'll always know that Mr. Christie makes a good cookie!

Kenny Werbin



L'HIVER

L'hiver est arrive
Nous devons porter des gants
Des tuques et des manteaux
On peut jouer dans la neige.

L'hiver est tres beau
Parce qu'il y a de la neige partout
La neige est blanche comme les nuages
Mais quand la neige est dans tes mains
Elle fond et coule comme de l'eau.

- Shawna Brook

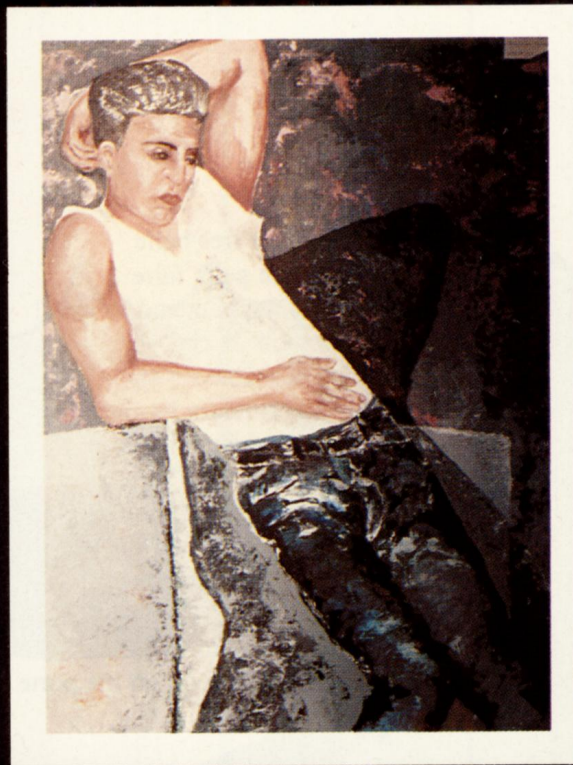
LA LIBERTE

La liberte est tres belle
Parce que tu peux faire
Ce que tu veux, quand tu veux!
C'est comme le chat
Qui fait son diner
Se nettoie toujours lui-meme.
C'est aussi comme l'oiseau
Qui est tres libre
Il vole partout a la recherche de la nourriture.
Moi, j'aime la liberte
Pour ce qu'elle me donne
Mais je la deteste
Pour ce qu'elle m'ote.
J'aime l'attention qu'on me porte
Plus que la liberte.

SENIOR



1.



3.



2.

1. Fouli Tsatoumas
2. Jo-anne Friedman
3. Fouli Tsatoumas
4. Adina Gross
5. Bev Kirshenblatt
6. Adina Gross
7. Andrea Caplan

ART



4



5.



6.



7.



PROPAGANDA

I've been waiting for something to happen,
For a week, or a month, or a year,
With the blood in the ink of the red line,
With the sound of the crowd in my ear.

As the shadow on the faces
Of the men who seldom cry,
In the wars that are fought in places
Where no business interests lie.

On the radio talk shows and interviews,
You hear one thing again and again,
How those faces stand for freedom,
Of the men who are fighting in vain.

As the shadows on the faces
Of the men who fend the planes
Of the wars that are fought in places,
We can't even say the names.

They sell us the president the same way
They sell us our clothes and our cars.
They sell us everything from youth to religion,
The same time they sell us our wars.

I want to know who the men in the shadows are,
I want to hear somebody asking them why
They can be counted to tell us who our enemies are,
But they're never the ones to fight or die.

And there are men in the shadows,
There are people under fire,
There are children in the ditches,
And there is blood on the wall.

NEW GENERATIONS

THE FOOLISH FEW

Of all the people in this world
Who have lent their hearts to love
It is those who share the most
That lose the most of all.

They have yet to realize
Uterior motives
Sought out fortunes
Tricks of the trade.

They, the foolish few
Shall regain no more
Their dignity, grace or self-respect
In light of their sorrow.

They will hide themselves
From that permanent scar
That has stripped them
Of every ounce of potential.

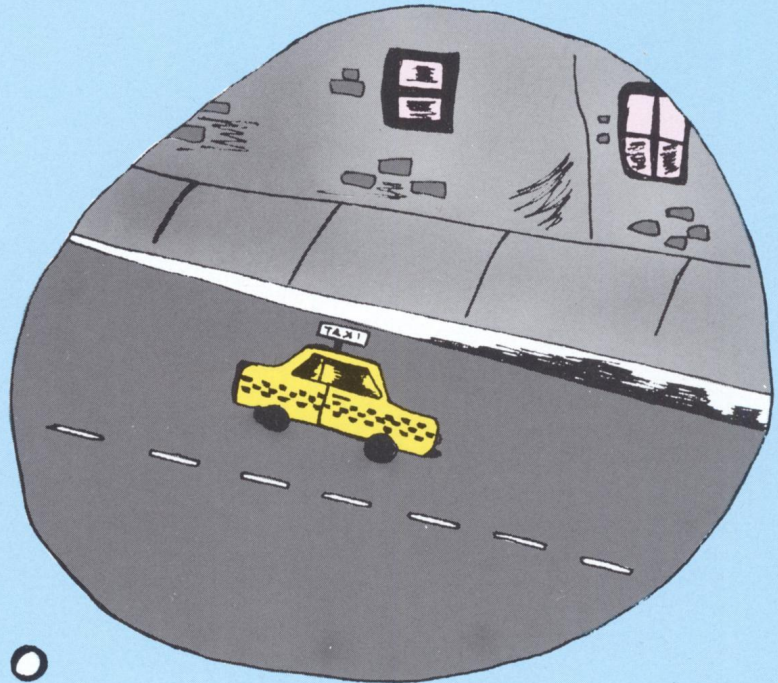
They are now the foolish few
A disgrace to the family
An embarrassment to others
A mistake to the world
And a replica of ill-fated love.

- Alona Chemtob

SORRY

We walked down the street
Although on opposite sides
I observed you-
You never saw me.
I yearned to cross the street
I didn't dare - you didn't care.
My brisk pace waned
You forged ahead.
Yet I noticed you began to slow down,
too.
And one day,
When I had almost forgotten you (but not
in my heart),
Across the street you came
And took my hand.
Now we walk together
But my bliss is ignorance
After a short distance your steps are no
longer lively-
You seem to plod.
There are new things on the other side,
Which, to you, seem more interesting than
Me.
Slowly, you drift back across the street.
I despair, yet I hope you might return.
Then, you get hit and killed by a taxi.
Sorry, Charlie.

- Lauren Ptito

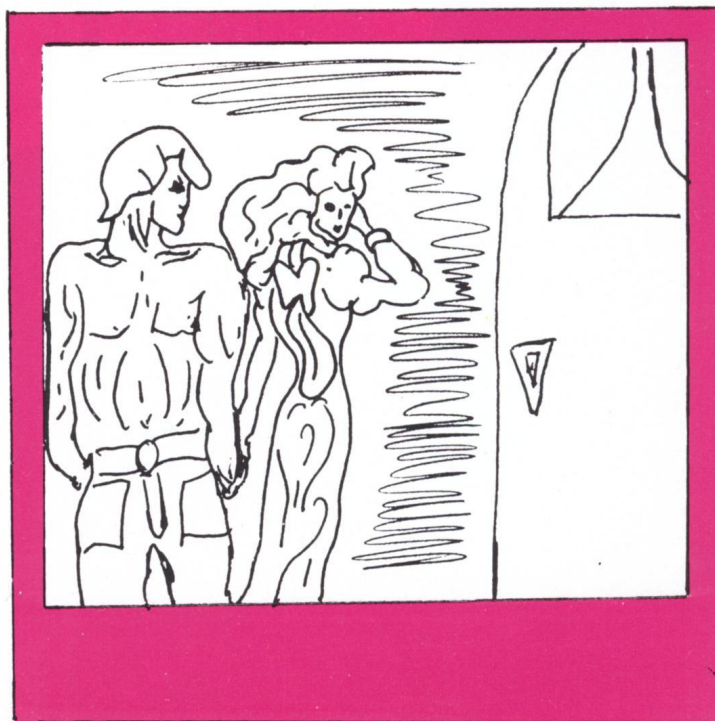


THE CAMERA

It captures emotions
And freezes smiles
To be stolen from time
And place
It holds the motion
And preserves the twinkle
In your eyes so quickly
Erased.

It redeems the memories
From another day
And you become overwhelmed
At a glance
The feelings may die
And you might forget
Or simply snap them
If you have a
Chance.

- Mara Goldstein



Karen Cooper

A Portrait Of The Young Woman As An Artist

She stares through the mirror at her canvas
It is smooth and cream-coloured.
She dips into her paints,
Soft pinks and rich golds:
Shadows to enrich the relief.

It is now possible to understand
The relationship of the artist and the art:
Possibly the most difficult form of narcissism.
The canvas may be perfect to begin with,
But it is the point of the artist to improve on it.

She's out.
Boys look but keep their distance, slightly fearful.
She doesn't approach them.
(Art is never friendly.)
She goes home alone, again, misunderstood,
Takes off her makeup and goes to sleep.

When art comes to life, the point is lost
If the purpose of the art is the paint.

by Jason
(Way to life: Keep breathing the air that's higher than you are.)