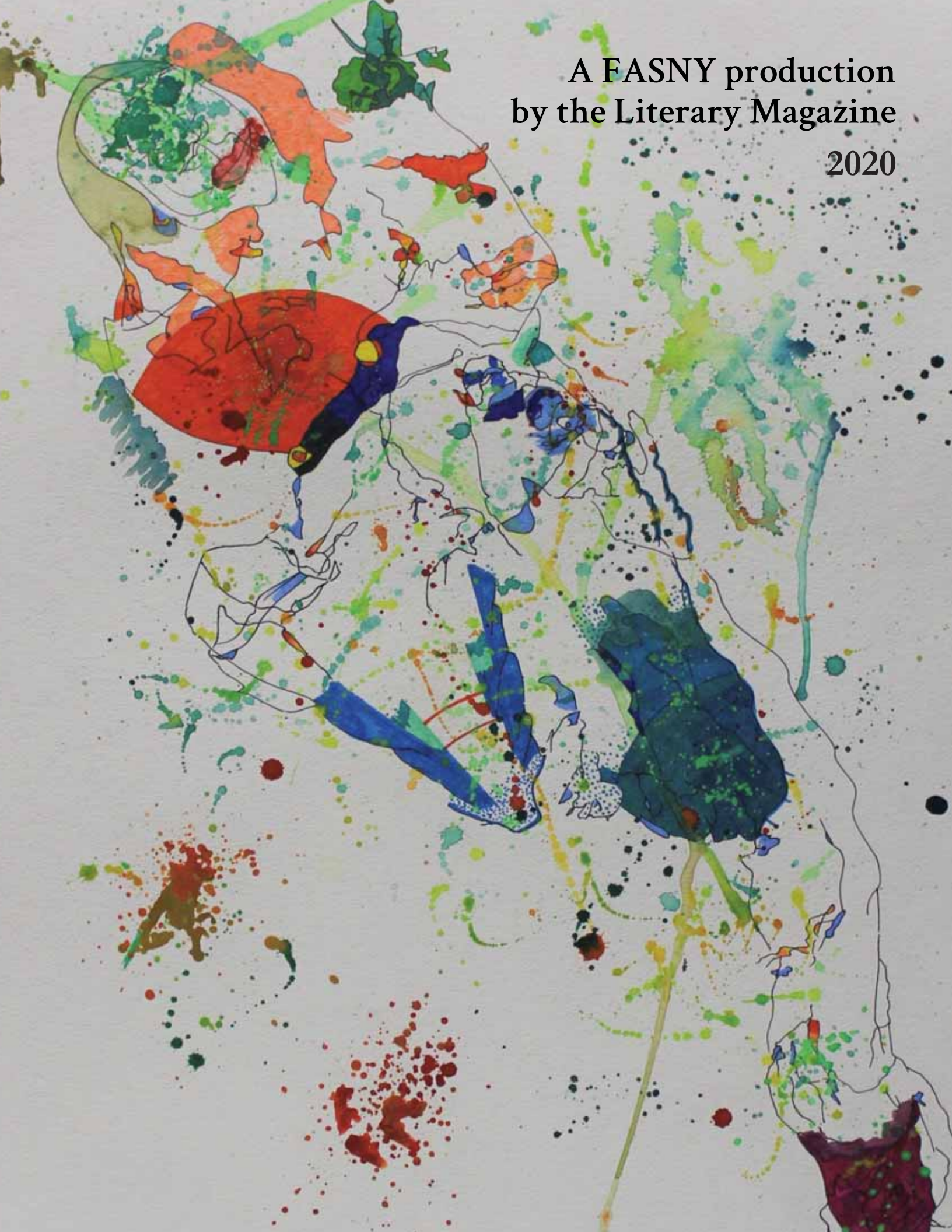


A FASNY production
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2020



Debuts



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Blurring Time's Boundaries

In the words of F. Scott Fitzgerald, “Tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther. . . . And then one fine morning—so we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past” (180). As Nick Carraway tells us in *The Great Gatsby*, whether we accept it or not, we are unable to forget the past, for it informs the present and shapes the future. Accordingly, this year, the main theme of FASNY’s literary magazine, *Debuts*, is “time;” and the student work in it reflects upon and engages with that theme. Moreover, FASNY’s student authors and artists have taken this motif of time a step further by depicting interrelated sub-themes to it such as the American dream, conflict, and nature in their literary and artistic productions.

Representations of the American Dream have evolved throughout different time periods. Whether they be of the 1920s as is Fitzgerald’s *The Great Gatsby*, of the 1950s as is Langston Hughes’s *Harlem* (or *Dream Deferred*), or in the 21st century as are the creative responses to those and other canonical texts included here; our students never cease challenging themselves with the task of trying to reinvigorate our nation with the spirit of its foundational ideals.

Another great source of inspiration for art and writing is the timelessness of conflict. Indeed, FASNY pupils illustrate internal conflict in their abstract artworks and compliment those representations with an equally deep analysis of it in their writing. Furthermore, this year’s magazine also features external conflicts—including depictions of World Wars and explorations of controversial, contemporary societal issues.

Finally, their works of visual and written expression delineate how evoking nature and time can be a means for coping with and escaping conflict. In these pages, you will find everything from pastiches of Walt Whitman’s “When I Heard the Learn’d Astronomer” to French lyrical poetry and other artistic chef-d’œuvres—all of which are the culmination of the wonderful education students receive at the French-American School of New York.



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Nature

WWE

Yevgeny Zamyatin



1
STATE

BOOK COVER PROJECT

I chose *We* by Yevgeny Zamyatin because it is my favorite book we have studied so far this year, and I feel I know it the best. There is very strong and detailed imagery, and since the text is fictional, I have more freedom to decide how I want things to look. I tried to capture the moment in Record 10 (page 57) when I-330 gets D-503 riled up and practically bursting with passion, and then casually shows him the time, sending him into a panic. We get to see I-330 demonstrate her total control over him, and how much she is willing to play with his loyalties. It is also when D-503 is, for the first time, directly confronted with these two sides of himself: animal and OneState. In my book cover, I wanted to show the dynamic between I-330 and D-503 first. I-330 looks at him seductively, referencing her sexual manipulation, but also reveals her devious side in her smile, signature sharp triangle eyebrows, and hooded eyelids (“blinds,” one could call them). D-503 looks scared, still terrified of breaking OneState rules, and is clearly not the one in control. Moreover, D-503 is clothed in a OneState yuny, while I-330 wears nothing, representing their respective characterizations. I also made D-503’s face “shattered,” colored in various shades of OneState blue, to represent this first figurative shattering of his OneState self. In contrast, I showed fire on I-330’s face, both to represent D-503’s “burning” desire for her, as well as the figurative “fire” in her eyes, often described by D-503 when she gets passionate about revolution or while she rebels against OneState. Finally, in the background I drew lines of perfect circles, to represent ranks of Numbers in step. I colored some of them green, representing the presence of “forest blood” in D-503 and many other Numbers that become clear at the end of the novel.

– Naia Corbanese '21

BOOK COVER FOR *WE*

I selected the book *We* by Yevgeny Zamyatin because I enjoyed this book the most out of all of them. I liked, specifically, the writing style. The text is abundant with strong and vivid imagery, and this is something that I thought would be very nice to play around with for the book cover. I am representing the moment in Record 23 when D-503 reflects to himself “They say there are flowers that bloom only once every hundred years, [...] Maybe we just haven’t heard about them up to now because this very day *is* that once-in-a-thousand-years.” (125) He is “drunk with joy” (125) and drunk with his love (or infatuation-- whichever way you interpret it) for I-330. This is the first time he feels such a personal, significant happiness in his life under OneState’s repressive regime, and it feels like everything around him is blossoming. This is significant because the society in which he lives in has tried to obviate all personal freedom and individuality in the pursuit of what *they* define as happiness. This moment in the text is significant because it is when one of OneState’s citizens is experiencing his own, personal happiness-- true happiness-- for one of the first times, and on his own terms. This shows what is the inherent flaw in OneState’s philosophy.

In the foreground of my cover is a beautiful flower unraveling, and in it is D-503, curled up, as if he is being reborn. In addition, standing on a leaf stemming off the flower is D-503 again, gazing at OneState behind him. Throughout the book, he makes multiple references to his real self and his “sick” self. The real one is the one standing on the branch. What he views as his “sick” self is the one blossoming out of the flower-- and it is in fact a beautiful thing and not something terrible. Two facets of himself are represented, and the sick one is in fact what we could also call his soul-- what OneState tries to repress in every individual. However, they fail, obviously. In the background there is the city of OneState, under a cloudless, blue sky. The sky is characterized by straight lines and squares, representing the fact that OneState is trying to make machines out of its citizens-- the sky is pixelating. The buildings themselves are characterized by straight lines; however, nearing the bottom, the lines curve and melt into beautiful spirals and curls. This is a reference to how OneState seeks to “unbend the wild curve, [...] to flatten it to an undeviating line.” (4) However, the true nature of the universe is chaotic, and OneState will ultimately fail in its endeavor. In addition, there are many splatters and colorful ink blots at the bottom. This is in reference to how, at the beginning, D-503 could not stand inkblots because they ruin his perfect order. It also, with the curling lines, shows how a bit of chaos in life is what in fact makes life so beautiful.

Emilie Kalt '21



We

YEVGENY ZAMYATIN

"Juste un verre"

un verre éclairé par la lumière
luit et scintille au soleil
il peut être rempli d'un liquide translucide
celui-ci alors peut faire basculer une vie
quand cette substance anonyme vient l'aveugler
et fera voir l'abîme à sa mère
un verre peut briser des rêves ou en provoquer

un enfant peut y voir son âge
un adulte peut y voir un sourire
le regard vide dans un verre plein
tu peux voir la vie du bon côté
quand tu es accompagné
mais une fois seul face à plusieurs verres
on a l'impression d'être de l'autre côté de la vitre

rempli de coca de café de peinture
liqueur ou fleurs
haut petit ou sur un pied
à moitié vide à moitié plein
avec des glaçons et un citron
vecteur de soulagements et un sourire aux lèvres
aller arrête de parler et ressers-moi un verre

Marianne Dugnolle '21

Un silence assourdissant remplit la cuisine blanche
son bruit presque

marqué par des
petites interventions
de l'hologe.

son bruit presque
mélodique résonne
en rebondissant

sur toutes les surfaces de la salle.

petites heures
de l'horloge

moins le quart? 71/2 1/4 l'aiguille des secondes chasse celle des minutes dans une course infinie. Elle glisse sur la surface blanche en dépassant des petites marques noires, symboles de son succès. Car, avec chaque membrane dépassée, elle s'approche de son concurrent.

Ne s'arrête point.

autres les surfaces de la salle.

vers son but.

Jusqu'à infini, elle y parvient ... TIC... et la course ne commence

DONNEZ LES FRISONS QUI JAMAIS NE S'EN TRON-
 SON ON S'EN TRON-
 IL FUT DIT TU VAS "DROIT AU FOND DE L'ÂME CHERCHER
 QUI JAMAIS NE S'EN TRON-
 EPHEMERE.
 MUSIQUE D'OUE OU VIOLENTE
 L'ETERNELLE
 MAIS AUI
 JOUE AVEC NOS EMOTIONS.
 CHAQUE MORCEAU SON SOUVENIR
 AINSI VIBRER TOUT NOTRE CORPS LA FANTASME DE NOS OREILLES.
 TIENT DANS NOS OREILLES TOUTES DE L'INFINI DE NOS OREILLES.
 CHAGRIN QUI DÉVORE
 SON IND

GEORGES BAUDRY.

Mon ami

Rouge comme le feu flamboyant, bleu comme la mer tumultueuse, tu m'es fidèle, comme si peu de choses le sont. Aussi dévoué que mon bras droit, qui te tient auprès de lui affectueusement, tu m'as accompagné depuis ma plus tendre enfance, lorsque j'appris à écrire, jusqu'à aujourd'hui.

Témoin de mes pensées les plus sombres, tu ne m'as jamais condamné. Témoin de mes échecs les plus cinglants, tu ne m'as jamais abandonné. Toujours à mes côtés, ta taille fine me rassurait. Tu étais le stylet qui découpait les obstacles devant moi, l'eau que je buvais, les plumes qui me faisaient voler.

Un jour que je t'avais perdu, j'ai cru pouvoir te trouver successeur, mais je me trompais. On ne remplace pas l'irremplaçable. Quelle folie m'a prise, quel démon s'empara de moi alors ! La folie d'un homme qui crache sur ceux qui l'ont aidé, lorsqu'il n'a plus besoin d'eux. Mais je me repens à présent.

Victime de ma propre sottise, j'avais perdu mon plus proche allié. Mais, après tant d'années, je t'ai enfin retrouvé ! Mais hélas, c'est trop tard, te voilà réduit au silence. Les mots, qu'avec tant de légèreté tu réclamaux autrefois, ne sont plus. Mes erreurs auront-elles causé ta funeste mort ?

Non, il me faut essayer quelque chose. Je ne peux te laisser ainsi, mon ami. Voilà qu'un torrent de vie s'écoule à travers toi. Abreuve-toi. Oui ! Tu réponds à mes pensées, à ma voix ! Je n'aurais jamais dû t'abandonner, et à partir d'aujourd'hui, nous sommes unis pour la vie, mon stylo plume adoré.

Elie Huynh '21



Nana Konfourou '21

THE SILKEN TENT: DYNAMIC OF MAN AND WOMAN

August 5th 1942

4:32 PM

Yesterday, he told me that as a woman, society expected much of me. That it was I, and not him who had to be the pillar or the backbone and keep everything together. I remember what he said precisely actually, he said it was a norm, and it that it was natural. We don't seem to understand each other as men and women are always so different.

Also, yesterday, his words were hurtful. He did tell me that as his wife my only function was to keep this household together. You know it better than me dear diary, I am strong, but at times I cannot hold back the tears his toxic words have inflicted upon me. That is why I chose to go for a walk at midday. Then, the sunny summer breeze dried my tears and I felt somewhat liberated. As if he was no longer in possession of me. And I, no longer bound to this terrible "function" of mine. But again you must remember, we are united by love and marriage, so will I be not forever trapped ?

Today, I come to realize how much he has controlled me, even though I owe him nothing. My freedom comes back when he leaves the house, however I still love him. The passion and history are the only factors holding me back from breaking away. My duties, as well, are keeping me from leaving, but I must find the right path. He has laid it out for me, and as much as I want to, I must not deviate.

Tomorrow, it will be a new day. I am quite guilty of telling myself this every evening. But the ties this marriage have endured have been too strong and I must break off. But he tells me I'm being capricious and that without him I'd be nothing. It is just in these moments of attempted rebellion that I grasp that there is nothing for me outside of the burdensome role my husband and society has attributed to me.

August 5th 1942

4:32 PM

Yesterday, I thought that she was mine and mine alone. No other man could have her; I would not allow it. I'd met her, and she was the prey to my predator. It was as if we'd gone back to the animal kingdom, where everything is done for the purpose of survival. I wanted her to be mine. I married her to make sure that the bond was eternal and that she couldn't break free from it. She was mine to keep forever. I thought of making her my own, to use as I please, and to satisfy me to the fullest.

Today, I come to realize how much she has supported and protected me and continues to do so. She is the pillar of my life. Without her I don't think I could've or can continue to make it through. The bond we share is strong enough for me to endure the hardest and darkest of times. I feel, even though I may have forced things between the two of us, that she has come to complete me as a human and without her by my side, I wouldn't have been able to get nearly as far in my life as I have now. The bond we've developed over time is unbreakable. No possible thing that exists on the planet earth or beyond could break the ties we developed between us. I want to correct the mistakes I've made: thinking she was mine to be used as a tool.

Tomorrow, it will be a new day and I will find even more reason to love her and cherish the bond we have between us. I shall let her live freely, unbothered by the burden I had oppressed her with: myself. She is like the light in my abyss of a heart in this cruel society, that labels us as animals who think without their minds. Her happiness is my world. However, I'm afraid. I'm afraid that my own heart could lead me to another dead end, one I could never escape. I don't expect her to think much of me, considering how I've treated her so lowly, and how I've used her, how I looked down on her with such greedy eyes. I also don't expect the change to be easy for myself either, as human nature guides me to be a natural predator. I'm afraid and vulnerable, something I've never felt before...

Chloe Gommichon, Juliette Estampes, George Rizos, Lina Zigha '20

A Grumpy School Cafeteria Table's Observations (a classification)

Today is a new day, but it does not feel like it; every day just flies by without any change. My name is Amtab (so I have been branded), I am a high school cafeteria table, and I am bored, as usual. My life is not interesting; I just sit here and wait for people to, likewise, sit—on me. Unfortunately, I am unable to move or to execute any form of action. I have been in this high school lunchroom for quite some time now.

I do often say I am bored and that my life has no purpose, but I only see the negative part of my situation, the empty half of the cup of my life. But I do occasionally have special and unusual situations in my life that help me escape my boredom. Furthermore, I do have a function, a purpose in life; if I was not present in this lunchroom right now, where would students sit? Would the students just eat standing up, and would they feel disrupted in their comfortable school routine just because I am not here? Indeed, I do impact certain people's lives, and I know which ones. I do have a life that might be boring sometimes but is special in its own way, and I do have a certain point of view—certain thoughts, feelings, and experiences (even some unusual situations and special events that I have witnessed) in this banal yet special environment. I do have a voice, and I am going to use it. Lunch is the most complicated yet best part of my day; it is where things are the least boring, and where they even get too annoying sometimes. During that time, I like to observe who is sitting on me this time.

There are many different types of people and groups, depending on and influenced by age, their activities, and their personalities. Some groups are interesting and are easy to support while they are sitting on me, but some others are just way too annoying, and it is just such a huge effort to support them and their conversations and actions. I complain a lot, I know—I just love to vent; I was given life with a voice, after all. However, I am not aware of how it works and who can hear it: I try to talk to students or the staff sometimes, but I do not know if they are ignoring me because they can't hear me, or because they don't want to.

At the top of the food chain, there are the Popular Kids; these teenagers are the "coolest" around—not to me, though. From my point of view, when they talk while sitting on me, they just seem pretentious and it is frustrating for me; it does not even sound like they are friends, it just sounds like a competition for popularity. For example, a few kids from this group were arguing a few days ago—some ridiculous possession debate about who has the most fight scars and who owns the most valuable items. It hurts me to hear some of the words coming out of these children's mouths. This ridiculous bunch don't seem like a group of friends to me; at lunch, these kids eat fast (not much work for me) to then go play "cool and popular sports" outside.

On the other hand, the Athletic Kids' group is distinct from the Popular group, as they do not act the same. Being popular is not a competition for this group; however, anything that has to do with sports becomes a competition. The Athletic Kids talk about sports all the time, and it sounds like all of their decisions, and their whole young life actually, is based and depends on sports; from my point of view, they exaggerate it because they think it is seen as cool. I don't know—my only sport is weights.

Then, there is the classic Nerds' group; their group is simple, but still is quite some work for me. These nerdy kids talk about school way too much, which is way too boring for me; furthermore, they always stay

inside for the whole lunch period, which is a lot of heavy lifting for one cafeteria table. The nerds come in quite early in the morning before classes, but not to relax or have a nice breakfast before a good day of work, but to study even more (in addition to the night just before) or review anything that they can work on.

Moving on to the complaints about the next group: the Geeks; I do not even know what to think about them. These kids never even look at each other because they are always on their electronic devices, and they sometimes scream out some random expressions for no specific reason—maybe their game that they are all obsessed with, I don't know. I would like to try it one day. I think that they are ridiculous because they are not open-minded and they are quite weird. I won't defend this argument in any way, though, but rather will move straight on to...

The group of Weirdos—this one is, indeed, very bizarre; they act disturbingly, and I, therefore, feel uncomfortable when they hang out around me. They show each other weird stuff on their phones, and I prefer not to know what they share and what they look at on their phone, it disturbs me. The way they observe the stuff they show each other on their mobile devices is scary, too: their obsessed looks are bizarre and seem too attracted to the weirdness they are viewing, unhealthily stimulated. In my opinion, they are showing each other gross and weird memes, or at least something weirdly gross.

Finally, I also encounter two final groups—but two opposite extremes: there are the Lazy and Jaded Seniors and the Hyped and Annoying Freshmen. Not all the Seniors are like the ones that sit at my table (lazy and jaded), but many of them are. In my opinion, the lazy Seniors' group spends way too much time around me, just sitting, napping, and inefficiently trying and failing to get their work done; at least they do not leave me alone, but I think that their lives are monotonous and therefore boring. On the other hand, most of the Freshmen in high school are "hyped" (I like to use the expressions I pick up from the kids!), which makes them quite annoying; these types of Freshmen are excited about everything and anything, especially at the beginning of the year, as the high school environment is new for them. Some try and succeed to keep their calm and act normal, but some just cannot and annoy everybody.

So these are the groups I see sitting on me and hanging out around me each day. Indeed, I have to support them physically while they sit on me, but also support them (or more like tolerate them) mentally while I have to confront their annoying, boring, and frustrating conversations and actions. I have witnessed many problematic situations that I hate, and that I wish would not happen that often, because, although they are not dangerous for my lifespan, they are very irritating.

For example, people spilling beverages make me very angry; it seems like they are not aware at all that they have some hot liquid in their containers in their hands, and, without paying attention to it, they just spill some everywhere. People will say that they are just clumsy and that it is just how they are and how they were born; however, I claim that the people that often recreate that same action of spilling are not awkward with their hands, but rather they simply do not care enough about their surroundings. Spilling hot beverages (especially on me) hurts, as the beverage can burn my fellow tables and myself! I hate the "spillers" and I have never had one good experience with them.

In addition to that, I also hate people that bang on the table; I wonder what the point is for a person to

slap me by banging on me with their hands for different reasons. Some people do it because they are excited (Hyped Freshmen, for instance) and others do it because they are angry (someone from the Geeks' group after losing on his game). There are different reasons why people slap me, but there is one common outcome for me; people do not mean to, but it hurts a lot. I spend my life supporting them and that's how they thank me.

Just like humans, tables have religious and/or spiritual groups, and I do believe that there is a sort of heaven after my cafeteria table life. I am a follower of the "Buffet" religion, and I proudly believe that heaven awaits after what will surely be a neglectful death—I could die from breaking or from being removed because of my inutility or damaged materials.

To end on a good note, at the end of the day, there is one of my favorite parts of the day: I love (to the point of "I am in love with") the cleaning staff and their time cherishing me at the end of the school day after everyone has left. When I see them arrive with their "cleaning" ("massaging" to me) supplies, my heart stops, then accelerates, my eyes tear up, and I feel like a little kid just saved from drowning. I love that time of the day so much that I now know the exact time when they come in to clean me up while massaging and cherishing me; I feel loved, and it is one of my only positive feelings and thoughts of the entire day. I would say it's what makes it all worth it—that that's why I set up in the morning and do this work; but I don't actually have a choice; I just have to put up with it, even if I do have a voice.

Quentin Sandrini '21





Marianne Dugnolle, '21

CONFLICT



Farida Ibrahim '21

Cursed

Dusk was approaching when Dorian stepped out of Harry's abode. It was a rather calm evening, the moon was a beautiful crescent, shining high above them all. Dorian looked around, brushed his ivory hand on his delicate hair and placed his hat black like charcoal, on the top of his head. Since it was a rather warm, peaceful night, Dorian settled himself for a walk instead of calling up one of his drivers. He passed by simple villagers walking home from a long workday; and for one moment, he envied them. As he passed by, an innumerable amount of people turned around, and he could hear them mutter "Dorian Gray" softly but loud enough for him to hear. At this moment, he could not stand it, he felt the urge to turn around and ask them since when did they have the right to pronounce his name. For some reason, it made him think about Basil. Was it bad that he had killed Basil? This made him wonder whether it was best to get along with everyone around him. Basil once was his friend, yet, he had created the world's biggest horror. And yes, Dorian was angry, he wished never to hear that name again. As he arrived to his doorstep, Dorian concluded that he had done the right thing in killing Basil. After all, he did deserve it---after all the horrors he had pronounced. Yes, Basil deserved to die.

As Dorian entered his home, he took off his hat and went upstairs to the dreadful room. He placed a shaky hand on the handle and paused. Should he go in? The thought of Basil crept in his mind and he forcefully opened the door.

Slowly he tugged the soft, silk sheet off the painting. It hit the floor with a soft thud as Dorian's eyes were watering, staring at the horror. A groan came escaped from Dorian's lips. Dorian's eyes laid on the shining knife that he had once upon a time killed Basil with. He picked it up never taking his eyes off the painting. He glided his fingers on the flat part of the blade and stared pensively. Suddenly, as an act of pure violence and anger, Dorian rushed to the painting and stabbed it all around. A couple of seconds passed and he dropped the knife and fell to his knees: his legs were too weak to carry him anymore. He placed a hand on the left side of his chest and felt warmth. He quickly withdrew his hand and saw thick, warm blood dripping on the floor. He looked up at the painting where even with the cuts, it was still recognizable--and it smirked. Dorian fell on his back with his hands on his chest like an angelic creature, still holding the knife in his hand. His breath hitched and ceased.

The cuts on the painting slowly healed themselves and the Dorian of the painting winked. Slowly, the horrific, old monster turned itself to a young beauty just like the lifeless Dorian. The painting looked as it had once been, back when Basil was painting it; like it had never changed. They looked identical, and no one could have ever guessed that the painting was cursed.

Late in the morning, Lord Henry, followed by Dorian's servants, entered the room. They had been searching for Dorian all morning and unable to find him. Finally, they remembered the room that Dorian had asked to reopen. They found the door open, which was quite abnormal. They came in and found Dorian lifeless, lying in front of the beautiful painting, surrounded by a puddle of crimson blood.

Marianne Gordon '22

The next day Dorian made his way up the driveway of Lord Henry's house. He passed the once colorful and blooming flowers that were now shriveled and bland; even the birds were not singing anymore.

The door opened and Dorian was faced by a young servant. He promptly asked the whereabouts of Lord Henry.

"He is not here at the moment, sir. But, he will be returning shortly if you would like to wait for him."

Dorian nodded, walked in and placed himself down on the divan without his usual grace. The servant noticed the lack of his customary elegance and confident demeanor.

"Are you alright, Mr Gray? I am no Lord Henry Wotton, but perhaps I could offer you some guidance."

Dorian pondered over this proposition. He did not want to be humiliated as he did not doubt that shortly after their exchange, the young boy would run back to his peers in order to mock him. Dorian looked up and was taken aback by the sincerity and kindness in the servant's eyes.

"What is your name?" questioned Dorian.

"Oh, um, Sylvester Calloway, sir." answered the young servant, hesitantly.

"Well, Mr. Calloway," he said motioning to the settee in front of him. "Please have a seat, I would be grateful to have your input."

Sylvester sat down cautiously. Dorian picked up the bottle of amber liquid from the center of the table that was dividing them and began to pour some into a glass. He offered it to Calloway.

"Thank you, Mr Gray. I am not that much of a scotch man I'm afraid."

Dorian filled the glass to the top.

"Me neither," he said before drinking it all in one gulp.

Calloway sat there silently as Dorian dared him with his eyes to comment on his behavior. The servant did not give in, however, and patiently waited for the other man to begin.

"Well," began Dorian, lying back on the divan, the glass still in his hand. "It all began many years ago when I commissioned an artist by the name of Basil Hallward to paint my portrait. It was extravagant when he finished it. I promptly fell in love with it and myself. In my mind's eye, I could not possibly become any more beautiful. So, I decided that I never wanted to reach the stage where I was old and wrinkly."

He bunched up his nose and squinted his eyes as if he had bitten into an extremely sour lemon. He poured more of the orange-brown liquid into his glass and took a long sip before continuing.

"That was the day I unwittingly sold my soul to the devil."

He looked over at the young boy whose eyes held a look of intensity so severe that even Dorian Gray could not look him directly in the eyes. The man observed the servant's countenance, expecting a disbelieving or mocking expression. Nevertheless, the servant's face remained frozen and unwavering.

"Since that day, I have not aged at all. My portrait, though, has taken on every flaw and sin that I have

committed in my life: Vanity, hypocrisy, narcissism ... And I can't stop looking at it. Because, my dear friend, the thing is that although my beauty has remained the same, I only see myself as I have become in the portrait and that I cannot live with any longer."

Dorian finished off the rest of the scotch and placed the glass back on the table. Calloway was silent for a moment before opening his mouth to speak.

"Mr. Gray, if, as you claim, you are unhappy with what that portrait depicts, why don't you do something to change that? You said it changes in order to point out your qualities, then why don't you try to change those qualities?"

Dorian thought for a moment over what Sylvester had said.

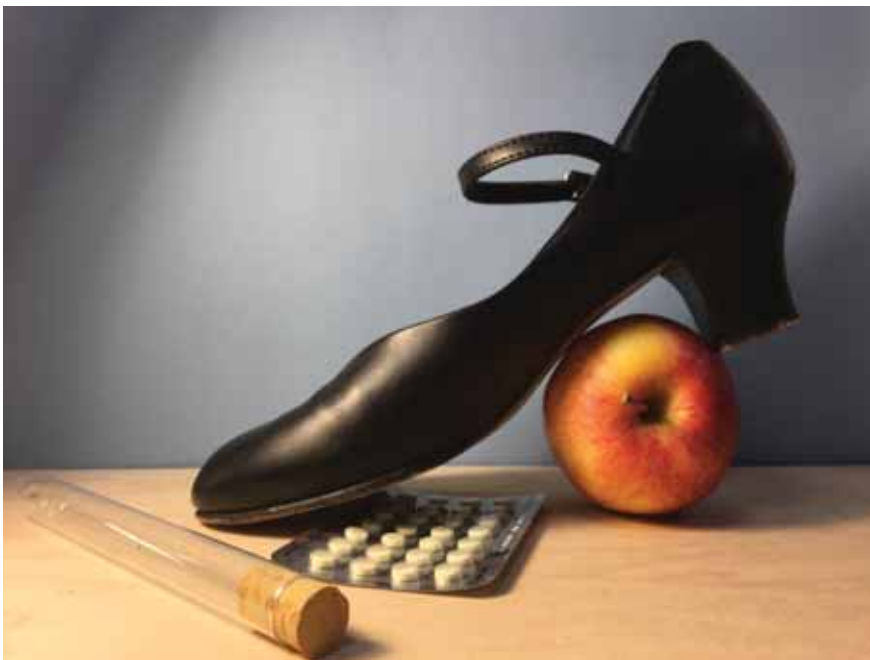
"I have already tried that. It did not work. My picture just became older and more hideous."

Sylvester frowned and brought his hand up to his chin, he looked around the room. Until, his eyes landed on the fireplace:

"Why don't you just destroy the painting? Why torture yourself? If you get rid of it, you will soon forget about it." At Dorian's confused look, he stood up suddenly with his hands raised triumphantly in the air. "Burn it! Rip it! Cut it to pieces! Whatever it takes to get rid of it."

Dorian began to nod slowly. He got up clumsily, the effects of the alcohol already kicking in. He wrapped his arms around the astonished young servant, thanked him and stumbled out of the front door. As soon as his feet hit the path he began to run.

He arrived home and made a beeline for the kitchen. He hustled past all of his servants and seized a knife. Up the stairs he went, clinging onto the banister to stop himself from falling. Uneasily, he crept towards the door that hid the infamous portrait. Dorian studied the painting once more, his hatred deepening as his gaze flitted over all of his features. They stopped on his eyes, the so-called "windows to the soul". They were filled with qualities that he was disgusted by. He braced his arm to stab the knife into the picture but he stopped mid-way. He hesitated for a moment and thought about Calloway's words. He began to realize what the problem was and he would do anything to destroy it. Dorian Gray slowly turned the knife on himself and plunged it into his heart.



- Mia Fawbert '22

Emilie Declercq, '21

- A Silent Confession -

As he strolled home, smoking his cigarette, two young men in evening dress passed him. He heard one of them whisper to the other, "That is Dorian Gray."

He was troubled by the silent words of his spectators. His entire life had revolved around being known, and being talked about. He had always enjoyed being the subject of excited attention, so why had these simple words repulsed him so? Despicable. Why had he become so despicable? He was once a beautiful man – in both appearance and mind, a man who did not think, a man who was not corrupted by such abominable speculation. To be so engrossed in one's own sins is the most pathetic way to live, he knew this; yet he continued to run through these thoughts and worries until he was no longer beautiful. He hadn't been beautiful since the day he indulged himself, the day that dreadful painter stole his soul away.

Dorian reached his home, but he could no longer recognize it; all he saw was a prison for that pathetic portrait. He couldn't bring himself to enter – he couldn't bear seeing that sinful sneer calling to him, giving him that forbidden sense of security. He feared that if he ever laid his eyes upon that loathsome portrait again, he would lose all of the qualities that made him a human. But... he was not able to resist. He felt a perverted sense of relief; the portrait would bear the burden of his immorality.

He somehow staggered his way up the stairs through his selfish fear. The simple thought of opening the door terrified him, but some part of him that he could not identify continued on. He shambled across the hallway and entered the room. There it was, his very own forbidden fruit. Of course, this situation would have excited him so back then. He stared at the portrait and the portrait stared back. What had he become? There was no difference between him and the painting, apart from his hollow beauty. His vision blurred. This wasn't what he wanted. Once so consumed by his own beauty, he truly never had been a good person. Lord Henry's words came to mind: "The only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it."

Yield to it? What other option could Dorian take? It wasn't as if he could come back from what he'd done. He clasped his hands on his eyes to escape from this madness but he could still see the dark reflection of his crimes lodged within his mind. He had to give in. Time seemed to melt around him. He would certainly find his own peace, as all sinners do.

Suddenly Dorian standing on the edge of a bridge, painting in tow, almost blending in with the drunkards that surrounded him. "Yes! I did it! I killed them! It's all Dorian Gray's fault!" he yelled... yet his audience faded around him. It seemed so amusing to him now. He cackled through the pauses of his delirious words. No, he was not mad. Only the corrupt had the gall to give into their greatest desires. No, this was surely different. He was simply confessing to his crimes, nothing more, nothing less. People might hate him, they might fear him, but he would no longer have to carry his sins alone.

Something felt wrong, where was everyone going? It seemed that he was just another troubled idiot whose fame had withered him from inside out to them. He continued his rant with an increasing amount of desperation. Why didn't they care anymore? Weren't they just meddling in his affairs? How could they reserve the right to pick and choose when to pay attention to him? He *had* to confess. They *had* to listen! No, no, no, no!

He began to weep. How selfish, he thought, that they could do such a thing to him. He was giving them exactly what they wanted, those cruel brutes. What he failed to realize was that he was no different from them. A confession is nothing but a lie, a sort of fabrication, whose only purpose is to heal the hidden wounds of the perpetrator. This time, of course, there would be no healing. In exchange for his own soul, he had given away his only chance of remaining an onlooker; peering through the glass of comfort to a taboo yet alluring world. He was now in this world, but those onlookers were nowhere to be seen. He found himself effectively alone.

He could feel himself losing his sanity as every moment passed, not that he was very sane anyhow. His emotions continued to flow, it seemed that the painting could not comfort him any longer. His mind raced back and forth, thinking back to what he had done, finally realizing the gravity of his actions. He hadn't ever felt such emotion, even after causing the death of the woman he loved.

These intense emotions culminated into one thought: that accursed painting. He gripped it as tightly as he could with his trembling hands. He raised it up, and readied himself. Doubt ran through his mind; what would happen to him if the painting was destroyed? Though, at this point, there was no going back. He couldn't care less about the consequences.

He slammed the painting into the ground, cracking the decorated frame and tearing up the canvas. He closed his eyes and prepared for the end. How ironic that his final crime would be killing himself.

Yet, nothing happened. He opened his eyes, and found that nothing had changed. He did not feel any sort of relief, and he clearly had not died. Upon closer inspection of the portrait, he realized that it had reverted to its original splendor. He was young again, in fact, the painting had never changed. All along, he had been imagining the impact the painting had on him. If a person truly wishes for something, that thing will become real for them.

This was not how it was supposed to end. This realization did not heal him, in fact, it drove him further into insanity. Now there was nobody to blame except himself. Of course everything he did was for a reason, but this reason was now completely empty.

He began to back away from the remnants of the painting. They were just reminders of the lives he had stolen for some false. His feet reached the edge, but he could not stop. His terrified face disappeared behind the bridge as he plummeted deeper and deeper until he could no longer feel the weight of his sins.

His death was quickly forgotten, his confession seemingly fell on deaf ears. None forgave him, for none held him accountable. He died full of corruption and selfish fear.

William Kramer '22



Carla Candish, '21

An Invisible Testament of Courage : Bearing Witness and Remembering the Holocaust

The black-and-white photograph above depicts on the right Father Johann Maria Lenz, former inmate, testifying at the trial of former camp personnel and prisoners from Dachau. Visually, it can't say much. It is rather what is being *said* at the moment the photograph was taken that speaks volumes. The photograph captures an objective take on a deeply personal moment, in which the ordeal of having to bear witness and speak up in the face of murderers and bystanders is taking place. It is a silent embodiment of a witness being anything but silent. In this sense, behind every one of the seventy witnesses called on by the prosecution during the trial, a personal moment must secretly lie, as is shown by Wiesel's personal portrayal of the struggle of bearing witness in *Night*.

The memoir *Night* demonstrates the importance of the often underestimated strength it takes to speak in the face of injustice when in the pivotal role of testifying as a witness. This notion is brought up at the very beginning of the book with the character Moishe the Bredle who miraculously survives a massacre, and who much like a canary, desperately tries to warn people of the danger to come. Moishe began to speak "only of what he had seen," except "people not only refused to believe his tales, they refused to listen"(7). As a survivor, Moishe dedicated his life to the role of testifying, a role here described as haunting and anguishing. This description points out the grim reality that even if a "witness has forced themselves to testify", and only does so for "the youth of today, for the children who will be born tomorrow" (Elie Wiesel, Preface to the new translation of *Night*), their altruism might still face backlash and disbelief. Not only is there a possibility of one's testimony falling on deaf ears, but there is also the pain associated with the actual recalling of traumatic events. Therefore, not only is this photograph a testament of a great injustice, it is also a testament of the witness's own courage and selflessness.

Father Johann Maria Lenz's testimony could have possibly faced backlash, and it must have been painful, but it gives a voice to those who were so unjustly and violently stripped of their own. This is an important contribution because, as Wiesel put it, "What all these victims need above all is to know that they are not alone; that we are not forgetting them, that when their voices are stifled we shall lend them ours" (Nobel peace prize acceptance speech). It would be impossible to know the reasons for which this particular witness chose to testify, it could be for revenge, for justice, out of fear or hate, but what is certain is that he fulfilled his duty as a survivor, which is "to bear witness for the dead *and* the living", because "to forget would be not only dangerous but offensive; to forget the dead would be akin the killing them a second time" (Elie Wiesel, Preface to the new translation of *Night*).

The first time I saw this photograph, I instantly made the link with the witness motif in *Night*. This mental association tied Wiesel's accurate portrayal of the struggles of being a witness, its contribution to justice and the reverence it pays to the deceased in the photograph. In consequence, I felt great empathy and respect for the witness in the photograph. I felt that beyond its noninflected title, there was so much more to say. I picked the photograph feeling like I owed that witness something in return: to remember what he had so unflinchingly testified for. I chose this photograph because one of the most impactful things I can do for the Holocaust is to remember, and how better to remember Holocaust survivors than using a photograph of a Holocaust survivor remembering. I hope to have accurately articulated what is *invisible* in this photograph,

I hope to have commemorated this Holocaust survivor by appreciating the struggle he must have faced as a witness, as well as the contribution he offered to the world.

- Sophia Ghoneim '21



FLÜSTERN TWO: THE STORY OF AN IRONIC IMPRISONMENT

"*Flüstern* one, this is *Flüstern* two," said Sergeant Schlechtnacht, frantically jittering as he grasped his "Dorette" transceiver. I often found it quite peculiar how the Sergeant would suddenly transition from speaking calmly when transmitting a distress signal, to anxiously howling orders "Everyone! Move Out! Get into position by the railroad track!" We trotted as the heavy, wet dirt filled our thin, leather boots until we reached the iron road, brown with rust, resting on a small mountain of stone pebbles stacked less than a meter off the ground. Our cover was limited; there was barely enough space for us to crouch behind. We were perceptible, like small fleas sitting in the center of a bald spot on a head of hair, as we sat in the middle of an empty plain, surrounded by forest. "*Flüstern* one, this is *Flüstern* two," continued Schlechtnacht once he joined us behind the track, "Our location is compromised. Requesting immediate evac and reinforcements to our location. We are severely outnumbered by hostile forces, who can be closing in at any-" His speech was cut off by the fleeing sound of a bullet escaping the barrel of a rifle in the distance. He was no longer capable of speech regardless. At that point, his mouth, nose, eyes, and ears have dissipated into a pink mist that slathered the green grass underneath his feet. With that came a hurricane of bullets from the trees in front of us, along with the amalgamation of deafening gunfire and distant shouting "Упасть при сохранении формы!" Russian. I soon realized this attack was waged by a small Soviet platoon, made up of 33 total soldiers, each equipped with either long-range Mosin Nagant rifles or high capacity, bullet spewing PPSH-41 submachine guns. We were, at first, only 11 men, carrying light weaponry, MP 34 submachine guns, and Luger Po8 handguns, with limited range and capacity. Returning fire became a death wish, as the bullet storm peppered the thick iron railing above our heads. The will to fight drained out of my body as I watched the showering liquidate comrade after comrade. After nine minutes, our numbers were slaughtered from 11 to six men, at which point we collectively decided to throw our weapons over the pebbles, and wait until the firing ended. Once it did, we slowly rose above our position, our arms and hands sticking straight in the air like flag poles, and surrendered. We were facing eight bold Soviets who then, quickly marched towards us, their bulky boots unaffected by the mud. Soon after, they recognized us as part of the *Flüstern*, the whisper unit instructed with discreetly taking reconnaissance on the liberation of Czechoslovakia. Our mission made us a high priority target since we held valuable information for the *Einsatzgruppen*. We were knocked unconscious, tied, bagged, and carried into a truck. I dreamt of my wife, and my son, and how I regretted lying to them about running off with a French prostitute, to avoid revealing the existence of the *Flüstern* to them. For the first time in my life, I felt nothing. I was neither angry nor calm, tired nor energetic, happy nor sad. I had nothing to lose, or to gain for the rest of my life. I *was* nothing. We were carried out of the truck, the same way transporters carry sacks of potatoes or coffee beans over their shoulder, and thrown on the ground of a cemetery. The sergeant of a much smaller group of Soviets, in broken German, woke us and ordered half of the squad to shovel ditches through the mud, which itself had the consistency of hard, dry clay that was rinsed for a very brief moment. The rest was ordered to carry decaying bodies out of a mass grave, and gently place them on the ground or in large wooden crates, slightly whitened by the moisture in the air. I had realized our new objective: properly rebury the victims of, what I assumed was a massacre. We spent hours, digging, and moving bodies. The rocky dirt added a hint of metal to the smell of rotten flesh which filled our noses. Wooden splinters from the shovel's shaft would often slide into my hands, as soon as I jabbed a large stone amidst digging. Meanwhile, the guards did not seem troubled by our lack of sanitation or anything for that matter. One of them was comfortable enough to take pictures, taunting and humiliating what was left of our squad while he captured all six of us. I had no way of knowing his intentions for those pictures. Maybe he felt he needed evidence, or maybe he was simply being cruel. I thought it was ironic, nonetheless.

I had no way of knowing his intentions for those pictures. Maybe he felt he needed evidence, or maybe he was simply being cruel. I thought it was ironic, nonetheless.

The photograph entitled "German POWs are forced by Soviet guards to rebury corpses exhumed from a mass grave in Czechoslovakia" stands out the most in comparison to the previous photographs as it depicts the ironically humiliating reburial, conducted by a small group of Nazi soldiers. Differentiating it from other images is its distinct amount of detail, captivated within both the foreground and the background, which further encourages the imaginative capabilities required for piecing together a compelling backstory. For instance, the black, standard-issue, German army jackets which are seen either on the soldiers or a tombstone in the distance, suggest that these POWs were pulled into labor moments



following their captivity during or after combat; if these soldiers were taken out of a prison camp and, at that point, forced into conducting the reburial, they would be wearing rugged clothing suited for prisoners instead. Additional features in this picture –comprised of the prisoners' firm, upright posture and blank stare alongside the Soviet guards' relaxed, almost 'laid-back' mannerism; and the surrounding scenery made up by the leafless trees, foggy atmosphere, moist dirt, filthy buckets, and heavily decayed corpses– all crucially contribute to the imaginative process that allows writers to both procure and revitalize the characterization of each involved persona and the scenery. Such bland photographs foregoing this one, for example the image of a broken-down tank laying in the middle of an empty plain surrounded by fog, or the group portraits and pictures of certificates, have a limited amount of detail in their foreground and background thereby depriving penmen from content, vital for envisaging any kind of creative writing. Furthermore, the encapsulated aspects provide a large variety of creative outcomes for the events preceding and following this picture. It is as if these details told thousands of stories on their own, an ability which no other photograph was competent enough to maintain.

"*Flüstern Two: The story of an Ironic Imprisonment*" recounts the story of the either eradicated or imprisoned members of *Flüstern Two*, a fictitious German whisper group, *Flüstern* being German for 'whisper', in charge of gathering information for the *Einsatzgruppen*. This short story utilizes historically accurate settings and weaponry, and utmost amounts of imagery involving the different scenery and characters, all of which parallel with the provided photograph. It does so to properly describe a plausible, yet compelling backstory of an actual squad of German POWs that were forced into labor by Soviet troops in Czechoslovakia.

– Sebastien Bossard '21

Yet another day in despair.

Nothing was happening, but isn't this what she wanted? It both comforted and paralyzed her at the same time. It has been four days since her husband had been taken away during the first deportation, but it felt like an eternity. How would they survive? She hadn't been sent away yet, but she was already losing hope.

And her sanity, too. Her past few days were spent sweeping the floors, repeatedly washing her clothes, scrubbing the dishes, and pacing around every room several times. It gave her an illusory sense of control.

Sometimes, she would deviate from her routine by sitting down and staring into space for hours at a time. On this day, though, it was all she had done, or rather all she was able to do. She walked towards the foyer, dragging a chair behind her along the way. Its wooden legs scraped against the stone floors and produced an unpleasant screech. Her squinting eyes signaled discomfort, but she found the noise oddly comforting. After all, anything would be better than the deafening silence she refused to be accustomed to. She positioned the chair to be facing the door in a futile attempt to anticipate welcoming her husband back home. Her shoulders hunched in hopelessness.

A loud thump quickly snapped out of her trance. Her spine straightened in an instant, and her eyes scanned her surroundings. Nothing. Her paranoia grew more and more intense as she realized that the noise had come from the bedroom on the second floor. Only one thought came to mind--that her daughter was in danger. She pushed the chair out of her way and ran up the stairs.

"Basia, are you alright?" She cried as she arrived at her door, panting.

"Olga needs help!" Her eyebrows furrowed in concern.

The woman sighed in immense relief, then smiled at her.

"Here," she said as she picked up Basia's doll from the ground and handed it back to her. "Olga's all better now, see?" The little girl held her doll in her arms protectively.

"Will Olga be alright mama?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Will *we*?" she asked, after pausing for a moment.

The mother's smile began to fade and her heart sank. Little girls should be playing, laughing, maybe chasing their friends outside in the playground. Little girls should not have to think about their survival, let alone worry about death. Little girls should be having fun. Life was a burden too heavy for either of them to carry, she thought to herself. A tear slid down her cheek.

She took her daughter in her arms and hugged her tightly. Finally, she whispered the same four words in her ear that she had repeated countless times during all four years of her daughter's existence, and that she would say one last time in line to the crematorium.

"I love you, Basia."





Marianne Dugnolle, '21

Cyclops

Herr Müller had blue eyes. He was balding slightly, but his face looked no older than mine. His voice was light and airy, his smile nervous. His hands were delicate, and steady. They needed to be, in our line of work— dental technicians. Muller was good at his job. Exceptionally so, but I'm not sure he was ever thrilled to be working in a displaced persons camp. It was tiring, thankless work.

In the spring of 1947, a sparrow made its nest under the roof of the Talmud Torah, a religious school within the camp, and if we angled our heads just right we could wave to our new friend as it built its home. We had one office, for the both of us: that was all the camp could afford. We made good use of the window we were lucky enough to have— Müller opened it in the morning as he arrived and closed it as he left. We had a beautiful, sprawling view of the eastern wall of the school. Muller claimed that its ever-changing beauty made his soul ache too much for him to work.

Thankfully, the sparrow was a welcome newcomer to our little world. We liked to imagine his adventures in the hills of Munich whenever work was particularly slow. On one occasion where we had nothing to do for an entire day, the bird flew all the way to Southern France. When winter came, we had our wall to keep us company again.

Spring returned in 1948, and the next-door scholars would come visit our offices after the day's teachings. Müller would let them dance and play around his legs. He would cooperate with their games, and sometimes gave them small gifts— trinkets he saw in town that reminded him of them. Müller brought extra portions of his lunch, and shared it among the schoolchildren— but his rations did not always satisfy everyone's hunger. When Müller ran out of food and grubby hands still grabbed, I provided half of my own lunch. It was admittedly a warm feeling to see the children so happy, but I know that Müller would have happily given his entire lunch if he had the chance. I rarely saw him smile, but in those moments he smiled most brilliantly.

Müller started to bring in an extra sandwich to give to a small blonde orphan: a boy whom the other boys called Cyclops. He wore an eye-patch, fashioned out of old clothes and some string. Cyclops would sit on the floor of our office, legs crossed, and eat as he watched Müller work on his molds. His eyes, piercing and crystal blue, followed Müller's hand as it wove and painted. His attention never broke. Once, Cyclops asked to help. Müller accepted graciously, and Cyclops quickly took his place next to Müller as he helped finish painting. They worked in near silence, Müller murmuring advice under his breath. I left as quietly as I could. The scene felt too delicate, too private for me to be filling out reports next to them.

In a few months, our next-door scholars had left the camp. I caught a glimpse of the exiting crowd— among them, Cyclops. He wore a new leather eyepatch. Muller worked longer hours for weeks after, to make up for the costs, but he did not seem to mind.

Soon after the war ended, and the Neu Freimann camp was in its infancy, Muller and I were recruited as dental technicians. It was July of 1946 when I met him. Three months after, he came into work curled into himself like a child. Germany was not yet free of the SS; I did not want to think about what could be upsetting him.

I learned not to disturb him on these particular days, when he came into work and hung his coat with shaking hands. On those days, he sat next to me like a mouse might sit next to a lion, and his head seemed so heavy I feared he might tip over. I felt utterly shaken, too, seeing Müller like this. Every man in the office felt uneasy. We didn't know how to comfort him, so we stood helpless and watched. I took care of his molds for

the day, so he would not have to force himself to seal them with trembling, imprecise hands, and he left after noon.

Years later, when Herr Müller had left the camp, I learned that he and his wife had been harboring Jews during the war. They kept a family of three in their cellar for nine months— Josef and Marie Baumler, along with their toddler. His father, who lived with them in his old age, spent many hours after dark building a hidden window that looked out onto their backyard, so that the Baumlers might enjoy the moonlight once in a while. By the first month they issued a few simple rules, and never broke them— doors locked, windows barred, and silence after 6pm. If they could be heard by Frau Müller, then they were too loud. They were cautious— but some things can't be accounted for.

Lucy Baumler, stubborn and regrettably observant, wanted to see the moon one last time before she fell asleep. She had watched Papa open the window before. She carefully pried the boards away, and after much laborious work, finally, finally—! She pushed herself up and sat with her chin perched on the windowsill, hands dirty with soot and eyes wide with moonlight. She sat and listened to the chirping of the crickets, admiring the moon until her eyelids grew heavy. On the other side of the fence, Frau Hattendorf saw two bright eyes peeking out from the foliage around the Müller's garden.

The war had already ended when SS officers showed up on their front stoop, mouths wide with malice and fingers already curled into fists. They had been found out.

The officers tore every inch of the home apart. Müller was at work while it happened. He returned to find his wife trembling in the hall closet, and his father strewn lifelessly over the dining room table.

The cellar was empty.

– Naia Corbanese '21

\ [The picture shows dental technicians preparing molds in the Neu Freimann displaced persons camp, taken by Jack Sutin (ca.1945-1949). I looked for a picture that struck me in some way, differently than the others. This picture did: the people look like real people, in a real, mundane situation; that's why I chose this one. I hope to connect the reader to the people in the photograph.]





This image portrays two Jewish girls at the entrance to their school on their first day of classes. It looks similar to my 'first day of school picture' with my brother. We both posed, smiling with our bulky sports-themed school bags. This picture reminds me of my first day of school, however, mine was far different from theirs. At the age of four or five in 1936, these young girls would have to endure the hardships of being Jewish. These young girls who appear so joyful and jubilant will have the most treacherous years of their lives, and they do not even know it yet. To go through the Holocaust as a child is truly devastating. It is unimaginable to say the least. This image stuck out to me because it made me grateful for my near perfect childhood. It encourages me to enjoy what I have, who I have, and everything that I do within my life. It could all go away very quickly, like it did for these young girls...

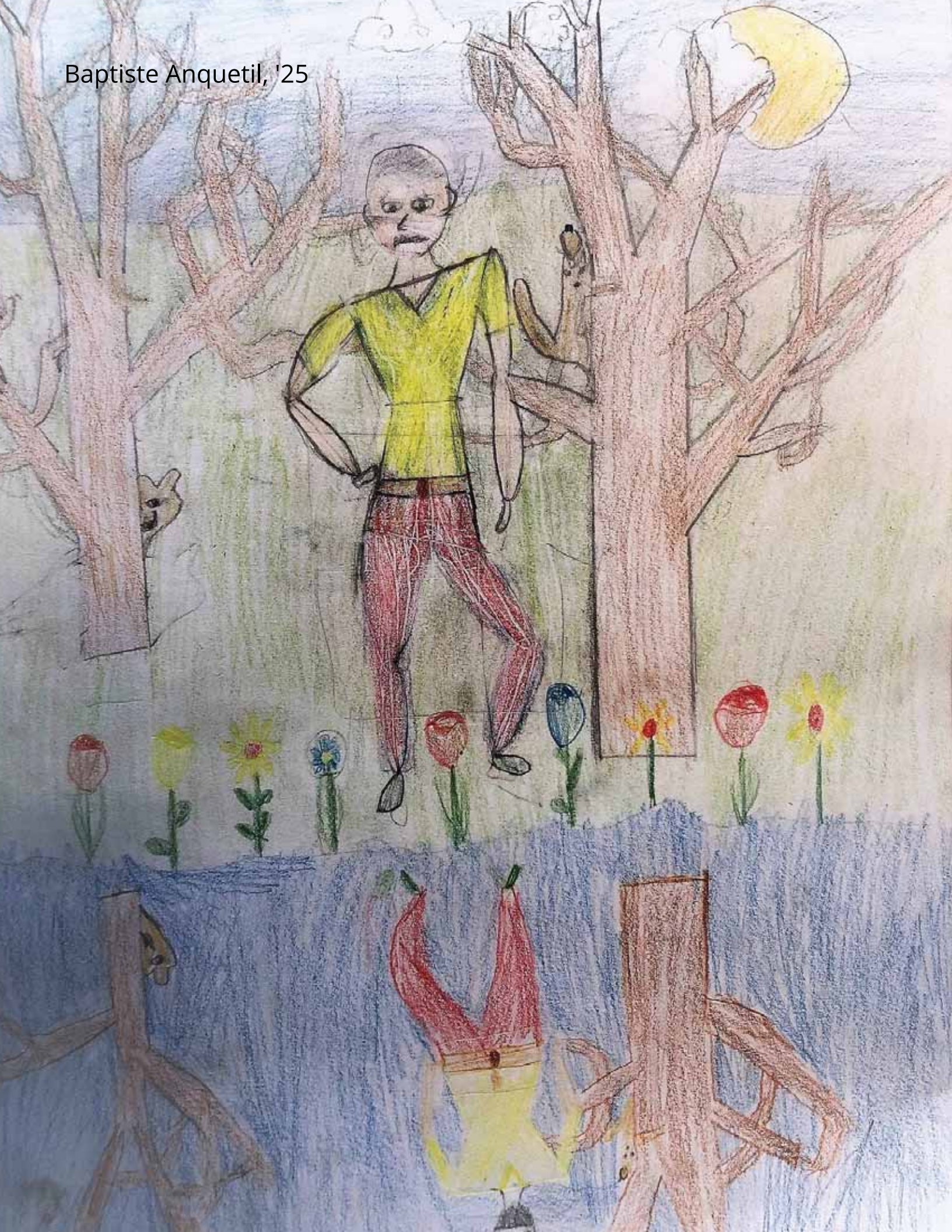
Dear Diary,

It is now the year 1942, I think. I'm not too sure. My sister and I are in the Kamp Amersfoort, as we were told. Luckily, we are together, but we are confused, tired, and hungry. My memory is slowly degrading, however, one memory is still close to me - my first day of school in 1936. It was the best of times. I can vividly remember myself in a picture next to my younger sister. I was holding the heavy, black briefcase that my father had bought me. He told me to work hard in order to achieve success in life. That's what we both did. We worked hard, but everything was stripped away by the Nazi Regime because of our religion. Good memories were plentiful back then. I would usually prank my sister with small bomb bags at school, and even at home on special occasions. She would squeal like newborn pigs, but we both laughed in the end.

I miss Hanukkah; one of my favorite holidays. We would all be together as one big, happy family. Sadly, that isn't the case anymore. I should have appreciated my family more. I should have spent more time with them. I most definitely should have eaten excessive amounts of food, knowing what was going to happen... One could say that I am regretful, but I would say I am remorseful. I want to apologize to my father, who is possibly above me right now, for not spending enough time with him. I would like to apologize to myself for taking life for granted and not live life to the fullest. I would like to apologize to anyone else that I could have done wrong. If only I could leave this hell on earth...

Vincent Testorf '21

Baptiste Anquetil, '25



WE...

YEVGENY ZAMYATIN



BOOK COVER ASSIGNMENT

The precise moment depicted in the book cover is of D-503's primitive side "burst[ing]" out of his "shell" after drinking "liqueur" in I-330's apartment (p. 56). D-503's OneState self is seen crouching in fear on the floor, terrified, as he is facing a side of himself he has been denying and ignoring until he met I-330 and precisely when he started drinking the "green poison" (p. 56). I-330, on the other hand, is very calm and collected as this is not her first time breaking OneState law by drinking alcohol so she would expect this kind of behavior from such a sheltered Number. Her eyebrows form a "sharp mocking triangle" as she stands "behind [a] chair" and "glow[s] in pink as it is currently Sex Hour, also seen with the pink ticket on the table towards the bottom left corner of the page (p. 56). Next to it, "green poison" slowly drips out of the bottle of liquor and into primitive D-503's mouth. The alcohol is symbolic as it shares the same color as the world past the Green Wall and represents all that is primitive and prohibited in OneState. The scene is seen through the perspective of primitive D-503's mouth to reflect how that version of him takes over his narration, as seen through the multitude of ellipses employed throughout the passage. While I-330 was previously the one described as having "sharp teeth" (p. 57), D-503 now shares that same physical trait as their primitive nature is becoming more and more apparent. After he leaves I-330's apartment, he describes appearing put together on the outside while feeling "something wild, crimson, and hairy silently rushing along" inside of him (p. 57). Thus, this color dominates nearly half of the poster as this version of D-503 takes control over his normal self. Finally, the ellipsis after the title of the novel reflects the frequent use of this type of punctuation in the passage and suggests that OneState's forced idea of unity is slowly breaking apart, much like D-503's facade.

Zamyatin employs many literary features ranging from enumeration, "the usual, simple, customary, normal scene" (p. 57); to euphemism, "green poison" (p. 56); to repetition "I hated her, I hated her, I hated her!" (p. 57); to metaphor, "little grouplet of truths, all naked and bald" (p. 55); to a "mock[ing]" tone (p. 55); to rhetorical questions such as "but why again?" (p. 55).

I selected We for this assignment because it is now one of my favorite novels and also because this scene struck me when I first read it. This one, small moment is a breaking point in the novel as I-330 forces D-503 to face both versions of himself, which is critical to his development as a character. He can no longer ignore the side of himself that he has been neglecting ever since he's been brainwashed by OneState from the moment he was born.

Farida Ibrahim '21

William Shakespeare

Je suis le poète, le dramaturge britannique
L'auteur optimiste à la plume intemporelle
Le littéraire n'ayant point peur de la critique
Et dont l'encre restera pour toujours éternelle.

À la lueur de la lune, moi j'ai raconté
L'amour tragique d'un jeune couple naïf
C'est dans mon globe que je l'ai présenté
Pour que les spectateurs l'envahissent.

Suis-je comique ou tragique?.. Être ou ne pas être?
J'ai diverti la reine d'Angleterre
En l'accueillant dans mon sanctuaire.

Et j'ai deux fois vainqueur donné mon dernier souffle
En me souvenant du public qui m'acclamait
Afin que mes poèmes vivent à jamais.

- Clara Chu '21



Marianne Dugnolle, '21



Lina Zigha '20

Le Général de Gaulle



Héloïse Chervalier, '20

Je suis le général, qui seul s'est exilé,
Le libérateur qui sauva du feu Paris
Car toujours j'ai voulu mon pays libérer
Je sais, je suis parti, mais jamais je n'ai fui.

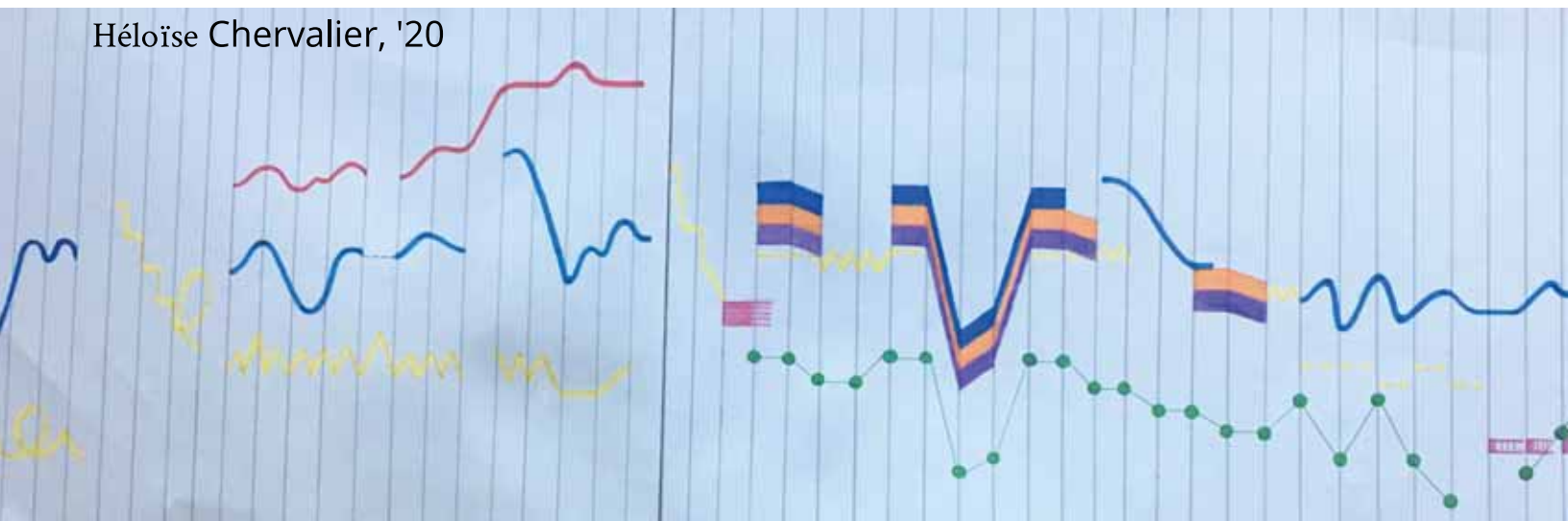
Grâce à un court message, que j'ai fait passer,
Mes chers soldats se sont battus avec furie,
Grognards et résistants, tous se sont réveillés !
Notre reconnaissance sera infinie.

Suis-je vu lâche ou héros par ma Nation?
Ma bouche a délivré ce message de haine,
Jamais je ne serai retenu par les chaînes.

Mes chers amis, ne pensez pas à l'abandon,
Car nous vaincrons toujours si vous continuez,
Et je sais que jamais vous n'abandonnerez.

- Georges Baudry '21

Héloïse Chervalier, '20



“Joie de vivre”

You want a drink?

No, Honey.

Why Not?

Guess!

I am ashamed of the way I perspire

Guess again!

I want you to be comfortable

I'm lighting a candle

I like you to be exactly the way that you are.

Why don't you take off your coat and loosen your collar?

I want to create - joie de vivre!

You have been so anxious and solemn all evening—

What do you think?

Is that streetcar named Desire

Still grinding the tracks at this hour?



—Felix Delcourt '21

Solenn Gacon, '21

“Goodnight”

In the dark, A shot, Two shots fired

Stopping lifelessly at the steps, he coughs a little.

He would die in five minutes

He hangs on till the end, obeying the law of nature,

“For these few last remaining moments of our lives together

Can I-uh-kiss you-goodnight?

- Huh?

- Can I kiss you?

- Why not?”

He embraces her fumblingly.

“This it? I’ve overstayed my welcome?”

- You mean you are leaving here soon?

- Yes

- No honey. Take a last look at the sky.”

He shuffles and coughs a little.

“Thank you.”

There is considerable silence

Her hand touches his chest.

Dead, in every conceivable way.

She stares at him vacantly for a moment

She sways and covers her face, and makes a sobbing effort to speak,

but the words won’t come out.

“Goodnight.”

Antoine Goullin '21

Trapped Home

I woke up Saturday morning per usual in my bed, in my bright red sheets. My daily routine was quite ordinary, and it started with going downstairs and eating breakfast. On the weekends, I usually would eat my cereal in front of the TV, and wait for my little brother to come downstairs, and we would watch TV together until my parents woke up. I took my bowl of cereal to the couch and turned on my cartoons. As I waited for my family, something felt different.

It took an unusual amount of time for them to wake up. While I was starting to feel a little worried, I heard something coming from behind me. I turned around but saw nothing. I continued to watch my cartoons that were on TV. My attention drifted to the window, where I observed that it was a foggy morning, with a calm, grey sky that came after a rainstorm that we had had the previous night. As I was getting distracted by the weather outside, I heard distinct footsteps from the same area as before, directly behind me. The only thing that was different was that this time I was certain that someone was truly there. Thinking it was my brother, I turned around joyfully, happy that he had finally woken up, but as I looked behind me, I didn't see anyone.

My heart dropped, and I thought my family was playing a trick on me. I ran upstairs to try and find my parents and my brother, hoping to catch them in the act of trying to scare me, but instead, I came across something much worse. I looked in my brother's room and saw that he was still sleeping, so I reached for the covers and pulled them away so I could wake him up, but instead of seeing that angelic face that I knew, and longed for, I saw what was left of his cold, dead corpse. Waves of shock and terror ran through my whole body. Frightened, I ran to my parents' room and jumped into their bed, as I usually did, hoping to be able to bury myself in their arms. I tried to wake them up, but both of my parents were cold and still. I lifted up the covers and uncovered their dead bodies. My heart stopped and my mind went blank, and I had no idea what to do next.

I sat there for what seemed like hours in their messy bedroom as if I was waiting for them to wake up. I later thought how could this happen, or who could have done this? That was the moment I remembered that I had heard someone in the house when I was watching TV. Chills spread through my body and I ran downstairs and tried to open the front door, hoping I could run to the neighbor's house. The door was locked, it was as if someone had sealed it shut, and I couldn't open it. The next thing I tried was a window, but the first one wouldn't budge. I moved on and tried the next one, it wouldn't budge either, all the exits were sealed. I was trapped inside my own home.

The best idea I had was to call the police. I had left my cell phone in the living room, but that's where I had heard someone creeping behind me. I had to try and convince myself that it was the best option I had and that I couldn't let my fear take over. I decided it was the only way, so I took the biggest knife I could find from the kitchen and I started towards the living room very slowly. I had the phone in sight and decided to make a run for it. I ran towards it, grabbed it, and went back into the kitchen, up the stairs, and into my room. When I had calmed down, I dialed 911 and I heard the voice of a woman on the other line. Relieved, I told her what

had happened, that my whole family was dead, and that somebody was in the house. She told me not to hang up until they arrived, so that's what I did. I knew it would take them a while since we lived far from any town.

There, in the middle of my room, I sat for about ten minutes. As I was crying over the phone, talking to the woman, I heard footsteps coming from the stairs. I froze with terror and tried to not make a sound, not even breathe. I took the knife I had gotten and squeezed the handle really tightly. The woman on the phone was asking if I was alright but I couldn't answer, I couldn't make a sound. I got up as quietly as I could and snuck into my closet, closing the door behind me. As I did this, I heard my door knob turn, and the creek of my bedroom door opening. The phone in one hand and the knife in the other, I was ready for whoever it was—at least that's what I told myself. I heard the person walk around my room, searching for something. My heart sped as I heard him making his way towards me. I looked down at the knob, and I watched it as it turned slowly.

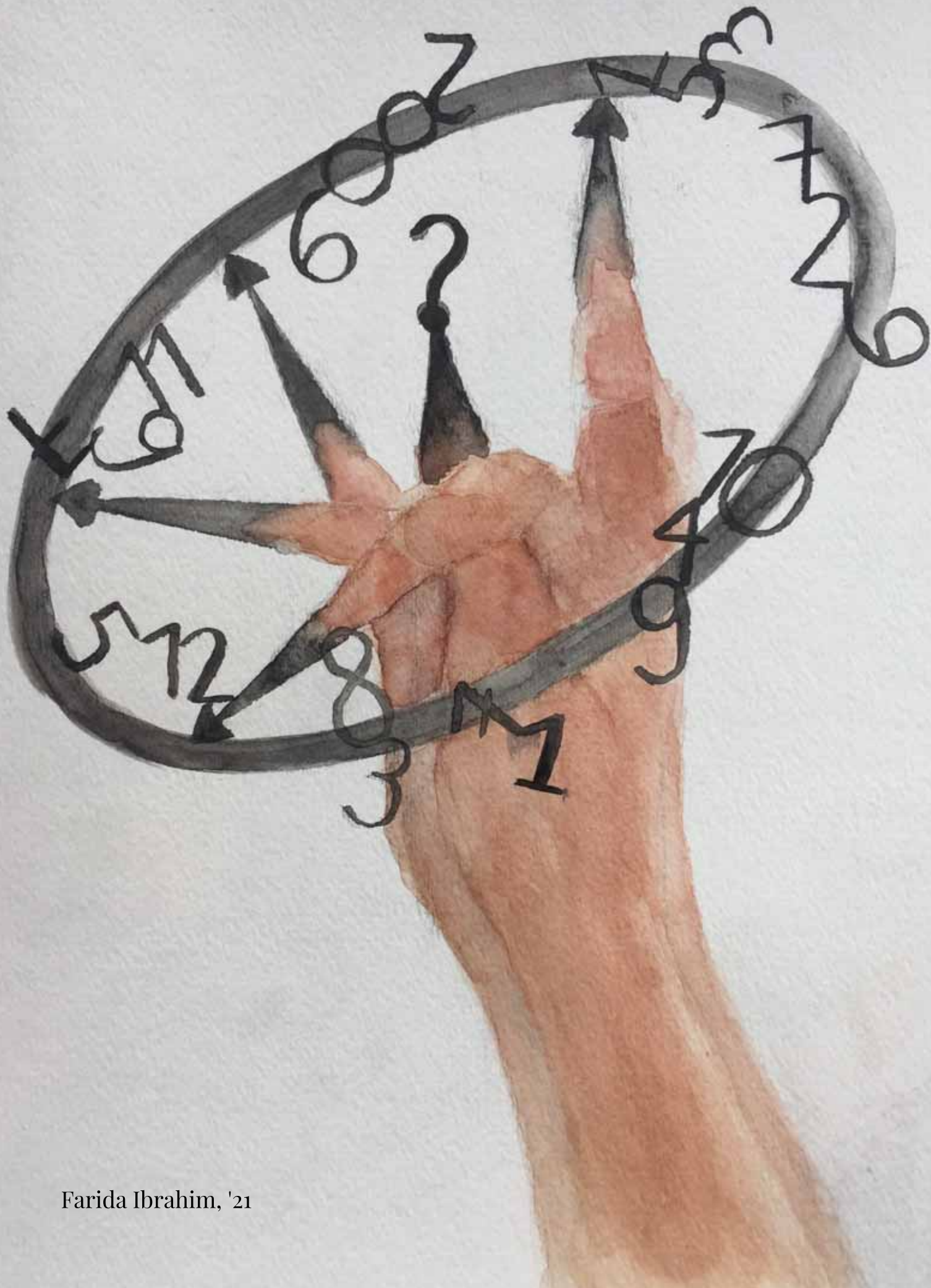
Just then, I heard the faint sound of sirens—and they were coming closer. The doorknob stopped turning, and the person calmly walked out of the room. That was the moment I told myself I was safe again, that I had won. That he had left. But then I thought about the doors and the windows not opening, and I wondered how the police were going to get in. More importantly, how was he going to get out? Now that I was hearing the full blast of police cars outside my house, I ran out of my closet and left behind the knife and the phone. I ran downstairs, to the living room, trying to push the thought that he could jump out at every corner out of my mind, and I tried to open a window and, again, failed. I grabbed the nearest object, which happened to be my dad's baseball, and I threw it as hard as I could at the window. The glass shattered. I looked outside, and with the police cars in sight, I prepared to climb out. As I lifted my leg, I heard someone running behind me, I looked back and saw him, he grabbed me, covered my mouth with a white cloth, and I went to sleep.

When I woke up I was in my bed, and I had the worst headache. The curtains were closed, and I looked at my calendar and saw that it was Sunday morning. I went downstairs, following the smell of bacon, and found the kitchen table set for two, with freshly made breakfast on the table. I took a look around my house, trying to understand what had happened the day before. I remembered the window I had broken. I went towards it and realized it was perfectly fine, and everything in the house was perfect. I let out a sigh of relief. I called out for my mom hoping to thank her for the delicious food she had made.

Footsteps were coming down the stairs, and I was ready to jump in my mom's arms. But the footsteps were off. They didn't sound like my mothers' recognizable, gentle steps that I had known my whole life. Neither did they sound like my father's firm, but soft steps, yet they were far too heavy to be my brothers'. It took a second to understand. I looked outside the window and saw woods. I tried to focus on what was in the distance, but there was nothing. I was in the middle of the woods. I stood still, frozen, as I heard a deep, raspy voice:

“Good morning! I made you breakfast!”

– Nour Hachemian '21



The American Dream

A Handful of Time

Horace, of Latin origin meaning ‘timekeeper’

Horace sat down on the cream-colored duvet of his bed. He lived in a senior retirement home, or a nursing home as one might say. Indeed, he had called it “home” for the past five years now and wondered if he would make it to the next five. In spite of his old age, Horace no longer saw time as a threat. He believed it was just an illusion, for it merely corresponded to changing numbers on an alarm clock. Yet time, in Horace’s opinion, had always been about perspective. Ordinarily, a child, rather than an elder, would feel as though he or she had all the time in the world. Unfortunately, as a boy, Horace never experienced such a belief.

Horace’s current bedroom was shaped by gray-colored walls--white paint wouldn’t work; it would resemble a hospital room. On these walls, Horace, with the help of his dear friend Earl, had once hung pictures. Pictures that reminded him of his life. Pictures that seemed to illustrate better times. Now, there was only a single picture left. Following Earl’s death, in an outburst of anger and sadness, he had ripped them all off the wall. All except one. He couldn’t find it in himself to remove the one of Earl. He wasn’t ready to say goodbye yet, nor would he probably ever be.

Aside from the nurses, he didn’t really have any friends. He preferred to spend his time--or at least what was left of it--locked up in his room reading a book or dwelling on the past. Much to his denial, Horace was miserable--he was consumed by sadness and regret.

Looking back, Horace considered that his life had been risk-free and frankly quite boring. There was so much he hadn’t accomplished or rather hadn’t had *time* to accomplish. That was what he told himself. Truth be told, it was a means of not taking any responsibility. Nevertheless, it was all too late now. He was much too old and tired. The only thing he could do was wait until Death won her lingering race against Time, as she inevitably always does.

Horace looked at the silver watch strapped onto his left wrist. He had always been fond of this family heirloom; it made him feel important and part of something special. Back then, he considered it his “sacred duty” to hand it down to the next of kin. However, Horace did not have any children and was the last living member of his family. This meant that he would take his watch to the grave. If only things were different, thought Horace.

The hour hand turned, indicating that it was six p.m. This meant that a caregiver would arrive in exactly five minutes. Horace looked up at the white ceiling, waiting. As predicted, a nurse arrived, bringing him a platter of mashed potatoes, chicken, and broccoli. He was used to this type of *cuisine*, although the adjustment hadn’t been easy at first. Fifteen minutes past six, Horace expected the nurse to leave, as they punctually always do. Though, this time, she didn’t.

Instead, she handed him a small black and white photograph. Horace gazed at her, confused. Seeing the look on his face, she explained that she had found it in the basement along with a couple of his stored belongings. I thought you might like to have it, she said. He hadn’t seen this picture in what seemed like a

a century. I'll give you a moment, she added.

Horace carefully grabbed the edges of the image, not wanting to leave a smudge. It was a grainy five by three-inch photograph, taken in the early 1950s. In the picture, a boy, about twelve years of age, was smiling at his photographer. He appeared to be holding a chunk of sand, in his left hand, right below a silver watch. Horace recognized the boy.

Suddenly, the colors hidden from the achromatic photograph came flooding back. He remembered that sunny day at Newport beach like it was yesterday. That summer, Horace and his parents had taken an impromptu trip. His mother had argued that the fresh air would do the family some good. Once they arrived, his parents sat down in their beach chairs to read the newspaper. In the meantime, Horace approached the edge of the water. He grabbed a chunk of the burning hot sand and held onto it as if it were a matter of life and death.

Horace had gotten sand under his nails. What would his mother say? As a matter of fact, he didn't really care. He felt a strong need to hold the chunk of sand with a very tight grasp. Horace looked around; he noticed two girls building a sand castle and a couple of other children running in and out of the water. Nonetheless, Horace didn't move. He looked down at that warm handful of sand. It continued to slip through his fingers. Horace then looked down at his watch. How long would it take for the sand to run out? How long until Horace would be left with nothing?

These thoughts were interrupted by his mother's cheerful squeal. She wanted to use the new camera his father had gotten her. Smile my dear, she said. Wanting to please her, Horace concealed his dread and gave his mother the biggest smile he could.

He had almost forgotten the sand in his left hand. So much of it had already disappeared. He grabbed another chunk, this time with his other hand. By doing so, a large amount of sand spilled from his opposite palm. He couldn't seem to grab more without the risk of losing it all. He felt a frustrating resistance. He didn't want to waste his day at the beach, yet he feared that the sand would fall too quickly. He feared time or rather the absence of it.

That day, just like the ones that followed, Horace did not make the most of his life, for he did not run around the beach nor did he build any sandcastles. Instead, he incessantly tried to grab as much of the precious sand as he could. When the sun had nearly set, Horace looked down at his watch once last time and then stared at what was left in each palm.

And just like that, back in the nursing home, this moment had passed. Horace was brought back to the present. However, things were different now. Something had changed. Horace finally understood that time was beyond his control, for he was no timekeeper. The sand was never his for the taking. He couldn't control it. He couldn't predict when he would be left with a single grain. It was one of life's cruel surprises.

That night, Horace went to bed and closed his eyes with a smile. It was his chance to do things differently. He dreamt of reliving that hot summer day. He dreamt of releasing the warm yellow sand from his grip. He dreamt of running around the beach and laughing, just like the other kids used to do.

The next morning, Horace did not wake up. He died peacefully in his sleep, just like he had always wanted. It may have been the end of Horace's life, but his story was far from over. The boy with the handful of sand finally saw Earl again and he was happy.

- Jenna Maizia '

Letters Between Lovers

September 1, 1964 (Georgeville, Texas)

Dear Beloved,

Words cannot describe how I miss you so. Those long, hot summer nights in Georgeville aren't the same without you by my side, and I wish you hadn't left. I miss losing myself in your big brown eyes as much as as out picnics by the lake. I miss hiding from father only to meet you by the ice cream shop on Sunday after church. Speaking of which, he has recruited me to help him for the next mayoral election. I am certain he will be re-elected, and regret telling you that I had to give up my internship in Washington D.C. If only you could come down here again before mother returns, I'd be more than delighted. Words cannot begin to tell you how infatuated I have become with you and your smile. I hope you feel the same as I do, and that you also wish to be in my arms.

Sincerely Yours with Love,

Henry Smith

October 2, 1964 (Washington, D.C.)

My Dear Henry,

My heart was filled with joy when I had finally heard from you. Unfortunately, I was only able to get to my aunt's house a week ago, and she had taken the letter thinking it was hers. . . . I miss you as well and regret that you could not join me here. Although I long to see your sweet face, I truly feel at home here. I feel as if I have found a missing piece, one that understands the struggles that I have lost myself in, because they have lived the same struggles. I feel as if I have found my identity as well and it belongs here, fighting for my rights. I cannot turn back or leave back to Georgeville because although it might've brought the love of my life to me, it also brought pain to not be able to show my love and having to hide from everyone. I have sacrificed too much to go back, and although I wish you could come here to find me, I understand that your path belongs in Georgeville. As heart-wrenching as it is, I feel that I must let go of us to prove to myself what I can do. In a perfect world, I wouldn't have to fight for our love and if the color of my skin only matched yours, I wouldn't have to fight for myself. I'll truly always love you, but cannot continue imagining what could be.

Sincerely,

Rosalyn Parker

October 15, 1964 (Georgeville, Texas)

Dear Rosalyn,

I am truly confused as to why you would make such a decision by yourself. You've always known that my love for you has been true, and that I could and still will give you the safety you deserve. There is no need to move so far away to fight for others, when you could've just stayed and fought for us. I can give you the safety you deserve because I love you with all my heart. This sudden break seems unfair and unjustified, and I will never understand how such a sweet being like yourself could subject me to so much pain. Don't you remember how happy we were this summer, when there was only the two of us? Remember how I would hold you and how I used to kiss your lips? Do you not regret giving up so much joy and happiness only to live without me? I wish I could fight for you, so that you didn't have to tear me apart as you did. I feel like I have never known you, but also like I comprehend you. In all this confusion, I still love you so. I hope one day we'll meet again.

Sincerely,

Henry Smith

January 2, 2010 (Georgetown, Washington D.C.)

Dear Rosalyn,

Although I expect you to be surprised to hear from me after so many years, I hope you have forgiven how awful and lost I was at the time. First and foremost, I must explain how I have found your address. For my 64th birthday, my children bought me a computer, and signed me up on what they call a "Facebook." Forgive me if the first person I thought to find was you; Rosalyn Parker. My wife died five years ago after fighting breast cancer for three years. Finding your profile, I was proud to see how far you have come, and realized how selfish I had been to try to contain you. A professor at Yale in African-American studies; what an accomplishment! I truly regret holding you back. You have always been the one I have loved the most, the one who got away. I hope I didn't completely ruin things and that somewhere, deep inside that intelligent and beautiful mind of yours, you still love me as well.

Truly and Forever Yours,

Henry Smith

Azelie Lemoine '20

“Running out of Time”

To the person reading this,

Today, April 2, 2020, officially marks three weeks since I’ve had any kind of contact with the outside world. I feel as though I live in my own little bubble--also known as my top floor apartment. Nonetheless, I do not feel safe. By some miracle, I hope that by the time you read this I will have managed to survive. You see, I am moribund and do not know how long I will last up here. I miss playing bingo with Jack, Pearl, Howard, Edith, and even Benjamin, with all his arrogance (but don’t tell him I told you so.) I miss the warm, light feeling of the sun shining on my wrinkly face. I now realize that I took my “old” life for granted. The way things are going, this situation is getting worse and worse by the day--and it seems unlikely to change. I try to be positive. I try to give myself (and the cats) an upbeat moral pep talk every morning, but it’s been hard. It breaks my heart to see Whiskers and Tiger with such mournful expressions.

If I die, please turn my diary into a tragic novella.

Sincerely,

Arnold,

Loving Friend, Fake friend, and Father of two cats.

PS: Please write this on my headstone.

Jenna Maizia '21

Emilie Declercq, '21



“Dear Diary,”

The days are all the same and my head is at an all-time low usage quotient. My initially quite virtuous and caring feelings about the horrifying consequences of this epidemic have dissipated, as I am human and therefore selfish, faced with the horrid whole grain organic cereal from Trader Joe’s that I am forced to chow down on during this endless quarantine.

At first, I felt no particular apprehension towards “5 weeks!” of “no school!” Sounded like a dream come true! However, apprehensive I should have been...As apprehensive as the adults potentially losing their jobs and no longer being able to provide for themselves or their Families.

In hindsight, I think that an emissary sent to remind us of the infectious thoughts that fill our minds during true boredom—which is an illness on its own, in my mind—would have been great for preparing us for this. The ponderous hours of thoughts that we didn’t used to have time to create before quarantine...The big questions we could not have asked ourselves before, because of the exhaustion we felt from simply living—which the quarantine has now opened the door to! Without social interaction and motivators that push us to succeed, where will our drive to succeed come from?

Anyways, my computer is on its last legs and will most likely stop working in a minute, so I should probably stop writing to my virtual diary...

Indubitably,

Pseudo Pingouin

Ari Hilelly '21



To The Ones On The Other Side

Dear People looking for a better place to call home,
Dear Humans searching for a safer place to live,
Dear Beings escaping their country to join another,
Dear Individuals forced to abandon everything to start over,
Dear Parents fighting for their children's brighter future,
Or, as others call you, dear Illegal Immigrants.
I am sorry.

As I write to you today, I am sitting comfortably in my apartment, located in the Westchester, one of the richest counties in the United States of America. I look out the window, and I see people walking their dogs and talking on their phone. I hear the radio from people's cars, and I smell the smoke of my neighbor's cigarette. I can still taste the brioche I had for breakfast, and I feel the texture of my nice clothes keeping me warm. All in all, my world is free from any worry, except maybe for a few forgotten keys and a coat that doesn't look good with an outfit.

But I know your world is nothing like mine. And I know that each of your world's are different from each other.

Where I see people taking a stroll on the sidewalk, you see violent protests and clashes against the police. You see starving children lining the streets, begging for the smallest amount of money. Or you do not see at all, because the tear gas used against you has made you temporarily blind.

Where I hear music from the radio, you hear blaring sirens warning you of the next bomb about to land. You hear the shrieks of babies falling from the raft and drowning in the Mediterranean Sea, and the cries of desperate mothers holding on to their remaining children.

Where I smell cigarette smoke, you smell the scent of recent gun fire and bombs.

Where I taste my breakfast, you would do anything to remember what three meals a day tastes like.

And where I feel my warm clothes, you feel the makeshift blankets that serve as the only protection between you and the dangerous outside.

I know this, sadly others do not. Others believe you are all terrorists, drug-dealers, gang members, murderers, and all other sorts of criminals. Rather than seeing you as you truly are, they prefer viewing all of you as the same as your few, criminal, counterparts.

You may think that it's crazy. Why should they be afraid? You are the ones crossing hundreds of miles of land by foot, or crossing seas in overcrowded rafts that don't always make it to the coast. You are the ones escaping poverty, famine, war, dictatorships... You are the ones with your lives on the line, and any wrong move could be your last.

Well let me tell you why they're afraid.

To begin with, people are ignorant. Influential and powerful figures in the country don't want you in their country, so to make sure you aren't able to enter, they tell the people of their country that you are the reason for all their problems, that you bring nothing positive to the society, and that you are dangerous. Because of this, people are afraid of you.

People are also afraid that you will take their jobs, benefits, and anything else they get for being citizens of their country. They are afraid that their bosses will hire you as cheap labor and steal their jobs, that government services and benefits for citizens' health, education, and overall well-being will be given to you rather than to them.

People are afraid that you will bring all the problems from your country to theirs, and that their country will turn into the one you are fleeing, one filled with poverty, crime, and much worse.

But the biggest reason why they are afraid of you is because you are different. Because most of you have a different skin color, speak a different language, believe in another religion, follow different traditions, and in the end because you have a completely different lifestyle. The people who are afraid of you are afraid you will bring your differences into their comfortable way of life, and that your cultures will clash with theirs. They don't want their "American" life altered or destroyed.

But what these people forget is that the United States is quite literally the land of immigrants. Most American citizens are, or are descendants of, people from all over the world: whether from Western Europe during the age of colonization, from Africa during the sad era of slavery, or from China during the construction of the railroad in the United States. What these people forget is that jobs usually occupied by you are jobs that are necessary for the survival of the country, but that no "American" is willing to do. What these people forget is that you do not only bring problems with you, but on the contrary, when you enter the United States, you bring along a completely unique culture and lifestyle that allows to diversify "American" life. But most importantly, what these people forget is the fact that you too are humans. That you too are simply looking for a happier tomorrow, and a better place to call home. You too are simply looking for a brighter future for your children, and a more promising place to succeed. In other words, these people forget that you are exactly like them, and that you want exactly what they want, and the only difference between you and them is where you were born.

But do not lose hope. There are many people who do not want you here, but there are a lot who do, who are fighting for you and are advocating your dreams, and who are trying to convince these other people that you mean no harm.

Already in many areas improvements have been made, and it is only the beginning.

These people must understand that the way to solve this “illegal immigration” problem is not by building walls, but by building bridges and to walk hand in hand until progress is reached.

So once again, I am sorry for you. But I am even more sorry for these people who won't let you in.

I want you to know that you should not lose hope, that you should not give up. And if walls are built, then we will be on the other side of it, bringing it down, to then lead you to the land of your dreams.

Good luck on your journey and in your fight,

Your fellow human, Mathieu

Mathieu Greco '22



Héloïse Chevalier, '20

Laughter House

BY KURT VONNEGUT

POO-TEE-WHEET!

.STUFFED INTO BOXES

“Children must be taught how to think, not what to think” –Margaret Mead

Dear Dad,

I’m writing this because I know how you feel about my education. I appreciate everything the system both has done and will do for me, and I know I should be grateful, but I feel that there are many flaws with the manner in which you instruct the kids of my generation. I’m not writing this against you, nor do I intend this as a letter against my teachers. They are not to be held accountable, but are rather products of the very issue I want to discuss. I’ve thought a lot about this, and I feel that these problems can only be solved if they are acknowledged.

Before addressing these problems, there has to be a root or a cause. I believe that the fault is not in the principals, the boards, or the administrators, but in the idea that something that has become a constant cannot be changed. When I say changed, I don’t mean a simple adjustment. In a society that evolves so fast, there should be no institutions resisting change as much as yours does. But why does it resist? When you tell me that education can’t change, you say it because you’ve been taught to say it. And those that taught you such things were also taught, and so on. I’m sure there were days where you dreaded school and wished you could do something about it, but you still grew up to believe that school never changes. Never did you question this, but rather accept it as one of the concrete factors that are necessary for properly growing up.

A “child” is suddenly thrust into an unfamiliar world, a world where they are supposed to become a “student” who learns and grows. When I look at my peers, I do not see “students,” but I see “children” who were forced to fit into the Box the adults made for them, just like the adults did when they were “children.” Is it not shameful to see your own child being stuffed into this Box? Do you not remember your feelings about this dreadful Box?

When I look at you, I see an adult. I see someone who fits perfectly into his Box, and meets the expectations of those who believe they have a right to expect. When I look at you, I see an adult... but when did you become an adult? And when will I become an adult? Is it based on achievement? Age? Or wisdom? What separates you and I? Why must you force me into your Box if we are already so similar?

Looking at my future, I see a collection of points that will define me. Graduating, finding a college, finding a job. It is all the same. What makes us strive for these goals? These longings are instilled in us from the beginning of our lives. We are led to believe that these are the things we want, when they are actually the things you want. Why did you want these things? Because your parents did. Are you aware that the student loan debt totals over 1.5 trillion dollars? All of these “children” must work, even when they become adults, to pay off this debt that defines them. It seems the true definition of an adult is someone who has been permanently shaped by the Box.

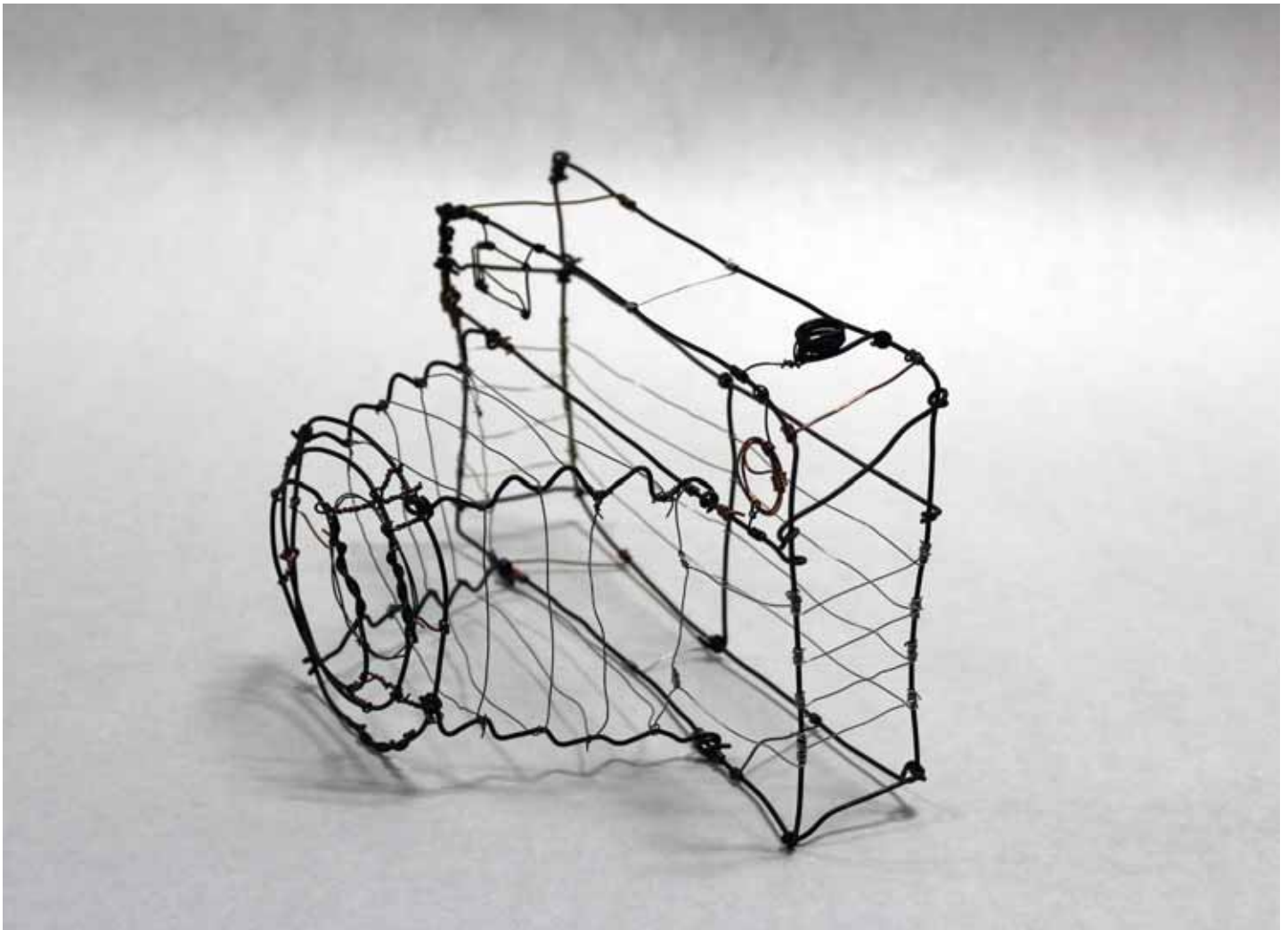
I speak of these beliefs critically because I know that I too am bound to the path. Even in writing this letter I realize that although I condemn these ideas, in the back of my mind I still strive to follow them. I continue to criticize while also understanding that what I speak of is unrealistic. One day, however, I believe that the whole of humanity will be able to face this problem without bias.

I hope that this letter reminds you, even somewhat, of the time before you were an adult. I hope that you remember how you felt. I am certain that I share those feelings.

Your son,

William

– William Kramer '22



Marianne Dugnolle, '21

A Painless Past

Poor old Edgar Derby stared listlessly at the frail, little teapot he held in his hands. He ran his trembling fingers across the little, hand painted flowers and concluded that this was the kind of thing Margaret would like. He sighed inwardly, leaned his head back, and continued imagining letters to home:

Dear Margaret- We walked through the catacombs of Dresden today. I found something that I think you'll like, but I know how much you love surprises, so you'll have to wait until I get back!

A German guard approached him, interrupting his mental monologue. "Where did you find this?" he grunted in heavily accented English, pointing suspiciously to the dish in Derby's hands.

He shrugged, answering, "I found it in the catacombs." Poor old Derby did not know what he was getting into. The guard yelled something to the others in German. Derby watched them assemble quickly around him and wondered if he did something wrong. As the man in front of him barked orders, two others stepped forth, seizing him roughly by the shoulders and forcing him to stand up. They grabbed his arms and put a pair of rusty handcuffs on him before he could realize what was going on.

"What the hell?" spat Derby, struggling in vain against his captors. He looked around desperately, hoping for someone to tell him what was going on and caught Billy Pilgrim's eyes for a second.

One of the Americans could speak German. "They're arresting you for stealing that pot," he murmured quietly, strangely unable to look directly at Derby.

What were they going to do? He was already a prisoner. The only way they could punish him was death. As the thought crossed his mind, the fear coursing through his veins made it hard for him to breathe. He tried to focus on something else and noticed a fourth guard getting in the wagon with a few shovels. He handed them to Billy and the two others, then walked up to him. Too late, Derby noticed a pointy syringe in the German's gloved hand. The tall, uniformed man stabbed it in the crook of his elbow. He struggled sluggishly. Somewhere in the corner of his eye, he spotted Billy looking at him with a curious little expression on his sallow face.

The wagon stopped. He couldn't feel his legs anymore. They arrived at an empty square covered in dirt. The German guards unlocked his handcuffs, then pushed him out and made him stand in the middle of the square. Derby looked down at his hands. They had red traces where the cold metal dug into his skin. It didn't hurt anymore. Neither did his chest.

He blinked heavily, suddenly noticing a piece of paper taped to his tattered tunic. Somewhere in the back of his head, he wondered why it was there. Instead, his droopy eyes focused on his hands. They seemed bigger than he remembered. He bent them, back and forth, back and forth, and laughed.

There was a loud clicking sound near him. He looked up in childlike wonder, marveling at how loud it was when he saw four men with rifles standing so far away. They faced him, pointing their weapons at him. He stared.

In the distance, he made out the shapes of three men. They each carried a shovel. One of them was Billy. He blinked a couple times, willing his eyes to stay open. He asked himself why he was so tired all of a sudden. His eyes turned to the ground, and he looked at a patch of mud near his left leg. He thought it was shaped a bit like a teapot, and he was dimly reminded of something.

THE CITY LIKE THE MOON

In the autobiography, science-fiction, and historical fiction novel *Slaughterhouse-Five* by Kurt Vonnegut, one of the most significant passages is the bombing of Dresden. This passage describes how Billy Pilgrim and the American army survive the high explosive bombs as they are sheltered in a meat locker. They are left alone in a city that resembles the moon, filled with a countless number of cadavers. This passage is important because the bombing of Dresden later leads to the end of World War II, which Billy Pilgrim has fought from beginning to end.

One of the important literary concepts in this passage is comparison. For example, Kurt Vonnegut portrays the sound of the “sticks of high- explosive bombs” (Vonnegut 177) to be similar to the sound of “giant footsteps above.” (Vonnegut 177) This gives the reader an accurate description of the intensity and danger of the bombings, as well as an outside view of the event. Kurt Vonnegut has experienced this earlier in his life, and therefore knows the feeling of hearing bombings on the other side of the wall. I captured this idea on my book cover by painting the nervous American Army, cramped inside the meat locker. On top of the meat locker is a giant shoe, walking, or maybe stomping onto the meat locker, as if it were trying to penetrate and kill the soldiers as well. Another example of comparison is how Kurt Vonnegut compares the city of Dresden, after the bombing, to the surface of the moon. The city is described as being “like the moon[...], nothing but minerals.” (Vonnegut 178) This comparison is important to understand the actual effect of the bombings and how severe they were. Dresden, prior to the bombing, had a beautiful and unique architecture, and because it is such a small city, the bombing of Dresden was very unpredictable. The city lost, first of all, all of its special architecture, but mostly all of its people, making it as deserted as the moon. Dresden is also compared to the moon because of the curves and craters that formed during the bombing. The American Army was obligated to “climb over curve after curve on the face of the moon.” (Vonnegut 180) I represented this comparison by painting the surface of the moon rather than a city. The moon is on fire to show how, during the bombing, “Dresden was one big flame.” (Vonnegut 178)

On my book cover, I placed two flags on the face of the moon; the American flag and the British flag. This represents how America and Britain took over Dresden—as if they were marking their territory— and killed the city and its people, ending World War II. The sky is dark to represent the atmosphere, or the gloomy feeling in the air. Literally, the sky is dark because of the smoke from the inflamed city.

The passage which explains the bombing of Dresden is, in my opinion, the most significant. Although the different stories Kurt Vonnegut is recounting are not in chronological order, and although there are other important events in the novel before and after this one, the bombing ends the most important part of the novel: the part about the war, the part that changes everyone.



FREE WILL: A FANTASY OF THE HUMANKIND

Slaughterhouse-Five is an anti-war book written by Kurt Vonnegut in 1969. The major theme explored throughout the book is free will. This book cover represents the scene where the major is talking about bombarding North Vietnam. He is the devil's hand dropping two nuclear bombs on the country. Billy is apathetic about the major's opinion. He has seen so many horrible things in his life that he is unruffled about the current situation. On the right of the painting, Billy Pilgrim is sitting on a chair, impassive and unwilling to change the commander's ideas. It proves he could not separate right from wrong.

The scene then switches to Billy's office. A prayer framed on the wall says, "God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, courage to change the things I can, and wisdom to always tell the difference." (Vonnegut 60). He is convinced he has no control over fate or time. It leads him to yield in front of the most traumatic events of his life. His belief amplifies in chapter 9. He finds out Montana Wildhack's locket holds the same saying. It suggests that the Tralfamadorians are right about humans; they delusionally believe free will exists, and embrace meaningless happiness in life to reassure themselves.

The narrator recounts Billy's life going back and forth, with no chronological order. Billy is unstuck in time. Everything in his life leads to the same conclusion. No matter what he does, he cannot change "the past, the present, and the future." (60). The three paths leading up to the same

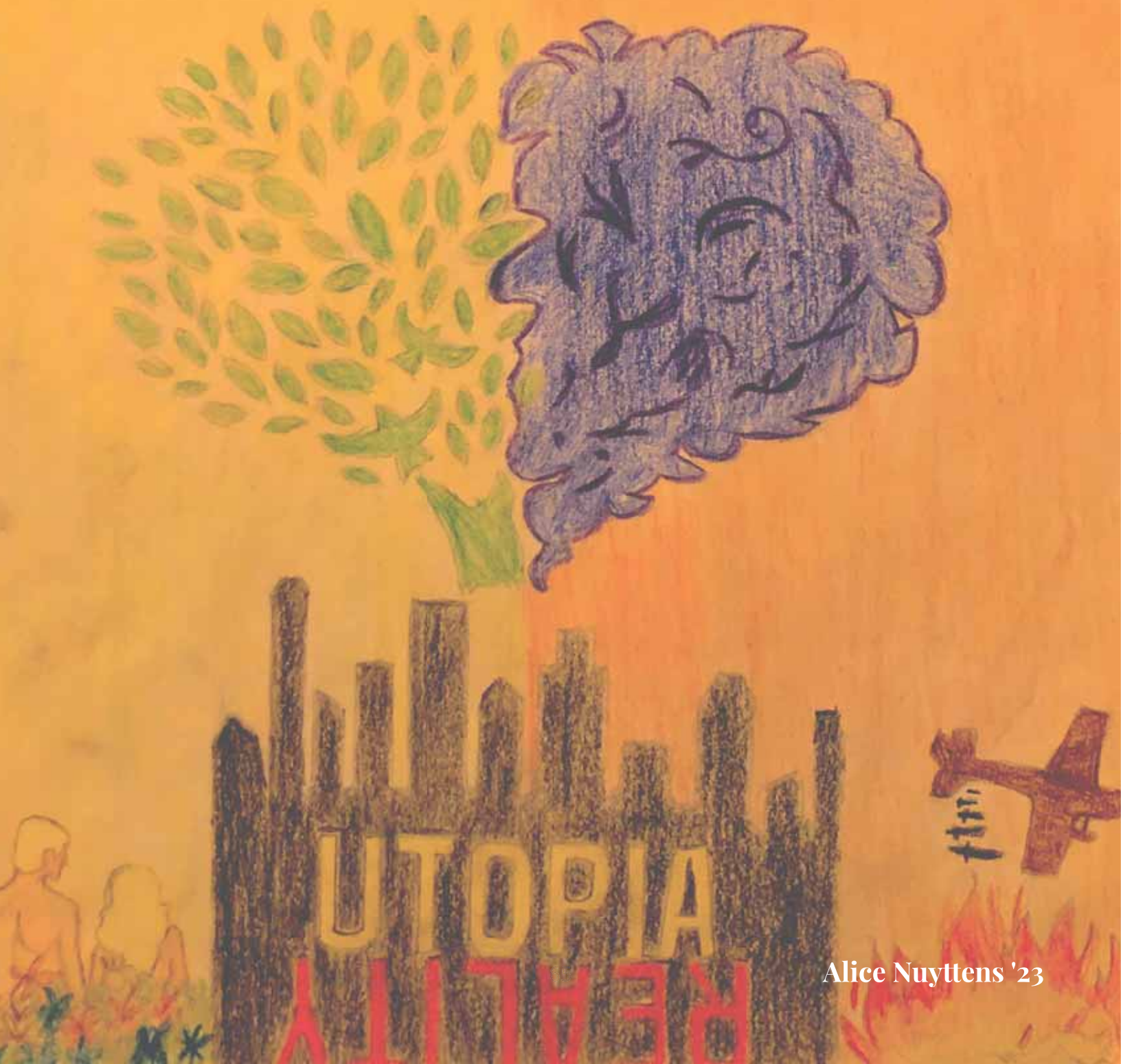
point illustrates this idea. Chained with his past, his present, and his future, a figurative portrayal of Billy seems to have no choice but to walk forward. Humans such as Billy think that they do not have control over their fate. Consequently, they believe that humankind created the fantasy of free will. Billy thinks that nothing makes a difference and goes through life as a spectator. He is in desperate need of guidance and values. Located on the top right corner, the constellation Sagittarius symbolizes this desire for direction, a higher purpose, a way through life. Also known as the archer, it represents a centaur holding a bow and an arrow. It is known as a leader for those who are lost. The archer tries in vain to guide Billy through life.



Helena Huynh '23 (text and illustration)

Slaughterhouse-five

KURT VONNEGUT



Alice Nuytens '23

THE GREAT GATSBY - FEMALE PROTAGONISTS

"She was in the middle thirties, and faintly stout." (25)

"Her face [...] contained no facet or gleam of beauty." (25)

"as she expanded the room grew smaller around her" (31)

"rather wide hips" (27)

"She had changed her dress to a brown figured muslin." (27)

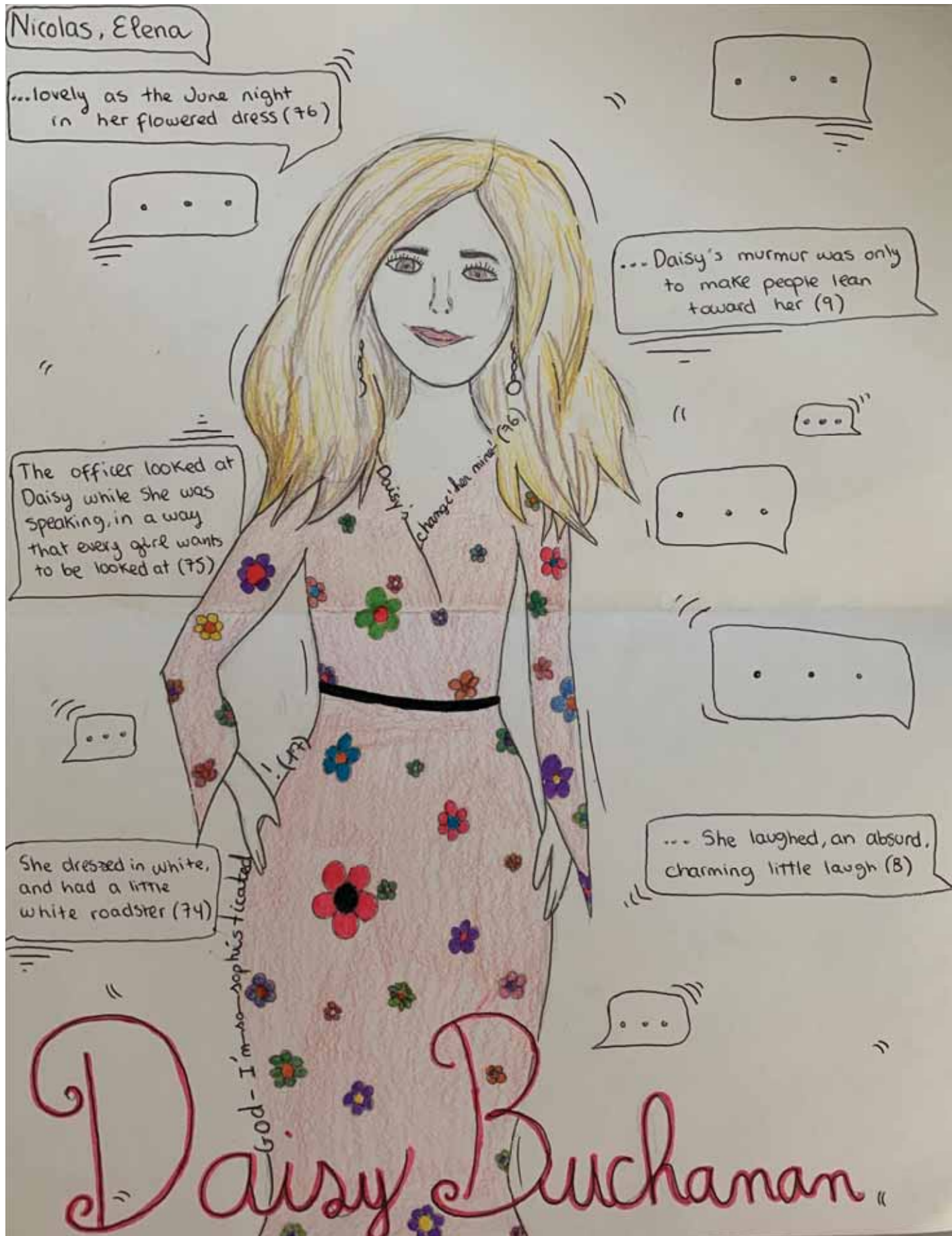
"she carried her surplus flesh sensuously" (25).

"an immediate perceptible vitality about her" (25)

Myrtle Wilson

by Emma Le Breton and Marin Chevalier

In the first four chapters of *The Great Gatsby*, Myrtle Wilson is an unlikeable character. We think of her as an unfaithful wife: she cheats on her husband with Tom Buchanan. She is constantly searching to be the center of attention, and "as she [expands] the room [grows] smaller around her" (Fitzgerald 31). Despite her poverty and her low rank in society, Myrtle wants to be wealthy and powerful, hoping to surpass even Daisy. When she is with Tom, she turns into a haughty person and pretends she is as well-connected as him. While she has several attractive qualities that allure Tom, they are purely physical. Throughout the beginning of the book, Nick Carraway does not present Myrtle as a likeable character, therefore the reader does not have a good impression of her. These feelings of dislike continue throughout the first half of the novel.



All Lives are Worth Living

The orange sun droops in the distance, over the new apartments that smell of paint and cement
And the noisy cars parked at every traffic light that fill the air with polluting gas.

I memorize each and every ray of color fading with the light with my heavy, drooping eyelids.

With the blink of an eye, water falls from the heavens

And drenches me, covering each and every inch of my cold body like a thin sheet of ice.

To anyone else each drop may sound like nothing but they are wrong for I know it is special.

It is the crying of a newborn babe, the kisses placed on its plump, rosy cheeks,

The sound of a brush going through a mother's daughter's golden locks,

The stifled sobbing of a woman scorned, the happy laughter of a woman loved,

The tinkling of wind chimes on an old woman's lawn, the gentle sigh of her last breath.

And so it goes again, the rain goes back to the heavens, clouds form, and it falls again,

This time, perhaps, as snow or hail.

None recall what they were before, perhaps molecules floating somewhere in the Atlantic Ocean

Or joining with others to form a snowman built by an eager little boy.

Do you know, small droplets, the effect you have on earth?

Or do you think you are all but an invisible mark on the sidewalk?

You matter more than you think you do,

You always have and you always will.

It begins again, it continues, it ends, and it repeats.

I have seen it all, time and again, and it is beautiful.

The Sacred Forest

I see and hear the stars on this sacred night in a sacred forest,
This sacred body of mine all alone in the light glow of the moon,
A true pleasure to behold,
My body felt as if it was ascending to the Heavens,
While staring at the night sky.

All these creatures that I created running around,
Living happy and innocent lives,
Not corrupted by society or expectations,
What a beautiful sight for my eyes only.
Indeed this is the true meaning of life.

Alone in the vast territory of the forest,
True courage being shown,
By these feeble creatures under the imposing night sky,
Their strong aura being felt by the demons underground,
Who do not dare emerge and lay hands upon these animals,
For they shall be smit'd down by the ruler of this forest,
The great Overseer of the lands.

The Clock rotating every day,
Bringing change every day no matter big or small,
Creatures brought forth and creatures taken away,
And the land changing mass,
And the animals changing places,
And all working together for a brighter future,
And the Devil taking over the night,
Trying to create a Kingdom of Darkness to no avail, 25
Because the true power of the forest sets in at dark,
The great body that protects against all and is the source of all,
Life.



Maëlle Le Bars '20

Dreams of Dew

And as I join the world so vast,

The shining sun, the glistening stars, the bright moon so full of light and happiness and all that is

true

And as the nature surrounds me,

And as I feel once again the leaves under my feet, touching this dew with my toes, and skin,

I feel you so vast, yet so small, so beautiful, yet so hideous, so free, yet so restrained,

And you, within me, so sublime.

When man first set foot upon this land,

When he first was brought into this world of freedom and of limitless ability,

Man started to gather, to harvest, to seek, to create, to live,

And so do I.

Have you lived?

Have you truly felt the joy of life?

Or have you been submerged, all this time (as many have)?

Seeking liberty, yet taking no action,

No leap, one that can be feared yet revered, or even loved, for separating you and yourself, then

putting you back together, with hope that will forever stay.

It has happened before and,

It will happen again;

Our bodies, unified forever, yet still alone,

It will happen again and will happen another unknown times after that,

And it will create, and become,

Yet one day, as we lay, under the earth, unified still yet no longer in the same bodies as before,

From us will sprout,

From us will grow,

And from us will hatch, under the sun, under the moon, under the clouds, or the sky, or the rain,

Will hatch, from seeds of green,

The bringers of dew.

The Night is Beautiful, All is Beautiful

There was a child who loved to sit everyday and admire.

He would admire the moment when darkness chases the light of day, fighting for a way in.

He thought it was another aspect of universe's magic;

How can you sleep when nature awaits?

He didn't. He liked to make the difference between the peaceful and tempestuous obscurity, he found it interesting.

He liked having his curiosity invade, making him wonder what could possibly come next;

Could it be people walking and feeling the fresh air, water, intense thunder, the sound of a car or of a train?

Anything and everything is possible.

He calmly looks through his window and watches everything change.

As the brightness of the sun slowly fades into warm colors,

As the lunar cycle continues and the moon appears into the blue sky, waiting to be glared at,

As the air becomes cooler and everything becomes quiet,

Above us, scintillating stars and souls emerging like lanterns,

Beneath us constellations of generations,

All becomes peaceful, all is beautiful.

When nights were frightening, violently stormy, and cold, the child watched and stayed trembled by his overwhelming thoughts, not the turbulence of the night itself.

As lightning bursts into a wild show of loud fireworks,

As the rain pours down the thick clouds, leaving the grass wet the next morning,

As the wind is no longer a breeze of vivid air but much stronger and deeper than that.

All becomes frightening, but remains beautiful.

Have you understood the meaning of the night? The deep feeling of the night? The effect of the night?

Fly With Me Over the Forest

The forest envelops me in its warm embrace,
And invites me to smell the sweet perfume of its vibrant lilacs, lilies and lady bells,
Of its saffron, sage, and sunflowers,
Of its peonies, pansies and primrose.

The scent floats through the wood and over the river,
And passes through the trees, in between the leaves and over the shore of the water.

I watch the waves lap the great rocks,
I watch the trees cast their shadow over the fields and hill-sides,
I watch the sunrise and the moon disappear,
I watch the flowers bloom,
I hear a bird sing sweetly and softly and watch him disappear into the trees.

Can you hear his thoughts?
Can you feel his soul?
Can you feel his breath against your neck?

I yearn to fly like the bird, to stretch my wings and fly far and high,
To feel the cool breeze against my skin and watch the world from above.

I shall leave now before winter comes, before the sun sets, before the wood is dark,
With you by my side.

Will you fly with me over the forest?
Over the green grass and the blooming flowers,
Over the water and the tall trees?

Fly high with me over the wood, over the pines and willows, over the budding flowers,
And sing with me over the sound of the rushing river.



This is for you, Allie

Phoebe was so dizzy when she got off that carousel. She thanked me about a gazillion times, then told me how much she loved me and said sorry for getting mad at me and all. Then she wrapped her little hand around my finger. I wasn't so depressed anymore.

"Where are we going now?" she asked with a grin.

I figured I'd take her to the lake, see what *she* thought about the ducks.

"So, Phoebe where do you think they go?"

"Every year, they fly south. First, there's the nesting stage, then the brood rearing, the post breeding, then molt, and *then* there's the fall migration just before winter when they..."

That killed me. You would've thought she was reading from a goddamn biology book or something. I stopped paying attention to what she was saying. I would still nod, or say "really?" once in a while. But boy, she was adorable. I had really missed her and all. I think she was talking about how the ducks' fur protects them from the cold when she stopped. She stopped walking. She even stopped *talking*. I was so scared, I thought she'd gotten a goddamn stroke or something.

"*What* are you *doing*, Holden?" I looked towards her, my head sort of turned sideways.

"What are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about your future Holden. What are you *doing*? You just got kicked out of school!"

God, she sounded like my father. Or Mr. Antolini. Or even goddamn Mr. Spencer.

"I mean, you have to start thinking about your *life*. You have to start trying because you're never going to get anywhere if you don't! Mom and Dad'll kill you if you don't get it together! Just look at yourself. Imagine you know Holden. Holden is *smart*! But he still gets kicked—"

"*Stop*! God, Phoebe, stop!"

I was practically screaming. I felt all the eyes of the people in the park look right at me. They were right to, though. Who yells at a ten year old? Phoebe was looking at her feet. She seemed so sorry and cute; it made me feel bad for yelling at her. But God, I was mad. I didn't know what to say to her. I swear, I didn't.

"Phoebe, I have everything under control. Trust me, okay. I'm going to figure it out. Don't worry about it. You shouldn't have to think 'bout that sort of stuff. That's *grown-up* stuff."

Then she shrugged and went on about her ducks. She seemed pretty unconvinced. But I couldn't get my mind off everything she had just said to me. I was pretty shocked, I admit it. You see, it wasn't like hearing it from my goddamn teachers. I didn't *care* about them. But coming from little old Phoebe, it was different. It was like having an 8 year old teacher or something. Telling you what to do and criticizing your stuff and all.

We had just finished our stroll around Central Park. Phoebe gave me a big hug, then ran home, her oversized backpack nearly falling off her shoulders every time she stepped foot on the ground. Anyways, I decided not to go back home anymore. I didn't really know what I was going to do, to be honest. Then I thought of everything Phoebe had said to me. I tried it, I guess. I imagined seeing myself from another perspective or whatever. I imagined being a friend of Holden's and knowing about the gazillion schools he had gotten kicked out of, even though Holden was a smart person. I *knew* Holden could do it. I *knew* he could have a "future" and all if he tried. Holden just had to get over himself.

And then I thought of Old Phoebe. I'd feel really bad if I let her down *again*. I jumped in a cab. The driver wasn't too talkative, but at least I had time to think. First, I thought of Phoebe. Since when does she *care*? Since when does she *worry* about those sorts of things? I thought of what I was goddamn doing. What *was* I doing? God, I thought I'd lost my godda-

"You're here," the driver said.

I regretted everything. But I still got out of the cab. I didn't really have a choice or anything. I rang the doorbell of the scary apartment. There was no turning back now. Unless I ran for it?

"Holden! How nice to see you again," Mrs. Antolini said.

"Nice to see you too, Mrs. Antolini. May I speak to Mr. Antolini?" God, what the hell was I thinking? Mrs. Antolini turned around and yelled for her husband. Behind her, I could see his burly silhouette walking towards the door.

"Holden! I'm so glad you're back! Come on in, come on in."

I sort of smiled, one of those nervous, fake smiles. I rubbed my shoes on the doormat, and, avoiding all eye contact, went on in. I'm doing this for you, Allie.

The End



Marianne Dugnolle, '21



A FINAL MESSAGE

I got to the house at the end of the road and turned left. I'd been walking for a very long time, but I pushed on. The torrential rain had broken down the goddamn bus, so I decided to walk the rest of the way home instead of waiting for a repair team. The rain reminded me of that time with old Phoebe at the carousel. That was a long time ago, but it had been branded into my mind like a regimental insignia on a war horse. I looked up for a bit just to see if I was still going straight, visibility was low, and the rain was falling even harder than before. I couldn't even see my hand in front of my goddamn face if I'd tried. I kept pushing forward. I wanted to get home. Home felt like my own little shelter, a place where I could live my life any damn way I pleased. There was no meaningless talking or phony interactions, just me and my thoughts. Honestly, that's all I wanted right now. Just a world in which everything could be right. A gust of wind blew my cap away. I looked behind me to see if I could catch it or at least see it, but it was already floating on the water, barely staying above it, and quickly moving toward the gutter. I felt a jolt of surprise as I watched it disappear into that gutter forever. I'd never see that cap again. I'd tried to keep it in as good a condition as possible. I really liked that goddamn cap.

I turned back around. Now, without anything to shield them, my eyes were taking a good beating. The rain hit everything on my face. Water entered every damn place it could find: my eyes, my nose, goddamn everywhere. But still, forward I moved, pushing forward to get to my home. It was at the top of the goddamn hill, so it was no easy task to reach it. The ground was slippery from all the water on it, and that same damn water was running in and out of my shoes. It made me feel like I was walking in a goddamn river, water everywhere. I heard a sash get thrown up and a woman's voice yell: "Holden, are you all right?" "I don't need your goddamn help." I said under my breath. "Yeah, I'm fine." I yelled back, sounding mildly subdued. I didn't need any goddamn help from ladies I couldn't even see. Her voice sounded familiar, but even if I could see her, what help could she offer me? I didn't need any help. "Holden, come under the roof! You need some cover from the rain!" I sighed, but obliged. I didn't want to be rude. As I walked up onto the porch, the door opened and someone stepped out. I didn't look at them. I was too busy catching my breath hunched over near the steps. I felt a towel draped over my shoulders, and heard the voice of the lady from before say: "Here, no one should have to be out in the rain like this." Her voice was kind of gravelly, like a goddamned granny. "Thank you, but I don't need your help." I said. "Holden, don't you recognize me at all?" she said. I had just moved into this neighbourhood, so I didn't know any of my new neighbors, and frankly, I didn't want to. "Holden, it's Sally. You remember me, that girl you left oh... so long ago." she said. For the first time since I'd gotten on the porch, I looked up. There she was. She didn't look as beautiful as I remembered her. She had spots on her face, and had bags under her eyes. She seemed tired of life. "S-Sally?" I asked, dumbfounded. "Yes Holden. You may have left me and forgotten me, but you taught me a good lesson, and so now I help anyone and everyone who needs it, even if they hurt me so badly that it takes me a pack of cigarettes every day to keep my emotions in check." She smiled, and took the towel off my shoulders. I just stood there, eyes wide like a goddamn deer in headlights. She turned around and said: "Think back, Holden, remember your past. You can't fix it, but I hope you can reconcile with yourself about your own decisions. With that, she went inside her house and closed the door.

I stepped back off the porch and continued my trek up the road. Lights shined on my back and a car horn honked. I moved out of the way to the side. The car came by fast and splashed me all over with water from the road. The wave of water knocked me off my feet and I fell to the ground. “Goddamn!” I yelled. Regardless, I got up. I just wanted to get home at this point. I was done with this road. I was too confused to keep going. That encounter with Sally had sent me over the goddamn edge. I saw the house up ahead. I scrambled towards it, desperate to get to shelter. I ran up the stairs and onto the porch. When I got there, I hunched over and gasped for breath. I looked back down the road, and just stared at it, with no particular objective in mind. It was like I’d left a piece of me on that goddamn stretch of road.

I got up from my hunched over position and unlocked the door. I walked in and closed it again, then spun around blindly in the dark until I found the light switch. I was soaking wet and I felt like a goddamn recently watered plant. I took off all my clothes and dumped them onto the floor at the entrance to my house. The raindrops made loud noises as they hit my house at high speeds. The clacking they made was maddening. I went into my bedroom and started fumbling around in the dark in my closet. I didn’t bother turning on the light. I just needed some clothes. I picked up whatever was closest to me and put it on. I was still pretty wet, but I didn’t want to dry myself off. I tried to put on my second second sock, but it wouldn’t give at all. So I pulled really goddamn hard, and my hands slipped. I fell backwards and hit the back of my head on the goddamn rack behind me. It shook wildly and all the clothes on it fell over my face and into my lap. “Dammit, why me!” I yelled. I spat a pair of underwear out of my mouth and got up. There was still a piece of fabric on my head, and so I reached and pulled it off. Something about its feel seemed familiar to me. In the dark, I took a good look at it and there, in my hand was the goddamn hunter’s cap. The one I had from my high school years. I turned it over, then put it on. I went to look at myself in the bathroom window and grinned. I looked ridiculous and all, but, all the same, I still felt the same strange appeal that I had felt for it when I was younger. I took it off again, and turned out the little seam where the label was. I hadn’t put my name on it or anything, and if I had, I wouldn’t have really cared. The thing was, I didn’t remember what I’d put there at all. All I knew was that I’d written there when I was in the goddamn mental institution. I brought the label up close to my eyes. The text was blurred, but I could make out the words. The label read: “To the next person who reads this, screw you.” That was all it said. No exclamation mark or mark of anger. Just a calm, cool and collected screw you. That did sound like me. I sighed and tossed the cap onto the living room couch. I sat down next to it and sighed. I turned on the TV, but not to watch anything in particular. That meet up with Sally had put me past that today. All I wanted was to have some background noises while I thought about all the life decisions that had brought me here, some good, but some just as goddamn bad.

Robert Cusmir '23

ALTERNATE ENDING TO THE CATCHER IN THE RYE

I left Mr. Antolini's apartment. I was standing outside, alone, in the goddamn cold. The Wicker bar was down the block. I didn't want to go since I was there yesterday, but I had to. I couldn't go back to Mr. Antolini's since he just patted my head and all.

The bar was almost empty. There were those two French girls, Tina and Janine. They were always sitting at a table in the corner. They practically lived there. There were also a couple of phonies who were acting way too drunk and all. I sat with the French girls. I hoped they would remember me, but they didn't. They probably had thousands of drunk phonies a night flirting with them, thinking they had a bloody chance. That killed me.

They saw me and screamed, "Oh, hi!! How are you?" They started telling me the same goddamn story they always tell: "Thees ees a story of a leetle boy from Brookleen, who spends a week in France and meets a leetle girl." Their accent killed me. Their stories drove the phonies of the bar crazy with joy. They were cute as hell.

I only had one beer. I couldn't have more because I didn't want to get too drunk if I was planning on seeing Sally after.

At 2 am, I was tired of the bar, so I decided I would go to Sally's apartment. As I was walking through Central Park, I saw a little girl, who couldn't have been older than 8, scream "I hate you," to her older brother. And he told her to "shut up you idiot." That depressed me.

I knocked on Sally's apartment door once, but no one opened. I started pacing around her hallway for 1000 minutes. I finally got the courage to knock again. Her grandma opened the door. She was the lady who answered the phone when I called yesterday. She coldly said, "Who are you?"

"I am Holden Caulfield. Is Sally home? Is Sally awake?"

"Oh no, not you again. Sally is asleep. What is it with you always wanting to talk to her at the worst hours?"

"I need to talk to Sally now. Please wake her up."

"No, she's asleep. Come back later."

“Please, it’s urgent.” My voice cracked and my eyes started tearing up.

“Fine, her room is the first door to the right.” You could tell she felt bad.

I ran to her room and opened the door so violently that it woke her up. She jumped up and said, “Holden, what are you doing here? It’s so early. Go back home.” And then she saw I was crying, so she asked me what was wrong and let me sit down on her bed.

I wanted to sit there and tell her everything that was going on. I wanted to ask for help. But I was scared. I was scared she would judge me, or I would hurt her and all. She kept insisting that I told her what was going on, but I just sat there. I couldn’t say anything.

After about 10 hours, I finally opened up to her. I told her about everything. “I don’t know what to do, Sally. I have nowhere to go, I got kicked out of school, but my parents don’t know and they are going to kill me when they find out. Phoebe doesn’t know what is going on with me.”

“Holden, did you sleep last night?”

“I went to my old teacher, Mr. Antolini’s apartment. But he started petting my head and being all weird so I had to leave.”

“Here, Holden, lay down, you can sleep.”

I laid down on her bed. I was crying so much. I was one emotional bastard. But I continued talking. “This world is so messed up. Children are supposed to be innocent. But, today, I saw 2 young siblings yelling at each other. And on the steps of my sister’s school, there were bad words scratched on. I want these children to stay innocent, but I can’t help them.” I kept talking for hours. I told her about everything, about school, about Phoebe, my family, Maurice, and Sunny. She didn’t care, but she listened anyway.

Then she left to go to school, but she let me stay so I could rest and all.

I realized how stupid telling her all that was. I felt so dumb. Why did I tell her that? She didn’t care, she hated my guts. She probably thinks I’m so annoying. She thinks I’m a depressed bastard. She even told me that I should go see a therapist. She didn’t say it meanly or anything, she just wanted me to get help. I was so scared, and so alone. So now here I am.

Hortense Bogaert '23



Aline Descamps'23

2



1



5



4

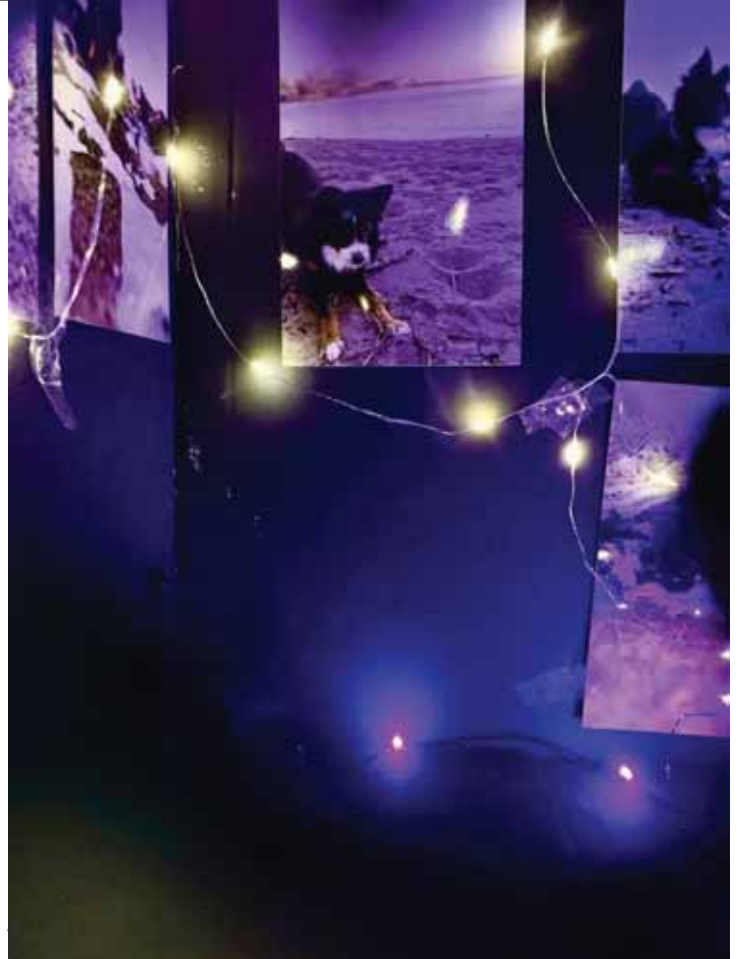


3

MARIUS PROFITE D'UN TROU DANS LE MUR DE SA CHAMBRE...
[...]
ET ALERTE L'INSPECTEUR DE POLICE JAVERT



Nino's Dream
v.s.
Reality



Victoire Litre '20

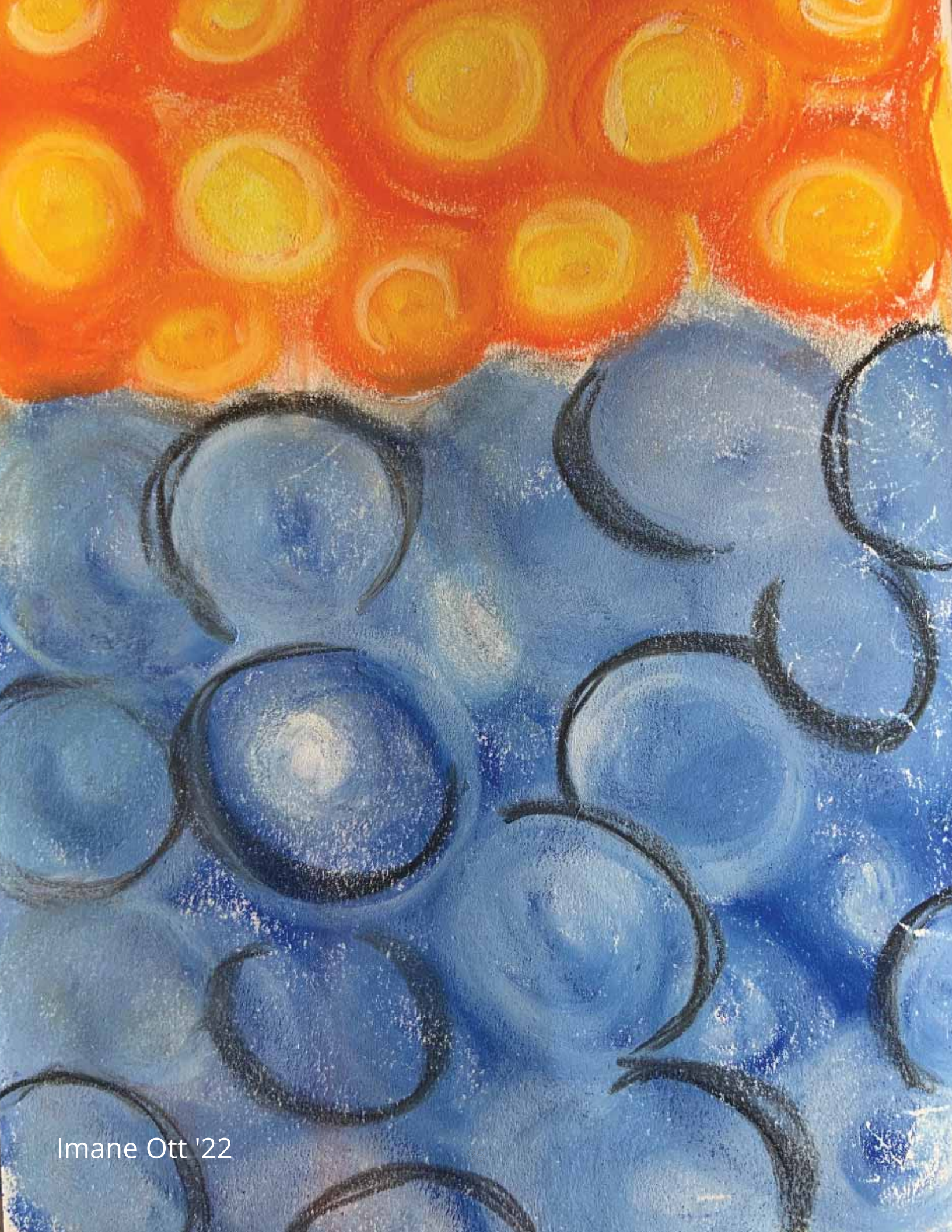
True Love's Kiss

In a world of happiness they lived. With her beautiful auburn
Colored-hair, and his chestnut head of hair,
They knew they were made for each other. Never wanting to part this paradise,
They decided to settle there. When they had their first kiss,
The world turned gold. Everything was glistening and shining,
For this was true love's kiss. It almost seemed like all the world's
Problems and fears disappeared.
On that one vivid night.

The little waves on his clothing
Represented how much adventures they would have together.
Those tiny little flowers represented how much love they had to give.
The different patterns on her dress represented how much
Diversity the world has.

A few years later, they had two beautiful daughters,
Sapphire and Amelia. They got along very well and
Always played together. They had lots of friends and were always
happy. They went to school, worked hard and finally graduated.
At that moment, they realized how much Sapphire and Amelia had grown,
And they remembered "The Kiss" which changed their life. They
Remembered feeling happy and having no fear in the world.
They remembered sparkles and glowing snow falling from
The sky. Then they knew that because of this kiss,
They now had two daughters and everything they could wish for.

Alisha Leaity '26



Imane Ott '22

Le vieux du Kamtchatka

Depuis de nombreuses années, Vladimir Petrovitch, vivait tout seul dans la froide et triste péninsule de Kamtchatka, coincée entre la mer d'Okhotsk et le détroit de Béring. Il vivait à l'écart de son petit village où tout le monde l'avait oublié et ne le connaissait plus que sous le nom de "Vadim" ou du "vieux". Vadim habitait dans une vieille datcha que les rudes hivers avait détériorée. Elle n'avait plus le charme qu'elle avait eu autrefois et les planches de bois sculpté commençaient à tomber en ruine. Cela faisait bien longtemps que la datcha n'isolait plus le vieil homme des violents vents sibériens et il faisait aussi froid à l'intérieur qu'à l'extérieur. Le quotidien du vieux constituait à dormir et à pêcher afin de pouvoir manger et survivre.

À chaque fois qu'il descendait au village, les gens l'observaient sans dire un mot. Sa pauvreté faisait de la peine ou effrayait : les enfants qui jouaient dans la rue partaient en courant quand ils l'apercevaient. C'était un bon petit vieux que la vie n'avait pas épargné.

Conscient que sa situation empirait, Vadim décida un matin de prendre la mer et de risquer le tout pour le tout. Il n'avait rien à perdre après tout. Il prit alors sa barque, la chargea avec le peu qui lui restait à manger, et partit au large de la péninsule du Kamtchatka, là où les dangers menaçaient les pêcheurs qui osaient s'aventurer au large, mais là aussi où se trouvaient les fameux crabes royaux, les plus rares et les plus cher ! Il était décidé à revenir avec un de ces crabes. Il savait que l'animal était difficile à capturer car il vivait à plus de deux cent mètres de profondeur dans les eaux glacées de sa région. Revenir avec un spécimen pouvait changer la vie d'un pêcheur pour plusieurs mois voir plusieurs années !

Vadim prit la mer et navigua durant plusieurs jours. Arrivé au bon endroit, il mit son équipement en place. Il sortit les filets et installa ses casiers qu'il accrocha soigneusement à sa barque. Il s'assaya et contempla la surface de l'eau afin de repérer le moindre signe de vie. Malheureusement pour lui, sa première journée de pêche fut sans succès. Pas un seul poisson – et encore moins de crabe – ne voulait s'approcher de sa barque. La nuit était en train de tomber, et il décida de dormir en espérant que la journée suivante serait meilleure.

Le lendemain, il mit une nouvelle fois tout son équipement en place et attendit de longues heures dans le froid et le courant marin glacial. Il commença à désespérer en se demandant pourquoi la vie était si dure avec lui. Qu'allait-il devenir ? Allait-il mourir seul en pleine mer ? D'ailleurs, qui se soucierait de sa disparition ? Il y avait bien longtemps que plus personne ne s'occupait de prendre de ses nouvelles... Dans un dernier instinct de survie, il implora alors Vélès, le dieu slave de la terre et de l'eau. Il le pria de l'aider à pêcher seulement un crabe du Kamtchatka. Sa fortune serait faite. Désespéré et fatigué, il mangea le reste de ses boîtes de conserves et but sa bouteille de vodka. L'alcool le réchauffa et l'endormit.

À moitié endormi, il entendit alors des grattements qui semblaient venir de l'avant de sa barque. Il n'y fit tout d'abord pas attention mais les bruits devinrent si forts qu'il se décida à aller voir ce qui se passait. Il tomba alors à la renverse ! Des pattes géantes et velues semblaient s'agiter sous le banc de sa barque. Il se mit à trembler de peur et rampa vers l'arrière du bateau. Il se saisit alors de son canif et du gourdin et s'approcha de la bête... Son nez avait beau être rouge à cause de l'alcool, son oeil était vif. Quand il vit ce qu'il avait pris pour un monstre marin, il se jeta au sol et pria le dieu Veles. Il venait d'être exaucé ! Il n'y avait pas un mais quinze crabes royaux qui bougeaient lentement tous leurs longues pattes. Il n'en croyait pas ses yeux. Les crabes avaient tous une belle couleur rouge orangé comme les gracieuses flammes qui dansent dans le feu. Leurs carapaces rugueuses et épineuses ruisselaient sous le soleil du matin. Vadim, des étoiles dans les yeux, saisit un crabe afin de s'assurer qu'il ne rêvait pas. Au contact de la carapace rugueuse de l'animal, sa main fut égratignée et de petites perles de sang coulèrent dans sa paume. Mais trop content de ce miracle, il n'y prêta guère attention. Il ne rêvait pas ! C'était incroyable ! Inimaginable ! Certaines bêtes mesuraient plus d'un mètre. Avec précaution, il mit tous les crabes à l'arrière de sa barque et les couvrit d'un drap. Il fallait vite revenir au village maintenant. Sa fortune était faite. Il rama alors jours et nuits remerciant Vélès du don qu'il venait de lui faire ! Pendant tout le trajet, il imaginait sa nouvelle vie. Il allait vendre chacun des crabes pour plus de huit mille roubles il en était sûr : une fortune ! Tout allait changer : il aurait une nouvelle datcha et peut-être trouverait-il même une femme ! Il ne serait plus seul et aurait une famille ! Cela faisait très longtemps qu'il n'avait pas été aussi content et il ramait avec force oubliant la faim et le froid qui lui glaçait les mains et le visage. Quand il aperçut finalement le port de Kamtchatka, il cria pour que l'on vienne l'aider. Tous les pêcheurs se précipitèrent à sa vue.

- Venez vite m'aider ! Je viens de pêcher une quinzaine de crabes de Kamtchatka ! cria-t-il.

- Mon vieux, tu es sûr ? Ces crabes sont excessivement durs à pêcher. Ils vivent à deux cent mètres en dessous de l'eau ! Aucun homme seul ne peut en capturer autant, rétorqua un pêcheur, comment as-tu fait ?

- Vous allez voir, venez m'aider ! s'exclama le Vieux.

- Ton nez est d'un rouge intense, tu n'es qu'un pauvre ivrogne, l'interrompit un autre pêcheur qui ne se leva même pas malgré les appels de Vieux.

Sous le regard des autres pêcheurs, Vadim se précipita à l'arrière de sa barque et souleva le drap qui couvrait les crabes : il n'y avait plus rien. Seulement ses filets, son matériel de pêche et une bouteille de vodka à moitié vide. Que s'était-il passé ? Où étaient passés les crabes ? Ce n'était pas possible ! Ils étaient quelque part dans sa barque ! Il chercha en vain.

« Hé ! Ivrogne, as-tu rêvé? ricana un pêcheur.

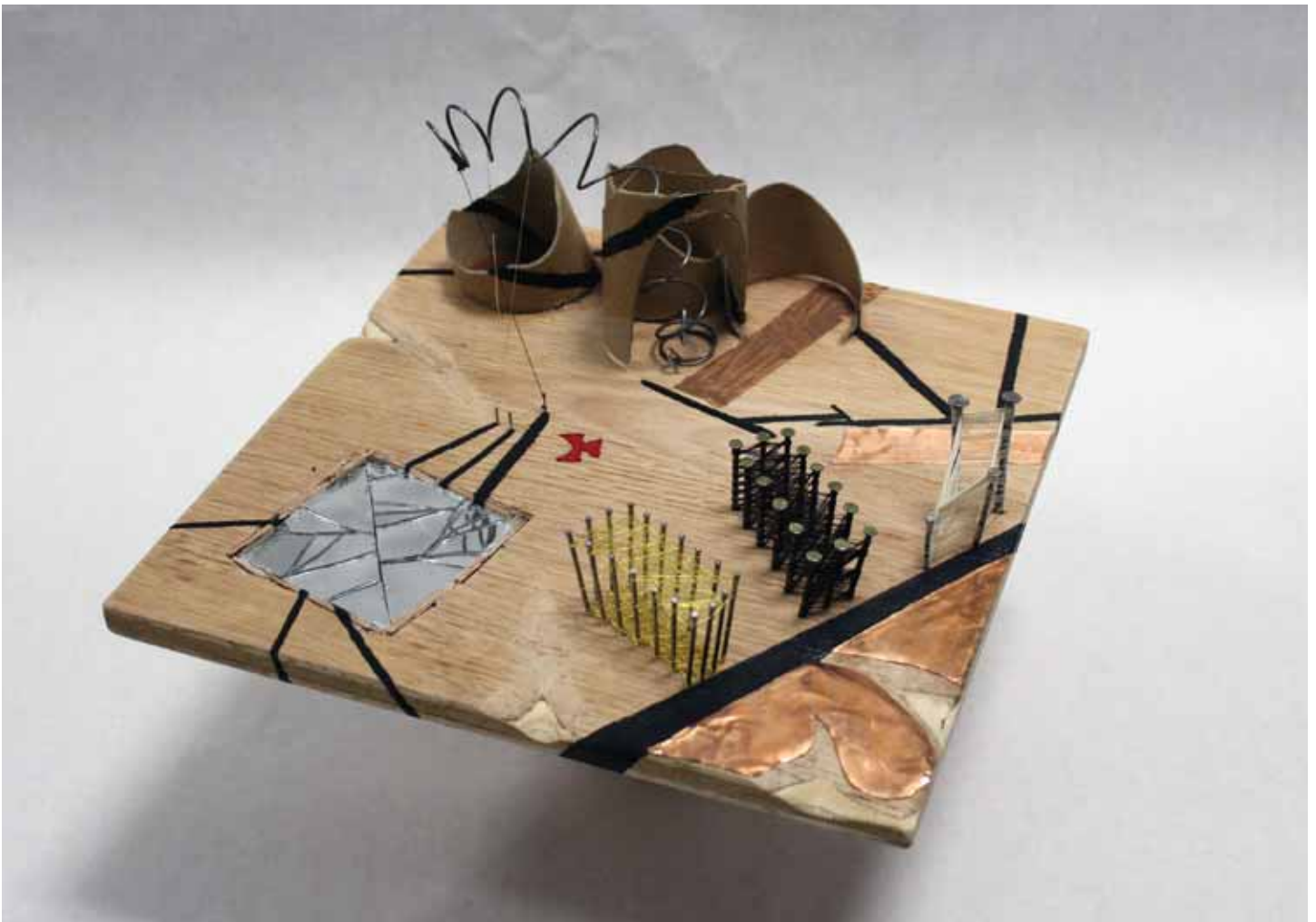
- Bien sûr que non, ils étaient là, répondit-il dépité, je ne comprends pas !

- Il n'y a rien à comprendre...tu as surtout bu trop de vodka mon vieux ! »

Abasourdi, Vadim rangea sa barque sous les rires et les moqueries des autres pêcheurs. Il savait, lui, qu'il n'avait pas rêvé. Ces crabes, il les avait bien vus, il les avait touchés même ! Il examina ses mains abîmées par le froid et couvertes d'engelures et d'ampoules à causes de ces derniers jours de navigation. En regardant de plus près, il aperçut également des égratignures un peu différentes...n'était-ce pas les pattes des crabes qui lui avait causé ces marques ? Était-il devenu fou ? Épuisé, incompris, désespéré et ne comprenant pas ce qui se passait, il implora le dieu Veles et vida la dernière bouteille qui lui restait. Il s'allongea dans la neige, ferma les yeux et revit les crabes qui étaient dans sa barque.

On ne sut jamais ce qui s'était réellement passé car on retrouva le vieux mort de froid, enseveli sous la neige, le lendemain matin.

-Clemence Charfi, '24





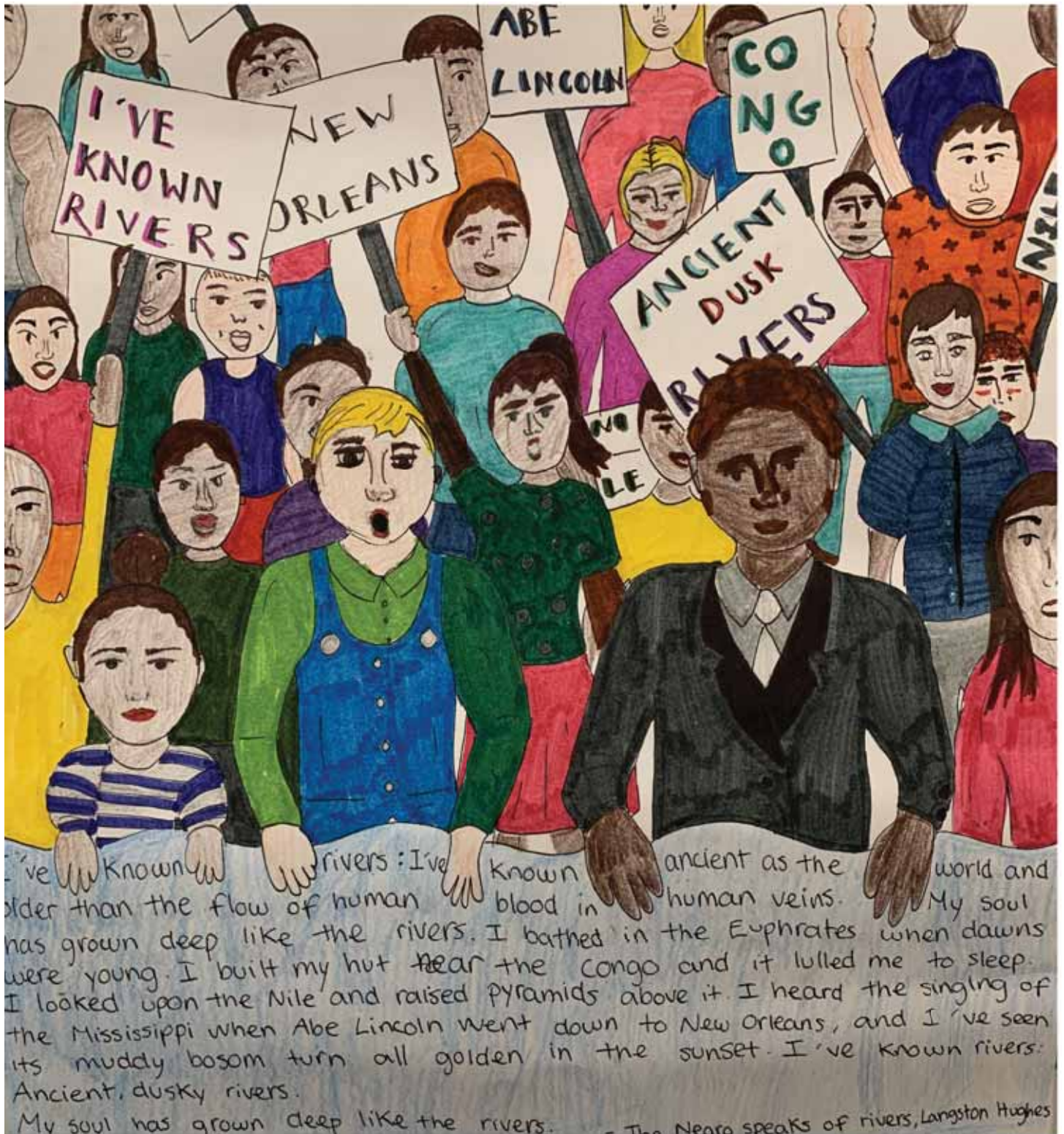
Lina Zigha '20

The negro speaks of rivers

The Negro Speaks of Rivers, a poem written by Langston Hughes in 1920, presents the memory and voice of African-Americans being forced into slavery. The speaker includes glimpses of real historical events and places showing the equality between all races, but specifically the black and white race in this case. As Hughes uses literary elements such as repetition and similes, he depicts the river as a symbol of endlessness and timelessness. For this assignment, I chose to illustrate the poem using the messages hidden inside of it and not the physical descriptions provided.

To represent these values in my poster, I decided to create an image of a revolt for civil rights. We can see both white and black people marching together as a whole. I choose to include this to show the support and respect that each individual has for each other, as well as the fact that whites and black have both been on earth for the same amount of time. I wrote the poem on a long poster, shaped like a river, held by a little girl and two men. This is to demonstrate a community and union showing that the messages apply to anyone and everyone who wishes it to. In the back I drew smaller posters, held by people in the crowd, which say “Congo”, “Nile”, “New Orleans”, “Abe Lincoln”, “Ancient Dusky Rivers” and “I’ve known rivers”. These were words taken from the poem, they include geographical places, historical people, and what are in my opinion a few of the most important lines of the poem. I decided to include this to recall the significance of the timeline created by Hughes.

Elena Gianni '23



Elena Gianni '23



Laszlo Somlay '23



Ethan Verity '23

The Hopelessness of an Explosive Dream

The prominent, short poem “Harlem” is written by Langston Hughes, a renowned American poet, novelist, and playwright during the Harlem Renaissance, which is essentially a period in which African American writers spoke out against the racism and oppression affecting their communities. “Harlem” is a thought-provoking literary piece referring to unattainable dreams and heartbreaking realities. The poem illustrates the fierce outcome of dreams that are not fulfilled on time or ever, which eventually leads to the speaker’s hopelessness and disappointment of deferred dreams, as is portrayed in my artwork. The poem begins with a question as he compares the deferred dreams and goals with a raisin, meat, and sweets, which enables the reader to feel what exactly has happened to the speaker’s dream and the impact left on his mind. This is also seen in my piece, as it illustrates the importance and the outcome of postponing a dream. The description of each image shows that his vision does not vanish easily; instead, it goes through specific processes before reaching the actual state of decay.

My poster represents these certain processes, as the rose, which is a portrayal of the dream, slowly expires without fully fading away. The speaker, illustrated as the man in my drawing, can see and almost reach the dream, and yet is infinitely far from it. My artwork expresses the major themes in “Harlem,” regarding delay, sadness, and dreams. This poster portrays the oppression of African-Americans, as seen with the man on his knees, watching helplessly as his dream slowly dissipates and decays. The jar symbolizes the main idea that Hughes communicates in his poem, which is that of the white community, in essence, attempting to “contain” blacks. The tone in his poem suggests that their goals always remain unapproachable and lose their meanings, which is represented by the rose in relation to the man, as he reaches for it, and yet is unable to obtain it. He loses hope, considering the rose, which is a symbol for happiness and love, is dying, and there is nothing he can do about it. The man in the illustration, as the speaker, sees the burden of these dreams and watches it unravel until the burden becomes unbreakable and it explodes. This imagery of the explosion is evidently seen in the background of my poster. It is colorful and subtle, yet its bigger picture is immensely crucial, inevitable, and essentially explosive. Their dreams will shatter, represented by the decomposition of the poem, and destroy all the limitations imposed upon them.

On a deeper level, the illustration, regarding the poem, addresses numerous people, essentially African Americans, retaining big ideas, in this case regarding the issue of the American Dream, which is seen with the size difference between the man and the rose. However, life never allows them to make their dreams a reality, for they wanted to liberate themselves from the notion of racism, but the supremacy of whites did not allow them, which is once again illustrated with the jar that restricts the man from attaining dreams of equity and equality.

Harlem



Langston
Hughes

Time

Is time just passing by like a snake killing his prey?

Can we see it pass through the days, the years...

Or is it just a word? An infinite word.

We cannot control it, we cannot stop it.

When one dies, one comes alive.

The clocks will die too killed by the melting sun taker of all lives.

In the dry desert he stood without food, without water, without company.

No one knew what happened when they found him on the ground,

Laying silently under the bright sun.

Death had struck once more.

A life had been taken away.

Nothing will last forever.

Nothing is eternal.

Live while you still can.

Love while you still live.

Cold night,

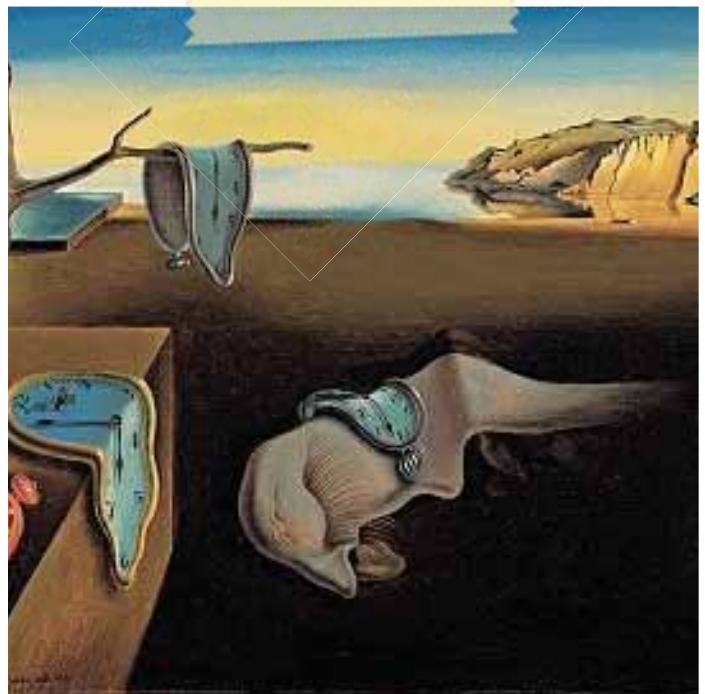
Sunny day.

Where is the end?

Close?

Near?

Here.



The Melting Clock, Salvador Dali,
located at the MoMA

Lost



Christina's World by Andrew Wyeth,
located at the MoMA

She was lost like a needle in a
haystack,
All alone with the greyish blue sky.
Swiftly being carried by the wind
Brushing the top of the dead grass
On her way to the horizon,
Which felt inevitable

As she was moving like a feather in
the wind
She could catch in the corner an
Old forgotten farm,
Cold she was, in her pinkish dress.
Her thin pale arms pulling her
Forward, hoping for a miracle
That would never come.

They only thing that would come
Would be the fading call
Of a bird.
Still, she would believe, never
Giving up, always looking at that
Old dirt road wanting a wagon to
cross
The corner of her eye

But as time flew, her hope did too
No more strength to hold herself
She floated away.

Ambroise Missé '26

Journey to life

Green, orange, red, are these really the colors of life?
You depict Jesus, looking down
on the disarray below, the Earth, in his hands.
Was this really what he wanted,
when God set out to create Eve and Adam?
They would only be tricked,
tricked by temptation as vicious
as a serpent, to only meet with Satan,
in the corner of Hell, indifferent to the suffering that
he would create.

Humans created the need for things,
things that were all, but needful.
It is the people who brought value to it,
the people, with desperate, red faces.
The need for pleasure,
that you now show as the center of this world,
an intersection in the path that was
life, for the rich, as well as the poor,
they all followed their greed,
blinded by what was leading it,
temptation. Low or high in society,
they are just like dominos, impossible to stop from
falling,
the weakest being
crushed. Above it all, art, poetry, wisdom,
an angel, pleading for help,
a demon, rejoiced. At the bottom clearly,
separated from the others, mothers going on their
day to day life,
a baby looking up;
What future can he see?
A priest, drinking to forget or is this just
gluttony? A doctor, competent or just
pretending? Goodness is now overcome by chaos.



Behind your vivid oil, grisaille colors,
we see a shocking image,
us. You depict a world,
between the bipolar nature of Heaven and
Hell,

a world with a sky enlightened with
knowledge,
now filled with
materialism, violence, triviality.

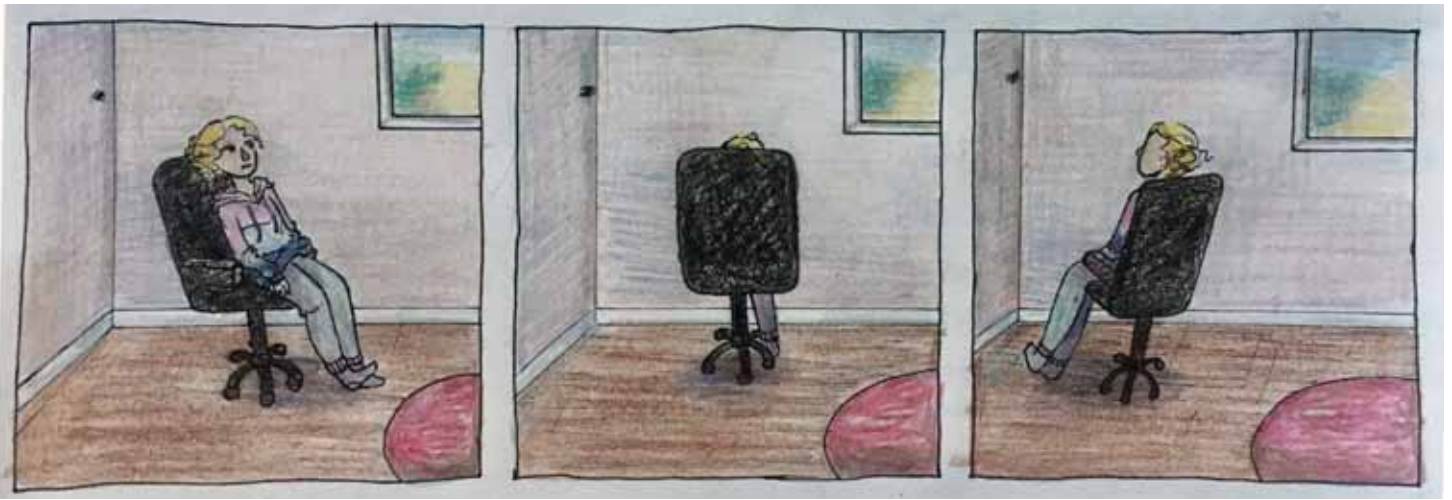
Bosch, could this not all be
exaggerated, dark, pessimistic?

Can't life be more complex than a straight
path to heaven or hell?

Can't beauty and kindness coexist with what
you have shown?

Maybe there are several roads to take on our
journey to life.

Justin Gingrich '26



Héloïse Chevalier, '20



Maya Tahiri '22

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