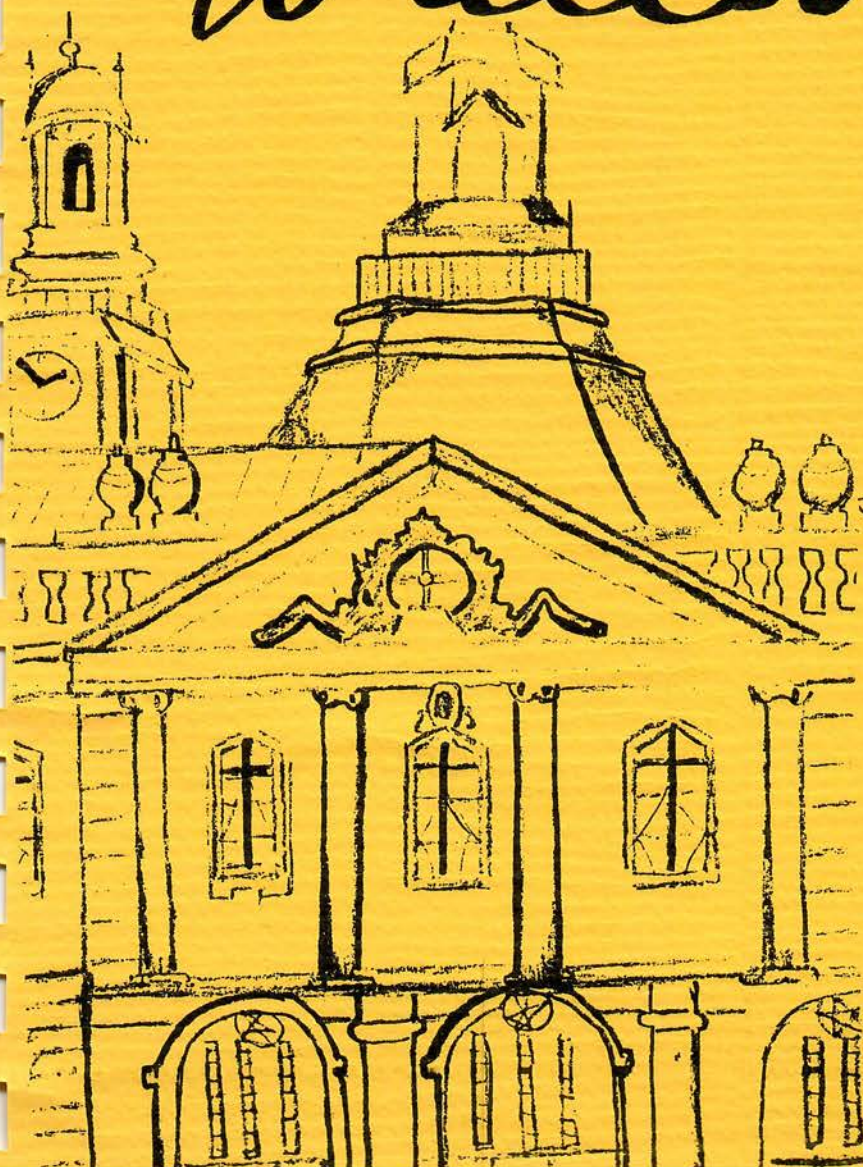


To



Berek
Walcott



Stockholm
December 1992



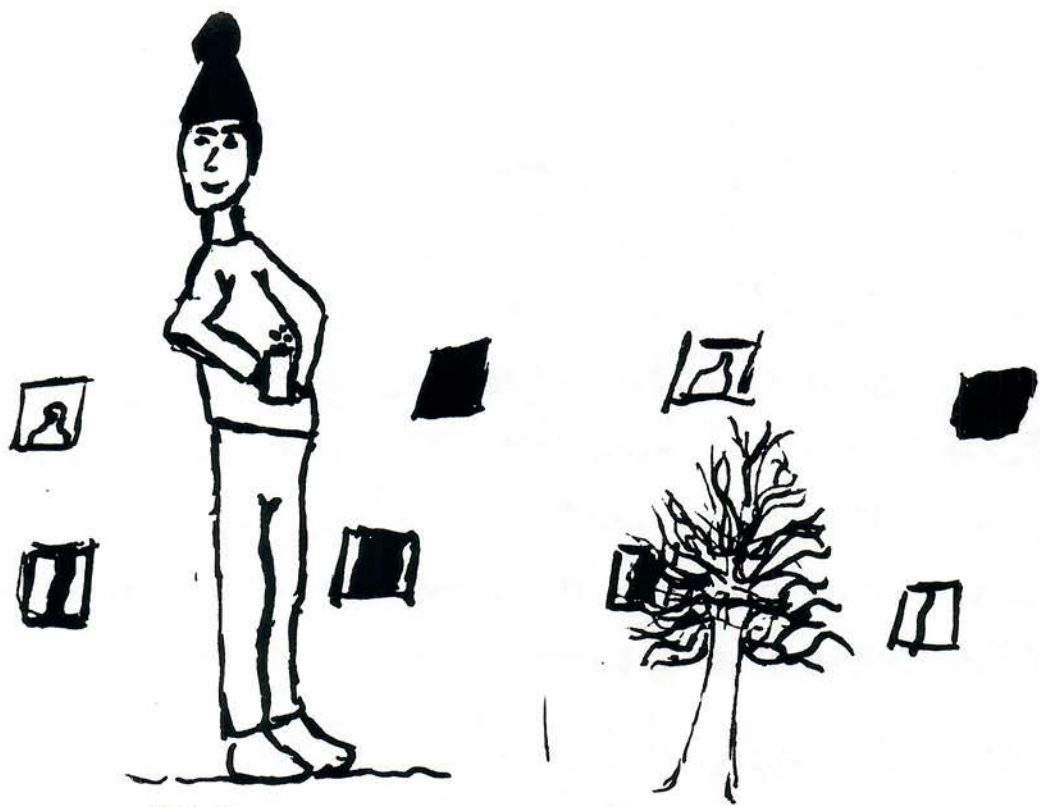


To You Derek Walcott

This is a present from pupils in Stockholm who have read your poems, love them and share their thoughts with you. Like you, they have sat in a window and drawn what they have seen. This window is in a community center across the Square from the Swedish Academy. We who speak English (other languages as well) in this part of our common multi-cultural world, congratulate you and the Swedish Academy! Hip Hip Hurrah!

From:

- The Bilingual Classes at Johannes School
Heather Hunter, Kay Hagstedt,
Jean Bergquist, Janice Archer:
Teachers
- Kungsholmens Gymnasium,
International Section - Pamela Boston,
English teacher
- Home Language teachers:
Phillida Parfitt, Rinkeby/Tensta
Mike Bierbrer, Huddinge
Tamara Luft, Ålvsjö
Peter Dickson, South Side, Stockholm
- Coordinators: Alan Gibson, Elly Berg
(Mäster-Olofsgården)



The Old City.
 The Old City might be old
 but it's big enough to hold,
 lots and lots of people!



Jara
 Gonzalez

Joanna Benecke
 Aged 9.

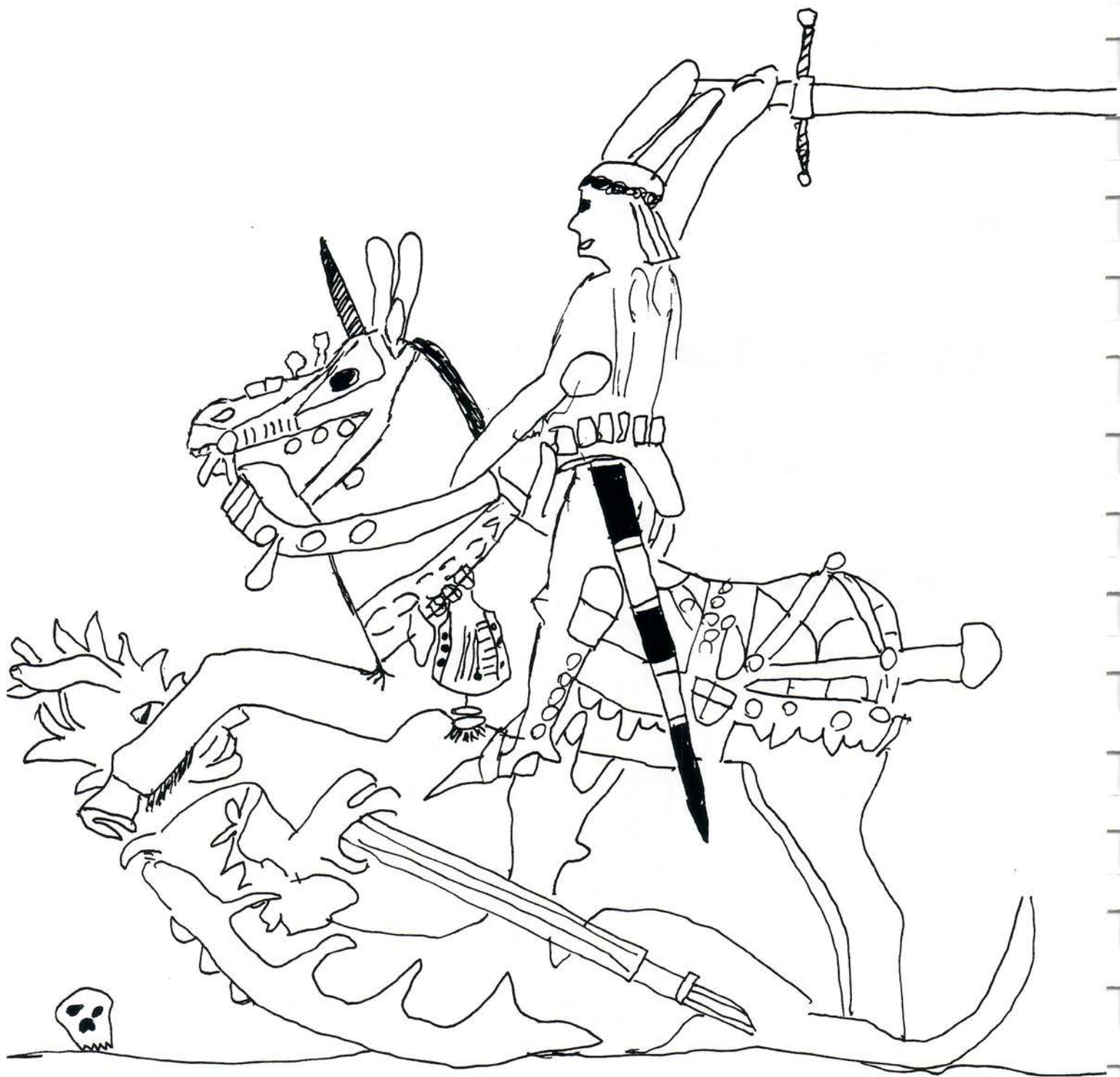


The Younger Pupils

from Johannes School -
Bilingual Classes 1-3

"Home Language" Teachers
throughout Stockholm
in: Rinkeby / Tensta
Ålvsjö
Stockholm's South
Side



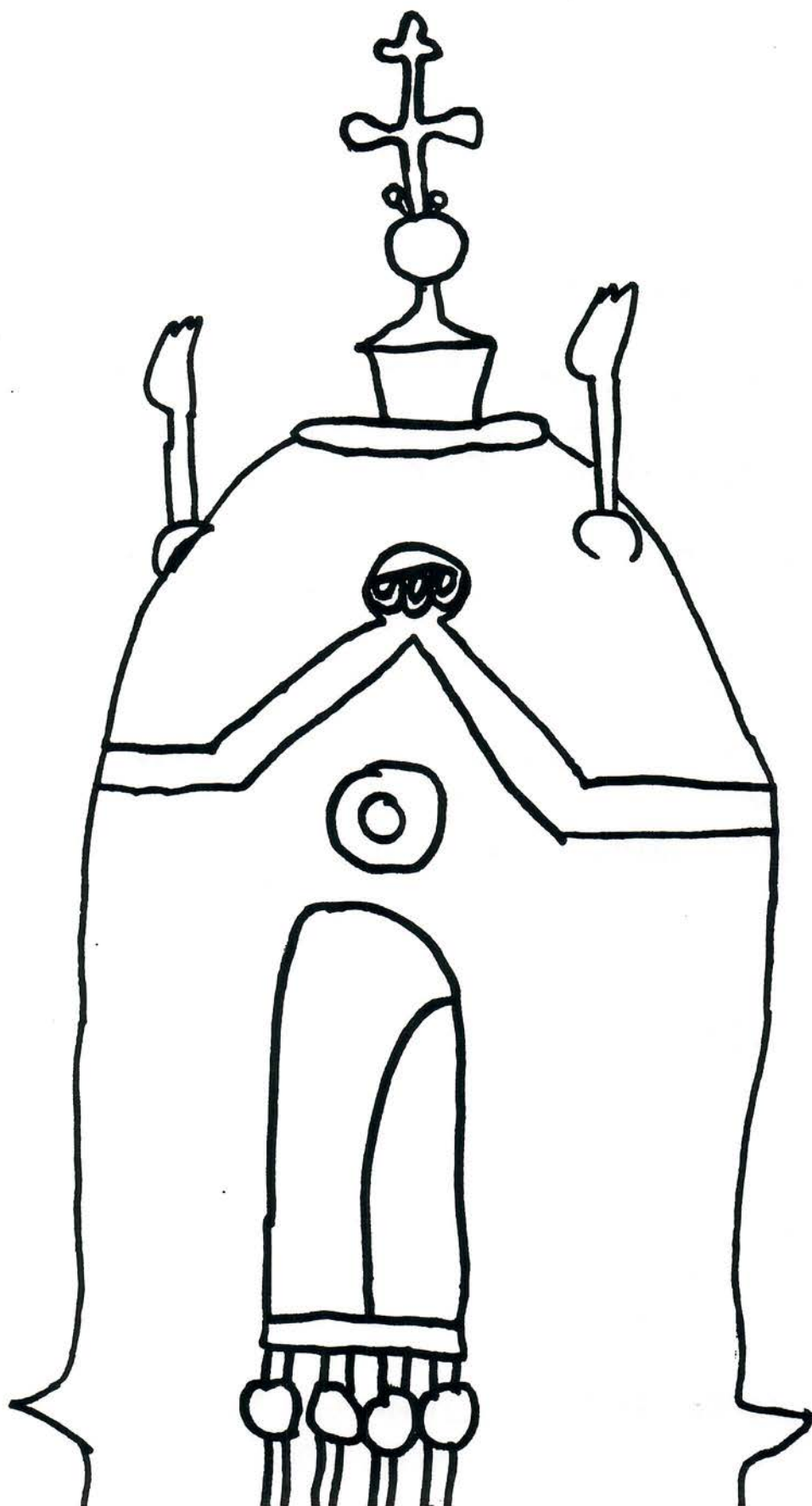


Christopher Ellison
aged 9

Sights to see in The Old City

If you want to visit The Old City there are a few things you must see.

Here are some of them. First of course you must see the castle. (But of course the king does not live there any more.) Then you must take a look at "Stor Kyrkan". (The Big Church that means.) In the church there are lots of interesting things to see. For instance a statue of St. George and The Dragon. If you want to, why not take a look at "Stor Kyrku Skolan" in other words The Big church School. If you go in the winter you might be able to look at the Christmas market they have at "Stor Torget" every year. There is also a library there and a swimming pool.



Kersti

(You might also be interested to know that if you have children and are thinking of moving to The Old City it is possible to go to Scouts.)

As you walk through The Old City think about all the beautiful houses and all the little winding streets.

Thank you
for reading this
book.

I hope you
have a nice time in
The Old City

By Joanna
Benecke
Aged 9.

Anna

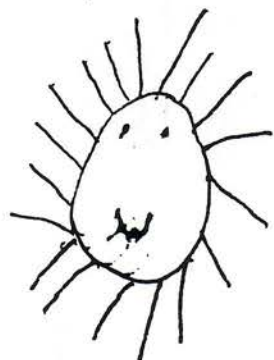


Derek Walcott and John-Mark

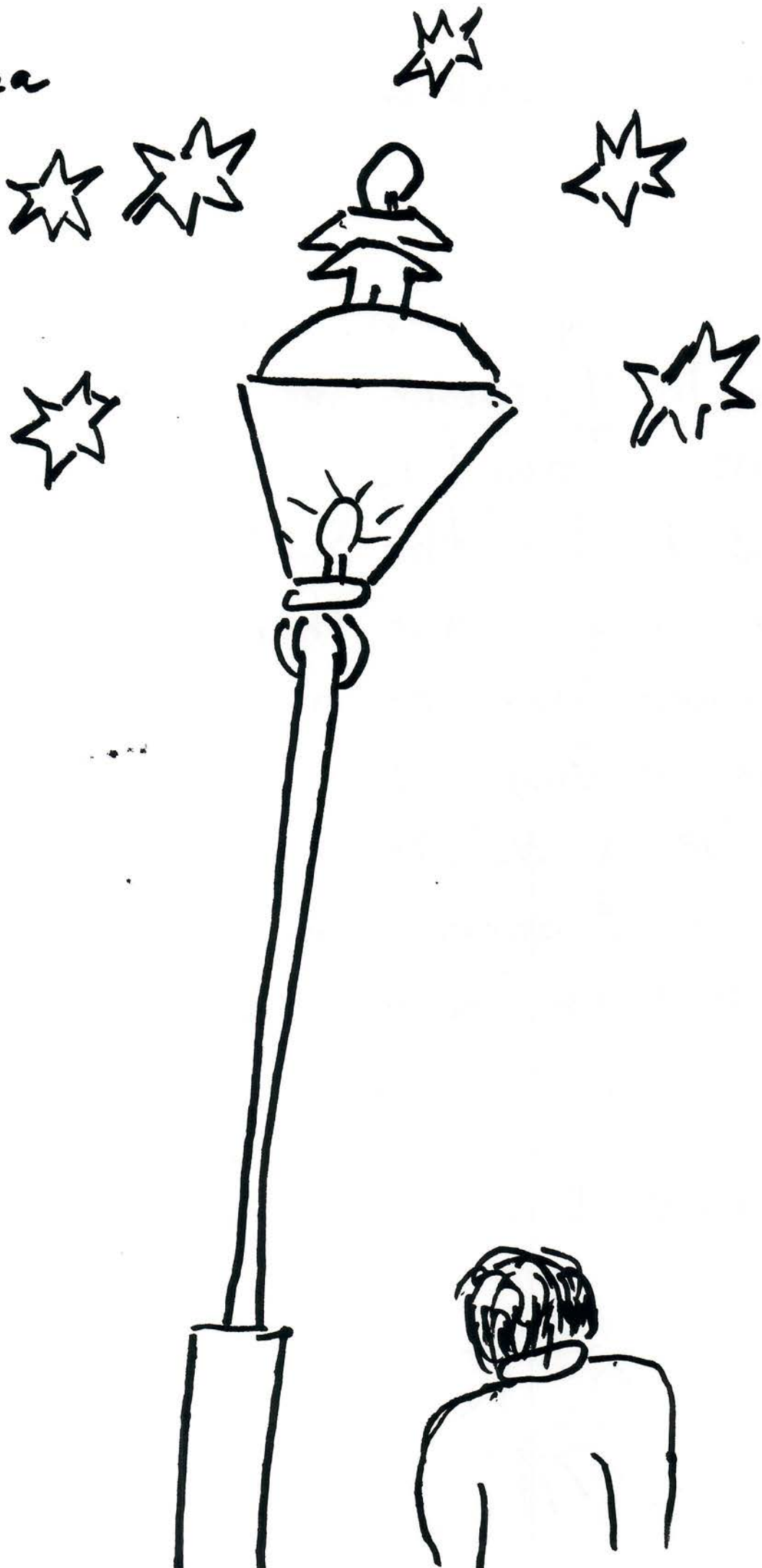
One day I went into the Old Town. In Stortorget we saw a lot of tourists. Then Elly took us to see the Grand Hall of the Swedish Academy. It was very big and there were golden chairs and there was a big white statue of Gustav III.

Derek Walcott is going to visit the Swedish Academy, too. He will get the Nobel Prize on December 10th.

John-Mark Kisuule (9 years old)



Anna



Streets

The old streets have,
Slipre, Slopre,
Twinklie, Twanklie,
Sweets in the Shops.

by Erik Olson
aged 9



DENNIS



Rebecca

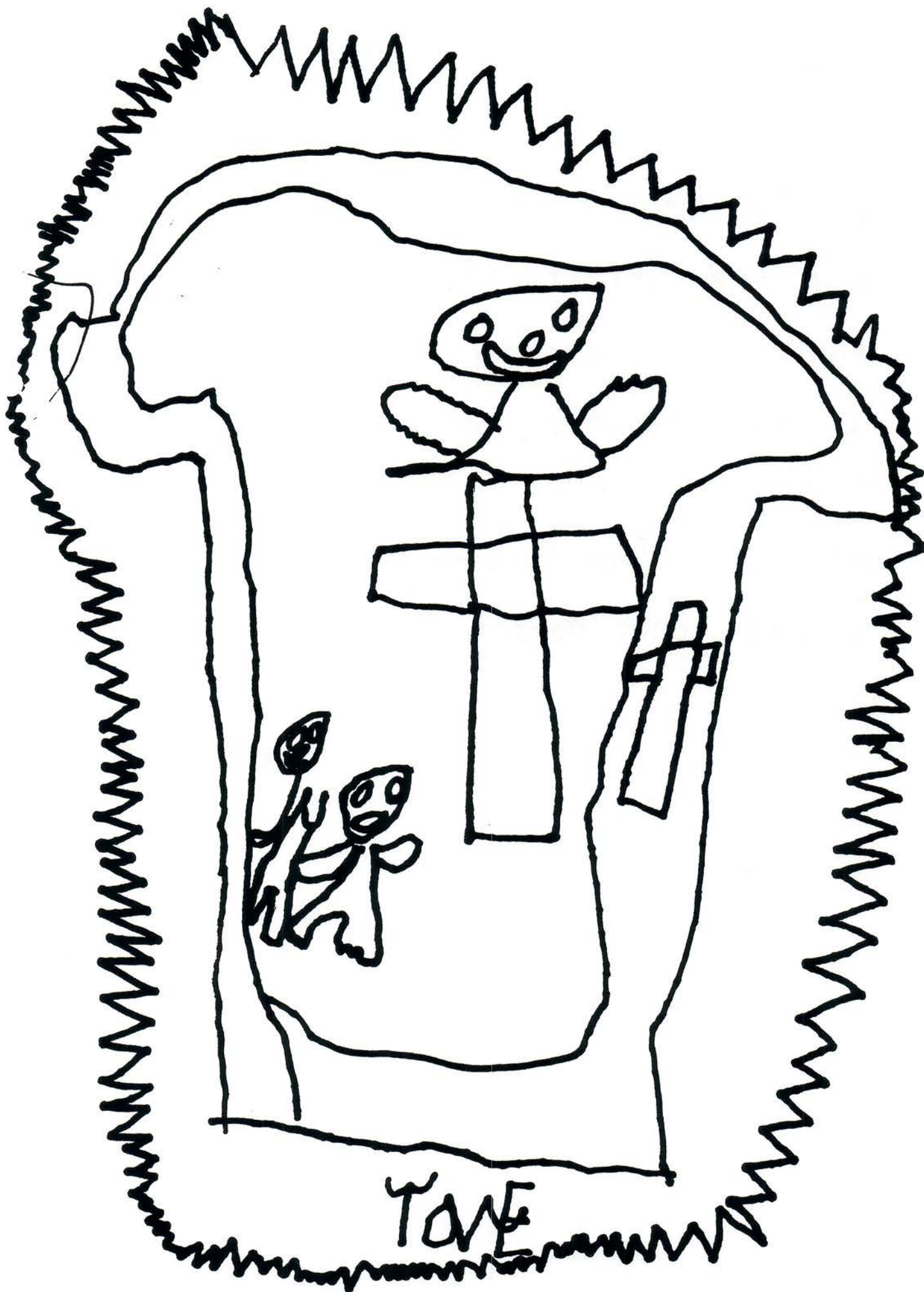
The streets and the houses

I like the streets in the Old City,
but the streets there are cobbled,
bumpy and pretty.

I like the old houses standing in
a row,

and when I'm looking out of a window
I see the houses glow.

By Kersti Bergqvist
aged 9



Scents of the Old City

The streets are long
and seem to go on for ever and ever.

The bumpy, narrow, Slippery roads
winding att each corner.

The Old City smell of spices and herbs
until you come to the church.

by Carl-Fredrik Rörström

Aged 9



The old City

The Streets are Slippery and
the lights are gloomy.

In the dark it feels like
monsters here and there.

And the monsters are looking in the
dark at you walking by.

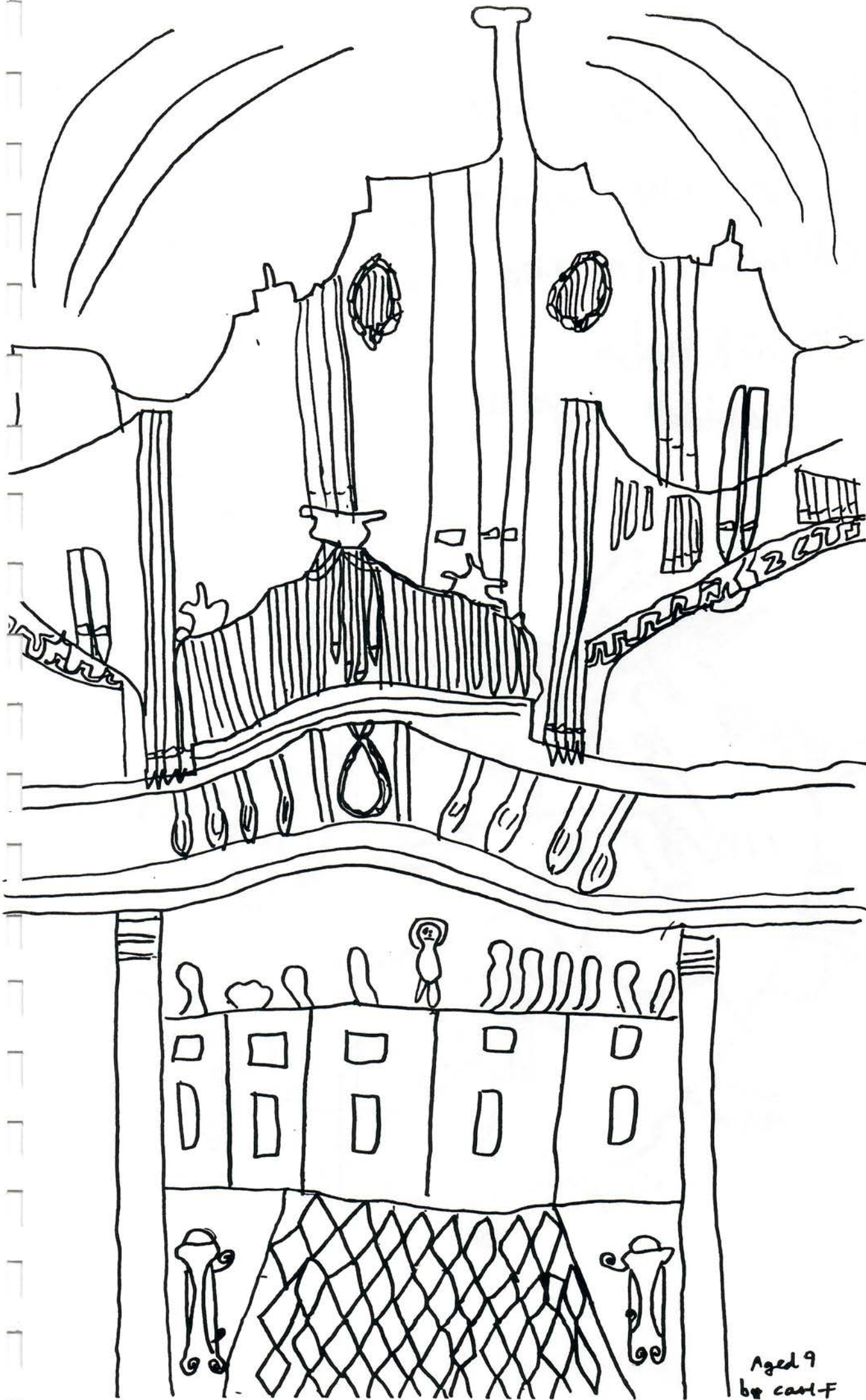
by Christopher Ellerson

THE ORGAN

The organ was designed and built by the architect Erik Palmstedt in 1790. The organ was rebuilt in 1960 with 53 ranks, 3,900 pipes and 3 manuals. It is now one of the most magnificent instruments in Sweden.

by Carl-Fredrik

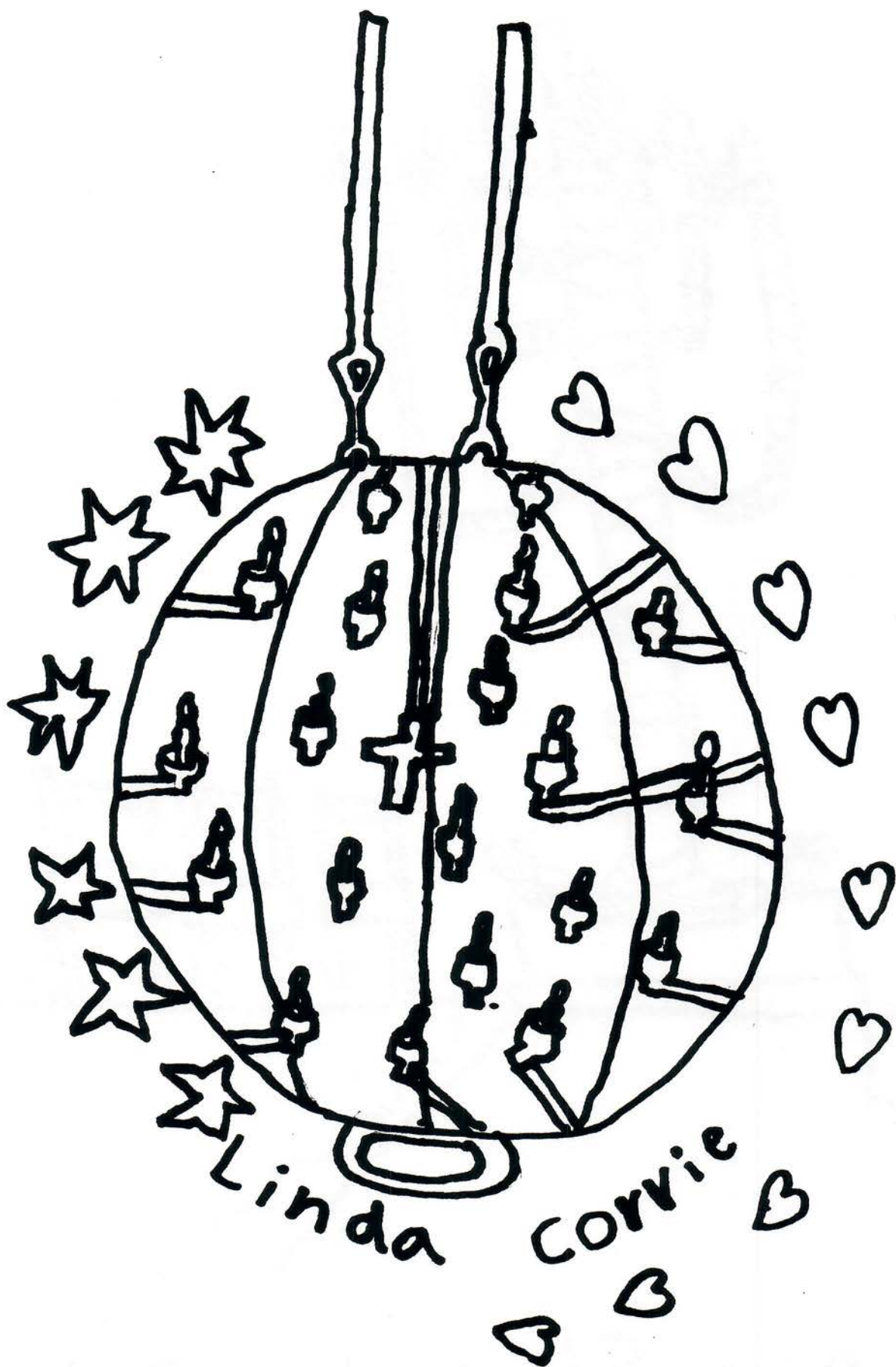
Aged 9

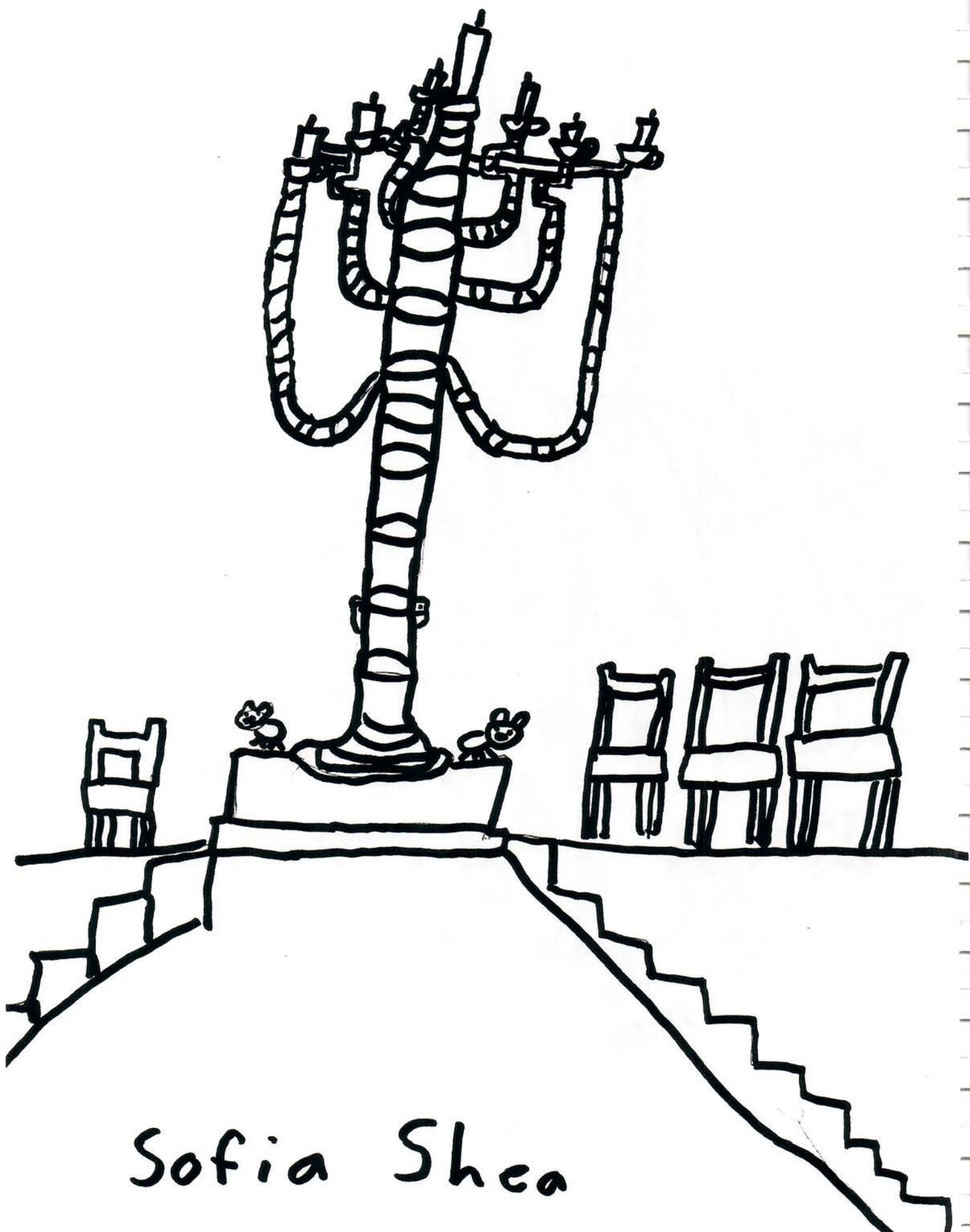


Aged 9
by Carl-F

This is Saint George
and the dragon. This is in the
church in the old town of
Stockholm.
Sepideh age 8.



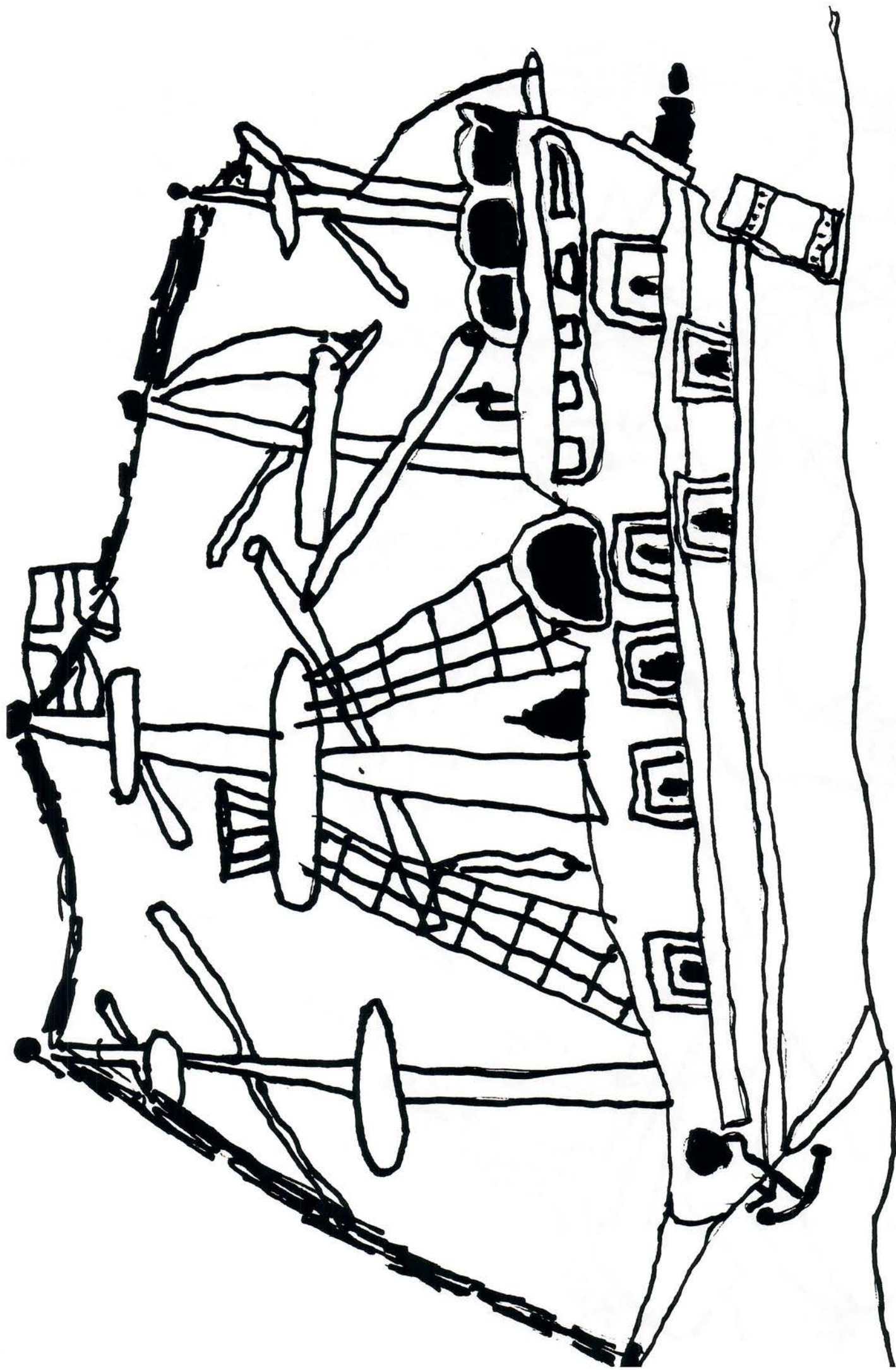




Sofia Shea

I Saw an angel





Callan Sorelius

My Thoughts about Derek Walcott's Poem "Midsummer, Tobago"

It is a good poem, but I can't imagine what Derek Walcott meant by "white heat". The colour of a sunny midsummer day in Sweden is blue. There's so much water and so much sky here. When I think of white I imagine something cold like snow and a frozen lake. When I think of a bridge, I remember Tower Bridge in London, but the bridge in the poem is perhaps a small, wooden bridge over a green river. Some palm trees with yellow leaves are growing near the river and the bridge. I have never seen a real palm tree, but I know they grow in the desert in oases.

"Days I have held, days I have lost," is good. I can't remember many days in my life so I have lost them.

Dennis Bwomono (12 years old)



Chris Jørgensen
aged 9



Central America

Stacy Rothpochs '92

Helicopters are cutlassing the wild bananas.
Between a nicotine thumb and forefinger
brittle faces crumble like tobacco leaves.

Tony Rottfuchs EN2

Passage Analysis of "Central America"

In line one, the personification of the helicopters "cutlassing wild bananas" is a strong one. I believe the helicopters represent either American military activities in central America, or possibly the authoritarian power of central American dictators. "The wild bananas" must be the common people, the ones that are being "cutlassed", suppressed by either the interest of the great powers or the simple dictators of their country. This theme taken up by Walcott no doubt reflects the most common event in contemporary Central American history. The "cutlassing choppers" have become far too frequent a site during the past decades...

Lines two and three reveal a cigarette imagery; "nicotine thumb and forefinger" and the simile "crumble like tobacco leaves", which shows how the common people react and suffer to the suppression of these endless military conflicts.

Lines four to eight express in my opinion the condition of the Central Americans. Here, in line four, they are referred as children who waddle in vests, "their legs bowed". The verb "waddle" further alludes to the imagery of a little, brittle duckling walking around peacefully. Line five continues this theme of fragility with the sea imagery of "little shrimps" that are curled under the navels of the waddling children. In general these two lines express how fragile and unprotected the society in Central America is today as the result of suffering from problems that have become far beyond the reach of the common people to resolve.

Lines six through eight develop this "Central American condition" through the metaphor that compares old men's teeth to "stumps in a charred forest". The similes in the following lines further compare the old men's skin to that of the iguana's grate skin, and their fixed, curious look to "skate stones", a strong alliteration that helps express how firm their gaze is. I feel the "old men" are the Central Americans themselves, who have grown old from political conflicts and civil war. Their "forest" of peace and temporary self-rule and democracy, is now but a stump in a burned-down forest. Their skin, their flesh and soul, has become hard and rough like a grate by a fireplace, or like a reptile's "chain-mailed-skin". Their look, their vision, has become fixed,

and blind. But as I see it, their look is also eager, which is a flick of light in the dark; Central Americans are restless for change.

Lines nine and ten continue to express this condition through the imagery of women squatting by a river, and (their) children wading up to their knees in the river. The word "squat" in turn alludes to the theme of fragility and need of protection. The fact is, soldiers who are under fire often tend to squat for protection. Maybe the women represent the Central Americans of intellectual breed, whose vision isn't completely blinded to the eternal conflicts of the land. Thus the children wading up to their knees in the river could stand for the rest of the people, the common people who remain blind to the situation.

Line eleven commences with the alliteration "stick stirs", which causes the "twinkling of butterflies". I feel the word "twinkling" produces a great amount of vividness to this imagery.

Line twelve tells of where the twinkling of butterflies flew to; the sky is alluded with "blue acres of forest", a strong allusion that in my opinion expresses the vastness of the sky, comparing it to endless acres of land. But if one reads between the lines, there can be a double meaning to this. The word "acre" which is referred to land, is used when one is defining an amount of land, as in its vastness, but is also used when one is buying land. Thus, if the sky is an acre, it can be bought, and the sky is often referred to as a place of total freedom that cannot be purchased for any price.

Between line twelve and thirteen the alliteration of the "f" sound is eminent in the words "forest", "flies" and "fathers". Here the more darker part of the poem emerges, when "flies circle their fathers", the fathers being that of the children waddling in the river, the founding fathers and reformers of Central America who seek a truce between the different powers who struggle for control. This in turn backs up the inference of the double meaning of the word "acre" used for the sky. In the "blue acres" there are flies circling the "fathers" instead of the butterflies that flew with the stirring of a stick. Thus a metamorphosis occurred from butterflies to flies! Only in a sky without freedom, in a "blue acre" that can be bought, would flies roam in the place of butterflies...only under such conditions can reformers be disturbed and kept from doing their work.

The last four lines come back to the theme of "the helicopters" where in line fourteen Central America is alluded to "the Empire". I believe this "Empire" can have a double meaning

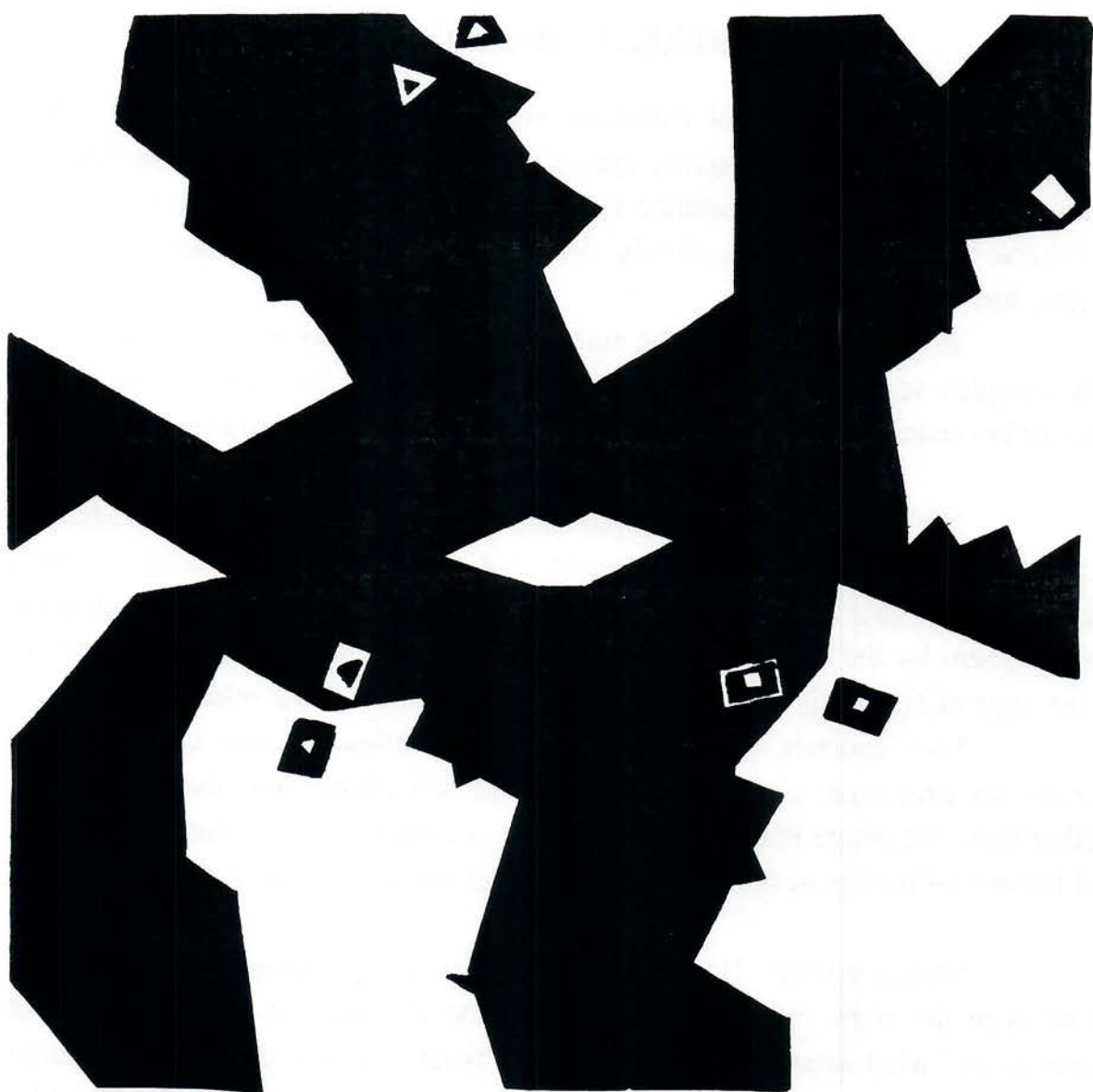
as well, either being the empire of the American "cutlassing helicopters" or of the authoritarian Latino dictator, or simply the empire of the "brittle faces that crumble like tobacco leaves" when U.S choppers circle the skies.

Yellow tanagers "float" through the "bare branches" in line sixteen. The word "float", which is followed by the alliteration of the "b" sound, is a strong allusion to flying, and enforces the fact of how simple it must be for the birds to fly. I also feel that the word "float" emphasizes more freedom than the word "flying". After all, an aeroplane and a helicopter can "fly" due to their aerodynamic shape and mechanism, but only a bird can "float" freely without having to worry about limitations such as stalling altitude and fuel capacity. Thus, the word "floating" alludes to a more natural, more free state of flying.

The final line, eminent in "d" sound with the words "distinction" and "distances", sums up the complete thought of the poem. Up in the blue acres of forest, it becomes hard to distinguish the peaceful, yellow tanagers who "float" in freedom, from the helicopters who "fly" and "are cutlassing the wild bananas".

Being aware of the conflicts that Central America has had through the past years with temporary dictators and U.S armed interference in its politics, I infer that the great problem that Walcott has brought to surface here, is that Central Americans can no longer tell the difference between birds and helicopters, between floating and flying, between peace and tranquility and war and oppression. They have adapted to the suppressed conditions that emerged during long internal conflicts, which has in turn blinded them from seeing the difference between good and evil. Until this blindness is cured, until the children cease to wade in deep water, and until the squatting mothers decide to do more than just squat for protection, the vicious choppers will continue to fly, and flies, will remain circling the head of fathers who fight for change.


Tony Rothfuchs



Edith Farkas 91.

ELSEWHERE - A RESPONSE

This is a world of extremes, where the power and greed of some, striving to create their Eden, subsequently create the abyss of many others. Justice and injustice rule side by side, and the balance is a delicate one. Those that have are often ignorant of those that don't. Man is slowly destroying the peace and harmony he so strongly yearns for.

In writing this poem the author uses neither lofty eloquent diction nor syntactically complex sentences, but the calm distribution of his thoughts and ideas and the vividness of his sensory detail is such that it leaves permanent imprint on the mind of the reader.

The white horse plunging around the field can be seen as the human race that runs uncertainly around an expanse that they themselves have created, surrounded by a barrier that they themselves have consciously or unconsciously erected, depicted in the poem by the barbed wire fence. The author's choice of imagery here to unfold the message of his words is clear and striking to the mind of the reader.

Man chooses to fight violence with violence, even if it is to be directed against his own race. Yet the inevitable result of violence will always be more violence rather than the peace that is hoped for. The speaker states, "Somewhere there was a small harvest of bodies in the truck. Soldiers rest somewhere by a road, or smoke in a forest."

Man is corrupt. He covers his faults at every wrong turn, in an effort to pretend he is in the right. When people rise against an injustice, evidence of it is hastily destroyed and what seemed to be is no longer what is. In the poem it is depicted in the lines, "Somewhere a page is torn out, and somehow the foliage no longer looks like leaves but camouflage." Fear for themselves stays the hands of those who yearn to tell the world of the injustice being done. They see the wrongs but cannot right them, "...a writer lying with his eyes wide open on mattress ticking, who will not read this, or write. How to make a pen?"

Many are to blame for the injustice and wrongs of this world. Yet each one that chooses to criticize, points his finger away from himself. Seldom is that finger directed toward oneself, and time taken to examine one's own faults and the futility in denying them. Each great wrong is composed of many small ones, and to destroy that great fault it is necessary to begin by destroying the small individual one's. The speaker states, "The world is blameless. The darker crime is to make is to make a career of conscience, to feel through our own nerves the silent scream of winter branches..."

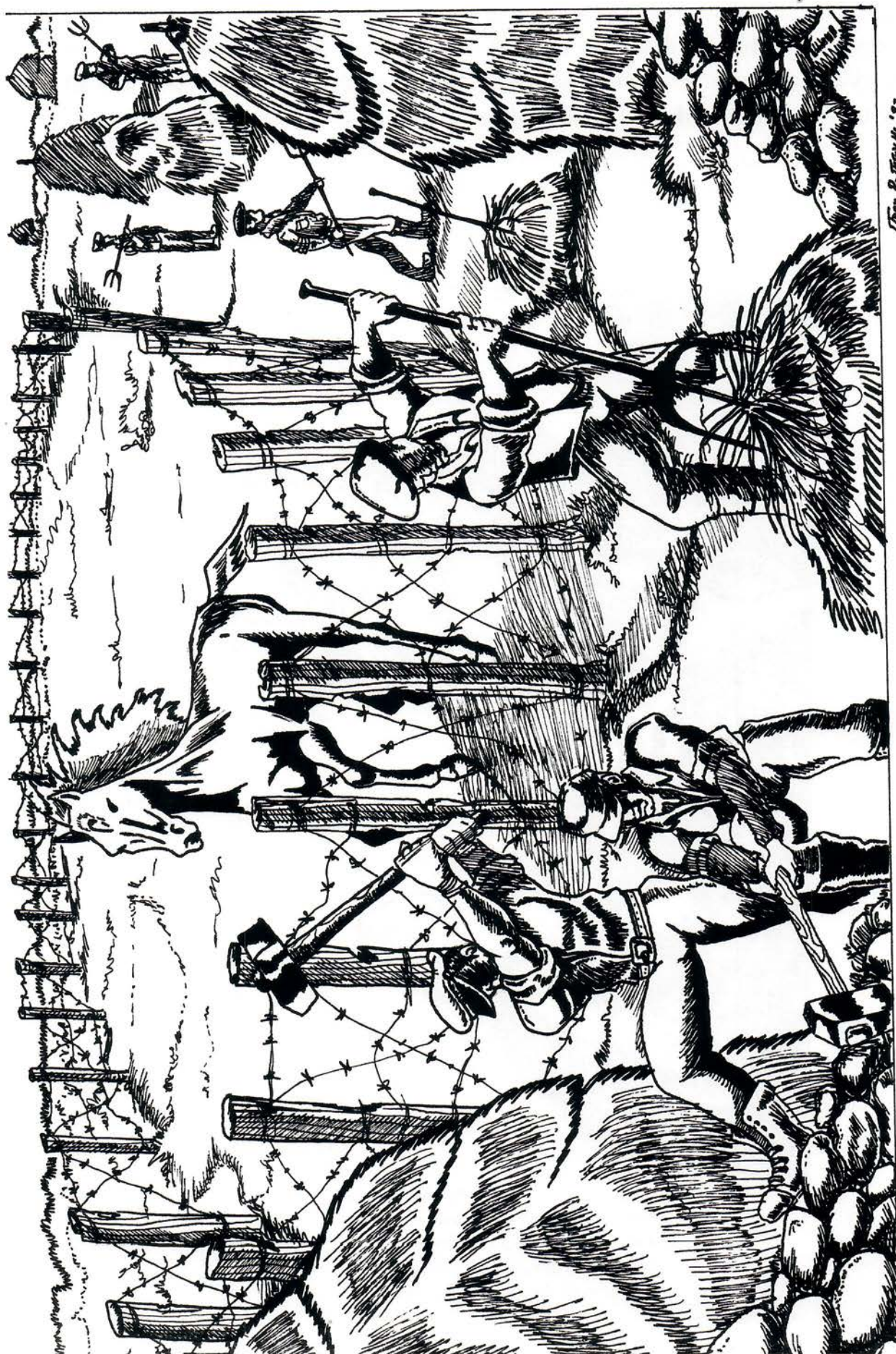
The poem opens the eyes of the reader to the reality of the world we live in. The pleasure and contentment of the few are grossly out-balanced by the pain and woe of the many. A feeling of doubt on the just of one's own actions arises within the reader to an extent where time must be taken to reflect upon our own actions and to consider how they have effected even in a small part the lives of those that surround us.

Kosala Ubayasekara



Tony Rothfuchs '82

Somewhere there is a comrade,
a writer lying with his eyes wide open
on mattress ticking, who will not read
this, or write. How to make a pen?



Tommy R. Matthews '12

Somewhere a white horse gallops with its mane
plunging round a field whose sticks
are ringed with barbed wire, and men
break stones or bind straw into ricks.



That somewhere there was an arrest.
Somewhere there was a small harvest
of bodies in the truck. Soldiers rest
somewhere by a road, or smoke in a forest.

Tony Roth fuchs '92

Dear sr,

I feel extremely privileged to write to you and express my feelings, having read one of your most perfect poems "Endings".

Firstly if I may, put my feelings in place of some of the diction you used in your poem, so that I can portray my life in Kenya.

Memories of my stay in Kenya do not explode,
they fail, they fade as I grow.

My Kenyan tan fades from my flesh,
as tears reflecting my lovely childhood drain quickly in the sand,

Even love's lightning flash of rain storms that bring so much life to Kenya once a year have no thunderous end.
They die with the sound of flowers fading when I leave to Sweden and the sun returns to scorch the land
From sweating pumice stone,
everything shapes this.

Till I am left, with the silence that surrounds my head,
deaf now, to the sounds of nightingales, elephants,
hippos and crickets.

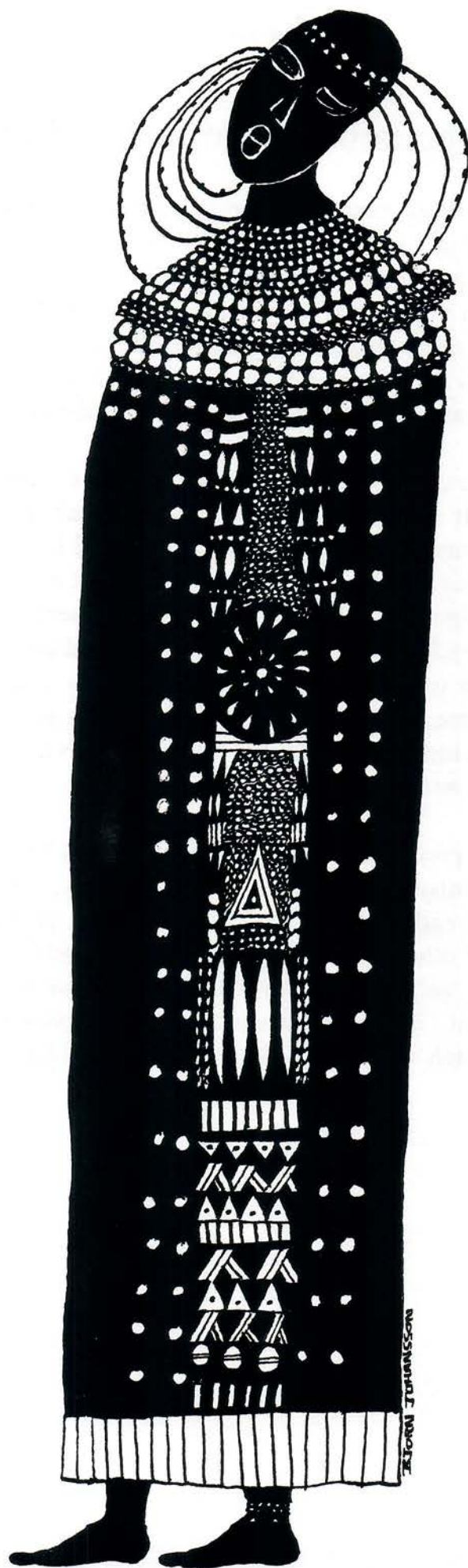
Secondly I would like to refer many of your poems to this picture and its design, I feel that it relates to society in many circumstances (thus the figure) and how it works; the different designs portray different opinions, thoughts, and periods in time.

I would also like to congratulate you on being the Nobel prize winner, and I think you thoroughly deserve it.

Yours Sincerely

Björn Johansson.

17 years old



WASSIMAT MORTZ

Some personal reflections on the poem "Love after Love"

When you fall in love, it is very easy to abandon yourself. You concentrate so much on the other person that you don't have any life force or energy left for yourself. Your own identity has to step back to give room for your new love, but you don't realize that you're actually moving away from yourself while you're in the midst of it. The object for your love becomes the nucleus, compared to which everything seems like nothing but details that circle around it. But all organisms need nutrition in order to live, just as a forgotten fairy tale eventually fades away and dies. You are not different.

In the long run, however, it is impossible to ignore yourself. Many things happen during a lifetime, but there is only one thing there is no doubt about: You will always have yourself, unless you let yourself down. You can think, and hope, and pray, but you can never be sure on keeping loves, friends and family without ever losing them, no one but yourself. Therefore, it's dangerous to go so deeply into another person that you start seeing through his or her eyes instead of your own. You will go blind before you know it. Besides, an overgrown track is hard to find, even if it leads to your own door. But finding that track, returning, coming home, isn't it that which the poem is all about? At the end of your love, there is more than forlornness waiting. The face observing you from the other side of the mirror is your own, and it smiles.

No matter what obstacles you have to confront with during your life, you must believe that you are valuable. Because you are a unique individual, well worth your own love, respect and admiration. Already in the Old Testament, and probably before that, it was stated that in order to love others you must first love yourself. But you then have to be honest to yourself, and not "sell" yourself to opinions and actions that you can't stand up for before your own tribunal. Instead, you must keep your head held high and carry your heart with pride. Give it back to itself. It is there that it belongs.

Anna-Karin Jätfors



Contributors from Kungsholmen's Gymnasium

Björn Johansson

I was born in Stockholm in 1974. I moved to Kenya when I was about six weeks old. Ever since, I have lived in Kenya, until last September when I moved back to Sweden. I have seen virtually every part of Kenya, because my father had to move around the country a lot. He owned a drilling-for-water company called Instapump. I speak the national language of Kenya, Swahili, fluently, and am able to speak a fair bit of Masaai, Aboluya, and Kikuyu (tribal languages). I do a lot of art and I am also a professional musician, specializing on the trumpet. I have visited Zimbabwe on a rugby tour; I have been to England, Austria, Tanzania, Germany, Scotland, Israel and Italy.

Ana Abdelbasit:

I was born in 1975 in Kuwait and spent my first 15 years there studying at an English school. My mother is a Croat and my father is Sudanese and although I spent so much of my life in the Middle East, I have never been to the Sudan. Croatia was my refuge over the summer holidays. Then the war started in Kuwait and, caught in Zagreb over the summer holidays, we could not return to Kuwait; my final year, the year in which I was supposed to complete my I.G.S.C.E. , was lost.

A year after my stay in Croatia the war broke out - we moved to Sweden. I have spent a little more than a year here and am hoping to finish high school and go on to university - but owing to how unpredictable life is, I try not to think so far into the future.

On reading your poems I realise how much I actually have gained by living so internationally. They make me see how insignificant my problems are as long as the world is what it is. Thank you.

Tony Rothfuchs

I am Brazilian but I have been living in Sweden for about 9 years. My father is the head surgeon in a Rio de Janiero hospital and my mother is a PhD doing research in immunology at the Karolinska Institute. I am for the most part without a country to call my own. My passport and soul are Brazilian forever, but my mentality European, due to the fact that I have been educated entirely in English in Sweden. I believe that my "nationality crisis" is responsible for the stand I take against the Latin American policies of the European countries and the USA. I feel that not enough interest is given to the Latin American countries. Western countries seem to want to save the rain forests but leave the Latin American economy in the pit.

Min Choi

I am a Korean, presently doing the IB course in Stockholm. Due to my father's job as a diplomat, I have lived in various countries- Japan, England, Kenya, and Korea. This has enabled me to come in contact with several cultures, a great experience which will surely help me in the future.

Kosala Ubayasekara

I was born in Colombo, Sri Lanka, in 1975. I am a Sri Lankan by nationality but have lived in Sri Lanka for less than half my life. My father is a diplomat at the embassy. He was transferred to Bangladesh when I was four years old. I started kindergarten there and two years later I was beginning Primary School in Singapore. After a further two and a half years I returned to Sri Lanka where I continued to study in English, as I had been doing until then. A couple of years later we were transferred to Germany where I spent four very contented years of my life. After my return to Sri Lanka I proceeded, for the first time, to study in my native tongue. After two years of hard work I managed to pass my O/Level examinations to the satisfaction of all concerned. I have now been in Sweden for just about five months and the stay here promises to be very interesting. As a conclusion, I would like to say that I greatly enjoyed reading and responding to the two poems, "Elsewhere" and "Saint Lucia's First Communion".

Anna-Karin Jätfors, Caroline Ödhammar and Erik Falkmarken are
three Swedish students who have)

lived in Sweden all their lives but who have chosen to do their upper secondary school education in English due to their interests in international relations. They are keenly aware of the ever-changing nature of our world, where knowledge and understanding of other cultures are the only things that can bring people close to each other. They are grateful for the chance to study in an international atmosphere, with students who have different cultures, values and religions.



Ana Abdelbasit

Ana Abdelbasit

SAINT LUCIA'S FIRST COMMUNION - A RESPONSE

A communion is a time of sharing and togetherness, and the memories of a child's First Communion are treasured into their last years. The purity of the event is notable throughout the poem by the authors use of contrasting images. The white cotton frock and stockings against the dull, dark asphalt road signify the innocence of the child against the infidelity of the environment that surrounds her. The author conveys this message of innocence and purity throughout the work in using light colored imagery such as the sun and candles in connection with the children.

As is common throughout all his works the author uses vivid imagery to give life to the poem. The image of the black child in white, at the edge of a dark worn - out road leaps to the mind of the reader as does all the other sharply contrasting sensory details. The comparison of the bows, that adorn the hair of the children, to moths is later expanded to referring to the children themselves as moths. This direct comparison is very expressive in conveying the innocence and fragility of the children at their young age.

Prejudism against the darker races is sadly a widespread issue in this world, and the children of this poem, not yet understanding the barriers they will face are content in their moment of unification. The speaker implies that Heaven itself has become blind to the suffering of these people, "before darkness came on like their blinded saints."

The speaker expresses a need, although it would not be possible, to gather these innocent children around him and lead them to a place of safety where the claws of racial discrimination will not grasp them. It is depicted in the poem in the lines, "But if it were possible to pull up on the verge on the dimming asphalt...to house each child in my arms...loose them in the thousands to stagger heavenward before it came on : the prejudice, the evil."

Kosala Ubayasekara

Saint Lucia's First Communion

'their eyes, to house each child in my hands,
to lower the window a crack, and delicately urge

the last moth delicately in, I'd let the dark car
enclose their blizzard, and on some black hill,
their pulsing wings undusted, loose them in thousands to
stagger

heavenward before it came on: the prejudice, the evil! •

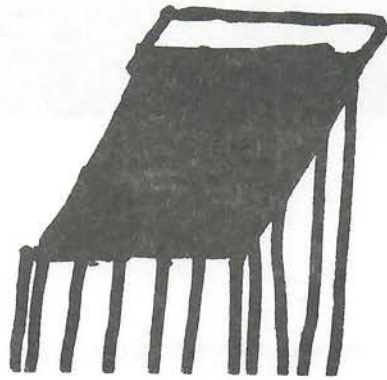
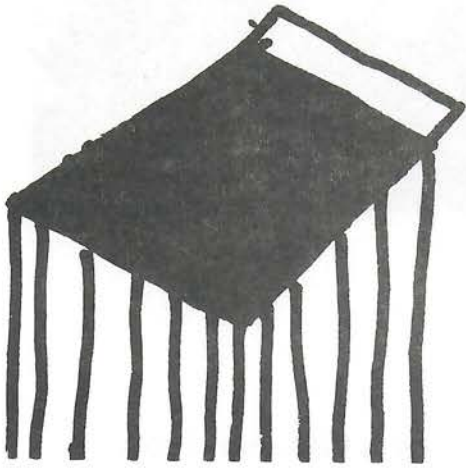
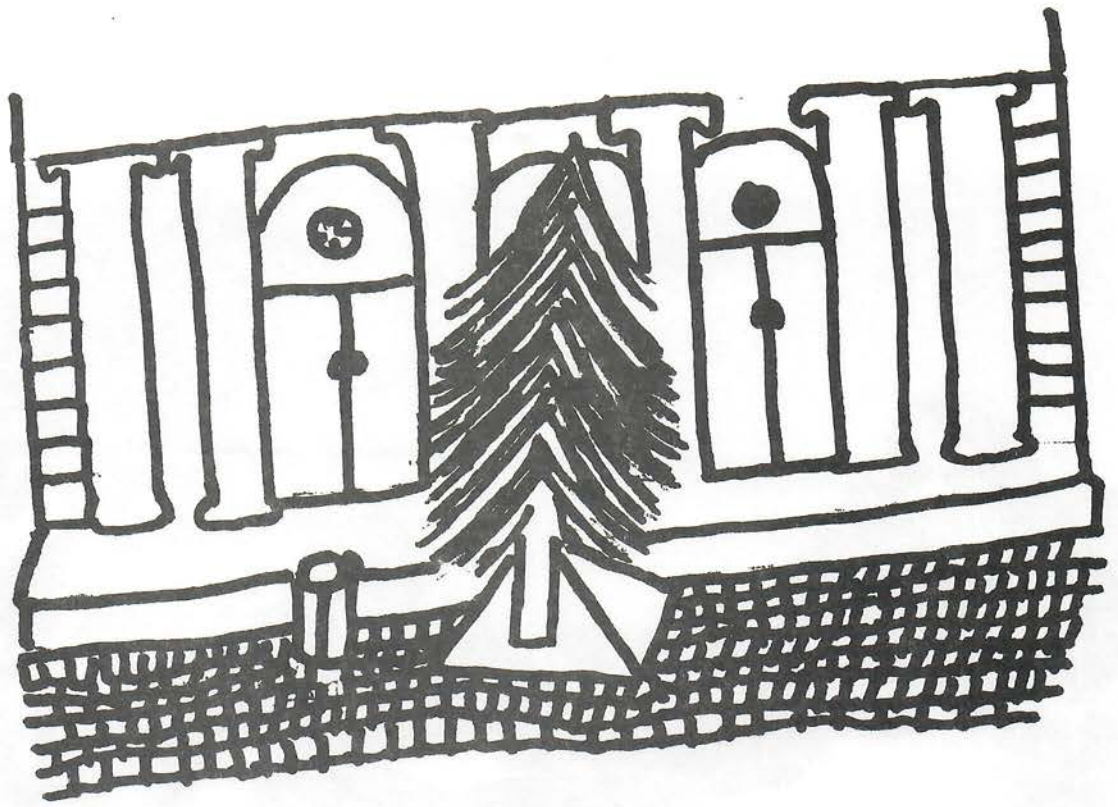
from The Arkansas Testament
D. D. - S. D. - D. D.

Contributors from
the "Home Language" Classes
in Huddinge High School

Mats Larson - USA/Hungary
Abdul Karim Jahis - Somalia/India
Daniel Raynee - Liberia/Sweden
Vaughan Edmonds - New Zealand
Leo Pignor - Serbia/England
Raquel Nathan - Jamaica
Sonja Olson - USA
Leri Seligman - Australia
Linda Nanteza - Uganda
Esther Tom Aggrey Okai - Ghana
Maureen Nassali - Uganda



In November, 1992, a group of English-speaking students from Huddinge, together with our teacher, Mike Bierbrier, gathered in the Old Town to discuss your work. In our group there were young people from ages 15-19. We chose the poem "Dark August" to discuss. We represent all parts of the globe. The following are our thoughts.



Wally Love



Maureen, from Uganda, found some of the words difficult. She saw the poem as a beautiful description of a rainy day but she didn't understand the introduction to the poems and the album "she" was looking at.

Lani, from Australia, feels the poem is a metaphor. She sees the "rain" as the feeling between the "sun" and "I". They love each other hopelessly and each is trying to learn how to fix it.

Ester, from Ghana, feels that he wants her to come out, but she doesn't know how to. She is learning, though.

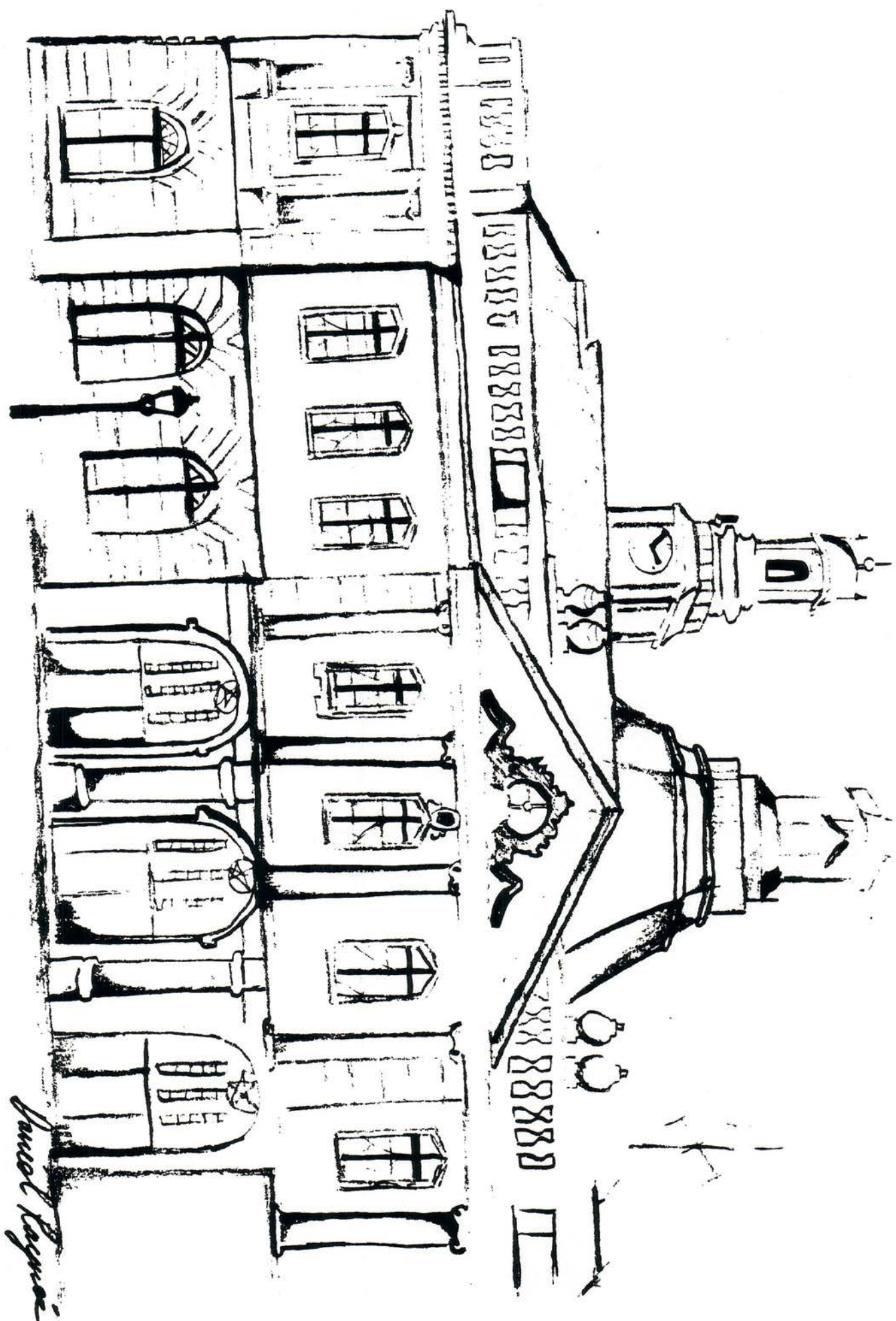
Abdul, from Somalia, thinks of how everything seems hopeless before the sun comes out.

Linda, from Uganda, thinks his love for her is hopeless, illustrated by the fact that it only rains.

Raquel, from Jamaica, liked it and agrees with many things the others say.

Sonya, from the US, feels the beauty of a monsoon season. The poem is about people who, when they grow, must learn to accept the beauty - and darkness - of life. It is a necessary balance of all creation and must be endured. Only then can people appreciate the beauty.









Theo

