



CHERRY PIT
CHERRY LAWN SCHOOL
DARIEN, CONNECTICUT





We dedicate this yearbook to Mrs. Magurite Crispi Marsh in appreciation for her remarkable work in the Kernel of CLS: its library, but especially for the remarkable person she is, and her beautifully high standards she sets for herself and all about her.

In an attempt to have this yearbook say more we have tried to organize the material into somewhat of a sequence capable of expressing the various phases and levels of development of some 200 individuals on this campus.

To do this we have created within a student an evaluation, beginning with the basically ego centered activities such as eating and sleeping. This evolves into a sense of awareness of other people in the form of social activities; ultimately reaching for a sound education and self analysis on a spiritual plane.

This we believe, while being an extremely general and nebulous theme, is in complete harmony with the Cherry Lawn Motto: "To grow in knowledge and in wisdom", thus bringing it down to a specific level.





*seeing the flat, ugly world
for what it is! and smelling
and tasting it, only to spit
it out and perhaps
try again later . . .
—Phyli—*









*In the balloon farm everyone is full of plastic ideals
which means nada, y pues nada
to Hemingway—
since all those whom we name
drop know that the All is
nada, y pues, nada.*

*The two ravens have grown wings and flown from the tower
a system making its final belch,
a fizzle in Eliot theology
transcribed into feathers
black as ravens.*

*Both verses verses one another and virtually uphold virtue
that a nada and that of belehing,
mixed
into a swamp poured over a sticky
icing
for a stale cake.*

—Fine





To live not only for food, but for shelter . . . and rest . . .





*If he could sing about love
then the mouth would be open and empty
So he talks on hate
and his heart is solid and set death
but
cool misted life
weaves and twines
its threaded truth
around his mind
And he merely learns to cry*

—S. Fine



*Vacillation
Between extremities
Man runs his course;
A brand, or flaming breath,
Comes to destroy
All those antinomies
Of day and night;
The body calls it death,
The heart remorse.
But if these be right
What is joy?*

W. B. Yeats





"His soul had arisen from the grave of boyhood, spurning her grave clothes. Yes! Yes! Yes! He would create proudly out of the freedom and power of his soul, as the great artificer whose name he bore, a living thing, new and soaring and beautiful, impalpable, imperishable."

—From J. Joyce Portrait p170

MERU

*Civilisation is hooped together, brought
Under a rule, under the semblance of peace
By manifold illusion; but man's life is thought,
And he, despite his terror, cannot cease
Ravelling, raging, and uprooting that he may come
Into the desolation of reality:
Egypt and Greece, goodbye, and good-bye, Rome!
Hermits upon Mount Meru or Everest,
Caverned in night under the drifted snow,
Or where that snow and winter's dreadful blast
Beat down upon their naked bodies, know
That day brings round the night, that before dawn
His glory and his monuments are gone.*

—W. B. Yeats

"What a piece of work is a man! How noble in Reason! How infinite in faculties! in form and moving, How express and admirable! In action how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God! The beauty of the world The Paragon of animals"
Shakespeare, Hamlet IV:2







In Duration

*I sense the hollowness, the emptiness,
there is something looking within me.*

*It dilates and throbs like a pulsating heart.
How did it start? Where will it go?*

*My mind is a long abandoned ruin,
with only fleeting glimpses of its glorified past.*

*Back, deep, through the caverns
of memory, a wave of nostalgia.*

*I feel the ever slight tugging
of something that was once mine.*

*As long as there is existence,
There is a desire for its return.*

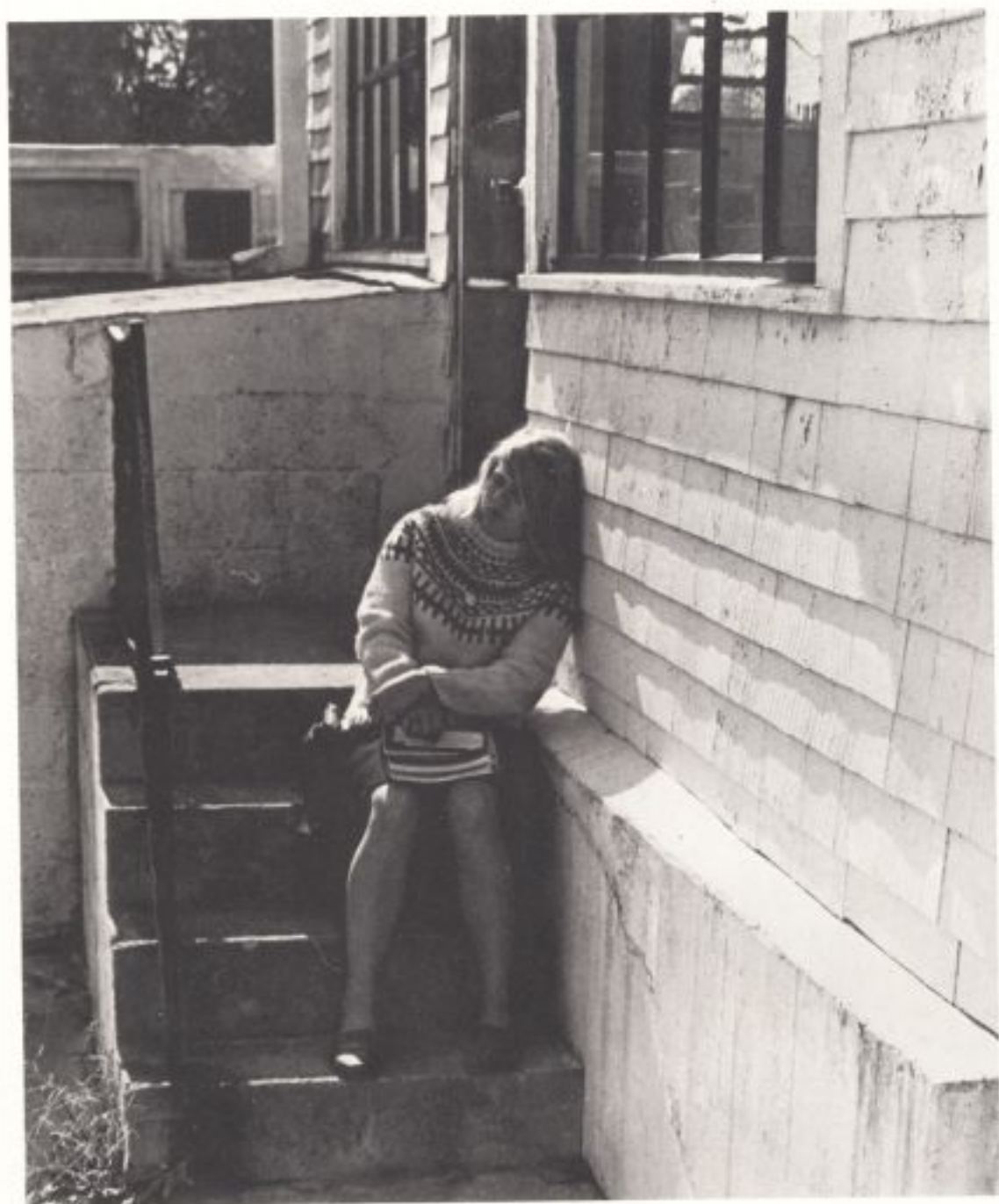
*It shall come back this sense
called lone,*

as if God sent, from above.

*In a different form perhaps;
but time cannot change its meaning.*

Peter Cifrino











*a game
My fingers twisted and turned
with aggravated Impatience
and desperate Hope.*

*the Bells resounded
and my heart rang out with
apprehensive Yearning.*

*the voice floated mechanically
and my hand pushed my heart
to ecstatic Silence.*

judi bell





*"The more I study this world, the
more I think it is becoming a better
place in which to live . . ."*
From Cherry Lawn Credo

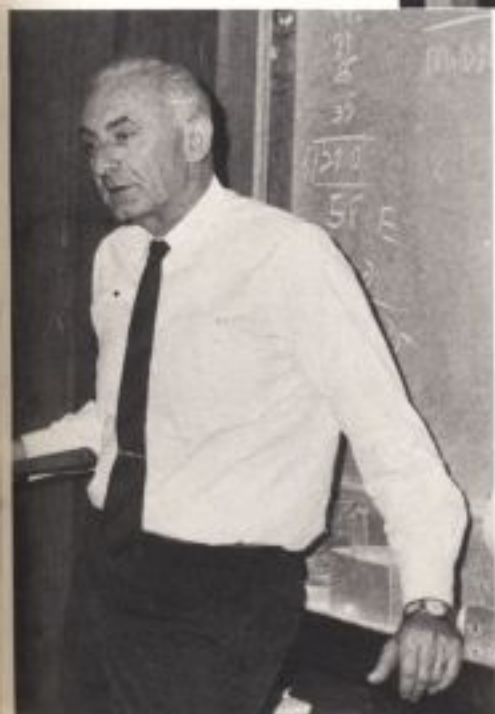












"Where shall you seek beauty and how shall you find her, unless she herself be your way and your guide." THE PROPHET, Kahlil

Gibran

The beauty which one sees in things does not belong to that which appears beautiful. Beauty is a mental image within every person. This image is projected upon many different things, and then reflected back to the viewer.

A certain beauty can be seen in everything because each of us has a different concept of it. One cannot believe that what appears beautiful to him will always appear so to others. All things have a beauty, but all people cannot see the same beauty. Just as no two people are exactly the same, the concept of is not the same in all people.

To see beauty, one must contain beauty. Beauty is reflected by our thoughts, and those who see little beauty in life are the people who have ugly minds.

Many times when one speaks too much of something beautiful, the beauty is lost. Beauty should not be abused or it will have no meaning. Nor should beauty be suppressed. It is to be shared but one must be careful in one's sharing.

To appreciate beauty, and to be able to see it in life is a quality to be treasured. One must remember that beauty has the most meaning to the person who possesses it, because it comes from the mind and the soul of a person, and it is his forever.

—Evie Schultz—





C. B

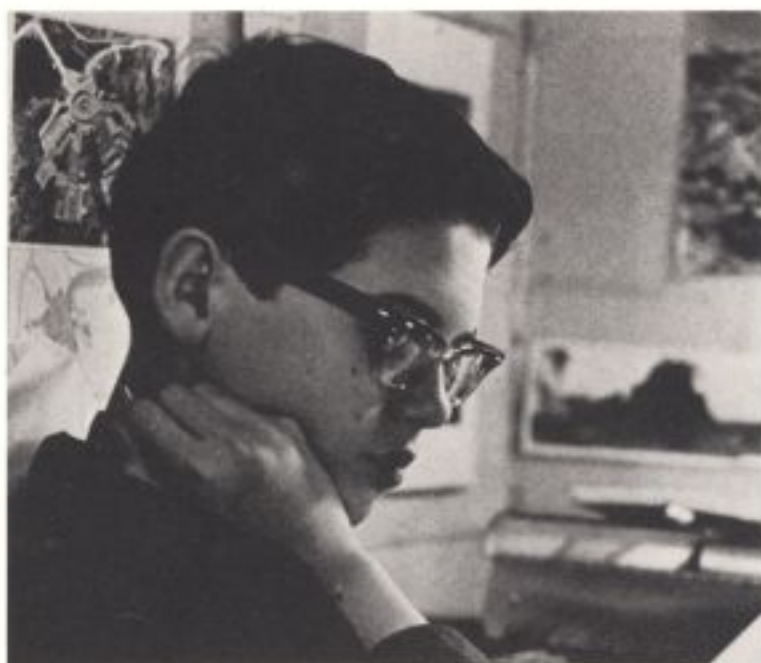


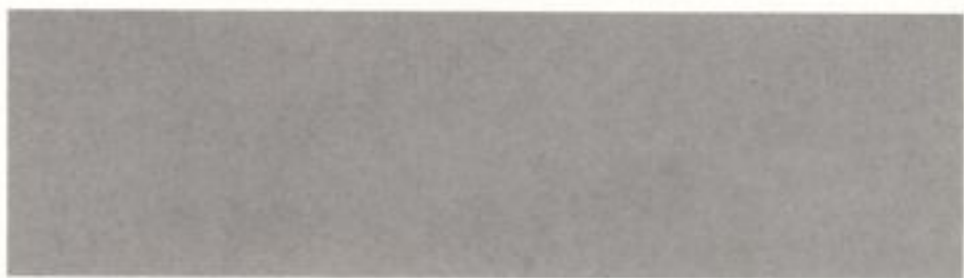




*The Woods stretch wild to the mountain side,
And the brush is deep where a man may hide.
They have brought the bloodhounds up again
To the roadside rock where they found the slain.
They have brought the bloodhounds up, and they
Have taken the trail to the mountain way.
Three times they circled the trail and crossed,
And thrice they found it and thrice they lost.
Now straight through the pines and the underbrush
They follow the scent through the forest's hush.
And their deep-mouth bay is a pulse of fear
In the heart of the wood that the man must hear.
The man who crouches among the trees
From the stern-faced men that follow these.
A huddle of rocks that the ooze has mossed—
And the trail of the hunted again is lost.
An upturned pebble; a bit of ground
A heel has trampled—the trail is found.
And the woods re-echo the bloodhounds' bay
As again they take to the mountain way.
A rock; a ribbon of road; a ledge,
With a pine-tree clutching its crumbling edge.
A pine, that the lightning long since clave,
Whose huge roots hollow a ragged cave.
A shout; a curse; and a face aghast,
And the human quarry is laired at last.
The human quarry, with clay-clogged hair
And eyes of terror, who waits them there;
That glares and crouches and rising then
Hurls clods and curses at dogs and men.
Until the blow of a gun-butt lays
Him stunned and bleeding upon his face.
A rope, a prayer, and an oak-tree near.
And a score of hands to swing him clear.
A grim black thing for the setting sun
And the moon and the stars to look upon.*

Madison Cawein





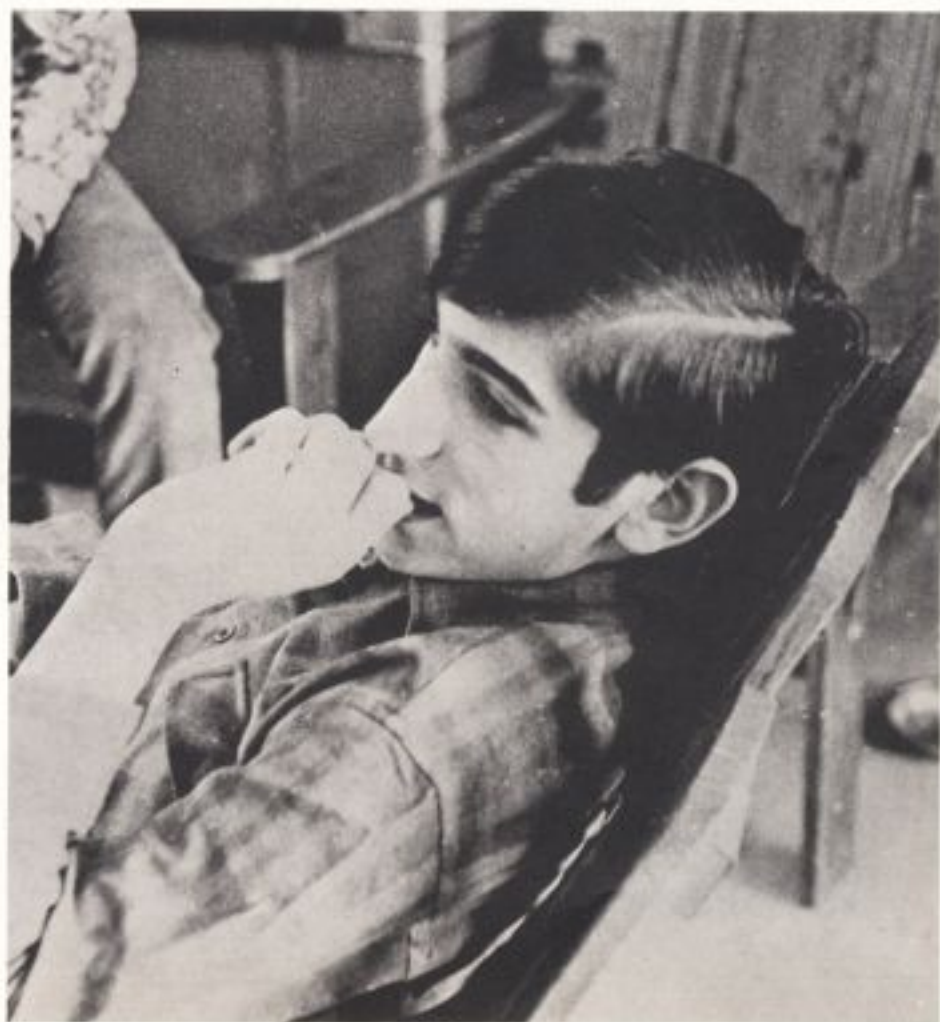


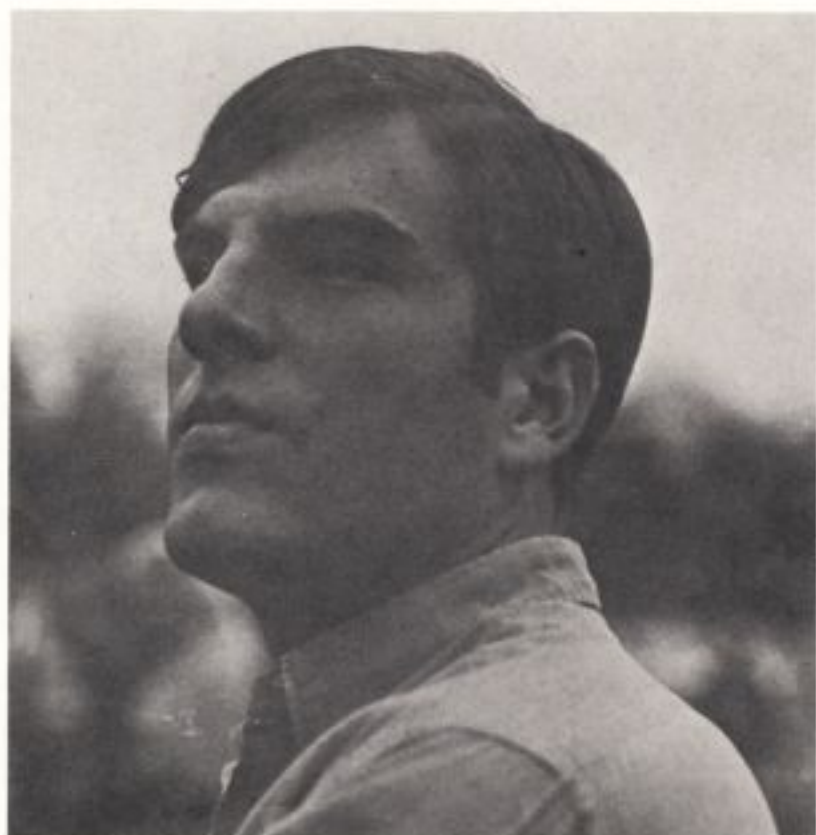






We need time to relax but must beware of . . .
apathy.

















WHAT SHOULD BE

Back in the Beginning
Before man or beast, natures
Beauty was not marred
By the horrors of community life, socializing, or trying to
Be someone you're not. The earth was pure.
Bathed in purifying sunlight, unmolested by smoke or smog,
Battalions of trees, bushes, and other such flora grew and bloomed
uninhibited.
Beastial inserts such as man, had not yet developed in the mind
of some
Bastardly god to ruin it all.
But ironically this god thought that he was doing good (what ever
that may be)
Bringing us into the world a was a mistake!!
But be this as it may, to think of what we might have had today if
we had not involved ourselves in class struggles for
survival, is enough to drive an intelligence to distraction.
But. . . . oh my God
Bring back the lost happiness of yesteryear, when the world was
Nirvana, and man was free of inhibitions.
Reurity the once fresh lakes, and
Refilter the once pure air.
Let a new civilization arise, after the malignant growth
Let them
Benefit from our mistakes, and only then, shall we
Be absolved.

—Marty—

LONELINESS

—Ellyn Schaper—



We sit and listen
 accepting other men's inspirations;
 creating our own.
 We watch the rain
 and snow
 and sun
 We contemplate
 our thoughts rambling on . . .
 in silence.

—Phylli—





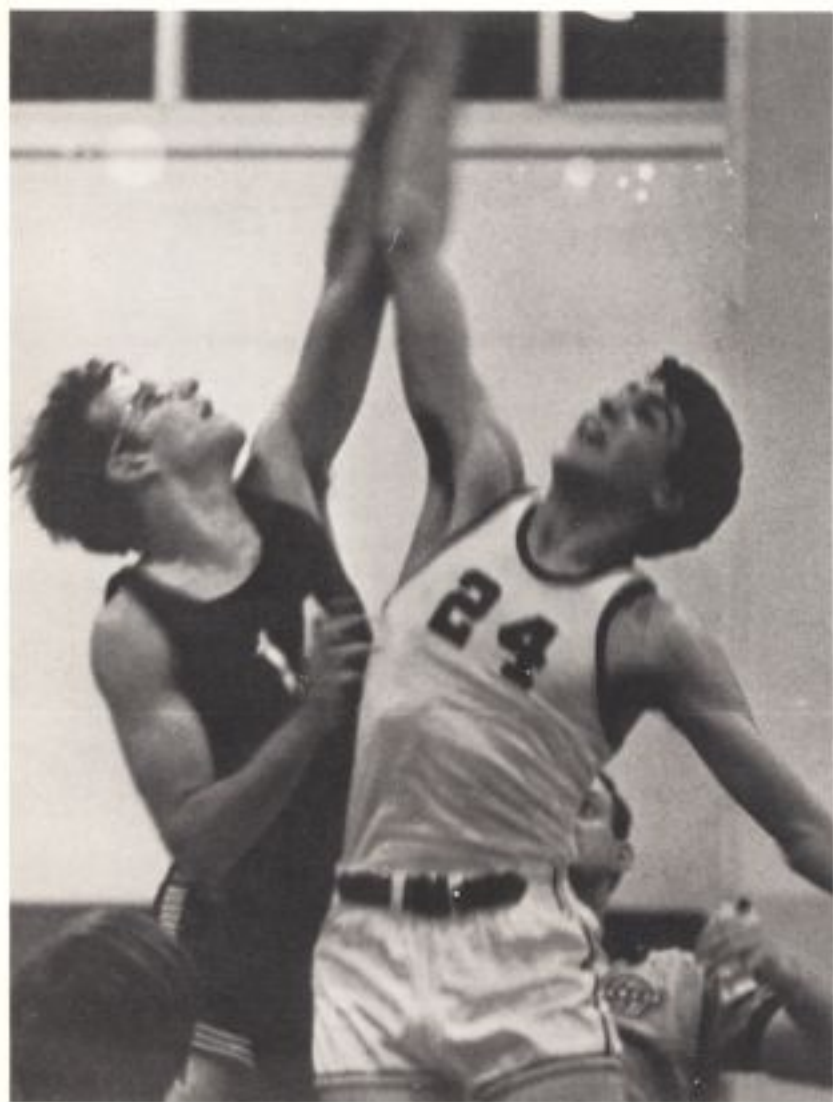




Come out here in the sunlight,
 it's warm and secure
 where unreality dwells and superficiality
 reigns
 a place of beauty—trees and flowers
 where time stands still
 for hours
 and hours . . .

by Phylli









Johnnie,
To my favorite eighth grader who has
big gorgeous brown eyes. Thank you
for all your smiles and your valentines.
Good luck next year,
Love
Monica





Evolving into a desire for knowledge and self awareness











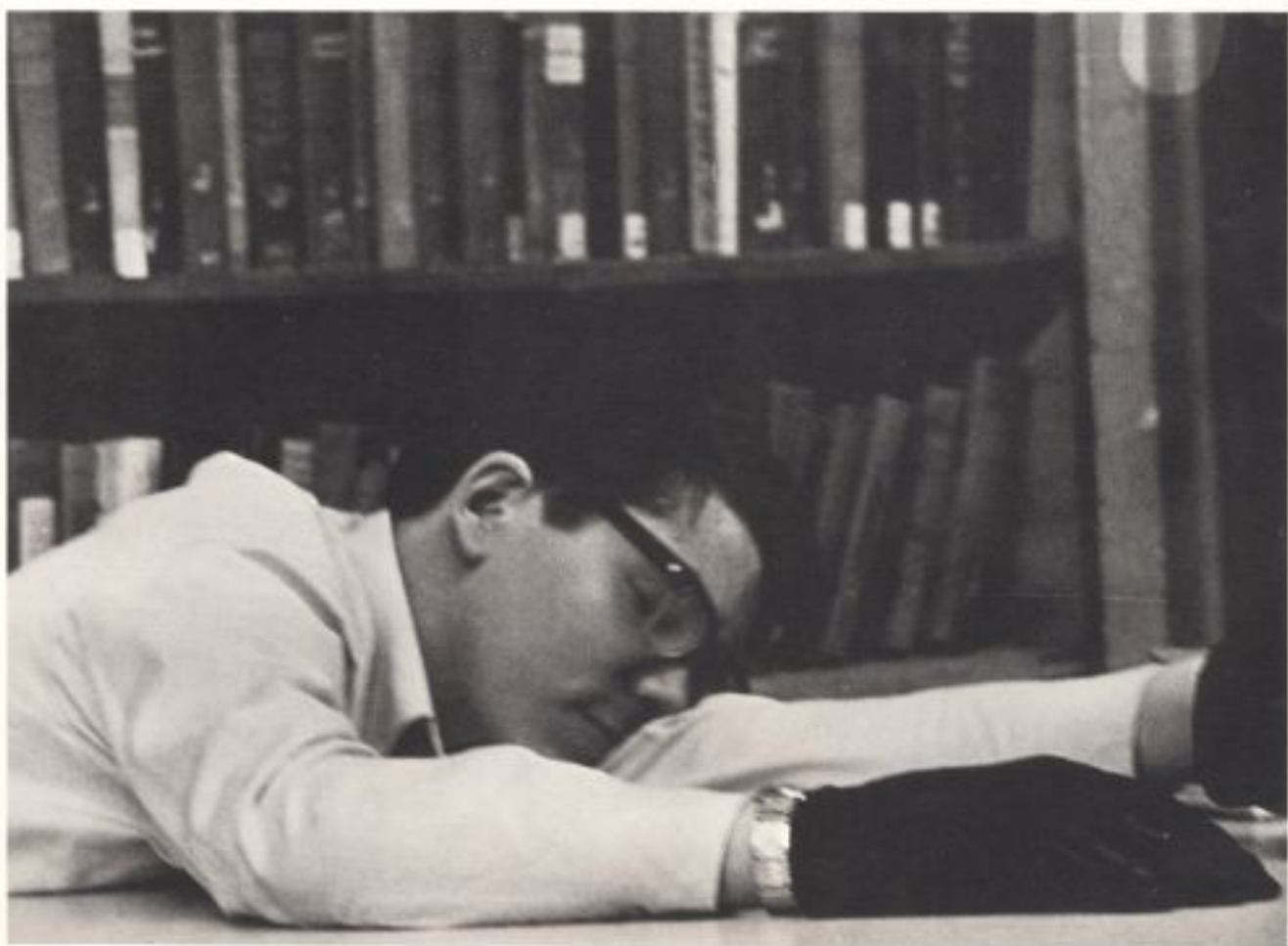
Man's most precious possession is his accurate, precise, immediate understanding of the reality around him. To deliberately deprive yourself of trustworthy information is to lose not only the meaning but joy of life.

from *Zombie and Son*

by Alan Brien
Statesman
March 3, 1967









There exist no more difficult art than living.
 For other arts and sciences numerous teachers
 are to be found everywhere. Even young
 people believe
 that they have acquired these in such a
 way, that
 they can teach them to others; throughout
 the whole
 of life, one must continue to learn to live
 and,
 what will amaze you even more throughout
 life
 one must learn to die.

Lucio A. Seneca

Translated from Latin by Maximo Pavon.











Your world is obviously wrong because of the suffering it brings upon you. . . . Why not create a new one where there's no need for escape and where the conclusion is no crumbling with corruption tapping at your mind. . . .

So This creativity which I speak of, may be a blessing if used correctly.

So use it in the right and wake up from your state of blown minds—For peace should be held over all and war should be damned!

Dave Lacount









to my pal
and buddy
Philip Elmy





The Pepsi generation

Cool

Artistic

Beat

Sociable

They think young

Only so they can have
twenty-four hour pro-
tection

And stay

Menthol

Fresh

—Judy Diamond—





Can I lick your toes
dance in your arm pits
fly down your nostrils
and piggy-back with your spine?
Can I jet ride in your green brain?
Can I slide with you,
anywhere?

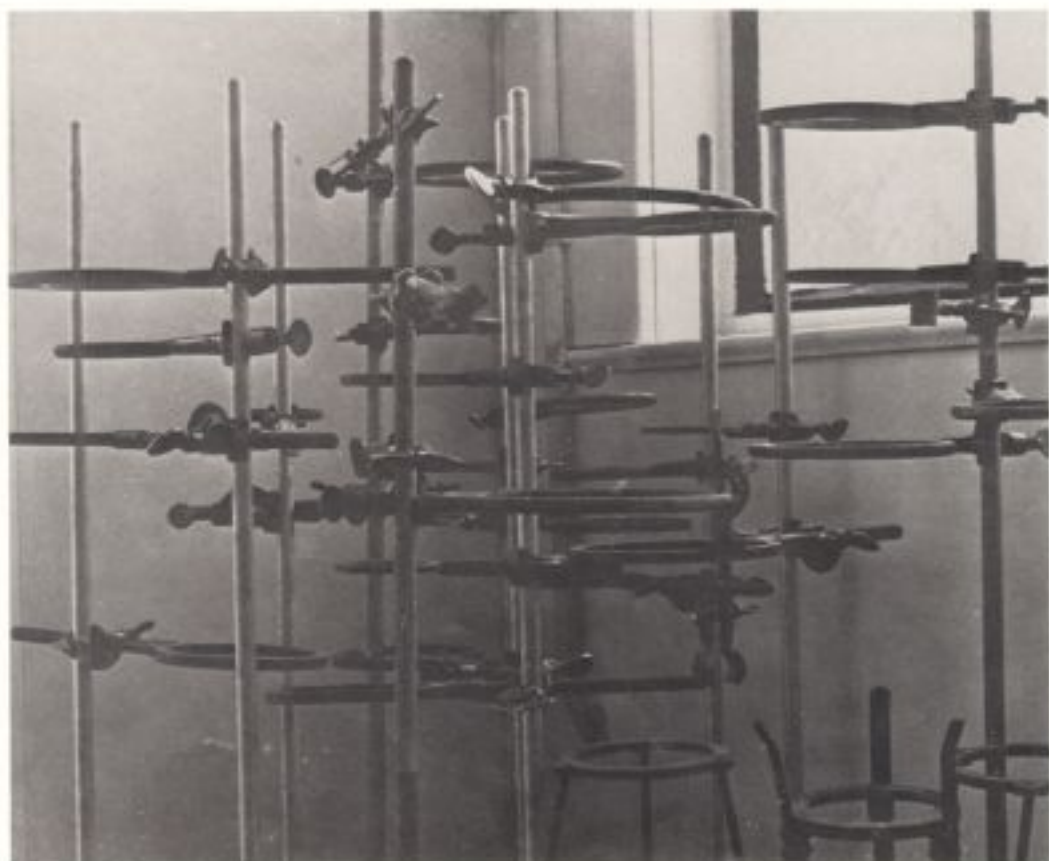
S. Fine



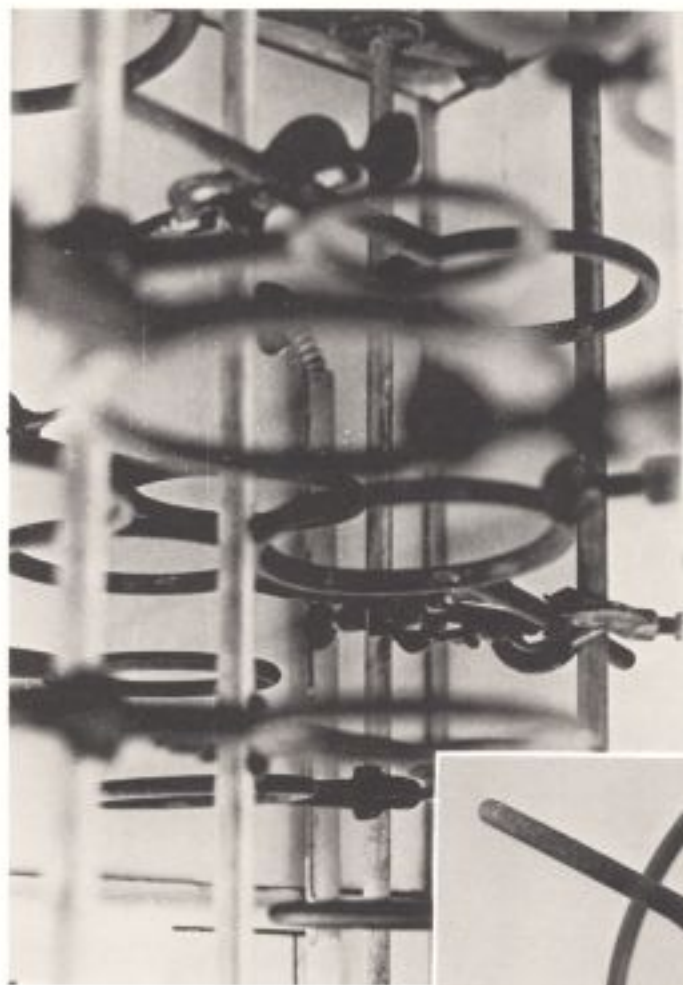




ORDER



CHAOS





Darkness covered the morning sky like a huge black blanket. The town, with its deserted streets and closed shops was in an almost dead silence. We piled into the car and drove along the dark streets for fifteen minutes or so until we reached our destination.

Still in darkness, we climbed over the barbed wire fence. We just stood, almost completely motionless, watching the sun creep over the green hills. The sky began to light up. A great brilliance of yellow and margerita filled the sky—the heavy mist was rapidly lifting. A new day was unraveling in front of us.

To most people it was just another ordinary day and maybe it was for them. But where had they been? Home? Asleep? We had seen Stonehenge, standing next to these huge rocks at sunrise.

—Claudia Cavelieri—





We are strangers to ourselves . . .



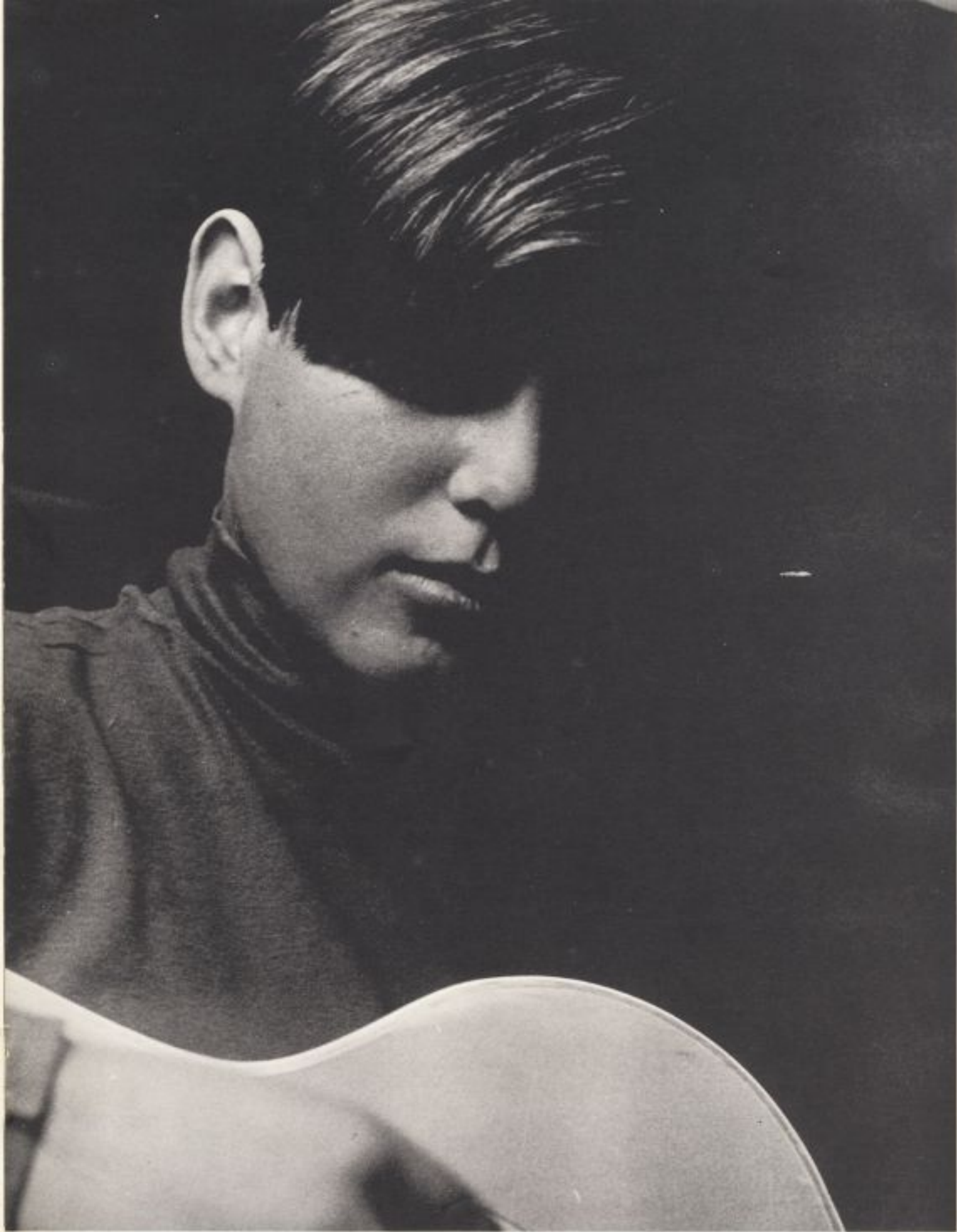
... each alone on a voyage of discovery ...



... a priest in search of a faith ...

... each soul is a chapel, a tabernacle ...





... every thought, every motion, an act of worship ...

... every dream, every discovery, a revelation to share.

—Art Tullar—













"Recapitulation and Reprise"

Dear Seniors,

Why is it so hard for us of my generation to communicate with you so that the values which we have gained through years of experience in living with and for the attainment of the "summum bonum"—"the highest good"—for young people are taken seriously and considered with intelligence and sincerity? You say that the world is different now. Indeed, in many ways it is. Progress and changing mores make many more demands on you, on your judgment, taste and discrimination, on your sense of purpose—called "motivation"—on your ability, willingness and eagerness to work toward making life better for others as well as for yourselves. And I do not mean "better" in only a material sense but, rather, in wealth of intellectual, cultural, emotional and spiritual experience, appreciation and inner satisfaction.

I have just re-read in Cherry Pits of many previous years my parting words to the graduating class and I find that, in one way or another, I have always said the same things. I have said them to you, too, in private conferences and in group meetings. This is the reason for calling what I have written above "Recapitulation".

In the theatre almost every musical play ends with a finale often called "Reprise" when, before the final curtain, the entire cast and chorus repeat the most important and beautiful song of the play. The reprise to my "opus" for you is very simple and, I believe, very true. All of us, young and old, are fundamentally alike in our hopes, wants and needs: to be successful in our work and to love and be loved. To achieve these goals requires self-discipline, consistent and never-ending effort, understanding of and consideration for others, compassion and commitment to high and noble ideals—all the things for which Cherry Lawn exists and hopes that you have, at least, begun to understand, to appreciate and to make your own.

Always devotedly,
Lettie Lee Craig



Dear Seniors:

Not long ago one of our history students expressed wistfully how exciting life must have been two hundred years ago in this country when old institutions were being challenged, and endless frontiers ahead were waiting to be breached and conquered. Looking backward, that young student failed to see the mountains that lie ahead, waiting to be climbed.

Four decades ago a wise science teacher impressed upon me the fact that the only constant factor in life was change. That fact will never be more true than it will be in the years just ahead.

Supersonic jets will soon enable us to get to the opposite ends of the earth in a shorter time than it took George Washington to travel from Washington to Philadelphia. Within this century men will land on the Moon and Mars.

Your era of unbelievably exciting and significant change will usher in tremendous technological advances. There will be a great acceleration of our knowledge of the "hows" of life and of every day existence. With that will come increasing emphasis on means and material values. The forces leading to further dehumanization will be stronger than ever. The possibilities of becoming lost in that kind of world will increase in direct ratio with the need of finding one's self.

You may expect to see the emergence of effective chemical control of personality characteristics and of the aging process. Actual biochemical modification and direction of genes is wholly within the realm of possibility.

Decisions in your tomorrow will have more far reaching effects than ever before in history—for good or ill.

Goal oriented computers will enable men to reach conclusions in a matter of seconds which may take humans a lifetime to understand.

The world which is moving in on us will be frightening and overwhelming to some. Great changes always have that effect. But they have a concomitant effect of excitement and challenge, and of bringing forth the great qualities of the human spirit. Fundamental among these qualities are: awareness to sense and creativity to solve subtle and complex problems. But one must also possess flexibility to move from challenge to challenge and adaptability for adjusting to changing factors and forces. None of these qualities, however, will served their purpose unless there is boldness to face the new and the unknown, balance to see them for what they are and self-confidence wherewith to judge and act with equanimity. Most of all, one needs humanity toward one's fellow man. It is this last that will become the vital amalgam.

The crucial catalyst, the bilingualists conversant with the two worlds which must be brought into a complimentary, supplementary, symbiosis if mankind is not to be devoured by its own creations. They must be able to continually sense, assess, and shape the new emerging environment. It is they who will have to give some direction and human utilization to the almost cataclysmic explosion of knowledge, to bring about the adequate cross-pollination of the academic cultural, scientific, social and political communities of man.

Without it there cannot be the necessary wisdom and significant "whys" wherewith to harness the "hows" and give some direction to the new emerging environment.

Helping young people to develop these great qualities of the human spirit is the sacred responsibility of responsible education. It is the core of concern in the philosophy and objectives of Cherry Lawn School.

The humanity that breathes life and quality and direction into any and all worthy endeavor has its wellspring in a vital understanding of self and of others. It manifests itself in the basic human decency we call "caring", and in the final emphasis it is the "caring" which can transform the potential Orwellian horror into a New Jerusalem wherein mankind may begin to realize the Brotherhood of Man and make significant the Father of God.

That is the shape of tomorrow's world, and you will be a part of it. It is our hope that Cherry Lawn has prepared you to meet its challenge.

Sincerely,
A. A. Medved



Nancy



Barbara H.



Steve



Kenny



Wolfie



"Vick-a-l-a"



"Augie"



"Beer"



Jeff



Tom



"Moos"



"Dubby"



Andy



Esty



Nancy M.













i don't care



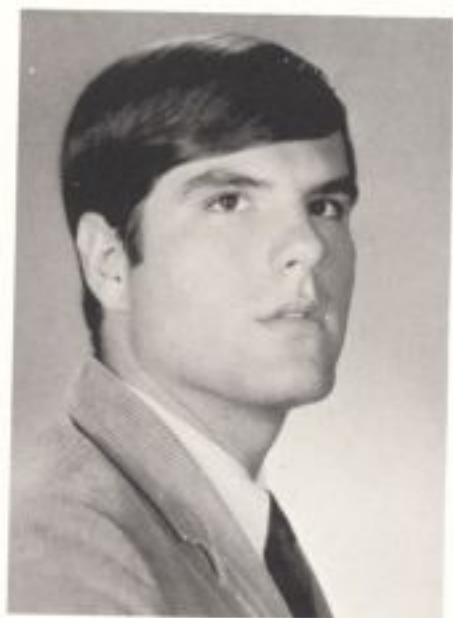


what time is it



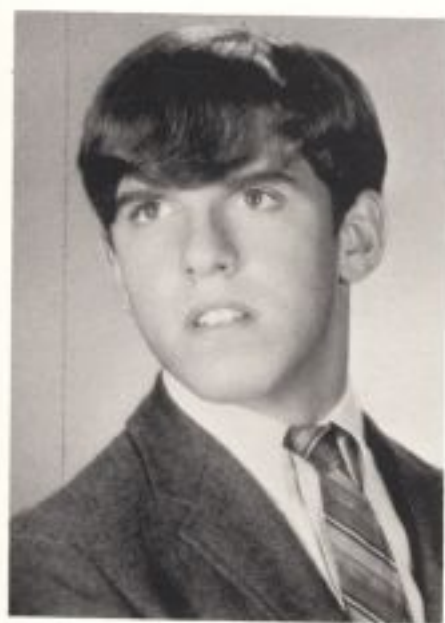




















EDITOR

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CO EDITORS

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Nancy Marx

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Nancy Friedman

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LITERATURE EDITOR

Alan Moos

BUSINESS MANAGER

Nancy Marx

PHOTOGRAPHY STAFF

Tam Weihs

Denis Osrow

Brian Drilich

Richard Waters

Dina Baumgold

PHOTOGRAPHY CREDITS TO

Mr. Art Tuller

Mr. Sanford Schneider

Ken Dreyfus

Hank Gans

TYPING

Phylis Berman

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STUDENT DIRECTORY

Albert, Andrew
12 Longview Pl.
Great Neck, L.I., N.Y.
516-Hu 2-7644

Ancrum, David
6 Stonecrop Rd.
Norwalk, Conn.
847-8706

Angione, Michael
3 Wayfaring Rd.
Norwalk, Conn.
847-6742

Auerbach, Neil
179 Fairmount Ave.
Glen Rock, N.J.
444-6742

Augstein, Lynn
21 Chapel St.
Great Neck, L.I., N.Y.
Hu 2-7439

Batterman, Jon
29 Steven Lane
Great Neck, L.I., N.Y.

Baumgold, Dina and Jesse
25 Wildwood Rd.
Stamford, Conn.
Da 2-4767

Beck, Ruth Ann
2 Glen Dr.
Providence, R.I.
351-3439

Beer, Barbara
361 E. Grand St.
Mt. Vernon, New York
914 Mo 8-6023

Bell, Judith
63 Zora Lane
Stamford, Conn.
322-3720

Bennett, Charles
449 E. 58th St.
New York, New York
Tr 9-0889

Berger, Cheryl
Big Oak Rd.
Stamford, Conn.
322-6021

Berman, Phyllis
6 Sunset Avenue
Concord, N.H.
225-3631

Borona, John
120 Brookside Rd.
Darien, Conn.
655-2871

Boyd, Roy R.
Ras Tanura, Dharan
Saudi Arabia
6081

Breakstone, Jill
15 Melrose Terrace
Linden, N.J.
201-486-1039

Breslaw, Jeffrey
9901 E. Broadview Dr.
Miami Beach, Fla.
866-8610

Bukantz, Jessica

412 Redmond Rd.
South Orange, N.J.
763-6648 or 763-1832

Butters, Chris
32 James St.
Morristown, N.J.
Je 9-6808.

Cavaliere, Claudia
2 Iowa Rd.
Great Neck, L.I., N.Y.
516-Hu 7-8358

Cifrino, Peter
Box 188
North Cohasset, Mass.
383-0595

Clapper, Gregg
1025—5th Avenue
New York, New York
212-RH 4-7643

Cleveland, Wanda
2034 Black Rock Ave.
Bronx, N.Y.
Sy 2-8470

Cobb, Alan
1720 Whitney St.
Hamden, Conn.
288-1331

Cohen, Alan
431 E. 20th St.
New York, N.Y.
212- Or 3-9099

Cook, Anita
Via Madre Cabrini 10
Milan, Italy
Milan 593338

Davis, Roger
35-51 85th St.
Jackson Hgts., N.Y.
212-Ha 4-4879

Delgado, Manuel
Clle. Horaima, Ota.
"Coromoto" Chuao
Caracas, Venezuela
32.31.79

Detweiler, Heidi
236 Davenport Dr.
Stamford, Conn.
Da 2-2826

Dever, Monica
819 Watertown St.
West Newton, Mass.
814-0483

Diamond, Judith
975 Park Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10028
Re 4-0252

Diaz, Richard
74 Merrell Ave.
Stamford, Conn.
348-0199

Differ, Rosemary
18 Waverly Rd.
Darien, Conn.
655-3289

Dreyfus, Kenneth
10 Stone Lake Ct.
Greenville, S.C.
244-6482

Drilich, Brian
24291 Soctia
Oak Park, Michigan
547-0647

Duskis, Neil
14 Drury Lane
Syosset, N.Y.
516-We 1-8114

Elena, Philip
132 St. Marks Place
New York, New York
Ca 8-4653

Engelhardt, Vickie
29 Lynn Dr.
Englewood Cliffs, N.J.
Lo-9-9375

Epstein, Michael
130 Westover Rd.
Stamford, Conn.
348-2914

Fagin, Lorie
26360 Huntington Rd.
Huntington Woods, Mich.
313 Li 8-8261

Ferencz, Carol
14 Bayberry Lane
New Rochelle, N.Y.
Ne 2-3717 or 6891

Fine, Stephen
372 Central Park West
New York, N.Y.
Un 5-0139

Finkelstein, Ken
22 Norfolk Ave.
Maplewood, N.J.
So 2-1179

Frede, Francine
155 E. 76th St.
New York, New York
212 Bu 8-7346

Friedman, Nancy
449 Loucroft Rd.
Haddonfield, N.J.
429-7558

Fruchter, Esther
Thaliaweg #8
Curacao, Netherlands
Antilles, D.W.I.
35051

Gilbert, Vivian
11400 Berwick St.
Los Angeles, Cal. 90049
Gr 2-7639

Gilchrist, Gail
1287 Hope St.
Springdale, Conn.
322-6608

Golden, Joanne
630 W. 246th St.
Riverdale, N.Y. 10471
Ki 9-3437

Golden, Gregg
8433 Michener Ave.

- Philadelphia, Pa.
215 Ch 2-2499
- Goldman, Barbara
Pardee Lane
Wyncote, Pa.
Ca 4-1014
- Goldstein, Donald
195-10D 67th Ave.
Flushing 65, N.Y.
Gl 4-2906
- Goller, Bruce
1560 Summit Rd.
Cincinnati, Ohio 45237
761-4357 or 9854
- Gordon, Peggy
120 Culloden Rd.
Stamford, Conn.
324-9468
- Gottlieb, Vicki
20 Conshohocken St.
Cynwyd, Pa.
Te 9-7861
- Greene, Nancy
30 Benedict St.
Norwalk, Conn.
838-8692
- Grossman, Diann
18471 Muirland Ave.
Detroit 21, Mich.
313 Un 4-2298
- Guerra, Arturo & Ricardo
Edf. Monte Iguelo
Apt. 22A Lra Ave.
Los Palos, Grande
Caracas, Venezuela
334368
- Haberman, Eugene
148 Shunpike Rd.
Springfield, N.J.
Dr 9-5825
- Handleman, Judith
19285 Strathcona
Detroit, Mich.
5-3789
- Harris, Michael
120 W. Lena Ave.
Freeport, N.Y.
Ma 3-8134
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53 Tamarack Way
Pleasantville, N.Y.
914-Ro 9-5184
- Herz, Debra
7 Nutmeg Lane
Stamford, Conn.
322-3191
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25 Edgewater Lane
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516 Hu 2-1261
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55 Fox Riege Rd.
Stamford, Conn.
322-0939
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Jay, Robert L.
25515 Scotia Rd.
Huntington Woods, Mich.
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Rural Institute
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West Africa
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7 Pinewood Rd.
Roslyn, N.Y.
Ma 1-0915
- Kammerer, Carey & Thomas
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Po 1-5946
- Kinnebrew, James
2005 Franklin Street N.E.
Washington, D.C. 20018
La 9-5208
- King, Charles
159 Main St.
Ridgefield, Conn.
438-5560
- Kogan, Lori
36 Range Rd.
Rowayton, Conn.
866-2071
- Korsennik, Sarah
45 Kirkwood Rd.
West Hartford, Conn.
236-0849
- Kramer, Josh
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Cherry Lawn—6;	New Rochelle—0
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Mike Proper	RF
Brian Drilich	C
Mike Angione	P
Mark Utech	P



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Roy Lerman*
Larry Osrow
Danny Shupak
Jimmy Lembeck





*the dawn broke
 with a billion little water droplets
 hitting the sidewalk.
 i watched awhile
 and then returned to sleep.
 it was my morning
 for delving into the serene depths
 of slumber . . .
 silence
 sweetness,
 until the awakening hand
 shook me.*

Phylli







Then I Will Die

*When the birds will sing no more;
when the grass has returned to the soil;
when the trees will bear no more fruit;
when the waves will no longer roll upon the beach;
when the stars are tossed from the heavens;
when the Earth is covered by cold, grey clouds;
when the moon will rise no more;
when the sun has set eternally;
when the devil walks the streets;
and hell reigns over all mankind;
then I will be ready to die.*

Sam Spak



Sinner's Fate

*Whose world is this, I'm not quite sure,
with its glass dome cover and its faded blur.
The sun-soaked horizon he once enjoyed,
but now he is slanted with paranoid.
I have come to wonder if this is true,
but his shadowed numbness is increasingly blue.
He squints and squirms but he finally learns,
that the hole in the ground was erected for worms.
With this his optimism may be increased,
while he scratches and scrapes for a filling feast,
of life and freedom of which his desire was least . . .
. . . As we look at this person, is he really real,
or is he just a flesh-colored illusion for Satan's
next meal?*

Dave LaCount









EDITOR

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PHOTOGRAPHY STAFF:

Gary Teplitsky—Dennis Osrow

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