







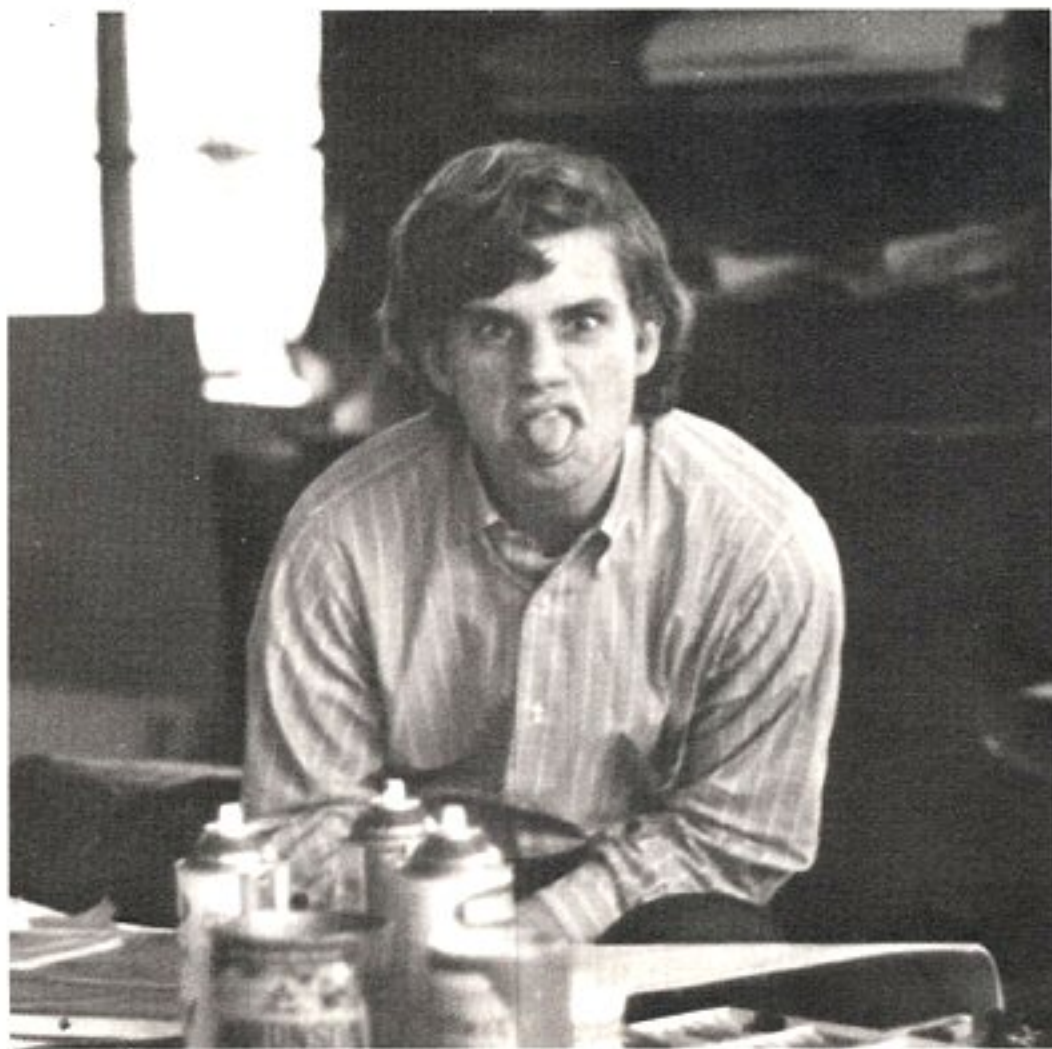


*i'll draw the dim rainbows  
for you to remember  
the last of the autumn rains  
and maybe you'll think of me  
when you walk someday  
i will give you book-pressed leaves  
to remind you of the colour of trees  
before they slept  
then turn to the page i saved for you  
to know i never left.*

—Ruthie Dreessen



Geoffrey Rogers



*Don't worry about it, you're gonna die anyway.*

*-J.R.*

## Phil Rostoker

*"Green leaves of summer turn red  
in the fall and to brown and yellow  
They fade and then they have to die trapped  
within the circle time parade of changes"*

—Phil Ochs



## Andi Levin

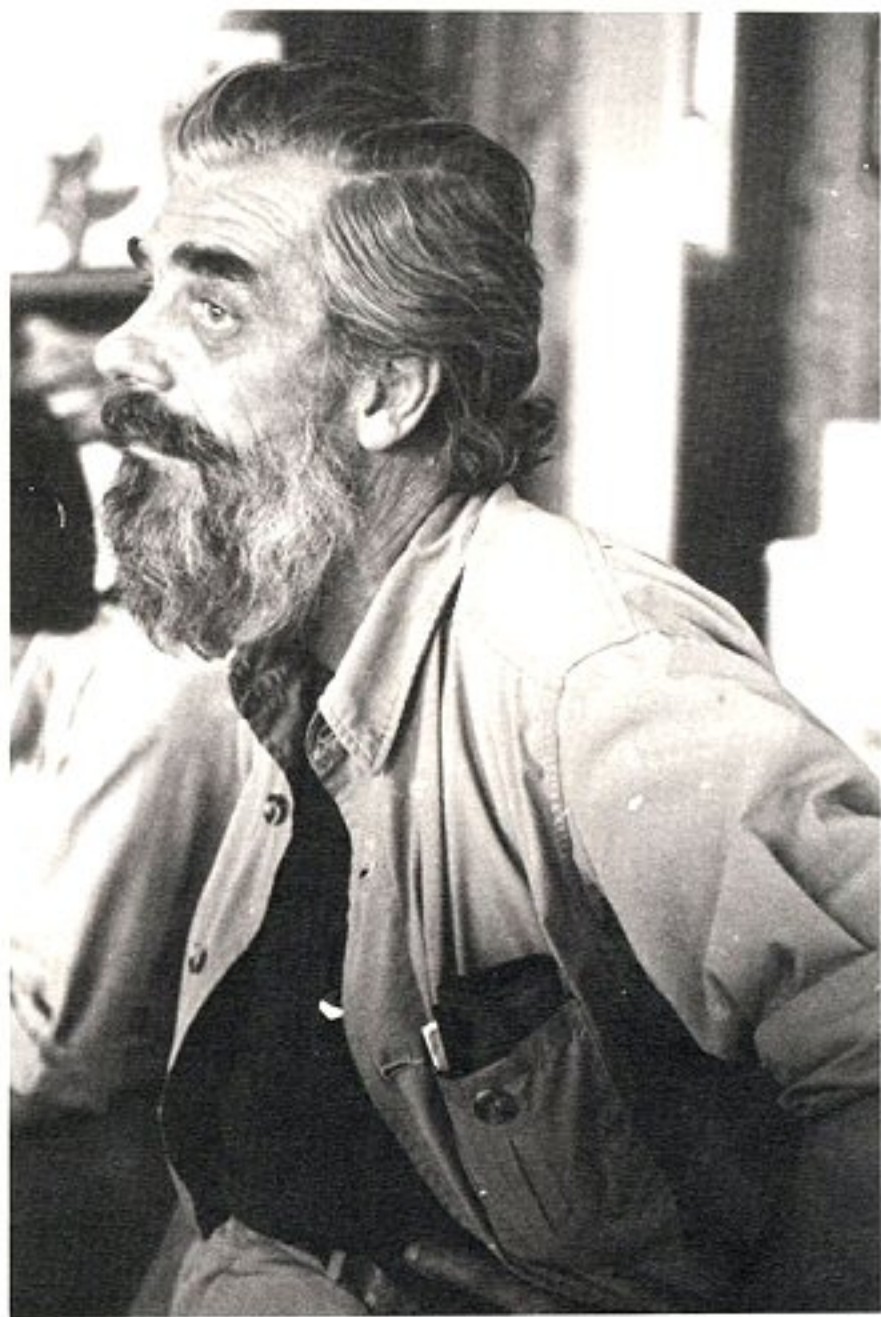
*"If one has only one  
good memory left in  
one's heart, even  
that may sometimes  
be the means of  
saving him."*

—F. Dostoevsky



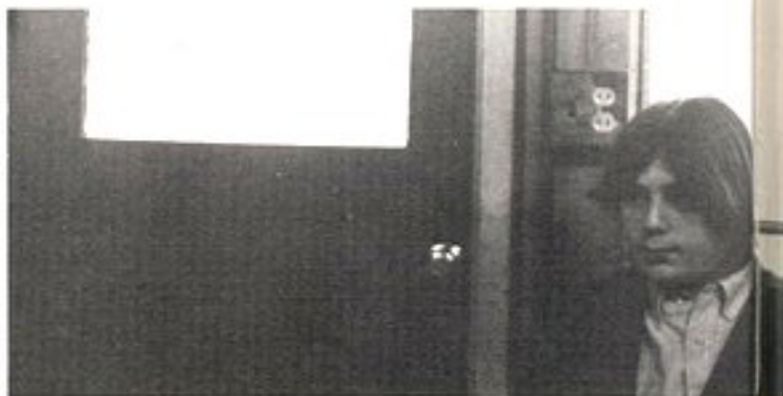
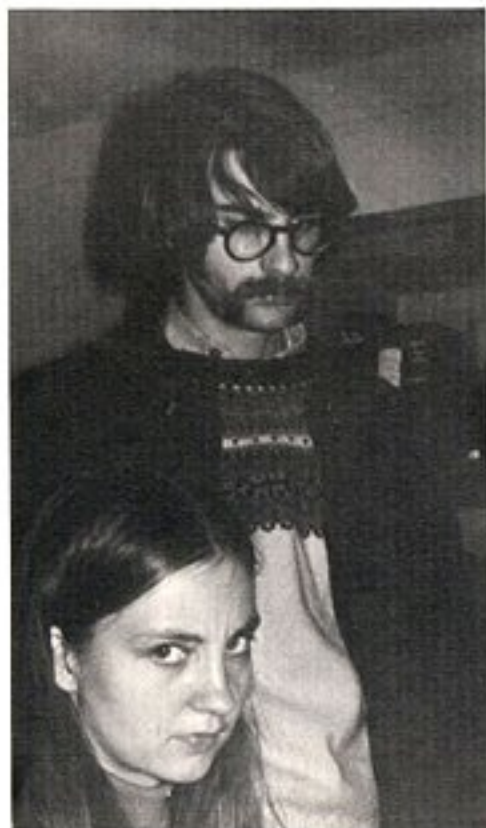






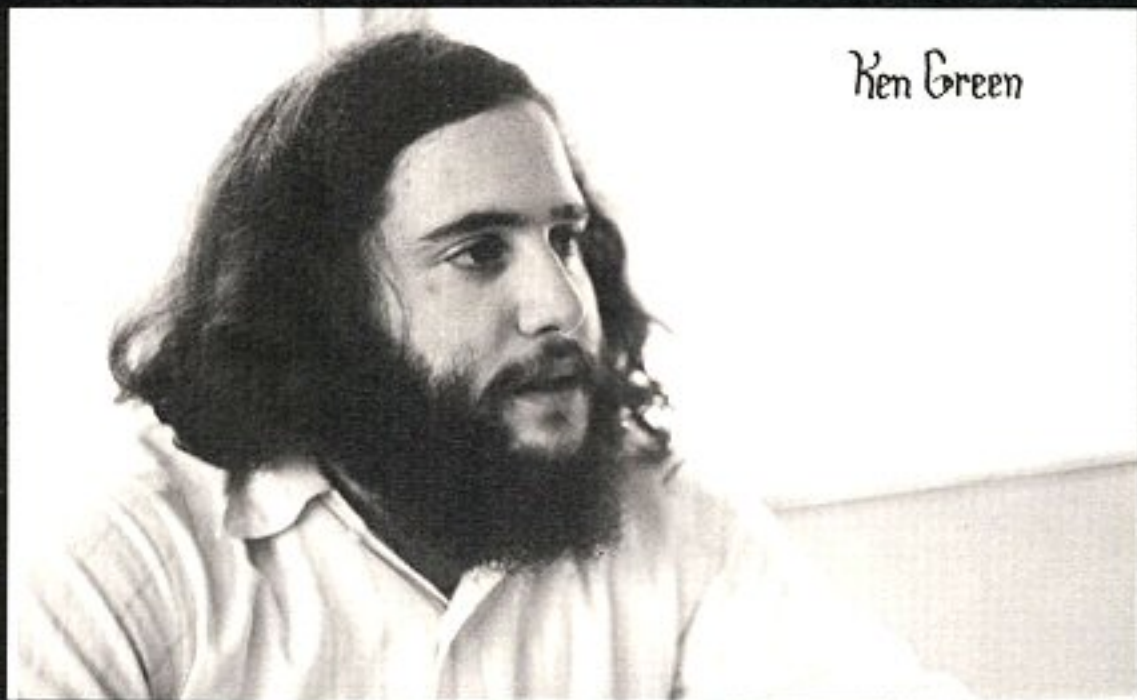
*Fourteen years in the present tense the contour of the universe will fold towards the sun and burn into equal parts soaring towards nothingness. The nothingness will shrink into a little ball and bounce to the green fields until it reaches the mountains of the second sun where it will find happiness with a white virgin of the fourth quadrant in the galaxy of your mind. Your mind will burn into cinders as man blows it away into the fires of conformity.*

—Rob Stokes









Ken Green



*I got a Yiddishishy mama  
Keep me well all winter long  
I said, a Yiddishishy mama  
For when the snow is on the ground  
Don't worry how we pay the rent  
We always seem to get along.*

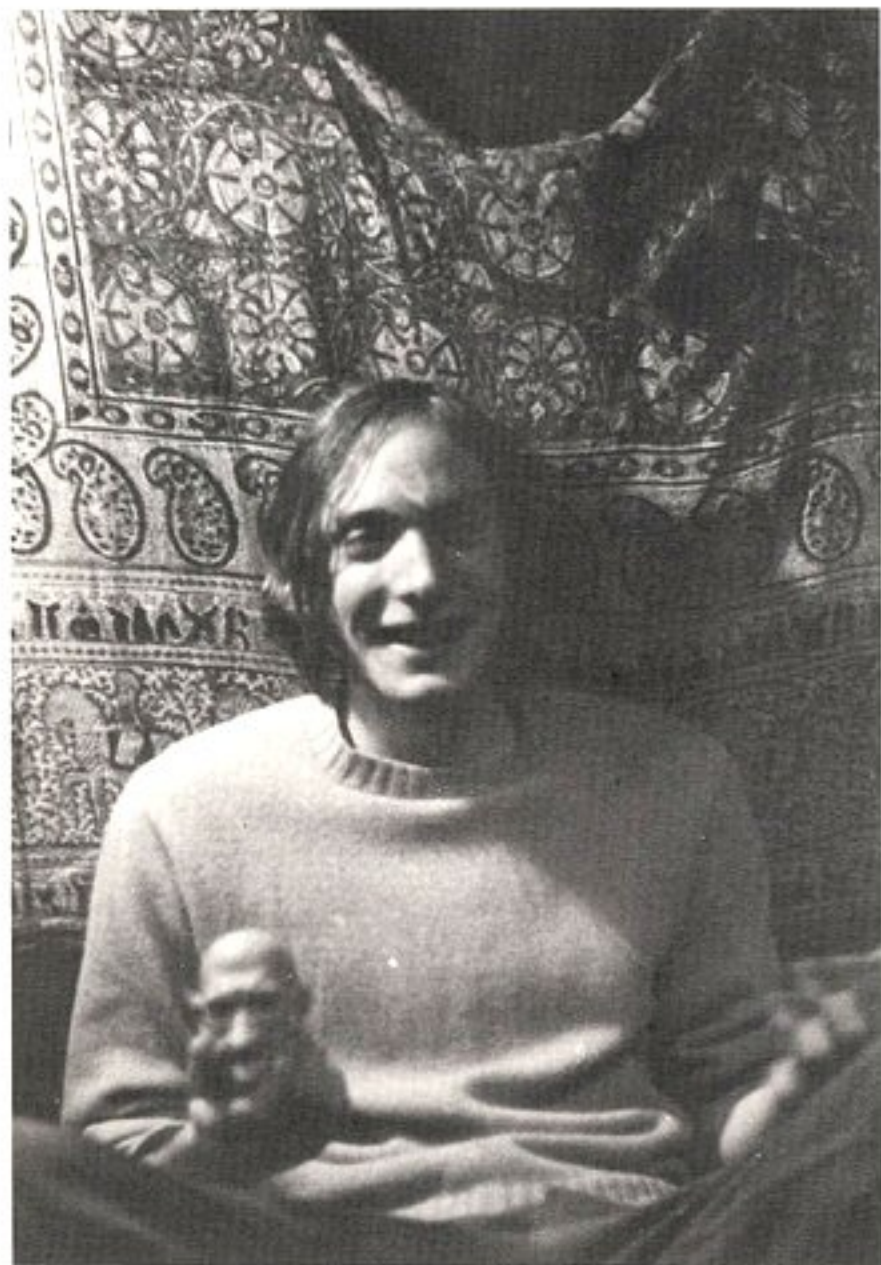
*We got plenty o' money  
To pay our bills  
We got plenty o' time left  
For plenty o' thrills  
Our lives must be heaven blessed  
We ain't got no ills.*

*Pretty soon I'm moving on  
To the big man in the sky  
Pretty soon I'm goin' away  
But mama she won't cry  
They'll bury me in my Sunday suit  
And a mail order tie.*

—Mike Manners







*Don't get your mind in the way  
of your decisions and actions.  
Break through all that.*

*-P.C.*

Phil Cochran





... and the first man asked the second;  
"Where have your travels taken you?"  
he answered;  
"Wide and far, I have gained power over  
people and have known many beautiful women.  
I have seen the sweets of life."  
... and the second man asked the third;  
"Where have your travels taken you?"  
and the third man answered;  
"To many morbid places of despair and depression.  
I have seen the drought of life, I have seen the dirt."  
... and the third man asked the fourth;  
"Where have your travels taken you?"  
and the fourth man answered;  
"Through many books of knowledge—of words,  
concepts, and abstractions, I have seen the truth."  
The first man said nothing.  
Just then, it ended.  
The three men could be heard  
Crying in the distance  
"where do I go  
from here?"

—R.L.





Robert Leventhal

Neil Harvey











John Escher

*"Lately it's occurred to  
me what a long strange  
trip it's been."*

—G.D.



## Richard Scott,



*"Where have you gone  
for DiMaggio?  
A nation turns its lonely  
eyes to you  
(woo, woo, woo.)"*

Paul Simon





Martin Baumgold



Jeff Newman





*"To be anymore than all I am  
would be a lie."*

—Jefferson Airplane



Jimmy Lembeck



*I picked a flower, and it  
shrieked. I put it back  
and began to weep, a sil-  
very tear rolled down my  
cheek, that's when my  
flower went back to sleep.  
For hours I waited for it  
to speak, but it only  
laughed, and withered away  
from my confusion, and I  
cried the following week  
realizing that flowers  
aren't human.*

—Karen Mandelbaum



Keith Weston

*"It is good only when  
It shows the oppressor  
Hanging from a tree  
By his neck.*

—Emory





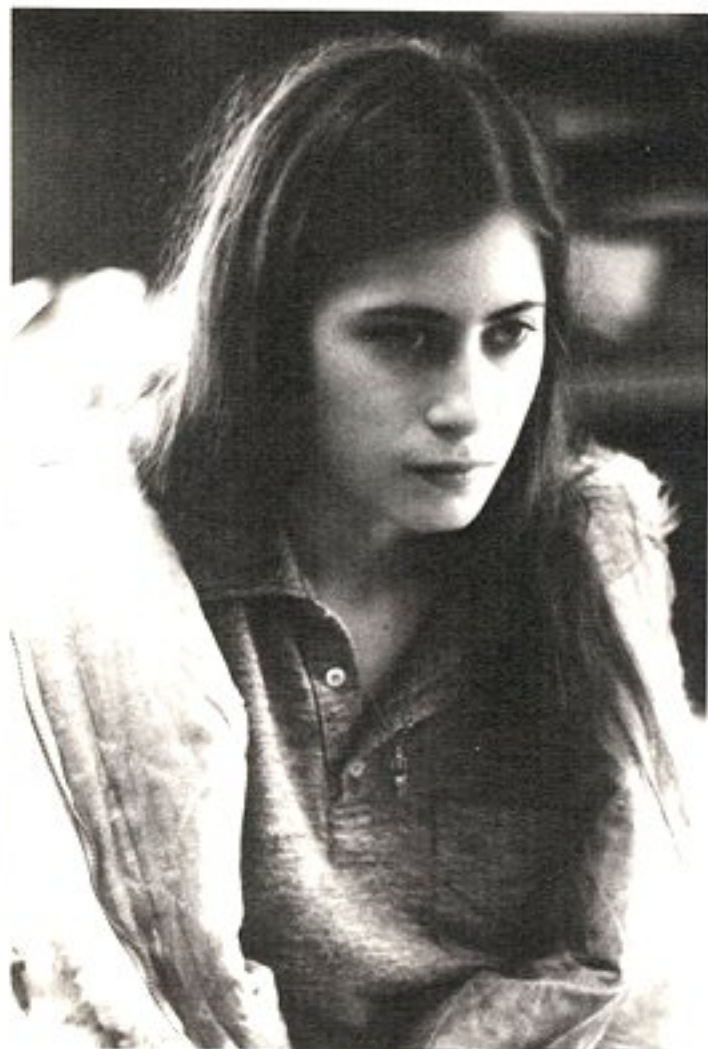


*Is it possible  
to try year after year  
and never succeed?*

—P.E.



*Phil Elena*



Debbie Dube



*"Perfume opens its eyes of you  
I shall be the shepherd of your hair  
A dawn made of all the air  
I ever breathed."*

—Saint Geraud



*"May the first note be round enough  
and those that follow fine,  
fine as sweet grass,  
prays the All-Day Bird."*

—Denise Levertov



Michelle Gerhard



Fernando Gomez



*"Kindness in words creates confidence  
Kindness in thinking creates profoundness  
Kindness in giving creates love"*

—Lao Tee



Lynn Hyman

Jeff Abrams

Merribelle Coles

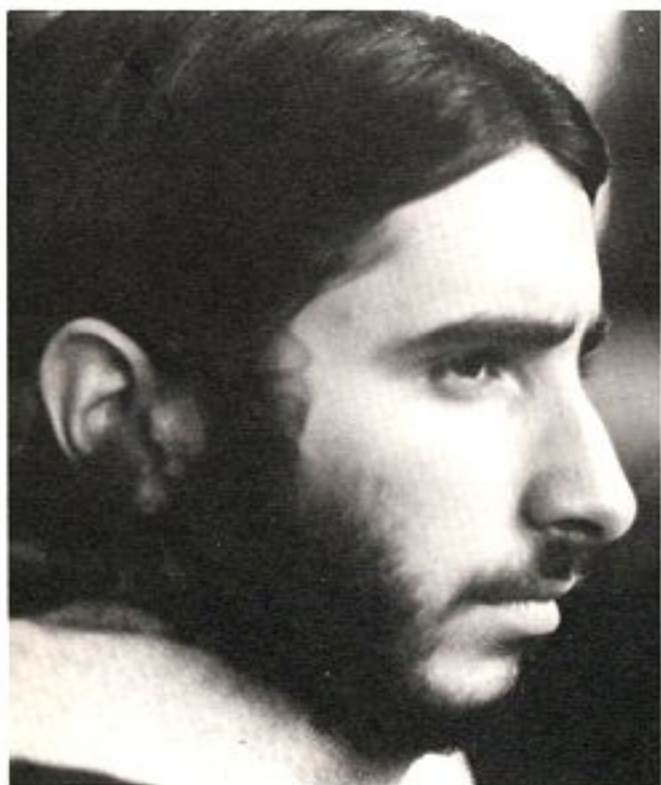
*For whom the  
bell toles...*



*—Old Sturbridge Village  
goes Cherries ...*



## David Anfang





Deni O'Brien





*"What is bitter to stand against today  
may be sweet to remember tomorrow"*

—Carl Sandburg

Alloma Gadsden

*"Wondering if where I've  
been is worth the things  
I've been through."*

—James Taylor

*Claudia MacLachlan*









*"What tribe is this so sunk in itself that it  
dreams in a night gone crazy?"*

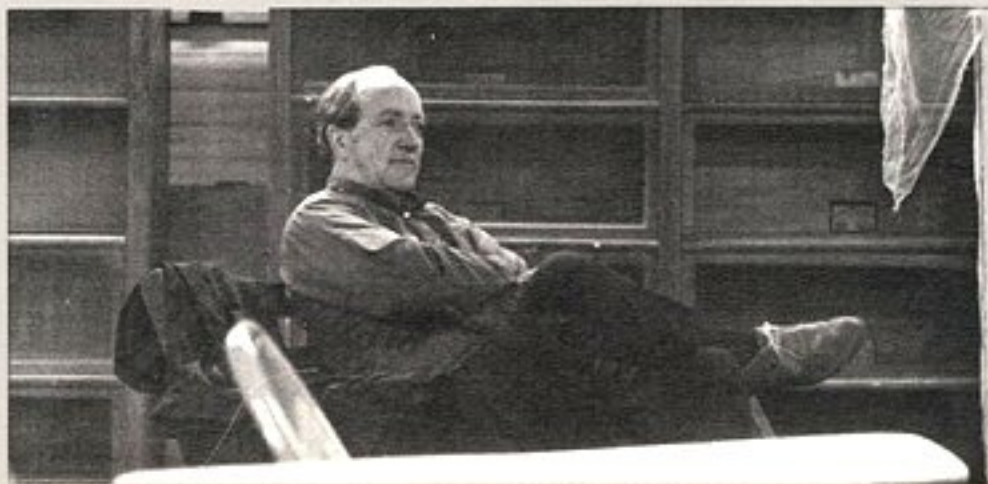


Michael Harris

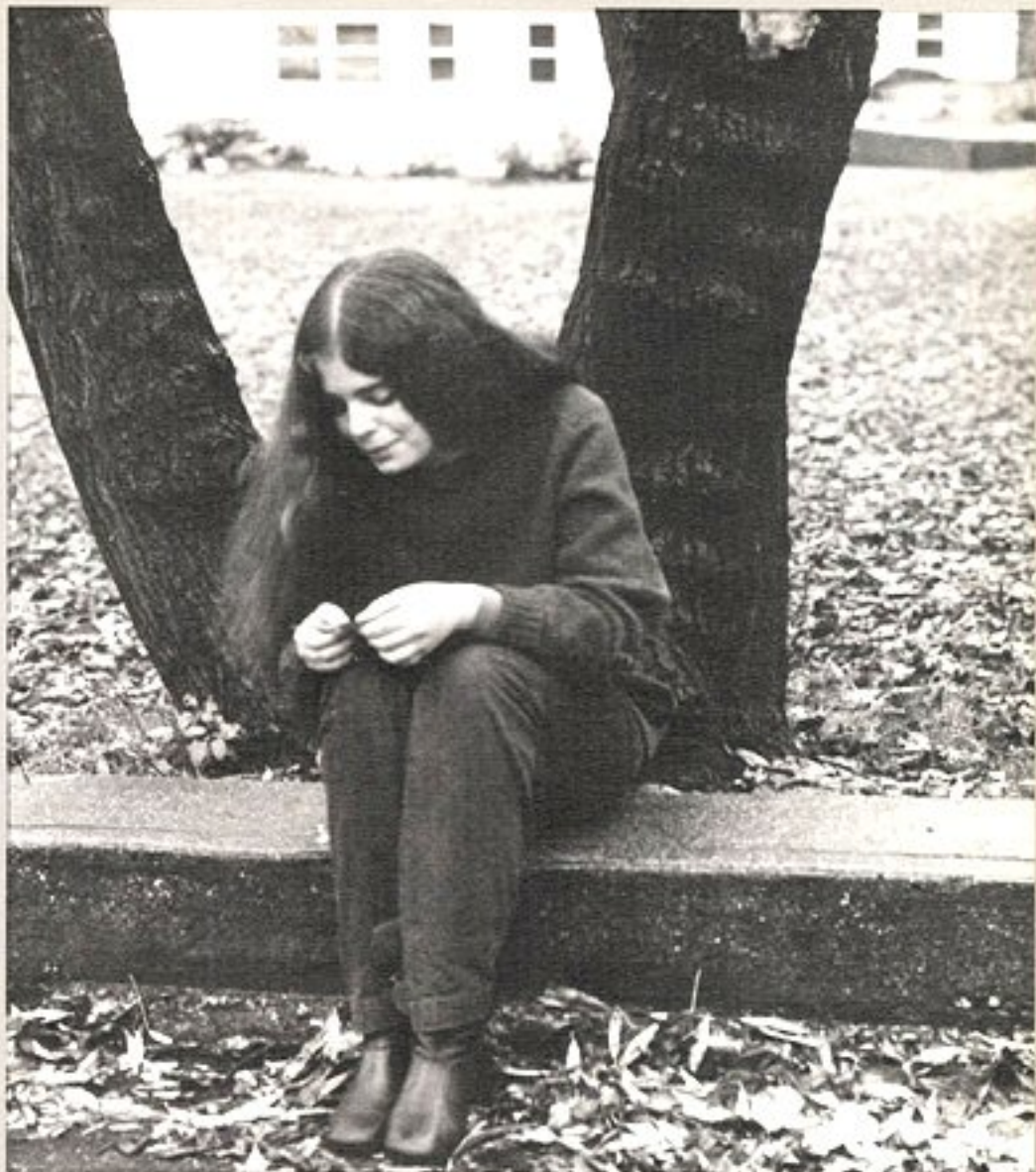













Wendy Schaper



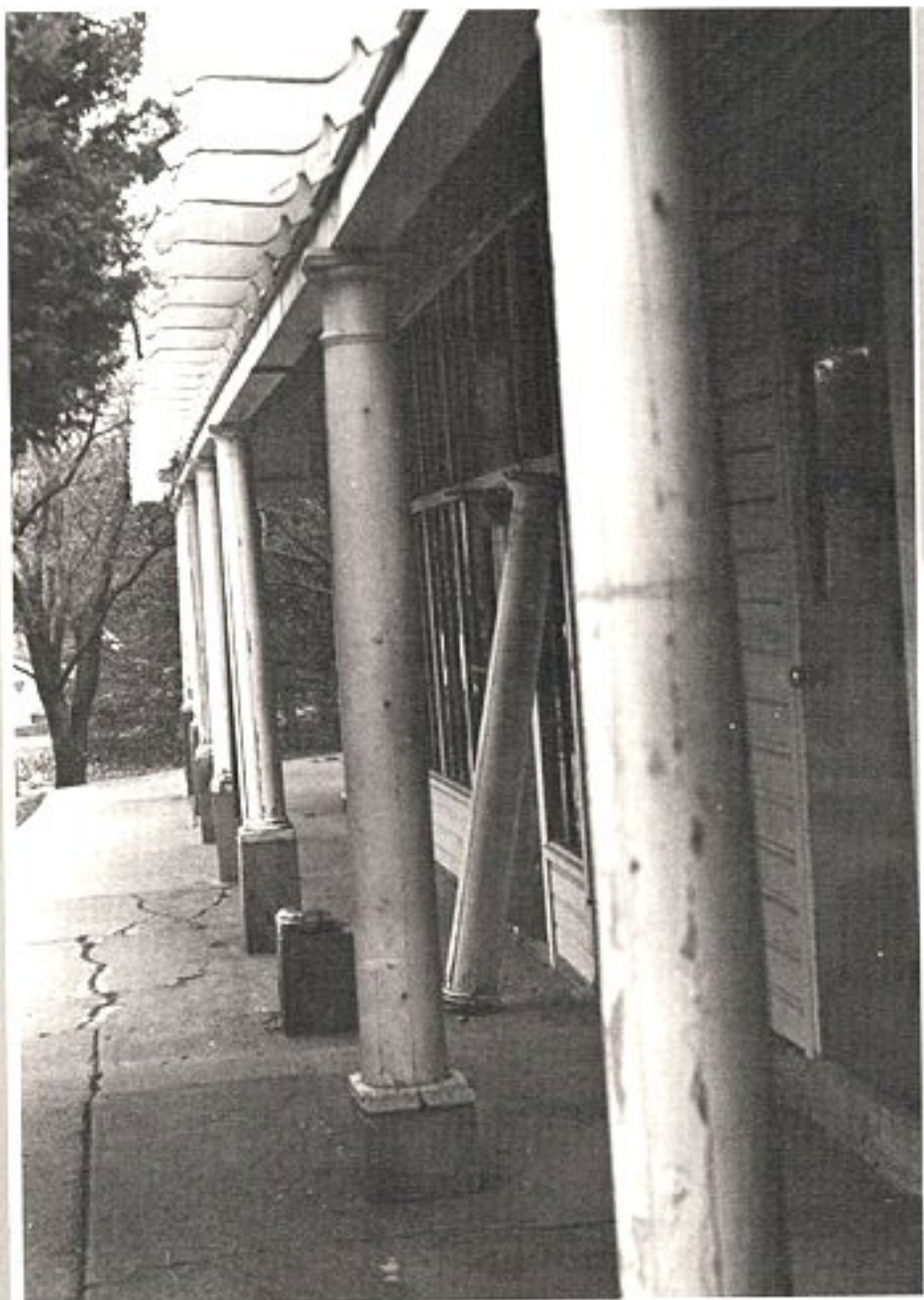
*"going to sleep, i cross my hands on my chest.  
they will place my hands like this.  
it will look as though i am flying into myself ..."*

—Saint Geraud



*hallow weens her children  
in blackness terror  
the morning is a sadness song  
all along*

*hallow streams in adolescence  
in pumpkin orange  
in the dusk is a whistlin' song  
all along*





*hallow deems in grotonup people  
in cocktail gold  
the night is a sentimental song  
all along*

*hulloto steams in grandma's kitchen  
in shoe polish brown  
the daton is the waking song  
... all along.*

—Sharone Einhorn

# THE QUEST



*Voice I: BIRTH,  
The great awakening,  
Drink deeply my friend,  
No, not so fast,  
You must learn to sip,  
Savour, curl your tongue,  
There is so much to learn,  
Embrace the world,  
Open your heart.*

*Voice II: I LIE in the water bed,  
Sing to me oh pond,  
Cradle, and tantalize my flesh,  
Kiss my pores, tickle my neck,  
Surely you are the great mother.  
Dance for me gentle winds,  
Tossing foliage, formless,  
Nature is your array,  
No step repeated,  
No costume can compare,  
Perfection, complete.  
Fill my being with love,  
Warmth and brightness,  
O father sun,*



*King of the infinite,  
Artist of the color spectrum,  
Creator of life,  
Our union shall be forever,  
I reach out to fly upward,  
Gravity has no meaning,  
I press my face to your bosom,  
Oh stars whisper to me,  
So far, yet so close,  
Tell me of the time before,  
Tell me what's beyond,  
Confide the secrets of the universe,  
We too are part of each other.*

*Voice I: YOU HAVE learned well,  
Little one,  
Life is really simple,  
In its seemingly overwhelming complexity,  
Now you must unlock others hearts,  
So that they too can understand,  
And cherish life,  
For you are the key,  
Above all,  
To live is divine.*

*—Sarah Winder*



Larry Carlton



Marianne Launay











# FROM OUT OF THE CHERRIES MIGHTY WARRIORS GROW





## Richard Friedman

*So the wizard comes not only to haunt,  
but to move the still waters.*

—R.F.



*... for it cannot be interpreted into a pipe  
which blows the wind and detaches  
their minds if they could only catch  
the thought ...*

—Shadow of the Wind (D.B.)

Dag Berg



*The fire-colored leaves were everywhere over the roadways  
The sun was saying its goodnight to the earth  
It coated the land in its orange October light  
The beauty of fall was everywhere*

*Then the clouds came hanging over the sky  
And with the clouds came the darkness  
And with the darkness came the cold and rain*

*My dulled spirit called upon the tears adding to the raindrops  
And in the washed out flood of emotion, through the dark cold fog,  
I found my way to the only sanctuary of my mind*

Carol Chapman









Cathy Weiss







Cyrus Weiss



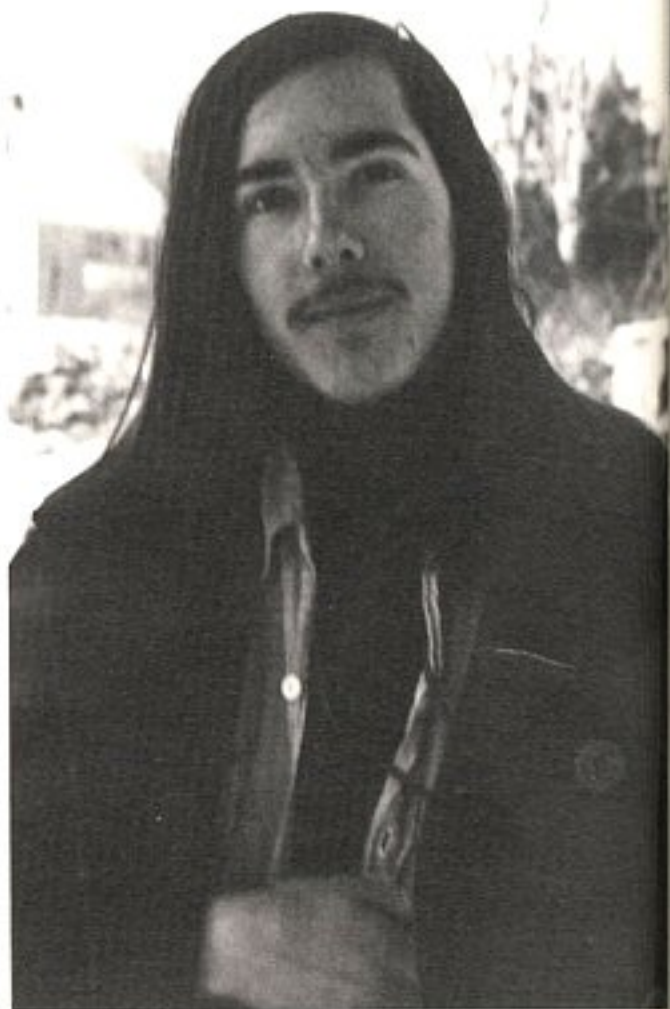
*"Opportunity is not a train that comes daily  
it is a whore that comes only once and then  
quickly goes away to others."*

*"Old pond—  
Frog jumpin'  
Water sound"*

—Basho

*Night falls this morning  
in the guise of the highway-man  
Black cape flowers in the  
black word of its own making  
Like a deep breath*

—P.L.



Peter Lewis

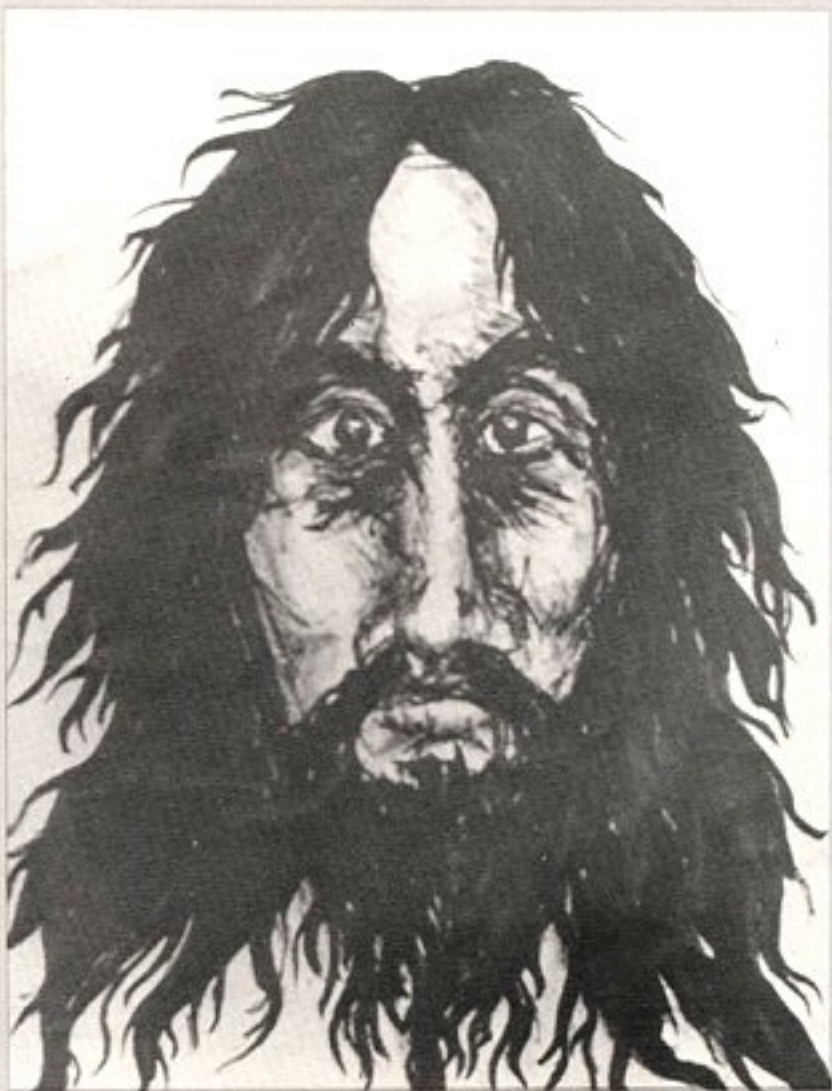


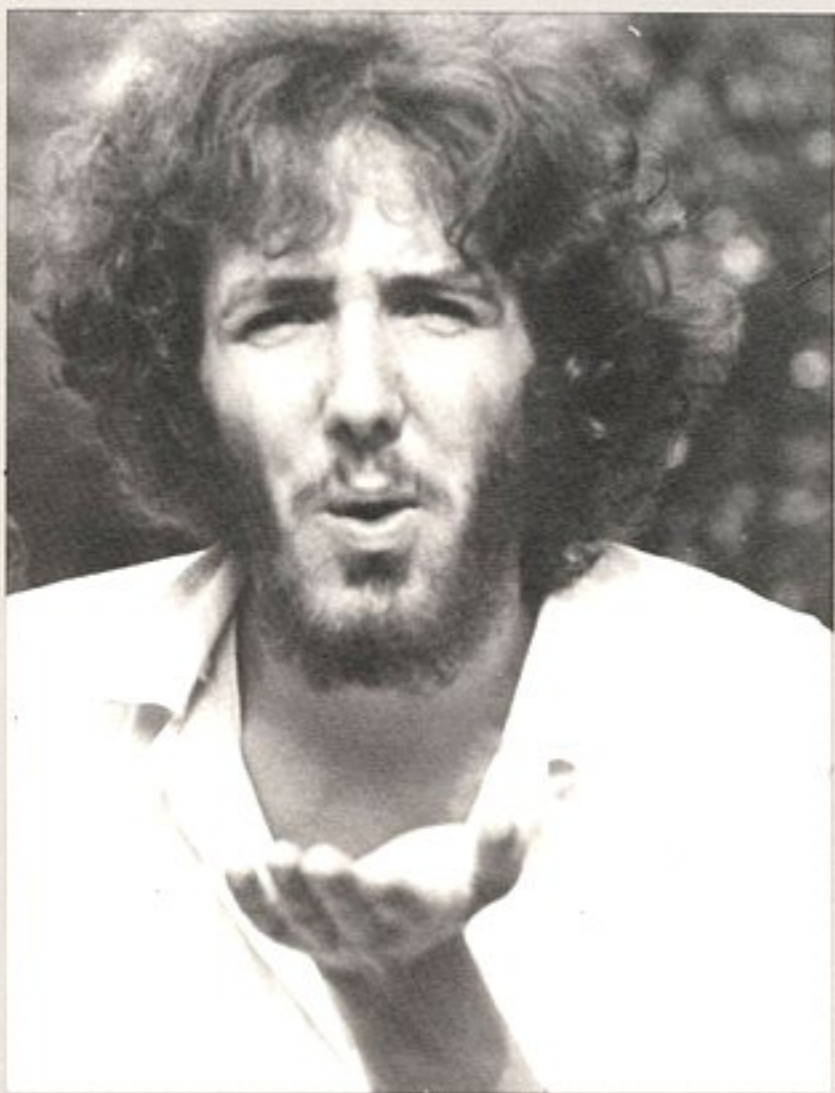
*"The only way to find the limits  
of the possible is to go beyond  
them into the impossible."*

—Arthur C. Clarke

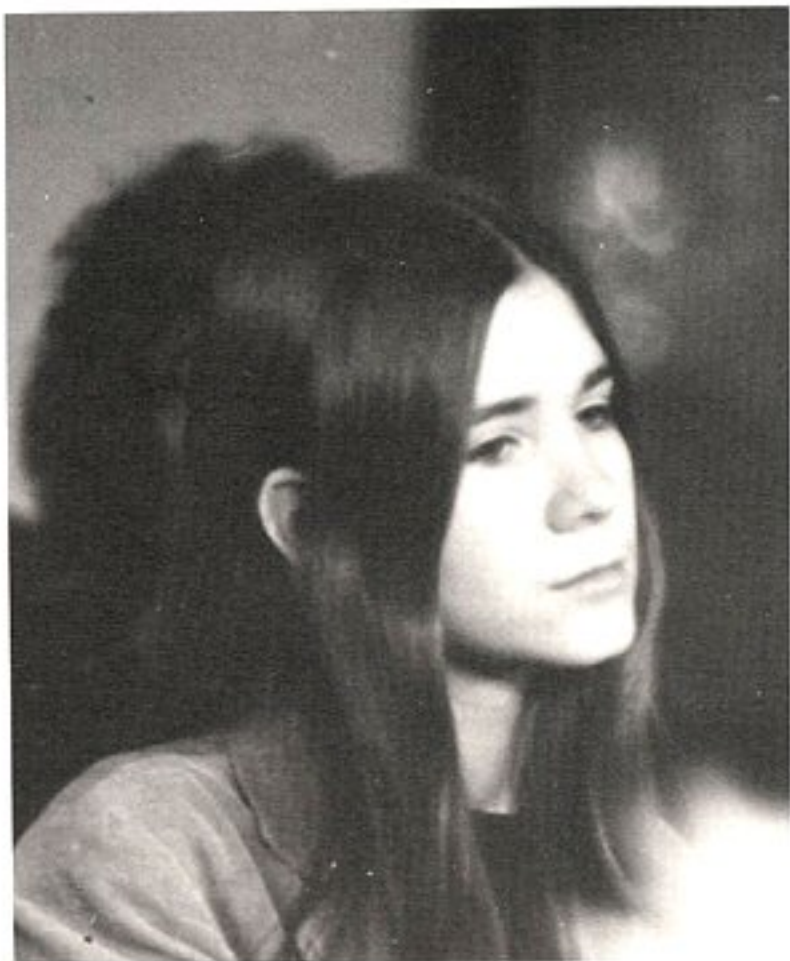
Michael Tallan







*Jason Sheppard*





*"If you smile at me you know I will understand.  
'Cause that is something everybody everywhere  
does in the same language."*

—Crosby, Kantner, Stills

Sandy Lieberman





Danny Schupack



## David Hill

*Meditation—the greatest trip there is.*  
—D.H.







*Presenting the Benevolent Order of Pregnant Water Buffalos:*

*Michael Manners—Minister of Initiations*

*Jeremy Burwell—Minister of Information*

*Cyrus Weiss—Minister of Humor*

*Bill Adler—Minister of Ministers*

*John Gilbert—Grand Buffalo*

*Marianne Launay—Plain Old Buffalo*







Mee Ling Mah

*"A good start is the half of success."*  
—Chinese Proverb







*To no avail, to no avail  
The night be young when I set sail  
It be a dark, dread night when I come—  
To face the danger—if there be some  
When the sun has set on the crooked path  
I will be hauling fore and aft.*

*To no avail, to no avail  
The wind will howl down the lonesome trail  
The waters will shine in the misty light—  
Like ancient beckons in the night—  
And I will be there all alone  
In the dark where the sun once shone.*

*To no avail, to no avail  
What a night it be when I set sail  
The wind be right, my craft be strong—  
The rocky shore be miles long  
The wind will howl—the sea will roar—  
When I cast off that lonely shore.*

—Bruce Farguhar



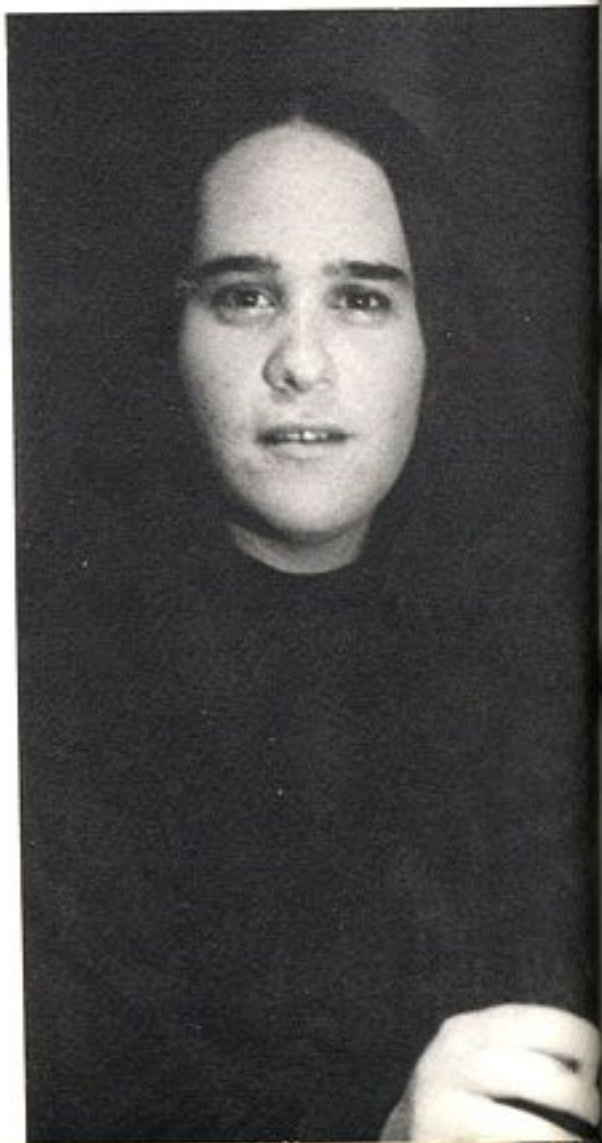
## David Engle



*"I have traveled this road so long  
that perhaps I have helped  
to shape its course."*

—Gordon Parks

*"LIFE IS A BITCH."*  
—MICK JAGGER





Amy Reichman



*How many times we talked the night away  
How many plans we made to hit the road someday  
How many things there are to see  
These are to be now that we are young and free.*

—P.J.



Pete Jaffe

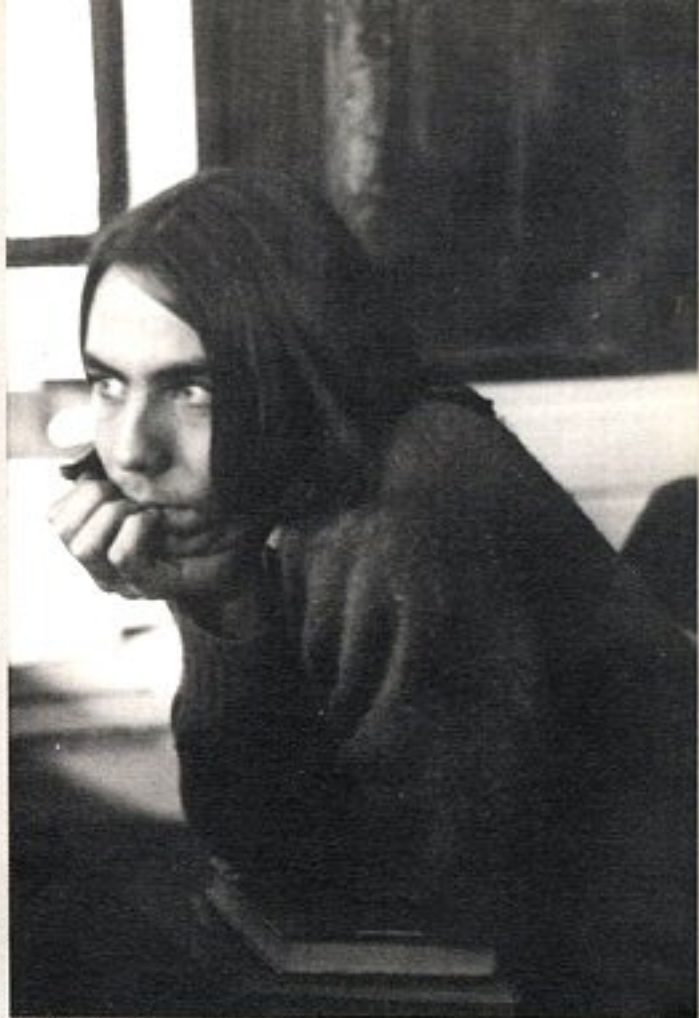


Steve Freeman

## Richard Gordon

*"Make up your minds that happiness depends on being free, and freedom depends on being courageous."*

—Pericles



Skip Attux



*I burn the rubber for I am here  
I move my mind for I am here  
I move my body extending eyes and fingers  
My senses move me and  
I move my senses  
I rave logical illogics for  
I know I am here  
I am master of my illogics but  
My illogics are master of me  
I climb, I devour  
I learn with passion and from passion  
Passion moves me for I am here*





*I am lost in the effervescent froth  
But I am not sinking and  
My path is lighted  
The path is not outlined for*

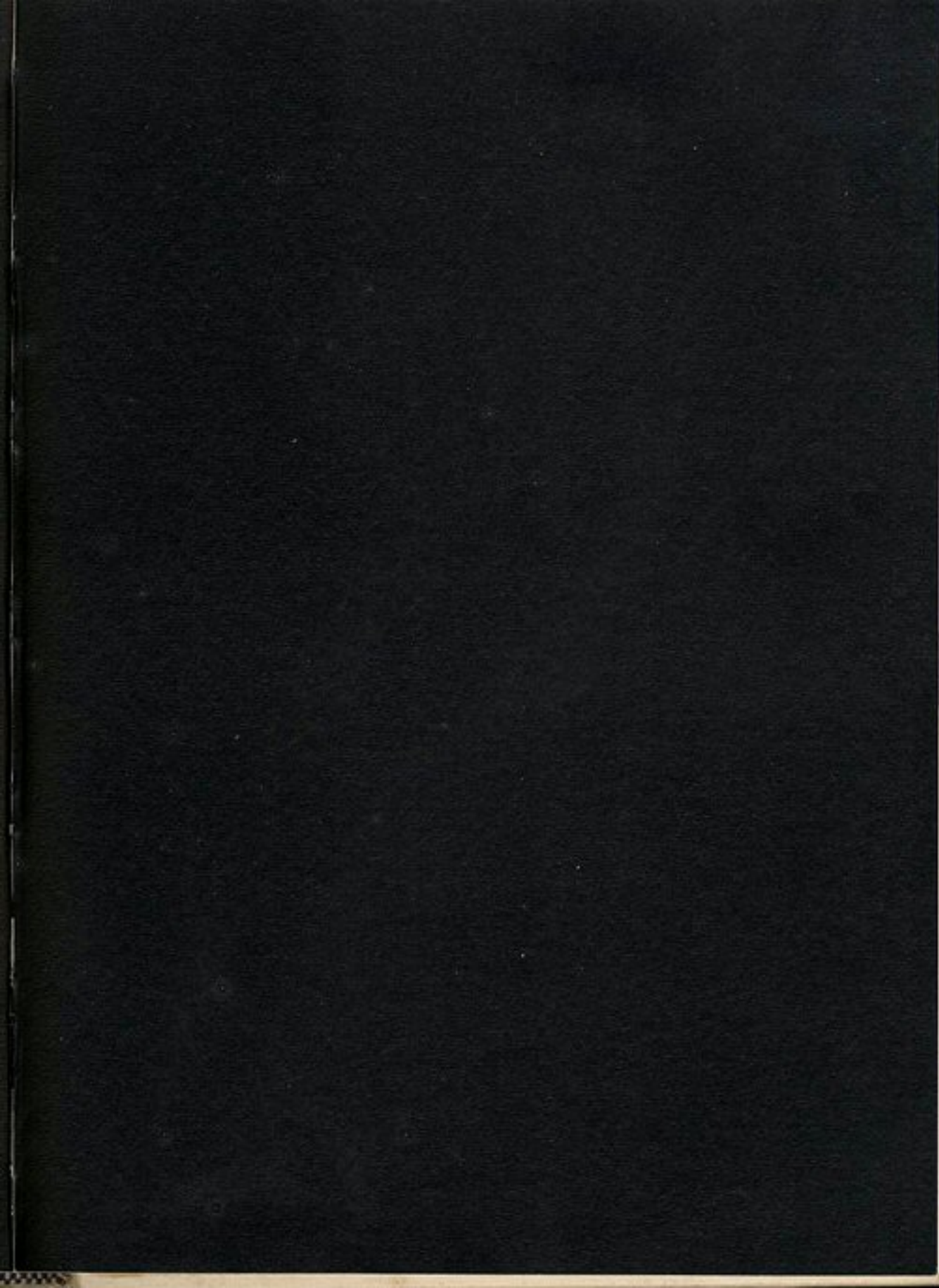


*I am here but  
I know the path because I am here  
I know I am here.*

—Jeremy Burwell

*William Neal Church*

January 6, 1902—February 19, 1971

















*"Involuntary  
I may live on  
In the passing world  
Never forgetting  
Of his midnight moon."  
—The Emperor Sanjo*

**Bill Adler**



*we love you*

Don Drew







Barbara Fiore











*and on the other hand ...*











*we could float  
belly up  
down the river  
or lie lazy  
in the southern sun,  
be carried by the current  
or collect coloured bottle glass  
and seashells  
(and fishscales)  
or we could hide in the shade of the grove  
and find a cool tomb  
in the midst of steaming summer caldrons.  
we could bask naked to the sun  
on the lime field-grass banks of the river  
and hummm to mosquito songs  
and water ripples . . . . .  
and we could be playmates there  
in southern comfort,  
. . . . .in mama's house  
on the river.  
won't you come?  
—Sharone Einhorn*

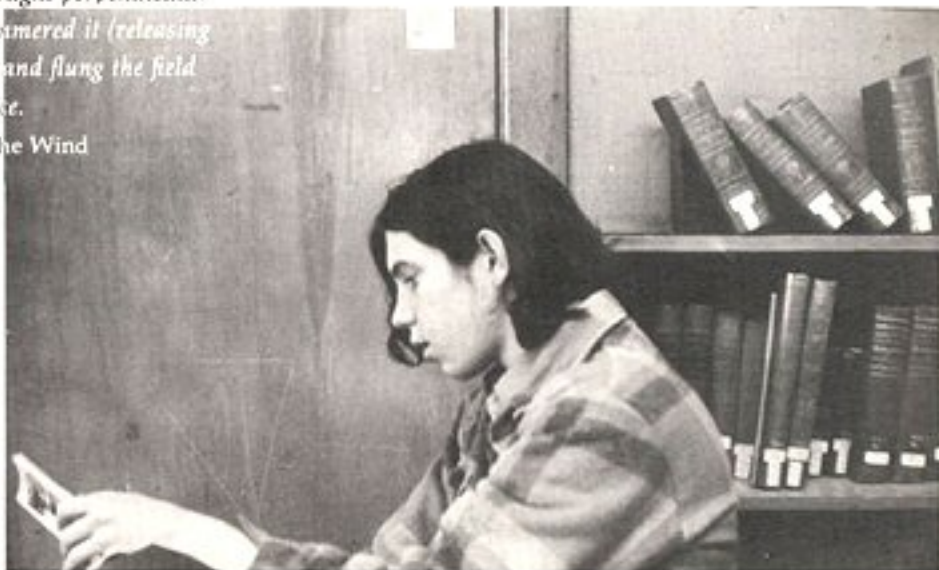




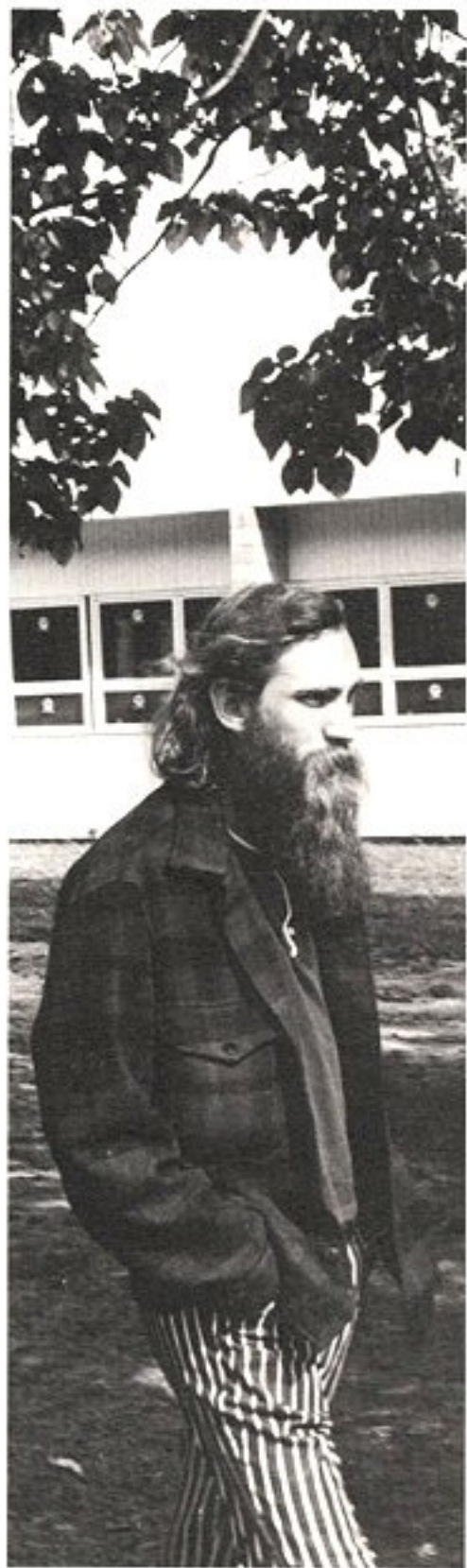


*The sun flowed into the thought perpendicular  
to the force of creation, hammered it (releasing  
the feelings from the form) and flung the field  
out into the position of peace.*

—Shadow of the Wind





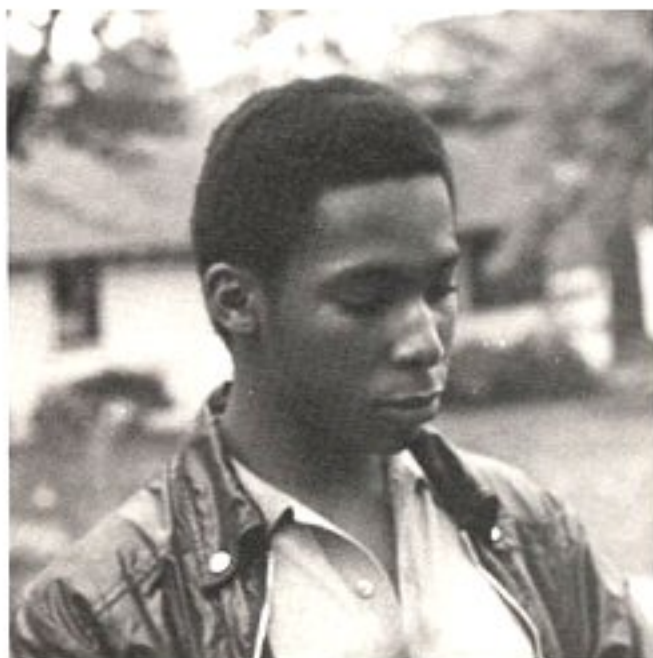


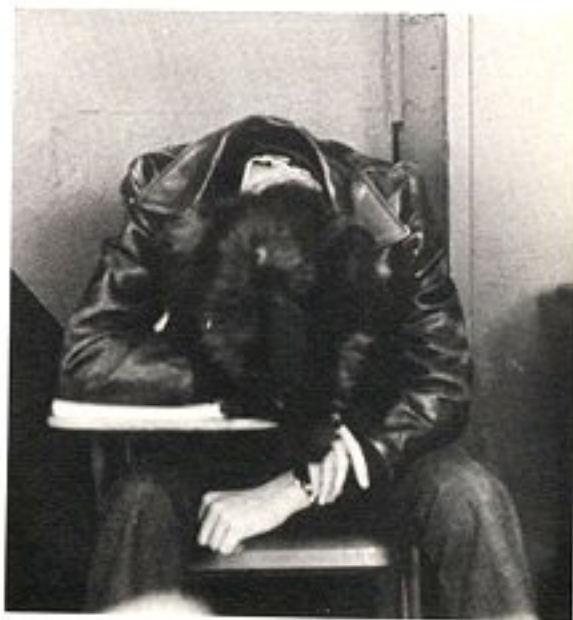
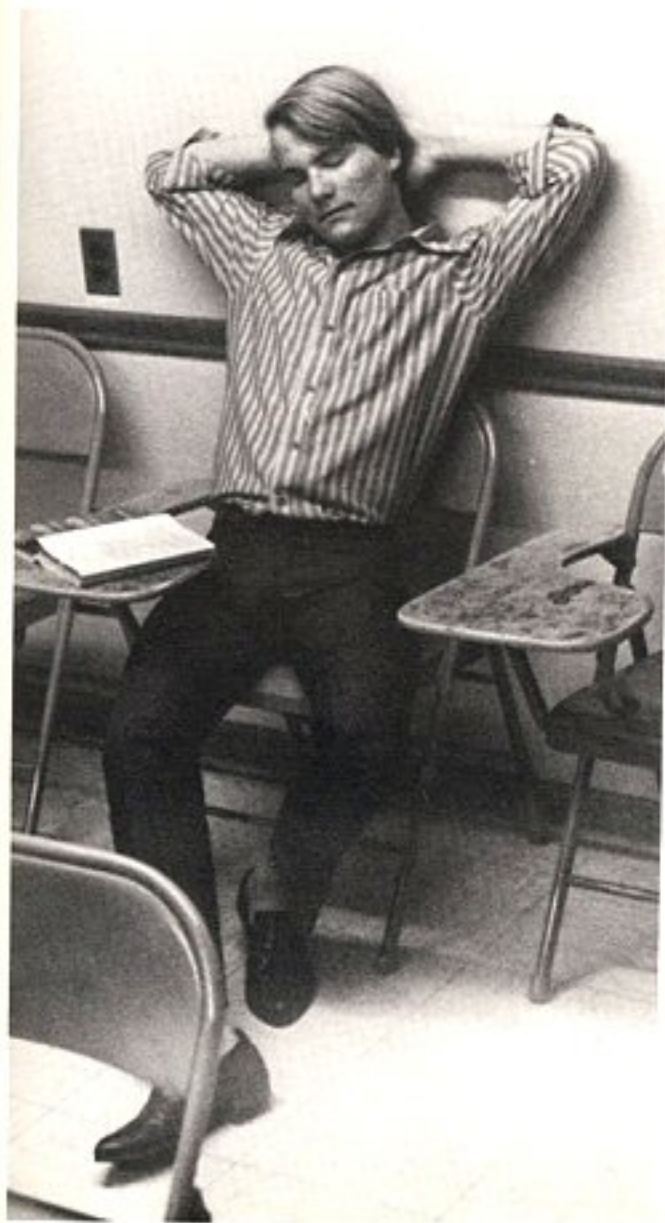


*I sat in the Unicorn's garden,  
They spoke thru the wind,  
Memories of a time  
Before my birth,  
Made the air unbreathable.*

*You came,  
Out of nowhere,  
Our souls knew each other  
How is that possible—  
They know the unsteer.*

—Marianne Launay





Melanie Smith



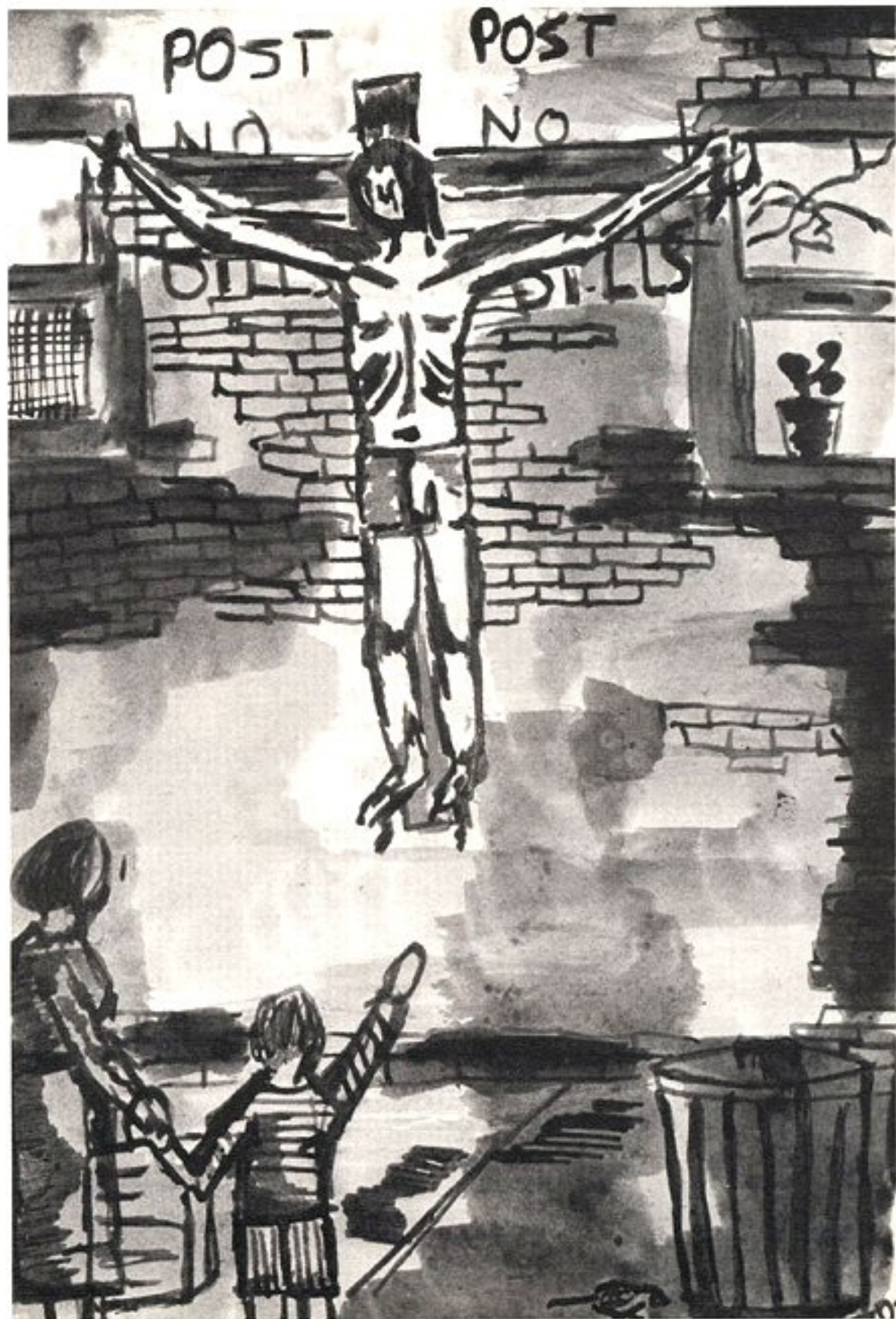


*A word, a beautiful word  
Break out of a dark silent world  
Draw the sun  
To brighten someone's day  
With understanding and love  
And a giggle from someone  
Smile*

—M. S.



B.B.







## Sonata II in E flat major

Johann Sebastian Bach

Handwritten musical score for Sonata II in E flat major by Johann Sebastian Bach, featuring Flute and Piano parts.

The score is written on two systems of staves. The first system includes a Flute staff and a Piano staff (treble and bass clef). The second system continues the Piano part.

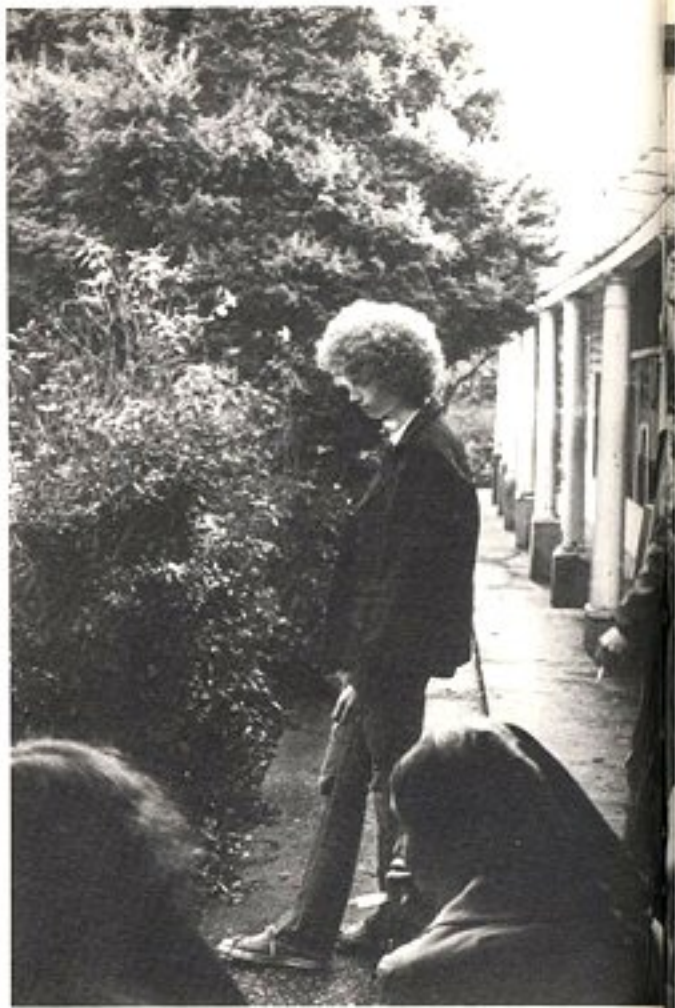
**Flute Part:**

- Staff 1: Treble clef, key signature of two flats (B-flat, E-flat). The melody begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a half note, and then a series of sixteenth notes. A measure number "30" is written above the staff.

**Piano Part:**

- Staff 2: Treble and bass clef, key signature of two flats. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes, while the left hand plays a series of quarter notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.







*Nothing can bring you peace  
but yourself. Nothing can bring  
you peace but the triumph of principles.*

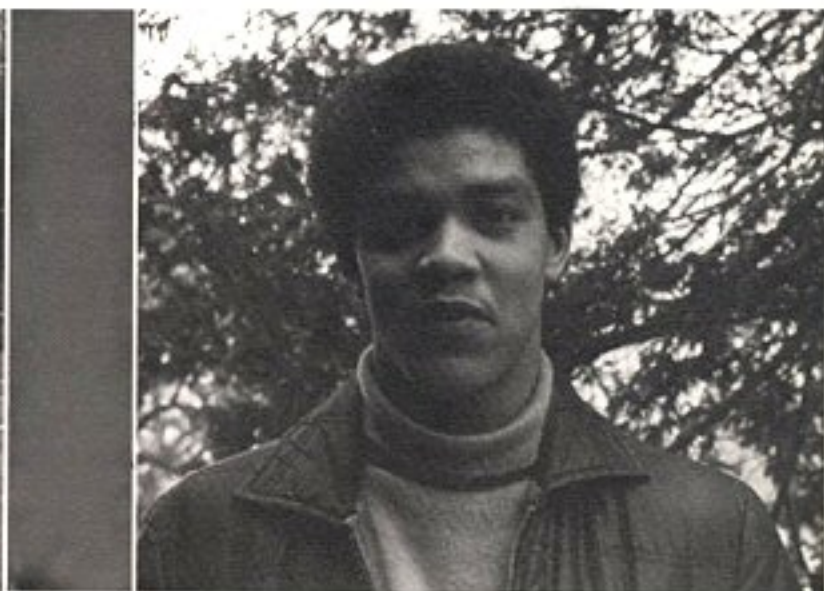
—Ralph Waldo Emerson



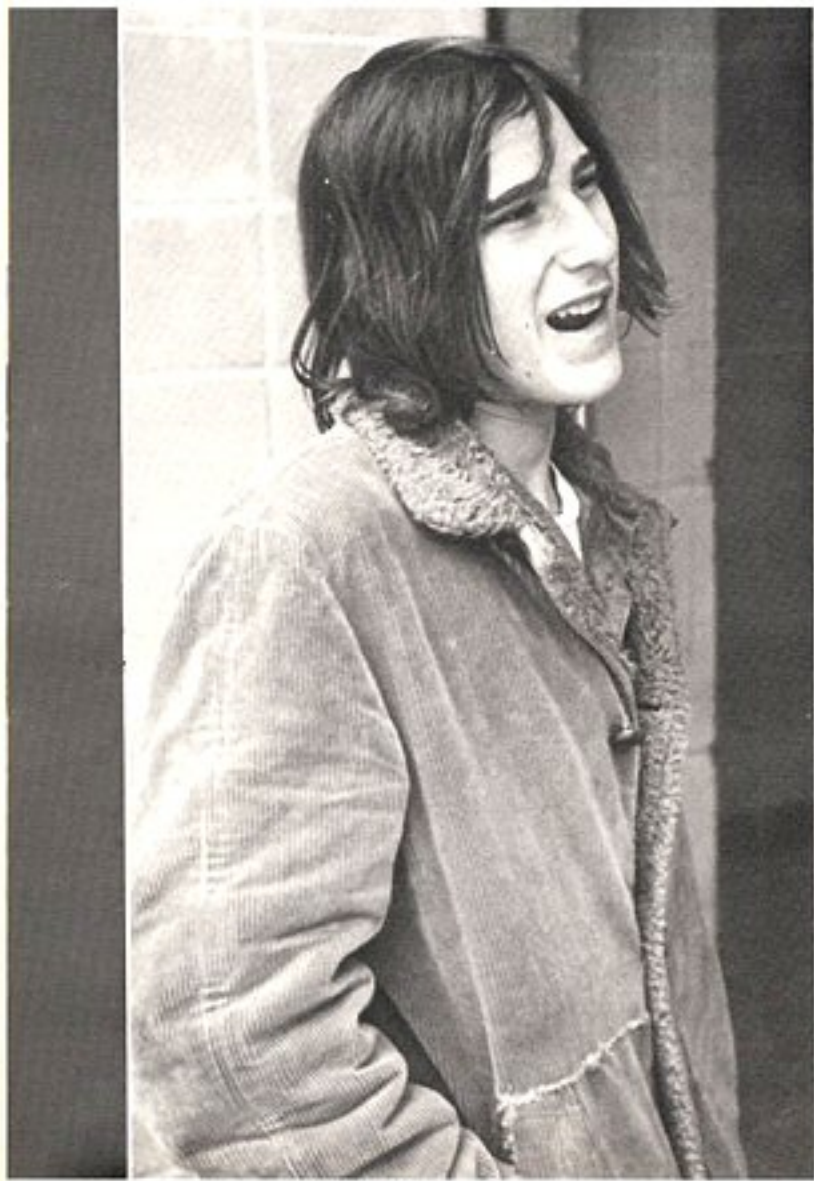
Bonnie Graff







Fred Dean





Mike Angione

*Some people have kind thoughts but at times  
don't know how to express them.*

*—M. A.*



- A. The Great White Hope
- B. A Bird Sanctuary
- C. A Nuclear Power Plant
- D. The Future Con Edison  
Of Greater Cherry Lawn









*Vitality—Stolen—In  
a Chalkboard Coffin*  
—Taz Delaney







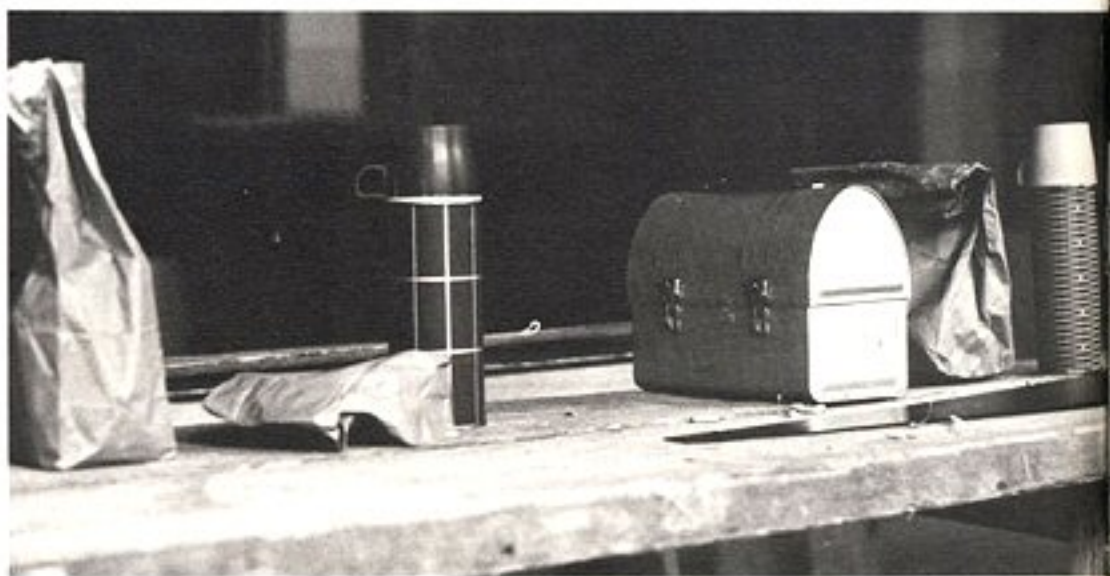


*The bronzen figures speak of remnant thoughts untouched.  
Nervous laughter weeps, of unshed tears.  
A distance of solitude stands between us.  
Perhaps my coldness;  
your uneasiness.  
Silent winds whisper yesterdays joys and loving moments.  
A bleak grey sky enfolds the richness of earth.  
Virile waves at sea,  
fight; smashing  
against the rocks of desolation.*  
—Sarah Falion





Oo ... where were you  
when the lights went out?



*Autumn evening—  
A crow on a rare branch  
—Basho*





*When love can exist through  
the problems and disappointments  
of life today, it is unbelievable.*

*But when a love like ours can go  
without being punctured by the  
outside knife of life it is  
beyond any grabbing hands of  
disappointments or problems.*

Hope + Harris

















*For too long people's minds have been screwed.  
Many think that it's their fault because they've  
been taught to think that way. As the result,  
I think that we're all crazy.*

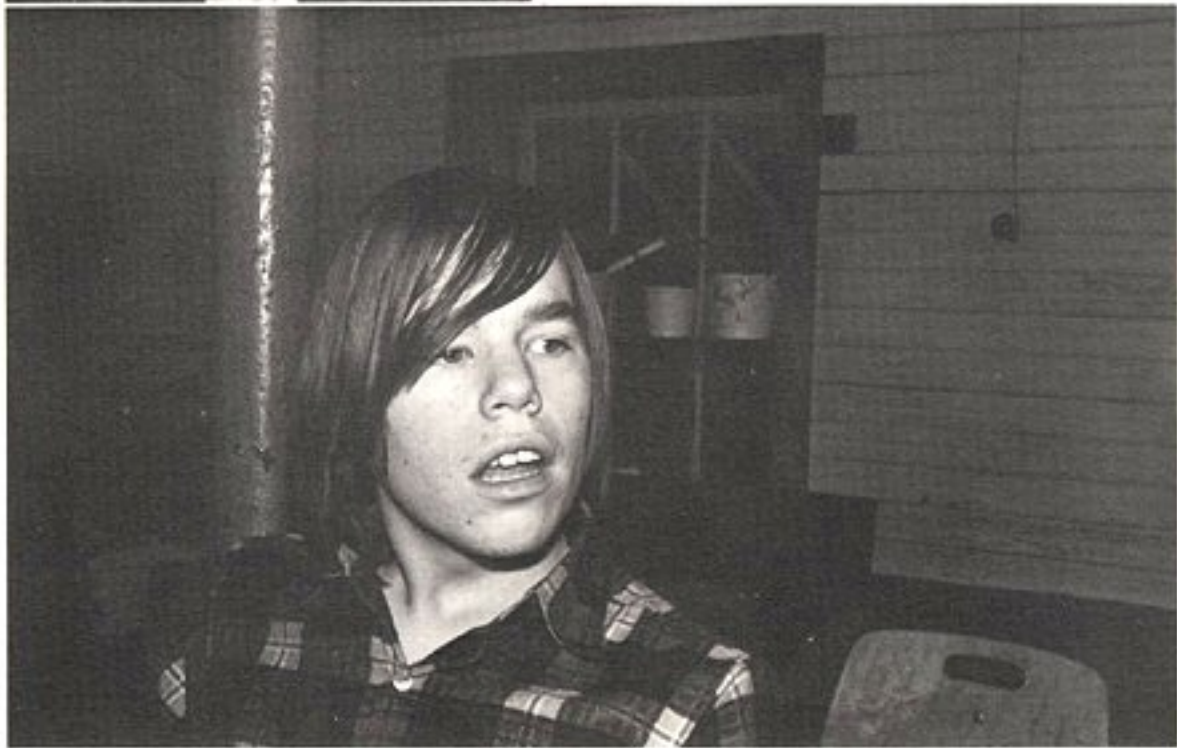
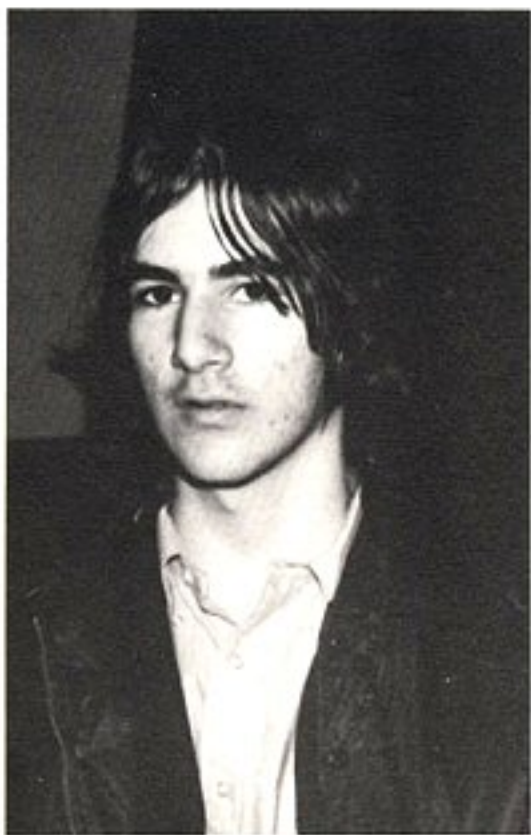
*-E.Q.*

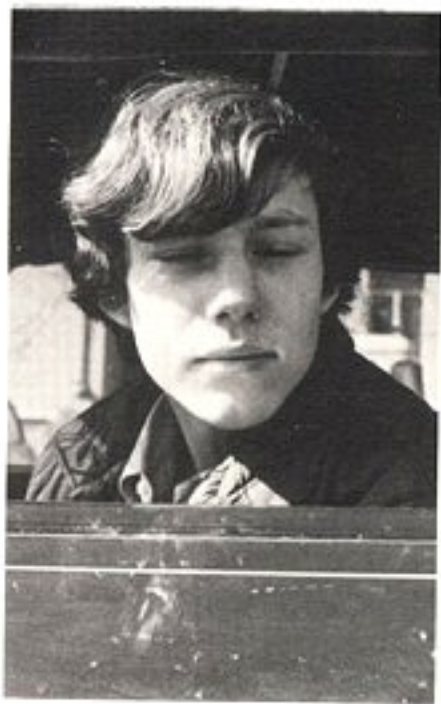
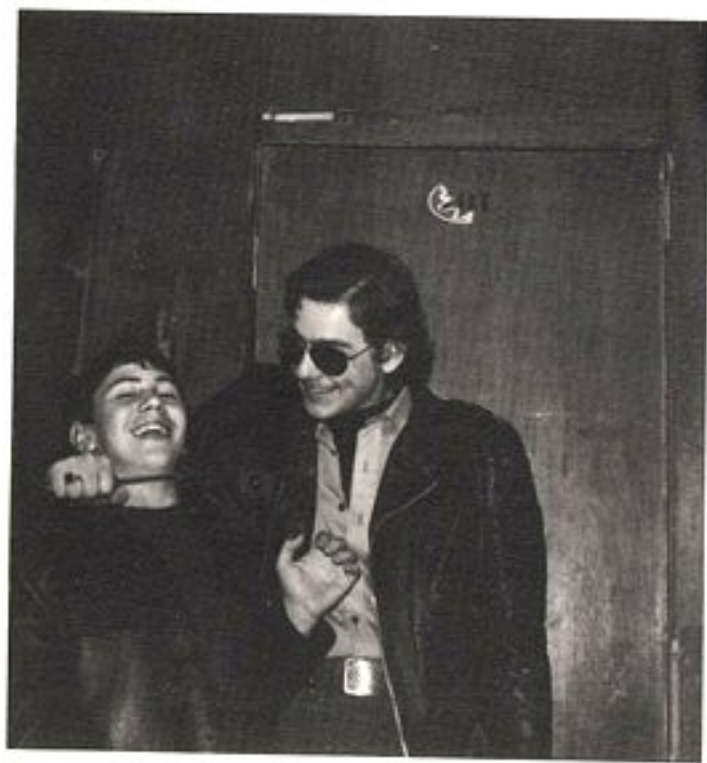


Ed Qingley



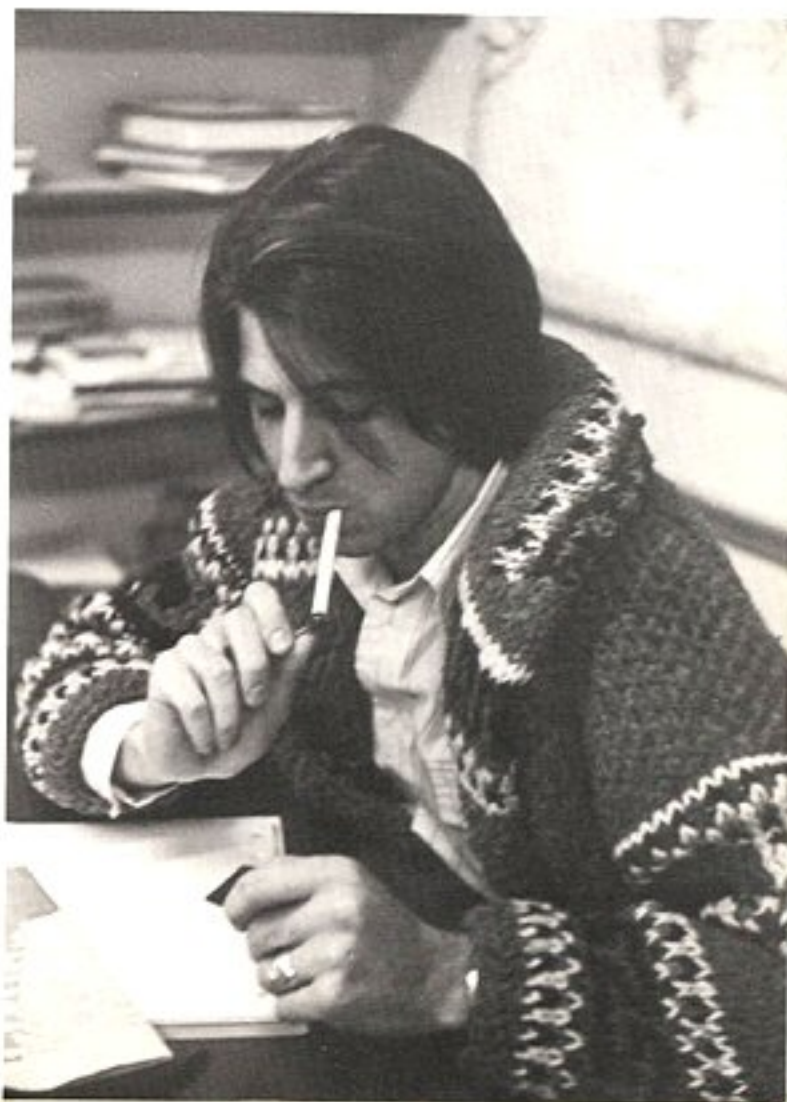














Elizabeth Mahoney



*Some men see things as they are and say why.  
I dream of things that never were, and say why not.*  
—George Bernard Shaw



*when the time comes for us to leave  
and enter into our desolated worlds  
will we have the chance to say goodbye*

*then how will we say it  
will you let me hold you one last time  
or maybe will i get a pat on the back*

*will i be able to cry  
knowing what's going on  
knowing that this is the end*

*what i'll probably do is reach out my hand  
like i've done so many times when i was afraid  
maybe you'll reach out yours*

*for each moment that i'll feel  
the warmth of our hands in each others  
another tear will flow down my cheek*

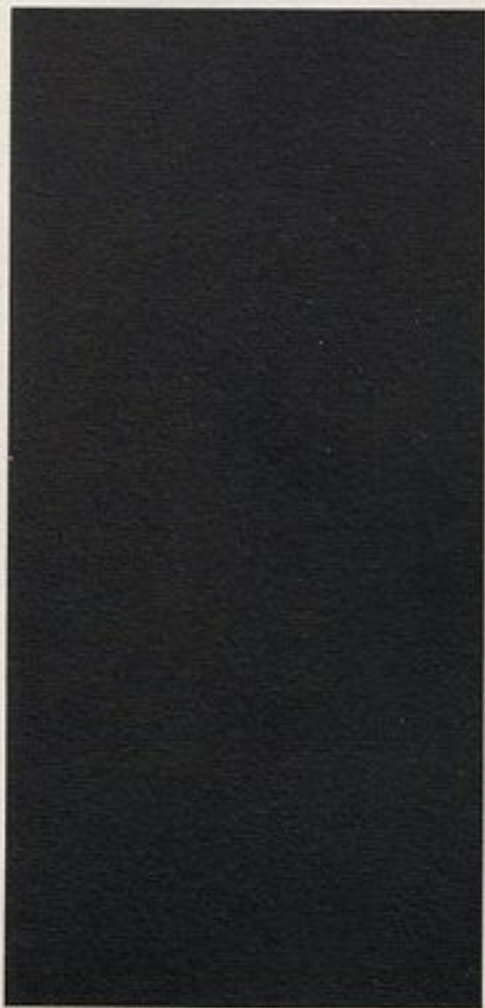
*but then will i be able to let go  
and if i can't will you then pull away forever  
i love you*

*-S.R.*



*Sandra Rosenfeld*











In the woods,  
The sound under my feet  
Crackling of pine needles on the ground.  
Over on my right, the light dimmed through  
Shone the white strings old man's beard  
Hanging from the branches.  
All the trees, living or dead  
Covered with green and white stiffed lichens  
And a carpet of green mosses around the trunk.  
The quiet of this place  
Is nothing but the sounds of ghosts.  
The fainting sign of needles moving in the air  
And the creaks of rubbing bark against bark.  
Then a squirrel leaped from a branch  
To the ground of the earth.  
Finally the path emerged from the dimness  
And the depth of the forest  
To the sound of water splashing against the shore.

—Melanie Smith



Debbi Goldberg

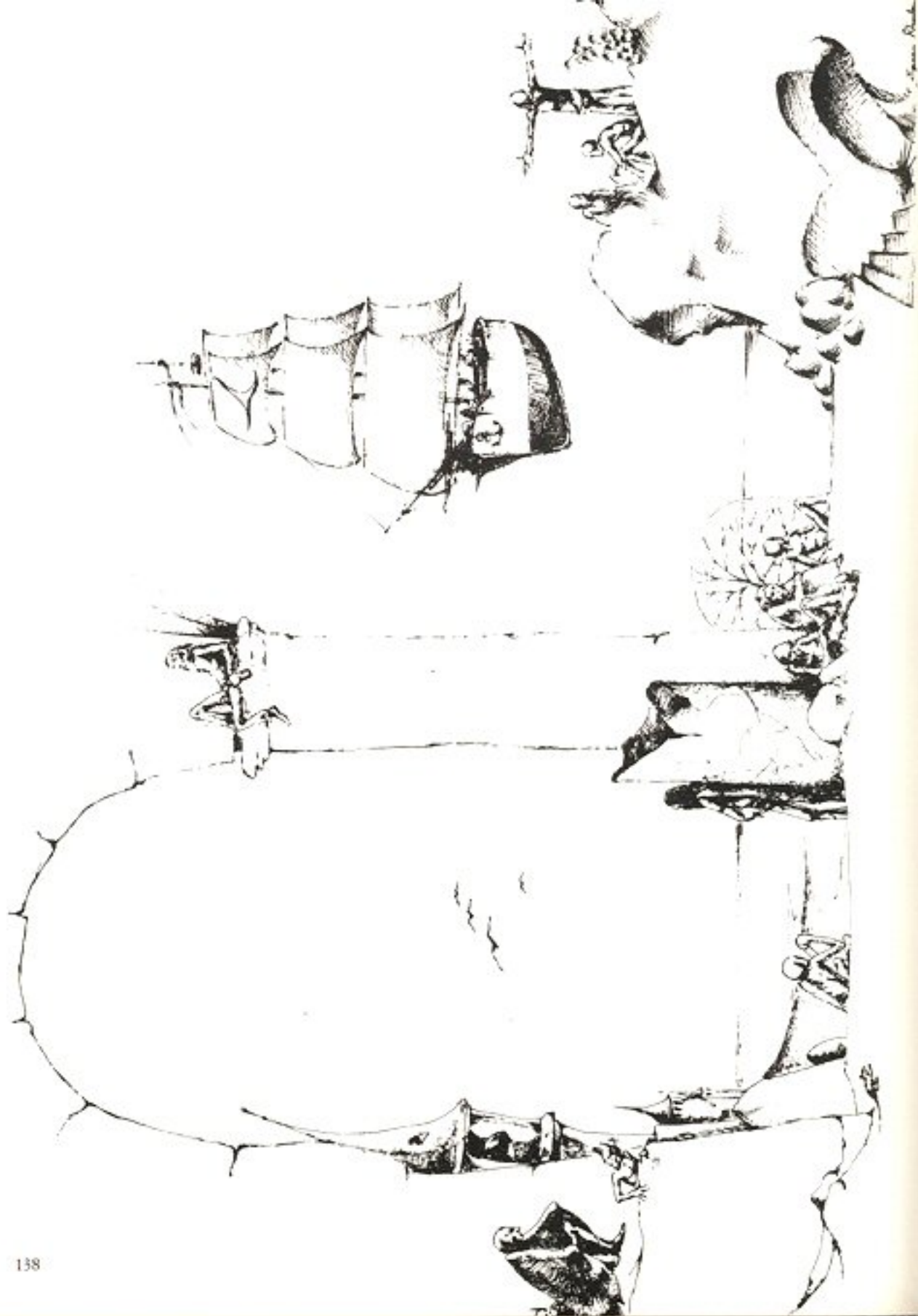


*... and if you love somebody  
tell them  
love's a better road map  
for trucking down the years  
than Rand McNally ever made*  
—Rod McKuen











*"My Funny Morning"*

Breakfast was at 13 o'clock  
and the sun was all about and  
there I sat with Mom and Dad  
eating pickled trout.

"Don't hurry so," my Mother said.

"Or you'll be late for school."

She knew she shouldn't have said that;  
I'm there at 5 as a rule.

"Cows, eat up," said Daddy as he  
shed a piece of hat.

"If you don't eat more paper  
plates, you won't grow nice and fat."

So after I had eaten all  
my fish and all my sup,  
I ran up stairs, with

mud in hand, to go and dirty up.

And after I was dirtied up,  
I walked down stairs to yawn,  
I picked up all my purple frogs  
and walked to Cherry Lawn.

-Paul Massino







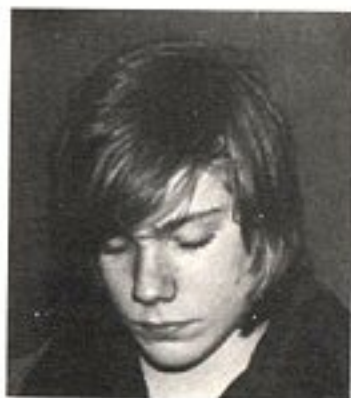
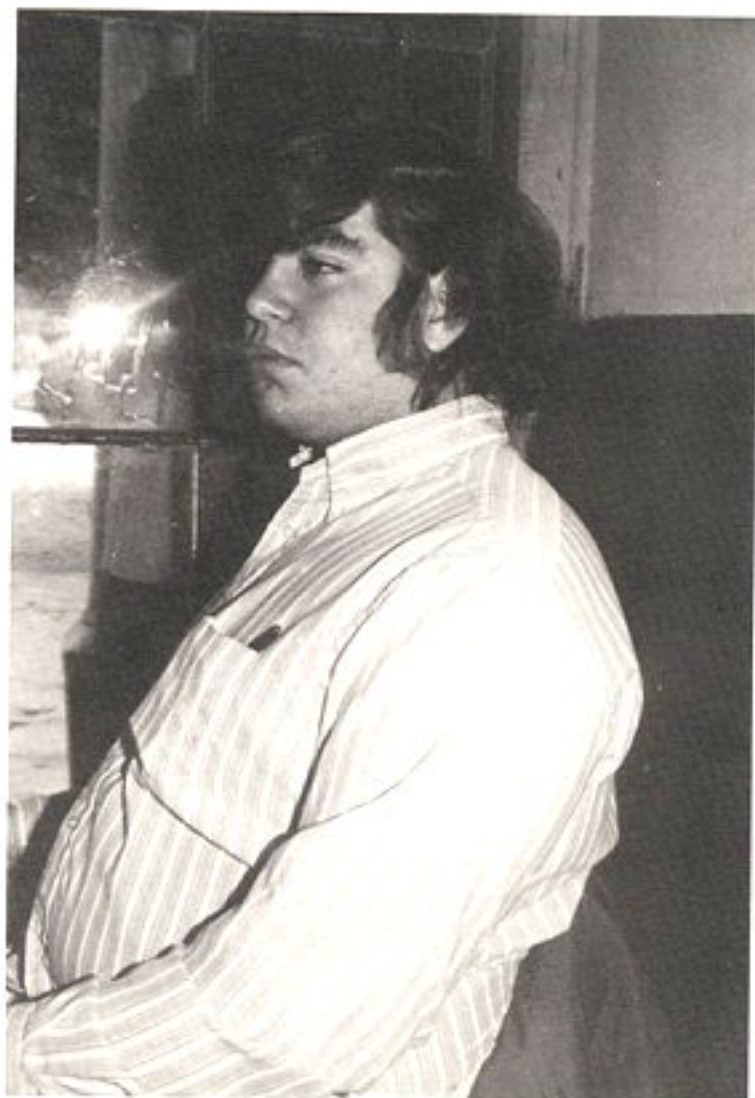


*Be happy—  
this is the only life you have  
to live—*

—R.J.

Regina Purple Jenner







betsy 70





*The sickness of those who are not sick.*

*It causes the sickness of those who are "sick." Those that are alive but dead drive them that perceive away. The perceptive see the wretchedness of the other lives. Because those that do not perceive do not want to, they send those that see to where they will not be heard. They that are not away laugh while they swim in their vomit.*

*Their laughter is not heard, for it is not real. I laugh with Belial, we laugh in contempt. One day the blind will see, then the death, rattling, will come. There will be no mourning.*

*—Richard Gaylord*

Dear Seniors:

This is the year when our nation and certainly its young people are expressing increasing concern about ecology, about the problems relating to our natural environment, as well as about the problem of our involvement in Vietnam.

I know that a good many of you are deeply concerned with the contamination of the air, the adulteration of our waters, and the littering and despoiling of our earth. Many of you are concerned over the delapidation and blight in our urban areas, the inequities and injustices in our economic and social order, and the scourge of war as an insane solution to international disagreements.

I am no less concerned in these areas than are you and I must agree that unless we give of our dedication and resources in great abundance the resolution of these problems may overwhelm the human race. These serious threats from our outer environment which have come about as a result of our flagrant disregard and exploitation of the external conditions of our very existence could well write the obituary for the human experiment.

I am equally concerned however about the inner ecology of individuals and society, for it makes little difference whether we succumb to a suffocation from without or a leprosy from within. For what will it profit mankind if it resolve the outer ecological conditions which have been brought to a near moribund state if it cannot check the degeneracy, depravity, corruption and prostitution of the heart and mind and soul?

I am deeply concerned about the growth of certain philosophies of selfishness and unabashed egotism. Such philosophies lead to a closed-in, turned-off, unproductive life in which people become encysted in the pursuit of too exclusively foraging for just "me" and "doing my thing" instead of hopefully finding themselves by turning the mind outward in an "I and Thou" orientation which is the real answer to the fulfillment of self and society.

I am concerned about the concentration of self-for-itself rather than for larger external ideals. And for viable moral codes and standards, whatever they may be, but worthy enough to sustain a society worthy of dedication and self-sacrifice, for if we cannot have a society made up as a whole of multitudinous worthy units good enough to give ourselves to, then we can but revert to the animal level and deny our humanity. It is not in the nature of man to live solely for himself. We can survive as men individually only as a part of humanity, and only together can we grow individually to the fulness of our heritage.

Out of the dwarfing of the human spirit, out of the poverty of the soul come the canker and the decay which is evident today in no small measure in the smut and putrescence in contemporary literature and art and in the social arena in unforgivable injustice, bigotry and bias. Fairness and good taste seem to be forgotten virtues.

I hope for your generation a real rebuilding of the ecologies *within* and *without*, for one without the other will be an exercise in futility. Only then will your generation really challenge and discredit "the establishment" and in a real sense close what will then be your own generation gap. That victory I covet for you, for it is the only avenue to true freedom and the only acceptable condition for love.

Sincerely,  
A. A. Medved





*Dark Sorcerers  
cast grim spells of death  
as fate  
awakes  
to feel the warmth of the sun  
shine*

*Love  
sheds her black  
celestial  
cloak*

*and dances  
to Satan's harp  
lightly  
and alive  
on silver moonbeams*

*Her dark eyes  
warm my heart  
and  
I  
am*



*Ah let her in  
she stands  
naked  
in the first light of morning*

*Welcome the sun  
our friend  
and his companion  
the moon*

*I want my universe  
free  
I'll trade  
Try it on  
Can you feel it  
feel  
deep  
inside*





## The Tarnished Harp

*Empty pitless sorrow,  
Whines a tarnished harp,  
Lids half closed,  
Hiding,  
Still dialated pupils,  
From the sun,  
An eyelash flickers,  
Unattached,  
It is free.*

*Gently it falls,  
Sailing, fluttering,  
It is tossed,  
Slave of the wind,  
To rest,  
On eternal pavement,  
Strewn with shattered glass.*

*Lips, so tender,  
Fondle the instrument,  
As if,  
There is a union,  
With the flesh,  
Drops of saliva,  
Glisten on the plyable surface,  
Lubricating gently,  
a soft rain.*

*Sweat beads  
On a wrinkled brow,  
trickles then down,  
Slowly melts into,  
Folds of loose skin.*

*Pathetically alone,  
A solitary figure,  
Cradles his one treasure,  
The tarnished harp,  
In the womb of his mouth,  
Singing with his soul.*

—Sarah Winder







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