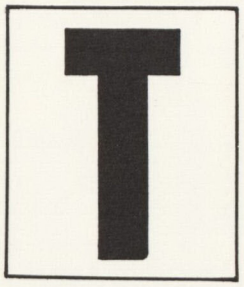


HEN said a teacher, Speak to us of Teaching.

And he said:

No man can reveal to you aught but that which already lies half asleep in the dawning of your knowledge.

The teacher who walks in the shadow of the temple, among his followers, gives not of his wisdom but rather of his faith and his lovingness.

If he is indeed wise he does not bid you enter the house of his wisdom, but rather leads you to the threshold of your own mind.

The astronomer may speak to you of his understanding of space, but he cannot give you his understanding.

The musician may sing to you of the rhythm which is in all space, but he cannot give you the ear which arrests the rhythm nor the voice that echoes it.

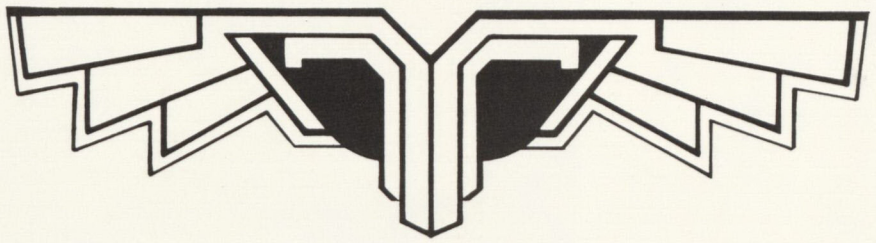
And he who is versed in the science of numbers can tell of the regions of weight and measure, but he cannot conduct you thither.

For the vision of one man lends not its wings to another man.

And even as each one of you stands alone in God's knowledge, so must each one of you be alone in his knowledge of God and in his understanding of the earth.

—Kahlil Gibran

"Horizons"



Editor

Gayle Kearns

Assistant Editors

Joyce Carter
John Mullin

Contributors

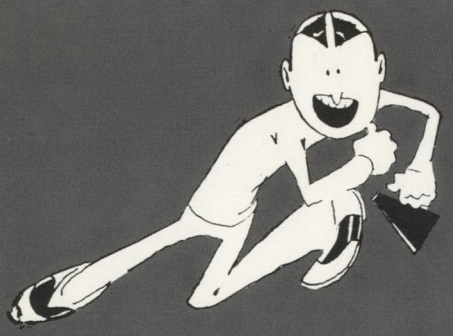
Paul Covington
Donna Dietrich
Tom Dunn
Joanne Gasoi
Michael Germana
Barbara Ho
Jack Lis
Robert McMillan-cover design
Joe Neisi
Anthony Palmero-box design
Richard Restiano
Irving Sealy
Elvera Senno
Linda Zurzolo
Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority
Special thanks to Billy, Sue, Paul and Alex

Layout and Design

Gayle Kearns
OPM Print Productions

Faculty Advisor

Prof. Martin Black



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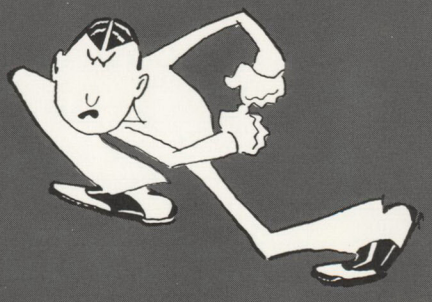
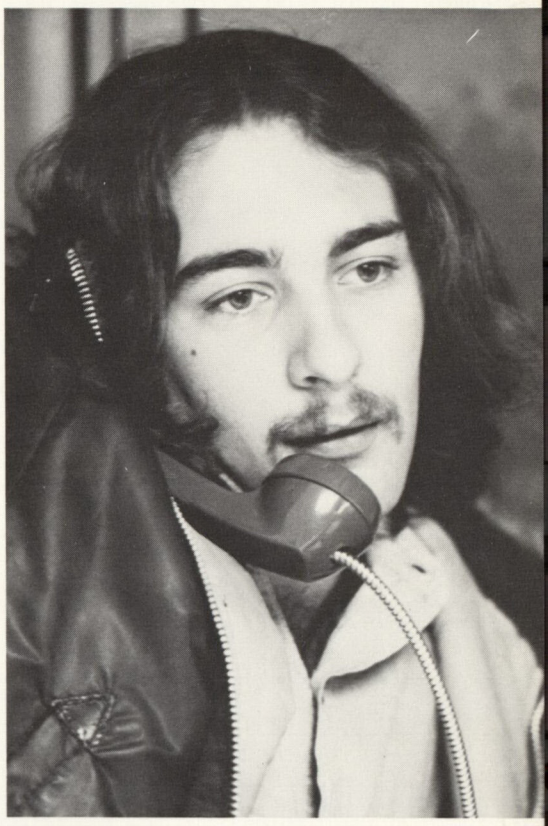
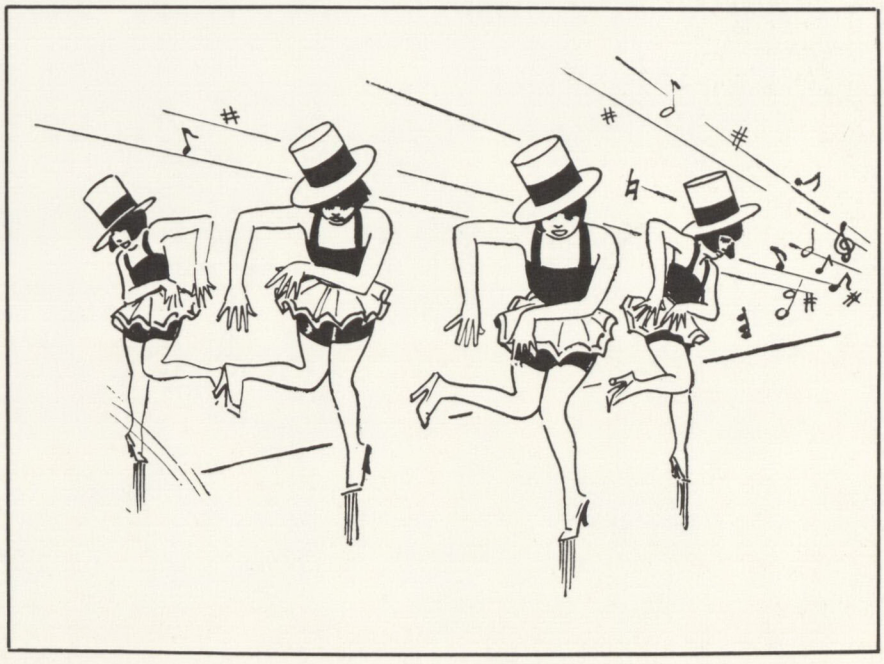
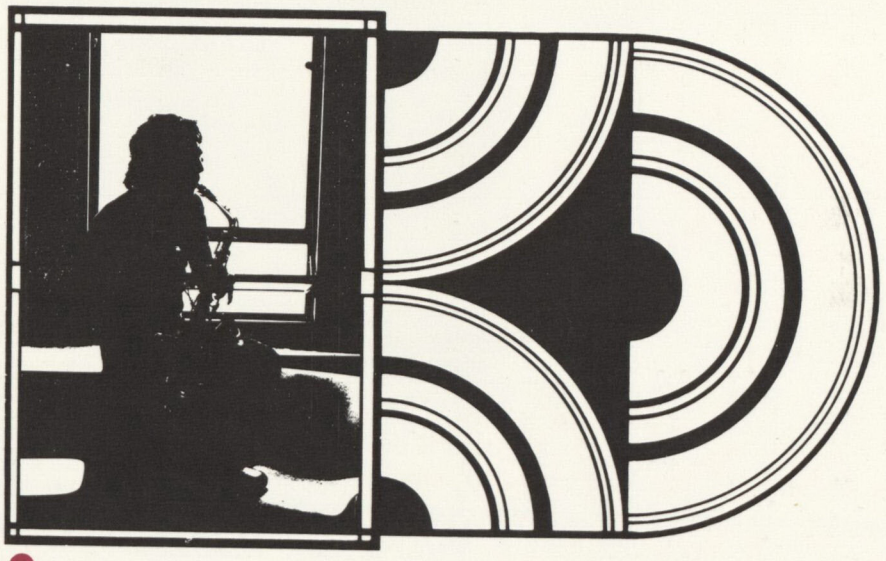


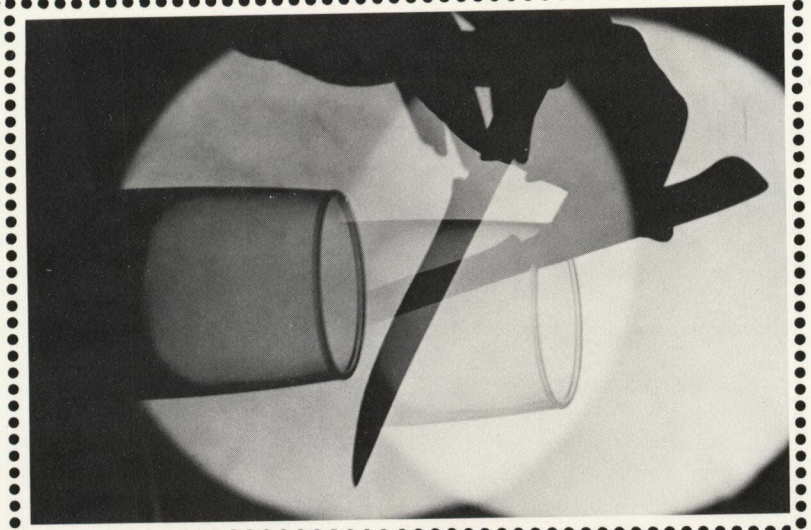






Ladies and gentlemen
I have only one question:
Are we children of the Sun or of the Earth?
Because if we are only Earth
I see no reason
To continue shooting this picture!
I move the meeting be adjourned.

—*Nicanor Parra*



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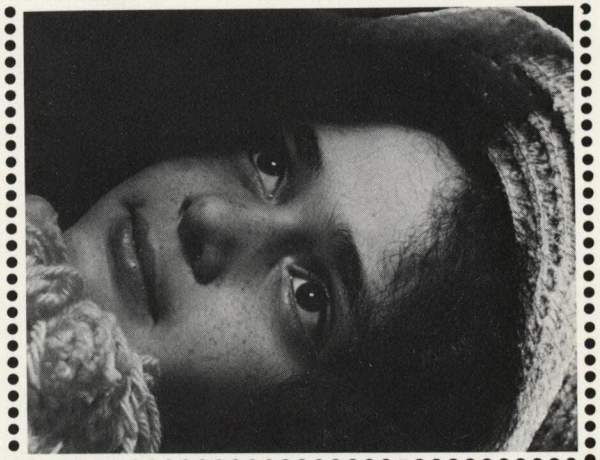

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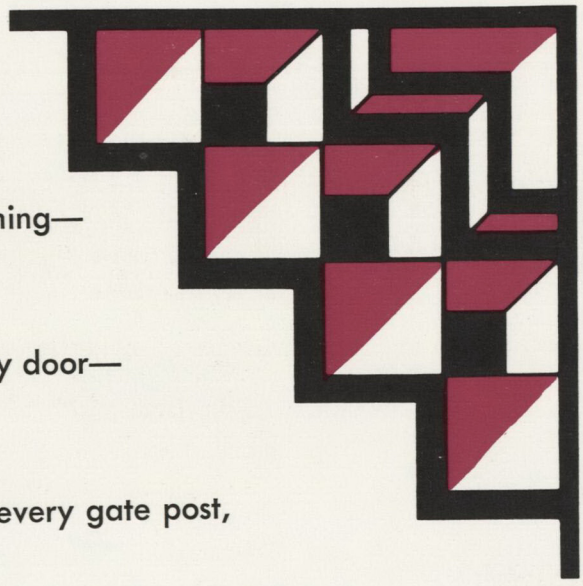
Farewell



But you never came with the evening—
I sat in my mantle of stars,

There was a knocking at my door—
It was my own heart',

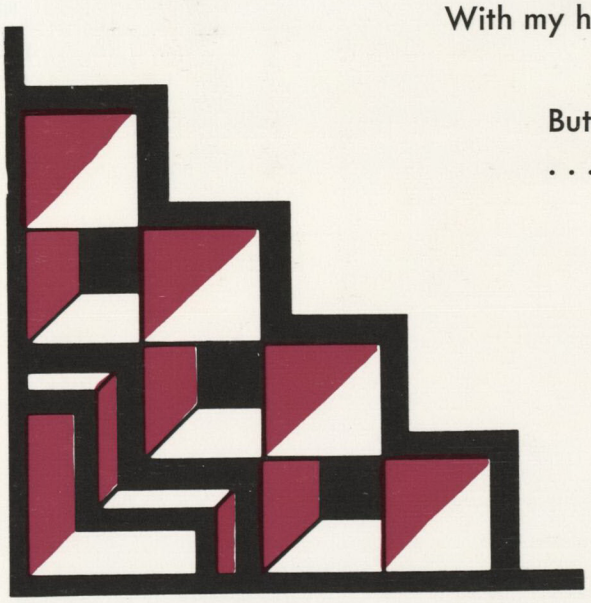
That hangs now at every gate post,
At your door, also.

Among the ferns, the fire rose went out
In the brown of the garland.

I painted your sky blackberry-red
With my heart's blood—

But you never came with the evening—
. . . I was wearing golden shoes.

—Else Lasker-Schuler



BARBARA HO

Time it was,
And what a time it was,
It was . . .
A time of innocence,
A time of confidences.
Long ago . . . it must be . . .
I have a photograph.
Preserve your memories;
They're all that's left you.

—*Paul Simon*

PC

XEROX
XEROX
LOOKIT
IT'S
LON
CHANEY!

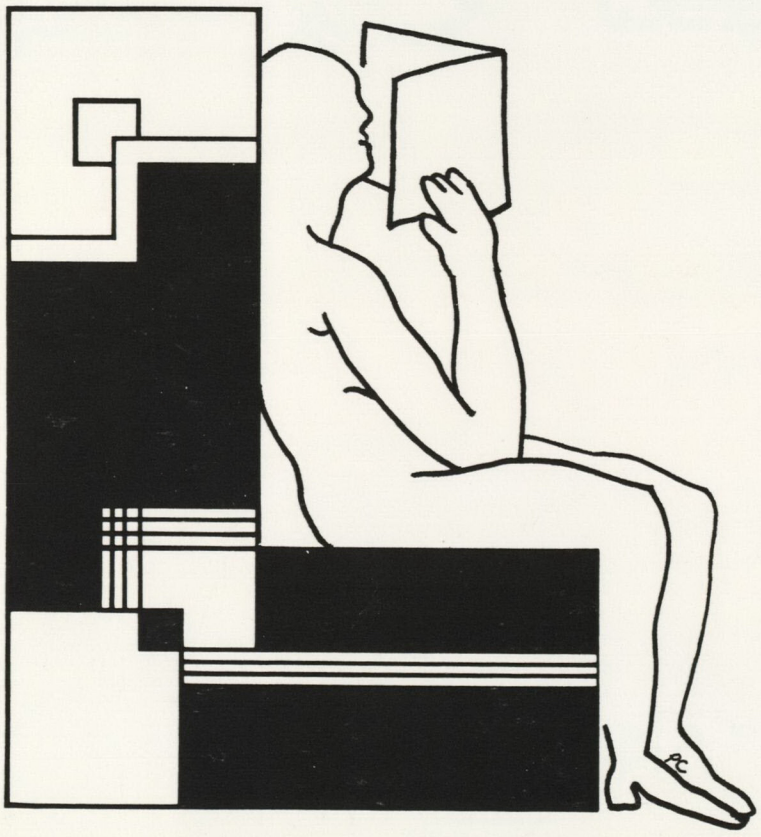
THE LOVE SONG

OF J. ALFRED PRUFROCK

Let us go then, you and I,
When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherised upon a table;
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,
The muttering retreats
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels
And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells;
Streets that follow like a tedious argument
Of insidious intent
To lead you to an overwhelming question . . .
Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"
Let us go and make our visit.

T. S. Elliott

photo by Jack Lis



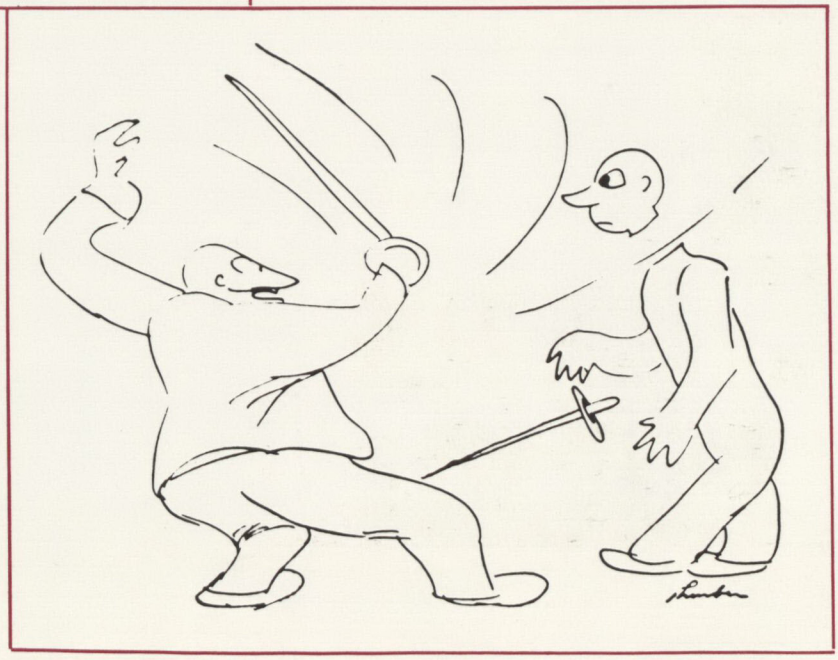


photo by Tom Dunn

photo by Michael Germana

Ladies' Exit

After certain gentlemen have gone,
less dignified, no doubt, but serious,
not entirely broken, a trifle maimed
with no more tremulous
pretense or hope of staying on:
then go, you ladies,
beautiful, beautiful ladies,
there is no longer too much quiet for
round hips, neat breasts and oh
ever so sweetly miraculous smiles.

All of you must go, must go,
taking what is left (a few things)
and then go one many more miles
(a torn chemise, soiled stocking
and a clot of blood in the throat)
A little damaged, perhaps,
but not infirm,
bodies still warm,
and voices that break only
(when ladies must be heard)
on a far, sharp note.

And because hands and feet are small,
they are not pitiful,
they are simply going,
vanishing; go all
you ladies, go.

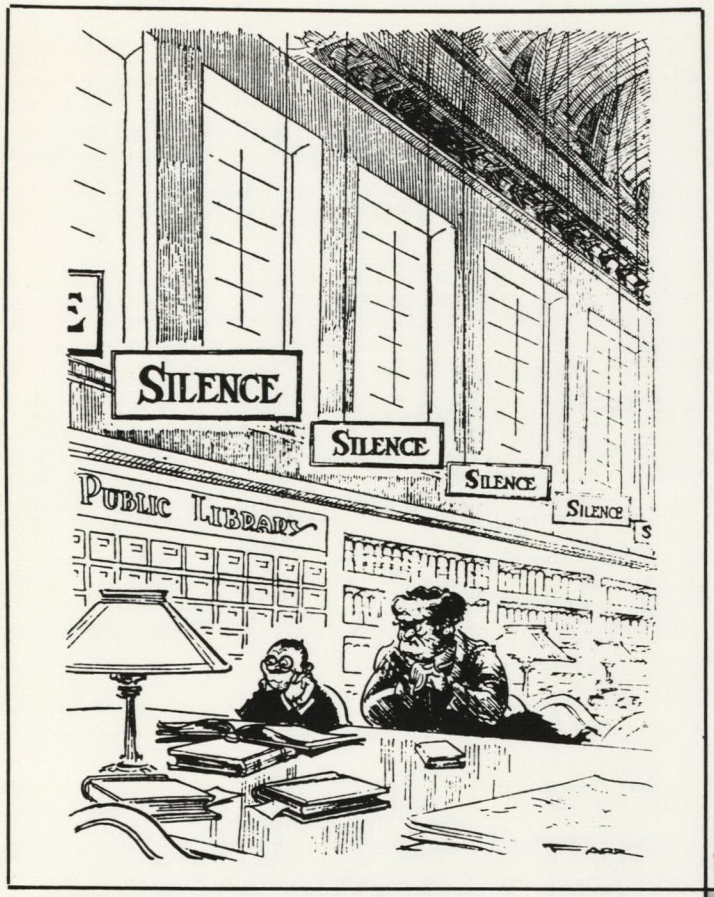
Horace Gregory

SPRING!

photo by Linda Zurzolo

"Painting for me is merely a means of forgetting life. It is a cry in the night. A sob broken off. A strangled laugh."

—Rouault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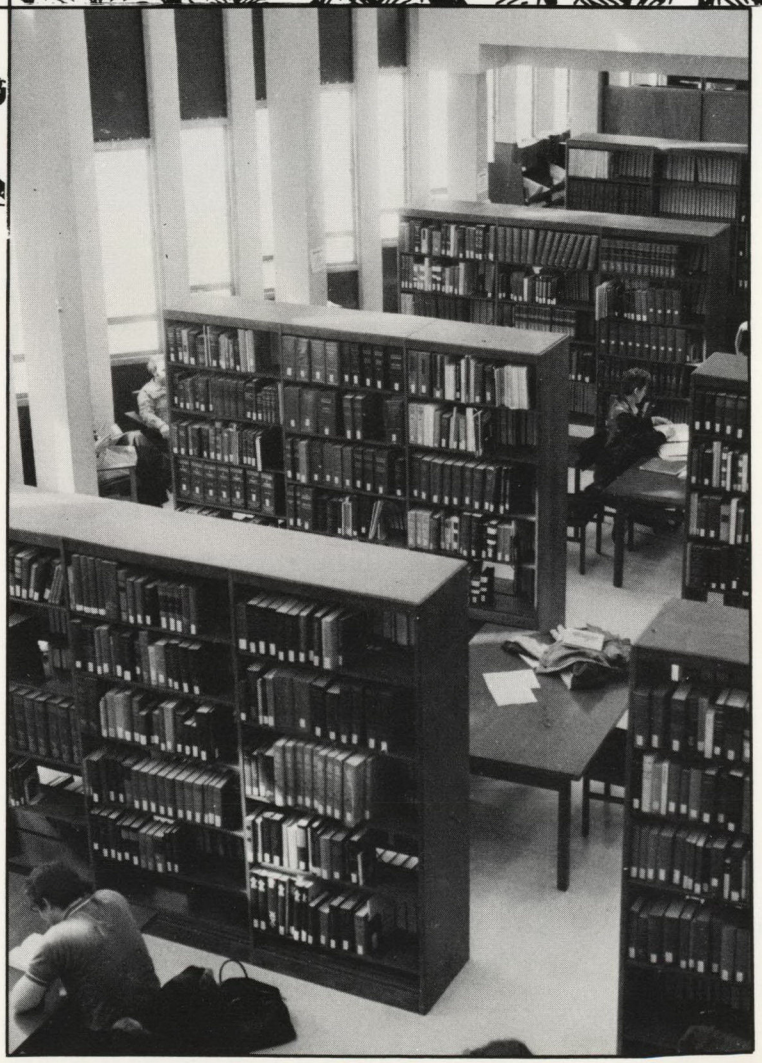


drawings by Paul Covington

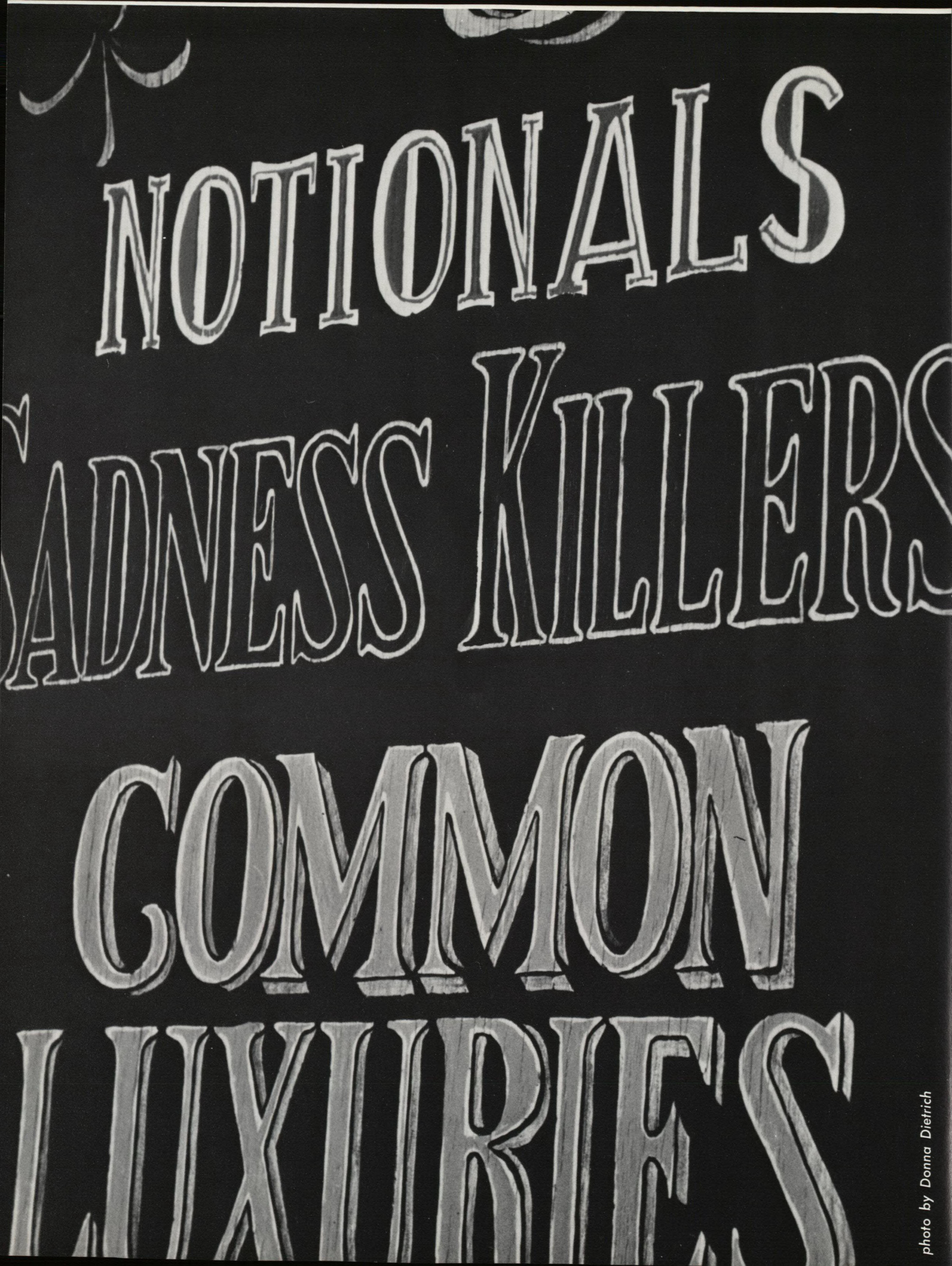


photo by Donna Dietrich

Poem

flashing
light's waterfalls,

Bacchae
among electric lights

will swarm the crowds
streamers of the lighted

skyscrapers

nor tripping
over underbrush

but upon pavement

and not with thyrus
shall they prick

the body of their loves
but waist to waist

laugh out in gyre-
announced then upon stairs,

not upon hills,
will be their flight

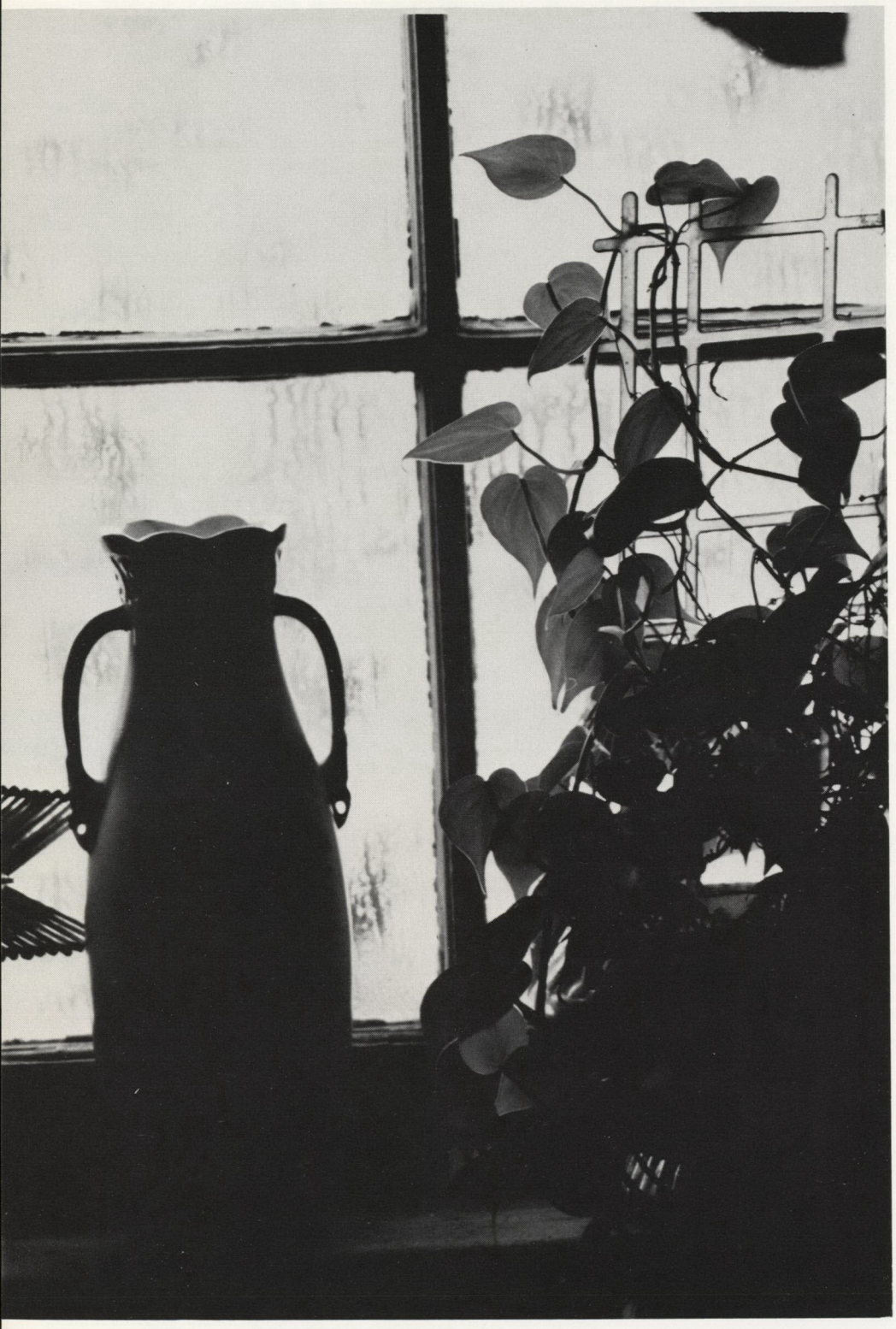
when passed turnstiles,
having dropped

coins
they've sprinted up

where on the air (elevated)
waves flash-and out-

leap
signaling-lights below

—Louis Zukofsky



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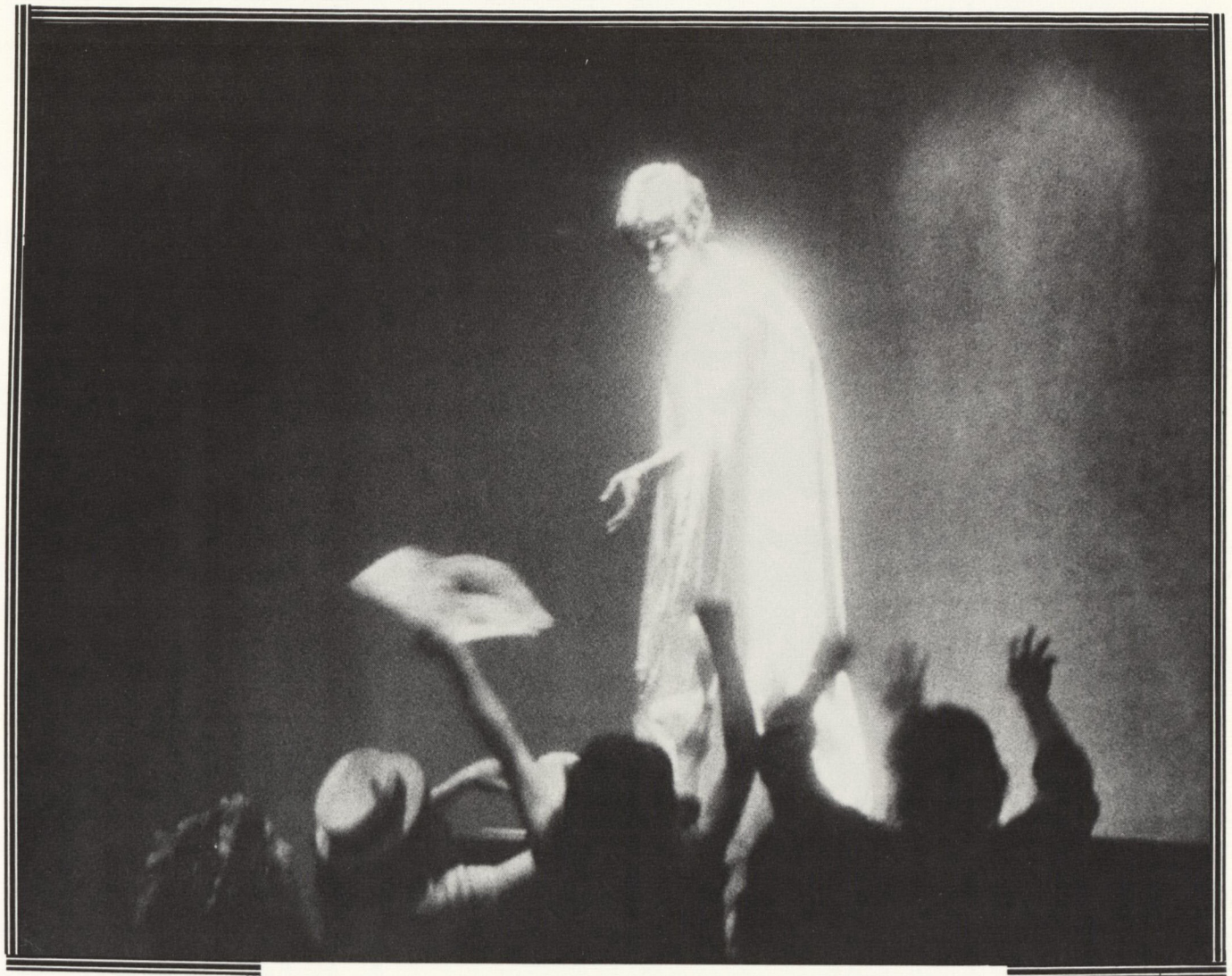

photo by Jack Lis

A Vague haze of delirium
creeps up on me.
All at once a tall stranger I suddenly see.
He's dressed in a silver sparked
Glittering gown
And his golden beard flows
Nearly down to the ground.

His eyes are the eyes that
Transmit all they know
Sparkle warm crystalline glances to show
That he is your leader
And he is your guide
On the amazing journey together you'll ride.

Featured by Bing Crosby in his latest Paramount Picture "Too Much Harmony"

The Day You Came Along

Music and Words by
ARTHUR JOHNSTON and
SAM COSLOW

Molto moderato

VOICE

PIANO

mf

Tune Uke
G C E A

*C Am A7 A7

mp

I was a ver - y sol - i - tar - y sort,

A

fz

A

mp

Dm F+ G9 C C♯dim. Dm F+ G9

Just like a ship that seeks a friend-ly port, Just when I thought my

* *Symbols for Guitar*

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C Am Bm7 E7 B7 E E7

hopes had tak - en flight You came in sight Like a bea - con light!

REFRAIN

Am Bm7 Am

mp mf

My heart went leaping the day you came a - long, For - got my weep - ing the

mp - mf

D7 D7 C Em F7 E7

day you came a - long, Be - fore I knew it I hummed a lit - tle song

Am D7 D7 G Bm7 E7 Am

The day you came a - long. I on - ly drift - ed be -

Bm7 Am D7 D7

fore you came a - long, The fog was lift - ed be - cause you came a - long,

C Em F7 E7 Am D7 G7

I sent the black-birds right back where they be - long The day you came a -

C B7 E

long. Men have con - quered na - tions, oth - er men have set them free,

B7 E G7 C

Pi - o - neers have crossed the sea. You can turn the pag - es thru the

C7 B7 E7

ag - es, but to me 'Twas the most e - vent - ful day in his - to - ry!

Am Bm7 Am

Two souls were mat - ed the day you came a - long. A world cre - a - ted the

D7 D7 C Em F7 E7 A7

day you came a - long. One glance con - vinced me, I knew I was - n't wrong

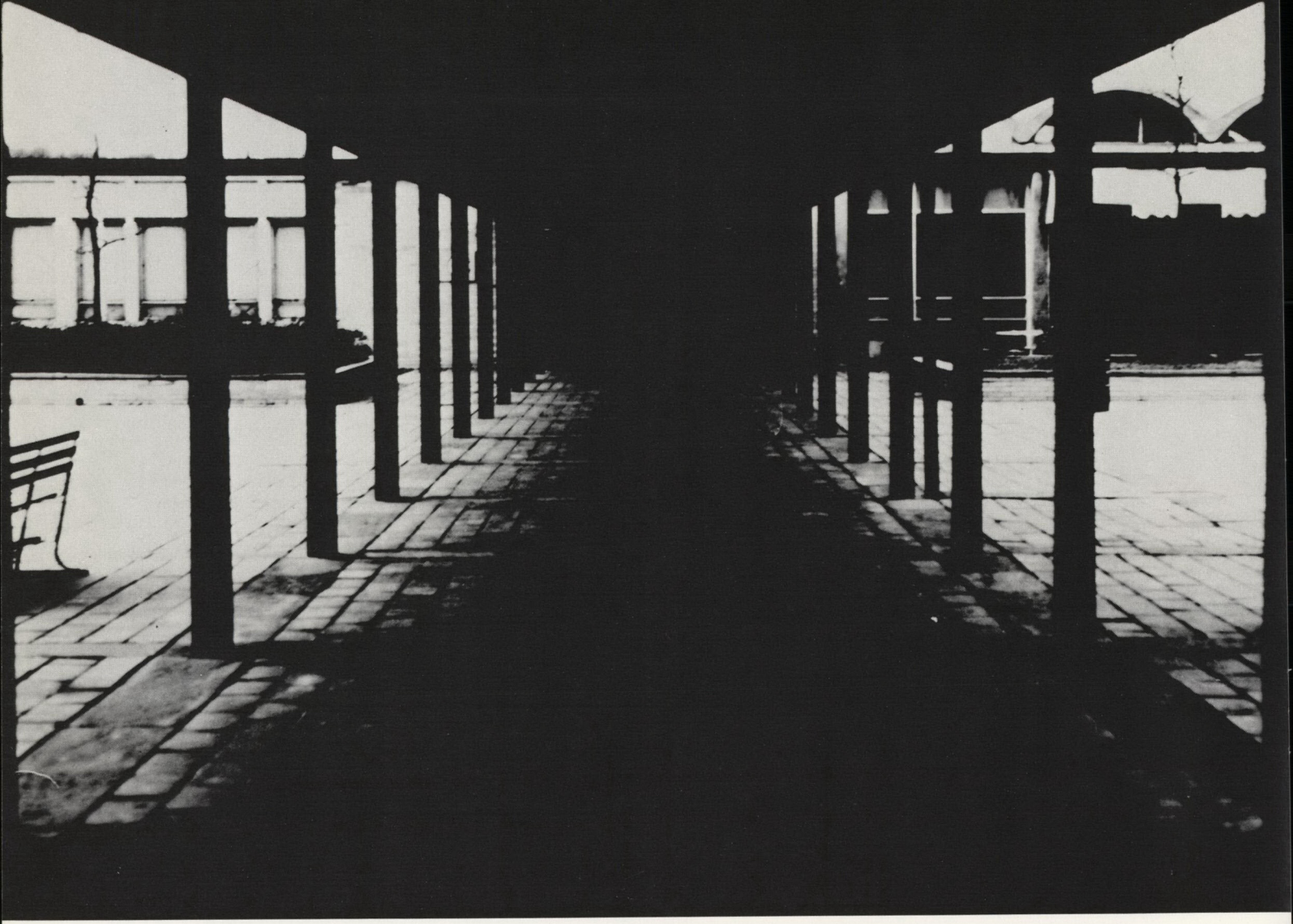
1. 2.

D7 Dm7 G7 C F7 E7 sus. E7 C

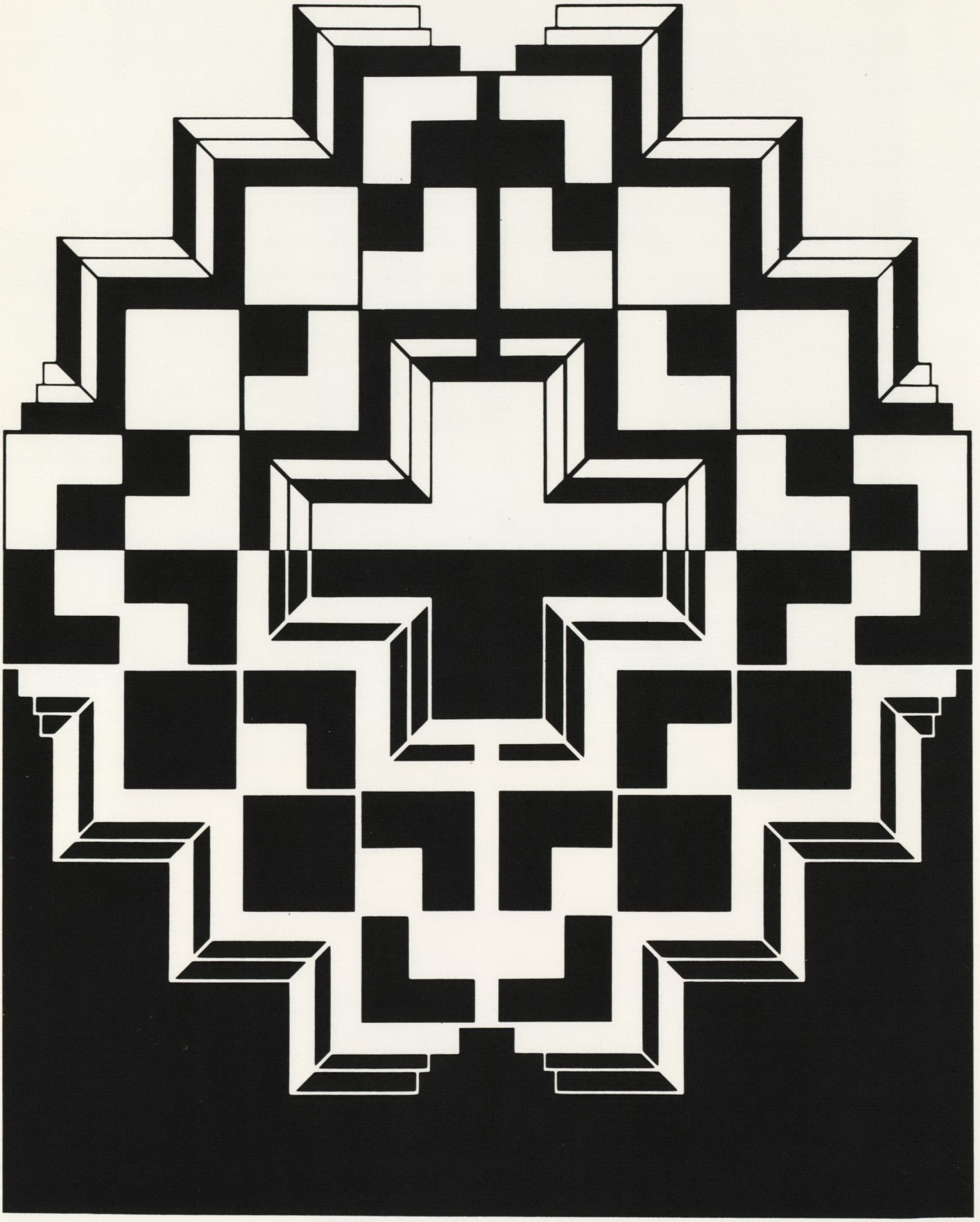
The day you came a - long. - long.

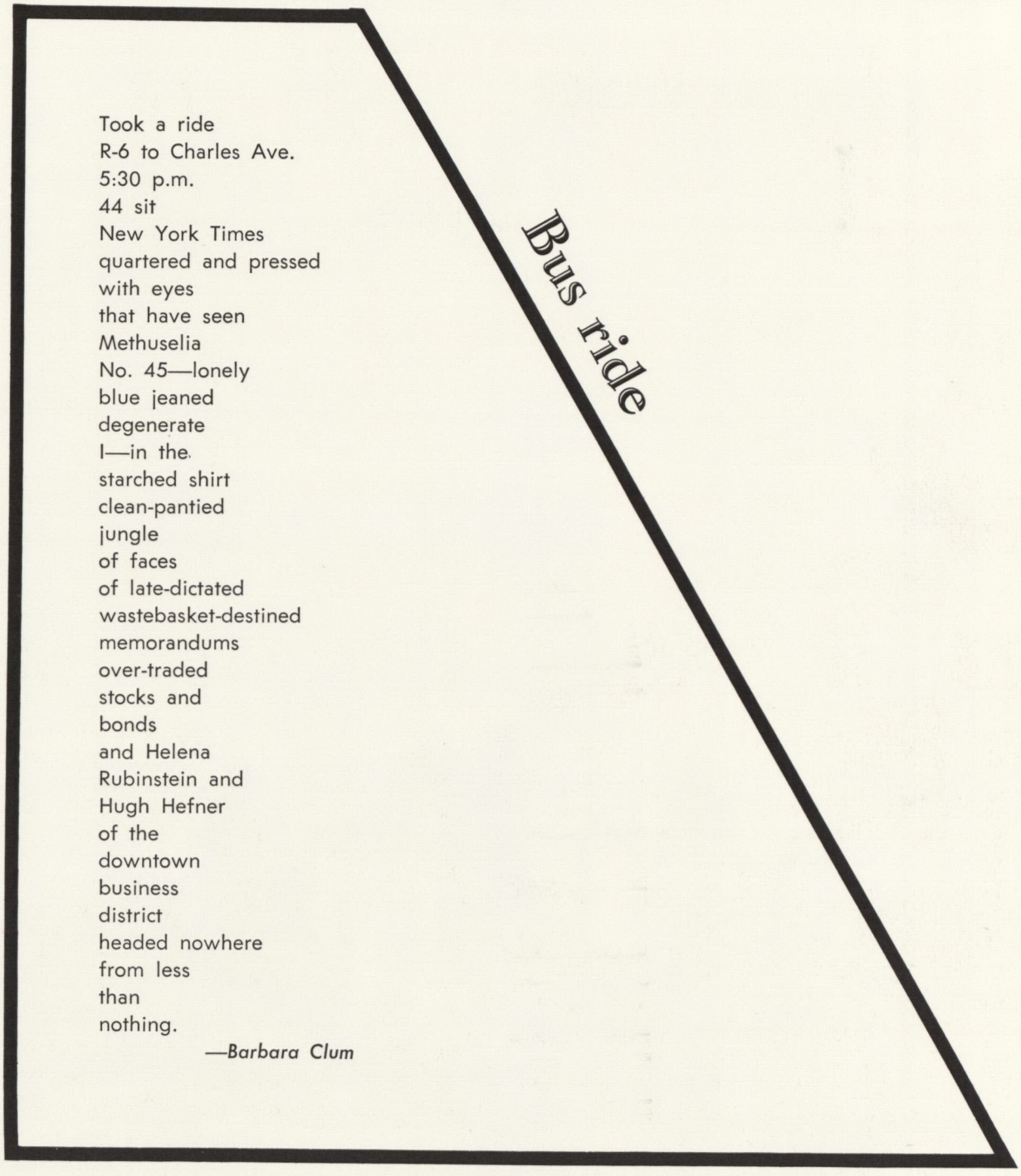
fz

photo by Linda Zurzolo



SOLVING THE
PARKING
PROBLEM





Bus ride

Took a ride
R-6 to Charles Ave.
5:30 p.m.
44 sit
New York Times
quartered and pressed
with eyes
that have seen
Methuselia
No. 45—lonely
blue jeaned
degenerate
I—in the
starched shirt
clean-pantied
jungle
of faces
of late-dictated
wastebasket-destined
memorandums
over-traded
stocks and
bonds
and Helena
Rubinstein and
Hugh Hefner
of the
downtown
business
district
headed nowhere
from less
than
nothing.

—Barbara Clum

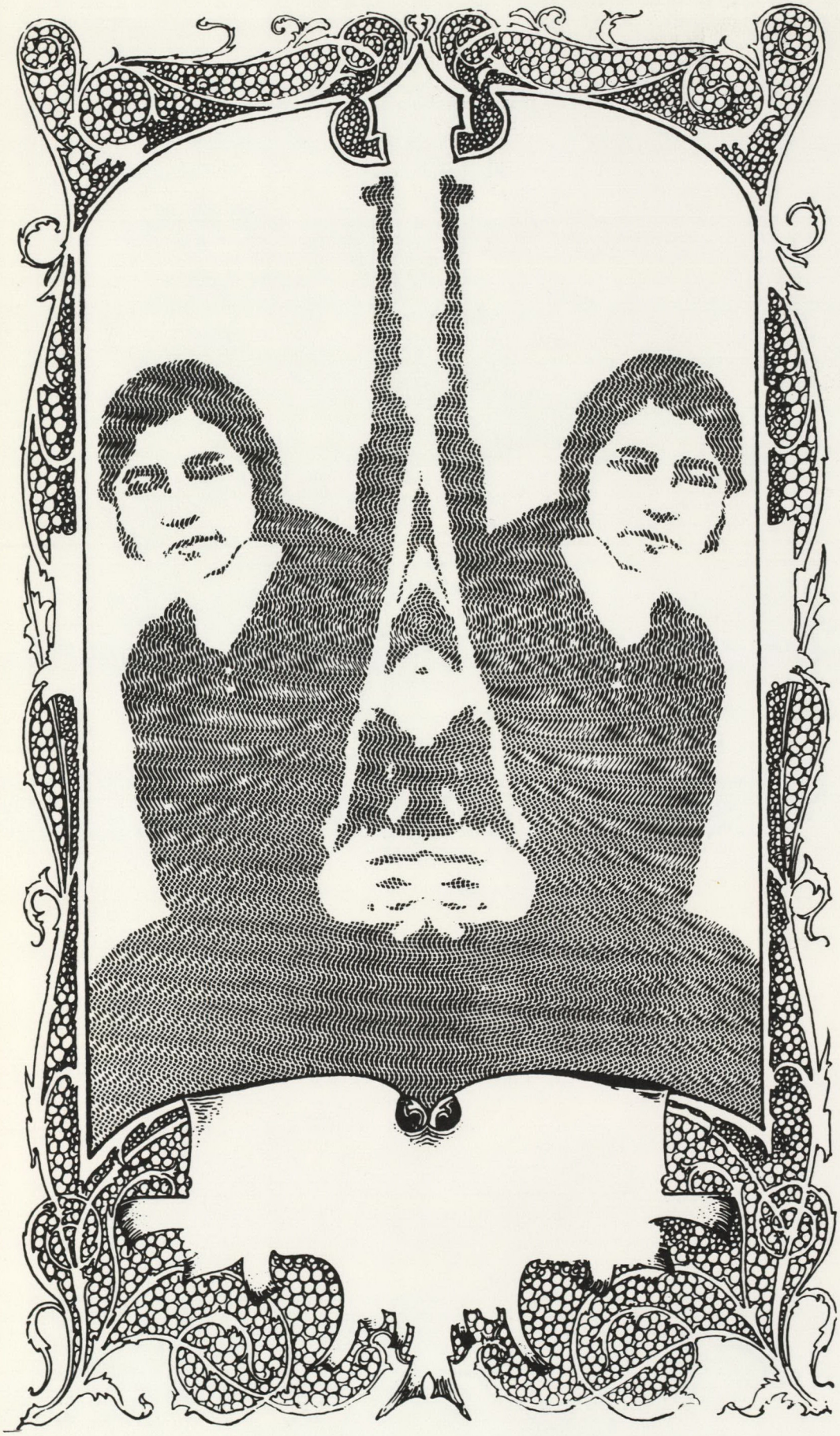
the SILENT DRAMA

smudge poem

alot of love
i found
in the dark
places
where i've been

g. e. bouquio

photo by J. Evarts



Carol, in the park, chewing on straws

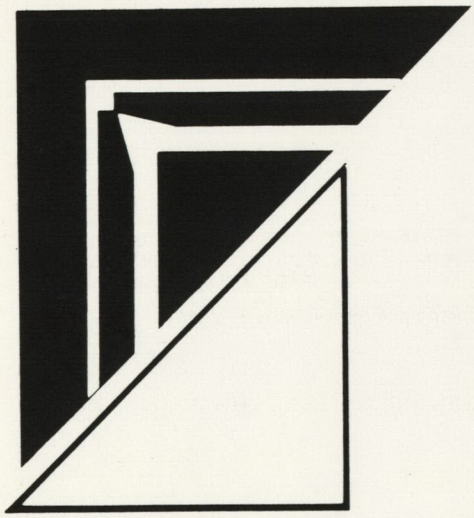
She has taken a woman a lover
whatever shall we do
she has taken a woman lover
how lucky it wasn't you

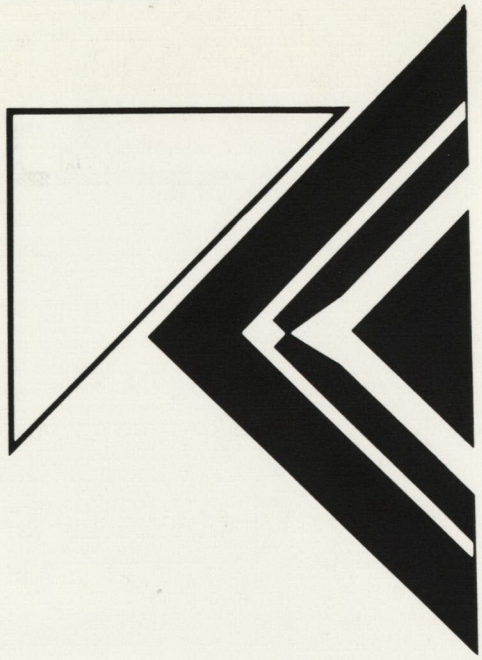
And all the day through she smiles and lies
and grits her teeth and pretends to be shy,
or weak, or busy. Then she goes home
and pounds her own nails, makes her own
bats, and fixes her own car, with her friend.
She goes as far
as women can go without protection
from men.
On weekends, she dreams of becoming a tree;
a tree that dreams it is ground up
and sent to the paper factory, where it
lies helpless in sheets, until it dreams
of becoming a paper airplane, and rises
on its own current; where it turns into a
bird, a great coasting bird that dreams of becoming
more free, even, than that—a feather, finally, or
a piece of air with lightning in it.

she has taken a woman lover
whatever can we say

She walks round all day
quietly, but underneath it
she's electric;
angry energy inside a passive form.
The common woman is as common
as a thunderstorm.

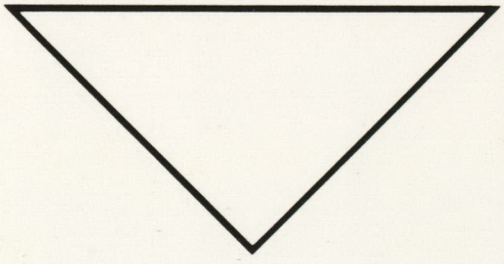
Judy Grahn





Tryin' times is what
The world is talkin' about
You got confusion
All over the land
Mother against daughter
Father against son
The whole thing
Is getting out of hand.
Folks wouldn't have to suffer
If there was more
Love for your brother
But these are tryin' times.

People always talkin'
About man's inhumanity to man
But what you tryin' to do
To make this a better land
Just pick up your paper
Turn on your TV
You see a lot of demonstration
For equality
But folks wouldn't have to suffer
If there was more love
But these are tryin' times
Is what the world is talkin' about
You got confusion. . . .



—Donny Hathaway & Robert Ayers

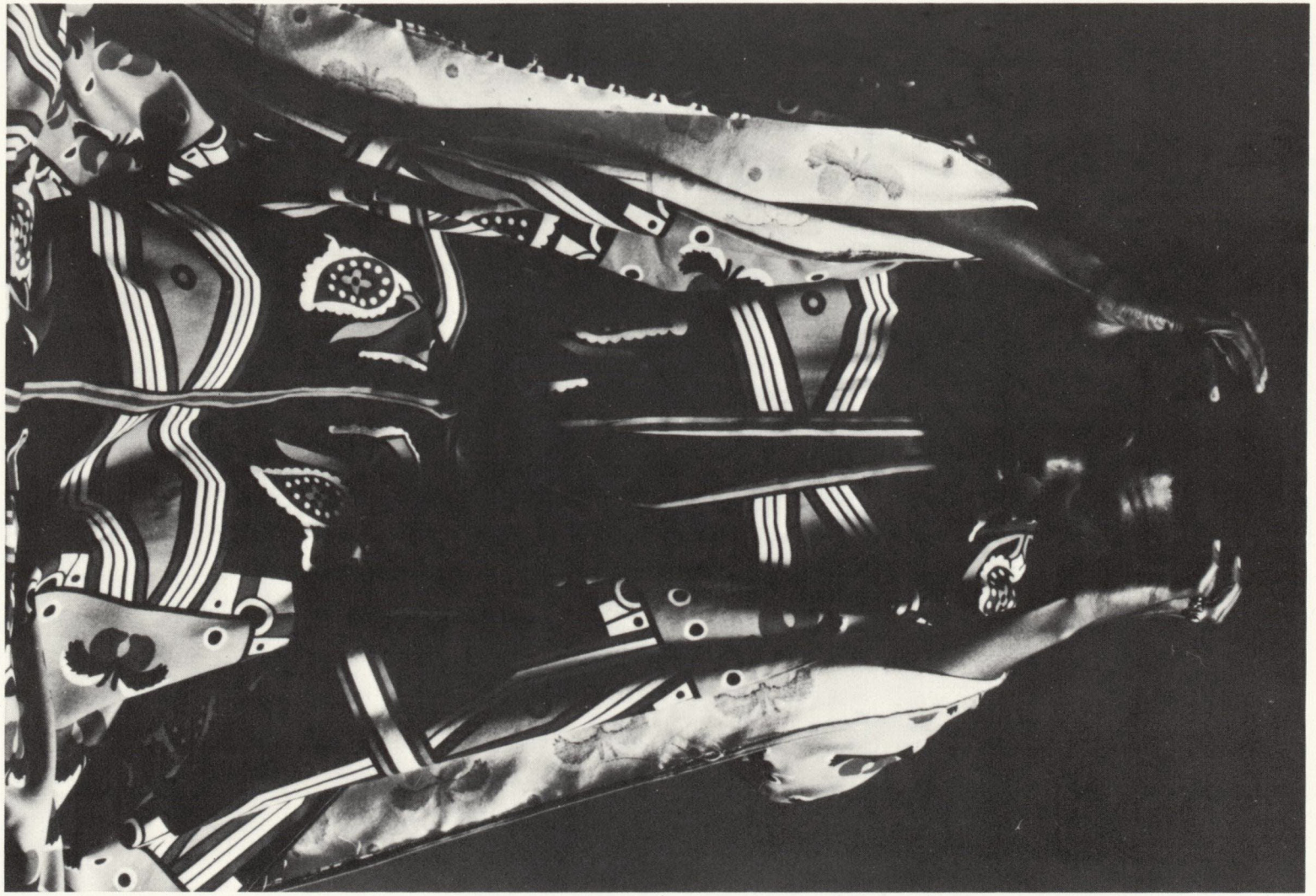


photo by Lou Jones

C. PERKINS

B·HO

lovely mad woman who lives in the moon

lovely woman in the sky
Who hangs there in the moon
I am sad
the world just isn't right
I don't fit

lovely moon lady hanging there
some people believe in astrology
some people believe in Tarrot
some in what-not
I believe in you
and setting yellow balloons free in Central Park
to touch the sky
lovely moon lady
they say I'm insane

lovely moon lady
they say write heavier poems
look at all the shit that goes on in the world
grow a beard grab a gun
become socially aware
I want to scream at them
it's as easy as love
or some other asinine plattitude
but usually I just smile
and take a harder toke of grass
(you can substitute any word for grass make it love
belief being people any word will do)

lovely moon lady
sometimes I look out my window
and see autumn
mad wild autumn in his crazy clothes
running through the streets
grabbing the people
gesturing wildly
pushing and pulling
trying to tell them of the great dying and growing
the great greening the borning
going on

today he touched me
and raced through me
searing
and I'm stoned
tripping again
looking up
at lovely mad women who live in the moon.

John Barrale

photo by Joanne Gasoi

She moved so well
'Cause she was a dancer
She went sliding through my questions
And gliding round the answers
Whatever it was
She knew it was holy
And each time I tried to hold her
Her smile came sad and slowly
She said, "no one knows me."

—Harry Chapin

photo by Jack Lis

Everybody is a star
Who arranges the destined way
Everybody wants to shine
Who will come out on a cloudy day?
Till the sun that loves you round
When the system tries to bring you down
Ever had to shine at night?
You don't need darkness to make things right.

Everybody is a star
I can feel it when you shine on me
I love you for who you are
Not the one you feel you need to be
Ever catch a falling star?
Ain't no stopping 'till it's in the ground
Everybody is a star
One big circle moving 'round and 'round.

—Sly Steward

Elegy for a Dead Idol of the Screen

for Carlyle Blackwell

idol—
stamped
regimental beauty

of following to him
king once-always loved
though dead to millions

alive idol
can rape death

like his surrendering women
beyond screens

of him said is
a number of children
his by life's kindness only
begetter of dream-children
by constant visibleness
of begettingness

can never
bother concerning
who may step within
his real chamber

cause to unbutton
the secret of screens
for sticks of quarters

were laid towards paradise
for him an endless walk
towards acres of ecstasy

he whose wishheart
may have flowered
for a trivial
smell
will choke

here by trees of breasts
and fruit like wombs
so faces lifted

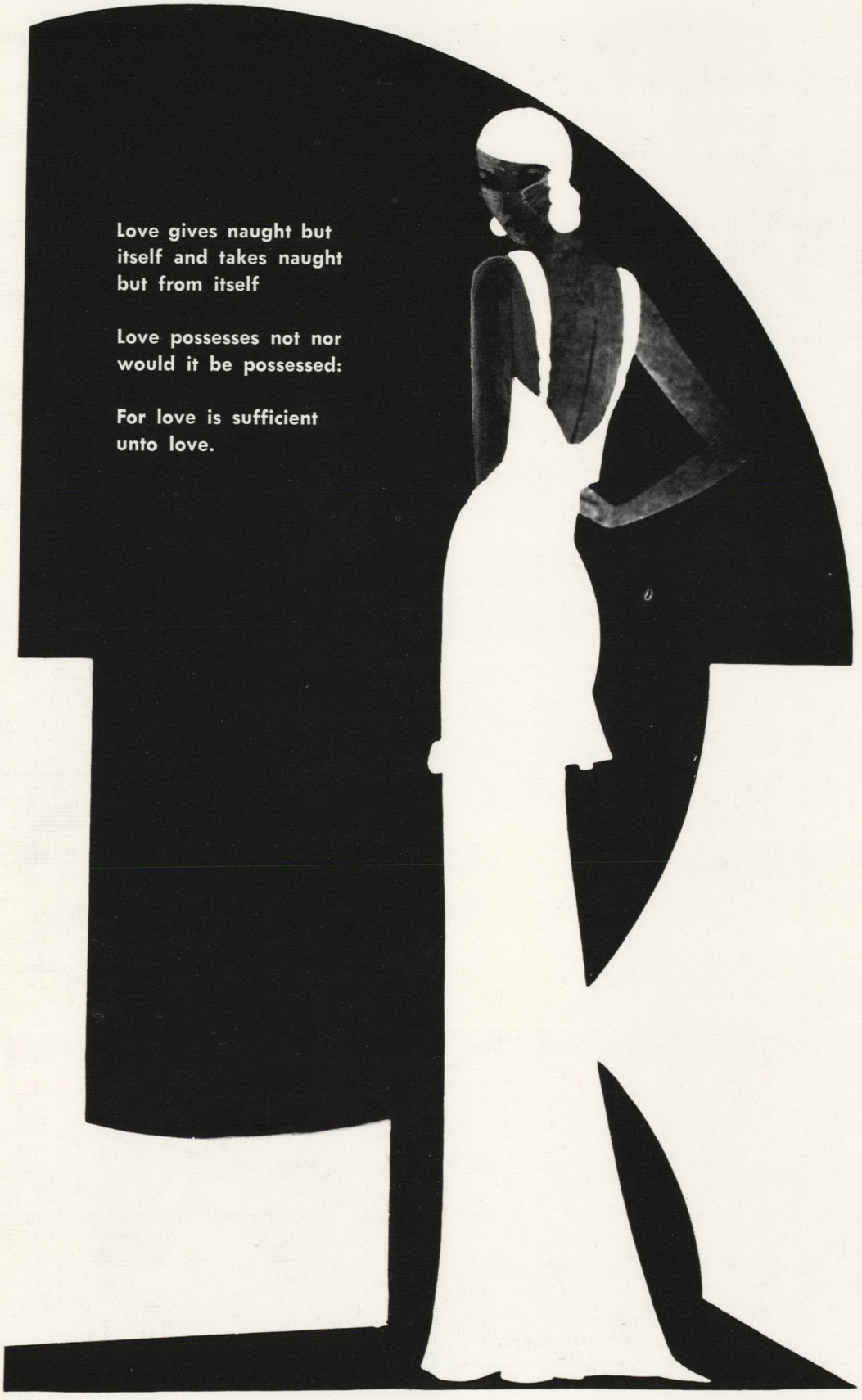
towards his
sham sex
saw and remembered
dying minds
have opened
have opened
like popguns
like tombs

blown
up box offices

Parker Tyler

photo by Barbara Ho

Who does not remember his student years when he walked across the verdant campus shaded by immemorial elms, hand in hand with the "only girl in the world"? Who does not remember the troth plighted, the vows of fidelity and constancy, in some flowering leafy woodland bower on Class Night, as he sat, his arm around her slender waist, his ardent lips caressing her pink eye? Ah, memory, thou naughty elf!


Love gives naught but
itself and takes naught
but from itself
Love possesses not nor
would it be possessed:
For love is sufficient
unto love.

Puttin' On The Ritz

Words and Music by
IRVING BERLIN

Medium Jump Tempo

Piano *mf*

Voice

F Fdim C7 F Fdim C7 A♭ A♭dim
Have you seen the well-to-do Up and down Park Av-e-nue. On that fam-ous

mp

E♭7 A♭ A♭dim E♭7 C Gdim Dm7 G7
thor-ough-fare With their nos-es in the air. High hats and Ar-row col-lars,

C Gdim Dm7 G7 Am Am7 D7 G7 C7 Gdim C7+C7
White spats and lots of dol-lars spend-ing ev-'ry dime for a won-der-ful time.

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CHORUS

Fm
If you're blue and you don't know where to go to, why don't you

mf-f

C7 Fm Fm7
go where fash-ion sits, PUT-TIN' ON THE RITZ.

D♭9 C7 Fm
Diff-'rent types who wear a day coat, pants with stripes and cut-a-

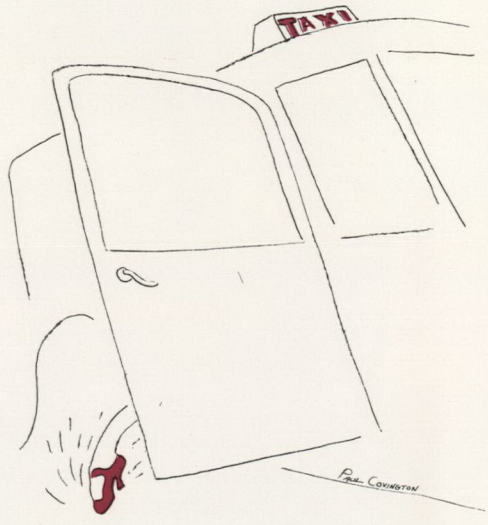
C7 Fm Fm7 D♭ F7
way coat, per-fect fits, PUT-TIN' ON THE RITZ.

B♭m G♭9 F9 B♭m E♭9 E♭7+ E♭7
Strol-ling up the A-ve-nue so hap-py,

A♭ Fm7 B♭m7 E♭7 A♭ D♭9 C9
All dressed up just like an Eng-lish chap-pie, Ve-ry snap-py,

Fm C7
Come let's mix where Rock-e-fel-lers walk with sticks or "um-ber-el-las" in their

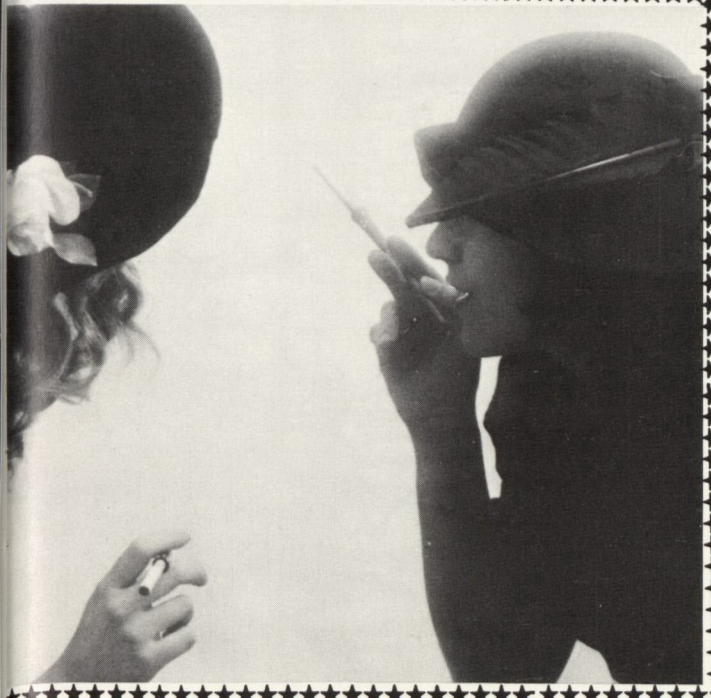
C7 1. Fm D♭7 C7-9 C9 2. Fm B♭m F
mitts PUT-TIN' ON THE RITZ. RITZ.



PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ

JUST BETWEEN

US GIRLS



CAROL PART TOO

HEY - - - - - - - - - - - - -
HERE AND NOW AND EVER AFTER
DONTCHA KNOW ITS LAUGHTER
LAUGHTER, BABY
CUTS THROUGH TEARS
NEVER FORGET YOU NOW
NEVER FORGET TO
LET YOU DOWN
REAL SLOW
DIDN'T YOU KNOW
HEY IT'S LAUGHTER
LEAVIN' LOVE BEHIND
DO YOU MIND IT'S LAUGHTER
HERE AND NOW AND
EVER AFTER
LAUGHTER CUTS THROUGH TEARS
MERRY CHRISTMAS
FOR YEARS AND YEARS
DO YOU MIND
WE'RE LEAVIN' LOVE BEHIND
IT'S NOT THAT I SPEAK NAKED
JUST THAT I'M MUCH TOO TIRED TO FAKE IT
HEY - - - - - - - - - - - - -
YOU KNOW YOU'RE GONNA FIND OUT
YOU KNOW YOU'RE GONNA WIND UP CRAZY
NOT THAT I'M TALKIN' WHERE I DON'T BELONG
DON'T GET ME WRONG
I GOT NO TIME FOR
ANYONE ELSE ABOVE YOU
NOT TO SAY I LOVE YOU
NOT TO SAY I EVEN CARE
IT'S ALL A QUESTION OF
THE OWNERSHIP OF LOVE
AND THOUGH YOU KNOW
YOU'RE WISE BEYOND YOUR YEARS
LOVE
BE STILL IT'S LAUGHTER
ALWAYS WILL
HERE NOW
LAUGHTER
NOT LOVE I'M AFTER
LAUGHTER
KEEPS YOU WARM
THROUGH YOUR YEARS

N. CASEY 7/1/70

C. KEARNS

photo by Donna Dietrich

The Yearbook

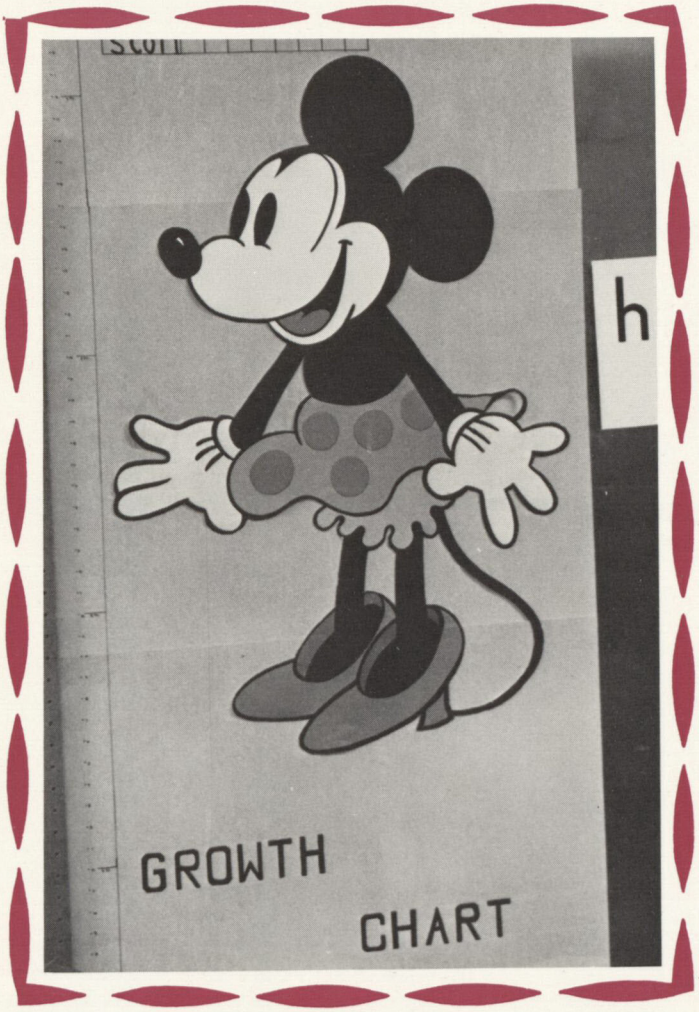
When I began this poem about our directions
Six years ago, there was an ornamental
Fountain six inches from my face

In the book I was reading then.
It was an illustration
In Burckhardt's book on the Renaissance

Which I was reading then, in the room
Where the six of us had been,
Robert, Larry, Anita, Eve and me,

And the other, whose role never
Came clear to me till tonight; even
Now I do not know his name

—Tom Clark


h
GROWTH
CHART

SICC
SICC
C. KEPPUS

photo by Tom Dunn

GUMMED ZIG ZAG GUMMED ZIG ZAG
ZIG-ZAG ZIG-ZAG ZIG-ZAG
G. KEARNS

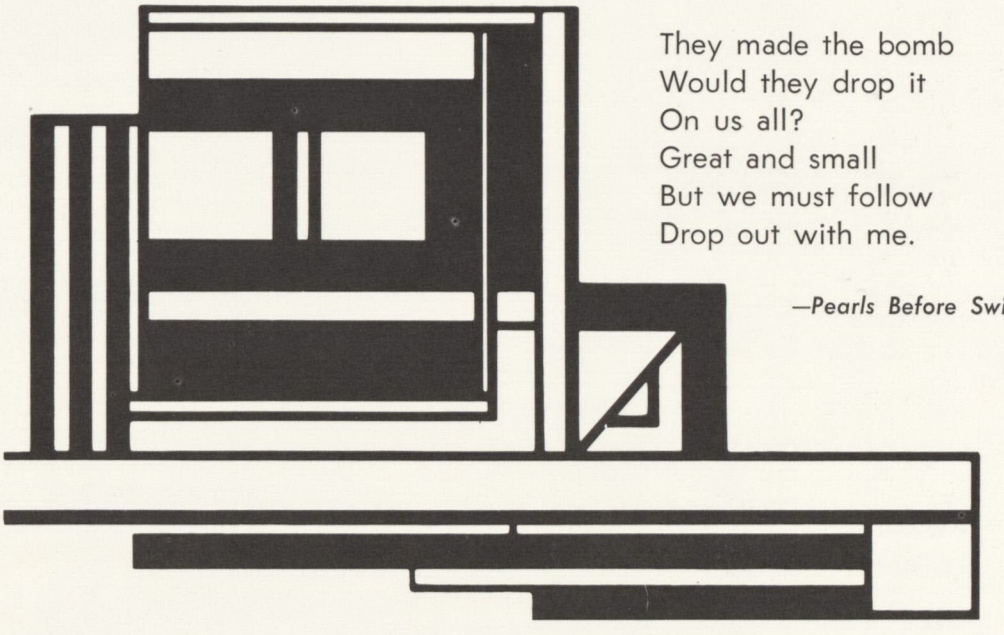
MR & MRS GOOF — *Mrs. Goof does a good deed*

Drop out with me
And just live your life
Behind your eyes
Your own skies
Your own tomorrows

Just be yourself
And no one can step
Inside your mind
From behind
If you just walk out

They made the rules
And they laid it
On us all
Don't you fall
Cause then they own you

They're using you
To kill all the echoes still
Around
From the sound
Of calendars crumbling



They made the bomb
Would they drop it
On us all?
Great and small
But we must follow
Drop out with me.

—Pearls Before Swine

16 Latest Fox Trots and Song Hits Electrically Recorded $2.98 For All

"Blue Skies"

Irving Berlin's Latest Sensational Hit
Fox Trot (Vocal Chorus) Manhattan Musicians

"Do-Do-Do"

From "Oh Kay!"
Fox Trot (Vocal Chorus) Master Melody Makers

"Moonlight on the Ganges"

Fox Trot (Vocal Chorus) N. M. L. Dance Orchestra

"Yankee Rose"

Fox Trot. Music Lovers Dance Orchestra

High, High, High Up In the Hills
Fox Trot (Vocal Chorus)
Music Lovers Orchestra

I'm Looking for a Girl Named Mary
Tenor Solo
Joseph Elliott

It All Depends On You
Fox Trot (Vocal Chorus)
Master Melody Makers

When I First Met Mary
Music Lovers
Male Quartette

All For You
Fox Trot (Vocal Chorus)
Master Melody Makers

What Does It Matter?
by Irving Berlin. Tenor Solo. David Harris

Good Bye Aloha
Fox Trot (Vocal Chorus)
Fred Hall and Roseland Orchestra

Cow Bell Blues
Fox Trot
Original Indiana Five

I Never See Maggie Alone
Honey Duke and his Uke

It's Up to You
Fox Trot (Vocal Chorus)
Manhattan Musicians

Stop Your Crying
Fox Trot (Vocal Chorus)
Manhattan Musicians

This One Today, That One Tomorrow
Fox Trot (Vocal Chorus)
Fred Hall and His Roseland Orchestra

Here is the biggest bargain in phonograph records ever offered. The highest quality records made, sold to you direct from the factory, at HALF the usual retail price. Glance at the list of sixteen selections above—all for only $2.98. Records are ten-inch size, double-face. All the big hits, the most popular tunes are included. New electric recording gives double volume, sweeter tone, truer reproduction.

FREE--IF YOU ACT NOW!

—and FREE of charge, in addition, complete illustrated instructions for dancing the "Tampico Tap" the latest Fox Trot. Prepared by Oscar Duryea, Pres. of the American National Assn. of Masters of Dancing. This offer holds good if you order AT ONCE.

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Let us send you this complete set of SIXTEEN selections, plus the FREE illustrated instructions for the "Tampico Tap," for 10 days' trial. Just mail the coupon or a letter. When the package arrives, give the postman $2.98 plus the small delivery charges, then TRY THE RECORDS. If you are not completely satisfied SEND THE SET BACK and every penny you have paid will be returned AT ONCE. Mail the coupon NOW.

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Dept. 274, 327 West 36th Street, New York

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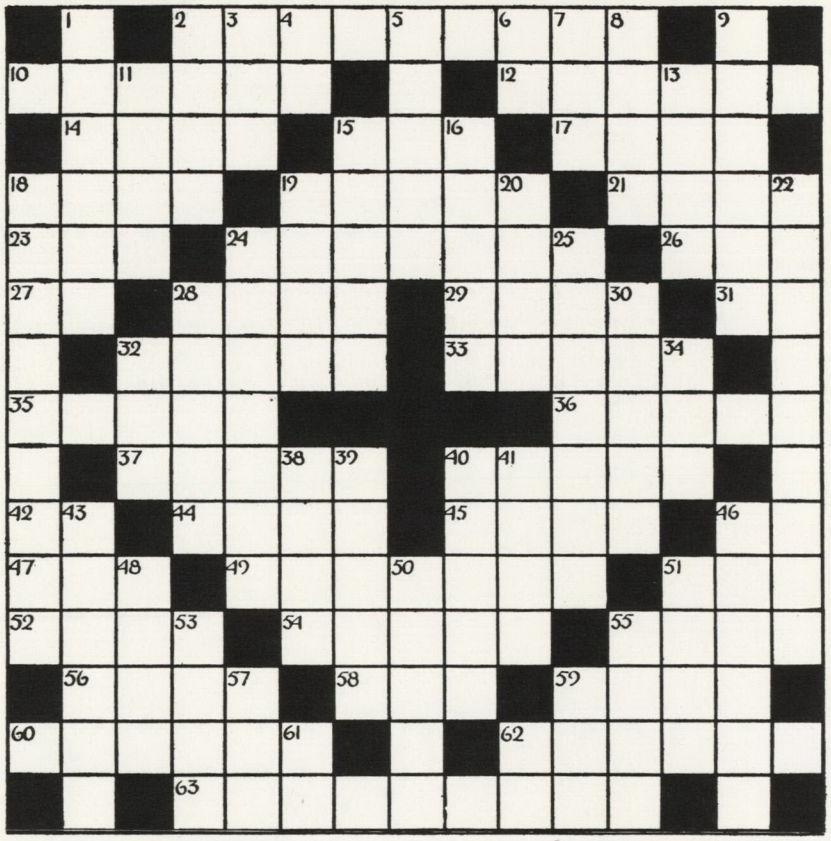
Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 119



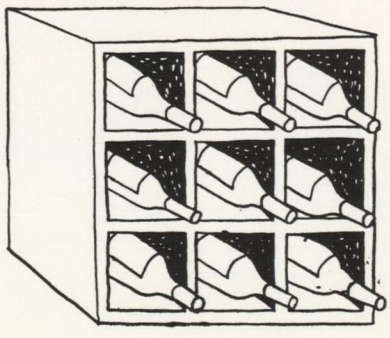
Submitted by V. C. Hedrick, Comanche, Okla. Judge pays $25 for each puzzle printed.

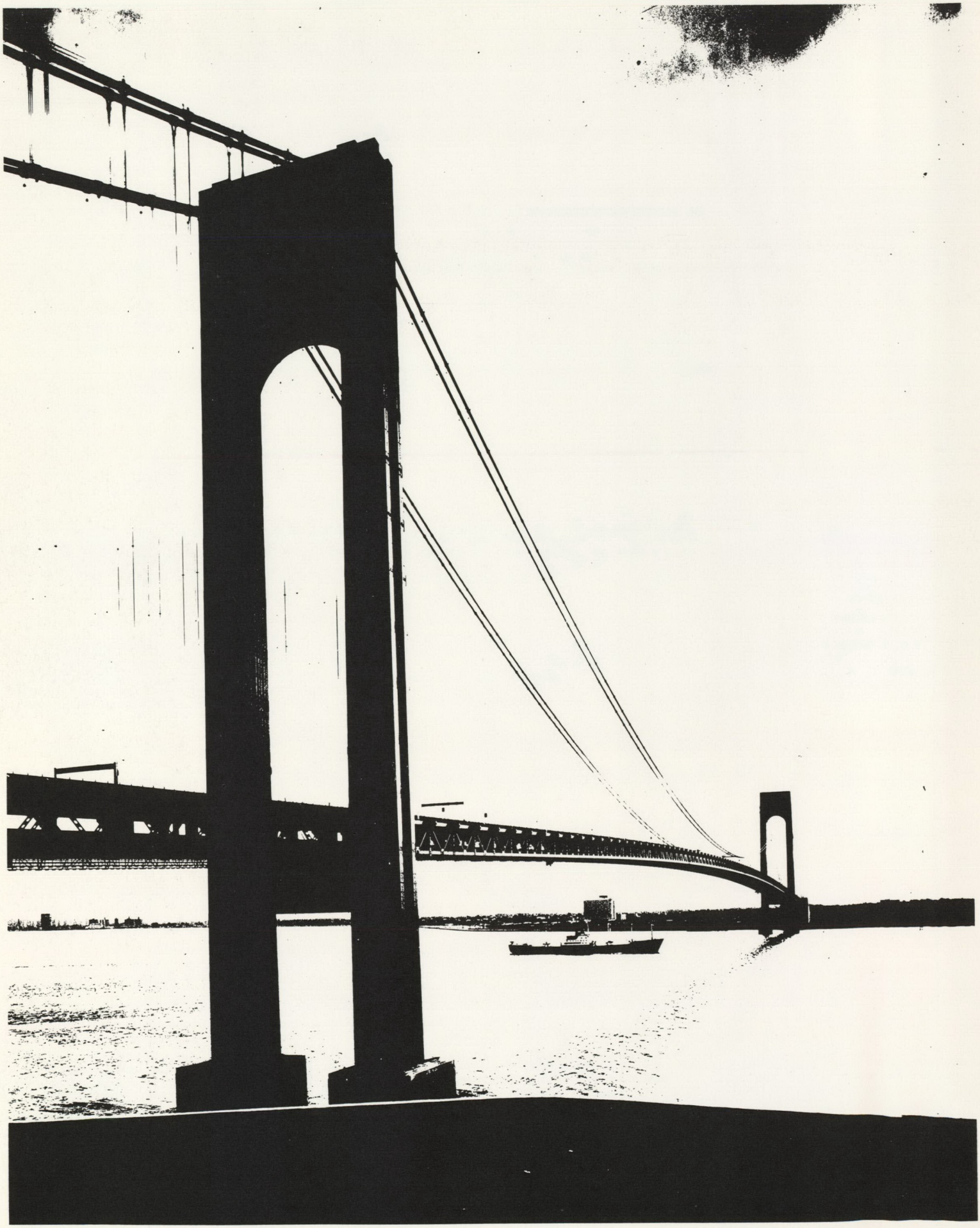
Horizontal

2. To subdue.
10. The safest thing for a husband to do when the little woman acts up.
12. Rent dodgers.
14. This is continually in the church.
15. While a few climbed the ladder of success many did this.
17. This old boy liked to play around fires.
18. This is the height of everything.
19. A speak-easy.
21. To wander.
23. A beloved rebel.
24. Controversial.
26. "It."
27. What Elinor Glyn calls sex appeal.
28. To stupefy.
29. What it seems we have to live through between pay days.
31. A Southern State (abbr.)
32. Something always found around animals.
33. What you do when you clip the bonds of matrimony.
35. A wet deity.
36. Something the laundress does.
37. A declivity.
40. How cotton is shipped.
42. A preposition.
44. What old-fashioned poetry used to do.
45. You'll never get up in the world if you stay here.
46. A note in the scale.
47. To incite; provoke.
49. What the good Mohammedan did when he faced Mecca.
51. A Western State (abbr.)
52. A peasant in India.
54. No one can really be a big business man while he stays like this.
55. What are the consequences of late poker parties to married men?
56. Where Oscar Wilde stayed in Reading.
58. Yukon Sewing Societies (init.).
59. Where many gold diggers are found.
60. This fellow keeps bankers' hours.
62. These knock a great deal in court.
63. The magnetic oxide of iron.

Vertical

1. If you have any dealing with surgeons, you're apt to get the point of this.
2. Any Scotchman can do this easily.
3. An Indian tribe.
4. To have existence.
5. A law emanating from the Czar (Pre-Bolshevik).
6. Part of the verb to be.
7. A heavy weight.
8. Eternally.
9. Shady places.
11. Advanced nearer.
13. When this little fellow gets busy, you'll get the point.
15. Found in all department stores.
16. A N. Y. newspaper.
18. The co-respondent in a divorce case.
19. To flow forth gently.
20. A more respectful name for the old man.
22. What is the cost of living?
24. A pasture.
25. Raised captious and frivolous objections (Past).
28. These are signs of the *time*.
30. Dried; withered.
32. A pronoun.
34. An infant persuader.
38. Cooking utensils.
39. If this acts friendly it's hypocritical.
40. These are always being knocked around.
41. A son of Adam.
43. A mythical Attic king.
46. For this and no other purpose.
48. Your aim must be good to make this.
50. What Sloan's Liniment does to a pain in the neck.
51. What it takes to play baseball.
53. This is a duty you will not like.
55. One way to get in the swim.
57. Masculine proper name.
59. Popular subject of debates at Vassar.
61. Egyptian sun god.
62. What to do when the Federal agents come.





Bruce
Bainsfather

1972~3