

*changes
1982*

SCHOOL of PERFORMING ARTS

120

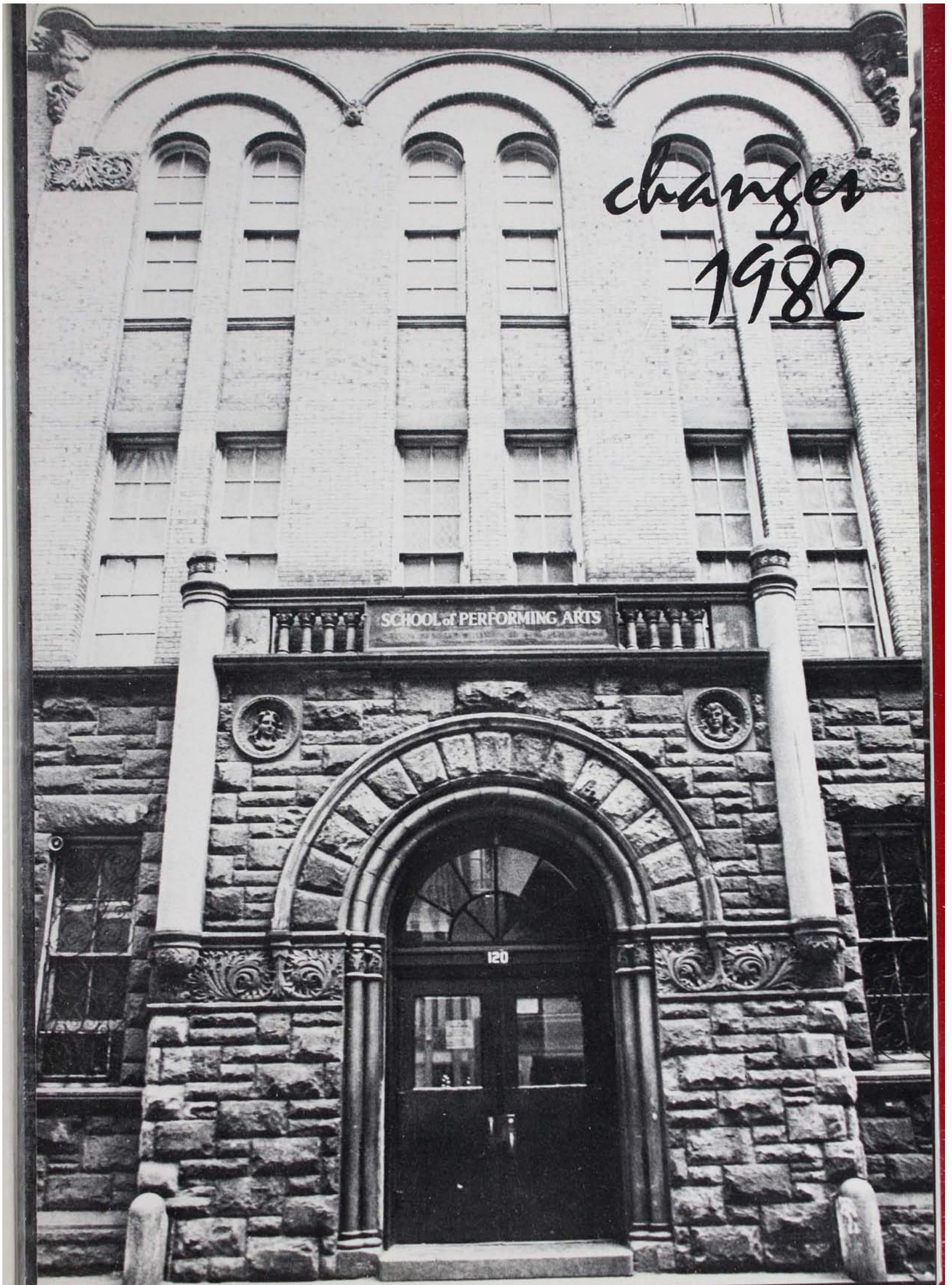
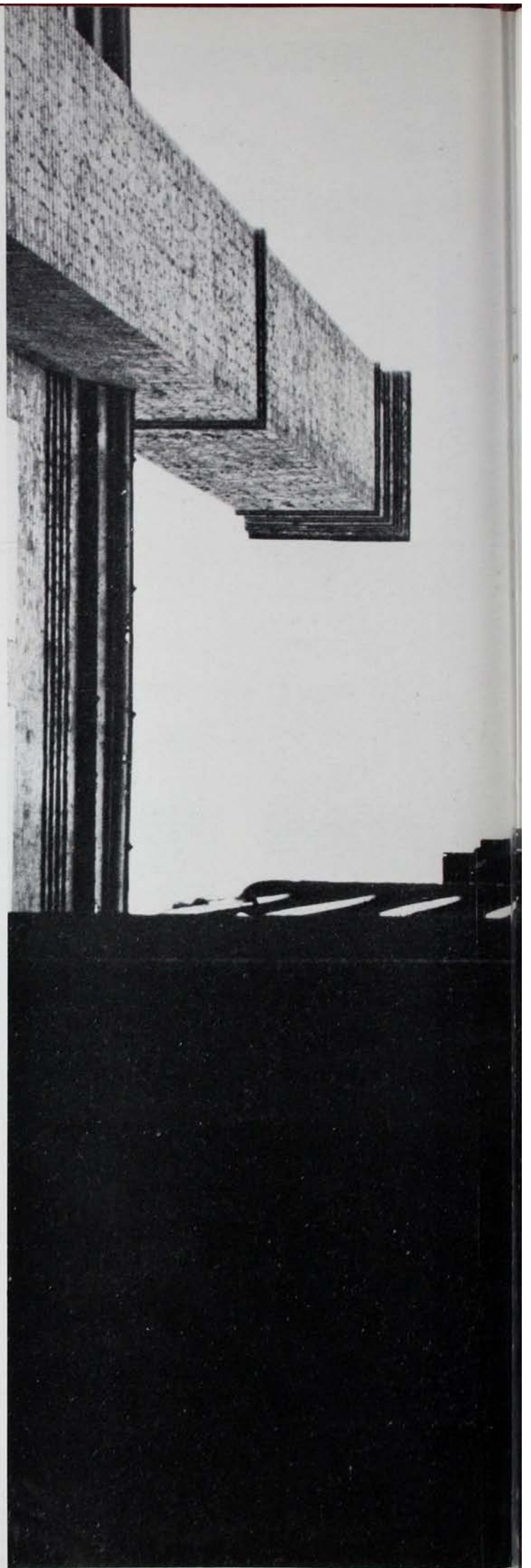
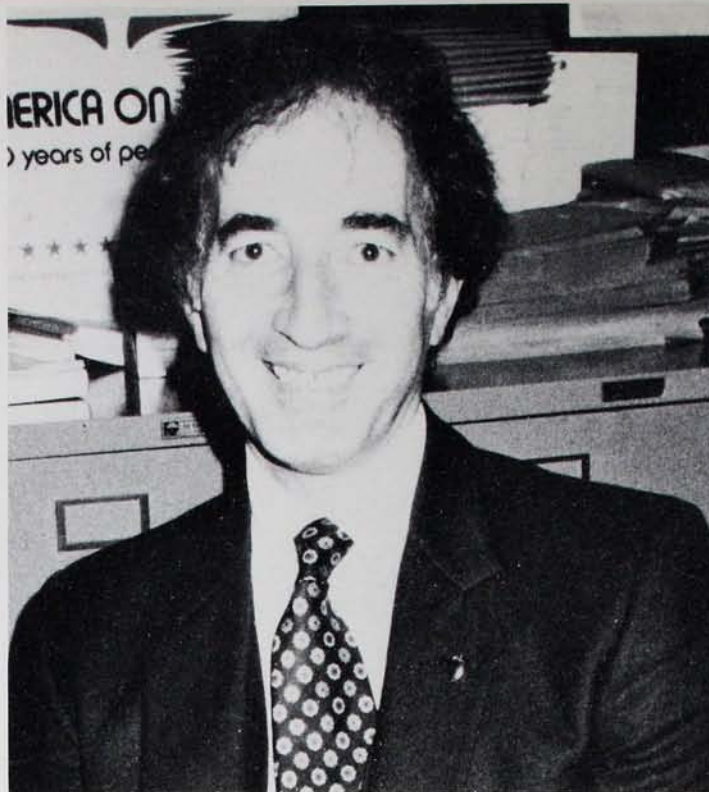


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December 14, 1981

To the Graduates:

The experiences you have enjoyed as students at the School of Performing Arts will remain with you for a lifetime, and will be remembered with fondness, no matter where the future finds you.

It has been a distinct pleasure for me to share your triumphs in performance and to help shape the foundation we have attempted to put in place for your success in the demanding world of the performing arts.

Knowing that like so many before you, you may find yourself in the envious position someday of being able to affect the lives of others through your actions, we have attempted to make you aware of the need to recognize the genuine concerns of others, even as you were developing your own inner strengths and refining your own talents.

The measure of our success will be judged by your own development in the future. I wish you well -

Richard A. Klein,
Principal



Your warmth, your generous natures, and your enthusiasm greeted me upon my arrival at Performing Arts. You made me feel welcome. Thank you! Keep your ability to reach out to others, your genuine friendliness, and your marvelous involvement with life, and you will surely meet with success.

Richard Beller



To each of you, may I offer best wishes and success as you move ahead to new and exciting times. We hope that you will keep us informed of your progress as you travel through life. It will give us a special joy to hear of your successes and triumphs in the years to come.

Shirley Franklin



SCHOOL OF PERFORMING ARTS

A DIVISION OF THE FIORELLO H. LA GUARDIA HIGH SCHOOL
120 WEST 46 STREET • NEW YORK, N.Y. 1003
TELEPHONE: (212) 819-019

Fond Friends,

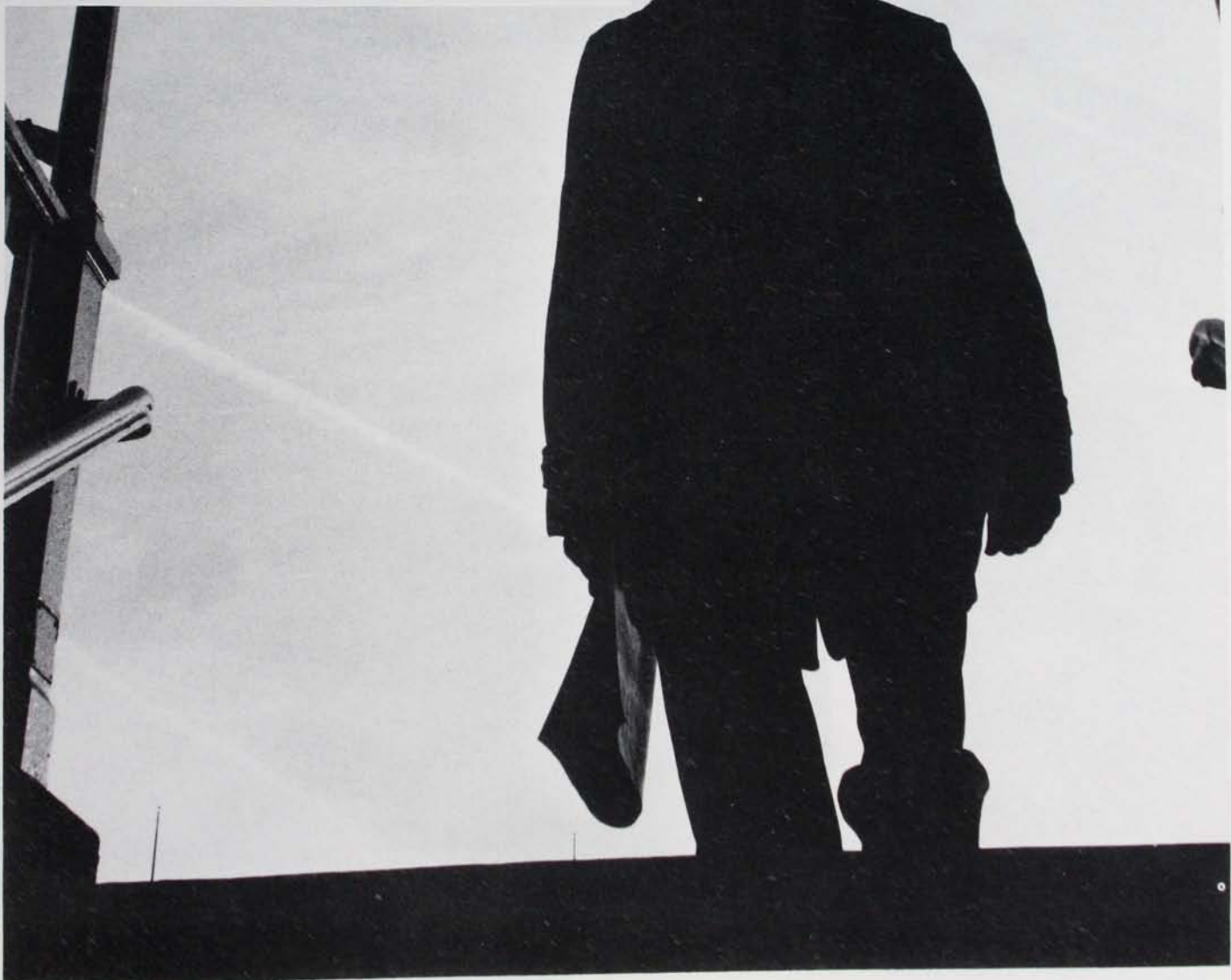
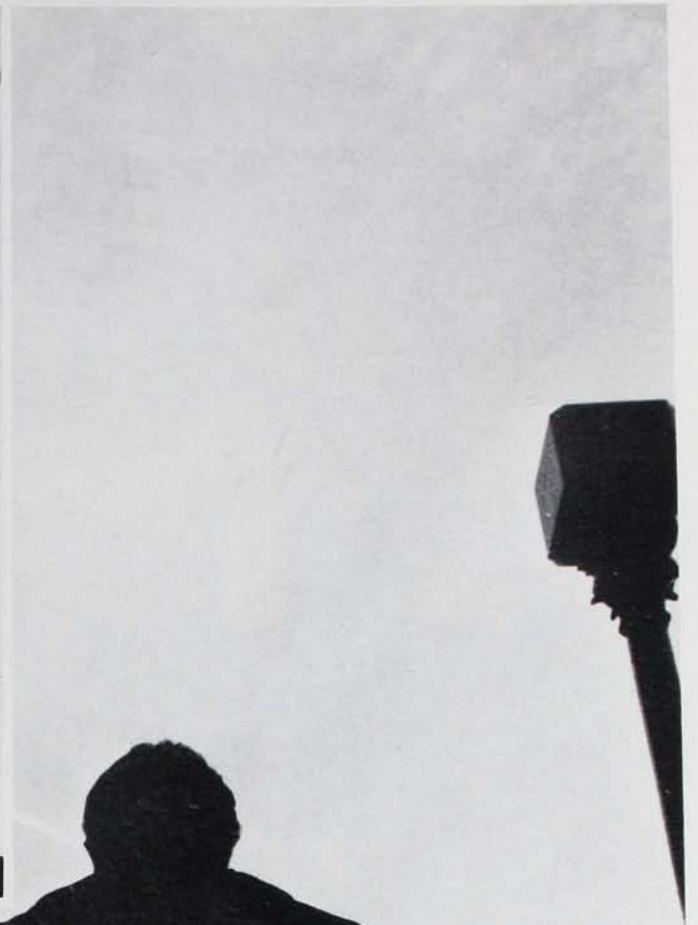
It has been my pleasure to witness (for 32 years!) that the hallmark of the School of Performing Arts experience is the pursuit of excellence and scholarship. Your achievement and commitment to sustain our high standards was ever present.

Your strong support as Alumnae/i will ensure that these traditional values will continue as new generations enter P.A.

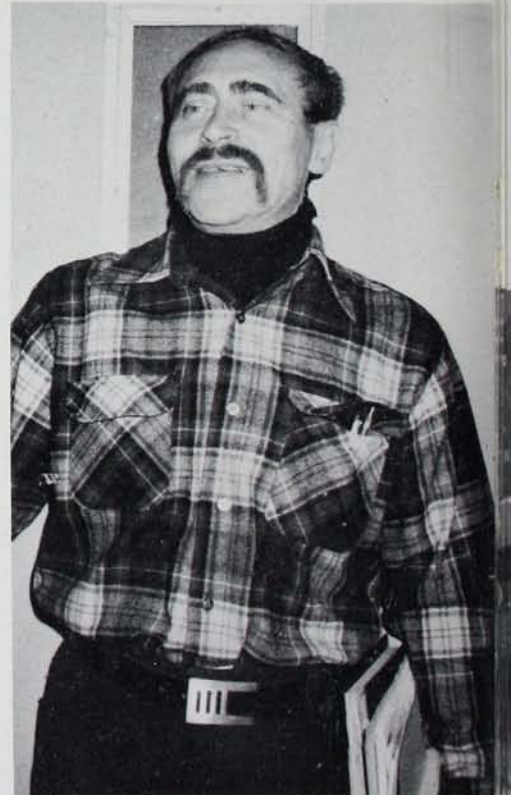
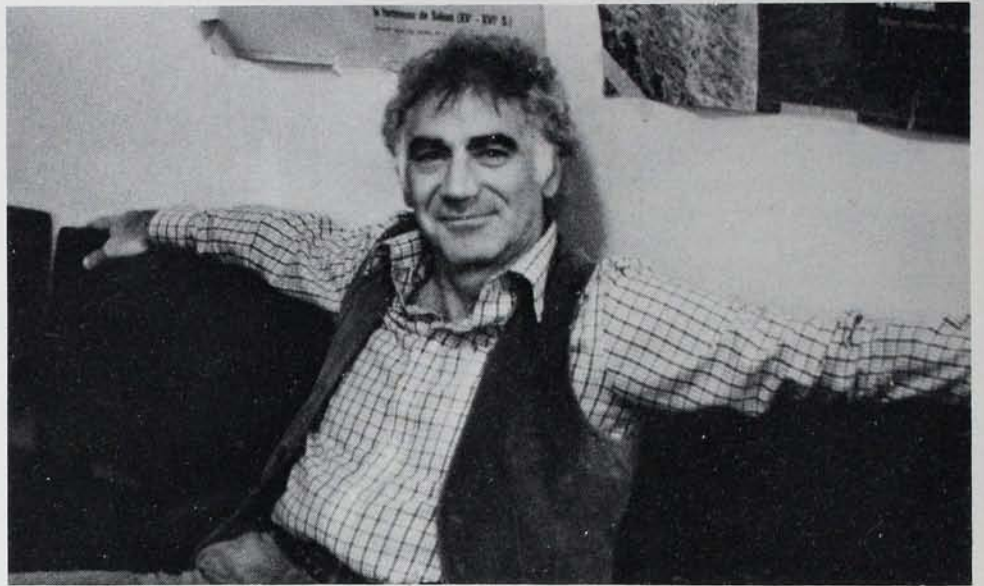
I will miss you all. I wish you every success, coupled with good health and happy, fond memories of our school.

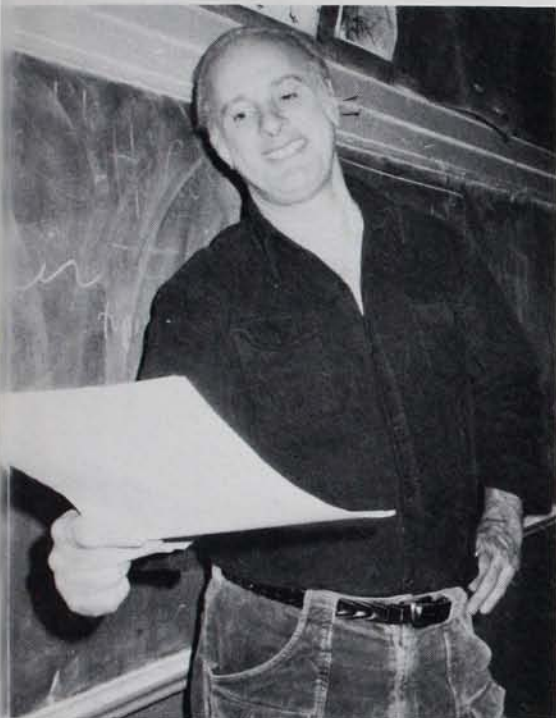
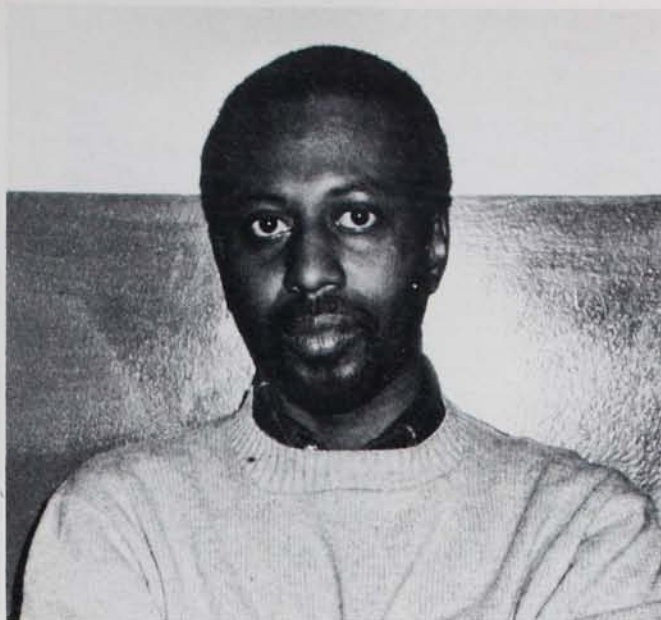
Spring Oxfuss





Faculty



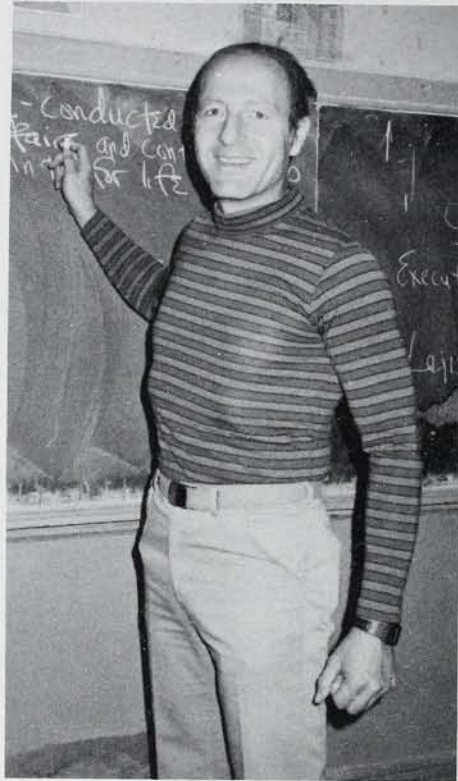
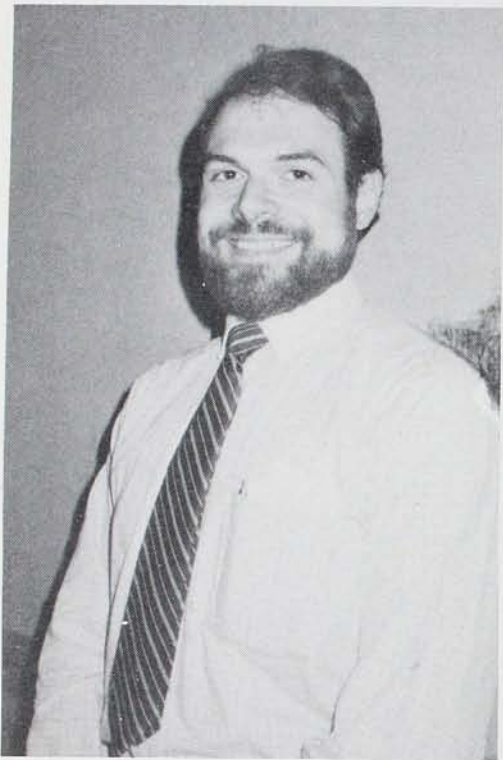


Top to Bottom, Left to Right:

Cleo Dana, Martin Zagon, Donald Shannon, Elizabeth Gregg, Haron Schuman, Bernard Werner, Murray Braunstein, Olive Freud, Phyllis Weber, Paul Reisch, Seymour Maurer, Takako Saito (librarian).



Left to Right: *Jeanne Walfish, Victor Snow, John Bruno, Maurice Herz, Frederic Wile, Shirley Katz Cohen, John Mariani.*



Left to Right: Mary Smith, Ms. Gaeto,
Vivian Cariglia, Sadie Parker, Lucille
Chisolm, Irene Hawkins, Caroline Gaeta,
Madeline Conti.



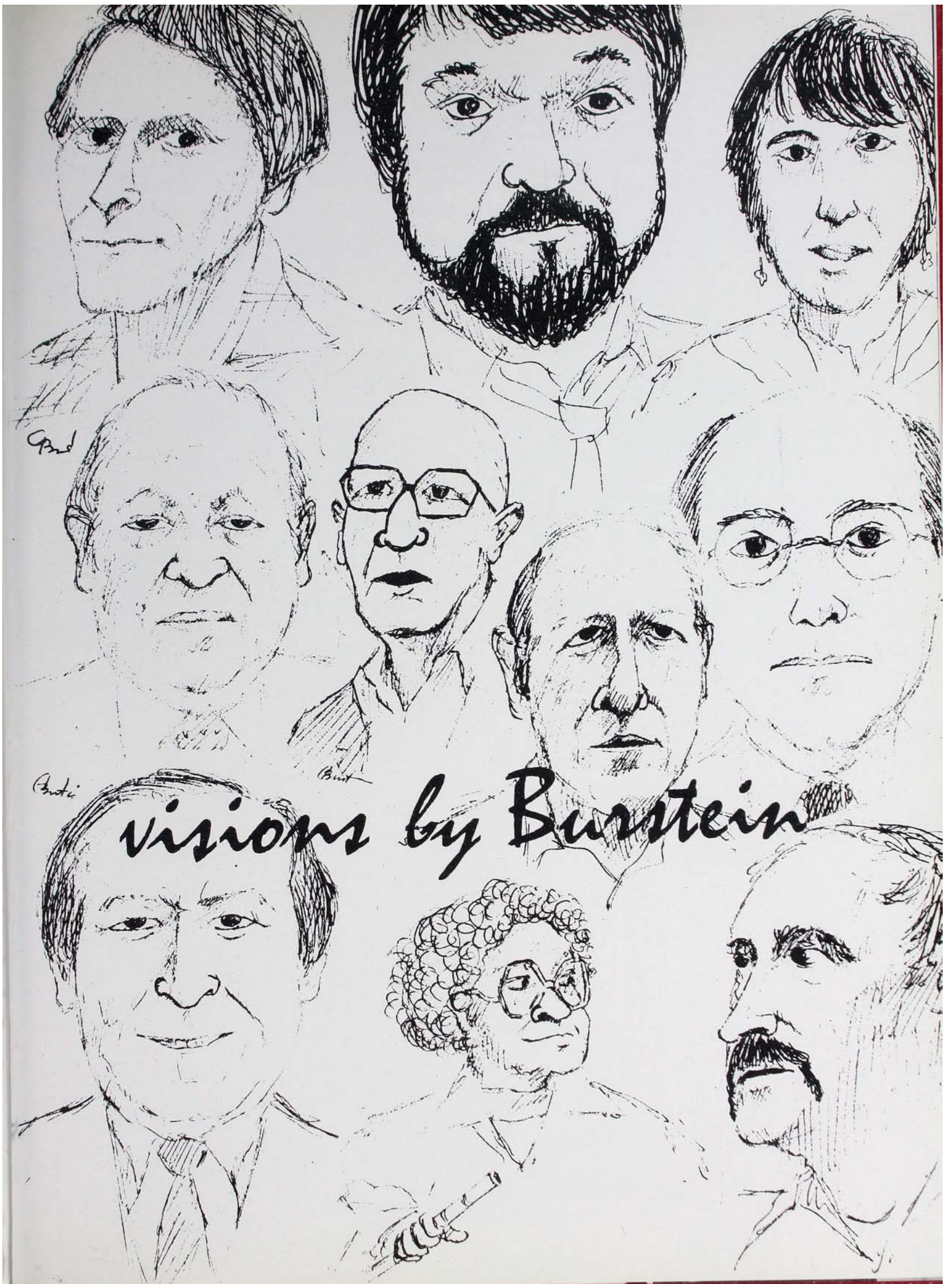


Clockwise: Daniel Ryan, Lillian Mathews, Naomi Proctor, Jack McCants.



"You are young, my son, and, as the years go by, time will change and even reverse many of your present opinions. Refrain, therefore, awhile from setting yourself up as the judge of the highest matters."

— Plato

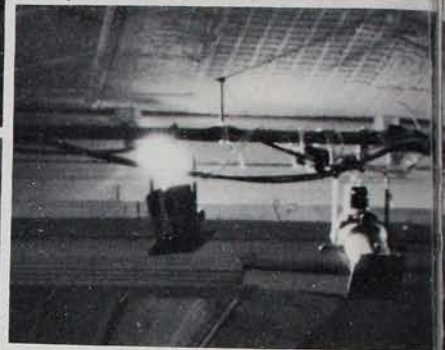
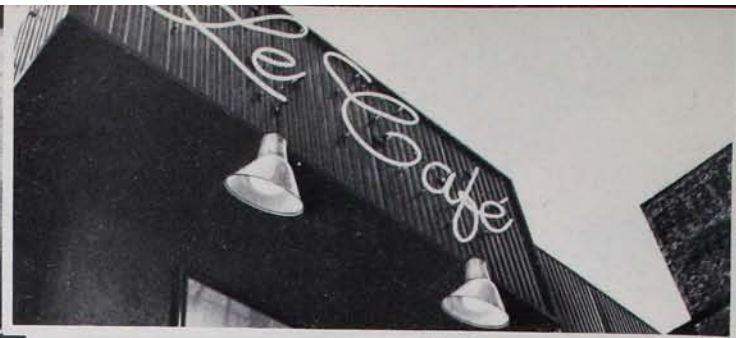
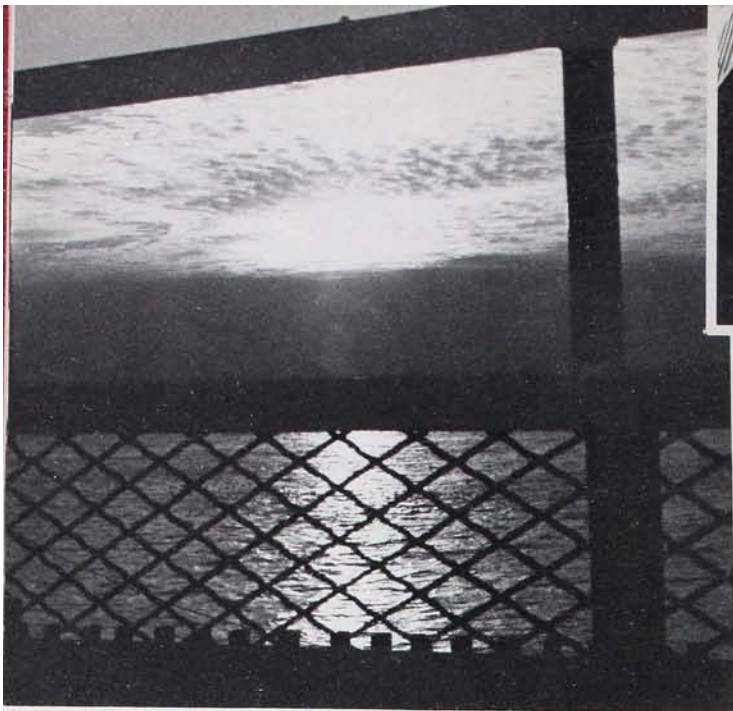


visions by Burstein

Paul

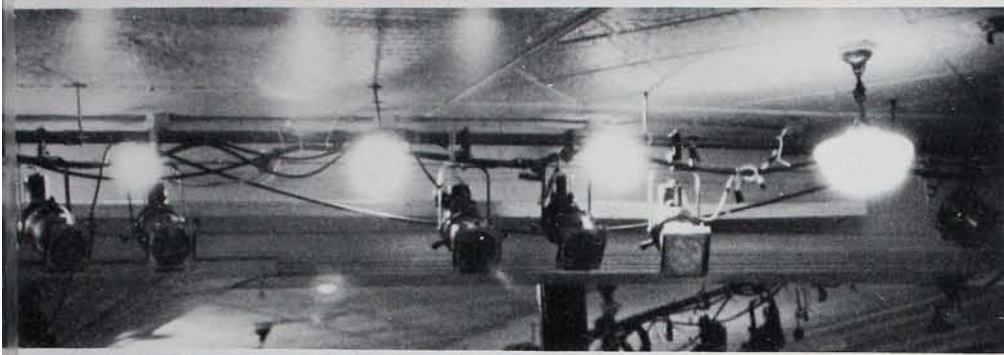
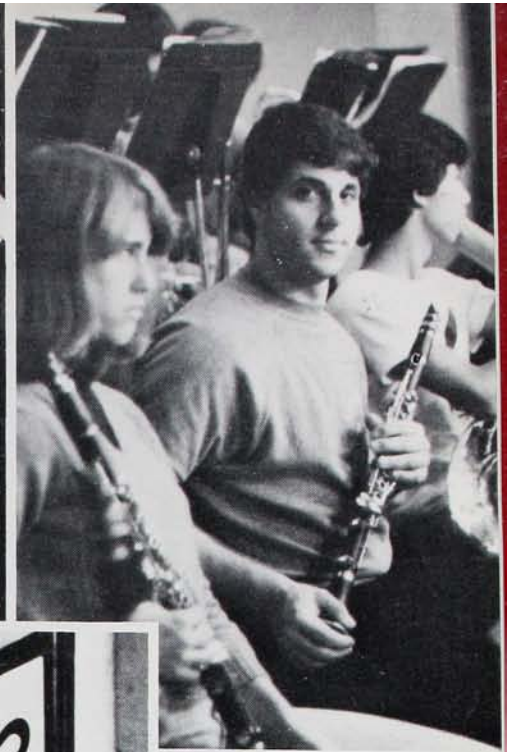
Burt

Andi



**DOWNTOWN, EAST SIDE
AND BROOKLYN**

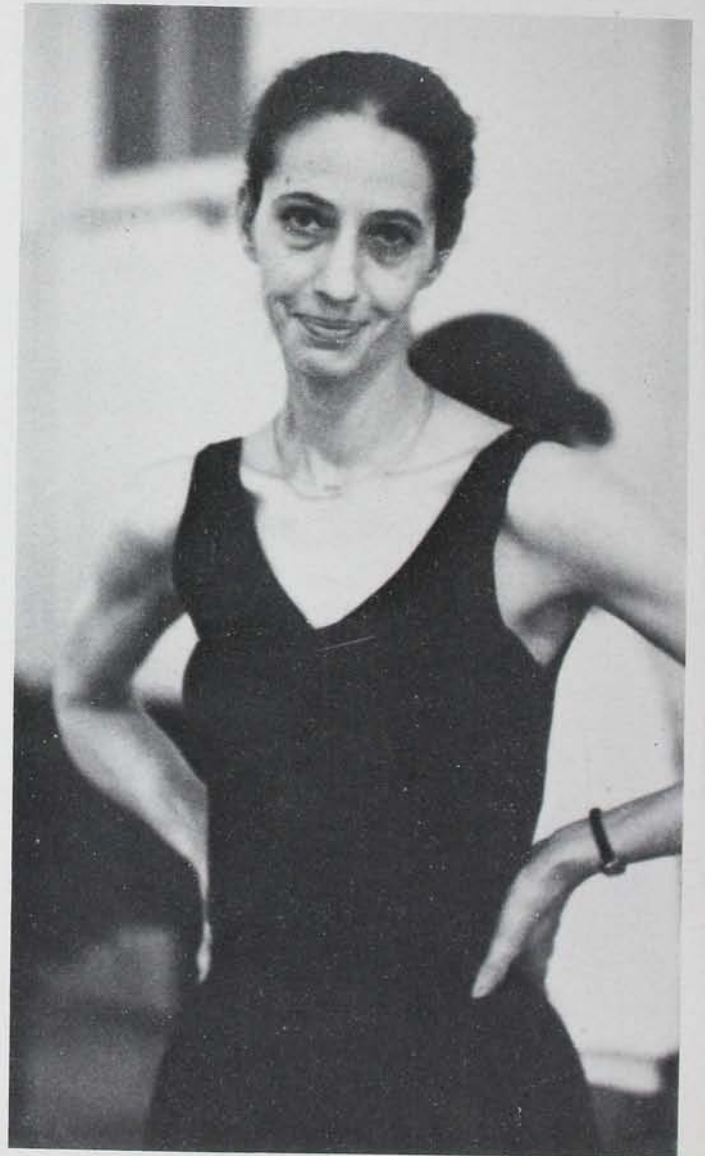


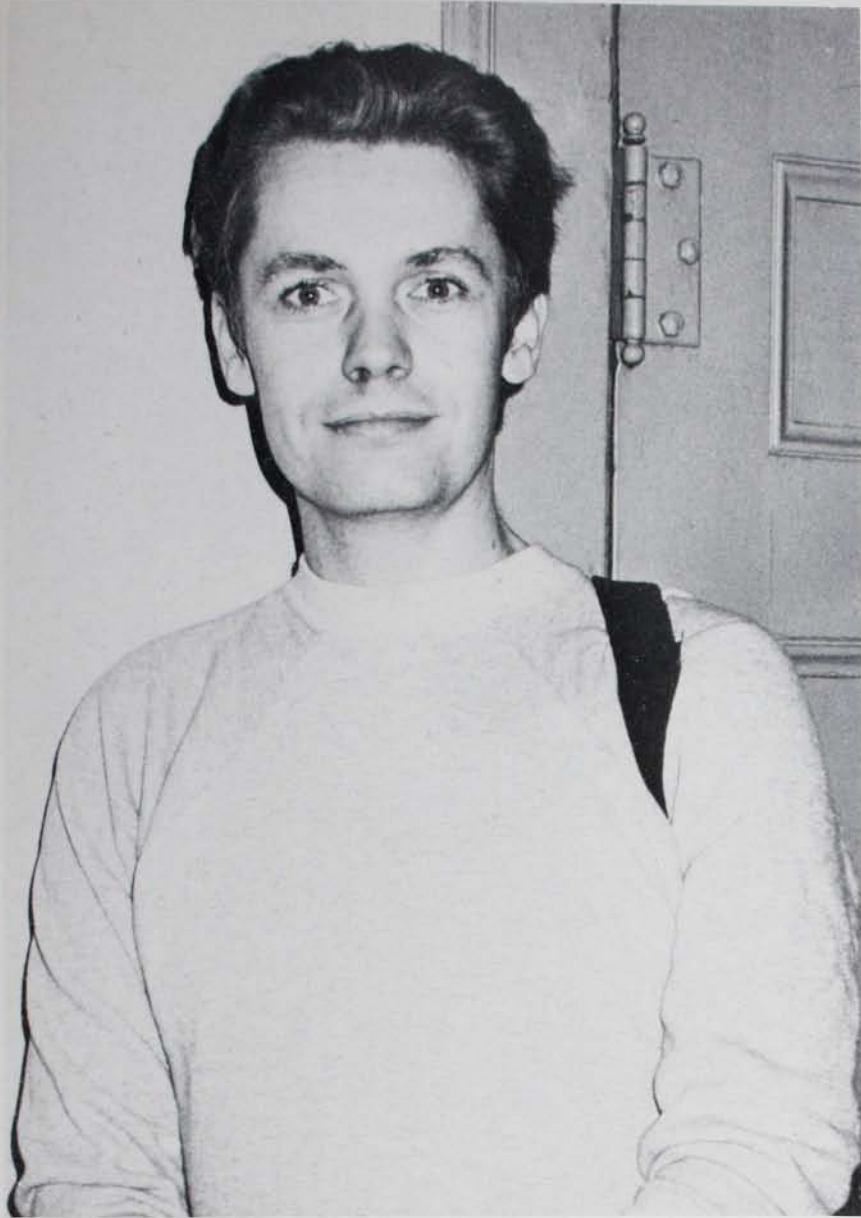


Dancing is the loftiest, the most moving, the most beautiful of the arts because it is no mere translation or abstraction from life; it is life itself.

dance







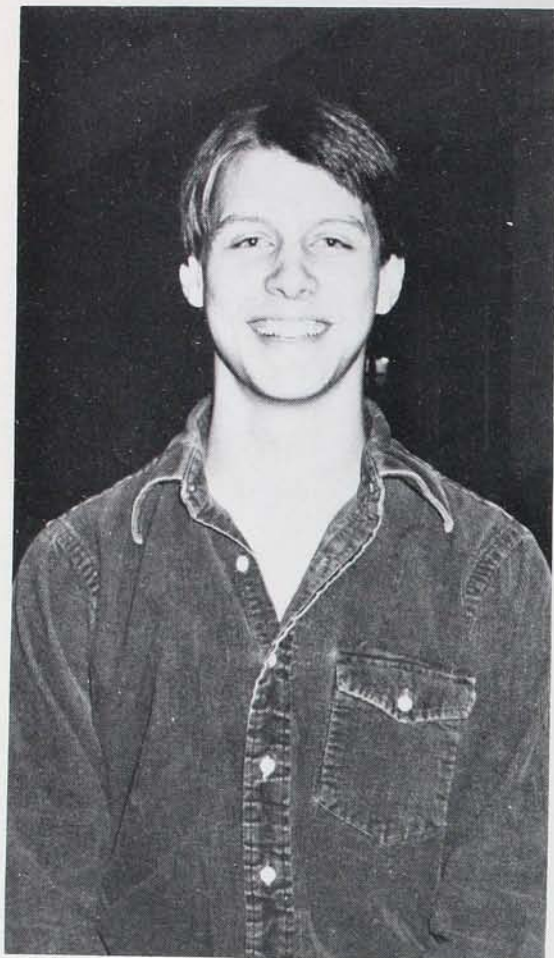
Opposite: Lydia Joel, Eva Schwarcz-Gangel, Penny Frank, Roman Markowicz and Hazel Johnson.

This page: Bob Heath, Ronnie Ragen, David Feinberg, Nancy Clements, Peff Modelski.



Michele Stein

Jonathan Kiselring



Lisa M Osborne





Dior

NOTHING GOLD CAN STAY

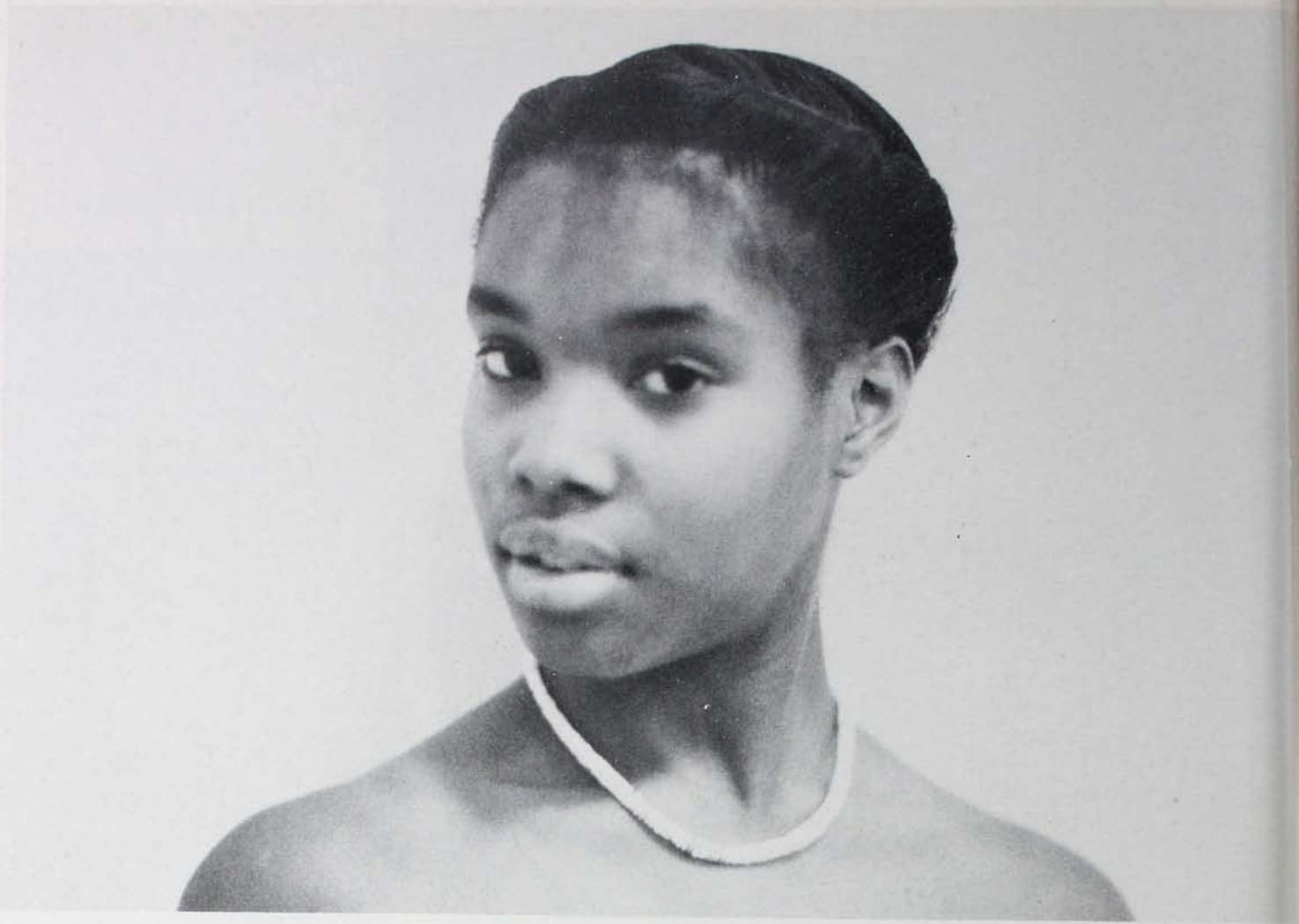
Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leaf's a flower;
But only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides to leaf.
So Eden sank to grief,
So dawn goes down to day.
Nothing gold can stay.

Robert Frost



Susan Brownbill
Sonya H. Toney

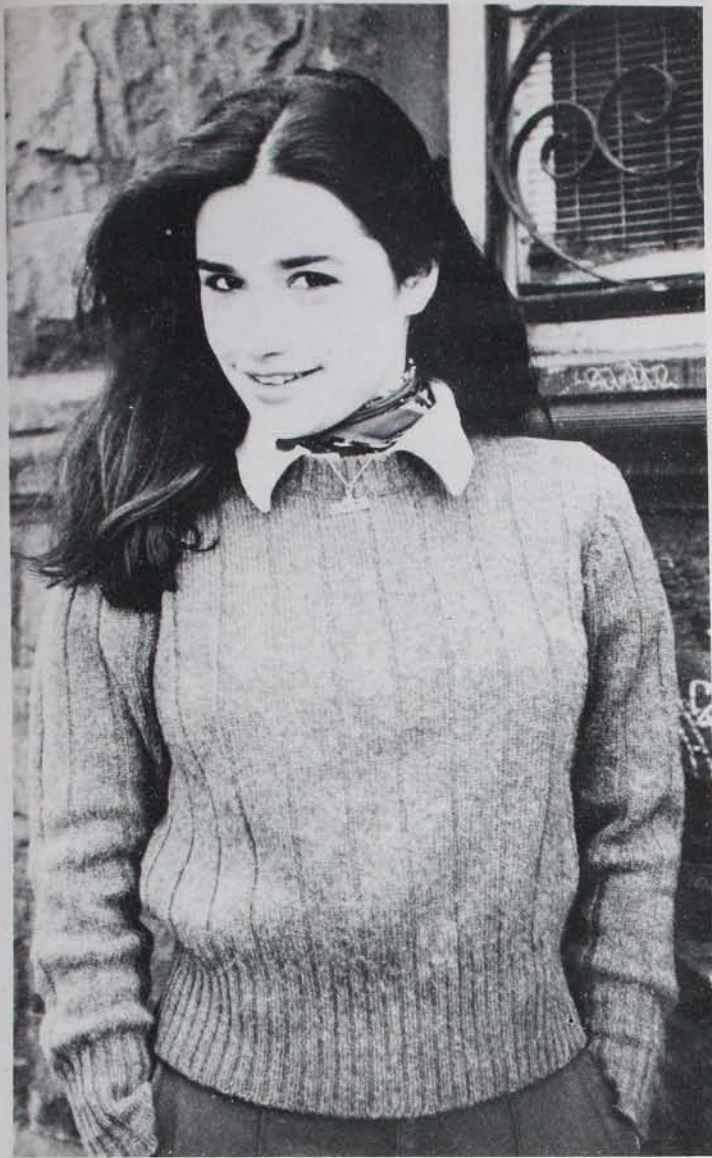
Sclera Huss



Veronica Ajakie



Tricia Schurer



Sonja Sekely

Lynette Asencio



Chessa Rosati

Danielle Picerno

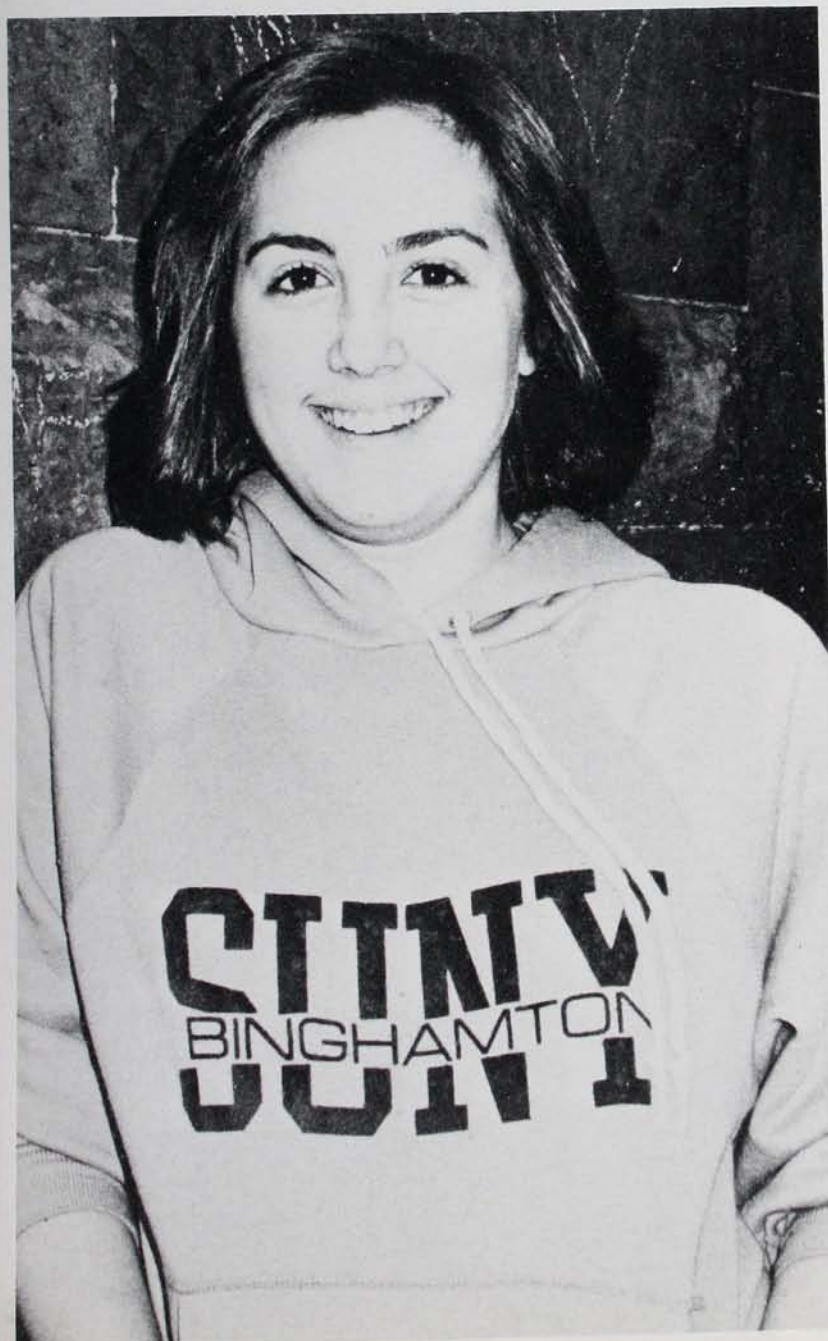


Jodi Weiner



Natasha Hurdle

Valerie L. Burt



Nadia Mohan

Lisa Moskowitz

Keith - Derrick Randolph Varriss Reese



Connie Coker



Michelle Brown





Maria Juliana Inman

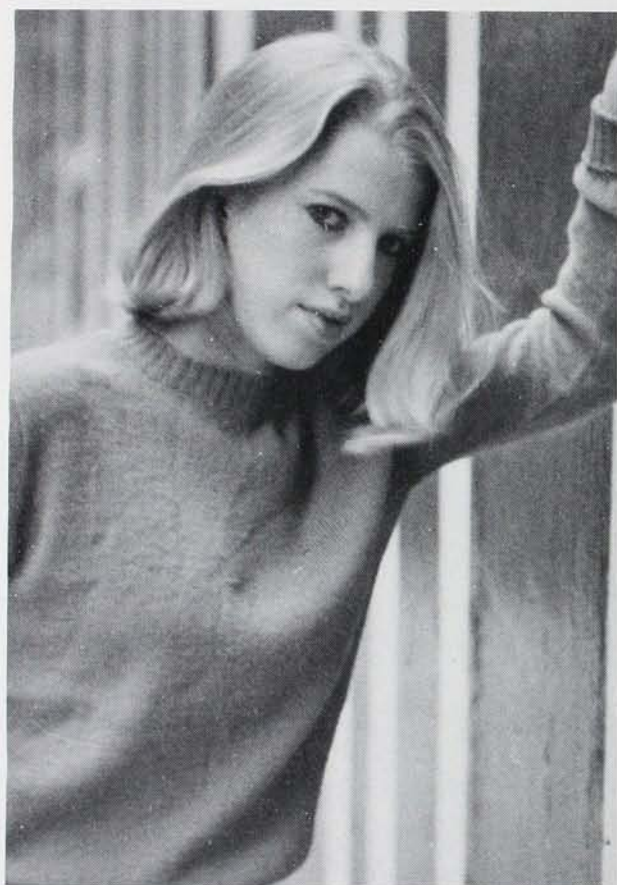


Loretta Stemberger

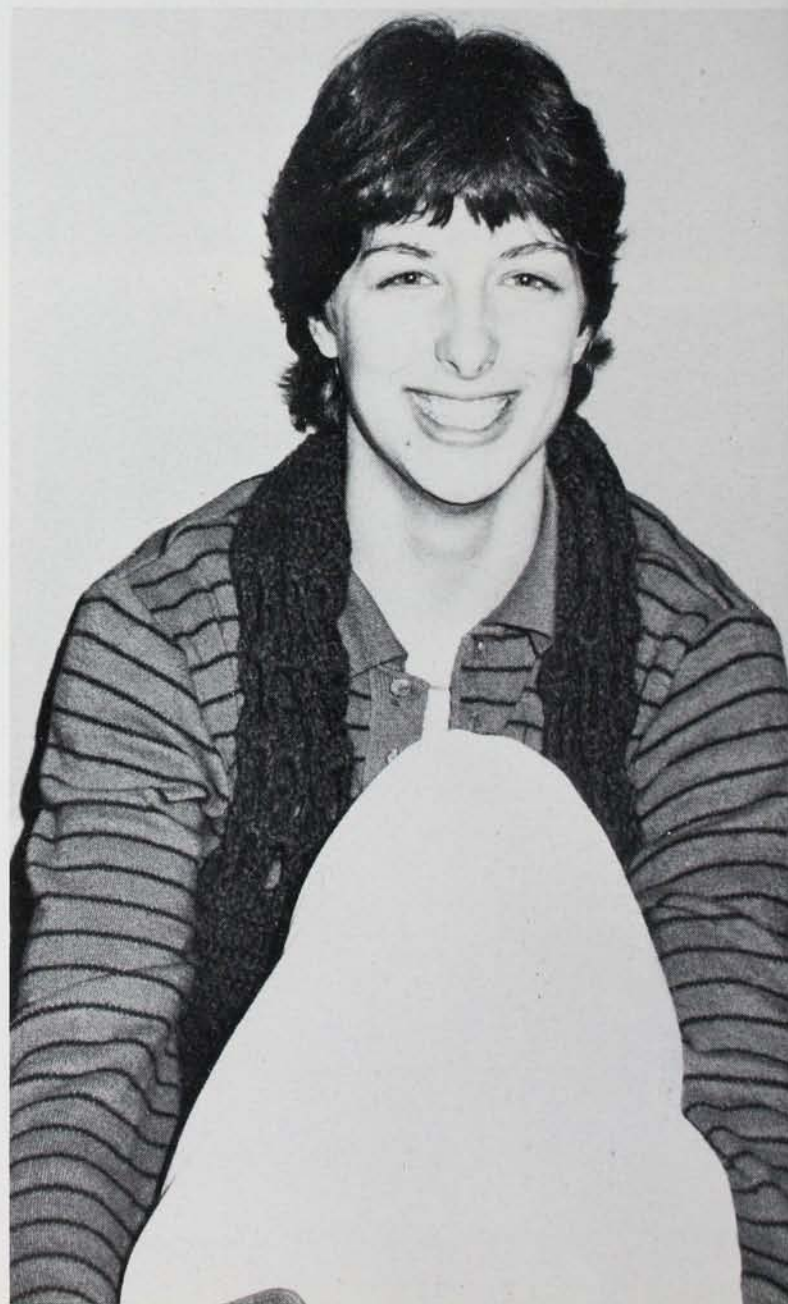


Melinda Wilby

Anna Holsten



Andrea Reavis

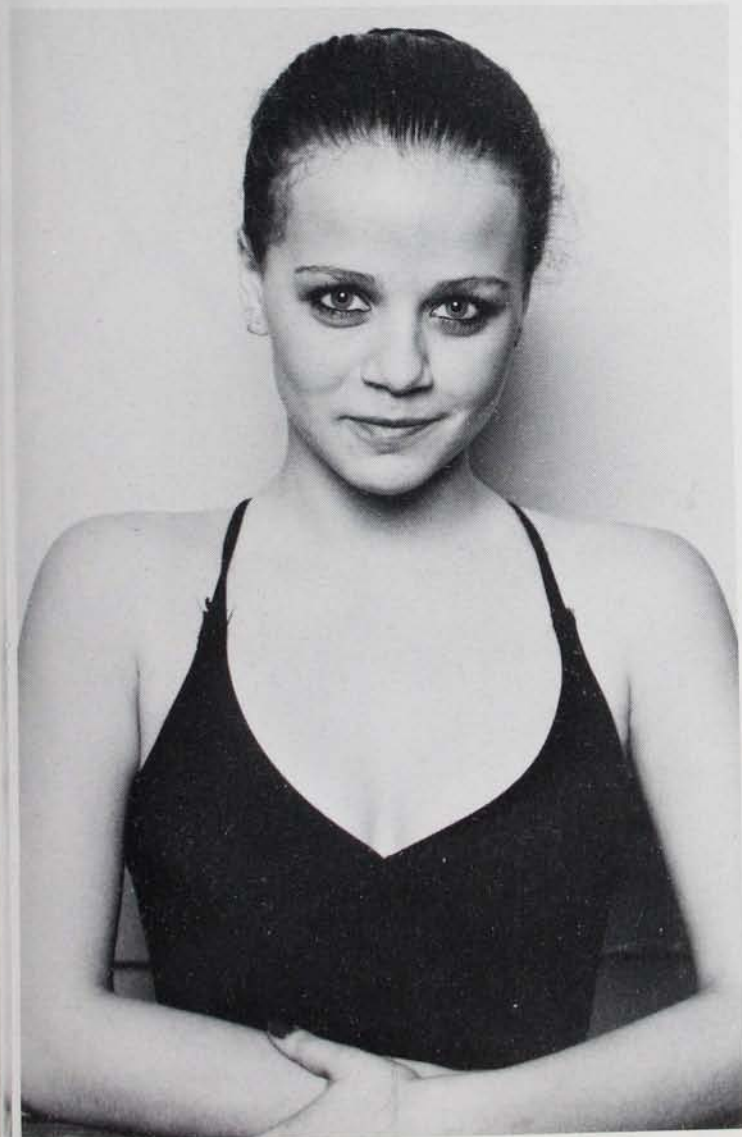


Cyndy Keller



Riku Gulia Loomis

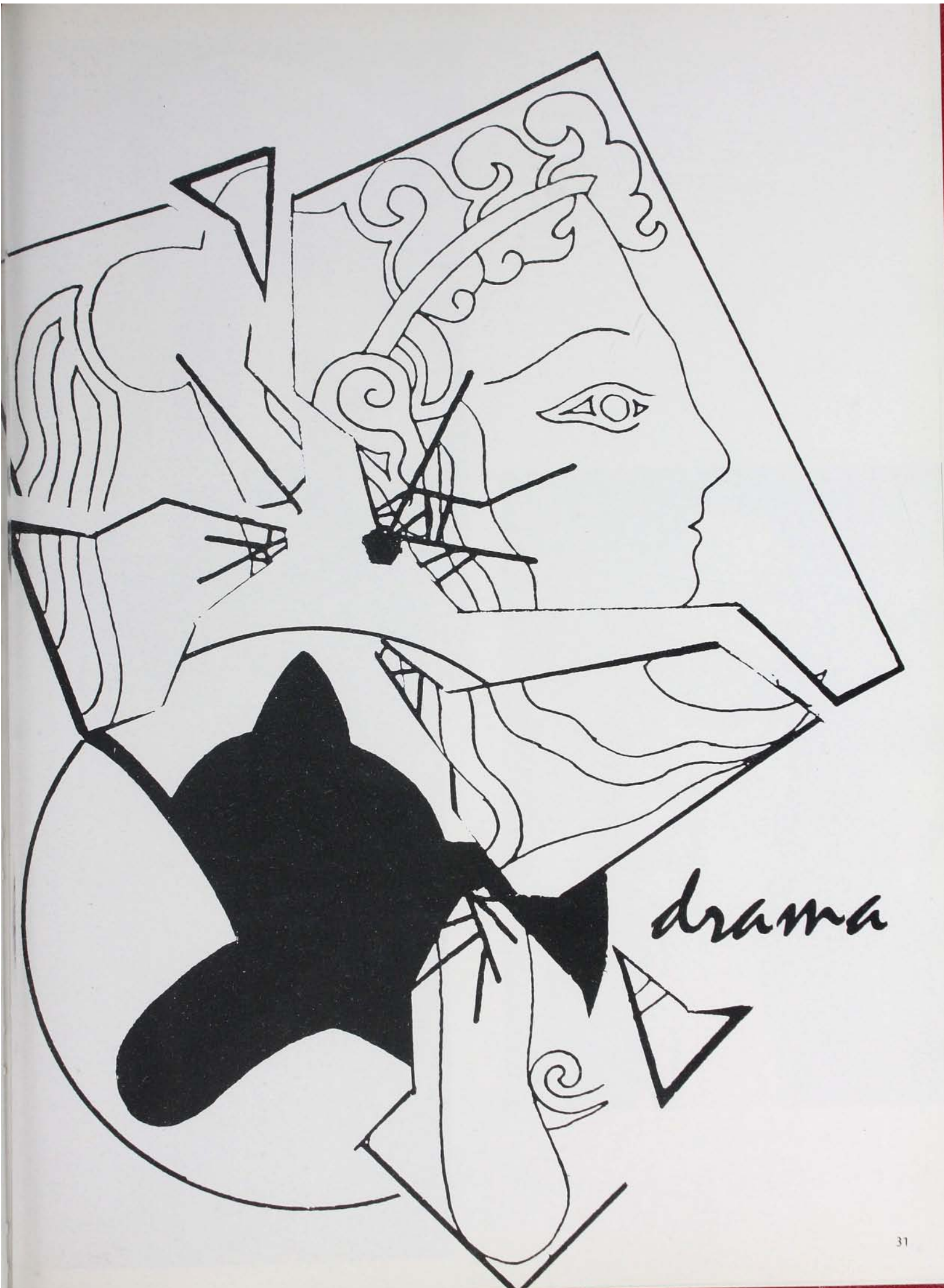
Hetty King



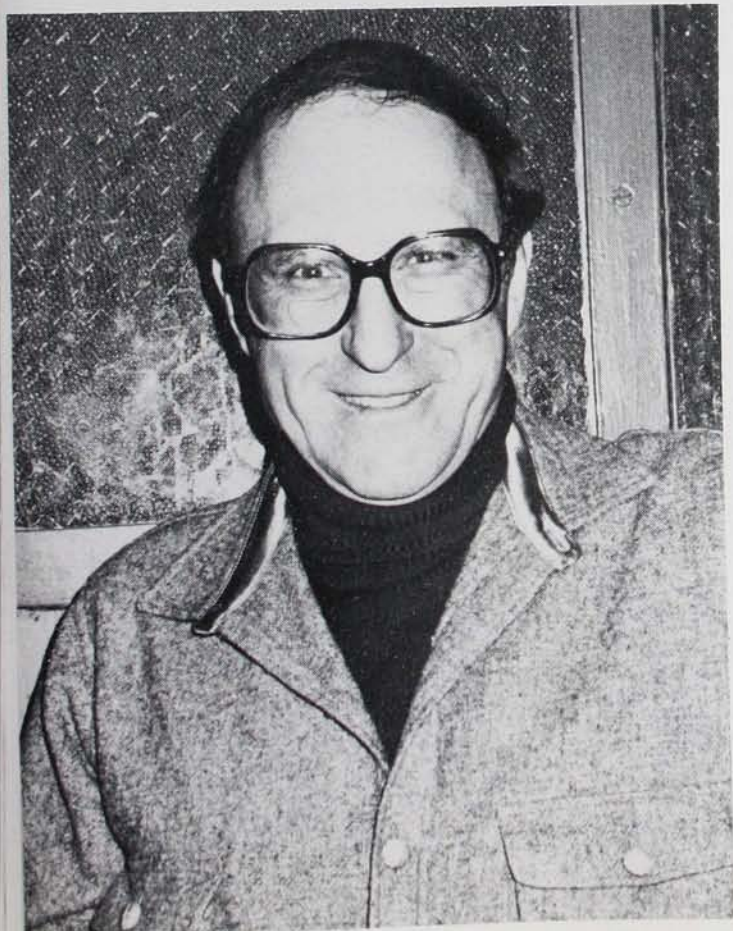
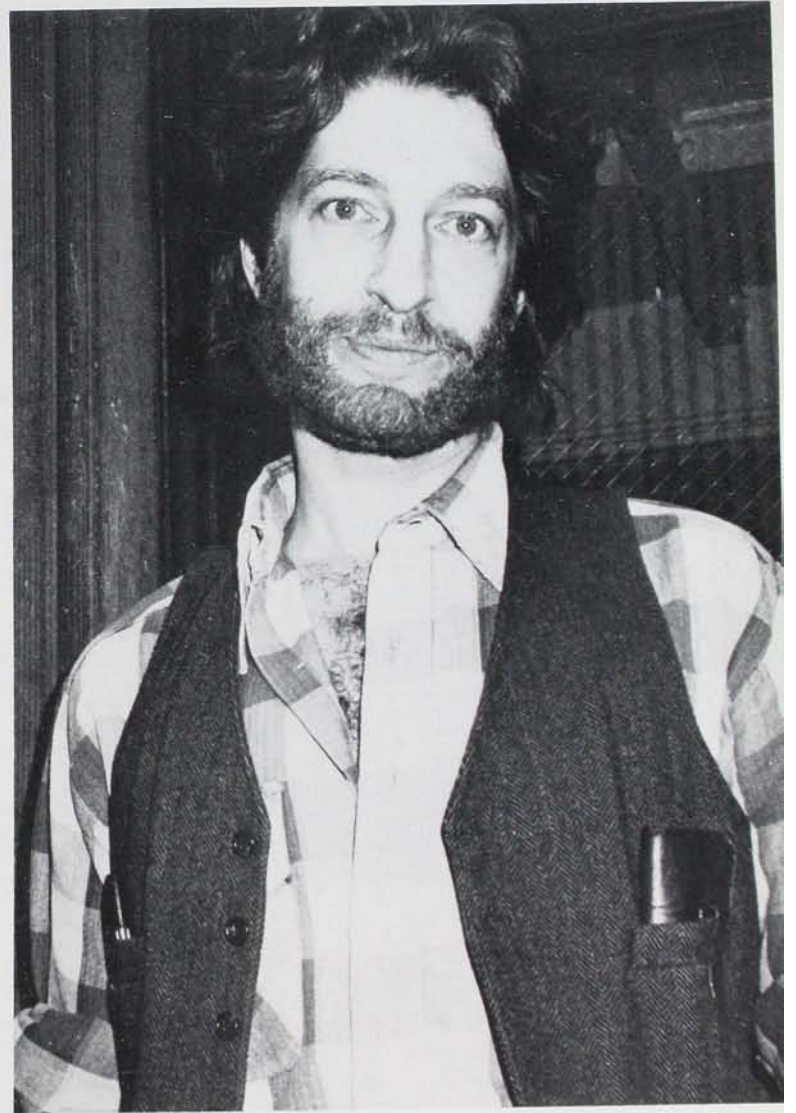
Anna Di Meo

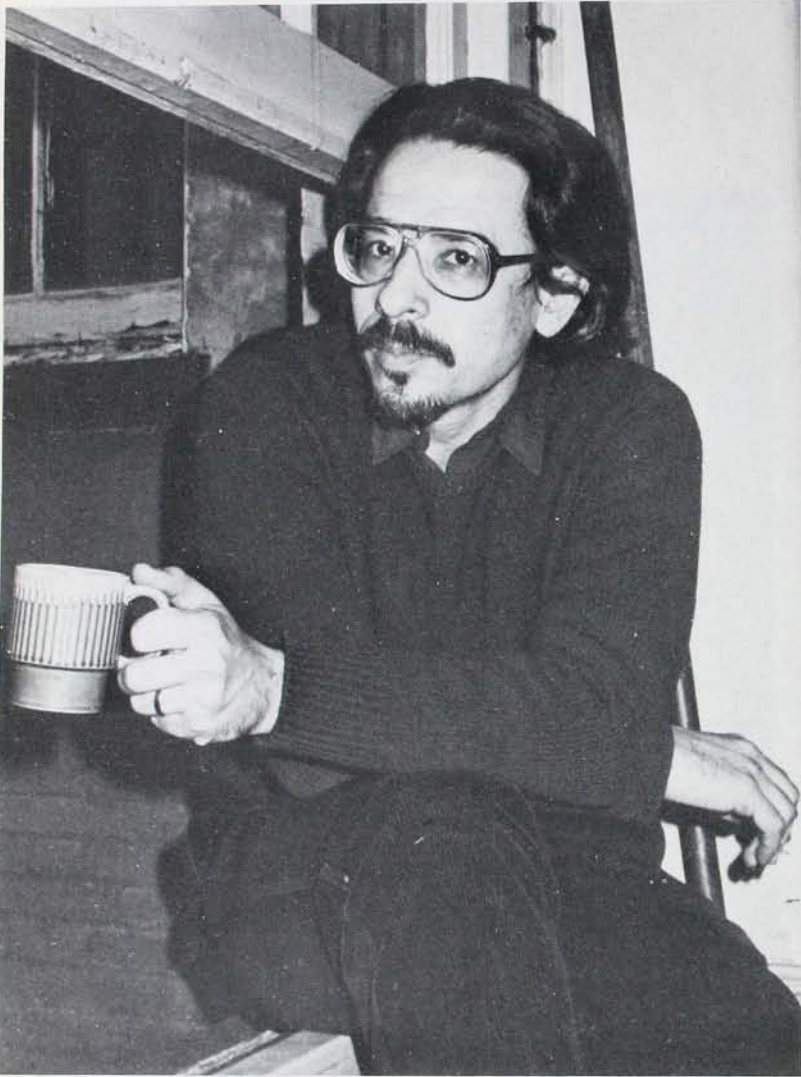














Leslie R. Blumgold

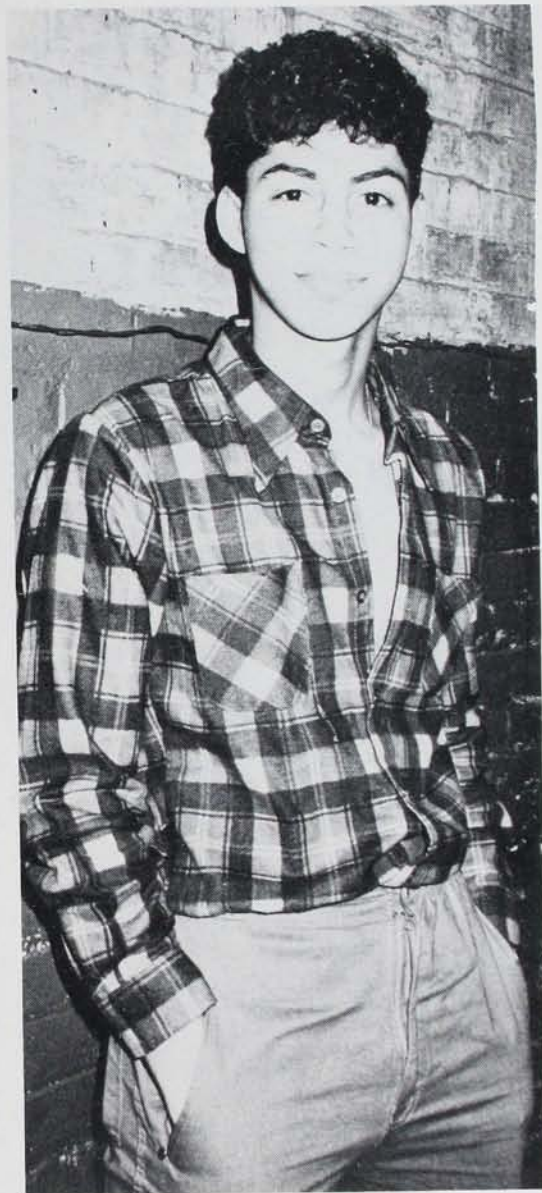
Landy Frost



Arpiné Tcholakian



Kimberly Ryan...



George Sostre



Kelly Meehan

Kimberly Russell

Melanie Bush



THE ARMFUL

For every parcel I stoop down to seize,
I lose some other off my arms and knees,
And the whole pile is slipping, bottles, buns,
Extremes too hard to comprehend at once,
Yet nothing I should care to leave behind.
With all I have to hold with, hand and mind
And heart, if need be, I will do my best
To keep their building balanced at my breast.
I crouch down to prevent them as they fall;
Then I sit down in the middle of them all.
I had to drop the armful in the road
And try to stack them in a better load.

Robert Frost



Patricia Colman



Gary Field

"If I leave here tomorrow,
Would you still remember me?
For I must be traveling on, now,
'Cause there's too many places I've got to see.

Lynyrd Skynyrd



Gina M. Savage



Victoria Wickmann 39

Анна Мусивская



Eric Feivo



Elyssa Katz



David G. Johnson



Georgina M. Corbo



Brigida Diaz

Clare Twomey



Mark Berman



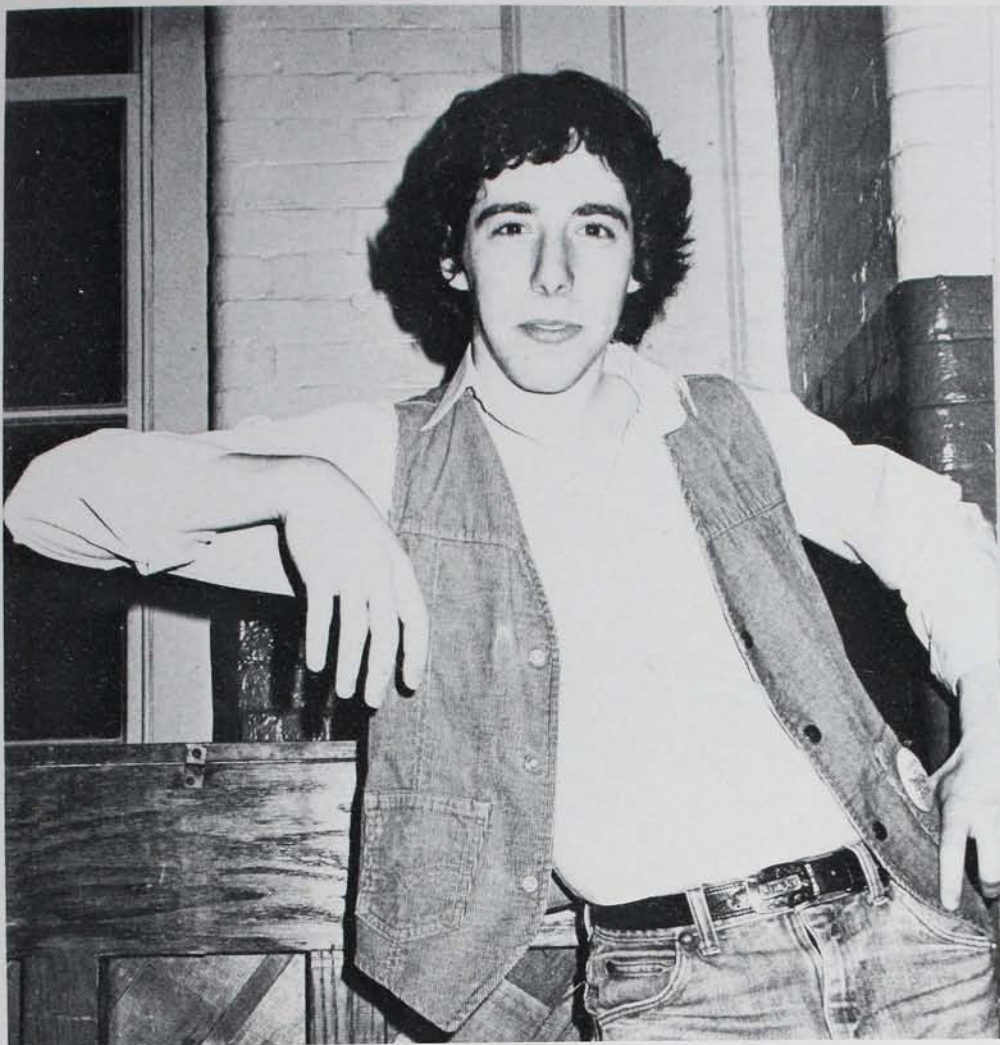
Evan Boss

A MAN SAID TO THE UNIVERSE

A man said to the universe
"Sir, I exist!"
"However," replied the universe,
"The fact has not created in me
A sense of obligation."

Stephen Crane

Lee Row



THE LOCKLESS DOOR

It went many years,
But at last came a knock,
And I thought of the door
With no lock to lock.

I blew out the light,
I tip-toed the floor,
And raised both hands
In prayer to the door.

But the knock came again
My window was wide;
I climbed on the sill
And descended outside.

Back over the sill
I bade a "Come in"
To whatever the knock
At the door may have been.

So at a knock
I emptied my cage
To hide in the world
And alter with age.

Robert Frost

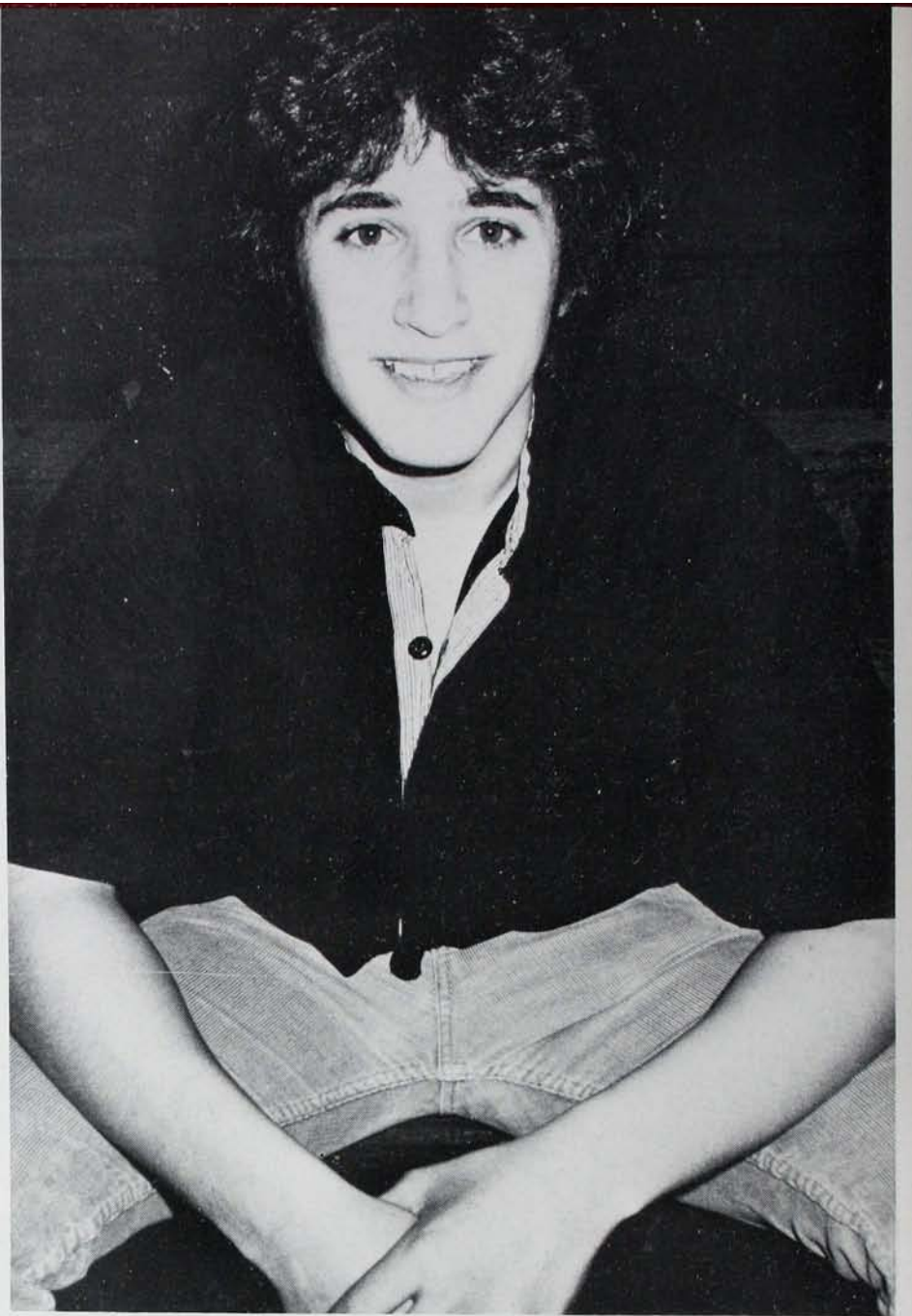
STAGE CREW '81-'82



Mitchell Whitfield



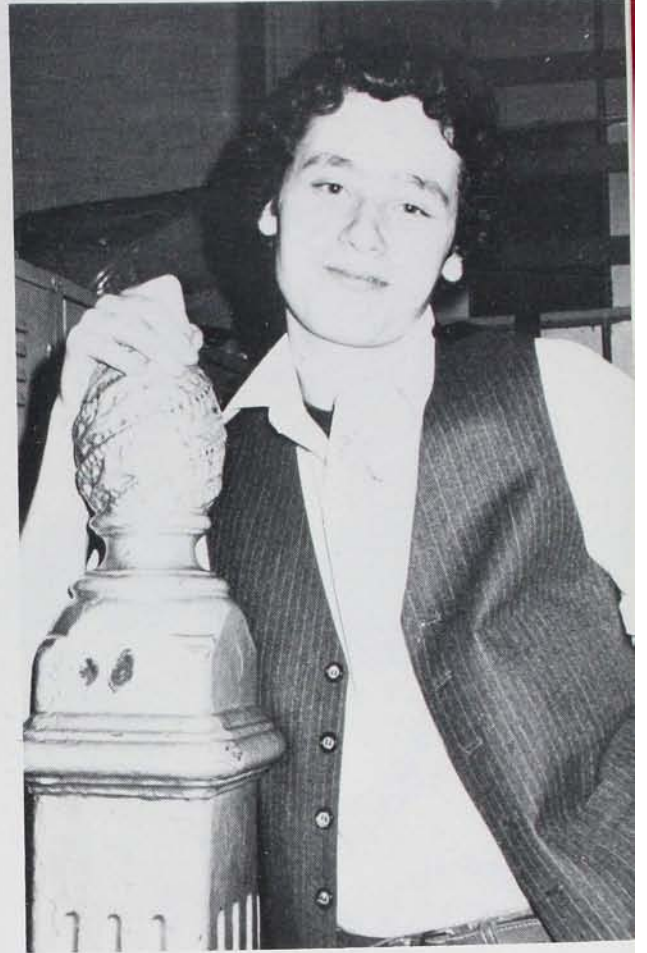
Lisa Rhodes



ALFIA



Michael Green

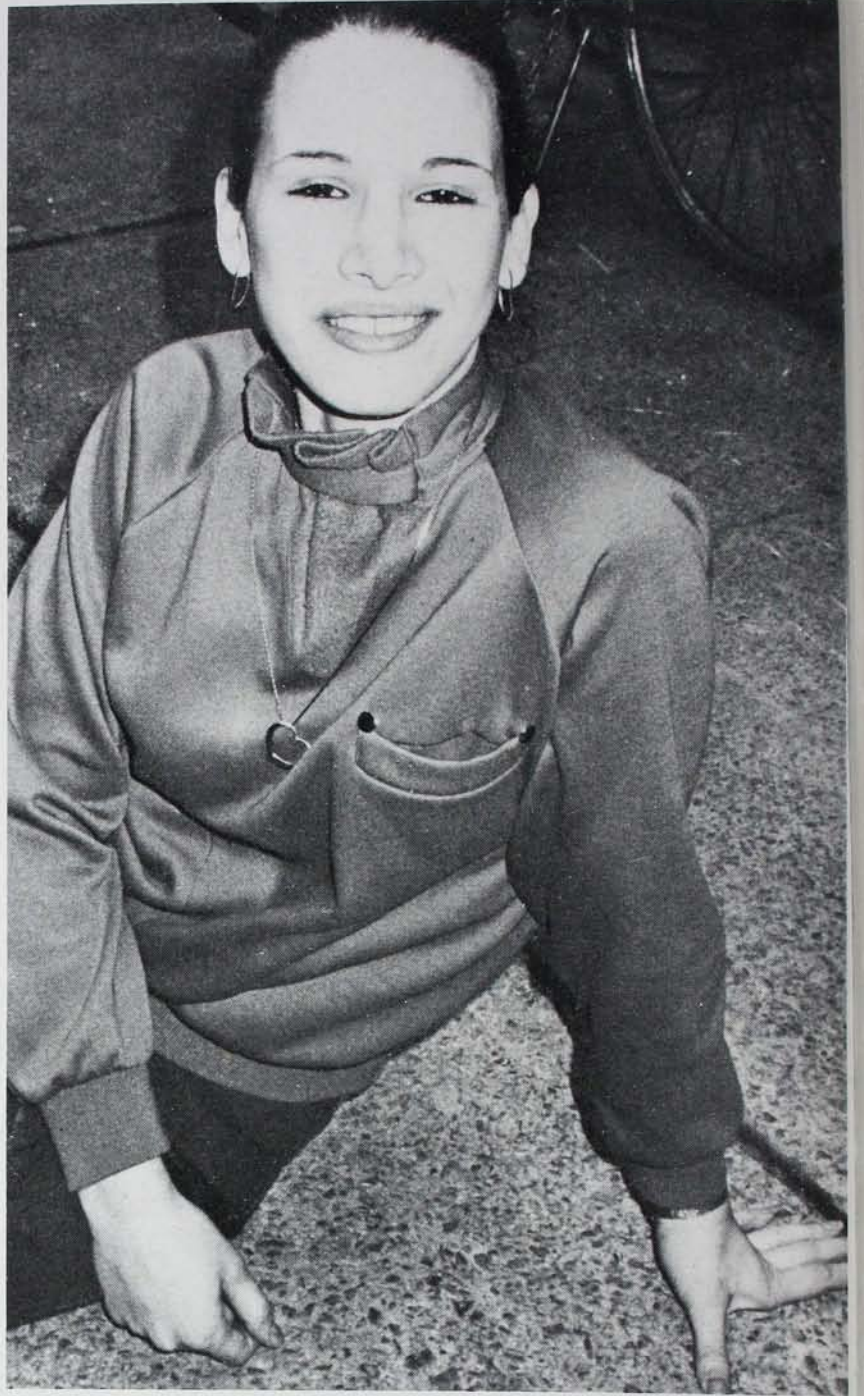


Danny Burstein

BUS AND TRUCK '81



Lisa Perro



Nancy Lopez



David S. Mandel



Noreen Collins

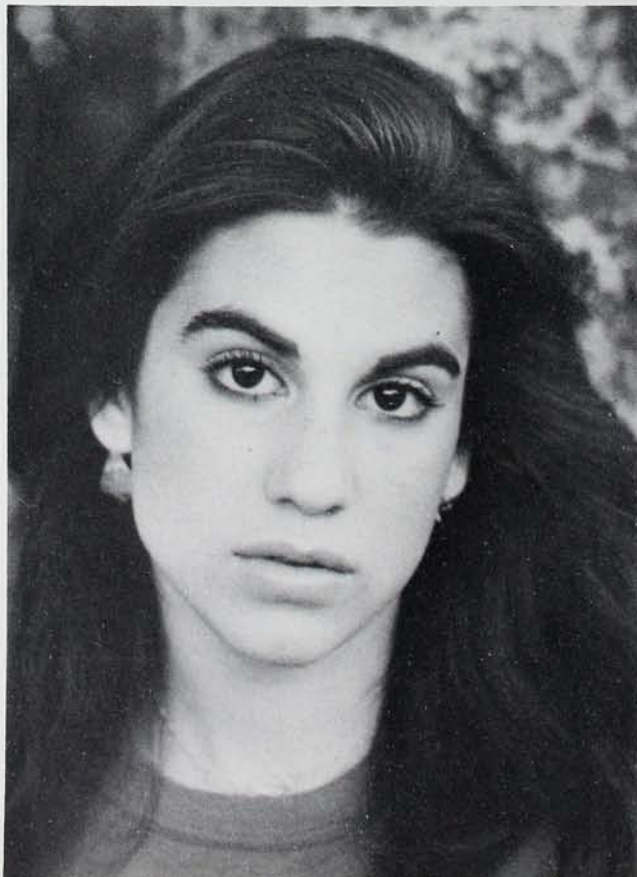
"Nature — that is biological evolution — has not fitted man to any specific environment. . . . Among the multitude of animals which scamper, fly, burrow, and swim around us, man is the only one who is not locked into his environment. His imagination, his reason, his emotional subtlety and toughness make it possible for him not to accept the environment but to change it. And that series of inventions by which man from age to age has remade his environment is a different kind of evolution — not biological evolution but cultural evolution. I call that brilliant sequence of cultural peaks 'The Ascent of Man'."

Jacob Bronowski

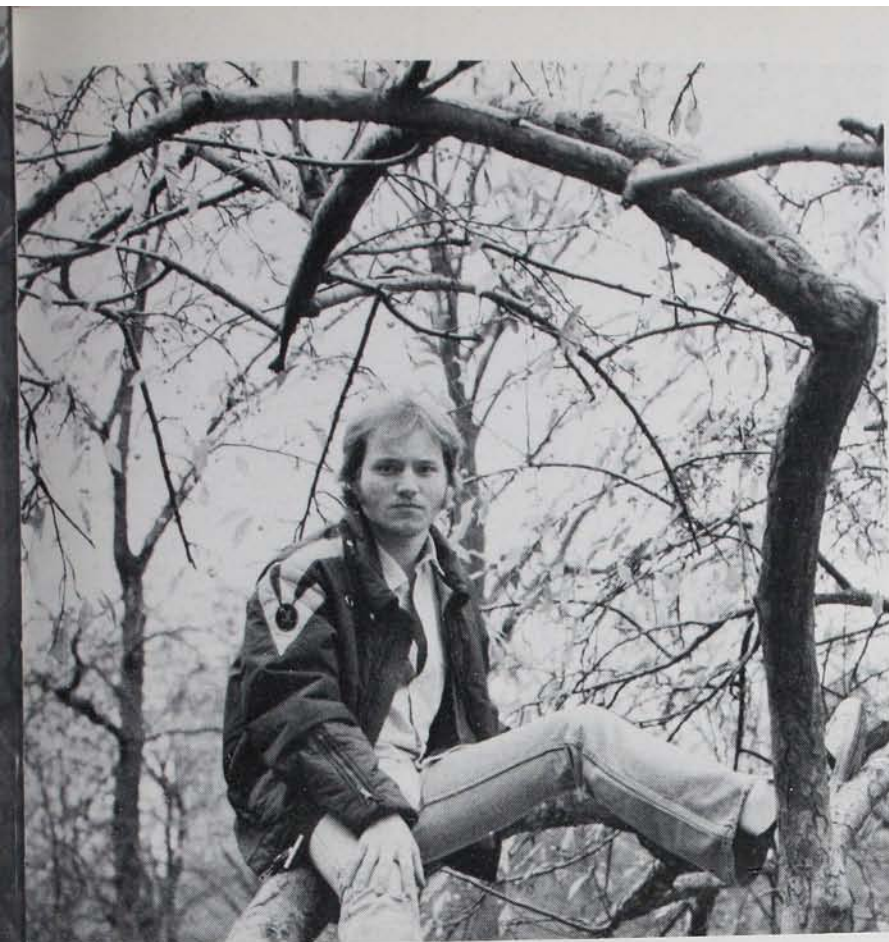
Helen Slater



Erica Fawn Himpel



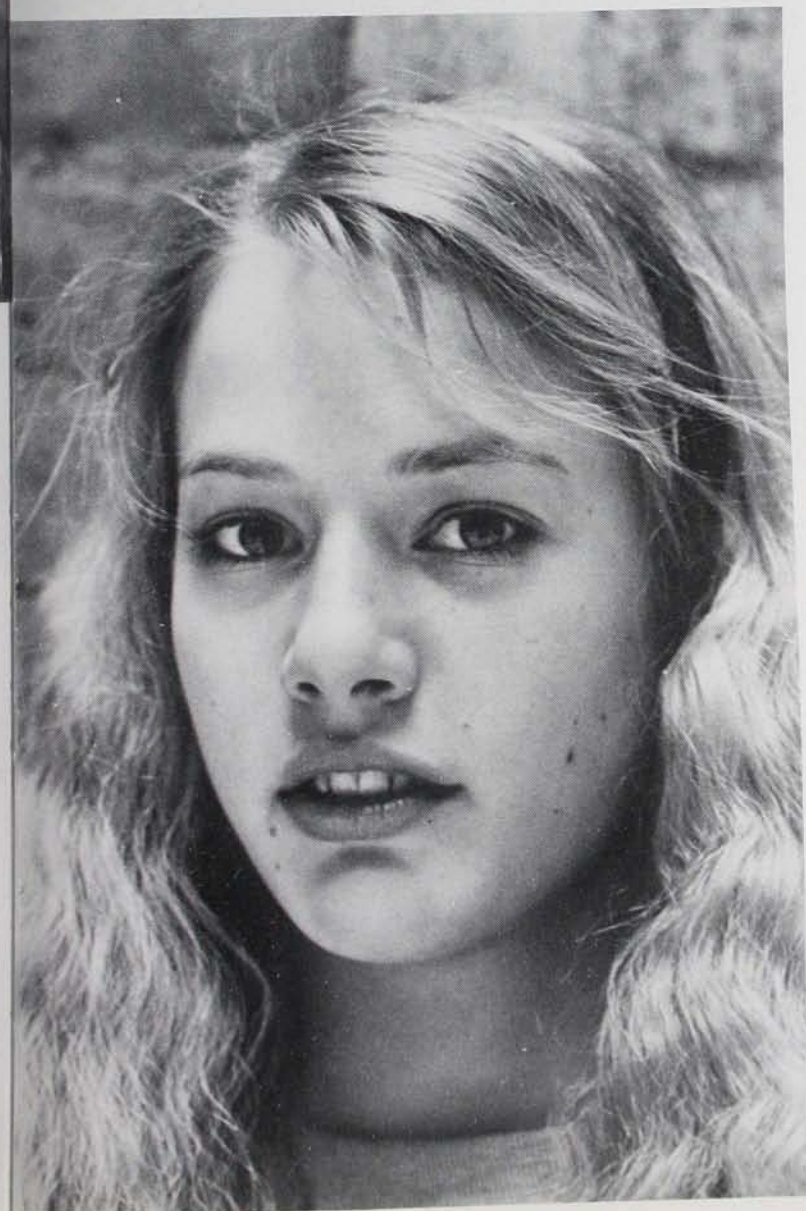
Giulietta R. Hodica



Jeffrey Howard



John A. Meek



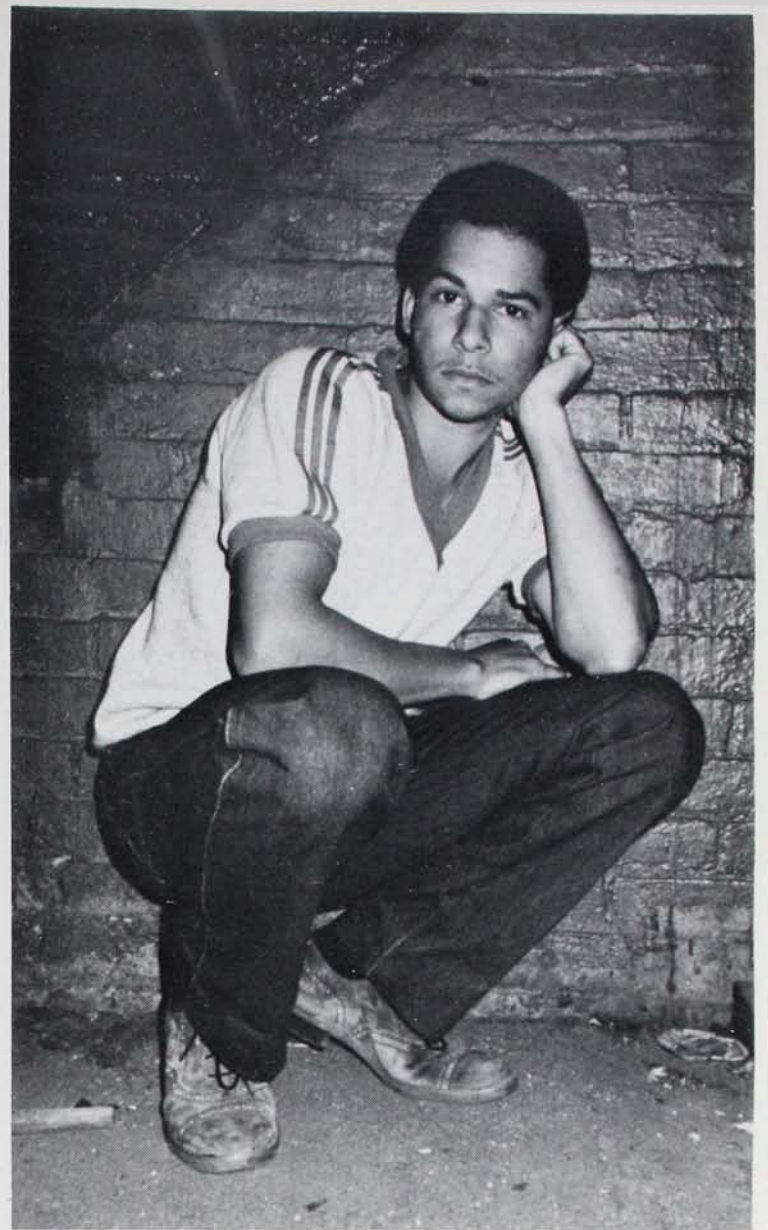
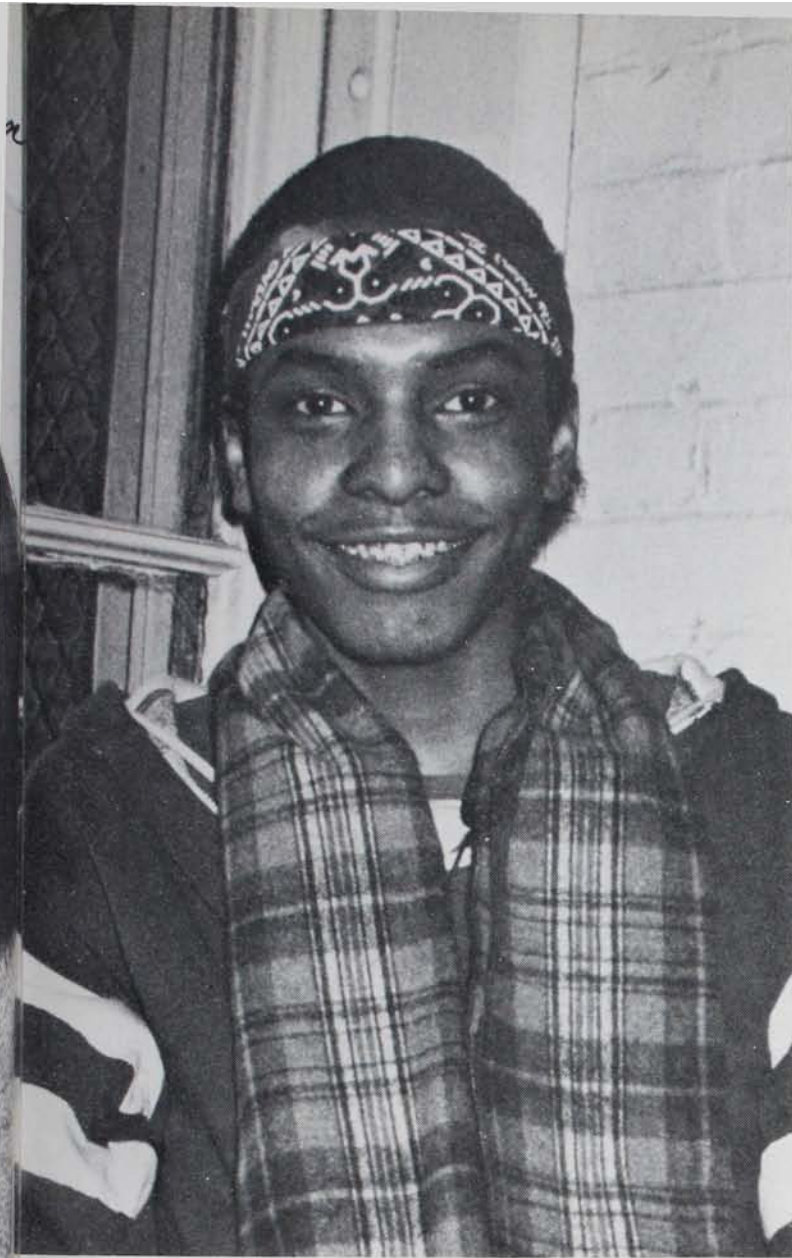
Catherine DePue

Annie Halima Nooradeen



Denyse Sookdar





Chris M. Grossett
Pedro Freddie



For a seed to become its potential, it must split apart. The nature of nature is such that in Splitting Apart from its nature it fulfills its nature.

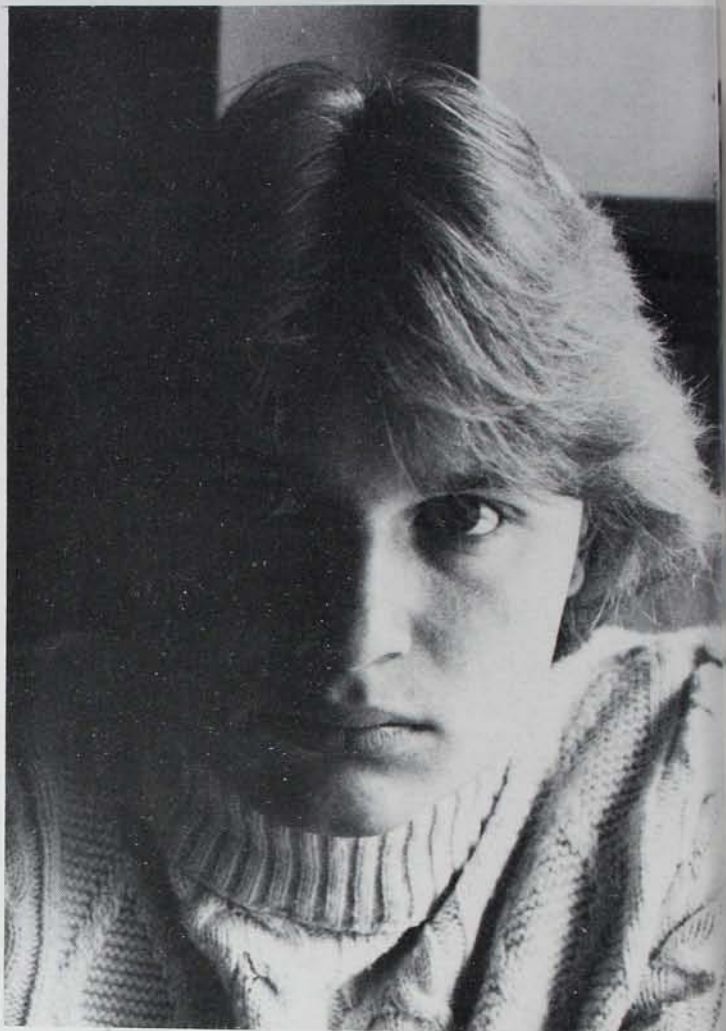
I Ching-The Book of Changes

Kecia Lewis

James E. Wade



Alan Pottinger



*Many dreams come true
And some have silver linings
I live for my dream
And a pocket of gold.*

SALUTE

Daniel L. Sabella



Henry G. Vidal



Debbie L. Hamislaus



"But now old friends are
acting strange,
They shake their heads, they say
I've changed.
Well something's lost, but
something's gained
In living life ev'ry day.
I've looked at life from
both sides now,
From win and lose and still
somehow
It's life's illusions I
recall,
I really don't know life at all."

Joni Mitchell

Steven Hollander

Oner Cole



Dina Falconi



Erica V Comer



Charles Goforth



THE SMELL OF WOOD

I always like the smell of wood
and a man's hands on it, a man's arms,
lifting the smooth planks of birch or oak,
a man's grave eyes, considering the grain.

I always like the way men stood at a work table.
Sometimes, they smoked. The breeze blew.
The uncut wood stood against the trees.
And the thing they were building rose into the air.

They'd walk around it, their leather tool belts swinging
against their thighs, stop, use their hammers, here and
there.

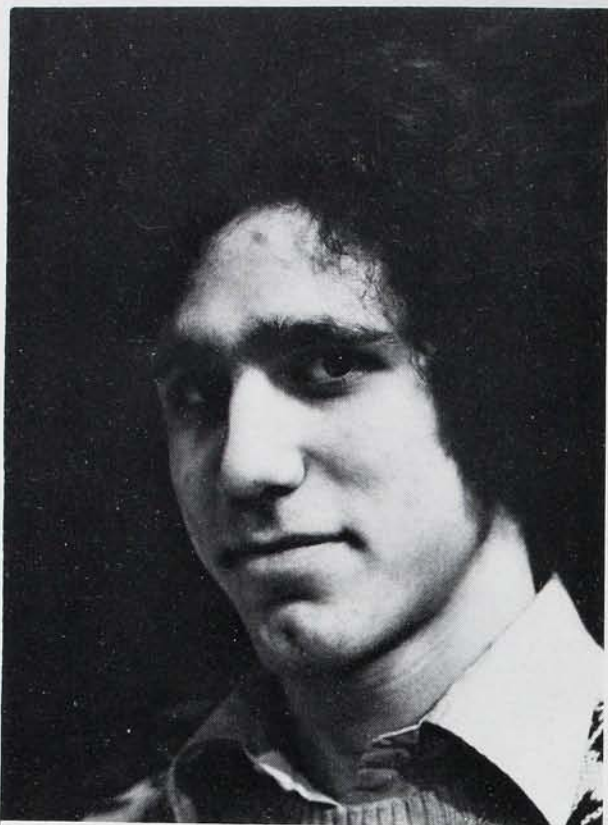
Their hands stroked the smooth patterns.

And the thing stood apart, as they folded their rulers,
tucked in their saws,
lifted metal boxes,
left silver puddles of nails in the grass.
I always like to watch them walk away
from the thing they'd built,
as if it were finished.

Marlene Rosen Fine
Copyright © 1981

Kerima Silva

Seth Gordon



Eric Chudroff



Elizabeth A. M. Donahue



Alicia Valerie Nicosia



Victoria Jaffe

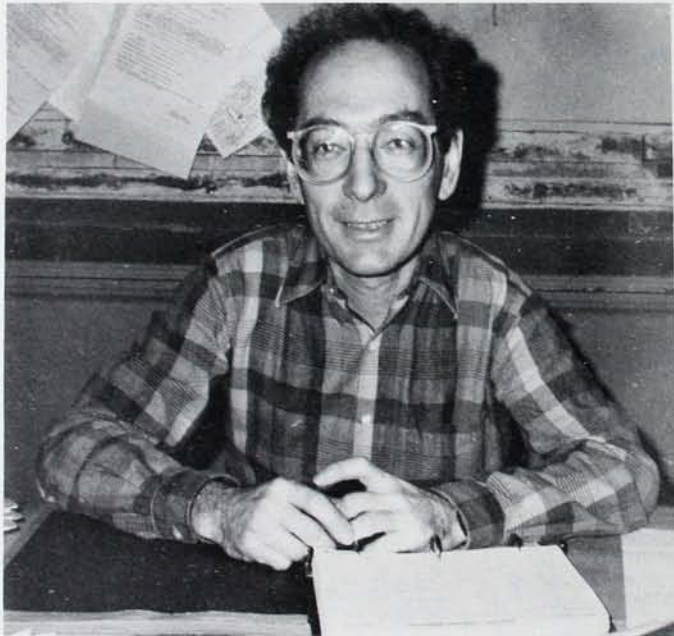
Music must take rank as the highest of the fine arts - as the one which more than any other ministers to human welfare.

The first system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top three staves are treble clefs, each containing a complex melodic line with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes, often beamed together. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a simpler, more rhythmic line. The fifth staff is a bass clef with a line of chords, some marked with an '8' (octave). The notation is dense and detailed.

music

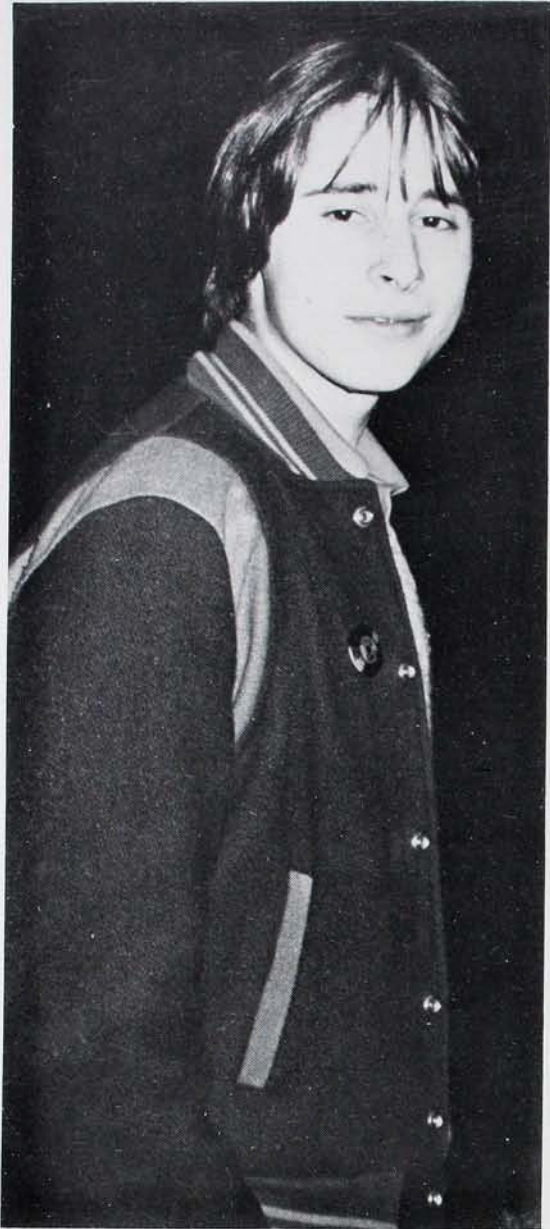
The second system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top two staves are treble clefs with rhythmic patterns of eighth and sixteenth notes. The third staff is a bass clef with a melodic line. The fourth and fifth staves are bass clefs with rhythmic patterns, including some notes with stems pointing downwards.

The third system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a melodic line. The second and third staves are bass clefs with chords and some melodic fragments. The fourth and fifth staves are bass clefs with rhythmic patterns and some melodic lines.

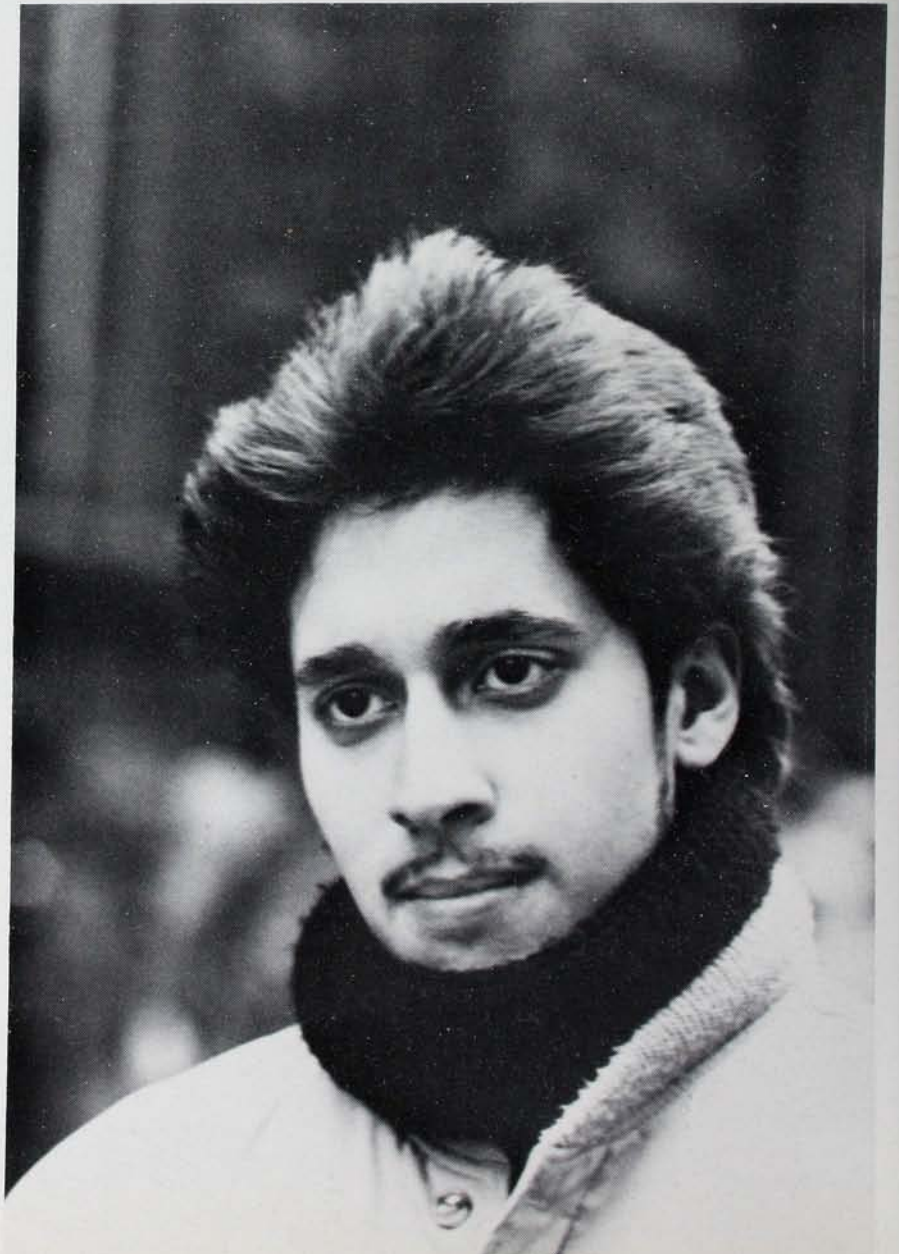




Lana Cruz



Justin Herz



Louis Caceres



Barbara Freedman



THE AIM WAS SONG

Before man came to blow it right
The wind once blew itself untaught,
And did it's loudest day and night
In any rough place where it caught.

Man came to tell it what was wrong:
It hadn't found the place to blow;
It blew too hard — the aim was
song.
And listen — how it ought to go!

He took a little in his mouth,
And held it long enough for north
To be converted into south,
And then by measure blew it forth.

By measure. It was word and note,
The wind the wind had meant to be

A little through the lips and throat.
The aim was song — the wind could
see.

Robert Frost

Nicholas Jacobs

Lorna Jill Clarke



Armine Z. Badourian



Elyssa Kamsey

Cathie Flanagan



Arlene Vunek



Virginia L. ...

Parvella Johnson



Kim A. Edmond



Rachel Pestun

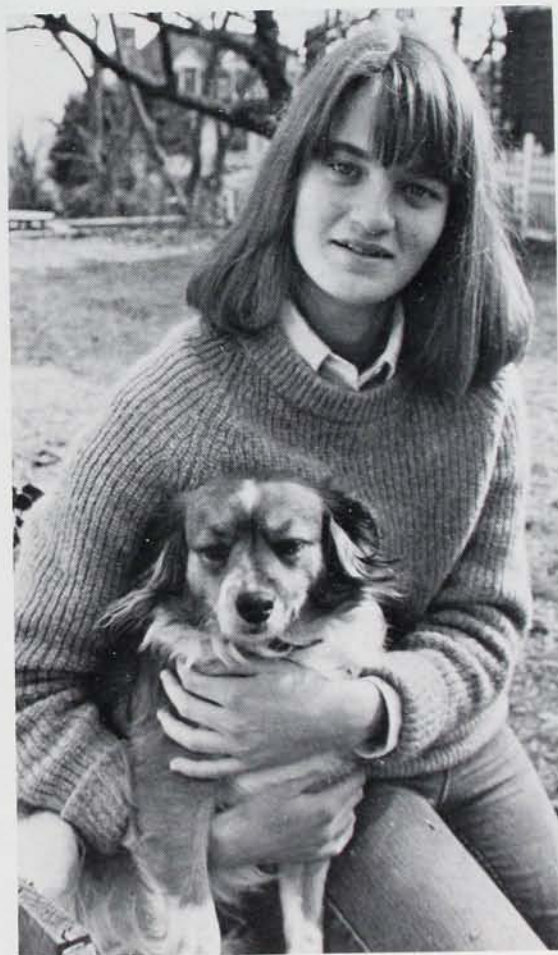
Theresa White

"Neither a lofty degree of intelligence nor imagination nor both together go to the making of genius. Love, love, love, that is the soul of genius."

W.A. Mozart



*jennifer flusser



Donna Mayo

Chris Hajian

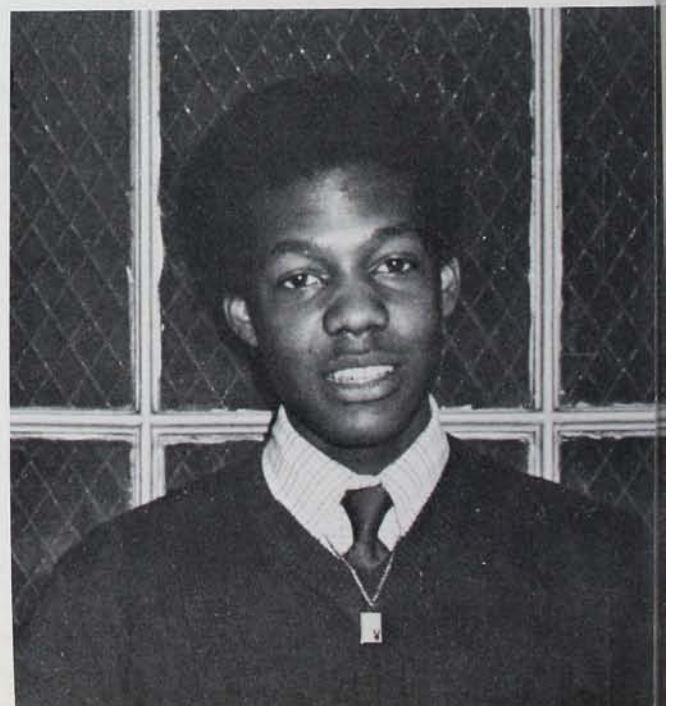


Omota Hill



"Just as my fingers on these keys
Make music, so the self same sounds
On my spirit make a music too."

— Wallace Stevens



M. Roger Holland



Richard Carbo



Boyd Adams

Heirdre Armitag

Kerry Jackson



Jennifer Kukus



Michael J. Dellay



Elena Klionsky

Pamela Hill



W. Gracia de Lara

Plato

"Music and rythm find their way into the secret places of the soul."

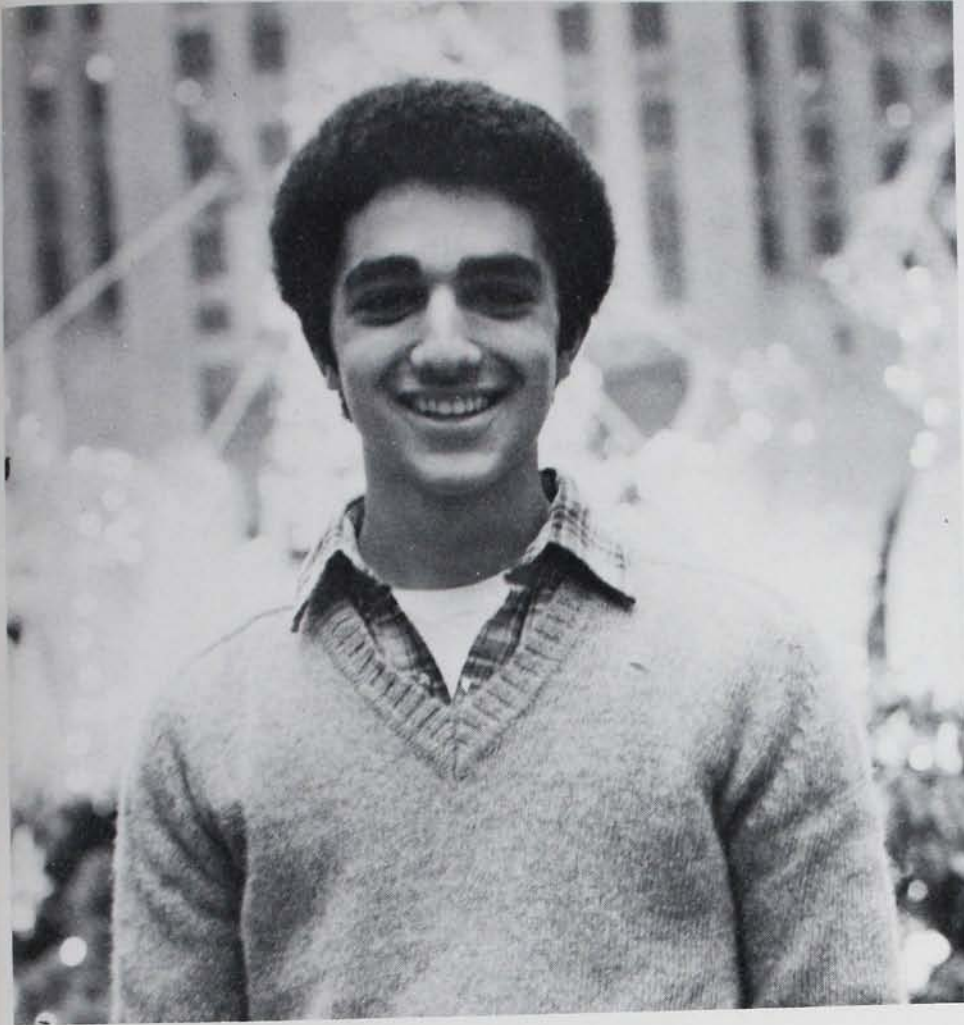
— Plato



Oscella L. Benson



Fisette Sanabria



Joel Kertner

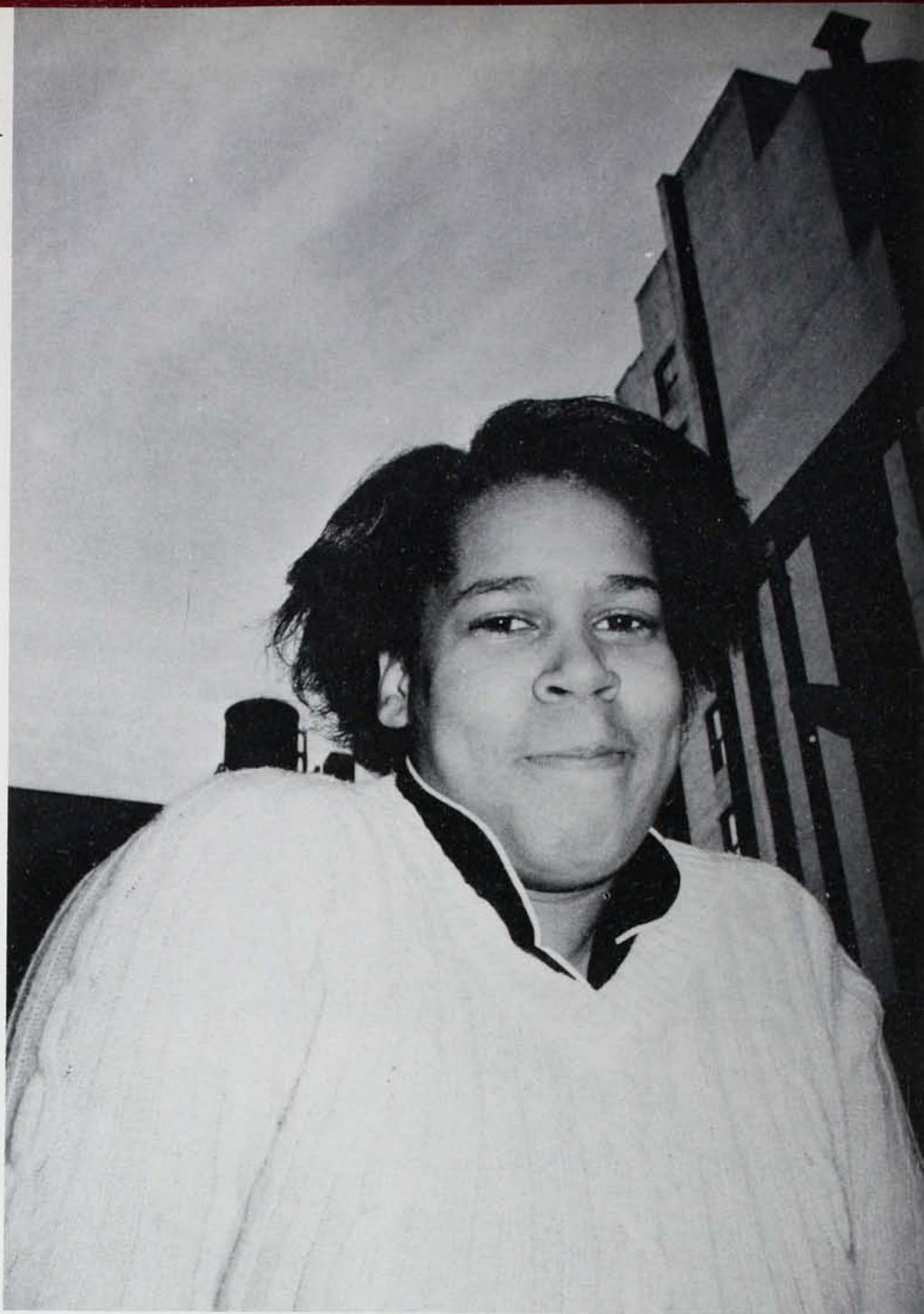


Susan Rappel



Michael Moses Griffin

Nicole Boyd

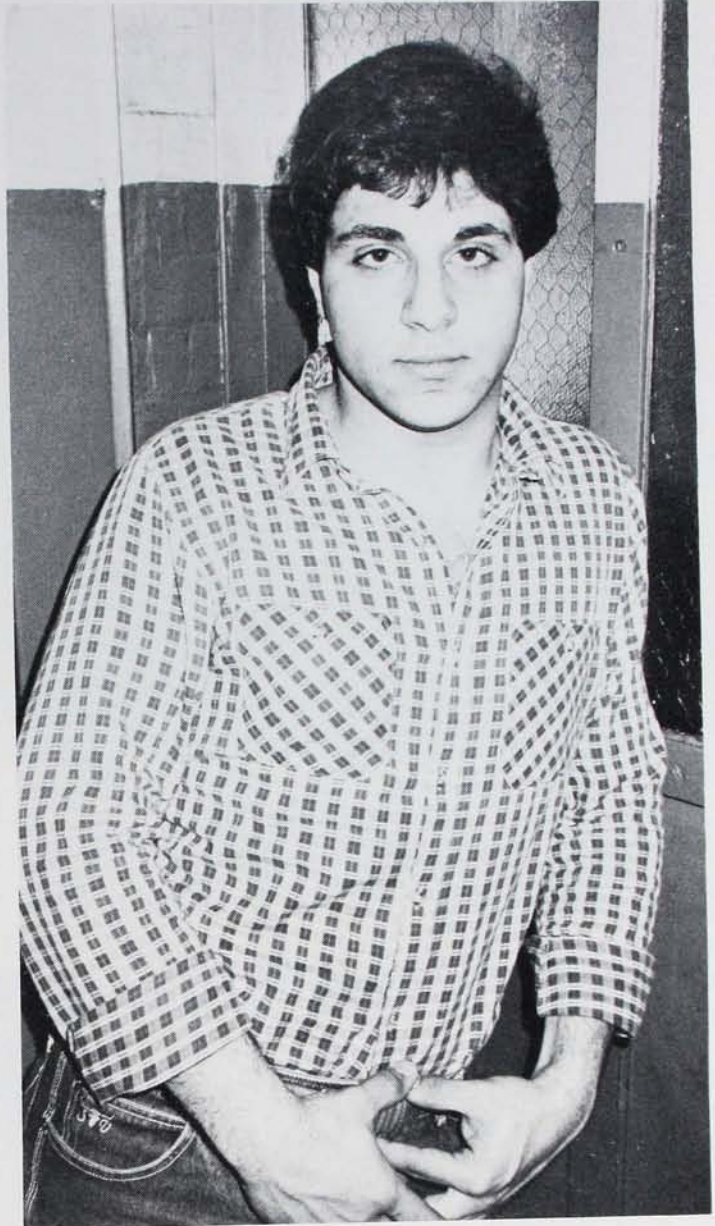


Betsy Silvestern



Rebecca Nicholde

Patricia Bilotti



Martin Giacomo



Tina Di Monaco

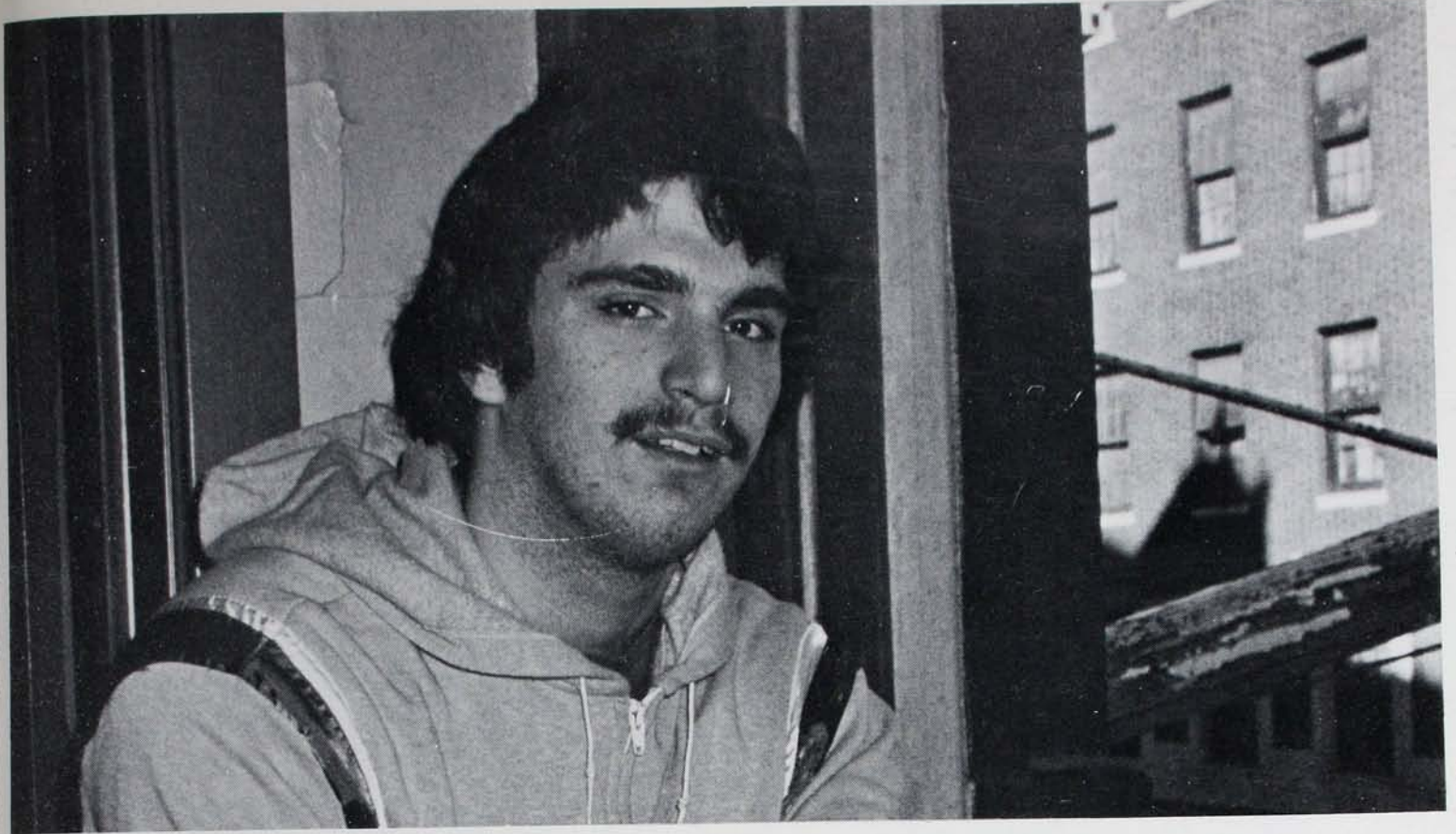
Vanessa Hunter



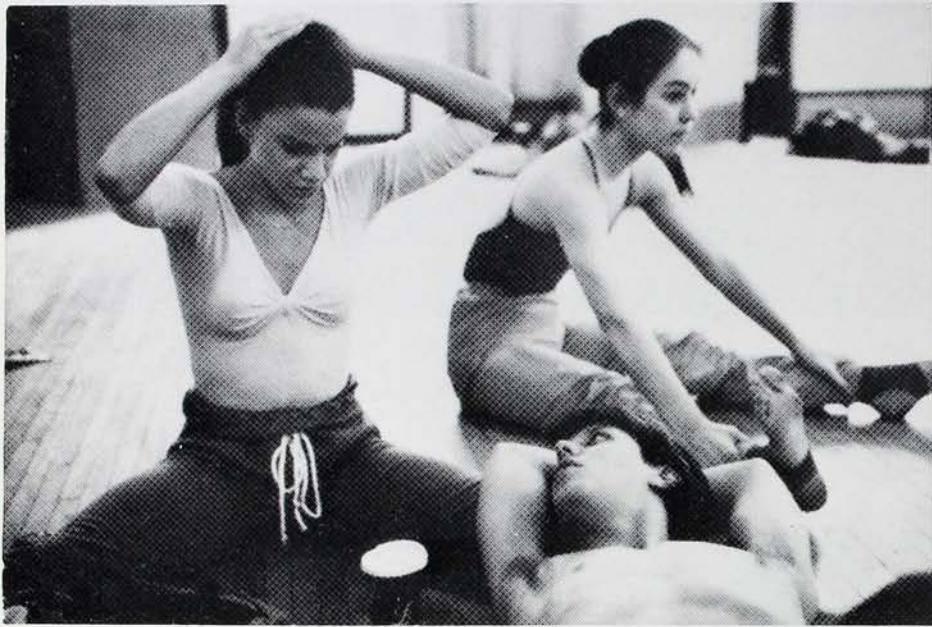
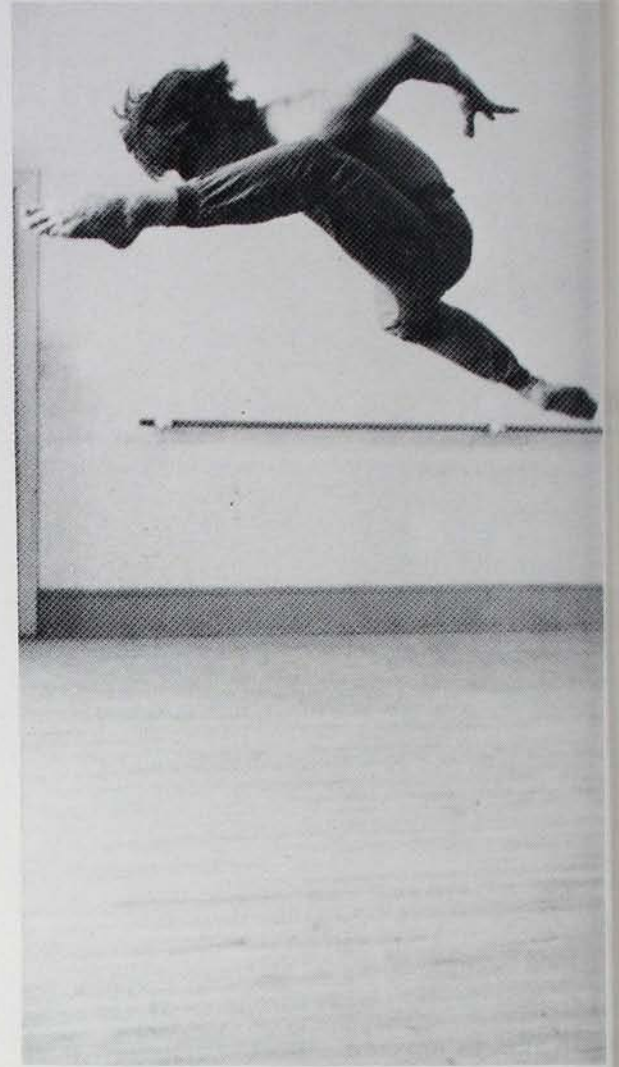
Francesca Angel Di Pietro

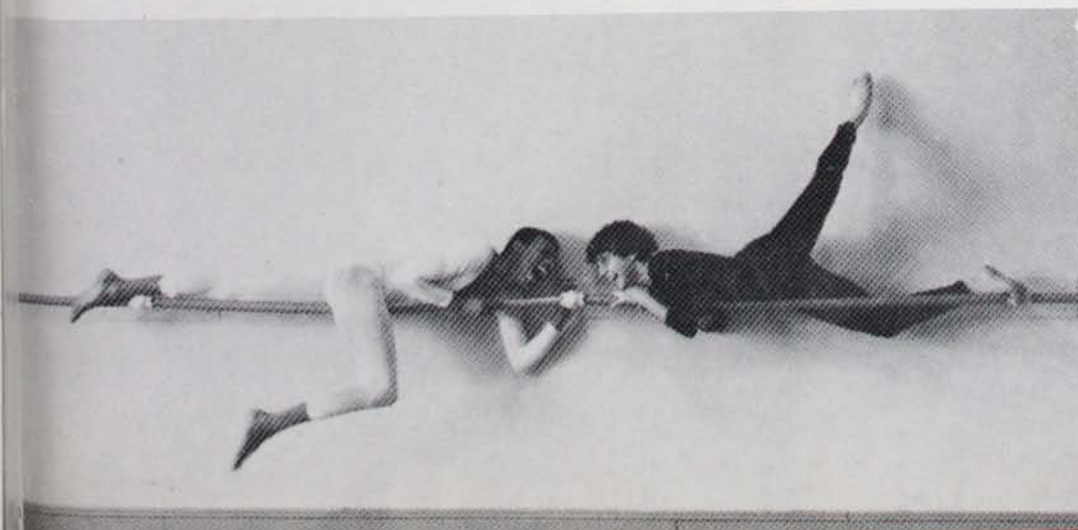
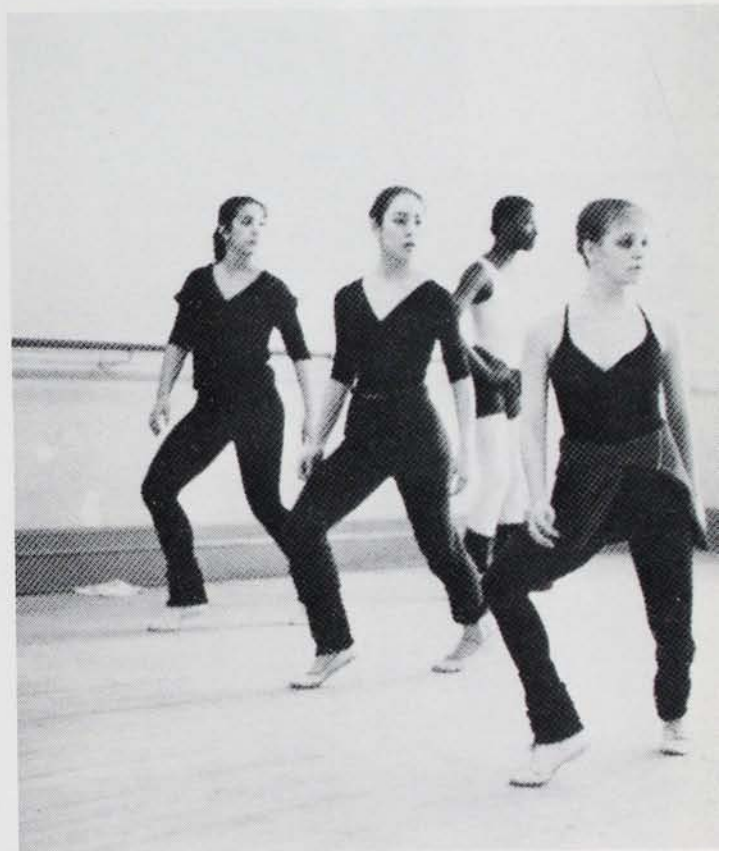
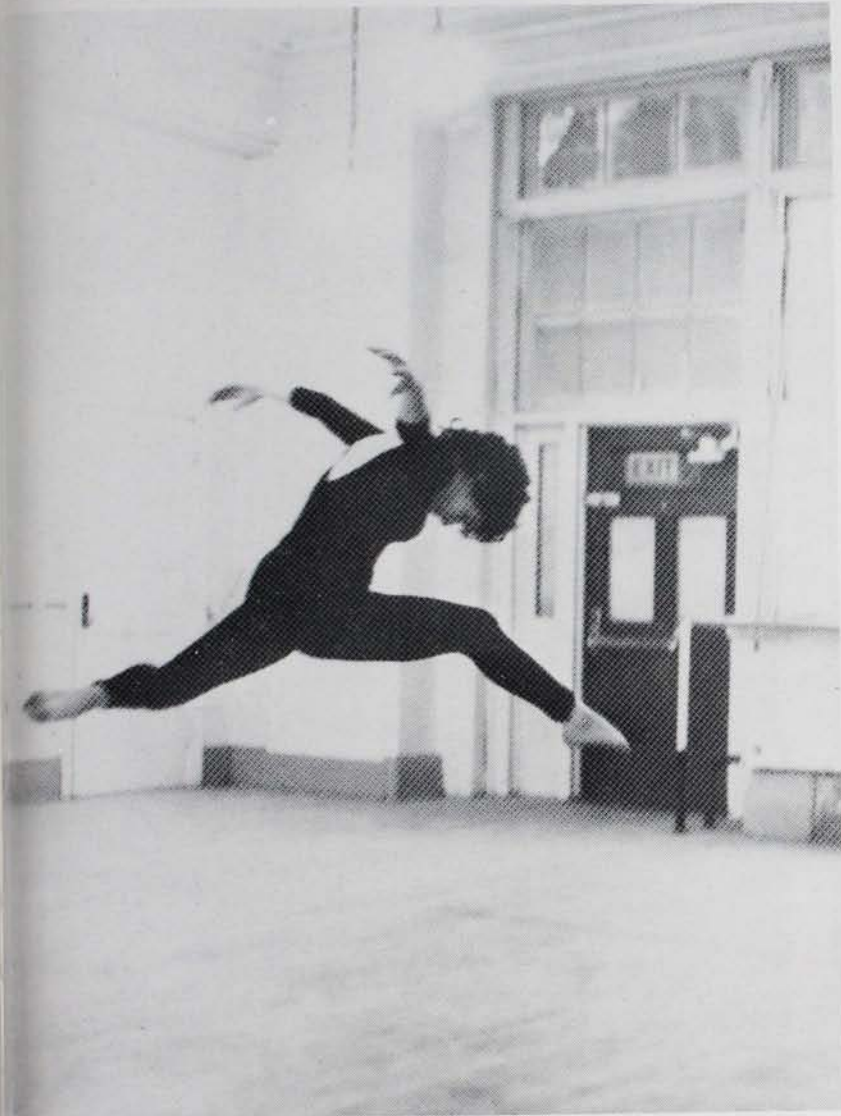
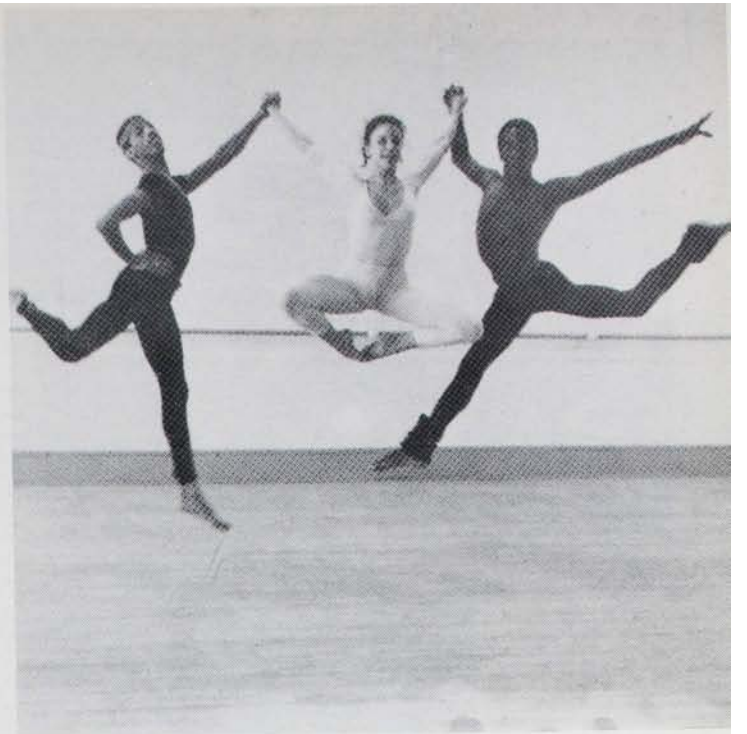


Debbie Kearns

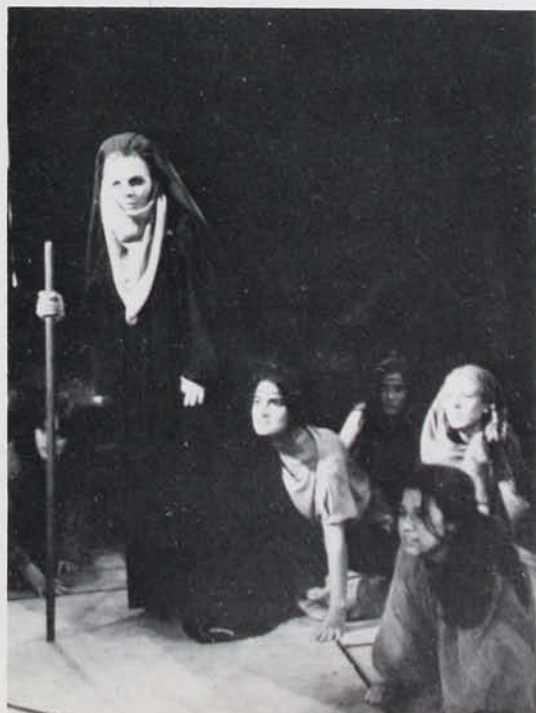


Claudio Muear



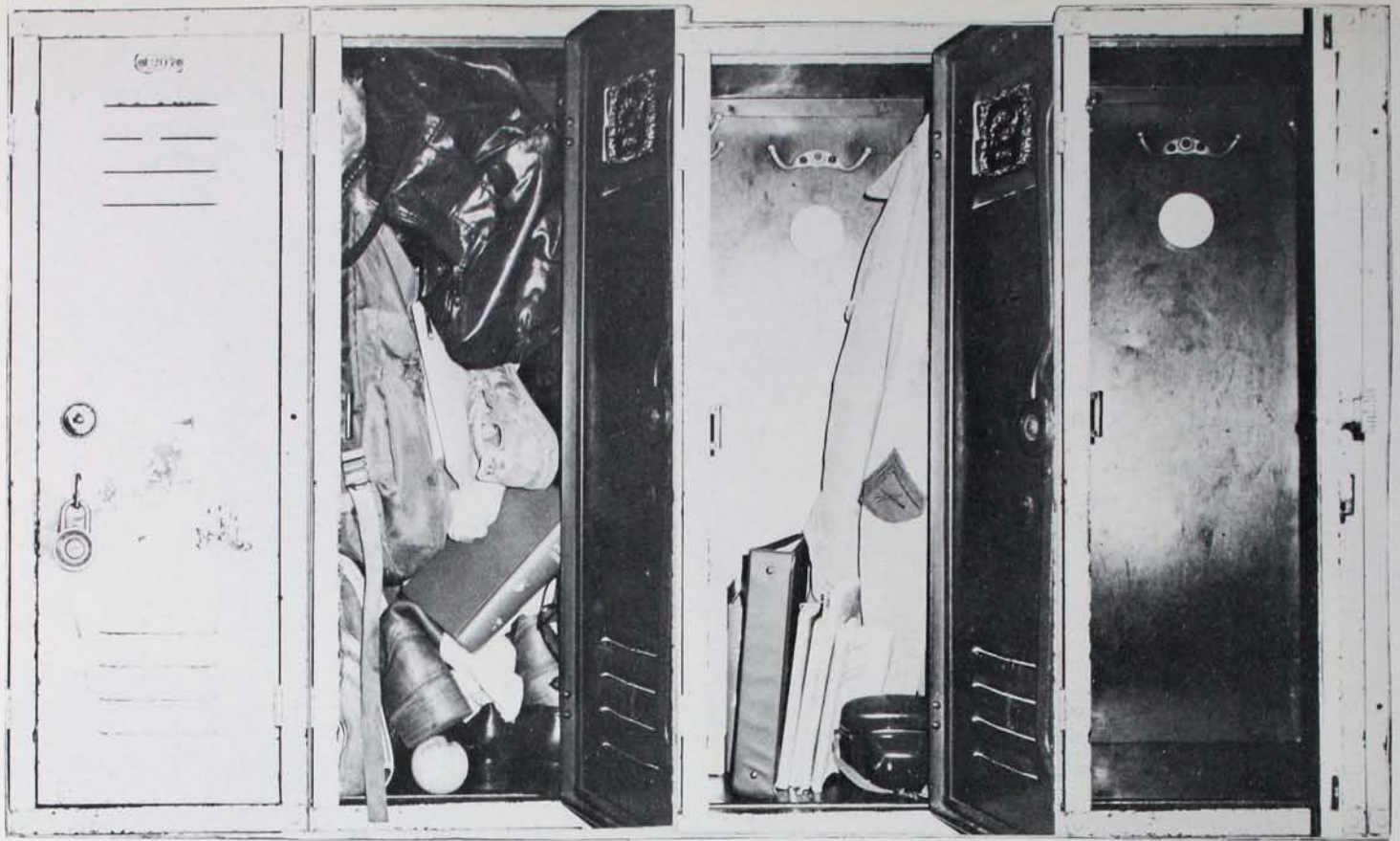












I walk the dark stone steps
 up to English.
 The voices of teachers ring like bells
 and then like echoes.
 I watch the dust dance in sun
 through the windows of 302.
 Lessons ride through my notebook
 and I

discon nected
 dream.

Half sure,
 sort of self conscious,
 an English report without staples and
 the pages unnamed and separate
 unnamed and apart
 and alone
 afraid
 we're unnamed for a while.

My teacher ditts and dots
 on his blackboard, but
 in spring
 a hungry smell of salty
 pushcart pretzel bread
 rides through biology's window
 quiet
 among the swell of stronger, louder things.
 I look past my school's old flagpole
 to watch the wind play shepherd
 with a flock of puffed clouds.

I step out onto the sidewalk and, lover of the air, I
 take it, hand and foot, and gallop fast down the
 street. The wind sweeps parallel to the ground
 and because of the way the buildings were built, it
 catches me and I stop at the corner. I see the
 sixth avenue bus pulling back on its city strings; a
 lady with white hair and a bent back pushes
 forward and steps in.

I've turned my knapsack
 a lighter shade of blue,
 with winter morning walks to school
 and springtime afternoons when
 I threw it spinning
 beneath a tree
 to free my shoulders
 for frisbee and reading in the grass;
 I sat with friends too,
 we spoke about ultimate truth, ethics
 and universal law.
 We lapped up each other's words
 like puppies,
 licked our lips
 and smiled in realization
 that we weren't alone.

I have filled that loyal knapsack
 with discoveries,
 looping them over my shoulder
 the way it was with books
 every cold and sunny morning
 to the antique doors on 46th.
 Kaethe Fine
 Chuck Goforth



PRE

EXTRA PHOTOS





Senior Class '82





yearbook staff

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Photographic Editor: L. Donahue

Associate Editor: S. Gordon
Literary Editor: C. Goforth

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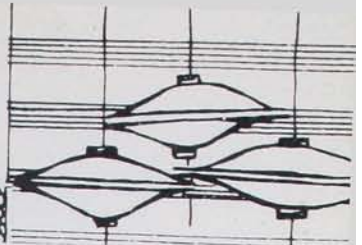
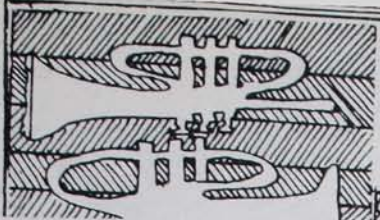
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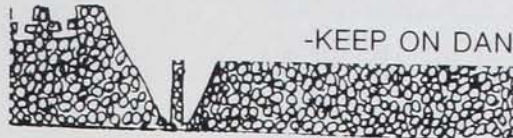


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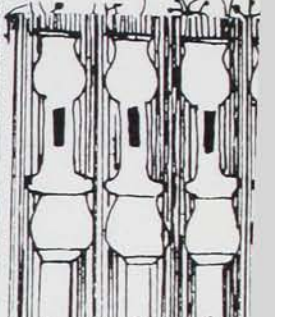
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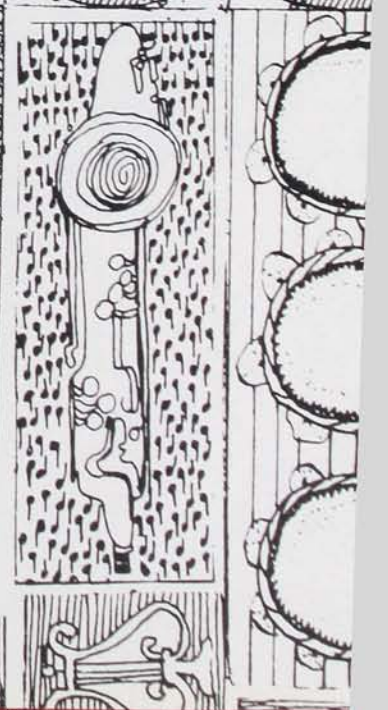
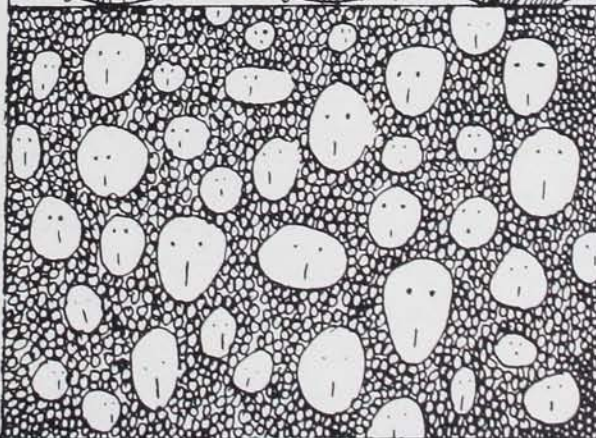
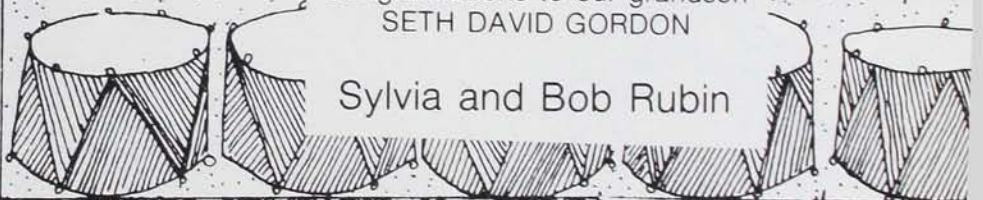
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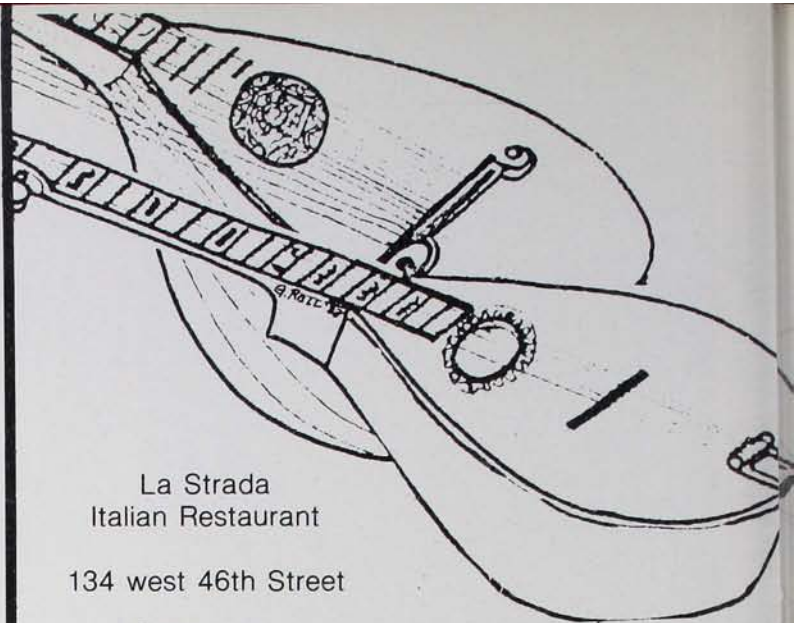
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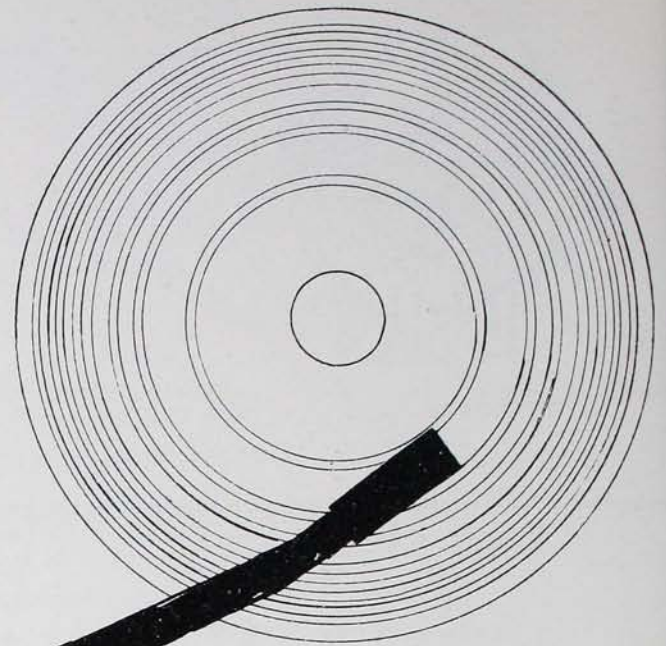
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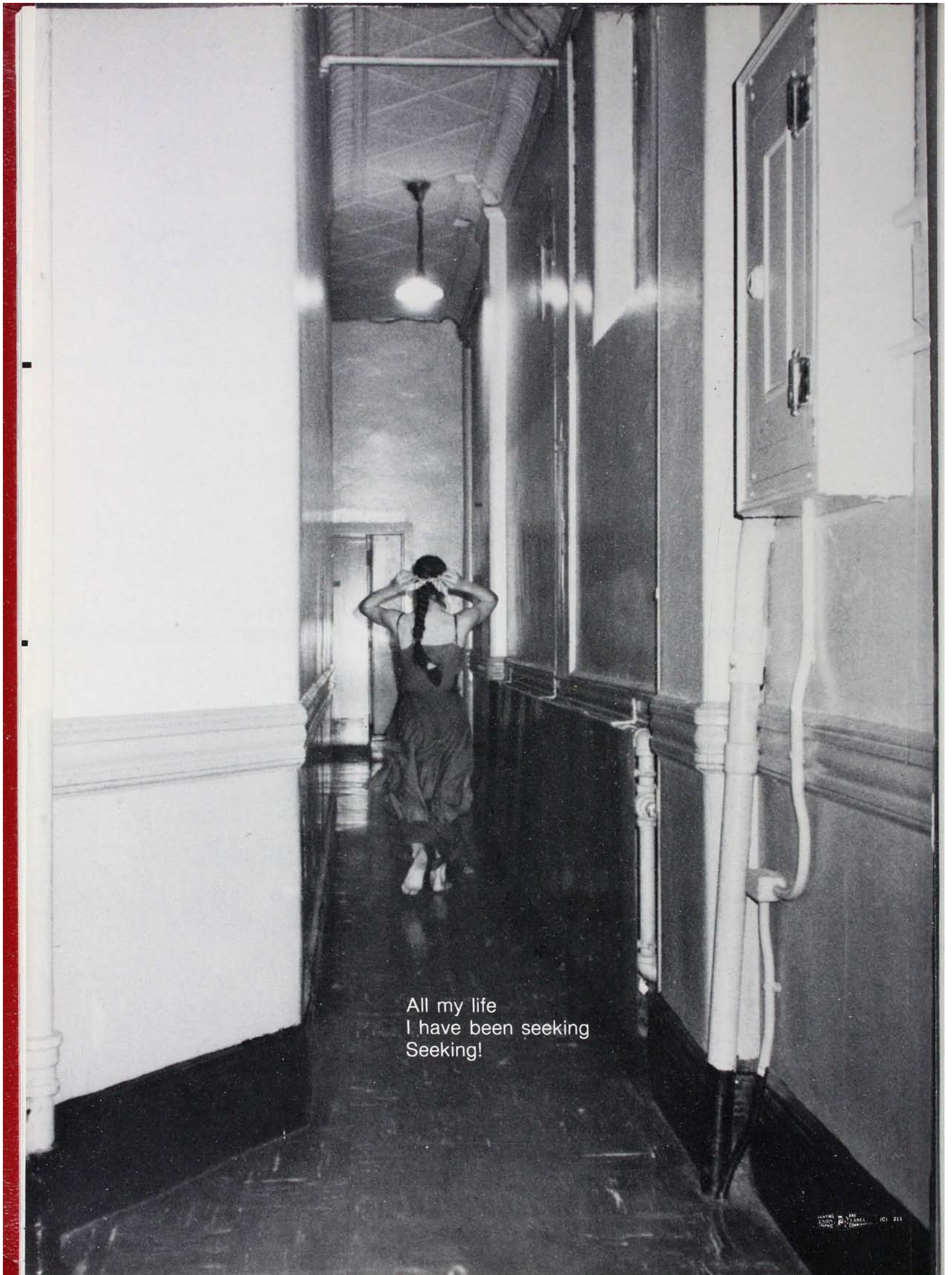
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