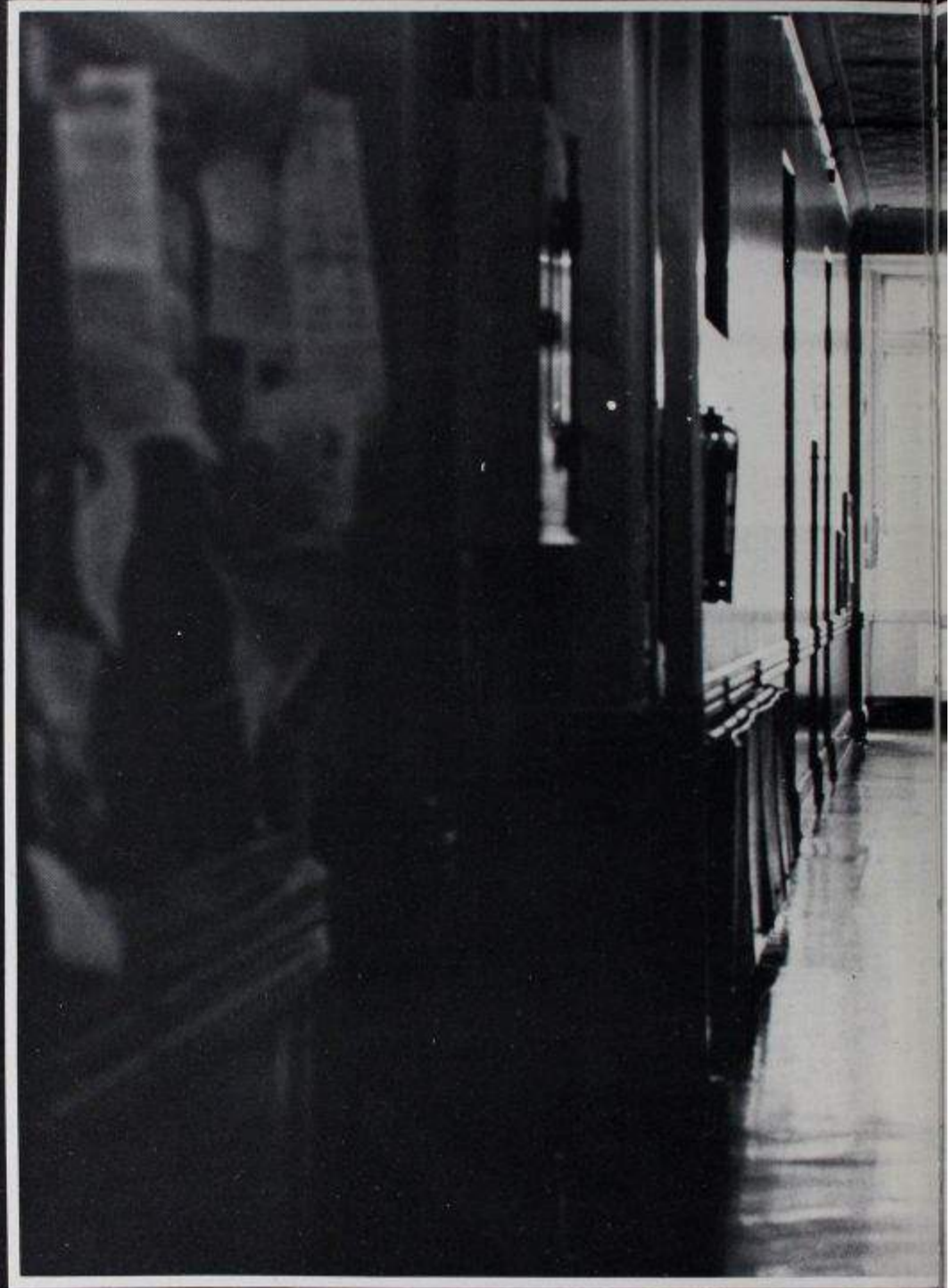






*“The time has come,” the Walrus said,
“To talk of many things:
of shoes — and ships — and sealing wax
of cabbages and kings —
And why the sea is boiling hot —
and whether pigs have wings.”*

Lewis Carroll

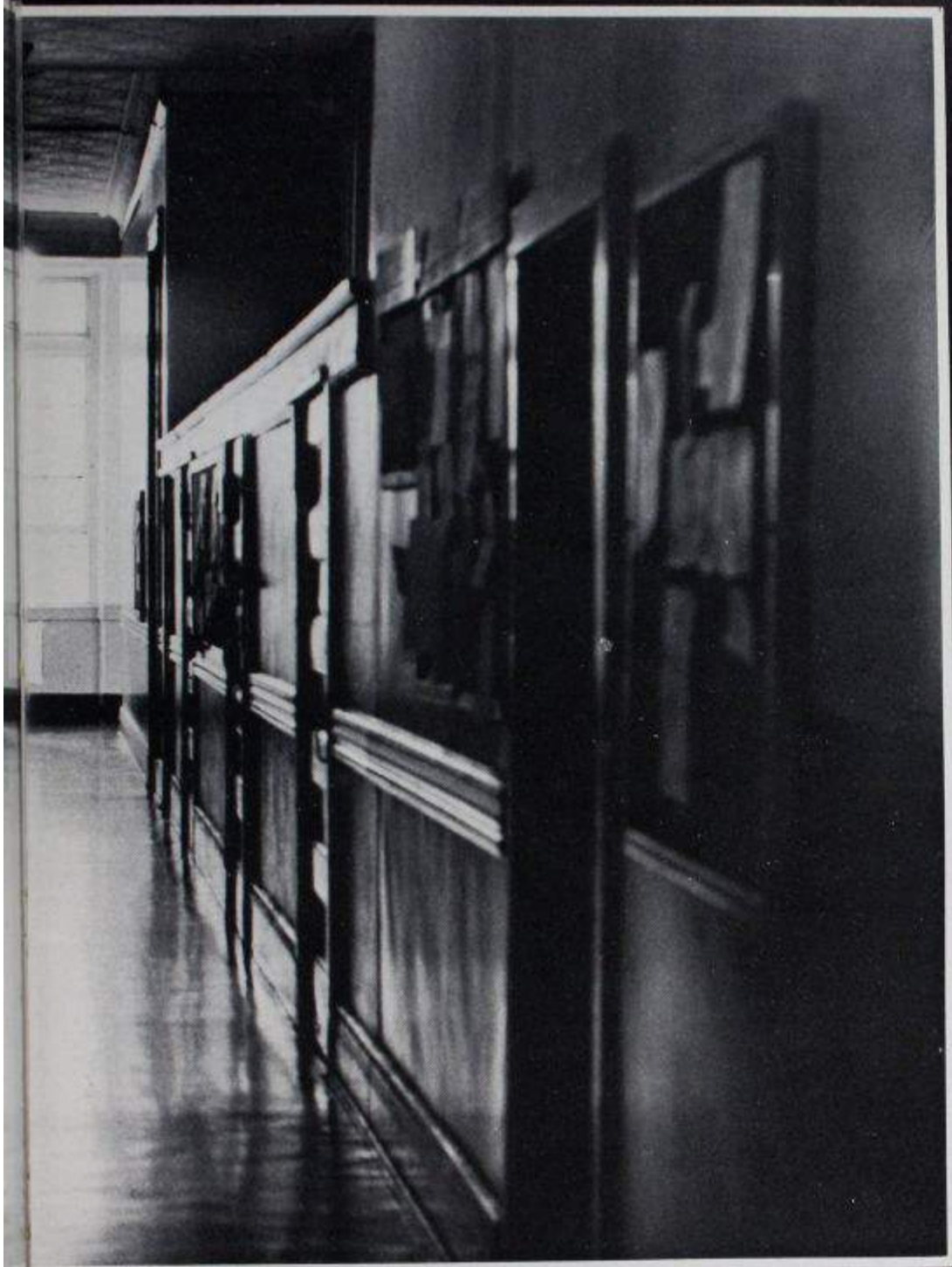


and
Bruce Anderson
(May 9, 1958 -
June 12, 1974)

he is not gone, he is just away.

-Phenicia Folkles

for
Dr. Rachel Yocum





☆ Yearbook Staff ☆

Editor in Chief - Jessica Sporn

Art Editor - Troy Jackson

Literary Co-Editors - Julie Kosarin
+ Elizabeth Tobier

Management Editor - Rose Marie Bressan

Recording Secretary - Justine Zollo

Photography Co-Editors - Kim Snyder
+ Jessica Sporn

Advisor - Gerald Trevor

Lay-out Staff

Cyndi Rosen

+

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+ a freshman named Bernie

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Ernest Lubin



Bella Malinka

Dance Chairman



Lydia Joel



Sarah Malament



Helen Sonn



Penny Frank



Betty Low



Stephanie Zimmerman

The further off from England,
the nearer is to France.
Then turn not pale, beloved snail,
but come and join the dance.

Lewis Carroll



DANCE

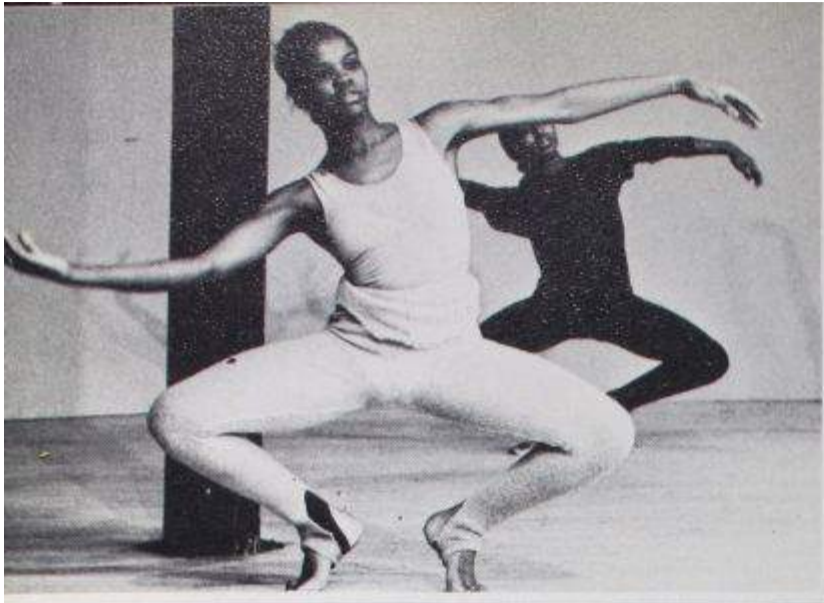


I'm young, I want gaiety, laughter, ha-cha-cha. I want to dance. I want to dance till the cows come home.

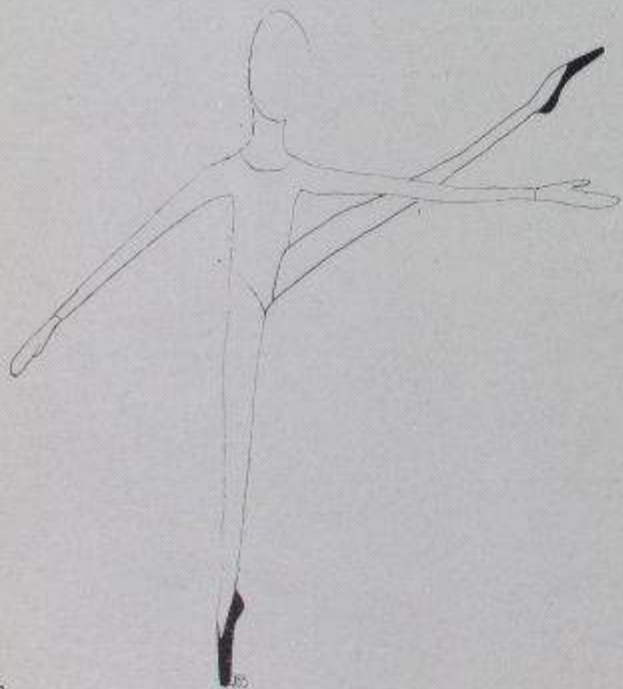
Groucho Marx







Rosin's friction stopping the beat.
Sweat is poured while toenails bleed.
Fantasy hardens, spot (or glance).
While horrendously and wonderfully
comes the dance.
-Anthony Iglesias





Marion Pearce



John Cappelletti



Roslyn Schein



William Britten



Jerome Eskow
Drama Chairman



Linda Sellman



Sandra Kazan



Charles McCraw



Ruthel Koehler



James Moody



Ladies
in
Waiting



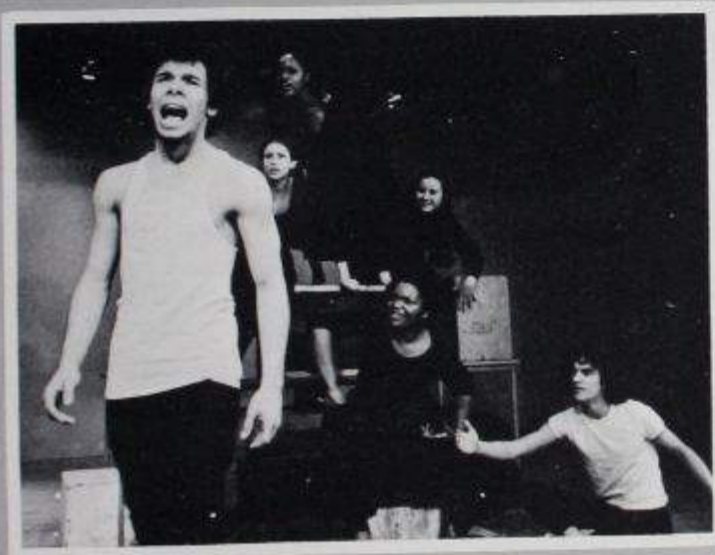
Overtones



Solitaire



Happy Journey to Camden & Trenton



Dark of the Moon



more dark of the moon...





Henrietta Silberberg



Gerald Trevor



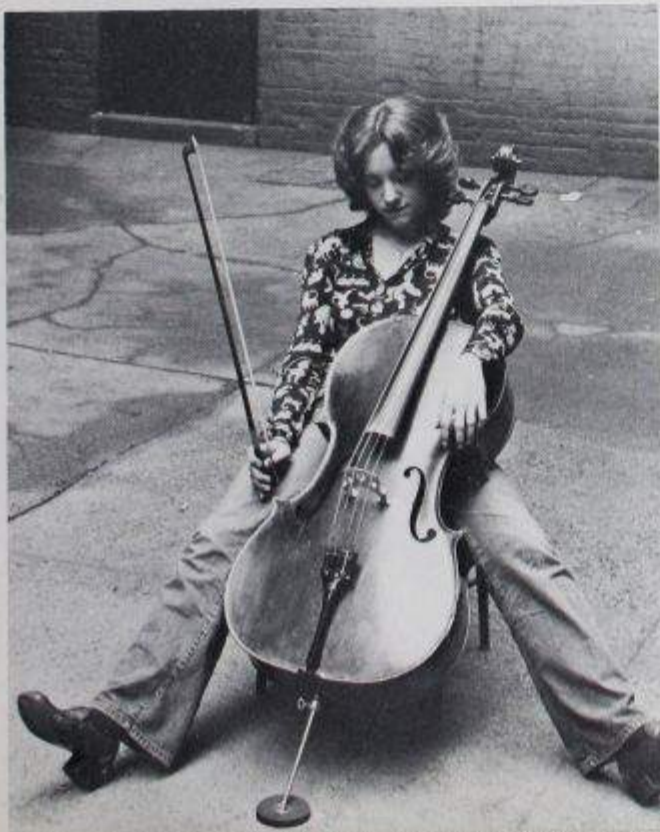
Vivian Orzach



Jonathan Strasser



Carl Topilow





Everything is music for the born musician. Everything that throbs, or moves or stirs, or palpitates--sunlit summer days, nights when the wind howls, flickering light, the twinkling of the stars, storms, the song of birds, the buzzing of insects, the murmuring of trees, voices, loved or loathed, familiar fireside sounds, a creaking door, blood moving in the veins in the silence of the night--everything that is is music; all that is needed is that it should be heard.

--Romain Rolland (1866-1944) from JEAN-CHRISTOPHE





What I love about jazz is that it's "blue" and you don't care.
--Eric Satie (1866-1925)

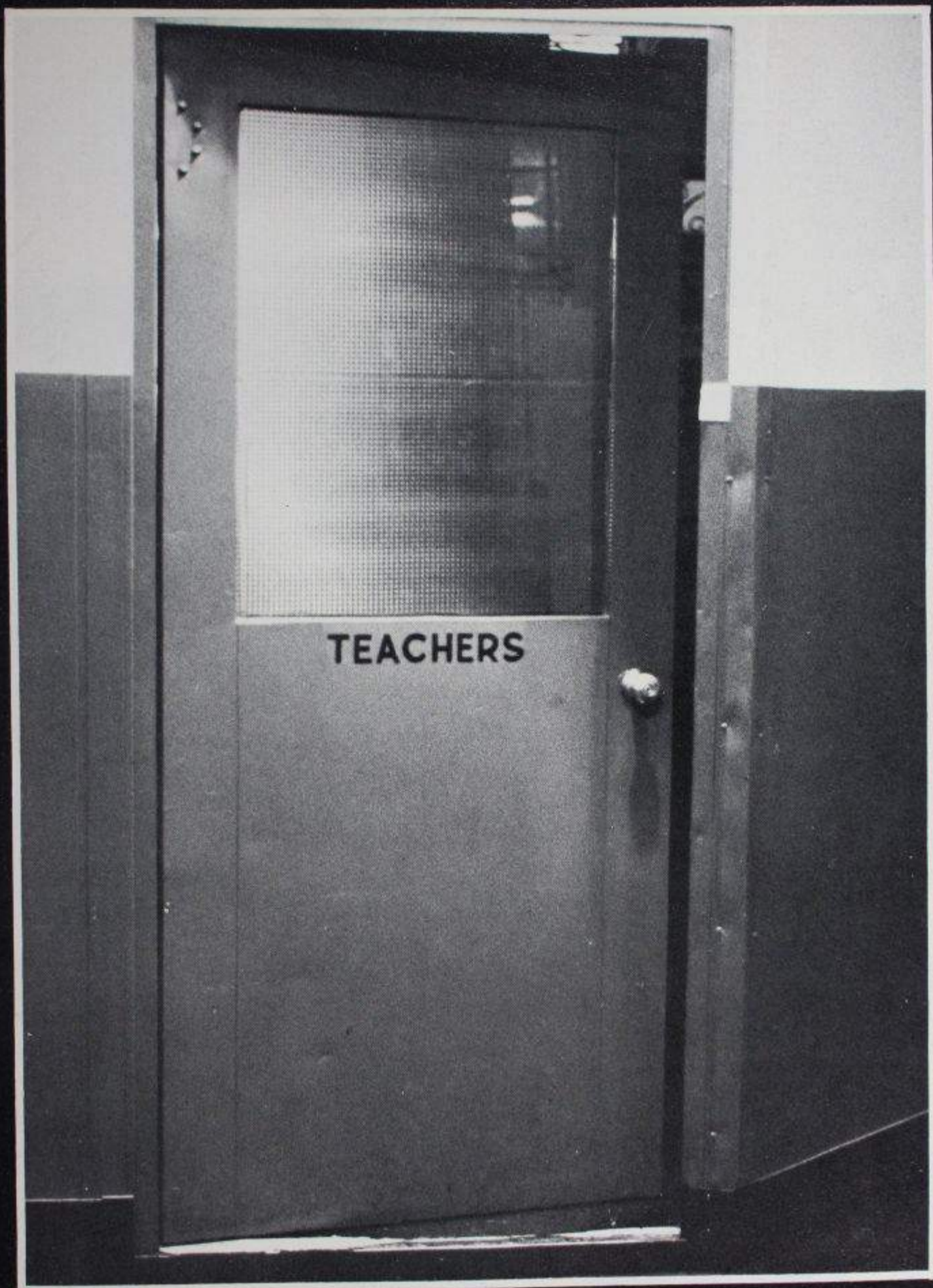




Music is life and, like it inextinguishable.

-- Carl Nielsen (1865-1931)







Richard A. Klein
Principal



Irving Orfuss
Teacher-in-Charge

*It's better to
light one little
candle than to curse
the darkness*

J.C.



Bernard Werner



Shirley Katz-Cohen



John Mariani



Olive Freud

Elizabeth Gregg



Murray Braunstein
Paula Greenfield



Samuel Tolmach



Paul Kessler

Margaret DiGruccio Madeline Conte Ann Scolaro



Haron Schuman





Annie Gray

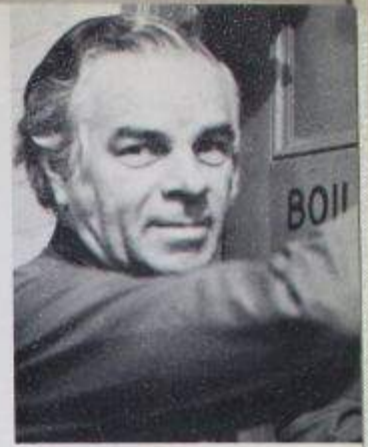


Florence Schwager



Frances Annenberg

Edward Rogers



Elizabeth O'Donnell



Bertha Aronson



Sadie Parker

Naomi Procter



Lillian Matthews



Charles Romer



Jack McCants

Takako Saito



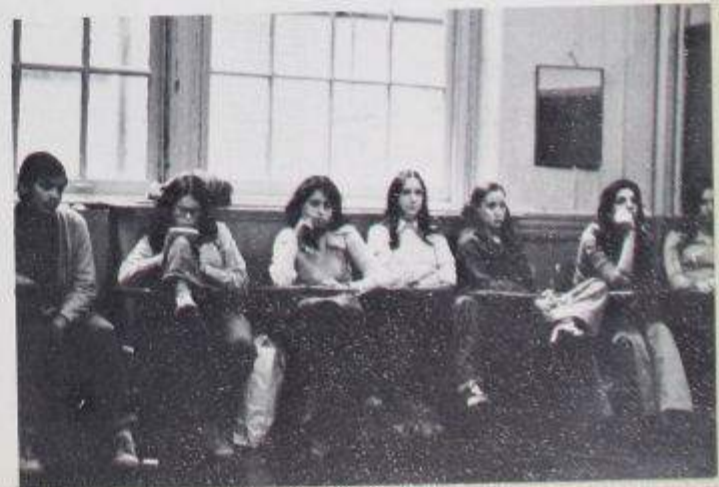
Bess Kadin

Ilka Rosenzweig



His answer trickled through my head
Like water through a sieve.

Lewis Carroll





FACULTY



Bring me my costume for the Swan Dance.

Anna Pavlova



FOLLIES

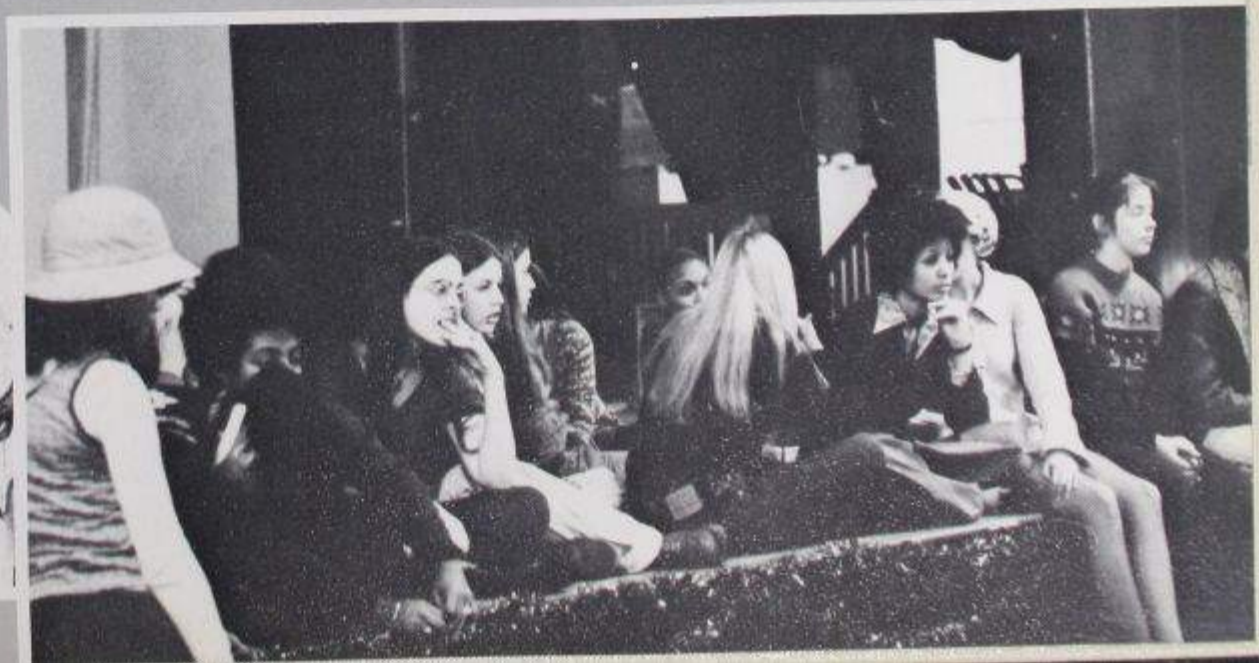




Put together by:
Kenny, Justine
Susi, Ricky, Rhonda, Debra,
Troy
& Jack



The Christmas Show '76





G.O.

Executive Council
 Amy, Jerry, Billy
 Camera Shy
 Gilbert & Bruce

Officers
 Alyson - Treasurer
 Debra - President
 Louis - Vice President
 Nina - Secretary

Phi Beta Bathroom Society



Junior Crew
 Brian, Alison, Richard, Andrea, Justine
 Robert, and Jason



I wanted to learn, to grasp, to feel --
 Beyond what I'd felt before.
 As I entered I sensed, I dreamed,
 I sprang. . .

laurie behar



"Alice" is here to stay !!!



The more art is directed,
limited,
and worked upon,
the freer it becomes.

Igor Fiodrovich Stravinsky

Going Home

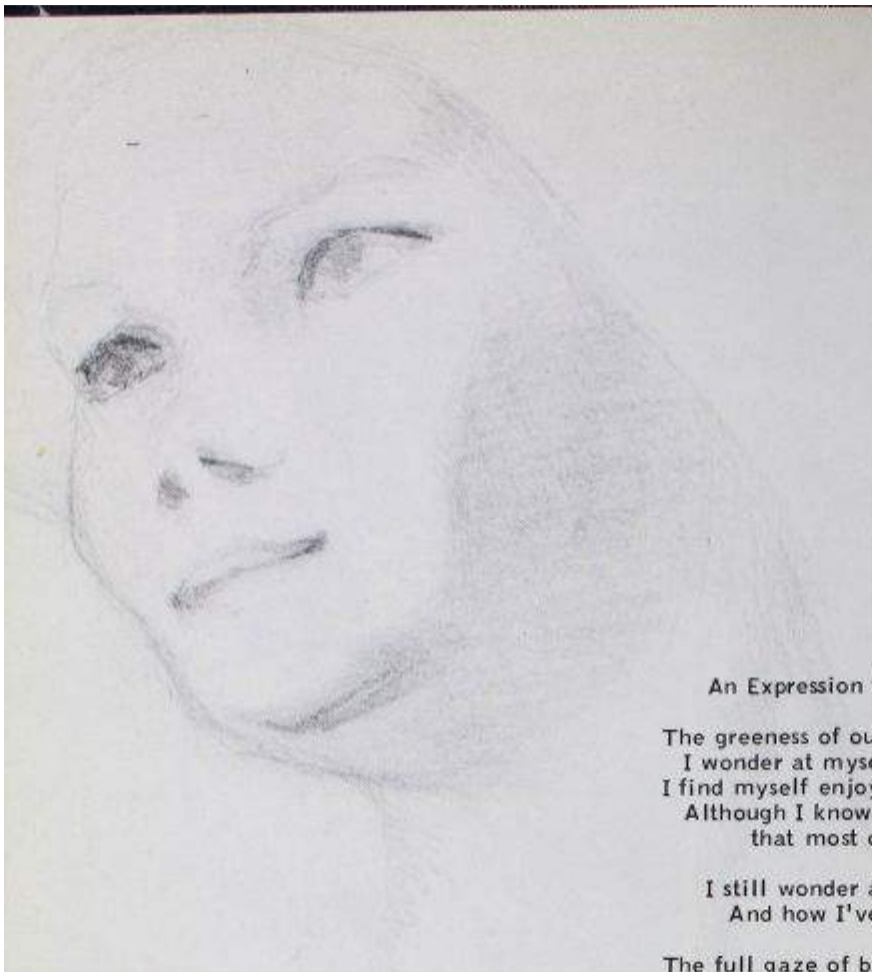
Since we've all become a team,
It's been year's since I've caught the 3:15.
Kenny's with Eskow, Pat's in the john,
Melly is lost, and I'm going on.

Kim Yancey

SCHOOL OF PERFORMING ARTS
LIBRARY SQUAD 1975-76

1. Antoinette Cave 6,2
2. Annette Chapman 4,5
3. James Chory 2,3
4. Michael Dash 4,4
5. Thomas Friedman 2,2
6. Ann Lin 2,2
7. Dorina Margin e antu 2,2
8. Tonette Orlando 6,2
9. Kathleen Phillips 2,3
10. Pamela Pollack 4,6
11. Debra Ryals 4,4
12. Talbert Stanislaus 4,1
13. Patricia Watkins 8,3





An Expression to Erik

The greenness of our world has turned into blue,
I wonder at myself sometimes,
I find myself enjoying the loudness and suffocation that the steelyard blues bring,
Although I know that I am not strange,
that most others thrive on blue,

I still wonder at myself
And how I've changed.

The full gaze of blue has not met mine straight on ... yet
But its glances transform me, little by little.
I try not to change, I try to stay a person of the green.

But what can I do?

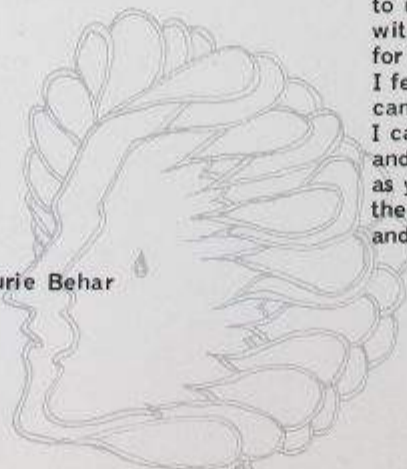
My changes make their appearances subtly
never stopping to be criticized,
Knowing very well, how naive and unaware I am.

Elizabeth Tobier

Letter to Justin

bent frustration
automatic release
clocks tick
time walks
mirrored illusions distort my voice
(I saw your face as I swept the floor the other day ...)
walls drip
doors snap
flames skip around the fire
bells ring
flowers laugh
windows turn their secrets back
(you're getting old, you know,
the hidden wrinkles start to show ...)
books sneeze
father reads
sister sings for mother
and I'm so down
'cause monday morn
they went and hung my love

Laurie Behar



Jill

watching you get ready to go
I see
your heart so full
your eyes that hold the pain that wisdom brings
and the magic and newness of innocence.
I watch
these two qualities combine and mix to form
disbelief during a struggle
that ends at no endpoint,
as one part tries to comprehend
while the other strains to feel. And
I want
to intervene and try to compensate
with my words and thoughts
for this blindness which
I feel
can only lead to hurt and sorrow. But
I can only stand
and watch
as you walk so slowly through
the big winds you withstand so well,
and hope no breeze will knock you down.

Jessica Sporn



The alcoholic has many fine and fair characteristics.
His physiognomy is bold,
strong, and quite hard.
His diction, as compared with
my associates,
is low and uncommon; but his intellect
is not to be degraded.
Intoxication brings about a
dry, slow and annoying repetition
of words.
When drunk, filthy drunk,
there is no end to his ugliness.
When sober, his air is educated
and cultured.
He wallows in the "I WAS",
a deep desire to be helped
and loved.
I loathe the raised head
of an alcoholic; it's ugly,
rude, disturbing,
and somewhat frightening.
He is emotionally weak,
irresponsible,
and has a fear of life
and death.
Where does this leave him?
In the bottle!

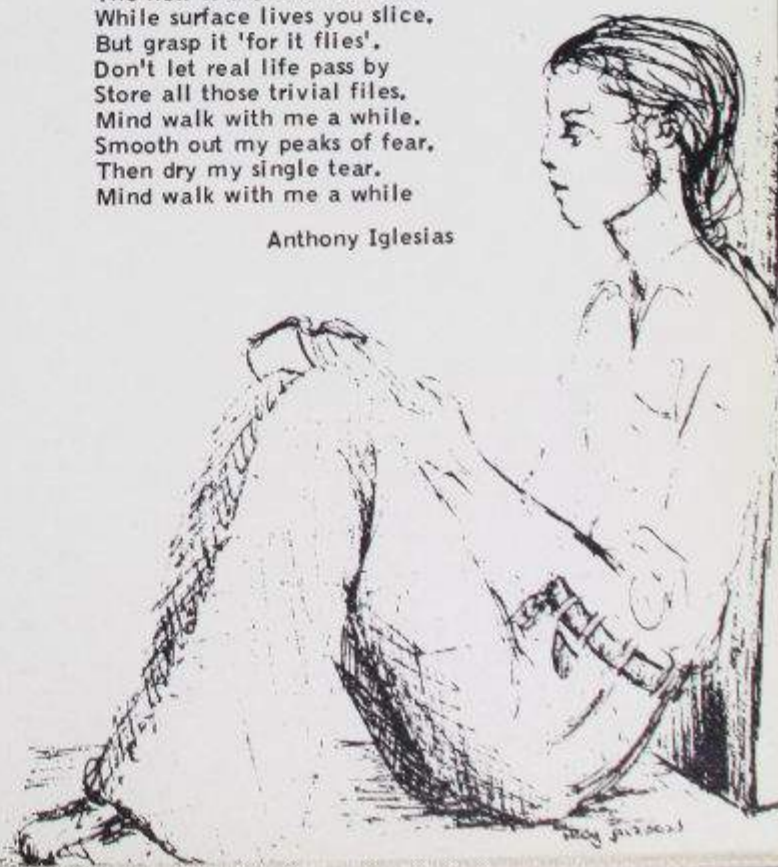
Belinda LeMon

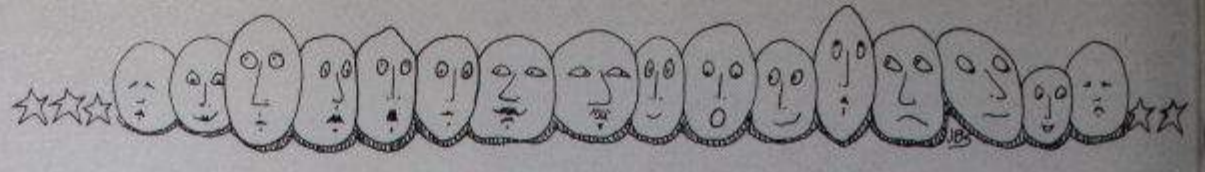
MIND WALK WITH ME A WHILE

Tasks of life are great,
Beams of life cast fate,
Chance of fate is life,
And by slips by the slice.
Cry you fool you must.
Burst with sun your crust.
The crust of your painful smalls,
The smalls within your mind,
That eat up, kill your time,
Reflect that childhood pile,
Mind walk with me a while.

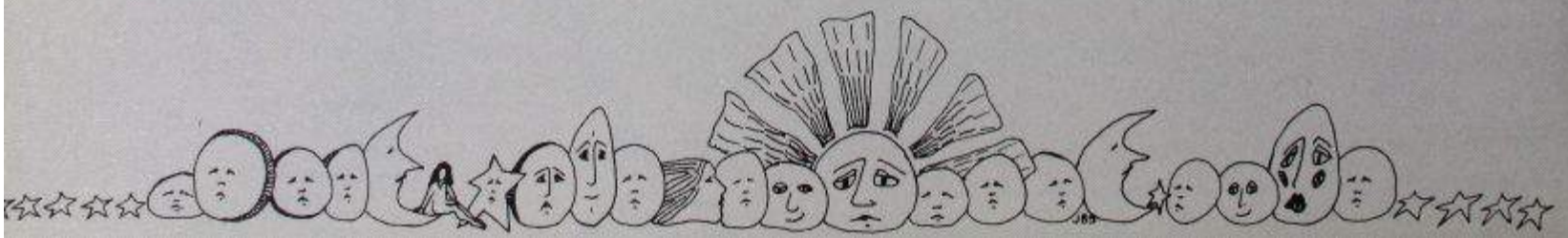
The small becomes so great.
The new is then called late.
While surface lives you slice,
But grasp it 'for it flies',
Don't let real life pass by
Store all those trivial files,
Mind walk with me a while.
Smooth out my peaks of fear,
Then dry my single tear.
Mind walk with me a while

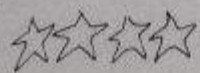
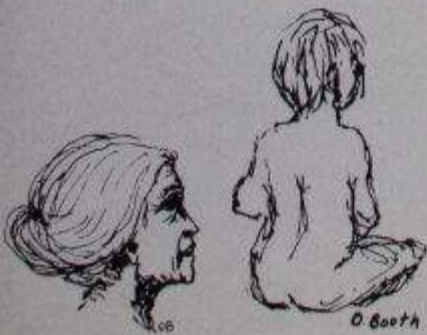
Anthony Iglesias





Seniors







Sabrina Davis
Treasurer

Kevin Ryan
Vice President

Rhonda Edmonds
President

Pia Desilva
Secretary

Senior Officers

To A Friend, To A Way Of Seeing

It's been a long time, if time is any kind of measure.
There've been a lot of tears, if tears are any show of emotion.
And there've been a lot of smiles, if smiles are any sign of happiness.

So you see now we're all standing in a different place
But we all have the same situations to face.
And I'm wondering what my life will be like,
Who I'll meet, what I'll see, how I'll do,
And in my racing mind there are multiple thoughts of you.

Many acquaintances have been made, if the few can be called friends,
Numerous days of excitement have prevailed, if the remaining can be summed up as
commonplace.
Countless shortlived dreams have faded, if their realizations have shown their folly.

There's a world out there
But you've got to grab on
And all the thoughts that held you back
Only you can dispel and condemn to be gone.
We're standing at a crossroad and must go our way alone.

Countless people have involved my life, if any or all have guided me.
Countless people have left my life, if I only have the remembrances of them.
And countless times have you entered my heart, if my thoughts are not memories
of you.

Rose Marie Bressan



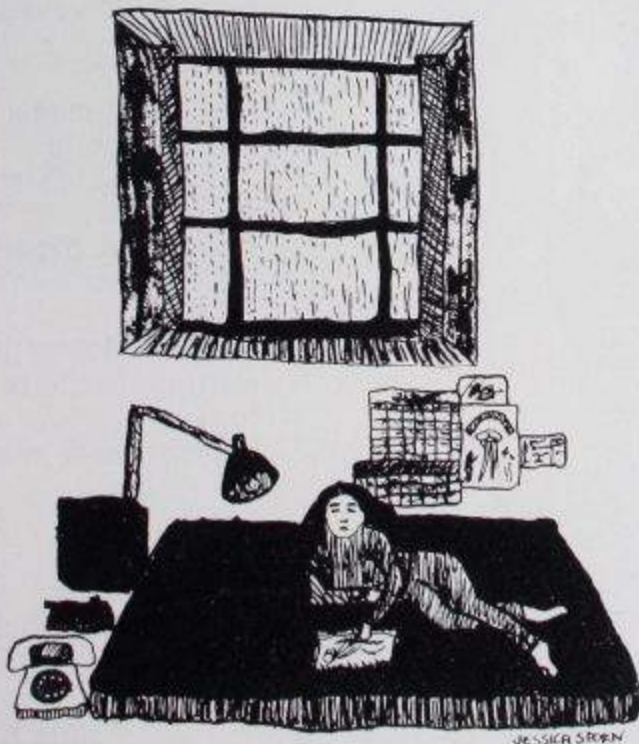


HOMAGE TO LOUIE by Laurie Behar

Bagels, tea and Marlboro's
 Ham and swiss on rye,
 Only one person could supply such diversion
 Only one terrific guy,
 You need a pen?
 A compass?
 A ruler, maybe two?
 Ask this man for anything
 He's got it just for you.
 Oh, the man's a darling
 A friend to all is he
 Who else could this poem be written about
 'cept your friend and mine Louis!

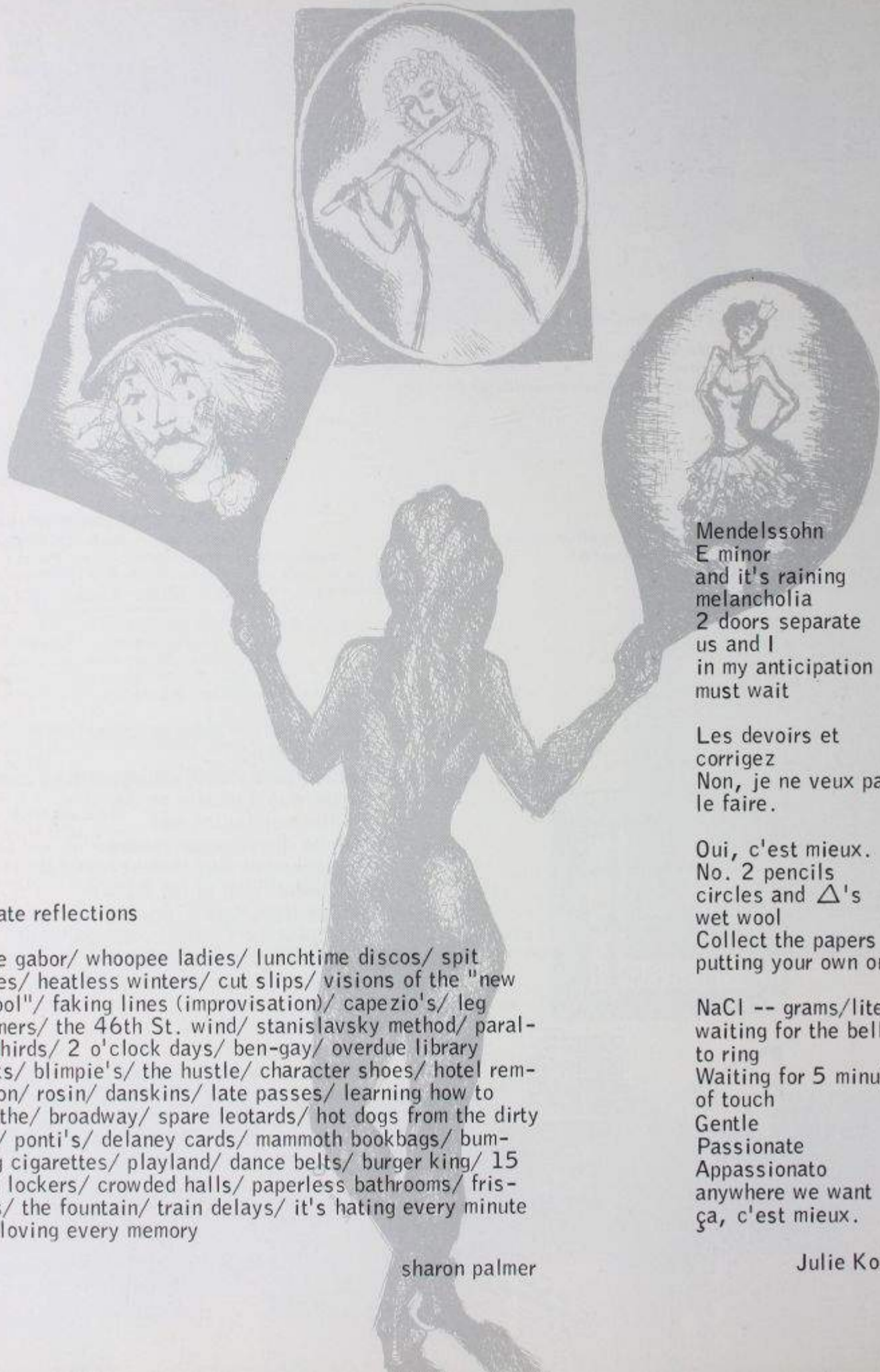


Jessica Sporn, Roe Bressan, Diana Doussant,
 Susi Goldstein, Wanda DeJesus, Kenny Nixon, Elizabeth
 Tobler,
 + Kevin Ryan
 Senior Stage Crew ☆!!



I cried on the subway going to school
 this morning.
 by the time we rolled into the 47th street station
 there was a puddle on the shoe
 of the man facing me;
 but he didn't seem to care.
 he looked at me, then at his shoe,
 and went back to his article
 in the New York Times.
 my guidance counselor says that my
 midyear report makes me a
 perfect candidate for any college
 and yesterday a girl I don't know
 very well said that
 she envies me.
 what does all this mean
 when I am so empty and hollow?
 I feel like an inverted glass jar,
 only nothing is spilling out
 because there's nothing inside.

Jessica Sporn



private reflections

louie gabor/ whoopee ladies/ lunchtime discos/ spit slides/ heatless winters/ cut slips/ visions of the "new school"/ faking lines (improvisation)/ capezio's/ leg warmers/ the 46th St. wind/ stanislavsky method/ parallel thirds/ 2 o'clock days/ ben-gay/ overdue library books/ blimpie's/ the hustle/ character shoes/ hotel remington/ rosin/ danskins/ late passes/ learning how to breathe/ broadway/ spare leotards/ hot dogs from the dirty man/ ponti's/ delaney cards/ mammoth bookbags/ bumming cigarettes/ playland/ dance belts/ burger king/ 15 inch lockers/ crowded halls/ paperless bathrooms/ frisbees/ the fountain/ train delays/ it's hating every minute and loving every memory

sharon palmer

Mendelssohn
E minor
and it's raining
melancholia
2 doors separate
us and I
in my anticipation
must wait

Les devoirs et
corrigez
Non, je ne veux pas
le faire.

Oui, c'est mieux.
No. 2 pencils
circles and Δ 's
wet wool
Collect the papers
putting your own on top

NaCl -- grams/liter
waiting for the bell
to ring
Waiting for 5 minutes
of touch
Gentle
Passionate
Appassionato
anywhere we want
ça, c'est mieux.

Julie Kosarin

I remember, as a small child, on a small island
Gazing at the evening sky
On a beach
With the stars domed above me
I would think
How nice it would be
to be a star
To have people gaze upon me, and wonder
what I am
My little secret light
with a solar system all my own
Revolving around me
and I,
warming them all
giving them a part of me
and little children wondering
what I am
with warm skin and warm hearts
everywhere

Troy Jackson





Carmine Barcia

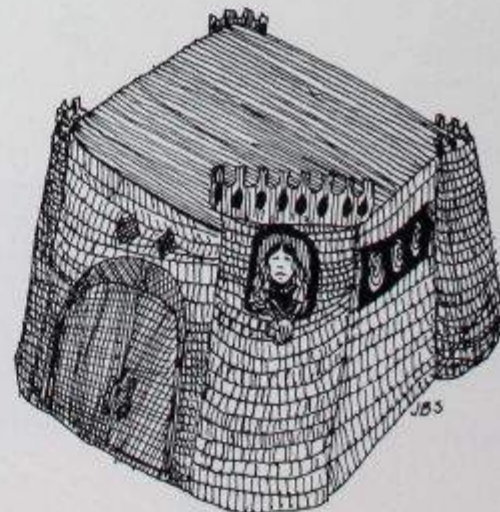
Daniela Arnon

Anthony Iglesias

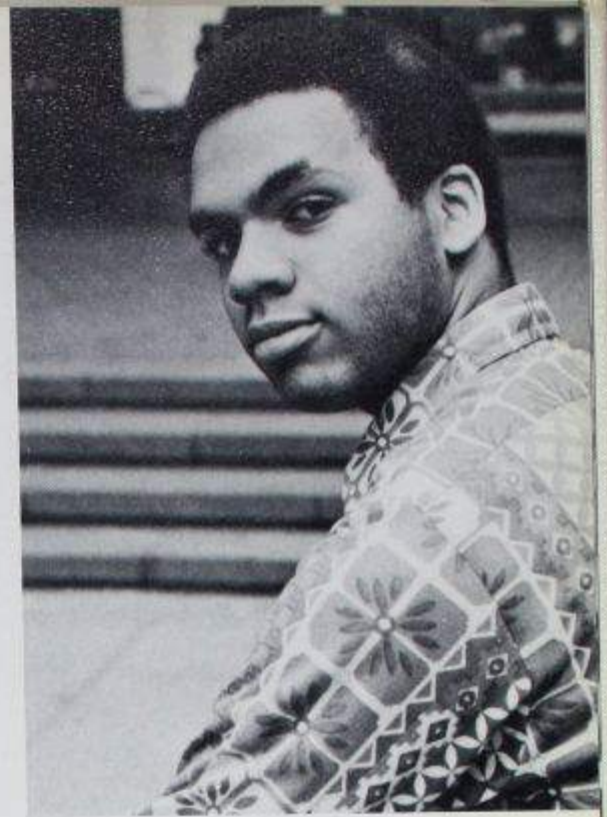
Old Castles

Old castles with curtained walls in
 musty rooms
 Whispers of voices
 Footsteps echoing in forgotten passageways
 Belong to ghosts
 Who left their masters in dark dank tombs,
 Towers that once hid secrets or people
 gone mad
 Pictures stitched in tapestry
 Dreams carefully tucked under
 moth eaten pillows
 On lumpy mattresses
 In once plush rooms of people who had;
 Who are remembered
 Only because they left something
 behind.

Jessica Sporn



Belinda LeMon



James Warden Jr.

Darrell Chaplin



Henry Rivera



O.Booth



Sabrina Davis ✓



Angela Favitta ✓

Denise DeMars ✓



Dennis Lieberon ✓





Vivian Faistman ✓



Doris Detrich



Reginald George





Chris Franceschi



Amalia (Margie) Morales



Yamil Borges



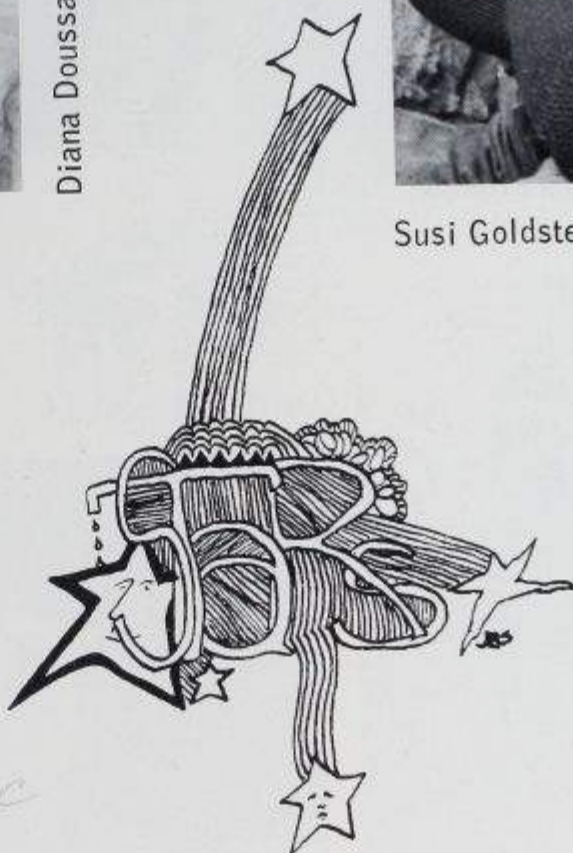
Diana Dousant



Susi Goldstein



Gregoriann Daly



Jonathan Gittler





Barbara Gordon *C*



Mindy Horowitz *C*



Daryl Richardson *C*



Michael Fox





Patricia Wright *e*

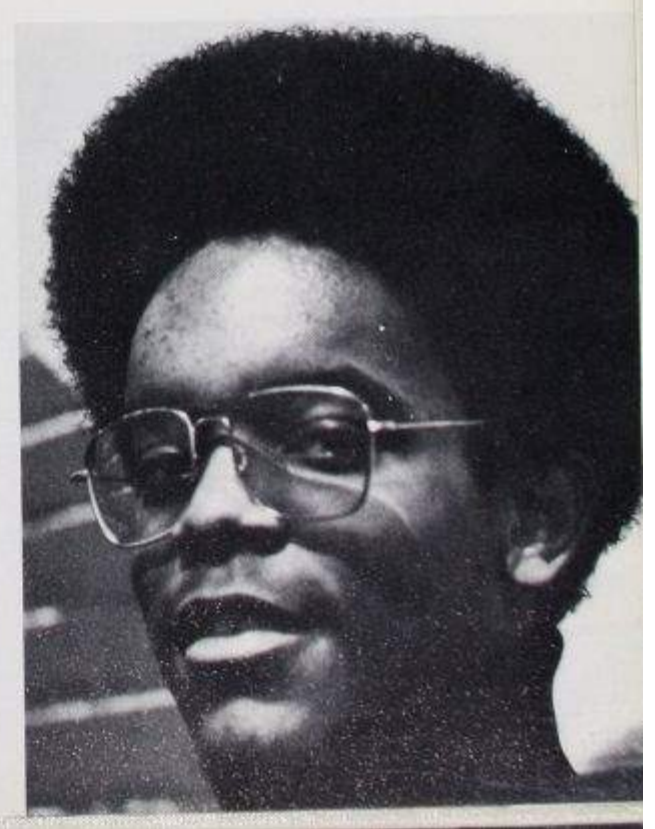


Kim Yancey *e*



Eumelia (Melly) Garcia *e*

Thomas Lytle *e*





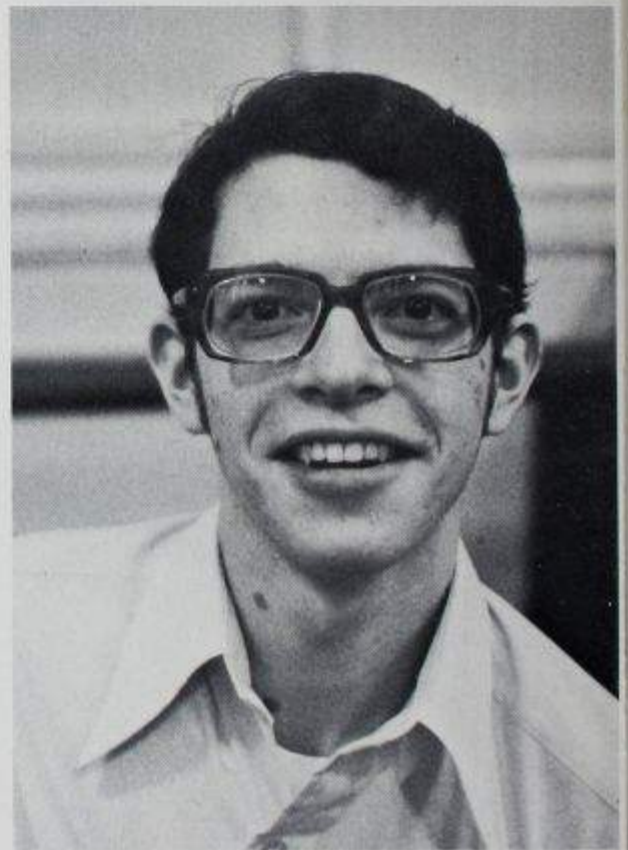
William Leonard



Heidi Heinbach ✓



⌚ Tiina Aleman



Samuel Arlen





Wanda DeJesus

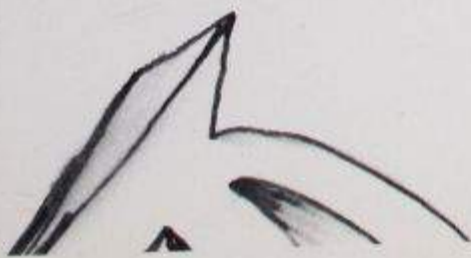
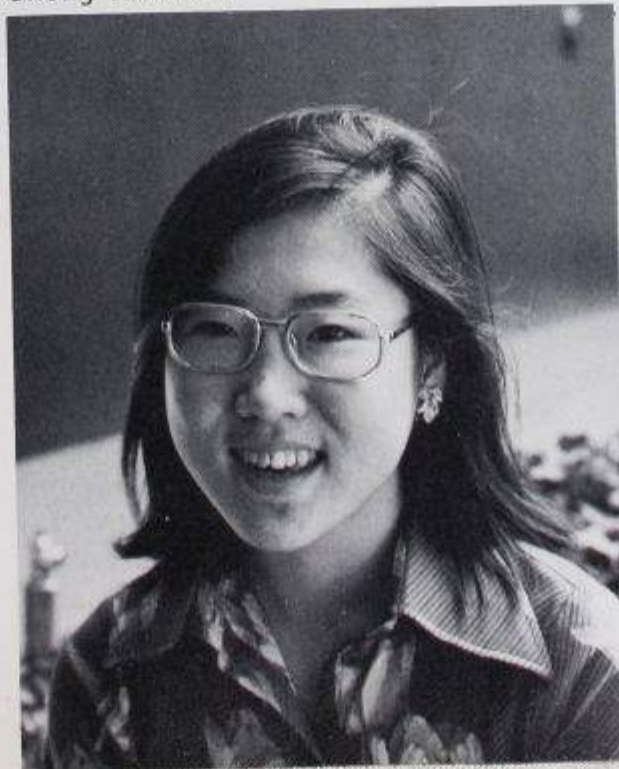


RoseMarie Bressan



Diane Diggs

Chong Ran Kim





Sharon Ingram ✓

Andrea Havelin

Laurie Behar ✓



The world is dying
Ah, how sad the waning season
No speck of spring remains
And the bright-colored umbrellas
Seems a subtle mockery in the

f
a
l
l
i
n
g rain,

hlh



Rhonda Edmonds



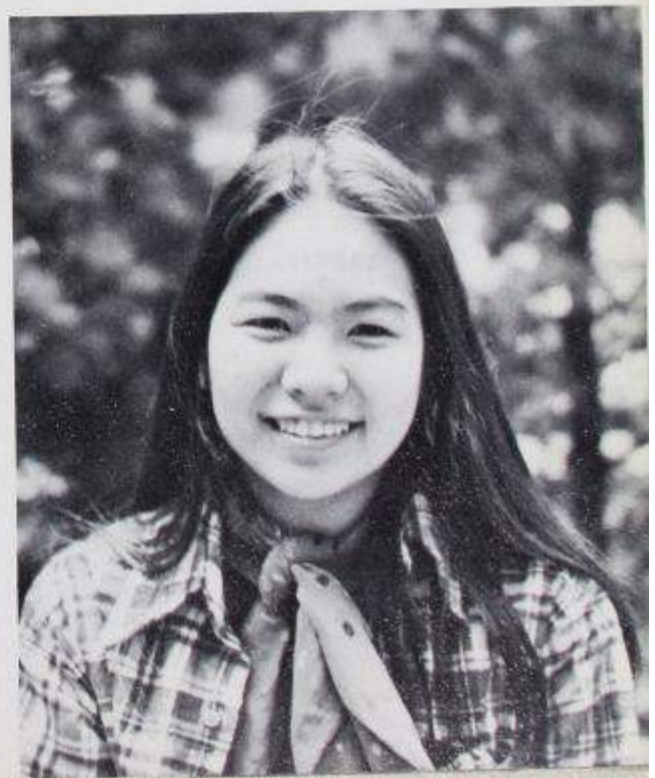
Jessica Sporn



Mineko Yajima

"as long as i live, i'll hear waterfalls and birds sing, and get as near the heart of the world as i can."

-- John Muir





Lois Hewitt



Ricky Stotts

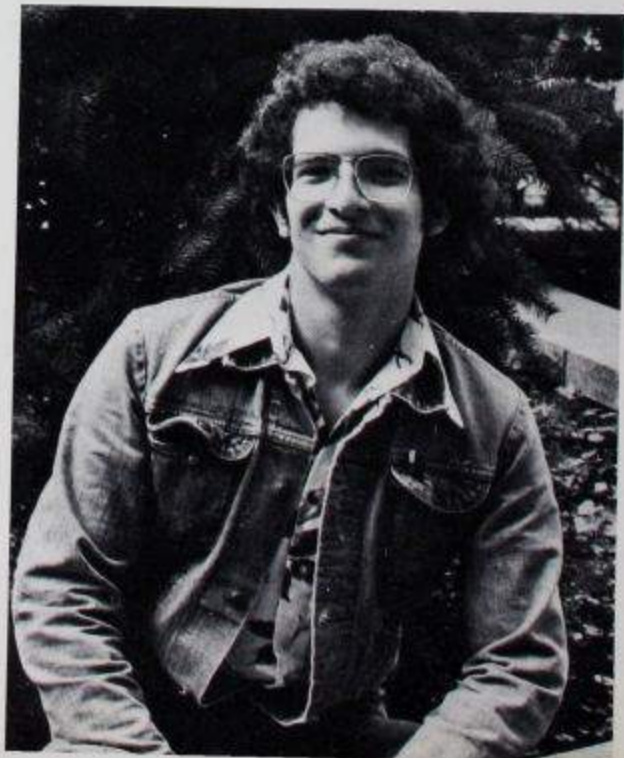
cutting across my dreams
like a scissor
Through the misty black chiffon
of night,
And morning colored velvets
is you. Screaming urgently,
Pulling me back from
Crystal cut stars and
flocks of clouds,
my alarm clock.

hlh

Anthony Canu



Lynn Lopresti



Heather Mazlum



Susan Kirchofer



Ora Torres



Roman Greller





Albert Salas ✓



Robert Wertheim




Phenicia Folkes ✓





Gilbert Tucker ✓



Debrah Holland 



Jeffrey Horowitz 

William Natbony 





Kevin Smith ✓



Mario Serio ✓



✓ Sharon Palmer





Jody Gilman



Ilise Kapen



Kevin Ryan

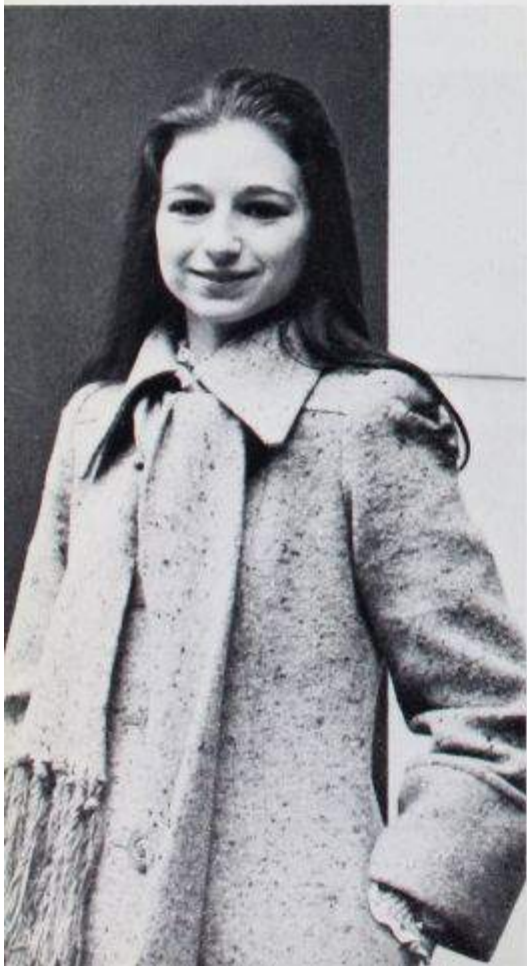


Michael Favata ✓



Karen Ackerman ✓

H. Leslie Halpern ✓





Jack Viegas ✓



Tamara Richards

Pia DeSilva





Leslie Boyce



Robert Tamburri

Donna Landwing



May each and every one
of my friends live to be
a hundred. And me a hundred
minus a day, so I won't know
nice people like you have
passed away.

Deborah A. Holland



Troy Jackson ✓

The day is hatched
as gray rises from black
Another morn of
sheople

And black
brown
gray
laced and buckled
eyes on their toes

I am prisoner in a box
that moves
twice a day

And the "Daily News"
is not folded the same way
as "The Times"
And its readers aren't either

Wardrobes of serious faces
staring pensively at nothing

Then suddenly light up when they see
someone they know and even if
they don't like them they say
G'morning.

Julie Kosarin

Grace Park ✓



Allison Williams ✓





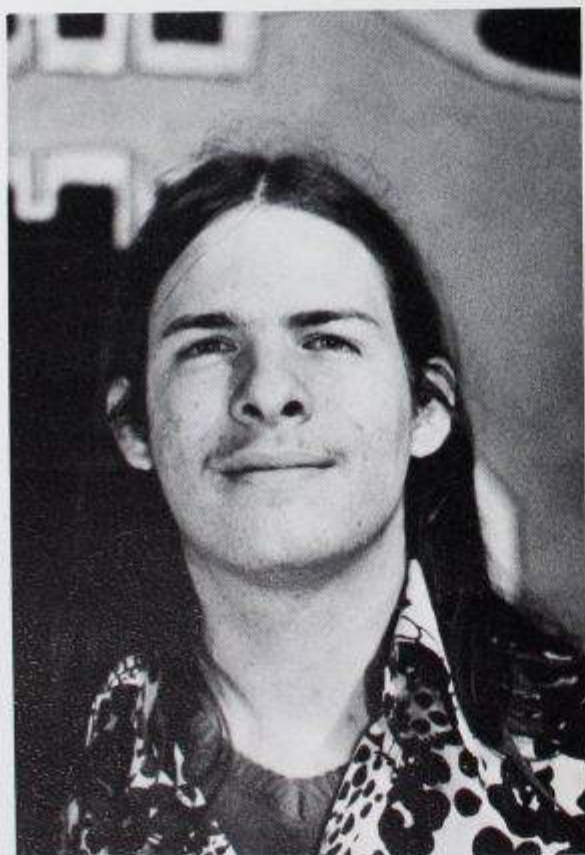
Wendy Olakson ✓

The more the marble wastes
the more the statue grows.

Michelangelo



Arthur Johnson ✓



Steven Davison ✓





I wish to live
because life has within
it that which is good,
that which is beautiful, and
that which is love.

Kim Yancey

Rana Lancaster



Alysa Gritz



Wanda Dryer





Barbara Elorriaga



Lucy Popper ✓

There is so much to life --
So hard to write down,
Thoughts scatter rapidly through my head:
Am I really living?
I know that I exist!
But do I really?
The thoughts are so hard to sort --
Future,Past,Present,
What will be my next decision?
Will it be right? wrong?
Is there an end to this?
Just more decisions
I'm trying, really trying --
A whirlwind going faster and faster.
But am I only a machine?
People say yes, but I don't know --
Another decision --
Another part of life.

Jody Gilman



Pam Risenhoover



Mary Beblowski ✓



Justine Zollo *J*

Lord, grant that I may always desire more than I accomplish.
Michelangelo



T
Timothy McKeown



Charlotte Graham *C*

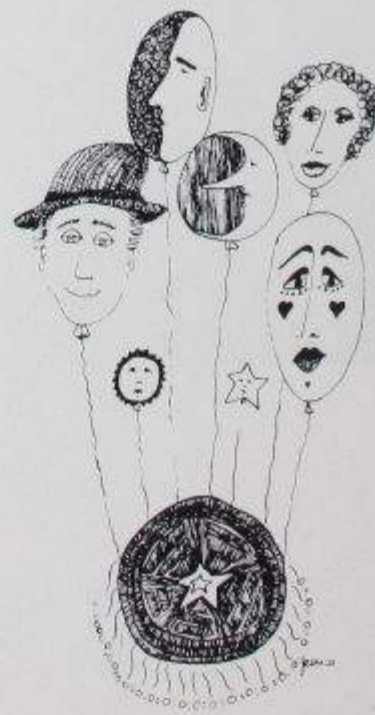
"Believe me, you have to get up early if you want to get out of bed."

Groucho Marx

Patricia Watkins *C*



Judith Smart *C*



Philip Wright



Debra Hayes

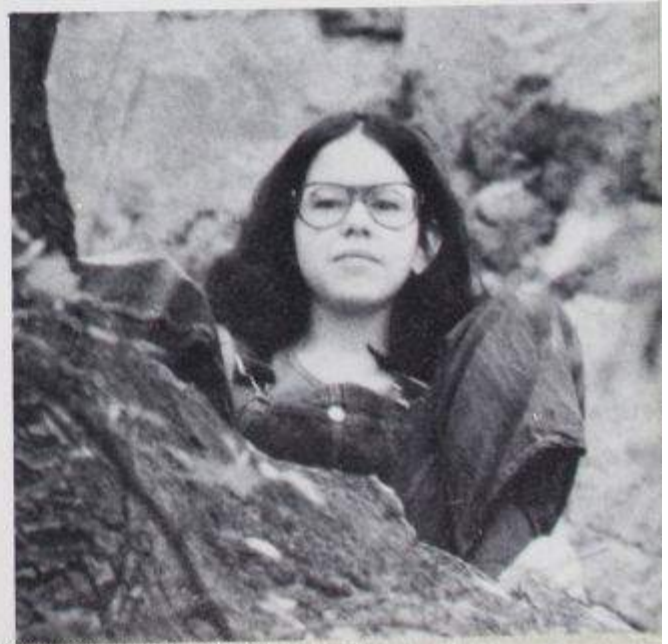
The secret to remaining young is never wearing an emotion that's unbecoming.

Oscar Wilde

Evelyn Levy



Elizabeth Allen Tobier





Christine Trzcieniecki

A man's reach should
Exceed his grasp.
Or what is Heaven for?

R. Browning



Kim Snyder

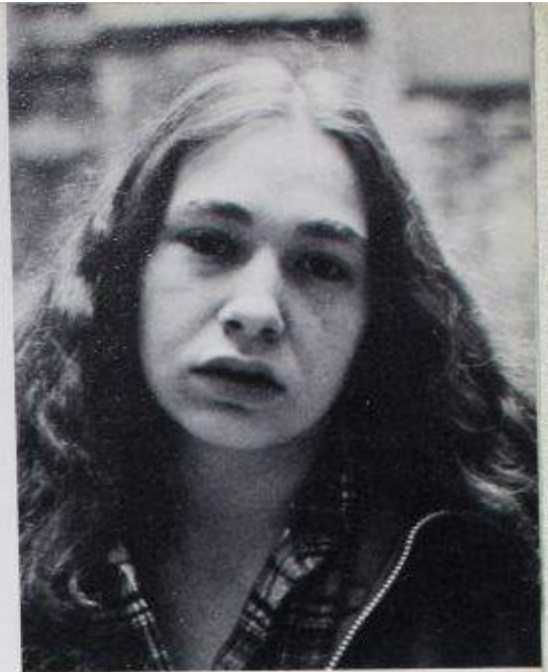


Julie Kosarin





✓ Michelle Mullings



Bernette Belgraer ✍

**"You are what you make yourself, no more
and no less."**

Kenny Nixon

Cyndi Rosen ✓

✓ Kenny Nixon





Annette White *e*

Ivelisse Pacheco *e*



Olivia Booth *e*

e Deborah Paliukaitis





Abel Asinas ✓



Tanya Wells ✓

If I can do something I love -- such as acting -- and spread a little happiness, sunshine, and smiles along the way, then I choose that to be my life.

Patricia Wright



✓ Vincente Velez

Daniel Mosca ✓





“Goodnight Mrs. Calabash, wherever you are.”
Jimmy Durante



with best wishes and love
to the class of '76

THE PARENTS ASSOCIATION

Jean Turney, Pres.

Qu'est-ce que c'est ?

On rit, on crie,
 Les émotions répandues envers chaque salle.
 Qu'est-ce c'est ce lycée de Performing Arts?
 Une maison de souvenirs, qui resteront ici
 Pour toujours,
 Une boîte d'espoirs, attendant ouvrir et
 Étant leur ailes.
 Qu'est-ce que c'est ce lycée de Performing Arts?
 Il est difficile de décrire en mots.
 Tu regardes de dedans à l'intérieur.
 Qu'est-ce que c'est ce lycée de Performing Arts?
 Je sais maintenant, car il n'y a pas d'extérieur,
 Nous sommes tous dans un cercle d'amour.

- Guillaume

What is it?

People laugh, people cry,
 Emotions spread through every room,
 What is the High School of Performing Arts?
 A house of memories that will rest here forever;
 A box of hopes, wanting to open and
 Spread their wings.
 What is the High School of Performing Arts?
 It's difficult to describe in words,
 You are looking from the inside, in.
 What is the High School of Performing Arts?
 I know now, because there is no outside,
 We are all in a circle of love.

Billy Natbony



Day by day
 I sit
 In the train, looking,

It seems to me
 That this is my second home --
 I recognize almost all those
 sitting here.

All are sleeping
 With eyes closed and also open,
 Sometimes the people speak.

And if now I leave all of this,
 And after many years I return --
 Tell me please, what will change?

Andrea Havelin



יום ויום
 אני יושבת
 ברכבת, מסתכלת.
 נראה לי
 שזאת ביתי שנייה -
 כמעט כל היושבים בה, אני מכירה.
 כולם שנים
 עם סיניק סגורים, ואז פתאים,
 לבדאים הם מפתאים.
 ואם דבשו אני יוצאת מנה,
 ואחרי הרבה שנים אני אהפוך -
 מתג'י לי נוא, מה שנה?
 — כריזה חנה



勉強したくなくても
 友達に会いに来てしまうような
 新しい教合がリベンジセンターに
 できるの、私のことをよろこばせているような
 そんな友達です
 不滅の名前を忘れても
 P.A. 思い出はいつまでも残るでしょう
 峯子

a Poem of a Free Person

My father doesn't like me.
He likes my sister but he doesn't like me.
He loves my mother, he likes my brother,
But he says that he isn't proud of me.
He's forbidden me to come in the house --
And I don't think he has the right to do that.
He believes that I do bad things,
And that my reputation can't be saved.
But anyway -- what can I say?
When he scolds me, he makes me laugh.
One day I hope that we'll be friends
But until then, I must live MY life!

Jessica Sporn

un Poème d'une Personne Libre

Mon père ne m'aime pas.
Il aime ma sœur mais il ne m'aime pas.
Il aime ma mère, il aime mon frère,
Mais il dit que de moi il n'est pas fier.
Il m'a empêchée d'entrer dans la maison -
Et moi, je crois qu'il n'a pas raison.
Il pense que je fais de mauvaises choses.
Et que ma réputation ne peut pas être sauvée.
Mais alors, qu'est-ce que je peux dire?
Quand il me gronde il me fait rire.
Un jour j'espère que nous serons des amis
Mais jusqu'à ce temps je dois vivre ma vie!

Jessica



Even when we don't want to study,
We come to school to see our friends.
We were glad we didn't move into the
Building at Lincoln Center.
There will be a day when we won't remember the names of our classmates,
But the memories of P.A. will always be there.

Mineko Yajima

A Summer Scene

People at the beaches,
Those who swim
In the cold and blue ocean;
Boats on the water,
The birds
Who sing and play their games
Pretty flowers
The bikinis
Summer, joyous season,

Vivian Faistman



Une Scène d'Été

Des gens aux plages,
Ceux qui nagent
Dans l'océan froid et bleu,
Des navires en l'eau,
Des oiseaux
Qui chantent et jouent leurs jeux
Des fleurs jolies
Des "bikinis",
L'été, temps joyeux.

Vivienne

Hay veces cuando el sol se esconde
detrás de los edificios, pero, sin embargo
me permiten estar bajo sus sombras
cuando el sol está muy ardiente.

Cada día, salgo de un edificio a otro,
y en cada uno soy una persona diferente.
En el de mi casa soy muy sombria,
sin embargo en el de la escuela
parezco hacer muy contenta. Que pena
que no puedo sostener más que una
cara como los edificios. Será mucho
mejor. ¿No creer?

- Yamil

Each day, I leave one
building to go on to
another and in each
one I am a different
person. In that of my house
I am very sullen.
Yet in that of the school
I appear to be very
happy. What a pity
that I cannot maintain just
one face like the buildings do. It
would be better.
Don't
you think?

Yamil Borges

To Carmine,
You performed a "Miracle on 34th Street"
and

Belinda,
You were a sweet "Sweet Charity", we hated to see you leave 320, and
we hate to see you leave P.A.

Good Luck,
Rhea, a 320 alumnus.

A Susi —
Ca va pas non!
je t'embrase
Jessica

Bern,
Knowing you was quite an experience. Take care always. Re-
member Muffin Burger. Love.

Tina

Lucy —
I leave you 200 pairs of deshanked toe shoes, and Chicago's
albums.

Love
Risa

Dany,
For the proverbs they have spoken,
The morals they are broken
Like the part of me that
has been lost through you.
And my soul, it now lies open
And my thoughts are just a token
For it's hard for me to trust in you
And harder still to say adieu
Where words fail, my tears speak.
Je t'embrasse cinq fois.
Susi Creamcheese

Dear K.J.A.
Goodtimes we've had
Hoping more to come
Let's pass 47-50th one day, cut,
and go to Central Park. And to A.H.,
Wherever you roam, you maybe out of sight,
but never out of mind.

Love,
H.L.

Denise, D — o — L — L
Forever Love Roe

Laurie,
Thank you for teaching me how to laugh: at myself. I love
you.

Diana

You showed me truth
You showed me life
You showed me love
Thank you P.A.
Ellen Floman
'75

You gave
I took
The cycle must continue;
my turn has come
to give

Tany'á

A special wish to all members of the class of 1976: May every
happiness you seek become yours! It has been such fun to have
been with you.

Samuel Tolmach
also Class of 1976

You came to us as strangers and you leave us as friends. Let us hope the
world will be a bit more civilized for that shared experience.

Irving Orfuss

Dear Cyndi, Diana, Elizabeth,
Jessica, Kenny, Kevin, Laurie,
Leslie, Roe, Wanda
You're Beat!

Love
Susi

For Laurie B —
an extra leotard and tights

For Amy —
a double date with "D", the chief and me

For Emily —
100 on an ECO test

Love,
Jessica

Diana,
Nothing can ruin our friendship. We've already
proven that. I love you —

Laurie

Di and Lo —
A message for you know who and 10:00 dinner at La Crêpe with
Alexander's gang.

— always
Jessica

R.M.B.,
We act
You sing
I dance
We cry
It's all about differences.
Love,
D.D.

To The fox:
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Lester



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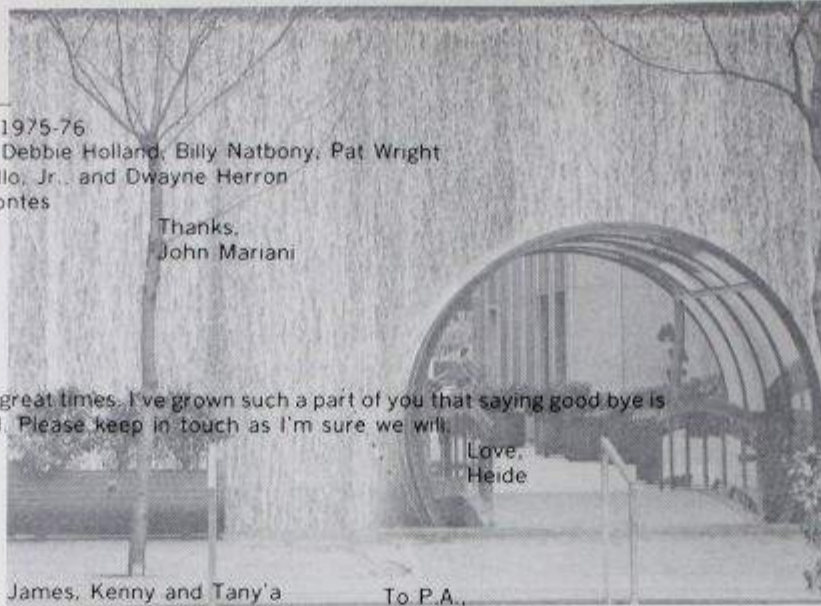
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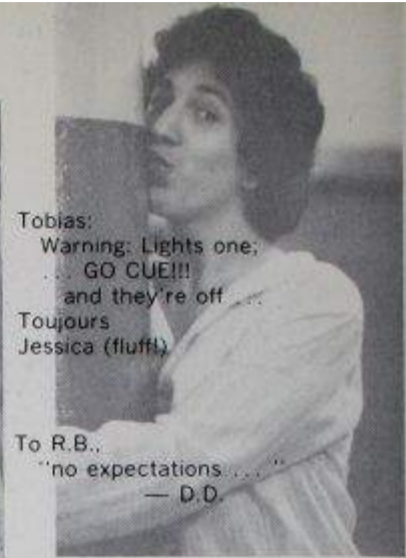
They Handled Yours —
College Office Staff 1975-76
Seniors: Melly Garcia, Debbie Holland, Billy Natbony, Pat Wright
Sophomores: Ed Carrillo, Jr. and Dwayne Herron
Freshman: Mariette Pontes

Dear Billy,
Thank you for all the great times. I've grown such a part of you that saying good bye is going to be really hard. Please keep in touch as I'm sure we will.

Thanks,
John Mariani



Love,
Heide



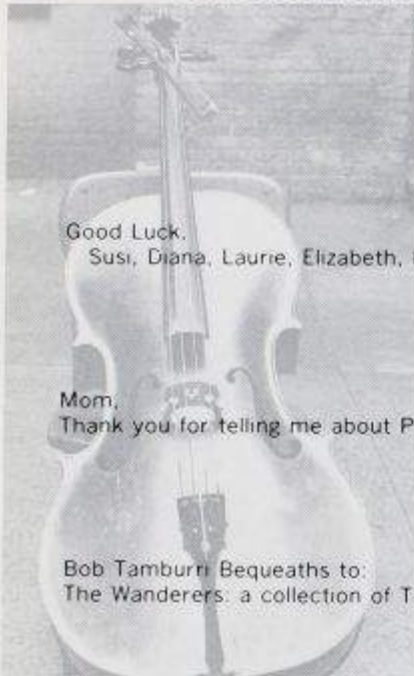
Tobias:
Warning: Lights one;
... GO CUE!!!
and they're off ...
Toujours
Jessica (fluff!)

To R.B.,
"no expectations..."
— D.D.

To: Melly, Pat, James, Kenny and Tany'a
You're special to me.

To P.A.,
Choose this day whom you will serve!

Love,
Kim



Good Luck,
Susi, Diana, Laurie, Elizabeth, Roe and the rest of the Senior Class of '76.
Nina Sporn

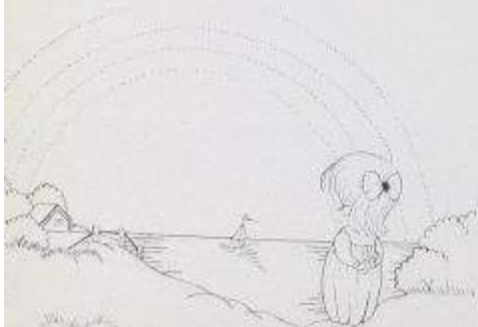
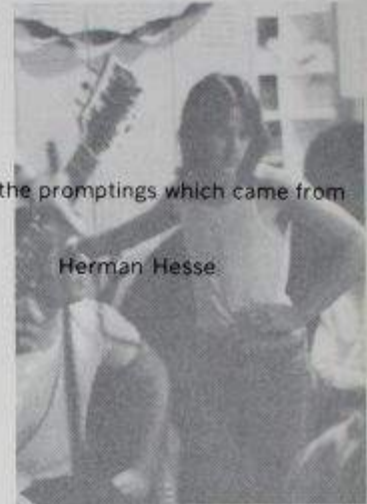
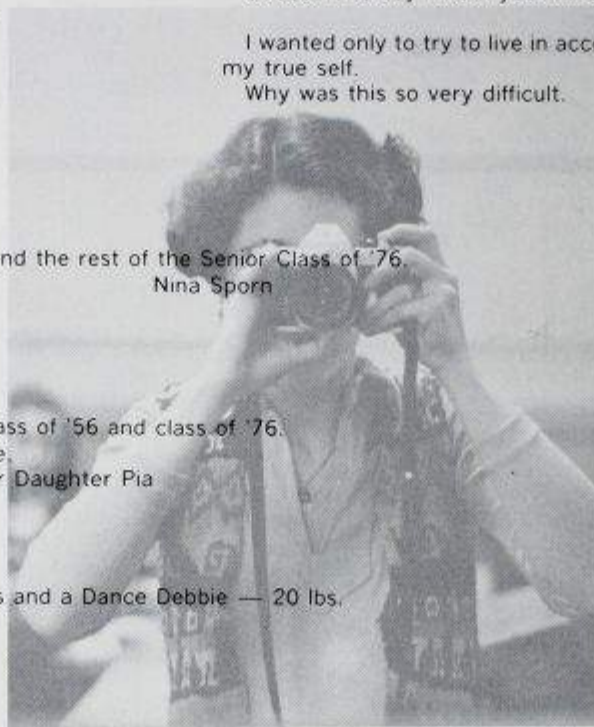
Mom,
Thank you for telling me about P.A. class of '56 and class of '76.

Love,
Your Daughter Pia

Bob Tamburri Bequeaths to:
The Wanderers: a collection of T-shirts and a Dance Debbie — 20 lbs.

I wanted only to try to live in accord with the promptings which came from my true self.
Why was this so very difficult.

Herman Hesse



There is this love
 I have of you
 That wakes me, makes me
 Watch you when you sleep,
 And when I match
 my waking breaths to your
 sleeping breaths and
 we breath as one,
 This love calms within me
 As the sea after a storm.
 There is this love I
 have of you --
 That makes me cry
 or laugh;
 That makes me empty
 As the days you do not call
 Or full as those you do.
 There is this love I have
 of you.
 It warms me when you are not near
 And quiets my fears
 And dries my tears.
 There is this love I have of
 you -- that finally lets me sleep
 knowing there is no darkness
 There is no death
 As long as
 I have this love of you.

Jessica Sporn

Performing Arts

Though the mountains seem far away
 they are not,
 They are in reach of my hand.

Though the lake of crystal seems to
 flow out of land unknown,
 Its beauty is in my heart.

Though my thoughts seem to divert
 into confusion
 Peace is found in myself alone.

And though you are far from
 me now,
 I still care.

RMB

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Stars, they come and go
They come fast or slow
They go like the last light of the sun,
All in a blaze.
And all you see is glory ...

Janis Ian

for
Dr. Rachel Yocum



and
Bruce Anderson
(May 9, 1958 -
June 12, 1974)

he is not gone, he is just away.
-Phenicia Folkles

