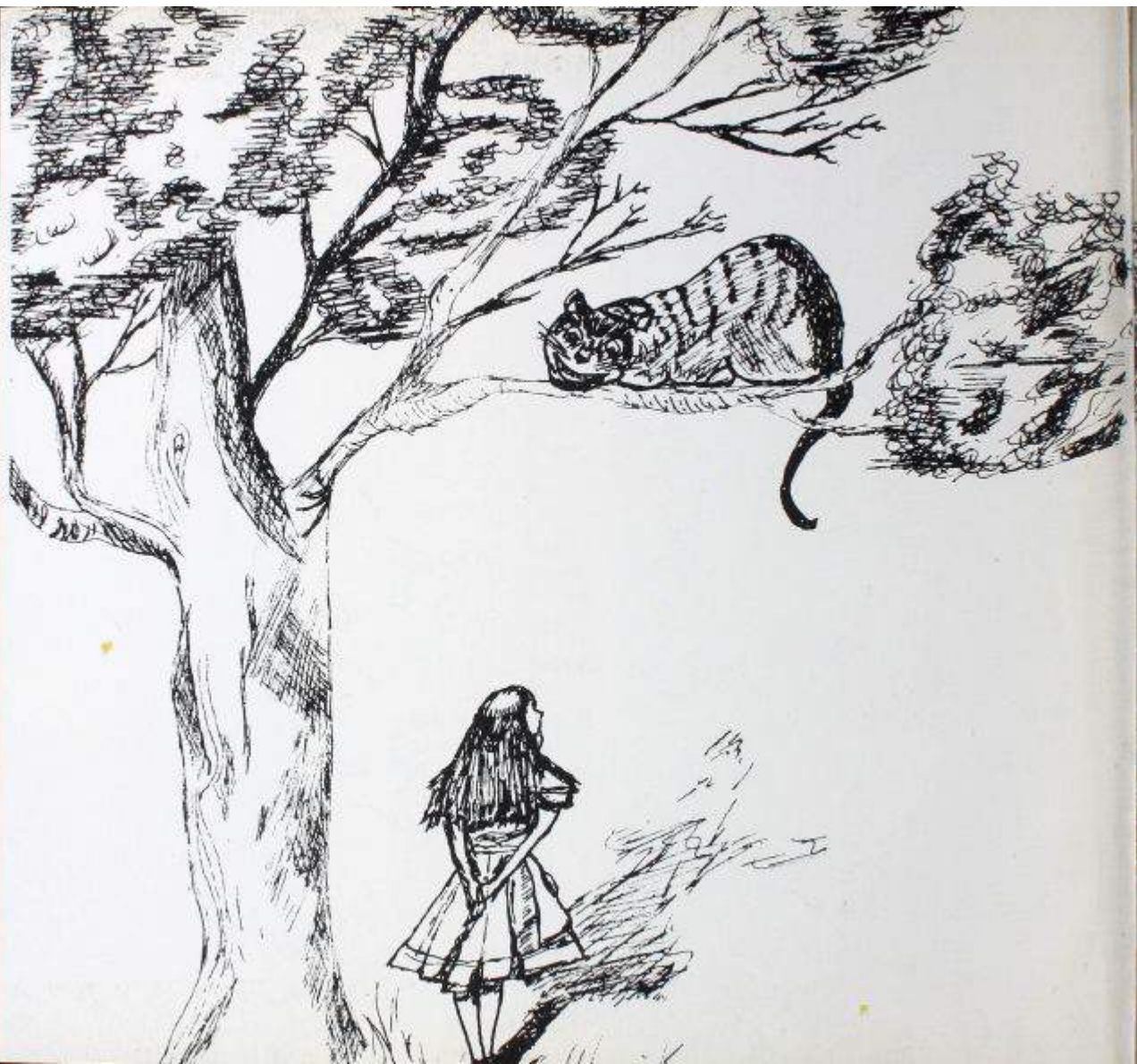


**SCHOOL OF PERFORMING ARTS**  
**1971**

120 West 46<sup>th</sup> Street  
New York, New York 10036





"What sort of people live about here?"

"In that direction," the Cat said waving its right paw, "lives a Hatter; and in that direction," waving its other paw, "lives a March Hare. Visit either you like; they're both mad."

"But I don't want to go among mad people." Alice remarked.

"Oh you can't help that," said the Cat; "we're all mad here. I'm mad, you're mad."

"How do you know I'm mad?"

"You must be, or else you wouldn't have come here."

This school is not for claustrophobics. We are caught between small rooms and ceilings of decorated tin. Often in chemistry I contemplate the ceilings. They are white with raised designs. There are no more men who engrave ceilings. It is a lost art. Or at least those men who used to do it are lost.

You begin to know who passes you in the hall everyday at the same time. Like prisoners in two lines passing each other, one coming from making license plates, one going to mess hall.

Sunny day inside of me today. These same faces all have different colors and they change from day to day. I wish I had a silk top hat. I'd be a magician and make flowers grow out of it and give them away. Sunny smiles from faces I haven't really looked at for a long time. It's good to be able to see.

The subway bothered me today. All the hostile faces breathing death upon me, and no one to help. I am seventeen years old and I still can't reach the handles or fit my hand around the pole with the fingers touching. I feel that my white knight is in the next car and my fate is to miss him getting off the stop before mine.

Blue day today. The rain could have been snow. The people on the train with no faces could have been you. I could have been a gypsy or mermaid, a ferris wheel or an Indian silk merchant. Anything. At this point I'd even settle for being a penguin.





Photos by Avery Willard

"Spring Drama Festival"  
 "The Prince of Miss Jean Brodie"  
 "The Torch Bearers"  
 "Cinderella of Loveland"



This school is a big warm quilt and its good to think that maybe  
 I'm a little red plaid patch in the corner  
 Era is a wind song, and a water sprite who dances on dreams.  
 They all could've been a little kinder on my soul today and let me be.  
 I knew it would be a bad day today when after three years the  
 whoopee lady still asked me if I go here.  
 My god, did they have to paint the walls pepto bismal pink?  
 The halls have memorized my faces and sounds and after I go  
 many parts of me will linger about the rooms, not wanting  
 to stay or leave, only wanting to watch the pigeons on the roofs again.





Travis Koyas



Larry Beman

Rebecca Kuttlin



Jack Miznabi

Do you realize that for dance students having a jumbo size locker (instead of the usual compact model) is a sign of prestige? I am the proud possessor of a giant locker. What strange status symbols our school has.



Frank Gallucci

Crescinda Di Silvio



Janet Brodie

Minna  
Zielonka



Pamela  
Gissy



Lisa  
Freeman





Patrick Moore



Hannah Moore



Susan McLean



## PA Hallways

Emptiness

Then the bells bring a kaleidoscope of bodies  
together

pushing, kissing, crushing, dancing, running,  
strolling singing till the bells ring again

and everyone fades into classrooms  
leaving the empty hallways to wait once more  
for its brief encounter with life.

Barbara Becker

## Jacqueline Fletcher

This school is full of secrets. Yesterday I found out  
there was a fifth floor. Somewhere is an unmarked  
door that leads to grand ballrooms, opulent dens of  
sin, groaning banquet tables - PA is just a front.

Barbara Becker





*Hida Philibosian*



*Tepper Miles*

*Lise Nelson*



*Marta Jassin*





the sun and i were lovers  
the sun and i were lovers  
and it made the world so jealous  
that they still wish on every star  
everynight  
that we will never laugh together  
evermore.

carole

Anna Fabela  
P  
S





*Donna Cauthen*

Book covers are great inventions, not for covering books, but for covering boredom. Large, flat books are best, because there is more space on which to doodle.

I hate small, fat books.



*John Perry*



Joan Elizabeth Herman

Movement mystically weaves through  
semi-consciousness. Thoughts sculpted through  
vapory clouds of mist

Tears in a still studio... Hold me

Caress me

If I dare the I, will you answer,  
Thou?

Joan Elizabeth Herman

*Diane Pillarella*



*Lin Vojung*



I was in the basement at lunchtime the other day and I could hear myself think.  
Something must have been wrong.



Annamaria Gaudiello



Alfred Spanard



Marilyne Spanier

Joyce Poland



Robert Turner



Arlene Huizante



Pamela Johnson

If anyone came up to me and asked what I wanted  
to be I'd say I wanted to be a trapeze  
artist in the circus.

I'm tired of being in the freaks show.

Abby Hamlin





*Linda Lopez*



*Linda Lopez*



*Thane Cecilio*

patching blues  
is a  
nice way  
of saying  
creatively  
helping oneself  
by  
becoming  
other people

Lisa Facciani



Hymne Blanton



elyse reiffe

Richard Sohl  
★



Donna Ross



Elizabeth  
Johnson

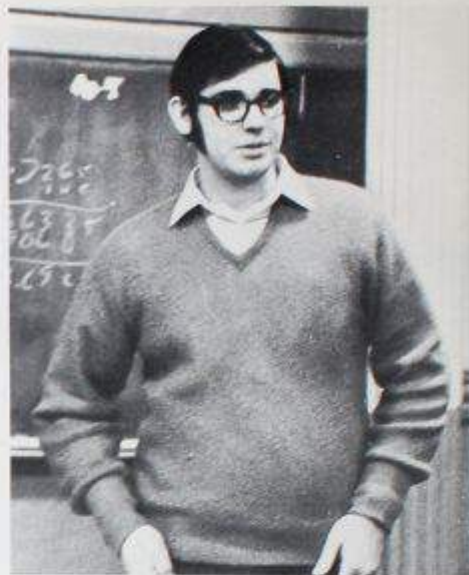


Richard Caspary

lullaby  
my love is built in between the lines  
for your heart to read.  
goodnight.

carole oakland

*Robin Long*



*Susan Rollins*



Richard Area

Paul Kaplan



Bella Putak

New York Post headline, February 1971: "Baby Born At P.A.  
They meant Port Authority, but who knows?"



Brown Camp



Jo Ann  
Kalemasova



Normadix C  
Gibson



Sharon Jordan



Eli Finkel

remember the day  
when a cockroach came  
to play on the  
floor of the basement  
bathroom?



Madeline DeRosier



Renee Berkowitz



Charles Hoopes



Brian Anderson

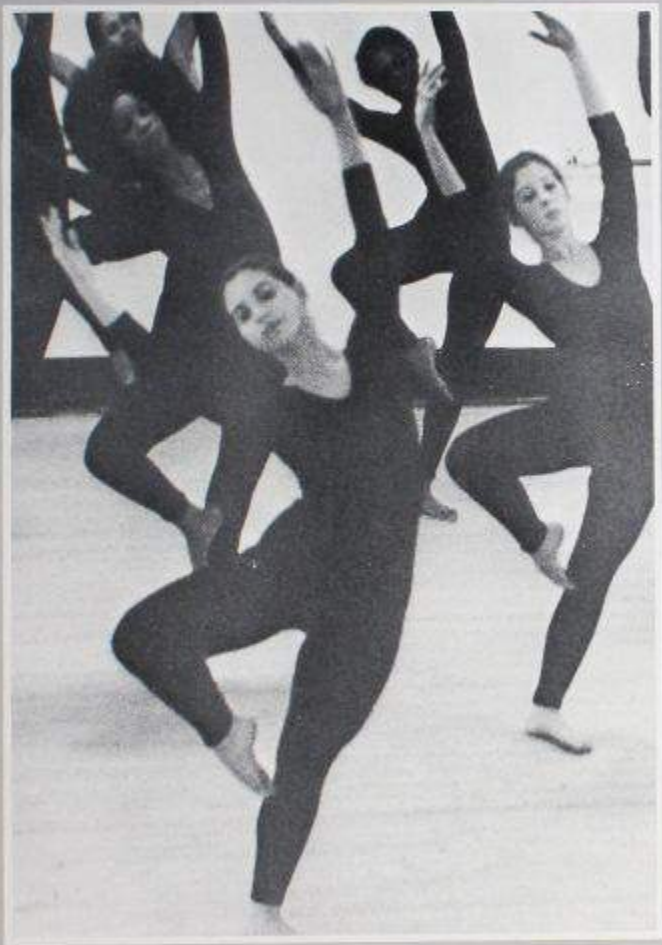


Filva Bekasov



Pauline





Bonnie Tropp

27



Bella Birnbaum

Andrea A. Goss





Kalli  
Saparone

Thina Finzi



Michael Benay



Herman Jones

Debbie Kald



Larry Emberts

Marcy Monovan



Frank Vulpe



verisimilitude

subway stations file people away and forget them  
while they pay the fare for oblivion.  
lettermen carry dreams away in leather bags  
and the price is postage due.  
my thoughts are washed away in polluted rivers  
and alligators in sewers take bites  
out of my soul.

- carole oakland



HENRY SELVIN

Charlotte Stoker





*Felix Gonzalez*



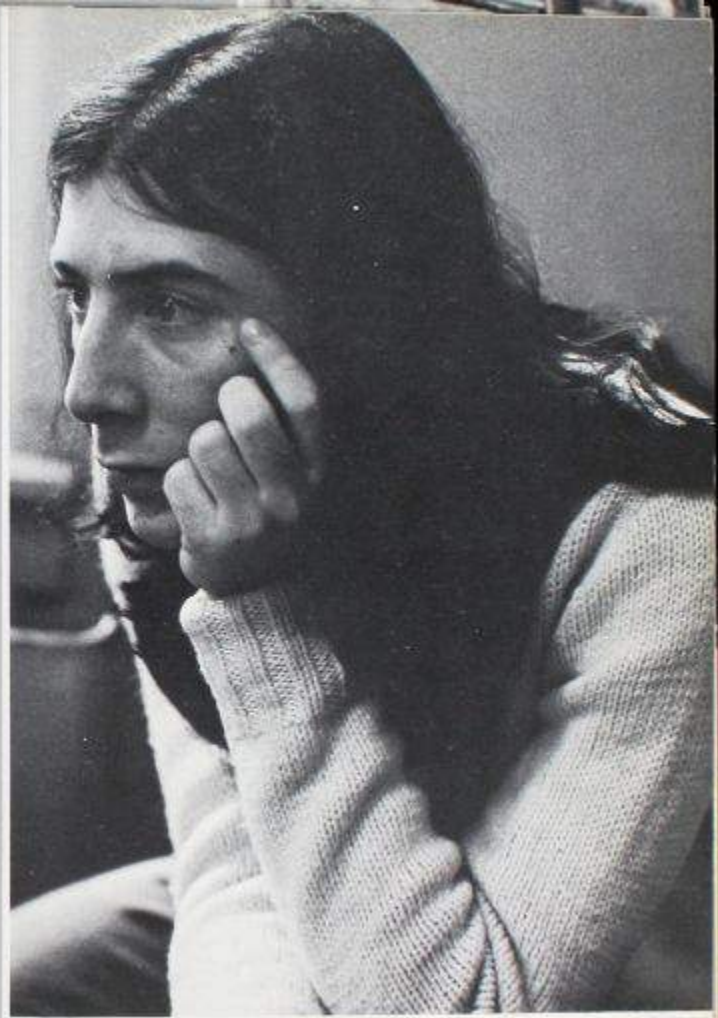
*Lindsay Moss*



*Nina Schuster*



Brad Alexander



Maurice Prokitt

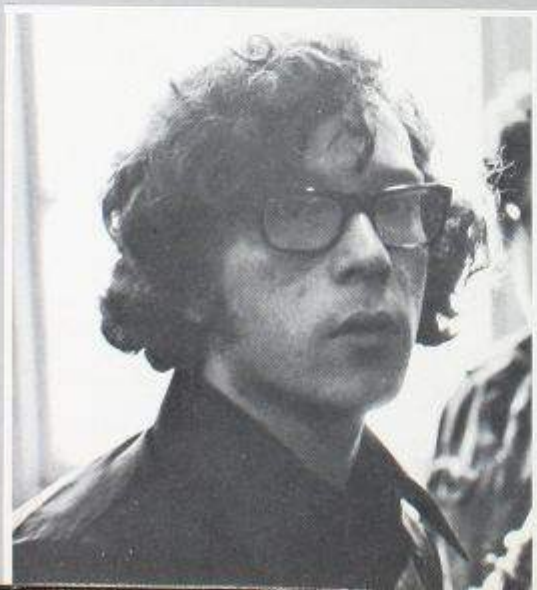


Joan Pinzelle

Randi Zobel



David Lohr





*Bernardo Hills*



*Alex Cardieri*



*Marcy Fox*

*Frida Steinberg*



*Mary Dionisio*



*Richard Werner*



*Kathy Sino*

*Robert G. White*





carole oakland.

June 24  
thom marsipan boy  
you are my lethal love  
my alice in wonderland beautifully lettered  
drink me bottle  
that can shut me up like a telescope  
and you open doors for me  
but mainly i love you not for what you can do  
but because of your  
cherry tart pineapple coast turkey toffee and  
hot buttered toast flavor.  
carole



Bettejane Guarnera



Ellen Michalowsky



Brad Scott Robinson



Myrna Smith



Roberta Newmark

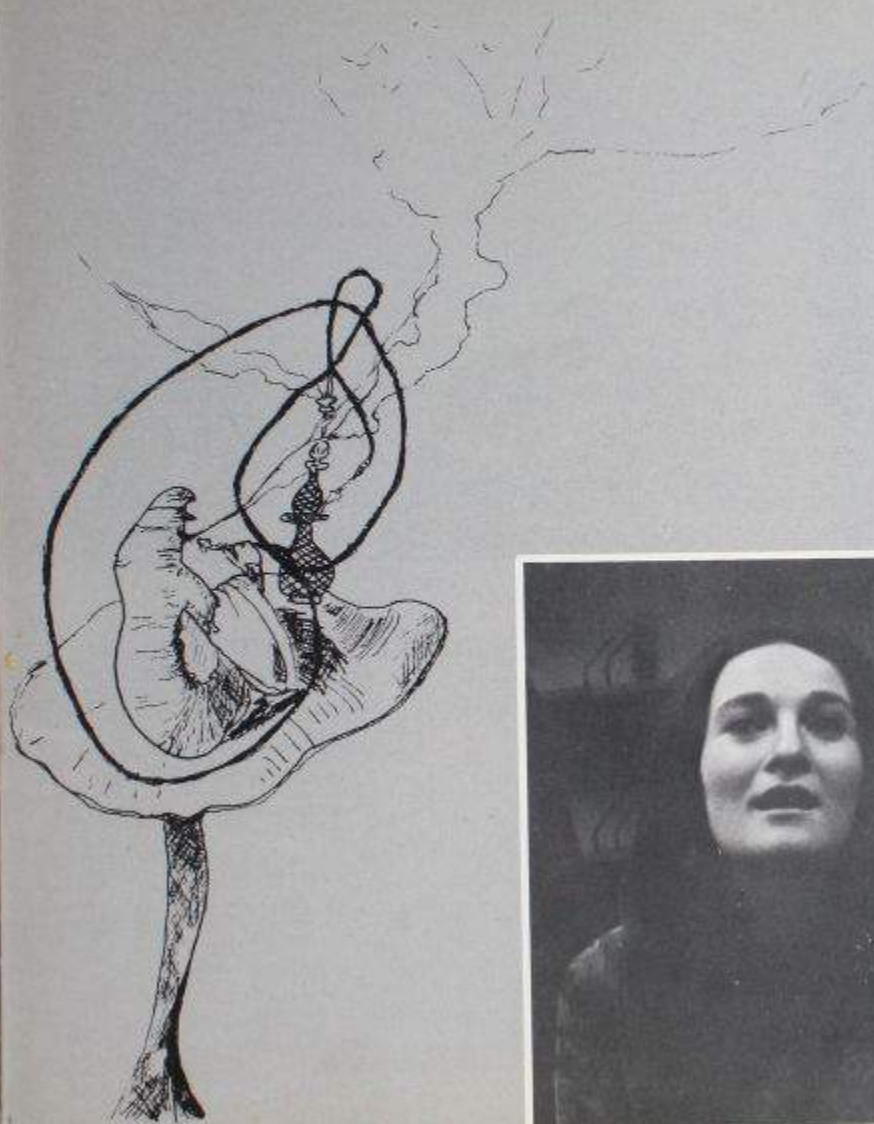


Maria Jacelia



Dominic Mascara





Sandi Sacks



Frieda Crook

FRANCES F. P.



sun cast long shadows  
when it pierced through  
clouds  
i sensed a warmth - over my right  
check  
and i knew it was you  
and the sun  
the warmth of your eyes  
shines bright  
when you smile  
to me

lisa forman

*Gianna Bonariello*



*Virginia  
Turjian*



*Michelle  
Abrams*

You came as a wandering troubadour  
With golden locks in gentle curls  
And sung to me the fairy tales  
Of your priceless wonderland.  
There below the earth and sea  
Four worlds met in timelessness  
And with the tang of your silver strings,



Judy Kappman  
1983

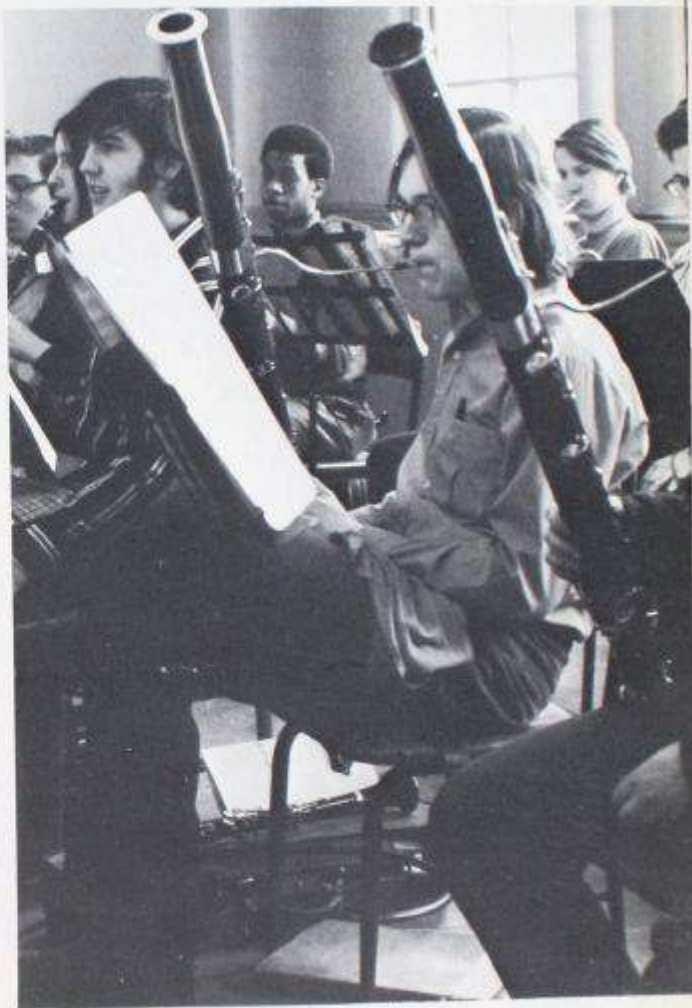
I fell into its complexity.  
There I learned from an ageless child  
Of Nonsense,  
Logic and  
Fantasy,  
How life and images are both the same  
Distorted to what you want them to be  
Without disturbing  
Reality.

Michelle Abrams



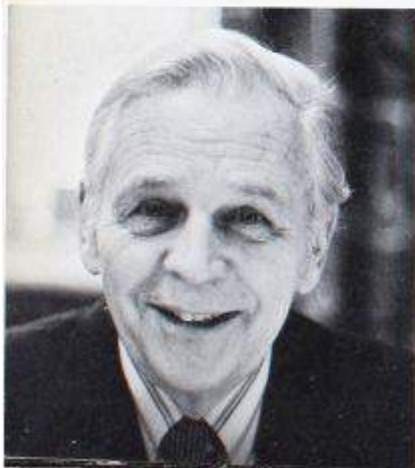
Kell Vanna

I hate the trains  
I wish I were Norman Mailer  
I'd change this city  
I'd put purple and red balloons  
in the underground  
And let the overground be  
blue and white  
and green ———  
the way it should be ———  
not with money, but with grass.  
Beautiful, beautiful grass ———  
everyone would be happy  
I like happy people.  
They make the trains seem  
pink  
Silly trains, they don't know  
who they are.  
Rebecca Kuttler.



Harvey Lowrey

for  
Dr. Marjorie Dyke, retiring,  
Chairman of the Drama Department  
for twenty-three years, active in  
American National Theatre and Academy,  
past president of the American Educational  
Theatre Association, untiring in her  
devotion to Performing Arts and to our  
city and to our nation.



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Richard A. Klein



Ruthel Koehler

Ilka Menendez

Penny Frank

Samuel Tolmachev

Kenneth Belkin

William Britten

Harry Asmus

Ernest Lubin



Florence Schwager

Irving Lash

Ida Smith

Jennifer Muller

Gerald Trevor

Toby Glanternik

Marion Pearce

Gertrude Shurt





Shirley Katz

John Mariani

Paula Greenfield

Jerome Eskow

011 M.L. K

Clark Cook

Murray Braunstein

Gloria Gottlieb



Julius Grossman

Rachael Yokum

Norman Walker

Mary Stone

Anna Scolaro

Charles McCraw

Ruby Herzog

Roslyn Schein



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 Betty Low    Henrietta Silbenberg  
 Annie Grey    Hank Grinxio

Paul Kessler

Frances Annenberg

Stephanie Zimmerman

Bernard Werner

Madeline Conti

Margaret De Franco

John Cappilletti

Edwin Manchester

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"... O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!  
She chortled in her joy."



Thank you.

The staf



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