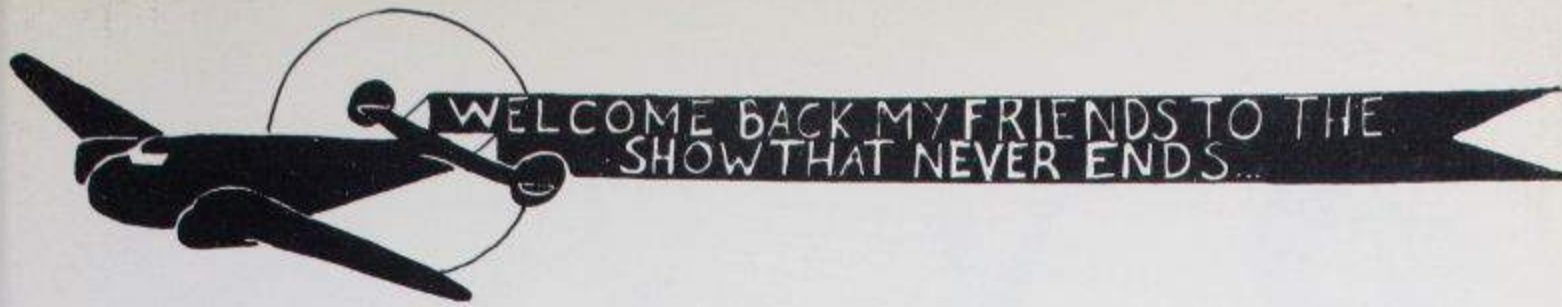


LYDIA JOEL
DANCE COLLECTION





A palace in Pimpdom. A tenement in Times Square. A haven in Hookerland. My home for three years. To me, school was always something to finish and be done with, but school became the place to discover and create and look forward to when I came to P.A. When people ask me where I go to school I tell them the complete name with the proudest best voice and diction I am capable of. I may sound soapy and pretentious but the feelings are genuine.

Where else, I mean where else could dudes walk around in tights and not get beat up? Where else could guys cry in acting class and not have their masculinity tested at three o'clock? In three years I've seen two fights. That's less than one hour tally at any other school. Two fights!; and no gunplay or chains, just some kung-fu kicking and fisticuffs.

In what other school do you find the women we've got. They're the cream of the crop, the best in the Big Apple. Cake-walkers from Queens, buxom babes from the Bronx, mouthwatering Manhattanites, bombshells from Brooklyn, and even smokers from Staten Island. It's like one of those Flo Ziegfeld routines where ten million knockouts are revolving around a paper-mache mountain. You just have to sit back and sigh.

P.A. has all the fervor, anxiety, and togetherness of a traveling circus. Lovely, long-legged ladies in pink tights gliding gracefully through space. Serious but spaced-out musicians blowing out bars of Beethoven. Rowdy, undisciplined actors immersed in the separate reality of theatre. It's all very Fellini-esque.

Being from the Drama Department my memories are different from those of Dance and Music Department members. I'll never forget the esoteric discussions on dramatic technique, the contorted faces in voice and diction, the arguments over workspace and props, the metaphysical connections between dance, movement, and life, my project scenes, those bursts of creativity, and those moments of involvement and discovery.

P.A. is a cup of coffee and good talk in Penny's cafe where Sue treats us like family and the waiters are friendly even without tips. P.A. is Louie's candy stand and discussions about Hungary with the proprietor. P.A. is pre-performance excitement and post-performance depression. P.A. is black, bumpin', poundin' hips turnin' it out to Kool and the Gang. P.A. is nodding out and daydreaming during academics. P.A. is love, romance, and comraderie. P.A. is a breathing, beating, crying, laughing organism. P.A. is life.

Reading this back to myself I see that there is so much I've left out. Some dynamite teachers whose names I won't mention, Sadie's lunches, kidding with the "whoopie" ladies and the aides, dance concerts, concerto concerts, Spring and Winter Drama Festivals, shows, hanging out and smoking cigarettes in the bathroom. So many memories. The soul of P.A. can never be put down wholly on paper. It lives in the heart of all those who experienced it. The highest hope I have for this piece is that the brothers and sisters who came here before me and those still to come may someday read this, think back, and smile.

N. Eisenberg

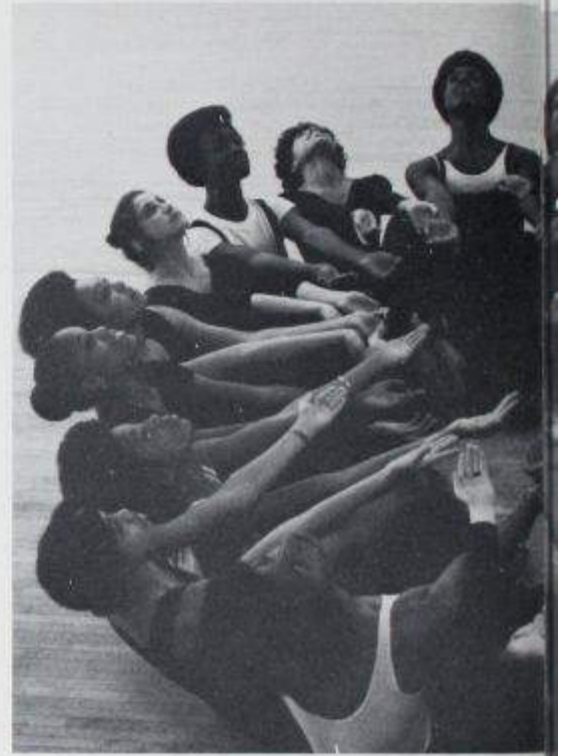
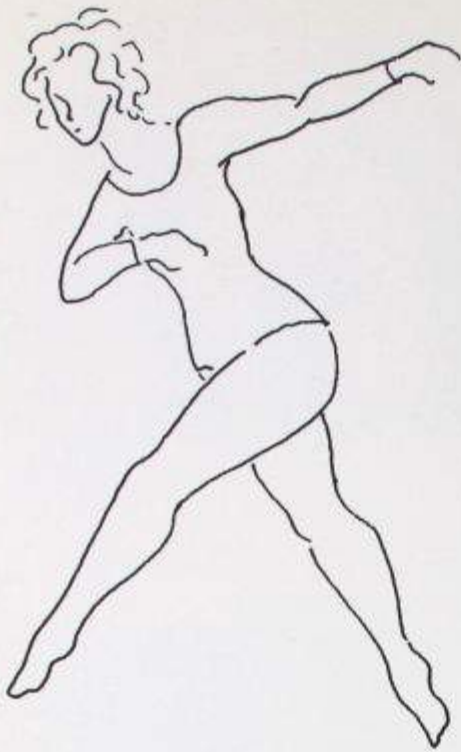
Behold,



this dreamer

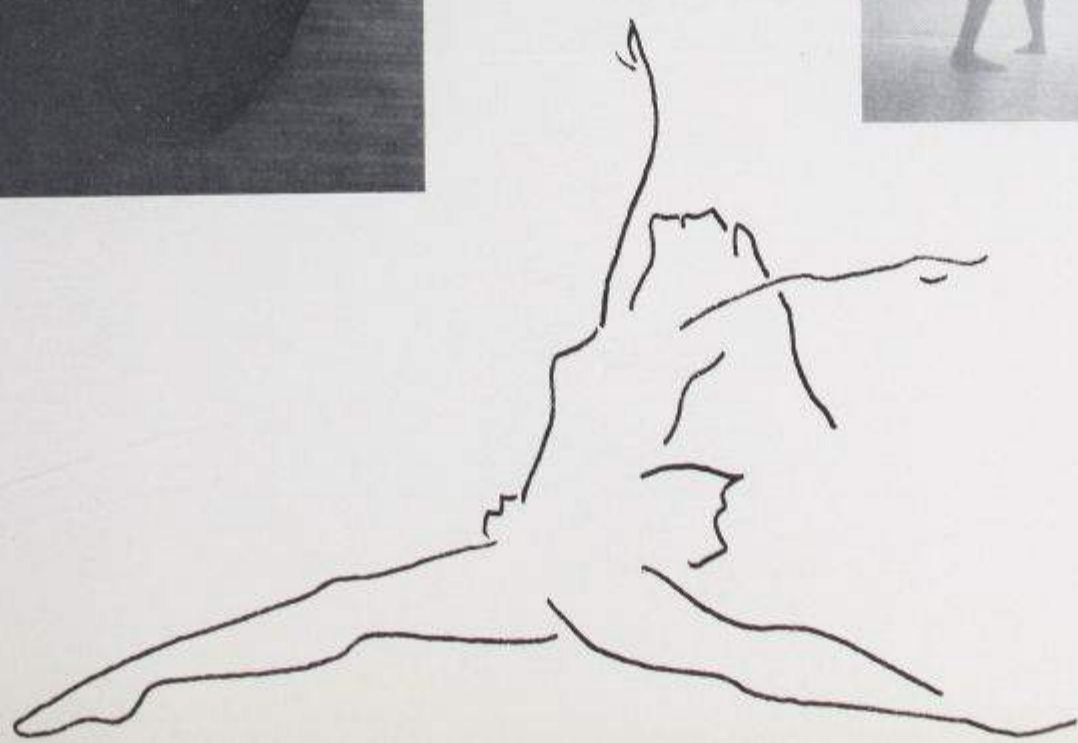
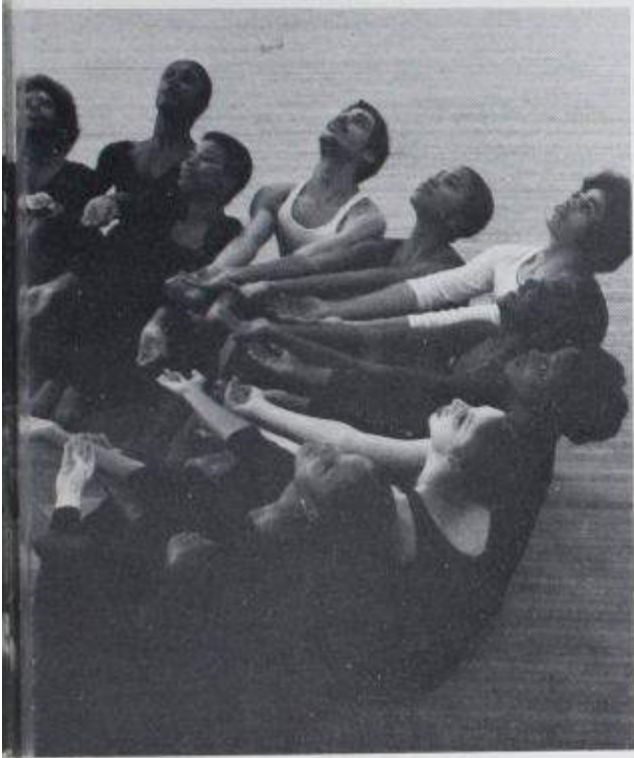


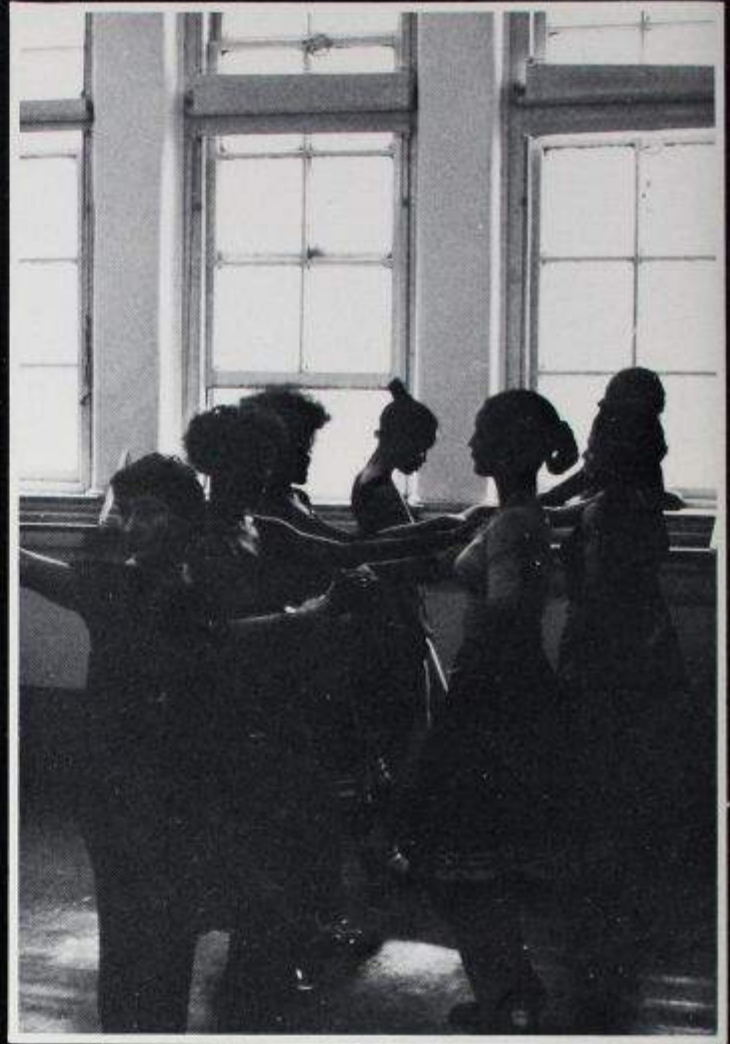
cometh...

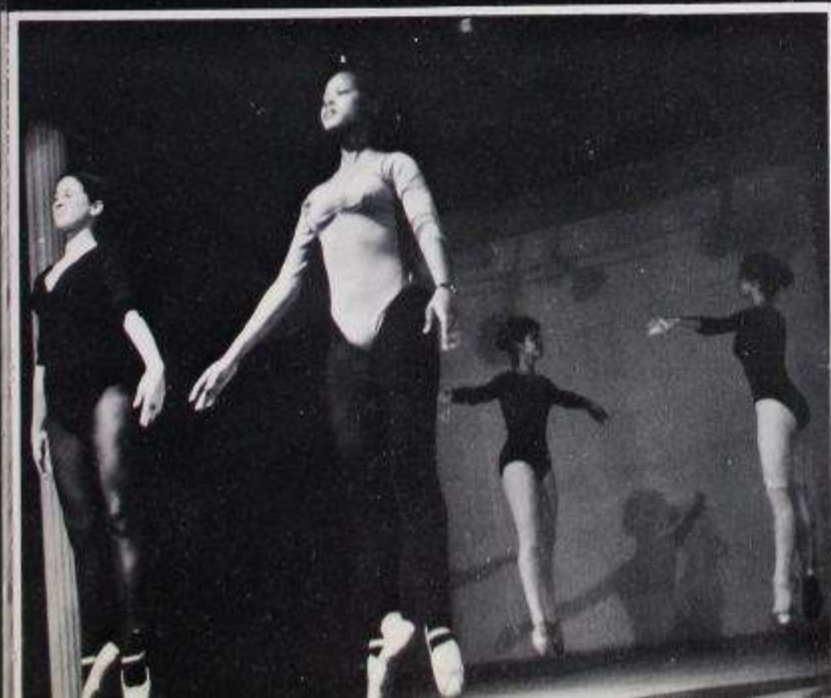


"... I hear in the chamber above me
the patter of little feet
The sound of a door that is opened
and of voices soft and sweet ..."



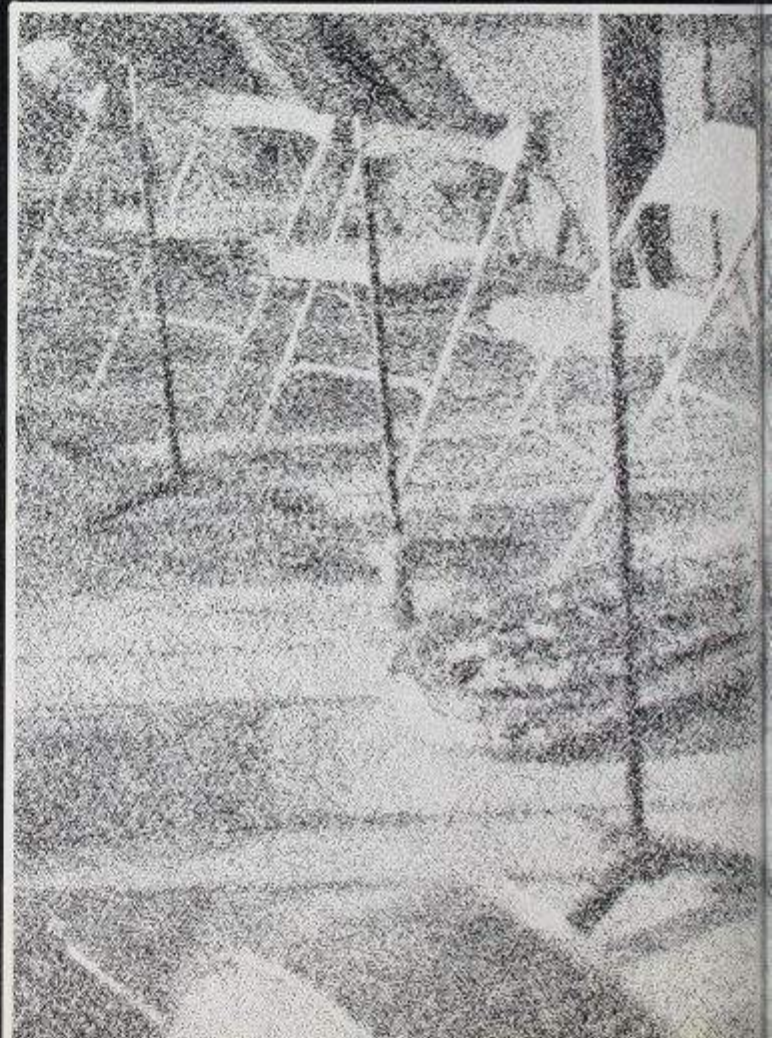


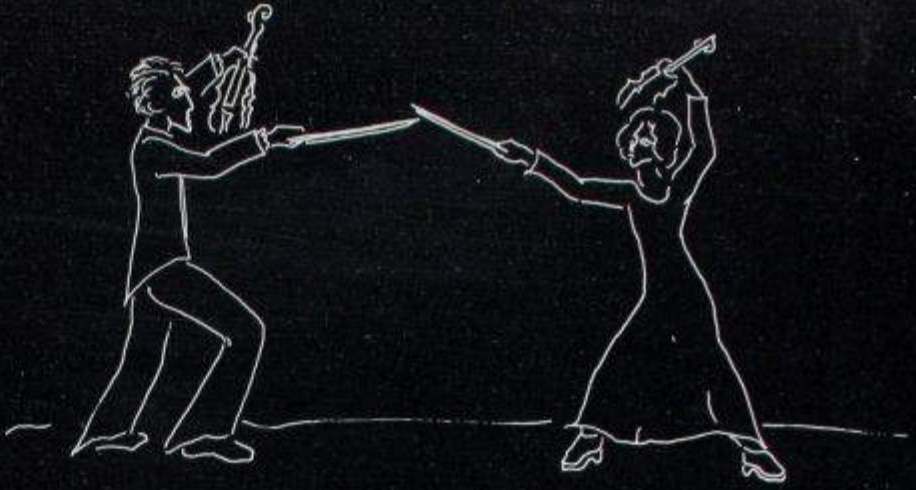






"... the sweetest sounds I've ever heard are still inside my head ..."

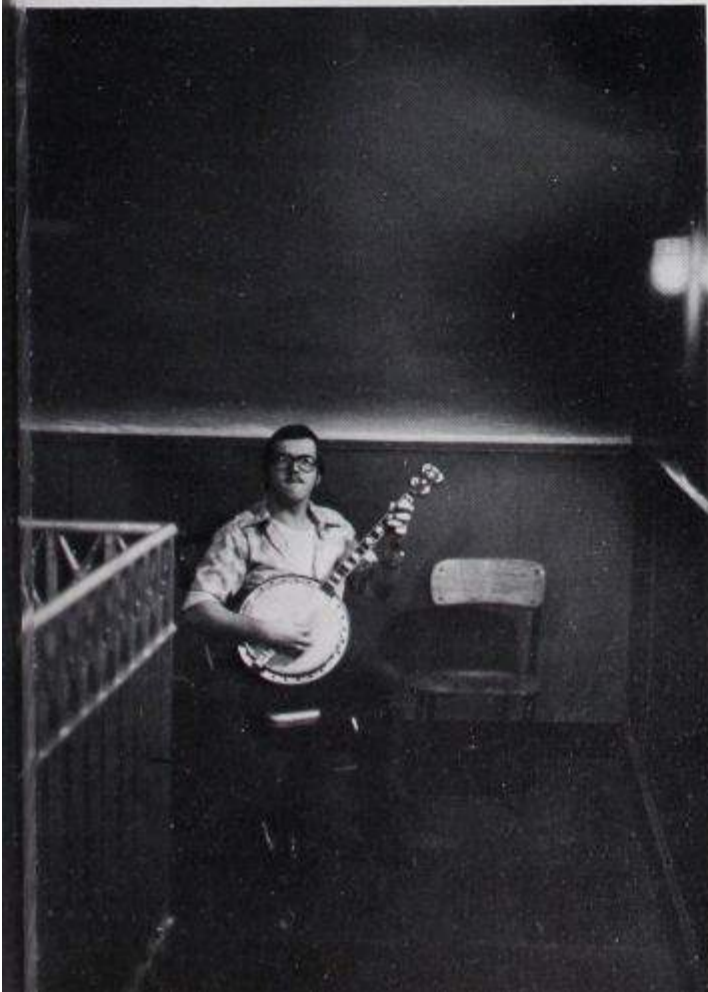




Light and shadow, Color and tone
Soft melodies whisper in the night
All these things and more
Are the music of my mind

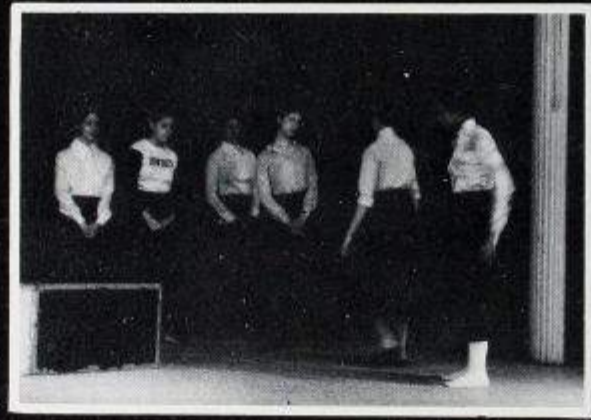








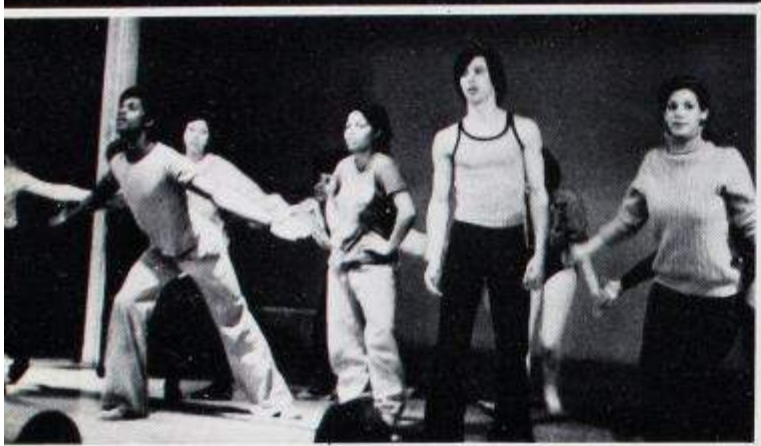
Children in Uniform

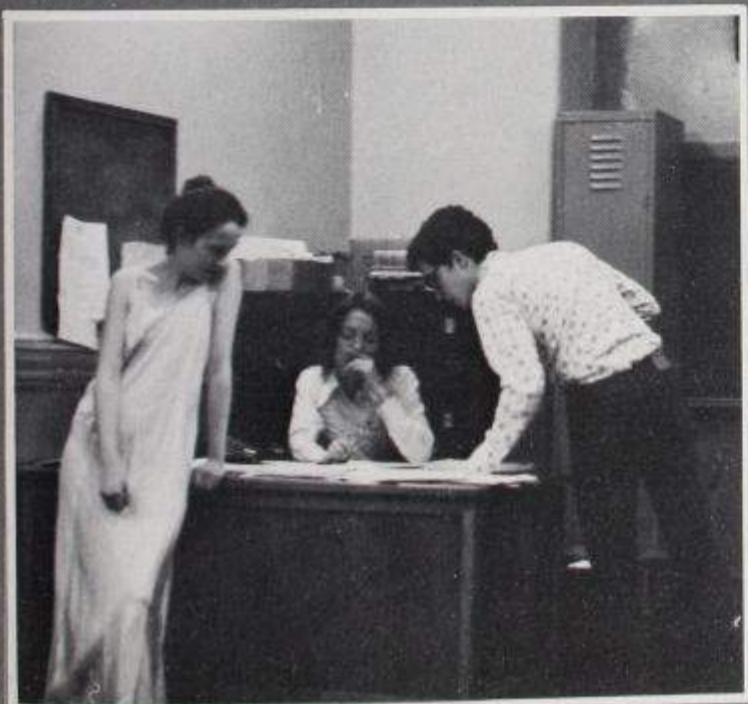


One flew over the Cuckoo's Nest

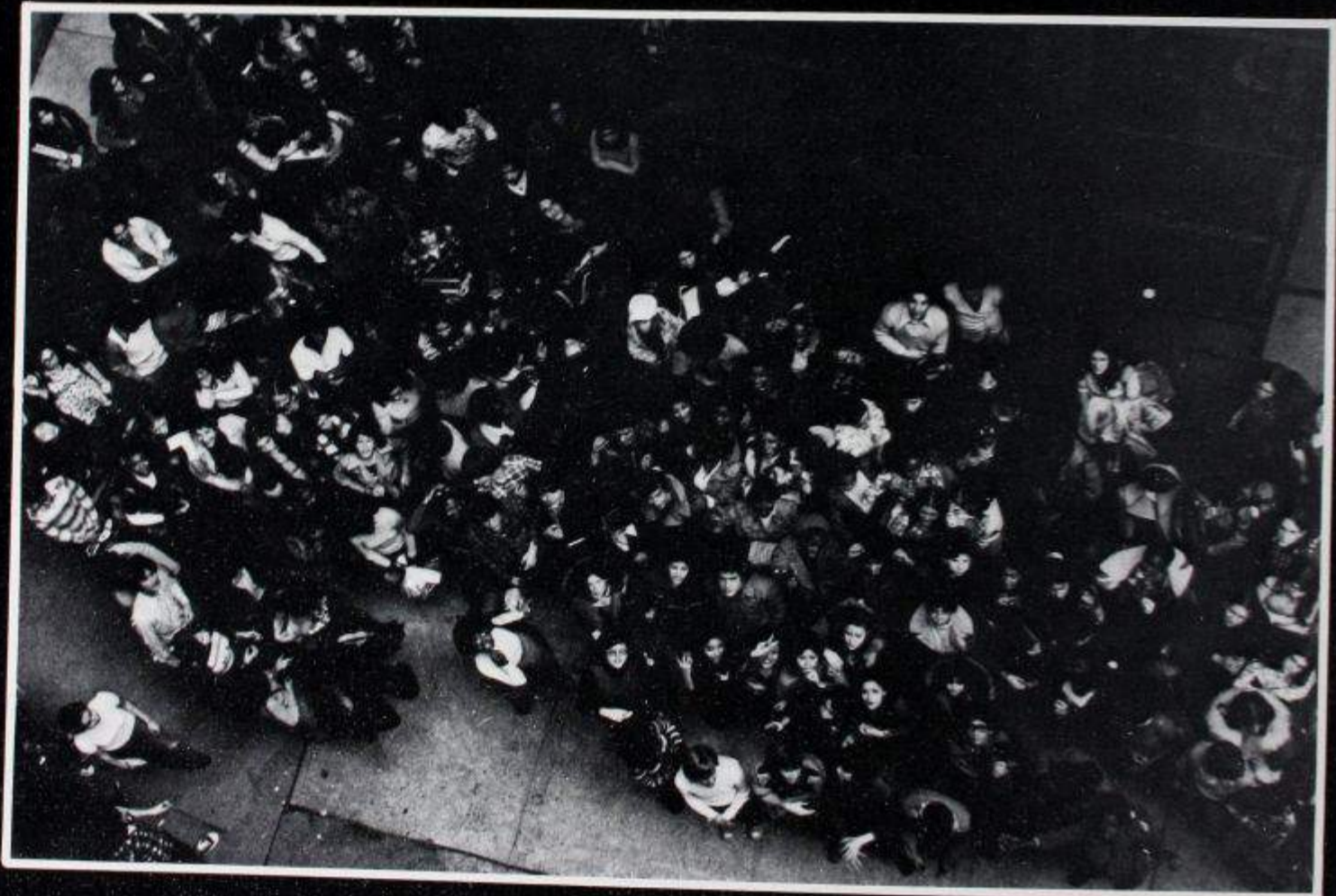


'Alice' doesn't live here
anymore





class of '76,
classes of '77 & '78

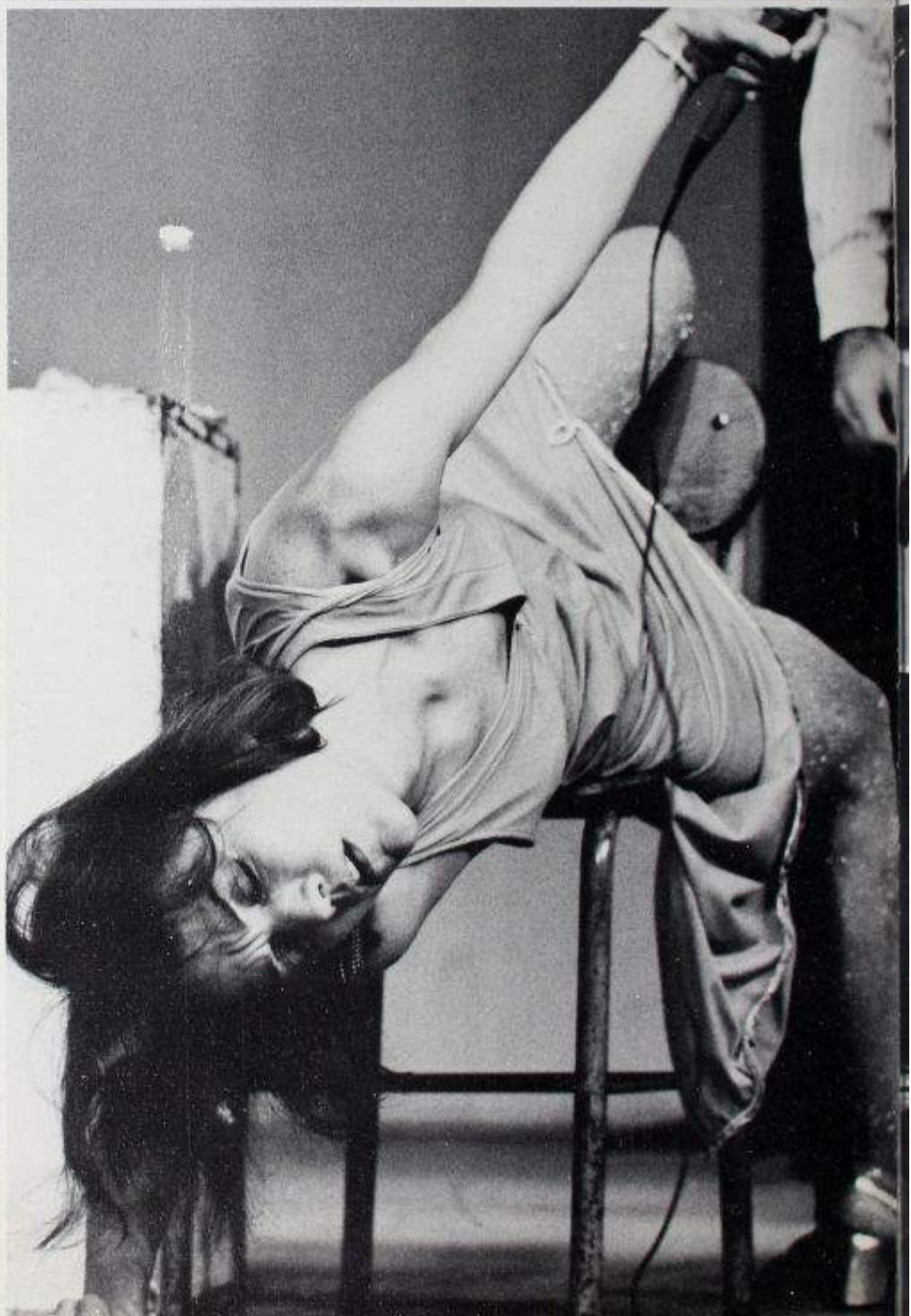


CHRISTMAS SHOW





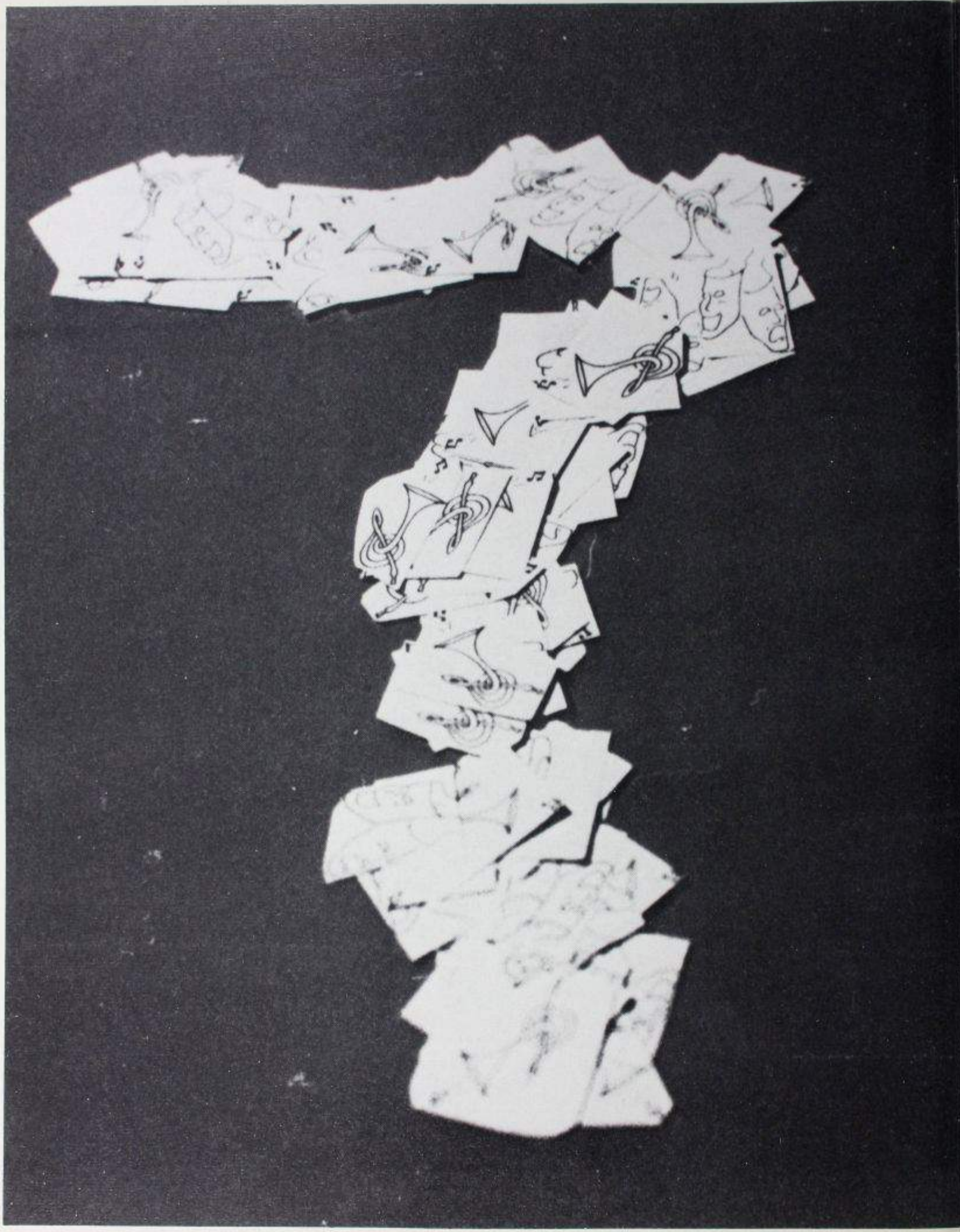
FACULTY

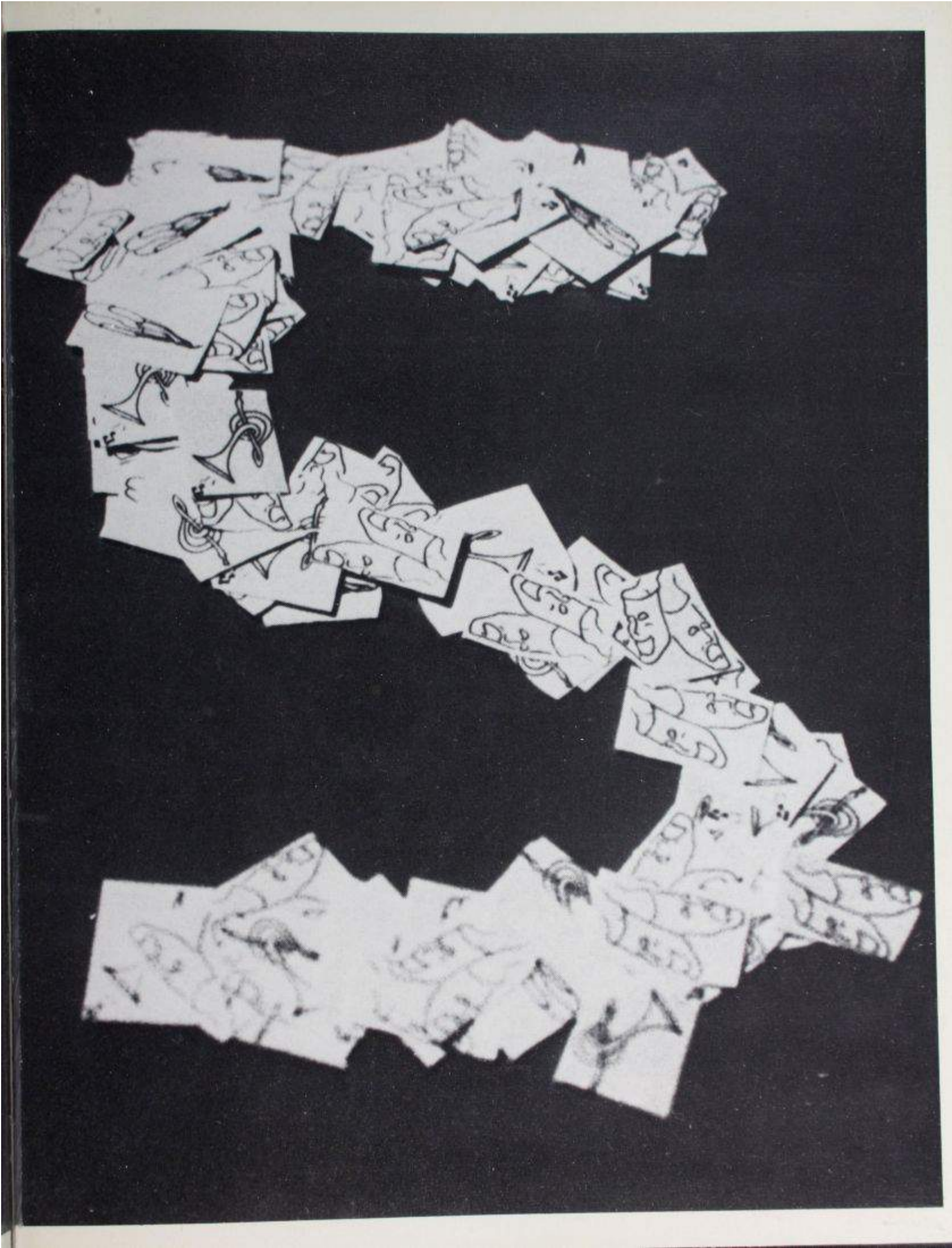




FOLLIES









Catherine Pollard

Leslie Civalisi



Steven Adler



Janice Forbes Moody

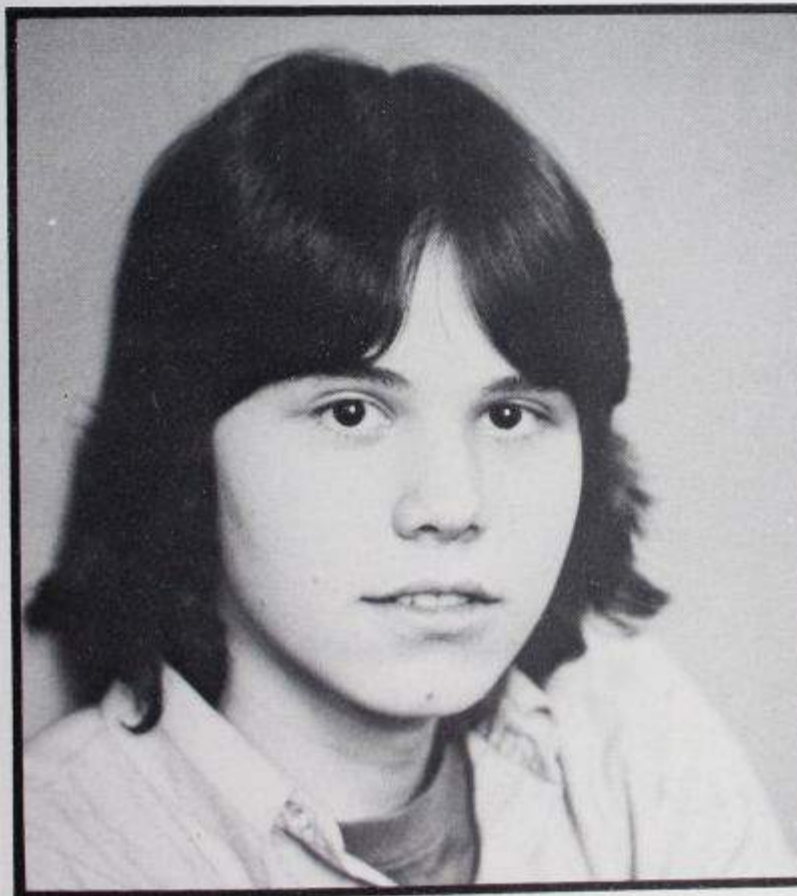




WENDY ORSHAN
①



Maria Ortiz.



Ben Morris Kushner



Georgia Zingale

Anne Setrakian



Cindy Jenner



Stephanie Sternberg





Elliot Rosenberg



Beverly Spann




Ellen Floman



* *
Zachary Finney * *

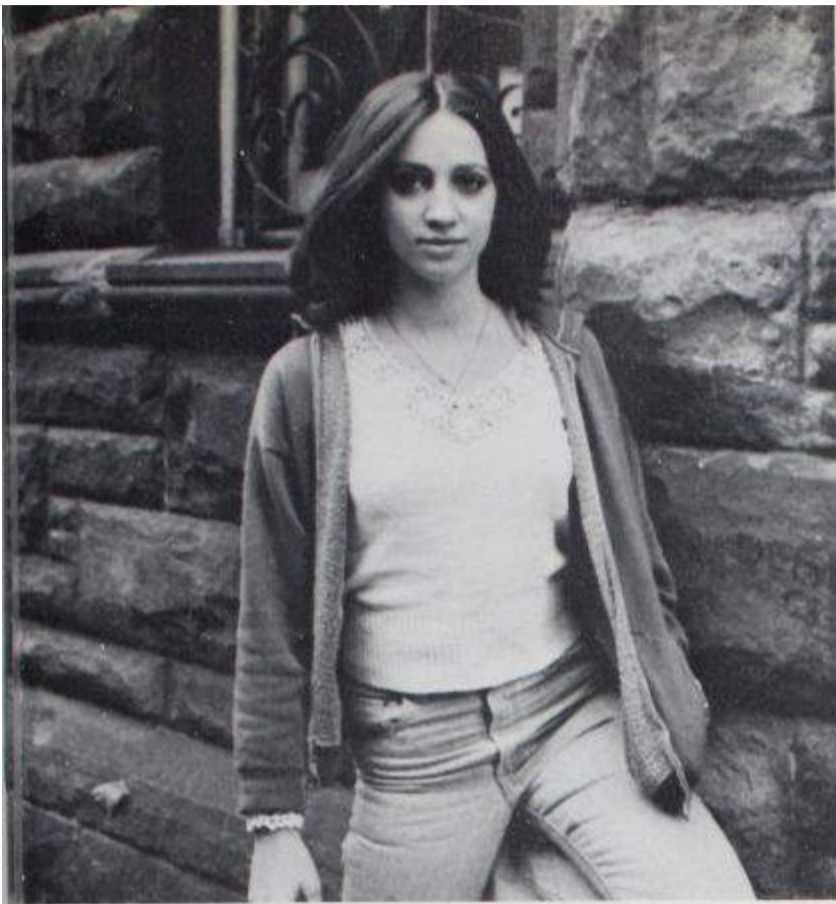


Cynthia Hines 

Scarlett Sabo



James E. Brown



Daniela Goldman*



Linda D'Andrea



Judith Bloch



Colette Miller





Nicole Flender



Robert J. Gutowski

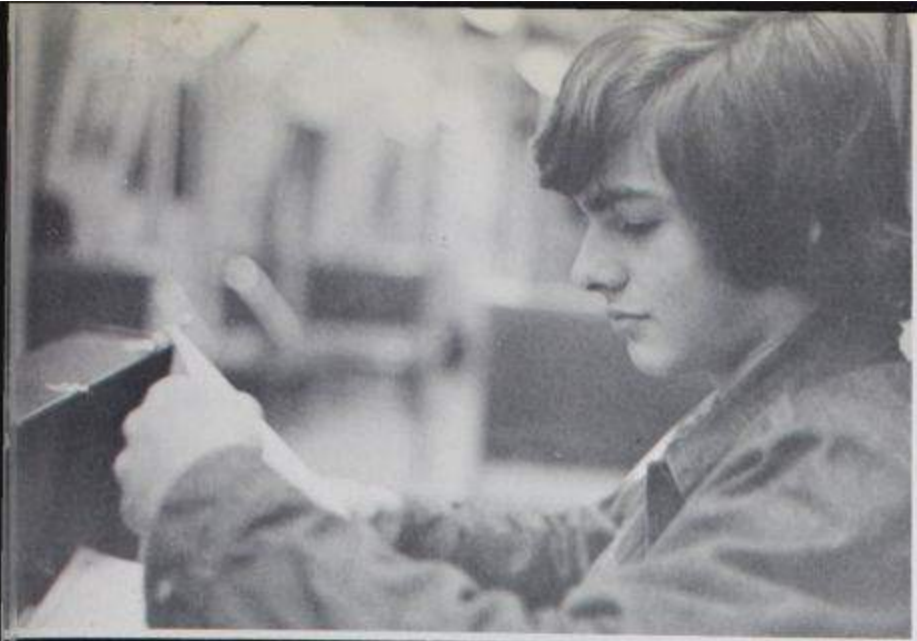


Donna Angelino



Robin Skletsky





Thomas Petrone 

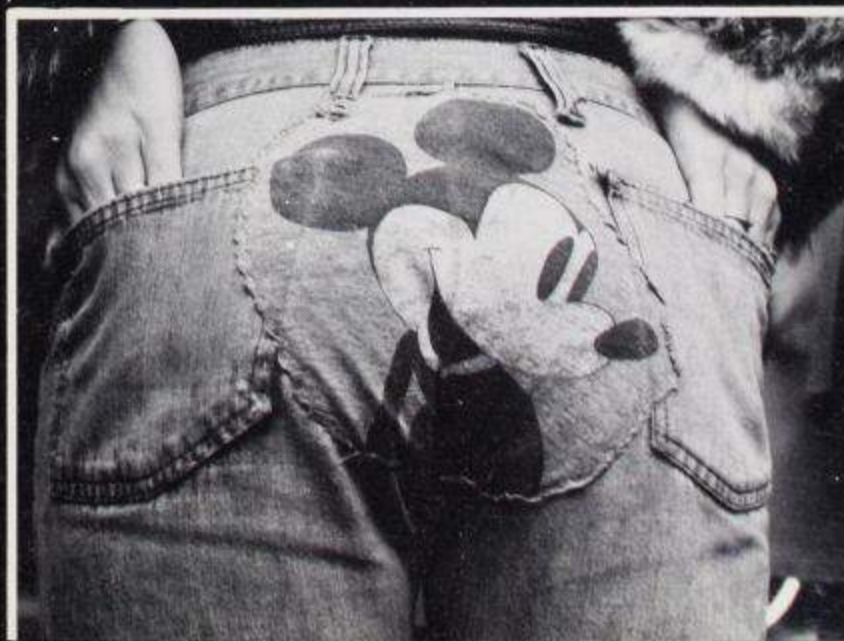


André Guilloton 

 Ellen Kaplan



who are you?
ask yourself the question,
are you the real you?
g. zaverdas





Tracy Rodriguez



Carol Beatty

Pat Whaley

Daryl Edwards





Leslie Cohen



Teri Zedow

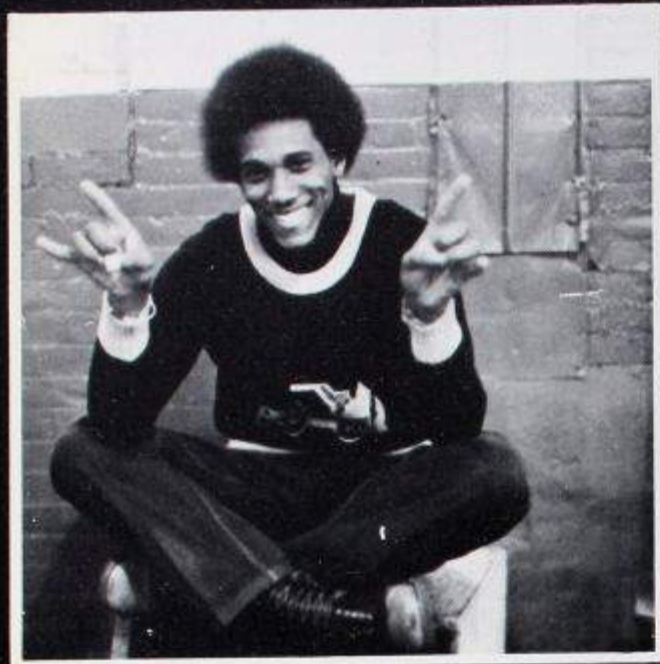


Darrell Hargett

Carlos Ruiz



Rodney Nugent



Amy Epstein



Howard A. Kruskol



Linda Malicia Jefferson





Marty Williams

Happiness, sadness
rejection without exception
friends, enemies
one day she's true to you
the next day you're blue
it's always being on the back of the line
never being told you're doing fine
dreams and desires torn down in front of you
Yet PA was a sense of belonging
having a couple of good friends
a man and a warm feeling to take with me
to my next plateau

W. Orshan

José Montenegro



Sandra Kahn

Cyndi M.B. Jones





Amy Mendelson



Jemima Shaw



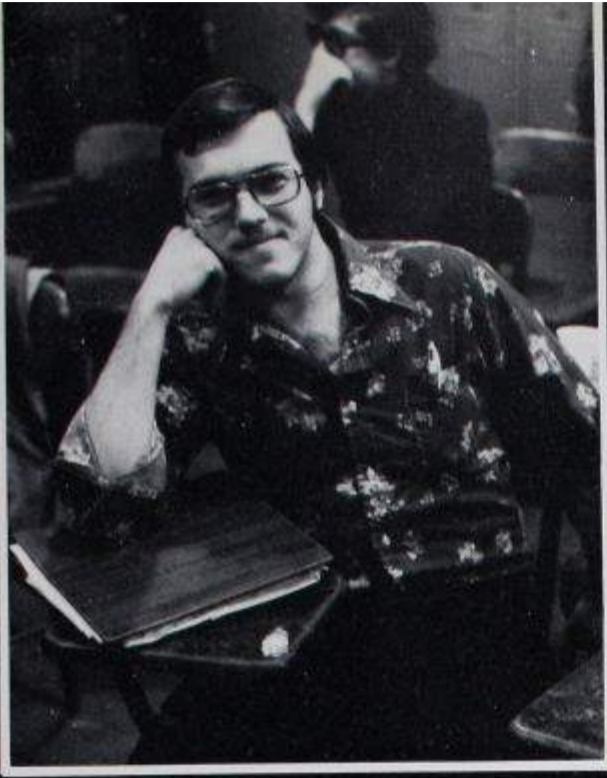
Marguerite Trombetta



"I loved it here in the barn," said Wilbur
"Of course you did," said Charlotte,
"We all did."

Lisa Altomare






Pat McMullen 

Amy Fraser 



 *Loei Cabrera*

 *Crystal A. Smith*





Rhonda Rossin



Sharon Fisher



Alayne Katz

Claudette F. Sanders 





Richard Cornelius Summer II



Cynthia Elaine Jackson




Frank Ammendoba




Andrea Achilles





Sylvia Annette Robinson 

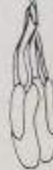


Alan Isaacson 



Robbiv Chapman 



Eddi Jordan 



William L. Hurd Jr.



Lisa Hernandez



Monica Sharf




Constance Herber





Darryl Irribble 



 Jeanne Haasak

 Cary Regan

Lynne Overton 





Charisse Williams 

the woods are lovely, dark and deep.
but i have promises to keep,
and miles to go before i sleep,
and miles to go before i sleep.



Billy Stulberg 

Anthony "Tony" Carrasco 



Robert Kruskal 





Anna Corchia



Elizabeth Kourteris



↓


* Gary Niles! *



Doreen Fusco







Suky ARONOFF
G.V. 

The little ones leaped, and shouted, and laugh'd
And all the halls echoed

Penny  Campbell



Chantal Shigman 

Ann P. 





Michael Colicins



Phyllis Cooper



Laura Mortenson



Steve E. Fessler

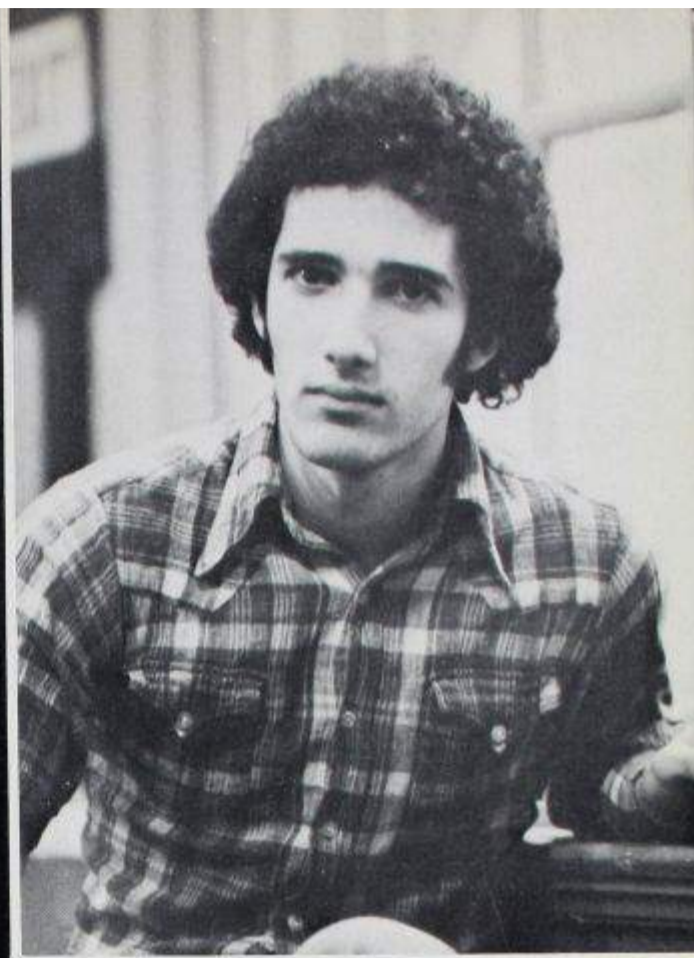




Micky Andreano



So save your auditions for somebody,
Who hasn't got so much to lose.
You can tell by the lines I'm reciting,
I've seen that movie too.



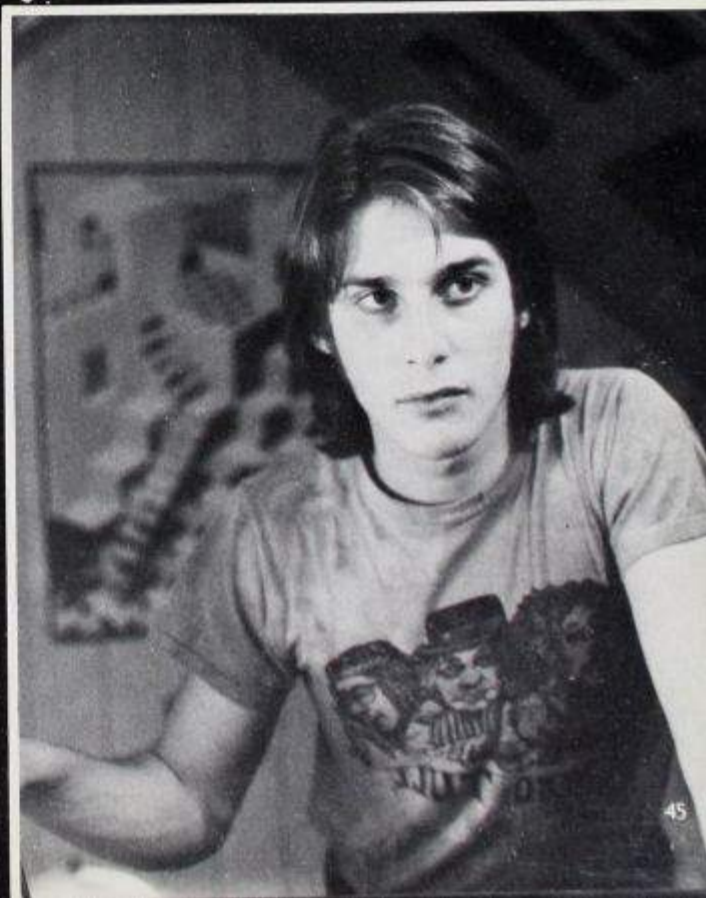
Tony DiCaprio



Phil Roman



LIZZIE OLESKER





Charmaine E. Clarke



Shawn Judge



Gregory Burge



Becky González





Denise Woods



Maurice Best



Venus Romero



Albert Gill

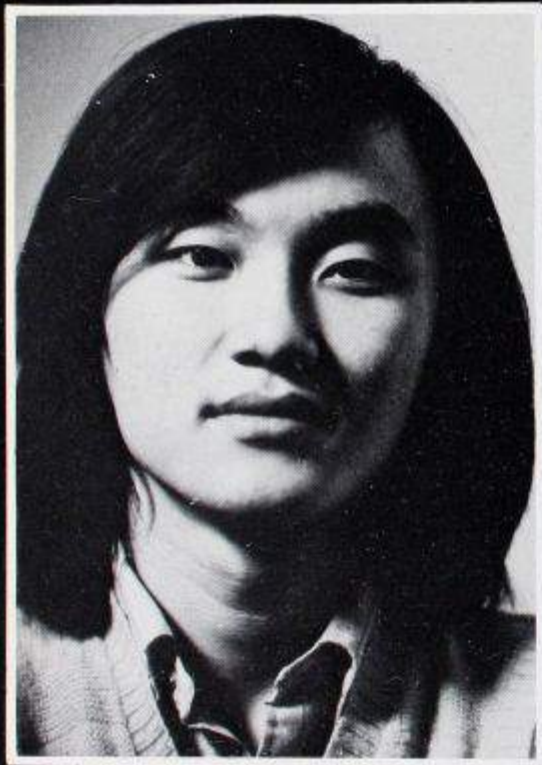




Marc Pilyonell



Elizabeth Park



Jikwan Bae



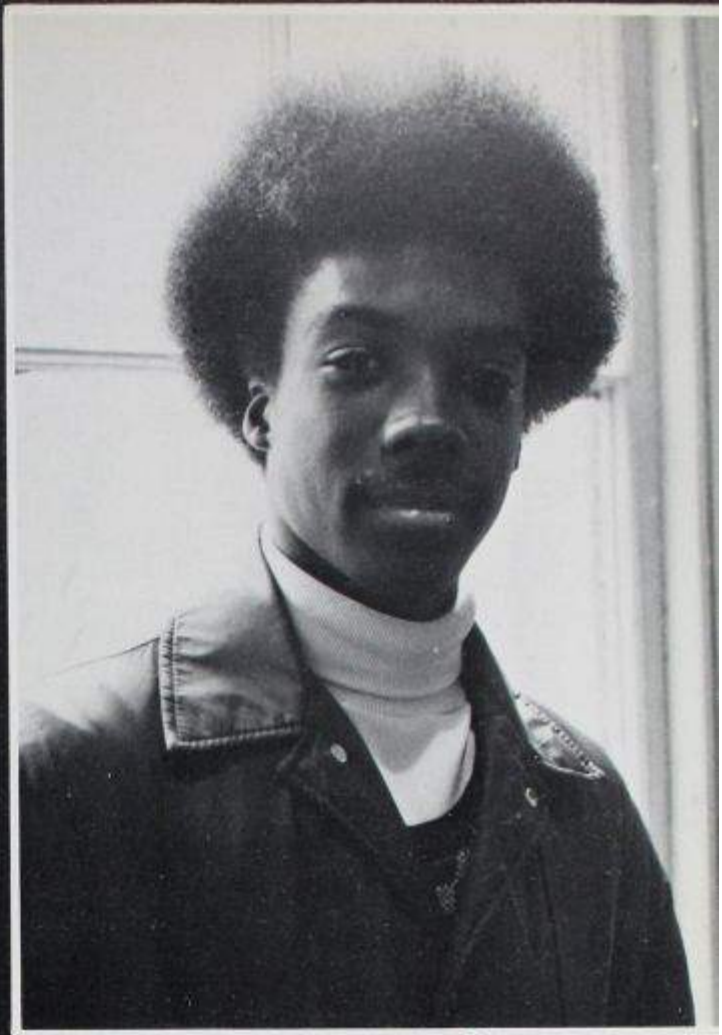
Jane R. Burgman



Roses are red
Violets are blue
We're getting out of here
I'm glad!
Aren't you?
S. Sabo



Dwayne Cunningham



Eue. A. Sawyer

Stuart Davis



Angela McGregor



Janette Jaschi



Vicki Feller



You give but little when you give of your possessions.
It is when you give of yourself that you truly give.



Tina Dostal



Barbara Matthews



 Eudette Fauborne



Rochelle Medina



 Adrian Rosario



Yvonne Rodriguez

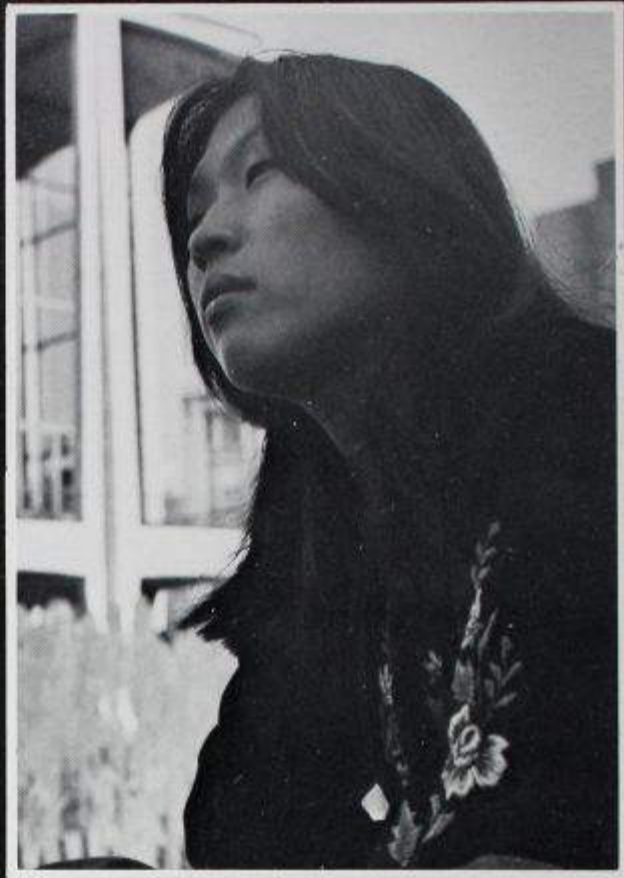




Paula Sedman



Meggin Moon



George Zamoras



Clayton Barber

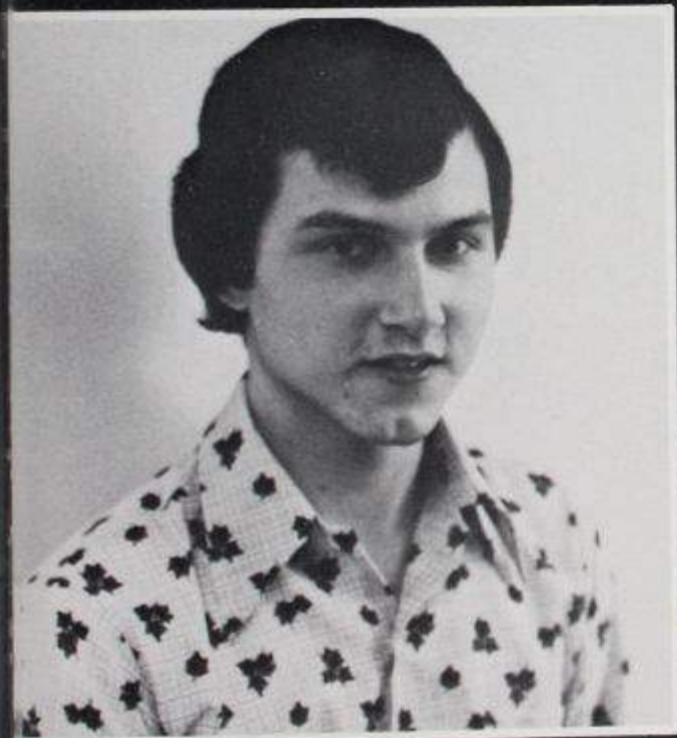


Barbara Laese 



Gwen Schwartz 

 Joseph Joubert



 John Carcich





Gregory Wright



Robin Estee



Debi Benkov



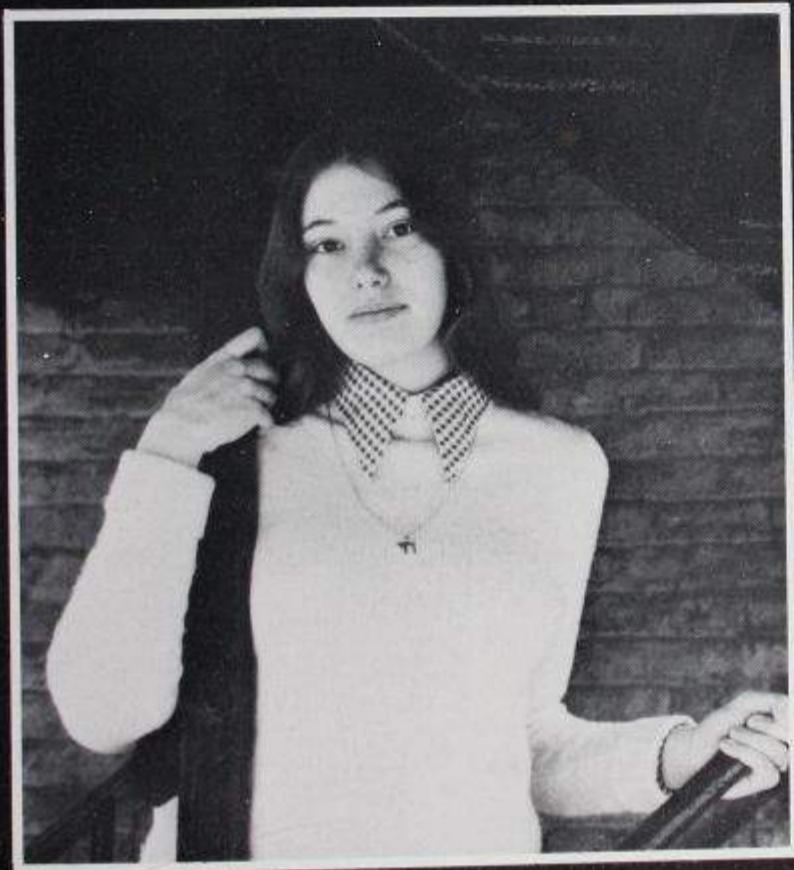
Ned Eisenberg




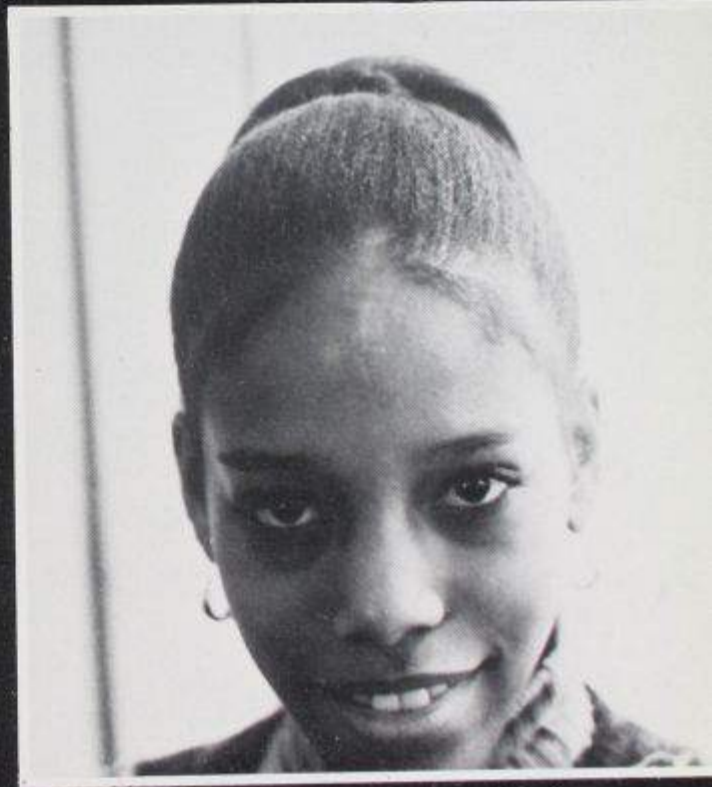


Kenneth Cagle 

Debra Bernstein



 *Jean Schumers*



Kim Strouel 



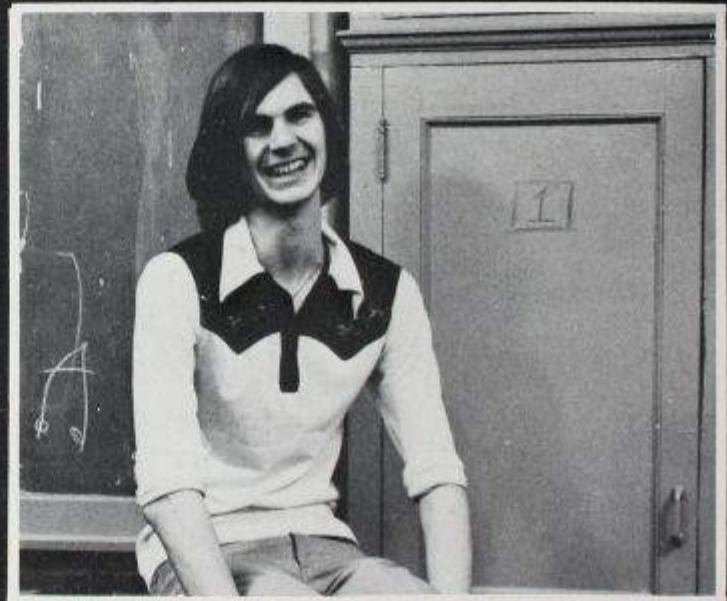
Dwight Wyatt Velazquez



Harold J. Smith



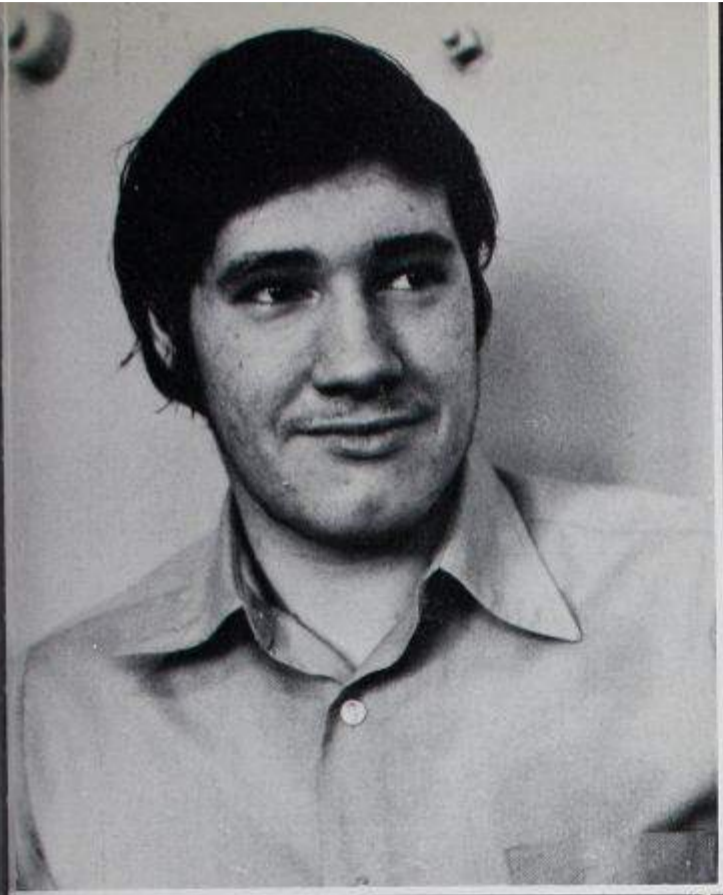
Kim Gaudner



Todd Rice

So June is going to answer our problems?
September fill our dreams
Graduating from place to another
Making other scenes.

S. Sabo



John Kane 

 Tony Rodan



 Christina Berry



Dusan Leslie Johnson



Kenneth Charles Jernigan



Let them sneer and reply with their motto,
"If you don't like it here, leave the school!"
If they'd stop and just see what I'm doing
They'd find out that they were the fool . . .

Amy Bibb

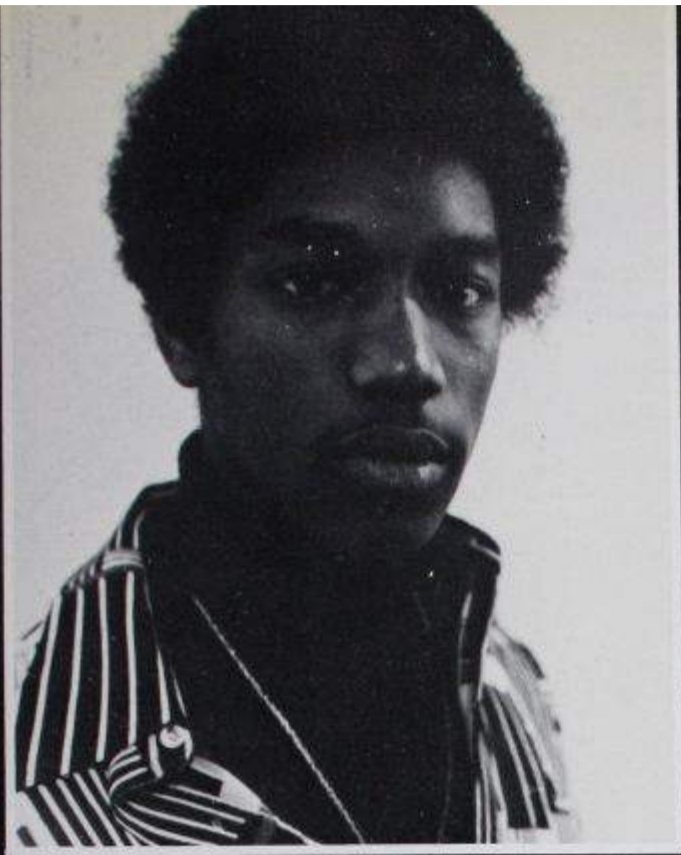


Audrey Marie Lewis



Fran Rauocher





Albert Henry (Skip)

Larry Jones

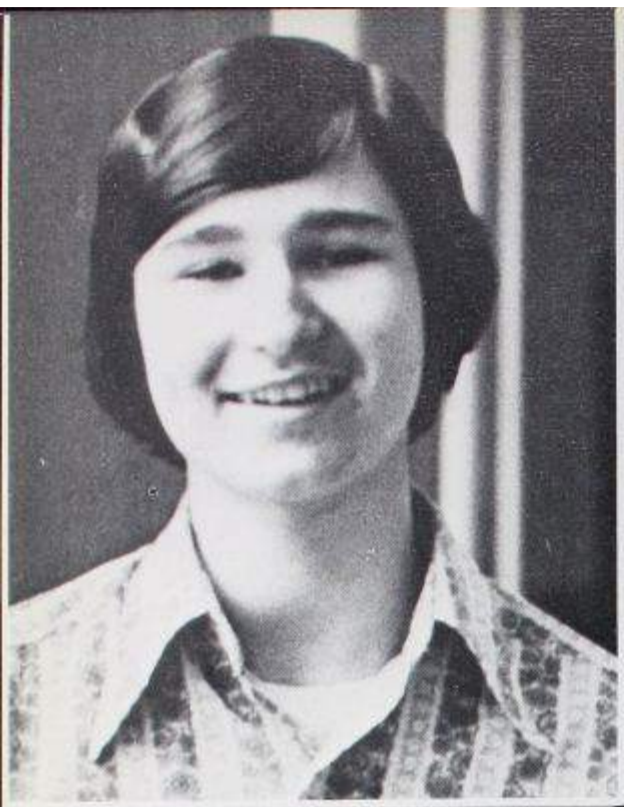


Robert Wright



Lena Blom





Mary Buki 



 Rocky Klein

Matt Ansel 



 Giselle Echevarria



Mario Esquivero 





Irving Orfuss
Teacher-in-Charge



Richard A. Klein



Jonathan Strasser
Music Chairman



Lydia Joel
Dance Chairman



Jerome Eskow
Drama Chairman



William Britten



Cleo Dana



Michael Klarreich



Murray Braunstein



Olive Freud



Vivian Orzach



John Mariani



Shirley Katz-Cohen



Carl Topilow



Lottie Katz



Bernard Werner



Henrietta Silberberg



Haron Schumann



Florence Schwager



Edwin Manchester



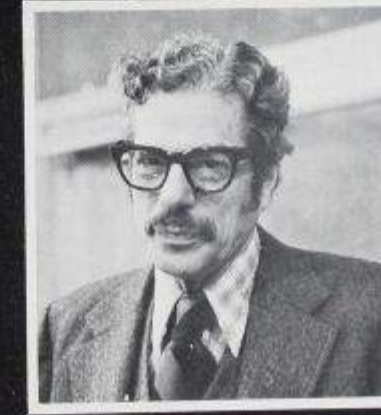
Ernest Lubin



Helen Sonn



Roslyn Schein



Samuel Tolmach



Sarah Malament



Elizabeth O'Donnell



Eileen Jacobson



Bertha Aronson



Paul Kessler



James Moody



Gerald Trevor



Elizabeth Gregg



Stuart Shaw



Edna Gordon



Alberta Banfield



John Cappelletti



Frances Annenberg



Bella Malinka



Charles McCraw



Annie Gray



Rachel Yocom



Marion Pearce



Ruthel Koehler



Bess Kadin



Stephanie Zimmerman



Penny Frank



Bruce Becker



Ruby Herzog



Edward Rogers



Ernest Neal



William Barber

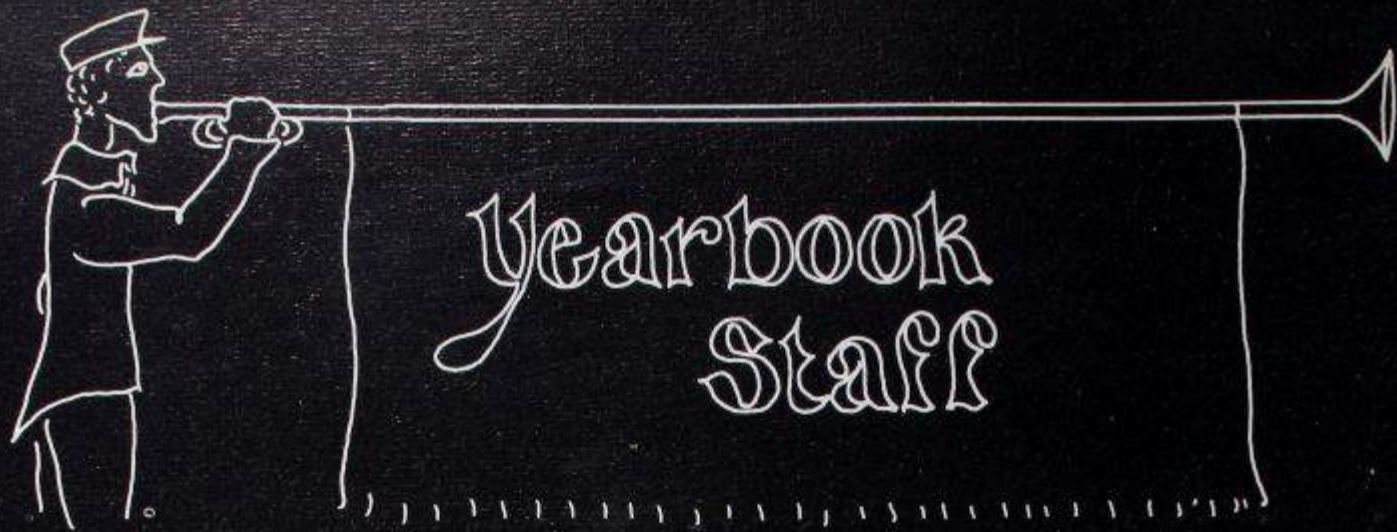


L-R) Ann Scolaro, Madeline Conte, Margaret DiGrucchio

"OUT OF FOCUS"

- Joy Brown
- Willa Kahn
- Dorothy Fiore
- Diane Germaine
- Alice Gill
- Hank Ginorio
- Betty Low
- Sadie Parker
- Naomi Proctor





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honor society



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| anne setrakian | | |
| sandra kahn | | |
| debra bernstein | | |
| alan isaacson | | |

Senior Officers



"Fitzgerald Once Wrote Of His Babylon, And Milton His 'Paradise Lost' . . .

JABBERWHOOPY

'Twas tardy
and the slithy whoops
did prowl and cackle in the halls
all stillness draped the basement floor
and the lone whoops did gape

"Beware the Jabbershoop my child
the mouths that screech, the nails that claw
beware the late pass, stamped and signed
and shun the Whoop's yell, 'Shut that door!'"

I took my steadfast pen in hand
longtime the fearless foe I sought
so rested me, by the whoopery
and stood awhile in thought

As in sophomoric thought I stood
the Jabberwhoop with eyes of flame
came whooping through the iron door
and cackled as it came

One two, whoop-de-doo!
her twitching tongue said, "Come on back!"
I left her fast, running past
hearing shouts of, "Late pass! Late pass!"

Hast thou eluded the Jabbershoop?
come quick to class my clever girl
O victorious day! Hallo! Hooray!
I swallowed my gum in joy

'Twas tardy
and the slithy whoops
did prowl and cackle in the halls . . .

L. Altomare



Between Now and Then we'll have a lot of fun
But I wish the summer would get here . . .
Between Now and Hallowe'en we'll have a
ball
But I wish the summer would get around . . .
Are you kidding? Between now and the
Christmas' Show!
But the summer is really slow . . .
During Intersession, I mean- forget it!
Where is the summer . . . ?
Senior day we'll get em, eh?
I just can't wait for the summer . . .
And College
And Out
We really showed the school . . .
. . . all that time
Isn't it unbelievable that Summer is here
already?
Where did the year go . . . ?
Sure I'll write ya
I just can't wait till I see you again . . .

T. DiCaprio

And someday, far away
When we're looking back on all these
Good Old Times, Bad Old Times
We'll smile and cry

W. Hurst

Our friendships will never die
We've come so far
And gone through so much

G. Zaverdas



BASEMENT BATHROOM BLUES

Hung from the ceiling-misused
Our valuable supply is abused
It sure is outrageous
And must be contagious
Cause it keeps all the students amused.

Now here's how the problem landed,
Someone sat and wanted some handed
Now I'm not one to harrass
But this sure does embarrass
When one's sitting and suddenly stranded.

So someone called in an aide
While calmly, the poor student prayed
She looked up to the pipes
And their toilet tissue stripes
And found where the treasure was laid.

Now guess who walks in- no other
Than one Whoopie, followed by another
"We cannot give it out-
You need a hall pass," they shout,
"And you must bring a note from your mother."

Well she thought that her goose had been cooked
From the way that the situation looked
She sighed, "What a mess!"
And in her distress
She saw that her pocket book unhooked

She mourned and started to grieve
But then saw something she couldn't believe
She thought she had ridden
Of those old pieces she had hidden
But they were here and ready to receive!

And as if it were sent by the gods,
She found not only one, but two wads,
She was ever so grateful
Though still feeling hateful
But reaching in, she found more and more yards!

So she yanked and stretched it and such
Till both ends of the room it did touch
And after all that messin'
She finally realized this lesson:
That it's always better, having too much!

I. Epstein

"But The Goal Of My Lost Generation Was Escaping- At Any Cost "

Did you ever wake up feeling awful
And try to blame it on the weather?
The other day it happened to me,
I just was not feeling together.

Well, by a grave mistake, I
mistook my neck for my thigh
And underneath where my torso should have been,
I was hearing out of my eye.

Then of course, someone tickled me
And I responded with a laugh,
Well, I know you'll never believe it
But, I saw a grin on my calf!

So after all the hysteria,
I continued to breathe,
I watched the air go in and out of
The nostrils in my knees.

So I figured there's always something,
Normal like my toes ,
But they were nowhere to be found today
And my insteps are jabbering like crows.

Believe you me, to see them connected
To my hands was news,
For lo and behold, my fingers
Were poking through my shoes.

Oh, but back to the eye-
The one that started to hear-
I think I forgot to mention-
I was floating in my brassiere.

This was just not my day.
I had the six-o'clock-in-the-morning-blues.
My wrists were wearing my socks
And my ears were sitting in my shoes.

The indolent boredom was madness
The injustices, too, through the years-
But, come June, every heart's blind with sadness
Their vision gets blurry with tears.

"Don't you remember the heartache?
The cursing at them til you're blue?"
"Those things never happened," they all fake!
They quickly forgot, didn't you?

Afraid not, I cannot, I'll remember
And I'll carry the scars till I die
But in years, some cold lonely September
I'll look through this book and I'll cry.

I'll remember the things you chose not to
But I'll forget too, like you all-
One can't live on hate and you've got to
Put a limit on *total recall*.

To make me feel rosier
I tried to gloss my lips,
But I just couldn't win-
They were glued to my hips.

Oh, what's the matter with me,
Can't anything go right?
My stockings are bagging
And my girdle's too tight.

I didn't want to say it, but
My wig is pasted to my belly,
I look like I just had Electro-Shock
And my figure's like mint julep jelly.

I just can't go into school today
My mind is ready to crack,
Especially cause my arches are missing
And my ankles are stuck on my back.

I Look at myself in awe
Of how I was so contorted-
Oh, mercy! Someone help me
PLEASE- My kneecap just snorted!

Though my elbows are on my shoulders,
And my shins are wearing my head,
I think I'd be much better off
If I just go back to bed.

I. Epstein

Empty ballpoints, withered pages
Burned out lightbulbs, deserted stages
Chipped red enamel, tiles scratched
Untuned pianos, my jeans were patched
Applauding assemblies, 46th Street's gusts
Lunchtime stereo, fire escapes of rust
Right arm chairs, brown stones grim
Dancing smiles outshine the dim
What was ours will soon be dim
But will linger always, to be looked back upn.

I. Epstein

We've done it, we've finally reached our aim,
Yet nothing is the same,
As we expected
For we had erected a Utopia for ourselves,
to begin at the end of childhood
And go on forever, should we so desire.

But it has rendered us with decisions,
to be made and carried through,
We are the ones at stake,
in this game they call independence

We have to leave our careless existance
of childhood,
were each day would begin
with our wanting to grow older
and now each day ends
with remembering of when we were younger.

We've done alot of silly things
Like talking on a bus,
pretending we weren't us.
We'll never know that feeling again
of doing what we wished . . .

S. Sternberg

Sacred is our legacy
Of memories indelible
The Agony, The Ecstasy
And moments untellable
Maturity will recollect
Upon passed teardrops and
jokes
With sentimental respect
For, da . . . da . . . da . . . dat's all
folks!

I. Epstein



★ ★ P.A. SPORTS ★ ★

Cheerleaders



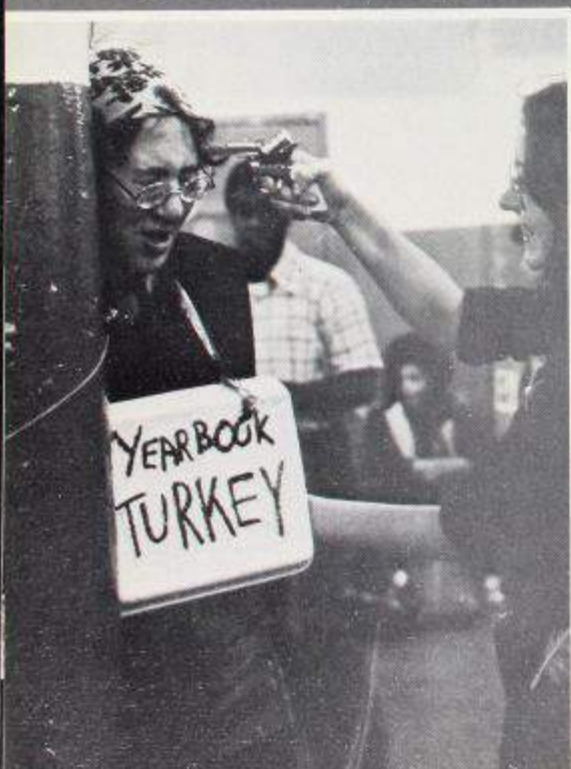
This group of personable young ladies practice week after week for a dazzling display at all intramurals. All they need now is a team.

Phys-Ed. Club

Students 'looking for more' than the school normally offers can join this old standby. Here, one inductee is about to be given her entrance exam.



Big Game Society



The Big Game Society, a new favorite at PA is growing by leaps and bounds. This years' highlight was an exotic recreation of an authentic safari. As are the rules, the youngest member becomes the 'quarry' while the rest of the group follow in hot pursuit. There were many thrills and spills as they learned the basics of cameraderie and survival. Then they killed her.

Future Secretaries



Student-Teacher Forum



Created to fill the needs of our more vocal students, where you can let off steam, or put your fist through the wall. The Forum Marathon, a yearly favorite, kept the group in constant contact for 2 weeks. Here, the advisor tries to leave for some badly needed Cokes and Valium. This year, the group broke last year's record, and the advisor's neck.

Home Economics



Remedial Cab-Hailers

Good Neighbor Society



Students missing requirements for graduation can catch up with this helpful course. Emphasized are advanced door opening and weekly reviews in fare-paying.

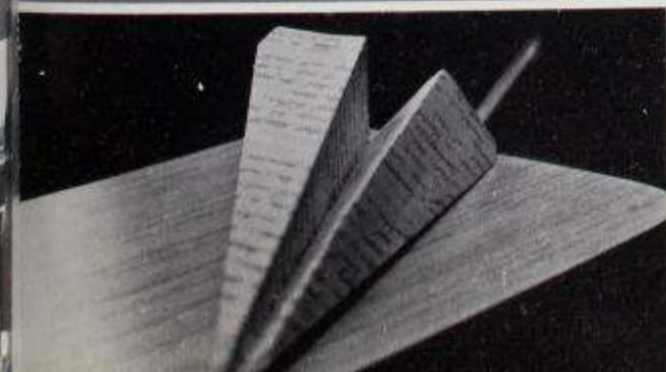
Future Meteorologists



Dentistry Club



Wrestling Team



Aeronautical Engineering Club



Graduation is your day of success —
The culmination of years of effort to qualify for the completion of
the courses at Performing Arts. To us, too, it is fulfillment —
our day of pride in seeing our children achieve.

The Parents Association
Jean Turney, President



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its congratulations and best wishes for
success and happiness to the Class of
1975

WE'D LIKE TO THANK ALL THE
STUDENTS AND FACULTY WHO
MADE THE COMPLETION OF OUR
DEADLINES IMPOSSIBLE.

THE YEARBOOK STAFF

BOB KELLY
COSMETICS

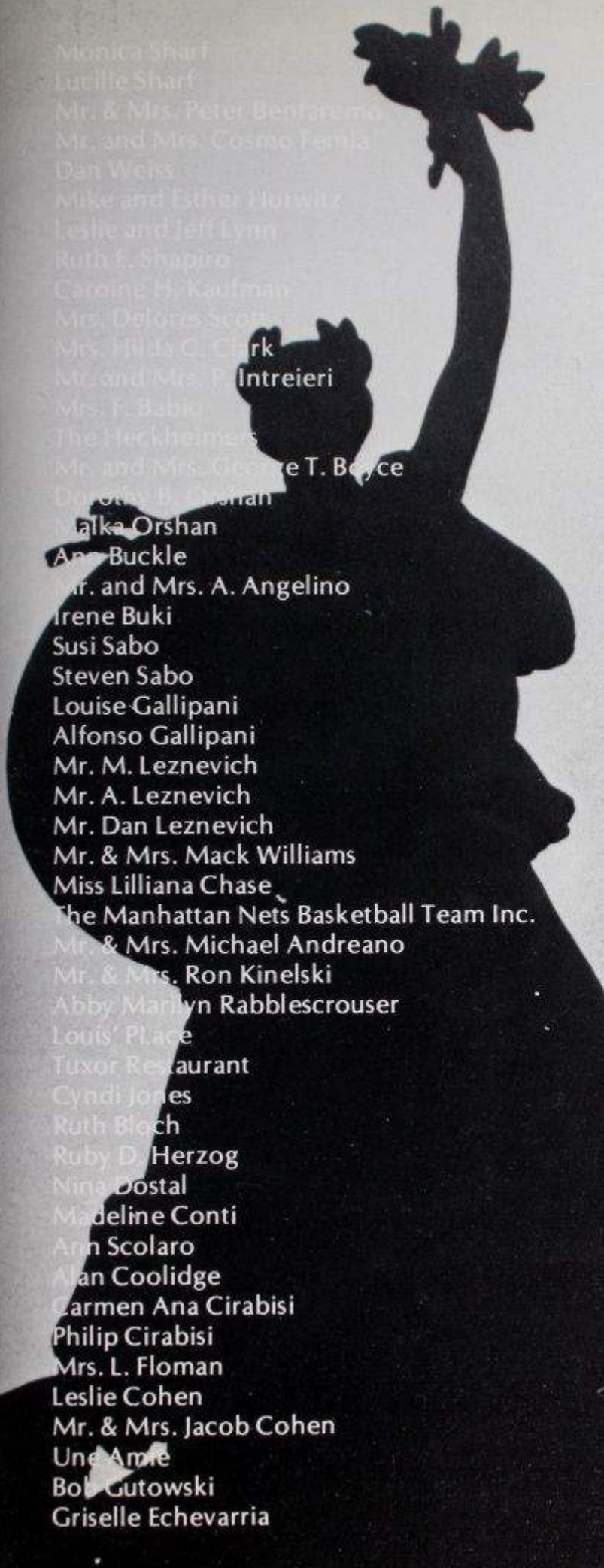
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EVERY ONE'S A STAR
EVERY ONE'S IN SHOW BIZ
DOESN'T MATTER WHO YOU ARE

