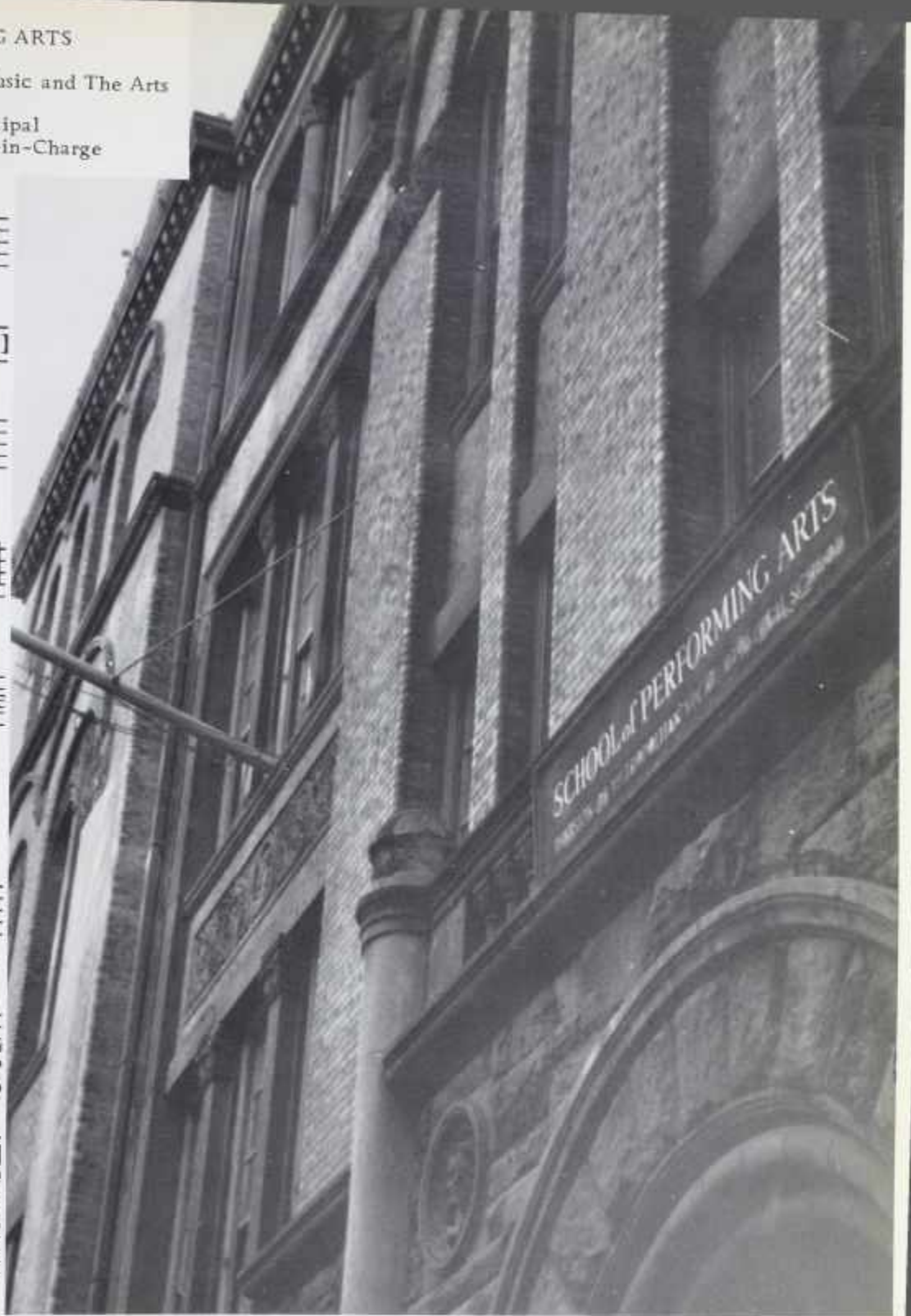


SCHOOL OF PERFORMING ARTS
Division of
F. H. LaGuardia High School of Music and The Arts
120 West 46 St.
Richard A. Klein, Principal
Edward T. Koehler, Teacher-in-Charge

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SCHOOL OF PERFORMING ARTS LIBRARY
120 WEST 46th ST. NEW YORK, N. Y. 10036

june • 1970

A C T I V



YEARBOOK MESSAGE

Mankind has communicated through the arts for centuries. His messages, expressed in musical or visual form, have transcended time and cultures, ignored language barriers and survived wars. This generation has seen a major breakthrough in the world of culture--a sharp break with the past and an almost total reexamination of the creative process--leading, at this time, to what some have called a cultural hiatus.

You are in an enviable position, having been trained in the arts. You stand at the threshold of a great and unparalleled opportunity for youth. Yours is the ability to generate culture and through this to bridge the gap between peoples of the world. You have a chance to create understanding and through understanding, trust--and, hopefully, through trust and understanding, PEACE. For you and for those who have attempted to guide and prepare you for this awesome responsibility--the members of the faculty and your parents--I wish every success.

RICHARD A. KLEIN
Principal

February 1970.

We greet you as the Class of 1970.

A photographic record of activities familiar to you during the days and years spent with us appears on these pages along with pictures of your fellow graduates and members of the faculty.

Years from now, when you glance through this book, you may better understand that we the faculty, at our own time of graduation, individually symbolized a modern generation with all the characteristics the era evoked. And now you, who are YOU, leave us, confident, vigorous, certain that yours is the finest, the most individualistic generation. To be sure, these cycles will continue and be repeated with variations, for that is the way of academic life and the secret of its strength.

We bid you farewell and hope that the days of your future will be in retrospect as wonderful as those we shared with each of you as individuals at Performing Arts.

Sincerely,

Edward T. Koehler
Teacher-in-Charge





SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS: richard cohn, president; edith watson, vice president; andrea berry, secretary; naomi cohn, treasurer; mrs. frances annenberg, advisor.



HONOR SOCIETY OFFICERS: fred cooper, president; eva vasquez, vice president; bonnie tropp, treasurer; linda alvarez, secretary; mrs. roslyn schein, advisor.

LITERARY CONTRIBUTORS

- linda alvarez**barry axelrod
- richard cohn**valeri cole
- valerie constantine**lucille dibello
- philip gilman**jose-luis greco
- terry greiss**deborah hayek
- domna klein**rosalie konopko
- patrice maier**tony maldonado
- roberta monkash**rafael padilla
- robin pedowitz**pamela price
- penny prince**douglas root
- david simon**tracy swope
- pilar zalamea

GENERAL ORGANIZATION OFFICERS: carol urwitz, president; penny prince, vice president; linda alvarez, treasurer; valerie knight, secretary; mr. samuel tolmach, advisor.

staff

The individual is always mistaken.
Ralph Waldo Emerson

- linda alvarez wit and wisdom
- barry axelrod wit and wisdom; production
- sheryl barnett photography editor (she develops problems); production
- bruce care wit and wisdom
- susan cohen production
- naomi cohn art
- valeri cole production (tasks range from running around to doodling); wit and wisdom
- valerie constantine production
- rosemary cora production; wit and wisdom
- lucille dibello general editor (tasks range from cleaning kitchen sink to public relations)
- ellen eisenstat wit and wisdom
- terry greiss production; wit and wisdom
- deborah kayek general editor (tasks include grumpy labor management and yearbook liberation); art
- steve jordan advertisements; production; wit and wisdom
- kenneth kline advertisements
- rosalie konopko associate editor
- dennis kortheuer production; photography; wit and wisdom
- loree kotin associate editor
- andrea lang art editor (she produces custom made artwork); wit and wisdom
- bark levine production; wit and wisdom
- barbara schapiro wit and wisdom
- david simon wit and wisdom

Mr. Edward Koehler, Faculty Advisor

Special thanks to Mr. Murray Braunstein and Mr. Paul Kessler

Special thanks to J. Eskow, M. Swope, M. Tarr and A. Willard, photographers.





Carola Goya

Bella Malinka



May O'Donnell Green



Harry Asmus



Ernest Lubin



Vittucci Matteo

dance faculty

DEAR SENIORS--REMEMBER!

"This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man . . ."
Hamlet

With love and respect,
Dr. Yocom

Dr. Rachael D. Yocom
Chairman



Karina Rieger



Jennifer Muller



Stephanie Zimmerman



Penny Frank



Camera Shy:

- Odette Blum
- Cora Cahan
- Harriet Cavelli
- Celeste Connes
- Peter Hamilton
- Betty Low
- Sarah Malament

Former Faculty Members:

- Norman Walker
- David Wood



Gertrude Shurr



Celeste Connes

drama faculty

Roslyn Schein

Ruthel Provot



Dr. Marjorie Dycke
Chairman



Toby Glanternick



Jerome Eskow



Peter Treitler



Amelia Romano



John Cappelletti



Marion Pearce



Charles McCrow



Edith Bank

Richard Levy

Bill Britten



Individuality maintained in the harmony of community is a "consummation devoutly to be wished", in the theatre and in all of life. The more each individual has to bring to the whole, the fuller and richer the entity will be. Let's make it great.

Sincerely,
Marjorie L. Dycke

music faculty

FRANZ BOAS, THE ANTHROPOLOGIST, SAID THAT HE WAS AMAZED BY THE INDIVIDUAL DIFFERENCES AMONG PEOPLE BUT THAT HE WAS EVEN MORE AMAZED BY THE GREATER NUMBER OF SIMILARITIES AMONG THEM.

DO YOUR THING; BUT LET'S NOT FORGET THE 'COMMON GOOD'!

BEST WISHES,
JULIUS GROSSMAN

Julius Grossman
Chairman



Irving Lash



Gerald
Trevor



Henrietta
Silberberg



Edith
DelValle



Irving Kupfer



Frances Annenberg
Social Studies



Bertha Aronson
Clerical



Mary Stone
Languages



Murray Braunstein
English

Clark Cook
Science



Gil Weiskopf
Science



Louise Fisman
Clerical



Ida Smith
Mathematics



Pat Parker
Custodian



Paula Greenfield
Guidance



Elizabeth Gregg
Languages

Bess Kadin
English

Shirley Katz
Mathematics



Camera Shy:

- Hank Ginorio--Languages
- Ray Goldfeder--English
- Sonya Morales--Languages
- Robert Bederman--English

academic faculty

In individuals, insanity is rare, but
in groups, . . . it is the rule.
Shelley



Paul Kessler
English



John Mariani
Science



Ilka Menendez
Languages



Ella Lynch
Health Counselor



Florence Schwagel
Mathematics



Harvey Fieldman
Mathematics



Renee Feinberg
Library



Samuel Tolmach
Social Studies

Oldies But Goodies:

- Augusta Boal-- Librarian
- Robert Cunningham-- Mathematics
- Harry Drexler-- English
- Eugene Mekler-- English
- Sanford Modell-- English
- Larry Rosenszweig-- Mathematics
- Jayne Solomon-- English
- Reba Symeonoglou-- English



Ruth Barnes
Secretarial Studies

Annie Gray
Clerical

Ruby Herzog
Lab Assistant

Bernard Werner
Social Studies

Kenneth Belian
Mathematics







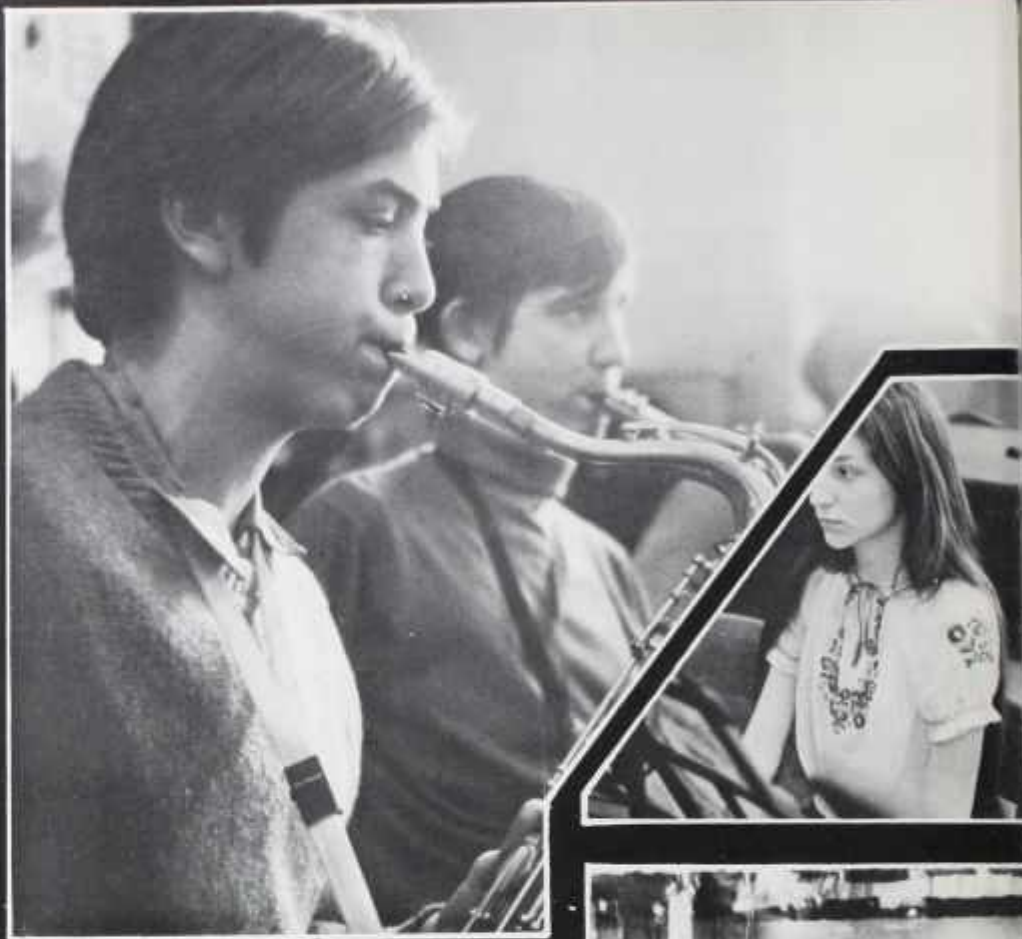
dance





drama





music



poems

We are mad,
Not only individually . . .

Seneca

raison d'etre

Sometimes I sit alone with only my thoughts and the words i search for so deeply become
clear

You come near me--the words slip away
And I know that although the poetry in the rhythm may be gone
The beauty that they held lies true
We're together and at moments there's no need to speak at all
I look into your eyes and see something that starts me slowly crying inside
For the beauty that we seek in each other is an intangible one
Not meant to be captured by speech and locked into words
Sometimes you'll do small things that you never know you do
They mean more to me than all the words in the world
At times they break your closely concealed "image"
Only then I realize I really don't know you at all
Sometimes you smile in a way that erases all the misery and pain
And I know you possess the strength and wisdom

I do not

And there's a quiet shyness in you that plays with a zestful awareness about you
As two little boys when each fights to be first
And so at times a little boy you are
And I want to hug you and scold you and comfort you because
You seem small and foolish and not yet grown
Then still another side peers out that shines with truth and warmth and strength and
wisdom

And I know that in my weakness I could stand strong
Near you.

r. konopko

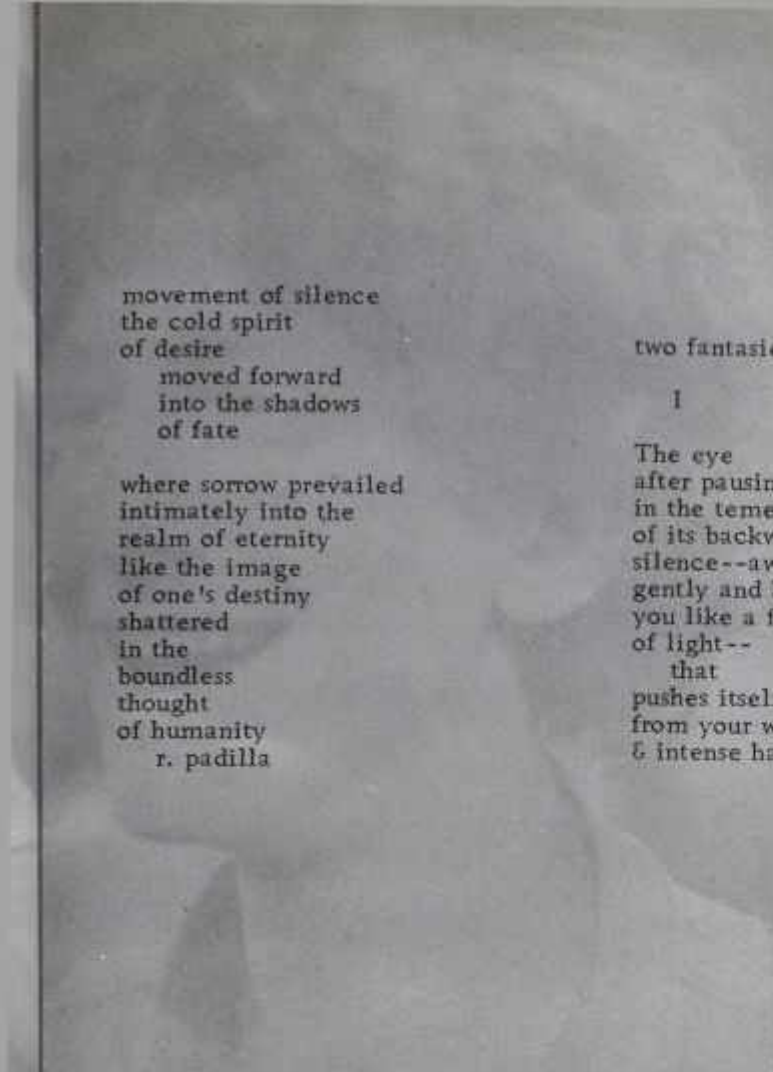
The scenes change and for everyone
there is a story, a legend, a myth
A mystical unknown
of unreality and phenomenon
Something special and make believe
about everything and everyone
something new and exciting
something different and unlike anything
else in the universe

No two things have the same stories to tell
No two people have the same tears to shed
and no two places have the same existence in
common.
t. swope

you

Now, it's on and on.
You sprinkle your soul furiously over each tiny breathing creature
They are all devoured by eyes flaming in a childish hunger.
all those understanding a brisk honesty.
A whimsical, flittery bubble filled with intensity
and fury.
You, clown wearing a maroon tear.
Go on, open, let it flow and let it flow and let the songs of your
cradle us into your sacred, inner silence

p. zar



movement of silence
the cold spirit
of desire
 moved forward
 into the shadows
of fate

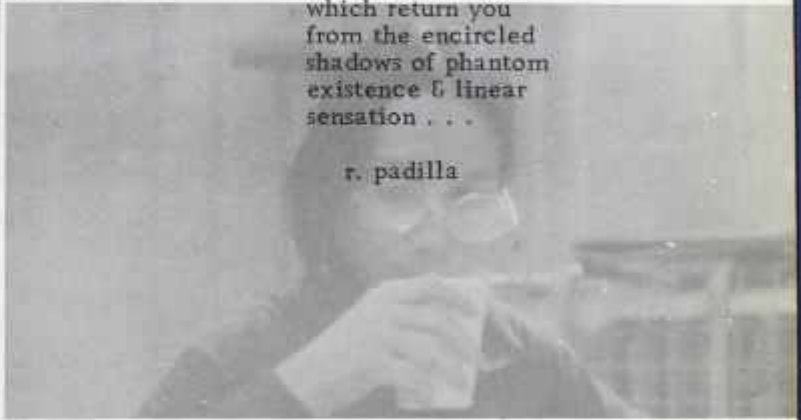
where sorrow prevailed
intimately into the
realm of eternity
like the image
of one's destiny
shattered
in the
boundless
thought
of humanity
 r. padilla

two fantasies

I

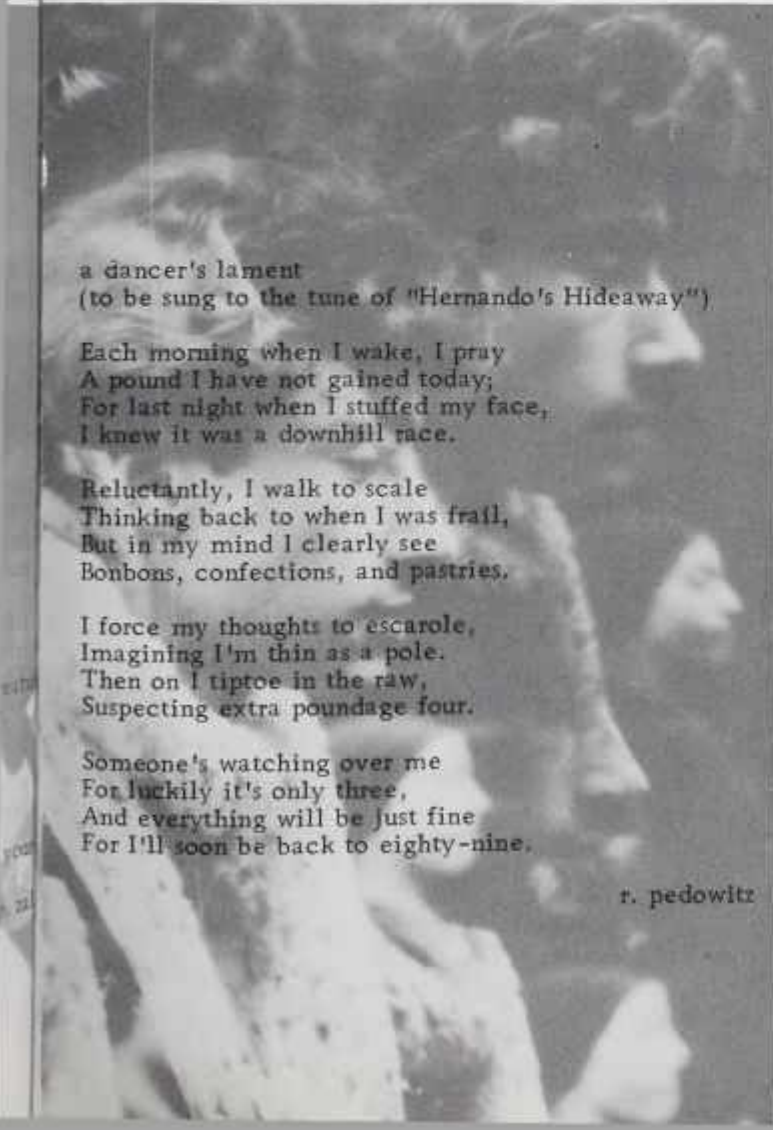
The eye
after pausing
in the temerity
of its backward
silence--awakens
gently and beholds
you like a fragrance
of light--
 that
pushes itself
from your wise
& intense hands

II



In the distance
of winter's being
I watch your face
dissolve into the
intricate compounds
of metallic sound
which return you
from the encircled
shadows of phantom
existence & linear
sensation . . .

r. padilla



a dancer's lament
(to be sung to the tune of "Hernando's Hideaway")

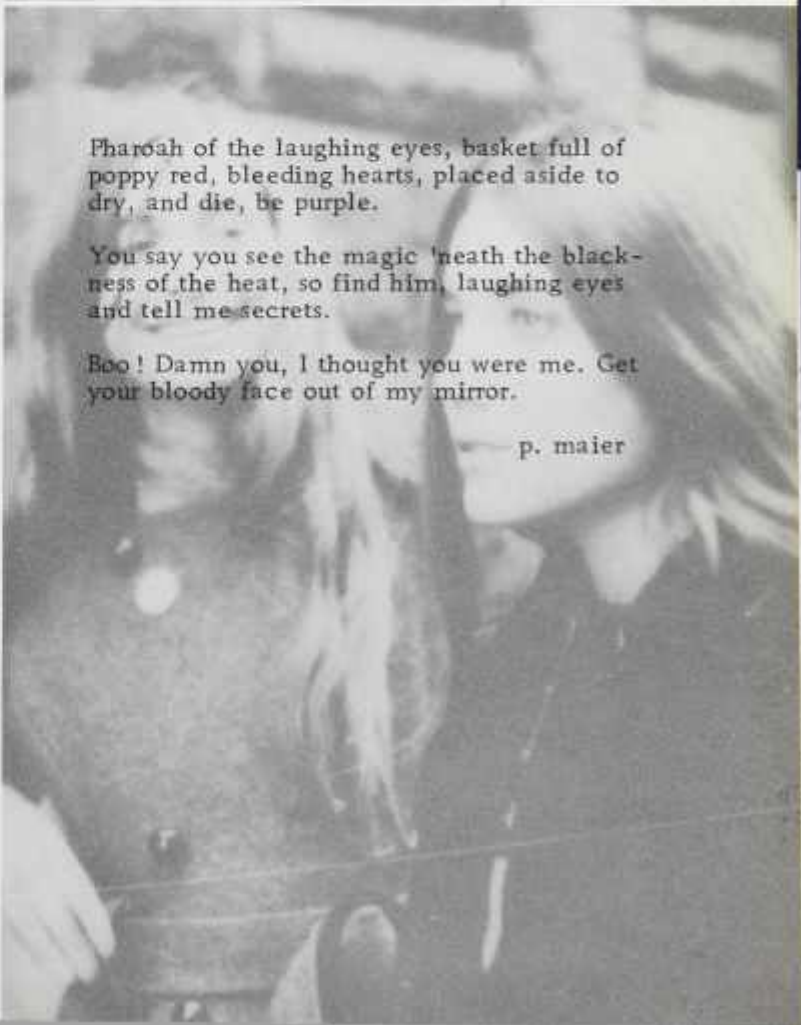
Each morning when I wake, I pray
A pound I have not gained today;
For last night when I stuffed my face,
I knew it was a downhill race.

Reluctantly, I walk to scale
Thinking back to when I was frail,
But in my mind I clearly see
Bonbons, confections, and pastries.

I force my thoughts to escarole,
Imagining I'm thin as a pole.
Then on I tiptoe in the raw,
Suspecting extra poundage four.

Someone's watching over me
For luckily it's only three,
And everything will be just fine
For I'll soon be back to eighty-nine.

r. pedowitz

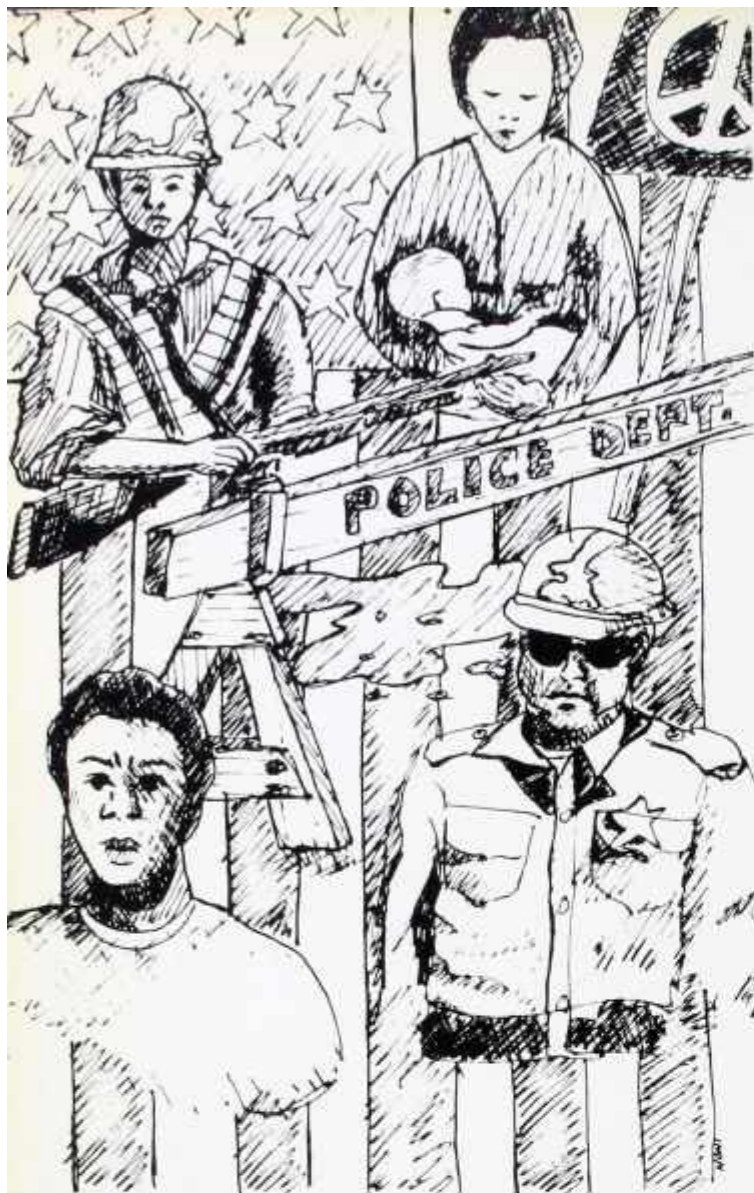


Pharaoh of the laughing eyes, basket full of
poppy red, bleeding hearts, placed aside to
dry, and die, be purple.

You say you see the magic 'neath the black-
ness of the heat, so find him, laughing eyes
and tell me secrets.

Boo! Damn you, I thought you were me. Get
your bloody face out of my mirror.

p. maier



Turning corners,
 Breaking barricades of
 Blood-inflated-flesh of pigs.

Glass and guns and gas and guns--
 The sidewalks of America.
 A perpetual cloud of black
 Pollutes the spacious skies of Redmen
 Long ago

Dead today, as heads of state
 Dwell in fallout shelters, plush and
 Fashionably durable for many years of air
 Who cares?

The bombs have fallen, stiff, bare, on babies
 Born deformed and gasping, breathing
 Smoke of flesh and gasoline,
 Sucking sick futility and sand
 From breasts dried by genocide and . . .

j. a. maldonado

my dream

I saw by the water one
 summer day
 And a small little violin
 floated away

The sea turned gray
 and I saw a little girl play
 and the sound of music
 flew my way.

d. klein



the true lovers

From father to mother,
 From mother to son,
 From boy to girl,
 Let it pass on.

Our road is a long one
 No sunrise on the horizon
 Weariness in our bones
 No green grass to rest on
 Thirst and hunger unsatisfied
 A lonely lot are we
 We travel the dusty way
 With no hope of clear blue streams
 For a drink or wash.

Yet we are the dreamers
 Hiding from shadows
 Seeking light in the dark
 Yet we are the sad ones
 And we are the fearful
 For the pot of gold might not be there.

Our road is a long one,
 A lonely lot are we.

v. cole

Dear death, you knock upon my door,
 Through laughter's tears I hear your call,
 Not for me; but for my mate.

The blossomed tree of grief
 That grows within my blackened breast,
 Pitches forth my life
 For he; for him; the one, my mate.

And yet; beneath the darkened cloak
 I see him shake with silent mirth
 Careless; heedless of my call.
 Be damned! Away, away--away.

p. maier



refugee II

You are the dead ones.
You who sip the bitter wine
And call it sweet.
You who sing the sacred liturgy
Of compromised existence,
A macabre, vivified drone
Of voices, created by those
Who pretend to be alive.

All of you:
Your cut-glass, tinkling laughter
As empty as your most profound wails.
You gourmands of pain--
Relishing and savoring your petty sorrows;
Only loving when you hear
Sibilant hallelujahs being sung.

You who have succumbed before the
inundation,
You who gave fled to the adamantine fortress,
You who seek and gather the opium poppy,
All you motley souls,
Endowed with life's vital force,
You are imbued with death.

To all who
Unknowingly comprehend the void,
I drink a toast to you.
Entrenched in the heavy, brocaded garb of
apathy,
Entangled in your webs of morosity
And even as I loathe you
I know that I am one with you.

d. hayek

It makes no difference to me if they
don't understand
It makes no difference to them if it
makes no difference to me
and it makes no difference if both of
us don't speak
this is how it is
how it has been
this is what we talked for hours about
a lot of insult, and sore throats
we took our time
some four years
and it makes no difference to them
that it made a difference to us
we look back now
was it silly, futile, hopeless?
well
if it makes a difference to someone
then could be that we did something
could be that we didn't
even if it makes a difference
is anything different?
It's hard to tell in such silence,
isn't it?

r. cohn

far away it said I will someday be
alone
I expect it
I'm not sure that I'm not afraid
I guess it's normal
will I be able to take it?
I've been alone before
and I don't want to be alone again
come and talk for a minute
please I need the warmth
please it's coming close
come I need the warmth
I feel older now
my feet seem small
I don't want to run away
I used to love running
come and hold me for a minute
maybe we can share it
I don't want to be alone again

r. cohn

tortured

Upon a crucifix of soul
I remain here
Imprisoned
Behind bars of foliage.
the wind, like a whip
screeches through my being
Slashing my heart.

I bleed . . .
Pools of melancholy and life's
unknown desire.

The sun
in the prime of its fine beauty
Is burning through my golden locks
And melting the wax angels
that appear before my eyes of the
sea.

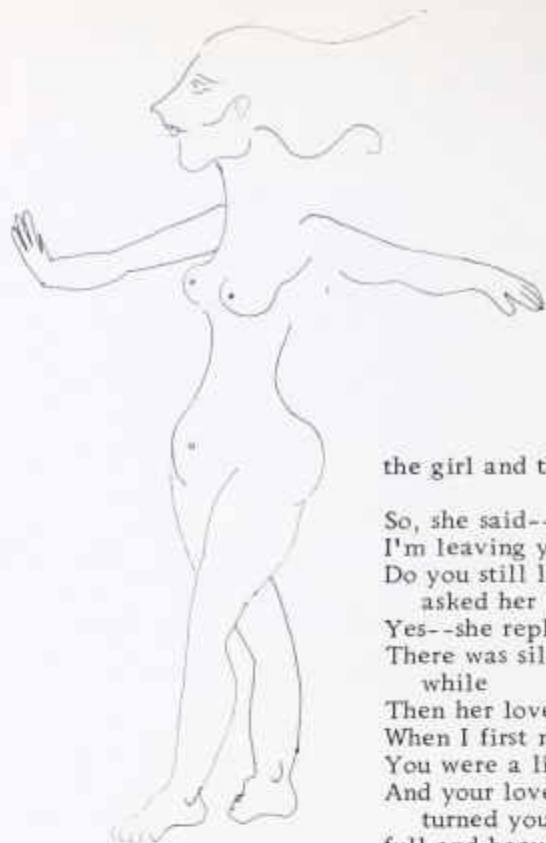
Torn from their grace
my legs cringe up in fear
And pray in awe to the alien sounds
that gave enveloped them.

My last hope emerges
as I extend my arms before my
breasts
and try to grasp a yearning of love
that I do not comprehend.

Alas!
I am doomed
to stay clasped in my chains of
confusion
And accept the tortures
of the nature I love.

r. monkash





the girl and the magician

So, she said--
 I'm leaving you now.
 Do you still love me?
 asked her lover.
 Yes--she replied.
 There was silence for a long
 while
 Then her lover said this--
 When I first met you
 You were a little girl
 And your love for me
 turned you into a woman
 full and beautiful.
 You once were repulsed by a
 man's touch
 But when I touched you
 I heard the tremblings of joy
 in your breast.
 Yes, you once loved me
 But now you are leaving.
 Remember what it is like to be
 a woman
 For if you become a foolish child
 once more
 You will be hurt.
 And so, I will be hurt.
 And this too:
 That once I was your prince
 And you my princess,
 That I once loved you
 As will I always love you.

They parted;
 The girl walked away crying,
 Her lover,
 with a smile on his lips
 and a few tears in his pouch
 Which he sprinkled in the sky
 And brought on the next day.

j. l. greco

I believe
 that every living
 being possesses
 the spirit of God
 within himself.
 This spirit unifies
 all. When man is
 aware of this life
 force, and learns
 to heed its commands,
 he will have the
 key to peace of
 mind. To live
 life fully, one
 must give of one-
 self completely.
 One must know
 what one wants,
 and what he must
 do; he must know
 himself.

p. prince



I saw the demise of Christ mirrored in Mary's
 eyes, as He walked across the waters.

I forgave my enemy seven times seven and
 for the fiftieth time he sinned against me,
 I prayed for his lost soul.

p. maier



on birth and death number 1

What is birth but an awakening?
 The plunging into the wide world
 With its who's? why's? where's? what's?
 From the peace and tranquility of the mother's womb
 The shock of life, responsibility, incognuent to
 The beautiful dreams dreamt in our pre-life-sleep
 An awakening into the light--
 The light of joy, of sorrow,
 Of hope, of despair,
 Of way, of peace--
 An awakening into mankind.
 What is life but an awakening only to end in a much
 longer sleep--Death?
 And is Death really a fearsome, foul, forbidding foe
 That awaits our retirement from life?
 Or is it just a rest as night is to day,
 As winter is to spring
 Maybe a man by going through life earns the right to die.

t. griess

He sat alone in the gray-dust diner gazing down into the lukewarm coffee cup. The waitress lazily refilled the tarnished coffee urn with fresh coffee. He licked his forefinger and picked up the remaining crumbs in a plate that had had a hard buttered roll on it just a little while ago. The fan overhead jerked noisily over his sandy, unperturbed head of hair. Occasionally a small pick-up truck, followed by a tiny swirl of dust, buzzed past the diner. He turned slowly around on the

cracked plastic stool and brushed away the crumbs on his thick thighs with his large, dry, liver-spotted hands. He stood up slowly, tossed a dollar bill on the formica counter, and shuffled out through the screen door. He stood at the edge of the grass-ridden road, his arm straight out with his thumb pointing up the road. A '58 Chevy stopped; a body leaned toward the passenger-side door. The window came squeakily down; a gravel-voice rumbled, "Hop in" he did. The next morning at the diner a lean, long-faced man with a large nose put a quarter on the formica. The waitress came out from behind the stained swinging doors. "Help ya?" "Coffee and a buddered roll. Ya hear about the man dey found dead 'bout three miles up de road? The over-head fan jerked noisily over his head.

d. root



Now
 Skip to where the sun meets the sea,
 Where water seems like cranberry
 tea.
 Then taste a light and watch what
 you hear,
 and watch ten thousand stars reappear.
 Take a sip out of the glass,
 For what is past has passed.
 Tomorrow will have its day to come,
 But you are now & you are number
 one.

V. Constantine

on birth and death number II

The blistering, bulging, burning sun
 Rises to greet Mother Earth.
 Her face, now replenished from sleep,
 shows uncertainty, insecurity.
 She shows great strain when she fully awakens
 And sees the work ahead of her.
 As her ascent is finished she has forgotten
 about her starry rest,
 And all her thoughts are with the day
 And the job she must do.
 Slowly now, her life is ending.
 As her cheeks became pink, then red with
 exhaustion
 Her goodbyes are quick and unhesitant,
 For she has reason to hurry into a twinkling
 void until
 Mom, when again she is reborn.

t. griess



is summer's spring, winter's fall?

I was walking, or possibly running, I can't remember which, down an over-crowded street sometime last July (or was it June?). It was a summer day, the kind of day that provoked all forms of ill-comforting feelings. For example, I stopped a rather obese woman, stuffed in violently colored bermudas and a tee shirt with the phrase, "What? You've only seen The Man of La Mancha Once?" splattered across her C-H E-S-T. I asked her whether she was hot or cold, and she replied, "Yes." At the corner, a dog was escorting his fireman to a lonely little fire hydrant. And why not, I thought. Are these not both forms of release? I remember at this point, the sun was directly overhead and beating down, even provoking the shade to come and gambol for a tan. It seemed like everyone was walking in one mass pilgrimage, slowly drudging onward. It reminded me of the 1927 version of Spartacus . . . the part where all the prisoners are bent over in spasms of hunger, devouring their rations crawling for more.

I stopped at a Schraffts for a while and ordered a huge glass of water and an enormous piece of melba toast, (to go). Even inside the restaurant there was definite evidence of summer. Customers slumped over the counter, soda-jerks slumped over the counter, exhaling dust and perspiration to replace the air. An old fan, coming down from the ceiling, turned once every hour or so. And it was then! And only then! Yes, did I decide that I could do it!! Winter! Yes, winter! Why, I thought, can't I live in the fall of summer, and call it the . . . spring of winter? I began to shiver; my arms surrounded me; my teeth began to chatter! I screamed to the Schraffts soda-jerk, "Hold the ice water you fool! Tea! Boiling tea! I need to be warm again!" I eventually broke down in tears. By the time I had come to my senses, or my senses came to me, I was here. And G-d, where is here? . . . four bare steel walls, no windows, a small spring bed and a small toilet. My only clue is the toilet seat. There is something strangely written on it. It says, "The weather is always going to be the same now, which can possibly mean, that you're possibly sane."

I remember, oh, two or three days ago, in the height of my loneliness and fear, I embraced the toilet, and screamed, "Where am i?, Where am i?" (in my best e.e. cummings imitation). Suddenly the door, that I hadn't even noticed, sprung open. Four elderly men entered, all of them bearing a remarkable resemblance to Johnny Weissmuller in the sense that they were dressed only (or entirely) in small loin cloths. In desperation, I lunged for the door. I made it, but only to find myself in the identical room! I lunged, or walked (I can't remember which) for the next door, and the next, and the next! I began to tremble. I . . . I . . . looked up, and it was snowing! I became suddenly aware that a new form of clothing had appeared on my body. I was dressed in a long black overcoat with turned-up collar; a long red-white-and-blue muffler encircled my neck, ending in collaboration with a bright wool hat. I felt so secure, and I think the snow knew it.

The soda-jerk was looking at me, looking pretty annoyed and he was definitely talking to me. "That'll be 15 cents Buddy. Hey, can you hear me Bud?" I slowly took my take-out bag, paid him, as he turned his back, murmuring something like "Christ, the heat must be getting to him," and I left.

d. simon

images

A mandolin,
A mandolin of old:
played upon; caressed,
A mandolin to serenade
a girl of old--
a "lily maid".

In days of old when Goodness ruled
And Greatness stood unconquered,
In days of old when love was free,
A nightingale sang in the dark,
while a mandolin played.

An old shoe.
A battered, broken shoe.
A tattered shoe once clattered:
thrown down a flight of narrow steps,
down a flight of old stone steps.
Symbol of labor; tool of hate,
Remembrance of a coarser world,
The ugly shoe stands now,
Forsaken and Alone.

Even as the mandolin sits,
There lies the old, beaten shoe.
Even as the idealist dreams,
The realist denies.

Here stands a wondrous, horrible sight:
a human being, devoid of light . . .
(or life--to some they are the same--).
Once it was a lovely songmaker,
And now it is a broken bit of leather . . .
a forsaken mandolin; and ugly stupid shoe,
a human being who hated humans.

Here they stand alone,
Strangely merged into one.
Here and now, alone.
So be it.
So be it.

d. hayek

To live one must love
To love one must live
Therefore in order to preserve
my existence on this earth
I will continue to love until
my day has come.

l. alvarez

The smoke stood spiked and gray
Like a neglected picket fence,
Not fading, only becoming more soiled
And in need.
The smoke sighed from my smile,
In their smiles.

I departed and descended the stairs.

A familiar place fakes familiarity
Without familiar faces.
So it is in here.

It sold me a soda
That crackled and burned
As scarlet subdued my dolitude
And smoke stood still spiked and gray.

The picket fence has many locks,
Yet only one master key.
They're close, too close
To finding its match.

Have a fag;
Go to the bushes;
The smoke turns yellow and green,
An aphrodisiac of conversation.
He came too close;
The fence was fading.

So back we rode,
Sliding over sidewalks.
We tripped into torment
And the smoke settled.

v. cole



each man has his own peculiar cast of mind and turn of expression.
—Phaedrus



christmas show







"You are you and I am I" — Hwy of Lew-Head



Geri Adler
Dance



David Agdern
Music

the



Linda Alvarez
Drama



Eva Ambrus
Drama



Barry Axelrod
Drama

We lost ourselves
inside these walls
Now we must leave
only to lose ourselves
Somewhere else.

We cannot sigh
"Goodbye . . ."
Our only breath is
"Help."

. . . v. cole



Jean Bailey
Music

seniors . . .

"We fancy men are individuals; so are pumpkins."

--Ralph Waldo Emerson



Charles Baker
Music



Sheryl Barnett
Music



Andrea Berry
Music



Marcy Blum
Drama



Bryna Blumberg
Drama



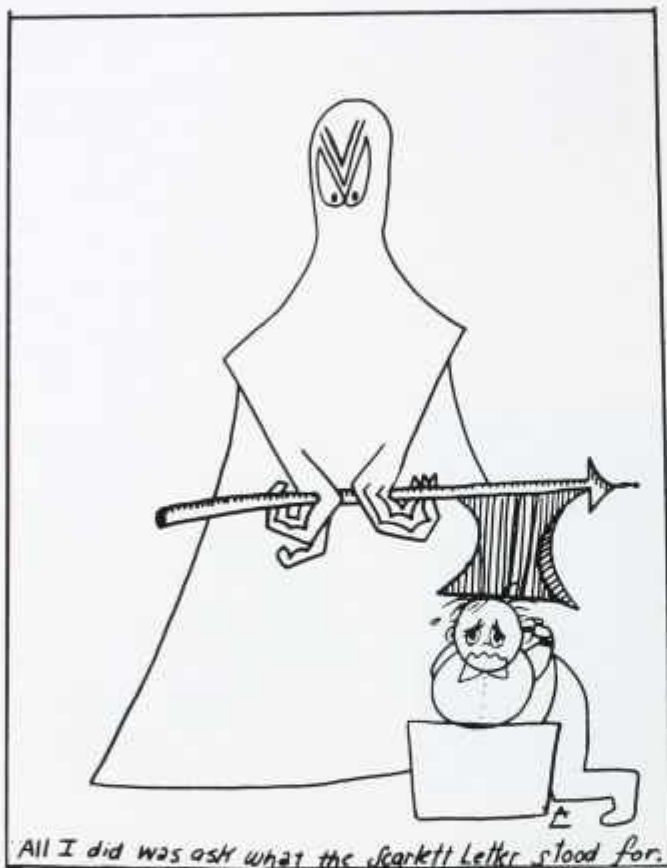
Karen Brown
Music



Valerie Bryant
Drama



Karen Burke
Dance



All I did was ask what the Scarlett Letter stood for.



Patricia Byrne
Dance



Larry Canady
Drama



Geri Chapman
Music



Mary Chapman
Drama



Nina Cohen
Dance

TAKE ME TO YOUR RULER



Steven Cohen
Music



Susan Cohen
Drama



Naomi Cohn
Dance



Richard Cohn
Drama



Ivy Colbert
Drama

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO . . .

the new building?

desks?

Mrs. Annenberg's window pole?

Mr. McCraw's dance variation for Drama seniors?

the school newspaper?

Mr. Tolmach's beard?

GOPA and the lunchtime music?

the slipper on Mr. Matteo's head?

the view across the street from the fourth floor?

the student union?

Miss Glanternick's first name?

our school football team?

Mr. Modell, Miss Solomon, Mr. Rosenzweig, Mr. Treitler,
Mrs. Larkin, Mr. Levy???

Us?



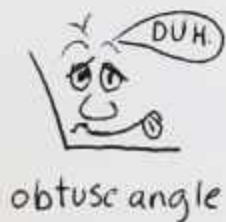
Lori Cole
Music



Valerie Cole
Drama



Valerie Constantine
Drama





Frederick Cooper Jr.
Drama



Rose Mary Cora
Drama



Marguerita Cortez
Drama



Lucille DiBello
Drama



Ronald Dunham
Dance



Ellen Eisenstat
Drama



Israel Esquinaz
Music



Joy Eskell
Drama



Rhonda Freiberg
Drama



Arthur Galka
Drama



Betty Garcia
Drama



Philip Gilman
Music



Vicki Gilmore
Drama



Michael Goldberg
Music



Hugo Galubous
Music



Jeffrey Gordon
Music

long hair gets longer . . . Paul
is dead . . . miniskirts get
shorter . . . Laugh In . . . school
goes to pot . . . bell-bottoms and maxi's
. . . basement lockers get decorated
. . . censorship . . . pants . . . S.A.T.'s . . .
Scholarship exams . . . building and
drilling all around 46th Street . . .
don't cut Cuny . . . open admissions . . .
college applications . . . lunchtimes
and three o'clock's . . .
. . . we all get a little older . . .

. . . we were together at P.A.
when these things
happened.



Terry Greiss
Drama



Deborah Hayek
Drama



Barbara Horowitz
Drama



Robin Jacober
Drama



Steven Jordan
Music



Amy Kleiman
Drama



Susan Kerber
Music



Warren Kelly
Drama



Alda Jurnick
Music



Donna Klein
Music



Kenneth Klein
Music



Valerie Knight
Drama



Amy Kogan
Music



Loree Kotin
Drama



Rosalie Konopko
Drama



Camille Kotowski
Dance



Elayne Kulaya
Dance



Helena Kulyk
Dance



Nicholas Lackides
Music



Andrea Lang
Drama



Amy Lebonsen
Drama



Bart Levine
Drama



Steven Lichtman
Drama

JOB OPPORTUNITIES & POSSIBILITIES

cast for "You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown":

Lucy	Dr. Dycke
Snoopy	Mr. Eskow
Linus	Mr. Cappelletti
Charlie Brown	Mr. McCraw

cast for the Nutcracker Suite Ballet:

Clara	Miss Malinka
Nutcracker	Mr. Matteo
Sugar Plum Fairy	Miss Shurr
Snow Queen	Dr. Yocum

musicians to play a philharmonic rendition of "On Top of Old Smokey":

Washboard	Mr. Grossman
Bagpipes	Mr. Trevor
Song Flute	Mr. Lash
Triangle	Mrs. Silberberg
Jug	Mrs. Delvalle



Carol Liebowitz
Music



Jerry Little
Music



Lawrence Livolsi
Music



Vivian Luca
Music



Dawn MacDermott
Drama



Patrice Maier
Dance



Roseann Mastriano
Dance



Steven Maugeri
Music



Debbie McCann
Drama



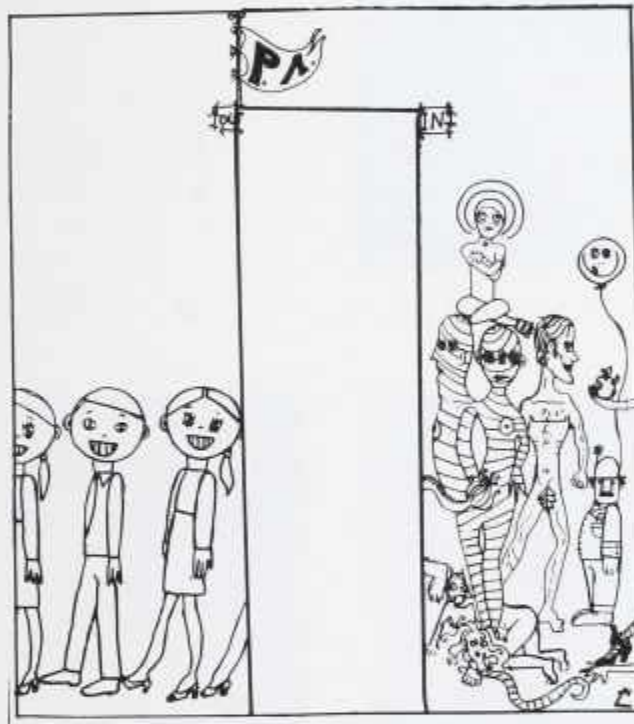
Tana McClain
Dance



Maureen McLoughlin
Dance



Frances Mentzel
Dance



Roberta Monkash
Music



Alan Morrow
Music



Jacqueline Moscou
Drama



Jarun Nabble
Dance



Jason Nestor
Music



Miriam Novick
Drama



Jill Olesker
Drama



Steven Oliva
Drama



WHO IS MOST LIKELY TO . . .
drink a glass of warm milk before going to bed? . . .
slide down the bannisters on the back staircase? . . .
pull down girl's knickers on April 3rd? . . .
drive the wrong way on a one-way street? . . .
count the number of windows on the Empire State Building? . . .
forget his intention while discovering his motivation? . . .
play a waltz in four-four time? . . .
dance on table-tops in out-of-the-way places? . . .
order chicken soup in the pizza shop? . . .
hold up the G.O. store? . . .
say, "Yes, Captain Kangaroo, I will brush my teeth!!"? . . .



Eric Oliver
Music



Rafael Padilla
Music



Donna Panteleo
Dance



Clifford Panton
Music



Robin Pedowitz
Drama



parallel lines



Dennis Pitasi
Music



Joyce Plotnick
Drama



Pamela Price
Dance



Penny Prince
Music



Joseph Pugliese
Dance



Robin Randall
Dance



Dory Rashbaum
Drama



Doreen Ratner
Drama



Debbie Rayman
Drama



Janine Regosin
Drama



Orlando Rivera
Drama



Cynthia Roberts
Drama



Douglas Root
Drama



Alan Rosenberg
Music



Sol Rosenhein
Drama



Debbie Ross
Drama



Michael Ruiz
Drama



Stefanie Saldana
Drama

... A. Galka is the head of the silent majority ...



... Give Mr. Eskow a new image ... a mirror ...

UNIVERSAL TRUTHS
(Fundamental Conclusions about Life that we have discovered during our stay at P.A.)
There are no short cuts to filling out Delaney cards.
Tea and Graham crackers are reliable cures for any malady.
Polynomial + plane triangle + logarithm + function + student = confusion.
A grade worth having is worth cheating for.
The essence of learning is cramming.
Think twice before speaking once, especially in economics class.
Long hair does not a girl make.
If ever unsure about a test answer, tell Mr. Werner not to count it.
Roses are red;/ Daisies are yellow;/ There are six hundred girls,/ for every one fellow ... (in other words, give up, girls!).



Gloria Sanchez
Drama



Barbara Schapiro
Drama



Jane Schechter
Dance



Sandra Sergeant
Music

Standing in the basement that first day,
 Lost, confused, alone, afraid;
 Head throbbing with each beat of the music
 Overpowering the voices of the lunchtime crowd;
 Conjugating a French verb
 While the 1812 Overture breezed in from above;
 Crushing, crowding, sighing, suffocating
 From class to class;
 Clasping the hand of the one beside me at
 Christmastime
 And rocking to the rhythm of "Auld Lang Syne";
 Counting silently the heads in the audience
 While trembling, cold, backstage,
 Did I ever think of this time now,
 When the time for living is the time for
 remembering
 And saying good-by?

. . . l. dibello



Dan Siegel
Drama



David Simon
Drama



Andrea Skolnick
Drama



Jeffery Smith
Music

. . . Our teachers devote a great deal of time and
 money to their jobs, and what do they get?
 (Awfully boring!!!) . . .



Suzanne Smith
Dance



Toni Smith
Drama



Roberta Stanford
Music



Tracy Swope
Drama



remember:

the Septembers we didn't go to school?
those appetizing federal lunches?
the athletics in the school yard?
the day Mr. Parker tore down the toilet-paper decorations in the girls' bathroom?
the "Ronald Dunham Dancers"?
the elevator in the back that takes you to the swimming pool on the sixth floor?
Miss Lynch?
the sin of touching the poles on stage?
the tunnel leading from the boys' bathroom to the girls' bathroom?
that smoking is permitted only in the students' smoking lounge?
our senior prom at the Century Hotel?
the Annenberg and the Ecstasy?
what the library used to look like?
the roaches and the waterbugs?
the dreaming and the hoping? . . .



Mary Lou Szabol
Dance



Regina Thomas
Dance



Renée Thomas
Music



Beverly Tivin
Music



Sanda Zayas
Dance



Carol Urwitz
Drama



Edith Watson
Dance



Rhonda Weiss
Dance



Vivien Weiss
Drama



Debbie Wheeler
Dance



Antoinella Wilkie
Music



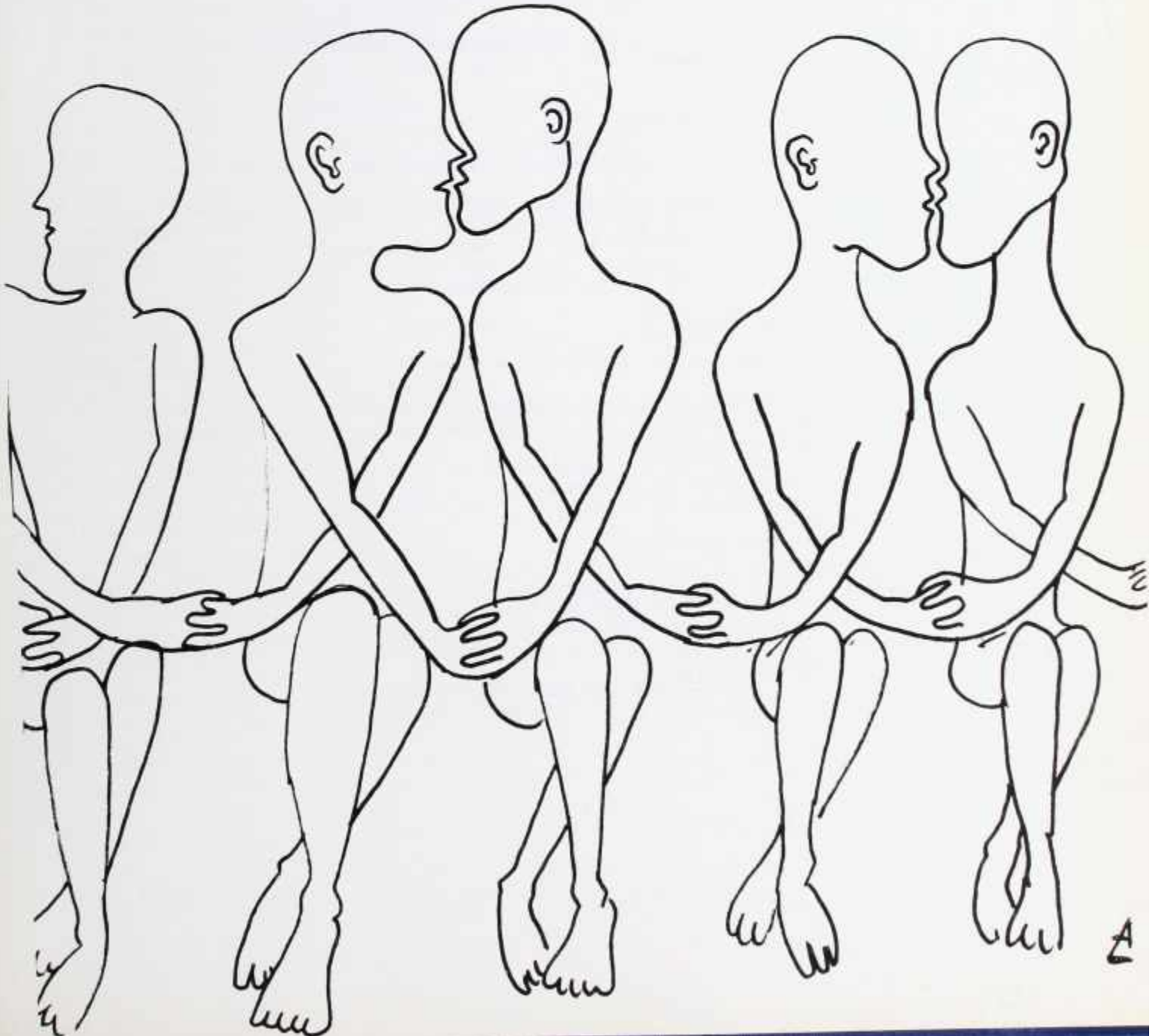
Stephanie Williams
Dance



Pilar Zalamea
Drama

camera shy—

Arthur Azito, Bruce Caro, Judith English, Marie Ferreri, José Greco, William Klimovich, Dennis Kortheuer, John Leddington, José Maldonado, Paula Pellegrino, Deborah Simmons.



A

Last Will & Testament.

We, the seniors, being of sound minds and bodies, do hereby bequeath the following to our beloved faculty and lowerclassmen:

- MRS. ANNENBERG--Vivien Weiss, Rhonda Freiberg and an unmitigated gall
MR. BRAUNSTEIN--the bestseller entitled HESTER PRYNNE SPEAKS OUT ON BIRTH CONTROL and five minutes of constructive conversation
MR. BRITTEN--page 34 "I adored you" and a lifetime supply of paper to "write it down" because he's "talking money"
MR. CAPPELLETTI--emotion
MR. COOK--a recipe book and pot and a tie for his dashiki
DR. DYCKE--a pair of dungarees
MR. ESKOW--a "gratuitous" dictionary because of his oft-quoted "I don't know what that means"
MISS FEINBERG--the "Good Guy of the Year" award
MISS FISHMAN--a real, live class
MISS FRANK--footless booties
MISS GLANTERNICK--the administration of P.A.
MRS. GRAY--a year's supply of No. 2 sharpened pencils
MRS. GREENFIELD--many more neurotic students with enormous, insurmountable problems
MRS. GREGG--a bus pass case
MR. GROSSMAN--an orchestra with decorum and electronic burglar beams around the pianos
MISS KADIN--a lace-edged hankie, the next issue of "The Revolving Stage", and "The Voice of America"
MISS KATZ--a "shiftless" scene and glasses for the back of her head. Yes? No? Maybe?
MR. KESSLER--a nice, big, fat, juicy, voluptuous zero and membership in the "Eh? Eh?" club
MR. KOEHLER--a finger painting set to paint his name on his office door
MR. LASH--piano lessons
MR. LEVY--class of 7E1 and lots of love
MR. MARIANI--an unabridged version of JOKES FOR THE JOHN
MR. McCRAW--a pit of hell in which to suffer for his art--tanz groupie?
MISS MALINKA--a yawn
MISS MENENDEZ--a list of the first names of the students in her Spanish classes
MISS LYNCH--stock in the Lipton Tea Company and a supply of tourniquets to treat runny noses
MR. PARKER--damsels in distress and lads at a loss
MRS. PROVET--a box of tissues and a box of bubble gum
MISS ROMANO--a gilt-edged list of rules and regulations
MRS. SCHEIN--a schva and Marlon Brando
MRS. SCHWAGER--an abacus
MRS. SHURR--a new red sweater and a goodnight
MRS. SILBERBERG--a player piano
MISS SMITH--the Cheshire Cat to go with her smile
MRS. STONE--an unabridged copy of LE PETIT PRINCE in Spanish
MR. TOLMACH--the GROSS National Product
MR. WERNER--a bronze Achilles heel in memory of his tremendous "feet" of 1969 and a whatnot and an etcetera
WHOOPEE LADIES--a carton apiece and a butt room
REMAINING DRAMA STUDENTS--a book entitled 101 WAYS TO GET EXCUSED FROM DANCE CLASS
ALL LOWERCLASSMEN--a book entitled 101 WAYS TO GET PAST THE WHOOPEE LADIES

Epitaphs

- g. adler--"Let no man write my . . ."
d. agdern--"Human understanding is a rare quality."
l. alvarez--"Life's too short and so am I."
e. ambrus--"I love the sea as I do my own soul."
b. axelrod--"Well, we're through."
a. azito--"Perfection comes about through perfection of detail."
j. bailey--"I want to reach the mountain top."
c. baker--"So little is art recognized, even in P.A."
a. berry--"To conquer fear is the beginning of wisdom."
m. blum--"to dance beneath the diamond sky with one hand waving free."
b. blumberg--"When man will love man as the flower loves man, then there will be everlasting peace."
k. brown--"Shortie"
v. bryant--"So let it be written; so let it be done."
k. burke--"After 3 years at P.A., all I can say is . . . um."
p. byrne--"Just because I can't plie, it doesn't mean I can't dance."
l. canady--"What am I and why?"
b. caro--"Is there a pill to counteract Monday morning?"
g. chapman--"I came and I went . . . Come Again?"
m. chapman--"Oh, that's so stupid."
n. cohen--"I'm gonna dance me a dance!"
steven cohen--"Rō shite kō nashi . . . To work hard--accomplish nothing."
susan cohen--"Paz, Paix, Pax, Shalom, Peace . . . Please!"
n. cohn--"Waiting for your time to come, you might not ever move . . ."
r. cohn--"There is no success like failure and failure is no success at all."
i. colbert--"When you fall in love with a saxophone player, all you're left with is empty toothpaste tubes and pajama tops."
l. cole--"Yes, it's true . . . blondes have more fun."
v. cole--"I'm nobody. Who are you?"
v. constantine--"for every death a new life is born."
f. cooper--"Oh Jive!"
r. cora--"After 4 years all I have is STAGE CREW."
m. cortes--"Munimula"
r. dunham--"Oh Happy Day . . . I'm leaving P.A."
e. eisenstat--"Please God, don't let me be normal."
i. esquenazi--"Beautiful dreamer . . . I came back."
r. freiberg--"Where is your "Schussbonng" located?"
a. galka--"Oh, What a Lovely (?) War!"
b. garcia--"In order to exist in this world, one must be evil."
m. goldberg--"Always think of the future until there's no future left."
h. golubous--"If you're looking for trouble, you've come to the right place."
j. gordon--"Prez" lives."
t. greiss--"You in a heap of trouble, boy."
d. hayek--"It seems that I am . . . therefore I could not be . . . peace . . . sleep."
b. horowitz--"Thinking is the talking of the soul with itself."
r. jacobson--"We're after the same rainbow's end . . . my huckleberry friend."
s. jordan--"When forces of talent meet, should they collaborate or compete?"
e. jurinich--"Oh! It's beautiful!"
w. kelly--"Blabbermouth"
d. klein--"I write my name in the Performing Arts book of fame."
a. kleiman--"And palm to palm as holy palmers kiss."
k. kline--"Peace to the world."
v. knight--"Shouldn't the whole world be dreaming?"

- a kogan--Ooh, do you mind if I keep my coat in your locker?
 r. konopko--Success is like driving to a destination--you'll never get there if you put the brakes on.
 d. kortheur--Rest In Peace
 l. kotin--"To thine own self be true."
 c. kotowski--Another day, another diet.
 e. kulaya--I can't stand being on this dumb diet.
 h. kulyk--So what if I never take class? I'm still a ballet major.
 n. lackides--I hope I will be less trivial than this.
 a. lang--censored
 d. leake--I need a toothpick.
 a. lebenson--Remember how simple life used to be?
 j. leddington--"Remember what the doormouse said . . . Feed your head."
 b. levine--Nice day, if it don't rain.
 p. levy--Straighten up and fly right.
 s. lichtman--"Where apathy is master, all men are slaves."
 c. liebowitz--"If we cannot find peace within ourselves, it is useless to look for it elsewhere."
 j. little--Remember me as the P.A. mascot of 1970.
 l. livolsi--Promises, promises.
 v. luca--Shoehorn.
 d. macdermott--Can you dig it?
 p. maier--Hallelujah!!!
 t. maldonado--"Dona Nobis Pacem, Now!"
 r. mastriano--"A daily climb to the roof to mow the lawn could be very satisfying, Honest Injun."
 s. maugeri--What are you rushing for?
 d. mccann--When you're smiling
 t. mcclain--Apple cheeks?
 m. mc loughlin--What happened to the dream I had? it festered like a sore all over the school.
 f. mentzel--To the best bun in town.
 r. monkash--The sweet disonance of life's profundity shall inherit the earth.
 a. morrow--Big Al M., Still at the piano?
 j. moscou--"As a child eats, so shall he grow."
 j. nabbie--Going to this school was my largest mistake, leaving it my greatest virtue.
 j. nester--Hey, buddy, I've got that tongue in cheek style.
 m. novick--Tut mir a tavar und git mir a glaz tay.
 j. olesker--You be a song and I'll be your soul and we'll wander through time together.
 e. oliver--Hot lips leaves.
 r. padilla--It's totally illogical.
 d. panteleo--8 devil dogs for lunch, but I didn't have breakfast.
 c. panton--Good-bye to warm water drinking faucets.
 r. pedowitz--Toujours l'amour.
 p. pellegrino--"There are children in the morning . . . leaning out for love . . . they will lean that way forever."
 d. pitasi--Remember when I used to do the slapping act.
 j. plotnick--No rhinestones, no frills, no make-up.
 p. price--Give me dance promotion or give me death.
 p. prince--"If the world's a vale of tears, smile till the rainbows span it."
 j. pugliese--Deborah
 r. randall--Mr. Asmus called me a . . . !
 d. rashbaum--Happy to be here and now.
 d. ratner--You're gonna hear from me.
 d. rayman--An accomplished singer and dancer . . . ???
 j. regosin--"Every child comes with the message that God is not yet discouraged of man."
 c. roberts--"Sail over the edge, pass the rim of darkness, to where sounds blow free."
 d. root--I know with the knowledge I've gathered here I'll become an Iceman, a Shepherd, or a Cowboy.
 a. rosenberg--I want to be a future composer.
 s. rosenshein--I could go on singing.
 d. ross--My patron saint can leave me a one-way ticket to Luxembourg.
 m. ruiz--Maharishi
 s. saldana--"Songs to aging children come . . . This is one."
 g. sanchez--"In peace, sons bury fathers; In war fathers bury sons."

- b. schapiro--"Happy for just being I am."
- j. schecter--No school Thursday???
- s. sergeant-- . . . Clothes??!
- d. siegel--A truck driver in Tel Aviv
- d. simon--If Huntley and Brinkley ever came out in their underwear, it would be news in brief.
- a. skolnick--Wanted: One apartment and cat.
- j. smith--Got the Blues bad, and that ain't good.
- s. smith--That's what I said. 2+2=5!
- t. smith--If this world were mine . . .
- r. stanford--School dance. Oh, wow! Where are all the boys?
- t. swope--A smile is the whisper of a laugh.
- m. szabol--Keep the faith, people!
- r. thomas--Dance . . . no more.
- r. thompson--Truth must prevail.
- b. tivin--Radical school reform
- c. urwitz--Three years of love . . .
- e. watson--Ummm . . .
- r. weiss--"Truth searches for man; man for truth, and I search for the two intertwined in harmony."
- v. weiss--"Will there never be a prince who rides along the mountains?"
- d. wheeler--Basketball . . . Clyde.
- a. wilkie--Hiccup . . .
- s. williams--Peace today, tomorrow and forever . . .
- p. zalamea--Find the child within you and let it reach on, on, on.

THAT FORGETTABLE SCHOOL OF MINE

a tribute to P.A. by Barry Axelrod

(to be read by Ted Lewis while Jascha Heifetz plays in the background)

Fifty years from now, when I'm old and senile, I will probably pick up this yearbook and become nauseous. Lying in my hospital bed, I will undoubtedly remember things which I had tried my hardest to forget.

Who can ever forget those wonderful federal lunches? While I'm thinking about them, a lump will undoubtedly come to my throat (because I was never able to swallow them). Remember the time the cockroaches ate away the meat and died between the bread? That story brings to mind those unsung heroes, the school exterminators. The reason why they're not sung is that we've never seen them, nor felt the good of their work . . . I'll never forget the time I broke my leg and the nurse gave me a tuberculosis test . . . Who can ever forget the time Mrs. Provet, rang for a fire drill during a PTA meeting? We all had to come from our homes and assemble in front of the school. It took the kid from Staten Island a mite longer, though, because he had forgotten his passport. One time she rang a surprise fire drill and the dance department came out in their leotards. (That was a big day for the construction workers) . . . And will the drama kids ever forget the time Toby tried to open the window in our dance room, which, by coincidence, is also the lunchroom? She got the window open, all right, but she also fell out of it. (We later found out that that's the reason why she can't teach regular dance classes on the fourth floor) . . . While I'm on the subject of individualism, who will ever forget the dead mouse in the boy's bathroom? Mr. Parker, who was reading OF MICE AND MEN at the time, came and took the mouse away. We later discovered that he now carries the creature with him wherever he goes, in his pocket. When questioned about this, he said, to quote our quotable custodian, "It feels good, George." . . . Ah yes, one can never forget those wonderful memories, because most of them never happened. If I were to put my feelings for the school into song, the song would most definitely be "When Smoke Gets In Your Eyes," because the school is one gigantic firetrap.

As I leave the school for the last time, I can do nothing but follow in the footsteps of John Wayne. I'll most probably turn around and kiss the old building, getting a mouthful of dust. Good-bye, Old Paint, and next time, get a different color.

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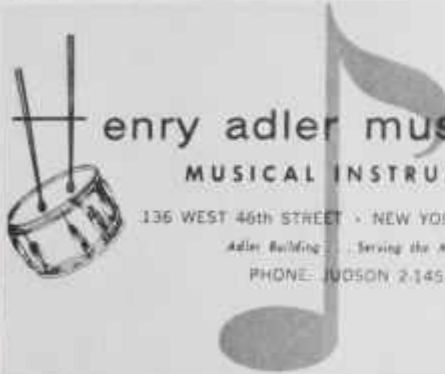
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~members of the senior class '70

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VARIETY

i walked as far as i could to find myself
(or lose myself) . . .



. . . but i just found myself walking.
p. gilman