We, The Yearbook Staff, would like to dedicate this yearbook to you, Marcia, who throughout your years at Field have not only been an exceptional teacher, but also a faithful listener, advisor, and friend. As a teacher of literature, composition, and advanced writing, you have inspired us to express ourselves in writing and feel good about the results. As a physics teacher, you have been able to find the perfect examples to clarify complex theories. You have never placed yourself above the students, and have always accepted and respected our thoughts and ideas as much as your own. You have made us feel close, and equal, to you by sharing with us events in your own life and comparing them to ours, and in doing so revealing that you are as imperfect as we are. With you we have felt confident and important, as you respect us totally and devote much of your spare time to listening to our problems or ideas. You have accurately perceived our fears and desires, and have understood us like no other teacher. More than understanding us, you have known the "real us", and you are one of the only teachers we cannot play games with... you know each of us too well. Good proof of our trust in you is that almost all of the seniors asked you to write their college recommendations. We all felt that you would be the best person to convey our strengths and weaknesses in a true and sensitive way. We appreciate your support.

We love you, Marcia!
The Senior Class

R. Walden Mayo III
Matthew A. Gould
Cecilia Hirsch
Claire Neves
William S. Woems, Jr.
Tony Barnett
Ayn Minerv Vallis
Kenneth T. Kratenmaker
Ben Metzger
Alice L. Fiori
Serra May
Andrew Diamond
William Cummer
Lisabeth Berk
Joshua Turkel
Gregory Z. Moore
Jason Scott Lawrence

Susannah Jones
Charlotte Bridget Miller
Jason LeGette Harmon
Cynthia Joseph
Lisa Dylan Goovela
Tony Rankin
Carolyn R. Fallon
Diane Jeantet Horowitz
Allan Campbell
Justin Williams
Sham Khalsa
Tuoy Phounsomthath
Sarah Yonnee Pueyrell
Cherelle Renae Pitt
Maeva Edwards
Devorah Jessica Herbert

Rick

Do you know I am afraid that good people do a great deal of harm in this world? Certainly the greatest harm they do is that they make badness of such extraordinary importance. It is absurd to divide people into good and bad. People are either charming or tedious.
Lord Darlington (Oscar Wilde)

To know that we know what we know, and that we do not know what we do not know, that is true knowledge.
H.D. Thorndyke

Don't listen to what I say ... just follow my example
former president

It is a remarkable fact that we all must die, and yet we all live as if we were to live forever.
Guicciardini

Never explain. Your friends do not need it and your enemies will not believe you anyway.
Elbert Hubbard

Let's make the best of the situation before I finally go insane.
Please don't say we'll never find a way or tell me my love's in vain.
Robert Johnson
Matthew

Love alone is capable of uniting living beings in such a way as to complete and fulfill them, for it alone takes them and joins them by what is deepest in themselves.

Theilhard de Chardin

Now that man can fly through the air like a bird, and swim in the sea like a fish, wouldn't it be wonderful if he could just walk the earth like a man?

Jack Paar

Even if you're on the right track, you'll get run over if you just sit there.

Will Rogers

Cécilia

I see narrow orders, limited tightness, but will not run to that easy victory:

still around the looser, wider forces work:

I will try

to fasten into order enlarging grasps of disorder, widening scope, but enjoying the freedom that

Scope eludes my grasp, that there is no finality of vision, that I have perceived nothing completely, that tomorrow a new walk is a new walk.

A.R. Ammons

"Mind you, I am not sure that we have a drawing room, but we pretend we have, and it's all the same. Hoopla!"

He went off dancing ... and they all cried "Hoopla!" and danced after him, searching for the drawing room; and I forget whether they found it, but at any rate they found corners, and they all fished in.

J.M. Barrie, from Peter Pan

Eternity is a terrible thought. I mean, where's it going to end?

Tom Stoppard

Too few people understand a really good sandwich.

James Beard
If I had a thousand pounds, I would wander the world having experiences.
Sue Townsend

Accept me as I am,
Only then will we discover each other.

Life's an optical illusion like other optical illusions. Beware.
Mark Burgess

So look further into the bushes by the lake,
for the heart still beats and beckons you to it.
Only a few will reach the heart for the masses
who would abuse it.
Gordon Sharp

We find the cupboards bare all of a sudden
We find heaven's not there all of a sudden
We find the sun's gone cold all of a sudden
We find we're more than old all of a sudden
We find that we've lost love all of a sudden
So please don't push or shove because
It's too late, It's too late.
In all your hurry you accidentally locked the gate.

He told me of the beauty hidden in our foreheads
He told me of the ugliness we show instead
And when we put a foot wrong, we will learn from all the pain.

"Will Weems? Is that some kind of question or something?"
Andrew Diamond

There is no pleasure in having nothing to do;
the fun is in having lots to do and not doing it.
John W. Raper
Tony

A clever, ugly man every now and then is successful with the ladies but a handsome fool is irresistible.

William Thackeray

Hugs are good, they feel nice, and if you don't believe it, try it.
Leo Buscaglia, Ph.D

Wherever I am, there's always Pooh,
There's always Pooh and me.
"What would I do?" I said to Pooh,
"If it wasn't for you," and Pooh said: "True,
It isn't much fun for One, but Two
Can stick together," says Pooh, says he.
"That's how it is," says Pooh.

A. A. Milne

-visible image

Ayn

During his lifetime, an individual should devote efforts to create happiness and to enjoy it, and also to keep it in store in society so that individuals of the future may also enjoy it.

Ch'en Tu-Hsiu
Ken

It's what you learn after you know it all that counts.
Earl Weaver

Ben

The rhyme may be taken as a paradigm of individuation and unsocialized behavior among children of an earlier era. Today, however, all little pigs go to market; none stay home; all have roast beef, if any do; and all say "wet-wee-wee."

Dr. David Riesman, dourly.
Alice

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.

John Milton

Distortion
becomes
somehow
pure
in
its
wilderness

I thought I'd seen someone who
seemed at last to know the truth.
I was mistaken.
Only a child laughing in the sun.

David Crosby

The note that began it all, can also
destroy.

Pete Townshend

Serra

Alice in wonderland wondering why,
It's harder to live than it is to die.

Those are happy who have their minds fixed on some object
other than their own happiness ...

John Stuart Mill
To keep inside was my design.
My friends would think I was a nut;
Turning water into wine,
Open doors would soon be shut.

So I went from day to day,
All my life was in a rut,
'Til I thought of what I'd say,
Which connections I should cut.

Peter Gabriel

I steal from him, he steals from me.
It's called free enterprise, Jestion.

Cosmo Spacely

Nothing is easy, Fat Man -- we used to know reasons
for waiting for a thousand mothers.

Ian Anderson
Lisa

Let's keep our eyes open and look at each other.

Chloe Amore

Joshua

I would rather see the portrait of a dog that I know, than all the allegorical paintings they can show me in the world.

Samuel Johnson

A ship in port is safe, but that's not what ships are built for.

Captain Grace Hopper

There is nothing more contemptible than a bald man who pretends to have hair.

Martial
Your love is king.
Sade Adu

Let no man pull you down so low that you hate him...
Rev. Martin Luther King Jr.

If I'm ever to reach my understanding of myself and the things around me, I must learn to stand alone. That's why I can't stay here with you any longer.
Hephaistos

Jason
The one who goes is happier Than those he leaves behind.
Edward Pollock

Is it a crime
Is it a crime
That I still want you,
And I want you to want me too.
Sade Adu

I give the fight up: Let there be an end,
A privacy, an obscure nook for me.
I want to be forgotten even by God.
Robert Browning
Susannah

"I wonder," he said, "whether the stars are set alight in heaven so that one day each one of us may find his own planet."

Antoine de Saint-Exupery

Since we're only here for awhile
might as well show some style --
Give us a smile.

James Taylor

"Let's look for dragons," I said to Pooh.
"Yes, let's," said Pooh to me.
We crossed the river and found a few --
"Yes, those are dragons all right," said Pooh.
"As soon as I saw their beaks I knew."

A.A. Milne

Charlotte

This is my letter to the World
That never wrote to Me--
The simple News that Nature
Told--
With tender Majesty
Her Message is committed
To Hands I cannot see--
For love of Her--Sweet--
countrymen--of Me
Judge tenderly--of Me

Emily Dickinson

It is a cold and snowy night. The main street is deserted.
The only things moving are swirls of snow.
As I lift the mailbox door, I feel its cold iron.
There is a privacy I love in this snowy night.
Driving around, I will waste more time.

Robert Bly

I am never less alone than when
I am by myself;
I am never more active than when
I do nothing.

Cato

Slippin' Away - what can I say?
Won't you stay inside me Month of May
And hold on to me Golden Days
Slippin' Away.

James Taylor
Jason

Play what you want to play
Hear what you want to hear
Don’t worry about the result
Or the effect it has on your career.

Bob Mould

Wonderful things can happen when
The most beautiful flowers are picked.
Aah! But which are the most beautiful?
That is for you to decide!

Rod Tepelman

Cindy

He would see faces in movies, on T.V., in magazines, and in books....
He thought that some of these faces might be right for him.... And
through the years, by keeping an ideal facial structure fixed in his
mind... Or somewhere in the back of his mind.... That he might, by
force of will, cause his face to approach those of his ideal... The change
would be very subtle... It might take ten years or so... Gradually
his face would change its shape.... A more hooked nose.... Wider,
thinner lips.... Beady eyes.... A larger forehead.

He imagined that this was an ability he shared with most other
people.... They had also molded their faces according to some
ideal.... Maybe they imagined that their new face would better
suit their personality.... Or maybe they imagined that their personality
would be forced to change to fit the new appearance.... This
is why first impressions are often correct.... Although some people
might have made mistakes.... They may have arrived at an appearance
that bears no relationship to them.... They may have picked
an ideal appearance based on some childish whim or momentary
impulse.... Some may have gotten half-way there, and then changed
their minds.

He wonders if he too might have made a similar mistake.

Byrne / Eno

It never rains on the Love Boat.
Lisa

Well we know where we're goin'
But we don't know where we've been
And we know what we're knowin'
But we can't say what we've seen.
And we're not little children
And we know what we want,
And the future is certain
Give us time to work it out

T.H.

Small bird forgive me,
I'll hear the end of your song
In some other world.

Anon

Tony

I am the master of my fate
and the conqueror of my soul.
Invictus

No matter where you go, there you are.
B. Bonzi

Turn and face the strange.
David Bowie
Carolyn

You know that I care what happens to you,
And I know that you care for me, too
So I don’t feel alone,
or the weight of the stone,
Now that I’ve found somewhere safe
To bury my bone.
And any fool knows a dog needs a home,
A shelter from pigs on the wing

Roger Waters

You were under the impression
that when you were walking forward
you’d end up further onward,
but things ain’t quite that simple.

Pete Townshend

For it is the doom of men that they forget.
Merlin

We are the music makers, and we are the dreamers of dreams.
Willy Wonka

What’s so funny about
Peace, Love and Understanding?
Elvis Costello

I don’t like work.
No man does.
But I like what is in work:
The chance to find yourself.
Joseph Conrad
Dearly beloved
we're gathered here today
2 get through this thing called life
electric word life
it means forever and that's a mighty long time
But I'm here 2 tell u
there's something else ...the afterworld
A world of never ending happiness
u can always see the sun
day or night
so when u call up that shrink in Beverly Hills
u know the one
Dr. Everything'll be all right
instead of asking him how much of your time is left
ask him how much of your mind
baby 'cuz
in this life things are much harder than in the afterworld
in this life you're on your own
and if de-elevator tries to bring u down
go crazy
punch a higher floor

Prince
Everybody laughed.
H. Beam Piper

I love you but now I leave you.
Sham

I'm dreaming, not quite sleeping,
I'm worlds away.
The Go-Go's

If you lose your dream you die.

I never did understand this universe.
Robert Heinlein

"Too long, far too long, I have dreamed life away..."
Sarah

Eyes are the windows to the soul

Cherelle

Don't it always seem to go that you don't know what you've got 'til it's gone.

Joni Mitchell
Maeva

For what is it to die but to stand naked in the wind and to melt into the sun?

Kahlil Gibran

I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again,

Shakespeare

If in the twilight of memory we should meet once more, we shall speak again together and you shall sing to me a deeper song.

Kahlil Gibran

You would touch with your fingers the naked body of your dreams.

Kahlil Gibran

They have not died! They are in the midst of gunpowder, standing, like burning fuses.

P. Neruda

Use your head, can't you, use your head, you're on earth, there's no cure for that

Around and around and around we spin with feet of lead and wings of tin.

Cat's Cradle

I don't know.

Deborah
Six Year Survivors

Back Row: Joshua Turek, Tony Raskin, Ayn Vallin, Rick Mayo, Alice Finift
Front Row: Lisabeth Berk, Ken Krutenmaker, Serra May, Allen Campbell
Eleventh Grade

Motorcycle Poem

what i really want to know is
can i trade a blue-eyed childhood
for one of those shiny black motorcycles?
sixteen years i've waited
so i can ride your pretty machines
but now all my life 'til now
for one gleaming bike?
i didn't know about speed before,
but now i do and i like speed
i like to go fast
i say oh come on, it's not like i'll get hurt...
but i remember blood and i suppose
it was mine
and raised metal and dirt and tears
and Mommy who didn't say i told you so
she was pale and white-knuckled
and i felt like such a kid
falling down and hurting myself
i still love speed and i still love
motorcycles but more than that
i love Mommy who didn't say i told you so.

Zoe Rosenfeld
Grade 11

Cow

A cow is among the most useful of cattle,
About which in this poem I shall prattle.
From cows we get an abundance of milk
And leather almost as valuable as silk.
Yes, the cow is truly a magnificent beast,
Upon which we so often like to feast,
But what I would really like to talk about now
Is the total lack of grace possessed by a cow.
A cow plods along its weary way,
Simply chewing its cud all day.
And were I now God out in space
The first thing I'd create is a cow with grace.

K.P. May
Grade 11

Julia Shanks, Jessica Espadas, Peter Wilson, Larisa Halnick

Deirdre Keyworth, Ilana Enns, Michael Fedoruk, Caroline Cohen
Our Colors

Red, I wanted to write of red,
Of life and fire and brightness,
But all the red I know is underlined in black,
My red hot coals of sense are charred.
They are leaden weights which bleed their
Blackness into my once red blood.
All the color from your Irish cheeks
Has gone into your eyes.
The brilliant whites overrun with
a million threads of glossy red.
I see hollow pits and blackened lines
Have enveloped their brilliance.
Let me touch the blackness of your clothes.
Let me feel the pain which dyes your countenance.
Cover me with the absolute black of your shadow.
But don't leave
Because you will take with you the last traces of light.

Deborah Herbert
Grade 11

Alex Varlary, Peter Straus, Kierstan Gordon, Raiden Dillard

There are flowers pressed in a Bible,
Withering and fading they lie.
Oh, the story they should tell
Of a young woman searching for love,
And of her man aching to share
This love, and the precious time.
Of a child, scared and alone.
Wandering from field to field,
Picking flowers to press in that Bible --
One for him, who broke her heart,
And one for her who broke his.
A love, once shared by three:
Now all that is left --
Those pressed flowers that soon shall fade.
How true, like any love, old or brand new?

Kierstan Gordon
Grade 11

Dave Monaco, Chris Keller, Elizabeth Varlary

Nik Kaufman, Pam Smith, Craig Wedem, Deborah Herbert, Zoe Rosenfeld

Adam Hildebrandt, Katherine Dore, Rachel Weinberg, Anna Starr

Mirages dance against the beating sun along the road.
Crickets scream (throughout) against the dying days.
Refrain. A melancholy cry echoes forth over the decadent field.
A sparrow flies above the abyssal void below.
The fallow dry terrors of drought.

Nikola Kaufman
Grade 11

Robert Piggot, Catherine Sky, Diane Hanfling, Katie Owen
I walk through the grass beautifully,  
without thought but with care,  
For it is the grass that will be me.

I will one day be the grass with all,  
And we will see love that could fill an ocean,  
And love that could tame a raging sea.  
We will see a huge love like no other.

This love will be our unity,  
And the grass will be the thread  
that holds us together.  
We will know without thought that  
all people were meant to be together one day.  
The grass will show us that.

My best friend is me,  
But one day we will all be best friends.  
My favorite food, color, and smell is me,  
And one day we will all love each other.

I feel as if I know the grass well,  
And I carefully but without thought walk upon it.  
It's almost so beautiful that I have to turn away.  

Katherine Dore  
Grade 11

The rain was falling continuously in a very business-like manner, not really meaning anything in particular, but doing its job. It fell in steady streams of grey drops blurred, like paint on a canvas, each blur falling steadily to the ground.

Catherine Sky  
Grade 11

The sun's rays dried the morning dew as it reached through the evening fog. The sinful vapors of the last dusk fumed through the damp soil. The sight of smokestacks afar blended with the city haze. Some flocking birds perched upon a naked tree alone amidst a trash heap and supporting a tire rope. The treads were torn through, exposing the razor sharp radio steel. The embers of a bun's retreat simmered in the acrid breeze next to a brick wall filled with the graffiti of love.

Nikolas Kaufman  
Grade 11
Tenth Grade

My person is quiet, 
Therefore I fit my purpose 
In life. Eyes I am 
To a sad and dying 
Person. She sits 
quietly and I see 
For her, life which 
Sparks the darkness 
Deep within her, 
Not being able to feel, 
I am set free 
And I have become 
Quite good at seeing 
Everything around me. 
The room I'm in is 
Empty and dark and 
Tears begin to slip 
From me. Being quite 
Able to see my destiny, 
I shut off and my 
Person sleeps.

Maria Tripodi 
Grade 10

Maria Tripodi, Gregory Watson, Scott Alpern, Nancy Jonson

Victor Velizaga, Damon Maida, Tonia Sharlach, Marc Soldin
Shadow

As the wind blows the clouds away, there I am.
With my feet above the ground
My silence is full of speech
And my words are without sound.
I have no substance.
But I come in all different sizes.
I usually work during the day
Trying to keep up.
And at night I disappear
Until the sunrise the next morning.
No one really cares what I think
I just do what I have to do—
Follow
For I must follow the role of my master
As my kind always does.
My silence is full of speech
And my words are without sound.

Robert Radifera
Grade 10

A quarter

I am shiny yet very dirty
Forced to watch out of George Washington's eyes.
I see happy kids and hungry bums.
Made in a large factory,
I'm then packed like a sardine with 39 others of me.
Then I'm put in a bank safe with 10 million
Just like me.
I sometimes wonder if I could lose myself among
All of my clones.
I'm stuffed in someone's pocket.
The nightmare has become reality.
I am worth nothing now
I serve only as the scapegoat
When people disclaim themselves
Saying, "I've only got a quarter."
I am now only a small root
In the tree of all evil.

Paul Diamond
Grade 10
Tall, white and wide
Cool glacier where magnets reside.
General Electric, Kenmore, or Whirlpool
Modern miracle gone necessity.

Open me and inside
A half a melon, three quarts of peas
Eight batteries, two gallons of anti-freeze.

No one knows what lurks in my depths
Baking soda, mold, three week old crust,
Frozen child
Modern miracle gone wild.

Jen Hirsch
Grade 10
Small Talk/Big Talk

I began, and there was no talk.  
As I grew, I learned words.  
When I began to speak, 
I spoke honestly, openly;  
To strangers I would give  
My truthful opinion.  
Reality and naivete poured from my mouth;  
BIG TALK.

As I began to mature, 
I spoke more cautiously.  
I saw problems with the Big Picture, the Big Talk.  
Strangers occasionally received a glance  
Rarely did I speak to those distant from me.  
When, on occasion, I did dare speak,  
It was a polite, even slightly flirtatious  
Chatter, no real meaning.  
The ideas were small, the talk was small.

Now I have grown further,  
And I have lost my interest in this  
Silly small talk.  
Again I speak candidly,  
As I did long ago, without  
Even realizing what I was doing.  
Being honest. Being sincere.  
Speaking truthfully. Talking BIG TALK.

Becky Maury  
Grade 10

I always hated the smell of the basement. It was dank and dark and smelled of must and fabric softener. Those narrow wooden steps, collecting dust, that groaned as if they would open up and swallow you into the dark musty smell. The washing machine rattled and shook and the sounds bounced off the low ceilings. The boxes piled high and defended the basement from sunlight. Small corners and low ceilings, pipes with clothes dripping from them. Alcoves of darkness, whispering among themselves. The dumbwaiter shaft was the opening to an endless passage of nothingness. Where the rats scuttled and hid and rooted to smelling corpses and ancient skeletons. The basement, an ancient crypt for kitty litter, wet rooted clothes, and old rags. A burial place for forgotten knickknacks and canned food. It held the forgotten and unwanted, but guarded its dominion selfishly and discouraged its intruders.

Sarah Whimsey  
Grade 9

The rain washes over the windshield as the car speeds down the highway. The light plays tricks with the rain and casts its shadow on the body of the passenger. "I'm melting," he thinks, as the seething, wriggling waves of water wash down the windshield.

Justin Williams  
Grade 12
Ninth Grade

Sarah Whitney, Leo Kearns, Justin Tavares, David Miller

James Morrall, Sally Adkins, Stephen Rosenborg

Leaf

Quietly I float
a virgin to the cold ground.
Unnoticed, untouched by anything
but a breath of wind and
a scurrying squirrel.
My journey is short,
but it is my time to see the
world, my only journey.
All my life,
I have looked over everything
Always from above.
My mother,
As she towers above the
streets and grounds,
is one of millions.
I am not to be missed when
I depart, for there are
many of my kind to
be tended to.
Quietly I float
the ground welcoming me
is a warm feeling
As soon as I have learned
it is
my
destiny.

Sally Adkins
Grade 9
Dew

Dew comes from nowhere during our slumber.
Lies on the lawn - summer morning.
Quenches the thirsty soil before the rising of the sun.
Bejewels spiderwebs into intricate diamonds,
Changes mist on the car to tears of the night.
Cools our clean feet while walking on the lawn.
Granulates from nowhere our sleep,
Creating a sparkling haven of our backyard.

Samantha Tate
Grade 9

It's the sort of room you don't walk into, you dance.
A smooth wooden floor and bar, with drawn curtains
and mirrors which reflect generations of ballerinas and
dancers of all sorts. A grand piano sits in the corner,
worst clean with the fingerprints of time. The stage is
set for a room which has left its mark on the toe shoes
of our time. Stillness and the smell of success linger
in this room, one where music holds the key, and dance
unlocks its secret.

Liza Bird
Grade 9
A Tear of Mourning
From a drop of crystal dew,
An evening fog,
An ocean is mist,
And a trickle of water
From a quiet falls
Forms a tear
For an absence.
Jeff Smithson
Grade 9

The air is brittle in my sister's room. The silence is deafening
and it's hard to believe that the speakers, now lying beside boxes
in the corner, aren't bellowing with one of my records. The bed
still sits in its place against a wall, though now it is the home of
folded sheets and clean socks. On the floor inside worn boxes and
suitcases, both empty. The walls are half-bare, with dirty borders
revealing where old posters used to hang. A table still from 1983
is pinned next to a graduation program on a corkboard. Beside the
board looms a calendar, set on June, from last year, the last words
crying out, "last day of school," and "graduation." On top of a set of
empty drawers, a clock is stopped at 12:45. Like a broken heart,
all is gone -- deserted. All the love and warmth has gone away,
leaving nothing but a hollow, empty coldness.

Michael Abate
Grade 9

The Roadside Music Shop

As I walk in, the cigarette smoke envelops me. The hippy at the counter asks
what he can do for me. I explain I'm just looking. I nervously glance at the used
guitars hanging on the wall. After a moment's hesitation, the hippy continues
talking to the kids sitting on the two folding chairs set up in the middle of the shop.
Both the boys are clad in tee-shirt and jeans. Each has a guitar within his grasp. I
feel intrusive, as if I'd entered somebody's house. This seems like a hangout and I'm
not a regular. I continue to study the guitars on the walls, both old and new.

I glance up to see a scruffy looking man entering from the back. He gives me a
funny look, puts out his cigarette, and says, "Hey, Rick, you're up!" Rick concedes,
and enters the dark back room with the man. Once they get by a boy of about
fifteen exits the room. He sports a mohawk and is clad in ripped jeans, a
tee-shirt and leather jacket. He tells the boy sitting in the middle of the room that
he'll see him around and continues to talk to the hippy for a couple of minutes. He
turns to the exit, stops at the door, turns towards me with a critical eye, says "Hey"
and goes. I acknowledge his greeting under my breath. Only then do I realize that
this is a warm house. It's a feeling like meeting my friends' parents. Skeptical at
first, I know should I stay around long enough or revisit enough times, I could
become a member of this family.

Tom Gould
Grade 9

Deep in the folds of my grandmother's house lies a cool green room.
The walls are glass, receiving and magnifying the light. Nothing that is
not beautiful can get through them -- only sun, sound, and the green of
nature. Inside, plants entwine themselves up the walls. They grow free,
in a constant effort to decorate and soothe. Here and there a surprisingly
bright flower will break forth from the foliage. In the center a bath waits,
almost hidden by the plants. Hot, foaming water soaks up your thoughts.
You sense only the velvet liquid against your skin. Time stands still in this
oasis. It is an escape from the moving world outside. No one can come in.
The doors are locked as to a desert that is impossible to cross.

Clementine Cummer
Grade 9

Tom Gould, Clementine Cummer, Chuck Jones, Jeff Smithson

Steve Jones, Kristin Bedford, Samantha Tate, Jon Hawkins
Fear
The night seems to come swiftly
Like the chill up someone's spine.
A man begins to run quickly
From anything that comes to mind.

He goes through this every night,
But he does not care,
For his mind will be filled with fright
Until the sun begins to glare.

Finally comes the sunrise
And a man who feels reborn.
All his courage rises
But on his face is scorn.

This will go on and on
Like a merry-go-round
Until his fear is gone.
All Wright
Grade 8

Lizzie Harper, Simon Riveles, Brooke Jones, Anna Mariano

Josh Walkon, Kyla Dickson, Alex Edwards, Judith Welten
Seventh Grade

Sunday Drive
One scene as I coast down the road --
Two Harlem boys on the grabby streets
combat near the drop.
One thrusts at the other as I go by;
He slumps to the pavement.
There is another dead in Harlem.
I turn left.
Simon Hildebeite
Grade 7

The Mailman
As the quiet street moves to the smooth bird's beat
And the flowers are crawling out of their buds,
There is new life coming above.
You see a blue suit and tapping shoes
When the man comes down whistling the blues.
As he is chased by a dog he pulls out his mace;
The dog only sees fog. The paper comes through the shoot
and drops down with a silent hoot.
Thembu Smith
Grade 7

Rain
Hard, dark rain slashes the city at midnight,
Niles the streets to flooding rivers,
White and blue Niles the clouds to the source,
Salmons the cars to fishes,
Changes the rooftops to waterfalls,
Sprawls out the branches of the trees as umbrellas,
Slimes the people to worms.
Ami Enns
Grade 7
Once I was walking on a cold Autumn day
Through a forest lonesome and grey.
The leaves on the ground were bloody-red,
The life-giving trees were barren and dead.
The scene was so horrible, it filled me with dread,
For there in the forest everything seemed dead.

Then behold! The sun came out!
Everything started to shout,
All the birds came alive,
The trees swayed and reached with the wind.
The leaves under my feet were on fire,
I felt like I was flying higher and higher.

Matt Mondi
Grade 7

Nykysha Bethea, Simon Hildebeitel, Dietrich Blum, Elie Goldbrenner
Faculty

Elizabeth Ely

Jennifer Throop, Karen Kinsler, Nancy de la Cruz

Jane Bostom, Daisy Goldwin

Alison Hardwick, Danath Roden

Christina Meyer, Marcia Clemmitt, Amy Lienenthal

Chris Lorrain, Paul Halliday, Mike Peterson, Tim Parsons

Dave Maloney
Barbara Whitney, Ana Maria Loroño, Emmy Seifert, Blanche Gardner, Marty Burchell

John Drew, Lisa Glen, Joq Turkewitz, Eric Steinhauer

Poe's car

Gary Jensen, Pat Dalzell, Penny Mayer, Natalia Korneliek

Clay Kaufman, Ron Bell, Buzz Mauro, Lisa Feurzeig
All life is a profanity
of a mockery of a sham of a travesty
of a hollow horse that kills
and seals that sing, or seals
a letter, or better -- a sweater!
a better says "show me" the
road and I'll follow -- if hollow
men there are -- so far, and yet
so near -- I sweat and fret.
Begat not, nor judge then, true
of life, liberty, and the pursuit
of fruit? My root
lies deep with trousers rolled,
and hashish sold, rolled and stomped.
Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts
of men? the shadow/shade, stained-
gray-brown as stolen mud
on shapeless shoe.
Are you? Too whit, too whooos?
To whom doth the bell toll?
Roll, roll, dark waves of clashing, smashing
idiotic liquid -- smiling surf that chases
sense with a clock -- a rock?
to be or not to be -- or ant
my aunt can't, rolling, resting, writhing
in a loon's light laughter swaying
in the splendor of the grasses -- making
passes.
Or relaxing in Christina's world, with turned
hip and sound lip -- I slip and slide
and hide my face, someplace.
too soon in the vale of death
or the gate that is life/strike/knife/life
But do I dare, and do I dare
Who, what, where? Some stair-
way to heaven, and unlearned
broad, for my bounteous head shall break
like the beauty that is a prism or prison
on the dark lonliness of a single summer
day on the beach—within reach, my glove
to be, or not to be? Is that the question,
or to question, is that the answer?

Willson Cummer
Grade 12

Wiping through the streets,
Fell the wet spray of rain,
Your icy, clammy hand clings
Numbingly to the solid handle of
Your black umbrella -- a bleak shelter of
An even bleaker day, but again you
Commence further up the hill,
Never destined to discover there exists
No ending to the climbing, only a steeper hill.

Peter Strauss
Grade 11
Studios

Camera
At the mercy of my possessor,
I collect
Shifting actuals into a frozen form,
That will be forever
In the past.

Jeff Smithson
Grade 9
My workshop, a musty, crowded basement, littered with relics and scraps of motorcycles gone. Left, only skeletons and dirty frames racked on a cement wall. An aroma of gas and two-cycle oil wafts through my nostrils, creating visions and memories of riding out across a dusty plane and stopping to smell a patch of violets.

Dimly lit with a bulb and socket older than I, makes me think back to what some boy might have created here in this room as I did, like a freakish theory that no one believes because it’s never been tried before. Dust everywhere, piled in corners and spew across grease-smattered manuals and parts lists. With spring I shall return to this place with money saved all the school year to order and buy lists of parts, which over the harsh riding of the summer will wear thin again. And again there will be money saved during a wintry season for another summer. An age-old addiction, like a path worn deep by footsteps of an imagination that ever craves speed and power, soaked with the blood of adventure.

Leo Kearns
Grade 9
Sports

Girl's Varsity Soccer

Back Row: Lisa Glen (coach), K.P. May (manager), Robert Hoffman (coach)
Third Row: Clementine Cummer, Jenny Grimm, Elizabeth Varlay, Katherine Dore, Alex Varlay,
Alex Early, Jessica Espadas
Second Row: Kieran Gordon, Nicole Podgorny
Front Row: Sarah Husband, Diane Hamilton, Sarah Farrell, Amy Herrera, Claire Neves, Alison Quinn
Not Pictured: Susannah Jones, Charlotte Miller
Cross Country

Back Row: David Ridgeway, Kate Bell, Louisa Santarelli, Molly Annis, Scott Alpin
Second Row: John Drew (coach), Chris Levine, Stephen Rosenbarg, Sham Khalsa,
Kristin Bedford, Zoe Rosenfold, Tom Gauld, Sally Atkin,
Josh Tuerk, Michael Fedoruk, Penny Mayer (coach)
First Row: Dan Furedi, Marc Seldin, George Keyworth, Sarah Whitney, Rob Elked
Not Pictured: Paul Diamond, Ben Feldman, Chuck Jones, Oliver Jones, Damon Maida,
Lisa Bird, Deirdre Keyworth, Alice Fiori (captain)

Boy's Junior Varsity Soccer

Back Row: Aaron Eisenstadt, Nik Kaufman, Leo Kearns
Middle Row: Eric Steinhauer (Coach), Paul K. Diamond, Jon Hawkins, David
Devore, Steve Jones, Derrick Coleman, Lawrence Miller, Michael Abate
Front Row: David Miller, Jeff Smithson, Justin Tavares

Boy's Varsity Soccer

Back Row: Wilson Cumner, Marc Rankin, Chris Keller, J.C. Salzer, David Galper,
Jason Harmon, Dan Rosenbaum, Butler Derrick, Peter Wilson
Front Row: Clay Knuth (coach), Robert Radlora, Victor Veiraga, Todd Puglsey,
Raiden Dillard, Greg Moore, Tony Rankin, Matthew Gould, David Monaco,
Joel Turkewitz (coach)
Girl's Junior Varsity Soccer

Back Row: Ann Freeman, Rachel Eisendrath, Sandy Shrum, Deshaan Dyer, Andrea Ramey, Katherine Beinmer, Becky Maury
Front Row: Marty Burchell (Coach), Flannery Griffin, Shana Stegall, Elena Hardy, Prisca Weema, Samantha Tate, Melissa Cerar

Boy's Basketball

Back Row: Marc Rankin, Jason Harmon
Second Row: John Drew (Coach), Dan Rosenbaum, Derrick Coleman, Clint Fries
First Row: Todd Pugelley, James Morrall
Front Row: Adam Hildebrand, Greg Moore
Not Pictured: Steve Jones, Paul H. Diamond

Girl's Basketball

Back Row: Katie Owen, Katie Neiss, Nicole Podgorny, Jenny Grimmer
Second Row: Katherine Dore, Amy Herrema, Alex Varlay, Anna Starr, Alison Quinn, Prisca Weema
Front Row: Alex Early, Rachel Eisendrath
Coaches (not pictured): Marty Burchell, Dave Maloney, Chris Lorrain

"Spyd Web"

Half their height, but twice their skill, he flies through the Scylla and Charybdis of the NBA with his winged sandals, low crowned hat, and magic wand. And still is Apollo from three point land.

Jason Harmon
Grade 12
Tennis

Back Row: Frank Malone (Coach), Dan Rosenbaum, Lawrence Miller, Carolyn Fallon, Marc Rankin, Paul K. Diamond, Ben Feldman, Annea Ramey, Greg Moore, Chris Keller, Scott Alprin, Christina Meyer (Assistant Coach), Julia Shanks
Middle Row: Zoe Rosenfeld, Diane Hasting, Catherine Sky
Front Row: Louisa Santarelli, David Galper, Alex Varley, Todd Peggley, Anna Starr, Allan Campbell, Peter Todd
(not pictured: Sarah Whitney, Jen Hirsch)

Boy's Junior Varsity Baseball

Back Row: Craig Wedren (Manager), James Morrall, Paul H. Diamond, Chris Addams, Jeff Smitphon, Adam Guyer, Aaron Eisenbrand, Josh Walken, Clint Pries, Derrick Coleman, Dan Futrell, Jonathan Hawkins, David Devore, Tim Parsoness (Coach)

Track and Field

Back Row: Steve Jones, David Miller, Nik Kaufman, Dave Monaco, Ram Khalsa, Butler Derrick, Mike Fedoruk, Chuck Jones
Second Row: Lisa Glen (coach), Radeen Dillard, Victor Veizaga, Molly Annis, Damon Maida, Jessica Espadas, Nancy Jonson, Robert Radifera, Stephen Rosenberg, Kate Bell, Scott Alprin, Alex Edwards, Tom Gould, Nicole Podgorny, Adam Hildebrandt, Leo Kears, Amy Herrera, John Drew (coach)
Front Row: Tony Rankin, Jason Harmon, Matthew Gould, Oliver Jones, Katherine Dore, Michael Abate
Not Pictured: Will Weems, Clem Cummer, Abby Barnett, Rick Mayo, Tony Barnett

Softball

Back Row: Elizabeth Varley, Emily Cornell, Deshia Dyer, Jenny Grimmer, Sandy Shrum
Middle Row: Alex Easty, Cherelle Pitts, Allison Quinn, Kirsten Goodin
Front Row: Sarah Bentley, Katherine Bein, Sarah Futrell (captain), Elena Hardy, Clay Kaufman (Coach), Chris Lorrain (Coach), K.P. May (Manager)
(not pictured: Mery Edward)

Boy's Junior Varsity Baseball

Back Row: Craig Wedren (Manager), James Morrall, Paul H. Diamond, Chris Addams, Jeff Smitphon, Adam Guyer, Aaron Eisenbrand, Josh Walken, Clint Pries, Derrick Coleman, Dan Futrell, Jonathan Hawkins, David Devore, Tim Parsoness (Coach)

Tennis

Back Row: Frank Malone (Coach), Dan Rosenbaum, Lawrence Miller, Carolyn Fallon, Marc Rankin, Paul K. Diamond, Ben Feldman, Annea Ramey, Greg Moore, Chris Keller, Scott Alprin, Christina Meyer (Assistant Coach), Julia Shanks
Middle Row: Zoe Rosenfeld, Diane Hasting, Catherine Sky
Front Row: Louisa Santarelli, David Galper, Alex Varley, Todd Peggley, Anna Starr, Allan Campbell, Peter Todd
(not pictured: Sarah Whitney, Jen Hirsch)

Track and Field

Back Row: Steve Jones, David Miller, Nik Kaufman, Dave Monaco, Ram Khalsa, Butler Derrick, Mike Fedoruk, Chuck Jones
Second Row: Lisa Glen (coach), Radeen Dillard, Victor Veizaga, Molly Annis, Damon Maida, Jessica Espadas, Nancy Jonson, Robert Radifera, Stephen Rosenberg, Kate Bell, Scott Alprin, Alex Edwards, Tom Gould, Nicole Podgorny, Adam Hildebrandt, Leo Kears, Amy Herrera, John Drew (coach)
Front Row: Tony Rankin, Jason Harmon, Matthew Gould, Oliver Jones, Katherine Dore, Michael Abate
Not Pictured: Will Weems, Clem Cummer, Abby Barnett, Rick Mayo, Tony Barnett

Softball

Back Row: Elizabeth Varley, Emily Cornell, Deshia Dyer, Jenny Grimmer, Sandy Shrum
Middle Row: Alex Easty, Cherelle Pitts, Allison Quinn, Kirsten Goodin
Front Row: Sarah Bentley, Katherine Bein, Sarah Futrell (captain), Elena Hardy, Clay Kaufman (Coach), Chris Lorrain (Coach), K.P. May (Manager)
(not pictured: Mery Edward)
Spanish Trip

Back Row: Akuokou Vallis, Andrea Ramey, Adam Gayot
Fourth Row: Akwelle Vallis, Ayn Vallis, Laurenta Clough
Third Row: Justin Tovoars, Melissa Cerza, Emmy Seifert
Second Row: Tioila Sharlach, Jessica Espadas, Dhesan Dyer, Samantha Tate
Front Row: Jeff Smithson

Back Row: Ken Kratennaker, Eric Steinhauser (Adviser)
Second Row: Matthew Gould, Gregory Watson
Third Row: Andrew Diamond, Allan Campbell, Alice Fiori
Not Pictured: Ben Metzger
The Real Inspector Hound

Cast

Man..............................................David Miller
Birdboot....................................Will Weems
Moon..........................................Rick Mayo
Mrs. Drudge................................Ayn Vallis
BBC Announcer..............................Chuck Jones
Simon Gascogne............................Oliver Jones
Felicity Cunningham.......................Cecilia Hiteh
Cynthia Muldoon..........................Diane Horowitz
Major Magnus..............................Peter Strauss
Inspector Hound.............................Damon Maida

Ruddigore

Cast

Damon Maida............................Robin Oakapple
Sally Atkin.......................Rose Maybud
Rick Mayo..............................Sir Despard
Diane Horowitz......................Mad Margaret
Peter Strauss...........................Old Adam
Nicole Cohen.............................Dame Hannah
Victor Yelagari......................Richard Dauntless
Elena Hardy..............................Zorah
Craig Wedeen...........................Sir Roderick
Alex Edwards.............................Ruth
Robert Piggot..........................Sir Rupert
David Miller.............................Sir Jaypar
Marc Rankin..............................Sir Desmond
Steve Jones.............................Sir Mervyn
Seventh and Eighth Grade Play

THE MAN WHO MARRIED A DUMB WIFE

Master Leonard Botal
Catherine
Alison
Giles
Mademoiselle Dalarier
Master Adam
Mademoiselle Simone Colline
Master Jean Margier
Master Serafin
Mademoiselle De La Bruine

Set designed by Raiden Dillard

THE STILL ALARM

Edith Jamson
Roberta Barclay
Bellhop
First Fireman
Second Fireman

Set designed by K. P. May

IF MEN PLAYED CARDS AS WOMEN DO

John
Matt Mondi
George
Eric Wakefield
Mark
Anno Roth
Bob
Josh Walkan

Student Government

Back Row: Damon Maida, Rick Mayo (president), K. P. May (vice president), Raiden Dillard, Kenneth Kratenmaker, Jeff Smithson
Front Row: Nicole Podgorny, Cecilia Hirsch, Mathew Mondi, Nikolas Kaufman, Dietrich Blum

Apparantly, he used the wrong fork and was to be eternally branded a person of the lower class. What a silly mistake to make on this, his wedding day. Everyone had seen him use it, and when a quiet muffled whisper washed across the room he felt his heart sink and his teeth turned to chalk. His new wife was disgusted but plastered a dismaying smile across her powdery face and didcately turned away. The waiter frowned, his mother fainted and guests began to leave. What was he to do to right his terrible wrong? The bride began to cry, smearing her white face. The minister said a prayer and left the dining room. His new father-in-law stormed up to him a shocked fists while cursing, and swept his weeping daughter away. His aunts and uncles left with other relatives of the family. The bridesmaids and grooms had gone their separate ways. The place quickily emptied and he sat there all alone looking at his smallish salad, the one with the tiny tomatoes.

Rick Mayo
Grade 12
More

1,000,000 miles away
I feel a true security
Of what's not real today
When hope and doubt are all I see
And all alone
Inside this room I feed on me
So tired of dreaming
Of right and wrong and how I could be more
I'm just an empty child
I turn my head and look away
Reflections of a smile
Affect the way I feel today
Leave me alone
Inside my room where I'm not free
So tired of thinking
Of right and wrong and how I could be more.

Craig Wedren
Grade 11

I thought not of summertime --
For the sun had gone deep
Within the ocean,
I hadn't gone anywhere,
Just gained sudden knowledge --
A brilliance of sand and branches.
If I hadn't been told,
I would have lived
With my red conscience.
But I know,
And have disappeared under
The deep currents of the sea
Into the planet I call Blue.

Alice Fiori
Grade 12

Ode to a drip
I sit alone in my home, darkness all around
Alone, listening to the rain fall.
drip, drip, drip, it sets its solemn rhythm,
I become part of the storm...
I speak... and lightning strikes
My breath is the rolling thunder,
My movements bring gusts of wind.
... Moving slowly across the land.
There is a noise,
the lights click on
And the storm, for me, is gone.

Peter Wilson
Grade 11

Have you ever been in Love?

Yes, I have been in love. Once. It happened last summer, was what can be called "a summer romance". Both of us desired the whole time that our relationship could be anything less than profound (too mere summer flings for us!), but in the end that is essentially what it turned out to be. Well, enough of that. Now let me tell you about this lovely romance of ours. We were in the mountains, I'm on vacation, he's working. Both 18, we thought ourselves ripe for a "serious relationship", and embarked upon our adventure with the mature objective that this was to be something meaningful. The weather was wonderful, we were both tan. We did the typical "love couple" activities, all summer long, deep in love. We spent every moment, every second available together. We swam in the lake, kissing each other, splashing each other, and generally having a great time. We spent hours holding hands and staring into each other's eyes, silently relishing the thought that we actually knew what each other's thoughts were. We went on long walks through the mountains, preferring each other's company to that of the numerous anonymous faces in town. Like all couples, we escaped the tight bonds of society and family to immerse ourselves in each other. I must admit, it seemed meaningful. We'd skip along the mountain trails like children, giggling when the pebbles tickled our bare feet (and of course kissed each other's toes "to make it all better" if the pebbles happened to prick). We camped out on weekends, high in the mountains. Shivering in the morning chills, we'd lie out in the grass, in the spot where the sun was shining, and as the sun moved, we followed it, looking for the warmth. This was a day long activity. It seems bizarre now, but it is true that when we were in love, everything had a new meaning, and everything seemed beautiful. We could spend hours doing nothing, yet not be bored for an instant. When we ate together, the food tasted different. When we admired a flower, we perceived much stronger emotions than ever before. We were perfectly in touch with each other, with the surrounding nature. To be quite frank, I was ready into it. I was all gushy and mushy, thoroughly enchanted with our deep "thing". I mean I was experiencing the universal and most marvelous sentiment of love. How could I not be happy? When we sat together in town, people would walk by and smile warmly, an "ah-you're-in-love-I-know-how-it-feels" smile. We felt proud that we were finally experiencing an emotion "reserved" for adults, such an honored sentiment. We were adults, at last! It was the same feeling when my little sister giggled about our future marriage, and Mom would tell her to "leave the lovebirds alone." We felt special. It was all very corny, of course. But hock, love is corny, and we were in love. And so it lasted, for a summer. More giggles, many more smiles, until the day we had to leave for our respective colleges. That was a sad day if there ever was one. Tears, cries, it was all so heartbreaking -- so classic a scene -- that it was almost all right. And so it ended, because after that we just didn't feel those firecrackers going off anymore. No more bright and twinkling stars. It had faded, strangely, by Thanksgiving. I mourned, of course. My first profound relationship! And it hadn't turned out perfect... So, yes, to answer your question. I have loved once. If that could be called love.

Cecilia Hirsch
Grade 12
Unread books line my shelves
pornenting me without rest.
I hear them calling me relentlessly.
"In order to be educated you must read me!"
"All sophisticates have read me at least twice."
Hemingway seems to be the leader of the pack.
He calls the loudest.

I cover in the corner
One hand blocking my ear
The other feeding me Stoffers French Bread Pizza.
I try to ignore their taunting
but the calling transforms into screaming.

Suddenly Jennifer bursts into the room.
"What is the racket? Quiet down."
The books simmer down
but are once again stimulated by my mother's encouragement.
"I cut five articles from the newspaper for you to read."
She slips them under the door,
and the books all giggle with delight.

By now I am overwhelmed with guilt.
What would He-Man do in this situation?
He would battle the evil forces
and come out victorious.

Fortunately I happen to notice my watch.
It says 7:30.
I jump from the corner of my room
and head for the T.V.
It is time for Wheel of Fortune.
As I leave the books behind
I hear them whimpering in their defeat.

Joshua Tuerk
Grade 12

Moon

My eyes peer down, looking everywhere --
animals howl at me,
Silly creatures,
expecting me to respond.
I do my duties, plenty of them.
Master of the ebb and flow
the brain of the seas.
I continually work this job. But what
recognition do I gain?

The other I
My grander half, is the apple of everyone's
eye.
He is the one necessary for life.
NOT I
But when he disappears under the horizon,
the world is my reign,
MINE.

Samantha Tate
Grade 9

The Never-Ending Job

I sit, I stare,
As I rhythmically sound.
My face is ashen
My arms are sore for
My hands twitch as
My fingers grope as
I reach for twelve
With tension mounting
I ache
I yearn
I push
I pull
When all of a sudden,
My Goal.
I am set free
to sing my song
I long
I gong
but not for long.
For as I rhythmically sound
I reach for one.
I sigh
for
I know
I'll
never
be
Done.

Molly Annis
Grade 9
i think of you
yes; me, too, you
grabbed me
my face in your hand and mouth, laughing,
I flip-flopped in my stomach at your eyes — they crinkle
when you...smile
collapsed and crumpled in your arms,
so take that
of my heart
and all the rest
no; don’t hurt, hel-elp me...please
dear, how I cried over time
memory is fadink
O, but don’t
you see
where I am?
under the wave as it struck her
soft dark head?
Your sassy eyes, queering
through my...
i draw your neck into and around
my arms
and hold tight — no, don’t cry!
let’s laugh and play, twirling around your room
we can go
jolly-jumping at night in the Spring
save the kiss (to me), only,
don’t let it fly away, we’ll need it later
to hold, as you wind
around my waist.

Claire Neves
Grade 12

Ode to I, Tissot by Edgar Degas
You have the ability to spread your wings
across the canvas and across the very floor
before me.
Lovely one, your pirouettes surround me
and create my dare.
The waiting stand tense, raised on their toes
before their moment, trying to hold back
until you signal their release.
Why do you intentionally deceive me,
pulling my will toward your continuous
desire to move?
Your global mirage would fool
the shape-wise Columbus
whose eyes could only see the spherical.
Your falsely extending scenes of a ballet
performed on a flat, cropped stage,
betray any mortal’s comprehension.
They will always succumb to your illusion.
The props, who know they can only be second
to the prima herself,
are covered with a fog of hazy paints.
The still and silent moments are broken
by the slice of a blink;
only during these seconds may you dance for me.
If a painting commands a glance,
then you are more,
for you have the power to hold the eye,
causing the pupil to deepen.
You will always lose me among the auburn bushes
set aflame by the dancer’s heated desires of escape.
I can never stop the pains of viewing,
I was turned to white stone at first glance.

Cherelle Pitt
Grade 12

Yearbook Staff