The biggest kick I ever got was doing a thing called the Crocodile Rock.
- Elton John

Some Advice:
- Don't save pennies. They don't add up to anything.
- Go to bed. Whatever you're staying up late for isn't worth it.
- If you can't afford the expensive one, don't buy it.
- Don't fuss a whole lot with your hair.
- If nothing else works, take a hot shower.
- Don't call in sick except when you're sick.
- Andy Rooney

What have the laws of nature and arithmetic to do with me, when for some reason I don't like those laws or twice two?
- Dostoyevsky

SCHWANKBODY!

If your friends are there, then everything's all right. - Elton John

I'll be back
Arnold Schwarzenegger

And the eyes of the world are watching now
- Peter Gabriel

The soldiers are a marching they're writing brand new laws
We will all fight together for the most important cause
Will we all fight for the right to be free?
- Prince

The mind of man is capable of anything -- because everything is in it; all the past as well as all the future.
- Joseph Conrad
Be free my friends, one for all, and all for me for you, and three for five, and six for a quarter.

Groucho Marx

We are gentle, angry people, and we are singing, singing for our lives

Holly Near

On Children
Your children are not your children
They are the sons and daughters of life's longing for itself
They come through you but they are not from you
And though they are with you
They belong not to you.
You can give them your love
but not your thoughts
They have their own thoughts
They have their own thoughts
You can house their bodies
but not their souls
For their souls dwell in a place of tomorrow
Which you cannot visit
not even in your dreams
You can strive to be like them
But you cannot make them just like you
Strive to be like them
But you cannot make them just like you

Sweet Honey In The Rock

Be as you are
As you see
As I am
I am

James Taylor
...And walk among long dappled grass,
And pluck till time and times are done,
The silver apples of the moon,
The golden apples of the sun.
Yeats

Jack Lingo

I got up closer so I could hear what he was singing. He was singing that song, “If a body catch a body coming through the rye.” He had a pretty little voice, too. He was just singing for the hell of it, you could tell. The cars zoomed by, brakes screeched all over the place, his parents paid no attention to him, and he kept on walking next to the curb and singing “If a body catch a body coming through the rye.” It made me feel better.

J. D. Salinger

For you and I should ever come together
Turn away the hatred in your heart.
We should find a peace to last forever
Find a peace no man can tear apart.
May all the world unite
Pray for movement in the light

Fishbone

...she could have been a poet or she could have been a fool...
The Smiths

Hey!...
Ministry

Where we goin’, man?
I don’t know, but we gotta go

Jack Kerouac

I just know that something good is going to happen
I don’t know when
But just saying it could even make it happen...
Chris Anderson Aldridge

With thanks & love to: Zoe, Mr. Waugh, Vietta, Todd, Susie, Stephanie, Robert, Philip D., Philip B., Nic, Mom, Molly, Mali, Lisa, Lena, Laurie, Katherine, Jonas, John S., John A., Jesse, Jennifer, Jason, Holliday, Gauthier, Dominique, DC Rat, David, Clarity, Chris, Bill, Bentey car, Andrew, Amanda and Alex.

Robert Snowden Piggot

"Just as I thought, another trap that could have very well cost us our lives, saved only by the fact that I am enormously well bred."

Neil Simon's "Murder by Death"

"And so the bird flew free, in search of a cage."
Fellini

"A cage went in search of a bird."
Kafka

"And here Alice began to get rather sleepy, and went on saying to herself, in a dreamy sort of way, "Do cats eat bats?" and sometimes, "Do bats eat cats?" For you see, as she couldn't answer either question, it didn't much matter which way she put it."
Lewis Carroll

"You sure it was a LEFT at Van Ness, Nic?"

"I would lie and curse the day, and visit places where we lay alone and find them turned to stone" big country

"You got ID?"
7-11

* * *
the Mime

"In stories of old, with princess bold, and riches untold, oh happy souls; Casting all aside to take some bride, to have the girl of their dreams at their side."

Depeche MODE
Amy Herrema

My life has been a tapestry of rich and royal hue, an everlasting vision of the everchanging view, A wondrous woven magic in bits of blue and gold, a tapestry to feel and see impossible to hold.

Carole King

You can get it if you really want
But you must try, try and try,
You'll succeed at last.

Jimmy Cliff

Be an optimist instead
and somehow happiness will find you.

Kinks

I want to see everybody singin'
Everybody laughin'
Everybody happy.

Seals and Croft

Kierstan Gordon

It used to seem to me
That my life ran on too fast
And I had to take it slowly
Just to make the good parts last
But when you are born to run
It's so hard to just slow down
So don't be surprised to see me
Back in the bright part of town.

Steve Winwood

"Boobidiewables," a weenie scout

Emily Painter

I want to find the pot of gold
That's waiting where the rainbow ends.
I searched and searched and searched
And searched and searched and then --
There it was deep in the grass,
Under an old and twisty bough.
It's mine, it's mine at last......
What do I search for now?

Shel Silverstein
"I think this world would be a nicer place in which to live if friends hugged more."

Jim Davis

"What comes is better than what came before."

The Velvet Underground

Enjoy yourself
It's later than you think
Enjoy yourself
While you're still in the pink
The years go by as quickly as you wink
Enjoy yourself, Enjoy yourself
It's later than you think!

The Specials

"One good thing about music is it really gets you feel okay."

Bob Marley

Rachel Weinberg

It's over, there's nothing more to say

Yaz

JULIE SHANKS
Dave Monaco

"The most important thing is to prove what you claim."

Bernard Hinault

"Never ask for victory, ask only for courage. For if you endure the struggle you bring honor to yourself; but most important you bring honor to us all."

Ancient Greek saying
"Said the shadow to Jack Henry
"what's wrong?"
Jack said, 'A home is not a hole.
And shadow, you're just a gallows that I
hang my body from.
Or shadow, you're a shackles from which my
time is never done."
Then he peeled his shadow off in strips,
he peeled his shadow off in strips.
And the sun shined... a little stronger."

"Chex makes the party"

Thank you -- Imperials, Lou, SnackPack, X

Nik Kaufman

"Courage will not save you; but it will show
that your souls are still alive."
George Bernard Shaw

"In fashioning myself, I fashion man."
J. Paul Sartre

Revolutions have never lightened the burden
of tyranny; they have only shifted it to another
shoulder.
George Bernard Shaw

"If God did not exist, everything would be permitted."

Make nature your partner.
Ivan Lendl

"Nothing is easy."

A very popular error: having the courage of
one's convictions: rather it is a matter of having
the courage for an attack on one's convictions!
Nietzsche
Pamela Smith

"Your only obligation in life is to be true to yourself."
Richard Bach

Catherine Rebecca Sky

"Le bonheur et l'absurde sont deux fils de la meme terre."
Albert Camus

"They could not know or imagine the degradation to which they were sailing. For they were proud and innocent creatures, gentle amblers of the great plains; they had not the least knowledge of captivity, cold, stench, smoke and mange, nor of the terrible boredom in a world where nothing is ever happening."
Isak Dinesen from Out of Africa

"What I want is that my picture should evoke nothing but emotion."
Pablo Picasso

"Imagination is everything."
Jane Austen
"All the world's a stage, 
And all the men and women merely players: 
They have their exits and their entrances, 
And one man in his time plays many parts..." 

William Shakespeare

"Smile and the whole world smiles with you."

"Jews know two things: suffering; and where to find great Chinese food."
From "My Favorite Year"

"If you hit a bankrupt, you lose your cash, but not your merchandise, 'cause as you know, once you buy a prize it's yours to keep..."

Pat Sajak

"psychological hedonism n: the theory that conduct is fundamentally motivated by the pursuit of pleasure or the avoidance of pain."

Webster's Dictionary

"Chaim."

Courtesy of the Rabbi Chaim

"A work of art is never finished; it is abandoned."

Paul Valery, The Art of Poetry

"Event God Himself (or so the story goes) appeared to Moses as a burning bush -- how's that for cheap theatre?"

Me

Michael Fedoruk

Harry, how did you know you were in love? Scientifically of course, by using the love formula... add up the number of times you think of the lady every day. Subtract from the total the number of times you think about yourself. If the remainder is more lady and less yourself, then it's love. ...Under other more extreme conditions the love formula is replaced by Heisenberg's principle: we can never know anything.

Peter O'Toole in The Collector

Get your brain. 
Your what? 
Your calculator.

Craig Wedren

This is such a joke.

Zoe Rosenfeld

The intellect is a vagabond, and our system of education fosters restlessness. Our minds travel when our bodies are forced to stay at home.

Emerson

You're so close.

Craig Wedren

It all depends on what you visualize

Ansel Adams

Me
I don’t want to spend the rest of my days
dreaming yesterday’s daydreams
Don’t want to spend the rest of my days
giving yesterday’s promises
Don’t want to spend the rest of my days
living yesterday.

Milo Aukerman

Shout for all the people who have nothing to
say, ‘cause we’re only gone tomorrow and here
today.

Strummer / Jones

Soon, there will be stop signs
everywhere...

C.J.D. III

For each light streaking down
Night sky there is an object tossed up
Still, though nameless, out there like a person
You might find it in anything
This is about a secret wish.

*DR, GC, VP*
Deirdre Keyworth

"I think the stripe carries with it a built in unity... stripes feel right to me for some reason... They have a rectitude, an uncompromising quality, ... a monotony that appeals to me."

Gene Davis 1978

Dreams are reality
Yet reality is just a dream.

"Each of us must confront our own fears, must come face to face with them. How we handle our fears will determine where we go with the rest of our lives. To experience adventure or to be limited by the fear of it."

Judy Blume  *Tiger Eyes*

Ilana Enns

My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

*Shakespeare*

That you alone and unguarded, commit a wrong unto others and therefore unto yourself.

*Gibran*

For that which you love more in him may be clearer in absence.

*Gibran*

I am the lizard king
I can do anything
I can make the earth stop in its tracks
I made the blue cars go away

For seven years I dwelt
In the loose palace of exile,
Playing strange games
With the girls of the island.

Now I have come again
To the land of the fair, & the strong, & the wise.

Brothers and sisters of the pale forest
O children of night
Who among you will run with the hunt?

Now night arrives with her purple legion
Retire now to your tents & to your dreams.
Tomorrow we enter the town of my birth.
I want to be ready.

Jim Morrison
If you love something set it free, if it comes back to you it's yours, if it doesn't -- hunt it down and kill it!

Just keep smiling -- that way everyone will always wonder what you've been up to.

All that matters is the here and now, the future will take care of itself somehow.
"Caution: Heated pastry may be too hot to handle."

From the side of a box of Pop-Tarts

"It never got weird enough for me."

Hunter S. Thompson

Parents are not interested in justice—they want QUIET!

Bill Cosby

Dammit Jim! I'm a doctor, not a mechanic.

Leonard McCoy

I have often had the impression that, if penguins, man is just another penguin—different, less predictable, occasionally violent, but tolerable company when he sits still and minds his own business.

Bernard Stonehouse
Diane Hanfling

Life is very short and there's no time for fussing and fighting my friends.

This bridge will only take you halfway there to those mysterious lands you long to see. So come and walk awhile with me and share the twisting trails and wondrous worlds I've known. This bridge will only take you halfway there -- The last few steps you'll have to take alone.

Shel Silverstein

"I am nothing," sighed the little pebble as it resigned its hold and rushed from the dam. That night the town was flooded.

A no-so-ancient fable

Je ne quitterai pas.

Antoine de St. Exupery

Teddy said it was a hat, so I put it on. Now Dad is saying, "Where the heck's the toilet plunger gone?"

Shel Silverstein

"Until now I always felt a stranger in this town, and that I'd no concern with you people. But now that I've seen what I have seen, I know that I belong here whether I want it or not. This business is everyone's business."

Albert Camus

Katharine Owen
Alexandra Varlay

Los angeles. california.
Six Year Survivors

Cobwebs hold memories --
Flaking memories
Tarnished smiles
Newspaper telephones
Painted dreams on cardboard ceilings
Brass kettles laden with milk
Speckled eggs like billiard balls
Spinning their way through gilded wire wickets on slanted croquet grounds
No royalty to be seen -- not even a duke.
Tureens filled with lemonade on checkered floors in immaculate ballrooms
But cobwebs can catch fire
One spark and the toys and books and fantasy lives -- disappear until smoke,
a golden brown, that can be taped to the attic door or locked away in a wicker chest.

Robert Pigott
Grade 12
Eleventh Grade

Juliano Barham, Katharine Beisner, Scott Alprin, Abby Barrett

Kate Bell, Melissa Cesar, Nicole Cohen
Crying Ice

Life, the clear love of a cold stream
Sing, the rubbing hiss of dry wind
Heavy, drop hesitation and find courage
Think, command gentle thoughts to swallow your mind
Everything, which crystallizes on a drop of water
In which a lone bug swims.

Despairing Age

Syrupy sticky,
A hot wind grabs at my shirt.
But I am too old to play.
So I ignore the summer’s begging,
And walk alone down the road.

Dying Beauty

Glistening in her naivé brilliance
The golden butterfly lightly jumps
From leaf to blade of grass to speckled twig
Trying to touch everything
Before she dies.

...and final oblivion
I dance my dream of shattered glass
Of broken notes and tattered masts
From ships too old, about to die
And sink below where dead men lie
Rotted in the demon's depths.
Like ten million wasted deaths
Of stars whose flames are now dead coal
In the eternal dream, dancing in my soul.

Marc Seldin
Grade 11
From here to lands afar,
Often fast, though soon slow,
My mind wanders in the dark,
I think of places, people and feelings
Where I do or would leave my mark.
Hiding in mist-shrouded towns,
Among the crowds of life I see her;
She is everything. At times I
Give her a name, but what a lark:
For she is no one, she is my dream,
I need only to close my eyes and a spark
Sets my mind in full motion,
Seeing her always, now in a park,
Then later upon a hill. I will
Always want her, though apart.
I will find her, or think I do,
But then see, too late, that she is still far
Away, ever fleeting, and ever
Drawing me on in her world of dark
Dreams and far away lands.

Chris Aldridge
Grade 11
Tenth Grade

My Friend's Hair
It cascades like a waterfall
Waves like an ocean.
Bright red with streaks of red and orange.
Almost aflame.
Whirling, whipping, teased by the wind, it's static...
Electric.
And it shocks at the touch.
Soft yet rigid,
Violent and subdued.
It is blown and curled
but it screams unless done right
not like its sisters Gold or Brown,
Red hair is all its own.

Estella Sheldon
Grade 10

Ode to a Dylan tune
or Second Thought
There is a Dylan song that larks inside my brain
And it is sneaking out my lips.
I think for some reason she can hear me.

I roll over to face her picture,
The Bard of the Beat generation
Grows louder in my head.

I stare longingly at my two-dimensional substitute
And my hum becomes a yell:
"You were only wastin' my precious time!"

A solid tear leaves its home, I curse
At him for wording it so well

Then I laugh as I realize that
He has me in his poet's web.

I thank that magician and put away her picture:
"It's alright babe, it's alright."

Oliver Jones
Grade 10

Michael Barnett, Sally Adkins, Michael Abate, Clem Cummer, Braden Murphy

James Morrall, Lawrence Miller, David Miller
Poem ———— Death

When we die
do we die?
or do we change?
if we die and we die,
why do we live?

that's scary.

when we live
we can believe
that we won't die,
by following vague lives
locked away
centuries in the past.

that's scarier.

So why can I do fun things
like sitting on top of the
washing machine during the spin cycle?

Jonathan Hawkins
Grade 10

Summer Storm

That heavy rainy feeling filtered in
through my window,
It crept through the alley
And sat heavy on my face,
The sky was so thick and grey,
You could almost cut it open,
Like the thick hide of an animal.
It came back and wrapped itself around
me.

Sarah Whitney
Grade 10
Poetica

The tall
dark
drink
poetica sips,
dripping
down
her
liquid
lips.

Stephen Rosenberg
Grade 10

Leo Kears, Estella Sheldon, Daniela Koromzay

Tom Gould, Elena Hardy, Jonathan Hawkins

Justin Tavares, Carter Ong, Jeff Smithson, Sarah Whitney, Samantha Tate

Stephen Rosenberg, Alison Quinn, Todd Pugsley
Ninth Grade

The Hot Day

The sunlight, thick and raw blazed down,
Throbbing through the breathing trees,
Casting green pools of shadow.
Splattering the forest floor with its light.

The flowers, hot and dull, stood still,
Absorbing through their breathing pores,
Standing like posts in the flaming sun,
Forced to ultimate colour.

The water, rippling browny green
Taking the sun and rippling the sun
Into a jigsaw, lines of moving light,
Dappling the thick, dense mud in the pool.

Lizzie Harper
Grade 9

Subway

A sudden jumble,
a burning light,
shatters the peace
of an underground night,
the engine sighs
the whirring dies,
and then it's off once more.

Rachel Goldstein
Grade 9

Becca MacKinnon, Noah Giebel, Anna Mariano, Ethan Maxwell
"So this kid, right, this kid's like -- just like not happy. He's an unhappy kid... Well, I guess he's happy, but he's kind of like -- insatiable. The guy's just never satisfied. [Never Rest. Except twice, that he can remember -- he played the oboe, you see. So, like, twice -- two times he was just waiting... WAITING oboe!!

Waaaaaape
Wope woppieeueuee
Waaaaape
and thinking, well, actually, he's not ever thinking, he's just like -- lost, right? He can't think. Like no function, but not really a malfunction. Just this innate sort of network of, like -- wholly pure, flawless reflexes. Actions and reactions keyed into this peace. This oboe moment, this... peace. Like, in a plane, when you're on top of the continents that aren't even on any map. The like -- cotton continents. This kid is just completely within the throngs of this cotton continent. He, like -- is peace. Like if I sat down and painted peace and this kid, at this oboe moment, would be the product.

And he's, like, not even mortal then, 'cause you're just not when time comes to an oboe moment... you're just not. You're like -- God, but without the weight of universes on your ass. And that's what he is, but just for a minute. No, more -- maybe two. Or not, but it doesn't matter 'cause one oboe moment compensates entirely for like -- ten million years of servitude; for a month of deafness. And this kid's got it. But no one gets it, no matter how hard the guy tries to give.

And he waits, and waits to give because he's sure that he has received. He's positive -- but who can really say, you know? He sure as hell can't tell, because there's so, like -- no one standard, or mentor ever, that has the knowledge to say, 'Yeah -- kid, you have received. You got it, far better than the rest -- so pry their lids.' He simply can not tell, so he gets real reserved. He doesn't want to seem, like, presumptuous, you know? So he just does what he can to keep his own lids from drooping. He just plays the oboe; and it's weird, because while he plays, the whole recipient business is in perspective. He knows his bottomless fortune. He knows his unyielding potential. But then he is called to dinner, so the moment ends, and the boy is unsure.

"The kid's unsure, but he has his moments. And they don't always coincide with practice, but they're like -- the same as that. It's like a flashback to the whole oboe thing. The boy is like -- suddenly in sync with what he knows he can be. Some undiscovered gland catalyzes the guy to maximum potential, or somewhere thereabouts.

And you can all feel it. We can all feel it when he does it, when he goes

Waaaaaape
Wope woppieeueuee
Waaaaape
And then there is a glow about things -- at least him -- that is just not the status quo. And he loves himself. And the mentors love him. And he loves himself, and his oboe; but he can't truly love the mentors until they can honestly say, 'Yes, son, you have' or 'No, sir, you have not -- received.' But at that moment, the challenge will like -- be no more, so... he loves his oboe."

Craig Wedren
Grade 12

Corina Simon, Simon Riveres
the door creaked open

the wind blew the dust
around and the thunder
rang and the cold
damp air blow on and the
trees like monsters shook
and the cold hard depressing
path and the hazy fence
sent a depressing wave forward
and the deep dark mist flowed
forward, the ghost and spectre
shrieked as they went on
their lonely haunt by the
candle light, the four walls
press together while spiders
and creeps go out for the
hurt

and the dust settled

Stephen Schauer
Grade 8
Breathe.

Breathe again.

Inhale the fine texture of dry, want air. 
Respire the stagnant calm of a resting soul, in a waiting room of dormant chambers.

On solitary sands, wet with the sweat of ocean's labors, 
breathe the salty spray of sneezing seas; 
watch the towers of rolling waves and capture (conceal) the waters within your lungs -- essay the sigh of ebb and flow.

Now, in black silence, breathe, flow with the rhythm of your heart. Lie still, view colors of the mind with the prism of your conscience, melting and casting shadows on the soul --

In visible quiet, I breathe I am alone.

Nik Kaufman
Grade 12
Seventh Grade

Black, Black

I see the ashes of the fire it is black,
Black as night,
I see the rubble that is blowing in the wind,
Black, black as ash.
I see the eclipse in day,
Black, black as dust blowing in the wind.
I see the blood running down the tree,
Black, black as an eclipse in the day.
I see the hair on a woman,
Black, black as blood running down a tree.

Andrew Hipp
Grade 7
The Color Purple Inside My Purple Mind

I search through my mind of memories past,
This will be the first time I see what I see,
and of course the last,
because what I see will always change,
I will never see this again.

I see purple stones,
mingling with purple grapes,
all inside some purple birds,
painted with purple paint,

Painting the purple bird is a
purple woman,
with a purple flower,
pinned,
to a purple heart.

Niko Velisky
Grade 7
Faculty & Staff

Elizabeth Ely:
Director

Nancy De La Cruz:
Office Manager

Daisy Goldwin:
Admissions Assistant

Karen Kinser:
Administrative Assistant

Allie Hardwick:
Assistant Director
Lower School Advisor
Art History

Caroline Ketcham:
Dean of Students
Geometry
Modern European History
Girl's J.V. Soccer

Paul Hallday:
College Advisor
European History
Cross Country

Seth Riemer:
Literature 9, 11
Literary Magazine
Yearbook

Amy Linsenhal:
Literature 8, 10
Literary Magazine
Yearbook

Mike Peterson:
Humanities Department Chairman
Math 7
Lit 7, 11
Advanced Writing
Assistant Softball Coach

Bradley Hurst:
Receptionist

Danie Roden:
Business and Financial Manager
Lisa Olen:
Athletic Director
Science 7, 8
Computer Science
Girls Soccer
Girls Basketball

Gianna Menapace:
Biology
Advanced Biology
Cross Country
Track and Field

Tim Parsons:
History 7, 8, 9
7/8 Grade Soccer
Baseball

Blanche Gardner:
Latin

John Drew:
Science Department Chairman
Science 9
Environmental Science
Boy's Basketball
Track and Field

Eric Steinhauer:
Chemistry
Computer Science
Journalism
Boy's JV Soccer

Frank Malone:
Tennis

Jim Airozo:
Spanish 2, 4/5

Barbara Whitney:
French 1, 4/5

Marta Mitchell:
Spanish 1, 3

Ana Maria Loredo:
French 2, 3

Elizabeth d'Adhemar:
Spanish 1, 3
Natalie Korneluk: Studio Department Chairman
Ceramics Librarian

Patricia Dalzell: Woodworking

Jon Bricker: Photography

Buzz Mauro: Algebra 1, 2, 3 Calculus Tennis

Lisa Feurzeig: Algebra 2 Math Topics

Clay Kaufman: Math Department Chairman Algebra 1 Pre-Calculus History 11 Girl’s Softball Boy’s Soccer

Penny Mayer: Art

Gary Jensen: Music

David Oleshansky: Lit 11

Ada Baker: Maintenance

Victoria Hart: Drama Language 7

Zoila Sanchez: Maintenance

Pete’s Tools Pete Figueroa: Superintendent of Grounds Track and Field
The scene of the popular Molgar Forces cartoon opens with the evil, ugly, mutant band gathering about an evil, ugly, mutant fire; evil, ugly, mutant laughter is heard. The band is led by Helleventron, the ugliest of the mutants. He speaks: "Today we will attack and kill all of the Molgar forces. We will Rule The World!" (Always remember, the first rule of cartooning is that the villain must want to rule the world. If the villain has something smaller in mind, say, Lichtenstein, his sights must be raised.) More evil laughter is heard.

Now, over to the Molgar Forces. These are attractive, muscular, strapping men, and even a couple of attractive, strapping women. (Make sure to give the women long hair so everyone can tell them apart.) They are led by Gyroron. They represent all that is good and just, all that Helleventron hates. In this episode, Pantron runs into the Molgar headquarters. "Gyroron! I just heard Hegoltron, Helleventron’s evil assistant, talking. The evil band of mutants is on its way over here! What will we do?! (Now, the big question arises. If every week the evil band comes over and tries to get rid of the good guys and take over the world, why haven't our heroes figured out by now what they should do? They should just blow the mutants away like they always end up doing, and go relax and have a beer somewhere. But, hey, we don't want to confuse the little children, so we keep things consistent.)

The Molgar Forces prepare for attack. They ready their weapons and stand in the famous legs-apart-shoulder-out-ready-for-action-power pose. The mutants (who, incidentally, are so mutated that they could never even dream of standing in that pose) approach the battle begins. Zap, kablam! Helgeotron is hit! and slinks back to the mutant headquarters, dragging his slimy tail behind him. Now, Vulguron, another ball of slime, is down. (Keep in mind the laser beams never hit the heroes, especially not the women, Selutron and Bellatron, who have to cook the victory dinner later.)

Gyroron has pushed back the evil group, who are now cowering in fear. Soon, the mutants run for their lives. "We'll get you next time, you goofy-goody wimps!" they cry. (Sure, and maybe Jerry Falwell will donate a large sum of money to the Democratic Socialists League.)

After the commercial break, which of course has at least one ad hawking the Molgar Forces' figure set, with dolls whose arms lash out when they are smacked on the back of the head and who carry little laser guns that shoot water, we see the Molgar Forces, standing in the headquarters, laughing jovially over their victory. Pantron: "Ho, ho, ho, ho. We sure showed those mutants." The band that has just saved all that is right and good (so we didn't mention that, what did you think they were fighting for, foodstamps?) joins in: "Ho, ho, ho, ho."

Now comes the message, so that cartoon-makers can have a good influence over the children watching. It has to be something about not judging people because of their looks, violence never solving anything, all good Christians going to Heaven, or how younger siblings should not be shoved in the trash compactor. Never forget, of course, to remind all of those kiddies out there that the Molgar Forces will be back tomorrow, again defeating the evil band. We like to keep up the suspense.

Larisa Halnic
Grade 12
Sea
She is the most two-faced of creatures,
with a Greek-mask countenance; enchanting on one side and unseemly on the other. Her gentle waves are fingers that tickle my toes and beckon me forward to play in the warm foam. But once I am in her grasp, she slaps me up and whips me back and spits me, coughing onto the sand. Her sun-touched swells seem hardly the summits that kill. But she deceives me with her pigquent gestures and I forget that she is the one I run from when her whispers become roars and she is no longer cerulean but black.

Catherine Sky
Grade 12

Load it
find composition
turn it on
focus it
set the f-stop
set the shutter speed
press the button
you hear a snap, a click, a clack.
You have just frozen time
captured history, locked someone's soul onto a piece of plastic. The scene was stolen from reality, for that split second, with the snap of a black button.
You freeze time
you take a dimension away from a scene
you wiiiill - nmoodd the camera
as you see a rainbow,
you attempt to steal it, but it disappears
as you focus
nature avenges
the complex instrument
that freezes and captures
at the turn of a ring and snap of a button is justified by nature
and put back into its state of dormancy

Paul Diamond
Grade 11
Sports

Boy's Varsity Soccer

Back Row: Clay Kaufman (coach), Steve Jones, Dan Rosenbaum, Adam Hilitebeiss, Butler Derrick, Todd Pallas, Marc Rankin, Byron Hipp, J.C. Salyer, David Monaco (captain), Peter Wilson, David Galper (captain), Chris Keller, Nik Kaufman

Front Row: Stephen Monaco, Eric Wakefield, Victor Veizaga, Adam O'Laughlin, Radden Dillard, K.P. May, Robert Radifera (manager)

Girl's Varsity Soccer

Back Row: Lisa Glen (coach), Glennon Treadwell, Kirsten Gordon, Alex Varlay, Katherine Dore (captain), Amy Herrera, Elizabeth Varlay, Diane Hartling, Erin Fallon, Sarah Bunting, Robbie Bikel (manager)

Front Row: Katie Neis, Melissa Cerar, Nicole Podgorny, Alison Quinn, Jenny Grimmer, Nicole Cohen, Katherine Beisner

Not Pictured: Deshaan Dyer
Girl's J.V. Soccer

Front Row: Sally Atkins, Missa Nelson, Brooke Jones, Jennifer Koelling, Elena Hardy (captain), Alex Edwards, Kyla Dickson, Margaretta Corpman, Vicky Sky, Corinna Simon, Rachel Goldstein, Anna Mariano
Second Row: Judith Weller, Charissa Redondo
Top Row: Lizzie Harper
Caroline Ketcham (coach)
Not Pictured: Sonia Taylor

Boy's Junior Varsity Soccer

Back Row: Eric Steinhauer (coach), Jason Crump, David Devore, Lawrence Miller, Tim Kennedy, Noah Giebel (captain), Adekoya Addams, Russell Agle, Ethan Maxwell
Front Row: Danny Fenyesi, Justin Tavares, Charles Boyer, Jon Hawkins, Jeff Smithson, Josh Walkam (captain), Josh Leventhal
Not Pictured: James Morrall, Mark Farrow, Matthew Craun, Burke Hanlon, Robbie Peirce, Mark Peterson

Cross Country

Back Row: David Miller, George Keyworth, Leo Keams, Ram Khalsa, Simon Riveles, Robert Piggot, Tom Gould, Chris Barth, Rachel Eisenbrauth
Middle Row: Paul Halliday (coach), Gregory Brown, Scott Alpin, Chuck Jones, Stephen Rosenberg, Michael Fedoruk (captain), Sarah Whitney, Hannah Allen, Kim Roy, Juliana Barham
Front Row: Laura Gell, Rebecca MacKinnon, Liza Bird, Kate Bell, Gianna Menapace (coach)
Not Pictured: Nancy Jonson
Seventh and Eighth Grade Soccer

Boy's Varsity Basketball

Girl's Varsity Basketball

Back Row: Tim Parsons (coach), Derrick Coleman (assistant coach), Dietrich Blum (captain), Elie Goldhrenner (captain), Ami Entw, Tamba Smith (captain), Thomas Kane, Stephen Schauer, Julian Sannes, Shelby Grant, Arno Roth

Front Row: Garner Woodall, Andrew Hipp, Niko Vhrsky, Paul Cyntire, Alex Christie, Simon Hildebeitel, Eli Hawkins, Chris Ketcham (captain)

Not Pictured: Tim Simmons

Back Row: John Drew (coach), Steve Jones, Peter Wilson, Derrick Coleman, James Morrall, Nik Kaufman, Clint Fries, Marc Raskin, Ram Khalsa, Dan Rosenbaum, Todd Puglise, Adam Hildebeitel (captain)

Front Row: Adam O'Laughlin, Stephen Monaco, Eric Wakefield

Not Pictured: Gary Cohen, Simon Riveles, Jim Airono (assistant coach)

Back Row: Sarah Bunting, Diana Hanfling, Sonia Taylor, Lisa Glen (coach), Ingrid Gordon (assistant coach)

Front Row: Nicole Podgorny, Rachel Elyndrath, Alex Varley, Anna Starr, Amy Herrema (captain), Katherine Dore, Katie Owen, Allison Quinn

Not Pictured: Jenny Grimmer, Katie Neiss, Margarita Corporan, Erin Fallon, Flannery Griffith, Glennon Tredwell
Softball

Back Row: Clay Kaufman (coach), Melissa Cerar, Celia Gruss, Rachel Goldstein, Anna Mariano, Alison Quinn, Jenny Grimmer (captain), Vicky Sky, Braden Murphy (manager)
Middle Row: Prisca Wenm, Elena Hardy, Lizzie Harper
Front Row: Sarah Bunting, Erin Fallon, Brooke Jones, Abby Barnett, Deshaan Dyer, Judith Wellen, Michelle Sedlin, Mike Peterson (coach)

Not Pictured: Jennifer Koelling, Katharine Beissner

Boy's Baseball

Back Row: Tim Parsons (Coach), James Morrall (captain), Eric Wakefield, Dan Putrell (captain), Charles Boyer, Aaron Eisenhardt, David Devore, Derrick Coleman, Jonathan Hawkins, Clint Fries, Michael Abate (Manager)
Front Row: Jason Crump, Danny Fenyesi, Josh Leventhal, Josh Wulkan, Justin Tavares, Jeff Smithson (captain)

Track and Field

Back Row: Peter Straus, Peter Wilson, Nik Kaufman, Butler Derrick, Ann Freeman, Damon Maida (manager), Ram Khalsa
Third Row: Steve Jones, Nicole Podgorny, Tom Gould, Stephen Rosensberg, Hannah Allen, Flannery Griffith, Sonia Taylor, Juliano Barham, Victor Veizaga, Thamba Smith
Second Row: Carter Ong, Laura Geli, Alex Edwards, Katie Neissi, Kate Bell, Robert Rafter, Stephen Monaco, Chris Ketchum
Front Row: Gianna Mesapace (coach), Paul Diamond, Raiden Dillard (captain), Katherine Dore (captain), Dave Monaco (captain), David Miller, Michael Barnett, John Drew (coach)

Not Pictured: Adam Hildebeest (coach), Mike Fedoruk, K.P. May, Rachel Eisenreath
Tennis

Back Row: Frank Malone (Coach), Daniela Keromzay, Gary Cohen, Buzz Mauro (Asst. Coach), Anita Starr, Elizabeth Varlay (captain), Todd Pagsley, Andrea Ramey, Adsekoya Addams, Diane Hanfling, Chris Keller, Russell Agile, Marc Rankin, Dan Rosenbaum (captain), Eliza Bird, Paul Diamoed, Sarah Whitney
Front Row: Alex Varlay, Adam O'Laughlin, Kim Roy, Glennon Treadwell
Student Government

Back Row: Damon Maidia, Nicole Podgorny, Robert Radifera, Michael Abate
Front Row: Raeden Dillard, K.P. May, Alex Edwards, Laura Wackman, Jeff Smithson
Not Pictured: Dietrich Blum

Talent Show

French Trip

Front Row: Paul Halliday (Faculty Advisor), Nathan Larson, Jenny Grimmer, Nicole Podgorny, Alison Quinn, Eliza Bird, Becky Maury
Back Row: Gregory Watton, Christ Langhoorne, Elisabeth Adhemar (Faculty Advisor), Anna Marians, Margarita Corporan
The Fantasticks

by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt

FIELD SCHOOL DRAMA DEPARTMENT
PRESSENTS

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN
CHARLIE BROWN

MAY 1 AND 2 AT 8:00 P.M.
IN THE CARRIAGE HOUSE

El Gallo, The Narrator..........Craig Wolken
Luis, The Girl..................Sally Adkins
Matt, The Boy..................Damon B.Maisa
Hucklebee, The Boy's Father....Peter Strauss
Bellomy, The Girl's Father.....Robert Snowden Piggot
Henry (Feb. 6, 7)..............Peter Todd
Mortimer (Feb. 6, 7)..........Jeff Smithson
Henry (Feb. 13, 14)............Vicente Vela
Mortimer (Feb. 13, 14)........Thomas Gould
The Muse......................Zoe Rosenfeld
Undertaker....................Becca MacKinnon

Director......................Victoria Hart
Musical Director..............Gary Jensen
Special Assistance by..........Bazia Mauro
Student Assistant..............Lanis Hulnick

Charlie Browns................Amo Roth
Lucy............................Aine Weizan
Snoopy.........................Andrew C. Hipp
Luna............................Niko Vrlsky
Snooper.......................Shelby S. Grant
Patty.........................Glena Meredith
Franklin......................Dietrich J. Blum
Frieda.........................Laura Weckman
Pig pen........................Skip Schauer
Violet.........................Curtis Theil
Sally.........................Piot Nelson
Marcie.........................Kate Gregory

Director......................Victoria Hart
Assistant Director..............Robert Snowden Piggot
Music Director..............Gary Jensen
Model United Nations

Youth in Philanthropy

Gianna Menapace (advisor), Nicole Cohen, Melissa Cerar, Caroline Ketcham (advisor), Amani Vance, Kate Bell, Celia Gruss, Prisca Werns, Abby Barnett, Akuskua Vallis, Andrea Ramey, Stephanie Lear, Akwelle Vallis, Chum Langborne, Peter Todd, Marc Seldin

Field News

1986-1987 Staff
Volume X

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The Field News is a publication of the students of the Field School, 2126 Wyoming Ave., NW Washington, DC 20008. The Field News will gladly accept letters from our readers. Submissions should be signed.

Alex Varlay, Michael Fedorsik

Front Row: Mike Peterson (faculty advisor), Elena Hardy, Becca Mackinon, Alex Edwards, Middle Row: Tim Parsons (faculty advisor), Kyla Dickson, Chris Barth Back Row: Michael Abate, Ann Freeman, Chuck Jones, Hannah Allen, Matt Claw, Oliver Jones (Back) David Monaco, David Galper, Damon Maida, Michael Abate, Craig Weden, Kierstan Gordon, Larisa Hulnick, Aaron Eisenbrauth (Front) Eric Steinhauser (advisor)
Yearbook / Depth of Field

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Faculty Advisors: Amy Linenthal, Seth Riemer

Elizabeth Varlay, Paul Diamond, Amy Linenthal (advisor), Emily Cornell, Prisca Weems, Zoe Rosenfeld, Catherine Sky, Seth Riemer (advisor)

We would like to thank:
Katie Owen, Amy Herrema, Glennon Treadwell, Hannah Allen, Justin Tavares, Jonathan Hawkins, Kierstan Gordon, Ram Khalisi

Do you recognize these faces?

Sub-sub-submarine
Bub-bub-bubbles...
Started fish
prick up and vanish
like door,
Gaping eyes say,
"Hey mister, you don't belong here.
Seems to me you're all
metal and glass and gadgets
and I am the eyes and breath of the sea.
Your air bubble beneath the waves
makes you no member.
Go home to suffocating air
and take your nosy lights away.
We have business in the green-black deep,
secret business in the half-light,
and we'll have no peeping toms
so be gone with your
sub-sub-submarine
bub-bub-bubbles."

Zoe Rosenfeld
Grade 12
"Did you know that candles are suicidal,"
whistled the silver teapot
to her younger sister.

Wide-eyed, the creamer
poured No.

"And pencil sharpeners
are slave drivers,"
The sugarbowl looked
quite impressed.

"Heaven knows that
you shouldn't talk
to toasters, for they
burn their bread
alive,"

"And never,"
shined the crystal

"Listen to teapots,
their talk is full of lies."

Chuck Jones
Grade 10
Patrons
Susan Harper
Jay & Polly Keyworth

Sponsors
Chris & Leslie Barham
Lee Wakefield & Francis Bode
Robert & Manuelle Diamond
Alice & Harvey Galper
Audrey W. Jones
William D. Keller
Mr. & Mrs. Paul Leventhal
Dr. & Mrs. Beale H. Ong
Mr. & Mrs. David L. Miller & Family
Jeanette S. Miller
Ginny & David Rosenbaum
The Rosenfelds
The Shanks Family
Peggy & Jay Treadwell

"More than any other time in history, mankind faces a crossroads. One path leads to despair and utter hopelessness. The other, to total extinction. Let us pray we have the wisdom to choose correctly."

Woody Allen
From My Speech to the Graduates
You've come a long way, Babies!

Alex & Elizabeth

Congratulations Todd.
You've made it through two years at Field!!

Alex
Alison
Amy
Deshaan
Diane
Elizabeth
Erin
Glennon
Jenny

Katherine B.
Katherine D.
Kat
Kierstan
Melissa
Nicole C.
Nicole P.
Sarah

Dottie and Rick Podgorny

Success lies not in being the best but in doing your best!

Barbara Jones

Much love,
Mommy & Daddy

Congratulations to the Girl's Soccer Team and Lisa for the best season yet.
To Emily, with love from Mom and Bob

That is solemn we have ended
Be it but a Play
Or a Glee among the Garret
Or a holiday

Or a leaving Home, or later
Parting with a World
We have understood for better
Still to be explained

Emily Dickinson, 1864

Fare forward, you who think you are voyaging;
You are not those who saw the harbor
Receding, or those who will disembark.
Here between the hither and the farther shore
While time is withdrawn, consider the future
And the past with an equal mind....
So Krishna, when he admonished Arjuna
On the field of battle.
Not fare well,
But fare forward, voyagers.

T.S. Eliot, Four Quartets

We love you, Emily
Kevin, Andrea, Portia and Teddy
Affectionate
Motivated
Youthful

Energetic
Loveable
Inspiring
Zany
Able
Bright
Enthusiastic
Talented
Helpful

We love you,
Mom and Dad

It is not enough
to be busy...
the question is:
what are we busy
about?
Thoreau
May there always be burgers in your future.

Congratuations
To The Field School Seniors

Have an Artful Life!

Anton Gallery
2108 R St., NW
Washington D.C.
20008

Best of luck,
Little Tavern
Club LT