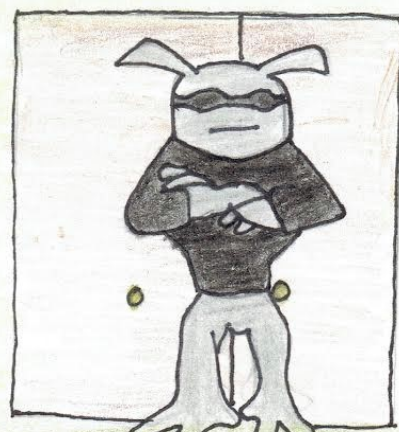
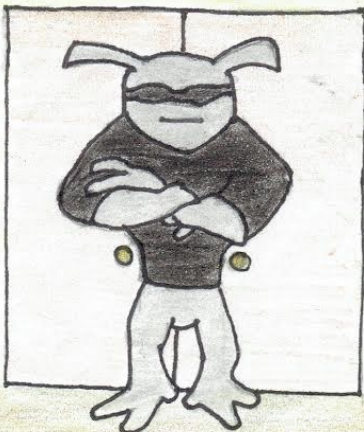
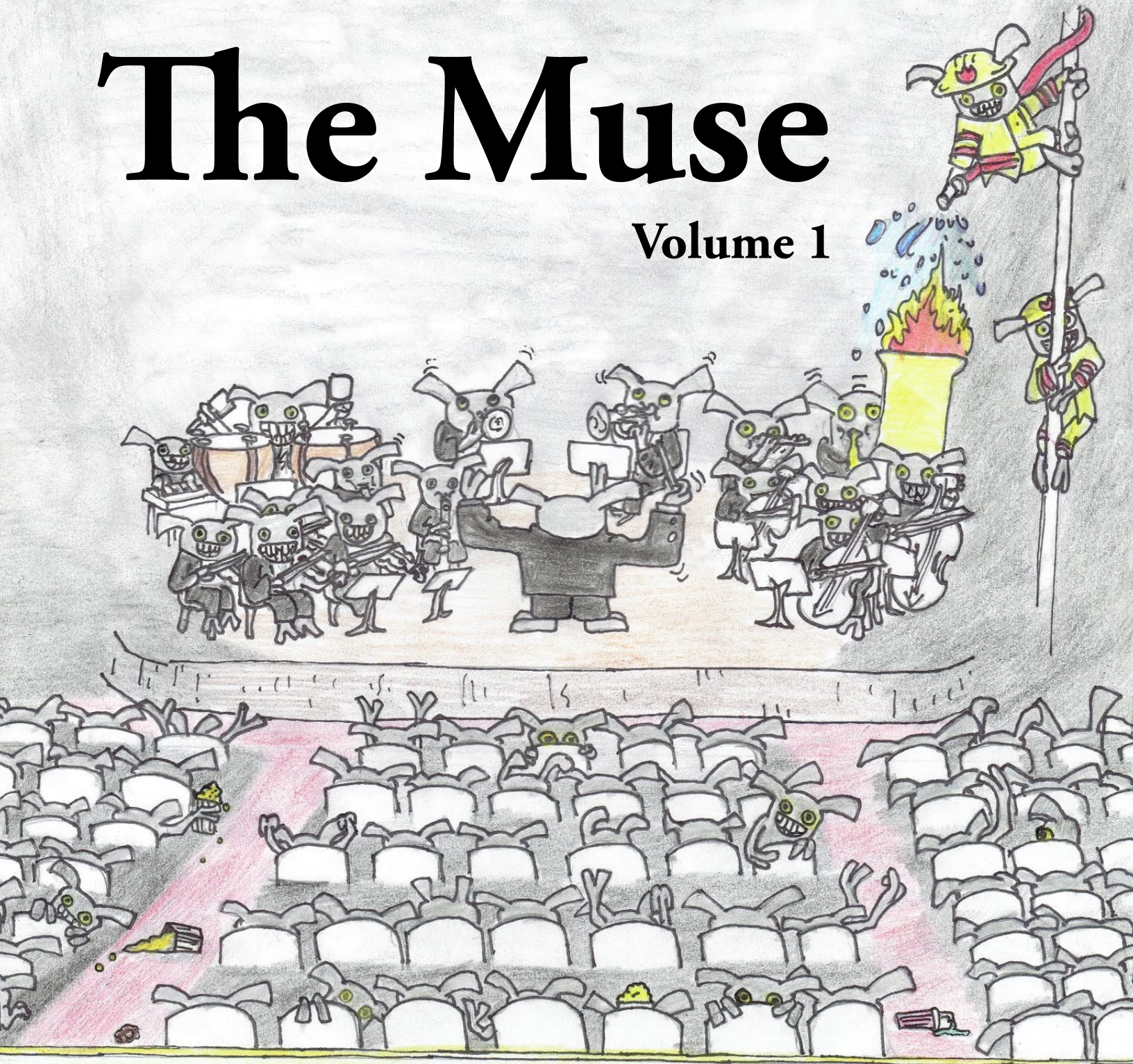


# The Muse

Volume 1



# *Letter from the Editor*

If you're in the Academy of Music and Performing Arts (AMPA) and don't know about our rep then you're probably living under a rock. Since our founding we've always gone above and beyond—choir, jazz band, orchestra, musicals, and all the awards that follow are just some examples. From my first day of Freshman year I knew this academy was pretty great, but I needed to find out the extent of that greatness. So I asked Ms. Zuccaro for a list of the awards we've won in the past ten years. She laughed, then came back to me with three full pages of awards we've won in the past year alone. I wanted to find a way to convey that aura in words. So, without further ado, I'm proud to present to you AMPA's new magazine—The Muse.



This first edition offers a variety of articles, art, and poetry to showcase the quality this academy delivers on a daily basis. From a thought-provoking interview with our campus cop to a humorous take on the science behind Trump's skin tone, from losing our God-given freedoms to dancing away depression, The Muse does not leave anything unexplored. So sit back, relax, and lose yourself in this weirdly wonderful adventure.

Mr. Editor-in-Chief, Gavi Kollin



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# AMPA Brag Sheet 2016-2017

## Choir

### Heritage Choral Festival:

- Chamber singers took 1st Place
- Women's A snatched 2nd Place
- Chamber and Women's A won the Adjudicator award of Excellence

## Jazz

- Downbeat Magazine Award for best small Jazz Ensemble
- Jazz Ensembles swept the Annual Aztec Jazz Festival
- Jazz A took 1st place at the Western States Festival
- Joey Curreri won a spot in the High School Grammy Institute of which only 6 kids across the country are selected for
- Simon Carlaftes won outstanding soloist at Next Generation Jazz Festival

## Music Technology

- Continues to sign artists to the ASIX record label
- ADIDAS SOUND LAB opened April 6 sponsored by ADIDAS

## Dance

- Sharp Competition: 1st place in Lyrical, Modern, and Hip-Hop
- Miss Drill Six Flag Competition: 1st place in Lyrical, 2nd in Hip-Hop, 3rd in Modern
- Sharp Competition Citrus College: 1st in Lyrical and Modern, 2nd in Hip-Hop

## Musical Theater

- "In the Heights" had hand picked students to perform in Anaheim for the John Raitt Awards and at the Pantages theater for the Jerry Herman Awards

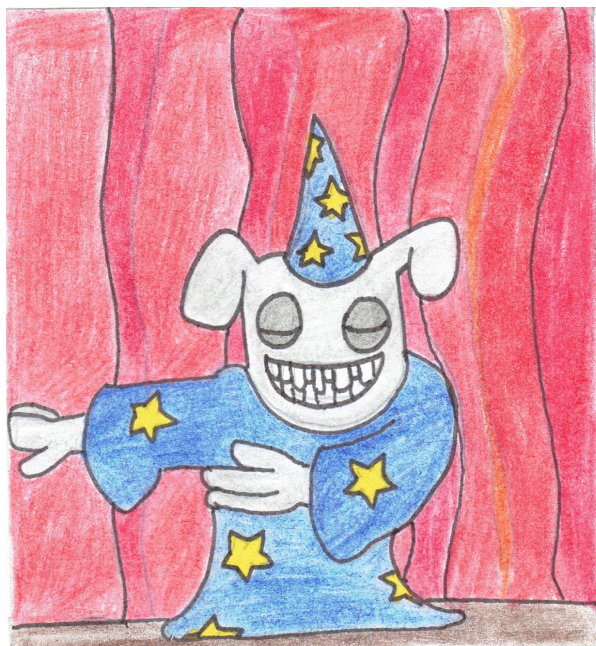
## We Are a Grammy Signature School



## Show Business Sucks

**Cedar Geary**

Show business sucks. It's grueling, time consuming, low paying, and rarely rewarding. We work ridiculous hours to perform for a sometimes unenthusiastic audience in an attempt to have them appreciate the beauty of musical



theater. So, why bother?

When life is a mess and all I want to do is escape, there's always another show, another chance to shine, another opportunity to get away. It's that moment when I stare out beyond the crowd belting that last note with everything I've got. The piano plays its last tune, then all of a sudden... silence.

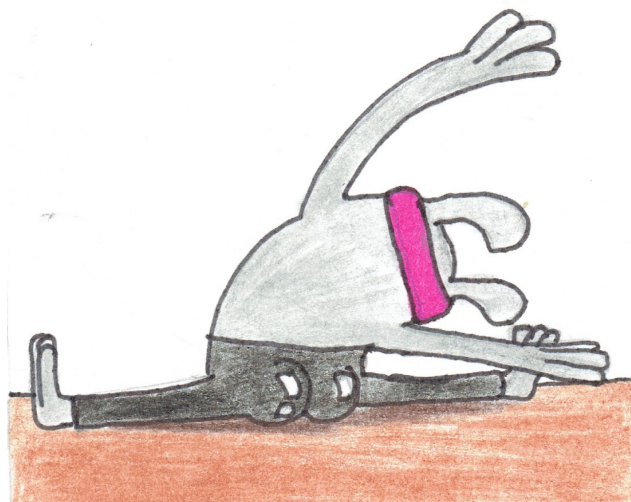
I anxiously look around at my fellow cast members. We stand together on the stage completely open and vulnerable, waiting. And then it comes—the deafening noise; the applause of the crowd. It's both overwhelming and chilling to the core. Only one thought goes through our minds: this is why we do it.

For the thrill of the performance, and of course, the cheering at the end. For the adrenaline that courses through our veins during every second of every show. We do it to unleash the struggles and stresses that are locked up inside. We do it because even though it sucks, it's what makes us happy.

## Best Punishment Ever

**Kai Solecita**

Dance. Just saying that word puts me at ease. I've been dancing for most of my life, but this journey truly began when I was twelve. My mother forced me to take a weekly ballet class (in order to make me more focused and disciplined). Because of my reckless behavior. Her old-school punishment turned out to be one of the best things that could have ever happened to me. After establishing a close bond with my instructor who saw my potential, I began to truly appreciate dance for what it was: hard work, focus, awareness, and most of all, determination. For a long time, I really hated it. It made me feel fat—having to wear those humiliating pink tights and jumping around in so organized a manner.



Since I was at a very low place in life when this all started, the timing could not have been better. In many ways, dance has, and continues to, save my life.

It's probably hard for you to imagine what its like to live your life thinking each day might

be your last. Spending every night wishing you wouldn't wake up. But then something weird happened. I started looking forward to Wednesday ballet. I began wanting to make it through my weeks, because that meant I could go back to class. This desire to finish what I started somehow got me to stop resenting my life, and even better, I began to improve at dance! A combination of intense lessons with my ballet teacher, having something to look forward to, and an ever growing confidence in myself meant things were beginning to look up for one Kai Solecita.

Making the determination to see some-

thing through was an entirely new feeling for me. As the years went on, I got more flexible, and became a true artist, I was carrying myself differently, losing weight, and found a purpose. whenever I feel myself slipping, I go into the dance studio and express those feelings through movement. There are hardly any words to describe how I feel when I release my worries and sadness through this extraordinary art form. The only ones that come to mind are pure transcendent freedom. I owe my existence to dance and gratitude to my mom for having seen it in my eventual salvation.

---

## Something To Live For

Destiny Flores



On April 1, 2015, my life was set to automatic failure. That's the day I was diagnosed with Guillain-Barré syndrome—an autoimmune disease that can paralyze the entire body. Eventually I had to accept that fighting would do nothing, nothing at all. I was going to die. The fact that I didn't is nothing short of a miracle. As a 15-year old I assumed my life was ahead of me, but the news I received that day said otherwise. It took away any feelings of hope, love, care, and

passion. As if I was already gone. To be honest, after a couple of months, I pretty much was.

As I was being treated for a sickness no one could really understand, it became harder and harder for me to open up about what was really going on. Friends and family began to fade—not because they didn't want to be with or talk to me, but because I decided to distance myself, to stop opening up. I made the decision for them which they couldn't understand. They couldn't know that I was only trying to protect their hearts from breaking. I didn't want them to pity me, nor remember me as someone who was becoming a vegetable.

One of the things that kept me from falling was the support I received from the Hamilton Music Academy. It was a place where I felt safe, especially with people like Ms. Valdemar, Ms. Lartelier, and Ms. Kim. These three women made me feel powerful, like I meant something, never once letting me give up no matter how much I wanted to. That's something I'm truly grateful for. Being in a place where I felt loved and supported was all I could really ask for in my situation. Returning to school was something I wanted to dodge. I completely hated the thought

of going back, but honestly it's now something I will hold with me forever. In fact, all the good memories Hamilton gives me now are the ones I wouldn't trade for anything. I feel like it's been a place where I've been able to grow mentally,

physically, and emotionally. Even when there are bad days, Hamilton is like a home I will never stop loving. Much like the people who've been there with me since that first fateful day, This Academy will be with me till the day I die.



# Can You Spot the 12 Differences?





## Fermata

Valerie Guzman

What do you do, at 12 years old, when your house is filled  
with chaos?

Glasses falling, mother melting, father yelling, and sister  
bawling.

Tell me.

What do you do?

When the four walls attempting to feel like home  
suddenly become the place you hate the most.

Tell me.

Where do you run to when there's nowhere else to go?

When it feels like there's no escape from your father's  
piercing words.

The only thing that kept me sane—  
through the years full of destruction?

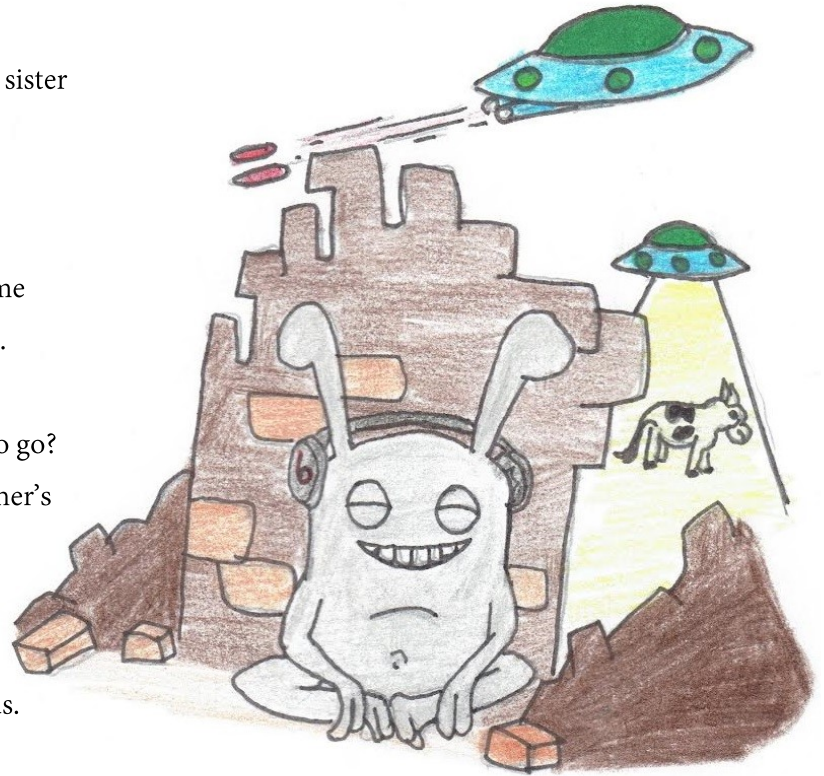
'Twas the melodies flowing through my earbuds.

As if it was a shield.

Music

protected me

from my own destruction.



## Places Please!

Grace Panosian

Places please

Top of the show

This is what we've waited for

Lights down

Curtain up

It's time to do what we love

The audience is ready

The stage is set

As the overture swells

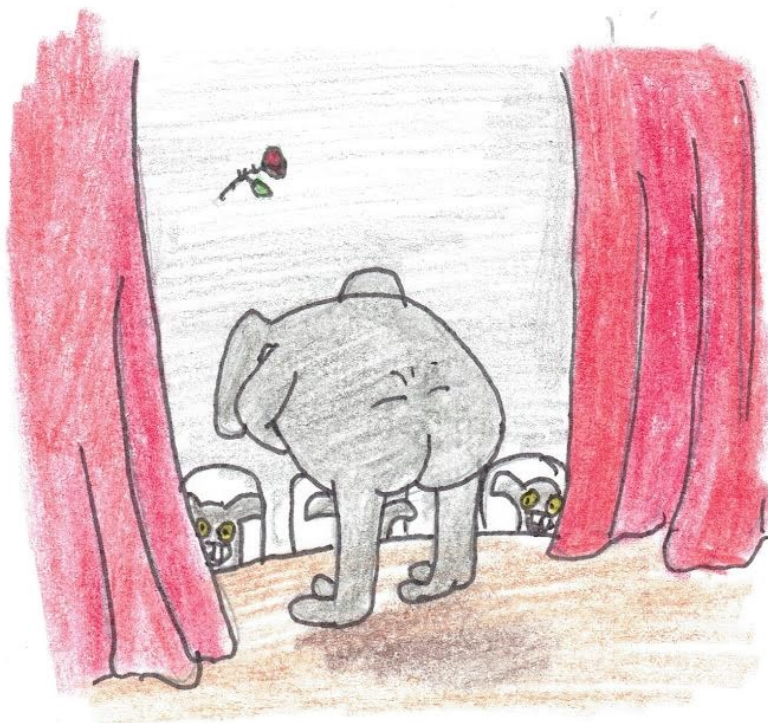
I will never forget

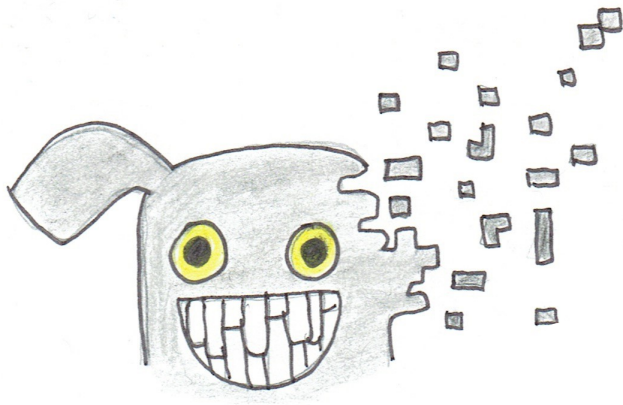
The feeling of a crowd

Cheering so loud

I can't help but smile

As wide as a mile





## Particle Carpool

Sabine Turner

What is it called when a star

Bursts into pieces and particles?

Only two particles deciding to carpool together on the  
morning commute

To a different galaxy

(what is it called) when they land on a planet and evolve  
together,

Get separated by time,

Still meet up for that coffee date,

Just to evolve into different versions of each other

“I HATE YOU, YOU LOOK LIKE ME”, they thought

Never saying

Quote

“I miss you, and not as one misses a memory.”

Unquote

I told you.

To this, you smiled and told me how these words were  
touching

But you did not truly understand.

I missed you as if you had died and I was your loved one

Going through the first stage of grief

...it's denial

So in the end – after you

Having given me something, maybe, real to grasp,  
I was left with these feelings, and people, and even a  
world of hyperreal.

Myself even seeming to be a reflection;

Pixelated, I often sit and watch myself delete

COMING BACK:

Quote!

I THINK, THEREFORE, I AM

Unquote!

Quote!

THERE IS POWER IN NUMBERS

Unquote!

Somewhere, within a 1.6 mile radius

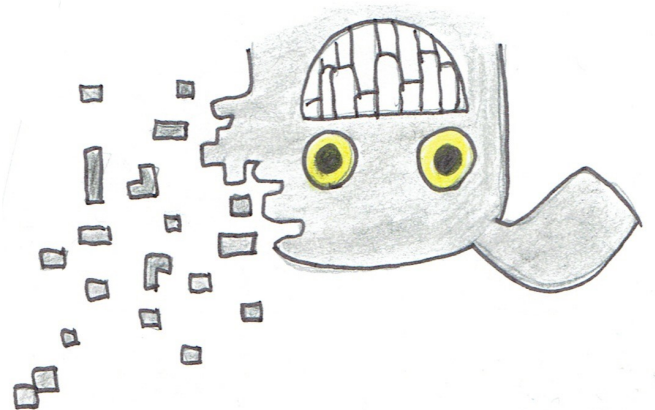
There is a boy

Who lives on the other side of aging time

From reflecting angles on a plane of pondered upon  
space

Through the same star particle eyes

We watch the entropy.



# I am the Wind

Yoni Kollin

I'm at the beach slowly withering away until there's  
nothing left but sand and water, sand and water, sand  
and water. That's all there ever was.

Maybe, I'll see where the tide takes me.

What am I but a boy on the beach waiting.  
Waiting for what? Waiting for the ocean to swallow me  
up and then spit me back out only to be miles away  
from where I was.

Waiting til the sun sets and the moon rises, and there's  
only stars in the night sky, bright beautiful blissful  
stars. The stars I see, the stars I speak, the stars I breath,  
The stars.

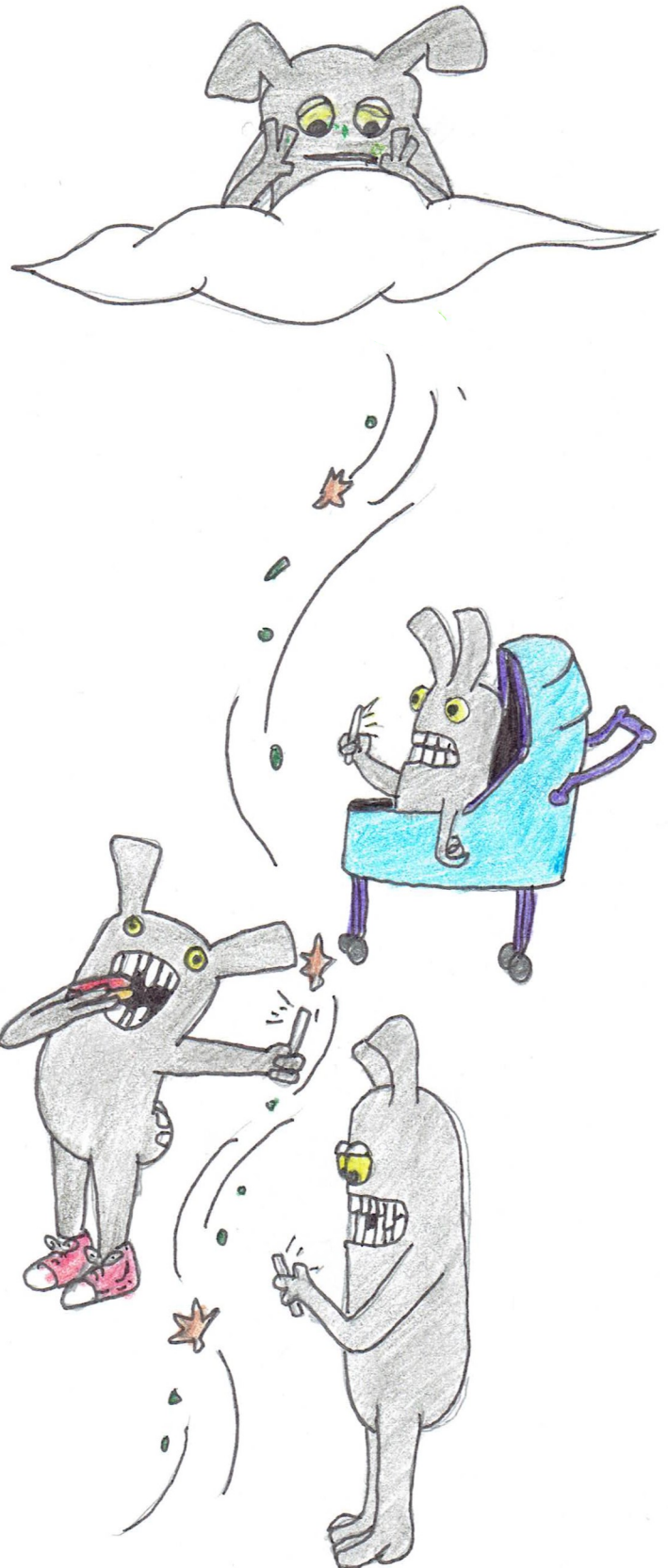
The stars want me to wish, but how can I wish upon a  
star when there's nothing to wish, nothing to wish,  
nothing to wish, nothing to wish. Absolutely nothing,  
and when they fade away, so do I.

Just an echo on the planet, making one last attempt to  
be heard, yelling as loud as my vocal range will take  
me, screaming for anybody out there, when nobody's  
out there, nobody at all, even if they were, they  
wouldn't hear, they wouldn't see, they wouldn't  
acknowledge me.

They would be on their phones, typing a tweet, sending  
a message, replying to a goddamn comment that they  
probably won't remember the next day, look I tried, I  
tried to call out to you, I tried to get you to hear me, I  
tried too hard. And if you try to find me now, you  
won't be able to, I'm gone. I am the breeze in the air,  
always there , yet still invisible, you had your chance,  
and you wasted it. But don't fear, now you'll hear me  
roaring in the sky, and I'll be so loud that everyone will  
know, and that's all I ever really wanted,

for people to know me.

I am the wind.



# Q&A With The Campus Cop



**Questions by Gavi Kollin**  
**Answers by J.B. Williams**

## **Tell me a little about yourself.**

I'm a 27-year law enforcement veteran and have spent 10 of those years employed by the Los Angeles School Police Department. I also teach at the Community College and the Los Angeles Police Academy at the advanced officer levels courses in subjects that include: Juvenile, Procedures, Gangs, Narcotics, Burglary, Corrections, and Community Relations. I live in the City of Los Angeles and am the proud father of five sons and one daughter ranging in ages from 32 through 19. I enjoy spending quality time with family, friends, and my German Shepherd puppies. I serve as a mentor to kids seeking careers in Public Service and my hobbies are customizing and riding my Harley-Davidson motorcycles.

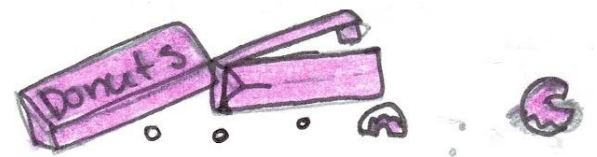
## **Why did you become a police officer?**

I grew up in South Los Angeles and initially as a young boy had a positive relationship with the police. However, when I became a teenager, that

changed and I did not like them much. When I was about 20, I was employed as a student at the Los Angeles County Coroner and regularly worked side-by-side with seasoned Police Officers and Homicide Detectives. I recognized and developed an appreciation for the work they did in minority communities. I took from each of those experiences and developed what I believed were strategies to be an effective police officer. Police officers are asked to deal with issues that others lack the courage to do. They're asked to maintain order and sometimes to make life or death decisions. To this day, I believe a good police officer requires empathy (most people don't plan on having negative situations requiring police intervention), being a good communicator (listener, speaker, and writer), problem solving (using common sense approaches to resolving conflicts or issues), decision making (using policies, procedures and protocols, and out-of-the-box thinking to carry out those decisions) and being a leader (taking risks and action when others can't or won't and owning those decisions). I felt I could be a positive role model for boys and girls if I became a police officer. I realized that was my true calling and eventually became a school police officer.

## **What is the protocol for pulling your firearm?**

Officers are given a great deal of discretion on the drawing of their firearms. However, the drawing of a firearm in situations where weapons are reported to be present, the likelihood that weapons might be used against the police or citizens and / or the need to use deadly force might arise is acceptable. The officer drawing his / her weapon is responsible for explaining the need to do so.



**What must happen for you to legally pull the trigger?**

An officer may use deadly force where great bodily injury or death may be imminent as a result of the actions of another.

**Do you feel that the disproportionate killing of African-Americans by police is due to racism?**

Not at all. I believe it is the conditions which exist in African-American communities and attitudes towards the police which contribute to these unfortunate incidents. Members of the public rarely get to view the evidence related to officer-involved shootings and often take a position that is counter to law enforcement without real evidence. This is unfortunate for both the family of the person killed and the police.

**How do you feel society portrays the police force these days? How has the media played a role in this attitude?**

It depends on which part of society you're talking about. The majority of society views law enforcement positively. We live in more civil times where people can enjoy to travel freely. Unfortunately, there are still trouble-makers who espouse anti-social and criminal behavior requiring that towns, municipalities and other places maintain a law enforcement body. As far as the media, it's a business that both hurts and helps us. Their portrayals of the police are not always positive. Headlines are meant to generate revenue for their shareholders and to appease advertisers. The media is of great use to us during emergencies or when we need to get information out to the masses. Law enforcement always works to find a balance when dealing with the media.

**What are your thoughts on Black Lives Matter?**

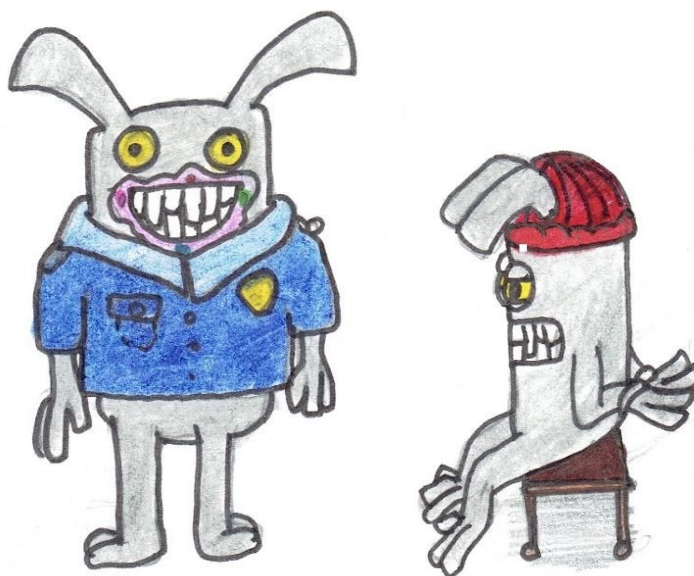
I believe that ALL lives matter. I'm appalled that people who claim to value African-American lives don't put the same energy into CONDEMNING Black on Black violence. The statistics of members from these communities killing each other is staggering!

**What are your thoughts on BLUE Lives Matter?**

I believe that ALL lives matter. I understand how members of law enforcement feel about not getting 100% support from those they serve. As an African-American police officer, I also understand why this movement looks like a counter-response to a larger issue that law enforcement should be working with the communities they serve. I don't need a movement to tell me I'm supported by others outside of the school communities that I protect. To me it kind of sends an US versus THEM message that I don't think is helpful.

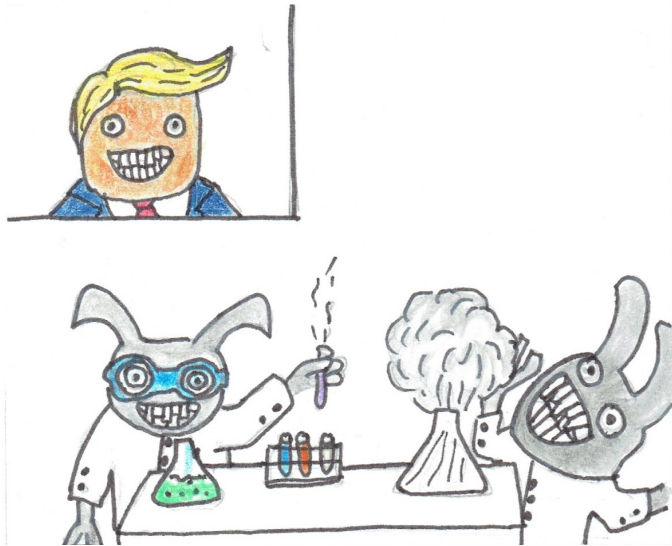
**What are your thoughts on Donuts?**

Are you kidding? I love donuts! My favorite is plain cake with white frosting and sprinkles. They don't make em' like they used to!



# The Science behind Trump's Skin Color

Maximos Lianos

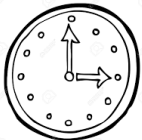


Hello Hamilton AMPA students. I'm here to talk to you about a topic that's been on everyone's mind since the beginning of the 2015 presidential campaign—Trump's skin color. While many believe him to be White and only White, he actually shows multiple signs of different coloration such as a pale and a deep hue of orange (known to strike fear into the hearts of children). Many attribute his skin to sun spots and old age, but what really happened? Why is Trump so orange?

## OPINION

### What's The True Cost of Free Speech?

Gavi Kollin

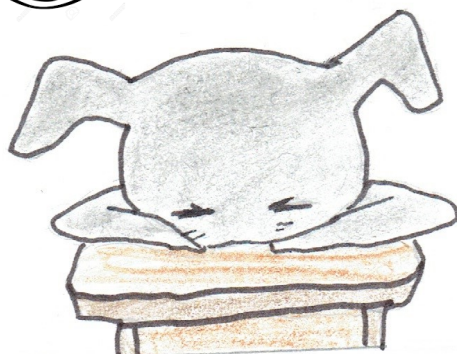


Some believe that it was a tangerine experiment gone wrong resulting in an orange peel fusing with his face. Others believe that the story for DC's The Joker was based off of Trump's life (the falling into a vat of chemicals part). These theories, while valid, fall short in comparison to a recent scientific explanation conducted by students at UCLA. In his thirties, Trump moved from Manhattan to Palm Beach. This move was not only closer to the equator; but a hotter climate as well, contributing to his dark skin tone. After becoming a business mogul, Trump returned to New York, becoming a Manhattanite. Due to his own insecurities in business, Trump hit the tanning salons—a lot. A side effect of which is extreme hunger combined with a slowing metabolism. The end result was Trump beginning to look even more rotund along with his ever brightening hue.

Trump's skin had what the UCLA students classified as a "total epidermis shut-down" causing his overall skin to become orange, wrinkly, and scaly. As well documented by the start of his campaign, Trump's look was especially gruesome in October with his eyes becoming a ghostly pale due to his overly excessive rolling of them. To conclude, it now appears that the 45th president of the United States is, in fact, a Jack-o-lantern.

We can all agree that Trump is a White Supremacist. We can also agree that his supporters are either racist or ignorant. White America voted in a man who supported their racist ideals. But does White America include the millions of Blacks, Hispanics, and other minorities that voted for Trump? Are all Trump supporters that ignorant or that bigoted? Or, wait for it, were there legitimate reasons to vote for him? In Hamilton High School, the clear answer would be that there are none and that, in fact, it was sheer prejudice and ignorance that got him elected.

This answer was made clear the day after the election. My teachers openly expressed their hatred for Trump and encouraged that viewpoint in a class “discussion.” This gave students the opportunity to go to town on the new president. It was a campus-wide ‘Hate Trump Day’ (not to be confused with every other day of the year). Lets Assume there is a student named Jimmy whose family voted for Trump. If Jimmy had raised his hand and said, “Trump isn’t that bad,” he would have been categorized immediately as prejudiced, stupid, or both. Making an “outrageous” statement like that, especially the day after the election, would’ve guaranteed Jimmy was gonna lose some friends. His reputation would’ve taken a hit, him being a racist would’ve spread like a wildfire, and his social life would’ve forever been damaged. Some would call it social suicide. So instead, Jimmy sits quietly in the corner waiting for the bell to ring. Let’s say we have another student, Sarah, who doesn’t really care about Trump one way or another, but she cares about having friends, and gladly hops on the Hate Trump Train. Assume there is a third student, Hannah. Hannah happens to have important opinions on the matter, but, being the teacher’s pet, would never jeopardize her enviable position on the teacher’s good side. With social life being so crucial to a highschooler’s development and mental stability, expressing a controversial point of view makes no sense at all. We’ve reached consensus that Trump is bad, and if you disagree...shut your mouth. This unsaid rule is a violation of our first amendment right—the right to free speech.



Of course the teachers are not actively suppressing our First Amendment, however they have created an environment in which it is greatly contested. At Hamilton High School, ironically, this freedom comes at a price. It can cost a friendship, a reputation, or that cozy spot at the top of the teacher’s nice list. We have arrived at the point where free speech is only free for certain points of view.

There is no risk when jumping on the Hate Trump Train, the only risk is falling off.

It’s the teachers responsibility to foster discussion from all sides, regardless of their personal bias. Objective learning is the best kind of learning; it allows students to formulate their own opinions without any kind of pressure. To truly learn, we

must hear from people like Jimmy and Hannah. We must try to understand them. Ask them questions. Not the kind that are mean in nature but rather the kind that are curious in nature. We need to listen to the answers. Not with the intent to prove a point; but with the intent to learn. We shouldn’t listen with the intent to be spiteful; but with the desire to understand. Let’s create an environment where free speech is free again.

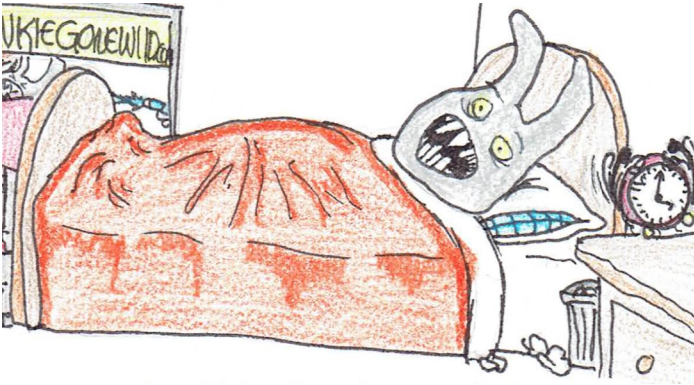
### First Amendment

To the U. S. Constitution

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and petition the government for a redress of grievances.

# Wake up!

Virginia Trent



I couldn't tell you how much of an aversion I have to the idea of waking up every day at 5:50 a.m., then snoozing my alarm, then waking up again at 6:00, then snoozing my alarm and actually getting up at 6:30 to go to school (where truthfully, I don't always want to be). I do it because every adult I've met—such as my teachers, parents, and family members—have told me to stay focused, get good grades, pass AP classes, and get into a good college. The thing is no one ever tells you what you'll encounter along the way. They don't tell you about that boy or girl that will be on your mind constantly so you can't focus, the teacher that may be the slightest bit biased, or that when someone close to you passes away grief isn't a sufficient excuse as to why your essay was late. Now don't get me wrong—education is important, but high school isn't just about that, it's also about finding yourself. Let me tell you some things I've learned about being here pretty much everyday of my life since the first day of freshman year:

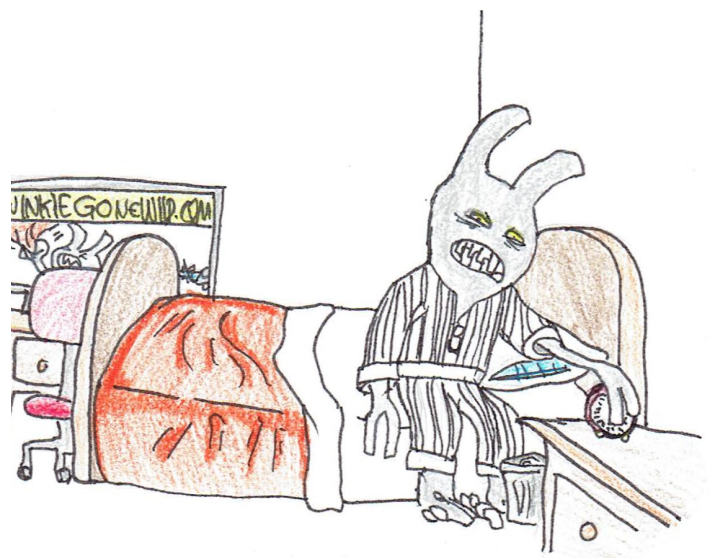
1) High school isn't about popularity, although it seems most people have a goal to know as many people as possible. How many friends do you have that really know you; not just, "oh I know her, like I see her around" type friends, but people who truly enjoy talking about all the things that you do?

2) Have fun. Yes, you can go to parties and yes, you can go on dates. Just honestly have fun and find the people that make you the best version of yourself.

3) Don't stress. Stress is really self-generated. It only exists if you allow it to and over-thinking things will get you nowhere. We're only human and you're bound to make mistakes. There's no need to make it worse. I also find that I use my major (dance) as a way to express whatever may be stuck in my brain. It's a kind of therapy.

4) If something or someone isn't adding value to your life then why are they/it still there? If you hang out with problematic people you're liable to become problematic as well. If you have a problem with someone or something either address it and move on or ignore it. I could go on forever but my last piece of advice for now is...

5) Love yourself and what you do. If you came to Hamilton to do what you love, put everything you've got into that and don't hold back. At the end of the day you have to be happy with yourself and the progress you've made because only you know what's going on inside that beautiful mind of yours. In other words, wake up!



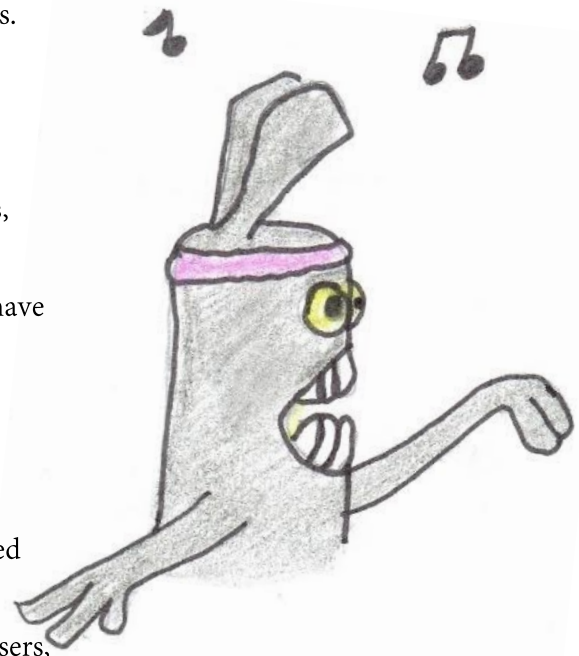
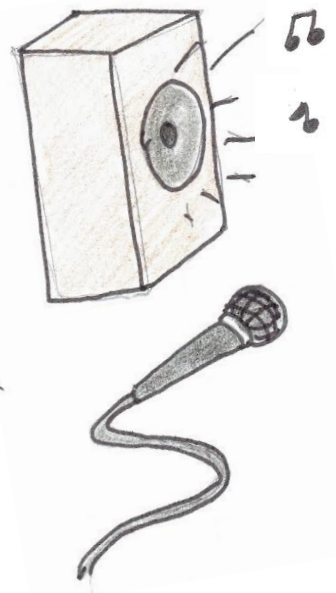


# No Matter What

Treniece Mone

we're annoying.  
 because choir songs are blasted  
 through staircases like speakers,  
 theater kids become walking playbills,  
 and musical theater kids are like  
 the little white flowers in the spring that cover disneyland.  
 they're. everywhere.  
 dancers hide throughout the quad  
 or stay in their cove aka the dance room.  
 jazz bands and orchestra carry around their instruments  
 with almost a little too much pride.  
 and techies are basically anonymous.  
 we might be segregated,  
 but we are powerful.  
 talented.  
 plaques replace each other on walls,  
 trophies stack high to the ceiling,  
 and have you seen the Grammy's we have  
 in the Music Academy office?!

Being apart of AMPA  
 is being apart of a family.  
 you're not always going to agree,  
 and you may or may not be slandered  
 behind your back,  
 but whether you hit that note on the risers,  
 or make us cry during your scene,  
 or have Foschia remind us to clap  
 after your solo,  
 we support each other no matter what.  
 that's what we have in common.  
 a simple, but strong respect for each other  
 and our talents.  
 without the Academy of the Performing Arts  
 we wouldn't be who we are today,  
 as individuals or as a community.  
 we are AMPA.



# Answer Key



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Shout-out to my mom and dad for all the help

# Volume 1

