

2/9/89

NORWICH FREE ACADEMY

Mr. Lamb is back and beardless

By SHEILAH COLEMAN

After a semester of writing and being domestic, Walter Lamb, one of NFA's most colorful teachers, has returned to the English Department. With the help of a grant and a sabbatical, Mr. Lamb was able to complete the first draft of the novel he is currently working on, titled *Whales*. A first person narration leads the reader through the life of a young woman, from her early teens to her thirties. Mr. Lamb explained the title, 'Whales are an important image or symbol throughout the story. This woman has a fascination with whales, and even confronts them a couple times. In her car she listens to a tape of humpback whales. And in the second part of the novel, she goes through a period of obesity and is ostracized, called a 'whale.'

'The trapping of the whales in Alaska last fall made me feel as if I had something to say to a lot of people...Not only seeing people's reactions to that, but also the fact that the whales were freed- it was a kind of omen.' Not putting too much stock in coincidence, Mr. Lamb found the whole incident interesting.

Most of the writing of the novel has been done during summer vacations, but the sabbatical helped him complete the basic story. Some mornings last fall, Mr. Lamb would get up at 4 a.m., and then go to the all-night study room at UConn to write. Although this environment was not very stimulating- 'long empty tables, bare walls, and a couple of stressed-out engineering students'- it was a quiet place to work. 'At the same time, I was playing Mr. Mom at home because my wife had returned to

teaching. I gave 75% of my time to writing, and the other 25% to vacuuming, carting kids to nursery school, and doing the laundry.'

Now that Mr. Lamb has returned, he will be working on a new writing workshop that would involve classes from all subjects. 'We're going to try, with classes in English and other departments as well, to do something called process writing- which is a method where the writing develops with the help of the other writers in the room. There is a lot of peer reaction with this method which is not always just positive criticism, but, hopefully some thoughtful ideas to help the students improve their writing.' Mr. Lamb said that he felt students often feel they are writing simply to please the tastes of a teacher. 'I think people are

trained to see their writing as belonging to the teacher all too often...I would also like to work towards an ungraded writing program where the student could work on a project, revising until he was satisfied, without the pressure of grades. Hopefully, the workshop will be starting this year.'

Currently, Mr. Lamb is seeking an agent to help him find a publisher for *Whales*. He says he feels very encouraged by the changes NFA has seen this year. 'The atmosphere that I've come back to is an atmosphere of change, new ideas, and taking risks. There are many positive things happening here.' Certainly, the return of Mr. Lamb, the new writing program, and the hopeful success of his book are only contributing to the new spirit of NFA.

Farewell, Mrs. H

By SCOTT ORSTAD

When you talk about *The Odyssey* and the Shakespeare Club, what NFA English teacher comes to mind? If you're a freshman, then you know we could only be talking about Mrs. Heilig. As some of you already know, Mrs. Heilig retired at the end of the first semester after seventeen years here at NFA.

Interestingly enough, Mrs. Heilig says she never planned on being a teacher. She returned to college after raising a family to pursue her interest in writing.

Her mother, daughter, and friends told her she was always teaching people and that she should get paid for it.

After teaching at NFA for a couple of years, Mrs. Heilig created the Shakespeare Club due to her interest in Shakespeare. Mrs. Heilig recalls with a smile some of the highlights since the club started. She remembers the club's production of Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, and the evening the club chartered a bus that took members, parents, and others to an Eliza-



Photo by Anthony Jirasoli

bethan dinner at the University of Connecticut. Her fondest classroom memories are of the

court trials and political debates her classes conducted.

Mrs. Heilig admits that after she has peace and quiet for a while, she will eventually miss her students and the vacations. As Shakespeare said, 'If every day were a sporting holiday, to play would be as tedious as to work.'

Currently Mrs. Heilig doesn't have any definite plans except to get lots of rest and to exercise before starting a new career. 'Life begins at 49 plus plus,' according to Mrs. Heilig.

Parents council prez speaks

By JACQUES FRIEDMAN

By now, you all have heard about the NFA Parents Council which was instituted by Dr. Sherman at the beginning of this year. In addition, rumors have been circulating concerning the Post Senior Prom Party proposed by the Council. The *Red & White* recently spoke with Parents Council president, Jerald Navick to get the lowdown on Council goings-on and to get to the source of all that Post Prom Party gossip.

The idea of a Parents Council was conceived by Dr. Sherman with two initial goals in mind: to provide social and recreational activities for the students and to serve as a sounding board for parents and a suggestion forum for the administration. Although only a few months old, the Parents Council is off to a good start, according to Mr. Navick.

Presently consisting of approximately fifty to sixty members, the Council has nominated officers: Mr. Navick of Norwich is president, Dennis Shea of Canterbury, vice president, Mary Elomaa of Voluntown, secretary, and Linda Albright of Norwich is treasurer.

The Council is presently involved in planning a post prom party. This idea which was first introduced by Dr. Sherman, has several purposes. Navick stated that it gives the seniors an all night, drug and alcohol free alternative after the prom while also serving as a "gift" to the senior class for their four years at NFA.

Now for the details. At midnight after the Prom, which will be held at the Norwich Marina, several buses will cart seniors to the party site, Connecticut College in New London. There, one can indulge in many recreation-

al activities until 6 AM. There will be a disc jockey for dancing, tons of pizza, hamburgers, and other gastronomic delights, swimming, basketball, volleyball, and possibly a hypnotist. Also at the party's disposal is a casino type gameroom in which participants can win coins or tokens which can be redeemed for gifts on the spot. The lone stipulation for attending the party is that everyone who wishes to attend will have to arrive via the buses provided and remain at the party site until the buses take them home. A small concession for such an eventful evening.

Mr. Navick stated that the tab for the party will be in the ten thousand dollar ballpark. However, he was quick to point out that the students would pay a nominal amount (in the two to five dollar range) for a package which includes a ticket and a T

shirt. The Council plans to approach local organizations for funds as well as the usual fundraisers, namely bake sales and pancake breakfasts.

The Parents Council is interested in hearing the senior class' response to the Post Prom Party. Presently in the working stages is a senior assembly with the Council so students can ask questions and voice their opinions. Navick also mentioned plans of showing a videotape of a similar party held for Fitch High School last year in the Shattuck video room on February 10 and in senior lounge in order to help create interest.

Although there are still logistics to be worked out, Navick stated that the Post Prom Party is a definite "go" and will be held regardless if "twenty or two hundred people choose to attend."

RED & WHITE

What the beep is going on?

By JARED BIERLYO

Recently NFA banned the use of beepers among students. I've never wanted to wear a beeper. I've never even thought about wearing a beeper. Yet now I feel compelled to wear one, and I urge you to do the same. Let's make February 21 'Wear Your Beeper' day. Let us embrace Gandhi's passive, non-violent civil disobedience policy and set off our beepers precisely at noon to voice our displeasure with NFA's 'change for the sake of change.'

Now that I think about it, maybe NFA was right to ban beepers. I mean, police say that anyone who's anyone in drug dealing uses beepers. We all know what a huge-scale underground narcotics trafficking business goes on here at the Academy. Judging by the Porsches in the senior parking lot and the cellular car phone that each contains, these drug dealers will still have the communication lines to keep open their vast network of drug con-

nctions.

Don't you hate it when you're sitting in study hall, and suddenly the quiescent air is shattered by a metallic beeping sound. And then some law-breaking punk gets up to ask for a lav pass. I mean, after ten or twenty times, that can get really annoying.

You know, I think the administration here at our beloved school is looking at beepers with tunnel vision. What about us unlucky ones who don't deal drugs but still enjoy sporting beepers? What about poor Frank Friedman's sons? How are they supposed to emulate their father if not by wearing a beeper? How about those who simply like the look? I think that the small, shiny box attached to one's hip makes a bold fashion statement. And that tinny, ear-piercing beep gives me my ha-ha's.

NFA seems to be enamored of the art of making change. If a week goes by and something hasn't been altered, the adminis-

tration feels they have overlooked their duty. Although something ain't broken, they'll fix it anyway. There have been many changes this year that, in my mind, the most die-hard NFA rah-rah could not justify, but this new policy of outlawing beepers is the icing on the cake.

NFA spokesman Roger Baker has said that there was no specific incident that triggered the policy, but when police notified administrators of the popular use of beepers in the drug trade, they felt obligated to stop a problem that did not exist. Other schools in Eastern Connecticut have not adopted the beeper ban, because they have not yet encountered a problem. How senseless! Why not make a rule that applies to no one? I guess every other school in Eastern Connecticut isn't as 'with-it' as the Academy.

This country prides itself on its democratic principles. However, the idea of passing a law simply for the sake of passing a law just reveals a different mentality.

Cows are people too

By KOWSER P. PULTOO

A new Burger King was put up in my town and I hate it.

Pretty soon, everyone will be eating there and they'll think it's been there forever. But that's not why I hate it. I don't like the Burger King for six reasons:

- 1) They kill cows.
- 2) The cows they kill graze on the sites of murdered forests.
- 3) The killed cows who grazed over murdered forests are filled with chemicals.
- 4) The chemicals that fill the killed cows who grazed over the murdered forests are bad for the heart.

5) The bad-for-the-heart chemicals and killed cows who grazed over the murdered forests are wrapped in bad-for-Earth plastics.

6) Also, burghers were people in medieval Europe who belonged to the middle, mercantile class and were often at odds with the king. So, "burgher king" is an oxymoron. Thus, bad-for-Earth, plastic-wrapped and bad-for-the-heart-chemical-filled killed cows who grazed over murdered forests are contributing to linguistic degeneration in our society. (I know 'burger' is short for 'hamburger' and since this is America no one worries about kings, but that's beside the point.)

I once asked a dog who had eaten one of the burgers if he knew he had eaten an animal that was many times bigger than himself. The dog replied that it was free.

I then asked a man who had just come out of the Burger King why he had eaten there. He said because it was "cheap."

So I guess that's what it comes down to—money. Animals don't have money so we treat them badly. Neither do children, and we treat them badly, too. Maybe we should pay the animals for their contributions. Or maybe we should eat our children.

I don't know. But I'm sure I won't be going to any fast food restaurant any time soon.

'Twas a night to remember

By AKIEM WALTON

Saturday was a big night for me as I'm sure it was for many of you who attended the big dance in the Norton Gymnasium. But it was especially big for me because it was my first night out with my very special girl, Carmen.

I picked my date up at about a quarter to three on that Saturday afternoon, arriving a bit early so as to be sure to get a table at my favorite restaurant,

One Potato, Two Potato... in the Crystal Mall. Carmen gave me some very special flowers which had unfortunately been tampered with before they were sold. (I knew this because as I leaned over to smell them, I noticed a large hatpin mixed in among the lovely petals. Being the gentleman that I am, I said nothing to Carmen and put the flowers in the my pocket so as not to lose them.)

After an elegant dinner of potatoes with cheese sauce and

chives, Carmen and I had some time to waste so I suggested to her that we swing over to my pad for a little pre-coronation fun. (If you know what I mean) She knew what I was thinking; she read my mind. She accepted and we cruised over to my house where we played for hours and hours, the game, Super Mario Bros. on my new Nintendo Entertainment System. 'Boy, oh, boy!', I thought to myself, 'What a wonderful start to a beautiful evening!' We were really hitting

READER RESPONSE

Flip and Jop,

I have a problem with a paragraph in the last issue of the *Red and White*. In your column, you mentioned that Bruce Hurst was a devout Mormon who practices polygamy to prevent himself from being too lonely. If you know so much about the Mormon religion, you should know that, since it has been outlawed, polygamy is no longer practiced.

I am a Mormon myself. My father *does not* have a dozen wives, nor does any other family

that I know. What you said about Bruce Hurst was not only ignorant, but also misleading to those who read your column and might take your word for it that Mormons still practice polygamy. My advice to you would be, if you don't know something and don't want to take the time to research it, don't use bits of information.

Thank you,
Amanda McElwain

We should've censored this

By GARTH BLUE

There is a certain irony in using the *Red & White* to cut on the *Red & White*, but where else am I going to air my thoughts? The Scribbler? What is that, anyway? I think it's a myth that such an organization actually exists. Anyway, what I wanted to talk about was the unbridled censorship privileges exercised by this school's newspaper editors.

I know you all read my work and gush about how great I am, but what you don't know is how much my work is snipped and cut. If you think I'm great now, imagine the deification I'd undergo if my work were allowed to go through uncensored.

It is a shame that someone as great as me should have to be subservient to the provincial *Red & White* editors and their "advisor" Mr. Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan may make this paper run effectively, but don't forget, Mussolini made the trains run on time.

And I'm not making a conscious effort to indulge in "Mor-

ton Downey" rhetoric when I make these comments. I simply feel that the NFA student body should not be deprived of my original intent. I mean, I could understand if I writing Lee Er-mey's lines from *Full Metal Jacket*, but I'm only writing my mainstream, clean opinion. Would the works of Shakespeare be considered with the same respect if he first had to get the okay of Jacques and Laurie?

Now, I'm not trying to compare myself to Shakespeare. No, I'm much better than that bombastic windbag. But, anyway, my point is clear: *Red & White* readers are not getting the author's original intent. Writing is the most personal of artistic expression. One person's work is seen directly by another without any interference from those with different interpretations. Of course, that's the way it usually is. Here at NFA things are a little different.

Of course by the time you read this, most of the article will have been cut out. So if you don't like it, it's not my fault.

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it off.

By eight-thirty it was time to go. I persuaded Carmen to put down the Nintendo, bandaged her bloodied thumbs and we were off. We arrived fashionably late and handed our ticket to Phil Donahue. (I know, I couldn't believe it either) After I had checked for fire exits, we began to boogie. Carmen was a swell dancer and we were a big hit.

We left at about eleven so as not to miss the weekly episode

of Saturday Night Live. After the show I took my sleeping Carmen home. I carried her to her doorstep and kissed her good-night. Although she did not wake up, this is a memory that will stay with me for the rest of my life. I propped my beauty, Carmen, up on the milkbox, so as not to wake her or her parents and left.

This was the best night of my life. Carmen and I will do it again next weekend.

Don't bug my soul with Madonna's dreams

By HOWIE MOSHIER

The drought has ended. Fall of 1988 brought no relief, no new music. But with the new year a bumper crop of delightful albums has been released. Hopefully the whole year will continue to be this good.

The first new album I had purchased was *Bug No*, it is not a five-inch wide cockroach, it is the new release from Dinosaur Jr. The bands previous efforts were good, but they did not quite make the grade due to poor production, lousy material, etc. *Bug* is different. This album is pure rock and roll. A good classification would be 'power-pop.' (I saw that phrase for the first time today and I was determined to use it.) The music is hard-driving but it is not freakishly fast. There are crafty tempo changes that will amaze you and keep you on your feet. *Bug* is not a long album, but that one fault will be offset by listening to it over and over again. Dinosaur Jr. can really play. I foresee a prosperous future for the band if they continue to play music this good.

In order to keep myself from listening to *Bug* too often I quickly purchased Sonic Youth's new album. *Daydream Nation* is its name and it will make you daydream. In contrast to *Bug's* brevity, *Daydream Nation* is almost a double-length cassette. There is music for everyone on this album. It contains the variety of exotic music that Sonic Youth is known for. This album is by no means as dark and gothic as their live *Sex and Confusion*. The problem with an album as long as this is the fact that along with the good music there is bound to be some bad music. All in all, though, the good music outweighs the bad on *Daydream Nation*. For Sonic



These Firehose guys are in Ciccone Youth.

Youth fans, this is all they need to hear.

The next purchase I made was an album dubbed *The Whitey Album*. It is by a band called Ciccone Youth. For those of you who have never heard of them (I hadn't), the band consists of members of the aforementioned Sonic Youth and Firehose. The name is probably derived from Firehose member Mike Watt's fascination with Madonna. (Ciccone is Madonna's real last name). There is fifty-three minutes of some strange material on this album. *The Whitey Album* sounds a lot more like Sonic Youth than Firehose. This album is a medley of rap, guitar-rock and pop. The pop comes from the Robert Palmer cover song and the Madonna cover. While not the greatest album ever made, *The Whitey Album* is definitely worth listening to more than once.

The last album I have to review is the new album by the Replacements. This release was I had been waiting for since September. Its name is *Don't Tell a Soul* but I am going to tell you about it. This venture was originally going to be lead singer Paul Westerberg's acoustic

solo debut, but he could not leave his roots. Following the trend of their last two albums, *Tim* and *Pleased to Meet Me*, *Don't Tell a Soul* is a slower album than their first few efforts. In fact, many people may not even recognize this as a Replacements album. *Don't Tell a Soul* is full of melodies that will soothe the mind and body. There are still traces of their hard rock roots, though. Songs will begin with short bursts of energy that quickly taper down to the ballad-like core. Westerberg's voice has the true rock and roll edge, having finally taken its own time to develop. For many fans this may be a disappointment because of its slowness but for others it is a gift from the heavens. This album has the potential to carry the Replacements to the top, and it will truly be a pleasure to listen to their ascent.

Maybe these four albums are a sign of good times ahead. But for now I will be content just sitting back and listening to some good music without worrying about the past, present, or future. These albums certainly provide the medicine required.

Pop music - talk about it

By HEATHER LATHROP

1988—ahh—what a cool year for tunes. We were slam-blasted by hot hot hot teen singers named Tiffany and Debbie Gibson. And pounding onto our heavy metal scene came far-out Guns 'n' Roses. But that's only the beginning—Mikey was back! Yes, Michael Jackson bopped on in to hit those charts with almost every mega-awesome song he recorded. Cool chick Whitney Houston matched him with her smooth voice and record-breaking chart-topping. George Michael broke away from Wham! and gave us himself in the form

of the numero uno album of the year, *Faith*. INXS was the top group of the year, and boy was that not any surprise.

1988—a year for remakes. Tiffany did those oldies "I Saw Him Standing There," and "I Think We're Alone Now." How many of you thought she did those herself? Will to Power combined "Free Bird" and "Baby, I Love Your Way."

1988—pow zam! and we're back in the '60s. Get out those tie-dyes and sandals, kids! We were all listening to the Doors, Aerosmith, Jimi Hendrix (watch out for that Purple Haze there,

Jimi!), Deep Purple, and Cream. And many of the old styles were huge influences on a lot of the new releases.

Every radio station that had any class did a countdown of the songs of '88. They all had a different #1, but most of them were pretty similar.

Q-105's Top Ten:
1. 'Get Outta My Dreams, Get Into My Car'—Billy Ocean
2. 'Sweet Child O' Mine'—Guns 'n' Roses
3. 'Foolish Beat'—Debbie Gibson
4. 'Where Do Broken Hearts Play?'—Whitney Houston

This is 88's coolest music

By JAMES STANLEY

Well, 1988 has come and gone and we all know what that means, don't we? It means, of course, that it is time, once again for The Red and White's Annual Music Award-a-thon, where all of your favorite and not so favorite bands and musicians get the recognition that they so justly deserve.

1988 saw the return of many performers of the late sixties and seventies. Steve Winwood came back into the pop scene as did ex-Beatle, George Harrison, ex-Rolling Stone, Keith Richards, ex-Led Zeppelin people Jimmy Page and Robert Plant, Roy Orbison, Bob Dylan and many others. Unfortunately, none of them were very impressive. The award for *Best Return Performer* goes to Robyn Hitchcock. Ex-Soft Boy, Hitchcock has been one of the most imaginative musicians of the underground rock circuit for many years. Early in 1988 he released *Globe of Frogs* on A&M records. Although this is not one of his better albums it was his first on a major label and is worthy of note.

The new performers of 1988 weren't too hot either. People like Tiffany, Debbie and Stryper hit the radio and made it big while other, more talented bands went virtually unnoticed. The award for *Best New Band* of the year goes to *Living Colour*. They are the fusion soul, R&B, heavy metal and main stream pop complimented by Hendrix disciple, Vernon Reed's guitar work.

The award for *Best Pop Album* goes to Prince for *Lovesexy*, a collection of semi-psychedelic dance tracks. The album plays like a large scale

medley, rolling one song into the next with two seemingly contradictory themes: God and Sex.

Heavy metal dominated this year. The award for *Heaviest Album* goes to *Metallica* for their efforts and innovation on *And Justice for All...* Music can't get much heavier.

1988 saw the release of a number of compilations. Among others, the Bangles released theirs, the Ramones released *Mania*, the Clash released their 'Story'. The award for the Best Compilation goes to *Joy Division* for *Substance 1977-1980*. This album is collection of raw and polished material by one of rock's most highly influential bands.

The award for *Best E.P.* goes to *Bullet Lavalta*, a Boston based band, for their self entitled six song release. (If you've never heard them, just think of what might happen if Van Halen and the Circle Jerks got together)

The award for *Best Live Album* is given to Tom Waits for *Bigtime*, a collection of live recordings from music's most ingenious mad-man.

The award for *Most Disappointing Album* goes to Ziggy Marley and the Melody Makers for *Conscious Party*. A lesson learned: Ignore the Hype.

Throughout the year various artists have done various covers of various oldies. Tiffany did 'Saw her standing there,' the Fat Boys did 'Wipeout' and Chubby Checker's 'The Twist,' etc. But the one cover that stood above the rest was done by a local (Providence) band. The winner of the award for *Best Cover* goes to *Neutral Nation* for their Rap version of 'Takin' care of business' (runner up was their version of John Denver's 'Sunshine on my shoulder').

as you can well imagine.

1. 'Faith'—George Michael
2. 'Need You Tonight'—INXS
3. 'Got My Mind Set on You'—George Harrison
4. 'Never Gonna Give You Up'—Rick Astley
5. 'Sweet Child O' Mine'—Guns 'n' Roses
6. 'So Emotional'—Whitney Houston
7. 'Heaven is a Place on Earth'—Belinda Carlisle
8. 'Could've Been'—Tiffany
9. 'Hands to Heaven'—Breathe
10. 'Roll With It'—Steve Winwood

1988—a heck of a year

I'm asking a question

by SHEILAH COLEMAN

Snow kept most of Norwich inside that first Sunday in February. The streets were empty, except for fat, snowsuited bodies dotting the white yards and breaking the silence with their voices. I sat in my room, dreading the visit I had to make to the E.R. I had been injured the night before, the night of the Coronation, by an animal, and had to go for a booster shot.

The doors opened before my father and me, and we entered the waiting room for the Backus Emergency Room. Plastic chairs ran along every wall. As I sat down on the blue plastic I had the feeling that many people had sat there before me. I squirmed as I imagined who it could have been, feeling the publicness of the hospital, the sadness of the room. Across from me, a young woman sat with two little boys. One of the boys was acting impatient and

hyper, walking around the room aimlessly, kicking the chairs (the only furniture), and staring at the other young faces in the room. He was about four years old. The boy's brother was sitting in his mother's lap, sleepy and flushed from a fever. I tried to smile at the woman, show some human understanding, but she wouldn't accept the gesture.

'Markie! Markie!' The woman surprised me with her sharp voice. 'Get your butt over here! You listen to me, Markie.' Markie was looking at his mother slyly, aware that she could not move toward him, enjoying his power. He started to move towards me. He had probably seen me watching him before and thought he could include me in his game against his mother. Now, he was only a few feet away from me. His mother had given up on retrieving him back over to her side of the room. She sighed and looked weary.

The whole scene seemed suddenly to change. I began to see what I hadn't noticed before. The young mother, her two sons. The little boy Markie was very thin, and I could see the blueness of the blood running under his skin. What I had thought was a full belly from across the room was really a large empty one. His bottom lip was raw from the way he was biting on it. His mother tried again to call him to her, this time sounding angry, embarrassed that her son would not heed.

The story ends here because it needs no more telling. Everyone has witnessed poverty, though some must live with it. And as I sat in the hospital, I was angry. At NFA alone, nearly twenty percent of the students live at or below the poverty level. Is it fate at work? Wait until the Next Life and things will be better? Or is it a society, based on *opportunity*, that has forgotten its ideals?

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for jail.

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took over.

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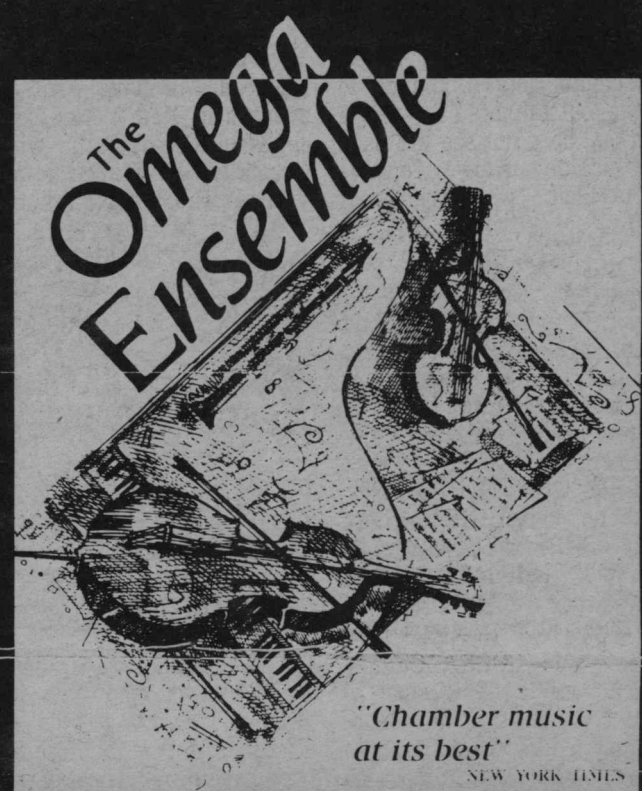
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Find out what's *in* and *out*

While attending high school one seldom gets a chance to breathe outside life. By this I mean one does not see life as it exists outside our town. To solve this problem, we have spent months researching what the "in" styles are, what has be-

come popular and what has been replaced. We have walked the avenues of New York, the boroughs of Chicago, the winding streets of San Francisco, not to mention Rio, Paris, Rome and hundreds of other cities scattered around the blue and green

globe. After all of this we have compiled a list, with some of which you will agree, while others will seem less desirable. Nonetheless, this is what the world is thinking, doing, and wearing.

IN

LOUD TIES
TIE DIES
OLD MOCCASINS
THINGS ON STRINGS ON JACKET HOODS
BAGGIE KHAKIS
SURFING/SNOWBOARDING
BREAKDANCING
BEACH
BOXERS
POLKADOTS
SPARKLING WINES

COWS
STRAIGHT HAIR
BAGLES AND CREAM CHEESE FORMAL

VAMPIRES
HIGH TEA AT FOUR O'CLOCK
LEARNING JAPANESE OR RUSSIAN
ROOF TOP MINIATURE GOLF
MARTINIS
BROWN AND ORANGE
HIGH TOPS WITH MINI SKIRTS
OLDER WOMEN DATING YOUNGER MEN
ELEGANT SHORTS
LUCKY CHARMS
NATURAL HAIR COLOR
WING TIPS
NEW ORLEANS
COCKTAIL PARTIES
SHORT SHORT HAIR
TIMEX
JEANS CUT TO KNEE
FLOWERS
GRANDMA STYLE COOKING
MUTTS FROM A.S.P.C.A.
EYE GLASSES
8mm VIDEO CAMS
ROMANCE
INK WELLS
WOMEN WEARING MEN'S COLOGNE
HEAVY METAL
VH1

OUT

THIN TIES
CONCERT T'S
OLD SHOES
MESSAGE BUTTONS
ACID WASH
BMX (FREESTYLING)

MALL BRIEFS
BOWS
WINE COOLERS
LARRY BIRD
PIGS
CULY LOCKS
PANCAKES
GAUDY
PARACHUTE PANTS
ANGELS
BRUNCH
ONLY SPEAKING ENGLISH
ROLLER SKATING
MARGARITAS
PINK
RUNNING SHOES WITH BUSINESS SUITS
OLDER MEN DATING MUCH YOUNGER WOMEN
SPANDEX
GRANOLA
PLATINUM HAIR
TOP SIDERS
SOUTH MIAMI (SINCE THEY STARTED CARRYING HAND GUNS)
NIGHT CLUBS
PONY TAILS (FOR MEN)
FAKE ROLEX
DESTROYED JEANS (EXCEPT AT BEACH)
BOWS IN HAIR
TEX MEX (BAD MEXICAN FOOD)
DESIGNER DOGS
COLORED CONTACTS
SONY WATCHMAN
SINGLE'S BARS
BALLPOINT PENS
POISON, PARIS, PASSION
RAP
M-TV

Attention! Attention!

By AMY SALEMMMA

'Would you please stand for the Pledge of Allegiance,' is the familiar phrase that starts NFA students' mornings, every morning at 7:46 am. We can thank Mr. MacAdie and his fellow announcers for making our mornings enjoyable and sometimes unpredictable. Tricia Sullivan's own personal touch, and John Pellicio's stirring voice, add a little spice to our so familiar dreary mornings. The idea of announcing over the loud speaker by students came about even before Mr. MacAdie's arrival. Announcing is no easy task. Just ask anyone of the student announcers. Bleeps and Blunders are common but so is the professional

attitude that comes screaming through the speakers. Trying to say the french club verses in French and Latin Club's 'Agricola est Agricola' is hard but the announcers feel a sense of accomplishment. Hey - It's hard to speak a language you've never heard of. Latin... isn't that a dead language?

A schedule is set up to show who will be announcing every week. Three students announce in each week, two to announce and one for backup. It's nice to know that if you have a case of the giggles - you've got someone to back you up.

If anyone would like to become a member of the Announcers Club, just see Mr. MacAdie. He'll be more than glad.

Watch these when you're bored

BY TOM HOLDGATE

Last summer's box office hits have now managed to get to the video store, bringing with them some good movies and some bombs. Heading the list of good films is *Bull Durham*, a tale of baseball and of America's other favorite pasttime. The movie stars Kevin Costner, Susan Sarandon (*Witches of Eastwick*), and newcomer Tom Robbins as the kid with the million dollar arm. This comedy shows the daily life of class A baseball, the basic ups and downs of mediocrity. On a scale of zero to four stars, this flick rates a 3.5.

Adventure lovers should pick up the newly released *Die Hard*, starring Bruce Willis of *Moonlighting* fame. From beginning to end, this movie is EXCITEMENT. The illustrious film critic Ted D'Agostino was quoted as saying, "I was so pumped up, I thought I would explode." Though the plot is a tad far-fetched (most movies are), you will find yourself so wrapped up in it that it won't matter. This movie also gets 3.5 stars.

Dudley Moore and Liza Minelli have returned to the screen to make the sequel to *Arthur*, *Arthur II-on the Rocks*. Even though *Arthur* was a good movie, take my advice and don't bother with this one. It's a terrible movie with no plot worth fidgeting through. I give it 1/2 star, and that's being charitable.

Another bomb was *Fresh Horses* (see H. Oakley and S. Coleman's review in an earlier issue) starring Molly Ringwald and Andrew McCarthy. These two try to recapture the spirit of

Pretty In Pink, and completely fail. This flop isn't on video quite yet, but when it is, there is no reason to break down and rent it. I won't even bother to be charitable-NO STARS!

Another film worth seeing is *Willow*, out on videocassette now for about a month. The only problem with this movie is its inability to let the audience think by themselves. Everything is spelled out so clearly that this becomes more of a family movie than one to rent out on a Friday night. The special effects are similar to other great science fiction films, but the plot is just too simple. This movie rates 2.5 stars.

Coming out later this month is the English movie *A Fish Called Wanda*, starring John Cleese, of *Monty Python* fame, and Jamie Lee Curtis, of slasher-film fame. This movie is hilarious. Though it's kind of raunchy, you'll never laugh so hard. Hint: don't watch this movie with your dog. This flick wins the Ultimate Rating: FOUR STARS!

As for movies that have been out a long time, here are a few that no matter how many times you've seen them, they'll remain classics. For those who crave horror, there is the classic, *Jaws*, as well as *Halloween*, *The Shining*, and *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. If you like funny stuff, see Mel Brook's *Blazing Saddles*, cult movie *Top Secret*, and the Canadian hit, *Strange Brew*. Great adventure movies include *The Untouchables*, any Indiana Jones movie, *Ghostbusters*, and absolutely anything with Mad Max.



Horshak



Boom Boom



Juan



Kotter

What's in the stars for you?

By CHARMAINE OAKLEY

A horoscope is a horoscope is a horoscope. Just to prove it, we held a worldwide competition to find the best amateur star scopers. And here, friends, are the first-place winners.

ARIES—the Ram (March 20-April 19)

from Lisbeth Ladone, Pike's Peak, Colorado

Year this confusing be will. Will backwards thinking be you. Puzzled will glances you get. Worry don't but. Top straighten out you it come on will be able to and up. Ram you as stubborn; stick you will work making things to. Important all most of: the turkeys get you down don't let. (Somewhere in this you may spot a DELIFIRATE MISTALE. It may be a word spelt rong or even hole sentences ritten bawkcords. If you kin find the DELIFIRATE MISTALE, pleas send it into the editirs and yull reseeve something in the male.) Lucky Days: March 3, May 29. Key Word: Zucchini

TAURUS—the Bull (April 19-May 20)

from Consuelo Diego, Madrid, Spain

(read with a Spanish accent) My father, the famous toreador, has much hatred for bulls. He say that this is the year he will kill them all, and after the heads are severed from the necks, he will hang them in the livingroom over his gold trophies. Beware, Taurus, my father is short, but his flag is RED. Lucky Days: Ha! You have none. Key Word: DEATH!

GEMINI—the Twins (May 20-June 20)

from Edward London, Sheffield, England

(read with a British accent)

The planets are all in line and in your house. Your sign is double equinoxed. Venus is perpendicular to Jupiter, Mars is horizontal to Saturn. Orion is in the Big Dipper. The Twins are riding Pegasus. The sun and the moon are eclipsed. Mercury has overshadowed Earth. (Ed.'s note: We don't have the slightest idea what any of that means, but it sounded ominous, and we thought we'd better let you know.) Lucky Days: Whenever Venus is in the seventh house. Key Word: The.

CANCER—the Crab (June 21-July 20)

from Sly Wintfield, Brooklyn, New York

I predict that this year will bring pain and misfortune, violence and hardship. Just look at me—I'm a Cancer, and I was expelled from school yesterday, thrown in jail, and kicked in the nose by my best friend's girlfriend who claimed that I stole her father's purse and fur coat. **CRABS RULE!!** And I should know, 'cause that's the name of my gang. Lucky Days: Not yesterday, that's for sure. Key Word: Hey! That's privileged information.

LEO—the Lion (July 21-August 21)

from Leon Lord, Lilliput, Lebanon

In 1989, Leos will love to linger long at lifting linguini, but lefty Leos may be listless and/or lonesome. Listen to Liberace or Los Lobos to liven your life. Lady Leos should let licorice, lollipops, leftovers, and leeks lie. Don't lick your lips. Lucky Days: Labor Day. Key Word: Lake

VIRGO—the Virgin (August 22-September 22)

from Mary Sullivan, Dublin, Ireland

To best forecast 1989, I've composed a poem.

ODE to VIRGO

Virgo the Virgin, a sign above signs

Your year will be marvelous, wonderful, and fine.

Be gracious and charming, friendly and nice,

And wash your hair daily to avoid evil lice.

March through April will be swell,

June through August will bring luck.

But September through November,

Frankly, my dears, will —!

LIBRA—the Scales (September 23-October 22)

We received no horoscopes for this particular sign. Sorry, we guess you're just too UNPREDICTABLE—ha,ha.

SCORPIO—the Scorpion (October 23-November 22)

from BillyJoe Willis, El Paso, Texas

Well, if it was up to me, I'd have them scorpions outlawed. I don't care what kind of a year they have, so long as they stay far away from my cowboy boots. But from the amount of people I've seen carried in and out of Doc Buckson's office, I'd say them scorpions is haven't themselves one heck of a heyday that'll last all year. (Ed.'s note: We told BillyJoe that he probably meant scorpIONS, but he just wouldn't listen. He kept saying, 'Nope, it's them scorpions—them things with the poisonous tails. You're thinkin' of the Astro-whatevertheheckyoucallem-signs.)

SAGITTARIUS—the Archer (November 23-December 20)

from John Jacob, Jackson-

ville, Jamaica

Dreams often can predict what your future will bring. This helpful guide should answer your questions about your life in 1989. If you are having dreams about:

1) ravishing women in jungle swinging from vine to vine (and you're male), it could mean that you'll be taking a vacation, or that you're a severely tormented soul and should be seeking psychiatric treatment.

2) rolling, giant cookies that are gaining on you, threatening to squash your head, it may mean that you'll go on an eating binge and end up suffering a tremendous headache from the fifty-five Soft Batch cookies you ate. (Or, see above.)

3) falling off cliffs, walking into doors, getting squashed by falling rocks, and other such destructiveness, it may mean that you're a paranoid maniac and will do something drastic in the near future. (Also, see above, above.)

CAPRICORN—Goat (December 21-January 19)

from Olaf Jonsson, Stockholm, Sweden

I have discovered a unique way of foretelling for Capricorns everywhere for 1989.

Careful when dealing with Aries.

Accumulate lots of money.

Prepare to butt horns with another Capricorn.

Rest during April and August.

Invest in sneaker stock.

Climb Mt. Everest to stay in shape (or get in shape).

Open your arms to a Taurus.

Remember to floss your teeth.

Never swim in Niagara Falls with your eyes shut.

(Ed.'s note: We gave him an E for Effort.)

AQUARIUS—Water Bearer (January 20 - February 18)

from Madame Olga. Kiev, Russia

(read with a Russian accent) It's almost the Age of Aquarius. Life is looking up. Some helpful hints for 1989: Avoid catastrophe and destruction. Learn from a Leo. Love a Gemini. Like a Sagittarius. Wear vivid blues, indigo, and violet. Be unique.

(Ed.'s note: Yup, that WAS boring. It's not just you.)

Pisces—Fish (February 19 - March 20)

from Monty Boa. Bourne-mouth, England.

Really super predictions are hard to find. They should be personal. That's why I've developed a patented method of predicting. Pick that answer that best applies to you, as an individual bearer of the Pisces sign:

This year, I will take a trip to (a) Russia, (b) The Bronx Zoo, (c) nowhere. I will meet a (a) girl, (b) guy, (c) stampeding dingo. We will have a mad, passionate (a) romance, (b) ice cream float, (c) dish washing party. I will inherit (a) a Michelangelo, (b) 12 boxes of Froot Loops, (c) a stampeding dingo. My life will be (a) swell, (b) horrid, (c) a stampeding dingo and I think I'll have a (a) good, (b) bad, (c) depressing outlook on (a) life, (b) the economic and social conditions of the current situation in Afghanistan, (c) dingos (dingoes, dingi) in general.

THAT'S ALL FOLKS! WE HOPE YOU ENJOYED OUR AMAZING ASTROLOGICAL ENTRIES. AND MAY 1989 BE ONE HECK OF A HUMDINGER FOR ALL.

I promise this will happen

By VICTOR DARR

Being bestowed with the gift of prescience, I have explored the future and have chosen to reveal the events that I am certain will take place in this new year. The categorization and listing of these startling revelations are as follows:

Entertainment: Roy Orbison will die by choking on some kind of fruit. (probably a wilderberry)

Politics: Dr. Morton Sherman will be considered as a 1992

Presidential candidate on the platform that he will ban the sale and manufacture of cigarettes, candy, and electronic beepers.

NFA: Garth Blue will face charges of plagiarizing the works of students Michael Giardi and Jared Bierylo (our friends Flip and Jop will face similar charges)

Industry: Coca Cola will introduce a new line of beverage by replacing its old cola soft drink with bottled tap water.

Television: Geraldo Rivera will be assassinated by a sect of homosexual, neo nazi, satan worshippers.

International: A US/Soviet arms conflict will begin when George Bush accidentally uses the red phone to order pizza.

Sports: Mike Tyson will try yet another reconciliation with Robin Gibbons and then separate, reconcile and then separate, reconcile and then separate, etc.

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- What's still going? Her Seiko?
- Long Live The Disco Collar! - C.E.
- Slipping into maddness is good for the sake of comparison - Esmeralda
- Jay S. We loath you. Love, T.G. and C.E.
- The time we spent together this is worth more than anything in the world. To Rob Price from Jenn.
- Dennis Topf: the most irresistible guy I know. Happy Valentine's Day! Love, Me.
- Derry, do you think I could borrow some of that ointment sometime?
- Lisa Fisher, I think your gorgeous. Love, Mike W.
- Matt C. I love you. Will you marry me? - S.D.
- J. Cedio + J. Love are sophomore hunks
- Mom, I love you a lot. - Jason M.
- I LOVE YOU DAN FEDELI - guess who??
- Yo Sally, you got some gum? - Andy
- WILD THING - YOU STILL MOOVE ME. - Grimace
- Dan Fedeli, I wish you the best of luck in the Air Force. I love you. Love always, Teresa.
- Heather T. - I love you and worship you. Love, Dale C.
- Heather T. Loves David D.
- Lou Reed could be God if there were one.
- NFA, a smattering of everything, but knowledge of nothing. - Jared Bierylo
- CRUDDY EARS RULE-
- McBoo is the Anti-Christ
- Hello, McBoo, Fiesta, Jn, Tuxido, Julio, Ratella, Plastic Fork, Ponch, Franklin, Roachgirl and FILL - C.E.
- So Plastic Fork, are you taking the truck? - C.E.
- Let's Get It On.
- Beware of the Vines!
- Ed Ruffner's a Stud!
- Heather Oakley, How do I love thee, let me count the ways...
- PIZZARAMA - C.E.
- Life is a pale pink pulp, the brains of little kittens splattered on the sidewalk. It is the smell of vomit and stale beer and sweat. It is the unending shrieks of the damned and dying.
- Ed Ruffner - You're really funny and oh so cute.
- Sweetheart, hey, guess what? Blonde loves ya!
- Benji Webman - You are a stud! Of course I'm kidding.
- Elena - Keep practicing those Hurdles! You don't want to fall down again! - Tricia
- Brad, I want the picture. Thanks Sweetheart. Love - Slim
- Michelle Vanase - Will you go out with me? - P. Cronin
- Santa - I love those legs!!!
- HOBBS - Thanks for being you! - CALVIN
- Arikka, McDonald's anyone?!? Love Ya - D!
- Nancy Mills - What in God's name is a superlative? - Tricia
- Jill - You wish you had a body. But you don't so keep dreaming.
- M.A. - No, come on Mike, let's go back to the house!
- Matt - How many pancakes does it take to cover your doghouse?
- I HATE YAMS.
- I'm waiting for my man - 26 dollars in my hand
- John E. - Ducktails Rule - Jen, Mike, Jakey
- Yo Cip, You're Crazy! J.S, S.K.+Andy
- Dear John, I love you always and forever. Don't forget that. Corrie Loves John - John Loves Corrie
- Jack, I love you!! Love always, Mich
- Never drive a car when you're dead.
- Oh My God I'm cool, I'm cool, I'm SO COOL (heh heh)
- Hey James, make pretend you're Eric.
- Jessica Vocatura is HOT! HOT! HOT! P.S. She's a free woman...
- Nicole W, I expect a postcard from Australia. Luv, Marcie
- Carol, How's the MMFT MAAH? Sarah
- Jen J, Pipe down. Just Jokes. Edith
- Monets-'Open your heart' still does it to me. How about you?
- Jeff K, you can ride in my truck, but I will not be stuck. Kym.
- Baby-was the coach right about persistence?
- Red-Remember this summer it'll be you and me and my SHADOW! -Jeanette
- Chris Lacey, I Love You!
- Mel - I love you - Ray Ray Cupid
- Kristine Oakes, Good Luck with Rick! - Sue K.
- Now make pretend these love lines are baloney sandwiches.
- M.L.A. loves J.L.J.
- Jim Stevens, you drive me wild. L.A.
- Um, oh, ah, Jacques, you, er, make me mild.
- So Nicole-Are you gonna marry Rob? Or did you do it already?!? Luv, Jess
- So there.
- Dan Harrison does it 'BEST'!
- Ray, do you need diapers?
- Debbie-baby-only my compliments? Love, Mikey.
- Aw Shuckums, Biko.
- FAUX PAS, BILL! FAUX PAS!
- Proposition 576,897: No blue basketballs for guys with no money and 4000 on the S.A.T.s. Forget it.
- Proposition 576,898: Heather Oakley becomes Queen of England by election.
- Proposition 576,899: The Spanish Inquisition.....WHO SAID THAT? DON'T PLAY GAMES WITH ME!
- nobody expects the spanish inquisition.
- There is no third thing.
- Anthony Girasoli is a mega-awesome babe.
- Brendan Flahive is BIGGER than Chad Jackson
- Tristan Eastman - You and your brother are so hot!!!
- SEPPOE Forever!!!
- ATA Mr. X Rules Forever
- Tara + Alycia - Thank you for all the help. You guys are the greatest! Tam
- Joe Mills - I do not love you - Kirsten
- Dennis - I'm glad that we got together. It's been wonderful. Happy Valentine's Day. Love always, Laurie. I love you.
- Matt is a bump and if he doesn't knock it off I'm going to thump him one.
- I love Jane Doe
- Well...I uh...you see...the...uh...never mind, forget it. You wouldn't understand anyway.
- Margret Thatcher is sooooo hot!!!
- Mrs. Shulz, what great class! Ha-ha
- Kathy-what kind of home do you want to live in? Kirsten.
- Marcie, Jilly, Kris, Heidi, Michelle, hey nerds! I need a pretzel! TLT Bellbottom
- Blondes do have have more fun!! Ain't that the truth.
- Amy Stott, I know you don't like me. I know who my true friends are.
- Victor Darr is very beautiful, and I think I should like to marry him.
- Laura Z. I love to do the wild thing. Jody
- BE MILD
- Laura Lee-I am not an alcoholic!-Jill
- Jamal, Nice butte!
- What's up, Sidaclitz?
- PENDERGRASS RULES!
- Huot; are you in the In-Crowd?
- Blank the Draft!
- 'Easy crustaceans' T.S, J.F, J.S, S.H, T.F, F.B, T.T
- Tim Holdgate, I like Georgetown too! ?
- Welsi, Kenny, Tonya, we're going to have a great spring break in Rico
- Easy Tara, Jen
- Rose come 4 me.
- Cook for me? Bunny...
- O.I.C.U.R.A.Q.T. (NOOOO!)
- James Stanley is a cool typist
- Do you suffer from disjointed k's?
- If so, why not?
- nobody expects the Spanish inquisition
- Lincolns do it better.
- Do whatbetter, hmm?
- Sex is an evil word in English class, so please refrain at all times from using it in discussion.
- Debbie, Can't wait until Florida. Happy Valentine's Day. Love, Laurie
- Together not forever Jackie G.-n- Danny Costick
- E HO HA HA HA
- To the Crew: Ildo, Ned, Lisa, Jen, Todd, Lori, Tammy, Krista, Julie, Marvin, Dauda, Digger, Misty, Kelly, Tonya- Let's Do It!
- Krista Sigler- Hey how's about a today hun. Love ya, Tam
- Peter Ansel- You can come over my house anytime
- Kris Grey-Still a big 'V'? Love, H.
- Becky-Shalom Pee Wee La Heim!! K2
- DV- Remember -the horn at the end of the driveway? I love you KK
- Joyce - OK - you're right, I'm wrong! K
- Heather F. How many can you do in an hour?
- Make pretend there is no ignorance.
- Girls L.G.B.N.A.F.
- To the Bimbettes-we're gonna (mess) you up!!

These suck!

JEN-n-TROY 4-EVER

From the Grenade to Samantha Fox. Thanks for being Uchie.

Cleavage I LOVE YOU.

Danny Hubbard, You're so sexy!

I Love you so I keep dreaming.

Jen and Eric- Hey C!

Marcus- See any igloos?

I almost asked Mike Vit to the Coronation.

Jon Love, Why can't we be friends? me

Chris V.- The hulk will kill Mr. Salty!

Auckey, Turtle, Chandler, Vit: I love you! love, Pocohantas

Hey, Mr. Lamb, I'm happy to see you.

Julie P. and hwa-gin, Wanna walk to B.K. this weekend? Ha-Ha-Laura Lee

T. Colter, You better lighten up, snot! A.C.

Hey, Holley AMORE

To my favorite wrestler. No, Mike Moon it's not you. Alecia

Brendan Hinchey STOP LYING from Fibphobia

Brian Pederson STOP LYING from Fibphobia

Yes, do.

Tom- Just think of what could have been.

Matt Cip, Should we name it George or Andy? Love, D.

119 pounds of GOD!

Jamie, You are a goddess. You know who!

'ERBA- THE 'ERBAFYER

Laura, We're on a mission.

Hey, Mel Bilda, How was Coronation Nite with RAY?

Matt, It's not your flying, it's your attitude!

Jim, Let's do lunch, among... JC!

Sherri, George loves you! Chrissy

Mike-n-Chrissy

Diane, smell that great McDonald's food! HAHA Arikka

Kris B.- So, who is new on the list?

Kris B.- I got a special call from McDonald's...

What's up Ricurl- U-Haul

G r e e g g - smooch...smooch...oops- too physical!!!

Yo, Paul it's King of the Hill and you've been knocked off!

Ray- Have you been to Vernon Drug's yet? - Detane.

Mr. T- Why do we only play scales?

Laurie Gwin is hot!!!

And so are potatoes.

Hey- sont les mots qui vont tres bien ensemble

I am the math whiz

How's it going hairy chest?

Tom Cressy, STOP LYING from Fibphobia

Kysty H. Anybody want to cheer??

Jeff Osowski, Seen any good movies lately? From, Evil Eyes

Michelle Ohar hi who else

Terri McDonald, Where's your jacket?

hey Chris LA- My wart's falling off.

I am the Walrus.

Chris Dow- I love you. Forever and always.

Kristine- One of these days we'll head south to Malibu and get some comfort by beating up J.R.!!! Love, Jane

Drive the Malibu to Malibu! Talk about cool!

John F. Hurry up and get it together. Maybe this time it will work

Sarah, No matter how many patos, lenguas, helados, and tiendas you manage to get, you're still a COW!!! Your new motto- Charge it!! Love, Me

Amanda, It's been four years and it's still going. Tom

Hey, This grapefruits's rotten!

Go and find me a shrubbery! - Pat S.

MF- Homeroom just isn't the same without you in front of me... Love, MF

JM- You are so beautiful!!!

Mickey- Florida or skiing? get your story straight!

Mark, Can I borrow your orange sneakers?

Poptart- Wake up dead lately!- Jen

M. Fitch- Villanova RULES! CF

Kirsten and Dave- I knew you guys would end up at the Upper Prom!

Michael- you have no pride...well, maybe a little. C.

(No, not even a little.)

Beth, What's a Porche doing in the woods?

Hey Boop! What are you today B.B, B.B or BB

Mike, Can we please go to Burger King?

Tracy Thiviage is one of the nicest people I know.

Sarah, Reality has gotten the best of me! You're a great friend! Luv ya, Nicole

ED, You're my Hero- and you always will be- I LOVE YOU, Nicole

Mrs. Rocky, You're going to have to start paying for that doped gum I keep giving you!

To FRB,CM, The brake is to the left and the gas is to the right! Ha! Ha! C.H.

Herbie- I do...I do...I do...Love, Laura

Nicole, I found two pairs of monogrammed socks!

Mark, Ross, Brett- Hello...Hi Scott!

Herb- Come on, Let's go to Florida! I love you, Laura

Herbie- I can't until June of '90... or '91...I do!!! Love always, Laura

Does Laura love Herb?

Jamie, What ever happened to the ankle weight loss program? MOM

Remember, girls, no profanity.

T.S. Abdrula rules-B.P.

Mike, I have a nasty crush on you! You'll never know!

i LOVE you (heh heh)

Heather F. Got any other poses you can show us??

Heather F. 10 Royal Oak is waiting for your return!!

J.J.B., when will you get back from lunch?

Starlet, Happy Birthday! Love, your Little Sis

Mrs. Prop- will you please stop calling me by my nickname?

Shello, suck on a tea bag, Luv Grandma

Kelly Moffitt, Your car goes faster than time does!!! You better "slide it in" to park. Right to the top baby!! DN

Yellow matter custard dripping from a dead dog's eye!

Sevil Natas, Jack Nicholson, the Green River Killer.

Give Garth Blue his own newspaper!

Everything is a lie.

Jacques Friedman, get a life.

As if YOU have one CRO-MAG

We are young, we are here, and we are beautiful.

Bob B. loves Kelly M.

John B., I felt rancor about your asperity as reflected by your animadversions.

LEG- Remember, red is for Blood and blue is for Crip.JAQ

If you're ever in L.A., don't make a commotion, or utter the word, "homeboy"

That goes for "homes," "homebody," and "pudnah"

A leading cause of death in L.A. is the red or blue hankie.

Go running. You're too fat. Heh heh.

Don't change a hair for me. Not if you care for me.

"Puddin" Cronin- Do your homework!

If I were a rich man, la di da di da di da di la di da di la di Bum!

La la la la la la la la- la la la la la la LA

One fifth of a score is too many years to spend at NFA.

One music teacher can't tell his shoes from Shinola

Not to worry, I dropped the class.

It's not working, Howard

Concepts, Jack! Concepts!

RIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE- MAN SUM = calculus ecstasy for Eric Wright

Mr. Tedeschi, to tell you the truth, I DON'T HAVE A CLUE!

Digressions! Digressions!

Charm & L.L.B. sittin' in a tree...

I Gotta go see BIRD

You look like such a California girl, L

Admit it, way down deep you are a ditzzy AIRHEAD

BLECKO

It is 11:45 and there is no glamour in typing in sixty three jillion lovelines.

Jacques has extraordinary ...

What the heck do you mean by that, Stott?

Cara, You were so supportive when I needed you. I'll never forget it. Love always, Nicole

Hey T-Bone, That's wrong, really wrong!! Love Nikki

Jami & Juli best friends forever. Can't wait for Bermuda!

HI JEFF! C.

Chris Elomaa- I love you, I hate you, I love you, I hate you. T.C.

Brendan Flahive, you are the cutest! Love, AES

Brian F., I've seen you play hoops, I like your moves!

Kellie and little-Ron forever

D. Serafin- YOU HAVE NO PRIDE! YOU HEARD ME!

H.S., H.S., K.E.- Let's work it out! -Fishbone

L.Z. It looks like a mushroom.
Jodis

Moo said the kitty cow!

Jeff Kempesta=McDonald's

Hey Weinstein- Dick better be
a fun guy! JAF

Alecia- Mudd, mud, you dudd!
KO

Lotty, dotty, I like to potty!

I don't cause trouble, don't
bother no botty!

Dave C.- I'll take the one, four
in the fifth.

Lauren G.- That song had too
much %* & WAH WAH.

I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY

Thank goodness, you don't.

Heather Sang.- My hair's long-
er than yours!

H.S. try to keep your shirt on!
K.E.

Tim D.- Are those really your
glasses?

Heather S.- Do you know what
the neighbors saw?

Chris Lacey- You're so hot. I
LOVE YOU!!!!!!!

Melissa Brine, Good luck with
Keith. Don't buy too much OJ.
Shelly

Brigitte, hey squirt. Don't
crash up.

Hickory, dickory, duck. How
was last night's ... game?

Amanda- I don't want to be
just friends.

Rob Lichty, I am so hot for
you! You are so cute.

Allen Oberg, You are so fine!

Punkin, you're so special to
me, We'll be together for a long
time. Love Pookie

Brent Southworth, You are the
coolest guy in the world! Sue K.

Little Puke, Good luck with
your new love! Sue

Krissy, Hi! From Brian, Jeff

Scott Elliot. Keep flipping that
pizza. Happy Valentine's Day.

Mark- Can I borrow your or-
ange sneakers.

Herb-N-Laura forever! I love
you. Love, Laura

Paul- I'm really sorry about
New Years. I wish I could start
over.

Dave Vane- You think you're a
tough guy. But you're NOTH-
ING!

Alley Cat... And the cow
jumped over the moon! U No
Who

Bass Clarinets- We can't hold
back any longer - You've got to
practice!

Hey Girasoli- stop bothering
me about the %&* (stage band!

Hey Kelsey, tell me about that
cool nickname again.

Kelsey, is it C—H?

Sme & DD Plumber- T.C.
that's me. It's who I am. Better
watch out or I'll take your man.

I don't think Robert Frost has
anything to worry about.

Potato head, you have the
most gorgeous pair of legs. Sen-
ior girls.

Ray, "Jimmy", Mel and the
Coronation

That loveline is not even fun-
ny!

Shelly, you won the contest!
H&T

Jessica Murdock-YOU OWE
ME FIVE BUCKS, BABY!!-S.C.

Colleen dahlin'- Please stop
with that Boston accent!-me

Heather- you'll see me at the
Indy if I don't get into Mohegan!

If you want to buy a jammin'
Malibu, talk to Sheilah.
Is Sue Maurice at Studio 91?

Anyone for Pizzarama? -from
their number one customer

Cristine Evans, when's your
next party?

Take me to Studio 91.

Christine D.- You get to clean
out the locker.

Tirell are you frosted?

Franklin, I want my putio surf
record.

Laurie, where's the menu?
Under the car!

I love Ponch + John from
C.H.I.P.S. patrol

My cat got hit by a car! Will
you clean it up?

We love you Mike Ramrod!
Love Everybody

MCBOO + POTATO
PUFFS=TROUBLE from dou-
ble O potato puff

I love Michelle Mokrewski.
From Dave

Jessica Murdock- Chester
Cheetah is hot on your trail

Look into the pumpkin with
the 3-D glasses McBoo. Your
audience

Carrie Harmony- want to cut?
L.R.

To Obnoxious- You're not real-
ly that obnoxious -Obnoxious

Joe M. Kirsten loves you

Woodstock, For here or to go?
To go. -Snoopy

Paul G. -You make me melt.
Love, your admirer

Matt T. Sorry things don't
work out. Maybe sometime in
the future.

Leelee- What should I do?
Blow them up? Sounds good.

Carolyn Leffingwell: Thanks
for everything! -B.P.

Scott Huot: It will all work
out, so smile! B.P.

Kristen Hurd, I love you -
Christopher

Luke Labenski: You are so
nosey!! B.P.

Wally- Thanks for helping me
in math -Samantha

Calvin- I'm glad we made it
through this week. I'm proud of
you for keeping your strength.
Love ya -Hobbes.

Todster- Always in my
thoughts and heart, no matter
where you are -Squirt

To the Benchies: Sally, Jess,
Lisa, Judy, Carol...You're the
'best!'

Hey Cookies- When are we
truly gonna ski??? Soon??

N.F.A. -Don't believe the
hype!

Wayne Baker, you're my val-
entine forever -one month later,
Love always Lori!

To the seniors- Let's do it L.D.

John Stratton I love you -
Tammy!!!

Lisa Bradford and Jen Man-
ley-What a way to go out. Out
like a sucka -Lori D

Jen Manley, The Broccoli soup
smells! Lori D

Janice, Want a rolaid or tums?
Hi Heather -Keep truckin'-
Michelle! Congratulations for
getting into Simmons! Don't get
mugged!! Always 'Sue' 'Sue'

Chris Boone- it's too bad you
did what you did.

Vanessa D. -Gloria Stevens
calls you- call back. Ha-ha

Kirsten: Next time we go to
the beach we'll bring an alarm
clock.

How much are you asking for
the jammin' Malibu? The Ghia
has seen better days.

Heather F. Stay away from C.

Rachel- Thanks for the love-
line- I paid for this one myself!
Love Jill

Kim + Amy- Vero Beach will
never be the same! M & T

There will be a new king on
the hill on 2/4/89.

My petit cow flower, thank
you for being your sweet self.

Slimy slurps are #1

Woodie- Someone can come
here please. Snoop

EHO HA HA HA

Jill, good joke we played in
the parking lot, huh? Thanks, B

Krista Sigler- Hey hows about
a today hun. Love ya -Tam

Cherryface, These boots are
made for walking and that's
what they're gonna do.

It's not the end of the world.

Howard, can I wear your
watch?

HEATHER- Stay away from
IHOP! Love, Sheilah

Allyson-Have you seen those
'White Plains' lately? Love-
Pecker & Rex

To Jack Cedio, Jeff Laney,
and the Love Brothers: you're
all hot!!

Something's wrong in heaven
tonight. I can almost hear them
cry, what about the love. What
about the love.

Cara, Scott, V, Sheila, Vicki,
Seth, Nicole...We've all been
through some rough times.
Please don't forget how all of us
got through them. Love all you
guys, you'll never be forgotten-
n.s.f.s.

That was mighty loquacious,
but oh so touching; i just
couldn't bring myself to cut it
down to the required TEN
WORDS!

Congratulations, Mr. Laudone,
on receiving the 1989 Yearbook
Dedication! Pat Green

Beck Purcell, you're great!
Love, Luke

Becky, I'm hungry! How
about you? Got any food?? Mel-
issa.

OK, I'm only going to say this
once. 'YOUR' is a possessive
form, i.e. *your cat, your dor-
mouse*. 'YOU'RE' is a contrac-
tion meaning 'you are,' i.e.
you're swell, you're illiterate.

Oh dear, the radio's exploded.

Oh...well what's on the televi-
sion then?

Looks like a penguin.

An Australian went on a jour-
ney...oh the simplicity of it all,
Simon.

Mr. Tedeschi, where the heck
is JOHNNY COULOMB ??

Where are the Bee-Gee's when
you need them?

Never send Love Lines to peo-
ple you hate.

I've come for an argument.
No you haven't. This is just
contradiction! No it isn't.

Getting hit in the head lessons
are down the hall, third door on
your right.

Hey James, make pretend
Tom Waits is in your living-
room...QUICK! He's rasping! (
'Good evening...')

Beka, I'll miss the Ghia...since
I never got to drive it! Wren

Eric - You look better in a
dress!

Everybody! I love Steph Na-
vick! Peter C.

Jessica Murdock - Thanks for
the brownie - yum yum J.

OH, NO! I'V GOT GREENIE
ON MY PANTS!

1-800-DIAL-TEG

Charlie Dalsass DUFFER

Welbi, I'll always love you and don't forget it.

210 HA HA HA

Jill-I love you! I want you!
CM

Hi Jen, Mel, Tara, Tracy,
Julie, Jess, Kim, Donna, Kathy.
Love, Tina T.

Luscious Larrry W. is GOD -
Just ask the Big Y.

Vivian- Why aren't you play-
ing!? - Tricia

Nice toes you obnoxious —

Always come dressed to the
party, if you know what I mean,
kids.

Elena- Mr. DeToffel knows
that some wine is dry. -Tricia

Kirsten E.- Only a 5-? You
must be awful! -Tricia

Heather Trocki- Your love is
like black, black newspaper
print! -Tricia

Jen you said to write nothing
so here's nothing Chris

Danny C You're such a good
bagger. Guess who.

Manley; what color are most
of the ceilings?

Marcie, You're the best cow I
ever knew M

Michael Happy Valentine's
Day -M

Glen L. Heidi S does not like
you!

I can drink a quart of monkey
and still stand still

I love you Magic!

Julie R. Hey Aviators-R-Us.
Love ya cook- P.S. We can truly
hang!!

If you ain't the Ayatollah, you
ain't Shiite

Hey Wojcik, You're invisible
too. Love, ME

The skittles are back in the
locker

John Lukos, You are the hot-
test thing around!! I'm glad I
got you! I love you, Dagmar

Hey NIMRODS-This is for all
the people involved in the Hands
Across America program!

Colleen Dennis- I LUV YA!

David Lane- I love the way
you strut your struff!?

I LOVE MY LINCOLN

To my mom- ..and I'm never
gonna dance again...

Tiff B. - Walk Like A Man.
Edith

Jackie G. Big Jack-Jody S.
Always Want Big Gthgap!! Ha
Ha Love ya, Us

JM please forgive me. CC

Highway to hell, huh!

MIKE JEWELL You stand in
front of her I'll kick her in the
back of her knees! S+S

Amy M.- Like those Brown-
ies!! Love ya, Us

Hey FECTO-HEAD ! Keep
those bristles free from any
flack in the air. And I'll always
be here if you need me!! Love
ya, ZAG

Kitty-Killer lives always

Shattered Fran lives

Kimba, Leena, they are loved.
Veeb

Stuart- If I buy you a red pen,
will you do an instant replay?
Trixie

Kristine & Rachel: Southern
makes me puke

Tricia Sully, Wanna go dan-
cin'? Happy Valentine's Day

Carol this is your love line
from me

Pulled out the jammy and
aimed it at the sky

Pam, Don't worry everything
will be alright. Love your sis,
Laurrie

Kim, Hope you had fun at the
coronation. You've been a great
friend. Love, Laurrie

Nette, You've the best of
friend. Let's keep it that way.
Happy Valentine's Day. Love,
Laurrie

Is the Beta dead yet? What
did you name it?

Wren, you're just too cool.

Untill the Khia was unspeakable
UGLY.

A foolish consistency is the
hobgoblin of little minds.

Yes, these are Love Lines

Alexander the Great con-
quered three-fourths of the
known world. What good did it
do him? He's still dead.

LT: The future is in our grasp,
so let's grab it and stay together
forever.

Nunnoo: I Love You!

Heather Oakley: you are a
cruel person for ripping up my
cruel love line to you.

Zeke: Even though things
didn't work out, you still gave
me the best year and a half of
my life—Love, Sophie.

Scott Ryan, I love you. Love
always, LYNN

Kevin, you are my sunshine.
Peep! Peep! Love, Missie.

The day's gonna be here soon!
So save up your money and buy
that coffin. Love always, olram

J.C.: I'll be here forever for
you! Love ya, K.H.

Ed Price, did you know you
had an admirer? Guess what?!!
See you in Senior Lounge...

Tiny, how are you feeling?
Up? Love ya, Peaches

Troy-just remember one thing,
Snapp! Does that sound famil-
iar? I love you. Jen

Mike, I'll be waiting for you.
Love, Erin

Steve Navick is a basketball
wonder.

Jen J., even though we're
growing apart, no one can take
away our memories! Love al-
ways, Jules

Jody B, Thanks for last night!

What a pack of losers!

Heather Sullivan, "who's
next?"

Danny Costick, you were a
good fling.

My dearest Beka, I will never
forget your sweet caresses.

Chris Strauss, you're pretty
funny and cute too!

Sorry it's over, Lauri. My
heart belongs to Studio!!

Laura Lee, Melanie, Hwa-jin,
and Lisa Bradford: break any
windows lately? Jules

Gia, I think you're hot!

Stacey-n-Wayne
Anne-n-Jim
4-ever

I love Eric Wright.

Sure you do.

Tom Holdgate, you are so hot!
-?

Chris Brant: even though you
are a jerk, you're still cute.

Would the real Darren McColum
please stand up?!

Tim Holdgate, you're awe-
some.

I is never bored when I is
killin' for the lord!

'Pidge', you are my world.

Bill Sullivan - The night we
spent together was wonderful. I
promise not to tell Dee. Love, an
Admirer

Anne and Kim - You are guys
are the best!

Bill- I don't undress for just
ANYONE over the phone you
know

Mike F. Please ... do us all a
favor - get a real girlfriend!!!

Lisa Gilliland, Hurd², Kim
Staggs, Tricia Roberts, Mickie
Taylor- you are the best friends
ever. Hope it stays that way.
Love-Mouth.

To Sue Maurice- Please dye
your hair another color!

Lisa-Run into any poles late-
ly?- M

Amy S. No! You are not beau-
tiful!

Mom, you're a brute, but I need a
ride!

BERTHA RULES!!!!!!!

Becky and the chicken farm-
er- That will make alot of eggs!

Sara- You're not beautiful ei-
ther!!!

Kim- You turn me on'- You
Know Who.

Eric and Colleen: Donny and
Marie? Are we seeing Osmonds?

I'd love to go skiing in the
snow with you!

Li- Are we the Queens of the
BUNNY SLOPE or what?!?-
Mouth.

Twinning!

I hate large crowds of people
that are "not nice" people.

D.L.R women.

"April is the cruelest month" -
T.S. Elliot

Jazz-Rock is an overrated
class.

Allyson Bradford- Nice hair! -
Peter Cronin

The Bob-man is the QUINTES-
SENTIAL human being!

Mo-Mo - Best of luck with
Scott (Role). Friends forever-
DOPEY.

"I've puked my puke of life
away here." -Samuel Beckett.

Pap, Shine on you crazy Dia-
mond! -Red Williams.

Ed - HELP! -The nerd doesn't
like me!

DEBBIE JANE CULIVER
KIRBY

Attaway, Ed. Go get her.

Classic!

Hey, Babe let's take a walk on
the wildside.

N.F.A. is a breeding ground of
nihilism.

Hey, Bill! How's about some
rug burn?

Roach Girl- you are sil-
ly...don't play twister in your
socks

GO BRALESS!!!

Gretchen Walker- thanks for
being a great friend.

GIRLS- I find it amazing how
tanned you all can be in the
middle of the winter! The sun
don't shine in no tannin' salon.

MR. P - KEEP ON truckin' -M

Scott Levanto- I LOVE YOU!!
Will you go to the Coronation
with me?

Bill and Lisa — isn't that just
soooooo cute

Naomi Winakor-Happy Belat-
ed B-day. We'll have to rent 9 to
5 soon! Tricia

Scott Kirby- BUCKLE UP
FOR SAFETY!!

Garth Blue is soooooo sexy!

Stephanie Navick I love you -
P. Cronin

This is Dave. He's not Mr. NFA.

Craig is ?

By SCOTT ORSTAD and ERI-CA CURRAN

If someone asked you, 'What is a drum major?' how would you answer? For many of us, this would be a very difficult question, so we decided to ask NFA's own drum major, Craig Parks.

If you stopped Craig to ask him what a drum major is his response would be that the drum major's job is to be the marching bands' student leader. The drum major teaches the band to march uniformly and to motivate everyone to do their best.

Enough about his title, let's find out a little more about this NFA drum major. Craig says he wanted to become a drum major because it was a challenge as

well as an opportunity for personal growth. He wanted to get the band together and the drum major influences this process.

The thing that Craig remembers most from the first performance of the season was how nervous he was. He was relieved that he survived those five minutes.

Then the competitions came. At East Lyme, the band came in an impressive second. The following week at Cheshire, the band came in first place, plus Craig won best drum major. He says that was just icing on the cake.

Craig says he was the happiest with the band's performance at the last competition, Fitch, when the band came in first



Photo by Anthony Girasoli

Craig stands proud next to the band trophies.

place and won all of the music awards. He says everybody worked together instead of being 45 separate people.

Everything didn't go perfectly for Craig during the season. At the performance in South Kingstown, Rhode Island, the stairs he usually uses to get on the podium somehow disappeared. Instead of walking up that meant he had to jump on the podium. Then, something else went wrong. His pants ripped in the wrong direction making it an embarrassing seven minutes.

Craig has plans to march in college in the fall. He says that he may even go out for drum major. He's definitely going to keep playing his trombone as a hobby after college.

Men wear skirts

By ERIC WRIGHT

Yes, it's me again, the boy with the skirt. It's about time you all knew what was really going on. I'm sure you wondered—if you saw me or heard about me—why a boy wore a skirt to school. Rather than simply explain it, I'll let you eavesdrop on the conversation that started it all. In the cafeteria on the day before mid-term exams...

Unidentified Boy: Would you look at that girl? That's crazy! How could anyone dress like that?

Myself: I don't know; I sort of admire it.

Unident. Boy: Yeah, but that takes guts. I could never dress that weird.

Victor D.: I agree. I think it's cool how she doesn't care what people think about her.

Myself: Hey Vic! Let's dress crazy, just for the fun of it. We can act really stupid and have a great time. I'll wear a dress or something. Ha ha.

Howard: You would never wear a dress.

Myself: I'd wear a skirt. What the heck, How! Big deal if people make fun of me.

Howard: I know you wouldn't.

Myself: That settles it. You don't believe me! I'll wear one after exams.

Howard: I'll give you five dollars if you do.

Jacques: Me too.

I did it on Thursday, January 26th. I knew I was going to get many remarks. I was just waiting—hoping—for one person to talk to me without noticing the difference. Then, for the first

time, I thought, wouldn't this be great if a person could be unaffected by the skirt I was wearing and only pay attention to me, the person? And this question led me to my first philosophical question: would it be asking too much? Would it be an unattainable Utopia? Imagine human beings interacting with one another, unaffected by the

cutie!

'Lookit that kid wearing a skirt!' (more original)

These I categorized as innocently humorous.

I received about five to seven strongly negative comments and almost all of them, as I remember, were from boys. Some

The point is that my friends who knew my personality and stability as an heterosexual, respected the statement I was making; while people who knew absolutely nothing about me came to the conclusion that I was a homosexual. These people were wrong. Why? Not because they were unintelligent but because they were making a

came defensive. I proceeded to chide my fellow student by pointing out how ignorant and closed-minded he was being. Rather than producing fruitful results, my chiding caused the person to become more antagonistic, a natural reaction. I then realized what was happening and decided to change my strategy. I calmed down and kindly explained to him the reason for wearing the skirt and submissively asked if he would refrain from ridiculing me. I know you're all saying, "C'mon don't give me the 'turn the other cheek' garbage." Sorry people, but it works wonders.

Speaking of reactions; Victor Darr insightfully remarked, "You can tell more about a person by their reactions than by their actions, because actions can be masked."

The dizzy blond, the dumb jock, or the weird art student are some of the costumes we all hide behind. This is what we allow people to know about us. It does not matter which category one falls into. I am convinced that every person is ultimately authentic and deep. Some people have a harder time exposing themselves than others. Let us try to be more thoughtful of how we judge the single most wonderful thing created, mankind. I am guilty of this crime and I apologize to anyone whom I have wrongly judged. I have learned a great deal about myself through this experiment and I hope you can benefit from it also.

Hey Jacques! I want my five dollars!



costumes and masks we all wear. Imagine no one wearing a protective shield. Unless one were to spend a great deal of time with everyone he came in contact with, I'm willing to bet that 90 % of the people we know are not what they appear to be.

I see NFA as a miniature society of diverse personalities. I know of other high schools whose student bodies would have one cloned reaction to something like this. The reactions I observed at NFA ranged from encouragingly positive to frighteningly negative. Enough analysis...

'Hey, nice dress!' (original)

'You forgot your nylons!'

'I need a date for the prom,

wanted to physically harm me, and threatened to do so. More than once, I was asked, "Why do you want to be a homo?" and "Why are you a fag?" There were countless more obscene homosexual inferences. Others strongly felt that I was insulting their own masculinity. How could I, a separate entity involved in their lives only by sight, possibly insult anyone's masculinity but my own?

Many glowing and encouraging remarks were made from most of my close friends or people who knew me, and I thank them greatly for this. I don't recall similar remarks from strangers, which is slightly distressing.

judgement of the whole person based on a small amount of information. Believe me, I'm glad there is more to people than the clothes they wear. This would be a pretty dull world if that were the case.

Defensiveness, I believe, is the most instinctive human reaction. All of us, when insulted or threatened, become defensive. In some cases this reaction yields adverse consequences in terms of interaction with another human. One example of this was illustrated in the cafeteria during lunchtime. I was being insulted and rather than remaining passive I instinctively be-

Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself.

John Milton

You would not believe how, from the very commencement of my activity, that horrible Censor question has tormented me? I wanted to write what I felt: but at the same time, it occurred to me that what I wrote would not be permitted, and involuntarily I had to abandon the work. I abandoned, and went on abandoning, and meanwhile the years passed away.

Tolstoy

There are more things in heaven and earth,
Horatio; Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

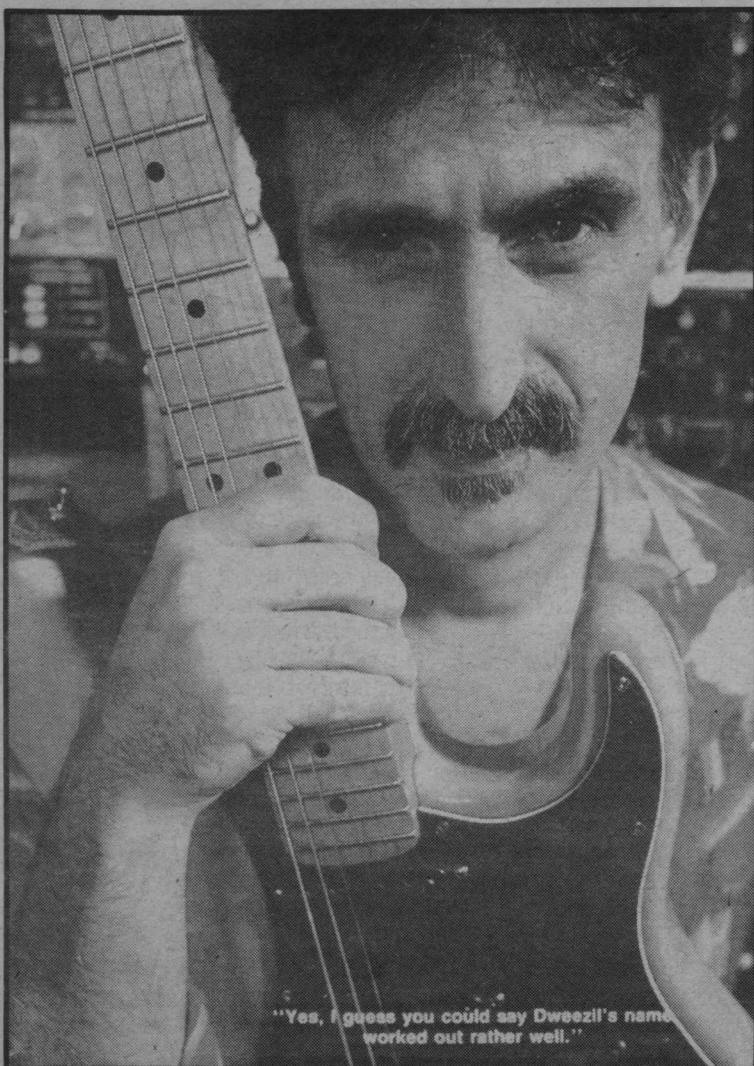
Hamlet

RUSSIAN ROCKERS NEED FIX

Soviet psychologist G.A. Aminev believes that, "Reproducing music at a certain sound level has a very strong narcotic effect."

He formed his hypothesis after depriving rock fans of their music for various periods of time and monitoring their responses. "If you completely isolate them for a week from such music," says Aminev, "they feel worse, their irritability rises, their hands start to tremble and their pulse is unstable."

The information in this fact sheet was compiled and edited by Suzanne Stefanac with kibbutzing by Jello Biafra.



"Yes, I guess you could say Dweezil's name worked out rather well."

staff ROOM 202

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"We're missing D. Boon."

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George says to read these books

By GEORGE KING IV

Mission Earth, by L. Ron Hubbard, is the story of a plan to save Earth from self-destruction so that it can be invaded on schedule, and the story of a plot to make it fail.

Let me explain.

On the faraway planet of Voltar, the people revere the Holy Invasion Timetables as sacred and inviolate. These timetables schedule a strike on Blito-P3, the Voltarian name for Earth, about 100 years from now. But Earth may be uninhabitable by then, for the natives are polluting the planet's air, seas, and land, secretly manipulated by the evil Delbert John Rockecenter. This man controls Earth's fuel, finance, governments, and drugs, and he profits from the ruin of the planet and its people.

Also profiting from this arrangement is Lombar Hisst, the head of Voltar's Coordinated Information Apparatus, a secret agency that engages in covert intelligence and military activities. From a secret Apparatus base on Earth, Hisst is gathering resources to eventually become Emperor of the Voltar Confederacy.

But Hisst's plans are threatened when the governing body of Voltar, the Grand High Council, discovers what Earth is doing to itself. They commission Royal officer Jettero Heller, a highly decorated and respected Fleet combat engineer, to infiltrate Earth society and introduce technologies to halt and cure the pollution. Heller is a natural choice for the job, as he had led many scouting expeditions to Blito-P3, and had reported the dangers to the planet to one of the Lords of the Grand Council. He also liked the place, since it reminded him of his home planet.

If Heller were to succeed, he would be a threat to Rockecenter, and thus to the designs of Lombar Hisst. So, Hisst sends Apparatus officer Soltan Gris to sabotage Heller's mission—*Mission Earth*. Gris is head of the Apparatus' Blito-P3 section, and he hates the polite, friendly, and law-abiding Fleet, particularly Jettero Heller. From here, the story has enough plot twists and developments to make a phone cord seem straight as a laser beam in comparison. And it all unfolds, twists, whatever, through a total of ten full-sized tomes.

A satire, the *Mission Earth* dekalogy (group of ten volumes) takes a humorous look at con-



This is the *Mission Earthicon*.

temporary society. It makes fun of just about everything, with aliens, intrigue, money, greed, gadgets, action, adventure, humor, sorrow, hate, love, suspense, psychology, psychiatry, Public Relations, bureaucracy, politics, religion, sex, drugs, and rock & roll. Most importantly, the decology seeks to report the problems of our world so that we will change them before it's ultimately too late. And this point comes across to the reader who pays attention without getting preachy or using too many long speeches. Also, the work does not contain too much technical talk, and the more important characters are well-designed and three-dimensional. I can't say too much more without spoiling some of the fun of reading it all, or bogging you down with details—I assure you, there are many details. This review is only a tiny thumbnail sketch of a 1,200,000 word megamosaic.

The man who wrote all these words, L. Ron Hubbard, began writing 'pulp' science-fiction in the 1930's. 'Pulp' means 'a magazine or book containing lurid

subject matter and being characteristically printed on rough, unfinished paper,' or so says my dictionary. Hubbard is credited with writing around 28 other science-fiction books, and he also claimed to have worked for John W. Campbell, a name some of you hard-core science-fiction readers might know.

Some of you may have heard of Hubbard's cult connections (see Lauren Gwin's interview of me in the last issue, where it's mentioned). I have since found out more. I dug out the February 10, 1986, issue of *Newsweek*, which had this to say:

DIED: L. Ron Hubbard, 74, founder of the Church of Scientology... Hubbard, once a pulp science-fiction writer, founded the movement in 1954; officials claim 6 million practitioners of its quasi-religious therapy, but disaffected ex-members say there are fewer than 700,000. Scientology has often been accused of both quackery and skulduggery; in 1979, Hubbard's wife and 10 others were convicted of burglarizing government agencies they said were harassing the organization; a federal

grand jury is now looking into allegations that Hubbard and his aides violated tax laws, diverting large sums of money from the church to overseas bank accounts.

So one may find quite a bit to dislike about Hubbard, as a person and as the personality. I like only his more recent science-fiction stories and have not read any of his religio-philosophical books. It was Jacques Friedman who saw me reading one of Hubbard's novels and was first to tell me about its odd and disreputable author. With a sketchy warning about the cult and Hubbard's possibly faked death (to evade taxes), I was put on guard about the contents of the text. For more on this, you may want to see Jacques.

After reading *Mission Earth* and an earlier, unrelated novel *Battlefield Earth*, I have found nothing to indicate that these books are any kind of scientolog-ical propaganda. Sure, the characters in *Mission Earth* do portray some spirituality, interest in the social-democratic cor-

poratization of the world's governments, acceptance of pre-marriage trial cohabitation, and abhorrence of drugs, abortion, sexual perversions, psychiatry, psychology, Public Relations, and probably more.

Just remember that *Mission Earth* is only fiction, but with a message that, I believe, transcends 'isms.' That message is that our world, Earth, is so messed up that we *must* fix it, and we must fix it now.

So, if you like science-fiction, would like to see our planet and life on it from a different perspective, can stand a lot of satire and social comment, and have loads and loads of time, you might want to pick up *Mission Earth*. You can probably find it in a library someplace if you don't want to contribute to the Hubbard estate and/or spend a lot of money on something you're not too sure about.

I guess that's all for this review, then. I'll sign off now. Watch out for weird cults, try to help Earth get its act together, and keep reading.



L. RON HUBBARD

"...a superlative storyteller with total mastery of plot and pacing..." Publishers Weekly

L. Ron Hubbard is one of the most influential and best-selling authors in the world today. Millions of readers around the world have relished his distinctive pace, artistry and humor for over 50 years.

Or so they say

There is no place for Prop 42

By JACQUES FRIEDMAN

In 1983 the National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA) passed a law, known as Proposition 48, which set academic standards for entering freshmen who were to be given athletic scholarships. Prop. 48 stipulated that in order for a freshmen to be able to play his sport, he/she had to maintain a "C" average in a college preparatory core curriculum and score a 700 on the SAT or 15 on the ACT. This law did not seem to be the subject of much debate. However, a week ago, an amendment to Prop. 48, called Prop. 42, was passed by the NCAA and has stirred a brouhaha in the college athletic world. The only difference between 42 + 48 is that under Prop. 42, an athlete failing to qualify academically can NOT be offered an athletic scholarship.

arship. In other words, unlike Prop. 48 under which a student can still be given a scholarship so that he can bring his grades up, a Prop. 42 'casualty' can not even enter the college unless he can pay his own way. Prop. 42 definitely must not be put into effect for several important reasons.

Colleges and universities make millions of dollars from their athlete programs, which allow the schools to improve their facilities, hire better professors, etc. The least the colleges should do for their athletes is educate them, regardless of their initial academic level. The NCAA should not make the colleges shut out to athletes a chance to finally get an education.

Non-qualifiers under Prop. 42 obviously received a poor education in high school. These cas-

ualties' other alternative is to attend junior colleges, or 'jucos' which do not fall under NCAA rule. At these schools, there are no academic regulations from an organization like the NCAA. At jucos, Prop 42 casualties will not receive a modicum of education. There will just be a continuation of a poor high school education.

Another argument is that it is not under the NCAA's discretion but the college's discretion to give scholarships. Colleges often give scholarships to people with an amazing talent (e.g. a violin virtuoso), regardless if the person maintained a C average in high school. Why should the NCAA have the authority to dictate who a university can admit and whom it can offer financial aid.

A major issue concerning Prop 42 is discrimination. The

law definitely discriminates against poor non-qualifiers because they can not find another way to pay for college. Their only options are to go the juko route or sit and wait a year.

Prop 42 also discriminates against blacks. Eighty-six percent of Prop 42 casualties in football and basketball were black this year. It has been proven that the SAT is culturally biased towards middle class white youth. Many of the black casualties are products of the inner city and inner city schools. These inner city students do not receive the guidance offered at wealthier schools and it has been shown that the quality of education is tragically poor. To use SAT scores and GPA's to automatically give one or two strikes against a disadvantaged black athlete.

A tragic consequence of the

passing of Prop 42 could be a great influx in cheating. Thanks to alumni and boosters, poor inner city black students would begin to miraculously come up with \$18,000 to pay for their freshmen year. Cheating on standardized tests would run rampant and grade changing would become common.

The best solution to the problems of student-athletes is for the NCAA to veto Prop 42, keep Prop 48, and to decree that all freshmen can not play at a varsity level. This would allow every freshman athlete to adjust to college and to make all realize the true reason why people go to college.

Since that solution is not very feasible, the next best option is to ban Prop 42 to allow all student-athletes to get educated at their own level in their freshman year of college.

Say yes to Prop 42

BY MARK LEVANTO

A major controversy has recently rolled through the minds of college basketball fans everywhere. Its name is Proposition 42, and anyone who knows anything about basketball (or thinks he does) has something to say about it. John Thompson, head coach of the Georgetown University basketball team, has even gone one step further - boycotting two games in protest of the rule. Unfortunately for John, and the rest of the doubters in the College basketball world, the rule should be passed.

First off, let's look at what Prop. 42 really is - a rule that would eliminate the possibility of a scholarship for any athlete who does not achieve the required 2.0 grade point average and 700 on the S.A.T. - in other words, any kid who doesn't pass the infamous "Proposition 48." This, in itself, is an absolute joke. No highschool that has an athlete worthy of national recognition is going to disqualify him from collegiate competition by lowering his grades - in fact, the 'C' average is hardly ever the cause for a Prop. 48 'casualty.' It is the S.A.T. score that is the problem. But a score of 700? It is well-known that 400 points are given for spelling one's name correctly. Are you telling me that a kid can't score 300 out of the possible remaining 1200

points? If it is true (and in a frightening number of cases it is) it is the highschool's fault for not forcing this kid to sit down and learn the basics of what he's supposed to know. It is truly a shame - and only harsher laws will end this catastrophe.

Much has been said about the 'discrimination' of Prop. 42 - about how the majority of students who would lose their scholarship opportunities are black. This is not a fair or an accurate statistic, as most athletes who get scholarships to play, say, basketball or football are black. It may be true that the S.A.T.'s are discriminatory against ghetto kids who haven't had the opportunity for a proper education. But the fact of the matter is if they're ready for college sports, they have put some serious time in somewhere - not just the books. Even so, we're asking for a 700 on the S.A.T.'s - not a cure for the common cold.

It is the highschool's responsibility to prepare their students for a college career, both academically and athletically. We must end the myth that sports is a way out of the ghetto. With the exception of one out of every couple of million or so, it is not. It is time to force schools - and kids - to concentrate on what is important in life - what is going to guarantee a kid can have a chance in society.

These eight are great

By CAROLYN LEFFINGWELL

On January 29, eight seniors were inducted into the National Honor Society of NFA. They were Rebecca Stockton, Tammy Senecal, Luke Labinski, Kristen Heitert, Steven Ellis, John Burse, Tammy Barns, and Anna Amundson. They were chosen to receive the honor of being admitted into the National Honor Society on the basis of their achievements in the areas of scholarship, leadership, service, and character. This reporter spoke to the NHS advisor, Mrs. Agranwitch, to find out what it means to achieve in the above areas.

Scholarship is mostly self-explanatory. Grades. But it is not only on grades that one is admitted to the NHS. "We have an honor role for that," says Mrs. Agranwitch.

One must also possess the quality of service. This includes giving more than what is needed for the grade, helping out whether it will be noticed or not, appearing at those committee meetings you said you would go to, and being involved in student organizations. This is where extra-curricular activities come in (also in leadership). These extra activities show that you have other interests, actively pursuing them, and are a well rounded person for doing so.

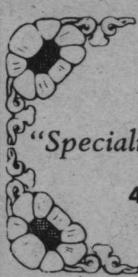
Leadership is just that, taking the lead. Being captain of a sports team, president, vice-president, or even a committee chairperson in the club you belong to. This shows that you are willing to take on responsibility.

Character is "what you do when no one else is watching," as explained by Mrs. Agranwitch. It is your ethics, the ability to do what is right even though it is not always easy.

The National Honor Society looks for students with these qualities that meet the ideal of the Society. Craig Parks (leadership), Tricia Sullivan (scholarship), Jen Uttley (service), and Heather Oakley (character) expounded on these important attributes during the induction ceremony. Jenn Bennett gave the history of NFA's chapter of NHS. The selection committee also looks for integrity, attitude, and a positive influence you have on those around you.

This year the selection committee is chaired by Mrs. Thor-enson and includes Mr. Serra and Mrs. Ladd. These teachers review notices sent to prospective NHS members' teachers, coaches, and club advisors. These people answer questions concerning the students actions in the four major qualities of National Honor Society members. These people can recommend a student but can also write that he or she thinks that the student should not be admitted. The perspective member is also asked to fill out a form listing extra-curricular activities, including community activities and jobs, classes taken, and the teachers of these classes. Their transcripts are reviewed and those who are found eligible are included in the prestigious honor of being inducted into the NHS.

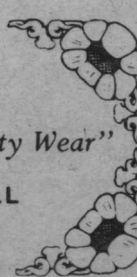
Congratulations to all who were inducted on Sunday and good luck.



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Flip and Jop

Hello. We are back. Flip and I are sorry to report that because of the apathetic attitude of the NFA student body, very few responded to our trivia question. Upper, Matthew Judkins Barrett was the only student with the correct answer. This is the third consecutive time that Matt Judkins Barrett has correctly answered Flip & Jop's Trivia Question. We would like to take this time to pay homage to Matt Judkins Barrett for his trivia knowledge. Way to go, Matt Judkins Barrett.

Roger Clemens has made good on his threat to injure sports-writers if they insulted his fami-

ly. Peter Gammons called Mrs. Clemens a "Ho" and had his arm broken the next day by the enraged Texan.

Because of the stress that has been put on the Chicago Bears' coaching staff, Mike Ditka has been searching for extra assistants. NFA's own Brian Mignault has been named the offensive coordinator of the Monsters of the Midway.

With Bo Jackson setting the example, other professional athletes have been venturing into other fields of athletic endeavor. Cincinnati Bengals rookie sensation, Elbert "Ickey" Woods will take up figure skating as a hobby with dreams of competing

in the 1992 Winter Olympics.

Wade Boggs had a little problem recently when three assailants wielding knives jumped him and held their weapons to his throat. Boggs could give no explanation for the event, saying that he was only showing his loaded gun to a friend when the attackers pounced.

In a recent Boston Bruins game, a fan scaled the glass around the rink and charged a referee for missing a flagrant high-stick against Boston. The fan was immediately drilled by another referee skating to the aid of his companion. The fan lapsed into a coma as a result of this cruel and unusual attack. In

a related story, Bruins' General Manager Harry Sinden signed the referee to fill the vacated spot of the irascible Jay Miller, now with the Kings. Sinden said of the ref's savage display, "He showed some real chutzpah!"

Former Olympian Bruce Kimball, who has been sentenced to 17 years in prison for vehicular manslaughter, has said of his new home, "It's a real dive!"

Shed no tears for NBC for losing the major league baseball contract in 1990. NBC's head of sports programming, Sevil Natas, has decided to fill the slot with "Sumo Sunday," an in-depth look at the beauty and poetry of sumo wrestling.

Super Bowl MVP, Jerry Rice, is rippin'. He feels that he does not receive the publicity of his more renowned teammate, Joe Montana. Rice is deeply hurt that he was not chosen to proclaim with joy, "I'M GOING TO DISNEY WORLD!" after the 49ers' Super Bowl victory. To vent his anger, Rice has sent a squad of hit men to Orlando to assassinate Mickey Mouse.

Flip & Jop's Trivia Question
Sorry, folks. There doesn't seem to be a trivia question this issue. But that shouldn't bother any of you, since only Matt Judkins Barrett replies. He'd probably win again anyway.

Grapple, Grapplers

By BRENDAN FLAHERTY

Our wrestling team is enjoying another successful season this year. Well, I should say enjoying because they've worked very hard due to an injury plagued lineup. They are currently ranked third in the state, holding a 24-2 record. Since a loss to Danbury Madhatters on January 28, our team is on fire. They destroyed their next three opponents with authority. This domination was highlighted by a meet at Westport in which the Wildcats faced Fairfield Prep and Staples. The Cats recorded eighteen pins in these two matches, while winning by a total of 127-14 (74-0 vs. Fairfield Prep). Freshman sensation T.J. MarcAurele tied his own school pin record of seven seconds in the Fairfield Prep contest.

The quartet of MarcAurele, Paul Goupille (heavyweight), Dave Vane (189), and Mike Anderson (130) has led the team during the 1989 season. MarcAurele and Goupille are 26-0 and 25-0 respectively, while Vane is 21-4 and Anderson is 21-3.

These four are leading the team as they prepare for the Class 'LL' title. Only two regular season matches and the E.C.C. open remain before the states. These three matches should serve as a warm-up for the state title, barring injuries. The Wildcats have a great chance to win their seventh straight title with their group of experience (eight seniors) and exceptional talent.

Be sure to go to the team's last home match versus Bristol Eastern at 6:00 on February 15!

Cheer for our hoopsters

By TOM HOLDGATE

This year's boys basketball team has been an enigma. No one ever knows which team will show up to play. After the loss of three point specialist Mark Levanto, the burden of point scoring has gone to senior, Dave Lane and upper, Jeff Brown. Lane and Brown have played solidly averaging over ten points each. The problem is that no other player has managed to also score high consistently every game. However, Mike Giardi has used his aggressiveness (his spiderlike tactics of man on man defense) and has given over on hundred percent while he's on the court. The team has suffered growing pains with Otis Axson and Freshman Bobby Beard

who are both learning the ropes as first year varsity players. Tim Holdgate has been brought up to help the team and gain experience while taking some pressure off of Dave Lane at the guard position and Joe Mills has been asked to help out in all ways off the bench.

The team is close to clinching a state tournament spot, (they have to win half of their games; they are currently five wins-eight losses) but none of their remaining games will be easy (except for Fitch, the basement dweller of the E.C.C.). If the team manages to hurdle their youth problem and gain more experience, they will be fully capable of gaining a position in the post season play.

The Coronation Court

Those of us who went to the Coronation last Saturday night have come to the general consensus that it was definitely a cool time. The theme was Van Morrison's "Moondance," the decorations were snazzy, and even the DJs, the Spin-Offs, were pretty cool. Led down the aisle at 10:30 were the happy people who made up the Coronation Court.

King: Jef Kempesta
Queen: Jessica Smith
Class Scholars: Jacques Friedman and Lauren Gwin
Most Respected: Tom Colter and Jessica Smith
Class Actor: James Stanley
Class Actress: Heather Oakley
Most Likely to Succeed: Jacques Friedman and Lauren Gwin
Nicest Personality: Ted D'Agostino and Jessica Smith

Most Valuable to Class: Joshua George and Patricia Green

Class Jesters: Vincent DeGray and Jennifer Pratt

Class Writers: C. Tennyson Crowe and Heather Oakley

Class Singers: Matt Jacobsen and Amy Stott

Class Athletes: Doug Serafin and Dee Passerello

Class Dancers: James Stanley and Belinda Page

Class Artists: Corey Cloutier and Lisa Cortese

Class Musicians: Craig Parks and Sarah Peterson

Class Industrial Artist: Vincent DeGray

Class Business Student: Andy Bean and Sandra Pineault

Class Homemaking Student: Kelly Moffett

Best Dressed: Michael Anderson and Tami Berry

Girls hoopsters

By MARK LEVANTO

This year's girls' basketball season has hardly been disappointing. In fact, with a winning record and a state tournament berth becoming realities, the Lady Wildcats have been very impressive.

On Friday, Feb. 3, NFA went into its 15th game of the year with a sparkling 7-1 conference record (9-5 overall) and a chance to take sole possession of first place in the ECC Yankee division. Here was a team that wasn't even expected to challenge for first place—and now they were one victory away...

Unfortunately a very talented Ledyard team, led by Kate Reynolds' 12 points and Amy Cockley's school-record 12 assists, won the battle, 50-36, and have a firm grip on the war. Ledyard (13-3 overall, 7-1 ECC Yankee) needs only to win one of its two remaining league games to clinch the title. But NFA is happy, right? They've exceeded everyone's expectations, haven't they?

Forget it.

"I'm very disappointed. The loss really hurts," said senior captain Dee Passerello, who led the 'cats with 12 points. After trailing by only six at halftime, Ledyard scored the first seven points of the second half to put the game away. Worried about the Colonels' post players, NFA let Ledyard shoot from the outside, and, unfortunately, the shots went in. And with them went out (the window, that is) NFA's chance for an ECC title. But it has been a successful season. And, remember, at the end of the season, the tournament awaits.

"IT'S BULLY!"

