

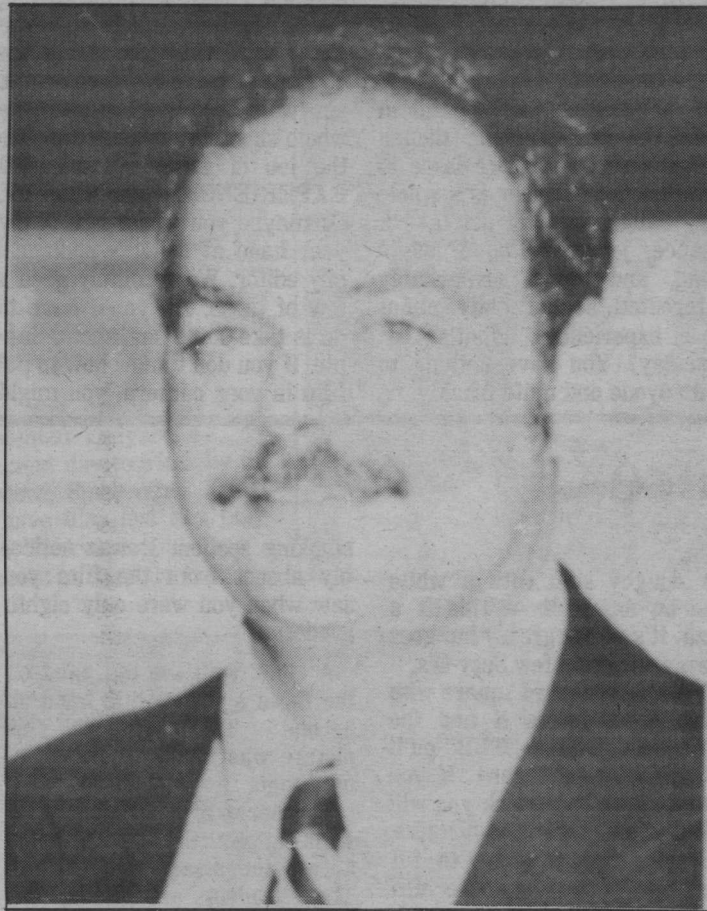
Mr. Camp mourned by all

By HEATHER OAKLEY

It was horribly shocking to hear of Mr. William Camp's untimely death on April 5, 1988. He was a well known and well liked member of the English department and no one has anything but warm words to describe him. Mr. Camp taught English and reading, to both college preparatory and general students. However, to those of us not fortunate enough to have had him as a teacher, he is best remembered as an omnipresent figure in our cafeteria- stopping food-fights before they started and discouraging horseplay with that foreboding (and, in Mr. Camp's case, good natured) glance the duty requires.

All who had the pleasure of knowing him — whether as a teacher, cafeteria attendant, advisor (he was once the faculty advisor for this newspaper), co-worker or friend — will miss him sincerely. His passing has left a sizable gap in our school.

A trust fund in Mr. Camp's memory has been established. Contributions may be sent to Dime Savings Bank, in care of



Mr. James Cronin, 33 Broadway, Norwich, CT 06320.

Who's the boss?

By ERIC FRIEDMAN

Many of us, at one time or another, have certainly wondered about the long-awaited outcome of the search for a person to succeed Dr. Levanto as superintendent/principal next year. How and by whom is this search being conducted? Has a successor already been decided upon? If not, how soon can we expect an answer? Your inquiring minds will know the answers to these probing questions and more in this exclusive Red & White 'superintendent/principal search update.'

The so-called 'executive search' is being conducted by the NFA Board of Trustees and the New England School Development Council, a firm which specializes in these matters. The Board and NESDEC have widely publicized the nationwide search over the past several months, distributing special brochures describing NFA and the position of superintendent/principal, and purchasing space in the *New York Times* and *The Boston Globe*.

How is the search being conducted? Basically applicants

must submit all required forms by April 15th and are then subjected to intense scrutiny by the Board and NESDEC for several months.

As directed in the brochures mentioned above, all applicants must submit the following: a letter of application indicating the person's qualifications, a resume, college or university placement papers and transcripts, three letters of recommendation, evidence of certification, and 'the standard application form.'

A little more involved than the average college application, you say? Those requirements aren't all there is to it! The applicant must 'meet the certification requirements for a Superintendent of Schools in the State of Connecticut,' preferably have a doctorate, have had much prior experience as a successful administrator/supervisor and classroom teacher, and 'have an appreciation for and understanding of the unique differences and tremendous challenges to be found at Norwich Free Academy.'

see page 8

NFA saddened by loss of Ms. Reardon

The students and faculty of the Norwich Free Academy are mourning the loss of Ms. Carol M. Reardon who passed away on Wednesday, April 20, after a long struggle with cancer.

Ms. Reardon was an active graduate of the class of 1957 here at the Academy. During her high school years she participated in many activities, some of which included the Spanish Club, Playshop, the Red and White, volleyball, basketball, and many more. Carol Reardon then returned in 1965 to teach Spanish, but her concern for the student as an individual was foremost in her mind.

Ms. Reardon was a person who could always fill a room with cheer. She possessed optimism throughout her struggle and never showed fear or a desire to stop fighting. Loyalty and responsibility were characteristics that made Ms. Reardon a person one could count on.

Most people will remember her for her sense of humor and her ability to laugh at herself. Students who had her last year

The great American novelist

By LAUREN GWIN

When we last left Delores, she was eighteen years old, sitting on the shore in Cape Cod with a beached whale. The next time we see her, she'll be around thirty years old. Mr. Lamb can't wait to find out what will happen.

Delores is the heroine of Mr. Lamb's novel-in-progress, tentatively titled *Whales*. It is the story of a young woman, at thirteen, eighteen, and thirty, and her reactions to the world around her. As an English teacher here at NFA with quite a heavy workload, Mr. Lamb has had little time to devote to *Whales*. Now he has been given the chance, in the form of a \$5000 grant from the Connecticut Commission on the Arts. This will allow him to take a sabbatical from September to January. The minute the last exam grades are punched in, he will become a full time writer.

So now he can mope around the house, wading in crumpled

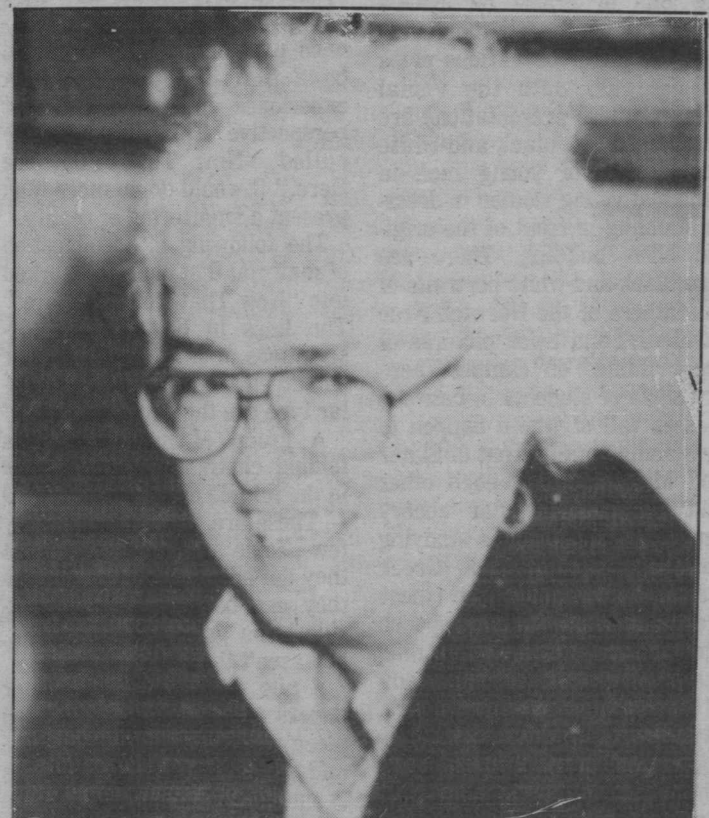
up paper, kicking the typewriter, until-BANG! A sudden inspiration hits him and he types constantly for a week.

Right.

Inspiration may be part of the process, but Mr. Lamb plans to discipline himself; essentially, this will be his job. He intends to write for six hours a day, in a quiet room at the UCONN library. To try and work at home would be self-defeating, especially this summer when the kids will be home. And besides, no matter how decisive one is about staying in one's room, who could resist Oprah Winfrey?

By removing the distractions and working steadily, Mr. Lamb hopes to finish the first draft, which is already two-thirds complete, by January. Then he'll start all over again, rewriting. Since the editing process would be extremely difficult without outside opinion, he belongs to a professional writers' group. In this way, he can pick up constructive criticism as well as a

see page 8



will recall how she never showed the pain she was feeling and how she did her best to stay and teach despite her illness.

Voices this year have often echoed, "Where is she?" We will miss her, and our condolences go out to her family and friends.

Want a job?

By REUBEN TAYLOR

Hello and welcome once again to the super-exciting *Red & White*. We hope you enjoy this issue as much if not more than we enjoy the grueling hours of fidgeting to make it as wonderful and interesting as possible. The diligent *Red & White* staff has been slaving over this paper for a while now, and hope you appreciate our efforts.

Let's talk about you. How are you? Good, good — glad to hear it. But enough idle chit-chat. What are your plans for next year? If your plans have some-

thing to do with being a student at NFA, read on. If not, don't (well, you can, but it won't be of any use, so you might as well not).

I'm glad you've decided to read on. A good looking student like you must do a lot of really neat stuff, right? If you are not a socially inept person or have TREMENDOUS writer's block, keep reading, because (once this article settles down, stops being so silly, and gets to the point) the *Red & White* staff has something to ask you.

Why haven't you ever contrib-

uted to the *Red & White* (staff members, you can stop reading this now unless you are really getting into my style of prose and can't put this down)? Okay, I realize it's nearly too late for you to become instrumental in the newspaper this year (though there is still one more issue to come), but next year is a whole new ballgame. Why not take a chance, join the *Red & White* gang, and tell a remarkably interested school body about your experiences. What's that you say? You have nothing to tell anyone and quite frankly, no

one cares what you say? No problem. Become a reporter, and tell about other interesting people or do something even more anti-social like do layout or type in articles. If you think you want to take charge of the whole shooting match, apply for the job of Editor-in-Chief. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY. Or maybe you would like to try your hand at being a photography editor. We definitely need a few of those. All you'd have to do is take some snapshots. Simple. If you don't know how to put film in your camera, you might

want to try your hand at another position. We will certainly be needing both a sports editor and a news editor next year. We will also be needing a few people to help in doing layout, editing, and deep-fat frying.

As mentioned before, NO EXPERIENCE IS NECESSARY. The *Red & White* is also an Equal Opportunity Employer, so don't use that as an excuse. All you have to do is write your name and homeroom on a sheet of paper. You should also in-

"Now That You Are Here"

By PATRICK CUMMINGS

This year the academy has begun a new program to introduce eighth graders to NFA. The program includes a guided tour of the campus, but starts with either a video cassette or a slideshow about our school. These picture shows tell of many of the great legends of the Norwich Free Academy such as the story of the school's founders and their noble struggle to ensure that their children receive a sound education; the Board of Trustees and its valiant efforts to keep safe all that is good in American life; as well as the fine and winning tradition of NFA athletics. Interspersed among these epic tales are a few bits of praise for NFA's excellent art school, the teaching staff, and the various clubs on campus. Both the visual parts of these presentations are comprised of black-and-white photographs of young men in suits and young women in dresses standing in front of the original NFA building. There are also black-and-white portraits of the fathers of the Norwich Free Academy, and color pictures of the buildings on campus. There are shots of students in between classes (all of whom happen to be standing out in front of Slater and Main) hugging each other and having a regular cheery time, students in class studying hard, plaster casts of Greek statues, the football team (these pictures accompany the speech about NFA's fine and winning athletics), the basketball team, a few shots of the wrestlers. Above all there are cherry blossoms upon cherry blossoms. There are so many pictures with pink flowers that one might think the cherry trees were in full bloom three quarters of the year. The over abundance of the pretty, little flowers and the

students happily posing for the camera just demonstrate that these two programs are nothing more than drawn out commercials designed to entice eighth graders to attend NFA by making the school out to be something that it is not, which is what an advertisement is supposed to do anyway.

These shows are rather tedious to sit through for someone who has been at NFA for nearly four years, and it is doubtful that they really make any student anxious to come to the academy.

This year's eighth graders will be next year's freshmen (juniors in NFA language) which, aside from being a brilliant deduction by the writer, means that they will go through orientation. Perhaps part of orientation should be a film that puts the NFA experience in a more honest perspective. This film could be called "Now That You Are Here." It would do no more than present a smattering of reality.

The following is a suggestion of material that could be worked into "Now That You Are Here." The lines in boldface are descriptions of what would appear on screen, and the lines in regular type are the captions.

A group of men sitting on folding chairs on a grandstand in the middle of the football field — These are the Trustees. Very few people are really sure what they do, and about the only time they can be seen together outside is on graduation day. But, hey aren't they cute.

A pile of ragged, rectangular papers topped off by a tattered piece of cardboard the same size and with a picture on it — This is one of the many novels you will be reading over the next few years. Some aren't quite this bad, and some are worse. It's pretty much luck that decides what condition yours will

be in.

A doughy slab with a white ooze on top of it — This is a pizza. It's pretty greasy but goes down well with a few Suzy-Q's.

A pink, cardboard square with seven lines across it and the words "SAVE THIS STUB" on it — This is a pink card. If you plan on ever being sick you will get to know these little buggers. You will hate to have to fill them out, your attendance officer will hate to have to check out the excuse written on them, and most of all your teachers will hate it when you ask them to sign one of them.

About a hundred fifty people crammed into a yellow square all with cigarettes dangling from their mouths. There is a haze so their heads are difficult to make out — This is the

smoking section. It was noticeably absent from the film you saw when you were only eighth graders.

A clock with the big hand on the three and the little hand on the one — This is a clock. This picture was taken at 12:46. Get used to it.

The backs of several students walking by the fire station across the street from MT — These students are leaving early. That's against the rules. If they dare try to come back on campus, they could be suspended.

A corroded relic — This is the statue that stands in front of Slater. It is called a work of art.

A few teens gathered at the doors under the Styles sign at The Norwichtown Mall — These are drop-outs. They left

school, like many NFA students do.

Back to the picture of the men gathered on the grandstand in the middle of the football field — These are the people who really don't often seem to be overly concerned with any the above but would enjoy building a new library.

The list of ideas that could be worked into "Now That You're Here" is nearly endless. It is not very likely that such a film will ever be made. Most likely this year's eighth graders will have to listen to the same things that this year's seniors have had to hear for the past few years: The legends and the Alma Mater.

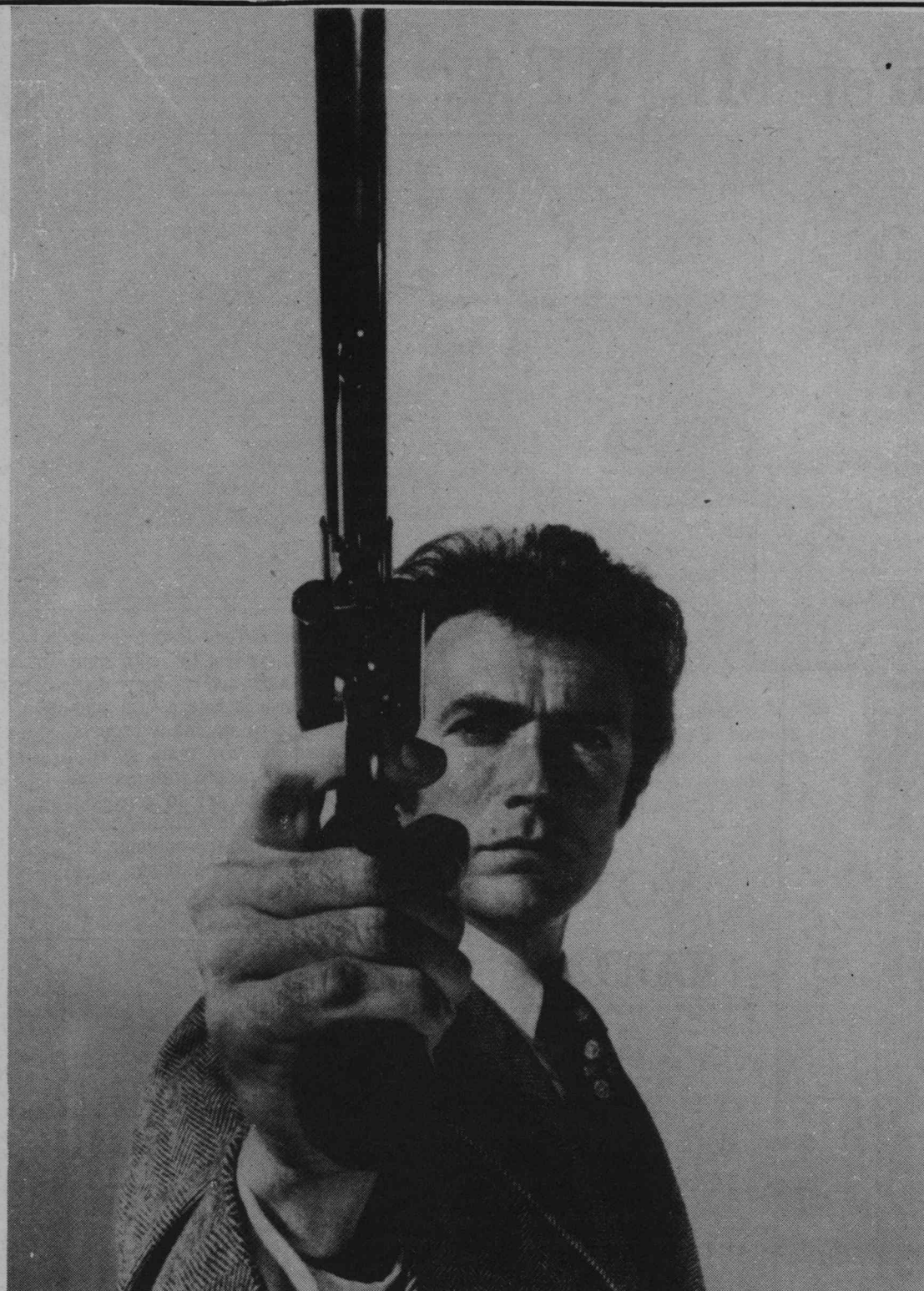
Letter to the Editors

Recently, I had the displeasure of having my skate snatched away from me while I was walking to my next class. See, I had to go to my friend's house after school, and my board was my only way to get home. I really didn't want to bring it because it was freezing, and becoming the first human ice cube really isn't my scene! Anyway, back to the story. The guard came up to me and said, in a very rude tone, "HEY YOUNG MAN! IS THAT A SKATEBOARD YOU'RE CARRYING?" Naturally, I completely freaked out when she demanded that I turn over my beloved semi-thrashed, jet black, Zorlac board to my housemaster. I mean, does this woman, who must think she's like Dirty Harry, have the right to take my board away? Probably, but I don't really see the point. Then that lady had the

nerve to tell me never to bring that "thing" to school ever again! Man, if I weren't such a mild mannered dude, I would've told her something that would have had to get censored from the paper! But, being the model pupil that I am (what a joke) I trudged on in the cold to my housemaster. I told him my story. Then I concluded it with this, "...this rule is really stale. If I'm not thrashin' around with my board, then why should you have the right to take it from me 'until further notice.'" All I got from him was "it's a rule" and "that's the way it is." Kind of typical, huh? Man, I was ripped! All that I have to say is that the school is creating a problem more than it is avoiding one. I'm sure that if they stopped sitting around lounging in their spare time, they could find a way to solve this problem. I bet that a few years ago, they

probably had the same problem with bikes (not that I care; I don't ride a bike). They solved that after a while. They got one of those rack jobbers. Now most of you guys are in this mega daze wondering what this has to do with us, right? Well, this is just an idea. How about if they could throw together some kind of closet that we could put our boards in and padlock. There would be a few more things that would have to be done, but I'm more concerned about getting something going than next day results. All I want to see is a little effort made by the school to correct this problem, because as it stands now, this rule is messed up IN A BIG WAY!

Keep Skating Intensely,
A very RIPPED dude,
John Candler



Brothers and Sisters, if your interested in being on next year's Red & White staff send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Mr. T. W. Sullivan in 203. Be sure to tell us what it is you're interested in (i.e., photo, layout, news, etc...)

lope to Mr. T. W. Sullivan in 203. Be sure to tell us what it is you're interested in (i.e., photo, layout, news, etc...)

Students jump into action

By DANIELLE STOLMAN

It was exactly 1:30 PM in Alumni Hall on March 16, 1988 when the event began. People filed in and started jumping rope to raise money for the American Heart Association, winning prizes, and in general, having fun.

NFA has participated in this fund raiser every year since 1982 except 1987. Although no target goals are ever in mind, the school makes approximately

\$4000 a year.

There are six jumpers per team, and of these six atleast one has to be jumping at all times. The Jump Rope for Heart, which lasts three hours, attracts about one hundred participants each year. This year was no exception.

Door prizes were given out during the event, but prizes for jumping aren't given out until

all the money has been collected. The prizes for money earned are as follows: \$35-\$74.99, a long sleeve tee shirt, \$75-\$124.99, a sports watch and tee shirt, \$125-\$199.99, toss n' tote bag, sports watch, and tee shirt, \$200-infinity, 35mm camera and all of the above. Two students successfully earned the \$200-infinity prizes this year, Michelle Marion and Tiffany Shultze. Congratulations to all who participated!

NFA artists bring home the bacon

By DEBORAH GREENE

Most students are aware of NFA's extensive art department. However, you may not be aware of the large amount of artwork sent to prestigious competitions. This Spring NFA art students have sent their work to four competitions, three of which are national.

The Women's City Club Exhibition accepts work in seven categories from Connecticut high school seniors. It offers a \$100 Best in Show award as well as first, second, third, and honorable mention (if merited) prizes in each of the categories. NFA has been involved with the competition for longer than anyone in the department can remember.

It is modestly admitted that our artists usually earn a fine crop of awards at the juried Exhibition. This year the tradition continues as senior fine art students brought in ten awards including first places for Gina Lucente, Barbara Peckham, and Shannon Lathrop. Abigail Smith, Tracy Kusian, and Andrea Martin won three second places, and four thirds were won by Jen Welch, Emily Camp, Anne Phaneuf, and Sam Couture.

NFA also expects to fare well in the Scholastic art competition which it has been entering since 1936. A number of pieces have

been entered and we are awaiting the results.

As well as these yearly contests, NFA has entered two new competitions this year. The Francis Hook Scholarship Art Awards accepts work from students ranging in level from first grade through undergraduate college. In the grades 10-12 category a first prize of \$2500, second of \$1500, third of \$1000, and twenty-five honorable mentions of \$350 each are awarded. We sent eighteen pieces in this category and are awaiting results which should arrive in May.

The Bradley Competition, also new, involves 400 pieces from students throughout the country. NFA has the largest number of pieces from one school and as work must be judged before it is accepted in competition, this is an honor in itself. From our thirty-one entries, an Honorable Mention was won by Kerrie Bellisario for her mixed media piece called "Granpa's Neckwear."

Our congratulations go out to our winning artists and to those who will become winners with the coming of the Scholastic and Hook results. It seems NFA has developed an art for keeping traditions. We expect we will continue to do so in the future.

R&W STAFF

Editors-in-Chief:

Jonathan Taylor
Reuben Taylor

Layout editor:

Joshua Foley

Layout staff:

Lauren Gwin
Jen Pratt

Photography:

Vlado Coric
Tom Hospod

News:

Eric Friedman

Features:

Heather Oakley
Lauren Gwin

Entertainment:

Steve Erikson

Advertisement:

Jenn Bennett
Bob Parija

Editorials:

Patrick Cummings

Copy Editors:

Deb Greene

Distribution:

Dawn Deslandes

Advisor:

Mr. Sullivan

We here at the Red & White welcome any response to any article any of you read in our paper. Please drop them off without explosives attached to room 203 on the of Commercial.

Who will be the first Mr. NFA?

By JONATHAN TAYLOR

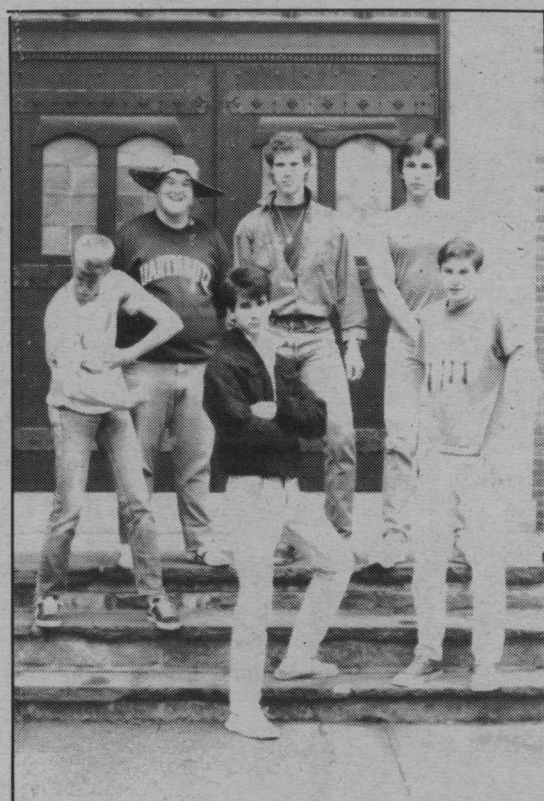
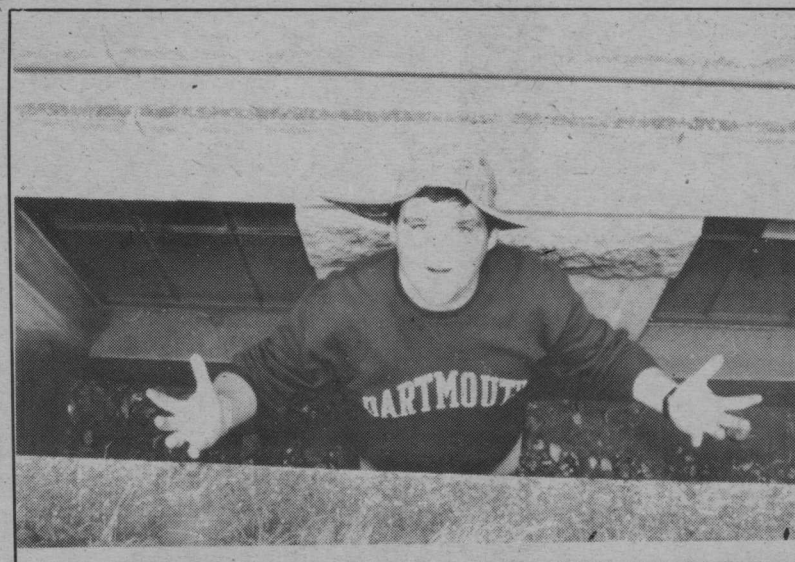
Welcome to our first annual "Mr. NFA" contest. Now, we know that some of you may think that we're a male chauvinist paper. This, however, is just not true. We intentionally formulated the rules of this school-wide competition so that members of any sex (male, female, and other) could enter. The contest itself was named "Mr. NFA" only because we already have a "homecoming queen" contest, and it would be foolish to have another competition of that nature. So here we have a contest, open to just about everyone, that will truly decide the king or queen bee of this campus. All the contestants in this competition needed to do was to sum up their own reasons for wanting to be "Mr. NFA" in an essay that was greater than one word in length. Very simple. All responses to this competition have been reprinted verbatim in this issue. The rest is up to you. Clip the official "Mr. NFA" ballot on this page, fill it out, and submit all officially completed ballots to either Mr. Sullivan in room 203, or to someone whom you are pretty sure is an official Red & White staff member. **YOU MAY VOTE AS OFTEN AS YOU LIKE.** Yes, you can stuff the ballot-box. We are not proud. The catch is that only the official "Mr. NFA" ballot on this page will be accepted. Therefore, if you want to **VOTE AS OFTEN AS YOU LIKE**, you must buy a corresponding paper for the number of times that you have voted **AS OFTEN AS YOU LIKE**. Failure to use an official "Mr. NFA" ballot (say, for example, that you took your friend's paper and made a photocopy of an official "Mr. NFA" ballot) will result in immediate nullification of said photocopied ballot.

We sincerely hope you make this a successful competition. Remember, future "Mr. NFA" contests will be based upon your response to this inaugural attempt. You are also reminded that this is one of the few contests here on the NFA campus that is open to everyone. So, **VOTE AS OFTEN AS YOU LIKE**, and may the best man/woman win.

VOTE

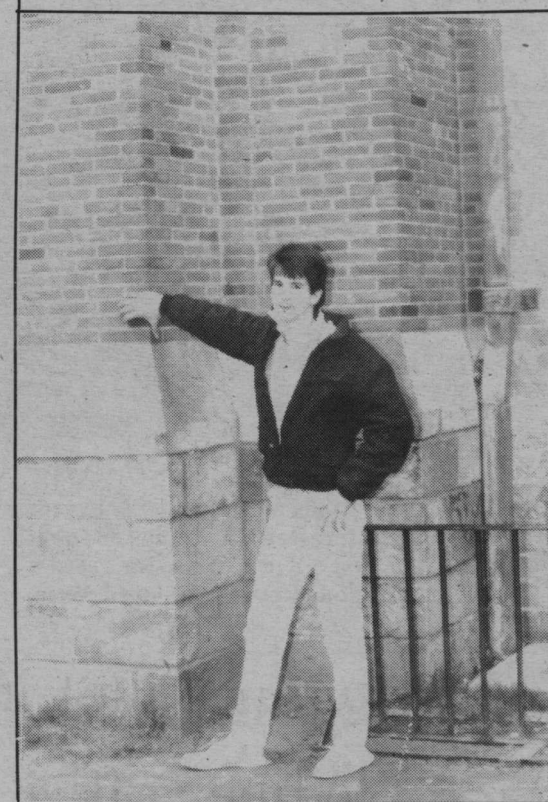
I should be Mr. N.F.A. because: My neighbor's hamster, Fluffy, has one lung and a kidney problem and would like me to win it for him; I'm bigger than the other candidates; I can strip a '57 Chevy and rebuild it with my teeth (Yeah, sure you can.); I am a barbarian and I owe my allegiance to no one; just because.

Kraig Sanquedolce

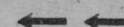


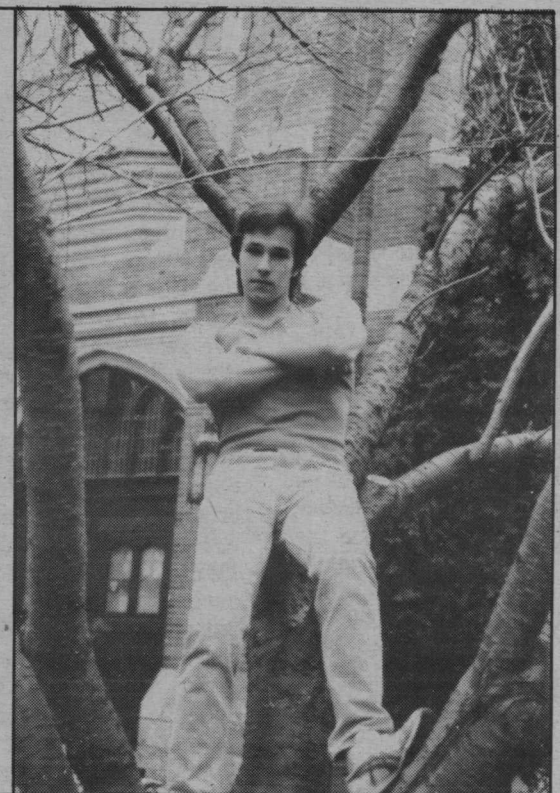
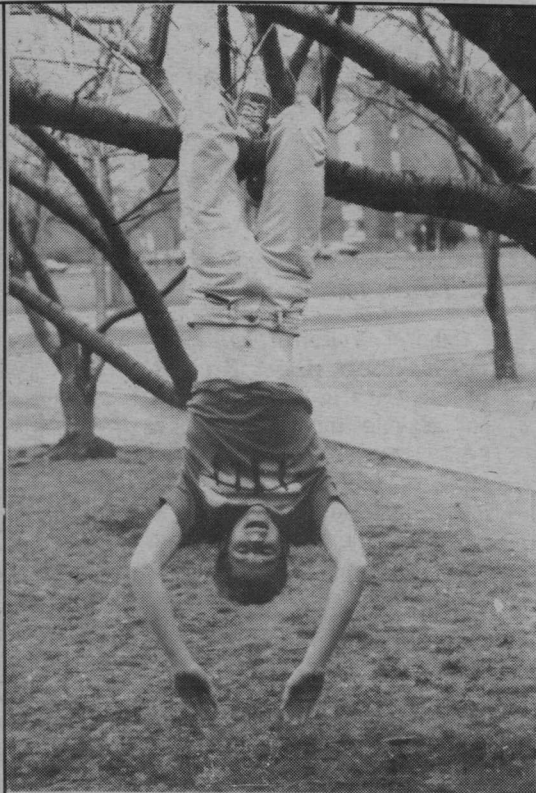
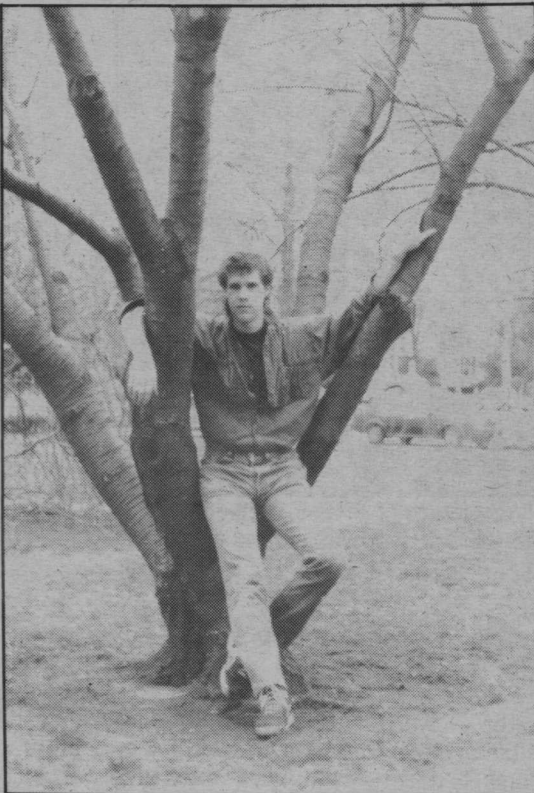
**VOTE
TODAY**

My name is Todd Joseph Osowski. I am six feet tall with shiny brown hair and "puppy dog" brown eyes. I hold a "B" average and play many sports. Women are my main sport. I help many people with personal problems and try to give good advice. I am friendly and ambitious and with my outgoing personality and enthusiasm would be a legitimate Mr. N.F.A.



I feel that I should be Mr. N.F.A. because I rule the Academy. I come from a long line of people that ran the school. I am a dominant force at this institutional learning facility. Without me, this school would be nothing. If I am elected, N.F.A. will be the "in" place to hang. Dave Schlacter





↑
↑
I believe that I am well suited for the position of Mr. N.F.A. I'm a person of great integrity and sensitivity. I feel these qualities are duly needed in a man of any position. The quality of my friends, and not the quantity, will judge whether or not I am worthy of being the first Mr. N.F.A. Robert W. Haggerty II H.R. 118

I believe I should be Mr. N.F.A. '88, not only because I'm the best looking but also because I have the best personality. Eugene Banks H.R. 25

↑
↑
I should be Mr. N.F.A. because of my great bod, my nice personality, and my kind and sensitive, yet wild and crazy nature. I need this award. Curt Hull

↑
↑
Do it TODAY!

**YOUR
BALLOT:**

*Next issue reveals
startling results
including full ex-
pose on our first
Mr. NFA!*

My vote for Mr. NFA is

Turn your ballot into the Red
and White office (rm. 203)

*good for
one vote*

All Mr.NFA Photos by Vlado Coric

I write this letter not for myself, but for a more deserving man. This is man, so richly entitled to be Mr. NFA, is Thomas Dennis. Thomas, known as "Shecky" to his many friends and family members, has assisted me greatly since my arrival to this school in early March. Shecky took me, a timid and frightened exchange student, and showed me how to truly be at ease with myself and others. More than this, though, Shecky has become my moral guide. It is truly comforting to know that in these times of fallen preachers, there are people like Shecky

to lead America. Shecky has no ministry, yet, but hopefully being elected to the prestigious position of "Mr. NFA" will be the starting blocky the great Shecky needs to become one of America's truly great spiritual healers. Vote for Thomas "Shecky" Dennis, please.

Sincerely,
Buster Mogambo

I deserve to be Mr. N.F.A. because I have shown a great deal of power with the females in only two years here. I'm very athletic, handsome, and suave. I've recently been inducted into Mr. Tamborra's elite "Womanizer Hall of Fame" - only the third male to receive the honor. I also think I deserve the award for patiently putting up with constant note sending, phone calling, name yelling, and all around hounding by the females each day. I think I've earned it.

James Wicker H.R. 12

I should be Mr. N.F.A. because aliens from another planet have told me so. If I'm not, they will take me away and do horrible things to me. You wouldn't want that to happen, would you? Besides, my English teacher promised me a seat on a trip to Boston for running.

Chad George

Barbizon-Become
a Model or Just
Look Like One!

Music from a sea of mediocrity

BY STEVE ERICKSON

Fall/The Frenz Experiment (Beggars Banquet Records) and In Palace Of Swords Reversed (Rough Trade Records)

The Beggars Banquet album is the Fall's first major-label reissue since their debut nine years ago. It's also their worst record yet. Most of the songs seem like riffs extended to four minutes, which is weird because it's been two years since their last album. As if that wasn't bad enough, the production is extremely slick. The vocals, keyboards and drums are emphasized. The guitar is inaudible. I count three good songs here: "Victoria", a cover of an old Kinks song, "Athlete Cured", which resembles a

slicker version of the early Fall and "Oswald Defence Lawyer", which has extremely funny lyrics. Palace is a compilation of the Fall's singles on Rough Trade. The most recent song is five years old. Needless to say, it's much better than Frenz.

Big Star/Sister Lovers (Castle Communications)

This is far from being a new record. It was recorded in 1974, originally released in 1978 and re-released on the PVC label in 1985. The PVC version is still available as a cutout. However, this version contains three extra songs. The record alternates between quiet dirges and more uptempo songs. "Holocaust" is one of the most depressing rock songs ever written. "Night Time" and "Kangaroo" are two

of the most haunting. Leader Alex Chilton is still making records, but he hasn't matched the intensity and beauty of Sister Lovers yet.

Cabaret Voltaire/Eight Crepuscle Tracks (Giant Records)

In 1978, Cabaret Voltaire started out playing tuneless, abrasive synthesizer drones. Then, they replaced the vocals with tape loops, and added elements of various ethnic musics. Unfortunately, they then added a dance beat and started sounding like New Order. This collection of previously unreleased tracks is from the second period. It's not as good as any of the records that were released then, but they'll never make anything like this again.

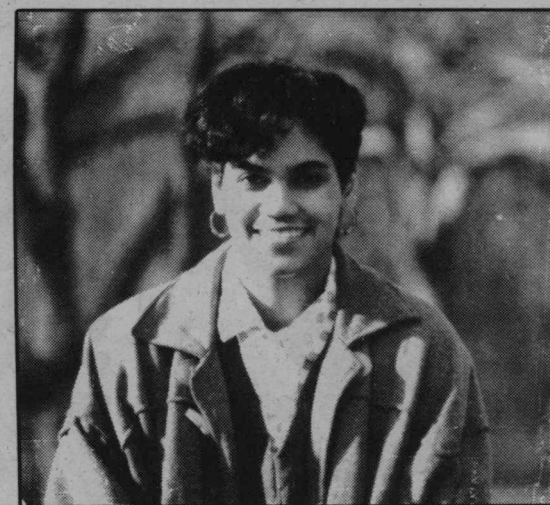


Photo by Vlado Cortic/R & W

This is a picture of Monica Miller.

She wrote the article about the art show.

She writes lots of good articles for the Red and White.

Converse exhibits all

By MONICA MILLER

Now showing in the Converse Art Gallery of the Slater Memorial Museum (trumpet flare): The 45th Annual Connecticut Artists Exhibition. Juried by Sante Graziani, Academic Dean at the Paler Colege of Art, this "Connecticut Collection" was on exhibit until April 15th. Awarding prizes and honorable mentions to an incredible variety of artwork, Sante Graziani certainly has an open mind or palette.

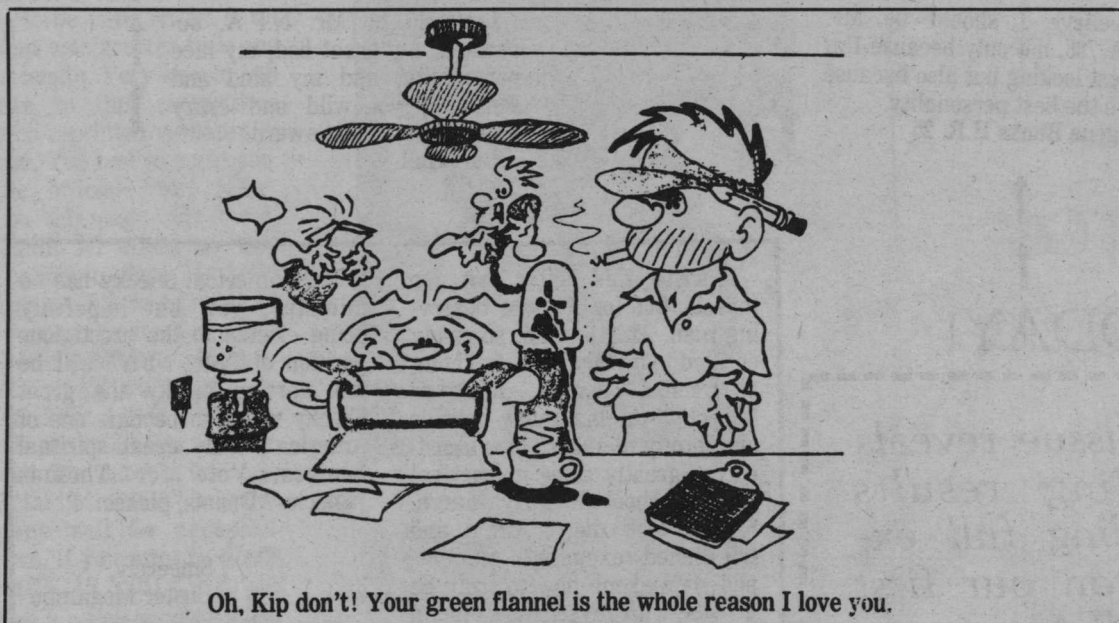
The pieces on display ran the gamut from realistic renderings of windows on sunny mornings to the postmodern positioning of a "garden" tended by a descendant of Aunt Jemima. Even the pieces that won prizes were extremely diverse. First prize and Best in Show was awarded to Janets Sorkin's Departure/Cornwall, a neo-landscape serigraph. Muted pastels create a serene orderliness about the piece that obviously appealed to the juror, as it would anyone. Second prize was given to Janet Cummings Good's rendition of a sleeping cat entitled "The Slendor of Cat Style." This drawing, an endraving and aquatint, conveys the affection for the feline as it dozes in a corner. Also by the artist is "Portrait of the Artist, Life Size on Standard Size," a self portrait done in ink and prismatic color. Hung on the wall opposite "The Slendor of Cat Style," it is interesting to note what it's creator looks like.

Looking somewhat like a graphic for IBM, "B2-M6 Jumping Over the Red Hills" by Arthur Hoener, in acrylic, won third prize. Comprised of small concentric circle with the appearance of having been created by a computer, this piece would be at home on anyone's wall; one gets the impression the B2-M6 is smiling, yet a smile not discernable in the frame. Another interesting effort by Hoener:

is "Bombscape." It is of similar ilk, comprised of concentric circle again, but achieves a different mood than does "B2-M6." Honorable mentions were awarded to Michael Lynch for "My Naked Lady Framed in Twilight is an Accident," a mixed media of stange elements; to Deane G. Keller for "Jenifer-2," a portrait of a girl reading; to Kenneth Bujnowski for "What's Up Front," a bronze sculpture reminiscent of National Geographic; and to Timothy Mockler for "Night Watch," which resembles Armageddon, as veiwed from the back porch.

Perhaps the most intriguing piece in the show is "Peppy (Peppy's Garden)" created by James Montford. Occupying floor space in Converse, this little plot of earth is the attention grabber of the whole exhibit. When gazed upon for the first time, "Peppy" seems to be an anomaly of the art world. Is dirt on the floor, in the middle of which one has placed a salt shaker, art? Montford, in anticipation of the inevitable confusion furnished an explanation-a sheet of questions to act as a guide. The only question that seems to make sense concerns whether or not Peppy is a sister or cousin of Aunt Jemima. Perhaps Peppy represents something more than memories of childhood days spent in the dirt. Whether Peppy is a symbol of racial prejudice of Sunday morning pancakes with Mrs. Butterworth's is up to the viewer.

The 45th Annual Artist Exhibition consisted of a myriad of styles, textures, moods, and shades. Members of the NFA Art Community are well represented by the Docent of Slater Museum, Mary-Anne Hall; art teacher Daniel Charron, and MFA alumnus Yong Han. The show was well worth the visit.



Let them serenade you

By ELANA MANDIA

So you've checked your date book and you don't have anything planned for May 6, 7, and 8. To solve this predicament, try pencilling in a bit of music for one of these days. That's right, entertainment, with dancing, songs, dialogue, and even humor. Okay, so it's not Dirty Dancing, but it is Gypsy, and as it is the first musical at NFA, it's a rare opportunity to experience the wonderful talent your fellow students have to offer. What, you may ask, is this musical about? Well, it's the story of a typical stage mother, Mamma Rose, brought to life by Michelle Marion, in the last days of Vaudeville. Her ambition is to push her daughter June, played by Nicole Wright

as a child and Amy Stott as a young lady, to perform. To do this she gets assistance from her boyfriend, Herby, played by Josh George. Her other daughter, Louise (Sue DeRoches as a child; Charmaine Oakley as a young lady) is dragged along. When Louise turns into a young lady she becomes Gypsy Rose Lee, a stripper at a burlesque house, to earn money to live on. Among the hilarious scenes is one of three experienced strippers, Heather Oakley, Mel Decaroles, and Jessica Arneson giving Louise advice on how to be a good stripper.

Supporting the talent of the students are very experienced people. Of course there is Mrs. Arpin directing and working with the actors (with what else)

their acting. The choreographer is Chris Mann, a women who has sung and danced on stages all over Connecticut and New York. As for the music, the musicians are all professionals. On the piano is Martha Atkinson, on drums our own Greg Thaller, and on bass is Ray Arpin.

If I haven't convinced you yet, try going anyway. The actors are working hard and are very enthusiastic about the musical. I'm sure this will show in the finished product. Tickets, as you might know, are being sold in advance, so if you are interested contact those members of the play or just buy your tickets at the door.

Inside NFA Boys' Tennis

By JASON GERE

After finishing 12-1 in 1987 and sharing the Yankee Division crown with Fitch, the Boys' Tennis team is facing a tough task for 1988. Clemens Kuhlrig, the team's number one seed for the past three years, has graduated along with top seeds Everett Smith and Ryan Boland.

When the E.C.C. introduced a new policy, the task seems more difficult. An official match would be in a 5-2 system, which means that five singles and two doubles matches would be used with no repetition of players involved. A total of nine players must play in an official match and for the Wildcats, some of these nine have little or no Varsity experience.

Coach Gil LaPointe adjusted for last year's player losses by appointing senior Jordan Betten

as the team's number one seed. Seniors Dave Chassanoff and Vlado Coric are the number two and three seeds. Rounding out the single's spots are Upper Jacques Friedman and Senior Larry Webman. Senior Bob Parija will give the Wildcats help in the doubles matches as will Jason Gere and Tom Lavender. Freshmen Greg Friedman and Derek Plank show promise and probably will fit into Coach LaPointe's offensive strategy. Other help will come from Lower Grey Park and Seniors Kevin Furtado and Pete Cooper.

In the first match, the Wildcats defeated Ledyard 4-3, but lost the next day to Fitch by the same score. Since other E.C.C. teams have also lost key players, the Wildcats could have a good season in store for them.



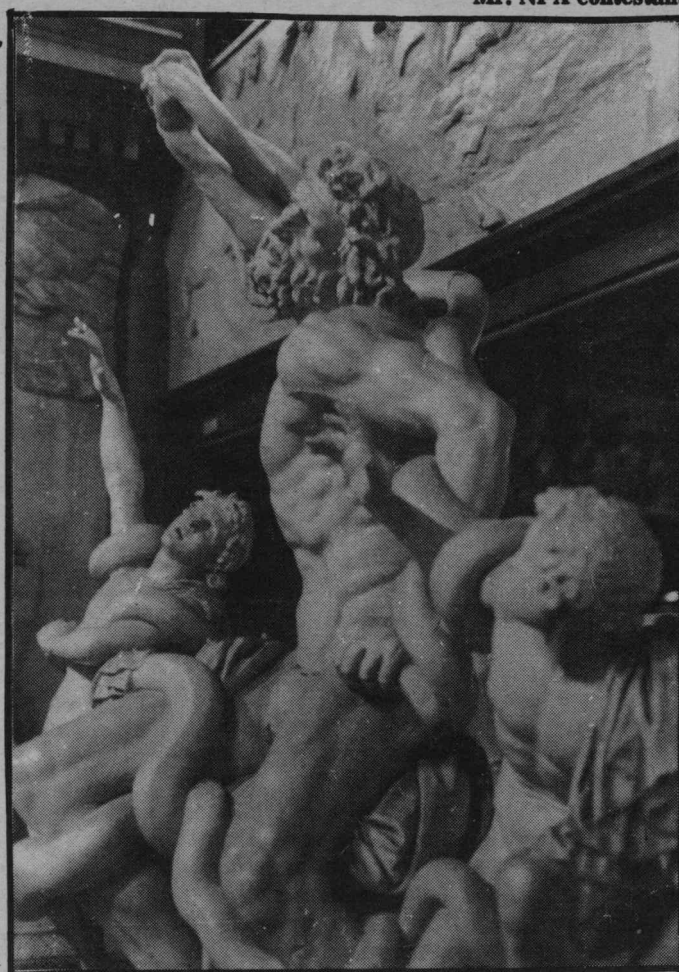
Photo by Vlado Coric/R & W

Baseball begins

By DAN GRAZINO

The NFA Baseball team hasn't made the E.C.C. tournament in the last couple of years. However, they feel 1988 could be the year. With a combination of youth and experience, the Wildcats are setting their goals high. There should be plenty of offense with hitters like Seniors Mike Lane, Dave Shea, Jon Gruber, and Uppers Andy Bean, Doug Serafin, and Tom Holdgate. The pitching staff is strong with Senior Dan Graziano, uppers Joe Genest, Dave Chaisson, and Dave Lane. However, the defense must improve dramatically. Last year NFA lost many one run games and made quite a few critical errors.

The E.C.C. is extremely competitive with Fitch, Waterford, East Lyme, and New London. All of these teams are tough. Many people felt that New London is the team to beat with All-State pitcher Bob Nenna. NFA head coach John Iovino really isn't sure what to expect from this year's team. He feels if the team plays and practices hard, NFA should be OK. Currently, the record stands at 5-1.



NFA Anaconda wrestling season began Saturday. Our record now stands: NFA 3 Snakes 2.

Mr. NFA contestant Kraig Sanquedolce just having fun with the Girl's Track team.

All about fishing

By PATRICK CUMMINGS

Capturing, killing, and consuming little animals has long been a favorite pastime of the human race. Our distant ancestors didn't have all that much of a choice, but today with the evolution of the Super Stop&Shop, we no longer have to victimize our little friends in the wild. We still do, though, because it's fun!!

I can't speak for hunting, but I know that fishing is enjoyable. The idea of shooting some fuzzy, warm blooded woodland inhabitant full of holes just doesn't interest me. I would much rather deceive some slimy, cold blooded fish into clamping down onto a barbed hook. What fun!

Angling is a silly sport. The excitement comes in short bursts. At times, fishing is about as exhilarating as a "Facts of Life" movie, but when a fish strikes your line, everything switches to fast forward. Your pole bends to the water. Your reel starts whining. You stand there dumbfounded for a brief second. Then a little voice in your head screams, "Reel it in, you idiot!" At that moment you mouth yells out, "I got one!" to clue you friends in. Then you

start cranking. This is where experience comes in. A good fisherman (fisherperson sounds like the name of a kid's toy, so all you feminists just take it easy) turns his reel slowly; he plays with the fish ever so gently and is almost assured to catch it. A bad fisherman just jerks his rod with all his force and winds up with nothing but a pair of fish lips. Once you bring you fish to land, you hold it up by the hook in its mouth, not caring for the amazing sensation of pain rushing through its body, and announce, with a big grin on your face, "I caught a fish!" Your friends then say to themselves, "Oh, no is that the thing at the end of your line?" and move a little closer to you.

Now that you have the fish on land, you have to get the hook out of its mouth. You drop it to the ground and watch it flop around for about a minute hoping that it will get the hook out itself. It usually doesn't. Finally you reach down to pick it up, and it starts squirming again. You swear at the poor creature like it has no right to be angry at you and then wiggle the hook around until it pops out. By this time the fish is either dead or in a coma.

Now the fish is yours. Do you let it go back to its family and friends (like one those guys on TV who catch thirty pound bass and then laughingly say, "Well you git on back home now, ya hear," as they toss it back), or do you take the innocent little creature and slice it up into little pieces for the frying pan? Whatever the decision, it'll be a lot of fun.

Golfers get going

By PATRICK CUMMINGS

This April has not only brought us cloudy days, below normal temperatures, and chilling winds but also the new NFA Golf Team. The coach is still Dan Driscoll, and he is still assisted by John DeLucia; but almost the entire ECC Championship varsity squad has been lost to college. That's obviously

not a good start. When a team is deprived of its best players, the team is in for a rough season.

That is not to say there are no more good golfers at NFA. This team is loaded with potential. Not much of it is to be found in the senior class, though. Most the senior members of the team are rookies, and of these senior newcomers, only the remarkable

Sean Kirby has been allowed to play in a varsity match. Sean and veteran Nick Tamborino are the only two varsity seniors, but the picture gets brighter. Uppers James Sylvestre, Chris Shutlz, and another fellow have demonstrated their talents well. These fine young men will definitely be big assets for next year's team. The two biggest

hopes, though, are lowers Bill Howard and Bill Sullivan. These two guys are only in their second year, yet they are the top players. By their third year, they ought to be winning tournaments all over the place. Who knows what could happen in their senior years? The future is rosy, but judging from the first few matches, this year's isn't.

Handicap is girl's inspiration

By MARIA RATHNAM

When Yvonne Breault was born, she had a "handicap." Her knees were positioned in two different places, causing one leg to be shorter than the other. Because of this, doctors had to amputate one foot and replace it with a prosthesis, an artificial limb. Today, Yvonne is a senior at NFA, and she hardly considers herself as having a handicap. She has proven that over and over again to herself and to others around her.

Yvonne believes that there is nothing that her leg can prevent her from doing. The staff at Shriner's Hospital in Springfield, where Yvonne receives her treatment, has helped her to believe this. Her greatest supporters, she feels, are her parents. "They never treated me differently," she says. "They just told me to go out and do my best, and that's what I did."

Ever since she was a child, Yvonne has loved sports. She has excelled at basketball, soccer and baseball. Her other favorite activities are ice-skating, golf and dancing. Besides sports, Yvonne loves clothing. She has been a model for Filene's for several years. Yvonne hopes to go into fashion merchandising and own her own business.

She laughs as she describes the typical reaction she receives when she tells people about her leg. "When I first tell them, they

laugh and say, 'You're lying!' They have to touch it to believe it. It doesn't bother me at all to talk about my leg," she continues. "Actually it's a great conversation piece, because when I tell people about it, they feel more comfortable talking to me about themselves."

Yvonne has made her experience something positive, and she feels that she has learned valuable lessons from it. "I think that, really, nobody is perfect. But you can't be self-conscious. One thing a lot of people ask me is, if I could, would I wish for a real leg. But I answer by saying that I don't wish for one, because I have accepted that my condition can't be changed. I think that's the first step—to accept it. Then you've also got to be dependent on yourself."

"In the seventh grade I had reconstructive surgery, and my prosthesis had to be replaced. I had a pretty tough time through that. But I think that when people go through struggles in their lives, they come out appreciating it more."

Yvonne's advice to others is, "Don't let anything stop you or slow you down from doing what you want. There's so much in life to do and so little time to do it."

Yvonne counsels other patients who have conditions similar to hers, and she tries to help them cope with their problems.

One girl whom Yvonne counseled had to go through an operation to replace her leg. In an attempt to help the girl and to express her own feelings Yvonne wrote this poem:

A girl I see walks down the street

She has one, not two feet
She walks normal, just as you and me,

And everyone seems to agree
She walks remarkably well
Not a soul can tell

She wears a "fake leg" every day

Most people say, "No way,"
Until she shows her leg to you,
It seems unbelievable and untrue

How can she do everything so good?

Well, it's because she should
She is always willing to try,
And she does everything as well as you and I

How do I know? Because that she,
Is actually me.

I believe handicap is just a name

I do hope everyone feels the same

It isn't a description and I'll tell you why

Because I can do anything if I try

from page 1

trial audience.

Mr. Lamb is already a known author; a few of his short stories, such as "The Drive-In," and "The Flying Leg," have been published in *Northeast Magazine*. The latter is currently being adapted to a screenplay by a director, and hopes are that he may sell it to PBS or Showtime.

So if all goes as planned, when school is upon us this September, Mr. Lamb will be creating Delores's world. Either that or shooting paper clips across the room.

from page 1

Does the Red & White have any 'insider info' on who is most likely to be selected? No, we haven't the slightest idea. We don't even know the names of any applicants. In fact, it seems that no one outside the selection process does, or will know until a final choice is made towards the end of May.

As for the present, everyone's predictions and hunches about the searches outcome can be epitomized by none other than Dr. Levanto himself, who shrugged his shoulders and exclaimed, "Your guess is as good as mine!"

Levanto goes bananas

By Jessica Arnison

You've seen him on TV, you've spotted him from afar, and here he is now in black and white. Mark Levanto is an upper here at NFA and a guy who's just out to have a good time. Mark is, as everyone knows, a forward on the Varsity Basketball team here at NFA. He was also "The Most Valuable Player" for the game against Waterford, which was shown on TV-26. Mark was also named to the E.C.C. All-Star basketball team.

There is more to Mark than just basketball. He is a catcher in baseball, an avid football card collector, and in his own words, wierd and exciting! He enjoys history because he likes to discover what has happened in places past. Right now Mark isn't sure what he wants to do in the future, maybe medicine. He would like to attend an Ivy League School, UConn, John Hopkins, or Penn State. For now Mark just wants to play basketball and have fun.

from page 2

clude a few sentences describing what it is that you're interested in. We're not kidding. It's that easy. Send an application to room 203 or give it to a member of the Red & White staff. There is no deadline for this stuff, but the sooner you get it in, the sooner both of us can stop worrying about it.

It was a very good show

BY JOSHUA FOLEY

One of the great tragedies in life is seeing a favorite band break up. Even more tragic is to have this happen without ever having the pleasure of first seeing them in concert. Those of us aged ten and under in 1980 can especially appreciate this. We sat helplessly as bands whose records we had just started to collect (The Who, Led Zeppelin, John Lennon) stopped touring for one reason or another. The last opportunity to ever hear their music straight from the instrument from which it emanated slipped painfully away.

I suffered this same tragedy several years ago when the Minutemen stopped touring due to the death of their lead singer/guitarist D. Boon. There was still bass-genius Mike Watt and drummer George Hurley. But even if the two remaining mem-

bers did re-form a band and continued touring, it still would not be the Minutemen.

Well, they did reform calling themselves firehose. They replaced Boon with Ed (from Ohio) and after cutting a record, went back on tour. Their record, entitled *Ragin' Full On*, was tremendous. But the only thing it had in common with the old Minutemen was Watt's dynamic bass work. I missed them on tour but continued to listen.

Recently, after another album, they toured again hitting the local small music halls and clubs. I now really liked the band and knew, from past experience, that such an opportunity shouldn't be passed up. The closest performance was at the Living Room in Providence, only 50 minutes away, and I

bought tickets locally. I had to work the night of the show (which started at eight) so I couldn't be up there until nine. There would be opening bands and the shows always ran late.

The show did run late. There were three opening bands. The first was a forgettable one (whose name I've forgotten) but the second was charged. Neutral Nation put on a show that I knew would be hard to follow. The music wasn't hardcore but the speed was certainly comparable. The lead singer, who was jumping off walls, doing stage dives and allowing the crowd to belt out the choruses into his microphone, made Nation a band worth seeing again. Next came a T.V. evangelist parody (Brother Awest and His Salvation Army) which incited hatred from the crowd. By now it was around midnight and people

wanted to see firehose. When an irrate member of the audience jumped on stage and tackled Brother Awest they knew it was time to cut the performance short. They left and after a half hour of setting up, firehose came on.

I wasn't dissatisfied. A live performance is so different from anything on record or tape. First, they all look differently than you have them pictured and sitting on the stage at the Living Room you get a good view. Ed, a small, worn-out looking man, turned in an awesome performance on vocals and lead guitar. Hurley also was amazing to watch. And Mike Watt wailed on the bass. His bass, though it played behind Ed's guitar, stretched far beyond the normal expectations of any rhythm instrument. He ex-

plained after the first song, "That's why the bass will never change the world." But I have my doubts.

After correcting a few technical problems (Ed was having difficulties with one of his amps, and Mike broke a string on his bass), things settled down and firehose played a set of songs off of both *Ragin' Full On* and their most recent album, *If'n*. After their first song "For the singer of REM," firehose continued with such essential firehose songs as, "Chemical Wire," "Anger," "Making the freeway," "Hear me," and "Another theory shot to sh..."

In their encore they did what I came to see, a Minutemen number. It was one that Watt himself sang so it sounded true. It was immensely satisfying.