

THE RED & WHITE

NORWICH FREE ACADEMY

Wednesday, June 8, 1988

The latest on drugs and AIDS

By REUBEN TAYLOR

A Wednesday morning in May. For underclassmen, just an average day of thinking about quizzes and what to do after school. For the Senior Class of '88, however, this was a day for pondering graver subjects: AIDS and drugs.

Mr. Cirillo, a science teacher here at NFA, was definitely not having an average day. As the head of the NFA alcohol and drug education program, Mr. Cirillo was in charge of making the day go smoothly. This herculean feat was accomplished by planning not only Mr. Brian McGuire to speak on drugs including alcohol and the nurses to discuss AIDS, but also organizing hundreds of seniors.

The schedule was such that half the seniors went to the AIDS program while the other half went to the drug seminar. Careful timing insured that the two groups would switch with little lag time.

For some, Mr. McGuire from the Southeast Council On Alcohol and Drug Dependence (S.C.A.D.D.) was the first to be heard. His presentation, while slightly on the dry side, was

nevertheless informative and thought-provoking. Due to both the primarily intelligent questions and the discussion producing answers, the most interesting part of the program may have been the question and answer period. "He handled the questions well. They were thoughtful questions," Mr. Cirillo concluded, "but next year I hope we can educate as well as entertain." When asked to sum up what he felt Mr. McGuire should have accomplished, Mr. Cirillo stated that the lecture should have figuratively "put us in detoxification" and it may have been interesting if Mr. McGuire "shared evils." Mr. Cirillo stressed repeatedly that this was his "maiden voyage," and next years schedule should not only be more exciting but smoother having had this year as a guinea pig.

The NFA nurses ran the presentation on AIDS. Due to the sensitive nature of the subject, this assembly was less open than the one on drugs. The AIDS program was basically a movie on AIDS, followed by the nurses privately discussing students' con't to 6

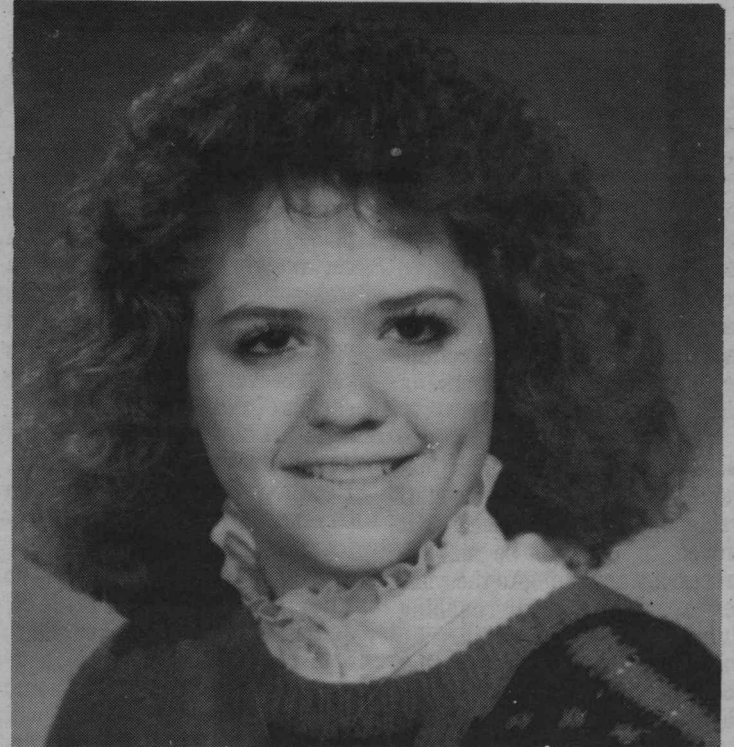
NFA mourns passing of student

By HEATHER OAKLEY

Traci Jewett's passing has undoubtedly had an effect on part of the NFA community. Perhaps the sorrow of those who knew her can help those who didn't feel the loss of a fellow student.

One of her teacher's, Mr. Cirillo, paints an affectionate picture of a girl who always "had a kind word to say." Mr. Cirillo felt particularly close to Traci, who had been a member of one of his "all-time favorite" Earth Science classes three years ago. Even after she completed the course, she frequently stopped by to chat with her former teacher. One of the things that impressed him was the fact that she always asked him about his three daughters.

Traci was a spirited senior regularly seen at basketball games and other sporting events. Mr. Cirillo was deeply pained when he heard of Traci's death. He spoke with obvious fondness for a girl described as



"fun and lively."

The Red and White Staff ex-

tends its heartfelt sympathy to Traci's friends and family.

NHS inductees will carry the tradition

By MELANIE DECAROLIS

The 1988 Henry A. Tirrell Chapter of the National Honor Society semi-officially wound down the year with the induction of thirty-five members of the class of 1989 on May 15, 1988.

Wait a second before you start

to groan and skip to the next article. Some people have the very misguided notion that the NHS is a clique of egg-inflated "know-it-all nerds" who have nothing better to do at meetings than to compare grade-point averages and college acceptance letters while discussing profound nineteenth-century German philosophers. This idea is simply not true. We formulate physics theories instead.

All joking aside, most honor society members don't care about Heidegger and Husserl. And this might come as a shock, but they get rejected from high institutions, too. And instead of sitting around complimenting themselves, the members devote some of their spare time to volunteer activities. NFA's honor society is a non-profit organization; it does meaningful work for various community groups.

Twice this year, the NHS donated homemade cakes to Norwich Hospital's Operation Deepfreeze. In the program, unfrosted cakes are frozen to use for holidays and patients' birthdays when needed. Honor society musicians went to local convalescent homes to brighten Christmastime and springtime for the residents. Members went home with green hands one March afternoon after wrapping over thirteen hundred bunches of daffodils for the American Cancer Society, while others

jumped rope for heart. Members gave up afternoons during vacations and weekends to hold receptions for former NHS members or inductions to welcome the new. Not many people get dressed up to serve punch and cookies, but Socialites are a hardy lot.

Being a member of the NHS can be dangerous, however. You have probably seen one or two NFA students heading a battalion of strange-looking creatures around campus. These life-forms are from the *Pregreasius immaturus*, most commonly known as "eighth-graders." They come from your town, or any of the seven towns with schools that send new generations of fourteen-year-olds to our lovely campus in September. In past years, NHS members would go to the schools and show slides that were taken when King John Travolta I reigned, and students never got to see NFA before September. This year, they came, they saw a greatly updated video, courtesy of NFA-33, and saw the campus and facilities. Trying to make the book-drops sound exciting or expounding on the joys of the cafeteria can be a difficult job, especially when you ask cheerily, "Any questions not pertaining to that sculpture?" It can strike fear into the resolve of the fiercest senior when he/she is con't to 6

Dear Readers of the Red and White,

My heart is deeply saddened, and I am trying to understand and accept the loss of my husband, Bill Camp. Your many cards, prayers, personal sentiments, and other acts of kindness have comforted me throughout the weeks. In recent days I have been especially moved by your overwhelming commitment to enhance the trust fund through your efforts at the car wash and the silent auction. Also, the front page article in the last issue of the Red and White was a great tribute to my husband. This fine piece of journalism will contribute to the scrapbook memories left for his three children to read.

Bill considered his fellow teachers and students his "extended" family. His students gave him a challenge and a sense of accomplishment. Bill often remarked on both the beauty and quality of education that NFA had to offer. However, he took pride in being associated

with NFA because of its most valuable resource—its students! He enjoyed being around young people not only because of what he was able to teach them but also because of what he could learn from them. Bill's enthusiasm and anticipation of each school day can be attributed to the moral support and warmth his colleagues and co-workers expressed both before and after his death. I underestimated the impact and influence Bill had on so many of you. Your sympathies and respect for him are taken with high regard. Too often we may not be aware of our value to our family and friends. A kind gesture or a warm smile is what makes the difference to people around us. Each one of us can make the difference.

Family and education were the center of Bill's life. Education was his vocation in life. He was committed to learning and teaching. Bill dreamed of and planned for higher education for his own three children. By establishing the William Camp

Memorial Trust Fund for Matthew, Peter, and Emily you have realized this most important dream for him. Thank you for this special gift in his memory.

Even as one door closes in our lives another door opens. Find the strength and courage to believe in yourself to open these new doors. We will continue to live in Bill's fine example. Bill had good insight into others and a remarkable sense of humor. I know he would like us to appreciate each other and use the gift of laughter daily. The candle that burns so brightly in Bill's heart will help guide the way for us through these trying times. In closing I would like to share this passage I found in Bill's personal papers, a passage obviously that had meaning to him.

Some people come into our lives and quickly go.

Some stay for a while and leave footprints on our hearts.

And we are never ever the same.

With great appreciation,
Mrs. Marie Camp

Looks like this is the end

By JONATHAN TAYLOR

We're sure that many of you are already breaking out into a cold sweat over the fact that this is the last issue of the *Red & White* for the 1987-1988 school year. But before you do something that we are both going to regret, just remember that we at the helm of the good ship *Red & White* have left this tired vessel in some very skilled and capable hands. We are certain that the *Red & White* will continue to sail on a steady course of high, journalistic integrity.

It was, by no means, an easy task, but we did not think that the selection of next year's staff was going to be as difficult as it proved to be. We began this process by appealing to the masses over NFA's far-reaching Public Address system. We wanted everyone to know that positions were open and available to students for next year's staff and, more importantly, that no previous experience was needed. Because of this announcement, we succeeded in generating interest in some people who had never before done anything with the *Red & White*. Needless to say, we received a rather healthy response to our advertisement.

The final decision for the future staff was determined about a week-and-a-half ago at the single-family dwelling belonging to our advisor, Mr. Bill Sullivan. Eight male seniors and Mr. Sullivan himself, were present

at this meeting which lasted for nearly three hours. The gathered sat around the Sullivan's oval dining-room table, sipping Pepsi's, and putting up with the odors produced by Mr. Sullivan's old pooch while a decision was being reached. Personal opinions of the applicants were placed by the wayside and a certain amount of dissatisfaction was anticipated from those who did not receive their desired position. But, such is life. This is, however, a fairly accurate sketch of next year's staff: Editors in Chief, Lauren Gwin and Jacques Friedman; Features, Heather Oakley; Copy, Deb Greene; Layout, Jen Pratt; Photography, Mary Flahive; Sports, Tom Holdgate; News, Marc Thomson; Entertainment, James Stanley; and Columnist, Seth Gordon. No position, however, is set in stone, and some additions and subtractions will most likely be made in the future.

Now that you know who next year's staff are, it is important that you give a little recognition to those seniors on this year's staff who are rapidly becoming alumni of NFA. The cast of characters: the tall, Yugoslavian, slightly unreliable but always good for a laugh, photographer, Vlado Coric (he hates being called Vlad); Patrick Quinn Cummings, as the *Red & White's* daredevil editorialist who hopes that, some day, people will stop reminding him of

how he damaged some bushes on Scotland Road; John Enright, the Sports Editor who is certain that he will go professional; Steve Erickson, as the entertaining entertainment-guy (need we say more?); Josh Foley, a man who strikes fear in the hearts of women, as the *Red & White's* renegade layout-emperor; Eric Friedman as the news editor who has rediscovered the art of writing prolific articles on boring news stories; and, finally, the power-hungry Editors in Chief, played by the Brothers' Taylor - Reuben and Jonathan.

We did not accomplish all of the goals that we had formed in the ambitious, early days of the Fall of 1987. Come to think of it, we really didn't accomplish any of the goals formed in the ambitious, early days of the Fall of 1987. But we did succeed in putting out some really good papers, and that's all that counts. In parting, the one thing that we hope will change here at the Academy with regards to this paper, is the establishment of a journalism course that deals strictly with the publishing of the *Red & White*, not just the *Mirror*. Such a course would serve to produce a much higher quality paper, for only so much can be done extracurricularly.

For all of you have stayed with this article to this point, please, do us a favor, enjoy your summer.

Fare thee well, NFA

By PATRICK CUMMINGS

I was lying in bed the other night when it suddenly struck me that I will be leaving NFA in a matter of days. I'm sure that's good news to some, but I don't care; all I want to do is graduate and end my career at this school. I'm going to miss my friends; I can't honestly say that the Academy has earned a soft spot in my heart.

My main problem with NFA is that there is such a lack of communication between the people who run the school and the people who have to live by what they say. I put the blame on the people who run the school. The administration seems obsessed with giving NFA the appearance of a prestigious learning institution instead of actually making it into one. There are no freshmen at NFA; we have juniors in the first year while most other schools have to wait three years to have their students become

juniors. NFA is two years ahead of the crowd. But the name changing doesn't stop there. Even though that building with the observatory has the word "Commercial" carved into it, its name is not really commercial, it's "Cranston." Most the important buildings on campus have two names: one for the administration and another for everyone else on earth.

I feel, though, that the name twisting is not the main cause of the gap between the administration and the students and faculty. More damaging to the relationship is the fact that the administration seems to think that everyone else on campus is a bit slow witted. That's the impression I get when I flip through the rule book, the Pilot in NFA language, and the exam rules. The exam rules continually refer to someone called "the proctor." I've never met this proctor person; all my exams

have been run by a "teacher." Then there's rule number three. "Any article (I'm always bringing articles to my exams) dropped on the floor will be left there until the proctor (teacher) gives permission to pick it up. (Now for my favorite part) Permission can be obtained by raising the hand (not the foot) and waiting for acknowledgment from the proctor." Now there's a novel idea! In my twelve years of formal schooling, whenever a student wanted to get a teacher's attention, the student would jump on top of his desk, pull his pants down, and scream, "Proctor, Proctor I want your acknowledgement!!" It's a good thing the administration has cleared all this foolishness up with some level headed rule making. Here are some other examples of bad situations solved with some rule making: no longer will students be able to wear clothing that could

cause health and maintenance problems. No senior will know whether or not he is taking a final exam at a convenient time; he has to wait until the day before the exam to find out. Seniors who have no exams and absolutely nothing to do won't be skipping class, and any student who misses an examination due to illness and does not call the school "BEFORE THAT EXAMINATION IS GIVEN" will receive a 1 (failure grade for those who don't know). These rules are written with difficult language and give instructions for the most basic actions, like raising the hand. The result is that they sound idiotic and make me feel like I'm being treated like an idiot when I read them. In addition, some of them are so dumb, like the one commanding seniors to come to school when they have nothing to do, that they are unenforceable.

What can a student who is

angered with having his intelligence insulted do? Go to the SAB and complain? Good luck. The SAB really can't do much to help. The Student Advisory Board is supposed to be a liaison between the student body and the administration, but it's not. It has become a loudspeaker for the people who run the school. I in no way believe that that is how the students involved in the SAB want it to be, but they have no choice. The administration feels that there are too many candy wrappers on campus, so up go the SAB "don't litter" posters. The students are upset with a barrage of meaningless rules imposed on the school dances, so the SAB holds a discussion with an official, who shall go nameless, and the meeting nearly becomes a bloodbath. The end result is that very few dances are allowed to be held this year.

can't to 6

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Travels with *lapis niger*

By LAUREN GWIN

"Everybody was going to Europe...I, too, was going to Europe." And you, too, could have gone to Europe, like Mark Twain, if you had brought a big heap of American dollars to Mr. Blackstone back in the fall. But now it's too late, unless, of course, after reading this article, you want to sign up for next year's trip.

Mr. Blackstone's annual trip to Europe promises a novel's worth of "What I Did on My Summer Vacation." Somehow, ALSG, American Leadership Study Groups, has managed to fit twenty of the more beautiful cities of Europe into twenty-one days, with two of those days spent in a 747, 40,000 feet above the earth. The object of the trip is not to cram as much knowledge and understanding and cultural enlightenment as possible into a few weeks. Rather, as Mr.

Blackstone explains, it serves to give an overview of the modern continent as well as centuries past. The students will, it is hoped, become comfortable with travelling in foreign territory among people and languages and cultures previously unknown to them.

So the plane will take them out of the dreary old U.S. of A. and leave them in Rome: a civilization which was at an intellectual and empirical peak when wild boar and poultry roamed North America. From Rome to Pompeii to Capri to Assisi to Florence, the travellers will see Italy—or as much as they can. Mr. Blackstone expects to do some sitting in dark cafe corners; the kids want to experience "nightlife," but they can't do it alone. Who could possibly remember how to say "check, please" in Italian, French, or German? But a quick

run to that dark corner provides the answer, danke schon.

Mr. Blackstone plans on far more than mere interpretation. He'll go anywhere in the cities and areas visited that the students are interested in. He has only a few absolutes, one of which is the scaling of Mount Pilitus in France, with its 7000 foot drop.

During the trip, at each stopping point, ALSG provides some sort of itinerary, whether it be an optional day trip to Chartres Cathedral or an excursion up the 292 steps of the Leaning Tower of Pisa. The students, however, aren't forced into anything and may take their own trips or hang around and shop.

The ALSG program is excellent. The cities and routes chosen are designed to give the students the most diverse exposure to Europe possible. And the Continent speaks for itself.

S.A.D.D. ness spreads on NFA campus

By REBECCA J. ROBB

Parties can be a blast! You may even think drinking is also great, but it isn't thrilling when your best friend's mother calls to tell you that your best friend is dead, or when Dr. Levanto tells us all on Monday morning that we've lost another classmate to this vicious killer.

Sixty-five people under the age of thirty die daily because they thought they could handle alcohol with driving. Obviously, they lied to themselves. When you drink and drive, you are putting your life and the lives of others into your own shaky hands.

Teens are now realizing that drinking and driving is wrong, not to mention illegal. A wise man once said that when a

problem is yours, so is its solution. That is why a group of students organized a S.A.D.D. (Students Against Drunk Driving) chapter here at N.F.A. We believe that we can stop this killer, and we know that this is the first step in the right direction. We aren't condoning drinking, but we know that we cannot stop it. We do know, however, that we can stop intoxicated driving. Others have done it; we can too.

We've begun by passing out Prom Pledges to this year's seniors, and will continue by distributing 'Contract for Lives' to interested underclassmen. Next year, more S.A.D.D. events will take place. And, hopefully, more members will be recruited. Everyone is wel-

come to join by seeing Mr. Cirillo in room 210.

We are not asking you to stop partying, or even to stop drinking. We don't want you to end your social life. We just want to help you save your life, or maybe your friend's life. Think about it; how would it feel to watch your friends wrap themselves around a telephone pole? Would you stop drinking and driving then? Or will you have to find out for yourself? We only ask that you not become a statistic.

Rebecca J. Robb
S.A.D.D. President

Art School madness worth the reward

By SAMANTHA COUTURE

If you've taken an art class at NFA this year, then you probably noticed teachers and students screaming and pulling their hair in the halls of Converse. Don't worry, they were only suffering from temporary insanity caused by their preparation for the 98th Annual Student Art Exhibit. This year, all the madness and hard work seem to have been worth it. The show, as usual, was a success. It is a special event for all students, especially the Senior Fine Arts students who have successfully completed the fine arts program, finally!

The exhibition opened on May 13 with an awards ceremony hosted by art director Frank T. Novack and Dr. Levanto. Frank Harold Freidland, an alumni, was the keynote speaker. The following awards were presented. Connecticut State Federation of Women's Clubs: First Place in Oil-Gina Lucente, in Charcoal-Barbara Peckham. First in Graphics-Shannon Lathrop. Second in Charcoal-Abigail Smith. Second in Mixed Media-Tracy Kusian. Second in Drawing-Andrea Martin. Third in Charcoal-Jennifer Welch. Third in Oil-Emily Camp. Third in Mixed Media-Anne Phaneuf. Third in Watercolor-Samantha Couture. Award to senior girl for achievement in art-Erin Bialowas. The Newton Perkins Medal for excellence in drawing-Andrea Martin. Mary E. Williams Awards for general excellence, lower-H. Gray Park, upper-Jessica Murdock, senior-Gina Lucente. History of Art-Samantha Couture. Design-Tamara Berry. Photography-Jill Vartenigian Watercolor-Kerrie Bellisario. Aida Watrous Spicer Prize for Jewelry and Metalsmithing-Melissa

Gwiazdowski. Frido Urbinati Memorial Award for Painting-Gina Lucente. Norwich Art Association Award for excellence in the History of Painters and Painting-Samantha Couture. Blanche W. Browning Award in Textile Design-Gina Lucente. Margaret J. Triplett Award for Service Creativity and Scholarship-Emily Camp. John Martin Studio 33 Framing Award-Barbara Peckham. Lyme Academy of Fine Arts Award for Painting-Samantha Couture. Joseph P. Gualteri Scholarship-Samantha Couture. Steven Daryl Canova Art Award-Jeffery Harman. Katherine Forest Pottery Award-Patrick Cummings and Randall Tracy. Paul Vitanyi Most Improved Art Student Award-Barbara Peckham. Rhode Island School of Design Book Award-Samantha Couture. Richard Jensen Art Scholarship Award-Kerrie Bellisario. Wendy Lynn Baribeault Memorial Fund Art Award-John Carter. Stanley John Janik Art Award-Kristen Fortier and Gina Lucente. Thomas J. Wozniak Memorial Drawing Award-Andrea Martin. Student Guild Awards: History of Art-Joshua Foley. Metalsmithing-H. Gray Park. Pottery Amy Barclay. Drawing-John Burse. Painting-Sherry Prucha. Jewelry and Metalsmithing-Dawn Stanfield. Photography-Stanley Jones and Bethany Oddie. Excellence Outside the Fine Arts Program-Scott LaBossiere, Anna Amundsen, Deborah Greene, and Jennifer Welch. Leslie Spivack Memorial Award this year for creativity in performing arts-Michelle Marion. Winners from National Scholastic Portfolio Competition-Kristen Fortier and Samantha Couture (scholarships) and Mathew Hae-seler (a gold medal for drawing). Congratulations to all!



HEY, KIDS! CONNECT THE DOTS TO RECREATE THE PAINTING "SUNDAY AFTERNOON" BY CLAUDE MONET, FAMED FRENCH IMPRESSIONIST!

LOGIC PUZZLE:

Doug is six years younger than Anne. Anne is three years older than Bill's daughter Susan. Susan has had a facelift and traveled for 7.53 years at .99 the speed of light. She is eighty-four standard years older than Gary, who had himself frozen and thawed out in the distant future, then time-traveled to become his own great-aunt. Who lives on the third floor?

STEVE DOES IT AGAIN

By STEVEN ERICKSON

Ever since the Velvet Underground, New York bands have always taken innovative approaches to the electric guitar. In the early-to-mid '70s, the New York Dolls' proto punk led to an innovative scene that gave the world the Ramones, Television and Patti Smith (whose first album in nine years is due out later this month). As the decade wore on, the landmark *No New York* compilation was released. Since then, the city has never stopped breeding. Unfortunately, most of its hardcore bands are boring, repetitive formalists. However, it continues to produce unusual, nonconformist groups.

Sonic Youth put out last year's best album, *Sister*, and have followed it up with the very strange *Master-Dik* EP (SST). The A-side is a rap parody that's more similar to their 1986 cover

of Madonna's "Into the Groove" (released under the name Ciccone Youth) than anything else they've ever recorded. The B-side contains an extremely faithful cover of the Ramones' "Beat on the Brat," a short, live reprise of "Master-Dik," and about five minutes of unrelated song fragments. A live album recorded in 1981, *Sonic Death* (SST), and a Jimi Hendrix cover from Ciccone Youth (Blast First/Capitol) are forthcoming.

The Semantics are a trio from New York whose members include jazz musician Ned Rothenburg (saxophone and other woodwinds) and avant-garde composer Elliot Sharp (guitar, bass and synthesizer). They have nothing in common with Sonic Youth, except that they're from the same city and on the same label. Their second album, *Bone of Contention* narrows the

gap between jazz and punk rock. They remind me of a less minimal version of the British band Blurt, whose 1981 album *In Berlin* is one of this decade's undiscovered masterpieces.

The Band of Susans' name doesn't make much sense, since only one member is named Susan, but they display a knack for making melodic songs out of one or two chords. They have three guitarists, which creates a huge, enveloping guitar drone. Their new LP, *Hope Against Hope* (Blast First), is not as abrasive as their first EP (with the notable exception of the instrumental "Elliot Abrams In Hell"), but it's much more developed.

Prong play at two tempos: fast and very fast. Neither of their two vocalists can really sing, and the only emotions they seem to be able to express are anger and rage. Despite (or

maybe because of) this, they are one of the most exciting New York bands. Their current record, *Force Fed* (Spigot), verges close to the dreaded NYHC sound, but displays a lot more variety and intelligence than Agnostic Front or Murphy's Law ever will.

Drummer Ted Parsons is a member of both the Swans (whose new single of Joy Division's "Love Will Tear Us Apart" is due soon) and Of Cabbages and Kings. Of Cabbages and Kings are much more subtle than Prong, and some of their songs on their LP, *Face* (Purge/Sound League), sound close to the dirges of mid-period Swans. Like the Swans, the listener has to be in a certain mood to appreciate them. Also like the Swans, some of their songs plod endlessly. Still, they are reminiscent of Killdozer.

Ut have been around since 1979, and I'm classifying them as a New York band even though they moved to England a few years ago. Their first American release, *In Gut's House* (Blast First), is a set of two 12 inch 45-pm records. Ut prove that amateurish enthusiasm and attitude is preferable to the sterile, corporate polish of most Top 40. They swap the instruments and vocal chores, and none of them are exactly virtuosos at any instrument, but they've managed to put together one of the most interesting records of 1988.

I've finally managed to put together a column dealing entirely with bands absolutely no one at NFA has heard of! Of course, this is my last column, but James Stanley will be continuing in the fine tradition as entertainment editor next year.

Pink Floyd is a tale to be told

By SETH GORDON

Bom-ba-bom-ba-bom-ba-bom-ba...

The powerful, driving bass was all there was to be heard. The notes were dark, ominous, foreboding, yet containing such a power of their own, that they shook the floor. I had to go to the bathroom...

Bom-ba-bom-ba-bom-ba-bom-ba...

The lights were out; nothing was to be seen; the beat kept going, warning us there was something...coming...

Bom-ba-bom-ba-bom-ba-bom-ba...

BAM!

A B Minor chord ripped through air, tearing reality in two, shocking all present with a flash of light glaring as bright as seven suns, and just for a moment we could see a man playing a guitar and another one on bass up on the stage. Then quick as a flash it was gone.

Darkness.

Bom-ba-bom-ba-bom-ba-bom-ba...

BAM!

Bom-ba-bom-ba-bom-ba-bom-ba...

BAM!

A legion of red spotlights went on, aimed at the left side of the stage, and to our amazed eyes, there, from the darkness came...

A pig?

A pig.

Yes, I'm talking about the Pink Floyd concert in Sullivan Stadium. Where else would you see a flying pig?

Pink Floyd, perhaps the greatest band in history, is composed of three main characters: David Gilmour, guitar; Nick Masom, drums; and Rick Wright, keyboards. There are lots of members of the backup band, but they're unimportant because nobody knows their names.

Previously, Roger Waters had played bass for the Floyd, but after a severe argument between himself and the rest of the members, he tried to shut down the band, claiming it his right as leader.

No such luck, fortunately.

David Gilmour, current leader, led the band on the tour celebrating their latest album *A Momentary Lapse of Reason*—a combination of psychedelic/New Age/electronic music.

But the Floyd has a broad range of music to choose from—seventeen albums so far, and probably more on the way. At the concert, however, they only played music from albums 7, 9, 11, 13, and 17—the most recent. Albums 12 and 15, *Animals* and *The Final Cut* were left out.

The boys ripped through the entire new album, along with the greatest hits of the past. And there were more surprises other than the flying pig. In "On the Run," for example, we watched a movie of a man lying in his bed, dreaming about telekinetically moving his bed about an airport, going onto a runway, and taking off. Then, awakening in his room, he finds his bed moving. Down the hallway...To

the window... And then, out of nowhere, a bed came flying into the stadium, only to explode in flames, crashing into the stage. Nasty show so far, eh?

The show had opened with lots of smoke, along with a vaguely acrid scent being pumped into the arena, to give the impression of being in a swamp. Then Rick Wright began his rendition of the bluesy/New Age "Shine On, You Crazy Diamond," from the album *Wish You Were Here*. He was soon joined by the rest of the band. After came "Signs of Life"—the first song on *Momentary Lapse*. Soon following came a powerful performance of "Learning to Fly"—the hit single used to promote the tour. Then "Round and Around" and "Yet Another Movie" were played. "Forgive us if we make a couple mistakes; we're just warming up, now," said Gilmour in his light British accent.

There were no mistakes.

And the first half continued with "Dogs of War," which was accompanied by a burst of fire from the stage, and fireworks timed to explode on cue with the explosion effects in the song. The slow, low wailing of the guitar in "Sorrow"—a song about, of all things, sorrow—was right after. Then the a capella mourning of "A New Machine" and the instrumental "Terminal Frost," about what life is like as a computer. "On the Turning Away"—a song in the style of an Irish ballad, about hope and pain and suffering, came next.

It arrived with a giant, white dove, symbolizing peace, flying over the audience.

As mentioned before, part two began with the driving rhythm of "One of These Days." There were some problems with it, however. As the pig flew over the crowd, many people reached up to grab it. They caught it. Some of them took out their knives and tore away a chunk for a souvenir. To add to the problems, they were putting a lot of strain on the cable holding it in place, so a worker was sent out onto the cable to climb over to the pig and loosen the tension. The crowd saw him up there and let go of the pig. The cable went TWAANNNGG! the man went TWAANNNGG! The man held on! If he had let go for a second, the man would have been DEAD! The man stayed alive! We all rolled our eyes and said WOW! The crowd cheered for the man! The man wet his pants!

After that, we were treated to "Money" from the landmark album, *Dark Side of the Moon*. Let me tell you, no one has ever played a better guitar solo than Gilmour in "Money." He played a musical duel with the saxophonist! He duelled with Rick Wright! He duelled with Nick Mason! He duelled with the backup singers! He duelled with the audience! He duelled with himself (somehow)! It was astonishing! We were blown away! The whole crowd was blown away! The whole city was blown away!

Easy, cowboy...

Songs from the infamous concept album, *The Wall*, came next, including the #1 hit "Another Brick in the Wall, Part 2," where the audience joined in with the classic chorus: "We don't need no education/ We don't need no thought control/ No dark sarcasm in the classroom/ Teacher leave them kids alone..." Major anarchy, eh?

The show ended with a flawless performance of "Comfortably Numb." And during Gilmour's infamous solo, a giant metallic flower came down and bloomed light for us.

We cheered and cheered, shaking the house down until they came out for an encore. They played "One Slip" and "Run Like Hell" from *The Wall*, along with lots of fireworks and flashy lights.

It used to be that at a concert that you couldn't hear the music, due to crowd noise. All the deadheads would run around shouting and swearing and drinking and doing stuff I can't describe for fear of being censored. If you wanted to get away from this—well, you couldn't. But at Floyd they were very mellow—really a good crowd. That is, except for the pig incident.

A lot of people say, "Yeah, Floyd has a great light show, man," but that's not the point; of all the post-psychedelic bands, they have the best MUSIC of any I've heard or seen.

can't to 6

Playshop takes its curtain call

By KRISTEN HEITERT

Alas, yet another season of Playshop has drawn to a close at the Norwich Free Academy, and all loyal, campus theatre-goers will have to wait a long three months before productions begin anew.

But this past year has been one of great success, both for individuals as well as for the actors and actresses as a whole. With such plays as "Gloria," written by our own literary prodigy, Christopher Crowe, and the smash hit "Gypsy," it is not surprising the number of awards for which our small but potent repertory group has been nominated. Ranging from Best Production for "Gloria," to nominee Michelle Marion for Best Actress in "Gypsy," the total number of nominations at this point rounds out to eighteen, an incre-

dible but well deserved amount. Considering the quality of the acting, the sets, and the production, NFA will undoubtedly return with a good number of winners.

And what, you may ask with bated breath, is in store for next year's stage entertainment? Although plans are now tentative, I've been informed by a reliable source that the future offerings promise as much excitement as did this season's. Autumn of '88 is set indefinitely for another one-act play festival, while the spring of 1988 is possibly scheduled for a second musical entitled "On the Town," a look at three sailors on ship-leave in New York City. Regardless of what is finally decided upon, it's certain to be another interesting year on the Slater stage.

Prom Night Was a Good Time

By TRICIA STONE AND JENNIFER PRATT

Ah! Prom night--the night dreams are made. Ah! Our prom night. The Upper Prom, that is, was held within the famed, glory-draped halls of Norton Gym. This rare, but well-loved occurrence, took place on Saturday, May 21.

It was a festive occasion. Girls bedecked in voluminous gowns, and guys, who were barely recognizable dressed in tuxedos instead of the usual jeans, contrasted pleasingly with the aqua and silver decorations.

All of the dazzling guests arrived after an evening spent at

romantic spots across Connecticut, such as the Mystic Aquarium, the Norwich Inn, and the Yantic River Inn. Many a couple arrived brushing sand out of their hair also. Yes, there seemed to be a couple on every beach, but now they were here to get down in the N.F.A. gym.

Ah! Yes, This Could Have Been The Night. It was the night for Jessica Smith, who was crowned Prom Queen, and for Jeff Kempesta, who was granted the honour of reigning as King of this spectacular event.

After the fervour of the crowning had died down, there was the dance contest. Several en-

thusiastic couples competed, but James Stanley and Colleen Dennis amazed us all with their enviable dancing abilities. Especially noteworthy was James's quick to become famous Surfing Dance.

Alas, all good things must come to an end, and the prom did too. As couples wandered aimlessly over the bridge and out the door, minds intent on the hours of beach fun ahead, there was the tune of 'Angel' to keep the memory alive. Although the 'Angel' theme will be sorely missed, there's always next year to get down.

I AM A NUMBER, I AM NOT A FREE MAN

Some Certain Fascination with Fish

By BEKA FOX

and JENNIFER PRATT

17 RELICS, a group of guys that started out as a party band from Groton, has developed into a more professional band with its own sound. In the beginning, they played any song called out to them from the audience, whether they knew it well or not. It was true cover band material, BUT NOW they have broken into the professional level. On May 26, 17 Relics opened for Men Without Hats at Drexel University in Philadelphia.

The members are Michael Fitzgerald on vocals, Dave Bentley on bass, Alex Pellish on guitar, and Rich Freitas on drums. Each of them had been in other bands before becoming 17 Relics. Fitzgerald was the last of the members to join. When the band first started, there was someone else on vocals, but that arrangement didn't work out. When Fitzgerald was invited to join, three years ago, he was still the lead singer in a heavy metal cover band. Pellish remembers, "We knew he was a better singer than they were letting him be." Needless to say, he joined the band, and that was the beginning of the existing 17 Relics.

They all attend UCONN at Avery Point. Pellish and Bentley will be juniors and Freitas and Fitzgerald will be sophomores next year. The group has been together for three years and whether they stay together after



college depends on the outcome of this summer with their new promoter.

Their career as professionals is just taking off, no more hardcore Madonna "Like a Virgin" parodies. Do they miss the times when they could do that? They agree that they are past that point. Pellish thinks that "The idea of being professionals is exciting because it's difficult right now."

They've played at the Agora in Hartford, Toad's in New Haven, the Grotto in New Haven,

the El-n-Gee in New London, the Nightshift in Naugatuck, and at UCONN and CONN College. "Ideally, we all want to do a full length record, but we don't have the money." The record companies put up the money. Pellish continued, "To do this for the rest of our lives, we have got to get a contract."

The band has been practicing at Freitas' house at least once a week for two years. They use the electricity of the Freitas' and even get dinner, if they want it. Freitas' parents are

extremely supportive of the band, while the other members' parents have varying degrees of enthusiasm.

The group's performances incorporate humor as well as their own original music. They all work together in arranging their songs. The band has definite messages in mind for each song, although different listeners may interpret the symbolism differently.

When asked to name bands or performers who influenced their music, their faces took on

strange characteristics. "We're ever fearful of an R.E.M. comparison," Pellish explained. Bentley went on to say that in addition to R.E.M., "We've been compared to Miracle Legion, Bleach Black, and The The. I think we have our own sound, because people can't specify one band that we sound like." Their tastes in music cover a large ground. They named everything from AC/DC to Sonic Youth; Emerson, Lake, and Palmer to Ziggy Marley. Their own music is definitely college radio material. What don't they like? Disco and country.

They've put out one six-song cassette called Aix Sanctuary, and their latest creation is the single, "Trout," with "Better Left Behind" and "Hurricane." Why Trout? "Because it's probably the most ridiculous thing you can call a record," Pellish laughed. "Better Left Behind" is about the dangers of social pressures. It asks if sometimes all the pressures are better left behind. On the topic of "Hurricane," Pellish said, "It's too introspective. It's a little political. If I wrote it again, I'd write it differently."

The single is great and it's only \$2.50. It's available at Roberts in Groton, Looney Tunes in Westerly and the Mystic Disk in Mystic. The packaging of the 45 is terrific, with artwork by Reese Hersey. It's wonderful to see such potential in these people who are barely older than we are.

SCHLACHTER IS ALL!

By PATRICK CUMMINGS

It was fourth period senior lounge, and I was nervous because I had been given the task of interviewing the world's first Mr. NFA, and I had no idea what to ask. He was sitting across from me eating his chicken soup and sugar cookies. I had known him since our freshman year, but now he wasn't just Dave Schlachter, he was Mr. NFA. It wasn't as if I were getting ready to chat with some teacher or administrator; this guy's a legend. He has no other equal on this earth. That's why the only question I could think to ask was, "So, Dave tell me something about yourself."

Oh, I thought to myself, this is going wonderfully. His Majesty could have gotten a deeper question applying for a job at McDonalds. His Highness, however, came forth with a profound answer.

"ALL!!! ALLNESS IS GREAT!! ALL!!!" His Perfection smiled with deserved satisfaction. For those who cannot comprehend His Really Greatness's meaning, "All" comes from the Descendents. If you still don't understand, then its time to get a life.

I scribbled the reply in my note book and realized that I was forced to ask another question because of my ignorance. "Dave, ah-how do you spell your last name?"

"S-C-H-L-A-C-H-T-E-R"

I mumbled an apology and was forgiven by His Wonderfulness. Then I started in on a barage of mindless inquiries.

"What's your favorite food?"

"Liver"

"What's your favorite Anthrax album?"

"Among the Living"

"What's your favorite comic strip?"

"The Far Side, Calvin and Hobbes, Doonesbury, and the Quigmen's"

"Do you like the Family Circus?"

"It sucks."

"What's your favorite Descendents album?"

"Milo Goes to College"

"What's your favorite word?"

"ALL!!!"

I sensed I was boring His Above Averageness with my idiotic questions. Rather than take

the chance of irritating His Superness, I decided I would delve were unimpressed with the nation and took advantage of Mr. into his past. His Unbelievableness was born in Spain because his father was stationed there for the armed forces. After two years in Spain, the Schlachters Schlachter's transfer. The royal family packed up for Tennessee. Tennessee didn't quite live up to their expectations, and neither did Virginia. The royal family was in search of a kingdom. Their quest ended when His Brightness was six. The Schlachter's discovered their Camelot- Preston. They have ruled the town ever since.



Dave Schlachter proves his ALL-ness



The law finally caught up with Mr. NFA

Vlado Coric/R&W

Enough of the past, what will His Perpetual Terrificness be doing for the next four years? Well, he currently plans to be damned to Hell; His Superiorness has enlisted in the Army. His specialties will be airborne and field artillery. He's not sure why he enlisted, but what are reasons to the All-Knowing? Commies Beware!

The Ultimate Prophet gave me a prediction for the year 1990. That will be the Year of the Caveman. I had not previously known this and am deeply grateful to His Wonderfulness for sharing it with me. The Year of the Caveman is the year in which all women's rights get "shut down." It will become fashionable for young men to club young

ladies and drag their bodies on the ground. Will wedding ceremonies ever change! Eating raw meat with bare hands will be a true sign of manhood, as will hunting large animals with spears and wearing furry G-strings. We've less than two years to wait!

His Truly Uniqueness told me that he loves being Mr. NFA and representing our honorable school. He would like to make a couple of changes, though. He wants new management, to have the cherry trees chopped down for lumber, and to have the sculpture in front of Slater sent to the dump. He left me with a few words of advice; "Don't do drugs, don't join the army, and have fun." Remember, quest ALL.

con't from 1

met with thirteen blank stares; do these kids speak English, or are they going to attack you with concealed weapons the second you turn your back? Trying to describe the new schedule rotation for next year is a challenge. As a senior, it isn't going to affect you, so you really don't know or care. But then it's difficult not to get smug and rub it in their little faces.

Now the torch has been passed to the new National Honor Society. Congratulations and good luck to the following thirty-five inductees: Eugene Banks, Jennifer Bennett, Colleen Dennis, Vicki Dziurgot, Beka Fox, Jacques Friedman, Michael Giardi, Anthony Ginetti, Deborah Greene, Lauren Gwin, Carolyn Leffingwell, Mark Levanto, John Martin, Melissa Montie, Howard Moshier, Craig Parks, Deidre Passarello, Rebecca Pel-

lerin, Sarah Peterson, Pamela Pion, Douglas Serafin, James Stanley, Patricia Sullivan, Adam Swartz, Tracy Thivierge, Mark Thomson, Timothy Tracy, Ted Tumicki, Mary Tyler, Jill Vartenigian, Anne Waggoner and Debra Woyasz. Officers for next year have been elected: Heather Oakley, recording secretary; Jennifer Uttley, cprresponding secretary; Michael Anderson, president. A new vice president will be elected at the next meeting.

con't from 4

They don't just get out there and bash their heads against their respective instruments. They're musicians—serious ones—with an obvious musical background. Much of the world classifies

them as "metal," but nothing's further from the truth—these guys know how to do something other than play three chords, scream, and spit. They wear suits on stage, not torn T-shirts. They don't run about and work up a sweat. They certainly put on a show, but they play music too. Dave Gilmour and Rick Wright do not shriek—their voices are soft, soothing, relaxing.

In summation: From the New Age effects of "Shine On" and "Signs of Life," to the acoustic, beautiful guitar solo in "Wish You Were Here," to the a capella mourning in "A New Machine," to the grand, fantastic finale, it was a sight to behold—with eyes closed, it was just as good.

con't from 1

questions. Following that was Senior Lounge.

"We wanted it to be a serious message," said Mr. Cirillo, "but to be a little more lively. It's been a sad one and a half years at NFA, and we thought a serious look was timely. We chose May due to the oncoming partying and hopefully happy time...NFA's message is that we care and be careful."

"The Seniors were very helpful in presentation. Many were thinking and that was the main thing. Next year I plan to whoop it up."

con't from 2

One final word on the nonexistent communication between the administration and the school: no article written this year criticizing the way the school is managed has drawn the slightest response from any school official: no rebuttals, no explanations, no response. It seems that some of the people who have offices in this school do not feel that anything said by the students is worth listening to.

But, don't let me end on a negative note. NFA has a great deal of potential. All you had to do was visit the student art show to see what NFA kids are capable of. Perhaps one day the Trustees will decide to really tap the student body's potential instead of just trying to make everything look so grand.

The Year In Sports

By JOHN ENRIGHT

Special thanks to NFA's AD

Robert McPhail

NFA's Football team finished with a 2-8 record. This record wasn't what the team was expecting with transfers John Hill, Jeff True, and Clay Hurd. However, Clay Hurd was honored by the local NFL Chapter Hall of Fame as a scholar-athlete, and Jeff True made E.C.C. league honors. The Boys Cross Country had a record of 3-2. Team co-captain, Wess Ludlow qualified for the State Open Cross-Country Meet. The Girls Cross Country team repeated as E.C.C. League Champions with a 4-1 record. Abbey McClosky and Tina Tetreault earned E.C.C. league honors. The Boys Soccer team finished with a 5-8-2 record with E.C.C. individual honors going to Jon Gruber and Brain Way. The Girls Soccer team had a 7-8-1 record with E.C.C. league honors going to Nini Pilotti and Jeanette Kotowski. The Girls Tennis team had a record of 7-9. Dee Passarello gained E.C.C. individual honors and finished second in the E.C.C. singles competition.

The Wrestling team won its sixth straight Class LL State title. Their final record was 19-4. E.C.C. individual honors went to

Jeong Han, Dino Ricafranca, Kyle Manseau, Rob Larose and Bill Marcavage. Doug Senecal and Rob LaRose won Class LL titles for their individual weight class. Rob LaRose also won the New England Wrestling title. The team won the E.C.C. Tournament, the East Hartford X-mas Invitational, and were picked as the top team in Connecticut in the media's final poll. The gymnastics team won the E.C.C. regular season and tournament championships and finished second in the Class LL competition with a record of 13-1. Individual E.C.C. honors went to Karen Goede, Linda LeBlanc, and Jennifer Paradis. The Rifle team finished 9-0 and won the E.C.C. title and placed second in the Class LL Championship. Chris Adams, Tom Dennis, Tim Whitten, Mike Whitten, and Chris Lacey claimed E.C.C. league honors. Chris Adams, Tim Whitten, and Tom Dennis won LL State titles. The Swimming team was 5-8-1. Swimmers Jody Hull and Tucker Braddock qualified for the Class LL State Finals and Hull set a school single season and career record in point totals. The Girls Basket-

ball team was 8-13, while the Boys team was 12-9. Upper Mark Levanto made the second E.C.C. All-Star team. The big highlight of the year was when NFA defeated Hillhouse for the first time in 40 years.

The Baseball team made the CIAC LL Playoffs. Their last appearance was in 1985. Fairfield Prep defeated NFA in the first round 5-3. Fairfield was ranked #1 early in the season. However, Mike Lane had a good year at catcher, while Dave Chassion led a strong pitching staff. The Softball team had a record of 15-5 and went to the second round of the CIAC LL Playoffs. They lost to Norwalk 7-5. E.C.C. league honors went to Dee Passarello, Gina Lucente, and Jennifer Pelleria. The Boys Track team was 6-4 with E.C.C. league honors going to Jeff True. The Girls Track team joined the Rifle and JV Boys Soccer team in posting an unbeaten regular season. They were 11-0 and captured the E.C.C. title. E.C.C. league honors went to Claire Chesmer and Sue Shaw.

Boys' Tennis: they could have been contenders

By JACQUES FRIEDMAN

The N.F.A. tennis team under the leadership of Coach Gil LaPointe and Co-Captains Jordan Betten and Vladimir Coric, finished its season with an impressive 10-3 record. With a loss to East Lyme and two losses to Fitch, N.F.A. fell only one match short of capturing its second consecutive ECC Yankee division title.

Leading the way for the Wildcats at the number 1 singles position this season was outstanding senior David Chassion-off, who had his hands full with the top players in eastern Connecticut. Betten, another senior, occupied the #2 slot. Sharing the best record on the team, were the #3 man, upper Jacques Friedman and #4, Vlado Coric, both of whom only losing once in thirteen outings. Platooning at the five spot during the year were seniors, Jason Gere and Larry Webman, and fabulous freshman sensations, Gregg Friedman and Derek Plank.

Throughout the season, there were no set-in-stone doubles teams as the forementioned players at #5 and seniors Pete Cooper and Tom Lavender shared the honors.

Although the team was not blessed with outstanding weather, which caused more than half a dozen rain cancellations, the Wildcats ended the season surging to six consecutive victories. Aside from the varsity players, the team boasted a very supportive and vibrant junior varsity squad which included uppers Eric Wright, Jim Stevens, Mark Thomson, and Andrew McCoy, lowers Chris Amon and John Ballard, and freshmen Shawn Waldron, John Wondke, and Mike Turano. However, the main inspirational force of the team was ever-enthusiastic lower, Tim Konikowski, always a motivator on the sidelines. Rounding out the team were the two managers, Carol Morosky and Julie Dumais.

All hail The Team!

By BUSTER MOGAMBO

I have only been at this fine school for a few months, but already in that time I have come to realize that the most prestigious sport at the Academy is intramural softball. My good, newly-found friend, Michael Laffey, whom I chummily refer to as Laffs, has told me this. Laffs realized that I, a timid exchange student from a distant land, was in need of some sort of social activity. He suggested that I come view his softball games. A social life at last, I thought! So, about once a week after school, I would go to that field behind the Wildcat Clubhouse, pay Laffs the five dollars admission fee, and enjoy the game.

Laffs was captain of the his team. He gave it the wildly imaginative name, The Team. We have no games like softball in my country, so I knew nothing of the game or the players. Laffs told me the rules, but I cannot remember them now. Laffs also assured me that the men who play softball are among the most sexually active

men on the earth. I secretly hoped that some of it would rub off on me, so I watched the games very closely. I got to know all the players on The Team.

As I have stated before, Laffs was the captain of The Team. He was one of its biggest hitters, too. Another one of their big hitters was the Great Aubrey. The Great Aubrey beat up the ball with his bat many times. Tom Hospod could strike the ball with great force, as well. The Team was not just a bunch of ball hitters, though. They had Jon Rickets who could catch almost any ball no matter how high it was in the air. He was the only professional on The Team; he plays for Church League. I have searched the television for Church League several times, but I must not get that channel. Josh Foley caught many balls, too. Josh drove a cool Saab to the games until it broke. The boy called "B" whose real name was Brandon Settje, pitched one game and won. The shortstop was Jim Strouse. Jim was probably the best basketball player on the

field. In the outfield there was Tom Girard. Tom would bring The Team's mascot, a Buddha idol, to every game. Dan Morosky played in the outfield, too. He had a nice bat that he brought to the games and let the other players hit with. The pitcher was David Schlachter. He is the Invincible Mr. NFA. The opponents learned to respect him. His Glorious Worship was ALL on the mound. His catcher was Pat Cummings. I think Pat was put behind the plate because almost every ball that was thrown to his glove, he would drop, so it was safest that he only drop pitches.

I watched The Team win many games. They usually hit the softball very hard. Their play in the field stopped many runs from scoring. They did lose once, but Laffs told me that was because the other team was a bunch of beer drinkers who had no morals and would have hurt innocent people to win. What valiance on The Team's part to lose for the sake of others. Fortunately that other team was beaten too many times and had

to give up. The Team kept winning though. They destroyed a team called Paranoya. Finally came the championships, The Team against the Golden Gloves.

The championship game was played on June 2, which was a cool, cloudy day. Laffs told me that the final game was so important that it would cost me ten dollars instead of five, so I saved up my lunch money. The game turned out to be a pitch-

ers' duel between His Majesty and the other team's pitcher. The hitting was not very good at all. The Team only managed to score four times, but the Golden Gloves only got two runs. His Royal Emperor of NFA was the hero. The Team won very nice, red patches that look like softballs and have either a "N" or a "Z" on them depending on how you hold them. I feel that The Team will be remembered forever.

BRAIN
TEASERS

Math Fun!

CAN YOU SOLVE THIS MATH PUZZLE?

$$\int_0^{\infty} \sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \tan^{-1}\left(\frac{e^{tz}}{\ln t}\right) dt + \iint \frac{dy dx}{\cos y} = ?$$



Just what are those Soviets all about?

By ERIC FRIEDMAN

We've all been hearing a lot about the Soviet Union lately, with all the fanfare of the Reagan-Gorbachev summit in Moscow, the ongoing Soviet pullout from Afghanistan, and Secretary Gorbachev's now-famous reform programs of 'glasnost' (openness) and 'perestroika' (economic restructuring). During a nine-day trip to Moscow and Leningrad in mid-April, I set out to find just what this strange country was all about. I got much more than I bargained for.

The trip itself, organized by the Soviet tourist agency "Intourist", was incredibly exhausting. We were constantly touring the massive war monuments and huge art museums, which, after a while, all looked the same. Despite the hectic schedule, much of what I saw made deep impressions; both good and not-so-good.

Accompanying almost every one of these impressions were frightening contradictions: For instance, propaganda proclaiming the happiness and prosperity of the Soviet people literally screamed from newspapers, posters, monuments, and immense panoramas painted on the sides of buildings. But every day, I saw hundreds of people waiting in line for a chance to buy such necessities as a pair of shoes. Likewise, the scarcity of produce in Russian markets makes the local A & P seem like a shopper's paradise. And in clothing stores, the fashionable clothes which are not out of stock sell at unbelievably high prices: A cheap pair of Soviet-made jeans costs over 200 dollars! (An entire month's pay for the average Soviet!)

These two radically different Soviet Unions, that which is said to exist, and that which truly does exist, surfaced time and time again. But even amidst the troubling images, I did see evidence (albeit embarrassing to the Soviet government) of glasnost and perestroika: Amazingly, a huge number of black marketers lurked around the hotels, seeking out foreign customers. Ranging from children who traded decorative pins for chewing gum to adult 'professionals', they approached me many times, usually using the same lines to push their merchandise:



Joanne Friedman (Eric's Mommy)/Special to R&W

"So, you're from the states! Me, I'm from Kiev, in the Ukraine. Hey, I got good stuff: military uniforms, caviar, vodka. We trade, yes? You come and see my stuff, okay?" One old woman who 'traded' extensively with our tour group in Moscow seemed to have had a full-fledged business going on inside the hotel! In addition to this, prostitution and drug dealing were very widespread in the hotels. When you think of the Soviet Union, these are definitely not the first things that come to mind!

Other details of my trip were not as unexpected. The Russian military mindset was definitely present, for militia and police seemed to be almost everywhere: on the streets, in the museums, at the war memorials, and, of course, in Red Square and the Kremlin. Despite the intimidating appearance, the

of uneasiness in me from the moment we landed in Moscow. This strange tension remained for the entire trip, and many times I felt as if I were being watched. Looking back now, however, I think that those feelings were just a reaction to the culture shock normally felt by tourists in an unusual environment, but who knows?

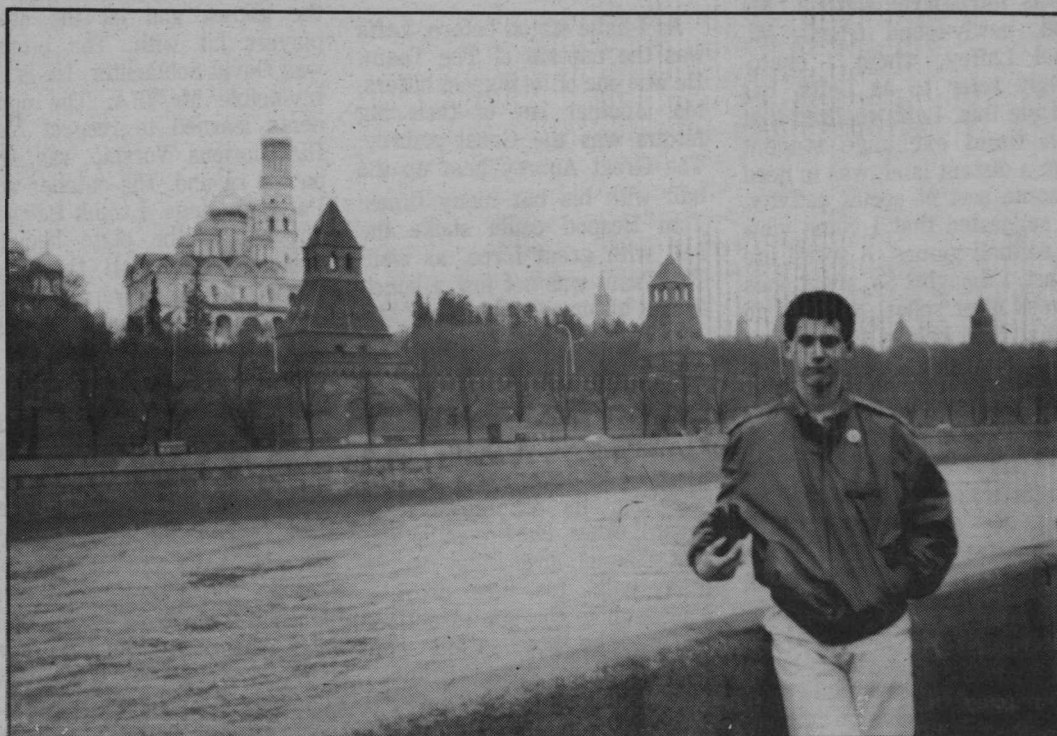
For me, the most fascinating aspect of visiting the Soviet Union was meeting ordinary people and learning about their everyday lives. Generally, the Russians I met had the same daily concerns we have, but they weren't nearly as outgoing or talkative as we tend to be. The typically unattractive, almost shabby-looking clothing the people wear seemed to accentuate this reclusiveness. But they were more than happy to help me when I asked for directions in my horrible Americanized Russian. And from what I could tell, many of them understood English, too.

In contrast, I saw another, much darker side to the Soviets during a visit to a "Young Pioneer Palace" in Leningrad (Young Pioneers are similar to Boy and Girl Scouts). During a long pre-programmed tour of the 'Palace', one of the Pioneer girls was suddenly pulled away from us by an adult supervisor. She had been talking 'too freely' with an American boy about Soviet rock music. This incident, and several others like it during

the trip, deeply shook our belief in the validity of Soviet 'openness'. Later that day, when our Intourist guide realized how shaken we were, she apologized in a low, sad voice "My people are afraid of foreigners because they are restricted so much." The embarrassment and frustration in her voice and on her face remains my most vivid memory of the trip.

This was the strange dichotomy I discovered in the Soviet Union, a nation seemingly at war with itself. But among the people, there is much hope for a better future if further reforms are made by Gorbachev and his colleagues, for their accomplishments over the past few years have been transforming the face of the Soviet Union. Even so, there remains much, much more work to be done before we can truly consider Soviet society 'open'. So will reformation be permitted to continue, or will a regression to more repressive policies push the Soviets back to darker times? This is the ultimate question of the Soviet Union and will continue to be for decades to come.

As for myself, the bizarre conflict between these 'two sides of the Soviet Union' caused me such confusion and disillusionment, that by the time I returned home, all I really cared about was a good night's sleep and a big Papa Gino's thick pan pizza.



Joanne Friedman (Eric's Mommy)/Special to R&W