

Verbum Sap. Sat.

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Dodge vs Soles

By Sam Roberts

In recent history at H-B Woodlawn, there has been animosity between the Physics department and the Chemistry department. At the roots of this animosity and at the heads of these departments are Mark Dodge and David "Bad minton" Soles.

"Dave is a wonderful young man who has made an unfortunate career choice," says Mark Dodge of his enemy. When asked about actions David "BikeBoy" Soles had taken against the physics department, Mark grew more righteous. "Once Dave locked the entire physics class in the room by barricading the door. It was a totally malicious act, unprovoked, and is indicative of the chemistry mind-set. The fact that we had stolen his chairs had nothing to do with it." Once Mark had calmed, I pressed for more information. Apparently, in college Mark was forced to take chemistry 1-A and it was there that he learned the horrors of chemistry. "I was in the top 25% of my class and got a C. The class grades were curved so that 5% got A's, 5% B's, 80% C's, 5% D's, and 5% E's." The class was also two thousand people large. When asked to give a final statement, Mark simply said, "There will be a day of judgement. And all of the infidels will burn."

When asked about his feelings towards Mark Dodge, Dave would not answer until he discovered what Mark had said about him. Dave then said, "Mark Dodge is a wonderful old man." When asked about his feelings towards chemistry, Dave said "Hoo-yeah" And his feelings towards physics, "Oh-No". I asked Dave why he didn't like physics "It's like asking why I don't like war, gang rape, or pestilence," he responded. "Like asking why I don't like things that are inherently evil. Because they are inherently evil and because they destroy the dreams of young

Americans." At this point, Dave told me an epic tale of high adventure and low villainy. A tale where physicists, led by Mark Dodge, killed Dave's aunt and uncle on the desert planet, Tatoonie. But luckily the droids had escaped and Dave was whisked across the universe to fight evil forever. If interested in why Dave hates physics, please rent Star Wars.

I felt that the opinions of the students were needed to fully understand this issue, so I interviewed some chemistry students. "No comment," says AP Chem student Brian Crandall as he fearfully glances at Dave's door. "The problem is that there are too many physicists," rails Isaac Yonemoto, another AP Chem student. Mary Sy said, "Chemistry rocks. Physics sucks. But I love Mark." The Physics students had much more to say. AP Physics student Bill Oliver said, "Chemistry sucks. Simple as that." Andy Wixon said, "Chemistry is whack." Houtan Bastani, AP Physics student by day, Krazy Kneepad Man by night, said, "Chemistry is a girly subject. Dave is a girly man." However, AP Physics student Andrew Davis betrayed his science. "In Chemistry you get to blow [expletive deleted] up!" he said. Andrew disappeared shortly thereafter. "Chemists are physicists who can't do math," explained Kevin Setter. Physics student Andrew Carnahan said "Physics is inherently superior to chemistry. Dave Soles folk dances." Matt Hall said, "mu". No explanation was given.

I obviously needed the opinion of an expert. I came across this quote. "All chemistry is is applied physics." The quote was made by a man shortly after receiving a Nobel prize in chemistry. However, a famous physicist once said, "Physics doesn't matter. Love does." And according to Isaac Yonemoto, "What is Love but Chemistry?"

As I finished my research I walked

through the office where I was suddenly surrounded by the violence of two science teachers. Dave and Mark were fist fighting in the office. Hurling secretaries and students out of their way, they lunged for one another. Ironically enough, it was only earlier that day that both Dave and Mark told me that the conflict had "Been sedate this year."

Late Breaking News

by Jeff Malin

At the beginning of F Block on Wednesday, December 3rd, David Soles suffered a traumatic injury to his left ankle. Soles claims that scarcely two hours earlier, several members of physics teacher Mark Dodge's TA had approached him in the hallway, threatening "we're gonna get you Dave... we're gonna beat you". Several suspicious connections have emerged from this incident. The injury involved Force, Mass, Acceleration, etc... all the tools of physicists. Soles is certain that physics was behind his injury. We'll keep you posted.

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Some Like it Hot, Some Like it Not

by Erik Footland

Have you ever noticed a male dressed up in female clothing? I'm sure that you have, unless they were dressed so well that you did not notice. But have you ever noticed a female dressed up in male clothing? I'm also sure that you have, but you probably didn't think twice about it. To study this theory I went deep under cover. I asked cross-dressers questions and I even dressed up myself, just to see what it was like. It's not like I enjoyed it or anything, I was just doing it for my assignment.

I talked to some cross-dressers who attend H-B Woodlawn to see what they had to say about it. The first person I talked to was Asa Fager.

E: Why do you sometimes dress up in girls' clothing?

A: I think it's fun. It's entertaining for me to see the reaction of people; it gets them confused.

E: How do you feel when you're dressed up in female clothing?

A: I feel sexy and cool. Sort of like the Fonz in "Happy Days."

E: Do people make fun of you?

A: Yes, but I like it.

E: Is it for the attention?

A: Most of the time it is, but sometimes after watching "Silence of the Lambs," I would feel like dressing up in female clothing. After watching that movie, I would also find women who wear size 14 dresses, kill them, and then remove parts of their skin to make a body suit for myself.

E: Do you wear make-up also, and is it comfortable?

A: Yes, but the eyeliner itches, and the lipstick makes my lips dry, so I guess it's

not too comfortable.

E: What does your family think about it?

A: My mom's not worried, but she doesn't want me doing it in stupid places, like the Mall.

I also talked to another male named Paul Burman.

E: Why do you sometimes dress up in female clothing?

P: I think that it's fun and I like the attention.

E: Is it more comfortable in male or female clothing?

P: Personally I like being naked, but if I had to decide between the two I would choose female clothing, because I don't wear underwear when I'm in dresses, and when there's a draft or a breeze, it hits the spot.

E: What do your family members say about it?

P: They don't really care, but my mom once said that I don't look good in booty shorts.

E: Does it make you mad that a female can dress in male clothing and look normal, but if a male dresses up in female clothing he looks weird?

P: No, those people suck, and I like diapers.

Even though Paul's last response was a little bit weird, I learned a lot from talking to him. The last person that I talked to is a girl, and her name is Sesa Keiswetter.

E: Why do you do it?

S: Because I don't have any hips, so men's clothing fits me better, and it's much more comfortable.

E: Do you ever wear make-up when you

are wearing men's clothing?

S: No, I don't even own any.

E: Do people ever think twice about you wearing men's clothing?

S: My dad once called me a transvestite, and some people at Yorktown made fun of me, but that's about it. I haven't had any criticism from any HB students yet, but maybe that's because I kill everybody who talks to me.

E: Okay, I have to go now.

When I dressed up in female clothing I felt pretty sexy. It was good for one day, and was fun at a party, but I think I would be too embarrassed to do it on a regular basis. So now instead of changing into girls' clothing when I get home from school, I just take off all of my clothes, leech myself, and lie naked in a pool of my own blood until my mom comes home from work and takes me to the hospital. So I have to give props out to a nation of cross-dressers telling them that they've got guts.

Gabe Gets an A

by Gabriel Laryea

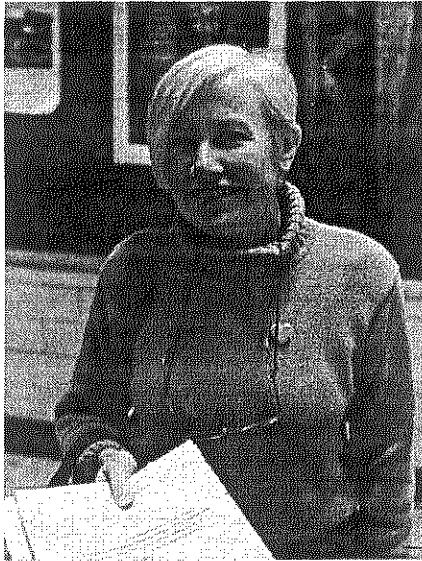
In an effort to discover the mysteries behind the way teachers dress, I conducted a survey to answer questions about where teachers buy their clothes, their individual styles, how their dressing relates to their personalities, and if they really care what people think of the way they dress.

As we all know, teachers work for peanuts, and the last I checked, peanuts are not accepted at Goodwill, one of David Soles' favorite shops. Most teachers tend to shop at such places as thrift stores, Hechts, Ross, Frugal Fannies, and the Laura Ashley outlet; whenever there's a sale going on. Other teachers prefer to go to places which have a great variety in the style of clothing they prefer, like one teacher who shops "wherever they sell Levis or T-Shirts." Generally speaking, however, where there's a sale is where you'll find teachers shopping.

Most teachers describe their style of dress as casual and comfortable. Some, like Mark Dodge, prefer the semi-preppie look, but most agree that dressing in a manner appropriate for this school, which is also comfortable, is the way to go. So much to our dismay, we won't be seeing

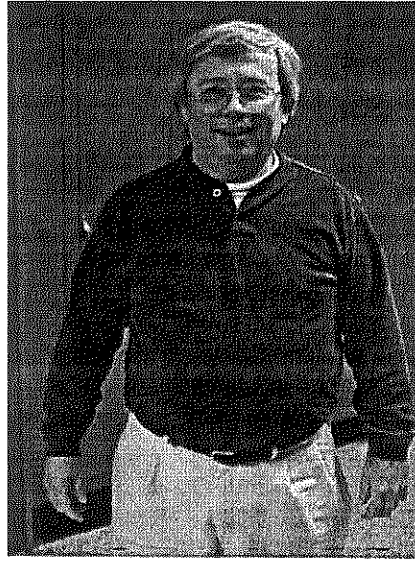
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Elly Kluge in a miniskirt or Randy Mcknight in a tutu anytime soon. Most of the teachers at H-B believe their dressing fits their personalities, even if their clothes don't fit the current styles. Similarly, most teachers at H-B don't care how others perceive their dressing, but a few do, since how you look as one teacher put it "is the first taste of who you are." In summary, as long as the clothing is comfortable, and the teachers are not going anywhere professional, they don't worry too much about other's perception of them. (I think they should, cause frankly it hurts my eyes to see the way some teachers dress at H-B. It makes me want to take them shopping myself.)

Anyway, now that you have some background on how teachers dress, let's select some of the best and worst dressed teachers at H-B. The best dressed male teacher was hard to pick out, and despite the efforts of those librarians, who tampered with the results of the survey, in the end Jim Schroeder took the cake (By the way, thanks for the A in Calculus, Jim!). The award for best dressed female teacher at H-B was even closer than the race for the best dressed male teacher. This race didn't produce a definite winner, since we have so many lovely women at H-B, but instead a sharing of the crown. The honor of best dressed female teacher went to Elly Kluge and Ellen Kurcis. Now you are probably saying "Gabe, that's because they are writing your recommendations." Well, you're right, and if you had any common sense, you would learn from me. But seriously, Elly and Ellen are two teachers who we can easily see have put in a lot of time into the way they dress, which is more than we can say for the recipients of the



worst dressed teacher award.

Instead of saying worst dressed teacher, I'll be politically correct and say most creative teacher when it comes to dressing. Seems as if this man has come up with his own style of dress, the kind of style where you pick up what's lying on the floor and put it on. I will not reveal this man's identity but a description of him goes as follows: he's about 10 feet tall and has curly hair, he's swave with the ladies and rides a bike to school.

Well, there you have it, the secrets behind the way teachers dress, now all the other questions you had have been hopefully answered, too.

Apply Yourself

by Jon Wykoff

Everyone has to do something after high school. Even we H-Bers. Whether we want to admit it or not, most of us are going to have to go to college. Lots of your senior class mates actually know what colleges they want to go to. Some of them don't know what colleges they would like to go to yet. That's fine. At least they're getting off their butts and doing something about it. But what are they doing? I spent a whole hour of my life figuring out that question, just so I could tell you about it. Even if you're not a senior, give a listen to what they have to say. What do your peers and elders think about applying?

Senior Rachel Limburg, who has already applied to schools like Guilford, and Va tech, thought students "shouldn't apply early admission if it's binding" and "should find a school you like, not one



your parents like." Early admission is a choice some students make when they want to make sure that they will get into a school of their choice. The problem with early admissions is that, for most schools, you have to sign a contract saying that if you are accepted into this certain school early, you have to go there. Unless you're absolutely sure that you want to go to that school, early admission probably isn't a good idea. "Because I'm applying early admission," said senior Sesha Keiswetter, "if I don't get in, it means a lot more work". For some people, early admission means you get it all over more quickly, but some people don't want to go so fast.

The best thing that can come out of applying to schools is the experience. You probably won't need it again, but other people will. All this knowledge can help those little kids when it's their time to step up to the firing squad. Lauren Lettieri, a senior, whose first choice in applications is the Air Force Academy, said the best thing she learned from the application deal was "how to deal with the pressure". Michael Demick, who already did the whole college thing advised to, "Give yourself a time zone to worry about applying". He added that, "It's more what you make out of a school than what the school is." Helpful tips from helpful people. The application process doesn't sound like a whole lot of fun, but you can make it easier on yourself by learning about it first.

Time is ticking away. Don't sit there watching the clock get older. Right now people are making decisions about what to do with the rest of their lives. No matter how many fits and tantrums you throw, your number is still coming up.

Senior Stress Got you Down?

by Richard Flynn

It seems like around this time of the year every senior is experiencing high levels of stress. Every senior, that is, except Jamie Graham who says this year has been "easy" so far. Jonathan Wyckoff says that he is feeling immense pressure this year to keep up his superb academic record and fill out his Ivy League applications. Joel Bergen says, "Senior year is definitely the toughest," and he's not even a senior. The main problem for most seniors is that there is just too much to do. Doing school-work, college applications, and still finding time to party make it hard on seniors. Aaron Armstrong, who can be seen painting the town every Thursday night (all the happening seniors' weekends start on Thursday) thinks, "We really shouldn't have school on Friday. It would make things a whole lot easier." Ray Anderson says the best way to deal with all of this stress is to grin and bear it. "Things will be much easier second semester. I promise," he promises.

There are a few other solutions. The first, which has been used successfully by Alex Needham, is not to come to school. His logic is, "If you're never here, all the stresses of school can't get to you." Another way to avoid the pressures is to stop caring. This has been used by many students to relieve stress in the past. "If you don't care what grades you're getting, you don't have to worry about trying hard at school," reasons Andy Price. However, these methods come with the cost of bad grades and angry parents. Ray's advice, which is to work hard and just wait for the pressure to subside, is probably the best if you don't want to flunk out of school.

But then again, I would hate to see our senior class just working hard all the time without having any fun. I don't know about the rest of the class, but I had fun at the senior camp out. Why should we wait until the end of the year to have another party? Why don't we just have one in the middle of the second quarter. This way, we all have something to look forward to and we can have at least one day where we don't think about school. If it is planned right, it could be a whole lot more fun than the senior camp out. I want to see every single senior have a good time at least once during the second quarter and I think a really big, crazy party is the way to go.

Cut Him Some Slack

by David Kiernan

"You should be proud to be a slacker for the key to being a slacker is never to be ashamed and never, never attempt to hide it."

--From an interview with a notorious H-B Woodlawn slacker

Every H.B. teacher and student knows what a slacker is. Right? Well, maybe not. In an exclusive interview, an H.B. Woodlawn student, well known among his peers as a slacker, sat down and talked about his life as a slacker.

Q: What is your definition of a slacker?

A: Someone who has no problem finding other things they believe are more important than school. A slacker isn't necessarily stupid, they are just irresponsible.

Q: What is it that reinforces a slacker's irresponsibility towards work?

A: Oh, I guess just laziness. Plus the fact that I can get away with it. The way I see it why spend extra time on work when I don't need to.

Q: How many hours of homework would you say your teachers assign you a night? About how many hours do you actually spend on your work?

A: I would say I am assigned close to two and a half hours of homework a night. In reality I never work more than forty-five minutes a night.

Q: Do you think teachers know you don't work to your full potential? Why or why not?

A: Yes, all my teachers are always on my case telling me how I need to work harder. If they just knew how hard it is for me to keep up with everything at this stage in my life.

Q: Do you think you will hold on to your slacker values when you go off to college?

A: I am sure I will. How could I not? There are so many special activities that college have to offer how am I going to find time to stop and study. If I'm lucky I will find some way to make everything work out.

Q: Are you born a slacker? Is it genetic?

A: Absolutely not. It is more a product of your environment.

Q: Is there any kind of philosophy that you live by?

A: Yes, I can relate to George Orwell and one of his essays. I carry one around with me, in fact. Here's an excerpt that has some meaning to me: "To know and to not know, to be conscious to complete truthfulness while telling carefully crafted lies, to hold simultaneously two opinions that cancel out, knowing then to be contradictory and believing both of them....."

Sofa, So Good

by Julia Sarcone-Roach and Yuka Petz

The Couch Culture at HB has taken over the halls by storm. The couches have recently spawned a new crowd of hall-blockers. Passing on the history of student lounges, we have now expanded and the whole school is a haven for slackerdom. With couches sprawled throughout the halls of HB, the whole school has become more comfortable.

But things were not always so harmonious. Up until early this year, there were complaints about the noise level. Two infamous couches were located on the third floor by the boys' bathroom and the library. Loud students on the couches became a bothersome element to classes in the area. Nancy Oliver and Carol Clark, victims of the disruptive couches, were repeatedly forced to ask the students to lower their "noise level". A coalition of faculty members eventually had to forcibly move the offending couch down the hall. Now Nancy and Carol have no quarrels with the couch-dwelling population. Carol has no objections, but emphasizes that the location of the couches is important. Nancy praises the sofas as being "homey" and generally thinks that they are a good idea. In the spirit of democracy, Carol says, "This is your school, you can quote me."

The second detestable article of furniture, outside of the library, was controlled by last year's dictatorship of seniors. Drawing complaints from library staff and patrons, this short-lived couch was trouble. The couch that is now located in the same spot does not pose a threat to the sanctuary that is the library (where you can now get a library card if you check

out a book). The recent tenants of the new couch, many of whom are members of this year's fabulous senior class, are not nearly as noisy and obnoxious.

Students even like the couches too! Senior Sam Roberts lazily commented that the couch is "nice, except when Jeff Malin falls asleep on it and drools on the cushions". Houtan Bastani, better known as Crazy Knee-pad Man, muttered, "I personally revel in the psycho-social implications of the settees on world unity." Jody Flader, distracted by the trash can, was unable to comment.

Jeff Ring, self-proclaimed grandfather of the modern Couch Culture, attributes it all to himself. The first to bring couches and easy chairs into our learning environment, Jeff vigorously embraces the developments in student comfort. He, in fact, may have begun the couch craze with his frequent habit of bringing his own easy chair to faculty meetings. A benefit to HB-ers, Jeff supports the couches as places for people to congregate, read, study and relax. As Jeff "Couch Master" Ring vivaciously exclaimed, "The floors are the pits."

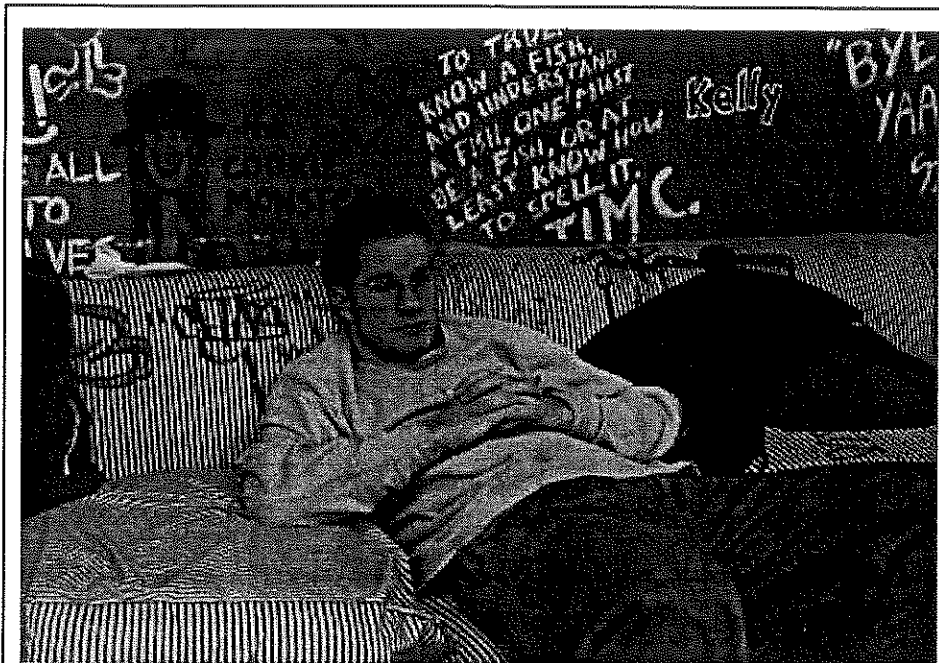
4.0, but Can They Karaoke?

by Emily Churchman

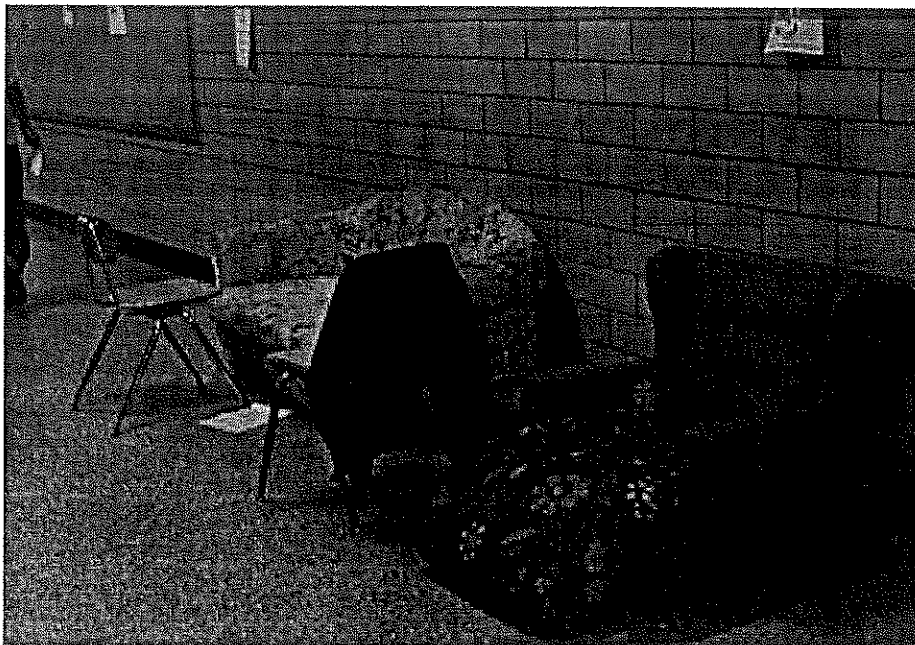
There are always forces conspiring against the most respected of institutions. Recently, the National Honor Society has come under fire by the media as an elitist, secret society, after a lawsuit by a boy who was not admitted despite apparent qualifications. Even after reconsidering his application, the panel still denied him admission.

At HB, however, we are untouched by such controversies. On Monday, November 17, a new set of NHS members was inducted into the group. Each had filled out an application to gain admission, answering questions about extracurricular activities and having an outside person write a character reference. The group included eight seniors, 3 juniors, and 20 sophomores (sophomore year is the first year you are eligible to apply).

The evening began with each new member walking in and signing their names in the NHS book to the applause of the assembled family and friends. James Carroll, Director of Instructional Media and Technology in Arlington County Schools, was the speaker for the evening, and he spoke at length about the plans for technology throughout the county. After he finished, Alex Hasha and Alex Milwee, NHS Officers, discussed the four pillars of NHS (character, integrity, scholarship, and service). This stately affair continued in the ritual of embarrassing the new members with the induction stunt. This year the humiliation of choice was Karaoke. Groups of inductees sang oldies for the general amusement of the group. Being inducted is, nonetheless, a tremendous honor.



Couch, in use.



Couches, uninhabited.

Help the NHS help Kids this Christmas

HB's National Honor Society has put up a special Christmas tree in the main office. It is decorated with stars, each bearing the age and other information about a needy child. To help, take a star from the tree, and bring in a present to help brighten your child's Christmas.

La Vie Poème

By Susannah Edwards

When I saw the signs, my nerves were throttled by my joy. A poetry club at H-B! It even has a clever title, "The Live Poets Society," playing on the name of that crazy Robin Williams' movie that displays poetry as a form of revolution. Unfortunately, I cannot be a part of the Society because it is ridiculously scheduled during my Creative Writing class. In order to write this article, I had to interview Alison Cartwright, who is one of the founders of the club.

"Gabe (Laryea) called me over the summer, and asked me if I was interested in starting a poetry club," says Alison. When they went to Town Meeting to voice their idea, they heard Rebecca Zook asking if the school would have any poetry slams this year. Thus, she instantly became a co-founder.

The Society meets almost every Friday during F block, in Randy's room. The meetings are modeled after the poetry class that was offered as an English elective last year. Members read their personal or other people's poetry, but they are not required to read something. If a member reads his or her own poem, the Society will usually talk about it or critique it. Alison says that about ten people show up to the meetings, mostly juniors and seniors.

The Live Poets Society is also active outside of school hours. It hosts poetry slams in the cafeteria, that are fun and a good experience for poets who don't usually read their works out loud to an audience. Many students from other schools attend these slams and are charged (along with H-B students) at the door. The money that the Society makes goes towards field trips and celebrations. Past field trips have included going to a published author's reading.

Alison will be in charge of the club next year, because Rebecca and Gabriel will have graduated. Hopefully, more freshmen and sophomores will join so that the Society will continue after Alison's graduation. Maybe they aren't as revolutionary as the characters in that crazy Robin Williams movie, but those who participate feel it's stimulating to listen to the alternative voices of H-B's "Live Poets." If you would like to become a member, contact Alison, Gabe, or Rebecca.

Magical Myrtle Tour

by Vldy Lloma

On April 24, 1998, the H-B Woodlawn Chamber Orchestra and Band will compete against other orchestras and bands from schools all over the US. The competition will be held in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. A panel of professional judges will judge how well a piece is played. The last time H-B participated in this competition was in 1989, when H-B won first place.

The trip will be funded by fundraisers and the musicians' families. The fundraisers include the cheesecake sale and weekly bake sales, which are held by the main entrance during G and H blocks on Fridays. Over 600 cheesecakes were sold. Each musician has to pay about \$285 in order to go, but the fundraisers reduce their trip fees. This is why even though anyone can compete, the only competitors are the ones that are willing to spend the money.

The entire trip will last about four days, from the 23rd to the 26th of April. The first day, the band and orchestra will travel to Myrtle Beach. The drive by bus should take about nine hours. The orchestra and band will stay at a hotel. The second day is the day of competition. The third day will be a day of fun for the band and orchestra members. The last day, the orchestra and band will travel back. The players of the orchestra, band, and the conductor have mixed feelings about the upcoming competition. "I think both groups will do well," says Alicia McMahan, the conductor and teacher of both groups.

"I'm pretty excited about it and I think it will be a lot of fun. I think we are going to do pretty well," says Cristina Brayton, a violin player, "We might not win, but we will do OK. I think the pieces are pretty challenging. They are not too hard, but they are not too easy either." "I think if we practice enough we will come home with something. I pretty much know we are going to do well," says Joey Juhasz-Lukomski, another violin player, "The pieces seem difficult when I first looked at them. But after practicing, they are not so hard." Daniel Enriquez, a bass player says, "I'm not worried about it. I'm pretty confident about it, too." "I am very confident that we will win," says Jack Chen, another violinist.

Mural, Mural, on the Wall

by Komal Rasheed

Deneen Snow and Francoise Mengebier, worked extremely hard to get funding for a mural here at H-B Woodlawn. They have hired Faylinda Kodis. Deneen Snow says, "The total budget, including supplies, Faylinda's pay and other expenses, is approximately \$4000." Thanks to Deneen and Francoise, there will be two projects here at H-B. One will be in the auditorium, which Faylinda "will do alone," and the other one will be on the third floor, between the two black boards near the elevator, which will be done with H-B students. The funding is partly from Virginia's Commission of the Arts, Artists in Education, Arlington Humanities Project, and partly by the school. The mural will be done with four groups of students. From the beginning of the school year to February, Faylinda will be working with high school students. Some included are: Miguel Ponton, Trinh Lieu, Dolly Goyal, Stephanie Villarroel, Bridget Cronley, Pamela Guzman, Hammad Arif, Jennifer Laughlin, and Komal Rasheed. From February to the end of the year, Faylinda will work with the middle school students on another topic, which the students will decide (no names at this time).

Faylinda Kodis, a local artist, started eighteen years ago as an artist in Oregon. Given art supplies at a young age, Faylinda says she's "always enjoyed art." But Faylinda was really inspired by her uncle who had attended art school. She left college, looking for work dealing with art that could also support her financially. She enrolled in Artists in Education, which is administered by every state, to bring art in schools. Recently she has done a mural in Nottingham Elementary School, working with the students, to produce a thirty-two foot long mural on Aesop's fables. She has also done work at Barcroft Elementary School, and will be working at Glencarlyn Elementary School. Her work has been displayed at the Arlington Central Library.

"I want all of the students to do everything by themselves, so they can continue more with knowledge and experience, to really experience art," says Faylinda. She explained that there are a

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number of steps that are important to an artist, which the students will be working through, especially when painting a large piece like a mural. "There is a lot of preparation, discussion, and research before you even get to sketching. Then there is the sketching, which is for at least a month, before actually painting the mural." Finally, Faylinda's advice for young artists, is "There is a lot of art right here in the Washington Metropolitan Area. Go out, see it. There is contemporary artwork in galleries, and master art in museums. That's how I get inspired." The mural will hopefully be done for everyone to see by the end of the year on Cultural diversity in H-B.

Art Mecca in Dupont Circle

by Yuka Petz and Julia Sarcone-Roach

Nestled above Dupont Circle are two blocks of independent galleries hosting a variety of different styles of art. The strip, boasting more than a dozen small galleries, is located between Connecticut and Florida Avenues. If you are looking for something to do on a Friday night, the area is a lively source of entertainment.

While the exhibits are open throughout the week, the most exciting time to visit is on an opening night. Because of the number of galleries, you are bound to catch an opening almost every weekend, maybe even two or three. There you can (in theory) sip champagne with Dupont's artistic elite and have the opportunity to discuss the exhibit. One of the greatest features is the wealth of different kinds of art, so should you not like one show, it is easy to move on to another gallery. If you pay enough attention you may even have the opportunity to meet the artists. Afterwards, you can explore the variety of fine restaurants Dupont Circle has to offer.

From Connecticut Avenue to 21st Street, the order of the galleries is as follows: Gallery K; Affrica, highlighting African crafts; the Baumgartner Galleries; the Art Science & Technology Institute, Holography collection, Museum of the Third Dimension (which looks really cool); America, Oh Yes! (recently boasting Elvis paraphernalia); the Robert Brown Gallery. The next block, 21st to Florida, includes:

the Alex Gallery; the Washington Printmakers Gallery; the Studio Gallery; the Anton Gallery; the Fondo Del Sol Visual Arts Center; Burdik Gallery (housing Inuit art).

To find the strip, take the Metro on the blue or orange line to Metro Center. Transfer to the red line to Dupont Circle and leave through the north exit. Go up Connecticut two blocks and turn left before the Starbucks. Keep your eye on the left side of the street and you will run into them. For a change of pace from your regular Friday night, explore this niche in Dupont Circle.

Where's the Beef?

by David Lukmire

For several years, this friendly neighborhood restaurant stood for all things that an eatery should be. They served great sandwiches, piled high with sliced beef or pork barbecue, made to order. These delicious sandwiches, served with ocean fries and a drink, made for the perfect meal, and kept you full for hours and hours. Sometimes, one didn't need to eat until the next day. In a place where the customer was always right, amenities included free drink refills, a mostly friendly staff, a television, and cool, dungeon-like restroom facilities. With their student special, which included a sandwich, fries, and a drink, it was as cheap as fast food, at around \$4.25. With their great food, reasonable prices, and a catchy slogan- "We cook our barbecue with wood, not charcoal" - The Open Pit was the perfect restaurant.

The former Open Pit restaurant was located on Lee Highway, in proximity to such fine establishments as La Tee Shirt and Taco Bell--within a short drive from H-B. Frequented by students and local residents, it catered to a clientele looking for better quality food than the nearby Steak & Egg, a restaurant legendary in H-B circles for its stale coffee and horrible food. "What about other barbecue places?" people ask. While other area restaurants such as Red Hot & Blue offer high-quality barbecue, none offer such good barbecue at such a low price.

On one October day, it was all gone. It was closed up, abandoned, in a great tragedy for barbecue lovers. There was a sign plastered up in the window,

proclaiming "CLOSED DUE TO FAMILY EMERGENCY." What happened to the Open Pit? Although there is a 1-888 informational number posted, calling it gets no response. Sources close to Verbum Sap Sat believe that the restaurant was a drug dealers' front, or that the Open Pit's owners are running from the FBI, CIA, or IRS. What is this "emergency?" Will it reopen? Sadly, these questions remain unanswered. This has frustrated this reporter and other students, who lie awake at night dreaming of sliced beef sandwiches, dripping with grease and barbecue sauce. Aaron "Shifty" Armstrong is one such student upset by the loss of the Open Pit. "[The closing] sucks," Aaron says.

Milwee's Munchies

by Alex Milwee

Let's face it. The H-B cafeteria isn't exactly a gourmet establishment. Although the staff is always extremely friendly and the salad bar and snack selection are delicious, it's easy to get tired of the same old food, day after day.

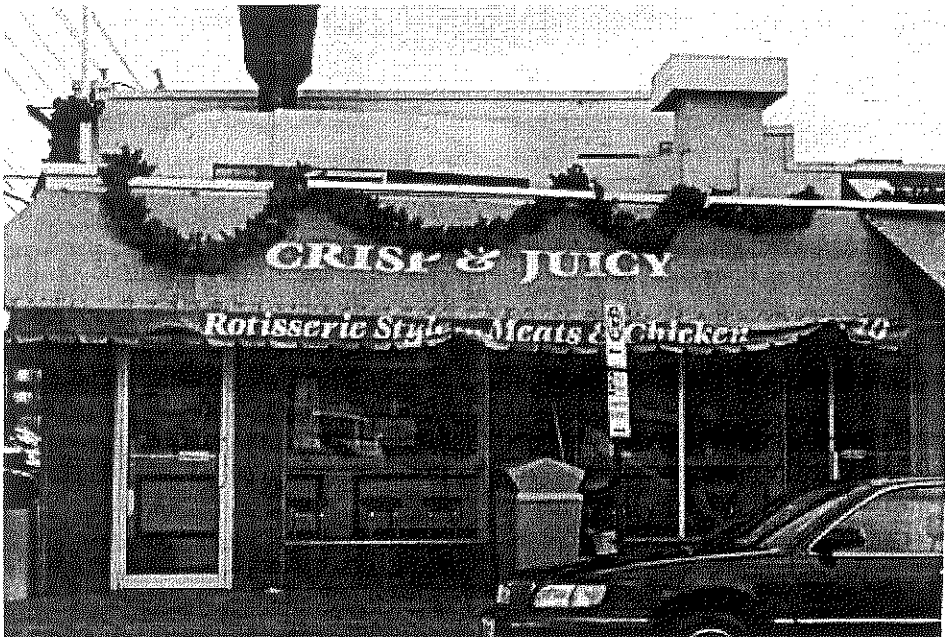
Of course, you can pack a lunch to relieve some of the boredom, but that can become tedious as well. So, we have a problem: what to do for lunch?

Sixth and seventh graders don't really have a choice; since they aren't allowed to leave campus, they are stuck with either waiting in lines (which actually aren't always as long as they seem) or bringing in bag-lunches with sandwiches made out of some sort of mysterious meat.

But most eighth graders, as well as high schoolers, are allowed to leave campus to explore a whole new field of culinary opportunities. Luckily for us, the food selection in the H-B region is as diverse as the student population.

Most members of the lower grades frequent establishments such as Subway and 7-11 due to a lack of transportation and time. As everyone knows, 7-11 is famous for its low prices and large field of offerings-- although most of the food that 7-11 sells couldn't exactly be classified as nutritional. Subway, how-

continued from page 7



ever is a more health-oriented store that sells a wide variety of submarine sandwiches and salads.

Other restaurants in the near vicinity of H-B include: The Lebanese Taverna, which sells a wide variety of delicious (but expensive) gourmet foods from (big surprise) Lebanon. In addition, Crisp and Juicy specializes in rotisserie chicken and is best known to students for its Chicken Caesar sandwiches.

Three more restaurants that are located at a further distance are McDonalds, Taco Bell, and KFC. McDonalds (as, again, everyone knows) specializes in mass-produced hamburgers and the like. KFC sells fried chicken, etc. and Taco Bell sells all sorts of Mexican food, although the quality and the origin of the meat is often questioned. Walking to these restaurants (which are located about two miles from H-B) usually takes at least 20 minutes, so don't try to eat lunch there and get back to school in less than an hour.

When students get cars, they also gain the ability to travel to more distant destinations in a shorter amount of time. Beyond Taco Bell is the Caribbean Grill, a location highly popular with H-B students, which sells very cheap but delicious food with a Caribbean flavor. Beyond that is the Chesapeake Bagel Bakery, which sells all sorts of bagels with dozens of spreads and toppings.

Located in Lyon Village, at the intersection of Lee Highway and Kirkwood Street, is a Starbucks-- famous for its various coffee drinks, such as the ever-popular Frappuccino. Next door to Starbucks is the Italian Store, which sells pizza by the slice and sub sandwiches, as well as imported Italian foods. Although the pricing can get to be expensive, the food is always worth the price.

So, if you've started to get bored of tater tots or Zebra Cakes from the cafeteria, take a look off campus at the food establishments in the area. You'll probably end up paying more than you would at H-B, but your taste buds will thank you.

Politically Defect

by John Metcalfe

The time has come to stick a finger into the riled stream of H-B politics and "test the waters." Both staff and students were questioned, consulted, and otherwise annoyed to formulate the small conclusions that have resulted from this broad query.

Teachers and kids have been assigned letters as names for this article, in order to protect us all from the unwanted accusations and angry opinions which usually accompany political discussions. Arlington County staff members additionally have to be careful about their politics, for legal reasons. According to a 1994 memo from the desk of then-Superintendent Arthur Gosling, activities such as the following are prohibited to County School Board employees while on the job (or while wearing a county uniform, for your information):

- displaying "political items" such as signs, stickers, and banners
- circulating political petitions on behalf of a party or candidate to public office
- engaging in political activity on duty (the County's own "elastic clause")

I would think that teachers, especially here at H-B Woodlawn, would agree wholeheartedly with these rules. Personalized politics, like religion, is generally not thought of as a scholastic area to be mixed with a child's education. Teacher A seemed to voice this opinion (though possibly referring to the legal issue), stating that staff "should be reluctant to confess their political opinions." Yet this is where the agreement ran aground.

Teacher B confessed mixed feelings. "It is good for students to see that teachers have political passion," said B, "It gets students active in politics." The flip side of this, B noted, is that "teachers have to be careful not to take advantage of their situation." After all, these youngsters ARE impressionable, and brainwashing is just not compatible with a Constitution-abiding institution. Well, this may be the case, but it is also true that (generally) "they can't vote," as Teacher C pointed out. A teacher "should be allowed to express political opinions," said C. Representing the high-school population, Student D

proposed a compromise: "Teachers should speak politically on all sides, and provoke a free discussion."

But in regards to the arrangement of political sentiments in the school itself, the first thing to determine is if H-B still has politics. Compared to the school's "olden days," the answer is, at most, a diminutive "yeh." Teacher A stated that "youth activism died nationally after the seventies." So Woodlawn high politics went out when the hippies did (or at least went into hiding, like the hippies). "I don't think there is any more extremism in the classes," uttered Student D, "but there's definitely a political undercurrent." C gives a name to D's "undercurrent," saying that H-B has always been "a bastion of leave-me-aloneism."

But isn't such "leave-me-aloneism" a hailed attitude amongst conservatives (and through guilt-by-association, Republicans)? Yes, that is "more of what H-B's about," C concluded (C voted for Perot in '96, if this offers any enlightenment). So maybe H-B is so far left that it's, in fact, right. Voicing the words of C, maybe we're all "social liberals and private conservatives." Myself, I still detect an odor of the Old Left in Woodlawn, though maybe through the clean-cut yuppiness of popular youth hangouts such as Starbucks or through the capitalistic endeavors of company giants like Nike, this will change in time.

RIP? Minority Preference

by Brandy Bryan

As you know by now, over the summer minority preference, used as entrance into Arlington magnet schools, was ended. The result of this can be seen here at H-B in the fact that the school has its largest sixth grade class ever.

As a result of the end of minority preference, a committee called the Alternative Schools Admissions Study committee has been meeting weekly since August 4th. The committee was established to:

Develop admission process options for the alternative schools that result in diverse student enrollment. The

process should provide access to all on a fair and equitable basis. Different process may be proposed for elementary and secondary schools. All of the following criteria of diversity should be considered into the options: gender, geographic distribution, linguistic background, socioeconomic status, race/national origin, and student needs for special programs.

The committee, of which our own Ray Anderson is a member, discussed several options. While most were either shot down or put in the drawer as a backup, one suggestion seems to be the favorite so far. This is the weighting factor.

The way this works is that a lottery is set-up. Depending on someone's race, socioeconomic status, where they live, and other factors, that person would have his or her name put in an extra number of times.

The committee met again in November and presented their top ideas to the Superintendent. At the December School Board Meeting, the Superintendent will announce his final decision.

Jackie Brown's Junior Jinx?

by Joel Bergen

Every once in a while, an individual comes along who turns in an impressive freshman effort laden with potential. They follow this up with spectacular sophomore success. Then THUD. The piano drops, the coyote hits the canyon, and the junior product arrives.

No, I'm not writing about high school again. I've returned to a much more serious subject: Hollywood. As of the moment I am writing this article (hopefully-not too long before you are reading this, and hopefully you are reading this), we are on the eve of the most important event in film-making this decade. This eve coincidentally falls on Christmas Eve. This particular December 24, I will be awaiting a visit from that fat, jolly man (Harvey Weinstein?) more than any other little Who in Whoville. But will I receive a shiny new Red Rider B.B. Gun or a lump of coal? The only man who knows is Quentin Tarantino. Or is he? As the say-

ing goes, "Those who do not learn from history are doomed to repeat it" (just look at Michael Jackson who did not learn from HIStory and was doomed to re-mix it on Blood on the Dance Floor). So I put on my thinking cap (or as you might call it, "the television") and thought about similar situations in recent history. Unfortunately, the odds are against Jackie Brown (I should learn that nothing good ever comes from thinking).

History teaches us, among other things (I hope), that movies from third-time directors usually do not meet the levels of their predecessors. What's that? Kevin Smith, you say? Of course there are exceptions. In the time since Pulp Fiction, Mr. Smith has written and directed three movies, ranging from the promising Clerks to the "celluloid torture" (to quote our own dearly departed Chris Herbert) that is Mallrats to the near-brilliant Chasing Amy. And Barry Sonnenfeld first brought us the great adaptation of The Addams Family before his second, and too cute Michael J. Fox movie, For Love or Money. If you don't count Addams Family Values (a great moral debate: is a sequel really a movie?), then his next flick was the wonderful Get Shorty. But these are exceptions and also don't fit the existing pattern of Quentin. His second film eclipsed his first, while Smith's and Sonnenfeld's did not. Optimistically, QT could follow in Tom Shadyac's wacky footsteps, whose hits consecutively topped each other, but I would hardly equate Ace Ventura: Pet Detective with Reservoir Dogs and The Nutty Professor with Pulp Fiction. And would it be all that optimistic if Jackie Brown became Liar, Liar?

So far this year, the prevailing pattern proves the "third time's the harm" theory. Two years ago, one film struck me as a powerful piece of work from a talented second time director. That director is David Fincher and that film was Seven. His first movie (not including Madonna's "Vogue") was Alien3. I actually liked this third Ripley installment, even if I was the only one. However, it isn't near Seven's league. The same could be said for Fincher's third at bat, The Game. He perpetuated his distinctive tone, but more than anything, he proved his need for a compatible screenplay. Because of this, I haven't completely given up on Fincher, despite The Game's losing points

to Seven.

Interestingly enough, Danny Boyle turned down the opportunity to resurrect the heroine Fincher killed off in the fourth Alien movie. He was wrong. Boyle started out with the darkly comic suspense movie, Shallow Grave. Yet even that exciting film could not prepare me for what he would produce for his second trick. Trainspotting absolutely blew me away. It is the best movie to be released since Pulp Fiction (I feel like I'm running in circles). That position made his follow-up, the Stockholm sit-comedy A Life Less Ordinary, all the more disappointing. Although visually entertaining like Shallow Grave and Trainspotting, A Life Less Ordinary's plot, and most of its jokes, were tired. This could be because Boyle and his compatriots haven't watched enough American television (or maybe too much), but that's really not an excuse, is it? Not from the team that nearly reached the peak of Mt. Tarantino.

Which brings us back to Jackie Brown (fancy that). For those of you who haven't been notching your walls for every day since Pulp Fiction was released, come Christmas morning, it will have been exactly 1,171 days since QT's last feature written and directed entirely by him, first graced our earth with its presence. While you might think that it has been less than 1,171 days since his last film, you would be wrong. Sure he seemed like a plague at times (the Geekola Virus?), but all he did was cameo in a bunch of Tarantino knock-offs (he became an adjective in just two films), guest on a bunch of television shows, direct an episode of "ER," and write From Dusk Till Dawn. But yes, 731 days will have passed since Quentin's last directorial effort, "The Man From Hollywood" segment of Four Rooms-hit screens (also given to us on a December 25). Maybe he has been trying to avoid the inevitable comparison to the greatest movie ever made. Or maybe he is trying to perfect Jackie Brown so that it exceeds said greatest movie ever made. Or maybe he's just real slow. But come on already, prove those naysayers who say that you are a one-hit wonder wrong. Prove to little Paul Thomas Anderson (director of Hard Eight) that Hard Thirteen, I mean Boogie Nights, does not have to be the peak of his career. Be the Shadyac.

The Yellow Cage¹⁰

by Mike Barry

It's a small part of your daily life. Maybe you've never noticed it, or maybe it's so annoying, uncomfortable and irritating it dominates your thoughts every morning and evening. It can be responsible for a blissful or a miserable day. It's the school bus.

Personally, I know that I don't relish trudging through the cold morning to get on a big yellow auto with shock absorbers as effective as the seats are comfy. The exhaust is more than bothersome and the three inches of leg room don't help the trip. But hey, who's complaining?

It seems each year I dream more and more about turning 16 and getting a car. But in the meantime, can anything be done to make the trip a little shorter, a little more comfortable, or maybe a little less annoying? I think Sam Roberts put it best: "The bus needs air conditioning, large seats, a TV and all the small kids to be in a cage in the back."

But seriously, what separates a good bus trip from a bad one? "The bus driver has to be not too crabby, and not drive too slow on the way home," Willy Viviani remarked. This seemed to be the consensus among most of the students. Not too harsh, and not much complaining.

However, not all people agree with this rosy picture. Mike Demick remembered a particularly jarring incident: "Years ago my car was hit by a bus whose parking brake failed and whose wheels weren't turned into the curb. The bus flew into the parking lot and hit several cars, including mine."

I personally know of a bus driver who allows the kids to convince him to drive extra fast on the bumps in some streets so they can jump all over the bus. Just recently, he sped over a hump and got a flat tire. So there might be some chinks in the school buses' armor.

The bus is a part of school life. Maybe the mode of transportation could use some improvements (I like the cage idea). Maybe it's not the favorite memory of school days gone by. And the trip, with screaming kids and endless stops, might not make you jump for joy. But it's a free trip, and it's better than walking.

The Woodlawn Woodies!!!

Justin Scribner

H-B Woodlawn is the number two public school in the metropolitan area for SAT scores and scholarships. It also is one of the top schools in Virginia when it comes to the Presidential Fitness Tests. But in addition to all of that, H-B is also flourishing with great achievements on our sports teams...known as the Woodlawn Woodies.

This school is teeming with great athletic capability (most of the students attribute their ability to Jack Smith's invaluable physical education training in the sixth grade); the number of teams we have is amazing. For instance, take the H-B Woodlawn Frisbee Golf team, the Woodies. Whenever you look outside your window, you can see the participating students throwing Frisbees all over the place, those

crazy guys. Well, actually, I am not sure where they really IS on that team. We might not have a Frisbee Golf team anymore, now that I think about it.

Okay, let me think of a better example. The Woodies Cricket Team! It seems that Steve and Sally can never use the outdoor field because the cricket players are practicing. Nonetheless, the last time I asked Sally who was on the team, she had no idea. Neither did Steve. It could be that they ran out of funds this year or something...I'm not sure. Maybe they aren't a good example either.

Anyway, one definitely top sports team at school is our Woodlawn Twister Team. They are hard-core awesome! Well, they could be if they had a practice sometime soon, or a meet...Have they EVER had a practice or a meet?

A sure sports winner would be our Woodies Gymnastics Squad, who have excelled in all of their meets this year. And lost all of them, too. Currently, their record

is 0:0, but once they get their first member on the squad, I'm sure the record will change.

And what about those Redskins? They really did okay this year! Oh wait, they aren't a school team. Do we HAVE a football team? What about a soccer team? ANY teams? Does debate team count? You know, I hate to tell you this, but I'm not sure that there are even any sports teams at H.B. Woodlawn. For years, it seems that H-B has prided itself on its philosophy instead of its innate physical strength and agility. I have noticed, however, that there are makeshift tournaments in volleyball and badminton. That's about as close as it gets, so far. Nonetheless, we can watch Wakefield, W-L, and Yorktown from afar, or even join their teams if we feel so compelled. I guess what we lack in sports teams, we make up for in smarts. Right?



The Bowel-disturbingly Sickening Adventures of **THADDAEUS**

(BASED ON A TRUE STORY)
THADDAEUS
TÜBER
PRIVATE

I WAS SITTING THERE, MINDING MY OWN DANG BUSINESS, ON A STO-THIS DAME IN. SHE SWEET A REAL IF YOU SUCKING GIE WHEN BARGED WAS A POTATO... LOOKER, KNOW WHAT I MEAN ...

NO, I MEAN A REAL LOOKER.
 Hey! Big Boy!

I DID THE ONLY THING I COULD DO...
 Evenin' Mamm...
 TOFF KOFF
 CLARGE

Do I smell somethin' burnin'?

This Millenium's Episade:
GAT-FREE Flatulence
 "NICE SHOES, WANNA BUCK?"

"How about pizza and a buck?"
 MY EYES LIT UP LIKE NAGASAKI AFTER THE BOMB. I NEEDED SOME QUICK CASH... **YAMMI'S NEW ALBUM WAS ABOUT TO COME OUT!**

WE DISCUSSED THE MATTER AT THE GIGGLING GIGGOL, OVER A LIGHT SUPPER.
 "Four slices at once."
 oh boy...

WE HAD AN AFTER-DINNER SMOKE AND THEN GOT DOWN TO BUSINESS.
 "WAS IT AS GOOD FOR YOU, BABE?"
 "HUSHUP, TATER TOT, UNLESS YOU WANT THAT CIGAR SHOWED WHERE THE SUN DON'T SHINE..."

Yumpin' Yiminy!
 I SET MY FOOT ABLAZE.

BUT THAT BRINGS ME TO MY POINT...
 "Do tell!"
 SHE TOLD, THE DAME DIDN'T HAVE PMS; SHE WAS TICKED OFF OVER THAT NEW FAT-FREE FAT SUBSTITUTE, **Olestra**. SHE TOLD A GRUESOME TALE OF DECEPTION, CRAGE, AND MILDLY SPASTIC COLONS.

AND WHEN THE ANAL LEAK-AGE STARTED, MY BOYFRIEND KNEW...
 Mm...
 Ev Clark

WE WENT TO HER MAIN SQUEEZE'S CONDO TO GET THE REAL SCOOP, BUTT THE **Olestra** PEOPLE HAD GOTTEN THERE FIRST...
 "MY GOD! HE'S BEEN BAKED!"
 TO BE CONTINUED...