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Columbia College Chicago

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# THE CHRONICLE

OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE CHICAGO

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## Students at the crossroads: confronting death with life

### Darryl Jackson: Bucking the odds

By Bob Chiarito  
News editor

For anyone at Columbia who knows Darryl Jackson, it may come as a shock to learn that he is considered a long-term survivor. But since contracting HIV in 1980 and having AIDS since 1990, that's exactly what he is.

Jackson has lived with the disease for 16 years, years in which he experienced love, hate and many highs and lows.

Along the way he has remained human, as throughout his life. That is, having flaws while striving to be the best that he can be. Jackson agreed to be interviewed by the *Chronicle* because he believes being outspoken and direct will help keep others from becoming infected.

Jackson, who is slim and has light brown skin, short hair and wide, smiling eyes, looks more like a 19-year-old freshman than a dying man in his late thirties. That's because he refuses to be down. "I have a passion for life, I just love life," Jackson said. "I appreciate the beauty in life." But like the comedian who goes home and cries himself to sleep, Jackson conceded that there have been many times when life was hard for him to appreciate.

Jackson grew up in the 1960s and 70s, a time when America was largely unwilling to accept gay lifestyles. Thinking something was wrong with himself, Jackson tried to act like a "normal" kid.

"I tried to do the society thing...take the girl to the prom, have a girlfriend, send Valentines to the girls," Jackson said. "But behind closed doors, I received much more from guys. I only look at

women to see who the guy is on her arm."

Ever since he was in second grade, Jackson said he knew he was "different" from the other boys. "I didn't know I was gay, but I didn't like girls," he said. "There was something about boys that I found fascinating."

Coming out to one's parents is often one of the hardest things for a gay person to do. For Jackson, his behavior did the talking for him, although, as still is the case of many gays today, it produced a negative reaction from his parents.

"I didn't have to tell them. When I was in second grade I had Barbie dolls and my room was flowery. I would take my allowance and go to the drug-store and buy paper dolls that you cut out and put clothes on," Jackson said. "I would polish my finger nails and fluff my hair... My mom threatened to send me to West Point and I told her that locking me away with all those boys would be a mistake. My father

went silent. He was a military man and was embarrassed that his son was very good at ballet, very good at piano and could sing soprano."

Jackson's parents separated when he was 10 and by 1976, when he was 18, he moved out on his own. Because of his lifestyle, Jackson said he has no relationship with his father and a turbulent one with his mother. "It's on again, off again," he said.

When he began living on his own, Jackson said he often counted on older men to take care of him. "I was lucky to have had men that loved me." During that time, in the 1970's, HIV and AIDS were still unknown, thus Jackson's lifestyle was

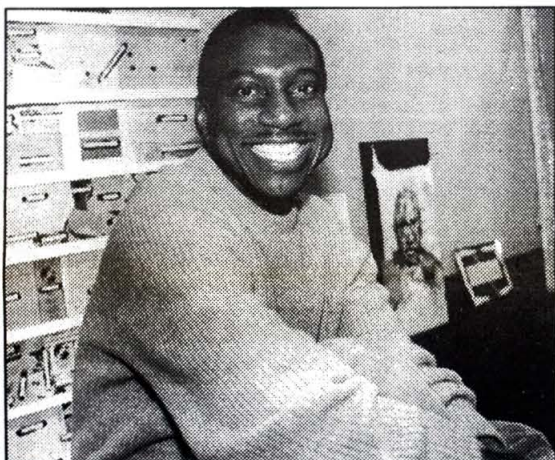


Photo by Natalie Battaglia  
"When I first heard about HIV, I knew I had it," said Columbia student Darryl Jackson. Jackson contracted HIV in 1980 and was eventually diagnosed with AIDS in 1990.

"Deep inside I was afraid, but I knew I would be back and I had to prove them wrong."

—Heart transplant recipient Mariel Reyes, a Columbia College freshman.

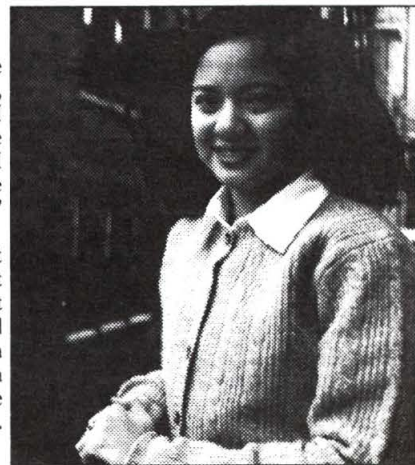


Photo by Natalie Battaglia

### Mariel Reyes: Reprieved

By Antoine Lindley  
Correspondent

"If it was my time, then it would be my time. But this was not my time." These are the words from a survivor for whom the path of life led to a different direction, a direction that almost ended her life.

Columbia freshman, Mariel Reyes, 19, a Graphic Design major, walked a path that many of us could never imagine, a path that endured obstacles of pain and a struggle to live. While many people spend their last year of high school preparing for prom and graduation, Mariel, at age 17, spent six and a half months of her senior year in a hospital waiting for a heart transplant.

How could this have happened to such a young healthy person? This was a question she often asked.

During the last week of October in 1994 Mariel, who resided in St. Louis, developed flu-like symptoms and started having breathing problems. The family doctor prescribed antibiotics, however, and as the days went by Mariel's conditioned worsened.

"I couldn't stop shivering, my body became weaker," she said. "I needed help getting up and all I could feel was pain—twisting pain in my abdomen."

Mariel was rushed to the hospital for testing. As the night progressed she got worse. Doctors came in and out giving her medication and taking blood tests and x-rays. Her body became weaker and she was moved down to the intensive care unit.

Not knowing what was going on, Mariel became frightened. "My sister came into the room crying and when I asked her what was wrong, she said nothing, just go back to sleep," recalled Mariel. "Everyone in my family didn't want me to see them crying, even my family

doctor was crying."

Mariel's condition had gotten worse and the pain in her abdomen became unbearable. "I was screaming, 'someone help, please help, please just make it go away,'" she said. "So many doctors came in and out of the room and they didn't know what was going on. My mother kept telling me that I was getting very sick."

Mariel was sedated so that her body could rest. She was immediately rushed to St. Louis University Hospital where they specialized in cardiology. When the doctors there looked at her x-rays, they saw that Mariel's heart had enlarged to twice the size of a normal heart. The muscles had stretched so much that it couldn't pump anymore. Her kidney and liver had also failed. She had open-heart surgery. There she flatlined and the doctors broke her breast bone to give her a heart massage and get her heart pumping again. After that failed, she was given a shock treatment, which revived her heart.

Mariel was then hooked up to a 300-pound machine called a ventricular device. She once again woke to another day of pain and fear.

"I remember I could feel pain on my stomach and I could hear a clicking noise," she recalled. "I had a tube in my mouth, my arms were tied down to the bed and I didn't know where I was. All I could see were strangers walking around. I was so afraid."

Because Mariel was still young, her liver and kidneys were able to rejuvenate. However, her heart did not improve. She was diagnosed with cardiomyopathy, a chronic disorder of the heart muscle that may involve hypertrophy and obstructive damage to the heart.

She was put on the top of the list for a heart transplant. Despite fighting for her life, Mariel

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## Jackson, from page 1

fast and free.

"I was on the fast track. I just went for it. I believed in Mary Tyler Moore's philosophy 'You're gonna make it after all,'" Jackson said.

After high school, Jackson attended Columbia part-time in 1979 and worked for an advertising agency. He contracted HIV in 1980, but was unaware until years later.

"When I first heard about HIV, I knew I had it. I read about it in 1983 or 1984 and said 'I got that. I knew subconsciously, based on my lifestyle, that I was infected,'" Jackson said. In 1985 Jackson was among the first in Chicago to get tested for HIV. The results were positive.

"It was a confirmation, I didn't feel any different," he said. "It was a mystery, nobody knew the devastation of it."

For Jackson, learning he was infected did not change him at first. "I lived on Lake Shore Drive, I worked on Michigan Avenue. I didn't feel the need to make any immediate changes. I was on top of the world. I was in my early twenties, I wasn't gonna let it bring me down."

Although Jackson's mother was the first person he told about his disease, he didn't tell her until more than three years passed from the time he found out himself. According to Jackson, it was because he was afraid of how he would be perceived.

"I wasn't ready to be crucified by my family, church and job. It's never easy because you don't know how people are going to react," Jackson said.

During sexual relations, Jackson said he never used condoms. Rather, he informed his partners that he was infected. "To my surprise, a lot of people still wanted to be sexually active with me," he said. "I think in the back of their minds they know they're infected even though they never tested. They don't want to know."

As for as infecting others, Jackson said he might have but thinks they should have thought of that before having had sex with him.

"I have it...once you have it, what damn difference does it make? Someone gave it to me, that's my whole philosophy," Jackson said. "I didn't go to Walgreens and buy it."

According to Jackson, one of his early lovers physically assaulted him because Jackson never informed him he was infected while they had relations. Although Jackson said he was sexually active with the man before he was tested for HIV, once he learned he was positive he couldn't inform him because he didn't have his phone number or address. Jackson later learned that his former partner was infected, a fact he only feels partially responsible for.

"It takes two...I share 50 percent of the blame, not all of it. I think he's really angry at himself, not me."

Jackson also said that once he was infected, he mostly dated others who also were infected. "I have many friends that are infected. Everybody that was infected dealt with others who were also infected, until we found out that you can get re-infected." Re-infection is when one HIV-positive person acquires HIV again, often in a more advanced state.

Eventually Jackson did take a toll from being infected, both mentally and physically. Jackson said he lost an apartment and had to resign from two jobs because of it.

"I didn't need the stress. I didn't need the rumors and the whispers and the innuendo. I felt violated and that my privacy had been invaded," Jackson said. "My problem is that I'm very honest with people and I realize that a lot of people aren't ready to deal with it."

Physically, Jackson's HIV developed into AIDS by 1990 and other health problems soon followed. "I've had a blood transfusion. I don't know how many times I've been in a coma. I'm blind in my right eye [from cytomegalovirus (CMV) retinitis]. I have Kaposi's sarcoma [AIDS-related skin cancer marked by lesions]. I have legions on my brain that I'm praying don't develop into tumors. I have respiratory problems, problems with my urinary track and I lose feeling in my hands and feet. But I walk around just gorgeous," Jackson said smiling.

In 1994 Jackson spent four months in the hospital battling pneumonia and was in the hospital on New Year's Day 1996, fighting for his life against dementia.

Because of the problems Jackson has feeling his hands and feet, he goes to a clinic every week for physical and psycho-therapy. He also takes 27 pills a day, among them 3TC, D4T and Saquinavir, or protease inhibitors. Taken together, the drugs interact to increase T-4 cells—the immune cells killed by the AIDS virus. While a healthy person has about 500 to 1,500, Jackson survived for three years with zero. Because of the protease inhibitors today Jackson has 96.

Although Jackson's grandparents have always supported him, his parents are a different matter. "My mother is in total denial about me having AIDS," he said. "On New Year's Eve I told my mother to take me to the hospital and she told me 'my car's not running.'"

As for his father, Jackson hasn't talked to him in years but did see him one afternoon last summer.

"I was on the El platform at 95th Street and saw my father talking to my cousin Robert," Jackson said. "I walked up to them and said, 'hey dad, hey Robert and they turned to each other and continued their conversation without acknowledging me. I got on the train and cried from 95th Street all the way to the Loop. That hurt.'"

Jackson said he expects his father to talk to him before he dies but is prepared to get his revenge anyway. "I paid for my funeral and my family lost complete control, they thought I was being very vindictive. I was just trying to be a mature, responsible adult," he said. "So a couple of months ago I went and got a refund and decided to be cremated. They don't know about that, they won't until the day I die. That's where the vindictiveness comes in," Jackson said. "I don't want a bunch of phony people who've mistreated me, stabbed me in the back and were not around when I needed them, crying over my casket. I'll already be dead, I'm not going to let them drown me too."

As for his finances, Medicare and Medicaid covers 80 percent of Jackson's health care and Public Aid covers the remaining 20 percent. Although his rent is free because he lives in a building owned by his church, Jackson said his belief in God challenges his gay lifestyle.

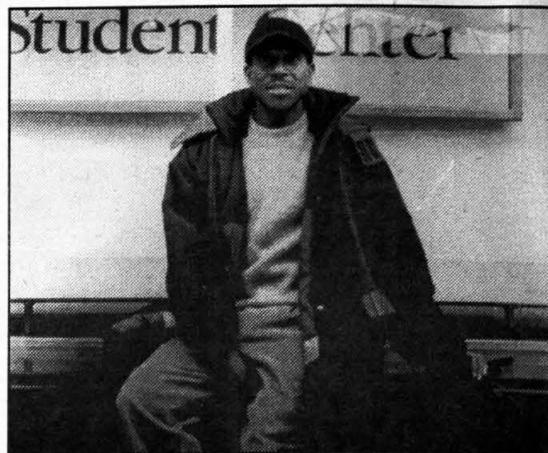


Photo by Natalie Battaglia  
**Darryl Jackson, Columbia student and AIDS victim, said that discussing his condition will keep others from being infected.**

"I don't understand why I'm gay, I don't have a damn clue," Jackson said. "Yeah, I was born this way but I'm very spiritual and morally it's not right. I've made a very good lifestyle for myself but I want a kid, I want a house and I want to get married. Isn't that the American dream?...To meet a love in college, have a joint checking account, take vacations and watch your kids open up their toys on Christmas. I don't have that and now that I'm infected I feel robbed."

Jackson said that if he were to get married, his being gay would no doubt be a hurdle, but he would like to father children to "see what my genes would produce." Although he feels short-changed, Jackson thinks a lot of good has come out of his ordeal.

"Me being infected has almost been a blessing," Jackson said. "One because it forced me to grow up and two because I'm out there on the front line."

To help fight the spread of AIDS, Jackson got certified in HIV/AIDS counseling at the Cook County School of Nursing. According to Jackson, being a counselor is often frustrating. "Now guess whos getting infected: the Latino community and African-American women and children," Jackson said. "Guess who they're coming to for information and power—the gay community. We've been fighting and struggling for ten years, trying to tell them it's not only affecting us, so now were tired of it."

Jackson also said that people need to help themselves before he can reach out to them. "A lot of young people think they're invincible. They say 'it won't happen to me.' I think to myself 'You keep it up and you'll see what will happen.'"

"I've been counseling a 16-year-old girl who found out she's HIV positive last year. She called me a few weeks ago at 4:00 a.m. and said she was pregnant. I hung up on her because she did not listen to all I told her. You have to draw the line somewhere."

Like the girl who failed to heed Jackson's advice, he often disregards the advice of his doctors and sometimes refuses to show up to his weekly appointments. "Going to the clinic brings me down. It's very depressing to walk into a room and see people with their skin falling off, in wheel chairs and with those haunting coughs," Jackson said. "I sneak in the back door, go into a room and yell 'I'm here!' The clinic doesn't open until 9 a.m., but I'm there by 7:30 or 8 a.m."

Depression about his disease and family also leads Jackson to turn to drugs and alcohol. "My doctor tells me that if I stay off drugs and alcohol and take my medication, I'll live a long time. I just have a thing for cocaine and champagne," Jackson said. "Why should I do all the right things? Life gets kind of boring when you walk in the middle. I like being bad because it says I'm alive, I'm human."

Although Jackson said he will probably continue to do drugs, he realizes it is not a way out. "It doesn't allow you to escape," he said. "The person you're trying to flee from is who you are."

Jackson acknowledged that the holiday season is always the toughest part of the year for him. "Those are the loneliest times," he said. "Last year I did around \$4,000 worth of coke...How would you feel if you helped pay for your sister's house and you put your brother through college and nobody sends you a plate or a Christmas card? I just indulge in what I shouldn't be doing to make myself feel better."

Although Jackson says he feels that he hasn't done anything wrong, he does worry about his legacy once he is gone.

"I don't want to be remembered as a faggot or a drug addict and I definitely don't want to be remembered as a faggot with a drug problem that died of AIDS," Jackson said. "I don't have hardly any T-cells so I know it's going to be any day. I know one day I just won't wake up or I'll go back in the hospital and won't come out."

Jackson said setting long-term goals keeps his mind off his impending death. "I still have goals and dreams. I still want to go to Paris," he said. "That keeps me going."

Returning to Columbia in 1992 has also kept him going.

"I'm making a statement by being here because it's positive and it's what I want to do," Jackson said. "If I wipe my ass with my degree, that's what I want to do. Do something positive and use your brain. I have all these skills and if I never used them I would feel like crap. When you use them everyday and you get an A in a class or ace a test it feels good. That's the best medicine."

Ironically, Jackson said that doing what he wants to do has brought out jealousy in many people. "People look at me and say, 'I admire him, I hate him because he's doing his thing.' I go outside when it's raining and say 'yes it's raining! I take my shoes and hat off and walk through the rain. They say I'm crazy—I'm not crazy. What's so bad about feeling good?'"

**"A lot of young people think they're invincible. They say 'it won't happen to me.' I think to myself, you keep it up and you'll see what will happen."**

**—Darryl Jackson, who has lived with AIDS for 6 years.**



## Reyes, from page 1

believed that, with the support of her loving family and faith in God, anything was possible.

"At first I thought that God was punishing me, but then I thought maybe God did this to me to show how courageous a young person could be," she said. "I knew that I could overcome it and get better."

With her family and friends there to support her, her tears of pain and fear became tears of strength and determination.

"She had a tutor meet with her to go over assignments and to make sure she met all her requirements," said Claire Dickerson, a school counselor at Clayton High School where Mariel attended. "There were days when she was exhausted, days she didn't know if she would live or die, but she continued on with her studies. She's a goal setter and her goals were to live, graduate and go to college to study graphic design."

While on the ventricular device, Mariel experienced bleeding complications. Her lungs filled up with fluids and breathing became difficult.

And Mariel had another obstacle to overcome.

"My mother told me that some of the doctors didn't think I would make it through the surgery," she said. "Deep inside I was afraid, but I knew I would be back and I had to prove them wrong." When Mariel was taken down to surgery, she lost so much blood that when she flatlined again, for a while, doctors thought they'd lost her.

During the next several days, Mariel received more than 10 calls saying that she might have a possible heart, but the good news would quickly turn bad—the blood type didn't match, or the weight and the size of the donor heart wasn't right. After the first round of calls, Mariel stopped counting. She didn't want to get excited about a heart, that was but a mere possibility.

Because Mariel had so many blood transfusions, she developed antibodies, which meant her body would reject a new heart. She stopped receiving blood transfusions, and waited until there were no more antibodies in her system.

She continued to keep her spirits up. "My doctor and I joked around with each other," Mariel said. "We made a bet that if I didn't get a heart for that week he would owe me a dollar, but if I received a heart, I would owe him a dollar."

While Mariel was in St. Louis battling to survive, her

grandmother was in a hospital in Canada with cancer fighting for her own life. Her grandmother had gotten so weak that Mariel's aunt had to put the receiver to her ear. "My aunt had got back on the phone and said that my grandmother opened her mouth and she was trying so hard to speak," recalled Mariel. "She was too weak, but tears were falling down her face."

The next day, Mariel's grandmother passed away.

The path of hope began to get dimmer for Mariel. Hours later, her doctor came into the room and said he had good news and bad news. Mariel asked for the bad news first.

Her doctor said, "Well the bad news is that you owe me a dollar and the good news is that we found you a heart!"

As they prepared Mariel for surgery, she insisted on walking, although her condition had her in a wheelchair. As she was wheeled down the hall, she passed by many faces of friends, family, doctors and nurses. The same faces and smiles that supported and stood by her every step of the way.

"This is it, I am going to be able to graduate and go back to a normal life," thought Mariel.

The transplant was an 18-hour procedure, but the operation was a success.

"When I woke up, my room was quiet, the ventricular machine was gone," recalls Mariel. "When I got out of bed, I held out my hand to reach for the machine...it wasn't there."

When Mariel was discharged, her first stop before going home was her high school to give thanks for all their support. As she lay in her own bed in her bedroom she said to herself, "I'm home, I'm finally home."

Several weeks later graduation arrived. During the ceremony, Mariel's name was the last to be called. As she stood up, she got a standing ovation.

"As I walked across the stage I was so happy. It was something that I've waited for. When I first got sick, I didn't think I was going to make it." She stood there with her diploma and tears in her eyes, she saw faces of family and friends—the same faces who helped her out of the path of death.

Now, about a year and one-half later, Mariel looks constantly to the future, hoping one day to work as a graphic designer, like her older sister she shares an apartment with in Chicago.

"God gave me a second chance, and I know I should live life to the fullest," she said.



Photo by Natalie Battaglia  
Graphic design student Mariel Reyes says now she's going to live life to the fullest.

## Columbia chapter of PRSSA 'Get(s) Juiced'

By Jennifer Prause  
Staff Writer

The Columbia College chapter of the Public Relations Student Society of America (PRSSA) is competing in the finals of the 1996 Campus Challenge, a national public relations competition sponsored by the Florida Department of Citrus (FDOC). The campaign theme is "Florida Orange Juice: Are You Drinking Enough?"

The Columbia chapter of PRSSA posted "Get Juiced" flyers around the school. The PRSSA helps public relations students prepare for their profession before graduation. The PRSSA provides students with information and hands-on experiences by exposing them to the original functions of public relations.

Columbia's chapter is one of only three commuter schools to be selected, one of 12 chapters selected nationally and the only chapter chosen in the

Chicago area. "This competition gives us, future practitioners in the public relations field, a chance to develop and use public relations skills and creative ideas," Traci Schneider, president of Columbia's PRSSA.

When the PRSSA chapters submitted their initial proposals, the FDOC selected the best, giving each winner \$1,500 to begin their individual campaigns. Each campaign's goal was to inform college students of the nutritional benefits of Florida orange juice. This movement lasted five weeks, ending with a taste test conducted in the Hokin Center for students to select their favorite type of Florida orange juice.

Columbia's PRSSA chapter sent Lauren Amerine dressed as the Florida orange juice mascot—a big orange with a sash—to radio stations with samples of juice. "Some stations let us talk on air and others mentioned the campaign," said Carmen Hart, a mem-

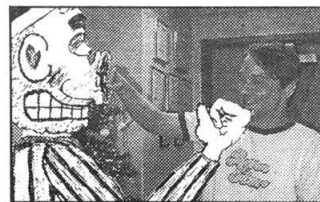
ber of PRSSA. The stations included WKQX, WXRT, WBBM FM, and WSCR AM.

There are almost 45 members in the Columbia College PRSSA. "We are really making a difference in the level of education public relations students receive at Columbia," Schneider said. "The club enhances a student's resume, knowledge and skill level."

"The Columbia College PRSSA is proud to have won our way into the competition. The education and hands-on experience at Columbia enabled us to create and fine-tune a working, real-life proposal. Now, we have a chance to put it into action and focus on running a winning campaign."

Now that the five-week campaign is over, chapters of the PRSSA have to submit a report on their campaign to the FDOC and the Florida Citrus Commission. Winners will be announced on Jan. 17.

## Real Deep...Steak?



## Get ready for a showdown, pardners

I'm still waiting on your letters, folks. Time's running out—Steak Butt's loose, he'll be up here any time and they'll kick me out of here UNLESS YOU WRITE AND TELL THEM WHAT A GENIUS I AM!

To recap, a few weeks ago, I was fed up with the inconsequential drivel being spewed upon this page by John Henry Biederman, AKA The Campus Idiot, who was wasting this space with his meaningless "How's Your Steak?" column. So I kidnapped him, put his evil twin, Nipsy, in charge as editor-in-chief and now...

"Now you're libeling the poor guy and penning your insane essays."

Oh, it's Nipsy. "Thanks for helping me explain that, Nips. Anyway..."

"And now, the end is near."

"Nipsy! You're sure in a foul mood today! What are you doing with that long stick?"

Nipsy smiles. "Why thank you."

"Nips, what's with you? I was talking about the stick in your hand!"

"It's a six-foot bratwurst jerky."

"What? I thought you hated brats! And since when are you reading MAD Magazine?"

"Maybe I'm not Nipsy."

"Great, now our editor-in-chief has an identity crisis! Or are you..." Uh oh. He's got that shitty look in his eyes, it could only be...

"Yup."

"Aaargh! Call the cops—no, don't. Call some thugs!" I rise to run, but he swings his bratwurst jerky at me..."Ouch!"

...And Knuckles goes down! This is John at the keyboard now. It's time to reclaim this column! I've got a Santa Claus interview lined up for next week and...

...Nuts! Knuckles is charging with a chain saw!

"Curses! Out of fuel!" he says.

I should call security on him. Here goes...

WHACK!

Knuckles here again. I just whacked John with my blow-up William Bennett doll. Had to whack 'em a few times 'cause there's not too much weight to it, but...Ahhhh!

John again, I just shoved the jerky in one of Knuckles' ears and out the other. Okay, where was I...

THIS IS GETTING TOO CONFUSING.

"Who are you—in the strange font!"

I'M A FREELANCE NARRATOR, AND I'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE.

NOW KNUCKLES IS SNEAKING UP BEHIND JOHN WITH THE CHRONICLE CHRISTMAS TREE. LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOING TO HIT HIM GOOD WITH A LEFT-HANDED SWING...BUT JOHN PIVOTS AT THE LAST SECOND!

"KNUCKLES! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE!" JOHN SAYS.

"WHAT?" KNUCKLES SAYS. "OH, YEAH. HE HE. A LITTLE GIFT. THE SEASON AND ALL. MAY I HAVE THIS DANCE?"

NOW KNUCKLES AND JOHN ARE...LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE DOING...A POLKA? I THINK THEY'VE FORGOTTEN ABOUT THE FIGHT.

BUT WAIT! JOHN'S REACHING AROUND BEHIND HIM, OPENING THE MICROWAVE—I BET HE'S GOING TO WAVE KNUCKLES!

Attention readers: This is the Silly Police. We've been keeping an eye on this column ever since Biederman starting writing it, but he's finally went too far. I don't think we need to explain. We're shutting it down.

"NO PLEASE!" JOHN SAYS.

"JUST LET ME TAKE CARE OF IT."

KNUCKLES SAYS. "IT WAS GETTING BETTER UNTIL T-BONE EARS CAME BACK AROUND!"

No, you're a moron, too.

"OH PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE!" JOHN SAYS. "I'VE BOOKED AN INTERVIEW WITH SANTA CLAUS FOR THE NEXT ISSUE, AND I'LL FILE A RESTRAINING ORDER AGAINST KNUCKLES. GIVE ME ONE MORE TRY—PRETTY PLEASE? WITH THAI FOOD ON TOP?"

Hmmm. How about Sri Lankan food?

YOU GOT IT!

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December 16th



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## Beavis and Butt-Head Do America

**Friday, December 20th!**



# 50,000 Chicagoans to be warmer this winter

By Jason Kravarik  
Staff Writer

If all goes according to plan, 50,000 needy Chicagoans will be a lot warmer this winter, and some generous Columbia students will be among those to thank for it.

The Columbia College Association of Black Journalists (CCABJ) is among 150 organizations participating in WMAQ-TV Channel 5's "Coats for Chicago" campaign to help the needy.

The association has set up bins in the lobbies of campus buildings for students to drop off coats. So far, they have collected 60 coats and need 100 to make their goal.

CCABJ President Michelle Johnson is pleased with the turnout so far.

"It makes me feel good that we have a heart to help those in need," she said. "[Poverty] can affect each and every one of us. It just doesn't happen to the worst of society."

Johnson points out that there are over 10,000 homeless students in Chicago, so it is particularly important for students to help each other.

Overall, about 30,000 coats have been collected as of Thanksgiving, said Warner Saunders, who is co-sponsoring the drive for Channel 5 with Joan Esposito.

The station's goal is 50,000. Each week Saunders and Esposito, co-anchors of the 5 p.m. news, visit various neighborhoods to draw support for the program.

The entire Channel 5 coat drive culminates on Dec. 14 during the Bears game. Along with several other businesses,

the Chicago Bears are co-sponsoring the drive. Each member of the Soldier Field crowd is being asked to contribute a coat before the game.

"If everyone does that, then we will certainly reach our goal," Saunders said.

NBC 5 expects to collect about 10,000 coats from Bears fans on that day alone.

Meanwhile, Saunders, president of the Chicago Association of Black Journalists, commends the CCABJ for getting involved in the project.

"They took the initiative," he said. "They saw the advertisement for the coat drive and took the initiative. That's what prompted them to help out in this arena."

CCABJ faculty adviser Grethia Hightower said she is proud of the organization.

"They're involved," she said. "They're doing what they should be doing—working with the major players in various industries."

Students who wish to donate coats can do so until Dec. 14, the day when the Salvation Army makes their pick-up.



Photo by Natalie Battaglia  
The Columbia College Association of Black Journalists is among 150 organizations participating in WMAQ-TV Channel 5's "Coats for Chicago" campaign. The overall goal is to collect 50,000 coats for the needy and as of Thanksgiving, about 30,000 had already been collected.

For more information on the coat drive or about CCABJ, call (312)663-1600 Ext. 5344.

NBC 5 also has a toll free number set up at (888)5-PICK-UP.

## Boycott in name of equality

By Chuck Jordan  
Staff Writer

Nov. 4 was one of the most important political days of the year—not only because of the Presidential and Congressional elections, but because it marked a vote on a controversial referendum in California.

Proposition 209, which makes racial preferences in public contracting, hiring or college admissions illegal, passed by a 54 percent to 46 percent margin.

Many opponents of the new initiative believe Proposition 209 is a continuation of Proposition 187, which passed two years ago. Proposition 187 prohibited social programs such as health care and education for illegal aliens.

Unidad, a Latino group formed after a controversial Mike Royko column about Mexico, is calling for a boycott against companies that have made contributions to politicians who support the initiative.

Royko wrote the column, intended to lampoon then political candidate Pat Buchanan, on Feb. 27.

When criticized about the alleged negative way Latinos were described, Royko said that the story was only satire.

"You can say that the stories were satires, but there are idiots out there who really believe it," said Jose Rodriguez, executive director of

Unidad. "[Royko's column] molds people's perception."

Rodriguez said that the article was a wake-up call for him.

Rodriguez has now shifted his attention to raise awareness of propositions 209 and 187. Rodriguez maintains that there is a deep, sinister reason that these laws, singling out minorities, have passed.

According to Unidad, a group of large corporations have backed

For related editorial, see page 9.

politicians who have supported the bill because they want to use minorities as a commodity and keep them as permanent consumers. The ending of affirmative action will limit women's opportunity to come into the workforce.

The group's theory goes like this: Companies will likely choose men over equally qualified women because they won't have to worry about granting a male employee child leave.

More women will stay at home and get pregnant, thus creating new consumers for companies to market themselves to.

The laws will also keep immigrants, who are already working in minimum wage jobs, in the same position. Those immigrants will be a

permanent class of low-wage, menial workers.

According to Rodriguez, Proposition 187 jeopardizes the health of legal immigrants also.

"If you deny people the health care mayhem will result. Individuals will drop off like flies," said Rodriguez.

Also, according to Unidad, jobs are being created by the nation's fear of illegal immigrants. For instance, increased hiring of border patrol guards has created many new government jobs.

Rodriguez cites large corporations, such as Disney, McDonald's and Warner Brothers as the biggest targets. He admits it's difficult to boycott every company that supported the bill because many companies are owned by large conglomerates, but believes that companies will attempt to play on the emotions of mothers.

"These mothers will see commercials for Disney movies and McDonald's and they will take their kids to these things," said Rodriguez. "This isn't just an immigrant problem. America has a moral duty to prevent this type of exploitation."

"Mexicans and Indians are indigenous to America. If the U.S., hadn't taken away the oil-rich land, Mexico wouldn't be as impoverished as it is today."



Photo by Laura Stoecker

Students test each orange juice to select their favorite as part of the "Get Juiced" public relations competition. The taste test took place in the Hokin Center. See page 3 for a complete story by Jennifer Prause.



Unlucky in love darlings? Mema has all the answers...

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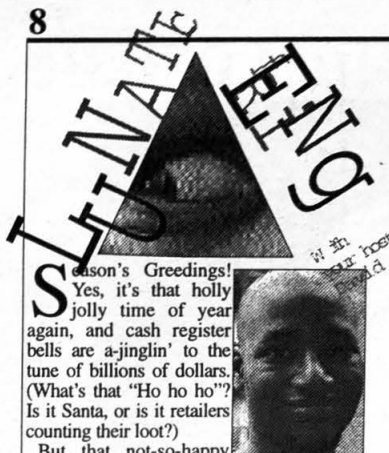
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DESIGN  
LYNN MASON





Season's Greetings!  
Yes, it's that holly  
jolly time of year  
again, and cash register  
bells are a-jinglin' to the  
tune of billions of dollars.  
(What's that "Ho ho ho"?  
Is it Santa, or is it retailers  
counting their loot?)

But that not-so-happy  
sound is the annual chorus of religious folks  
upset by all the commercialism. Greed, they  
say, has drained Christmas of its true mean-  
ing—peace, goodwill toward men, and all of  
that Dickens/"Charlie Brown Christmas"  
stuff. Even Christ has been removed from  
Christmas (which makes mas, which is appropri-  
ate as mas is Spanish for "more"). The  
remedy? We must "put Christ back into  
Christmas."

It's a noble sentiment. I think hypercom-  
mercialism and greed are bad. (However, it's  
delightfully ironic that some of the biggest  
profiteering off this top "Christian" holiday is  
by people who are not and never have been of  
the Christian persuasion. But that's free enter-  
prise.)

But put Christ back into Christmas?

An interesting notion, that mere humans can  
"put" Christ here or there, as if Christ were a

crucifix on the wall or a figurine hanging  
from a rear-view mirror, or perhaps some sort  
of warm feeling in the human heart, some sort  
of imagined "Christ consciousness." But  
Yahshua of Nazareth, the carpenter and  
teacher who claimed divine status  
("Before Abraham was, I AM"), who  
according to the New Testament writers,  
died and came back from the grave—  
was he ever involved, personally, in  
this curious celebration? Can you  
truly imagine him enjoying beloved  
Christmas traditions like:

■ The jolly fat quasi-god with the sleigh  
and reindeer?

■ Killing a tree, bringing it indoors and  
decorating it?

■ Wreaths, holly, mistletoe, gaudy lights,  
tinsel?

■ Trading gifts among ourselves?

■ Wild drunken parties?

■ Canned hams?

■ Ham of any kind?

■ December 25?

I can find no indication that Jesus Christ or  
his earliest followers would have ever cele-  
brated anything like the holiday that, centuries  
later, was named after him. It would have  
been dishonest, for one thing; he wasn't born  
on Dec. 25. Almost certainly, it was in late  
September or early October (the time of the  
biblical Feast of Tabernacles).

Dec. 25, in ancient Rome, was the  
Brumalia, the birthday of the popular Persian  
sun-god Mithras; Dec. 17-24 was the festival  
of Saturn. Most popular Christmas customs  
are baptized paganism, as any pagan will  
proudly tell you. (They love to claim that  
Christianity is a plagiarized religion.)

What's more, the Saturnalia/Brumalia sea-  
son also made big money for the merchants—

nothing new there.

Many early church fathers condemned  
Christmas—as well as the Puritan settlers in  
Massachusetts—because of the drunken revelry  
associated with it and because, they said, it  
was idolatrous. It didn't become an official  
holiday in Boston until 1856, and in  
Oklahoma until 1890.

The actual Yahshua of Nazareth (and his  
earliest disciples) probably would have been  
horrified at Christmas, and might have quoted  
a scripture like: "You shall not worship the  
LORD your God in that way; for every abomi-  
nation to the LORD which HE hates they  
[the pagans] have done to their gods; for they  
burn even their sons and daughters in the fire  
to their gods. Whatever I command you, be  
careful to observe it; you shall not add to it nor  
take away from it" (Deut. 12:31-32). The God  
of the Bible said he did not want to be "hon-  
ored" with the religious rituals of ancient  
infant-killing barbarians who worshipped  
idols! Would you?

But some people were smarter than God.  
Roman emperors such as Constantine saw the  
pagan/Christian hybrid religion (later to  
become Catholicism) as a political tool to  
unite the far-flung Empire. The clerics of the  
rising Roman Catholic church rationalized it  
as a quick and easy way to "convert" the  
pagans and increase the church's power.

Jesus noted this human tendency to exalt  
human doctrine over divine revelation: "In  
vain they worship me, teaching as doctrines  
the commandments of men."

Personally, I have nothing against evergreen  
trees—in the ground, where they belong—or  
gifts, or wreaths, or chestnuts roasting on an  
open fire. There is nothing wrong with a  
warm time of family, good times, good food,  
keeping warm snuggling up with That Special

Someone, doing fun things in the snow,  
church services, beautiful, uplifting music, the  
spirit of kindness and generosity (however  
temporary it may be). We need to celebrate.  
It's part of our nature. We need a chance to let  
loose and have fun, to forget about the daily  
routine, to laugh and love, to show our better  
sides.

It's just that it's all so tragically misplaced  
and misspent. It bothers me to see millions of  
people, including my own family, engaged in  
rather odd customs (when you really think  
about them) without having a clue why.

It's not their fault. Misplaced zeal, the per-  
version of what once was true, blind enslave-  
ment to tradition, religion derailed from the  
track of truth—that's the history of  
Christianity (and, you could say, of humani-  
ty).

As for me, I still eat the Christmas dinner  
with the family, minus the ham. But I don't  
give or take gifts (they're cheaper after  
Christmas anyway). And I belong to a  
Christian community keeping the Biblical  
festivals—eight a year—so my calendar is  
full enough.

Does my belief make me a Grinch? Some  
people think so, but the real grinch lived  
centuries ago: the arrogant, high-and-mighty  
tyrants and religious poobahs, the types who  
brought you the Crusades and the Inquisition,  
who thought they would one-up God and  
improve on the religion he had given them.  
They did their best to stamp out true  
Christianity and replace it with a politically  
correct, inferior substitute.

The "put Christ back into Christmas" folks  
mean nothing but the best. But they might as  
well argue for putting the polar bears back  
into the Sahara. You can't put back what was  
never there.

## It's not how much you spend...

Stephen Portugal



Like most college students, I have very little spending  
money for Christmas. And this year, especially, I will be hard-  
pressed join in the holiday spending spree. I thought of ways  
to give without having to starve myself. I thought about it for  
so long I began to think of when I was too young to give gifts  
that involved money. I remembered a Christmas ornament I  
made for my mom in my third grade art class. It was supposed  
to be a reindeer or Santa Claus or maybe a little bit of both.

My mom, being as loving and patronizing as a  
mom should be, loved it despite how disturbing the  
thing was. She loved the Elmer's glue-laden gloss I  
gave it. She loved the popsicle stick head with two  
crooked black dots for eyes. She loved it because I  
made just for her.

Then I recalled many Christmases later when I  
spent \$300 on gifts for my first girlfriend. We  
weren't getting along at all at that point, and I  
thought I could make it up to her by lavishing her  
with gifts despite the fact that I was barely making  
minimum wage, which at that time was 3.35 an  
hour. I spent almost all my Christmas money on her  
and gave very little to anyone else. She did enjoy  
the gifts, and for that day we got along as well as we  
ever have. But that didn't help her forget about the guy she  
was sleeping with behind my back. (I had to insert that.)

These are two extreme examples of gift giving. In one case  
I was giving out of pure love, which didn't require money. It  
was a show of appreciation for that love in its rawest form.  
In another case I was spending all I could on someone that I  
desperately just wanted to get along with. And I thought that

spending lots of money on her would help us get along, which  
it didn't.

This made me think about what this gift giving thing is all  
about. Yeah I know the story of the three kings, the legend of  
Saint Nicholas, Rudolph the red-nosed monkey, but what is  
the real reason for this tradition? Why is Christmas all about  
gift giving to most people? Is it because everyone does it so  
they do it to? After all, there are a lot of non-Christians who  
buy trees, exchange gifts and basically celebrate a Christian  
tradition. So there has to be more to this than gift-giving.  
There has to be more to this than fairy tails. There has to be  
more to this than a Christian holy day.

I know that Christmas means that I get to go home and see  
my family and my closest friends. It's the only time of year I  
get to do that, because everyone is spread out over the coun-  
try. And I have had trouble getting everyone gifts the past few  
years because my pockets have been empty. But it didn't mat-  
ter because everyone (I hope) was happy to see me.

So maybe what it's all about is being around those you love  
and exchanging your love with them. So that's what I'm  
gonna do this year. I'll buy some cheap love and spread it  
thick with those I care about most. Now all have to do is fig-

## CIA: To trust or not to trust?

By Michael Collins Piper

The CIA wants the American people to think that charges  
of its involvement in introducing crack cocaine in to the ghettoes  
have no basis in fact. The agency's defenders suggest that  
"extremists" are the source of the allegations and, therefore,  
the stories are not to be believed. However, charges relating  
specifically to CIA involvement in the crack trade—and its  
reported links to the Nicaraguan contras—appeared in a series  
in the San Jose Mercury News, a "respectable" and "main-  
stream" publication.

The Mercury News series claimed the crack epidemic in  
California can be traced to two Nicaraguan cocaine dealers  
who used at least part of their profits to finance the Nicaraguan  
contra forces during the 1980s.

As a consequence, the Mercury News is under siege from  
not only the CIA but other media outlets, such as the  
Washington Post and its ostensible "conservative rival," the  
Washington Times. Both were linked to the CIA for years.

A Times columnist, Col. Harry Summers, claimed the al-  
legations about CIA involvement with crack cocaine has been  
"long since disproved"—even before the agency officially  
closed its own internal inquiry into the charges.

The CIA has been equally adamant about its innocence. Its  
protestations recall similar CIA denials about its involvement  
in—among other things—drug and mind-control experiments  
on unsuspecting American citizens, illegal domestic spying,  
wiretapping, the assassination of President John F. Kennedy  
and the high-level cover-up that continues to this day.

In Congress, Sen. Arlen Specter (R-Pa.), chairman of the  
Senate Committee on Intelligence, convened widely-covered  
hearings to "investigate" the allegations. Those who testified  
were government witnesses, including the CIA inspector gen-  
eral. Each promised that he would be looking into the matter.

Today, Specter is close to CIA Director John Deutch.  
Earlier this year the Pennsylvania Republican introduced leg-  
islation that would have put the entire U.S. intelligence com-  
munity under the CIA director's control.

### Hiding information?

There is yet another reason why Specter might be reticent  
to about allegations of CIA involvement in drug trafficking.

Specter and the CIA director are devout partisans of the  
state of Israel—both having sisters who live there. It has been  
documented by writers such as Andrew and Leslie Cockburn  
that Israel's own intelligence agency, the Mossad, had been  
involved in the training of the private armies of many of the  
Latin drug barons.

### Documented history

However, for those who are interested, the facts about the  
CIA's drug antics are available.

Although Frederick P. Hitz, the CIA's inspector general,  
told Specter's committee that "recent allegations of CIA  
involvement in narcotics trafficking [are] the most controver-  
sial, politically charged and potentially damaging" accusations  
ever brought against the CIA, that is not exactly true.

For more than two decades there had been publicly avail-  
able and thoroughly documented published information about  
the CIA's activities in the drug trade.

In 1972, Alfred W. McCoy, then a graduate student at Yale,  
published the first edition of his book, "The Politics" of Heroin  
in Southeast Asia." The book was published by Harper &  
Row.

McCoy concluded that:

"American diplomats and CIA agents have been involved  
in the narcotics traffic at three levels:

- (1) coincidental complicity by allying with groups actively  
engaged in the drug traffic;
- (2) support of the traffic by covering up for known heroin  
traffickers and condoning their involvement; and
- (3) active engagement in the transport of opium and hero-  
in."

The CIA launched a covert campaign to suppress the vol-  
ume and inhibit sales of the explosive book, but enough schol-  
ars and researchers had absorbed the facts. Researchers were  
pointed in the right direction in order to investigate McCoy's  
allegations themselves.

In 1991 McCoy, by this time a professor of history at the  
University of Wisconsin-Madison, re-issued his book in an  
expanded, updated edition entitled "The Politics of Heroin:  
CIA Complicity in the Global Drug Trade."

Despite all this, the CIA and its defenders are treating al-  
legations of CIA involvement in the illegal drug trade as some-  
thing new and astounding. It is neither.

## Letters to the editor

### You've got a great career ahead of you

Dear Mr. Chiaro

Thank you for your enlightening article. We in the  
Television Department found it extremely entertaining. We all  
shared a good, hearty laugh over your humorous assessment  
of our department, our students, our shows, and our chair.  
We'll be sure to put in a good word for you with our  
Chairman. So don't worry, in the unlikely event that Ed  
Morris becomes the Supreme-Chair-In-Charge-of-  
Everything, you will be well taken care of. Thank you again,  
and good luck in all your future endeavors in the Fiction  
Department.

Sincerely,  
The "Top" of the 600 South Building  
From our e-mail

## Columbia is a low- down dirty shame

I would like to know when the janitorial services are  
going to clean the shit off the fan in the back elevator of  
the 623 building. I think that, if I pay \$4,000 tuition every  
semester, Columbia could at least make this ancient build-  
ing tolerable. And about the state of the bathrooms: it's  
disgusting to go in there and have to hold the doors closed  
in the women's facilities because "there aren't enough  
resources" to fix the damn stalls. Give me some tools and  
I'll fix it, then!

The Viking



# This Is This

Bob Chiarito



## Merry Christmas morons

In the spirit of Christmas, I've decided to draft a list of Christmas gift ideas for the Columbia College community. Since the school has given me so much, I think it would be a nice gesture to give something back. Although many people at Columbia don't celebrate Christmas for one reason or another, its meaning has evolved to mean giving gifts to friends and loved ones—an event everyone can participate in.

For Santa Claus, otherwise known as John Duff, I think it would be nice to get him a new pair of glasses. It is obvious he cannot see many of the problems that plague Columbia, so maybe a new pair of specs will facilitate change around here.

Since Television Chair Ed Morris wants to control everything, he deserves a box of miniature robots, although it would not be very different from Columbia's Television students. In case anyone noticed, the Chronicle received a letter from the editor this week from the geniuses on the 15th floor of the 600 S. Michigan building. It took them a week to draft that one paragraph—obviously the air is thin up there.

By the way, President Duff's secretary Joyce Fulgium adheres to his every command, she could use a sharp pair of scissors to cut the leash Duff has her on.

Photography faculty member Brian Katz could sure use a sense of humor—he obviously didn't catch the joke in my "Smoke 'em if you got 'em" column on Nov. 4. Katz may also be able to use a pair of pointy boots to kick his pal Associate Academic Dean Peter Thompson with—maybe that will get his Technology Roundtable spinning.

As for the rest of the administration, I think they should each receive a flask. Since it is obvious from their performances that they must be drunk, a flask will help them hide the hooch from thirsty faculty members and students.

Speaking of students, brain transplants would be nice but too expensive. Instead, I feel they should each receive a copy of the dictionary and Hooked on Phonics. Maybe this will help to cure the open admissions dilemma.

Although the drunks and vagrants outside Columbia's buildings are not technically part of the school, many students would be taking a positive step if they looked at them as role models. For these people, Columbia College jackets would be a nice gift.

This year, my column has caused many people to become so incensed that they were motivated to write a letter to the editor lambasting me. Although I find their pleas pitiful and humorous, a couple of their authors deserve Christmas gifts.

To "POGEYbait3," who last week e-mailed a letter praising me for my "hard-edged spice," I would personally like to buy you a beer. But since you signed your letter with a lame-sounding fake name, you need a life, computer dork.

Out of all the letters from various morons at Columbia who felt the urge to tell me off, none were better than Carrie L. Nelson's. Although her letter, like Brian Katz's, ran two weeks after my Nov. 4 "Smoke 'em if you got 'em" column, it was a true classic. I will not rehash it here, but before signing it, she graciously told me to kiss her ass. For Ms. Nelson, I would urge someone to buy her a Buns of Steel machine before I give her the most sought-after gift at Columbia: a kiss from me.



# Kudos...with a twist

We offer a sincere thumbs up to Unidad, the civil rights group profiled by Staff Writer Chuck Jordan on page 6. But at the same time, we also have a scolding.

The world needs more groups like Unidad to combat the sneaky forms of '90s racism that emerge in a society more sensitive (at least on the surface) to civil rights. There is no such thing as "too many" for activists opposing hateful legislation like California's propositions 187 and 209, which prohibit many government benefits for illegal immigrants and outlaw affirmative action, respectively.

But we disagree with Unidad's stance against Chicago Tribune columnist Mike Royko.

Unidad in fact formed because of Royko's column of Feb. 27 this year. In that now infamous column, Royko lampooned then presidential candidate Pat Buchanan. And lampooned him good, painting him as—if possible—more extreme than he really is. And we believe that Buchanan deserved it, that you can't make fun of Pat Buchanan enough.

But Royko chose a satiric form to express his opinions. And not everybody "got it."

Some of those who didn't "get it" were members of the Latino community, and they screamed out in protest.

Literally, Royko's column praised Pat Buchanan. But the narrative voice was that of an idiot—an idiot who might in fact convince a reasonable person not to vote for Buchanan.

Nonetheless, those who protested continued to protest, even after the Tribune and Royko explained themselves, going so far as calling for Royko's firing. Some believe it was pride—that once one calls a protest, it's embarrassing to call it off by admitting misunderstanding—and we also believe that pride was part of the reason.

The reasoning of Unidad Executive Director Jose Rodriguez, however, is something that we just can't buy.

According to Rodriguez, "You can say that the stories were satires, but there are idiots out there who really believe it...[Royko] molds people's perception."

Yes—idiots will believe it. But idiots will believe most anything, and idiots often do not understand the subtleties of writing and other arts.

All in all, a rather shabby reason to jeopardize the First Amendment.

It is powerfully ironic that Mike Royko set out to lampoon Pat Buchanan—a rather bigoted public figure—and wound up the object of persecution by some members of the very community Buchanan threatened the most.

And yet little of this matters. Even if Royko did promote Pat Buchanan, or ridicule Mexican Americans, we have a First Amendment for very good reasons.

A question for Rodriguez: Does your philosophy apply to everyone equally? If that's the case, Unidad should not be allowed to write about alleged racist plots by whites in power.

Touché. After all, idiots might get the wrong idea.

Please, don't misunderstand us. While we believe Unidad's reason for forming was irrational, we applaud the group that resulted, and believe that the theories they espouse deserve a listening and contain at least a seed of truth. But if they can express their beliefs, why can't Royko?

# ...And kudos only pure

Oddly enough, these aren't the easiest editorials to write.

This is an editorial praising the Columbia College Association of Black Journalists' (CCABJ) drive to provide coats for the needy. And, unfortunately, when all you have is praise, it's hard to say much about a situation without sounding...well, sappy.

So we issue praise to CCABJ. And we believe that Jason Kravarik's story on page 6 says it all.

Sure, we could rant and rave, wax all flowery and purple about how great it really is. We could probably even write something that might make a reader or two misty.

But in some cases less is more.

Thank you, CCABJ.

# Stuff From Staff

Michelle S. DuFour



## Random E-mail thoughts

Hi there.  
Hi.  
So, where do you live?

Chicago.

How would you describe yourself?

Well, I'm a college student and I...

No, I mean physically.

Hmm... I quickly closed this "Instant Message" box and left "Jay" staring at his computer screen waiting for my response.

I went back to checking stock quotes, ignoring Jay's "Where are you?" and "Why aren't you responding?" messages.

By the way, America Online and other E-mail services allow online users to put information into profiles, which other online users can access through a directory.

My profile seemed very straightforward, I thought: female, college student, enjoys reading, writing, music...I put information into a profile just to have one, and I searched the directory maybe once or twice for fun.

I signed on again the next day, and of course, I had mail. I sorted through the mail from my friends away at school and the annoying junk mail and spotted an unfamiliar author. Could it be Jay still pestering me for a physical description? No. This time it was a random letter from some guy named Steve.

Hey—I was just screwing around with AOL in areas I had never used before and came across "search member directory" and decided to give it a whirl. Well, with movies, music, coffee, reading, and IL, your name came up. So I decided, what the hey—let's write a bit of E-mail... So anyway, sorry I took up your time, and if you feel like writing back, that'd be cool. Look up my profile if you're at all curious. Steve

The letter rambled on a little longer and I actually responded to this one. It seemed like one of the better random E-mails I received on almost a weekly basis, and I thought: What could it hurt, I might never even meet the guy.

In just two weeks I received about 10 multiple-page letters in which Steve poured out his guts to me, a mere name with an interesting profile, at least to him.

Perhaps after telling me his life story, Steve felt better and decided to move on with his life. Regardless, the letters from Steve stopped—and along came Sean.

Hey—Whuz up? I came across your profile and decided to write you. I'm not trying to pick you up or anything, but I'd like to get to know you. Sean

I wasn't sure about writing back (the "whuz up?" should have been a sign not to) but I did anyway. After a few brief E-mails, I noticed he frequently misspelled words and used slang. I then found out that he lived just a mile away from me and I got a little scared. He lived just too close for this correspondence to remain just that. I stopped writing and surprisingly, he stopped too, but only for a week.

Hi Michelle, Its me Sean hey do me a big favor, do NOT write me back. I will not be on AOL anymore and I won't have a way to mail you after tonight! So please call me I still want to talk! (312)555-5555  
Thanks Sean

Yikes! He actually gave me his phone number. I had no intention of really calling this guy. But I did call just once, and I hung up when I someone answered.

After this random E-mail, I eliminated everything interesting and only left female and college student.

I expected the random E-mails to almost completely stop.

No such luck. I can't explain this random E-mail business, but maybe the lack of interests and hobbies in my profile intrigues directory browsers even more.



# Stephen Petronio brings Columbia SYNCHRONIZED

By Kimberly Watkins  
Features Editor

There is quiet. Then there is chaos. It's the calm before the storm. Like restless cogs on a well-oiled wheel, Stephen Petronio and his dancers swirl and grind chaotically, but with planned precision.

They become ballet dancers on crack in hyper-speed. It's as if an operator has pressed fast-forward, putting the frenzied machines in overdrive. "The movement is as if they were being chased by mechanical dogs with mechanical jaws," said Stephen Petronio, artistic director and choreographer of the company. "It's like 'I must move as fast as I can or else.'"

Growing up in Newark, Petronio was not an active or athletic child. "Books transported me out of nothing New Jersey," he said. He didn't begin dancing until the age of 19, when he went off to Hampshire College in Amherst, Massachusetts. "My mind was blown by art," he said. A friend took him to see Rudolf Nureyev in a production of "Sleeping Beauty" and he was awed. "I was alarmed to know that I had a body below my chest," Petronio said. From there, he began to take dance classes. His first was an improvisation class.

Petronio soon became influenced by Steve Paxton, an early experimenter with dance in the '60s, originating what is known as contact improvisation. It's these two dance powers, the classical (Nureyev) and the modern (Paxton)—"the black and white extremes of how to represent the body"—that motivated him to create his own movements. Petronio found much of his inspiration through the visual arts. The first piece he choreographed was based on a still picture of boys playing handball by photographer Ben Shawn.

Shortly after finishing school, Petronio went to dance for the New York-based Trisha Brown Company. He danced with the company from 1979 through 1986 and was their first male dancer. In 1984, he founded the Stephen Petronio Company, which has performed in America, Europe, South America, Japan and Australia. The company has become synonymous with speed and complicated movement.

"The movements incorporate my ideas about our contemporary condition and our physical reaction to it," said Petronio. Doubt, love, fear, power and shame are all mirrored on stage back to the seated audience.

The company performed at the Dance Center of Columbia College on Dec. 5-7. Thursday night's program began with "Drawn That Way," a piece he created earlier this year. "I got the title from the line Jessica Rabbit says in 'Who Framed Roger Rabbit.' 'I'm not evil, I'm just drawn that way,'" said Petronio. British popsters Suede's tune "Sleeping Pills" opened the piece interpreted as a solo by dancer Gerald Casel. His body moved about the stage like a contortionist. Writhing in time to the music, Casel used his entire body to make use of the stage.

The piece continued with a change in music to a more upbeat, fast-paced tempo provided by composer Andy Teirstein. The troupe looked like dancing flames in a rampant fire, entering and exiting the stage continuously. Their legs flickered as if they were dancing on hot coals, while their arms moved gracefully, but with powerful strength. Here, Petronio made his first appearance, yet brief.

He followed the piece with his own solo titled "#3," to Lenny Pickett's jazz tune "Dance Music for Bored Horns #5." Using only his upper body, Petronio went through a range of emotions and reactions. His legs remained mostly motionless, his act depending entirely on the intelligence and variety of movement in his arms, hands and head. At times suave, at other times estranged, his rhythms were in perfect unison with the music.

"Middlesex Gorge" was performed to a remix of British post-punk band Wire's "Ambition Plus." The techno-inspired soundtrack took the audience warp-speed into the future. The men wore pink and white corsets and the women donned blue velvet leotards. The dancers were like robots, each movement technical. Groups of them took up parts of the stage independent from the others, then they'd merge into one or break into two. Like the spinning cogs of multiple wheels, the dancers performed a futuristic square dance.

Petronio, who entered the dance in pink flowered pants and a corset, described "Middlesex Gorge" as "a frantic game of Twister." There's a definite sexual and physical component to the work. Each twist and turn implied a sexual restlessness. "I wanted to explore sexual power and to motivate all the movements by the pelvis," said Petronio. "I also wanted to experiment with how a group of people could handle one person and vice versa."

The troupe ended the program with "Lereigne," a piece named for Petronio's mother and a word play on the Spanish word which means "the queen." It began with a solo by Ori Flomin to "No More Heroes" by The Stranglers. "I was concerned with 'Where is the modern hero?' and the loss of a moment," Petronio said. "The dancer becomes that hero."

Unlike the previous solos, Flomin's is more fluid. He, too, uses the entire stage, but gives a performance more gymnast-like and smooth.

The piece continued with a score provided by composer David Linton. Each dancer became an angel under the blue lights and seemed to take flight under its glow as they bounded across the stage. "It's about the beauty of loss," said Petronio. "If things move so fast, you can't hold on to them."

The energy and intensity the dancers surrendered to each piece was mesmerizing. Gentle, swaying motions would give way to hard, aggressive ones. The rhythm of the group and the connection between each dancer were in perfect synch. The pieces told no narrative story, but the well-organized confusion spelled out the human condition right before our eyes.

This straightforwardness with the audience has had its pros and cons. Petronio's labeling as "the bad boy of dance," has been good and bad. Mostly good in Europe and bad in the U.S. The ideas of identity and sexuality are not easily coped with in America, he said. It's a title he sometimes wishes would go away. At forty, he believes it should at least be "the bad man of dance."

"I give the dancers the phrases—the tools to move. They execute them," Petronio said. "We choose dancers dancers to spirit, sass and smarts." Oftentimes, the dancers must make transitions out of nothing.

As a choreographer, Petronio wants to push the envelope of a dancer's capabilities, including his own. "I want to convey movement in two directions at once, actively seeking space with the mind," he said. "It's not about collaboration, we are all subservient to the idea." For Petronio, "the movement comes first, the composer follows us."



Jessica Meeker and Steven Fetherhuff perform "Drawn That Way"

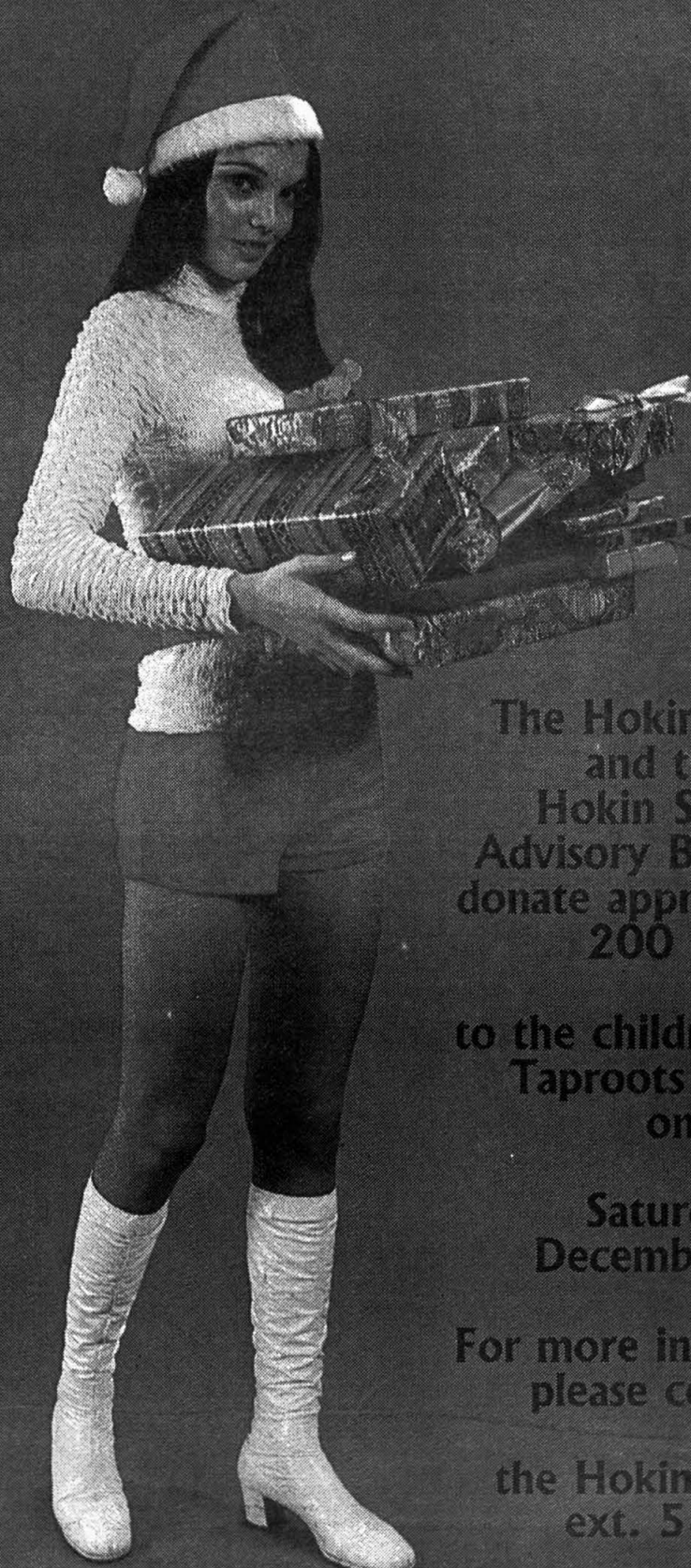


Stephen Petronio

Photos by Beatriz Schiller

# Toy Wrapping Party

Friday, December 13 11:00am- 1:00pm in the Hokin Annex  
623 S. Wabash 1st Floor



The Hokin Center  
and the  
Hokin Student  
Advisory Board will  
donate approximately  
200 toys

to the children of the  
Taproots shelter  
on

Saturday  
December 14

For more information  
please contact

the Hokin Center  
ext. 5696



And you thought finals would make you  
Scream!

## REVIEWS TO SCREAM ABOUT

"A CHILLING THRILLER WITH A SENSE OF HUMOR!"

-Jeff Craig, SIXTY SECOND PREVIEW

"THE MOST ENJOYABLE THRILLER OF THE YEAR!"

-Bob Healy, SATELLITE NEWS NETWORK

"CLEVER, HIP AND SCARY!"

It will make you scream with delight."

-Paul Wunder, WEA/RADIO

Someone has taken their love of scary movies one step too far.  
Now, in the highly acclaimed new thriller from Wes Craven, everyone's a suspect and everyone's a target.

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ARQUETTE

NEVE  
CAMPBELL

COURTENAY  
COX

MATTHEW  
LILLARD

ROSE  
MCGOWAN

SKEET  
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FILMS

Come by the Chronicle office (623 S. Wabash, Rm 802) between Monday, December 9th thru Friday, December 13th to receive a pass (admit two) to see Scream on Wednesday, December 18th at the Sony Theatres-Norridge, 4520 N. Harlem Ave. Norridge-7:30 pm. A limited number of passes will be available on a first come, first served basis. No purchase necessary and employees of participating partners are ineligible.

Scream opens in theatres Friday, December 20th

# Power Of Our Rhythm

By Tim Mathews  
Correspondent

Hey everybody, I know what I'm doing New Year's Eve, do you? If you're still undecided, there are plenty of tickets left for the New Edition World Tour Concert floating into town at the Rosemont Horizon. The show includes the likes of Blackstreet, of "No Diggity" fame, female group 702 of "Steelo" fame, Keith Sweat of "Nobody" fame and the world famous Bone-Thugs-N-Harmony. This event is sponsored by Al Haymen Productions.

Want to know what to get that loved one for Christmas? My suggestion is you start off with the new self-titled CD from Dru Hill, which has a ballad called "In My Bed" that is sure to shoot up the charts and shoot into your companion's heart. Next thing would've been the new Wu-Tang Clan LP, but due to unfortunate flooding in the RZA's hall of master tapes in the basement, the album is being pushed back for at least another six months.

I have a great second choice though, the Redman CD entitled "Muddy Waters." "Da Funk Dr. Spock," as he loves to be called, is one of the few hip-hop artists that is still recognized and respected from both East and West coast fans and artists. I'm sure his album is just as good as his Def Squad partner, Keith Murray, who's album "Enigma" is being hailed as one of the freshest LP's of rap music to drop this year. Sales are closing in on gold after only a month. My pick off the album is the track entitled "Dangerous Grounds." The producer, better known as the green-eyed bandit Erick Sermon, is wicked on the beats and might just be warming up for the new EPMD album. He and Paris start recording next spring.

The winner of the most spectacular private party goes to the Laface Family, which showcased their artists a few weeks ago at Magnum's Restaurant. Kenneth "Babyface" Edmonds was on hand to introduce to the Midwest music movers and shakers, along with his label partner L.A. Reid, his pre-

miere group "Az Yet" whose assortment of musical flavors were much to my pleasing. The boys, led by a former singer of Boyz II Men, performed the hit single "Last Night," then did us up acapella style with "Hard For Me To Say I'm Sorry." Another sure to be classic is called "Straight From The Heart" and without a doubt the guys can sing up-tempo.

The event saw people from all six Big Willey distributors (SONY, CEMA, PGD, UNI, BMG, WEA). It also allowed me to meet promotional wizard Shantee Dawes and Publicity Powerhouse Lorraine, both from the Laface Camp. The highlight of the night belonged to homejam artist Donnell



Photo by Anna Harbin  
From left to right: Lonzell Cross, Jive Records and Promotions; Donnell Jones, National Recording Artist for Laface Records; and David Leonard, Director of Finance for Columbia's Urban Music Association (C.U.M.A.).

Jones who did the Stevie Wonder remake "Knocks Me Off My Feet" to a crowd he made even livelier with his rendition. It was an unforgettable night.

Hey KDI, if you're reading this, and you better be, keep the momentum going for your next show by doing it as soon as possible, like by February, so it can be relatively fresh on everybody's mind. All around the school your poetry event is still a part of daily conversations. I'm hearing nothing but love, which makes me certain I won't walk-in late ever again.

Lil Kim, the sexy mutha who puts the "Bad Girl" in Bad Boy entertainment, was in town last week to promote her new album, "Hardcore," which features new material like "Crush On You," "Back Stabbers," and the current hit "No Time." Smile-A-Day productions did the honors at La Borche's Nightclub and kept the Queen Bee safe and secure.

Friday Dec.13 is officially Playas Night, thanks primarily to Rap-A-Lots Records hip-hoppers Do Or Die. They will be "Po Pimpin'" for us at the House Of Blues in Marina City. This is a home-jam group, so let's leave TGIF for ABC and give these guys paper and props for their part in uplifting the Chi-town musical torch. Among other acts performing at the H.O.B will be WAR on Dec. 23 and George Clinton and the P-Funk All-Stars on Dec. 30. Peace out and much love!!

## "How's Your Steak?"--

### Returns,

featuring an interview

with

Santa Claus



## Classifieds

### Graphics Technician

Color separation house seeks technically-minded Photoshop, Quark, Illustrator gurus. Full-time or part-time. Mac only. Service bureau experience preferred. Great entry-level tech job, fun environment. Send resume, references, salary requirements to SPIDER SYSTEMS: 219 W. Chicago Ave., 3rd Floor, Chicago, IL 60610. No phone calls please.

**Tips:** The purest form of capitalism! Waitstaff needed for Middle Eastern and European cuisine. Apply at 2242 W. Devon- 11-4 p.m. Ask for Deborah.

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Organize a small group, earn \$\$\$ Cancun, Jamaica, Bahamas. Packages include: 2 meals and 3 hrs. All-you-can-drink daily. Surf and Sun Tours—Don (800) 763-5606.

### Music Industry Internship

Asym Marketing seeks intern in Chicago, sophomore/above. 15-25 hrs./wk required. Knowledge of new music and your market a must. Ability to get college credit a plus. Call Gloria @ (213) 368-4738 or fax resumes to (213) 954-7622.

**Fundraiser—** Motivated groups needed to earn \$500+ promoting AT&T, Discover, gas and retail cards. Since 1969, we've helped thousands of groups raise the money they need. Call Gina at (800) 592-2121 Ext. 198. Free CD to qualified callers.

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## Personals

**Sophisticated SJM** 31, Laid-back, but serious, slim and trim 160 # wants to meet younger (18+) SF. Curves ok but obese not my cup of Java. Tired of games older Women and younger men play, so write the box. #A129

**SBF** petite, smart, fun, and ohhh sooo sassy, seeks **SRM** who is big (tall), beautiful and brilliant, who likes to party. No losers (you know who you are) need apply. Please write me in care of the Chronicle, code # A1125

**GWM**, handsome, 30-ish, 5'10", 160 lbs., dark blond, hazel eyes, HIV- and very muscular. I'm a charming, sexy, caring romantic Leo looking for an attractive, intelligent, warm, compassionate man. I am a non-smoker/ non-drug user who seeks same. I enjoy quiet time at home, which includes romantic dinners and thought-provoking conversation. Please write me if you want someone strong to keep you warm on those cold winter nights.  
code # A1028.

To respond to a Personal ad, write to the code number in care of The Chronicle, 600 S. Michigan Ave. Chicago, IL 60605.



# 'Shine' examines pianist's journey through life

By John F. Clorus III  
Correspondent

"Shine" is the story of one man's journey through life as he overcomes an enormously isolated childhood and finds his happiness by playing the piano. The story of the film is based on the life of David Helfgott, an Australian pianist. His father's desire to see him become the finest pianist in Australia governs over David's smallest personal freedoms.

The film begins with the opening credits panning across the screen while David (Geoffrey Rush) is shown as an adult making his impression on the audience with a rambling monologue of ideas. This illustrates his scrambled state of mind as he appears to be very strange, disorienting and intimidating. This also shows David at a particular time in his life when he is alone in the world with only his ideas and music to keep him happy. The next shot is the opening scene, showing David running through the rain lost in the city. Water is an important metaphor in the film, for it is

water and his music that are the only things in David's existence that define his personality; they are the boundaries that contain him.

In the rain he comes upon a diner and meets several people who will guide him through his life. The time is the early '80s, and this time frame will be referenced throughout the film. The film then flashes back to David's early childhood (1950's) to one of many musical recitals he played as a child. It is apparent from the first moment that we see the father that he controls young David. Although shy, David seems happy and his pleasure and interest is great, but it does not equal the amount of force that his father imposes on David to compete and be better than everyone else. The more David grows, the more his father tries to control not only his personal life but also his future as a pianist. This is where the true pain in his life begins.

The film continues to jump from past to present, erratic much like David's thought process. Each segment gives a bit of truth and insight into his life. This narrative technique works extremely well.

What makes David's story so touching is that after years of abuse from his father, his nervous breakdown and the electric shock therapy he endured, he continued to play the piano.

After the breakdown, the film follows a straight narrative line. Rush's energy takes over the second half and shows how a man with support from good-hearted people can overcome enormous adversity to become a free and productive member of society.

What I like so much about this film is how it focuses on the positive elements of David's life and not on the abuse and mistreatment he received. "Shine" shows the beauty and the effect music has on us and what it means to people. A few days after seeing the film, Brian Ford Sullivan and I

sat down with the director of "Shine," Scott Hicks, and lead actor Geoffrey Rush. We discussed the film quite a bit, but the conversation always came back to David Helfgott.

"Helfgott's story is very uplifting and compelling," said Hicks about the film. "He is an unlikely hero who achieves the one thing we all desire: He finds his own place in the world, and someone with whom to share life, love and music."

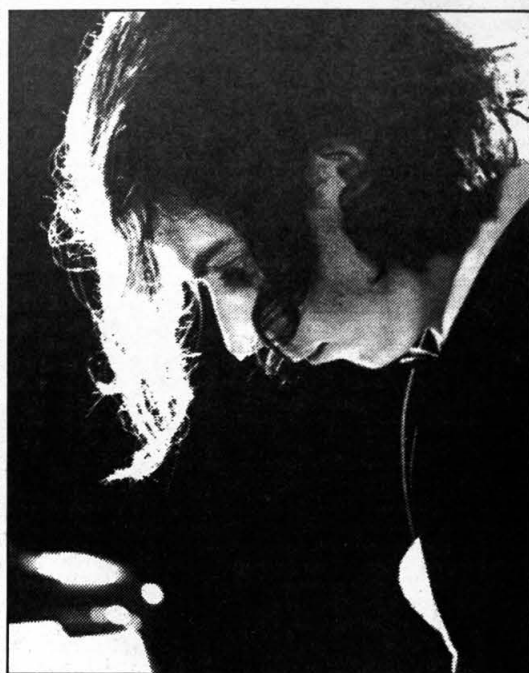
Hicks, who has pursued this story since the mid-eighties, finally had a screenplay by 1990. Many Americans may not be familiar with actor Geoffrey Rush, whose performance in "Shine" is sure to get quite a bit of recognition. Considered one of Australia's finest stage actors, he has spent 23 years on the stage. Rush has appeared in a few films, but has remained mainly on stage waiting for the right part to play in a feature film.

When discussing why he chose to work on "Shine," he said, "I couldn't let this slip by. This is a role for me. There was a dimension to this script of the journey of someone's life and the number of mentors that he met with huge dramatic dimension to it."

Rush takes great pride in his role, stating, "It's the best piece of work I have ever done. I'm fiercely proud of it."

Rush gives a heartfelt performance that touches the heart, making it easy for the audience to relate to David. But how did Rush relate to David?

Rush briefly described his acting technique: "I like to absorb a lot of research and sort of hover around a role until I feel



Photos by Lisa Tomasetti

Above: David Helfgott, the young man, played by Noah Taylor in "Shine," a film directed by Scott Hicks.

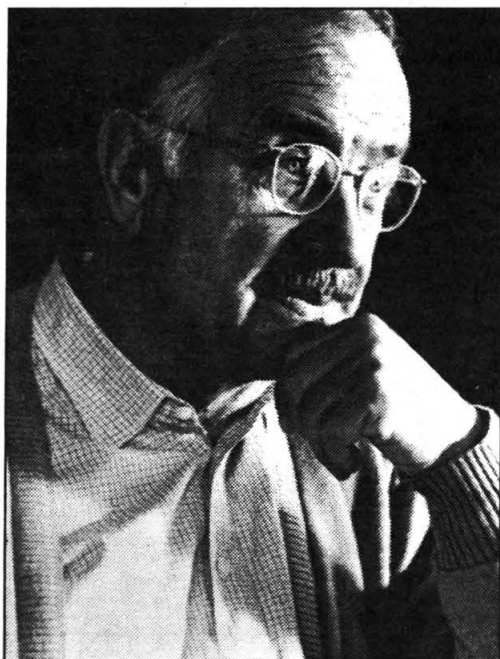
At left: Peter Helfgott, played by Armin Mueller-Stahl. "Shine" is a film based on the life of David Helfgott, an Australian pianist, and is playing in theaters now.

as though I have multiple reference points...not necessarily what you see on the screen but something to connect me with the material."

Hicks began interviewing Helfgott in 1987. "It was a gradual process," Hicks said of the interviews. "He never said anything all at once. The interviews were in fragmented bits and pieces."

Helfgott's erratic pattern of speaking is what led to Hicks' decision to edit the film in segments ranging from different periods in David's life. David's favorite piano music also carries us through the film, letting us in on the joy of his life.

"What is this film about?" Hicks asks. "Light at the end the tunnel...redemption."



## Descendents play the Wonderland

By Jason Falkinham  
Staff Writer

Think back to 1978. The bands that were popular back then included Cheap Trick, Kiss and the Village People. Punk was on the uprise, and the Descendents were part of it.

Touring in support of their first album in eight years, the band played at the Wonderland Ballroom in Elgin on the day after Thanksgiving.

Their new album, "Everything Sucks," shows that the Descendents have not lost a step in the time they have been gone.

When the band started, it only had three members and no singer. The "power trio" lasted a couple of years and then began to look for a singer.

In 1980, the band found Milo Aukerman, the legendary singer to be, who would help make their way through the long and intense journey to come.

With the return of the band comes the return Aukerman, whose love of science forced the band to break up during the mid-'80s while he pursued his undergraduate, and later his

graduate degree in biochemistry.

At the ballroom, Aukerman ran around and bobbed up and down like a scientist on drugs, but the crowd knew they were witnessing history in the making.

While most current punk bands show "snotty" attitudes and fast licks, the Descendents are not your typical punk band.

The band's 30-song set spanned their career, adding many songs from their acclaimed new album. The band led a dynamic, and in some cases silly, approach throughout the night, with songs like the classic "I Don't Want To Grow Up."

Drummer Bill Stevenson pounded beats with the drive of a hammer and guitarist Stephen Egerton ripped out driving riffs with the classic Descendent intensity.

The band's melody and energy made a perfect union that not too many bands can match.

The Descendents are the epitome of a classic punk band, with the speed, attitude and talent that has not been lost, and hopefully will keep them together for a long time to come.

## Record Reviews

By College Press Service

John Parish and Polly Jean Harvey  
"Dance Hall at Louse Point"  
Island

No, it's not the heavily anticipated follow-up to the PJ Harvey band's "To Bring You My Love." It's a collaboration in which Polly Jean Harvey supplies the lyrics and band member John Parish supplies the music.

As such it's also a disc designed in part to mark time until the band's new disc rolls around, and such efforts rarely succeed artistically.

It's a credit to Harvey and Parish that "Dance Hall" quite often does.

"Rope Bridge Crossing" begins as a lazy shuffle before getting spiked by jagged guitar lines, and Harvey's emotive vocals follow suit, soaring from a laconic, nearly spoken opening into an exhilarating sing-song hook.

On several understated songs, Harvey's sorrowful voice manages to carry just a hint of suppressed rage. Elsewhere, the music opens up into a glorious, full-throttle racket.

A few songs fall short, particularly the gothic cabaret take on Peggy Lee's chestnut "Is That

All There Is?" and the atonal "City of No Sun," in which Harvey slips into full screech mode. But overall, "Dance Hall" should more than satisfy PJ Harvey fans.

Dirty Three  
"Horse Stories"  
Touch and Go Records

Bands without vocalists are almost universally crashing bores, but Dirty Three stands that truism on its head.

This Australian trio's not-so-secret weapon is Warren Ellis' magnificent violin work, which floats whimsically above the delicate melodies of one track and then dives furiously into the raging, chaotic storm of the next.

Dirty Three alternately spins out melancholy, soulful music; spits out searing, whirling passages that recall John Cale's heady string work in the Velvet Underground; and trots out flamenco marches that sound like they come from some post-modern spaghetti western.

Together, these varied strands create a wholly hypnotic piece of work.

You'll never miss the lyrics. Touch and Go, P.O. Box 25520, Chicago IL 60613.

The Beatles  
"Anthology 3"  
Capitol

With fish and household guests going bad in three days, as Mark Twain once said, the surviving Beatles shouldn't be surprised by the minor backlash that is greeting "Anthology 3" the final chapter in a wave of nostalgia that began a full year ago.

Still, the charge that the music on the "Anthology" series fails to live up to classic Beatles standards is a red herring. Let's make this clear: "Anthology 3" offers a sometimes fascinating look at the creation of the so-called "White" album, "Abbey Road" and "Let It Be," but the songs appearing here are generally works in progress rather than fully developed classics. So you still need to buy "Abbey Road."

Yet "Anthology 3" provides no shortage of minor treasures, including acoustic takes on "Glass Onion" and "While My Guitar Gently Weeps," and a bluesy, ominous and slowly unwinding version of "Helter Skelter." The tracks never released on any Beatles discs are a bit more of a mixed bunch, ranging from the trifling "Teddy Boy" to George Harrison's spooky, beguiling "Not Guilty."



Warning: Contains no strong language, no violence and no sex. Please read with discretion.

## strain 4 • episode 12

In collaboration with ~TildePress™

\*dip-art enfranchised  
 \*monkey-worshipping  
 \*hooked-on-phonics  
 \*pepper-poppin'  
 \*pickle-extreme  
 \*crack-snackin'  
 \*marsdale-life  
 \*snow-eatin'  
 \*sans nude



bagman

come...  
 Christmas  
 ...sit on my lap, little boy...

nie wiedzieć jakiego ma się

(HOW THE ANGEL GOT ON TOP OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE)

gościa

- ❑ He was placing into His **SACK** the final sheath of toys when it tore open, violently spilling its contents across the reindeer tarmac...
- ❑ It was yet early. The **ELVES** repaired the bag, retrieved the toys and placed the sack within the sled.
- ❑ Carefully, He began his take-off. Without warning, a runner snapped and the sled came skidding to a halt.
- ❑ Cursing his luck, He dragged the sleigh into the workshop and replaced the shattered runner. Now behind schedule, He began again.
- ❑ Just before reaching the end of the runway, Dancer split a hoof.
- ❑ Turning His Sled around once again, He had a fresh reindeer brought from the stables and yet again began his **LAUNCH**.
- ❑ He was considerably late and in sour mood when He lifted his sleigh into the air. Just then an **ANGEL** appeared carrying a tree, waving his hand frantically.
- ❑ Screeching to a halt, He shouted, "What? What is it now?"
- ❑ "Santa," said the angel, "where shall I put this christmas tree?"



Christmas (kris mas) n. The holiday kept by CHRISTIANS on December 25 to mark the birth of JESUS (a bad-assed mother).

For the listener, who listens in the snow,  
 And, nothing himself, beholds  
 Nothing that is not there and the nothing that is.

-Wallace Stevens  
 1879-1955



✓ Merry Funkin' Christmas





# CUMA's local talent showcase gaining popularity

By Mema Ayi  
Copy editor

Columbia's Urban Music Association (CUMA) held an "Urban Music Showcase" and networking event Thursday, Dec. 5 at the Residence Center for students interested in the music business.

The talent showcase, hosted by WGCI's DuVante Stone, followed a guest panel made up of music industry professionals who focused on marketing and promotions. The panelists shared their personal business experiences, gave advice to students and answered questions about the industry.

For CUMA members, the event was an opportunity for students to get together with each other and industry professionals. "Networking is what helps you get into the industry," said James "June" McDowell, graduate management student, co-founder and vice president of the organi-

zation.

"Many of the new students, freshmen and transfer students that are new to the organization don't know the Chicago music scene," said David Leonard, a senior management major. "We're creating opportunities for the music industry to use students for internships and students are learning about promoting and showcasing new talent."

During the guest panel session, Kirkland Burke, Midwest Promotions Manager for Warner Bros. Records, told students how to get a foot in the door at a record company.

"The truth is," Burke said to the group, "you have to know somebody to get a job in this business. You need to have somebody believe in you and believe that you need to be there from nine to five," he said.

Burke also had some advice for aspiring artists: "You don't need a manager where there's nothing to manage. You can very easily represent yourself at [the beginning].

Trust but verify. You have to be very, very careful whom you deal with."

"And," he added, "be careful who you ignore in this business. The tape the A&R rep is going to listen to is the one his secretary recommends."

The guest panel was moderated by George Daniels, owner of George's Music Room at 3915 W. Roosevelt Road in Chicago. Daniels, who is very involved with CUMA, because he feels that it's his obligation to support young people.

"Many of them don't have the support they need, here or at home. I'm here to give guidance. Columbia is the only college in the Midwest that encompasses all the aspects of what our young people are getting into [musically]," Daniels said.

"I consider these minds to be the next presidents or heads of record labels," said Kevin Shine, Columbia alumni and CUMA mentor.

Grethia Hightower, faculty advisor for the organization, said she is always supportive of the group's efforts. "They're having difficulties getting venues for these events on campus," she said. "People automatically assume that because it's hip-hop, it's going to be violent. CUMA does some of the more peaceful events on campus."

"We got the crowd we wanted," Leonard said. "I'm glad to see that black people got together in peace. We're always stereotyped as getting together for something negative. It's all love."

Ernest Perry, a management graduate student, is CUMA's president and co-founder. He said that Thursday's event had the largest turnout so far, at about 200 people.

"At any of the events we've had, there have been no instances of violence or destruction," he said.

Daniels told students during the guest panel session that the industry was about basic common sense and knowing your limitations. "Music is a common sense thing. You don't have to sell a gold record to make a living."

"Too many of us really just want to be artists. You have to know the business aspect of it," he said. "It's not somebody just throwing posters up. I have yet to sell a record because of a poster. It's all about a hustling game."

Daniels also spoke on Chicago becoming a "hot" music market. "There's a buzz going on here in Chicago. Finally we're being recognized. You all are part of it. Be proud of it. Stay home. We've got a lot of stuff happening."

Perry called Chicago "the next big viable music 'mecca' market."

"Chicago is something different," Perry said. "The West Coast has gangsta rap, on the East Coast they're rapping about smoking blunts and wearing Versace. Do or Die and Crucial Conflict, two groups from Chicago, are blowing up the charts. The industry can see that."



At the Toys for Tots Charity Parade, Dec. 1, even the hard-core Harley Davidson bikers came out to make Christmas better for the kids

Photo by Brian Markiewicz

## Face Value

By Natalie Battaglia

### What's the first thing you would do if you won the lotto?



**Benjawan Uraipraivan**  
Graphic Design  
Junior

Buy a new car (Ferrari).



**Christian Andersson**  
Fine Arts  
Sophomore

Paris. Where else can you drink red wine and have everyone think you to be brilliant?



**Ny Magee**  
Film  
Junior

I would go to Hollywood and pay Jim Carrey to have dinner with me on the beach and walk with me down Hollywood Blvd.



**Avie Kopernik**  
Sound  
Junior

I would give it to my parents.



**Haywood Jablomi**  
Public Relations  
Senior

I would distribute a fair amount to my family and keep a good amount for myself. He! He!



**Renee Gooch**  
Photography  
Junior

I would take some time off from work and school to travel the world.