

4-14-1997

## Columbia Chronicle (04/14/1997)

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# THE CHRONICLE

OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE CHICAGO

VOL. XXX, No. 21

April 14, 1997

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Columbia artists in residence perform in "Cross Current In Contemporary Composition."

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Movie reviews of:

"The Saint"  
"The Devil's Own"  
"The Godfather"

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## THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LENS

The recent success of independent films, "Love Jones," and "Soul Food," gives Columbia and more specifically film students something to boast about. And, with that fresh success hundreds of film students interning every year from Chicago's film houses to Tinseltown, trying to make it big in film. But lost in the aesthetics of visual storytelling are the obstacles that come with the trade.

### In Depth

By Dan Bischoff  
Special to the Chronicle

It's an all too familiar site around Columbia's campus: Film students lugging around clumsy black boxes, light meters strapped around their necks, and shooting their films in Grant Park. But what is going on inside the minds of these complex artists? Success, one might think, perhaps even visions of a major Hollywood studio plucking them from their amateur status, making them tomorrow's hottest director. Let's get real. Success in any field is difficult, and dreams have their place. As in every trade, the best way for a neophyte to stand out is to know the business, and know it well.

With such alumni as 1987 graduate, Janusz Kaminski, an Academy Award recipient for his cinematography work on the film "Schindler's List," and more recently 1991 graduate, writer/director Theodore Witcher, and his new feature film, "Love Jones", Columbia College is placing students at

the forefront of the film industry.

"Beginning film students definitely don't know what it takes to make it, and it's hard for them to know how to make it," said Robert Bucher, instructor of Cinematography and Lighting II. "It is not like studying medicine where there's a good chance you'll get a job after graduation. If a person decides to study film, the odds are against them."

A mistake often made by many early film students is over looking that movie-making is a business just like any other, the goal is to make money. In spite of that, film is a sensitive business with the artist's perceptions and personalities deeply rooted in their work. With the exception of a lucky few, most directors never get to make a film that reflects their own beliefs.

"As an instructor, I have three goals: One, to get my students to apply for production funds. Two, to get film students to apply for scholarship awards such as the Weisman

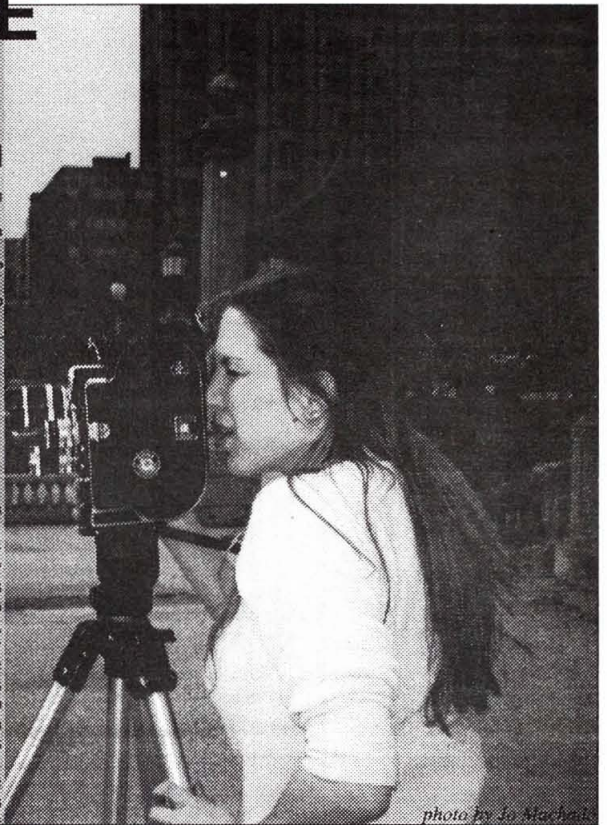


photo by Jo Machuga

Film major, Lisa Ziembicki peers into the lens in Grant Park, where most film students practice their trade.

## Abrams cut as Film/Video chair

By James Boozer  
Copy Editor

In a surprise move by the college, the contract of Film/Video Department chairperson, Ira Abrams, has not been renewed. Replacing Abrams as acting chairperson is Michael Rabiger, a professor who worked in the Documentary Film Center.

"Michael needs little intro-

duction to the college community, the film community or the academic community at large as his well deserved reputation as a film maker, scholar and a teacher of extraordinary talent certainly are well known locally, nationally, indeed, internationally," said Bert Gall, Provost and Executive Vice President, in an announcement

See Abrams, next page

## Columbia's foreign student enrollment at all-time high

Rui Kaneya  
Staff Writer

Despite the small rate of increase in foreign-student enrollment nationwide, Columbia College is attracting more international students than ever before.

In a nationwide study conducted by the Institute of International Education, Columbia ranked sixth in foreign-student enrollment last year in the bachelor's institution category.

In the fall semester, Columbia accommodated 321 foreign students, which amounted to 4.4 percent of Columbia's total population. Foreign students accounted for 3.1 percent of the total enrollment in U.S. higher education last year.

The exact number of Columbia's foreign students for the spring semester is not yet

available.

However, according to

Gigi Posejpal, assistant dean of international student affairs, roughly 80 new students have enrolled for this semester.

Columbia's foreign-student population has been expanding considerably for last 10 years. "Seven or eight years ago, there were maybe between 80 and 90 international students," she said. "Every year we are getting more and more students."

The institute's annual report, "Open Doors 1995-96," is based on a census of the foreign-student population at 2,715 accredited U.S. colleges and universities, 96 percent of which responded to the institute's questionnaire.

The study divides schools into five categories: research, doctoral, master's and bache-

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lor's institutions and community college. Boston College led all U.S. institutions in overall enrollment, with 4532 foreign students—15.6 percent of its population.

With 3,038 foreign students, University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign ranked first in Illinois, and 11th in the nation.

Nine Asian countries dominated the top 10 countries that sent the highest numbers of students to the United States. Japan led all countries with 45,531 students for the second consecutive year, followed by the Republic of Korea, which sent 36,231 students. Thailand was placed third, sending 12,165, an increase of 11.7

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## Dinello unveiled

By Erin Bonillo  
Staff Writer

I scurry up to Dan Dinello's office with all the eagerness and blatant cluelessness of a fresh Chronicle reporter on a profile assignment handed out only ten minutes ago.

As I make my way into the Film and Video office, I smile, thrilled at the prospect of a breezy interview and a quick write-up. I reach his closed office door and stop, taking in all the taped-up clips noting Dinello recent awards and filmmaker's honors. It is suddenly quite apparent that

I was on the threshold of no ordinary film professor.

Blips like "Best Film" and "Dinello takes film to Sundance Film Festival", jump out and intimidate my novice skills. Without even a knock, I turn around and retreat as quickly as I pranced in.

Okay— green journalist, let's try some background info. I head to the library in hopes of finding a few mentions of his name. One hour and forty-three minutes later, I'm still sifting

Dan Dinello  
Photo by Lisa Mendez

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# The bumpy road to filmmaking

Continued from page 1

Scholarship. And three, to get my students work noticed," said Carter Martin, instructor of Film Techniques II & III, Video production and Screen Writing I. "What many film students need to realize, is that this is a very expensive business. I put out a 32 minute film that went to several film festivals, and total production costs were at \$20,000."

According to Martin a mistake beginning film students frequently make is the assumption that they can go straight from Film Techniques I to full-length feature films. Smaller films help make bigger films. Students should apply for smaller funding at first, prove to themselves and their grant provider that they can successfully create a short film. Then attempt a larger production, continued Martin. Small careful steps are the key, as are film festivals.

Film festivals provide strength to any film student's resume. Besides the well known Sundance film festival, there are many film festivals out there: Comedy, genre type films, gay and lesbian, Asian and even student film festivals. It doesn't matter if a student sends their film to a festival as small as a specific university, such as the University of Oregon film festival; that student can then put it down on their resume.

"As a film major, my goals are to get into editing and later on maybe get into directing," said April Campos, 22, of Cicero. "I would like to direct without big production compa-

nies censoring my work."

Independent film makers are getting much more recognition in 1997. The Academy of Motion Pictures Arts and

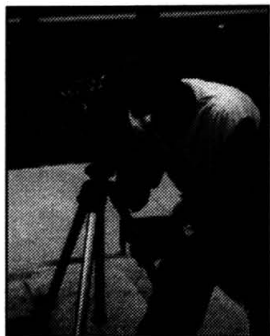


Photo by Jo Machado  
Sophomore Brian Dukes in Grant Park.

Sciences has taken a different turn in their 68 years of awarding film excellence. For the first time, major Hollywood studios are taking a back seat to independent film makers. Commonly recognized as independents, these relatively small studios put out such films as "The English Patient" (Miramax), "Shine" (Fine Line), "Fargo" (Gramercy), and "Secrets & Lies" (October). The film "The English Patient" went on to win several Academy Awards, including Best Director and Best Picture.

"A film student has to have a sense of quality to even have a chance at success," said

Buchar. "They have to decide this [film] is what they want to do for the rest of their lives, and then be persistent about it."

Buchar continued to say he was impressed with the amount of students wanting to do film because the odds of success are so low. Buchar estimates that for every 50 film students, only two go on to reach any kind of success.

"Talent will more often than not find recognition," said film student Troy Sargeant, 26, of Wrigleyville. "Succeeding in Hollywood is a different story."

With so many film students wanting to be directors, personal talent will be tested to the extreme. After a point, other factors such as luck begin to play a role. Nonetheless, luck is nothing without hard work. Take, for example, film student Tomomi Itaya. She was awarded an internship with Kaminski and assisted him on the film *Lost World*, the sequel to *Jurassic Park*, which will be released this May. An internship such as that can launch a career.

When asked how important a college education is to succeed in the film industry, Buchar said, "With how competitive it is out there, a college degree is expected."

"School is a place for film students to try new things and take chances," said Buchar. "Creativity can be developed in the school setting without taking large risks."

## Dinello

Continued from page 1

through piles of clips glorifying Dan Dinello; painfully aware of my own ignorance.

I discover Dan Dinello is not just a film/video professor locked up in an office on the 9th floor. Far from it. Try a blazing history of innovative film making since 1975. Throw on top of that, his film "Shock Asylum" at this year's Sundance Film Festival, winner of Best Film at the New York Underground Film Festival, as well as his accomplished background of published written work.

This last part was especially disheartening. No green journalist looks forward to doing a profile on an accomplished writer. I envision a red pen and brutal editing marks. I decide to put off the interview until next week.

Eight days later I'm back at his office door—this time armed with a jumble of history and film honors whirling in my head. He opens the door and shows me in. I feel as though I've entered the night of the living dead. His cramped office is covered with black and white pictures of 50's horror flicks. Visualize vampires drooling fake blood, screaming sex-kittens, faded Franksteins, and mad science.

Sitting in the middle of all this, Dinello seems to be a warm touch of reality with gentle brown eyes peering through his glasses. I am struck by how young he looks, especially while he fumbles to make room and apologizes for the mess. He appears slightly edgy, toying with a pen anxiously—maybe it's just

the prospect of having to endure a session of blundering questions from an amateur reporter. I start right in, with the dreaded background questions.

He shifts uncomfortably and gives me a dry sketch. A Illinois native, originally from Oak Park. The background becomes even barer as he skims over family. I push for more detail, but his short answers say no. I do learn that his father was a violinist and writer, which gives some history to Dinello's creative art background.

Being a filmmaker was never something he dreamed of as a child, in fact, it was a pretty foreign concept to someone from the West Side of Chicago. Yet he always had a passion for writing and questioning social norms. He explains that it wasn't until after he got a degree in Philosophy that he was turned onto filmmaking at the University of Wisconsin.

He finished his BA in Philosophy and then went on to attain a Master of Fine Arts in Film and Video from the University of Wisconsin. Working as a janitor to put himself through school allowed for plenty of "mind wandering" for future short films. It was the realization that film wasn't restricted to the full two hour feature length, but a whole genre of lengths that made the industry more accessible to Dinello. He took his inherent love of dark subject matter and fused in a twisted sort of comedy and imagination to create over eight independent productions over the last twenty years.

Whatever formula Dinello is using, it is working. Quite

well...his latest short film "Shock Asylum" was screened at Sundance 97 and went on to win several awards through the film circuit—including the New York Underground Film Festival; the Chicago Underground Film Festival; and the 10. Stuttgarter Filmwinter Festival; the 2 Berlin Underground Film & Video Festival.

One particular review of the film said it was "David Lynch meets Jerry Lewis", which was a compliment to Dinello whom admires Lynch's dark, comic vision. "It was the works that didn't cater to mainstream tastes that always appealed to me", Dinello confessed. He incorporates that unique mold and uninhibited realm of experimentation to his work attacking the pillars of society through twisted plots and dark themes.

As we delved deeper into the topic of film and artistic vision, Dinello sat forward as his words flowed with greater speed, and obvious passion. At one point I lost track of what he was saying, consumed by the focus and drive behind his glasses. It became apparent to me that it was that raw intensity that makes his work stand out from all the others.

The huge reels of film strewn around his office floor, the overpopulated bookshelf standing wearily with the weight, and the way the door only opens three quarters of the way due to the pile of projects stacked up behind it—hinges—speak loudly of how Dinello's work consumes his life.

"I am gratified and happy with the success of my work, but I take it all with a grain of salt," he comments reflectively. "Any amount of credibility or status only adds to the creative pressure for the next project." His self-

## Abrams contract not renewed

Continued from page 1

last week.

Rabiger has been a member of Columbia's Film/Video department for 25 years and earned a B.A. degree in film from DePaul University. He is the author of two books, "Directing the Documentary" and "Directing: Film Techniques and Aesthetics." Both books are widely used texts in film schools around the world.

Rabiger was on leave during the beginning of this school year while serving as Distinguished Visiting Professor at New York University's Tisch School of the Arts and returned to Columbia last February.

The Film/Video department has the largest enrollment of students at Columbia. With nearly 1,250 students enrolled, the Film/Video department enrollment represents about 17 percent of Columbia's total students population.

Check out  
Mema Ayi's  
Love Loft on  
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criticism seems to spur him on to be compulsively persistent with future endeavors. Already his mind is on his next project, a feature film set in the alleys of Chicago, involving genetic research and human mutation.

I can only imagine where Dinello will take that one. From the fervor in his eyes, I am certain that I could not even begin to fathom the depths that Dinello has created for this upcoming project.

"Filmmaking requires putting yourself on the line—incorporating vast sums of energy and emotion into something you can only hope people will connect and relate with. You feel personal about your work, and sometimes it's hard not to let that insecurity and self-criticism to de-energize you", Dinello said.

I wonder with his teaching, involvement in the Interactive Multimedia Program, and journalistic venues, whether the stress and intensity of filmmaking is worth it. Looking at Dan Dinello, you can't help notice that something is in the works, much deeper than surface level. The entire hour I spent with him, he was acutely aware of how he wanted to manipulate the interview, while trying to hide and subdue the obvious pounding and swirling of brilliant ideas brewing within.

"Why do you push yourself to make films, even though the market is grim, and your life is overloaded already?", I ask. His answer summed it all up, "It is pure exhilaration to see an audience relate, react and enjoy your work. It makes me feel connected."

# Internships: Having a go-getter's experience instead of a gopher's

By Ann Gabor  
Staff Writer

There is no guarantee that an internship will be a positive experience. And it is the student's challenge to make the most of the experience, even if it is negative.

Defining the reasons one wants an internship is the first step in choosing an internship that will lead to a positive experience.

Students choose internships for reasons such as gaining credits, exercising skills learned in the classroom and gaining first-hand experience, getting a foot in the door and making contacts in the industry the student wants to enter, according to Jan Grekoff-Pagoria, Director of Career Planning & Placement.

The second step is researching the companies and the kind of work that will be done on the internship. Researching also helps students create realistic goals for their internship; as realistic goals are another step away from a bad internship.

Bob Blinn, the film internship coordinator, prefers that students take the initiative and do their own research by reading the trade magazines and learning about the prospective companies under his supervision.

Ritch Barnes, a Columbia alumni, interned at the National Retiree Volunteer Corporation three years ago, and it was a positive experience that helped pave his way into the working world. Barnes learned how to deal with corporate personalities and professional attitudes in the real-world as well as being able to work with state of the art equipment.

"My expectations were fulfilled," Barnes said.

A good internship depends upon whether the student does the research and uses that it to make the right choice, said Barnes.

"It's what the student makes of it if they make the right choice," Barnes said. "You reap the rewards of what you do."

Tim Long, photography internship coordinator, has a portfolio review, where together he and student study the

student's work to ensure the student is prepared and the student's work is at the appropriate level to match the internship he or she is applying for.

Phyllis Johnson, management internship writing coordinator, try to steer students towards internships that match their respective skills and personalities and away from gofer-related internships.

Blinn described the internship program as being poor when he took over as film internship coordinator six years ago. He has eliminated all of the coffee-getting, gofer-related internships.

Frederica Reeves, a senior at Columbia, spent her internship as a gofer.

Reeves took an internship in Fall 1996 at the Jerry Springer show expecting to be more knowledgeable about the procedures of the industry.

"The whole experience was a nightmare," said Reeves. "My day consisted of running to Walgreens, the bookstore and to get water."

Reeves didn't talk to her supervisor to see if she could do work that would better match her skill level or her interests.

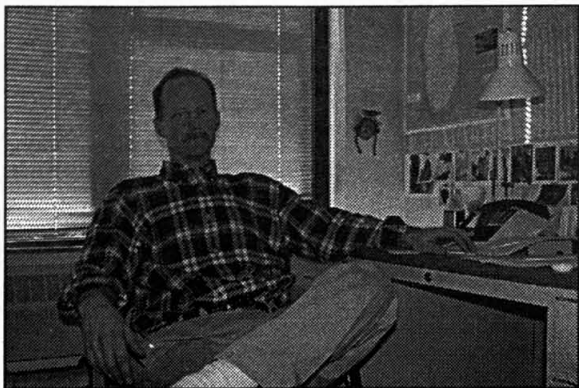
She said she earned respect and more responsibility later, but it was at the end of the internship.

When asked if she thought her internship would have been better if she had spoken to her supervisor, Reeves said, "I doubt it."

On the other hand, John Drake, a senior fiction writing major, expressed his interest to learn and gradually earned more responsibility.

Drake is currently involved in an internship with Fish Stories, a Chicago literary journal. At first Drake was mildly unamused with his tasks which were mainly cataloguing manuscripts. However, after expressing his interest to learn he was offered the opportunity to sit in on the editorial meetings. Now Drake is doing the work of an editor on his internship.

"If you ask, you'll get it," Drake said.



Tim Long, Columbia's internship coordinator. Photo by Stacy Morgan

## How's Your Steak?



With  
John Henry Biederman

### Welcome to the wheel

...So I'm at the corner store and in rolls an eentsy-weentsy girl on eentsy-weentsy, plastic in-line skates followed by her cellular phone-abusing-mother.

Now and again these type of events happen, and I briefly lose all hope whatsoever for the human race.

Poor little thing. She's probably barely into grammar school and her parents are already attempting to twist her into something sub-human. What's next? Kiddie credit cards to live ten times beyond the means of her allowance? A Starbucks Little Latte, half-skim, half-one percent milk, easy on the foam?

"Hey, you're not rhyming!" It's my...er, friend, Knuckles Von Chuckler.

I smirked when I pictured that little girl growing into a teenage testimony to rebellion, pierced up like a pin-cushion, living the "Trainspotting" life. Evil, yes, but not evil enough a fate for her plastic mother.

"MoohaaahaaHAHAHA!" (Hard to spell, I know, but that was a booming, maniacal laugh.)

"Nipsy!" Knuckles exclaims with glee.

"FaaaalaaalALALA!" Nipsy, my evil twin, adds.

"Nipsy—what's with that 'fa la la' fruitcake junk?" Knuckles says.

"Messsed up a bit, I'm for a time, when you whacked John, it made me rhyme!" Nipsy says.

"So you can't do the column?" Knuckles asks.

Nipsy shakes his head.

"When he's cured, though—you promised!" Knuckles says. "And being the good twin, you have to honor your promise!"

"I know."

FOR THOSE OF YOU JUST TUNING IN, JOHN WAS STUCK RHYMING AFTER KNUCKLES HIT HIM WITH A COMPUTER MONITOR AFTER FINDING JOHN NAKED WITH KNUCKLES' SISTER, BUCKLES.

"I was getting a massage!" I explain.

JOHN WAS PLANNING ON HAVING NIPSY FILL-IN FOR HIM, BUT...

"That's the narrator, in the line above, for folks who don't know," Knuckles says.

"Get that narrator out!" I say.

I'M GOING ON VACATION WITH YOUR OTHER PUPPETS IN SHEBOYGAN AFTER THIS COLUMN, ANYWAY.

"Good. Now all of you leave me alone!"

There is no place in this world for in-line skates—elitism on wheels. Pompous, Evian-bottle-clutching slimeballs decide that if they're faster than everyone else (and ignorant of any degree of civility on the sidewalks they convert to deathtraps), it will provide them with a (false) sense of importance.

Hey, it would be okay if the police in the in-line-skating-prone regions gave a damn about anything but revenue-generating traffic tickets. But, like the reaper-on-wheels cyclists who aren't supposed to be on the sidewalks anyway, police ignore this rolling Satanic spawn because they only endanger lives.

I notice Knuckles scrutinizing me with a magnifying glass.

"What are you doing?" I ask.

"Helping Dr. Flootsnoot analyze you?"

"Who's..."

"Have no fear, Dr. Flootsnoot is here!" A strange looking man in a lab coat says. "This is nothing a few million dollars in grants can't fix!"

"But I'm cured."

"You don't understand!" Dr. Flootsnoot says. "I'm highly regarded in academic circles as a studier of things! You know that study that revealed that people on cellular phones are more prone to car accidents? I was a key player in that! Or how about that other recent study that found people who get less sleep to feel more stress! My brains were behind that, too!"

"What stopped the rhyming?" Knuckles asks.

"An event over spring break."

"Let me fill out some papers..." says Flootsnoot.

"Something sick, I'm sure!" Knuckles says.

"No, the cure only came from meeting a woman I found attractive who also had no boyfriend," I say.

"Nothing more—we just met."

"Nipsy!" Knuckles says. "You can do that! You've always had better luck with women than John—being an evil jerk!"

"It will be tough—there are so few, but still, of course, they'll flirt with you"

"It never mattered much, for I, have always been a back door guy!" says Nipsy.

"Guys—before you go, a tip: Make sure to wear Chicago Bears shirts up in Sheboygan," I say.

"They're big fans up there."

"Thanks!" says Knuckles. "You're a good sport!"

  
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# Summer work in Alaska: not a hot catch

By Paul Zabratanski  
Staff Writer

When you attend any of your classes in one of Columbia's buildings, regardless of what floor you're on, there is a bulletin board. And it seems as if one flyer stands out from the rest and is highlighted in bright colors. It states "ALASKA, Summer Employment."

The most attractive thing stated in the next line is--earn up to \$4,000+ a month. This would catch any college student's eye. There is even a quote on the advertisement stating that a student from Ohio made \$10,500 in only six weeks.

The Progressive Employment Service, which is based in Seattle, produces and distributes the flyers. They do not employ the applicants, but they will send them a comprehensive employment guide that will give students the information they need, including a job finder and pamphlets describing Alaska's fishing industry. This can all be sent to you for the cost of \$49.95.

There are three types of jobs available for the summer. Either working on a floating vessel, a land-based cannery, or as a deckhand, which is the cleanest and best paying job. The companies also provide free room, board and transportation.

On the vessel you perform tasks such as, cleaning, gutting and separating the fish.

Progressive advertisements from the U.S., in colleges and newspapers, state their lucrative offers, but like everything else there are two sides to every story.

Jim, a sales representative for Progressive, admitted that jobs as a deckhand should not be expected because, "they are hard to come by."

The flyer states that all applicants should not be afraid of hard work. What they don't state is that shifts are anywhere from 12 to 18 hours a day, seven days a week.

According to Jim, who has participated in the Alaska fishing work, both land-based and floating vessel jobs pay about the same. He estimated that it was around \$6 an hour, though overtime is paid.

That free housing that is provided isn't exactly an ocean view. The size of the room you are housed in is described as small at best, and you're roomed with anywhere from four to six roommates.

Russell Duplessis, a sophomore at Palomar Community College in California, participated in this program. He stated he was on an 184-foot floater that harbored in Anchorage. The floater would take the employees on two week expeditions. "I was working 17 hour days the whole time, constantly being on my feet."

Duplessis also stated that there was only one bathroom accessible to the employees and confirmed the housing conditions.

"I was crammed in with four other people in a tiny room, smaller than a dorm room, with only one closet."

Duplessis also commented on what the working conditions were "Scum, the smell of dead fish everywhere, but even worse was that because of only having the one bathroom, a lot of the people were obviously not

showing."

Duplessis ran into one other problem being on the ocean for two weeks straight, he was constantly seasick. Unfortunately for him, he had to go home after the first

two-week expedition. This meant he did not fulfill his contract and there-

fore was not provided with transportation home, with no money after purchasing his ticket to go home.

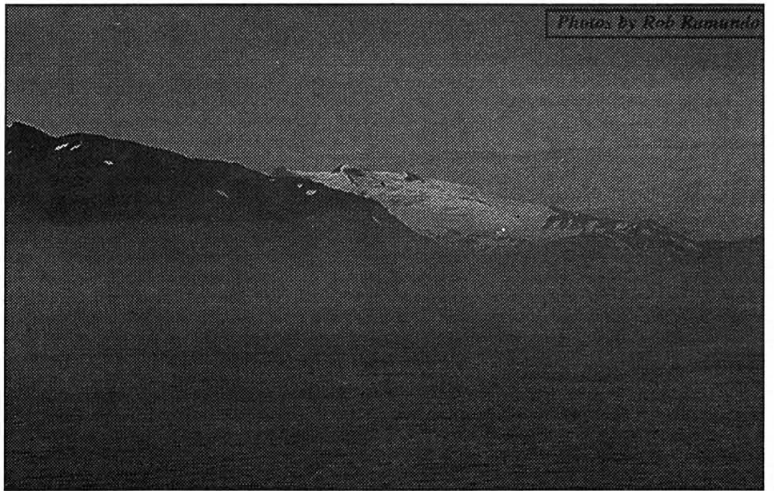
The Alaska Department of Labor stated that many of these employment services are outdated and inaccurate. They revealed that Alaska's job market is actually the lowest in the nation, and it is extremely difficult to find a job, with no factory jobs currently available.

The labor department also mentioned that the pay for the kind of work Progressive was talking about pays anywhere from \$4.75 to \$6 an hour. They also contradicted what Progressive

claimed. They stated that if you are lucky enough to make \$3,000 in three months, that should be considered a complete success. Moreover, the department said that applicants will not be obtaining any jobs as a deckhand because most of the businesses are family run and deckhand jobs are practically nonexistent.

The last thing that should be taken into consideration before applying is that the fishing industry is known for going on strike according to the department of labor, and if there is no fish there is no work or pay for you.

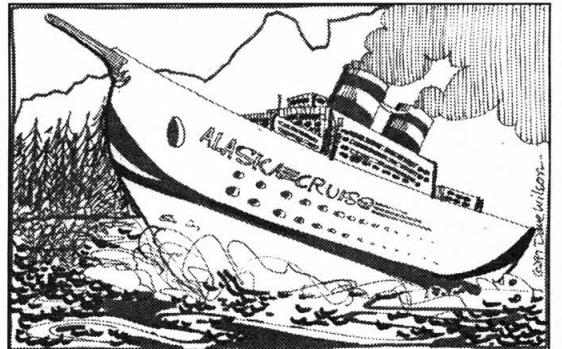
The Alaska Fishing Development stated that they could send information about obtaining a job, and guess what, it was free.



Photos by Rob Ramundo



See editorial,  
page 11



## Children and Columbia students benefit from summer arts program

By Kit Wolden  
Staff Writer

Columbia College is sponsoring summer programs called the Summer Arts Camp and Abroad which targets children from age 9 to 15.

It's a camp that gives children a chance to use Columbia College's facilities. This is the program's fifth year according to Amy Braswell, assistant director of the camp.

"The school supports this program," Boswell said. "It also provides opportunities for students and graduates to work in a counselor situation."

The camp is based at the college's Theater and Music department, 72 E. 11th St.

"One of the great things about this program is the benefit of exposing kids to art at an early age," Boswell said. "It builds the children's confidence and personality development."

The program is split into four sections. Each section deals with a different aspect of Columbia. The four groups are visual arts, writing and music, performing arts and media arts.

The campers go on a field trip each week relevant to the topics that they are working on. For example, in visual arts the children may go to the Art Institute or on a gallery tour. In the performing arts the children can participate in an improv jam designed specifically for them.

"Improv knocks down a lot of their stereotypes about the theater," said Boswell.

In writing and music a poet works with the children at Lincoln Park Zoo teaching them that "writing can be creative and fun."

There is also a band of Columbia College graduates that works with the kids.

"It seems to be a neat for the kids at this age," said Boswell. The children also participate in "traditional" summer fun such as going to the park, the zoo and the beach. There has been a big turnout for the program.



These three campers painted a "Summer in the City" mural last year in the college's gallery.

Photo provided by College Relations & Development

According to Boswell, in the past two years enrollment has increased greatly.

For the first time since the program began, an international flair has been added. Campers can now sign up for a musical and art tour of Vienna, Austria. This option is available to those students who have summer sessions that begin June 16th.

"We chose Vienna because it is a city rich in artistic cultural history, has a theater festival and many fine art museums," said Boswell. On August 11th, one week before the trip, the campers will be oriented to life in Austria. They will learn about responsible travel, journal keeping, photography, and art history.

Another program that Columbia sponsors is the High

School Summer Institute. The program was started in 1982 and is a "perfect opportunity for students to try on occupations and Columbia," said Bonnie Lennon, coordinator of the High School Summer Institute. "It also lets students experience cultural aspects of Chicago."

Sophomores, juniors and seniors have the opportunity to choose from over 50 different course offerings such as acting, advertising, computers, dance, journalism, fashion design, music, photography and many more.

"We hope that students [who participate in the program] gain the self confidence to continue their education at a college level," said Lennon. The courses are taught by volunteers from the faculty at Columbia.

Lennon hopes to introduce student ambassadors this year. "These are college students that they (high school students) can ask questions and learn what being a Columbia student is really like," said Lennon.

To help students become better acclimated with the city, the program offers "Explore the City" field trips. These trips include going to the museums, concerts in the park, galleries, theater and an archeological boat tour of the city.

The Summer Arts camp is in two sessions which start on June 16 to July 11 and July 14 to Aug. 8. Tuition is \$720 per session, which includes all supplies. For both sessions the cost is \$1,350.

The daily program starts at 8:30 a.m. to 4 p.m. For more information on these programs, call 312-663-1600 Ext. 5574.

The High School Institute runs from July 14 to Aug. 15. Tuition is \$100 per credit hour; students can earn up to 2 credit hours for courses.

Scholarships are available. For more information about the High School Summer Institute program call 312/663-1600 ext. 5135.

See page 12 for related story



# INSIDE...

# THE CHICAGO

## PART IV IN A

## P.O.E.T.S.

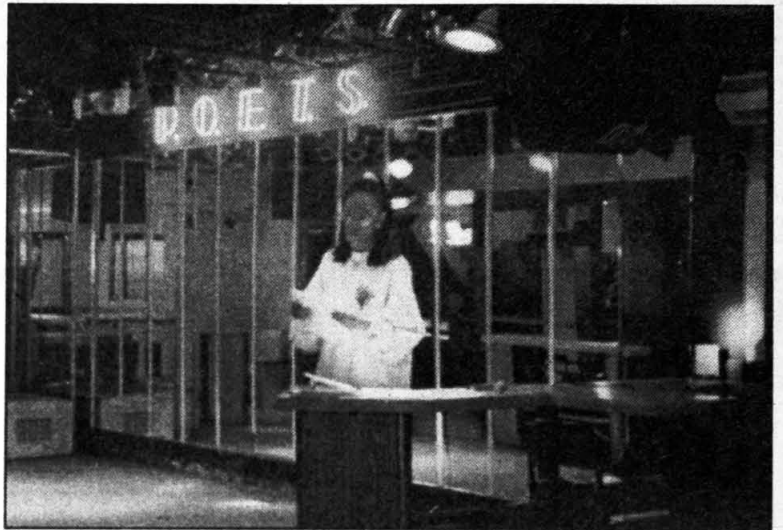
### About this series

Today's look at Weeds is Part III in a continuing series of poetry open-mic reviews the Chronicle is running indefinitely this semester—excerpted from a book to be released this summer, tentatively titled, "The Chicago Poetry Scene: A Comprehensive Guide."

The book, by editor-in-chief John Henry Biederman, seeks to define The Scene, from the invention of the slam onward, to an extent never seen before. As The Scene is an ever-

changing, largely unchronicled monster, the rare write-ups it has received have suffered from inaccuracies and misrepresentations—but this book strives to be different, written from a Scene insider's point of view.

Although the excerpts to be printed herein from but a small part of that work, enough will be included within these pages to allow one interested in the Scene to get started. For those interested in the book itself—keep up on this series as publication is now being negotiated between publishers.



By John Henry Biederman  
Editor-in-Chief

Despite the name, P.O.E.T.S. (5 W. Division St.) is possibly the most unlikely of all live poetry venues. As one of the many bars off State Street in this Gold Coast location, many poets, bohemian to begin with, wouldn't be caught dead here amid the Technicolor cocktails and washrooms with condom machines.

But on Monday nights, from 8:30 until 11 p.m., the bar becomes Poets Orating Everything Timely and Sensible, where one can usually expect a full house. Maria McCray, whose poetry appears in the movie "love jones," runs the show (she co-wrote "I am remembering love" with the film's writer, Theodore Witcher). McCray was one of the Monday night hosts at the now legendary Spices, the venue that inspired Witcher's movie.

That McCray's current reading is scheduled on the same night of the week as Spices' is no accident. "When Spices closed, for a few years it left a void in my life," she said. "P.O.E.T.S. is filling it now. It made my week to stop down there [at Spices] on a Monday night. When it ended, it ended a period that brought together so many voices that didn't have a voice before. We were all searching for that kinship that I'm helping to reestablish at P.O.E.T.S."

The success of this venue—as well as that of The Cotton Club and Lit X in Wicker Park—testifies to the growing popularity of the African-American style reading. The attitude here is a bit more nurturing than that of most venues and microphone time is allotted a little more freely. The stage occasionally serves as a sounding board for issues in the black community at large. Poetry encompasses a larger umbrella of expression, too—expect anything from music or a cappella

singing to comedy.

This is not a place where spectators sit quietly and gently clap afterward. It's a place where hoots, hollers and even dancing become commonplace in the audience. It's more of a poetry party than a poetry reading. And although the festivities derive from the African-American oral tradition, poets of all colors are welcome. And poets of all colors do come.

"What's going on now is on a broader level, because all types of poets come down to read. At Spices, it was almost exclusively African-American," McCray said, referring not only to her venue but other current black readings like Lit X in Wicker Park and the Cotton Club on the near South Side. "A white person, or even a Latino person, would walk in [to Spices] and the crowd would start yelling 'Devil in the House'—I always thought that was stupid. Now, there's more of an attitude that we're all in this together. There are a lot of special problems in the black community, but we're poets, we're beyond that—we realize these are also human problems."

McCray fosters an interactive feel in the reading, assigning a theme to each evening and providing extra paper for poets to quickly pen a few words on. She reads these theme pieces as the evening progresses and vows to one day compile a book with them.

Although McCray brands first-time readers "virgins" as is done at many other venues, she puts on spin on the virgin poet teasing of Weeds' Gregorio Gomez. When she asks "What do we do with a virgin poet?" the proper reply is "We have relations," as opposed to Weeds' "We fuck them up!"

"We're here to do something that people today don't do enough of—listen to one another," McCray said. This means only positive audience interaction. The reason for this is the role black poetry plays in the city—while the Green Mill's slam derived from a disdain for snobby academics, black poetry attained much of its popularity as an alternative to inner-city streets, a productive outlet in a world that often seems hopeless.

"The power of poetry touches people in a lot of ways," McCray said. "There's a strain of goodness in all of us, and poetry is very important in bringing that out."



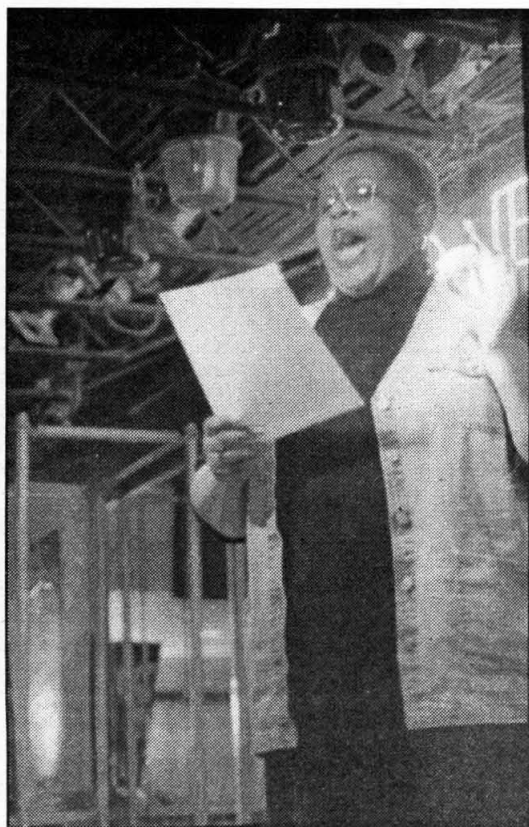
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# POETRY SCENE

## CONTINUING SERIES



### Photos by Amber Gribben

Clockwise, from upper left: Maria McCray presides over poetry amid lights and mirrors; poetry gets loud, melodic and entrancing; "Party" Calvin Glaze always adds humor to a poetry reading; musicians, too, express themselves at P.O.E.T.S.; and James Gautier performs his signature verse to the accompaniment of a strange instrument he recently found around the house (McCray usually dubs him "the craziest man here tonight").



Memories all mine,  
some perverse some devine.  
And he stroked the audience till they as one purred  
the proverbial pin dropped and the deaf even heard.  
Buffeted were we with mindless or mediocre spoken swill—  
had I my druthers, I'd be sitting in Spices still.

Maria McCray penned the above lines as a part of a poem about Spices, the now-defunct poetry outlet that inspired the movie "love jones." McCray was one of the hosts at Spices, and the venue holds a special place in her heart—but she thinks that all the media attention isn't focusing enough on the present. And many of her partners in verse feel the same.

"Witcher's my homey and all, but Spices is gone," said Mario X, a co-host, of sorts, at P.O.E.T.S.' sister readings at Lit X and the Cotton Club and a regular patron of McCray's readings. "People should focus more on what's happening now."

Mario's complaints stem from the treatment Lit X received on March 28 in the Chicago Tribune's Tempo section. Although he, McCray and all the hosts involved in Chicago's African-American poetry scene are glad for the publicity, the write-up embodies many of the reasons poetry scene regulars distrust the media.

On March 31 at P.O.E.T.S., running topic number two (in addition to McCray's interactive topic of "justice") was the Tribune article. (Media coverage of the African-

American community, in any form, is always under scrutiny by the sharp minds at P.O.E.T.S.) The complaints? While most Scene patrons give a thumbs up to "love jones," it's a movie. It's Hollywood. It's not what's going on here, and now, in the Windy City. And the Tribune piece seemed, to many, to say "look—this is kinda like 'love jones'" as opposed to "look—this is the reality 'love jones' came from."

The underground growth of black poetry in the city—three thriving venues right now—

seems to indicate that the "Golden Age" of Spices may soon look a little silver next to the scene emerging at this time. But I suppose that wasn't the "story" here.

The article listed a mess of poets that Tribune readers may be familiar with—well-known literary names, well-published authors. It completely missed the point of our poetry scene—a grassroots community of people concerned mostly with their poetry, their audience and their communities.

What's more, the Tribune published mostly demeaning (and even misleading) descriptions of Lit X's hosts. I see no purpose in relating them here—check it out for yourself.

But the Tribune's descriptions were more "exciting," "sensational," even. Do we need to ask why the public's losing faith in its "major" media?

Nonetheless, Tina Howell, the main host at Lit X, has largely gotten over the ordeal. "There's no such thing as bad publicity," she said. "That piece was really \$20,000 in free publicity."

And, of course, how much can you really expect from scene outsiders?  
—J.B.



# Here's Proof That A College Degree Can Really Pay Off.

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# Vampires Everywhere!

Wilfred Brandt

Sleep all day. Stay up all night. Wear all black. Grow out your nails. Drink blood. Er, wait-scratch that part about the blood. How about, "hang out all night coffee shops smoking cigarettes and talking about death?" Or maybe, "watch a few more Marilyn Manson videos for makeup ideas?"

Recently, I stumbled onto a startling new phenomenon. One night I was on campus a bit later than I normally am, and I noticed some students I never see during the daylight hours. Much to my surprise I found that, after 6 p.m., the armies of the undead swarm the campus! No, not armies of the BRAIN dead, that I'm used to by now. These were bona fide, grade A, Transylvanian vampires! Or so I thought. Creatures with long, black hair, all black clothes, and pale complexions were waiting patiently for the elevators to arrive as I sat crouched in the corner of the lobby, scrambling to make my best index finger crucifix. I was disillusioned when a fellow student informed me that these weren't actual vampires. Huh? "It's just a fashion trend," I was told. I could not believe it.

Maybe we can blame it on that "Vampires" card game. Or those "Interview with the Vampire" novels. Or Elvira's meteoric career. Whoever is at fault, the halls of Columbia are now filled with enough pasty faces and black trench coats to rival a Bauhaus concert.

I would probably find it more comforting to know these were actual bloodsuckers, instead of just fashion victims. The put-on is a little confusing. I mean, why would you want to be a vampire? There are a lot more funny things you could pretend to be. How about a werewolf? You can grow out your body hair, growl a lot. Or maybe a mummy? Wrap yourself up in gauze, growl a lot. Frankenstein perhaps?

You could get real buff, speak in broken sentences... wait, I'm getting Frankenstein and Van Damme confused again. But, you get the picture.

With the end of the eighties and the drop in record sales for The Cure, I thought I had seen the last of boys and girls in pancake make-up and thick black eyeliner. But, apparently, "goth" of the eighties has become "vamp" of the nineties. People are breathing new life into Morrissey's immortal crooning: "I wear black on the outside, 'cuz black is how I feel on the inside." Now though, just wearing black is not nearly enough. To be true vampire, you need a few tattoos, some silver jewelry, long black nails and combat boots. Still, it's the same idea. I recently heard an ad on the radio that announced a "goth dance night" where you can celebrate your "love of life through DEATH." And that's what always bothered me about goth the first time around. How can you love death when you're still alive?

Last weekend, I made a dreadful mistake and I went to see a midnight movie at the Village North, and I had forgotten that The Rocky Horror Picture Show plays there also. Though there has always been a goth element at Rocky Horror showings, it seemed stronger than ever, dour faces and bone white skin (I think some of the people were actually dressed up to see Trainspotting). I wrapped my scarf tightly around my neck and quickly rushed inside to avoid being bitten.

Maybe I just need to stop going out at night, since the undead are allergic to sunlight. Or maybe I should start carrying a wooden stake. Or maybe the vampire race will eventually die out. Has anyone seen the television version of the film Buffy the Vampire Slayer? I had high hopes that it would be a real life documentary, but no such luck.



# Hello Dolly



Sam Walters

All this talk of cloning, brain chip implants, genetic engineering and general knowledge of and tampering with things previously thought unknowable and unalterable has plunged many of my more sensitive, artistically-inclined friends into steep existential nose-dives the likes of which many of them will never pull out of, or, at the very least, emerge thousands of dollars in debt to some insidiously controlling shrink to whom, him having burrowed and nested deep in the core of their psyche, they will remain enslaved, Brian Wilson-like, for the rest of their days.

Dirty and feverish, they sit on the edges of their beds, naked, save for the same pair of steadily greying "Haynes" briefs they've been wearing for two weeks now, chain-smoking and staring paranoid out the window for the first signs of the coming armada of cybernetically enhanced mutants and bio-engineered uber-men to come parading down the street, heralding their obsolescence and the defilement of all they hold sacred. Myself, I can't wait.

Just think of the infinite possibilities these fantastic new technologies afford us! Why, with nothing more complex than an injection or topical ointment, we can affect the appearance or removal of a wide variety of limbs and appendages, like say, the elusive third or even fourth nipple! We may also circumvent traditional placement restrictions with these methods, so as to manifest a pair of nipples, for example, on our temples, or on the palms of our hands; the culmination of this technology will doubtless see these nipples capable of lactating and we will then, if we're so desirous, be able to spin about spurting milk from our heads like a fountain, or make as some dairy-style super-hero vanquishing evil with powerful blasts of calcium rich justice from our hands(!)... er.

At the very least, such custom bodywork will make for some interesting conversation:

"Hey baby, ever seen a guy with... three of these!"

"Yes, but never that size, nor in such a

wide array of rainbow colors."

Paramount amongst all these technological developments is the advent of cloning. While many noble ideas have been raised recently as to the best application of this exciting new technique, I believe I offer up the one of most import when I propose we start cloning... me... a lot. See, mama always said I was going to be a loser and while I tend to agree with her, I generally retain a modernists' skepticism of absolute truths, preferring instead to see things in gradations of probability. I will, in all likelihood, end up a dangerous loser—I am already, clearly, a psychopath. My thinking then, is that for the good of society, we should clone me numerous times, the theory being that with repetition eventually, inevitably, must come some degree of success, at least enough to place "me" happily as the manager of some backwater "Denny's," safely far from civilization. This is not unlike betting at the racetrack, putting money on the blind three-legged horse to, every fiftieth race or so, stop butting his head mindlessly against the track railing and stumble entirely by accident over the finish line, perhaps even finishing a respectable dead-last. I will supervise the progress of my clones on a bank of monitors from my luxurious loft-plex on the "scenic" south-side.

"How is clone #15 coming along Corky?"

Corky-my clone man-servant: "A successful alcoholic my lord, God Emperor Walters."

"And #13, how is he progressing?"

"A most skilled peep-show janitor."

"Well! I should say that's an unqualified success, I mean, given the circumstances. And what of #14, how has he shaped up?"

"A college newspaper columnist, my lord."

"Oh sweet Christ! That's pathetic. Euthanize him immediately."

Maybe I've succeeded in assuaging some of my friends' anxieties with this thoughtful, hopefully reassuring column.

## Don't sweat it!

## Summer Registration

## Begins Monday, April 21, 1997

## Ends Friday, April 25, 1997

*It will be held in the 600 S. Michigan Campus from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.*



# SHOOTS AND LETTERS



"All the nuts that are unfit to print elsewhere!"

This page rated SH--the discretion of a sense of humor is required. The opinions represented herein are not those of the college, Journalism Department, Chronicle or, in some cases, anybody in their right mind.

When sending correspondence to the Shoots And Letters Department, please also include your name and phone number for verification purposes. You can "write" us in the following ways: Mail: c/o Columbia College Chicago Chronicle, 623 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, IL 60605; FAX: (312) 427-3920; e-mail: Chron96@interaccess.com; Web page message board: <http://www5.interaccess.com/chronicle>. We reserve the right to edit all submissions for length and clarity.

## Mad about labs

This letter is in response to the article "Eng. Dept. Opens New Computer Lab" by Danielle Hirsch:

THE NEW PROGRAM SUCKS!!!!

I don't know who sold Norton Textra Connect to Columbia, but he or she must have been damn slick. This Norton is WORTHLESS. It's worse than worthless. It's a blatant rip-off. Not only is the program unreturnable, even unopened, unusable on a Mac, but to have it at home serves no purpose. It is a NETWORKING program. With whom shall I network AT HOME!? And let's talk about training. It is now the week after spring break and still most of the class has not been "connected" to the system. My teacher, Nelly, has spent more time trying to get us "connected" than our first two essays have gone unread by our peers. The entire English Comp. program is based on 3 drafts of each essay with peer feedback to guide us along. So, once again, Columbia College has ripped me off. (They also fired Ira Abrams, Film Chair, who was finally getting things moving here, but that's another issue.)

Sick of Being Bent Over by This School,  
Marc Roman Bravo, senior, screenwriter  
Via E-Mail

Marc--Is your name really "Roman Bravo"? If so, you should become a super hero! And is your teacher really named "Nelly"? If so, she should become the damsel in distress in all of your super hero adventures! You, my friend, are a comic book waiting to happen! And your first villains can all come from the Vile Columbia Computer Lab! We can see it now!--Eds.

## Dumping women's expo in Hokin

The level of some of the "quality" artwork in the women's exhibition is absolute crap. How could you (Hokin Faculty) let so much half-ass work be entered in this contest and school gallery. I am almost embarrassed to say I am a woman/artist studying at Columbia. I'm sure there were many entries made only for the shot at the prize money. Nice try, Naomi Walchak, with the bike tire piece (try not to pick up any garbage on your way to school). Another poor effort award goes to Nancy VanKaneagan: "faculty?" Does that mean you're a teacher here? You did a crappy tape job on the moons. I do believe the toilet on the call for artwork invitation encourages such poor work. It's pathetically sad to see a picture of a toilet bowl at the entrance of the exhibition.

I will end with some sugar and spice, a little bit nice. First place winner Elena Diadenko: Your paintings were excellent, a well-deserved first place. I am glad to see there were at least two great examples of the kind of work being done at this school.

Dina Tabora, 1996 Alumni, 3D modeler/animator

Dina--Let's see...The invitation had a picture of a toilet, right? And you're calling the art "crap," right? Seems pretty appropriate to us.--Eds.

## He thinks, therefore... we're scared

Hi. I was thinking. Why does Columbia have all these clubs where you have to be a minority or homosexual? Why not have a non-segregational club? That's why I propose the Ralph Wiggum club. The Ralph Wiggum club would be dedicated to the quotation of the great Ralph Wiggum. Of course, Ralph is a white, heterosexual male and his father is a member of the racist Springfield police, but Ralph's wit and humor nullifies all his evil oppressive qualities. For example:

"My cat's breath smells like cat food." Ain't it true?

And what about: "Somebody stole my juice money." If only we could all be so brutally honest.

And: "My worm jumped into my mouth and I ate it." Don't you hate when that happens?

"Ralph Wiggum" (supposedly)  
Via Chronicle Online Forum

"Ralph"--We knew this letter was going to be a treat after reading the second line. Normally, we would encourage people to do more thinking. But obviously, you're new to it. You need more practice. Then again, maybe thinking's not for you.--Eds.

## From the home office in Berwyn

Here are some of the reasons why most men ARE jerks:

- 1) They must use drugs to get laid (i.e. "roofies" in unsuspecting women's drinks).
- 2) They still think that maintaining a household is "woman's work."
- 3) They perpetrate most hate crimes.
- 4) They make more money than women doing the exact same job.
- 5) They get their girlfriends pregnant and then won't pay child support.
- 6) They abuse women and children, but get released early from prison.
- 7) They think they can tell us what we can do with our bodies.
- 8) They pollute the environment, exploit third-world countries, but can still sleep at night.
- 9) They are the majority of pedophiles and rapists.
- 10) They have no respect for women in general.

And now for the twisted part of this letter: I love men! But until they start taking responsibility for their actions, I fear that I'll never have a fulfilling relationship with one. You guys bitch and moan about "be yourself" and "have standards" when looking for men, but as soon as we do, you guys get scared and run. If I have to act passive and air-headed just to get a date, then I guess I'll remain alone.

The more independent women get, the more names men call us and the more problems we're blamed for: break-up of the nuclear family, fatherless households, juvenile crime, repressed male anger--the list goes on. The way it looks now, they'll have to discover an alien race from another

er galaxy before I ever date again.

Still Waiting for Prince Respectful,  
Carrie L. Nelson  
Via e-Mail

Bitter Sexist--We think remaining alone is a good option for a stereotyping, hobbyless, paranoid woman like you (most of them are using roofies! Roofies are everywhere!)--Eds.

## Some good news

On Wednesday morning, March 26, Michelle K. Murphy found another student's wallet in the Academic Computing Department's restroom facilities. The wallet was full of credit cards, cash and all of the other valuable and vital bits and pieces of a person's life that make losing a wallet such a nightmare. Michelle brought it straight to my office and returned it without fanfare or the expectation of a reward. I would like to thank Michelle on behalf of the entire Department for her honesty and integrity.

Bill McMahon  
Lab Coordinator, Academic  
Computing Department

Bill--All of us would like to congratulate Ms. Murphy, too. Now, can someone please turn-in the Sherlock Holmes hat Bob Chiarito lost last year? And the pet ostrich Managing Editor Mema Ayi accidentally misplaced here last month. And the life that letter writer Carrie Nelson seems to be missing...--Eds.

## Idiot of the Week

50 fun things to do on Columbia's Elevators:

1. Make race car noises when anyone gets on or off.
2. Blow your nose and offer to show the contents of your Kleenex to other passengers.
3. Grimace painfully while smacking your forehead and muttering: "Shut up, dammit, all of you just shut UP!"
4. Whistle the first seven notes of "It's a Small World" incessantly.
5. Sell Girl Scout cookies.
6. On a long ride, sway side to side at the natural frequency of the elevator.
7. Shave.
8. Crack open your briefcase or purse and, while peering inside, ask: "Got enough air in there?"
9. Offer name tags to everyone getting on the elevator. Wear yours upside-down.
10. Stand silent and motionless in the corner, facing the wall, without getting off.
11. When arriving at your floor, grunt and strain to yank the doors open, then act embarrassed when they open by themselves.
12. Lean over to another passenger and whisper: "Noogie patrol coming!"
13. Greet everyone getting on the elevator with a warm handshake and ask them to call you Admiral.
14. One word: Flatulence!
15. On the highest floor, hold the door open and demand that it stay open until you hear the penny you dropped down the shaft go "plink" at the bottom.
16. Do Tai Chi exercises.
17. Stare, grinning, at another passenger for a while, and then announce: "I've got

new socks on!"

18. When at least 8 people have boarded, moan from the back: "Oh, not now, damn motion sickness!"
19. Give religious tracts to each passenger.
20. Meow occasionally.
21. Bet the other passengers you can fit a quarter in your nose.
22. Frown and mutter "gotta go, gotta go" then sigh and say "oops!"
23. Show other passengers a wound and ask if it looks infected.
24. Sing "Mary had a little lamb" while continually pushing buttons.
25. Holler "Chutes away!" whenever the elevator descends.
26. Walk on with a cooler that says "human head" on the side.
27. Stare at another passenger for a while, then announce "You're one of THEM!" and move to the far corner of the elevator.
28. Burp, and then say "mmmm...tasty!"
29. Leave a box between the doors.
30. Ask each passenger getting on if you can push the button for them.
31. Wear a puppet on your hand and talk to other passengers "through" it.
32. Start a sing-along.
33. When the elevator is silent, look around and ask "is that your beeper?"
34. Play the harmonica.
35. Shadow box.
36. Say "Ding!" at each floor.
37. Lean against the button panel.
38. Say "I wonder what all these do" and push the red buttons.
39. Listen to the elevator walls with a stethoscope.
40. Draw a little square on the floor with chalk and announce to the other passengers that this is your "personal space."
41. Bring a chair along.
42. Take a bite of a sandwich and ask another passenger: "Wanna see wha in muh mouf?"
43. Blow spit bubbles.
44. Pull your gum out of your mouth in long strings.
45. Announce in a demonic voice: "I must find a more suitable host body."
46. Carry a blanket and clutch it protectively.
47. Make explosion noises when anyone presses a button.
48. Wear "X-Ray Specs" and leer suggestively at other passengers.
49. Stare at your thumb and say "I think it's getting larger."
50. If anyone brushes against you, recoil and holler "Bad touch!"

Via Chronicle Online Forum

Whoever you are--You made the right choice in not signing your name to this little list of yours. And to the reader--As far as we can tell, this is an argument in favor of government regulation for the internet. And to any Supreme Court justices reading this--Guys like this are a significant minority on the internet. And to anybody--Guys like him (or her) ARE a significant minority, right? Right?--Eds.

**We're in touch,  
wanna lend us  
a hand? Tell us  
what's going  
on!**

# This Is This

Bob Chiarito



## Keep the blues alive!

**M**axwell Street. To many, the famous street conjures up images of capitalism in its most basic form. Where else could one go to buy hubcaps for a 1977 Buick and clothes for kids while eating Polish sausage and listening to some of the best bluesmen on earth?

Yes, it was all at the Maxwell Street market, held every Sunday for 120 years until 1994, when the City of Chicago shut it down to allow for the expansion of the University of Illinois at Chicago. Since then, a watered-down version has been staged at Roosevelt Road and Canal Street, but the real Maxwell Street cannot be duplicated.

For those who never went to "Jew Town," as it was proudly known to everyone, including Jews, you may want to rent the movie "The Blues Brothers." In the movie, the main characters, Jake and Elwood, go to a soul-food restaurant on Maxwell Street where the waitress is none other than the Queen of Soul herself, Aretha Franklin. While that scene is staged, blues legend John Lee Hooker's cameo was not. It just happened that when the cast went down to Maxwell Street to film, Hooker was chilling out, playing blues as he often did at the Sunday bazaar.

For anyone that remembers, Maxwell Street was disorganized and dirty. But it may not be a stretch to say many business executives of today learned the skills of hustling a deal from dealing with Maxwell Street vendors. Not only that, but it can be argued that Maxwell Street was the place bluesmen from the Mississippi Delta first started playing electric blues, which ultimately led to the birth of Rock and Roll. While those points can be debated, one thing about Maxwell Street is certain. In a city widely considered the most segregated in America, Maxwell Street was an oasis where people of all races and nationalities got together and communicated, even if it was only about the price of a toaster.

Two weeks ago I went down to Memphis and was in awe when I saw Beale Street. Like Maxwell Street, Beale Street also has a long history dealing with music and race relations. In fact, it was Sam Phillips, owner of Sun Records in Memphis, that gave many black bluesmen their first chance to record their music and it was in Memphis that black bluesmen were first treated with respect.

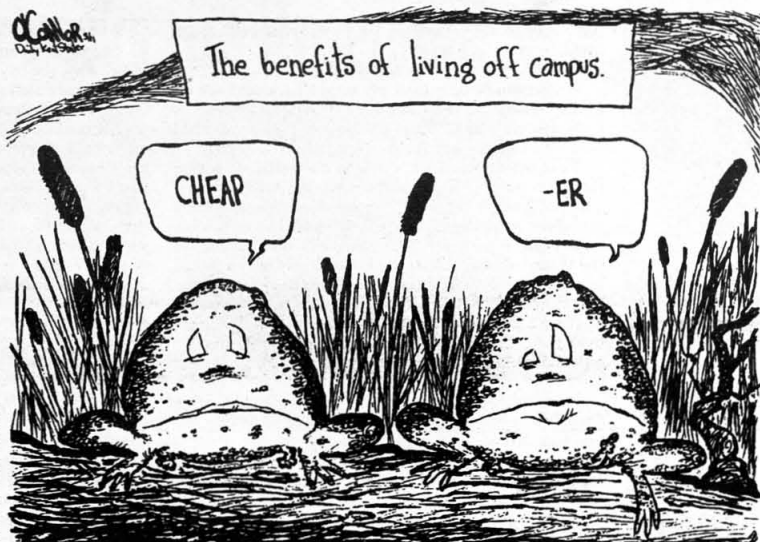
The warm Tennessee air must enable clear thinking, because restoring Beale Street, which was once rundown and nearly completely shut-down, has turned into one of Memphis largest tourist attractions.

While in Memphis, I couldn't figure out why Chicago hasn't restored many of its blues landmarks. With the amount of tourism pouring into Memphis, certainly restoring a few historic landmarks or creating a Maxwell Street Blues museum would bring Chicago lots of money.

But UIC controls much of the land near Maxwell Street and its Chancellor, David Broski, seems not to care about a vital part of Chicago history. Unfortunately, the media, historians and even much of Chicago's blues community already views the fight to save what's left of Maxwell Street as a lost cause.

But it may not be. Roosevelt University Professor Steve Balkin and his Maxwell Street Historic Preservation Coalition is playing the role of David in this battle, taking on Mayor Daley and UIC. To find out how you could help, call Balkin at 312-341-3696 or visit the group's web site at [www.openair.org/maxwell.preserve.html](http://www.openair.org/maxwell.preserve.html).

Remember, having the blues is better than having nothing at all.



## Cruisin' for cash?

**A**fter reading Paul Zabratanski's story on page 5 about summer employment in Alaska, we should be wondering which of the other flyers on our bulletin boards are scams to sucker in already financially-strapped college students.

Let's take this as another example of "if it's too good to be true..." This is not to say that all of the flyers are put up by greedy employers hungry for broke college students to do aggressive work in unpleasant conditions for little pay. But we should be cautious about these seemingly wonderful jobs with big paychecks. This is kind of like those sweepstakes scams that are stealing money from the elderly. They want you to send them money so that they can provide you with a great opportunity. Sounds a little crooked, huh?

As Zabratanski pointed out in his story, students have found that once they get to Alaska, they work up to 18-hour days, are expected to live in conditions that are probably worse than their campus homes and are not likely to make the \$4,000 promised for a summer of long, hard work.

Unfortunately, these jobs are not like internships, where we're at least working for credit or experience in our field of interest. And even then, doing aggressive work or menial tasks for little or no pay seems worth it.

We also can't lay all the blame on the employers. They're counting on us to be gullible. But, since we are in college now, we should at least be willing to investigate the details of a job that seems too good to be true.

Besides, one has to wonder why any person from the Midwest would take a job on a fishing boat in Alaska—of all places—over the summer.

## College of opportunity

America has long been called the melting pot of the world. Columbia can now be thanked for adding to this diversity.

As related in Rui Kaneya's front-page story, Columbia is attracting more international students than many big name universities across the country.

Rui is one of these students. He is from Japan and decided to study in America here at Columbia.

We at The Chronicle would like to congratulate the school on this.

The school can take pride in the contributions of each culture to not only the college, but the city and country as a whole.

**THE CHRONICLE IS ALWAYS LOOKING FOR STORIES TO COVER AT COLUMBIA. IF YOU KNOW SOMETHING, OR THINK SOMETHING FISHY IS GOING ON, TELL US ABOUT IT!**

**IT'S EASY TO GET IN TOUCH WITH US.**

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# Stuff from Staff

Jill Schimelpfenig

## Jill's Opus

**T**he overall educational experience that students can receive at Columbia is unique from most other universities. For the most part, this school allows you a voice and encourages you to use it in order to stimulate thought, which in turn fosters internal change and growth true education.

The United States was one of the first nations to revamp its educational system so that students became part of the learning process and were not simply spectators of a preacher-like teacher. In the late 1800's, educators saw the benefits of classroom reorganization, where students sat in circles, facing one another, with the teacher as leader of thought and assistant to knowledge. Teacher took more of a backseat while students became the leaders of their own education.

In many classrooms, Columbia has exemplified this productive, interactive learning process. Rows are stripped down, desks are scattered in rough circles where eye contact spurs confidence and conversation.

However, there are deviants who have slipped through our doors and into our classrooms who try to act as head of the class, but who are actually working against the more effective system.

Last semester I had the misfortune of signing up for a class where the teacher, if one could call him that, thought learning should occur by rote. His mechanical approach to teaching, with his emphasis on memorization versus attention to acquired sense, provided students with nothing more than a temporary set of principles that were soon forgotten.

Scientists suggest that most people will forget 90 percent of any facts that they are forced to memorize on a short-term basis.

In the case of my former particular classroom head one should not call him a teacher he required his students, in the course of 15 short weeks, to memorize a 317-page book about writing style. In other words, we were asked to memorize a guide similar to a dictionary, only more specific and detailed. We spent valuable class time and study time going over a book that is meant to be used as a resource guide. If you are unsure of a word, you look it up and, through time and necessity of use, the particular definition becomes a familiar second-nature.

Call me critical, but I find it hard to keep silent over abuse of my mind.

At one point during the semester, I attempted to discuss with this classroom head my disgruntlement over his teaching style. The two-minute discourse ended with him rudely tossing my homework at me before he then turned his back and walked away.

His main problem, I believe, was self-righteousness. He thoroughly enjoyed wasting classroom time by preaching to his students about the real-world, as if he knew all there is to know, showing us clippings from the classified section that listed qualities in which prospective employers look for in job applicants and then continued, on a regular basis, to patronize us by demeaning our motives for attending this college. He thought students came to Columbia solely to get a job and that none of us actually cared about what we learned.

Faced with what he dished out, it was very hard to care.

My point with all of this is that despite a few dictatorial types, Columbia is equipped with excellent teachers and as students, you should not get discouraged if at some point in your college career one of this lot surfaces to try to swipe away your confidence and admiration for knowledge.



## Mema's Love Loft

With  
Mema Ayi



Dear Mema,

I have been pondering on one question of love for quite some time now. It seems like whenever somebody falls in love with me, not only do I not feel the same way, but it's the most annoying circumstance. Then, I fall in love with someone, but the hardly care about me. It's always this way. You like someone, but they don't like you. Then someone likes you, but you don't like them. Do you see where I am going with this? Is there any way to get around this vicious love circle?

RB

We can't always have what we want, can we? I'm having a hard time answering your question, often being a victim of the "why didn't you like me when I liked you?" syndrome myself. Wouldn't life be grand if we could get the people we liked to fall head-over-heels in love with us? Only then, we'd have to fall head-over-heels in love with people we normally would have no interest in and would find

ourselves in those "annoying circumstances" more often than we are now.

*If only I could get his/her attention...*

If s/he would only look my way, s/he would see all of the wonderful things about me and we would live happily ever after, hand in hand, etc., etc., etc. That is, if s/he can see beyond my many faults, right?

This whole "dating" thing is so weird. It seems that the people we wouldn't go out with even if Chuck Wollery himself were paying for the date somehow have the capacity to see past our annoying habits and faulty interpersonal skills and love all of the things about us that the Grant Hills of the world couldn't see if their lives were dependent upon it.

*That body, that face, hair, smile, walk...*

If s/he were mine, I could work that body, caress that face. I could run my fingers through her/his hair (or rub that bald head) and that smile would always be just for me.

It sounds like your love life works the way mine does. There's always some undesirable annoying the hell out of me. And when I want someone, there's almost always another woman working that body, caressing that face, running her fingers through that hair and enjoying his smile.

Or he's just plain not interested. And that's fine. It's no big loss, right?

*Try not to take a lack of interest personally*

A lack of interest doesn't mean that you're ugly, stupid, immature or annoying. You might not be that person's "type." And his/her type is probably everything you're not. Ugly, because it makes them feel better about their looks; stupid, because they're not very bright (you'd just make them feel dumb); immature, because they're easier to control; and annoying because...I can't figure out why men date annoying women. Maybe they're easier to get into bed.

*OK, what now?*

What do you do when you realize that the would-be object of your affections is never going to look your way, be overwhelmed with desire by your scent, made instantly happy by the sound of your laughter or be mesmerized by your smile? You move on, dammit!

Keep in mind though, that while you must move on, your fantasies don't have to end. In your mind you can still share his/her joys and pains, look deep into each other's eyes and even meet a clergyman at the end of an aisle surrounded by 300 members of your family and friends. If that's the kind of fantasy you're into.

*I hate to even say this, but...*

What if you have to see this person on a regular basis because of work, school or whatever makes them part of your regular routine and they've made it clear that they just want to be "friends." Isn't that the worst? Well, after you're done pulling your hair out in frustration, you get over it. You learn how to deal with his/her presence. But you have to find healthy ways to deal with it.

Leaving a room every time s/he walks in because you're afraid that you will be so overcome with passion that you'll pounce on him/her like a dog in heat is not healthy. Nor is convincing yourself that you're better off without him/her because each day you find a new flaw in their character. It won't take long before you start to think those flaws are "kinda cute."

You just have to live with it. And try talking about it—when you're ready. You probably won't be judged as harshly as your honesty will be appreciated. If that person really is your "friend" you should be able to discuss such matters and still remain friends. But, if they're not, they could tell everyone you know and make you look like a big geek!

## Columbia's High School Institute offers opportunity

By Chuck Jordan  
Copy Editor

On a warm sunny summer afternoon last summer, Ifaeanyi Nwawe entered a small room overlooking Harrison Street. She took her place among a circle of chairs. She opened her blue shoulder bag and took out a control board schedule and control log for a radio station. The schedule read four minutes for the two music segways, 30 seconds for the two public service announcements and 15 seconds for the commercial. The AP network news closed out the segment.

Despite her surroundings, Nwawe wasn't a radio announcer or even a broadcast student. She was a 16-year-old high school junior from Long Beach, CA who was enrolled in the High School Institute program at Columbia last summer.

In 1996, over 500 students took part in 47 different classes offered through the institute. The program has drawn students as far away as Arizona and California.

"The course [Radio News Reporting] is helping to define my career choices," said Nwawe last summer. "I've always known I've had an interest in radio broadcasting. Taking this course has shown me all the different career options that are available to me within radio."

Each individual class attempts to introduce the student to each area of study.

"Our goal is to introduce high school students to overall fundamentals of radio news reporting," said instructor Karen Cavaliero. "And let students know what good radio sounds like."

A key focus of the course is getting the students comfortable with the equipment found in newsrooms across the country. The control board exercise was one of the many assignments given throughout the course. Other work focused on the different aspects of gathering information and writing.

According to Bonnie Lennon, institute coordinator, a major goal of the institute is to let students know what college is about and to help students realize there is a safe environment for their creativity within the school.

The program benefits everyone involved. The students receive credit and a valuable sample of college life, while the school receives recognition.

Potential students get the chance to acquaint themselves with Columbia's faculty, facilities and curriculum. The marketing appears to be a positive recruitment method. For example, 150 former institute students registered as freshmen last year.

Nwawe hadn't heard about Columbia until she saw a bulletin board advertisement about the institute at a junior college near her home. She said that the institute gave her a positive image of college and Columbia.

"Attending the institute confirms the fact that I am interested in college."

## Lerman spices up science

By Arjumand Hashmi  
Staff Writer

Stepping out of the elevator on to the fourteenth floor of the Torco building, the first thing you notice is an incredible source of energy that appears to be generating from one specific office.

This source is provided by Dr. Zafra Lerman—a woman who has successfully left her mark in the world of education and continues to soar. She is responsible for creating outstanding programs which have been implemented by educational institutes all across the world. Lerman is the director of Columbia's Science Institute, Distinguished Professor of Science and Public Policy and world-renowned human rights activists.

Lerman joined Columbia College in 1977 when she was a vital part of establishing the Department of Science and Mathematics. Through the years, Lerman's leadership helped the Institute of Science emerge into a department where creativity and science went hand-in-hand.

Bringing art and science principles together along with developing creative methods of presenting science, Lerman reached out to students. Students who were art and media oriented concentrated in their field and were turned off by science. Lerman had taken on the difficult challenge of teaching scientific concepts in a creative and interesting way to students who are not science oriented.

Her efforts and achievements have not gone unnoticed or unappreciated. On March 14, Lerman was presented the American Chemical Society (Chicago Section) Public Affairs Award. She was honored for her internationally recognized activism on behalf of human rights, scientific freedom and for innovative science education methods.

Lerman has kept her base at Columbia and has used her talents locally to serve the students of Columbia as well as the Chicago community. Recently, the National Science Foundation awarded Columbia College's Science Institute a grant for over \$1 million to continue its innovative work promoting science literacy in low-income Chicago schools. In the next five years the grant will promote a program combining two successful science education programs developed by Lerman.

"I work very closely with the Chicago public schools, through this grant we will be able to train teachers with the methods developed at Columbia about the concepts and content of science," said Lerman.

"Until the students of the City of Chicago get the best education in science, I haven't finished my job," stated Lerman.

She continued to say Columbia students deserve the best education and Columbia's Science Institute has excellent teacher and facilities.

Lerman feels saddened by the interference of politics in the course decision making process. In a lecture, she compared her fights with regimes on human rights to her battle with regimes on education.

"I feel that the best education is a right for all of our students. The fact that the under privileged stay under privileged so long is not because we don't have smart children or teachers that can teach the children, it's because we have regimes. Regimes that want to prevent the best education," said Lerman.

Reportedly students have been told not to take classes in the Science Institute. According to Lerman the problem is that students are being told not to take classes in the Science Institute, therefore they are missing out on taking advantage of the wealth of the curriculum and equipment which is designed for the 21 century. She refers to this as "bad politics" that she has to fight.

Many times Lerman is questioned about the validity of the courses offered by the Science Institute. Confused students have approached her about why they were told that if they took a course in the Science Institute, it would not fulfill their science requirements.

One of the courses offered in the Science Institute is titled, "Ozone to Oil Spills, Chemistry, the Environment and you." This course was developed as an introductory course and intended for non-science majors. Funding for this course was provided by National Science Foundation, \$265,000 was the course development grant. The idea for developing this course is to have it adopted by every college and university in the United States. Currently Columbia's Science Institute is involved in this program with Indiana University and Princeton University. Students enrolled in the class fly in May to Princeton University where they learn together with the science students from Princeton.

Lerman has a passion for education as well as giving the oppressed an opportunity at life. She has found a medium between her love for science and humanity. Lerman's her motivation is to change the world not let people destroy it for their benefit. Lerman has touched the lives of many through her open minded and determined personality. Dr. Vil Mirzayanov's statement speaks for itself, he thanked Lerman for her cordiality, humanity and her kind impulse in expressing sympathy and concern for a person she did not know. In Mirzayanov's words, she is indeed something close to sainthood.

# Wrestlemania rocks the Rosemont

By Katrice Hardaway  
Correspondent

Champion Sycho Sid vs. The Undertaker. Thumbs up.

The Undertaker is the new WWF Champion after a 22-minute marathon grudge match with the Sycho one.

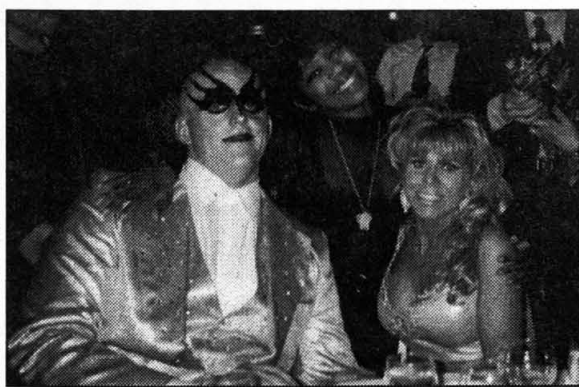
Although the outcome of this match was heavily influenced by Bret Hart, The Undertaker is still deserving of the title. Bret hit Sid in the head with a steel chair and immediately Sid got the "Tombstone Piledriver" by the Undertaker, causing Sid to get pinned for the 1-2-3. One of the highlights of the match was Sid's pre-match "Power Bombed" of Bret Hart.

Ahmed Johnson and the Legion of Doom vs. Faarooq, Crush and Savio Vega.

Chicago gave hometown boys Hawk and Animal (Legion of Doom) a hero's welcome. All during this Chicago Street Fight, the sell out crowd chanted "L-O-D". Both sides brought out everything but the kitchen sink. There were fire extinguishers, road signs, 2 by 4's. After it was all said and done, the Legion of Doom and Ahmed Johnson were victorious.

Bret Hart vs. Stone Cold Steve Austin.

This was the best match of the whole night and should have been the main event. These men battled to a bloody pulp as Austin spilled out serious blood. Both men shoved out their best moves, but the match was finally ended when Austin was rendered unconscious when



Former Intercontinental Champion, Goldust, and his wife Marlena joined Katrice Hardaway for a photo at Wrestlemania.

Bret Hart put him in the sharp shooter. Austin never submitted.

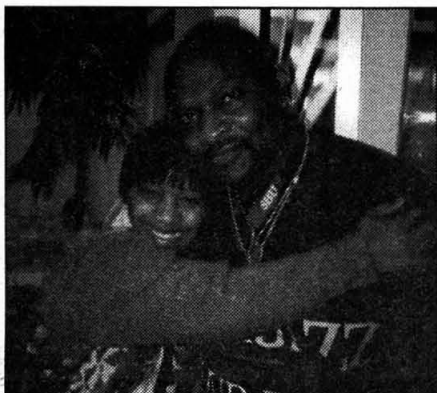
Owen Hart and The British Bulldog vs. Vader and Mankind for the WWF tag-team title.

I was a little disappointed with the outcome of this match. It ended in a double count out with Vader and the Bulldog. The best part of the match was when Mankind put the claw on the Bulldog after the match. Looks like the demented pair of Vader and Mankind will be a force to be reckoned with.

Goldust Vs. Hunter Hearst Helmsley. Whereas Helmsley won the match, the ladies at ringside provided the entertainment of the evening. The best part was Chyna's post-match ragdoll shake down of Goldust wife and manager Marlena.

Other Matches: Rocky Mavia retained his Intercontinental Title over the Sultan.

The Headbangers won the 4-team elimination tag match by beating out the



Wrestler Ahmed Johnson and Katrice Hardaway at an in-store autograph signing event.

Godwins, the Blackjacks and Doug Furnas/Philip LaFon.

  
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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.

**SRE** petite, smart, fun, and ohhh sooo sassy, seeks **SJM** 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.



## **Columbia College Office of Latino Cultural Affairs**

### **Spring '97 Schedule of Events**

**Screening of:  
Dolores Dulces**

Produced by:  
Ira Abrams  
Chairman of the film and video department  
Followed by a panel discussion

April 15, 1997  
4:30 to 6:00 p.m.  
Ferguson Theater

### **Latino Diversity '97**

#### **A group exhibition of six Latino Artists**

Jose Andreu—Puerto Rico  
Rene Arceo—Mexico  
Marilyn Cortes—USA  
Alfonso Lirani—Venezuela  
Paula Pia Martinez—Chile  
Mirtes Zwierzynski—Brazil

Proudly Presented by  
Hokin Gallery

Curator  
Mario Castillo  
Faculty of the Department of Art and Design

April 14 through May 8, 1997

Myron Hokin Gallery  
623 South Wabash Ave.

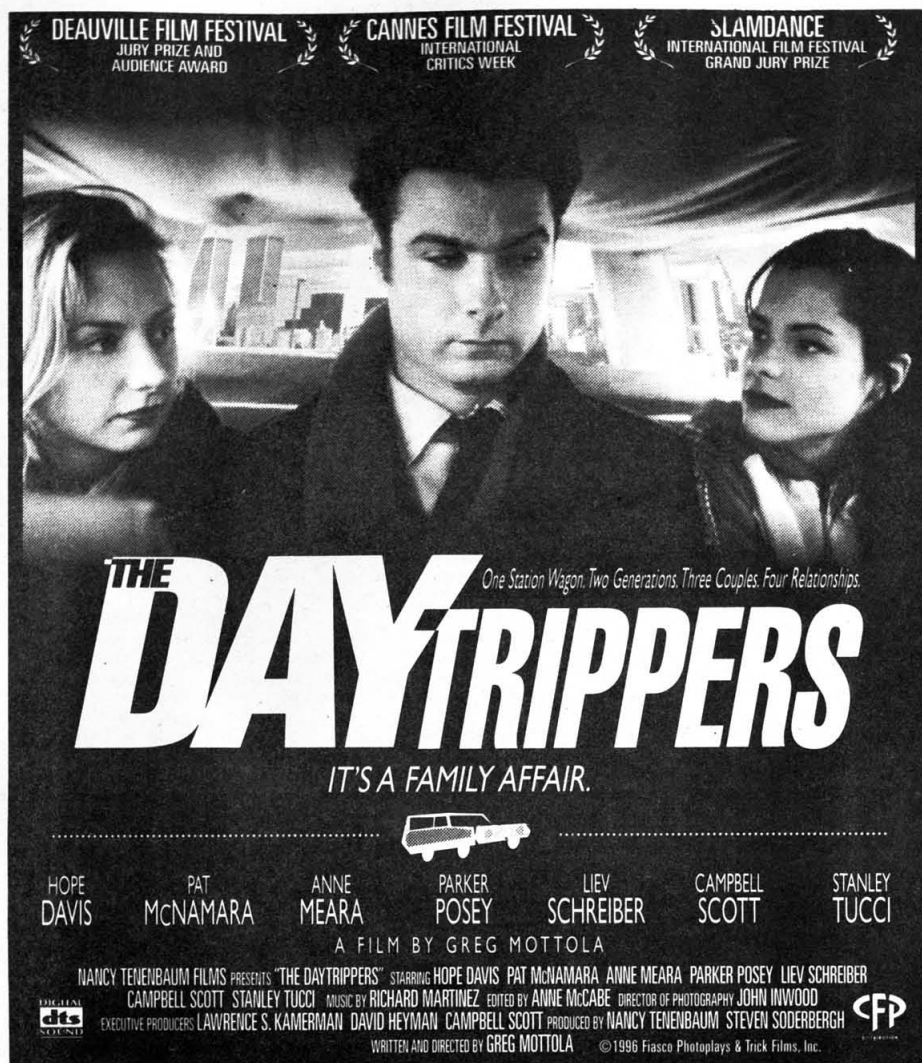
Opening night & reception with entertainment

April 16, 1997  
6:30 to 8:30 p.m.



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**COME** by the Columbia Chronicle  
Office, 623 S. Wabash - Room 802,  
between Monday, April 14 through  
Wednesday, April 16 to receive a pass (admit two)  
to see **'THE DAYTRIPPERS'**.



THE CHRONICLE

**Wednesday  
April 16  
at the Sony  
Theatres-  
Pipers Alley,  
1608 N. Wells  
7:00PM.**

**'THE DAYTRIPPERS' OPENS EXCLUSIVELY AT THE MUSIC BOX  
THEATRE ON FRIDAY, APRIL 18!**



## \* \* Sara on sports \* \*

By Sara Willingham  
Correspondent

Oh-and-five, oh-and-six, oh-and-seven...OH NO! It must be the Cub's season record. Well, don't fret Cubbie-backers, there's still a loong road ahead of Chicago's National League representatives, and anything's possible (ahem, of course I'm not laughing). OK, so I AM laughing!

C'mon Chicago, I agree that there's no place like Wrigley...unless, of course it's 30 degrees or below. I was not at all shocked to see the bleachers packed with die-hard, drunken Cubs fans for the home opener.

The first thing I saw at the train station that morning was a pair of red, white, and royal blue "SOSA" jerseys, and I had to giggle. I mean there is something to be said for the left-center bleacher seats, a cold beer, and a farmer's tan...but when the highlight of the game is Harry

Caray in the seventh, well then you've got a problem.

Personally, I would rather play the game myself than pay to watch a group of niners who seemed unmotivated and desperate for a win. But I know that it runs deeper with you Cub fans. It has become a tradition, a ritual. It's basically a

seven-month-long holiday that, whether the Cubs are leading the league in errors or not...MUST GO ON! And I admire that. Whew!

It's a good thing the White Sox aren't really winning and aren't really losing. That means that there's nothing to rave about, nor is there a reason to belly-ache. Whoever believes that Major League Baseball is losing its flair is crazy.



America's greatest past time is far from collapsing! The support is there. And if you look closely...you may even discover that it's highly entertaining...er, at least "Cubbie-bloopers" are!

The Chicago Bulls have only a handful of regular season games left and they currently have only ten losses—the number of games they lost in last year's regular season. They could win the rest of their games and tie their own history-making record again this year.

I hope they do, I've got five bucks on it. Upcoming, however, they're looking at, and New York twice. Ouch! Well if anyone can do the job it's M.J. & Company. Also, Dennis Rodman's "vacation" (out for the season with a sprained knee) is really a disguised advantage. At least now we know that our leading-rebounder won't be ejected from the NBA before crucial play-off time!

Hmmm, I wonder what the mighty World of Sports will bring us next week....

They will not make the playoffs. It's true, the Blackhawks are simply a flower petal away from advancing to the post-season this year (or bowing out), and no one really knows just why they're having so much trouble. It's not the leather couches. It's not being on the road. And according to goalie Jeff Hackett, it's not a lack of desire or a lack of character. Then was is it? Your guess is as good as mine.

If it's not the chemistry, the incentive (\$\$\$), the talent, or the energy, then it must be the uniforms. My "Hartsburg-ish" advice: try wearing the black jerseys...they could bring good luck!

## Columbia artists perform at 'Cross Currents in Contemporary Composition'

By Michelle Pocock  
Staff Writer

Two internationally renowned composers representing different music styles teamed up for a performance Wednesday, March 26.

Howard Sandroff and James "Kimo" Williams, both artists-in-residence at Columbia College, held a discussion and performance called "Cross Currents in Contemporary Composition," in the Getz Theater at the Eleventh Street building.

The two musically diverse artists began the evening with a discussion, moderated by James Mack, a music instructor at Harold Washington College.

Sandroff, a pioneer in the musical use of computers and electronics believes in the ability to manipulate music piece by piece.

"I am obsessed with the idea of freezing music in time, holding it static and examining it from many different aspects," said Sandroff.

Williams carries a more traditional view of music and stresses audience understanding. His goal is to use music as a form of communication.

"People need an aspect of music to grab hold of," said Williams. "Composers should be concerned with audience understanding."

Sandroff quickly retorted with, "Who cares?"

This remark brought on a semi-heated debate about each style and audience appreciation. The moderator quickly took charge of the situation and began the concert.

A short intermission preceded the concert, which began with a string quartet of performing Williams' work, "Two Gether." The piece represented a "celebration of companionship" through five separate events joined as one.

The second piece was Sandroff's work, "The Bride's Complaint." This composition was computer generated, accompanied by soprano, Susan Charles. The melody was created by Sandroff, using the Yamaha Computer Assisted Music System. The lyrics were taken from a

poem written by Lisa Mueller. This piece was commissioned by Charles, and has been performed all over the United States since 1987.

"Quiet Shadows," written by Williams for a solo alto flute, was the next piece featured in the concert.

"The solo performer is presented as a soldier alone at night with his thoughts," said Williams. "This work has no restrictions on the performer's interpretation of these thoughts, other than notes themselves."

A clarinet trio performed the next work, "La Joie," written by Sandroff. "La Joie," or the joy, began life as "The Bride's Complaint," and is dedicated by Sandroff to his wife.

Williams' next work, "Testimony of Lucy Smith," featured a string quartet, soprano, harp and alto flute. The piece was written about Henry O Flipper, the first African-American to graduate from West Point. He and his house servant, Lucy Smith, were tried and wrongly convicted of a crime. And she is testifying in his behalf in a court room at Ft. Davis, Texas.

Several other pieces were performed, which showcased the variations between the two artists' styles. A reception was held following the performance, where the audience could mingle with the performers of the evening.

Sandroff received the Master of Music degree with Honors in Composition from the Chicago Musical College of Roosevelt. He is currently Director of the Computer Music Studio and Senior Lecturer in Music at the University of Chicago, and a consultant for Yamaha Corporation of America.

During his military service in Vietnam, Williams was "discovered," and began to play for troops throughout the war. Upon returning home, Williams attended the prestigious Berklee School of Music in Boston, Mass. As a record producer, Williams has produced and released "War Stories" for his record company, Little Beck Music. He owns and operates a Digital/Analog recording studio and is a Web Developer for the National Vietnam Veterans Art Museum.

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# Enterprising Student goin' at it All Tha Tyme

By Eileen La Valle  
Staff Writer

"I get my ass up every morning and go to school and the studio because I want to be successful at what I do," said Clyde Johnson, a Columbia sophomore majoring in management. Clyde, A.K.A. Snake Dilla, started his own entertainment production/promotion company a year ago called ALL THA TYME Entertainment. He is trying to break into the music industry on the largest scale. Johnson, who grew up on the South Side of Chicago, would like to localize the music scene.

"We're going to be the biggest music company coming out of Chi, we're going to break on into the Chicago music scene with our flavor, it's part of bringing it back here, it was here originally. Instead of musicians going out to California and New York, we'll give them a reason to stay."

Johnson is very enthusiastic about the way his business has been going so far.

Johnson has realized that owning your own company has its advantages. He doesn't have a lame job with a boss, he's the one in charge, plus he has great connections in the music industry - not bad for a young entrepreneur. Owning ALL THA TYME is Johnson's first and only job.

"I never worked a job before and I like to get up at my leisure," said Johnson.

ALL THA TYME has a few assistants Clyde relies on to keep things running smoothly. Johnson's right-hand man is also a Columbia management major, Shaun,

A.K.A. 007, Bond. Bonds handles most of the publicity promotions, contracts and production aspects of the business.

ALL THA TYME uses Beverley Hills Recording studio (no, it's not California based) and Vern Lloyd is the recording producer there. Lloyd is a big part of the business as a whole - as Clyde puts it, "he is one of the heads that makes the body work, he's the main connection for the music business."

Lloyd has been in the business for a long time. He has toured in Japan and knows how the music industry runs inside and out. Vern is eager to help out any dedicated artists.

For \$60 an hour a band can sign up for studio recording time. This is pretty cheap considering most other studios facilities charge at least \$100.00 an hour.

If Johnson and Bonds feel the band has talent, they'll pick them up. "Anybody that gets signed and is

about business will get automatic notary," Johnson said.

His advice for striving musicians trying to break into the industry is to be serious about what your doing and try to

find people to take care of business. Good management will make or break a band.

"Management is your platform to spring off of, with good management you can do anything," said Johnson.

That's where ALL THA TYME comes in with the promotions, production, recording and publicity. With the connections that both Johnson and Bond have acquired, they are one step ahead of the game.

One of the bands that Johnson is currently working with is TotalConfuzion. TotalConfuzion has just started writing and producing their own material and has played a few gigs on the south side. Johnson says publicity for TotalConfuzion will be large.

"We're going the whole nine yards. It will be a big promotion on the move; next we'll do the video." Music videos are another service ALL THA TYME provides.

Johnson and Bond grew up together and previously attended Northern Illinois

University together. They feel Columbia's program is much more beneficial to them.

"There's more hands on and eye to eye at Columbia. At Northern you're just a number. At Columbia you can communicate better with your teachers and your classmates face to face," said Bonds. Both said they have made great connections through Columbia.

"We don't look at school like most people look at school; we look at it like business, that's our eight hours, you know, it's our nine to five. Shaun and I take school very seriously, this is what we are going to do," said Johnson.

They take different classes than each other in the Management department and then fill each other in on what they learned.

For Johnson and Bonds, school and work are business and fold right into each other. They are able to take what they learn at school and apply it to the daily business.

Business is business with ALL THA TYME. "Business is something I deal with on a daily basis and the music is the part that is going to keep me paid," Johnson said, "but it's all business."

"I want to have a better way of living," said Johnson. He wants to take what he has and knows and turn it into a growing empire.

Right now they promote mostly R&B bands, but Johnson will promote anything he likes as long as it's quality music and the artists are seriously dedicated.

Johnson is currently looking for graphic artists and people who have a good advertising and/or marketing background. If you are interested, send your resume and samples of your work to the address below. Anyone who is interested in promotions/publicity, production and/or recording please contact or send demo tapes to Clyde Johnson (Snake Dilla) at:

ALL THA TYME Entertainment company  
601 S. La Salle St., Suite A-610  
Chicago, IL 60605  
312-562-3148



"We don't look at school like most people look at school, we look at it like business, that's our eight hours."

- Clyde Johnson (pictured right)



One of the R & B groups that Johnson's company currently represents.  
Photos provided by All Tha Tyme

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# Catastrophic topic provides sure success for 23-year-old director

By Melissa Thornley  
Correspondent

"Love and Other Catastrophes" is exactly what we've been looking for in the movies: an entertaining (but not patronizing) depiction of who we are (or who we think we are). We can laugh at the situations, relate to the characters and empathize with their plights.

For over a decade we've been spoon-fed a glossy air-brushed image of what Hollywood (through the likes of John Hughes) perceives our generation to be. Ironically enough, I caught "Sixteen Candles" on cable the day I screened "Love and Other Catastrophes." Watching that film for the zillionth time, I recalled the underlying torment and disappointment I felt seeing it as a teenager.

Why didn't my own "Jake Ryan" pull up in a Porsche and bake me a birthday cake?

Even though I laughed until I cried throughout the movie, I left with a bad taste in my mouth. Embedded somewhere between its soundtrack and suburban lifestyle, I felt an expectation and a judgment placed on everyone of my peers.

Hughes, like so many other directors, just didn't seem to get it. He was telling a made-up story instead of his own truths.

This is where "Love and Other Catastrophes" finds its strength. Although the film is not autobiographical in any way, the story is told by our peers.

Despite its upbeat feel, the film is not some sugar-coated, too-good-to-be-true fairy tale that leaves us wondering why are lives aren't picture perfect. Instead it offers us an unabashedly sweet glimpse of relationships and college life as seen through the eyes of people we can easily recognize as our friends and ourselves.

Mia and Alice, film students and roommates, are in search of a third roommate, scholastic justice and true love. Mia fights her way through a bureaucratic labyrinth riddled with donuts, mysterious \$663 in library fines and a dead professor. Meanwhile, Alice dodges her advisor on her overdue (four years, that is) thesis "Doris Day as a Feminist Warrior."

When it comes to love, both have their own problems to resolve. While Mia can't seem to commit to her girlfriend Danni (who has suddenly befriended the mysterious Savita), Alice is on a quest for a man that is "truthful, left-handed and likes the same films."

Then you have the boys. Ari, gigolo by profession, classics student by choice (not-to-mention Alice's current crush), tries to help his friend Mia find a roommate by



hooking them up with Michael, who just happens to have a crush on Alice.

Are you confused yet? Don't worry. It all comes together (or apart, depending on how you look at it) at the huge party Mia and Alice are throwing that same night. The entire story transpires over the course of one day in the life of these five college students. It's a 24 hours you won't want to miss.

Love and Other Catastrophes is not your average film and Emma-Kate Croghan is not your average director. At 23, Emma-Kate is already experiencing what most directors may never realize: Her first feature film is being distributed throughout the U.S. by Fox Searchlight Pictures.

Love and Other Catastrophes oozes the frenetic energy of its production. Writing the script in just two weeks and shooting the film in just six, Emma-Kate, the actors and the twelve person crew had their work cut out for them. Starting out with only enough film to shoot for one week, they forced themselves to come up with the resources they needed.

Emma-Kate says that was the only way to do it. "It was a clear choice in making it in six weeks. You've got a deadline. Come hell or high water you have to do it. If you really need something, you'll find it."

And find it they did. Parents, friends, and relatives helped fund the film. Actors and crew members worked on deferred fees. Final funding came from the Australian Film Commission after seeing the first cut of

the film.

Total funding for the project was a whopping \$30,000, a fraction of what most U.S. films cost. If given the luxury of a larger budget, Emma-Kate joked that the "actors wouldn't be doing their makeup in the street."

A big budget didn't seem to be an issue for Emma-Kate as she cites that "the method of the production affects the film itself."

The actors and twelve person crew (average age 25) worked long crazy hours fueled by their passion for the film and the story it had to tell.

"With such a small group of people working so quickly, we were just lucky that the chemistry really worked," says Emma-Kate.

This production chemistry pervades the film and creates just the energy Emma-Kate and crew wanted. "We wanted to catch the same spirit that you get in American independent cinema, the work of filmmakers like Spike Lee and Jim Jarmusch. We were looking to make something with real energy, to make a fresh story in that independent manner, something rough, but also charming, where you write a script which is just a blueprint and you end up with something with a sort of craziness about it."

Emma-Kate admits that the film's structure is completely stolen from the screwball comedies of the 1930s and '40s. "Shop Around the Corner," "Holiday," and "Awful Truth" served as her main inspirations with their musings on love. "People falling in love with the wrong person and not realizing it until the end. Tying yourself up in farcical knots in the process."

In dealing with the whole "Generation X" issue, Emma-Kate notes, "Every generation has to go through this type of labelling. The film never stands up and says this is how all young people think and act." Some aspects of our generation, like the advent of video, can't be ignored. "Being the first generation with access to video, we've experienced the repetitiveness of watching things over and over again. We can have a dialogue on the Brady Bunch or on nature and they can hold equal importance to us."

When asked how she's enjoying her new-found "fame" with the overwhelming response to her first feature film, Emma-Kate humbly admits that she's not really famous. "I'm a director. It's not really part of my life." The only inconvenience she's experienced so far is having to change her home phone number.

With a successful film under her belt, that's no big price to pay.

## Dirty three: Mum's the word

By Doug Arnold  
Staff Writer

Melancholy self-awareness, drunkenness and a dynamic stage presence are staples of heartfelt rock and roll, but Warren Ellis and the Dirty Three occupy a niche all their own.

At the Double Door on March 22 and on their latest album "Horse Stories," on Touch & Go, Ellis's battered violin serves as lead vocalist for the London via Melbourne trio, singing about lost love, sorrowful laments, long journeys, and time wasted away at bars, without the help of a single lyric. Said Ellis, "As an instrumental band we've developed into quite an intense outfit. We can get across messages without having to have words. People can relate to the emotional viability of the music."

The Dirty Three are nothing if not emotional. With guitarist Mick Turner and drummer Jim White providing a sober background, Ellis careens across the stage in an alcohol and passion induced trance. He climbs anything on stage that will hold him before collapsing to the floor, gently strumming his violin one minute, savagely attacking it the next.

"Sue's Last Ride," which is dedicated to a friend who has past away, and "I Remember A Time When Once You Used To Love Me," an interpretation of a Greek folk song, are typical of the bands material, beginning with a loosely structured lull and building to a roaring climax. "Hope," from "Horse Stories," and the recently

released single, "Obvious Is Obvious" are more traditionally structured, with penetrating melodies that make you want to hug the person next to you.

Formed a few years ago as background music for indifferent patrons of a Melbourne pub, the Dirty Three have grown significantly since. Their first album, 1995's "Sad And Dangerous," was basically a recording of practice sessions; the soundtrack of the band memorizing songs to play live. "The Dirty Three," which surfaced later that year, was recorded live in a day and a half.

"Horse Stories" was their first album that was intended to be released as an album, and their change is into song writers, rather than simply live performers.

Largely unknown in the United States, they have cracked the top twenty in Australia and have attracted respected admirers and tour mates, such as Sonic Youth and Pavement. The interest of the American bands and solid success abroad earned them a couple weeks on Lollapalooza and extended U.S. tours.

Ellis moonlights as violinist and accordion player with Nick Cave's Bad Seeds, and the Three collaborated with Cave on a song for an X-File's compilation CD.

It may not be "Q101 music," but the Dirty Three achieve something most songs on commercial radio cannot — the conveyance of various emotions without the utterance of a single word.

## ♦♦ Power Of Our Rhythm ♦♦

By Tim Mathews  
Staff Writer

Man I'm in a good mood. Why, you ask? Well, for one, I'm glad to be living today. Also there was that phat weekend I had going on about a month ago. It all started off on Friday, March 21st with a trip to the newly-opened Shark Bar at 212 N. Canal St.

There is only one other similar club and that's the first one in New York City (listen for the mentions on Biggie's and Foxy Brown's CD's). The club is three levels with the top floor being a balcony with a great view of downtown Chicago. The club is a 21 and over venue that will attract the working urban college graduates and esteemed people of business. Columbia Records R&B crooner Kenny Latimore rocked the spot with his hit song "For You" which will soon take over "Here And Now" and any other Luther cuts claiming the spot as the "wedding song." If that day was any indication of what's to come then look-out Chi-town, because Keith and the boys are comin' for dinner and a party!!

From there the night only got better! The vibe moved on to the House Of Blues, the present King Of The Clubs in Chicago, where De La Soul was making a statement and letting everyone know that the "Stakes Are High." The trio, along with Chicago and Columbia College's own Common Sense, gave the packed house the show of a lifetime. As Maceo did his thing on the turntables by giving us a mixture of all the old school rhymes ("Nice N' Smooth, Slick Rick, and Biz Markie") that are far different from today's MC's, Pos and Trugoy kicked flows like Columbia raises tuition — quick and phat! Although they didn't rock my favorite cut from the High School High soundtrack (I can't call it), they supplemented with my other first round picks like "Say No Go," "My Buddy," "Whatever Happened To The MC," "Potholes In My Lawn" and

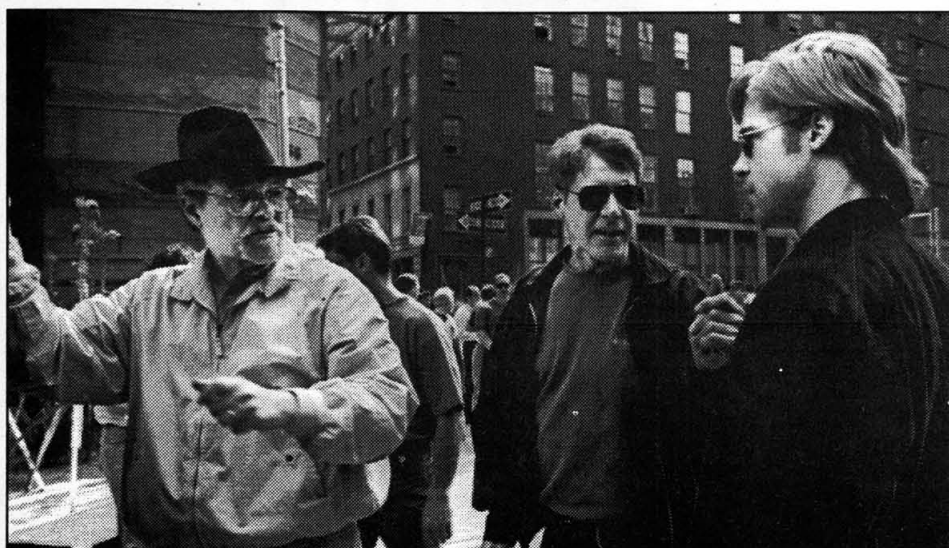
the historic "Me, Myself, and I." Common, who should be dropping that new LP sometime in the late summer, had people jumping when he did "The B—— In Yoo," his personal but powerful response to Ice Cube and the rest of the Westside Connection crew that's been dissing him. I would've kicked it with them after the show but I had to continue the groove on "Saturday."

The next night I took a trip to the south-side of Chicago. The 106jamz Springbreak concert was the business I came to take care of. Chi-town definitely represented well to it's peoples. Crucial Conflict, Do Or Die, Twista and Da Brat did there thang for the rough-n-rugged brothers while Danny Boy and Johnny P warmed the place up for the ladies. The concert also paid tribute to Notorious B.I.G and Chi-towns first ambassador of Hip-hop, Pink House. Out of town artist that appeared were Suave Houses' Tela and Rap-A-Lots Mr. Scarface, who either was wearing a bulletproof vest or ate a whole lot of meat and potatoes. By the way, keep your ears opened for this new cat named Sawbuc, he's one of my early picks for newcomer of the year. Big ups to Jay Allen and Randy, good lookin out and see you in Miami!!

Happy Birthday to two of the best guys keepin' it real, Omar a.k.a the Phatkid and Malik Yusef a.k.a the Wordsmyth.

MCA Records will be throwing a tight listening session in the Wabash Building tomorrow featuring snippets of new artist they're pushing this year and a special performance by the Lovely Meisha, doing her sizzling single "Quit Doggin Me Out." I had the pleasure of meeting her last year and have one word that describes her completely — Beautiful. While I'm touching on MCA, congratulations goes out to Ms. Lauren Kellye Ransom who just become an intern under Maurice White, the Midwest Regional Manager at the label. CUMA Love!!!

# 'The Devil's Own' dreadful material



Alan J. Pakula, left, directs superstars, Harrison Ford, center, and Brad Pitt, right, on the New York set of Columbia Pictures' suspense thriller "The Devil's Own."

By Sandy Campbell  
Correspondent

Could a movie waste the charismatic movie star power of Brad Pitt and Harrison Ford? The two names together create a certain dosage of lethal power that studio executives are hoping we the audience, will plop away our eight bucks to go see. Well keep your hard earned cash because unfortunately the answer is yes.

This movie stalls like a Model T. (Ford that is) and is the "pits." This is a shame because I usually like both of the fore mentioned movie stars.

Harrison Ford plays Tom O'Meara, an Irish-Catholic American cop who has barely fired his gun in the 23 years he has served on the force. Brad Pitt plays Frankie McGuire, a.k.a. Rory Devaney, an Irish terrorist working for the IRA. Pitt comes to the New York area under a hidden name to purchase missiles from local businessman baddie Billy Burke (Treat Williams). He kills Edwin Diaz (Ruben Blades), a cop and Harrison Ford's best friend and puts Ford's wife (Margaret Colin) and daughters in danger.

If Brad Pitt's character is so rotten, why does Ford's character, who is portrayed so moral and upright, end up saying that he "understands" Brad Pitt's character and that Pitt just turns himself in as if they were "buddy buddy"?

This does not make sense? Is there a hidden clause that all Irish Catholics must stick together regardless of what they do to each other and other ethnic and religious groups? I doubt it. This movie is pure Hollywood-hokum and asks the audience to believe that just because the character is played by Brad Pitt he must be a good guy.

Also, why does Ford, who has never lied in his life, cover up and put his exceedingly secure job on the line for his best friend Ruben Blades after he shoots a radio thief in the back? Ford thinks it is immoral and cowardly to shoot someone in the back, regardless who the person may be, cops, but covers for him anyway.

And all of a sudden Blade's character is just referred to just as "a cop" when Pitt kills him? All that friendship built up over the last decade or so disappears in a matter of seconds.

Brad Pitt's character should have been a full bad guy and no attempt should have been made to try to create dual heroes when none existed, as in Kevin Jarre's original script. Director Alan J. Pakula ("All The President's Men" and "The Pelican Brief") could have used the off-screen tension between Pitt and Ford into how their characters see each other on-screen. But instead the tension is gone and a false brotherhood between the two is established.

I have missed some of Pitt's darker films, though he seems to be too nice to play a bad guy. But Treat Williams comes off nicer than Pitt and he is supposed to play a darker son of a bitch. When will casting directors learn that amiable actors do not translate well as bad guys especially when the leading man could play the role a hell of lot better.

I still cannot get over Ernie Hudson's "smiley-faced nice guy Mr. Roger's-type" interpretation of a drug pushing, greedy high school principal in "The Substitute." Who were the good guys in that film, Tom Beringer and William Forsythe? Please give me a break. The same could be said for Ford. Though I usually love both to root for him and his movies he would make a great villain. If the proposed "Spiderman" film is still in development, may I suggest Ford play Dr. Octopus.

This is another good example of a movie in which screenwriter after screenwriter was called in to fix a movie which probably did not even need fixing in the first place. Even Brad Pitt, the mega-superstar, was helpless against Columbia Pictures, which helped pull apart the film he wanted to make.

This movie is also a good example of which superstar really rules with the iron fist. The appearance of Harrison Ford helped to propel the script changes because he was dissatisfied with the original role of his character. This probably contributed to the tension between Pitt and Ford on set and Pitt's condemnation of the film before it even opened. I have to agree with Pitt.

"The Devil's Own" rates a D+ for dumb, dreadful, disappointing, dissatisfying and any other negative word beginning with the letter "d."

## Saint Kilmer is no Franciscan, or is he?

By Sandy Campbell  
Correspondent

Oh goodie, I get to review a Val Kilmer movie! What a cinematic event this will be. He is one of the few movie stars whose career I have constantly read up on because I find him to be a fascinating and perplexing individual. He is both an actor and a movie star and, up until the "Batman Forever" brouhaha, has remained a low-key presence in the movie spectrum.

First of all, I would like to say that "The Saint" is not a bad movie. In fact, this movie is a great date movie and there is nothing more depressing than seeing a great date movie without one. Oh well. Val Kilmer seems to be an actor whom you either love or hate. (When his name appeared on screen at the film that I attended, there was a clap followed by a contradictory jeer.)

I would like to give this sentence a purpose in contradicting the movie critics who simply gave the film poor reviews simply because they hate the man and think that he is nothing but a show-off.

The cinematography adds an appropriate stylistic feel under the direction of Philip Noyce, in terms of filtering and framing. The movie successfully squirts in elements of "Mission Impossible" and James Bond so the movie does not have to be totally original.

Val Kilmer plays Simon Templar, a hero without a gun, (sort of a MacGyver with acting skills), who is hired by a really rotten Russian Party Communist leader with close ties to the Russian mafia (Rade Serbedzija) trying to reinstate Communism in Russia.

They ask Val to steal them the formula for cold fusion from an American scientist (Elizabeth Shue), which he does. When Val Kilmer and Elizabeth Shue meet, they fall in love and of course the bad guys try to kill them both.

They have to kill Kilmer even though he was successful in capturing the formula. They are bad guys, right? Even when the Cold War is over, Hollywood still tries to find new ways to bring these Russians back as villains.

But maybe the only fair way to rate the movie is to judge on whether you're a Kilmer fan or not. If you hate him, you will probably try to find fault with everything wrong with the movie and if you like him, you will turn the other cheek. "The Saint" is a sufficient Kilmer movie and gets a B.

## Godfather revival as eerie as ever

By Sandy Campbell  
Correspondent

When a big movie like "The Godfather" is re-released and all the critics re-review the new edition, it must be hard for a critic to give the film an honest, poor or mediocre review. Especially one that is so loved by everyone else and considered a classic.

Fortunately, there is no need for concern since this was my first time watching "The Godfather." I have read the book and can honestly say that I liked the film. The two things I loved the most about the film were the screenplay by Mario Puzo and Francis Ford Coppola (which won an academy award) and the cinematography by Gordon Willis. The screenplay seems to be very faithful to the book and presents itself like a novel unfolding on screen.

I think the book glorified the mob way of life and the movie clearly doesn't.

One scene is a great example of the transition of an event from the book to the screenplay. In the book, there was a sex scene in which hot-headed Sonny Corelone (James Caan) has during his sister Connie's (Talia Shire) wedding with one of her friends. The friend is bragging to her friends how big his "pole" is to the rest of Connie's friends. Well, of course the sex scene is there, but the description is captured in a brief shot of Connie's friend holding out her hands as to say this big with the rest of the female gaggle sitting outside around a white lawn-table. But if one did not read the book first, they might have trouble decoding what Coppola is trying to say in that shot since there is no dialogue.

The cinematography is eerily under-lit throughout the movie and the eyes of Marlon Brando and several other of the mobsters are not lit to creatively show that these guys have no soul or are little souls lost. Clemenza (Richard Castellano), an old henchman for the Corelones, could be hugging you and serving you pasta one minute and blasting holes into you the next.

Al Pacino was interesting to see extremely young and quiet, since nowadays he plays "leaving middle-aged" to old timers and SHOUTS in his films.



# Latino Film Fest

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## back in town

By Claudia Rivera  
Staff Writer

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Chicago Latino Cinema, in cooperation with Columbia College, is presenting the 13th Chicago Latino Film Festival which began April 4 and is running for ten days at various locations around Chicago.

The festival features 47 films from 17 Latin American countries which portray a unique angle of each.

"The event is intended to highlight Latinos, create awareness and to have Latinos looked at in a different way," said Pepe Vargas, Director of the Latino Film Festival.

The film festival occurs only in Chicago, but this year's films are also being shown in Ann Arbor, Mich. and Milwaukee. Films are also being shown in several Chicago elementary schools as free matinees and many young kids are interested.

"Through this festival we are capable and able to show that Latinos do more than just menial jobs" in today's society," said Vargas. "It is a disgrace that large cooperations such as McDonalds, beer and soda companies poison our children, but yet we get no money from them."

The festival can be used as a teaching tool for many young children who can benefit and learn a lot about different cultures through the films.

"The festival is a learning and entertaining experience and a sense of connecting universally and togetherness," said Vargas.

Vargas started the program in 1985 in a much smaller setting and in part with the assistance of St. Augustine College.

"It began as a neighborhood activity which was also meant to recruit participants to the college." But a disappointment came when none of the participating actors were registering for St. Augustine.

The following year the festival included 19 films, \$4,000 in revenues and about 35,000 attendees.

"This was a cheaper, greater and better festival the second time."

Although there weren't any prospective students for St. Augustine College, Vargas was assured the festival would grow to become a success. And it did the third year, which was the same year the 150th Celebration of Chicago occurred and Vargas received \$10,000 from sponsors.

In 1987, the festival began as a non-profit organization. What had begun as a small event was now growing and acquiring a larger budget to work with. "Above all I had the desire to make a statement," said Vargas.

This year's opening night took place at the Art Institute of Chicago and featured the film "Eva Peron: The True Story." Director Juan Carlos Desanzo and leading actress Esther Goris were present. The event was sponsored by WSNS-TV Channel 44/Telemundo and Columbia College. Noche Mexicana took place at the Pipers Alley Theater, April 10 and featured a screening of "Salon Mexico" by Mexican director, Jose Luis Garcia Agraz.

The Closing Night Gala will take place at the First Chicago Center Theater (Madison and Dearborn), Monday April 14. It will feature "Hola, Estas Sola?/Hi, Are You Alone?" by Spanish director Iciar Bollain. The award for the most popular film of the 1996 Festival will be presented, as well as the Kodak Emerging Filmmaker Award. Buffet and Cocktails will be at 5:30 p.m. and the film will begin at 7 p.m. Ticket price (includes entire program) is \$25 and Chicago Latino Cinema Members pay \$15. Tickets can be purchased at the door or in advance by credit card (Visa, Master Card or Discover). For more information call 312-431-1330. A listing of all films and programs being featured through the festival can be obtained at the Chicago Latino Cinema department on the eleventh floor of the Torco Building.

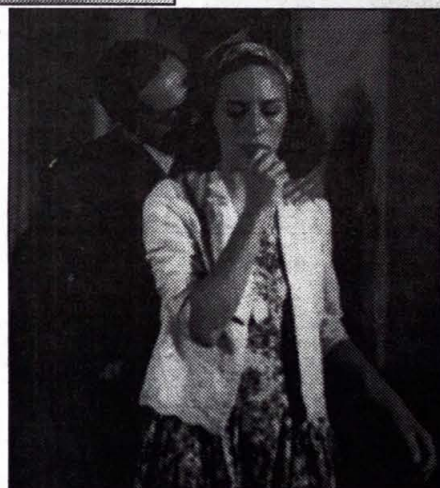
Columbia College's Office of Latino Cultural Affairs has a variety of



Director Juan Carlos Desanzo presents "Eva Peron: The True Story," (above).

Director Rosemberg Cariry presents "Corisco e Dada/ Corsico And Dada" (left).

Director Camilo Luzuriaga presents "Entre Marz y una Mujer Desnuda/ Between Marz And a Naked Woman" (below).



## Face Value

By Blair Fredrick

## How do you know if it is Spring?



Lawrence Benedetto  
Junior  
Journalism

In Chicago, you never can really tell because I thought it was Spring two weeks ago.



Daniel Givens  
Junior  
Photography

The rain - Chicago in the Spring just means rain for two months. But that's cool.



Carlos Monsoa  
Sophomore  
Sound

When the next day is above 70 degrees and there is no cold weather like 30 degrees.



Shanna Blue  
Graduate  
Photography

Because you can see all the men trying to pick up the women.



Brigitte Kirchgatterer  
Freshman  
Photography

Because all the guys in cars are trying to score with chicks in the convertibles.



Constantino Siampos  
Junior  
Illustration

I smell love in the air, and now that its warmer out I find myself still lonely.