

10-13-1997

## Columbia Chronicle (10/13/1997)

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# The Chronicle

OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE CHICAGO

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October 13, 1997

## Journalism 101: The Bill Kurtis Way

By Andrew J. Bradley  
Staff Writer

It was a learning experience like no other. Gone were the cold, impersonal classrooms, the rows of computers and the bored faces.

Instead, acclaimed television journalist Bill Kurtis took two classes on a walk through the park Oct. 7.

Okay, so it wasn't exactly a walk, but those basking in the sun at Grant Park were not complaining.

Seated on foldable chairs and with their lunch in hand, the students gathered around Bill Kurtis for the first in a series of classes billed as the "Bill Kurtis Learning Community."

"The tools at Columbia are the best I have seen in all the country," Kurtis told the 18 freshman students in the class—the first of its kind at Columbia.

The Learning Community led by Kurtis is a combination of classes composed of students enrolled in Les Brownlee's "Intro to Mass Media" class and Karen Osborne's "English Composition" class.

Journalists and newsmakers alike will address these students on a weekly basis. The meetings with Kurtis, as well as other newsmakers, are intended to develop the students' writing and reporting skills. The students will also pay a visit to Kurtis Productions where they will be allowed to study Kurtis' trade.

If the first class was anything to go by, this could be one of the Journalism department's greatest innovations to date.



Students and teachers gathered around Bill Kurtis as he shared his experiences in a new class designed to give students an up-close and personal view of journalism

Blair Fredrick/Chronicle

Getting some of the best minds in journalism to share their experiences is something the students obviously hunger for.

Kurtis found himself deluged by questions and talked in length about the state of the news media today. The veteran's point of view provided the students with valuable insight that they may never receive anywhere else.

"I like it," said Kurtis. "It's like the students' class."

Journalism instructor and program coordinator Rose Economou, who was Kurtis' field producer for four years at WBBM-TV, also raved about the program and spoke highly of her former co-worker. "We thought he [Kurtis] would make an excellent role-model," she said.

## Naked man at Torco building spotted...again

By Mema Ayi  
Editor-in-chief

Campus security reported another incident of indecent exposure on the seventh floor stairwell of the 624 S. Michigan building Oct. 1.

The incident came just eight months after a Columbia student was arrested for exposing himself to a female student in the journalism department in an empty classroom.

The suspect in the incident is described as a medium complexioned, 5 feet 10 inches tall, clean shaven and clean-cut African-American male.

A similar incident was first reported to campus security Feb. 19, 1996. The witness claimed to have seen a naked man in the 623 S. Wabash building.

Nearly a month later, on Mar. 12, an African-American male with a similar appearance to the suspect in the Oct. 1 incident was arrested.

No connection has been established between the two incidents.

At press time, campus security had issued an all-campus security alert but refused to comment.

## Getting Connected at Columbia

By Kat Zeman  
Staff Writer

More students are leaping into cyberspace and thus gaining information faster and easier than ever before, a recent Chronicle survey indicates.

According to a survey of 200 students, the number of students who have Internet access has increased by more than 10 percent since last year. Fifty-nine percent of students surveyed said they had access compared to 48 percent last year.

But the jump in Internet savvy students has little to do with the computers on campus. According to the survey, most students still feel that access to the Internet at Columbia is limited.

Fifty-two percent of students surveyed said they have never used Columbia's computer terminals, either because the limited lab hours conflicted with their schedules, or not enough terminals were available.

"It's not too bad, but they don't have enough terminals," said Columbia student Carrie Cobo, 25. "More terminals would be helpful because it seems that everyone needs them at the same time during the year."

### Fifty-nine percent of Columbia's students have internet access

Most academic departments have their own computer labs with access to the Internet, but the availability varies.

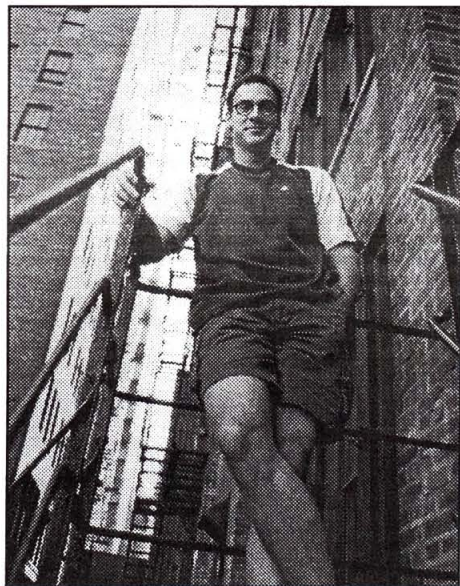
The journalism department, for example, has approximately 48 computer terminals, but they can only be used on specific days and times.

The library in the 624 S. Michigan building has seven terminals on the second floor. These terminals have access to the Net, but each student has a time limit of 30 minutes to complete the search.

"Usually, [a half an hour] is enough for me because I'm familiar with surfing the Net," said Columbia student Mary Sokol, 21. "But sometimes I see students sitting next to me who look confused, and by the time they figure it out they have to get off the terminal because their time is up."

The residence center has computer labs, too, but they are not Net accessible. Some students contend that the dorm should also offer Internet access.

"I think it would be more beneficial if the residence center and the main campus were connected through some type of Internet connection, because right now they're not," said a student manager of the residence computer center, Jessica Puist, 19. "We don't have one terminal with Internet access."



Columbia grad Adrian Fulle takes his film "Three Days" to the Chicago International Film Festival

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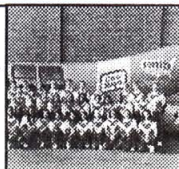
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# Senate approves emergency assistance for direct loan consolidation program

By Charles Dervarics  
College Press Service

WASHINGTON—Students who rely on federal loans or national-service programs to help pay for their education won some important assurances from Congress Oct. 1.

Bowing to pressure from the White House and others, the House of Representatives dropped plans to cut in half the budget for AmeriCorps, President Clinton's national-service program. The House had wanted to take \$200 million of the program's \$400 million budget to pay for veterans programs, but the idea met resistance from the Senate and the administration.

The agreement reached last week would provide \$425 million for national-service programs, about \$20 million more than current funding, congressional aides said. The final figure falls short of President Clinton's request for the program, but administration officials expressed strong support for the pact.

"This is the first increase in national service appropriations in a few years," said Sandy Scott, a spokesman of the Corporation for National Service. "We're very happy."

Through AmeriCorps, college students earn tuition benefits and a minimum-wage stipend in exchange for work in community agencies. The bill does not raise the education benefit, however, which will remain at \$4,725 for each year of full-time service.

The agreement does include \$25 million to encourage college students and others to serve as literacy tutors for young children, Scott said. President Clinton wants to enlist college students and post-secondary institutions in this endeavor, dubbed America Reads!, which seeks universal literacy for children by third grade.

The House/Senate agreement clears the way for final action on AmeriCorps spending for fiscal year 1998, which began on Oct. 1. The program is operating with temporary funds until the measure gets to President Clinton's desk.

Elsewhere, students hurt by recent lapses in the federal government's direct-lending program also will receive a reprieve based on action taken in the House last week.

The House education committee unanimously passed an emergency bill to help 80,000 students and recent college graduates affected by the shutdown of the Clinton administration's direct loan consolidation program.

Students use this program to consolidate their borrowing under a single direct loan, often with the

advantage of a lower monthly payments. The Clinton administration had to suspend operation of this program last month because a federal contractor could not keep up with heavy loan demand.

"Federal programs should help our citizens, not hurt them," said Rep. William Goodling (R-Pa.), chairman of the House Education and the Workforce Committee.

Instead of taking only a few weeks, the consolidation process now could take eight to 12 months, he said.

Under the Emergency Student Loan Act, students could consolidate all of their borrowing, including direct loans, under the Federal Family Educational Loan program administered by private banks.

The Clinton administration in 1993 launched direct loans as an alternative to the bank-supported system, claiming the new program would carry lower costs for students. For direct loans, borrowing capital goes from the federal government to colleges and universities without the help of banks.

The suspension covers only consolidation loans, and college students can continue to receive new direct loans under the existing system. But the entire program has come under increasing criticism from Republicans for failing to live up to expectations.

The unanimous vote for the emergency bill also showed increasing bipartisan concern about the direct-loan program. In a rare show of unity, leaders of both parties voted 43-0 to send the measure on for final action.

"Both Republicans and Democrats see the urgency in helping young people who have been left in a credit crunch because of the U.S. Department of Education's failure to manage the direct loan consolidation program," said Rep. Howard "Buck" McKeon (R-Calif.), who chairs the House post-secondary education subcommittee.

McKeon called on the Senate to approve the emergency bill quickly. "Any effort in the Senate should be seen as an attempt to protect an inept federal bureaucracy at the expense of students," McKeon added.

Congress should have another three weeks to complete action on the emergency legislation. Lawmakers must remain in session through October to finish work on most 1998 spending bills, including one for higher education. In that bill, House and Senate leaders both favor an increase in Pell Grant spending, among other provisions.

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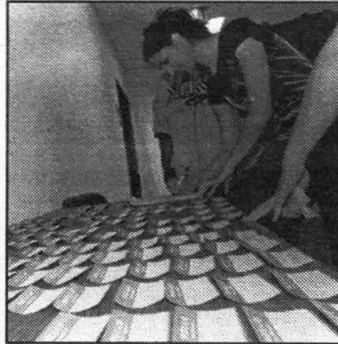
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# FasTraX kicks off



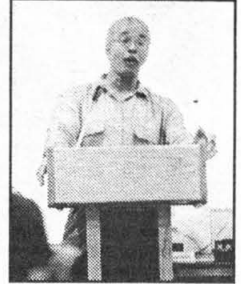
Blair Fredrick/Chronicle



Blair Fredrick/Chronicle

Salim Muwakkil, senior editor of *In These Times*, and co-host of "Democracy Now" radio program, took time off his busy schedule to talk to students about the harsh realities in the journalism business.

The "FasTraX" program hosted its inaugural reception at The Chronicle's office Oct. 7. The program is designed to help freshmen and new transfer journalism students by having upper-class students as mentors.



Blair Fredrick/Chronicle

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## Meet the Press!



The forum will be moderated by Community Media Workshop President Thom Clark

*Photo by Todd Winters*

Community Media Workshop will host 'Op-Eds' forum on the second floor in the 623 S. Wabash building

**'WHAT KINDS OF  
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WANT, AND  
HOW CAN YOU  
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## Columbia's interpreter training department settles in on its own

By Glen Raj  
Staff Writer

Interpreter training, which has long been offered as a major part of the English department, established its very own department in January.

"This is the only program in Illinois that offers a Bachelor of Arts program, and it is well regarded" said Lisa Butler, the Interpreter Training Department administrator and lab manager. The program offers "a very structured and a very well organized layout."

The program has been with Columbia since 1993.

The four-year program emphasizes two parts: The first two years concentrates on the deaf culture and language; and the last two emphasize the study of interpreting.

The program helps bridge the gap between the hearing impaired community and the mainstream community. Because of a growing awareness in diversity, the hearing impaired are in demand as marketable consumers rather than a community with a handicap, according to Butler.

As this awareness grows, the demand for

interpreters increases.

"People are needed in medical offices and business offices," said Butler. "Clients feel more comfortable with interpreters of their own sex or ethnicity in the workforce, as a result there needs to be a diversity in interpreters."

Columbia's structured program, which includes a four-year layout program of specific courses, helps students prepared for their future careers.

For senior students, the program also offers real-life assignments as an interpreter, accompanied by a mentor—doing what they'll do after graduation.

Students can take a couple of classes to get a feeling of sign language, but only "after you've learned the language can you learn how to interpret between English and sign language," said Butler.

For people who are interested in interpreting, the interpreter department's language lab can be found on the second floor of the Wabash building with interpreters to help improve students' skills.

The lab is also equipped with 600 books on the language.

## Interpreter classes being offered as foreign language option at universities

By Colleen De Baise  
College Press Service

When Kimberly Boggs, now a Purdue University junior, picked a foreign language course to complete her education major, she mulled over the traditional offerings: Spanish, French, German.

"I had four years of German under my belt from high school, but could not tell you much past 'How are you?' and 'When is your birthday?'" she said. "So, my next option was to take Spanish because it seemed to be the easiest thing."

Then she heard about another option: American Sign Language.

"My roommate at the time was in the first-year class, and mentioned how much fun it was," Boggs said. "So, I asked my counselor if that could be an option. It was, but it would be very hard to get into. She told me the best option would be to sign up in the summer, since not too many people would be here."

It's been four years since Purdue first approved sign language for foreign language credit. And like many other universities who now designate American Sign Language as a foreign language, Purdue reports a growing demand for classes that teach the language long used by deaf Americans.

All eight sections are filled to capacity this fall with 160 students, and the university has hired two more sign language instructors. For every student enrolled in a class, two of three more are turned away, according to Diane Brentari, a linguist who leads the program at Purdue.

"This is not a unique situation," said Brentari, who estimates that 25 percent of universities have approved sign language for foreign language credit. "Demand for college-level sign language classes is increasing nationally."

A few years ago, the majority of students who signed up for sign language classes were speech, education or nursing majors. Now, business and engineering majors are starting to jump on the bandwagon, according to Brentari.

"Not only do students see

American Sign Language as a skill that will really stand out on their resume, but businesses are also beginning to recognize the marketing opportunities with this particular population," Brentari says. "Deaf people are consumers, too."

Sherman Wilcox, associate professor of linguistics at the University of New Mexico, says the demand for sign language courses—considered one of the top 10 languages used in the United States—has increased on his campus and others.

"I've seen it all over the place," he said. "If they offer one course, they'll be able to fill up three. If they offer three, they'll fill up six."

Colleges that have approved sign language for foreign language credit include the University of Minnesota, Michigan State University, State University of New York at Stony Brook, University of South Florida, University of California-Davis and University of Washington.

"The language is just getting more exposure," Wilcox said. "You see it on TV. We are generally coming to a better understanding of the language."

The issue has not been without controversy, however. Many universities still refuse to recognize sign language as a foreign language, arguing that it is not fundamentally different from English and that it is not associated with a distinct culture.

Before moving to Indiana, Brentari taught linguistics at UC-Davis, where she argued successfully for the acceptance of sign language as a foreign language.

"It's very different in structure than English," she said. She compares sign language to Japanese and Navajo, which are distinct from Spanish, French and other Romance languages derived from Latin. "[Students] are exposing themselves to a completely different language family."

In the classroom, sign language is taught much like other foreign languages. During tests, an instructor will sign the words, and students will write down the English. Students are

graded, too, on their own ability to sign.

Students also study the literature of the deaf, including poems and stories that have been passed down in a non-written tradition, Brentari said.

"The deaf culture is a culture embedded yet different than mainstream U.S. culture," she said. "Deaf people dress like Americans; they behave like Americans. Yet they have this very important part of their lives devoted to their own culture and traditions."

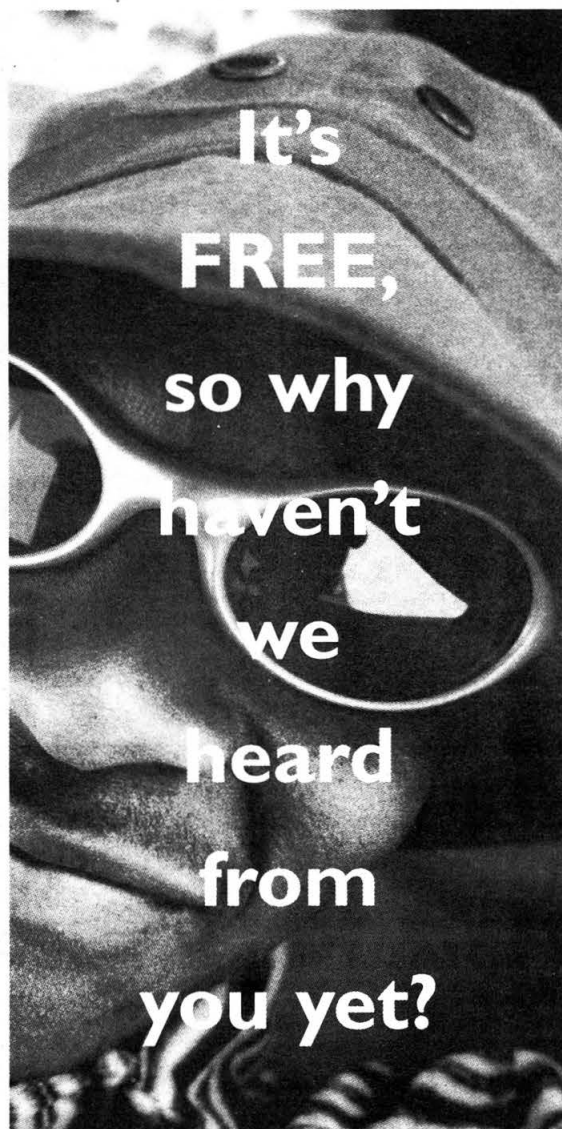
Students in the class say they've noticed a distinct culture within the deaf community. "I was intrigued by their togetherness," said Boggs, who has taken several sections of sign language and now serves as the president of the Purdue Sign Language Club. "I think the demand for the classes has become greater because it is offered as a foreign language, but I think once people get into it, they are in it for the culture."

The club has hosted a number of events, including a recent performance by a deaf storyteller that drew a huge student turnout. "Many have come to functions to learn about the culture," Boggs said. "Our meetings have gone from five to six people in attendance to 25 to 30."

Only about 5 percent of students are drawn to sign language classes because they have a deaf family member, said Brentari, who herself grew up with a deaf cousin. "Many of them have sought out ways to meet deaf people after taking the sign classes," she said. "The only negative thing I sometimes hear is that students have a hard time practicing."

After graduation, Boggs said she hopes to put her sign language skills to good use as a teacher. "I have been working with children who have severe disabilities and teaching them sign language," she said. "I really enjoy helping them to communicate when they have such limited options."

Brentari says sign language skills can be a selling point with corporate employers, too. "It shows you are more flexible and adaptable," she said.



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# The Cooking Academy of Chicago showcases ostrich, the new red meat

By Dan Bischoff  
Copy Editor

The Cooking Academy of Chicago showcased ostrich, "the Red Meat of the 21st Century" at their Oct. 6, 1997 dinner meeting. The ostrich meat was prepared under the direction of Chef Hubert Schmieder, a premier instructor and chef at Purdue University's Hotel and Restaurant Management School.

Chef Schmieder is at the forefront of those chefs who are recognizing ostrich meat as a valuable addition to their menu's. Schmieder has traveled the world showcasing this still unfamiliar low-fat, red meat product.

"I've traveled to 33 states, and I've been to Africa three times to give conferences about ostrich meat," said Schmieder. "I started cooking with ostrich meat in 1989. In the beginning ostrich was still very new to the United States, but now there are over a half million ostriches being raised in the U.S."

Monday night's dinner was prepared by the Academy's Executive Chef, Nicholas Excell, C.E.C., and Executive Pastry Chef Ramzy Asmar, as well as the students of the academy. Excell is a graduate of the Culinary Institute of America, and is an American Culinary Federation Certified Executive Chef. Asmar is a graduate of the California Culinary Academy, and Ohio State University. Excell and Asmar brought a high level of quality to Monday's dinner, and the 150 guests literally cleaned their plates after each course.

"Ostrich meat is good. I wouldn't know the difference between it and beef if you didn't tell me," said Chuck

Veglia, a guest attending Monday night's ostrich feast. "I like it. I'm very impressed how low-fat the meat is; it's amazing!"

It is fast becoming known across the country that ostrich meat is a great low-fat alternative to not only beef, but chicken, turkey, and pork as well, said Schmieder. While ostrich meat is much lower in fat than most popular meats currently on the market, it is also higher in pro-

tein and lower in cholesterol, almost making it a "miracle" meat.

As far as managing ostrich farms are concerned, Jack F. Nadwornik, National Sales Manager of Pokanoket Ostrich Farms, located in Chicago, Ill. and Dartmouth, Mass., has nothing but good things to say.



Chef-Instructor in Hotel, Restaurant, Institutional and Tourism Management at Purdue University Chef Hubert Schmieder (center), with chefs and their ostrich-meat creations.

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As far as managing ostrich farms are concerned, Jack F. Nadwornik, National Sales Manager of Pokanoket Ostrich Farms, located in Chicago, Ill. and Dartmouth, Mass., has nothing but good things to say.

"Compared to beef cattle that give off approximately

one offspring a year, ostrich can produce upwards of 30 offspring per year," said Nadwornik. "Ostriches are environmentally friendly, and are raised without chemical additives and drugs. For the most part they feed on alfalfa, and are subjected to rigorous government inspection."

When asked if ostrich meat is currently available in grocery stores, Nadwornik said for now, ostrich meat is mostly found in higher-end grocery stores. But lately, stores like Dominick's, Whole Foods, and Golden Harvest have been carrying ostrich meat. The new demand for ostrich meat is explained in small part by its uniqueness. The greatest appeal to the chef is the meat's versatility which pleases their creative spirits. The chef's culinary side demands that a meat present both a pleasant appearance and good taste characteristics. Still, the most common response to the meat is that it tastes like beef, chefs find that the meat has a great ability to accept their favorite spices and recipes, allowing them to have flexibility within their art.

"I absolutely love cooking with ostrich meat," said Schmieder. "I really believe the meat will become a huge success in the United States. Already, pork producers are scared of the new industry."

As for Monday night's dinner, according to head coordinator, Frank B. Okroy, Affairs Manager of the Cooking Academy of Chicago, the evening was not without faults, but overall, was quite a success.

"I had to do a lot of last minute coordinating for the dinner. And the air-conditioning going out on the night of the dinner was no help, but events would be no fun if a few things didn't go wrong," said Okroy. "The dinner was great for everyone. The student chefs got a chance to show their stuff, and I think all the guests enjoyed themselves too."

## Shades of Blue

### Columbia artist captures life in indigo dye

By Amy Pugh and Horace Toombs  
Staff Writers

Barbara Wynne Bansley's got the blues. No, she won't be performing with Buddy Guy, giving an encore at Kingston Mines or be known as the next Etta James. Yes, Bansley does have the blues—the indigos, really—but it's her masters project from Columbia College that is stirring things up at the Ridge Historical Society, 10621 S. Seeley Ave.

Bansley, the 65 year-old artist and recent graduate from Columbia's Masters of Arts program, has had an indigo dye lot in her backyard for the past eight years. For her masters in the interdisciplinary arts with an emphasis on book and paper, a major Bansley refers to as, "tailor made for me," she went to that dye lot and began a project that would take her up and down memory lane—recalling both her childhood and the many years she has spent raising her family in North Beverly, a suburb on Chicago's south side.

Bansley's project is simple, yet unique and from the heart. In it, she celebrates the lives of the women in her neighborhood, "women who have influenced me in the past 33 years I've lived there." Bansley begins her performance piece with 22 paintings—all in blue—of the homes that grace her block. Homes where her neighbors, her friends, and their children still reside. She tells stories of what it is to be a neighbor, giving little anecdotes of life on their street. Most of them are humorous, one is sad, but through it all Bansley accomplishes her goal of "accentuating the ordinary not the extraordinary."

Being a book and paper major, Bansley describes her work as, "sculptural and fibral," so in addition to the 22 paintings, she has 22 handcrafted hemp books accompanying her art. The stories include everything from childbirth at home to making fudge at Christmas. Again, these books are all in different shades of blue.

Why is it that everything Bansley touches becomes a beautiful blue? What takes her outside to the indigo dye? What is it about blue that she finds so inspirational? Bansley replied that it was the, "blue of her childhood." Recalling that on Mondays her mother would do the washing, and she loved to, "watch the bluing swish around in the wash water." Adding that in the beginning of her 43 year marriage to James Bansley he was in the Coast Guard and they were stationed in Hawaii. There, she would watch the ocean lap against the rocks and the swirling water reminded

her of doing the wash with her mom. "It was the perfect shade of blue."

Bansley received funding for her project from the Albert P. Weisman Memorial Scholarship Fund. The \$2,000 grant is named for a Chicago public relations executive who had a lifelong interest in funding for the arts. As part of the grant, Bansley is required to travel with the show. There have been two openings, with more than 100 people gathered at each one to view the finished product. Bansley estimates that about 500 people have seen her work so far. Many of them have been her neighbors, anxious and curious to see what she has created, and all the feedback has been positive. "I'm really proud of it, I love this show so much," she says, her blue eyes twinkling.

When Bansley looks for inspiration, she has to look no farther than her own family. In addition to her 43-year marriage, Bansley has also raised 12 children. "Back in the 1970's I had a pregnant niece who got married in a white wedding dress she made herself. A lot of my family wouldn't go to the wedding under those circumstances." Bansley recalls that whenever she felt tired or wanted to quit she would remember her niece and think, "If she could do that, then I could do what I needed to do." Inspiration, of course, is a two-way street, and Bansley says she hopes that she has set the example for them, "that you are never too old to accomplish your dreams."

Bansley's life is a remarkable one. In addition to her art and raising her family, she has taught in the public school system and done 40 credit hours of post-bachelor work at the Art Institute. When Columbia introduced book and paper as an emphasis, she knew it was time to go back to school and earn her master's degree. Of her experience at Columbia, Bansley says, "Columbia is so down to earth—it's so wonderful—both staff and students." Even though she graduated last June, that hasn't stopped Bansley from registering for more classes. You can find her in the art department this fall, surrounded by what she loves best—book and paper.

Bansley's performance piece will run through Oct. 31.

The museum is open to the public on Thursdays and Sundays from 2 to 5 p.m. for more information call the Ridge Historical Society at (773) 445-5806.

## 'The Winter Guest'

Alan Rickman makes his directorial debut with a beautiful tale

By Sandy Campbell  
Film Correspondent

Alan Rickman's directorial debut "The Winter Guest" is a haunting poetic film set in an isolated Scottish fishing village on one of the coldest days of the year, where even the sea is frozen.

The film concentrates on four sets of people whose lives depend upon each other. Resident photographer Frances (Emma Thompson) and her mother Elspeth (played by Thompson's real-life mum Phyllidia Law); Frances's son Alex and his recently acquired girlfriend; two boys about 12 playing hooky and two old ladies whose main joy in life is attending funerals.

The film's characters, despite their different ages and genders, have a common thread that ties them together—they have no lives except a dependence on their other halves. The isolation and emptiness of the community chokes the souls of the inhabitants until they have none.

Of all the characters, Frances has the greatest potential of getting out of the frozen bleak hell. Her photography represents a sense of purpose that the others lack. Frances stays, however, because of two people: her mother, who is completely dependent upon her and the ghost of her dead husband, whose mug can be found in every room of their humble abode.

"The Winter Guest" is similar to this summer's French art house hit "When the Cat's Away" in that the characters have no lives and that the cat is a recurring theme. The cat in both films is metaphoric because it represents something to keep living for as well as something for the characters to call their own.

One thing about the film that's a little ridiculous is that no one in the film is dressed for the weather. The actors, doing five to 11 takes on each shot in Scotland on the coldest day of the year without wearing any hats or mittens, in flimsy coats and often falling in the snow, made the viewer feel chilled or, maybe someone had the theater's air conditioner up too high.

"The Winter Guest" might be slow and boring to some; maybe especially to those who cannot relate to the film and the heavy background instrumental music that encompass the sweeping photography of the cold, crusty sea.

Overall, "The Winter Guest" is a satisfyingly bleak but beautiful tale about rural life.

A-



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**ANNEX**



## Editorial

### MIT Pledge's Death: What a waste

Staff Editorial  
Ohio State Lantern

There's a certain feeling—a state of mind, really—that creeps over one's consciousness during the first couple weeks of a new school year.

It's a feeling almost imperceptible during those summer months when this place and this time seem to no more relate to our lives than the war in Albania or the election of a new president in Mexico: things of which we are vaguely aware, if only from the corners of our minds.

But...there's a time—a short instance, perhaps—book ended between summer's dull finish and those long winter months during which the university's inevitable drudgery brings us to a less idealistic attitude, in which the magic of possibilities exists. We return to this place feeling that we are on the brink of something. That somehow all avenues are open, that no decisions are final, and that if we're prepared to do something—anything—then we could make our lives extraordinary.

This excitement, these high hopes, and all of the possibilities that accompanied thousands of students just like us back to their university homes was all but extinguished at Louisiana State University recently, almost before it had even begun.

The campus was rocked last August by the death of a 19-year-old fraternity pledge who died at a hospital after a night of heavy drinking—surprise, surprise—with his soon-to-be “brothers.”

The ramifications of this student's death, both legal and emotional, will be felt at LSU for years, that's true. The university has cracked down on underage drinking and has begun investigating ways to arrest student binge drinking. The Greek System has pledged to police itself.

It's not enough.

For one student all avenues are closed, all decisions are final, and no matter what, all other possibilities have ceased to exist. And its happened again.

A freshman at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology died one Monday evening last month after slipping into an alcohol-induced coma following a drinking binge at a fraternity house.

The student, Scott Krueger, 18, was attending a “Big Brothers Night” at the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity; a fraternity which has since been placed under criminal investigation until police determine whether Krueger—a non-drinker—was forced to consume the alcohol as part of a frat hazing ritual.

For God's sake people, this is no longer a case of boys being boys. It's not a rite of passage, it's not a tradition, and it cannot be tolerated.

The simple, ugly truth is, college binge drinking has become a public health menace. Every single year at least 10 students die from it—the majority during fraternity initiations—which is a wholly unacceptable number. Students spend \$5.5 billion a year on alcohol, 40 percent binge drink weekly, and an astounding 86 percent of fraternity members regularly binge drink. It has, quite simply, spiraled out of control.

Scott Krueger died and everyone wants to know why. His parents want to know. His brother wants to know. And we want to know. Unfortunately, the cold hard truth is: for no reason at all.

And so this week, for the second time in as many months, the electricity of possibility has been dampened, replaced by shock and a family's grief.

And here, at this writing, anything seems a little less large, all of the possibility turned to introspection. Until it happens again.

**CHECK OUT FACE VALUE  
ON PAGE 10**

## Guest Column

### Promise Keepers aren't flexing political muscle—yet

By Donald Kaul  
Tribune Media Services

The biggest crowd of guys since the Normandy Invasion flooded the National Mall in Washington last weekend. Promise Keepers, they called themselves, and they didn't, as you might imagine, drink beer, loot, pillage or burn. No, this bunch prayed. They also hugged each other, listened to uplifting speeches and repented their sins; they promised to be better husbands, fathers and Christians.

In other words, they didn't act like any large crowd of men you've been around lately.

Which is the whole point, I guess. Promise Keepers is a fairly young back-to-the-Bible movement which recognizes that the male animal has, in recent years, progressively abandoned his role as mainstay of the family, its protector and chief provider. It calls on men to confess their sins, return to the church, honor their wives and take responsibility for their children. It is the fastest growing men's movement in the country, faster even than the Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders Fan Club.

Naturally, the Women's Movement hates it. Patricia Ireland, president of the National Organization for Women, said that the Promise Keepers' philosophy is informed by a “nostalgic view of when men were in control and women were in submission.”

The Promise Keepers deny this. Bill McCartney, the ex-football coach who started the movement, says that he wants men to be leaders, yes, but not autocrats at

the breakfast table:

“The biblical definition of leadership is servitude,” he said. “A real man should be serving his wife. A real man should be getting up in the middle of the night and changing the diapers. And so, what happens in a biblical relationship is that they complete each other.”

But then he adds this kicker: “However, when there is a final decision that needs to be made and they can't arrive at one, the man needs to take responsibility.”

Feminists know a loophole when they see one.

I don't worry about that aspect of the Promise Keepers so much. It's not as though these guys, if they don't get involved in Promise Keepers, are going to be Alan Aldas. If they quit chasing around and stop beating their wives and pay more attention to their kids, I look at that as a plus. I imagine most of their wives do, too.

True, I'm a little put off by the hugging

and crying and the ostentation of their religious observance, but that's me. I'm quite comfortable stifling my emotions and not being in touch with my inner child. My inner child belongs in reform school.

And the thing is, there are a lot of them. It truly was a stunning sight on the Mall Saturday. I thought the Million Man March was big, but this was bigger, much bigger. The police estimate of 400,000 for the Million Man March seemed low to me, but if that was accurate there were 750,000 on the Mall Saturday.

My fear is that, if that many men can get together just to hear speeches and feel their collective strength, sooner or later it's going to occur to them they can use that strength to change things: to stop abortions, mandate prayer in schools and get them to stop promoting homosexuality and sexual promiscuity through “permissiveness.”

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## Editorial Cartoon of the week



### Stuff from Staff

By Sheryl Tirol

### Crash Course on the Real World

This past summer I did what any typical financially struggling college student would do: WORKED! But unlike some college students who would rather work at places that pay an incredible amount of money for a not so difficult job close to home, I chose to work at a public relations firm.

Along with working long hours, I commuted to the city five days a week, and spent \$300 on train passes to ride the wonderful Metra train. When I first stepped into Media Strategy, Inc. I was thinking this was going to be a dinky little receptionist job, answering phones, faxing, copying and spending long hours being bored to death! Although I did do the office work, I was far from bored to death.

This was not just any receptionist job. What was special about this place was that it was a small company and you were part of a link in a chain. Each job of each employee, including myself, was just as vital to the chain. Each person keeps the other above water and on task.

It was not that I was just responsible for taking messages or making copies, or faxing, it was those phone messages they depended on to write proposals and letters to companies and clients. And it was those copies that were being used for meetings and training that they conducted.

Okay, okay you get the point about the office work but I learned that no job is too small or less important. In fact, it was probably just as important as those press releases and pitch letters that were being written.

Unlike other companies, Media Strategy, Inc. has a close-knit family atmosphere because of their small ratio. I now realize more than ever just how difficult and stressful a 9 to 5 job is and what my folks go through, commuting six days a week to work and coming home late at night.

One of the disadvantages of this job was the 50-minute train commute and then getting off the train and having a 30-minute hike to work. Needless to say my sneakers were on my feet even with a suit (it's a norm for many of us commuters). I must admit though, I got a nice workout to and from the train station everyday.

One thing that I valued most working at a place such as this was all the people I met and spoke to

on the phone. Networking is a key thing in this line. Many times we had large corporation clients come in for training or meetings. It was an exciting experience for me as I never knew if the next person coming around the corner could be a prospective employer.

The media exposure also was exciting and the set-up of the office was one of a newsroom with three pods and the different time clocks. The newsroom was always buzzing with excitement and many times stress and anticipation. I think it was also unique in the sense that they all helped each other out and were not competing or backstabbing each other. And although some people had titles, they never acted as if they were superior or looked down on anyone.

Everyone treated each other equally and they were friendly toward everyone in the office. It was nice to know you could come to work and be greeted and also converse with everyone and not have to worry if you were allowed to even be chatting with the director of that department or the vice president of operations just because of their positions.

When things went wrong, the motto was to find a solution and find a better way for it to be done next time, instead of griping for hours.

Problem-solving, decision-making, accuracy, etc...all the things an employer expects an employee to execute in a job was not new to me. I had heard the whole spiel before! But this was the first job I encountered that was fast-paced and incredibly demanding, and although everything I did was not perfect, I learned quite a lot about myself and the way I think and do things.

Since then it's given me time to re-evaluate myself and the way I approach tasks and anything I do. I've started looking even deeper into my priorities and asking myself if this is really the way I want it or if I can do it better or go higher?

It was perhaps said best by Barbara Silk, the Vice-President of Media Strategy, Inc., “There's always a maximum in whatever you do but I always try to reach beyond the maximum and go as far as I can.” I can't think of a better way to look at life.

Now I've returned to good old Columbia with a fresh start and a new approach to my schoolwork, job and most of all how I look forward to my success. I am filled with a new anticipation as I strive to reach beyond that maximum everyday.

Oh and if there's one thing everyone should remember when making a call and getting connected with receptionists; be nice because you may never get to that person you need to speak to!





**Robert Stevenson**

## Bug Follow-Up, plus the "Promise Breakers"

**CHICAGO**—After a week of warfare, the students, staff and faculty of Columbia College outlasted a siege by the hordes of ichneumonons, which are also called ichneumonflies.

For those of you who don't know what ichneumonons are, shame on you, this should be common knowledge! Seriously, they are from a family of parasitic wasps which vary in size and color. And they ran rampant in *The Chronicle* office, and most of downtown, about 10 days ago.

The bugs that were here fed off of nectar and water and have antennae that are in constant motion. Besides that, they were very annoying.

I guess we at *The Chronicle* were not the only ones to have a problem with the ants. In a memo sent out to all departments on Oct. 7, Susan Babyk, Assistant to the Provost and Executive Vice President, reassured Columbians that the pests were only that, pests.

"Please be advised, according to Anderson Pest Control, that they are harmless, nonstinging species that cannot survive indoors and should die off quickly," stated the memo.

Apparently while these are nasty little bugs. There is no chemical that can kill them. Except for smashing them under a shoe or hefty book, Father Time is the only real enemy of these pests.

The best way to avoid them, "keep your windows closed for a few more weeks."

It seems that most of them are gone this week.

I've seen a few here and there, but not in the numbers like last Friday.

According to the memo, the flying pests usually hatch in the spring, but because of the unusually warm weather, they hatched a few months early.

On the plus side, because they are parasites, they eat a lot of other bugs. Although I hadn't noticed a problem with any other bugs in the last few weeks, I am glad the flying pests took care of the rest of the bugs around here!

If developments warrant, I'll bring you more later in the broadcast...

On to another topic that was in the news last week, the Promise Keepers.

As a I chatted about them with a friend, he said that there should be a group called the Promise Breakers.

Instead of being sexist, they'll just act like most guys.

"Yeah honey, I'll take care of it."

That can be the slogan of the group of marauding dolts who constantly promise their wives and/or girlfriends that they'll do something.

I can see it now, a mass meeting in Grant Park. They will promise the city that they will clean up after themselves, only to "forget" and leave lots of garbage behind.

This group will undoubtedly become a major force in the government, most of our representatives are of this nature... promising things left and right and not delivering on their "promises."

If the Promise Breakers became a powerful political force, they could run on platforms with slogans like "Sure thing honey."

When my friend told his wife of his new group, she said something along the lines of "quit making fun of them, you knucklehead. Why don't you get up and do something, like clean the garage."

"Yes dear," he responded.

Do you think the garage was cleaned? Fifty points for you if you answered no. A smack to the back of your head if you answered yes.

The truth is, every guy is like this, I know I am. I know a lot of my friends are, male and female.

Now that I think about it a little harder, The Promise Breakers probably won't form into some big group, they'd have to agree to have a meeting and actually show up. The reason the group was formed would be voided, because they would have to keep a promise.

**Editorials are the opinions of the Chronicle's editorial board. Columns are the opinions of the authors. Views expressed in the opinion pages aren't necessarily the opinions of The Chronicle, Columbia's journalism department or Columbia College.**

The Chronicle welcomes letters to the editor. Wednesday is the deadline for submissions. Please include full name, year and major. Letters can be faxed to 312/427-3920, e-mailed to Chron96@interaccess.com, mailed to 623 S. Wabash Ave., Suite 205, Chicago, IL 60605 or posted on the Chronicle's interactive forum located at <http://www.5.interaccess.com/chronicle>

## OP/ED: Princeton Review's 'Party School' Survey Catalogued As 'Outrageous Sales Hype 101'

By Eric Peters  
Knight-Ridder/Tribune News Service

**WASHINGTON**—Ask a handful of college students hanging out at the student union whether they're having fun being away from home for the first time, enjoying their first real experience of adult independence, and the answer you're likely to get is a resounding "you bet!" But does that make these kids "party animals" wasting their parents' money on beer and bacchanalia?

The Princeton Review seems to think so.

By naming a college or university "Top Party School," the New York-based company that publishes guides for college-bound high school seniors, makes an annual ritual of smearing entire student bodies based on dubious surveys of as few as 100 students.

This year's "winner" is West Virginia University, an institution already thoroughly abused because it's often perceived as being in the heart of Appalachia and a bit back-woods. The tired redneck jokes notwithstanding, West Virginia's historic Morgantown campus is hardly a den of sodden drunks or uncultured yahoos, for that matter. In fact, the school ranks sixth among all public state universities in numbers of Rhodes Scholars, and it consistently has produced some of the nation's top doctors, journalists, engineers and business leaders. Current president David Hardesty is one of its more than two dozen Rhodes Scholars.

Unfortunately for West Virginia and other universities tarred by the Princeton Review's "party school" designation, there's no place they can go to get their reputation back.

One reason: the Review surveys visit individual campuses, on average, about once every three years. And when they do, their surveys consist of brief interviews that seem almost designed to confer a "Top Party School" designation. The West Virginia survey, for example, was a result of interviews with fewer than 150 students (culled from a student body of 22,000) at the Mountainlair Student Union immediate football game.

If you wanted to get a distorted view of college life at any college this would be the ideal way. What would you expect a student at Michigan or Stanford or Notre Dame to say about the quality of partying on campus before the kickoff of any big football weekend?

It does seem a bit of a stretch to seek objective responses to questions about a university's reputation for partying in the midst of the hype that accompanies Pigskin Madness. Even the study's authors won't argue the point.

"We are not out to do a scientific survey," admits Ed Custard, lead author of the Princeton survey.

Of course not. They're out to create a promotional gimmick that hypes sales of the Princeton Review even if it means tarnishing the reputation of a school like West Virginia that has turned out 25 Rhodes Scholars and has a job placement rate for graduates well above 90 percent.

"The interviews took place at a time that's inconsistent with the rest of the school year," noted WVU student body president Rachel Welsh, who won election in a landslide on a—get this—non-drinking platform.

"Why don't they talk to students in front of the engineering or biology buildings?" wondered Florida State University spokesman Franklin Murphy, whose Tallahassee campus was spanked with the "top party school" paddle by the Review's surveyors last year. FSU slipped back to sixth in the party-hearty hierarchy this year.

All of this might be comical if the job market weren't so deadly serious and the amount of money invested by parents in their children's education so large. Flippantly labeling solid institutions of higher learning like WVU a "party school" devalues that institution and the degrees it confers in the eyes of potential employers and would-be students thinking about enrolling.

"I personally would not like to go to a job interview and have them say, 'I see your school was ranked the No. 1 party school,'" said Welsh.

If there were any substance to its rankings, the Princeton Review obviously wo a valuable service. Parents, after all, should have a right to know if they're wasting money on a school more interested in dispensing draft beer than basic knowledge. And employers owe it to their shareholders to know whether a job applicant has the skills implied by his degree. However, it's grossly unfair perhaps even bordering on libel to create such an impression on "evidence" as flimsy as that collected by Princeton.

The media, of course, are more than willing to tag along especially during the dog days of August when news takes a holiday and editors desperately seek "filler." The nation's press, playing the "boobus Americanus party school" angle to the hilt, ran the story without checking its veracity.

Any reporter worth his notepad would never print a story lending credence to a "study" that obviously was flackery spun from equal parts of hype and brazenness. Yet, don't expect the Columbia Journalism Review to throw any darts at the 500 or so media outlets that uncritically printed the Princeton Review press release.

If the "Top Party School" list represents the quality of the Princeton Review's other collegiate surveys, parents and students might think twice before acting on any of the company's recommendations.

## Going Home

By Chuck Jordan  
Opinion Editor

After spending four years away at college and coming to Columbia I can make comparisons. Maybe Columbia isn't missing much by not having a homecoming weekend like most colleges.

Maybe I'm just saying this because I'm anxious about making my first homecoming trip back to my *alma mater* this weekend. Since I graduated from Coe College, a small college in Cedar Rapids, Iowa I've only made two visits. Those were mostly to visit friends who still go there.

This trip will be special because it will be the first time I visit as an alumnus. I'll go to the alumni house on Friday and register and get an ID tag "Chuck Jordan Class of 1995." I'll go to the football game on Saturday afternoon then the dance on Saturday night.

There'll be a lot of people I will be happy to see. That's why I'm going. And part of me even misses Iowa. So why the anxiety? I'll be asked questions like "What are you doing now?"

When I read the alumni newsletter updates, I see all the things that people I graduated with are doing. Some are working as accountants or financial planners among other things.

I'm then forced to evaluate what I'm doing here at Columbia, not only for those who ask, but for myself.

When I graduated college with a degree in political science and an internship at a U.S. Senator's office (whom I'd rather not name) I thought I could do just about anything.

I soon learned that wasn't true.

While I graduated from a good school, I learned that finding a career was a job in and of itself. When I was choosing colleges in high school I never would have considered a school like Columbia — no I was only interested in schools that were in *Money* magazine's top 50 list. I was naive; I thought a degree would open a lot of doors. It takes more than just a degree from a prestigious school to be successful. Unfortunately, that was something I had to learn the hard way.

I spent the first two years of college without knowing what I would major in. By my junior year I knew I had to make a decision quickly or I wouldn't graduate on time. So I chose politics, something I've always loved. The only problem is that I didn't know what I wanted to do with my degree once I got out.

A year after my graduation, I decided to return to school to make myself more marketable.

So I'll tell everyone the truth when the questions start. I'm working on a second undergraduate degree in journalism at Columbia College, in Chicago, and that I hope to one day get into graduate journalism school.

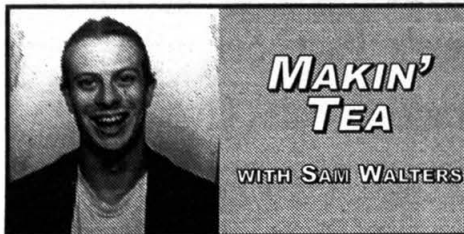
I know that will only prompt more questions because I had never written for a paper or taken a journalism class before the summer of '96.

Why journalism? Columbia College? Do you like it? Why are you studying something that had nothing to do with your major?

I'll just tell them when I was in college studying politics, it was structured learning.

Since I've come to Columbia, I've learned to meet the challenge of headlines and creativity, an experience that enriched my life.





## ON TAXI CABS

I have a love/hate relationship with cabs. On one hand there is the luxurious freeing convenience of being able to hop into a cab anywhere on the north side of the city and be magically whisked away from whatever trying, strenuous situation is then driving a headache through your brain like a steel spike through so much soft rock. Exiting the grocery store, a bundle of heavy plastic bags biting into the flesh on your wrists, a screaming infant strapped in a papoose on your back. Did I forget the milk? Did the bag lady crush the eggs? What exactly is a papoose, and whose infant is this? Agghhh!! Calgon take me away! These kinds of scenarios find me sprinting for the nearest cab, often away from the police (note: dump the infant—preferably not on its head—it'll only slow you down, and despite its outwardly succulent appearance it is not, I repeat, not a grocery). I slip into a cab with the same sense of relief most people get

sliding into a soothing hot bath. The tension veritably flows from my body, oft times collecting in an unseemly puddle on the floor of the cab. You might think my almost orgasmic appreciation of cab rides odd, and indeed it is. What of it? Fetishes aside though, the "cab experience" is a poor metaphor for sex. Sex, I've heard tell, or rather I know

from experience...lots of experience...lots and lots of experience...sex, they say I mean, Sex: when it's good it's great and when it's bad it's still pretty good right? er, right. Anyway, this hardly describes my experience with cabs. As you've noticed, riding in cabs can be an almost perversely transcendent experience for me. But only when it is without incident, and it is so rarely without some incident. In fact, my bad luck with cabs seems to go in and out of phase—perhaps with the cycles of the moon, I don't know. It is during these "off periods" that my compulsion to take taxis at best leads to a great deal of aggravation and at worst to almost getting me killed.

My taxi habit began sometime during my sophomore year in high school. Utterly spent after a long night at my girlfriend's doing that sex thang, I customarily called a taxi to ferry my broken and exhausted body home. This routine continued trouble free for some months until one night when the weird pendulum of fate swung abrupt-

ly in the opposite direction, snapping its tether and landing on my head. Exiting my girlfriend's that night, I should have been alerted to the demonic nature of the hell-carriage waiting hungrily on the corner to take me "home". The tinted black windows, the spotless, gleaming chrome exhaust pipes, the "STRAIGHT TO HELL BUDDY!!!" taxi cab co. logo stenciled in living fire on the side of the car. But after a hard night of sexing I was spent to the point of delirium and so discounted what I perceived to be these, after all, very minor hallucinations. The door to the cab was hot to the touch and there was a strong scent of sulfur as I entered its rear, but I slid into the ample back seat anyway and was pulling the door shut when I was winded by the sight of the back of the cabby's head. At first I thought it was some sort of freakish, flesh-colored divider, interrupted in places by patches of nasty, stringy hair and some horrible protruding rash or birthmark vaguely in the shape of the continents that seemed to glow supernaturally pink in the gloom of the cab. But no; it was, in fact, just the back of the cabby's head—impossibly huge and flat as a pan. Fearfully, I closed the door and readied myself for what I knew would be an eventful journey. Then my nightmare began. To relate that the cabby drove recklessly is something of an understatement and an obvious anticlimax (though the fact that he managed to drive down nothing but one-way streets the wrong way should certainly be regarded as exceptional). Far more

terrifying is this rant he let fly the instant the cab was in motion:

(read at twice normal speed) "So I got these two chicks up in my apartment and we're bingin' and bangin' and ding dong a' danglin' and things are going so good I'm thinkin' I'm going to get my pulpy grub battered tonight if you know what I mean when one of the chicks notices this horrible rash I have all over my head—this horrible rash that's surely contagious and seems to glow supernaturally pink in the gloom of the cab as if were some sort of DEMON FROM HELL A-HA A-HA A-HA HA HA!!! so the chick says, 'I got the perfect cure for that' and pulls out the biggest bag of COCAINE I'd ever seen all night and hands me straw to snort it with but there was one already up my nose at all times and keep in mind this was just seconds before I got into my cab to pick you up though of course I don't do COCAINE anymo—" I got out there.

For two months this nostril shoveling blow goblin, this chauffeur of the apocalypse was my personal driver. Regardless of where I called a cab he was there, his monstrous head a frightening portent of another harrowing, diarrhetic ride home. I would have tried alternate methods of transportation but I sensed the futility; I'm sure he would have been driving whatever bus I got on, or worse shadowing me on foot. Then, abruptly, he was gone. My bad luck with cabs continues going in and out, but the cabbeast has yet to return. I never did see its face.

## Federal Work-Study Program Needs Work

By Arnie Shober

The Bradley University Scout

Campus employment is always sparse—but even more so if you are one of many students who has been slighted by the federal work-study program.

Federal work-study is supposed to help students work through college by providing inexpensive labor for colleges. But work-study, much like financial aid, is based on the concept of "need"—it will help students who could not be expected to raise enough money to cover college costs without it.

Unfortunately, the formula used to determine work-study eligibility keeps many students from obtaining jobs.

Many students come from families that may have just enough money to eliminate them from work-study competition. The federal government expects parents to devote half of their income to college expenses. Is this really realistic?

While work-study does aim at a worthy goal, it fails to consider that parents' incomes do not always equal support. 1040 forms notwithstanding, some parents will not or cannot help their children through college because of an expected work ethic, hard times or both. Work study is a detriment to these students.

To compound the problem, many university departments cannot afford to hire at minimum wage without the government's three-quarters subsidy. The hike of the minimum wage to \$5.15 last month will not help, either.

The Department of Education's reckoning of student financial need is outdated. The formula assumes that parents can pay about a third of their income and assets for the benefit of their children in college—one third. At the same time, the department assumes that students can pay only about a quarter of their income and assets, such as savings accounts.

This seems to be reversed. Working students often devote a greater fraction of their income to paying school bills than their parents do. The assumption that parents will pick up more of the college tab is hurting those who need financial aid.

Work-study needs to be weighted more heavily on students' income. Under the current system, this could dramatically increase participation in the program, making it much more expensive for taxpayers. To help offset the cost, the government could reduce the fraction it pays.

I say this realizing many departments work on limited budgets. Some work probably would not get done if it were not for work-study. If the change suggested above was made, some departments could switch to alternative pay—some form of class credit, for example.

Credit-wages could take two forms. The first form is a generic credit hour that could fill in hours needed for graduation. Since any of these jobs would be academically inclined, they could be legitimately counted as practical experience too often lacking in classrooms.

A second form could be determined to fill class requirements. Any jobs garnering these credit wages would have to be much more specific and detailed.

Credit hours for wages are probably the best alternative to work-study pay. For one, they are free to the school. No faculty member is teaching any class for these credit wages, while a department receives the benefit of the student's work. A credit-wage is tax-free for students. And such wages encourage everyone to work, because everyone wants to graduate.

Other possibilities for alternative pay include tuition reductions or textbook rebates.

In any case, work-study hurts students looking for jobs. Since reform on the part of the Department of Education is unlikely (though needed), looking into different ways of payment would benefit more than those who do not meet financial aid requirements.

Employment is a hassle enough in college with awkward schedules.

Work-study need not be one of them.

## If you died today, what song would be played at your funeral and who would perform it?

Face Value by Vincent Johnson



Megan Peterson  
Photography  
Junior

Paul Simon's "Diamonds on the Soles of Her Shoes."



Mike Dimaria  
Fiction Writing  
Graduate Student

AC/DC's "Highway to Hell."



Tanya Zandorozny  
Undecided  
Sophomore

Elton John's thips gyrating "If You Want My Body."



Reggie Santiago  
Sound  
Junior

Bob Marley's "Three Little Birds."





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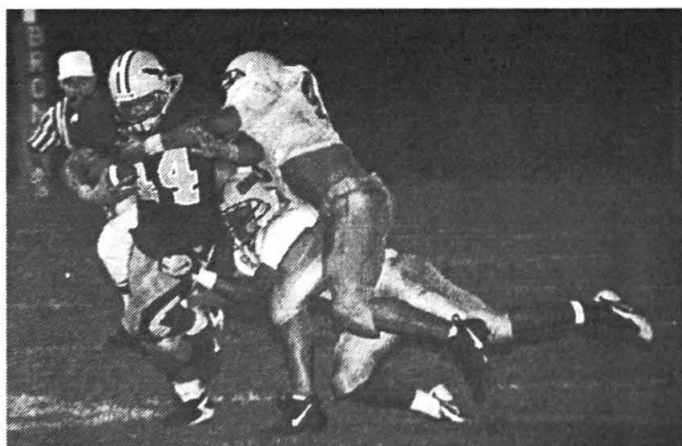
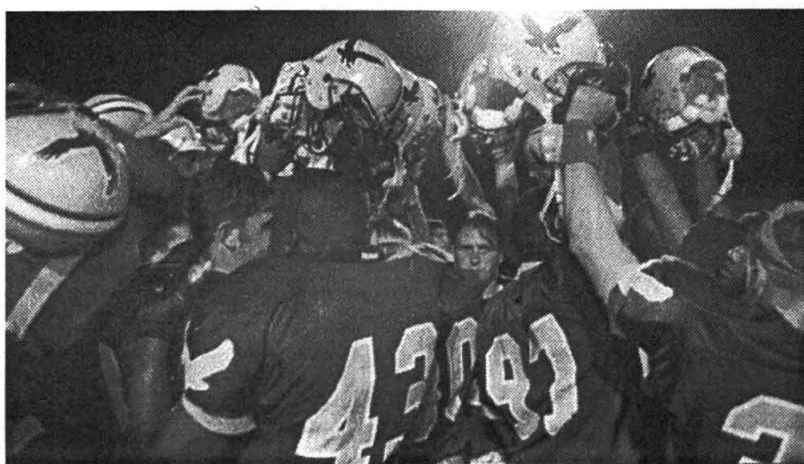
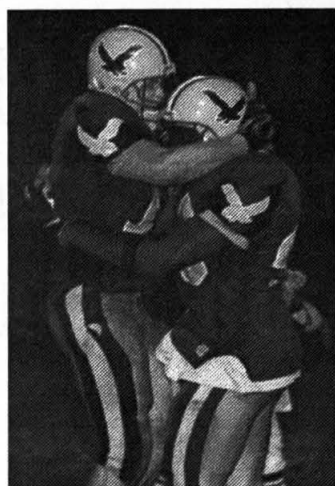
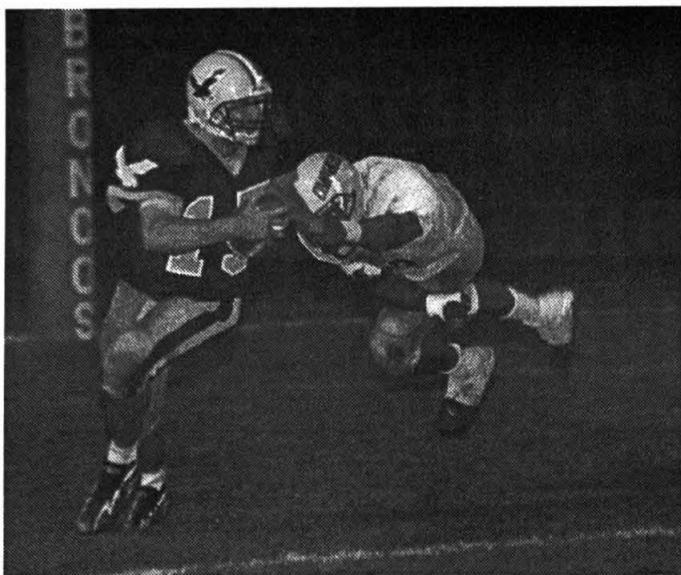
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Photos by Brian Markiewicz



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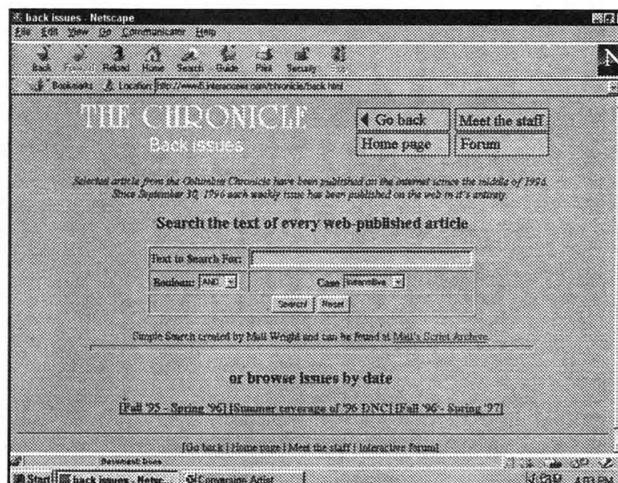
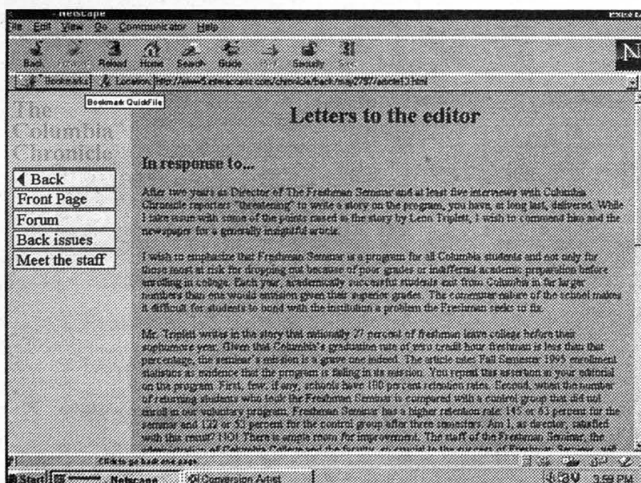
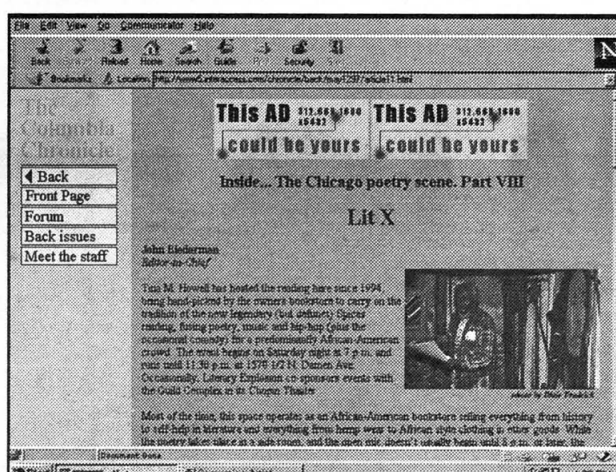
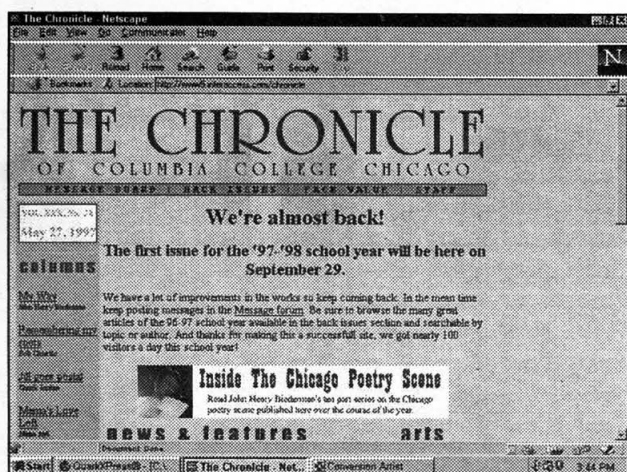
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# Big "blue" blast

'Blue Man Group' transports audience to another time

By Denise M. Guay  
Correspondent

If you've forgotten the lyrics to White Rabbit and wake up in the morning asking yourself: "Am I a fish or am I a deconstructed image of a fish?" then you need to see the Blue Man Group now appearing at the Briar Street Theater.

But what, you may ask, could be so fabulous about three bug-eyed blue men parading about without saying so much as a single word? I can guarantee you'll never look at a Twinkie the same way again, and besides, the Blue Man Group not only knows how to put on a mesmerizing show, they know how to make you grip the edge of your seat and hope you're not the next lucky contestant to be robbed with a crash helmet and subjected to the blue boys' interpretation of modern art technique.

Sometimes we forget that we live in a quantum universe. The Blue Man will refresh your memory. How else could they turn red jello, fractal geometry, PVC piping, Grace Slick, flying toaster screen savers, an exposition on modern plumbing and a mounted dead fish into a coherent exploration of the nature of modern life? Not bad for a bunch of guys who began their careers showing up on lower Manhattan's street corners and neighborhood bars; bald, blue and without explanation.

But as a word of warning, do not go to Blue Man hoping to just watch the show. The entire theater is the stage and you are a player. The performance is so interactive, even the bathroom has its own soundtrack. That first step into the lobby may as well be a transporter beam to an alternative dimension. Twisting day-glo tubes of unidentifiable gelatinous goo overtake the walls and ceilings, squirting and oozing to a sound montage of pops, clicks and subliminally suggestive nonsensical phrases. Glowing humanoids reach out at you from the walls while you wade through the sea of grandmas, yuppies and screaming children to the fully stocked bar (Don't lie, I know you will). Make that martini extra strong, for once you find your seat, you may be the lucky guy chosen to lead the audience in the national anthem

or the woman who will soon have a new found respect for bug zappers, Twinkies and industrial vacuum hoses. Beware of your seating assignment. Enough plastic tarps and ponchos line the first three rows to make Gallagher green with envy, and they do see their fair share of use.

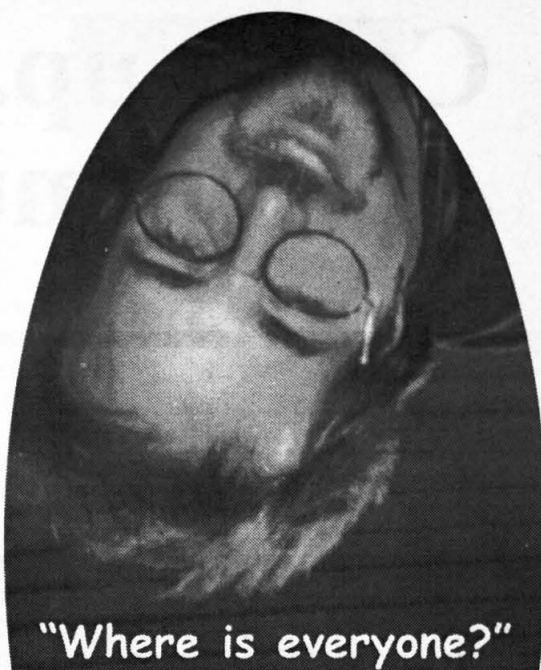
Even if you aren't a hapless victim of the Blue Man's wiles, plenty of bacchanalian sensual delights await you. In the beginning, darkness rules. The only light comes from the inside of a drum spraying red and yellow paint into the air with every strike of the mallet. Then, after a polyphonic percussion ensemble, a game of catch the ball in the mouth may make you exclaim, "My God, how large must that man's mouth be?" The Cap 'n' Crunch symphony and "le collage de Poisson" segments deserve more than a chuckle and a raised eyebrow. They even have a neon band in a box accompanying their every move with an original score that's a treat in and of itself. Essentially, the spellbinding combination of sight, sound, giggles and gasps of amazement lead the unsuspecting audience to a dramatic climax that leaves everyone from Stoner Ed's barfly buddies to grandma's Monday night bridge club laughing and frolicking about in a shimmering sea of phosphorescent crepe paper.

The price of perfection, however, is steep. Although the show is fabulous, the cheapest seat is \$38 dollars, which in college financial terminology equals the equivalent of roughly fifteen and a half blockbuster nights. But take it from a girl who doesn't like to spend more than three dollars for anything, the \$38 price tag is well worth the experience.

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# NPG dancing into town

Mayte (wife of The Artist formerly known as Prince) steps out on her own

By Bianca Williams  
Correspondent

The NPG Dance Company has come into fruition as of October and it's coming to Chicago (okay Rockford) on Saturday, Oct. 18. This is a new and innovative dance company that consists of 21 dancers who were selected for being at the top in their respective fields of dance.

Does NPG ring a bell? Does it sound familiar? Well, if you're thinking it sounds like a project from the wife of a famous musician who was recently emancipated, then you're right. The NPG Dance Company is founded and directed by The Artist (formerly known as Prince)'s wife, Mayte Janelle Garcia-Nelson.

Before you start thinking that the dance company is The Artist's project in disguise of his wife, you're wrong. Before The Artist released his first LP in 1978, Mayte was a ballet dancer. Before The Artist rose to international stardom in 1984, Mayte added modern, tap and jazz to her dance repertoire. Before the Artist met the 16-year-old Mayte at a concert in Germany, Mayte was the youngest female to ever become a professional belly dancer in Egypt. Therefore, being the director and founder of her own dance company was inevitable.

Upon learning the NPG Dance Company was going to perform close to Chicago, I had to by a ticket for this major event just to see the dancers perform to the beautiful music of the Kamasutra. This score was composed by The Artist--and if not released it could become as hot a bootleg album as the unreleased (until 1995) 1987 "The Black Album." Considering that I am a major supporter of The Artist, I felt I had an obligation to support Mayte's projects as well. Given the opportunity to interview Mayte and some of the dancers, I jumped at the chance. And via a fax machine (isn't technology grand?) I sent my questions and moments later, out popped the responses.

**Bianca:** What steps were taken to put the NPG Dance Company together from thought (idea) to objective reality (tour performances)?

**NPG Dance Co.:** Dance auditions were held in New York during the summer followed by rehearsals.

**Bianca:** Mayte, are you one of the NPG Dancers and if not, why and do you plan to dance with the company in any of its premieres?

**NPG Dance Co.:** I am one of the dancers but I will not dance on this tour because of all the work I had to do to put the company together.

**Bianca:** Is the first premiere outing of the dance company a trial run to test the waters?

**NPG Dance Co.:** Yes, we feel that Detroit and Chicago have always been supportive of my husband (The Artist) and myself.

**Bianca:** What does the NPG Dance Company have to offer an audience that differs from the Alvin Alley Dance Company and Joffrey Ballet of Chicago?

**NPG Dance Co.:** It isn't like any other dance company. Even though we do perform as a unit, we all have our own unique skill or trait that we each add to the show, which not many companies do.

**Bianca:** How long will the NPG Dance Company tour?

**NPG Dance Co.:** So far we have an 8-month tour lined up throughout the US and Europe. Approximately 20 cities have been selected in the States to see this tour.

**Bianca:** What is the Kamasutra Ballet?

**NPG Dance Co.:** It's a ballet score composed by The Artist (formerly known as . . .) and choreographed by Dwight Rhoden. The story is about a love triangle. An obsessive love relationship.

**Bianca:** Will the NPG Dance Company perform to music other than The Artist's?

**NPG Dance Co.:** Right now, there is so much music from "The Artist" there are no plans to use any other music.

**Bianca:** How important is education to you and what is its correlation to the art of dance and your involvement in dance?

**NPG Dance Co.:** As a dancer having an education is important, but actually what you learn from performing and everyday "dance life" (rehearsing, etc.) is really where the true education lies. I've always wanted to be a dancer. . . It was where I felt the most comfortable.

**Bianca:** Dancers backgrounds usually range from ballet to modern to flamenco. Will the NPG Dance Company perform multicultural dances and if so which cultures will be represented in this current premiere tour?

**NPG Dance Co.:** We are doing a semi-belly dance, Arabic-middle eastern number as well as jazz and hip-hop.

**Bianca:** What kind of impact has choreographed dancing made in video and record sales in the past 20 years?

**NPG Dance Co.:** It definitely has added to the image of musicians and singers/groups. But, unfortunately, most dancers aren't recognized as much in videos, when they're the ones who add so much.

**Bianca:** How important is dancing in your life?

**NPG Dance Co.:** It's my career. . . It's my release from everyday life on top of being just my bread and butter. It's what has driven me to this point and I want to keep continuing to learn, grown, and express myself (through dance).

There's a lot on the NPG Dance Company's plate in the near future. With the music of The Artist backing it, I feel the company will be around for years to come.

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# One Helluva 'Ride'

Three local filmmakers debut at the Chicago International Film Festival

By Jerry LaBuy  
Copy Editor

The 33rd annual Chicago International Film Festival on Oct. 9, will feature many talented filmmakers including Spike Lee, Sidney Lumet, and film makers such as Jeff Myers, David Miller and Kris Kondrad?

Who? Chicago's very own Myers, Miller and Kondrad. Among those new filmmakers hoping to have a strong are the trio from Mindlight Films Inc. and the creative team behind "The Ride", which is one of nine films selected for the "Explore the U.S.A." category of the festival.

Written by Miller and Kondrad during the hottest day of the summer in 1995, "The Ride" follows a 1992 Alfa Romeo as it passes through a series of obsessive characters. The script originally started out as a short story based on Myers and Kondrad's former work experiences.

"Kris and I had worked as parking valets for a couple of years at some of Chicago's finest restaurants and we had so many great stories about what happens to peoples' cars after they hand us the keys that we thought we'd write a short story about it," said Myers.

That short story soon turned into a feature length script after they showed it to their partner in Mindlight Films Inc., producer David Miller. He then began planning to shoot it as a short, but after returning from the Toronto International Film Festival, he decided to go ahead and make it into a feature.

"Up until this point Mindlight had been producing only music videos and the occasional commercial," said Miller a former Columbia student. "A feature film would be 10 times more complex than anything we had ever done before. This would be our first feature but I knew we could handle it."

After an intense night of brainstorming, they decided to shoot in the fall with the first day of production set on Nov. 4. Myers would direct, Miller would produce and Michael Ojeda (another partner in Mindlight Films Inc.) was brought on as cinematographer.

"Before the shoot started," says Ojeda. "Jeff told me the look that he wanted, a gritty city feel with lots of hand-held shots and an intimate personal feel. Then he gave me the freedom to incorporate some more of my strengths into his vision."

They then added local filmmaker, and former

Columbia student, Adrian Fulle as Assistant Director (who has his own film "Three Days" selected for this year's Chicago International Film Festival as well) and with all the pieces in place, the group started their shoot at a very ambitious pace.

After some initial production problems which couldn't be avoided, the shoot progressed extremely smoothly, as the cast grew into their roles and reacted to each other in ways that, as screenwriter Kondrad says, "I had only hoped of."

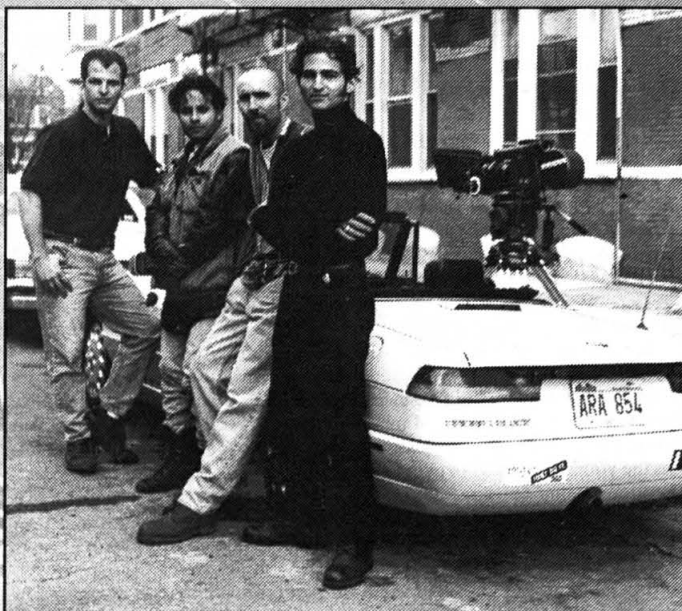
"I am really glad that we made the film with a smaller budget than most others," says Myers. "It allowed us to solve those initial difficulties creatively, rather than throwing money at our problems like the bigger budget productions."

The production wrapped after 20 days and went through the post-production process with editor Chris Shegich doing the cutting. Soon the filmmakers finished film was in the can and a dream had been realized.

"It wasn't an effortless process to make this film," says Myers, "and we couldn't have done it without such a determined cast and crew. Everything just seemed to hit a groove, and both friends and total strangers lent us a helping hand."

With the film finished, Myers and Miller say they are very proud and excited to have it entered into this year's festival. They also hope that the film will show other filmmakers that it is possible for them to make a feature without a large scale budget.

"I made this film to make people laugh," says Myers, "and show them how to laugh at themselves. I couldn't have done that if I didn't believe in the story I was telling."



Producer David Miller (left), director of photography Michael S. Ojeda, writer Kris Kondrad and director Jeff Myers.

One of the many things I learned with this film is that success all comes down to how much you believe in, and are willing to stick with, your own vision."

"The Ride" will be shown at the Chicago International Film Festival on Wednesday, Oct. 15 at 9 p.m., Tuesday, Oct. 16 at 4 p.m. and Sunday Oct. 19th at 1:30 p.m. Tickets for "The Ride" and all of the festival's films are available at The Festival Store (located in the Viacom store), on-line at <http://www.chicago.ddbn.com/filmfest> or by phone at Ticketmaster.

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# Fulle's fabulous finish

*Columbia grad shares the pain of losing his mother in a plane crash*

By Glen Raj  
Staff Writer

American Eagle flight 4184 traveling from Indianapolis to Chicago went down in a muddy northern Indiana soybean field on Halloween night in 1994. All 68 passengers on board were killed including the mother of Columbia student, Adrian Fulle.

The then 21-year-old student who had just made his claim to independence with a job, a car and his own apartment found himself back at his mother's home as he prepared to bury the woman who had loved and supported him all his life.

In his darkest moments, he turned to his journal for solace and today, three years later, the contents of that journal serve as the foundation for a film that has made it to the Chicago International Film Festival.

In Fulle's own words, "Three Days" is the story of how a 20-something year-old man "copes with life in the aftermath of his mother's death in a plane crash." Intertwined with this is a comedic look at the usual gatherings of odd-ball friends and relatives you haven't seen since your high school days (or since the last big funeral in the family).

"Putting things down on paper was a good way for me to deal with all of the emotions I was feeling," said Fulle who delved into his journal and then mixed realism with a dash of fiction in his bid to balance the "seriousness of the subject with all the comedic and romantic elements."

But writing isn't Fulle's only talent. Fulle has written

and directed several short films including "Memory" and the award-winning "Ethan." He is also co-founder of Poya Pictures, the company behind "Three Days." In all it took just 22 days to complete the filming of the less than half a million dollar movie. Post production however, with the team at Avenue Edit, took a year and a half to complete.

But the biggest stumbling block wasn't the nitty gritty of film making or even the post production. It was money. "Money was the biggest obstacle but fortunately I was introduced to a lot of people with money," said Fulle who revealed that once he had the right backing, there was little to stop him.

"I wanted to get my feet wet," he declares with confidence. "I am the kind of person who likes to jump in head first." With that in mind, Fulle, who graduated from Columbia in 1995, dismissed his doubts, gave up his two-year-old production assistant job and embarked on his film.

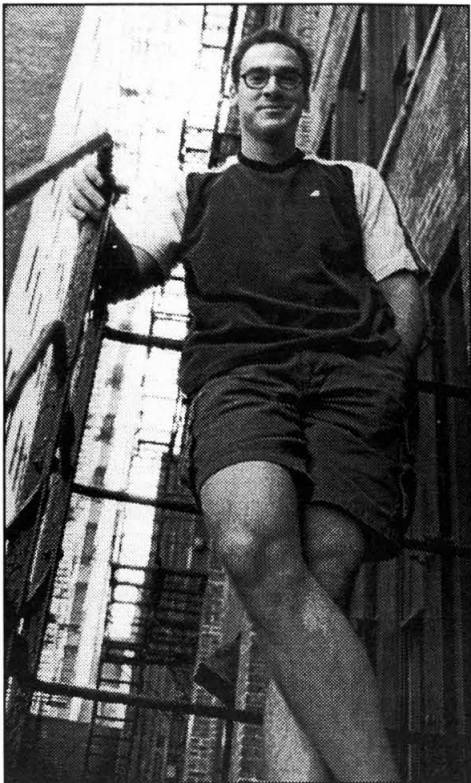
He picked the painful period after his mother's death as the basis for his script simply because he decided the best place to start was to write from what he knew — a lesson he had learned from Carter Tillman, Columbia's film tech instructor. Also, Fulle and his mother had always been close and he remembers her supporting him from his early days as a child actor in several commercials to his dream of becoming a film director. "I saw an opportunity to make both our dreams come true," said Fulle.

Almost three years to the day of that fateful crash, Fulle's tribute to his mother will make it to the big screen right here in Chicago. It will be a proud night for Columbia College as once again another one of its graduates breaks into the big leagues; it will be a proud night for Fulle and his team who have worked so hard and sacri-

ficed so much; and it will be a proud night for Fulle and the memory of his mother, that will forever be immortalized in movie magic.

## Big Time

A look at Columbia grads who have made it big



## 'Three Days' tempts, teases but does not deliver

*Adrain Fulle's moving and funny tale falls short*

By Glen Raj  
Staff Writer

Columbia grad Adrian Fulle's first foray into film-making was a promising attempt that just fell short of bringing to life the drama and comedy surrounding a funeral. His independent film "Three Days" which is part of the Chicago International Film Festival was convoluted and lacked direction. A pity really since I have long been a fan of foreign and independent films and I was hoping for something a little more decent and presentable.

While the first five minutes was promising, the rest of the film did not unfold along the same vein. Part comedy, part drama, one was hard pressed to find anything funny in the death of Fulle's mother. "Three Days" chronicles the three days immediately following her death in an American Eagle flight 4184 plane crash. The funeral, as with most funerals, bring together long lost relatives and friends including Uncle "Disco" Mike (Duane Sharp), whom, as his name suggests, still lives in the 70s, high school buddies Ernie (Frank Dominelli) and Mick (Rich Hutchman) and ex-girlfriend Rachel (Heidi Fecht) whom he still has the hots for.

The premise sounds interesting and funny enough but Fulle does not capitalize on the little idiosyncracies his main characters share. Instead, he appears to try so hard to be funny that most of the real and inherent humor is lost in some of the blatantly over-the-top scenes that border on the repulsive.

The fact that it wasn't funny also left me swinging like a pendulum between my emotions. Was I supposed to laugh or cry? I didn't know if I was supposed to cry for the character because his mother had died or laugh because of the second rate comedy or be impressed that he had sex 3 times with 2 different women in three days. And don't ask me to take a cue from Steven Kay, the main actor who plays Fulle's character Andrew Foley. Foley is emotionless in this film. He doesn't cry at the funeral he doesn't get angry when he's supposed to, I don't even think he gets excited when he's having sex.

Marry that with bad acting and a plot that took more twists and turns than a roller coaster ride gone haywire and we're left with very little to go on. The movie's obvious lack of direction meant that the audience was never allowed to look forward to anything in the plot since there was nothing to look forward to. In short, the film was pointless, according to yours truly — the average moviegoer.

However in the perspective of a film critic (which I am not but will attempt to be), I felt that the film seen through the eyes of Fulle's personal journal held a lot of promise. There were pockets that reflected how his comfortable sub-

urban life becomes complex after his mother dies but these moments are few and far in between. Fulle's "write from what you know" philosophy should have perhaps been directed with a steadier hand. The film is hard to identify with simply because the deeper meaning, if there is one, is simply lost in the film's choppy flow.

Fulle shows promise but it will take a lot more than this to put him in the big league. Maybe next time, Fulle.

Go see it if you want to see former Columbia student do good or if you are a film student at Columbia or anywhere else. But if you are the common Joe-schmoe, like me, looking for a weekend movie to see with your friends save your money for the coffee and cigarettes.

"Three Days" will be shown at the Chicago International Film Festival on Oct. 16 at 9:15 p.m., Oct. 17 at 4:30 p.m., Oct. 18 at 8:15 p.m.



A scene from the beginning of "Three Days" with Andrew Foley as a child watching the planes go by with two of his friends.

OCTOBER 9-18 1997



# Adult Learner Scholarship Opportunity

**Amount of scholarship: five awards of \$1,000 each for tuition, books, and other expenses**

## **Eligibility:**

**25 years or older**

**Degree seeking student**

**Either full or part-time undergraduate or graduate student**

**Must demonstrate financial need as indicated on the 1997-98 Student Aid Report**

**Undergraduates must have completed at least 12 semester hours of college credit and have a 3.0 cumulative GPA on a 4.0 scale**

**Graduate students must have earned the equivalent of a cumulative GPA of at least 3.0 on a 4.0 scale based on the 1st half of baccalaureate credit hours OR based on 12 semester hours of graduate level credit**

**Application deadline: 4:30 P.M. January 15, 1998**

**The awards will be made in mid-April 1998**

**Applications are available in the financial aid office, 3rd floor of the 600 S. Michigan Ave. building.**

**Sponsoring association: Resources for the Education of Adults in the Chicago Area**

**Scholarship name: REACH Scholarship**



# Wienermobile Drivers Wanted

## An Internship with all the Fixings

By Sheryl Tirol  
Staff Writer

I know everyone remembers that song on television with the cute kid singing "Oh I wish I were an Oscar Mayer Wiener." You're probably too old to be auditioning for that role but you could do one better by driving the Oscar Mayer Wienermobile all summer.

Here's your chance to be a mini-celebrity and an intern by appearing at major events and conducting media interviews as the driver of an Oscar Mayer Wienermobile. Each summer Oscar Mayer selects 30 people to travel across the country and represent a Fortune 500 company during its search for a child to be in an Oscar Mayer television commercial. This internship pays \$424 a week, plus expenses, benefits and clothing.

But the job is not as easy as you think. Interns become traveling public relations firms and experience being in a self-managed position with many responsibilities.

The multi-talented drivers of the Oscar Mayer Wienermobiles, many of whom are recent college graduates, are paid to attend events all over North America, such as the Super Bowl, Mardi Gras, parades, fairs, and charities.

Oscar Mayer Foods sees the interns as goodwill ambassadors for the company.

The Hotdoggers, the pilots of the Wienermobiles, travel a full year coast to coast making promotional appearances. They are responsible for coordinating their hectic, but fun schedules.

The year starts off with training at Hotdog High where they learn about the history of Oscar Mayer and its products, plan special events and learn how to maneuver their buns in traffic.

For many Hotdoggers they become celebrities for the year because the major por-



tion of the job is participating in television, newspaper and radio interviews. The Hotdoggers also play a major role in the company's "Talent Search" where 30 Hotdoggers in 10 Wienermobiles spend the summer auditioning children across the country for the Oscar Mayer television commercial. Not only do they execute the activities but they manage and promote the auditions.

What sets this internship apart from others (if it's not already obvious), besides driving a 27-foot-long hotdog on wheels, is the amount of creative freedom the Hotdoggers enjoy. "We give the youngest people in the company the most responsibility and the least supervision," said Russ Whitacre, program manager.

The Hotdoggers have made appearances on the Oprah Winfrey Show, a Rodney Dangerfield movie, and hundreds of local and national media outlets.

"If you can cut the mustard you will relish the job," read the headline story on the front page of the Wall Street Journal.

Jay Leno even mentioned the job in one of his monologues: "The Oscar Mayer company is looking for recent college graduates to drive their Wienermobiles. Who says there are no good jobs for Liberal Arts majors?"

Besides gaining valuable public relations, marketing and sales experience, many Hotdoggers have gone on to launch successful careers.

Alumni of the program have gone on to become television anchors, producers, account executives at public relations firms and sales representatives for Oscar Mayer's parent company, Kraft.

If this sounds interesting to you or anyone you know, send a resume to:

Wienermobile Department, Oscar Mayer Foods, P.O. Box 7188, Madison, WI 53707.



# All eyes on Shakur's last movie

## Late Tupac's career more promising than his final film

Jason Kravarik  
Assistant Features Editor

Tupac Shakur finished shooting this film just days before he was shot and killed in Las Vegas in September 1996. Maybe for that reason you warm up to his character just a little in "Gang Related"—too bad he and co-star James Belushi play lying, murderous cops trying to pin their greedy killing onto a hapless bum. This movie unsuccessfully tries to build appeal for the stars with dopey dialogue and bad jokes. Since their characters are barely developed, it's hard to like a couple of murderers.

Shakur and Belushi are bad cops who set up drug deals, kill the buyers and steal back the drugs. It's a process that brings them big bucks, so they justify it by saying they are getting scum off the streets. It's a concept that would have worked better had we been formally introduced to the characters in some way. The most we know is that Belushi, who plays Divinci, is a burned out detective who just wants to "sit on a beach in Hawaii." How original. Shakur plays Rodriguez, a narcotics detective mired in gambling debts. He needs the

dough to pay off a sleazy bookie. To cover-up their crimes, the two cops write up their murders as being gang related.

The movie opens up with one such drug deal, but this time they kill an undercover federal agent. Full of sappy dialogue, the first 30 minutes of this movie are nothing more than stereotypical. The movie does get better, however. In fact, the middle of the film is quite good. The Feds want answers in the murder of their agent, so Divinci and Rodriguez are forced to pin the murder on someone. Just when their plan looks airtight, it unravels in their

face—and in rather amusing fashion. James Earl Jones comes on the scene as the attorney that, with his deep voice and polite manner, foil the cops' plan right in the middle of the courtroom.

To further explain would ruin the only decent part of the film.

Unfortunately, there aren't many good parts in "Gang Related," but the best interaction between Belushi and Shakur is here, when they squirm to cover themselves. They're as likable as they can be while fighting over what they should do to get out of the mess they created.

Okay, good parts over. It's on to the end, and the worst part of the movie. After taking the audience on a long ride with these cops, the ending is completely

unimaginative and far too simplistic. We know these cops are going to get what they deserve, but what happens to them could have been scripted on a napkin at Burger King.

"Gang Related," while it works at times, is full of laim dialogue and a plot that is unsure of itself. By the end of the movie, Belushi's character—the one who's been spewing out punch lines all movie—abruptly turns into a monster.

Of course this is understandable after screwing up his master plan, but it all seems pointless because the film doesn't adequately put the viewer into Divinci's world.

Belushi and Shakur are not the problems with this film. Belushi fits the role as a cynical guy who doesn't care if there is "one more chalk line on the city. Who's gonna know?"

Shakur is given little more than some whining lines to work with here, yet showed promise as an actor as he did in his previous films.

"Gang Related" should appeal to Shakur fans as his music is heard in several scenes. Too bad his acting talent wasn't put to better use.

### GANG RELATED (R)

\* \*

STARRING: JAMES BELUSHI  
TUPAC SHAKUR  
JAMES EARL JONES  
LELA ROCHON  
DENNIS QUaid

Belushi and Shakur have little to work with as they play cops who try to pin a murder they committed onto someone else.



# The Tree House that Amy built

## Grad student helps local animal shelter with benefit concert

By Eva Boyer  
Staff Writer

Columbia college graduate student Amy Butterer has turned her masters thesis project into a fund raiser for a local organization known as the Tree House Animal Foundation.

While earning her masters degree in Arts Management/Music Business, Amy decided she wanted to put the skills she learned at Columbia to work by organizing a benefit concert to help a neighborhood animal shelter.

Amy's benefit concert idea turned out to be a perfect way for her to demonstrate her thesis project. She chose to focus on how community support affects the arts and how the arts affect the community. Amy banked on experiences she had gained from marketing and Music classes and used that knowledge to plan the event.

"The instructors at Columbia are really great. Everyone is very experienced and knowledgeable in the field they are teaching," said Amy. "I'm very fortunate to be able to learn from these professionals. Listening to their experiences has been extremely helpful."

Amy credits Robert P. Bron a Management Instructor at Columbia for playing a major role in showing her the importance of first hand experience.

"There's no other way to learn than first hand," said Amy. "Jump right in and do it." Over the summer, Amy was part of Mr. Bron's Presenting and Touring Live Performances class. "He gave me a lot of insight on how to prepare," she said.

Top priorities on the list were what organizations to choose for the benefit, and the selection of music for the concert. "I wanted to make sure they complimented each other," Amy said. Her search for an organization ended the day a stray cat, she later named Berklee, wandered up to her third floor apartment and plopped himself in front of her front door. Amy wasn't able to keep the cat so she brought him to her neighborhood animal shelter. "Something hit me when I walked into the Tree House," recalls Amy. "I knew I wanted to do the benefit concert for them."

With the most important decision behind her, Amy was ready to start looking for local bands to head up the event. "Why should we go outside Chicago to find good art and music?" said Amy. "We have all the resources we need right here in Chicago."

Los Toallitas, who will headline the event, is an eclectic ensemble who have molded a bit of techno and funk, hip-hop,

and jazz to form their own unique pop sound.

Cats & Jammers, a bouncy, power pop trio, will bring their hook-laden, garagey sound to the mix.

But she still had the task of ironing out the details regarding the printing, flyers and tickets. Amy drew on another piece of advice that Mr. Bron had passed on to her which she found invaluable: "If you produce a concert for charity, you should be able to utilize your community to donate services."

That is exactly what she did. Kinkos Copy in Bucktown donated the printing of the tickets and offered a 35% discount on the printing for the brochures which will be distributed at the concert. Amy found herself running door to door, asking local bar and store owners to help support her cause by buying ad space in the brochure. "It's all about community," said Amy.

Columbia's own WCRX-FM is pitching in, too. They will be putting the word out to their listeners through public service announcements according to Operations Manager, Jim Mitchem. WCBR in Arlington Heights has promised free radio spots, and Northwestern's radio station, WNUR, will be featuring Los Toallitas on air some time before the concert date.

Organizing a benefit concert is no doubt an all-consuming effort. According to Amy, she invested approximately five hours a day for the past three months into her project. On top of that she is hoping to graduate by January while working full-time as an office manager for a managed health care company. She has even managed to find time to do an internship at J. Frances & Associates working as a booking agent. Where does she find the time to pull it all together? She admits she spends a lot of lunch breaks and after work hours on the phone making arrangements for the benefit concert. When asked if she would do it all again she replies, "It was grueling, but satisfying. It gave me the opportunity to see what worked and what didn't, and what I would keep the same. I

definitely would do it again, but only if I had an organization to represent as great as the Tree House."

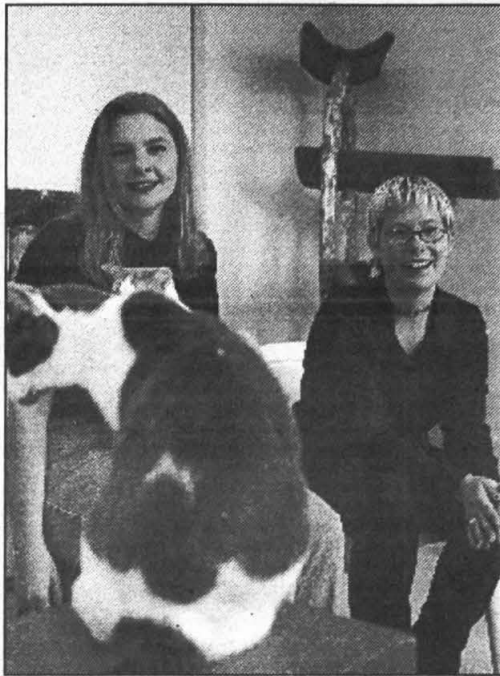
The Tree House Animal Foundation was started in 1971 by a group of volunteers who wanted to fund alternative methods to traditional shelters. Since then the Tree House has been committed to the rescue and rehabilitation of sick, injured and abused stray cats in the Chicago area. The

and is tested for various diseases. When it is deemed healthy, it is moved to the adoption area where it can begin to make itself at home and adjust to the other 300 cats that reside there at the present time. According to Christina Eichmeier, Director of Development, the stray cats that are taken into the Tree House will all eventually find a permanent home, either through adoption or at the shelter. There is a small staff to help care for the cats, but the majority of help comes from their 90 dedicated volunteers.

"The Tree House is more than just a cat shelter," said Christina. "It provides services to cats, dogs and people." There is a dog and cat Pet Food Pantry program where low income pet owners can receive free pet food. In order to participate pets must be spayed or neutered. The Tree House also offers a low cost spay/neuter program to pet owners. Another available program is Animal Assisted Therapy. This is where volunteers bring dogs and cats to schools, nursing homes and domestic violence shelters in the hope of bringing a smile to those in need. The Tree House is able to fund these programs through the continued support of their community.

Admission to the benefit is \$10 at the door or \$8 purchased in advance at the Tree House Adoption Center as well as several other local area businesses. Selected beer and well drinks will be served for \$1.50 and the club's full menu will be available all night. All proceeds will benefit the Tree House.

"The money raised by the concert will not be restricted to any certain purpose. It will be used where it is needed most," said Christina. Amy's fund raising efforts have not gone unnoticed at the Tree House. "Amy has done a tremendous job putting this benefit concert together," said Christina. "All of her hard work will do a lot to benefit the animals here at the Tree House."



Vincent Johnson/Chronicle

Christina Eichmeier, Director of Development at the Tree House Animal Foundation, and Amy Butterer, a Columbia grad student, with one of the recipients of a benefit concert for the 26th anniversary of the foundation. The concert will be held Saturday, Oct. 25 at the Morseland Music Room.

facility is best known for its nationally recognized cageless, no-kill Adoption Centers, which has become a model for shelter design and management.

The Tree House is nestled within a converted Victorian home where stray cats roam freely throughout the floors of the house. When a stray cat is brought to the shelter, it spends time in the infirmary ward where it receives an extensive exam

The concert will be held on Saturday, Oct. 25, 1997 at Morseland Music Room, 1218 W. Morse Avenue in Rogers Park, in honor of the foundation's 26th anniversary.

The concert will feature two local Chicago bands, Las Toallitas and Cats & Jammers. Doors open at 8:30 p.m. and the music begins at 10:00 p.m.

For more information about Tree House Animalart call (773)784-5488.

# Swinging Sounds with a Chicago Influence

## Jazz Ensemble Releases First Compact Disc

By Andrew J. Bradley  
Correspondent

Prior to the premiere gala, the Chicago Jazz Ensemble, in residence at Columbia College, previewed the recordings featured on its first compact disc on Oct. 2 at the Green Dolphin Street Club.

The ensemble blazed through classic numbers by Duke Ellington, Louie Armstrong and King Oliver, leading up to the first public performance of "Chicago Suite No. 2" by the ensemble's composer/conductor William Russo.

Russo's "Chicago Suite No. 2" pays homage to the city that he loves so much. It contains a wild blend of eclectic jazz that does not stray far from its roots. Various movements, such as one titled "The Harbor," paint vivid visual picture of city landscapes. The musical diversity of the ensemble is displayed on the suite's fourth movement, "Argyle Street," which exhibits a subtle Asian sound. The suite's second movement, "Wicker Park," features a sultry solo from trombonist Audrey Morrison. On "Silver Rain," the ensemble presents an eerie, chilling melody. A bouncy piece titled "The Ferris Wheel," includes a whimsical bass solo. "The whole work is about this beautiful city,"

stated Russo.

While the performance of the ensemble definitely could have stood alone, the various guest performers made the program even more notable. An array of vocalists appeared during the course of the program, creating beautiful harmonies along with the musical backing of the ensemble.

A dance performed by Wendy Thomas added visual appeal to the fourth movement of the suite. Tap dancer Jimmie Payne Jr. added a unique form of rhythm to several numbers throughout the night. Celebrated blues harmonica artist Corky Siegel, of the Corky Siegel Chamber Blues Band, performed with the ensemble during the final movement of "Chicago Suite No. 2," adding flair and excitement to the program with his wailing harmonica runs. Siegel's animated stage presence complimented his musical talent.

The team of Siegel and Russo can be traced to the work they did together as early as 1960. The two of them have the highest respect for one another as artists. Siegel stated, "Bill [Russo] is a rare artist who will listen to his heart and go with it fearlessly."

Every eye in the audience was fixed upon the ensemble

through the entirety of their performance. Shoes tapped on the floor, along with the driving beat provided by the bass and percussion departments. The resounding applause proved that the work presented by the ensemble was truly captivating.

The CD, titled "The Chicago Jazz Ensemble," is currently set for an international release on the Chase Music Group Label.

The recording features music from Duke Ellington, Stan Kenton and Count Basie, as well as Russo's first "Chicago Suite."

When asked about the release of the first compact disc recording, Siegel exclaimed, "I'm so glad Bill finally got around to doing this ... it sounds excellent."

Upcoming performances by the Chicago Jazz Ensemble include: Sunday, Nov. 23, at 7 p.m. at the College of Lake County, 19351 Washington St., Grayslake.

Monday and Friday, Dec. 15 and 19, at 12:15 p.m., and Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 5:30 p.m., will feature a quartet performance as part of the "Three Cheers" celebration at the Chicago Cultural Center.



THE DANCE CENTER  
COLUMBIA COLLEGE CHICAGO  
PRESENTS

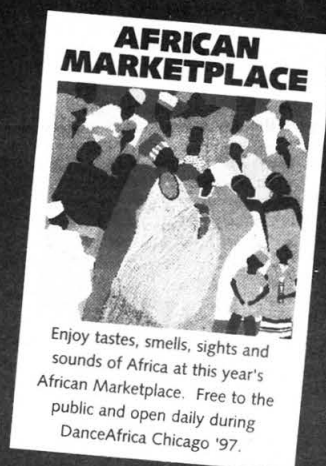
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# Sara on Sports

By Sara Willingham  
Sports Columnist



Ok, ok, so I suppose I am not a very intelligent individual. If you will recall, I predicted in last week's column that the Bears were going to pick up a win against the Saints. Well, I should have known. The Bears can't win a game...they don't even have a quarterback yet!! For Sunday's game at Lambeau Field, Wann's given Erik Kramer the nod to start against the Pack. Alright, that's no surprise, Rick Mirer was repulsive last Sunday. But the BIG news for Chicago QBs this week is: Steve Stenstrom will back-up Erik Kramer. Hello! That means that our \$10-million plus a first-round draft pick investment (a.k.a. Rick Mirer) will be sulking on the sidelines as a third-stringer! Hilarious. Simply hilarious. What I want to know is when will someone in management take the blame for the illogical trade? When will Mike McCaskey stand up and say, "I refused to let Rod Graves (former player personnel director) do his job, and now we're stuck with Rick." I mean, seriously, Rick Mirer's name is NOWHERE to be found in SI's '97 almanac because all the almanac mentions are individual and team LEADERS. Seattle, the team that pulled a fast one on the Bears by unloading Mirer, was a terrible team, and has been for years. Forrest Gump would have been able to make the better judgement: Rick Mirer is not suitable for Chicago, not suitable for the NFL, and frankly, not even suitable for the game of football.

More realistically, however, this is what we'll probably hear from McCaskey at the end of the season: "It was all Rod Graves's fault. We have replaced him with Mark Hatley, so with more talent and fewer injuries, I believe that Dave Wannstedt will be able to bring a Superbowl contending team back to the wonderful City of Chicago. Here's to 1998!"

Mark my words. Mike McCaskey is as easy to read as "Dick and Jane."

Speaking of easy, I'll go with Green Bay this Saturday. There's no way in hell that the Bears will beat the Packers. Although I will root for the former Monsters of the Midway as I always do, I whole-heartedly believe that even a Kramer/Stenstrom combination isn't enough to get the job done.

On to a brighter topic.....

Hey Reinsdorf, how come no one thought to do surgery on Pip's foot during the off-season? Ya know, if the two Jerrys (Reinsdorf and Krause) had at least half a brain, you would think that they would have stumbled upon the idea of, "Hey, if we get Scottie's foot fixed now (in June), then he may only miss a week or two of the regular season!" DUH!

So now look at the situation. We've got Dennis Rodman on the brink of a contract agreement, and Michael is safely secured into place. Without Pippen, we're looking at Toni Kukoc and Scott Burrell to fill the void. I think I only remember an apparition of Kukoc being present throughout the second half of last year's season, and Burrell? Well, we'll have to see the kid play before we decide if he's Bulls material or not.

So Krause was on the news saying that the surgery on Scottie's foot was not done because they wouldn't want anyone to have to undergo unnecessary surgery. How sweet of them! If I remember correctly, these are the guys who were completely insensitive to the fans when they said this is it. This is the last year for Phil, which inadvertently means MJ too, this is the last year for Pippen and Rodman (an assumption on my part), and for the Chicago Bulls Dynasty as six-time World Champs (foreshadowing on my part). This is it, they said. Get used to it. We could care less what's best for Chicago and the fans, we only want to win one more ring.

Well if that's truly the case, which it is, then you might think that they wouldn't care if Scottie's surgery was necessary or not. What the heck, cut him open, let him rest and he'll be ready to go by October.

Just another example of the lowly fans gettin' the shaft.

On to a brighter topic....

Dean Smith is probably formally retiring at this very moment, as my little fingers slave over the keyboard. For those of you who don't know who Dean Smith is, he's the men's basketball head coach for the North Carolina Tarheels, and the Alltime winningest coach for men's division I coaches. During last year's NCAA playoffs, Coach Smith passed Kentucky's Adolph Rupp with the most games won.

I think it's unfortunate for NC, and the Smith's, but I gotta agree with DePaul's new coach, Pat Kennedy, North Carolina will be just fine, with or without Coach Smith.

And on to a final note....

Chicago has just announced the name of their freshly added sports team in the Windy City... The Chicago Fire. The Fire is Chitown's new Major League Soccer team. Jeez, I can hear the yuppies already, "What a cute name! You know there really was a fire in Chicago years ago!" Oh please, couldn't they have come up with something at least original? Back in the '70's, Chicago's World Football Team was... you guessed it.... the Chicago Fire.

I don't know, I kind of think that the Chicago Liar is a better choice. You know, with all of the corrupt politics that go on around here, I see the Chicago Liar being more appropriate as a new team name. Can you imagine an over-sized Dan Rostenkowski mascot running up and down the sidelines? Local kids could get their pictures taken with a guy dressed in a big Mel Reynolds suit. It would be thoroughly entertaining.

Ok, it's goofy, but hey, at least it's an original idea!

That's all for this week. Remember, the Bears will get crushed on Sunday, so next week I'll probably have to write about the play-by-play announcers, because there will be nothing left to say about the team, the coach, or the owner. See ya' then....

# Bulls sole problem: sore foot

By Michael Johnson  
Coorepondent

Well sports fans, it's almost here. It's like you can almost see it on the horizon. In just a little over two weeks, Michael and the rest of the Bulls will make us forget about all of our problems. We will forget the fact that the Bulls could possibly have a victory before the Bears get their first win of the season.

But it's not going to be as easy for the Bulls this season. The rest of the NBA teams aren't just going to hand over the championship to them. The Bulls are going to be tested big time early this season.

With Scottie Pippen being out until after Christmas, Michael is going to be playing more minutes to pick up the slack from his absence. Can Dennis stay out of trouble this season? Only time will tell, but if he does get into trouble, the Bulls will look to Michael even more than usual to save them and take them to the promised land.

I have one question though... Why did Scottie Pippen wait until the start of training camp to finally have surgery on his injured foot? I hear the reason the Bulls are giving, is that they tried all the conservative things first and surgery was a last resort to fixing the problem.

But Charles Oakley had the same exact problem as Scottie and he was back on the court in two months as good as ever. Scottie could have had the surgery during the off-season and been back at 100 percent at the start of camp. Why didn't he?

Is he trying to stick it to the Bulls organization? We all know that the Scottie isn't too fond of the Bulls. Maybe if he had the surgery during the off-season it would have interfered with his vacation? So many other questions enter into this Bulls season:

Is this Phil Jackson's last season?

If Jackson leaves, will Michael play for another coach?

Will Scottie Pippen be back after this season?

Can Dennis Rodman play a full 82-game season without being suspended?

Will the Bulls repeat as NBA Champions?

We will find out the answers to all of these questions and more as the season transpires. The Bulls open the regular season on Friday, Oct. 31, in Boston.

Well, I received many responses to my article about having sports at Columbia. I was right about there being an interest in starting a sports program at Columbia. After reading through many e-mail messages, here's a couple of the responses I received.

Here's part of what Stormy had to say: My first choice would be a basketball team. I think the idea of forming a club is a good one. We get some guys and/or girls together and start playing practice games or just have scrimmages with other schools. We could enter tournaments and other basketball functions just to get us going and to also make a name for ourselves. As for a coach we could have a volunteer until we

could afford all the other things to get Columbia as an official college team. All we need is a gym, and we could probably work something out with the YMCA that is holding Columbia's athletic courses.

Bryan had another idea for our sports program.

I agree with your article. I think we should start some sport clubs. It's not hard to do or even get involved. Example, I currently play in the Chicago Men's Baseball Association and there is a team called the Loyola Ramblers. They are a bunch of guys from Loyola who got together and play ball. It only cost \$55 a player and if you want a uniform it costs an extra \$20. I would love to get a team together from Columbia and participate in the summer. Think about the advantages it would offer students in TV, Journalism and Radio.

Here are some of my favorite ideas for a Columbia College mascot. Columbia College Thunderbirds, Fighting Ravens, Seahawks, Gamecocks and Red Devils.

Any more ideas?

E-mail me at [mjohnson005@sprintmail.com](mailto:mjohnson005@sprintmail.com) with them.



# Bears: Many questions, so few answers

By Dave Rawske  
Coorepondent

As I sat down and began brainstorming for ideas on possible topics, I found it essential and mandatory the Chicago Bears issues be surfaced, and that the appropriate people be held accountable for the overall massacre of what used to be a highly-respectable organization. (Not that they haven't already.) Here's a few questions that will help us get to the bottom of this.

**Question #1 - Who?** That's exactly my point. Who are half these guys? I've seen good high-school football teams capable of competing with this team. This is not to implicate that Da' Bears are not playing their hearts out day-in and day-out; but this is to point the finger at a front office and coaching staff that continues to let opportunity and talent slip away by making ridiculous trades and picking up ineffective players that would have Papa Bear Halas rolling over in his grave.

**Question #2 - What?** The question of the future—What are the next steps ownership has to make in order to regain the dignity and fan support of this troubled franchise? The answer is quite simple—get rid of Wannstedt and find somebody that can put charge into this team. After an 0-6 start, it's very evident General Wann is having a hard time motivating his troops for battle every Sunday. The Gridiron of Soldier Field that once prided itself with an artillery and regiment of Walter Payton, Willie Gault, Jim McMahon and the dominance of "The Monsters of the Midway," is now the scene every Sunday of an army that can no longer hold fort. The war this year has proven fatal, but by finding a new leader that can put fight back into the war, Chicago can once again be

feared as a major world power.

**Question #3 - Where?** I don't know where the offense of 1995 went. But, whatever it is that we're watching on Sunday can be made into a clinic on "How not to play football." The only player of impact that deserves any kind of recognition is the workhorse of the team, Raymont Harris. After suffering a serious knee injury last season and missing most of the season, Harris has proven this



year, that, with a potent offense, he can be that impact player and go-to guy the Bears can rebuild an offense around.

**Question #4 - Why?** There's so many words that I would love to describe my anger right now with this question, but due to censorship and editing, I think I'll refrain. The most popular and common question heard around town is—Why did we give up a first round draft choice last year for a quarterback from Seattle that is still living in the past of his Notre Dame days, and hasn't proven in his NFL career that he can be effective. You know why? I do. Because Wannstedt and Bears owner Mike McCaskey have no bigger a brain than half of an idiot's. I'm not one to beat around the bush, so why start now. Ludicrous, crazy, foolish, insane—call it what you will. The fact of the matter here is that once again the Bears have messed up the draft and continue to put

themselves further behind the Pack.

Last but not least—Who cares anymore? After all of these years of living in the memories of the unforgettable 1985-86 Bears, the heart and soul of the faithful is diminishing. Last Sunday night's game showed that over 8,000 paid fans decided they would rather sit home that night and watch the new episode of The Simpsons. To be honest, I think

they would have laughed more at the game than they would have at the show. Bears pride is lessening, and what now is becoming an epidemic in Chicago has many Bears hopefuls in tears and anger—Packer mania. Oh my, not this Chicago. If changes aren't made quick, we could be trapped in a town that is full of cheese-headed, Old Milwaukee guzzlin', worm collecting people that practice Packer football as a religion, or should I say cult.

Sorry if I offended anybody, but half my family is from Wisconsin, so I've been there and done that.

Point being, McCaskey, needs to get this show on the road, otherwise he should look for a new place to call home. And God forbid if I'm going to watch a Bears game in Arlington Heights, or Addison. I've prided myself on being a Bears fan, and I know, like many, that we're going to continue to do so. But there will be a time when the frustration will set in and supporting a losing cause will have taken its toll. So McCaskey, it's 4th and goal from the one yard-line, and there's one second left in the game and Da Bears are trailing by 4, I sure hope you don't decide to kick a field goal. In case you didn't figure this scenario out, it equates to a big fat LOSS all because of a bad decision, and that loss only really has one true loser.