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The Chronicle

OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE CHICAGO

Vol. XXXI, No.6

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November 3, 1997

Innovative science program nationally recognized

Instructor's effort attracts more students to science

By Latoya Crayton
Correspondent

The person behind the energy is Zafra Lerman, a professor of Science and Public Policy and a head of the Institute of Science Education and Science Communications.

Despite her distinguished credentials, though, Lerman's arrival at Columbia in 1977 was not as welcomed as she had expected.

Many students and faculty felt that liberal arts majors should not waste their time studying science. When her first semester approached with zero class enrollment, Lerman lured students to the course by her creative teaching techniques.

Students used their arts training ranging from videos and dances, to books and sculptures to produce professional quality science projects. A group of theater students used a Romeo and Juliet theme to

depict the reaction of sodium and chlorine.

Lerman's students participate in an exchange program with non-science majors in similar courses at Princeton University and at Indiana University. For the past several years Lerman has taken a group of students to Princeton, where they present science projects to their Princeton counterparts.

Lerman said that now Princeton students are becoming more creative in the presentation of their projects, largely as a result of the influence from Columbia College students.

In some cases, Lerman's courses have been the inspiration for arts majors to become scientists. One music major, who combined music and chemistry in his class projects at Columbia went on to earn a doctorate in molecular biology.

Lerman, for years, has been the vessel to introducing science to minority students in an inventive way. Her drive to make sci-

ence important not only grabbed Columbia students' attention, but also caused a chain reaction to other schools and paved a way for the future scientists of tomorrow.

Her innovative teaching style captured the 1998 national American Chemical Society award for Encouraging Disadvantaged Students into Career in the Chemical Sciences, sponsored by the Camille and

Henry Dreyfus Foundation. Mayor Richard M. Daley proclaimed March 8 to be Columbia College Community Science



Photo by Jo Machado/Chronicle
Zafra Lerman captured national recognition

Fair and Fiesta Day.
Lerman's early scholastic experiences

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Rising cost for college tuition burdens students

About half of Columbia student receive financial aid

By Keri Norton
Correspondent

Nationwide, college students seem to be paying more this year for school than they did last year, and in many classes, that assumption is quite true. The college tuition is affected by such things as the inflation and the rising cost of equipment, dorms

and faculty salary. And it's steadily going up.

"The cost of college is devastating to families under the income median," said Watson Scott Swail of the College Board. As a result, many students can't attend college either because of the cost, or only able to afford a two year college to receive an associates degree.

At least half of the students enrolled in college received some kind of financial aid, including grants and scholarships, said John Joyce, manager of communication and training services at the College Scholarship Services, a financial-aid arm of the College Board.

At Columbia, between 49 to 51 percent of students received financial aid last year. "Focusing on 'sticker price' or allowing 'sticker shock' to influence college choice will limit opportunities that are out there for students," said Joyce.

According to the College Board, the college tuition is reaching the record high this year. Board's annual survey found that tuition fees for the 1997-98 school year have increased 5 percent for four-year institutions nationwide. Overall tuition has increased 65 percent since 1987.

Columbia College has followed the same patterns by raising the cost of tuition by 5 percent. Full-time student are now paying around \$234 more than last year.

The College Board states that the increase in tuition is normal and the rise seems to be following the same pattern as last year. The average increase is 4 to 5 percent a year has been at a steady pace for over 10 years.

Students will also pay 3 to 5 percent more for their dorm rooms this year. It is a slightly higher increase than the one in last year. "People are accustomed to a certain way of living. More things are made easier," said Swail. "Students and families expect to have certain things—which do cost more." So that cable TV and the dishwasher in the dorm rooms do add a little to the price of the rooms. This increase affected little for Columbia's dorm residents.

"Students and parents should consider the value of a college degree as a lifetime investment, not merely annual expenses incurred over a four- or five-year period," said Don Stewart, president of the College Board. "As with any investment, financing a college education requires foresight, planning, prudent saving and perhaps even sacrifice—activities that all families must be encouraged to do."

Congress has appointed a college cost commission to look at tuition and its increase. Their job will be to find ways to curtail the rapid uprise of tuition.

New student magazine to be released

By Alexandra Milinkovich
Correspondent

The voice and vision of the College Magazine Workshop will soon echo throughout Columbia. The 1997 issue of Echo: Chicago's Arts and Communication Magazine—formerly Chicago Arts and Communication—has just been released from the printer.

A reception will be held in the Hokin Annex on Friday, Nov. 7 at 5 p.m. for the release of Echo. Everyone is invited to join the Echo crew for music, food and fun. Guests will be the first to receive a brand-new issue of the magazine.

The cover charge of \$3 will be at the door.

Echo's cover story profiles a Columbia student struggling with the realities of being HIV positive. Another story features the evolution of Chicago's Old Town neighborhood.

There are features on the television show "Wild Chicago," maneuvering through the Internet, the new direction of the Playboy Corporation as well as an interesting fiction piece.

One of the most revealing and realistic features is a piece written by Betsy Kittle about a day spent in a center for helping teenage mothers.

Although Echo is produced entirely by Columbia students, it is not a magazine about Columbia College. The magazine focuses on the thriving arts and communications world in Chicago on the assumption that these would be of great-

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Marc Tobin/Chronicle

Hundreds gather to protest against the police brutality
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celebrates 100
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Bears finally win
one!

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Student groups display diversity

By Tanisha Allen
Staff Writer

In a showcase of Columbia's diversity, nearly 20 student organizations gathered in the Hokin Gallery on Oct. 23 to display the best of what they have to offer.

The day of interactions, dubbed as the Student Organizations Day, provided an opportunity for every organization to appeal to broad student body and cultivate better understanding about their group.

"This year I'm concerned with quality not quantity. We want quality organizations with good members. I think we're doing alright," said Madeline Roman-Vargas, assistant dean for student life.

Various groups and organizations attended Student Organizations Day. Here are some of the participants:

Time Arts Community is motivated by environmental and social issues and objects to the creation of the typical art object. The blur the distinction between art and life and feel that the why is much more important than the how. Their goal is to become creative people in life as well as move minds and provoke the spirit.

A newly formed organization the Representatives of Columbia College Students were also in attendance. Their goal is to bring the right of representation to the entire student body.

Since its creation in the spring of 1995,

Columbia's Urban Music Association has been dedicated for educating individuals about the music business and provide internships and mentors to those who want to become part of the industry.

CUMA prides itself on creating a professional atmosphere to enable Columbia students learn how to get the proper education on what it takes to survive in the music industry.

The Art Community is devoted to the promotion of the arts at Columbia College and within the art community. They are interested in all forms of artistic endeavors and in strengthening a dialog between artists, in order to create a community.

Ahora! is a networking and cultural organization that to represent and enhance the development of the Latino community. Ahora! will have showcases with artists who have a realistic view of the entertainment industry.

The Columbia College Student Chapter of the National Association of Black Journalists are committed to promoting and encouraging journalism as a career for black students. The group encourages to develop the academic and professional skills necessary to ensure success in the media.

The Television Arts Society provides opportunities for learning outside the classroom. Their goal is to develop cooperation and stimulate an information exchange between beginning, transfer and upper-level

students.

Chronic Illness/ Injury/ Pain Support's motto is "living with illness, not weakness."

CHIPS provides a time and space for Columbia College students living with chronic illness, injury or pain to come together to share ideas, stories, and information as well as promote education for the mutual support and benefit of all.

The Environmentalists of Columbia is a student organization dedicated to communicating the dangers facing our environment through art, words and speech. The group has sponsored art exhibition and other educational events to promote environmentalism at Columbia, as well as in a global scale.

Chicago's Organization of Rap & Hip-hop Entertainment is the performing artists, song writers, producers, radio personalities, management teams, marketing teams, entertainment lawyers, film and TV crews, photographers, graphic artist, designers and A&R people of tomorrow. Their goals is to work together to obtain success in the music industry.

G.L.O.B.A.L., Muslim Student Association, the Love Enlightenment Choir, Tongues of Fire, L.U.N.A., K.D.I., and the Black Theater Workshop also attended Student Organizations Day.

For more information about memberships and meeting times, visit the Office of Student Life, Suite 301, Wabash building.

Echo

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est interest to our college community.

The College Magazine Workshop is a two-semester project given for three credits each semester, and highly recommended for Magazine Journalism majors. Non-magazine majors and non-journalism majors may join the workshop with the permission of the advisor.

The experience of creating an award-winning college publication is invaluable to the would-be journalist.

Workshop students usually do not write the stories or take the photos that go into the magazine. They are responsible for generating story ideas and design as well as deciding which photographs will be used. Much of the writing that goes into the magazine comes from the Magazine Article Writing classes and design comes from the Magazine Design II class.

The workshop is also responsible for supervising all production aspects of the magazine, including advertising, ad design and sales, copy editing, fact checking headline writing as well as marketing and promoting the previous year's magazine. And, if workshop students were to submit written material, art or photos, their work will be considered as well.

Attention writers, photographers and designers! Echo needs your creativity. If anyone wishes to submit copy or other art for publication in next year's magazine, please make inquiries in the Journalism office or e-mail Chris Keech at ChrisKeech@AOL.com or Diane Bell at ding98@hotmail.com. Photographers may contact Karyn McElroy through e-mail at mlan_2@hotmail.com.

The Chronicle is looking for works of fiction, poetry and personal essays for its first literary section.

Interested writers should send their submissions to:

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WCRX celebrates 15th anniversary

By Sheryl Tirol
Staff Writer

The station moves to a new location

Celebrating 15 years of music, news and sports, Columbia's radio station, WCRX-FM, will move to a new space at Congress and Wabash in January.

Presently, WCRX is in the main building on the seventh floor. Along with the move will be some changes.

Faculty advisor of sports and news, Cheryl Morton-Langston, hopes to see some additions to the format of WCRX.

"I'd like to see the sports department

bring play by play, whether for high school or college level. I'd also like to see a news talk show develop," Morton-Langston said.

Many of the WCRX staff, faculty and students are ecstatic about the move.

Archie Flores, music director, said this is an exciting time for everyone at the station.

"The new location is going to be on ground level, which will be bigger and more professional. The new facilities will allow us to do more," Flores said.

For instance, a green room will be built, specifically for guests to relax before they go on-air. Flores says all these new additions will benefit the station greatly.

He also hopes more female students will apply for staff positions at the station, although there are a variety of people who work there.

During 15 years of the station's existence, many changes have been made.

Al Parker, chairman of the Radio and Sound department, remembers when WCRX first went on air. The station back in the '70s could only be heard on campus.

"It was very exciting because we were very limited and the station could only be heard in such areas as the lounge and certain offices on campus," Parker said. "But the students took it seriously."

Personalities such as Roz Varon and Bob Sirott were the pioneer personalities who contributed when WCRX first started.

Faculty advisor and General Manager, Karen Mordue has been with the station since 1986.

"I am most impressed with the students' level of commitment," said Karen Mordue, faculty advisor and general manager.

"I am proud to work with them, they work very hard to make this a great sta-

tion."

Mordue said that when she first came to the station, it had a "cliquey" feeling. But now it has a more open atmosphere and allows students to be involved.

Mordue also remembers when they had to do a lot of things by hand. Now, almost everything in the station, including the newsroom, is computerized.

"It's exciting. We'll have better equipment and have the opportunity to try new ideas," Mordue said.

Matt Allina, sports director, feels he has gained a lot of practical experience working for the station during his three years with the station.

"It's improved a lot during the years, and I've gained a lot," Allina said.

"Learning from working [at WCRX] helped me when I interned at WMAQ radio, which turned into a job."

Allina also encourages people to get involved with the station.

Mike Johnson, a sports anchor, said the most memorable part was being part of a show.

"Working for WCRX gave me the chance to find my niche," Johnson said.

Getting practical experience and networking has helped many students to get the job or internship they've been looking for.

"I've worked with many outstanding students," Mordue said.

"And after working with them at WCRX, it makes me feel comfortable when I have to do a recommendation for them."

Reunion sparks marketing interest

By Kat Zeman
Staff Writer

Columbia students, alumni and faculty members met Thursday in the Torco building to celebrate the reunion of the marketing Department's "Challenges and Opportunity" course. The reunion adjourned with a pop and pizza session as students greeted their old classmates and exchanged words about their current occupation.

"This was an opportunity for us to get together with folks who took this class in the past and provide new students with an idea about what this class is about," said Paul Berger, Columbia's small-business entrepreneur coordinator in the management department.

Berger, along with Tom Kallen and Clarke Greene, all teach sections of the course and were present at the reunion.

The hour started with students being put into hypothetical situations. Students were placed into the shoes of a marketing manager of a corporation and asked to make high cost decisions based on what they have learned about marketing.

The discussion went from a talk of the recent UPS strike and what could have been done to prevent it, to the Cracker Jack takeover and Ted Turner buying MGM. Berger told students that it is essential that they keep their emotions out of complex managerial decisions and use logic and reason when making these business decisions.

Students and graduates also expressed their views on mergers and "S" corporations with Berger, Kallen, and Greene serving as mediators who also offered expert advice and challenged the students with their ideas.

An important part of the discussion centered around how the market has changed in the last couple of years and how the role of women and minorities has changed. The market has increased dramatically with women and minorities now being a major factor marketing decision making.

Students pointed out the current trend of automobile industries which have made women the target for buying their car, where in the past targeted buyers were men.

Students also spoke about their current positions in life and the career choices they have made. Some graduates even mentioned that the "Challenges and Opportunity" class helped them a great deal in their careers.

"I liked it a lot, it was fun," said Jennifer Weiser, 23, a Columbia graduate who got an internship at the Daley Center with the help of Columbia faculty. "You learn how to run a business and there is a close relationship with the teachers."

Another Columbia College graduate who took the class now runs a television station near Dutch Harbor.

The "Challenges and Opportunity" course is offered through the Marketing Department each fall. This is the fourth time that the class has been offered. Students are expected to bring in a business article every week and take a stand on a business decision that was made and argue either for or against it.

"Whatever the problem is," said Berger. "The students will take a look at it as opposed to just watching right through."

negotiate v.t., i. To treat with another respecting purchase and sale; to confer with another in bargaining or trade; as, to *negotiate* with a man for the purchase of the farm. 2. To hold conference and discussion with a view to reaching agreement on a treaty, league, contract, etc.; to treat with another respecting peace, commerce, or any subject of common concern.

In a letter dated August 14, 1997, Columbia College President John Duff officially refused to appoint an *ad hoc* committee to discuss part-time faculty requests for equity, for benefits, for security — in a word — for respect.

Since that time P-fac has aggressively pursued legal bargaining status, asking the power of the National Labor Relations Board to bring Columbia College to the negotiating table where we can be heard.

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Chicago citizens take part in national protest

By Andrew J. Bradley
Staff Writer

About 300 people gathered outside Daley Center Plaza on Wednesday, Oct. 22, to take part in a nationwide rally against police brutality.

Similar protest rallies, which were part of a national day of protest against police brutality, occurred in about 50 states across the nation.

The rallies were sponsored by the "October 22 Coalition," a group that has become known for organizing the annual anti-police brutality protests.

Demonstrators waived signs bearing such phrases as: "Corruption, misconduct and injustice are against the law" and voiced their opinions during the rally which was scheduled to end at the Chicago Police Department's Headquarters.

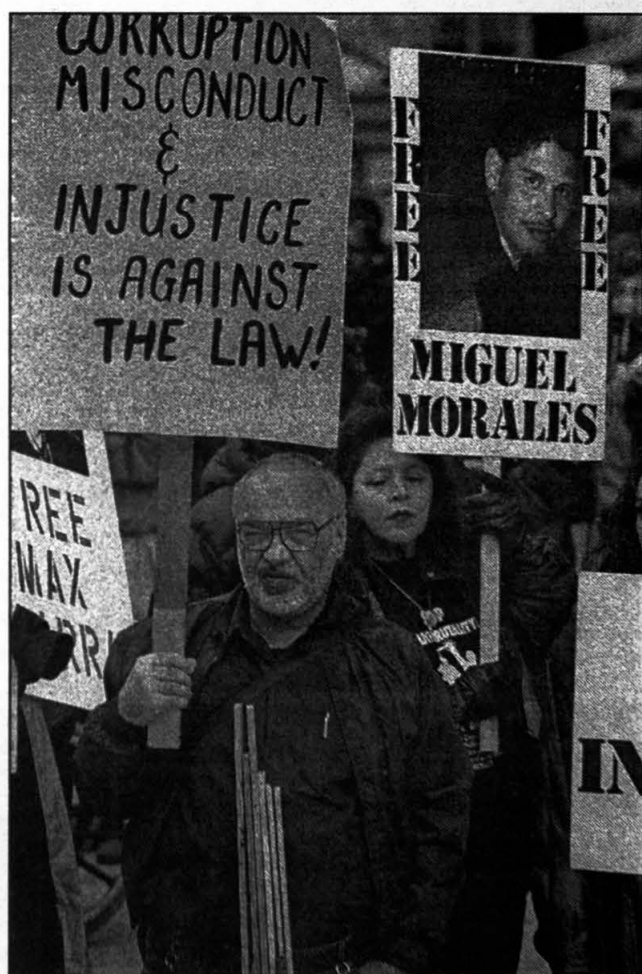
Many citizens spoke at the rally, including Charlene Mearday, whose son Jeremiah, was allegedly beaten by two Chicago police officers in September. The two officers were suspended for the incident, as well as lying about it, one day prior to the protest rally.

The Police Department's Office of Professional Standards, which is in charge of investigations involving misconduct, continues to remain in the hot-seat as the October 22 Coalition plans to organize various briefings later in the month to inform citizens on the continuing problem of police brutality.



Above and Left: Protestors outside the Daley Center Plaza show their views on police misconduct.

Photos by Marc Tobin/Chronicle



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Lobos fans are crossing the fingers for bowl bids

By Marco Buscaglia
College Press Service

ALBUQUERQUE, N.M.— There hasn't been a lot to cheer about on the football fields at the University of New Mexico in recent years. In fact, you'd have to go back to 1964 — the year New Mexico won the Western Athletic Conference championship — to find the last time Lobos fans' team spirit was at a fever pitch.

But coach Dennis Franchione and his collection of never-say-die players are making college football coaches and players take notice as enthusiastic New Mexico fans flood the stands on game days.

"It's been like a revival down here," says Ernest Lombard, a Lobos supporter and a member of that 1964 squad.

"We had some success in the beginning of the 1980s, but there wasn't this feeling. Now, you're getting fans coming out of their houses looking for some football again. You're getting people back at games who haven't been there for years."

New Mexico is off to a 6-0 start, the best in the school's his-

tory. And with the Lobos on the border of the top 25, New Mexico fans are talking about rankings, the WAC title and, dare they say, bowl bids.

"When the season ends and we're sitting at 11-0 or 10-1 with a WAC title under our belts, it'll be hard to deny us," says Lombard. "We're going to be in for something good. I can feel it."

"We're aware we have a good football team, but we have more tests to face."

**— Ernest Lombard
Lobos supporter,
1964 squad member**

Lobos' coach Franchione certainly appreciates the enthusiasm of his fans, but he's not sure they should be making plans for January just yet.

"We're aware we have a good football team, but we have more tests to face," he said. "People around here are used to whooping it up if we win one game. We're getting beyond that. We want to put together winning seasons."

Franchione says New Mexico players also had the habit of celebrating those long-awaited victories for a little too long.

"Our guys were in the mindset that one victory was a huge deal. We needed to get past that. It was a huge celebration after every win and then you lose the next week and you'd have to start all over again."

In the pass-happy WAC, New Mexico has made themselves as a front-runner for the conference title by playing solid defense.

"We know you have to stop people from scoring to win football games," said Franchione. "It sounds real simple but it's the truth."

Quarterback Graham Leigh also has played a huge role in New Mexico's success. Leigh transferred to New Mexico two years ago from Pacific and has emerged as the team's leading rusher.

"Things our going well for us right now but we know that could change at any second," Leigh said. "We want to keep our focus on the next game every week so we don't get ahead of ourselves. We still have a lot of work to do."

Zafra

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were in Israel, where science was considered the male domain. But, despite the difficulties of learning a subject considered inappropriate for girls, her keen interest led her to persevere.

Lerman went on to earn a bachelor's and master's degrees from the Israel Institute of Technology in Haifa and a doctorate degree in chemistry from the Weizmann Institute of Science in Rehovot. She also pursued postdoctoral studies at Cornell University and Northwestern University.

While working as a visiting scholar at the Swiss Polytechnic Institute in Zurich, she was offered a position at Open University in Israel. Although the thought of returning to her homeland was tempting, Lerman came back to the U.S. in 1977 and accepted a position at Columbia College.

With the experience in teaching, Lerman realized she needed to reach children at the early stage. Community programs were presented under the umbrella of environmental science and the "It takes a village to raise a child" concept of Joyce Foundation.

First, Lerman held meetings with elementary school teachers and parents to encourage them to bring science into their children's daily lives, showing the positive aspect of science. In addition to promoting science education and discussion at home, Lerman instructed teachers to incorporate scientific concepts into other subjects such as language and art.

Funded by grants from the National Science Foundation (NSF), the Joyce Foundation and other supporters, the Science Institute program was founded to convince teachers and others that it's not just youngsters with a "science gene" who can learn these subjects, says Dr. Joseph V. Stewart, NSF program director in the directorate of education and human resources.

The Columbia College science teacher program, highly rated nationwide, was recently awarded NSF grant of \$1 million to continue summer workshops for middle school teachers and expand its academic year components. Over the next five years, the program will serve more than 200 teachers in approximately 50 public schools, reaching an estimated 30,000 students.

The Chicago Public Schools Systemic Initiative also has come up with a \$1 million grant for the staff development of its high school science and math teachers.

A follow-up activity at Columbia College Chicago is a weekly "Day of Science" during the school year when teachers bring their students to the college lab to do experiments such as writing invisible messages with everyday household products. The visits let children experiment in a real science lab and gives them a taste of the college campus.

Where is



everyone?

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**Robert
Stevenson**

You call this progress? How about a lateral.

It is almost time to gear up for yet another round of pre-registration and the headaches associated with any kind of registration at Columbia. I know you are thinking that it is impossible for that to be true, it is only six weeks into the semester. But in a couple weeks, pre-registration opens for the upcoming semester. Students, staff and faculty look forward to this time, just as much as having teeth pulled.

If you qualify for pre-registration, it works out well for you. You will have full access to the classes you want and will probably not have to worry if classes are open.

It is regular registration where the most headaches are still originating. There are two groups of students who get the proverbial shaft during regular registration; graduating seniors who for some reason did not qualify for pre-registration, or failed to get an appointment to preregister, and departmental/registration work-aides.

The work-aides used to be able to register on the first or second day of registration. It was one of the few perks of the low paying job. I know when I was a first-time work-aide a few years back I thought it was one of the best things, if not the best thing, about working registration. I could go through registration a full two days before my letter was up and did not have to worry if classes were closed. However, since the arrival of pre-registration, that was taken away.

The other group of students who are getting stiffed at regular registration is graduating seniors. They have been left behind to fend for themselves in the "upgrade" to early registration.

Just a year ago, seniors had their own day to register. The very first day to be exact. But that is all gone. No special treatment for finally finishing at Columbia. For putting thousands of dollars in the coffers of the school, you get to mill through the registration process with the rest of the student body. Oh the joy!

That brings me to this new and improved process that was instituted for the first time this past September. Why, if this new "streamlined" process is supposed to make it easier to get the classes you want, did it still take me three hours to register?

And why is more work being shlepped on the full-timers and administrative assistants in each department during the weeks right before school starts.

After working this past summer at the school, I found it amazing how many jobs an administrative assistant can do at this school and still only get pay for one job.

The administrative assistants have to follow enrollment for their departments and manage the day-to-day operations of their department among many other things. If that is not bad enough, the administration wants the schedules done for the next semester while registration is going on. So think of the fun one must have, going through and trying to keep straight classes not only for this semester, but for next spring! I think my head would spin from it all.

Back to the actual process.

The first few steps in the main building are ok. They are the same steps that have always been used. Pay your registration fee, go to the records office for an admit form, then go to the bursars if you have any restrictions. The rough part starts after that.

Students are sent to the department which houses their major to register with a full time faculty member. A faculty member who probably has no clue about most of the classes outside of their own departments. Heck, some have trouble with the classes in their own department.

I thought the academic advisors were supposed to be advising students about class selections? Does this mean the academic advisors are obsolete?

Since the students have to sit down with a full time faculty member, it usually takes about twenty minutes to register one student. If there are five waiting, it can take over an hour to see someone. The part that really adds to the headache of registration is the bursar station where they print the class schedules/contracts.

When I went through, there was only one printer going. One printer! In the room were at least 40 others waiting ahead of me for their schedule.

This added another good half-hour to the process.

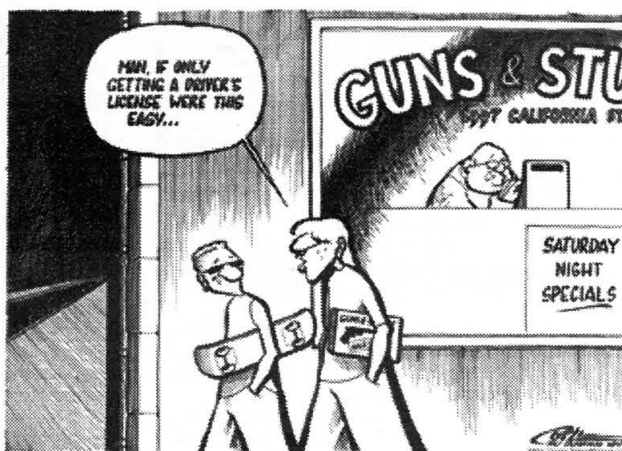
The last spot where time was eaten up was at the ID station. Sometimes only one camera was working, or because so many were held up at the bursars print station, the line never really died down during the day.

Things did not run all that great in my opinion. I think if one of the associate academic deans in charge of registration, the academic dean or the director of records went through the whole process, they would understand how cockamamie this process is, even with the advent of pre-registration and input of classes in the departments.

So here's to the beginning of yet another registration season and may the gods have mercy on our souls.

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>



Editorial

Zafra Lerman: Invaluable asset to Columbia

It isn't often that a professor of Science and Math at a media arts school makes a name for herself. However, Zafra Lerman has done an unlikely thing; She has taken students who are primarily known for their artistic and creative backgrounds and created a positive learning environment.

Since her arrival in 1977, Lerman has shaped a science department where creativity and science are intertwined.

In 1991, Lerman was named Distinguished Professor of Science and Public Policy and was appointed head of the Institute for Science Education and Science Communication.

As reported by Latoya Crayton, Lerman has won the 1998 national American Chemical Society (ACS) award for Encouraging Disadvantaged Students into Careers in the Chemical Sciences.

In addition to the long list of awards Lerman has touched many lives throughout her career. The most recent person Lerman has impacted is a 46-year-old woman who was serving parole for drug trafficking. She graduated from Columbia in January with a degree in music and science. The woman credits Lerman for helping to turn her life around by teaching her to express chemical concepts through song.

Over the years Lerman has distinguished herself through her close work with Chicago public schools.

Her contributions to the community have enriched the educational experience of inner-city students.

Benefit to marketing students

Leading institutions are trying to come up with new and different ways to educate students. According to Kat Zeman's article, "Challenges and Opportunity" is an innovative way to teach students about marketing. Students being put in hypothetical situations is an excellent way to prepare future marketing practitioners for job situations.

The reunion served many purposes. Discussion was a major part of the class reunion.

A key thing that made the reunion a success was the fact that alumni who took Challenges and Opportunity came back. The reunion of former students proved to be a testament to the quality of the marketing department.

Letters to the editor

Unnecessary roughness

I think that it is damn time you MEN leave Sara's column alone. No, it isn't the best sports column on the face of the earth but hell at least she's got some Chicago team spirit!! Which is more than I can say for other Chi-town sports writers.

By the way the column is called "Sara on Sports" so if she writes nothing but opinion it's O.K. it's her space.

Posted by Leyla

Via the Chronicle interactive forum

Rebuttal from the Sack Sara camp

Leyla: The point is not that us MEN are trashing her column...its not even a gender issue...if she was complete in her coverage and actually had some half way stimulating comments or outlooks, rather than mediocrity, I would praise the fact the CHRONICLE found such a person...But If you want to throw gender into the mix, then you are picking a fight that has no bearing on the issue...Talent is Talent, regardless of sex.

Posted by Goated Enigma

Via the Chronicle interactive forum

Eileen La Valle: What Chronicle fans want

Who is that Eileen chick? She's hot, hot, hot! You guys should feature more of her!

Posted by Not needed

Via the Chronicle interactive forum

Ditto

Re: That hot copy editor
I agree! How 'bout a full page spread?

Posted by JB

Via the Chronicle interactive forum

Defending the Tea Man

In Reply to: re:the state of my college newspaper posted by Jed Clampett on October 21, 1997

Dear Mr. Clampett, I must disagree with you and give a hardy hand to Sam Walters and his "makin' tea" soapbox—it's pretty quick. The Chronicle, however, could do with some better copy-editing. It has unsightly waxy comma buildup. (The punctuation, in general, is in dire need of some sweet and tender loving care.)

Posted by susie cream cheese

Via the Chronicle interactive forum

STUFF FROM STAFF

BY AMY PUGH

"DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR"

I just hung up the phone with my friend Beth. She's getting married. "Kudos!" I said, for she has accomplished something I'm now thoroughly convinced I never will. To sum that up in one sentence—she has met, dated, fell in love with, and will now spend the rest of her life with a normal man.

By God, I have a lot to offer! I am gainfully employed, attend an institution of higher learning, have my own place, and leave it frequently with the hopes of socializing with sane members of the opposite sex. Needless to say, I am single.

On bad days I envision my future and it involves me in a rocking chair fussing over my 60 or 70 pet cats, smoking cigarettes, and buying decorative plates with *Gone With The Wind* themes from the Home Shopping Network. However, since a life of Benadryl (the cats) and cable access channels hold no real appeal, I then proceed to fantasize about "MAN."

"MAN" is nice. No, wait a minute—he's a nice, single, straight, intelligent, sensitive man who doesn't hate his mother, take Prozac, or have a fetish for small animals. Someone who calls when he says he will (give or take a week—come on, it's still a guy), didn't recently order "Hooked on Phonics" because he thought it was high time he learned to read, tolerates my family, and doesn't chill the red wine. (By the way, forget flattery. A job and a voter's registration card will take you everywhere).

My single sisters are reading this and thinking that I'm definitely suffering from delusions of grandeur, or I have a problem with crack. "MAN" does not exist. Besides, if he does, he is no longer "MAN," but has clawed his way up the dating food chain and is now referred to as "CATCH of the CENTURY" or "HUSBAND" by some other fortunate man or woman. In layman's terms: I'm not going to date him. Ever.

As I stroll down memory lane of men gone by, at least I can say I've learned something. Do the 12-step program terms "enabler" and "co-dependant" ring any bells? Thought so. I know I don't want another man who thinks I need parenting, acts like my child, or worse yet, my master. Since I have a

father, no children that I am aware of, and am not Barbara Eden, I find these qualities less than desirable in the soul mate department.

No. I will not be home before the streetlights come on, cut the crusts off your bologna sandwiches, or do my impression of June Cleaver—scrubbing the toilet with a cheery smile. What I will do is be there for you whenever you need me, listen while you talk about your day, trust you, respect you, and tell you I love you regularly.

Not every one of my boyfriends has been a dysfunctional trek through hell. In fact, many were OK guys, just not the OK guy for me. I don't know what it is, but for the first time in my 25 years I am feeling the urge to settle down. I'm not talking about marriage or (God help me) reproduction, but I'm tired of finding myself at the bar 'til all hours. This 4 a.m.-party-like-a-rock star bit is wearing me out! I'm looking for a man with a Blockbuster membership and a comfortable pair of sweats. As pathetic as that may sound to some, I no longer care what kind of car a man drives or how fancy his clothes are. If he's nice, he's mine.

Things rank and gross in college nature

By Paul J. LeBlanc
Colorado Daily

College presidents bill aimed at and administrators across the country are engaged in the anxious yearly ritual of seeing where their schools fall in the newest spate of college rankings and buyer's guides. It's no small matter.

This year's high school seniors are getting serious now about what college they'll attend, and juniors are beginning to receive the deluge of glossy marketing materials, personalized letters, and videos essential to college recruiting.

Though they hate the word, administrators are "selling," and the annual howls of protest from the low-ranking (or the unranked) are sweeping across newspapers, magazines, and the Internet. Most protest that ranking colleges is presumptuous and impossible, given the uniqueness of institutions.

Alma College, which moved up in the much debated US News and World Report rankings, once spent \$12,000 on a survey in an effort to persuade other colleges not to participate. Reed College, a fine liberal arts college recently extolled in *The Wall Street Journal*, refuses to cooperate. Many members of my staff at Marlboro College in Marlboro, Vt., were chagrined at our ranking in one recent national publication, frustrated that our "scores" in various categories told a very incomplete story about the institution of which they are so proud.

But we are wrong to be rankled. We must all grapple with the business of higher education: marketing, selling, development, and the politics of funding. Lowly analogy that it seems, we have come to resemble car dealers in our initial relationship with prospective students and parents. Our marketing materials are increasingly sophisticated, targeted, and expensive. We advertise in the Sunday papers and hold open houses. We make claims about our value in terms that resist analysis and quantification. We bargain and discount through financial-aid packaging, and we ask for very large financial commitments.

Students and parents have become, and when we are confronted with uncomfortable information about our schools, we feel like the car salesman, crestfallen when customers walk in with Consumer Reports in hand.

Why shouldn't colleges be evaluated and even ranked? They should. But some commonly used criteria make little sense. "Reputation," for example, is measured by name recognition among college presidents. That's why I'm inundated with publications from institutions. My peers hope I'll at least know their name when the next survey crosses my desk.

Spending per student, retention, loan burden, alumni giving, and other indicators do provide comparable information about colleges. They just don't tell you everything. Marlboro College does-

n't usually fare well in the "reputation" category. A degree from Swarthmore or Amherst will indeed be held in higher esteem by many than will a degree from Marlboro. But it says less about one's educational experience at those fine institutions than about their name.

The peer reputation ranking doesn't tell you anything about Marlboro's reputation among graduate schools, where we send 60 percent of our graduates, well over the national average of about 26 percent. Nor does it speak to a college's reputation among such organizations as the John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation, which recently chose Marlboro as one of only six colleges in the nation that "show a certain genius in how they educate students."

Take another example: Marlboro ranks 12th from the top for the amount of student debt upon graduation. That looks bad, but what that ranking doesn't say is that our graduates have the lowest loan default rate of any school in our home state, and that includes some wealthy competition. The same survey that makes us cringe at student debt indicates Marlboro is third in the nation for having the smallest classes, and fifth in alumni giving.

But guides serve some tremendously valuable functions.

First, since the essence of the college selection process is finding the best match between student and school, the rankings can help screen out the bad matches. For example, with 270 students, Marlboro is one of the smallest colleges in the nation — too small for many students. If that one piece of objective data helps us narrow our efforts to those who might legitimately apply, we have been rendered a valuable service, as have the students who might have otherwise trekked up to Vermont only to discover the place wasn't the right fit.

Second, having uncomfortable information made so public should spur necessary improvement.

Finally, college surveys and guides are an opportunity to begin a meaningful dialogue with parents and students. I welcomed the challenge recently posed to me over the phone by the father of a prospective student. With a new college survey at his side, he asked, "Why should we pay all of this money when you are ranked in the fourth tier of liberal arts colleges?"

I didn't argue with the ranking, but I told him the rest of our story. I noted that other guides fill in other pieces of who we are, such as our listings in *Money* magazine's Best Buys List and *Loren Pope's Colleges That Change Lives*.

I invited him and his daughter to visit and judge for themselves. They came, spent a day on campus, and seemed genuinely impressed.

We won't know for a while if his daughter will apply, but the father knows us now and the starting point of our relationship was a debatable college ranking. I'll take that opportunity every time.

Lovelorn Search For Success With Opposite Sex

By Greg Laber
Kentucky Kernel

Recently, a friend of a friend approached me for advice. It seems that somewhere along the road of life, he had lost his way and was looking for someone to tell him *The Secret*.

The Secret means different things to different people. Some search for inner peace and enlightenment.

Others, like myself, are satisfied with a really good recipe for chicken salad.

My acquaintance, however, was seeking neither enlightenment nor chicken salad. Like almost all single guys I've met, his Quest was for success with the opposite sex.

The irony of this goal is that it's self-defeating. By seeking approval from the female populous of the world, you have automatically doomed yourself to failure.

Even the slightest effort on your part to win over the girl of your dreams will only come across as a display of your pathetic desperation.

Now, I'm sure a number of lovelorn Romeos out there are nodding their heads in agreement.

Often have they tried to woo a lass with their affection only to be shot down in flames by a crazed she-bitch. At least, that is their perspective.

But as a married man, who has been out of the "game" for a few years now, I have gained a more objective point of view.

I have seen the methods of courtship preferred by many bachelors and it is not pretty.

I cite as an example a gentleman who comes to my work place daily looking for affection from one of my employees. Every day, he comes and greets her on bended knee proclaiming, "I'm not worthy."

Of course, the girl knows that already. She knows that because the guy comes every day. If he had a life, he would be unable to take time from his busy schedule to genuflect daily in the lobby of a business establishment.

Another fellow I once knew made it a practice to call girls from the phone book at

random in hopes of making a love connection.

This technique might seem romantic were it not also a standard used by perverts and stalkers everywhere.

What is a girl supposed to think when you inform her that she won your little phone book lottery? Although it may not seem obvious to the average single guy, the action implies a certain desperation.

A number of guys I know are turning to the Internet to find their sweetheart. The problem is that there aren't a lot of women using the technology for the same purposes.

The end result: a lot of guys getting hot and bothered over other guys pretending to be women.

I am not bringing up this subject to ridicule single guys. Instead, I offer a solution, for I too have been out there.

My love life was a tangled mess of lost dreams and broken vows.

There was my short-lived marriage to Pretty Woman Julia Roberts, of course. Then I rebounded by living with Drew Barrymore in a loft above her favorite bi-sexual strip club.

Before I knew it, I was just another "boy toy" for the Hollywood elite. I knew I had hit rock bottom when I found myself engaged to Cher.

As many of you will recall, I disappeared on the day of our wedding to clear my head in the mountains of Tibet. It was during that time that I had a life-changing realization: I spent entirely too much energy looking for Ms. Right.

In so doing, I was projecting an air of desperation that women can smell a mile away. So I learned to relax and let things happen on their own. Let me tell you guys, it was like a giant anti-desperation deodorant.

Upon my return from Tibet, I quickly found the girl of my dreams. Of course, she was dating my roommate so I married some other girl.

But we've been happy. And best of all, I've been able to spend more time searching for that chicken salad recipe.



MAKIN' TEA

WITH SAM WALTERS

"By the way- Makin' Tea, or Drinkin' Tea or whatever the hell it's called has GOTto go."—Jed Clampett

I got the first piece of mail regarding my column last week. I couldn't be more thrilled. I've been writing in the Chronicle for over two months—starting last year as an unwanted guest columnist—and this is the first I've heard about it. You know, I was beginning to wonder. So far, during my brief tenure, I've: threatened the elderly; cracked pedophilic jokes; derided God and religion; and sprayed my paragraphs from wall to wall with reeking double-entendres and sexual metaphors. Good or bad, I thought my writing was probably offensive enough to elicit some responses. This isn't something I strive for, it's just a fact, like your armpits smelling. But until now, I've heard absolutely bupkis. So you can imagine my excitement at discovering someone had actually read my column... and hated it.

O.K. Fine. Depending on how insecure I feel from week to week, I may or may not address my hate mail (note: letter writing **supporters** of Makin' Tea will receive honorable mention the column/higher grades/oral delight). Though I'd have to be feeling vulnerable bordering on hemophilia to be wounded by this particular scrap of mail, it is the first piece of criticism I've received period, so I'll deign to answer it in the careful, reasoned manner befitting an aspiring journalist. Yes, to take a lesson from Christ, I'll turn the other cheek... so you can kiss that one too.

Ha, ha-I can't even pretend. I'm an overly sensitive, hateful, little super-ball of a man; the slightest affront sends me ricocheting off the walls uncontrollably. So "Jed", I'm giving you and all the other clever dicks fair warning: anyone who uses a pseudonym in a letter ripping me will be referred to from hereon as "asshead". I mean-what the hell is that?! "Jed Clampett"; what are you the hillbilly scourge of the press? I sign my name to my column. Worse, I affix my picture to it. Think what this means for me. "Ooh baby, you're that ass-joke guy. I just *loooovve* ass-jokes." Not bloody likely. So, **NO PSEUDONYMS!!**

The problem with asshead's letter is that it gives me very little to comment on. In fact, without any following critique to frame it, "has GOTto go" remains almost as ambiguous as it is run together. Sometimes I've "GOTto go" to work, or "GOTto go" to the bathroom—that could be his point. Or maybe he's encouraging me as in Sam "has GOTto go" 'cause baby he was born to run! But I think he probably just doesn't like me. Why, I don't

know, because asshead was either too lazy, or perhaps too exhausted from writing his taxing letter to put forth any specific points (though I'm sure I'll receive a rather detailed letter from him next week). So I'll hazzard a few guesses as to what about "Makin' Tea, or Drinkin' Tea or whatever the hell it's called" bothers him so.

Makin' Tea isn't real Journalism: True enough. It's a weekly collection of personal observations, anecdotes, B.S., and recipes probably best classified as "humor" and occasionally qualifying as "satire". It's not strict journalism, that's why it runs on the Opinion Page. It was once printed on the editorial page, but this was completely inappropriate, albeit funny as hell.

Makin' Tea is stoopid and juvenile; Maybe, but I'm only twelve.

I often don't see the purpose of Makin' Tea: Often I don't either. So what? I don't shoot for substance or relevance, I think that's something you arrive at. I think humor for humor's sake is O.K. Anything else is icing. Unqualified laughter is as valid and significant as any other life experience. All I'm trying to do is tickle your funny bone, or your tummy, or whatever part of your anatomy it is that makes you giggle, and help you pass your day along pleasantly. Whatever part...I'll touch it... I'll bring my gloves... I'm willing... love me... please.

P.S. Regarding Sara on sports: A woman—not a girl asshead—sports columnist catching undue amounts of flak? Who'd a thunk it.

Universities should continue to require tests for admission

By Staff Editorial
The Baylor Lariat

As of the Fall semester of 1998, a new law in Texas will go into effect that will let high school students who graduate in the top 10 percent of their class out of taking the SAT or ACT exams.

It is hoped that the new law will promote diversity on college campuses now that the Hopwood decision no longer lets colleges consider race as an admissions option. Most colleges were troubled with finding a way to keep increasing diversity without using prospective students' races as a factor.

The law is reasonable and hopefully it will increase minority numbers on college campuses. If the plan works, standardized testing may become a thing of the past. All students should meet certain requirements before being admitted to a college or university. Currently, Baylor requires that prospective students take a standardized test to be considered for admission. Standardized tests such as the SAT and ACT, however, are problematic for a number of reasons.

First, not all students score well on the tests. Even an outstanding student can receive a low score on both tests. Vice-versa, a poor student can receive a high grade on the SAT and ACT.

Also, students are spending money on programs to help them earn higher scores on standardized tests. Shouldn't the education they have been receiving throughout their lives be enough to help them do well on these tests? What colleges are seeing from these test scores isn't really a measure of a student's knowledge, but of how well they managed to maneuver the test. These SAT and ACT training programs and books teach students tricks on how to do well.

However, some form of standardized testing should still be required for all students applying to colleges. The current system does need reform, but some measure is needed.

Not all high schools have the same level of education. Whereas one school might have a lenient program, another school might require college level work from their students. Therefore, it would be harder for students from more difficult schools to graduate in the top 10 percent of their class, even though they may be better students than those attending other schools. Having one system to measure students against each other is the only way for a college to equally consider all students for admission.

Promoting diversity on college campuses is necessary, but excusing students from taking the SAT or ACT is not the way to do this. Until a new standardized testing system is developed, all high school students who plan on attending college should still be required to take the SAT or ACT.

With Liberty and Urinary Freedom for All. or Where is I.P. Freely?

By Wilfred Brandt
Correspondent

"You put your hand up on my hip, when I dip you dip we dip". Ah, Freak Nasty, truer words were never spoken on the radio airwaves. But let's think, shall we? Upon closely examining this juicy little bit of lyrical poetry, one begins to wonder-what exactly is "the dip"? How can I go about getting my very own "dip"? What are the social and economic ramifications of a so-called "dip"? How does the "dip" feel about the rise in use of crystal meth among teenagers? And most importantly, where oh where has the dip been my whole life, you sexy sexy thang!

Most likely, the two people that read The Chronicle are wondering right now what any of this has to do with urination. Patience Clem and Scooter. My point is simple. We Americans have a lot of freedoms. We have the freedom to vote. We have the freedom to bear arms. We even have the freedom indulge at our leisure in the victimless crime of "the dip". But one thing is not free. Uncle Sam has kept one privilege just out of arms reach. That one freedom that Big Brother has denied us, is so deeply ingrained in us all, it should be a given. This freedom I speak of, is the liberty to let loose with the frothy urine that bubbles over in our very own bowels.

I have seen filmstrips and photographs of the days of segregation, one of our nation's greatest shames. Black and White Americans separated into different public drinking fountains and washrooms. But my shame hath turned to rage when I realized that these people actually had public washrooms! Many's the nights I've wandered the cold streets of downtown Chicago, full belly in hand, looking for a measly porta potty or even a low sink to wiggle my feather in, but no. In the big city, young urban professionals must have found a way to turn urine into Cafe Mocha Lotte, because there are no public facilities to be found. Wait, I take that back, there is one. Inside the Music Mart on the corner of Jackson and State. That's it. If

you're downtown, you'd better be in the school buildings or patronizing a store when you feel the urge to drain the lizard (how come there's no cool phrases for when girls urinate?)

Speaking of women, that's a whole other sticky subject. I often get down on my knees and thank God that because of the dangly John Thomas between my legs, I at least have the option of public urination. Women need to secure a good hiding spot in which to squat while they do the deed. Stumbling home from the bar late at night, I simply have to find a large telephone pole, tree, garbage dumpster or hobo to stand behind. Men also have the convenience of being able to zip up at a moment's notice and mumble something to the arresting officer about digging for a pack of Roloids in their pocket. (My favorite gig was always going out to my car and pretending that the key didn't fit in the door as I whizzed away merrily) Women however, require much more time and preparation to compose themselves after they relieve themselves. To be honest, I quite enjoy making my water outside. But unfortunately, the propaganda machines have created quite a social stigma around it. So for now, I must do my business indoors.

And for heaven's sake, what about when one has to push out a #2? As aggravating as a little pee in the CTA station may seem, at least it's not a steaming loaf. Plus, at least with a #1 you can cross your legs and hold it for an extended amount of time. In fact, some Buddhist monks and former Police lead singer Sting have been known to bottle it for up to FOUR WHOLE MONTHS! A #2 is much more demanding. Once that tip's out, you better make your way to the Head. No questions asked.

So the next time you're voting, or bearing arms, or sneaking in a little "dip"; think about how many freedoms you have. Be grateful, take advantage of them. Smile, huff some paint thinner and go jet skiing. And then think about the one freedom you don't have. Big Brother is watching you.

Got a question for all of Columbia or the Chronicle?

Or do you just like babbling about something to see if someone will respond?

<http://www5.interaccess.com/chronicle-> go there.

Seek thee out our message board.

It's the only free and open Web forum Columbia- or at least the Chronicle- offers.

Dance Center Hosts Dance Africa



Stacey Weber/Chronicle

By Horace Toombs
Staff Writer

The Dance Center of Columbia College kicked off its seventh annual Dance Africa festival with a dedication to Caribbean Connections on Friday Oct. 24 at the Medinah Temple.

The Caribbean Connections are dance ties between African and Caribbean traditions. An example of this style is calypso, which was created by African slaves en route to the Caribbean. This stimulating dance form is rich in African and Latino influences, and incorporated dances that were passed down from generation to generation from Africa.

Master of ceremonies Chuck Davis, who brings his amiable style to the celebration each year, started the festival by making the crowd feel right at home. He encouraged the capacity audience to become acquainted with each other by having them introduce themselves to seven different people. This was followed by the procession of elder's and the programs moving, opening memorial that payed respect to the community's deceased.

The diverse influences of Chicago-based Sundance Productions jump starts the exhibition by highlighting the "Crop Over Festival," an intoxicating and stimulating movement featuring a dozen or more performers. One spectacular performance was the limbo performed by Cheryl Grazette. She smoothly slithered her way under two modest placings of the bar. Moments later she sent the audience into frenzy when she flawlessly slid underneath the bar when it was only a few inches off the ground.

Muntu Dance Group's performance of Djalli Dong, meaning "the Dance of the Djallies" (the griots or oral historians), started with a quiet and dark stillness. Then, with a harmonious chorale to Marie Brooks Pan-Caribbean Dancers, the dancers twirling moves and sparkling outfits were used to camouflage the dancers in the swirls, dips and circles. This colorful and sleek looking costumes represent the traditional flower of the Caribbean, "the hibiscus."

The Najwa Dance troupe is a combination of dancers backed by a fantastic four-man music ensemble, which creates life through dance and music. They performed a colorful and enchanting dance of the Wolof people from Senegal. The group's costumes consisted of layered robes and headdresses which displayed paisley, squares and other vibrant patterns in turquoise, fuchsia, yellow, brown and black.

Before the show came to a screeching halt, Garth Fagan's Dance Troupe "set it off" again with the speed of modern dance, the torso-centered energy of Afro-Caribbean and the gracefulness of ballet. His dance number "From Before" is a reference to the point in his own life before he studied ballet, jazz, tap and everything else. "From Before" shows the mixture of Jamaican flavor and the modern design.

In addition to the wonderful dance program was the vibrant African Marketplace. It featured more than 20 of the finest African, Afro-Caribbean and African American artisans showcasing their wares and displaying their crafts. Also, with a variety of delicious foods to chose from, one could just walk around and listen to the great African sounds.

Dance Africa is more than a dance celebration. There are over 45 events including public programs, school presentations, community workshops and seminars. What's also unique about Dance Africa is how people were dressed in their own traditional grab.

The five dance troupes demonstrated passion, reverence and spirituality that comes from the heart, soul and mind of Afro-Caribbean dance. This performance was a non-stop celebration of African history and culture. This year a fourth show was added because of high sales and there is talk of adding a fifth show next year.

Dance Africa Played from Oct. 24 through Oct. 26 at the Medinah Temple, 600 N. Wabash Ave.



Stacey Morgan/Chronicle



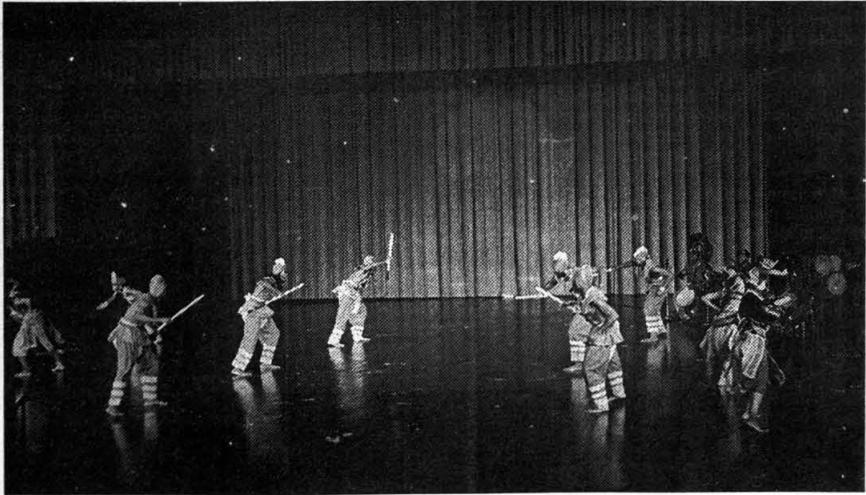
Stacey Morgan/Chronicle



Stacey Morgan/Chronicle



Stacey Morgan/Chronicle



Stacey Weber/Chronicle



Stacey Weber/Chronicle



Another first date. I haven't had one of those in a while—about six months. On my last first date...well I wasn't really impressed with the conversation and what-not, but he was kinda cute (and still is), so I went out with him a few more times. But then, he stopped calling. No explanation or anything, the phone calls and visits just stopped. I don't know why and by now I don't really care—mostly because this weekend I went on a date with a guy who's taller, darker and even better looking.

You see, as I'm writing this I haven't actually gone on the date, but I can't stop thinking about it.

I'll admit that I had high hopes for this date, as I would with any date—it's not like I have a date every Saturday night (or every Tuesday night). I used to have some Tuesday night thing with some guy who mysteriously lost interest and forgot to tell me about it. I'm not fragile or stupid, so guys, please don't be afraid to tell me when it's just not there for you anymore. I'm a big girl, I can take it.

In anticipation of this rare first date, I was completely incapable of concentrating on anything for more than 10 seconds. What's the point of a first date anyway? To get

to know each other, to see if there's enough interest for a second date? Oh great, that amounts to what is, essentially, an audition.

The date/audition was set for Saturday night at some club called Red Dog, meaning that I would have to dance my way into his heart.

Tuesday, after I'd been off the phone with him for all of five minutes, I started deciding what clothes and shoes to wear, what to do with my hair, how much make-up to wear so's not to look slutty or desperate and which seductive scent would seal my bid for that second date.

Immediately, I knew I'd be wearing my hootchie-mama, first-date-and-guaranteed-to-get-a-second-date pants. They always work. But, then I put them on and decided that they make me look way too skinny. Since I wasn't at home I had to mentally inventory everything in both my and my roommate's closets. I settled on baggy, blue denim overalls, a tiny (but warm) top and Timberland boots. I figured I'd be comfortable and still kinda cute without looking sickly or anorexic.

The next morning, my roommate and fashion critic axed that outfit. "You can't wear that. You've lost too much weight. You'll look like you're wearing a paper sack," she said.

So I was back to the tight, black hootchie-mama pants, only now I didn't have a top to wear with it (he might like that though), but figured that I would settle on something at least five minutes before he rang the buzzer, leaving him to suffer through small talk with my roommate and her physicist boyfriend while I finished applying my make up.

I haven't gone out with anyone in a while, so it hadn't occurred to me to do anything different cosmetically until I had a new guy to impress. I've been wearing the same shade of cheap lipstick for two years, but suddenly it was

all wrong for this date. I actually went out and bought a brand new kissable shade (that looks great, by the way).

By Wednesday, I was all set. I knew exactly what I'd look like when I left my house Saturday night, but then, a new worry plagued me: What if I didn't like him? I knew from the moment I saw him that I was totally physically attracted to him—Mr. Dark and Lovely. But what about the rest of him? I knew that I liked the sound of his voice on the telephone and he seemed bright enough.

All kinds of things can go wrong on a first date though. Before I bought those first-date-and-guaranteed-to-get-a-second-date pants things always went wrong. What if my pants didn't work anymore, I wondered. What if the magic has worn off? Or what if he thinks I look sickly and tells me so?

By Thursday, I became so worried that I developed a headache over a date that was still two days away. I started to think about my sister, well, actually she's my half sister and this guy's first cousin. She's related to both of us. The situation had gotten way too sticky—I was going on a date with a guy who was almost a relative. How did I get myself into this anyway?

Oh yeah, I flirt shamelessly. And I was flirting shamelessly the night of my cousin's wedding reception where I saw this fella—dancing the night away with some psycho hootchie-mama with hair dyed too blond for her skin tone (sure sign of a hootchie, in case you didn't already know that). It was all of 40 degrees that night and she wore in a spaghetti-strapped minidress. And the whole night, she wouldn't let me get within three feet of him, leaving me to dance with my cousins, my little brother and his girlfriend.

But Saturday night, Mr. Dark and Lovely was all mine. And I hope I liked it.

Siskel Flicks Picks For The Week Of Nov. 3, 1997

By Gene Siskel

(RATINGS: The movies listed below are rated according to the following key: 4 stars — excellent; 3 stars — good; 2 stars — fair; 1 star — poor.)

Our **FLICK OF THE WEEK** is "**Red Corner**," which is noteworthy only as a political act by actor Richard Gere and certainly not as a film. A simple-minded, obvious attack on what passes for the Chinese criminal justice system. "Red Corner" stars Gere as an American attorney in Beijing on business who is accused of raping and murdering a Chinese model.

Much to his horror, he finds himself in a trick bag in which even his own defense attor-

ney seems to be out to nail him. This results in stentorian speeches by Gere in which he exclaims the likes of, "The defense attorney is supposed to represent the accused, not the state!" Or, "Assuming the role means listening to the facts." The passion may be real, but the words are arch movie dialogue.

The Chinese government, which has complained about Hollywood's current portrayal of Chinese matters, has little to fear from "Red Corner." A better film on the same subject should be its concern. **R ★★**

BOOGIE NIGHTS. A beautifully made survey of '70s excess, filtered through the trashy world of the burgeoning porno film industry in Southern California. We meet a young male star, a crestfallen mother of a star-

let, and a savvy veteran director who dreams of making art. The early rave reviews accorded this film suggest a significance that I, however, did not encounter. What does linger are the performances, particularly the lead work of Burt Reynolds, as well as Mark Wahlberg, the rapper-turned-actor who couldn't be better as the ingenue stud. **R ★★★★★**

CRITICAL CARE. An amusing look at the hospital industry, with James Spader playing a young doctor stunned by the lectures on overcharging he is given by the nearly senile chief of his hospital's critical-care facility. Albert Brooks in heavy makeup steals the show as the venal doctor in charge. **R ★★★★★**

THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE. An outrageous New York law firm drama with big performances by Al Pacino as a would-be king of the hill and Keanu Reeves, an underrated talent I believe, as a smart Southern lawyer hired ostensibly to be Pacino's protégé. The film is as entertaining for its Tom Wolfe-like depictions of rich, successful New Yorkers as for any of its legal machinations. Most entertaining. **R ★★★★★**

THE EDGE. What is David Mamet's elegantly blunt dialogue doing in a movie like this? Anthony Hopkins plays a supremely intelligent billionaire who accompanies his spectacular model wife (Elle Macpherson) on an Alaskan wilderness shoot and ends up going "mano-a-mano" with her stud photographer (Alec Baldwin). Both men also go "mano-a-claw" with a big bear, who ridiculously gets the first on-screen credit as the movie ends. The ending of the picture is a coin flip as to who shall live and who, if anyone, shall die. That it makes no difference and that the choice seems so arbitrary only indicates our lack of interest in the characters. **R ★★**

FAIRY TALE: A TRUE STORY. This children's story is really aimed at a more adult audience, telling the fanciful account of an incident in 1917 England where a couple of little girls claimed to have seen pixies in a stream near a relative's home. Photographs are taken and published, and some of the leading lights of the day, including Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and visiting American illusionist Harry Houdini, become involved in the ensuing investigation. The film argues that we need illusions as much as reality, but that notion is obviously pitched at an older audience. Younger children, in my opinion, will not understand this film. **PG ★★**

FOUR LITTLE GIRLS. Spike Lee's powerful documentary that reminds of a critical, galvanizing moment in the Civil Rights movement — the cowardly bombing of a black Birmingham, Ala., church and the resultant killing of four children. What is special about Lee's work is that his contemporary interviews with eyewitnesses to history are even more compelling than the vintage documentary material. No MPAA rating. **★★★★**

THE FULL MONTY. The funniest film of the year, to date. Another one of the post-Margaret Thatcher, "we're all out of work," comedies, this one following a group of laid off steel workers who come up with a silly plan to raise money. The miners will bump and grind like the Chippendales'. Each supporting character is indelible, and their plight is a perfectly engineered. Enjoy it for the first time. **R ★★★★★**

THE GAME. Michael Douglas outshines a script that is intense, tricky and then unfortunately obvious. "The Game" is very good at setting up its premise as well as Douglas' "prince of the city" character. He defines the luxurious lifestyle of the wealthy investment banker. And then it's his birthday, and his younger, no-account brother (Sean Penn) has selected a doozy of a gift — a gift certificate for participating in a heavy-duty psychodrama in which the subjects are psychologically and

physically challenged in an effort to confront their weaknesses. This boot camp for the brain involves a great deal of planning on the part of the management of the company that developed the game. But as soon as you figure that out, the movie's real drama is lost. **R ★★**

GATTACA. This is a particularly brainy and thoughtful science-fiction picture, and what a rarity that is. "Gattaca" is set in a frightening future to be sure — genetic engineering of "perfect" babies has resulted in a culture that punishes imperfection — but that premise is more than a launching pad for action sequences. It's the very subject of the film, leading us to issues we as a society undoubtedly will encounter someday soon. "Gattaca" is also great to look at, funny and unpredictable. The story is complicated. Basically, a young computer whiz (Ethan Hawke) dreams of exploring space but is prevented because he was a natural birth with flaws. So he rents the genetic identity of a "perfect" young man, who was disabled in an accident, hoping to qualify for a space mission. The problem is, he must fool the security system at the outer space-oriented Gattaca Corp. There he meets a beautiful co-worker (Uma Thurman) and obviously makes a connection. **PG-13 ★★★★★**

THE ICE STORM. Nothing less than one of the year's best pictures, a portrait of wealthy Connecticut suburbanites in the 1970s whose lives have no emotional or spiritual rudder. And so they play sex games and can't relate to their spouses or children. Aimlessness rules their days. Kevin Kline leads an excellent ensemble cast. **R ★★★★★**

I KNOW WHAT YOU DID LAST SUMMER. A dreadful mad slasher film that works neither as a thriller nor as a comic commentary on the genre. The villain in this piece is a fisherman in a slicker, rain hat, and a gaffing hook. That's laughable but not funny. **R ★**

KISS THE GIRLS. Another pointless serial killer movie that's particularly disappointing because it wastes the considerable talent of two major actors, Ashley Judd and Morgan Freeman. He plays a Washington, D.C., homicide detective and she is a medical intern who team up to track the serial killer who has kidnapped Freeman's niece and almost took Judd's character hostage herself. Pictures like this are similar to the standard, teenage, mad-slasher flick in that they connect violence with sex and offer rape fantasies. **R ★★**

A LIFE LESS ORDINARY. A complete comedic failure with a hackneyed plot about a couple of angels threatened with the loss of their wings if they can't get two people on Earth to fall in love and remain together. Apparently "the big guy" is upset about the exploding divorce rate. But rather than write smart characters and place them in contemporary situations, the writers of this mess cobble together a story about kidnapping and ransom and have the angels (Delroy Lindo and Holly Hunter) try to make the kidnapper (Ewan McGregor) and the kidnappee (Cameron Diaz) fall in love. This is pure hokum that would have been better written in Hollywood in the '30s. **R ★**

THE MATCHMAKER. A charming, quirky, funny yarn about a wise-cracking Sunset Boulevard political operative (the always entertaining Janeane Garofalo) assigned to go back to Ireland to track down any Irish relatives the doofus U.S. senator she's campaigning for might have left there. Better than the political gags are the Irish working-class folks who meet Garofalo at a family dinner. One is looper than the next. **R ★★**

Columbia College's Echo Magazine Release Party

Friday, November 7, 1997

Hokin Annex

5 p.m. -- 7:30 p.m.

\$3.00 Admission

Live Entertainment/Refreshments

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vibe with the new Echo and
receive your own copy of the
magazine!

Calendar of Events

Around Columbia:

Virtu: Homage to Physics Artisans at Fermilab

An exhibition of scientific objects from various experiments at Fermilab in Batavia, IL. Columbia College Art Gallery, 11th St. Campus, 72 E. 11th St. September 29-November 20. FREE. Monday-Friday, 10 a.m.-4 p.m. 312-663-5554

Poetry Reading

James Tate, Pulitzer Prize and National Book Award and author of *Worshipful Company of Fletchers* will read from his work. Ferguson Theater, 600 S. Michigan Ave. Nov. 6 at 3 p.m. FREE. 312-344-7516

Around Chicago:

Blue Man Group

Innovative performance by three men painted blue. The Briar Street Theater, 3133 N. Halsted. Tickets on sale through Nov. 30. \$39 balcony, \$46 main floor. 773-348-4000

Traffic

Inter-arts series showcasing Chicago and national artists. Steppenwolf Theatre, 1650 N. Halsted St. Oct. 27-Aug. 17, 1998. 312-335-1888

Contemporary Chilean Cinema

Presented by Chicago Latino Cinema in cooperation with Columbia College and The Consulate General of Chile. Facets Multimedia, 1517 W. Fullerton Ave. Oct. 31-Nov. 6. 312-431-1330

The Music and Mind of Bach

Johann Sebastian Bach's handwritten scores, personally annotated Bible, original manuscripts and more. September 11-November 15. The Newberry Library, 60 W. Walton St. FREE. Monday, Friday, Saturday, 8:15 a.m.-5:30 p.m.; Tuesday-Thursday, 8:15 a.m.-7:30 p.m. 312-255-3553

Reeling '97

The 17th Chicago Lesbian & Gay International Film Festival. Nov. 7-20. 773-384-5533

Orion Ensemble

Performing works by famous American composers. November 9 at 7 p.m. at Fox Valley Unity Church in Batavia. November 10 at 7:30 p.m. at Roosevelt University. \$18 adults, \$15 seniors and \$8 students. 630-628-9591

Stage Performances:

"Sheila's Instant Odyssey"

An improvised play in two acts. Strawdog Theatre, 3829 N. Broadway. October 7 - November 25. Tuesdays at 9 p.m. \$8. (773) 275-3625

"Babes With Blades"

An all-female stage combat showcase. Footsteps Theatre Co., 5230 N. Clark St. October 6-December 22. Sundays, Mondays at 8 p.m. \$10. 773-878-4840

"The Compleat Works of Wllm Shkspr (Abridged)"

A three-man comic romp through all 37 of Shakespeare's plays. The Theatre Building, 1225 W. Belmont. October 6-December 9. 773-327-5252

"Our Town"

Classic is part of Family Series. Steppenwolf Theatre, 1650 N. Halsted St. October 7-November 21. Adults \$10, Students \$7.50. 312-335-1650

"The Wizard of Oz"

BlackBox Theatre, 3444 Dundee Road in Northbrook. November 21-December 21. \$15 adults, \$8 kids. 847-559-0110 ext. 237

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Break out the anti-depressants

The Cure return with 'Galore'

By Ericka Sanchez
Correspondent

All right boys and girls, you ready for this one? I hope you are because the new Cure CD, *Galore*, has just been released.

Well, actually it's not a new CD, just a compilation of their singles spanning from 1987-1997.

Many of you who might not know who the Cure is, well don't freak out. A lot of people don't know who they are, they just know they like some of their songs. The Cure is a band from that country across the pond that was part of the invasion of great music which spilled over and brought us the likes of the Sex Pistols, Souxsie & The Banshees, New Order, Depeche Mode, Kratwerk, etc. I could go on and on but I won't.

Galore, however, has many of the favorites for those of you who

don't know too much about their earlier stuff. Staple songs like, "Just Like Heaven," "Lovesong" and a shorter version of "Picture of You" take up most of the album, with one new song, "Wrong," closing out the list.

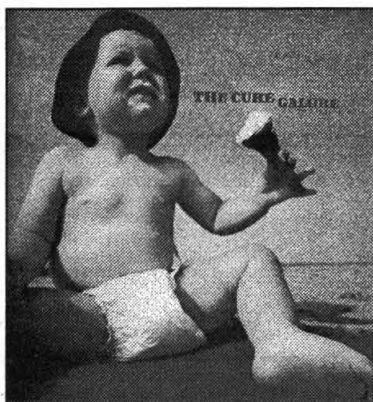
Those of you who like the Cure will enjoy *Galore* because if you only like certain songs then they are most likely on this CD.

For those of you that, like I said, aren't too familiar with the group, check out this cd. Look at it as a way to get your feet wet and introduced to the band.

Galore is now available in

stores so run and get your copy.

As far as touring goes for the band, my sources tell me that we should expect to see them this summer, so stay tuned.



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Come to the new Columbia Chronicle Office, 623 South Wabash room 205, between Monday, November 3 and Friday, November 7 to receive a free pass (admit two) to an advance showing of "The Wings Of The Dove", at the Sony Theatres - Pipers Alley, 1608 N. Wells, next Tuesday, November 11, 7:30 pm.

A limited number of passes and posters are available on a first-come, first served basis. No purchase necessary and employees of participating partners are ineligible.

"THE WINGS OF THE DOVE" Opens In Chicago On Friday, November 14!

One Hundred years of history in the heart of Chicago

By Horace Toombs
Staff Writer

When we speak of historic landmarks in Chicago, we think of The Sears Tower, The John Hancock Center and Water Tower place. One other monumental landmark that has played an integral role in the history of Chicago for the past 100 years. The Chicago Cultural Center, the Chicago Public Library before 1991, kicked off its centennial celebration Thursday, Oct. 9.

The Chicago Cultural Center is often referred to as the "People's Palace" and is an official Chicago landmark listed on the National Register of Historic Places.

The Chicago Cultural Center became the nation's first free municipal cultural center where a variety of programs, exhibits and events are presented each year.

This monumental landmark sits on land once known as Dearborn Park, where Fort Dearborn once stood. Abraham Lincoln once stood at this site to speak against slavery. The building was dedicated on October 9, 1897.

The classical architecture of the building is both Greek and Roman. The exterior of the building conceals the fact that the building was built to serve two distinct purposes.

The glorious landmark was skillfully designed by Shepley, Rutan and Coolidge, also the architects of the Art Institute. The building was completed in 1897 and cost two million dollars, a fraction of what it would cost to build a skyscraper today.

The building was designed with two entrances and two main staircases. The Washington Street entrance served as the entrance for the main library, while the Randolph Street entrance was for the Grand Army of the Republic, a Civil War Veteran's Group. There were disputes over land grants causing the library to take control of the land on one condition that the building hold a Memorial to the Grand Army of the Republic.

The building was assembled around a courtyard that opens into Garland Court on the west side of the building. The Washington Street entrance is five stories on the south wing, while the Randolph Street entrance serves the four-story north wing. The difference is due to the fact that the north wing has a thirty foot ceiling that accommodates the Grand Army Republic complex. The entrance on the Washington side has a stairway leading to the fifth floor which is a copy of the "bridge of sighs" in Venice.

This beautiful piece of art has stood the test of time. The masonry walls are three foot thick limestone, above a granite base.

What makes this landmark special are the materials used to construct this gem. A variety of rare imported marbles, fine hardwood, stained glass and mosaics of Favre glass help construct this building to a piece of art.

Walking through the doorway on the Washington side is like entering a palace. The walls are white marble from Carrara, Italy. There is a grand staircase with a three-story vaulted lobby. Names of many great writers from the western world are inscribed overhead. The

Italian Renaissance architecture left its mark on the Sidney R. Yates Gallery, which was named in honor of the Democratic Congressman from Illinois for his many years of art advocacy.

The Cultural Center was designed after an assembly hall in the 14th century Doge's Palace in Venice, Italy.

The 7,600 square foot hall originally served as the library's reading room. The fourth floor Exhibit Hall has Greek architectural designs. This hall is the showcase for the Cultural Center's important exhibitions. There are clocks on each end of the wall. A figure carrying a torch represents day; the other with a bat represents night.

The Windy City has the tallest building in the United

branches. The dome praises famous writers such as Voltaire and Dante.

Another stunning attraction is the G.A.R. Rotunda memorial hall, dedicated to the Grand Republic Army. This attraction is popular amongst civil war buffs. There is a twelve foot statue of "Young Abe" and a variety of decorative themes that display historic civil war battles.

When in need of quiet time, or just time to relax, the G.A.R. Rotunda memorial is a nice place to visit. One can enjoy the view overlooking Grant Park and Michigan avenue.

The Cultural Center has rightfully earned its name as the "People's Palace" because people from all walks of life have passed through and have appreciated the 500 programs offered each year by the Department of Cultural affairs.

Programs such as music, dance, theater, literary arts and films are what the Cultural Center offers the people of Chicago and tourists from around the world. There are performances, concerts, screenings, receptions and special events year-round.

This is one place where college students can enjoy and experience never have to pay a dime. The only thing one will pay for is the food and souvenirs.

These days, everyday is a birthday at the Cultural Center. On Friday October 10, 1997 they celebrated the great jazz innovator pianist Thelonious Monk pianist Corky McLerkin.

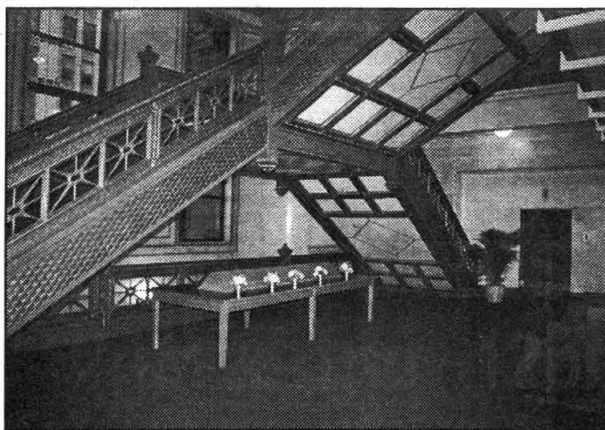
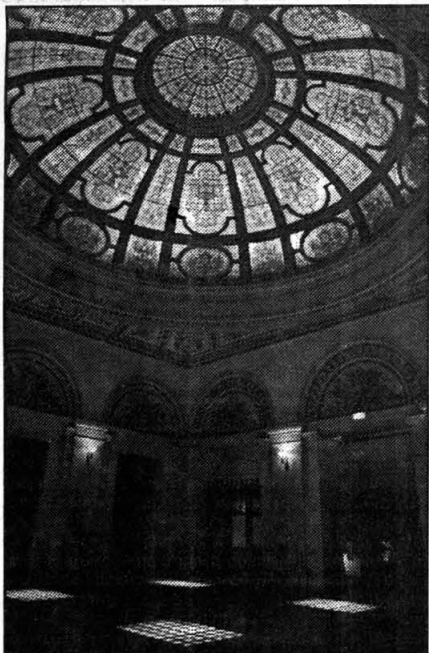
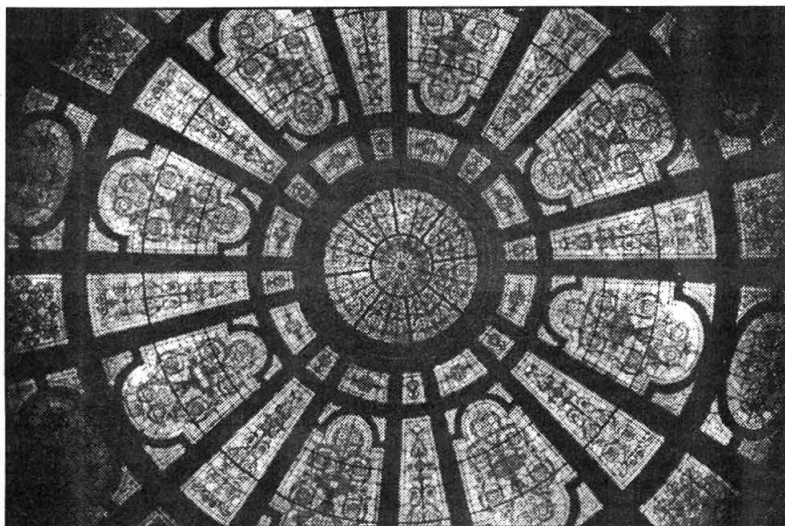
About twenty spectators in audience were on honored. The master of ceremonies called out their names, gave them a slice of cake and wished them a happy birthday. One lady played hookie from work to come and celebrate her birthday at the Cultural Center gala.

70-year-old Urdyne Bryson, said of the Cultural Center, "I love this building because it's unique piece of work. I love to visit because they just don't build them like they like any more."

The Cultural Center is a not-for-profit organization. A vast amount of its revenue comes from public and private sectors.

There are ceremonies, weddings and social events held that provide income for the center.

Without these revenue resources many of the enriching programs offered today



Marc Tobin/Chronicle

States, but our Cultural Center has a notable feature that's only in the city of Chicago.

The world's largest Tiffany Dome are beautiful stained glass domes that are located in the north and south wings of the building.

A variety of artists from Tiffany & Co. collaborated on this magnificent jewel. The color scheme is designed by J.A. Holzer and Charles A. Coolidge. Robert C. Spencer was in charge of the interior design and decoration.

The glass domes were originally used as skylights but later enclosed in copper and back lighted to reveal and secure the astonishing elegance. Preston Bradley Hall is where the 38 foot dome is located at an estimated 35 million dollars.

Many of the designs and patterns are influenced by nature. There are shapes and textures of the scales of a fish. The zodiac signs at the top of the dome really make it an extravagant piece of work.

Preston Bradley Hall was renovated into a performance hall during the seventies. Inside the Preston Bradley Hall on the east wing wall are inscriptions in ten different ancient languages, including Persian, Chinese and Greek which glorify literature and knowledge.

The northeast corner of the room has a letter "Y" engraved which represents the Chicago rivers two

would not be available.

Fred Fine, the center's first commissioner of the Cultural Center, appointed by late Mayor Harold Washington, said, "Harold Washington played an integral role in the start of the Cultural Center."

"The building is special to me because it showcases culture artistic creation of neighborhoods whether it's 47th, State or Lincoln Park," Fine said.

The Cultural Center enjoys college students who love the arts and wants to play an important role in their lives in the future.

Hollywood has also left its silver screen imprint on the Chicago landmark. In 1986, the box office hit "The Untouchables" was filmed there. The scene where FBI agent Elliot Ness pushed Frank Nitti off the roof once he admitted to killing his friend and comrade Jim Malone.

A variety of other movies have been filmed on the premises including, "The Code of Silence" with Chuck Norris and "Payback" starring Mel Gibson, is now being filmed around the perimeter of the building.

The Cultural center is a breathtaking landmark because of the architecture and its intricate details.

This is a place where one can escape and just enjoy the little things in life. Whether it's walking down the hallway along the western corridor, viewing the photographs and of other famous Chicago landmarks or walking over to the Michigan Avenue galleries to check out the work of new artists.



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Oh! Canada: 'The Sweet Hereafter' rings true to rural Canadian life

By Sandy Campbell
Film Correspondent

As a person raised in the boonies in Eastern Canada, I grew up on American films like everybody else. I was conditioned to expect movies to take place in over populated American cities like Chicago, LA, and New York. If a movie were to take place in Canada, it would not be seen by Americans, much less other Canadians.

I grew up with a sense of being Canadian, but two factors that have faded my identity: Quebec wanting to separate issue that has gotten way out of proportion and The United States ignoring and not recognizing our Canadian identity, but at the same time filling our country with prime examples of your identity.

As a result Canada has created its' identity, but the only ones aware of this identity are Canadians and other foreign countries.

But the English-Canadian film industry seems to have been sprouting in the last few years, aside from the increase of American film-productions, and will hopefully give the U.S. a sense of Canadiana. Atom Egoyan's, "The Sweet Hereafter," which won second place at this past years Cannes film festival and which is ironically based on American author's Russell Banks novel, is being released in the US this Christmas with an expectation to do well.

The film will hopefully give Americans a slice of rural Canadian life and atmosphere. Mobile, Alabama is probably closer geographically to where I grew up than the small fictional Pacific-Northwest village of Sam Dent, British Columbia, but the film comes out with a united Canadian tone which is healing for a country with separatist problems and regional isolation.

Other Canadian movies have been released here this past year such as Crash, Kissed, Fire, and Margaret's Museum, but there has been very little impact, but it is a start. I find that most of the United States knows nothing about my country and that should not be any surprise. But what I have found is that a lot of Americans are interested and would like to know about this big chunk of land is not that nothing happens in Canada, important events happen there daily, but there is such a one-sided communication between the two countries that it only seems like such.

Hopefully the movie will break stereotypes about Canada. Yes of course all of the males are deeply excited about hockey in the film, but that stereotype is true even for me; the only male who did not play the sport in his entire highschool with the population of 300. One Canadian stereotype I wish Egoyan had shoved away was the local bus-driver saying "Eh" after every word and most Americans will still assume that stereotype to be true. I have always assumed that it was a regional southern Ontario thing. The only person I knew that said, "Eh" on a regular basis was sports personality/commentator Don Cherry on Hockey Night in Canada (our Saturday night version of your Monday Night Football).

Some images portrayed in the movie are very similar to memories I hold such as being a kid traveling in the winter on a dusty schoolbus, with its' scabby green seats, driving through the isolated stretches of gnawing raw cold that made one's fingers swell like pink sausages, stopping once and awhile to pick up a few children in the midst of green forest and snow.

I remember the people from urban parts of Canada and the U.S. who came up as hippies during the sixties, seventies, eighties, and even nineties to get away from it all and ending up living in odd-shaped houses with the interior in which one can see the upstairs and downstairs at the same time and adopting children with multi-cultural backgrounds. I remember these people losing some of their hippie traits, but still being remembered as such by the minds of locals, even though they portray themselves as model-citizens. I remember villages containing nothing but a motel and a garage, and everybody knowing who everybody is.

I remember village halls with wooden paneling

inside, long tables and cold gray metal chairs with gum stuck to the bottom, and dart beverything from local coto meeting with lawyers. I remember seeing the scruffy male with a missing tooth and a baseball hat with a logo like Caterpillar on it, and being known as a model-citizen and a human being, and not associated with this redneck stigma crap. I remember knowing my busdrivers name.

I remember dreams that were promised to you as a child, but are relied to be hopeless when a teenager. I remember ss who ran away and now have become homeless on the street. I remember gossiping about local families problems only to reflect on that mine is just is bad, as the local inn-keeper does in the film's commencing. Now a rural American, such as some of yourselves, might feel that a lot of these elements were found in your community and I say probably yes.

I relate to rural films all of the time whether American, British, or Dutch but I recognize what country the movie is from. The Sweet Hereafter provides Americans with songs that were a hit in Canada and other countries, with the exception of the States, such as the Tragically Hip's Courage, and Jane Siberry's mid-eighties success One More Colour. But I was disappointed that Egoyan didn't go on beyond a couple of songs and had a mock band sing most of them instead of the original artists, but this subtle advertising is still better than nothing.

The movie deals with other aspects besides Canadian and rural themes, mainly the effect of a schoolbus crash on a local town and the city lawyer (Ian Holm) who tries to get the townsfolk to sue the bus company for faulty screws. He goes in with "the city person can save the rural community and lets convince the locals to sue even though it was clearly an accident" attitude.

But as contrast as he is from the townsfolk, he has an element in common with them in that of who took my children away? His daughter is a whiny drug-addled street urchin in her early twenties who makes life difficult for him. His child maybe alive, while the villager's children's have recently feels that he still has lost his child. He tells the aum of childhood friend of his daughters who is now well-to-do that he did everything to save his daughter from a black widow spider bite when she was three, but he hints that he wished he had let his child die.

I assume that he secretly envies the townsfolk in that their children are gone because least they will always have a pure innocent memory of them in case they don't turn out to their parent's expectations as he has discovered.

Another issue the movie deals with is incest, which relates to the parent and child theme. One of the survivors, the matured Sarah Polley, from Road To Avonlea (called Avonlea on the Disney channel) and Terry Gilliam's The Adventures of Baron Munchausen, sleeps with her father Todd McCamus and doesn't mind it. He gets revenge on her father in the end of the movie, not because of the incest factor, but because he che dreams of being rock star like he promised.

This movie is for people who enjoy a good cry at the movies. Some people might find this movie as a way of exploiting emotion as a cheap way to hook in customers. This is not my view, but of one I heard recently. I shared that view at only one point of the movie in the use of the song Courage.

I emphasized the local mechanic played magnificently by Bruce Greenwood telling off the city lawyer trying to do his job. This movie could have easily happened in the place I once called my community and I felt that my emotions were justified. If a movie's emotions are well played out I like to get caught up in them and have a good cry. I hold the opinion that emotion should be a factor in films to hook in the audience if necessary as long as it is done well and not sappy, but maybe I might sometimes overlook sappiness if I can relate strongly to emotions portrayed on screen.

On a final note Americans might wonder what is the obsession between Canadians and traffic accidents since car crashes were a central issue in David Cronenberg's Hearafter.

Overall, I give this movie an A+.

Solving the coffee stain mystery

By Lidia Wasowicz
(UPI)

SAN FRANCISCO— Scientists curious about coffee stains have finally figured out why a spilled cup of java leaves a ring when it dries.

Reporting in the British journal Nature Wednesday, they say the work may prove useful in the future for a number of fields, ranging from the paint industry to molecular biology.

Sidney Nagel of the University of Chicago set out to solve one of life's little mysteries after taking note of all the coffee stains on his counter at home one morning.

He says, "Why does a drop of liquid evaporate to leave a ring rather than a uniform stain?"

He found no answer in any scientific literature so enlisted the help of his colleagues to figure out this head-scratcher.

The result may reach beyond a mug of hot dark brew.

The work, Nagel says, has implications for industries that rely on the uniform deposition of solids suspended in liquid media, such as paint. And it may help molecular biologists trying to understand the structure of enzymes. Or it could prove useful in creating tiny electronic circuits or providing a means of high-density information storage.

As Nagel puts it, "Why does all the material end up at the edge, when it starts out dispersed across the whole drop? This question actually affects many different types of processes, though I don't think anyone's considered it as a scientific problem."

Nagel and his team did, undertaking a series of experiments and calculations, looking at the problem from all possible angles. Does the type of solvent make a difference? No. Does the same thing happen if you spill red wine or milk or tea or soup? Yes. Does the type of surface metal, plastic, glass matter? No. In fact, they found even drying the drop upside down had no effect.

It turns out that ring formation results from a combination of factors: any surface roughness "pins" the edge of the drop, evaporation at the edges pulls more liquid and suspended solids out to the edge from the center. The flow piles the material up at the edges, where it eventually dries, forming that unsightly and hard-to-clean ring.

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Sara on Sports

By Sara Willingham
Sports Columnist



Ahhhhh, a new week means a new column. I tell 'ya, it really feels good to have the opportunity to express my opinions to the public via "Sara on Sports." Too bad everybody can't grab some paper space and rant a little bit here-and-there...it may very well make for a healthier fan base around here (mentally speaking). But as it is, it has become quite obvious to me that we too, at Columbia, are forced to put up with disgruntled sports fans. You know, the fans who don't like my opinions one bit, the ones who could write about better topics, the ones who get so steaming mad, they write the editor!

Well keep 'em coming, boys! And Ladies, go ahead, slap some attitude on paper, and submit it! I am the type of person who loves to debate controversial topics. If any of the poor souls who actually responded to my column would have MADE A POINT (wow, what a concept!), then we could actually have an intelligent, opinionated discussion.

I did, however, manage to muster up a couple of suggestions pertaining to some comments made in regard to MY column:

1. **Why do I write about the same old crap? (The Bears, Cubs, Sox, and Hawks suck, and the Bulls are great)**
Gee, the Bears, Cubs, Sox, and Hawks really do suck...I'm just being realistic. As for the Bulls, they've had a brutal pre-season, and I was the first to admit it.
2. **Why can't you "distinguish between Chicago sports and your opinions?"**
Hello! It's a column for cryin' 'out-loud! It's my special little space to do just that...express MY opinions concerning Chicago sports. (duh).
3. **Why don't you cover the Wolves?**
Hey, is it my fault that most of the fans in Chicago seem to be more interested in the Blackhawks than the Wolves? Do I sense a little jealousy, perhaps? That's like saying that all of the fans who fill the bleachers at Wrigley really ought to focus their attention on the Kane County Cougars, or something. Yeah, right.
4. **(And my favorite) Why don't you actually cover some games to really find a story?**
Alright, smart guy, when was the last time that you contacted a professional sports organization in regard to press credentials? You probably didn't know that, as a rule, the infamous 0 and 14 Cubs don't even let students into the lockerroom. That's OK, I'll let your lack of knowledge slide on this one...

I must say, even though all of the people who "know it all" (or at least know more than me) didn't exactly have any constructive suggestions, I am happy to see that they're reading. If you're an angered fan, go ahead and E-mail (chron96@interaccess.com) me about your gripes as a Chicago sports fan. If it's good enough, and you include your name, hell I'll publish it.

Let's talk Bears.....

Yippee! We got one! That Miami game was so exciting. It was like a one-two punch... Game 7 of the World Series on Sunday, and the Bears versus the Dolphins on Monday. What can I say, the World Series action was fantastic. Underdog Marlins take down the Indians. Just like the NFL showdown: Underdog Bears surprise Miami. It was storybook material. Kramer drives down field twice to score in crunch-time. Raymont Harris runs harder than ever. Jeff Jaeger is automatic. It was beautiful. Too bad most people couldn't stay up for the finale. I'll pick the Bears over Washington...easy. Let's say 24-10 Chicago. I think that momentum is enough to carry a team. To the Superbowl? No. To a 7 and 9 record? Maybe. If nothing else, momentum will suffice for now.

On a final note, I would like to commend Major League Baseball on this year's Series. As I mentioned previously, it was some of the most exciting baseball I've seen in a long while. Livan Hernandez, the Cuban deportee, was MVP of the Series. The Marlins dedicated the game to their manager, Jim Leyland, before it started. Team owner, Wayne Huysainga, was absolutely thrilled about the outcome (unlike Reinsdorf's usual reaction to title-winning). OK, I admit it, it brought tears to my eyes to see the "little guys" finish on top. I thoroughly enjoyed the last of MLB for 1997.

Want to write about Chicago sports?

Stop by *The Chronicle* and see Robert Stevenson about writing sports stories for *The Chronicle*. We're always looking for more writers, so stop by!

Is Kevin Garnett going to be a 'Zorich' of an athlete?

By Jason Kravarik
Assistant Features Editor

Remember that \$120 million contract that Minnesota Timberwolves basketball star Kevin Garnett signed last month? It seems appropriate at this point in time to assess it. Why? Hang on. First thing's first. We're talking about the deal that made Garnett, who jumped pro direct from high school, the highest paid athlete in history when it comes to multi-year deals. And chances are, if you surveyed chatter around the water cooler the day after Garnett signed, most people would have said: "No one deserves that much money." Under normal circumstances, that would be a sound statement about another undeserving, overpaid athlete.

Let's look at this a little closer now that football star Chris Zorich is in the spotlight for being fired from the Bears. Here's Zorich, who like Garnett, grew up in Chicago under tough circumstances. Both athletes dreamed of playing sports professionally, and of course both made it, albeit in slightly different fashion. While Zorich was deemed too short for his position, former Bears Coach Mike Ditka didn't think so, and he drafted Zorich. On the other hand, Garnett had no problem. He was drafted by the Timberwolves straight from Farragut High School here in Chicago. Both enjoyed success at the pro level: Zorich proved the scouts wrong and showed he belonged on the Bears' defense. Garnett, well, \$120 million speaks

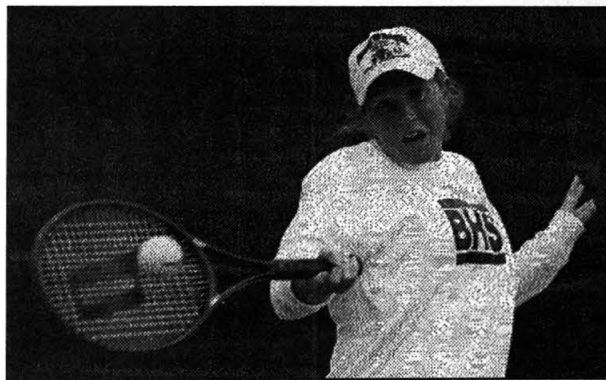
for itself. The difference professionally for the two came just last week when the injured Zorich was cut by the Bears who were looking to save a few hundred thousand dollars. But it's not Zorich's on-field performance we care about. It's his now-famous off-field charity that has made him loved by the city. The South Sider had it tough growing up, so he understands the need to help others. His charity is named after his mother, who Zorich found dead after returning home from a Notre Dame game. That charity has supplied tens of thousands of Chicago's needy with food baskets helping everyone from the homeless to troubled teens. Despite being cut last week, Zorich's foundation will continue on with its traditional Thanksgiving Day donation of food baskets to the needy. Zorich even took a group of less-fortunate girls to the Bears game after he was fired—citing the need to brighten up the girls' lives even though it would mean returning to see the very team that fired him.

Now take a look at Garnett and his exorbitant wealth keeping in mind what could be done with that money. Sure, \$120 million is an outrageous sum for one person who throws a ball through a hoop. However, if Garnett chooses to remember his roots—as Zorich did—and invest some of that money into charitable causes in his former community, then perhaps it isn't wasted money.

So don't complain about Garnett's lopsided wealth yet, for the jury is still out. Or more appropriately, the community is still waiting.

Next Week:

A Look at Women's Sports



Brian Markiewicz/Chronicle

Duke University kicker claims discrimination

By Marco Buscaglia
College Press Service

DURHAM, N.C.—If only life imitated the happy endings of made-for-TV movies, then Heather Sue Mercer's story would have ended something like this: the Duke senior kicks a game-winning field goal for the Blue Devils and ends Division I college football's longest losing streak.

But instead, Mercer's bid to become the first woman to play Division I football is ending up in court. In September, Mercer filed a lawsuit in federal district court against Duke University and head coach Fred Goldsmith.

Mercer's lawsuit claims she wasn't given a fair chance by Goldsmith and the rest of the Duke coaching staff after being invited to try out for the team. She contends that after she was cut, kickers of the same or lesser talent remained on the squad.

Mercer was a third-team all-state kicker in high school in Yorktown Heights, N.Y. When she first came to Duke in 1995, she was allowed to practice with the team's kickers, although she was never issued any pads or equipment.

Mercer's time on the football team was not without glory. She hit the winning field goal in the team's spring scrimmage in 1995 and was carried off the field by her teammates. After the game, Mercer says Goldsmith told her that she had earned a spot on the team. She was left off the roster, however, when final cuts were handed down later that summer.

Mercer's lawsuit seeks unspecified compensatory and punitive damages for Duke's violation of Title IX of the Education Amendments of 1972, which prohibits sexual discrimination in educational programs that receive federal money.

Mercer wouldn't return calls for this story, but one of her mentors was quick to come to her

defense. Former Washington Redskins kicker Mark Moseley said Mercer was a good college-caliber kicker.

"As good as most I see, if not better," said Moseley, who runs a summer kicking camp that Mercer attended in 1995 and 1996.

"There are a lot of kickers on Division I teams that don't have the accuracy that Heather Sue has," Moseley said. "She rarely missed from 40 yards and in. She's got great concentration."

Although Moseley knows the physical and mental demands of football at the college level, he was confident Mercer was up to the task.

"She was one of those kids who works really hard," he said. "She's out there every day, really focused and really ready to put in the effort. I'm not sure if the demands would have been much of a problem."

Duke coach Fred Goldsmith refused to comment on the story, saying only that the school's lawyers would handle all questions. "I'm a football coach," said Goldsmith. "I'll answer questions about football. If you have any of those, fire away."

A spokesperson for Duke's attorneys said they are examining the case and will have a comment at the appropriate time.

The school's only response came from a statement released in late September from John Burness, Duke's senior vice president for public affairs.

Burness defended Goldsmith, calling him a coach of "integrity who judges players solely on their playing ability."

Mercer's attorneys have said that any money she might be awarded would be used to set up a scholarship fund for female kickers.