

11-17-1997

## Columbia Chronicle (11/17/1997)

Columbia College Chicago

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## Columbia's placement exam fraught with complications

By Leon Tripplett  
Senior Writer

Among the items John Bruder, freshman film major, received in his registration packet over the summer were the glossy picturesque brochure of the film department and a voluminous list of graduating seniors who have made it big in the film industry.

Also included in the packet was a much less arresting letter regarding a placement test from the Academic Dean's office.

The placement test, said Bruder, didn't

strike him as odd since most of his friends back home were taking a similar placement exam at other colleges. So Bruder left his hometown in the heart of Michigan to take the placement test believing that his scores would let him know which general education classes he would sign up for. But it didn't.

"The counselor really didn't tell me much about the scores," he said.

Of the 1,067 freshman and transfer students who took the "voluntary placement test"—a test designed solely to gauge where students are academically—many

of the students said their test scores were not revealed upon registering for classes. And most of the counselors advising them had no idea of how to interpret the numbers although many of the faculty members took seminars geared toward understanding the scores.

"I figured that [the placement test] was something normal and that all schools were doing it," said freshman Craig Clough, who bought a round-trip ticket in Minnesota to take the exam. "When I came to register, the counselor told me that he didn't know what the scores meant."

In fact, placement tests are standard fare throughout the nation's institutions of higher education. The tests serve as an indicator of where students are once they've graduated from high school.

Columbia College was unique in that the school had never issued one before, although it has implemented departmental tests in the past.

"I don't know how Columbia has survived as long as it has without gauging where students are when they come into their school—that's the only way you can assess how to help them," said John Long, a professor at the University of Illinois at

Chicago, who studies admissions and retention.

"It was a new, first-time attempt," said Columbia's Provost Bert Gall, who, along with other administrators, waxed apologetic over the registering procedure, admitting that there were problems. "Can I guarantee that every faculty member did it right, every student perfectly understood it or didn't make an error here or there? Nope."

The Compass Exam, a test product of the American College Testing Inc., was issued by the Academic Dean's office.

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NBC sportscaster, Bob Costas, spoke at the annual Al Weisman scholarship luncheon

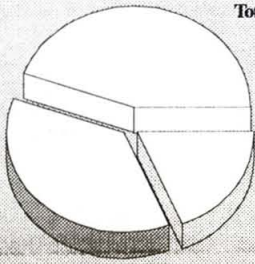
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Photo by Brian Markiewicz/Chronicle

### Math Test Scores

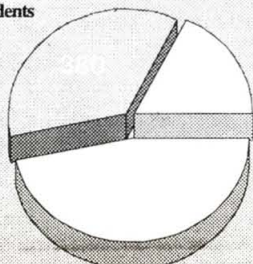
### Reading Test Scores

Total: 1067 students



Score in percentage:

0-34% 35-67% 68+%



Of 1,067 Columbia students who took "voluntary placement test," 871 students were in need of developmental assistance in math; 571 students needed assistance in reading.

Source: Institutional Research

## CTA disabled service lacks, riders say

### Excessive fines raise questions over performance of private taxi services

By Jason Kravarik  
Assistant News Editor

Gloria Nichols was alone and frightened one night as she waited for her ride. She was supposed to be picked up at 6:30 p.m., but there was no sign that she would soon be leaving the Near West Side building where she attended a meeting. Everyone else had left, and Gloria was by herself.

Just then, a man came banging on the door.

"He wanted money for the bus or something...he had a problem, and I was there all by myself, and it was frightening," she said.

Gloria's ride finally arrived—over 50 minutes late. Why is that a problem? Her ride was the Chicago Transit Authority—actually, it was a

private service contracted by the CTA to pick up disabled riders who can't use the regular service.

Gloria has Multiple Sclerosis and, like thousands of other disabled residents, relies on these rides, called Paratransit, to take her where she needs to go.

Under the Paratransit program, the CTA pays over \$20 million to four private services: Cook-DuPage Transportation (CDT), Simtran, Art's, and SCR.

Nichols claims the carriers are highly unreliable. "You never know when they're going to be on time," she said. "You can't even buy perishables at the grocery store, and don't even think about frozen foods."

Nichols isn't the only disabled rider protesting the service. Jesse Graves of "Access Living," a local

disabled advocacy group, said his group hears complaints weekly.

"Some of the [complaints] are from people who are late for doctor appointments or...legal matters," he said.

But are these complaints warranted, or are Paratransit users overreacting? Actually, many of the complaints may not be without merit.

The Chronicle checked CTA records and found that in 1996 alone the four Paratransit services were fined over \$600,000 by the CTA. Among the reasons: "missed pickups," "late delivery," and "trips over 90 minutes in duration." That amount is expected to climb to over \$700,000 this year, according to the CTA.

"There are issues such as inclement weather, bad traffic and parades that will affect the service," said Nancy Isaac, CTA Paratransit coordinator. She said the CTA is constantly working to improve the on-time ratios of its carriers, but she

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## Interest raised in offering English major at Columbia

By Glen Raj  
Staff Writer

Despite the immense size of its English Department, Columbia College does not offer English as a major. But the department has become so big over the years that some think it should.

"We could provide a very good English major in this school and I have received requests over the years from students to have an English major," said department Chair Garnett Kilberg-Cohen. "But, when we have put together proposals in the past, we have been rejected."

Columbia now offers English as a minor. Students can also minor in poetry and literature, and the English Department is working toward a minor in professional writing, which is now offered as a concentration.

Cohen said that the proposal had been rejected by the administration because the establishment of

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## The Chronicle

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## English

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English major would not conform to Columbia's curriculum, which emphasizes the arts. Thus, offering English as a major "has not been a priority in administration," she said.

According to Bert Gall, executive vice president of the college, there is a reason why establishing an English major has not been priority to administration. "The school priority is and has always been stated in its mission, and that is Columbia makes its commitment to the performing and visual arts," he said.

But some believe that emphasis on the performing arts reinforces the idea of creating an English major. "Reading and writing is very closely related to the arts," Cohen said. "It certainly helps students in the visual and performing arts to have a strong background in literature."

Gall agrees that there is a correlation between English and the arts when it comes to subjects like fiction and poetry. Which is why Columbia offers a major in fiction and a minor in poetry but, as far as a discipline, English is not part of Columbia's curriculum. "We are not like other schools, we do not offer a biology major or an English major because we are not a comprehensive institution," Gall said.

In order to secure the reputation for providing a unique curriculum, the school was not interested in pursuing a discipline that was mundane, said a strong advocate for an English major, Fred Gadaphe, faculty member in the English department.

"The administration does not have the guts," Gadaphe said. "What [Columbia] did not do is to take an opportunity to create a new way of looking at the world. What we need is a new kind of major that incorporates traditional and non-traditional readings and writings to create an unconventional degree. 'There is no need in the world for another English major.'"

Columbia, in many respects, is far ahead of other institutions in keeping up with the changing world, Gadaphe said. And he believes the attitudes of Columbia should be the same.

## Placement

### continued from page 1

was instituted in the fall to effectively assess where students are performing in the areas of math, reading and writing. That, in effect, throws a life preserver to students who scored poorly on the test.

"In the past we have not known what students' liabilities were," said Glenn Graham, head of Columbia's Freshman Seminar program. "Now that we have a better sense of these liabilities, we're in a position to provide remedies to students so that they can have a positive academic experience and perhaps stay in school because of it."

But many of the faculty members who were trained in the summer to understand the score ranges admitted that, once students registered, they didn't lean on the scores at all. The reason, they say, is that the conditions of registration this year didn't permit the time needed for advising students.

"I can appreciate that a number of advisors were just trying to get the students their classes," said Stephen Mogge, a reading specialist hired by the school to shore up poor reading scores. "It wasn't a great place for advising and registering at the same time, with students' lives unfolding right before you."

This, says Latta, undermined the purpose of students taking the test.

"Faculty were trained," she argued. "It was the fact that they needed more time in understanding the info that was presented before them. They needed more practice."

Of the 1,300 freshman students entering Columbia College this fall, with a small percentage of transfer students, 1,067 took the test. The test took upwards of 45 minutes to complete.

The test, issued by over 800 colleges and universities throughout the nation, tested students' capabilities in the areas of reading comprehension, math and writing.

The report was compiled according to test scores. "Eighty-two percent of incoming students need developmental assistance in math and 53 percent need to develop their reading skills in order to do college level work," the report found.

According to Latta, faculty members were supposed to look at the scores and "initiate a conversation based on how the student performed and recommend courses that the student should take."

"A lot of students were resistant and they took it as an affront that they were being told 'you just graduated from high school and you're reading at a 10<sup>th</sup> grade level,'" added Mogge.

According to students, their test scores were never introduced at the registration by faculty members; thus, incoming freshmen were simply put in

classes that they elected, regardless of how they scored on the diagnostic placement exam.

"No one talked about my scores at all," said Melissa Kellarhals, 18, who made the two-and-a-half hour drive from Paxton, Ill., to take the test.

The college set up safety valves for those who scored poorly in math and reading comprehension.

Test scores indicated that 871 students needed developmental assistance in math. But the document reported that only 13 percent of them actually received it. Of the 571 students who needed help in reading, the study reveals that only 19 percent of those students are receiving help. Writing score results were not available by the Department of Institutional Research.

Sylvan Learning Center, which was set up to assist those students scoring in the lowest range of math and science, is bare this semester because those whose test scores indicated that they needed the service are in other classes of their choice—creating a self-fulfilling prophecy to those who are studying why students drop out.

"Students are going to do poorly if they are not adequately prepared and appropriately placed," said Long, who studies retention at UIC. "Retention is a very big issue that colleges and universities are going to have to deal with sooner or later."

But, for Columbia College,

service, it wouldn't have a problem splitting up the service and relieving the current carriers of heavy workloads, Isaac said.

As for the current carriers the CTA uses, CDT is the largest and therefore the most heavily fined—over \$200,000 in 1996. Chicago traffic is mainly to blame, CDT officials said.

"It's the same reason it takes you much longer to get home during rush hour—the traffic is much more heavy," said Tim Jans, owner of CDT.

Jans, like the CTA officials, admitted that CDT's on-time performance isn't perfect.

"We're not on time all of the time, and the CTA fines us for it," he said. "But I would disagree with someone who says we are 'unreliable.'"

Gloria Nichols, however, disputes the theory that traffic is to blame. She said the service is late about 60 percent of the time, even at off-time periods. For her, the frustration of constantly being late for important appointments is mounting.

"I'd rather not use the service, but I have to. And who wants to be late?" she said.

"What we need is a new way of looking at things," Gadaphe said. "I say get rid of all the departments and make them all general education courses," he said. "Instead, design classes that introduce students to the real world and it's diversities."

Gall said that he would have to hear the idea directly from Gadaphe before making any comments. "I would have to see an actual proposal by Gadaphe to make an opinion on it," he said. But added that any proposal of Gadaphe would be highly considered because of Gadaphe's credibility.

The English Department's focus this year is not to create an English major, but establishing a minor in professional writing. However, if the department continues to hear requests from students, department officials "will consider that as we consider everything from students of great importance," Cohen said.

the misplacement of the majority of the freshmen class is a debacle that the college can't afford to ignore.

In an effort to turn back a troubling trend in higher education, college administrators are scrambling to keep students in the class and put the brakes on a dropout rate that, in recent years, has skyrocketed to an all-time high. According to ACT, which has been following the trend for a decade, the dropout rate rose by up to 27 percent.

"We were hoping that by providing these tests we could find out where students were, and then provide support services for them once they got here and eventually prevent them from dropping out," said Latta.

Despite the registration mishaps and discouraging scores, administration is billing the placement test and support services implemented as a good first attempt. Administrators now say they have a template to goad them for coming semesters and avert another colossal disaster of having students in classes where they can't perform successfully.

"You can't say that the administration didn't provide training. You can say they didn't provide extensive training over a period of time," said Gramm, the school's point man on retention. "When you move in haste, some of the niceties are not dealt with, perhaps this was the case."

# Time to Surf!

The Chronicle is on the Web

[www5.interaccess.com/chronicle](http://www5.interaccess.com/chronicle)



## Bob Costas keynotes annual Al Weisman fund raiser



Photo by Brian Markiewicz/Chronicle  
Bob Costas spoke of his experience  
in sports journalism

By Sheryl Tirol  
Staff Writer

The Al Weisman Scholarship fund raiser kicked off its 23rd annual luncheon at the grand ballroom in the Marriot Hotel downtown.

The event was a fund-raiser for a scholarship that helps students fund for their independent projects. A total of 47 students received this prestigious award for their hard work.

The keynote speaker was NBC sports anchor, Bob Costas.

Costas, who is the play-by-play commentator for the World Series annually, spoke about working in the business, specifically in sports. Originally from New York, and a graduate of Syracuse University in New York.

While in college Costas was assigned, to cover hockey play by play, before he knew anything about the sport itself.

"I went to all of the games before I had to do it to learn as much as I could. The day of the game I sat down and talked with anyone that knew about the game, and I studied and re-stud-

ied everything I had, but the night of the game the other team decided to get brand new uniforms and all had different numbers on them," Costas said.

Although it was one of his most terrifying moments early on in his journalism career, Costas has proven himself to be one of the most respected sports journalists of his time.

Costas is always asked about is the Mickey Mantle baseball card that he keeps in his wallet. As a freshman in college, he took the memento with him for good luck and someone had once asked about the card. From that day on he has always carried it because everyone asks about it.

Costas joked about many great and interesting moments in his career, but said that a street person was one of the most interesting interviews he's had.

"He was a college educated man who was just down on his luck and was going through a hard time. But he knew exactly who I was and just started conversing to me about the current events in the world and he told me he read the Los Angeles Times to keep up, but what was even more amazing was when I told him I was from St. Louis, Mo., he asked me if they were going to build a Lord & Taylor department store in the Galleria Mall...I couldn't believe he knew all that," Costas said.

Costas says his approach to sports is a little different than everyone else. There is so much going on besides the sport itself and Costas sees it differently because to him there's always a story behind the person and that's part of human drama going on. People have lives outside of sports and there are problems and other things that happen in life, he said.

"The best broadcasting is history giving context to the excitement, flavor and human emotion—that's a sense of what people can relate to," Costas said.

Costas has been in the field since 1979 and in his years of experience he has not only learned a lot about journalism but mostly about people.

His advice to aspiring journalists is to broaden your education, especially in the liberal arts. "Learn as much as you possibly can," Costas said.

## 'South Loop Review' showcases works of English Department

By Tanisha Allen  
Staff Writer

The English Department threw a party last week to celebrate the success of a publication they created, called the *South Loop Review*. The book includes writings from various students at Columbia College. Party-goers mingled with the various authors and staff involved in producing the publication.

The *South Loop Review* is a compilation of compositions, creative non-fiction writings, literary analysis and criticisms, and journal entries that students either freelanced or had written for previous classes.

Tom Nawrocki has taught in the English Department for twenty years, and he had long dreamed of a way for students to publish their work before they graduated.

"Last year besides me having this dream, I realized several other [teachers and administrators] in the English department had this same dream."

So, Nawrocki and some of his colleagues submitted a budget request to the department chairman, which was approved.

"I feel it is very important for writers to see their work in print," Cohen said. "It is really helpful to already have a publication on your resume when you graduate or go to graduate school. I also feel it is crucial for the English Department to have a publication."

Some of the writers involved in *South Loop Review* read at the party.

Senior Deborah Haas read her critical analysis entitled, "Multiplicity of Perspectives On Wallace Stevens: 'Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird'". Haas had originally written this piece for her Introduction to Poetry class.

"Being published validates my talent for writing and makes me feel that I can write, that I'm not just spitting out words," Haas said.

Student Judy Schulz read a journal entry originally written for her Creative Non-fiction Journal Writings class. Schulz's piece was written in response to the question, "Where are you in your spiritual journey right now, and how did you arrive at this point?"

"I want to write for a living, so now I have a professional credit to go out with. I commend the English Department. I appreciate how great the staff is here. They have gotten me to this point," Schulz said.

Rose Blouin is one of the teachers working on the new edition—due out in the spring. She is looking for essays, critical analysis, art work and photography, as well as journal entries.

"That stream of consciousness that comes out in a journal...not necessarily edited is some of the best non-fiction writing ever written," Blouin said. "It is always an exciting opportunity when students can get their stuff published before they graduate."

A free copy of *South Loop Review* will be given to the first ten people who turn in submissions. Entry forms can be obtained in the English Department. Deadline for submissions is February 2.

The English Dept. is also looking for artwork and photography for the next cover. Fifty dollars will be paid for cover selected.

## Paranormal is normal in this classroom

By Colleen De Baise  
College Press Service

FORT WORTH, Texas—Norman Remley, a Texas Christian University psychology professor, hands out more than a course syllabus on the first day of class.

He also offers a few lessons in the supernatural.

Standing in front of 25 students, he magically turns the dial of a compass, using what he claims is the power of his brainwaves. Then he turns into a mind-reader as he guesses students' thoughts.

This is no ordinary class. Its the start of a semester-long course on paranormal activity, called "Parapsychology: Science or Pseudo-Science."

Once viewed as unscholarly, courses in the supernatural are now regular offerings at TCU and a host of other universities, including the University of Oregon and the University of Richmond. With a generation of students raised on movies and shows like Fox's "The X-Files," classes in the paranormal

have become increasingly popular on college campuses, say professors.

"Fifteen to 20 years ago, explaining away so-called paranormal activity was not on peoples' minds," Remley said. "It wasn't newsworthy. As a result of mass media—'The X-Files' for example—a lot of people are interested in this."

The goal of the course, Remley says, is to teach students how to use critical thinking skills to explain the supernatural—everything from mind-reading and mental telepathy to telekinesis and bending spoons.

As far as paranormal activity is concerned, the truth is out there, he says. Most of it, such as the techniques he uses on the first day of class, can be explained by science rather than little green men or psychic ability.

"Anyone can go to a magic store and pick up a book that tells you how to do them," he said. "They're all tricks."

The object of the class isn't to

upset students by debunking their beliefs but rather teach them to think like scientists. "Just because they witness something they can't explain, some students are too easily convinced that whatever claims are being made are true," he said. "Everything from deja vu to out-of-body experiences."

Remley asks students to recount their stories to the class and find scientific explanations for them.

"Once in a while, someone tells a story that can only be explained by a ghost or poltergeist or something but that's pretty rare," he said. "Most of them get into the swing of things—and now they can analyze things a little better than they did in past."

But not all students are happy with discovering an ordinary, everyday explanation for what they thought was paranormal activity.

"I've had some students get a little mad at me," he said. "I did have one student who said, 'You've taken all the fun out of X-files.'"

**Writers interested in submitting works of fiction, poetry or personal essays, may drop essays off at the Chronicle in Room 205 Wabash, E-mail to [chron96@interaccess.com](mailto:chron96@interaccess.com) or fax us at 312-427-3920. Please include a short bio and telephone number with literary submissions.**

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## **Attention! Columbia College Chicago Students, Faculty & Staff**



### **Help Serve Thanksgiving Dinner to the Homeless**

**Thursday, November 20, 1997**

**4:00 p.m.**

**Pacific Garden Mission  
(State & Balbo)**

**Volunteer to prepare traditional Thanksgiving dishes or serve  
on one of the following committees:**

- Labeling/Loading: label food containers and load vans transporting food to the mission
- Set-up & serve: set tables and serve food at the mission
- Clean up: clean up at the mission after the meal

**To volunteer, call or drop by the Student Life & Development Office, 301 Wabash,  
ext. 7459. Menu and committee sign-up sheets will be available at the front desk.**

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Relax all you kinky lovers out there. I'm only doing this once and Mema will return next week to give you more of her expert insight on the turmoils of love and dating. But since I'm here now, I'm going to do this my way. Sorry, no sizzling sexpot stories of my oh-so extremely overactive nympho love life. Can't tell you about the once upon a time in the castle with me and Casanova. Don't get me wrong. I'd love to write about zippers peeling away frivolously, underwear blowing away like dandelion fluff and the purity of a zipless A-1 fuck like that erotic writer of a time long gone. Can't do that. Those are reserved for the underground X-rated version of the *Chronicle*. But, since this is the LOVE LOFT and I am a happily-devastated ox of a moron that loves to create problems for herself just for the sake of another maddening experience of human intricacy, I could sensually speak of love on the darkside with run-on sentences. It's fun for

me this way and if you don't like it then don't read me.

Without conflict, there is no change in anything and love dies. If things stay constant, without change, they turn into boredom and that boredom slowly kills. So why not play with it? If love is true, then by definition it is supposed to be an affectionate devotion, a strong bond between two people but, for some disturbing reason it's usually an obsession. It is an uncontrollable addiction towards that someone who flows through your veins like heroin and no matter how many times you join the rehabilitation center you're still an addict. "Hi, my name is ecstasy and I'm a love slave and ah no, a cup of coffee and a cigarette isn't going to cure me."

Actually, I'd sell my soul to be that kind of an addict. To feel that extreme way about someone and have them feel the same for me. Even if it means a minute in heaven for a life in hell, I just want to know what it feels like. For those of you that have felt that kind of love, you're very lucky, and I'm jealous of you. But, for those of you who haven't and crave for that undying love,

know how hard it is in the Generation X jaded psycho era of pigs and prostitutes. Stupid women call men pigs and stupid men call women prostitutes, but really it's just a label for our own insecurity. Some people say it's the government's fault for the decline in family values, the decline in morality and maybe even true love. I say it's our own damn fault, and that includes myself, for exploiting something that used to be sacred (and I don't mean this in any religious way whatsoever.) No politician or government will change that and if you think it will, find yourself another scapegoat because this reason is pure stupidity.

This world is jaded and I'm a willing product of its corruption but, you know what? I deal with it. I'm jaded, and sometimes I trip over broken hearts but then I step into puddles of joy. It makes up for it in the time being. Nothing can become of nothing, but everything those who command it. So, maybe it's not so bad after all. Maybe love is waiting around the corner just to see if you breathe this time. Well, this concludes our little session. Thank-you for joining me at the LOVE LOFT and please feel free to write me hate mail. I just might frame it. I have this thing about love and hate. It's kind of like sharing your ideas with someone you hate and sharing your hate with someone you love.

## Traffic

### Columbia teacher performs tribute

By Eva Boyer  
Staff Writer

All eyes will be on Columbia's own Catherine Slade when this talented actor/director presents a dramatic and musical interpretation of Leon Forrest's literary work, "There Is A Tree More Ancient Than Eden" at the Steppenwolf Theatre on November 17 at 7:30 p.m. as part of the inter-arts performance series, Traffic.

Slade found time to create and produce this moving tribute during a sabbatical from her theater/music teaching at Columbia in 1996 and continued to work on it in 1997. This piece is dedicated to celebrating the genius of writer Leon Forrest one of the country's great chroniclers of the African-American experience who passed away on November 6, 1997. The performance combines a dramatic reading accompanied by a score written by flutist/composer and international whistling champion Joel Brandon. The music will be performed by jazz saxophone great Henry Threadgill, pianist/reedman Ari Brown, long bowist Bill Close, and sound artist Steve Barsotti on invented instruments.

The birth of this piece started rather innocently one evening at a party when Slade saw long time friend Leon Forrest and told him about her interpretive reading idea. He liked it so much, he encouraged her to use one of his works. "It's impressionistic, not calculated," Catherine said of "There Is A Tree More Ancient Than Eden." "It flows in great waves of images, impressions and symbolism." She was immediately drawn to it's great complexity and depth and knew it was the perfect project to work on.

Slade is no stranger to Forrest's work. Almost thirty years ago she crossed paths with him while working as a gopher for Mohammed Speaks Newspaper when she was a student attending Columbia College as a theater major. Forrest was an assistant editor by day and a poet by night. She has fond memories of him coming to work and sharing pages of the current piece he was working on. It was "There Is A Tree More Ancient Than Eden."

Slade describes Forrest as a genius who from the beginning wrote from a great richness deep inside himself. At this time Slade was beginning to dis-

cover her passion, too. She found tremendous support at Columbia. The instructors embraced her idea about joining text and music and validated her talent and vision. They gave her confidence in herself. She believes Columbia teachers continue to offer that same gift to students today. She graduated from Columbia in 1971, moved to New York and joined The Working Theatre. There she originated the role of Antigone in the award winning play "Gospel at Colonus." She performed it off Broadway and throughout various cities in Europe. She went on to receive critical acclaim for her starring role in "Lulu" at Harvard's American Repertory Theater, which The New York Times included as a "Best Performance of the Eighties."

"Sick of culture as perceived by the ruling class," Slade founded and became artistic director of the Manhattan Bridge Company which debuted talents such as Morgan Freeman, Bill Cobbs and Danny Glover. Her goal was to find text that interested her while focusing on stories about women.

"I wanted to create a place and explore my own femininity through the theater," she said.

In 1989 she closed the doors of the Manhattan Bridge Company after her husband's death. "Your life stops. You have to put it back together," said Catherine. "I did what I set out to do in New York and came back to Chicago to smell the roses." She was offered a job at Columbia that sealed the deal. The timing was right so after twenty years in New York, Slade, along with her teenage son, came back to Chicago.

Chicago provides Slade with a comfortable and easy environment to do her work. She has found great pleasure and satisfaction in producing this dramatic and musical interpretation of Leon Forrest's work. She has always worked closely with music, especially jazz, and she envisioned her piece to represent the fusion of language, music and performance.

"Language is musical, as you listen it begins singing to you, Cat provides a structure and stylish mode." There is a Tree More Ancient Than Eden was the perfect literary counterpart to great jazz music. "Leon's deepest artistic intention was to make language reinvent the complicated 'current of African-American life,'" said Catherine, "that's the same thing Jazz does."

"I did what I set out to do in New York and came back to Chicago to smell the roses."

— Catherine Slade

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# **\* ATTENTION ALL STUDENTS \***

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**TUESDAY DEC 9, 1997**

**2:00 P.M. TO 6:00 P.M.**

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**NO APPOINTMENT NECESSARY; ID REQUIRED**

**PLEASE NOTE:** Students who are still out of compliance by , April 17, 1998 of the Spring 98 semester will have an additional \$50.00 fine applied to their tuition account.

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for the *Spring* 1998 Semester

Early registration for the spring 1998  
semester  
will be held from Monday, December 1  
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• Dates for regular registration:

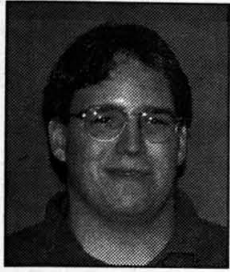
Continuing students: Wednesday, February 4 thru 7

New/transfer students: Monday, February 9 thru 11

Open Registration: Thursday February 12 thru 14

Program Revision: Wednesday February 18 thru 21





**Robert  
Stevenson**

## Survey questions, what was missing?

The annual Student Satisfaction Inventory is being administered in classes around campus. If you have not had the pleasure of taking one, you are missing out on an opportunity to tell Columbia's administration what you think of them, no holds barred.

This is good for every student who goes here. Some of the questions are straightforward and just want to gauge your feelings about classes, facilities and other odds and ends about the school.

What I find interesting is one question a friend of mine could not get over and was excited to tell me about.

The question, number 101 on the survey, says "All in all, if you had it to do over again, would you enroll here?"

My friends answer, number 1, "definitely not."

I thought that was pretty serious. A student who has been involved in several on-campus activities and likes the field he is studying, saying he would not enroll in Columbia if he could do it again, makes me wonder what is so wrong with his experience here. He mentioned things about the lack of concern in one department, the lack of work ethics in another and how "nothing has changed."

I sometimes wonder the same things about this place, but then I started thinking about what sorts of things should have been put on the survey.

After looking through the questions on the inventory I had a few laughs.

One of the most ridiculous question is number 24, "The intercollegiate programs contribute to a strong sense of school spirit."

Didn't you know Columbia is playing Northwestern this weekend at the newly refurbished Harrison Stadium?

The survey is about 100 questions long and takes up about an hour of class time, another gripe I suppose. The questions are done on a scanner sheet and will be sent off and tabulated to see what the students really think.

Didn't you know Columbia is playing Northwestern this weekend at the newly refurbished Harrison Stadium?

But what do students really want to let the administration know about?

Here are some of the questions that I and some others think should have been put in the survey:

First and foremost, why?  
What were you thinking?  
Do you have deep pockets?  
Do you enjoy the wet bar in the financial aid office?  
If you were a tree what kind of tree would you be?  
Should marijuana be readily available in front of the Wabash building?

What is your favorite brand of cigarettes?  
What sort of hair colorings should be offered in the vending machines on campus?

Do you prefer the toilet paper over or under, if there is any available?

What is your favorite graffiti in each of the buildings?  
How much wood could a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood?

What's 2+2?  
What's your favorite color?  
Do you prefer ptomaine or salmonella?

Ever buy a Chronicle?  
What's wrong with this sentence: "I am a educated person.?"  
When you're fishing for bass, do you use a spinner bait or rubber worm?

Daffy or Donald?  
Should body piercing be offered in the Hokin every Wednesday?

Can you see people in the lobbies aging while they wait for elevators?

How much have you spent on having clothes cleaned after eating in the Underground Cafe?

Those are just a few questions I and some of my friends think should be asked on the next survey. I'm sure all of you who read this have some worthy suggestions, and I want them!

Send your suggestions to Robert Stevenson in care of The Chronicle.

Our e-mail address is [chron96@interaccess.com](mailto:chron96@interaccess.com)

**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](mailto: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

### Much can be gained by Columbia first placement tests

Realizing that retention is closely tied to a student's success, Columbia's administration made a decision to test incoming students to plan a course that would best allow those students to receive the help they need.

In theory, it was supposed to be an accurate way to guide students in course selection. According to Leon Tripplett's story on page one, the plan didn't succeed.

The statistics speak for themselves: Only 19 percent of the students found to need help in reading are actually receiving help. And only 13 percent of the students needing help in math are in the proper courses.

While the advising based on the test failed a

majority of freshmen this semester institutional research has gained valuable information. Statistics show that 42 percent of freshmen said that it was likely that they needed help with reading, writing or math skills. However, the test showed that 80 percent of freshmen needed help.

The results illustrate that the information gathered in the test isn't being used properly.

The tests were supposed to provide freshmen with the guidance in the student's critical first year.

Next fall will provide an even bigger test for the college to advise based on their test scores. The questions about whether administration can fix the problems that prevented students from being placed into the proper courses will be answered.

It appears a different registration system that allows freshmen the opportunity to spend in-depth time with counselors is in order.

## Letters to the editor

### A letter from a Sam supporter

I think you have the best column in the Chronicle! It's the only interestingly written piece in there; even though you don't always have the most interesting topics. I consider myself a supporter of Sam Walters. Long live Sam! Do I get honorable mention now?

Maria Mancia

### Kevin Garnett signing: a simple case of economics

Enough with the all acrimony about Kevin Garnett and his outrageous (in your opinion) salary. First the facts. Mr. Garnett is not a local born Chicago bred product. He is a native of South Carolina. He was transported to Chicago for the purpose of winning a state basketball title and gaining exposure. And if its frustrating as a fan to fork over, as you say, sixty dollars or so, to take your family to a local sporting event, how do you fare with other entertainment.

Do you have a predilection for forking over forty bucks for a movie for two (two tickets at \$7.75, two large popcorns and cokes and raisinets \$15.00 and parking \$8.00 plus \$2.00 tip. Does Jim Carrey, \$20 mil a movie, Harrison Ford, \$20 mil a movie, or Michael Eisner, Disney President at \$900 mil a year also incur your wrath. Being jealous of Cindy Crawford for having too many male admirers. She never put a gun to anybody's head.

Lets not forget, there are only 300 players in the NBA. If there were only 300 people in the world who could write sports columns, or for that matter drive a UPS truck, they would probably be making millions a year also. And who knows, we might even pay to watch them do it. Last but not least, There are thousands of folks who live within a rock throwing distance of the United Center who have yet to see the Bulls game in person. I imagine it could be pretty hard to justify forking over sixty bucks for a Bulls game when your family of four lives off of less than Six thousand dollars a year. Sara, count your blessings.

Steve Major  
Senior  
Film/Photography

### In defense of Kevin Garnett

Sara:

If you weren't so quick to judge Kevin Garnett, you might have had time to do some research. First of all, Kevin Garnett's mega \$125 contract is an extension on his current contract. This season, he makes a paltry \$2,109,120, making him only the 6th highest paid player on the Timberwolves. Michael Jordan, Ron Harper, Toni Kukoc, Dennis Rodman,

Scottie Pippen, and God help me, Luc Longley all make more money than KG, and I don't hear any complaints about how their money is being spent.

Second of all, as it has already been pointed out, Garnett is from Mauldin, South Carolina, and only attended Farragut his senior year. Once his new contract takes effect, he's more likely to support the communities of Minneapolis/St. Paul and Mauldin, than to give money to Farragut.

Finally, the high player salaries and ticket prices are a result of the NBA's popularity, as demonstrated by last week's 4-year, \$2.64 BILLION TV contract as well as the 45,790 people who showed up to the Georgia Dome to watch the Bulls play the Hawks. The prices are high because the market allows it. The Bulls have sold out their last 480+ games, despite the high cost of tickets.

Why is it that no one rips Jim Carrey when he earns \$20 million for 6-8 weeks of work (if you can even call it that) on one of his dumb-ass movies, but when an NBA player earns \$10 million for 8 months of training, travelling, and playing 82 games (plus preseason and playoffs), AND risking personal injury, they're making "too much" money?

Posted by Mike Aparicio  
via the Chronicle interactive forum

### Sara: Get your facts straight

Well at least she tried!! It shows that Sara is a casual fan. Case in point, KEVIN GARNETT IS NOT FROM CHICAGO! Plus, it seems as if, for filler, she talks about drinking and bars. Maybe instead of writing about sports, she should have a column about the Chicago bar scene. Here's a title: "Sara's Bar Beat." Please get your facts straight!

Posted by Wants The Facts  
via the Chronicle interactive forum

### Ditto

I have to agree with the views expressed by "Wants The Facts." If you're going to write a sports column, you better get your facts straight!! Sara does have some decent views on sports, but alot of times she seems to be spewing stuff from her ass. I know she writes a column and not a story, but even then you better know what the hell you're talking about! In an earlier column of hers she said that the Bears were playing on Saturday at Lambeau Field against the Packers. But in the real world, the Bears played on Sunday at Soldier Field. I am just expressing my views that if the Chronicle is going to publish a sports page, they better make sure all the facts are correct. I love being able to read about Sports in the Chronicle, but I want to read about the right information. Don't say Kevin Garnett is from Chicago, WHEN HE IS NOT!!!!!!

posted by Sad on Sara  
via the Chronicle interactive forum





## MAKIN' TEA

WITH SAM WALTERS

(One Of) The Day(s) I Almost Killed  
Everybody-Part 2

(Intensely erotic but mechanically challenged columnist Sam Walters recounts his exciting times as a machine shop operator in a flute company. Carnage and comedy loom as he comes into contact with a highly combustible hydrogen burning industrial oven/bomb.)

On the day I almost killed everybody, I left for work at 6:30 in the morning so I could get a good start on blowing up the whole company. I didn't know this was the reason at the time but in retrospect, it's glaringly obvious—to me anyway—that God woke me up a few hours early that day to ensure I would have every opportunity of dangerously lousing things up. I know him and he's trying to get me.

When I got to the shop, I made my way past the various machines directly to the oven room, located as far from everybody else as possible in the very rear of the building. This deviated strangely from my usual morning routine of fetching a cup of coffee and dawdling about for ten or twenty minutes in the hopes that someone else might have to light the oven first. Lighting the oven is the necessary first step in the order of daily oven operations. "Lighting the oven" is also a purposeful understatement because more accurate descriptions like "arming the bomb" or "foolin' with death" make people edgy. Normally, my co-workers and I vied in tardiness, often times even reaching the shop well after it had closed. If we were feeling particularly mortal that day we might not even make a show of showing up. But the day I almost killed everybody, I arrived at the shop several hours before any of my co-workers were even awake to contemplate the notion of putting their lives at risk. I should have suspected divine intervention.

I entered the oven room. Of course, the oven stood unlit. To light the oven, one opens a valve that allows pure ammonia to flow into the oven's "dissociator". Despite being one of the company's certified oven operators, I didn't have the slightest idea what a dissociator was; this alarming fact undoubtedly had a great deal to do with my almost riding a torrent of shrapnel into the next state. I certainly didn't know that the dissociator spewed highly combustible hydrogen gas into the oven's "heatbox" where it was ignited. If I wasn't dangerously inattentive in general, I might almost believe my ignorance about the dissociator was the intentional result of some Machiavellian company policy. But while I'm just about that paranoid, I also make a habit of nearly getting creamed by a car everyday so...

While lighting the oven, we were told to carefully monitor the oven's various important gauges and indicators—which were all largely unintelligible to me—and to listen for the "pop" of what I didn't know then was the hydrogen in the heatbox lighting. What I did know, however, was that this pop could just as likely be a BOOM! so I always took appropriate cover around a corner, beneath a desk, or behind a co-worker when lighting the oven. But not on the day I almost killed everybody. No, that day I just opened the valve on the ammonia tank and stood there contentedly watching the oven's multitude of spinning, climbing dials—none of which meant anything to me but all of which had never before failed to make very, very nervous. Incredibly, even after I heard the proverbial pop I STUCK MY HEAD in front of the oven's mouth to see if I could visually confirm the presence of the BURNING HYDROGEN. Nothing short of very powerful voodoo could have compelled me to lobby so hard for my face to be blown off. But in my weird, pseudo-opiated stupor this decision seemed perfectly natural, even logical and necessary. "Hello Mr. Flame! What a happy, dancing flame you are. Come, lick my face with your gentle tongues. I know you won't scorch, or burn, or light my stupid head on fire." I offer this anecdote as conclusive proof that someone or something supernaturally powerful is trying to kill me.

Finally satisfied that the oven was lit, I settled down to my work across the room, with my back to the oven. About ten minutes later, I became distracted by the loud whooshing of the oven room's air-conditioner. "That's odd," I thought, "that A.C. sounds like it's about to come out of the wall but it's roasting in here." "But then I didn't turn on the A.C.," I reasoned, "and that's how come it's so hot." I worked for another full ten minutes before my sad, addled brain picked up on the disparity between the incessant whooshing and the inactive A.C. "Holy S#@!t!" I started, the pieces of this obvious, jumbo puzzle suddenly snapping into place. I spun around. The oven was on fire.

(concluded next week)

P.S. Maria Mancia is allright.

P.P.S. I can't justify sticking everyone who writes to support me's name in the paper, so the rest of you will be favored orally as promised.

## STUFF FROM STAFF

By AMY PUGH

### What a difference a date makes

I don't like menudo. No, not the cheesy pop band from the '80's who used to grace us with their presence during Saturday morning cartoons. I am referring to the Mexican dish, menudo, that is made primarily of cow's stomach. My boyfriend loves the stuff—he can't get enough. I refuse to cook it, taste it, or sit with him while he consumes it. According to Miguel, that's the only problem in our relationship—the ongoing battle of the taste buds. I tend to agree.

Unfortunately, not everyone we have encountered as a couple thinks the our sole problem is to digest or not to digest the intestines of farm animals. Some people we have come across think the main problem in our relationship is that Miguel is Mexican and I am an Irish-Sicilian American, a.k.a. "white." They make their opinion of our interracial relationship known through uncomfortable stares, snide comments, and some have even pointed. (At the risk of sounding like some Woodstock, summer-of-'69-hippie, I am hardly fond of the term interracial. Which, by definition, means "of or between two different races." For the love of God, people, we are both HUMAN!)

When we first started dating, I told a girlfriend from back home about this fantastic, wonderful, fabulous man I met. She was excited for me until she asked his name, and I replied, "Miguel." Her

voice got flat and whiny when she asked in disbelief, "You're dating a Mexican?" (A Mexican, like a cat, a bird, or a pen. Like he were an object.) We no longer speak. That conversation, slap in the face that it was, was merely a preview to coming attractions.

The culprits in these various and sundry situations have not all been "white" people. (I resent being called white—no other ethnicity will tolerate being referred to by color, and I won't either. If I made such references, would Miguel be ochre, khaki, or wheat? Would I be natural, pink, or ivory?)

Once, while visiting the Mexican Cultural Center at 18th and Damen, a group of Latino men walked by us. Speaking in rapid Spanish, they laughed and pointed. When I asked Miguel what they said, he replied they thought he was "smart to date me—that way he'd get his papers." A completely ignorant and untrue statement. Miguel is a citizen. Did those men actually think the only reason a Mexican person would choose to be with a non-Mexican is for their green card? Worse yet, do they naturally assume everyone from their culture is an illegal alien? That's not thinking too highly of yourself or others like you!

Over the past few months, I've developed a pretty thick skin. I no longer look down when someone stares, I stare right back, hoping that they will realize just how rude they really are. If anyone makes a comment, I blow it off, rationalizing that if they are that desperate for a conversation piece, let them talk. They obviously live a sheltered life and I pity them.

People's ignorance is getting easier to deal with, but that doesn't mean I tolerate it, condone it, or accept it. Don't tell Miguel, but I'd eat menudo for breakfast, lunch, and dinner if people would just live and let live.

### Chicago police department, two sides to the story

By Lynne Snyder  
Correspondent

I've not have much experience with them, but I know who they are. One of them came to our door to talk with my dad when I ran away from home (O.K., so I was hiding in the bushes. I was too scared to actually run away). Another approached me in the park wanting my name and address (I conveniently forgot to go to school that day). Recently, one of them rung my doorbell at midnight to return my license plate that had fallen off my car.

Police officers protect us. They respond to our calls for help—both emergency and non-emergency. They give us directions, and for some, they give tickets. Some are corrupt and some go by the book.

Lately, they've been getting a bad rap. Some of the negative press is warranted, but some of it just goes to show you how thankless a job police work can be. Police Superintendent Matt Rodriguez and the Chicago Police Department have come under fire in several cases.

During the summer Rodriguez denied the family of Sgt. Michael Garner full benefits because it was ruled he was drunk and wasn't acting in an official capacity when he was shot.

More recently, Rodriguez placed Jim Mullen, the young policeman who was shot and subsequently paralyzed a year ago, in a civilian job in community policing rather than keeping him as a sworn officer.

One of Rodriguez's more unpopular decisions was stripping away the police powers of two grand central officers accused of the September 26 beating of 18-year-old Jeremiah Mearday (although still under investigation by the U.S. Justice Department, the Office of Professional Standards [OPS] ruled excessive force was used).

On November 3, the union representing Chicago police officers, the Fraternal Order of Police, formally denounced the superintendent in a letter of "no confidence" after he revoked the police powers of two officers, accused of sodomizing an immigrant, before they received hearings.

Rodriguez responded to a Sun-Times October 21 article about police brutality ("OPS: police watchdog or lapdog?") in a recent letter to the editor. In the news story, OPS was accused of being weak, unfair and inefficient. Rodriguez responded forcefully and factually by calling the story "simplistic and superficial." He profoundly defended

Chicago's system of registering complaints against police officers and the staff that operates it. Apparently, it is one of the most educated and professional in the country with 82 percent holding at least a bachelor's degree. He also responded to the negative 10-year-old memo by a former OPS administrator that was used by reporters in the story. He pointed out 10 days earlier the same administrator praised Chicago and how it deals with brutality complaints.

Rodriguez cannot respond to each negative article, denouncement or criticism surrounding the Chicago Police Department. As he explained in a Sun-Times November 5 article, "It's a very important job to have. You can't buckle under if something goes wrong, or even if a lot of things go wrong." Rodriguez should be praised for his convictions, rather than condemned for making tough and seemingly unpopular decisions.

Aside from the bad P.R. Rodriguez is personally receiving for some of his decisions, the police force as a whole has had their share, too. Recently, it was revealed that police officers in Eureka, California used cotton swabs to rub pepper spray into the eyes of environmental protesters who were trying to prevent logging in a redwood forest. The protesters locked their arms together in metal pipes and repeatedly ignored police orders to leave.

On Monday, November 10, the Chicago Tribune reported on a blue-ribbon panel that looked into allegations of police mishandling of the 1993 Brown's Chicken & Pasta killings in Palatine. Basically, it concluded that the police screwed up and is recommending a future regional response team of specially trained police officers who have more experience in major crimes.

I would venture to say that most of us haven't a clue about the duties of a police officer. We have images of them writing tickets, eating donuts and sipping coffee and directing traffic. But, what we don't see is all the drugged out shmucks and obnoxious pond scum they have to deal with day in and day out. We're not aware of the repeated visits they must make to the same house once a week because Ted got drunk again and took it out on his pregnant wife, Alice.

Each time I read negative press about police officers, I try to keep in mind that there's always another side to the story and hope that officials like Matt Rodriguez are always around to remind the public about that side.

The Chronicle wants your letters and pieces!

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*The last day*

*to withdraw*

*from classes*

*is*

*November 21, 1997!*



# WEEKLY HOROSCOPES

By Linda C. Black  
Tribune Media Service

On Monday and Tuesday, the moon is in Cancer. Pisces people will be especially lucky on those days. Wednesday and Thursday has the moon in Leo. Things will be moving slowly those days, if at all. It's not really advisable to go traveling this weekend, however. The sun will be in Sagittarius by then, which is good for travel, but the moon will be in Virgo. That could mean messes that have to be cleaned up. If you plot your course on a map, you'll have a better chance of success. Allow plenty of time for detours.

**Aries (March 21-April 19).** People will be ruled by their emotions Monday and Tuesday. You'll like Wednesday and Thursday much better. Sports activities should go very well those days, although there's more work required than you'd like. Friday, your luck really changes for the better. If you spend the mornings studying this weekend, maybe you can play in the evening. It's worth a try. Memorize the material perfectly, though. A tough test's coming.

**Taurus (April 20-May 20).** Your partner is your best coach on Monday and Tuesday. He or she has got some brilliant insights. Wednesday and Thursday are rather tedious. You might even have a cold. Friday is mixed, as you start feeling a little better. Over the weekend, romance blossoms. Make time for an attractive friend to nurse you back to health. You'll be feeling better and better as the process continues. Looks like it could turn out very well.

**Gemini (May 21-June 21).** Money is a major issue on Monday and Tuesday. If you work, you'll get it. If you don't, you won't. Also, show you can be frugal. That's especially important on Wednesday and Thursday. Reign in your enthusiasm to avoid plunging into debt. From Friday night through Saturday, stay home and study. Avoid being distracted by a person who wants your attention. Sunday, abandon all pretext of disinterest and follow a friend's suggestion.

**Cancer (June 22-July 22).** You're strong Monday and Tuesday. You're also vivacious, intelligent and good-looking and Thursday, be careful with your money. Don't spend it all on love. You could learn quite a lot over the weekend. If you've got a computer, that could be where the breakthrough occurs. You may finally understand. The problem is, this adventure could be expensive. Be careful with your money, even on educational toys.

**Leo (July 23-Aug. 22).** Finish up old business on Monday and Tuesday. Pay off old debts. Wednesday and Thursday are much more fun. The moon will be in your sign then, giving you that extra touch of class. The competition will be left in the dust. Your power starts to wane on Friday. Take care. On Saturday and Sunday, focus on practical matters. Call in that loan you made to a friend. A little friendly persuasion will do the trick.

**Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22).** You should do pretty well Monday and Tuesday. Your friends come through just in the nick of time. On Wednesday and Thursday you're under pressure. Although you may be right, the other person outranks you. Friday is a state of flux. Things seem to be going badly for a while, but turn out all right. The moon is in your sign this weekend, which helps. The sun's going into Sagittarius, however. That could cause a disruption at home.

**Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23).** Monday and Tuesday are intense. You've got too many places to be and too many people demanding your time. Besides, one of your professors is being a real jerk. You'll learn through playing with your friends on Wednesday and Thursday — a great improvement. Friday morning is fun, but there's a big test that afternoon. You'll have to know the material by heart. This weekend is good for studying. Fit some of that into your busy schedule.

**Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21).** Go for a drive or long bike ride Monday or Tuesday. You'll enjoy a change of scene. Wednesday and Thursday you won't get one. An extra assignment virtually wipes out your social life. On Friday, conditions get better. The weekend is good for visiting friends. The challenge will be in finding enough money. Split expenses with another who's also going that way. It's worth going to some trouble to make the voyage happen.

**Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21).** Start on Monday and Tuesday by paying off a bill. You can do it through private negotiations. Wednesday and Thursday are good for travel and romance, not necessarily in that order. Friday morning's OK, but that afternoon pay attention to your work. The action is fast and furious over the weekend, with a slightly syncopated rhythm. You're strong, but you have authority-figure problems. It's a learning experience.

**Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19).** On Monday and Tuesday, a team effort works. You'll do fine together. On Wednesday and Thursday, pay bills and figure out how you're going to get funding for next year. Dig through the archives and find yourself a scholarship. You want to travel Friday, but there are problems. Get out of town as soon as you can. The confusion is only going to become more intense over the weekend. Hide out in a place where you can relax.

**Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18).** Monday is rather difficult and Tuesday isn't much better. There's too much work and not enough sympathy from your professor. He or she seems to think you can do anything and everything. Wednesday and Thursday. That's part of the lesson. A stalemate on Friday prompts you to get on to other things. The weekend is a mixed blessing. Some parts are good. Focus on that and everything else will seem inconsequential.

**Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20).** You have all the luck in the world on Monday and Tuesday. Things won't be nearly as nice on Wednesday and Thursday. Even previously easy tasks will be difficult. Don't worry, all this practice is making you stronger. You'll start getting luckier in love around Friday night, and the condition should last the weekend. If you and your partner can travel, so much the better. You have a lot to talk about.

If You're Having a Birthday This Week ... Born Nov. 17: You'll get a chance to broaden your horizons this year. Take it. Nov. 18: Let an attractive person draw you out of your shell. It'll be fun. Nov. 19: An older person makes you work for what you learn. It's called paying dues. Nov. 20: Your career could be very profitable this year, if you put in the effort. Nov. 21: The focus is on your career. Make the most of it. Nov. 22: If you can play by the rules, you will excel. The former's the hard part. Nov. 23: Push yourself further than you've ever gone before. You'll be pleasantly surprised.

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# The world according to

# BEAN

By Sandy Campbell  
Film Correspondent

Who is Mr. Bean?

Well... he is an isolated, often-silent, man-child dressed in a brown suit and red tie. He often gets into trouble, and lives with his teddy-bear. The highest-rated British comedy in history with a 60 percent audience share that has "bean" seen in more than 80 countries including the U.S. on PBS and HBO, and has sold more than nine million videos world-wide. A character played and co-created by Rowan Atkinson stars in his own movie "Bean."

British comedian Mel Smith directed "Bean," which was written by the screen writers of *Four Weddings and a Funeral*.

Being a Mr. Bean fan, I was excited to hear about the movie. I later dreaded the results when I heard he was sent to LA to be surrounded by an American sit-com family. I can safely report, with the exception of a few minor glitches, that the movie is a success.

The movie starts with Mr. Bean work-

ing a job at an English art museum. The museum directors are eager to get rid of him, so they send him to deliver Whistler's Mother to a Los Angeles art museum that has bought the painting for fifty million dollars. In L.A. he gets adopted into the local curator's (Peter MacNichol) family, mistaken for a distinguished art scholar and a surgical doctor, and stings us with laughter be-an that "bumble-bean" he is.

I normally would prefer the TV show over any movie with Mr. Bean and a clichéd family, but this film has some of his funniest Mr. Bean moments ever. There is even a point in the movie where Mr. Bean is forced to make a four-minute speech (at the unveiling of the painting). This scene deepens the development of his character even more. At the end of the movie, he is speaking full sentences and not broken words as he usually does.

One problem when doing a movie based on a TV show, especially when the show is in skit-com format as Mr. Bean, is that the movie can look made direct-to-video on the big screen.

Another problem in basing a movie on a

"skit-com", is that the movie can seem like one over-long and over-blown skit.

"Bean" does not have these problems. It feels like a movie because there is a plot and he transforms in the end by being able to speak better and having some friends. Simultaneously, the skit-appeal is not lost since each Mr. Bean-scene seems like a skit that could carry its own weight.

The movie may recycle some of the skits from the series, but I enjoyed seeing some of the same gags again.

Some of the problems of "Bean" are edged out early on; Mr. Bean in the beginning is always twitching his face. I don't know why the film makers decided to add this feature to Mr. Bean when he did not seem to have Muscular Dystrophy in the TV series, but for the movies sake the twitching is wisely dropped. The first part of the movie also wants us to look at Mr. Bean like we are all normal and he is the indefinable odd-duck, but after a while the movie wants us to look at him honestly in the same way the series does; someone who we laugh at because we secretly can identify with him.

I don't mind putting "Bean" with a family, but did they have to be stereotypes? Mom is a milk and cookies home-maker combined with working mother. The boy is cute, and the girl is a snot-nosed brat. (Later in the movie she gets in a

coma, but if you ask me she was in a coma when she first appeared). The people in the TV series that Mr. Bean came in contact with were always used as props for Mr. Bean to bounce off of. No one can upstage Mr. Bean, as everyone knows, but the film makers decided to give him a partner anyway. Peter MacNichol ("Houseguest," "Dracula, Dead and Loving It"), does well to be able to share the spotlight with the master and has his shining moments as well.

One improvement could have been made since I always suspected the Napoleon in size MacNichol to have a Napoleon-like temper. If he has, it is not used here, since MacNichol comes across as a naive wimp. "Bean." A.



## SEX IN THE SEVENTIES: 'THE ICE STORM' FAMILIES HIT THE SKIDS

By Andrew J. Bradley  
Staff Writer

It seems that many filmmakers are becoming partial to the '70's genre. While critics continue to praise "Boogie Nights," for its depiction of the adult film industry, Ang Lee's latest work "The Ice Storm" is being overlooked.

Set in 1973 in small town U.S.A., "The Ice Storm" tells the tale of the effects of the sexual revolution in suburbia. The story focuses on Ben Hood (Kevin Kline), a Mr. Brady-gone-bad in the film. Behind his wife Elena's (Joan Allen) back, Ben continually tries to get his next-door neighbor, Janey Carver (Sigourney Weaver) in bed.

Meanwhile Ben and Elena's daughter Wendy (Christina Ricci) begins to play with the boys next door. Mikey Carver (Elijah Wood) and his little brother Sandy (Adam Hann-Byrd) both seem to be fond of Wendy, although neither of the boys are as sexually curious as she would prefer for them to be. There are several moments in the film where the young children explore their sexuality that are, to say the least, disturbing.

The day after Thanksgiving (how appropriate) things begin to spiral downward for the families in New Canaan, Connecticut. The Hoods' son Paul (Tobey Maguire) ventures into the city to pursue a rich girl from his prep school, and Ben and Elena attend a simple cocktail party, which turns out to be a key party, with couples swap-

ping wives like kids trading baseball cards. That same night, an ice storm hits the coast bringing a second arena of conflict into the film. The Hoods' are left to face each other after their separate sexual odysseys in the light of the storm which has passed, in both a symbolic and literal sense.

The film proves to be a definite departure from Ang Lee's previous period piece "Sense and Sensibility" in many ways. The situation is much more chaotic, and the break down of structure is also more prevalent. The dark idea of what happens when adults behave like children seems to be a running theme throughout the film, as opposed to "Sense and Sensibility," which contained a moral code that required the characters to be rational.

The performances in the film should all be commended, especially those of Christina Ricci and Sigourney Weaver. This could be considered Ricci's first adult role, as well as her first performance worth watching. Ricci's previous films, such as "Casper" and "The Adams Family", made her seem like less of an actress than she truly is. The part played by Sigourney Weaver, although it was smaller than it should have been, was up in the ranks of some of her best performances. The depth of her character is truly revealed in the performance. The character depth, cinematography, and story line are remarkable, making "The Ice Storm" one of the best pictures of the year.



Sigourney Weaver stars as Janey Carver in Ang Lee's "The Ice Storm."

## This 'Dove' flies

Softley's new film offers intriguing view of selfish love

By Kat Zeman  
Staff Writer

"Wings of the Dove" is an intriguing tale of passion, betrayal and the transformation of three people who attempt to manipulate love for their own selfish and selfless purposes. It is a movie based on the novel of the 19th century writer Henry James who is well known for his "Portrait of a Lady." Directed by Iain Softley, the movie is a bizarre twist of human emotions. A triangle of deception, love and wealth that turns into a circle of run-around uncertainty.

Kate Croy (Helena Bonham) is an ambitious woman in 19th century London who suddenly finds herself in the elite uppercrust world of nobility after being taken in by her rich aunt (Charlotte Rampling). Kate wants it all—passionate love, money and status. Unfortunately, she is being forced to choose between her illicit love for a commoner and a position in a phony society where marriage is nothing but an alliance to attain wealth and power.

Merton Densher (Linus Roache) is the common journalist who Kate has a secret love affair with but is resistant about marrying because of his social standing. Kate must make the impossible choice: either marry the love of her life and be banished from the wealthy elite or leave her lover immediately and resume to her rightful place in society.

While struggling with her choices, Kate meets Millie (Alison Elliott) who is bold, beautiful and extremely wealthy but lives with a tragic secret. The two become close friends.

As the movie unfolds, Kate cooks up what she thinks is the solution to her lovers' dilemma with Millie as the main ingredient. Soon Kate, Merton and Millie become a trio of close friends. They all take a trip to Venice together and in the heat of Italy's summer, passion ignites and deception is born. Kate's secret solution leads all three into a world of



Alison Elliott, Helena Bonham-Carter and Linus Roache star in Iain Softley's new film "The Wings of the Dove."

dizzying turns and unexpected consequences.

The acting is superb. Helena Bonham Carter gives a spellbinding performance as society's victim and its manipulator at the same time. One moment you hate her and the next, you feel compassion for her doomed life. She gives her character depth and makes Kate real.

Linus Roache plays the part of a sensitive journalist with ease. He plays the part with genuine emotion and adds a comforting aura to the movie.

Alison Elliott portrays innocence and kindness. The kind of woman that would be considered a goody-two-shoes, yet you get past that irritation and become to love her. Elliott's voice and poise is angelic and comes through in her character.

"Wings of a Dove" is a love versus society kind of story. It's about tough choices that we as human beings are forced to make. The innocence of human emotions and the aggression of a deceptive mind are weaved together in a sad tale of unexpected passion.

This movie is not about a hero who does the right thing and rides away into the sunset on a white horse with his prize. It's about real people who make decisions based on their passions and who don't always win. Love doesn't always conquer and wealth doesn't buy it. Go see it because it might make you feel better about your own love life. It not, you'll definitely re-examine it.



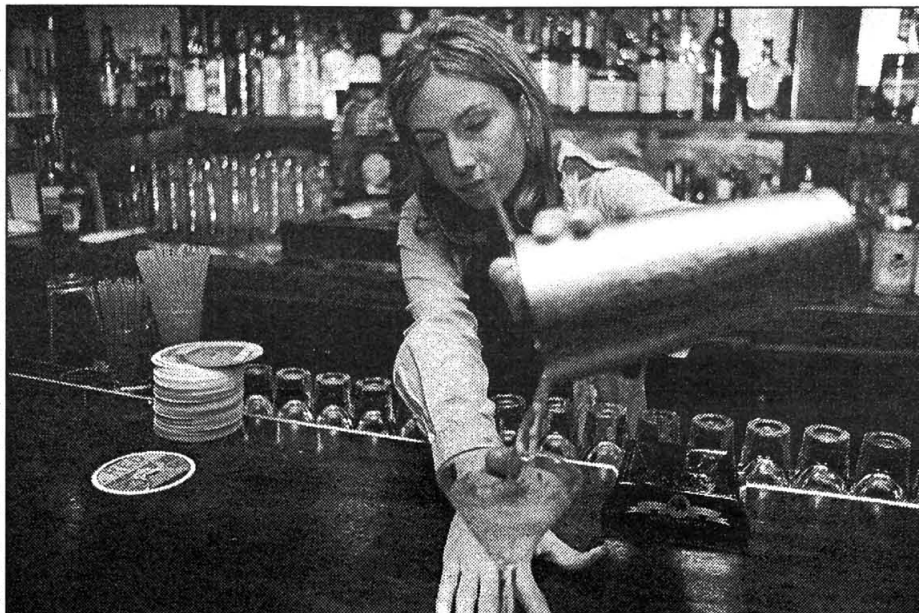
# Shaken, not Stirred in Wicker Park

By Eileen La Valle  
Queen Copy Editor

Wicker Park, one of Chicago's up and coming hip neighborhoods, has a vast array of night life entertainment that offers something for almost everyone. From martinis to margaritas and jazz to retro dance music, these hot spots in town have it all.

**The Holiday Club**, 1471 Milwaukee Ave., has a 1950-60s swinger style motif. From the outside the funky sparkled Holiday sign gives the club a flashy look. "We are trying to offer a slice of sunny Las Vegas in shivering Chicago," said Tim Julusson, owner of the Holiday Club. Outside seating is available weather permitting.

The club has two rooms both equipped with full bars that carry only quality drinks. The front part is larger than the back and has two full-sized pool tables along with a jukebox full of a wide selection of music. Between the two rooms is a black and white photo machine-for \$3.00 you can capture the Holiday moment.



J.B., a bartender at the Holiday Club at 1471 N. Milwaukee, pours a Vodka Martini, the new drink of choice among club goers.

Photo's by Vince Johnson/Chronicle

blue lights. By far, The Note has the nicest, cleanest and largest bathrooms of any Wicker Park bar. The Blue Note was located in Bucktown for four years, but they outgrew that space. Now there is room for bands to play every night. "We always wanted to do live music but we were too confined at the old location," said owner Nick Novich. While switching locations the bar also switched names, after being threatened with a lawsuit. A restaurant in New York had the name The Blue Note patented, in 1985.

Drinks are average priced. Well drinks are in the \$3.00 range, call drinks are \$4.00 and premium drinks start at \$5.00. Every Wednesday is Big Band night, Barrett Deans an 18-piece group, plays. Sunday night is the only free night and one of the best. Famous Chicago saxophone legend Von Freeman plays at 9:00 p.m. and has other local various jazz musicians jam with him. Also, for the past four months on Tuesday nights

they conduct a series of poetry readings. Except for Sundays, the cover is usually \$5.00 for a full evening of entertainment. The Note is open later than most bars in the area. Hours of operation are 8:00 p.m. to 4:00 a.m. Sunday-Friday, and 8:00 p.m. to 5:00 a.m.



The 18-piece band, Barrett Deans performs at the Note, 1565 N. Milwaukee every Wednesday as a part of the Big Band night the club hosts.

Beware! The photographs take a very long time to process. ATM machines are available at the club so you can spend more of your money there.

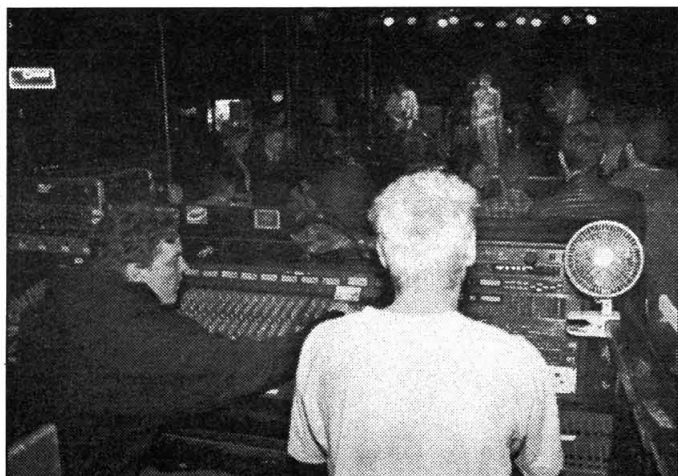
The Holiday Club also has a kitchen and a decent menu offered with full wait service. Trendy bar food is available, from shish kebabs to turkey burgers and humus to chili macaroni. For entertainment, Holiday conducts various theme nights. Sunday is the most popular theme night: Hawaiian night. The back room, referred to as the sun lounge, is decorated with Hawaiian style bamboo and leis. Here is where you would go to buy a \$10.00 volcano drink that comes in a large bowl and is served flaming with four straws. A DJ plays surf music throughout the night. They convert the same room Wednesday night into the wise guy room with lounge music and martini specials. Martini specials at \$3.50 are a big-seller at The Holiday Club.

Julusson prefers to only stock more upscale drinks. "There are certain things I won't carry, like Bud Lite," he said. Well drinks are \$3.50, call drinks are \$4.00 and premium drinks are \$4.50. Julusson is trying to keep out the "high-fiving yahoos."

"The clientele consists of the slightly older person who wants a better drink," said Julusson. The drinks aren't the only great thing about this club.

There is NEVER any cover charge. Hours of operation are Sunday-Friday 6:00 p.m. to 2:00 a.m. and Saturday from 6:00 p.m. to 3:00 a.m.

**The Note's**, (formerly known as The Blue Note, 1565 Milwaukee Ave.,) ambiance is very mellow; the entire space is surrounded by glowing



Sister club of the world famous Caberet Metro, Double Door on Milwaukee and Damen Avenues has live bands every night.

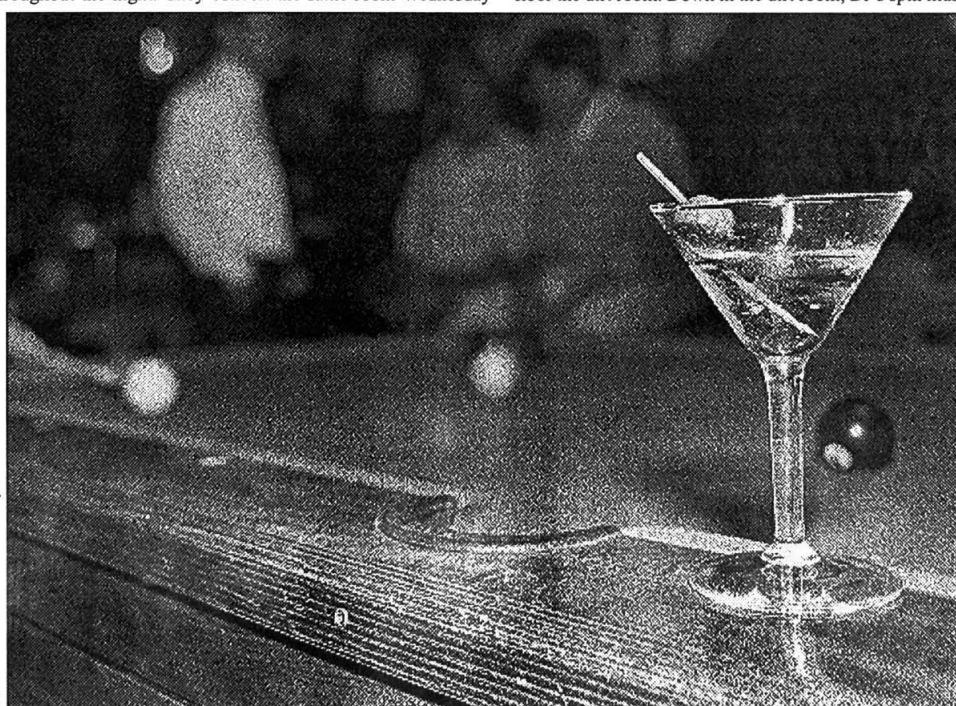
on Saturdays.

**The Double Door**, 1572 Milwaukee Ave, has two levels and they call the downstairs floor the dirt room. Down in the dirt room, DJ's spin music and people shoot pool on one

of the many tables. There is a full bar both upstairs and downstairs with random couches, chairs and tables set up in living room fashion.

The upstairs has two main entrances and a very large stage for bands. The bar, which has been open for four years, has a wide range of musicians booked for shows. Liquid Soul plays regularly on Sundays, and throughout the rest of the week bands range from acid jazz to hip-hop. Employee Chris Thies describes the clientele as "varying depending on the show."

The drink selection at the Double Door is very broad. They carry anything from Pabst Blue Ribbon in the can, to Sierra Nevada and Goose Island beers. Well drinks are \$3.00, call drinks are \$3.50 and premium drinks are \$4.00. Cover charge depends on the band but is never more than \$10.00. Hours of operation are 9:00 p.m. to 2:00 a.m. on Sunday-Thursday and 8:00 p.m. to 3:00 a.m. on Friday and Saturday.





## Sara on Sports

By Sara Willingham  
Sports Columnist



Maybe...just maybe... It may very well be possible that Jerry Reinsdorf is right. Ouch, no matter how hard that was to say, it could be a fact. If you happened to catch that Cleveland game last week, you probably found yourself doubting our 5-time World Champion Chicago Bulls. I myself, little "Miss Be-loyal-to-your-team," was also fearing that maybe this is the year for the Bulls to fall off their pedestal. Maybe this is the season for the dynasty to crumble. Maybe Chicago will have to suffer year-round, with absolutely NO teams to savor, and cherish!

My God, it would be a nightmare. Day in, day out...loss after loss...constant failure.

But, this nightmare is exactly what Reinsdorf wants to avoid. He doesn't want to enter a re-building phase, and live there for the next twenty years. Jerry doesn't want people to suggest to him that the Bulls' best bet is to purposely lose games in order to win the first draft pick (like they say to Wanny). For the first time, after Shawn Kemp and his new squad beat-up on our guys, I actually had an inkling of a thought that it may be smart for Jerry Reinsdorf to demand a change in personnel.

At this point in the season, I'm beginning to think that the Bulls' bench must step-up. Michael is getting old, and we can't expect him to carry the team through the entire season. Scottie is out, and Dennis is practicing his usual whining and complaining rather than grabbing-down the boards like he should be. Toni Kukoc has been virtually non-existent since the play-offs last year, and aside from Ronnie Harper, no one else has lit-up the court.

Now, I'm not saying that the Bulls cannot and/or will not win the Championship this year, but maybe we really should start getting used to the idea that Phil and the Gang won't be back. Maybe they shouldn't be back...judging from their performance so far on the road. Maybe a re-building plan is truly where our thoughts should be.

Maybe...maybe...maybe...

Before I stray from NBA talk, I would like to admit that I was wrong. I ripped Kevin Garnett pretty hard, and apparently (according to the bright souls who wrote to inform me), Kevin is NOT from Chicago. According to Steve Majors (good man), K.G. is from South Carolina, and he only came to Farragut to gain exposure, and win a title. I suppose I should have blown-off my real homework to check-up on that, but oh well, you're talking to the chick who spelled McCaskey with a "K" last semester. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. (Does that suffice?)

Moving on...

A couple of weeks ago, Chicago Bear, Marty Carter broke his finger during the game. During his post-game comments, he said that his finger dislocated and poked through the skin. He continued on to explain how the trainers had to "shove it back into place," and tape it up.

OK, now-and-days, an agent would be on the phone to the player, instructing him to sit out rather than sucking-it-up (like they did in the good 'ole days). They advise players not to take the chance at being less than 100%, something that could jeopardize their careers.

Yah, yah, it's the safe route, but I gotta say, that Marty Carter's finger incident is really what Chicago Bear Football is all about. It makes me think of Dick Butkus' growl, Mike Ditka's tirades, Mike Singletary's cold stare, Walter's dust, and snot-freezing, muscle-locking cold-ass Sundays at Soldier Field! To think of Alonzo Spellman's gig: claiming he's hurt and refusing MRI's makes me envision a big, black man with his butt planted in a chaise lounge on a white sandy beach, casually sipping a fruity cocktail. That ain't real football, man! At least not in the Windy City.

Personally, I think that Alonzo should be shipped out-of-town, and Rodman should carry his bags. There simply isn't any room for cry-babies in Chicago.

Until next week...

## Sports in Chicago: Prognosis Negative

By Dave Rawske  
Correspondent

Windy city woes, that's what I like to call it. It could be quite some time before this great town enjoys another championship. The most pathetic and disturbing thing about the word "another" is that it can only be attributed to one team, the Bulls. And when I refer to one team that has given this to us, I guess I can only pay homage to one player, King Airmess himself. This is not to discredit Scottie Pippen and Dennis Rodman for the contributions they have made. But without #23, we'd be lucky to have one of the five championships obtained this decade. The fans of Chicago eat, drink, sleep and even work sports. There's nothing like taking in a good ball game and spending a mere \$100 (if you're lucky, and depending on the game you're going to) to end up walking out early due to a mental breakdown brought on by anxiety and frustration. This doesn't even include the doctor bills. Regardless, the winning better start. None of us care if it's ugly or not, for the love of Chitown, just win.



**The Bears**—Foot "fungus" ball. The big problem here is in the front office. McCaskey's continuous confidence in Wannstedt has got to end. Wanny must go, his time has come. What about Gary Barnett from Northwestern? At least he has some enthusiasm for the game. The only time Wannstedt ever expresses any enthusiasm is when he is making excuses for the stupid decisions he consistently makes. A 1-9 record is proof in the pudding. Not to mention the lack of post-season births the Bears have had. It wouldn't hurt to have a good draft for once, either.

Instead of giving away a first round draft pick for a \$3 million back-up quarterback, or wasting a third round choice on a punter who thinks he's capable of playing middle line-backer—get a young quarterback to build this franchise around. I believe there's some kid from Tennessee who's available next year.

**White Sox**—One 20-game winner is what's needed to make the playoffs in this division, not Jamie Navarro. Get rid of him and his \$4 million plus salary, and get somebody who can win. The offense will emerge and will be very healthy for next season. The pitching is the anchor, though. With the likes of a healthy Jason Bere and James Baldwin, the White Sox will have one of the youngest pitching staffs in the American League. Doug Drabek was all right, but he's not the missing link. Spend a little more to get a little better. If so, we could witness the White Sox playing baseball in the fall. The Tribe is beatable, that's been proven. Oh yeah, what about giving Davey Johnson a shot. He's been to the show a few times.

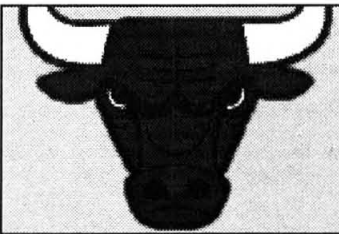


**The Cubs**—Ha, Ha, Ha! No offense Cub fans, but you have no one. Not to mention the pitching staff. Sure Foster's all right, but he gives up the long ball. And playing in Wrigley Field, that equates to losses. But the Cubs are used to that. They've got a great tradition in losing. I suppose it's the infamous jinx of a stupid goat. Well, in that case they'd better perform some magic because the management won't. The Cubs main focus is the publication of their highly respected newspaper. They don't need to increase payroll because the moronic Cub fans will continue to support this losing cause.

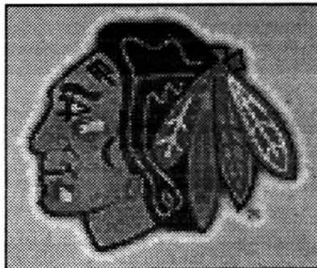
As the fraternity-minded, keg standing, BMW-driving yuppies continue to spend mom and dad's college money to meet "chicks," the payroll will remain the same. Me personally, I don't care. I've woken up. But don't you think the ultimate Cub Fan, Bud Man deserves to see one. I guess every team has a bad century, though.

**The Hawks**—If it weren't for veteran Chris Chelios, and Tony Amonte, this team could be Wirtzless. Sure Hackett and Chris Terrier are decent goal tenders, but there no Patrick Roy.

The main problem existing in this organization is the missing play-maker. Too bad Wirtz and Roenick couldn't reconcile differences. Now those differences are effecting the Hawks in the long run. So much for Alex Zhamnov stepping up. He's what they thought would replace Roenick. Nice try, come again. Trading Daze could salvage this season. He's a hot commodity on the market that could bring in the necessary changes the Hawks are looking for. Maybe if Wirtz realized televising home games would get more fans involved. Instead, his self-serving ways will keep attendance down. I've seen more fans at a high school state championship hockey game than I have this whole season at the United Center.



**The Bulls**—Last, but obviously not least. Really not much to say here. They've proven that they are the Champs, and when Scottie gets healthy and is ready to play, they are still the team to beat. Sure they are not going to win 60 games, in fact they'll be lucky to win 50, but when it's crunch time, Michael and the boys will take care of business. Reinsdorf better have a back-up plan, though. There are some hungry teams out there that would like nothing more than to see Michael dethroned. But we've seen it time and time again; Phil Jackson, Jordan, and Pippen will make sure this story has a happy ending to it.



## Injured TCU Football Player Denied Employee Status

By Marco Buscaglia  
College Press Service

Kent Waldrep says he feels like a discarded employee. He says he did everything his boss asked of him, sacrificed himself for the good of the group and never questioned his superiors.

Then when he was seriously injured, he was cut loose. But unlike other employees, Waldrep was never paid a wage for his services. His "job" was to play football at Texas Christian University, and his injury happened during a 1974 game against Alabama.

Now the 43-year-old wants the TCU to treat him like any of its other employees by providing him with medical and disability insurance. Waldrep filed a lawsuit against the school, seeking full coverage as a disabled employee.

Unfortunately for Waldrep, a Texas state district court jury disagreed. Jurors rejected Waldrep's claim that he was ever a TCU employee, therefore denying him worker's compensation benefits for life.

Waldrep was hurt when he was running with the ball and was gang-tackled. He was thrown up in the air and landed on his head. The injury left him paralyzed.

After Waldrep was taken from the field, he spent a month in an Alabama hospital then was transferred to a Houston rehabilitation center.

During this time, TCU helped Waldrep begin his road to recovery. Once he graduated, however, the school made it clear he was on his own, he says.

Waldrep has argued that he and his teammates received financial compensation in the form of scholarships, room and board and \$10 a month for expenses. He also said TCU football players received "shoe money" throughout their college careers.

"We'd find \$100 or something in our shoes in our lockers after practice," he said. "No one made a big deal of it. It was just money for the athletes. Kind of like getting paid in cash by your boss."

Still, Waldrep says he knows people don't often sympathize with college football players.

"I can't say I'm surprised at what the jury did because that's the way people view college athletes, even athletes in general," Waldrep said. "They want to think you're doing everything for the love of the game, but that's really not the case."

"People want to say you're just an amateur athlete. But look at the big business of college sports," he added. "It's huge — millions of dollars. And like it or not, that business is driven by the student-athlete."

TCU officials say they have no comment on Waldrep's claims or the trial.

Meanwhile, Waldrep continues to argue that college athletes have little protection against career-ending or life-hampering injuries. These athletes are the horses pulling the carts. They're the ones doing all the work, making all the money," Waldrep said. "But if they get hurt, they get nothing. It's like 'Thanks for playing for us, but we can't use you anymore, so good-bye.'"