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Columbia Chronicle (03/16/1998)

Columbia College Chicago

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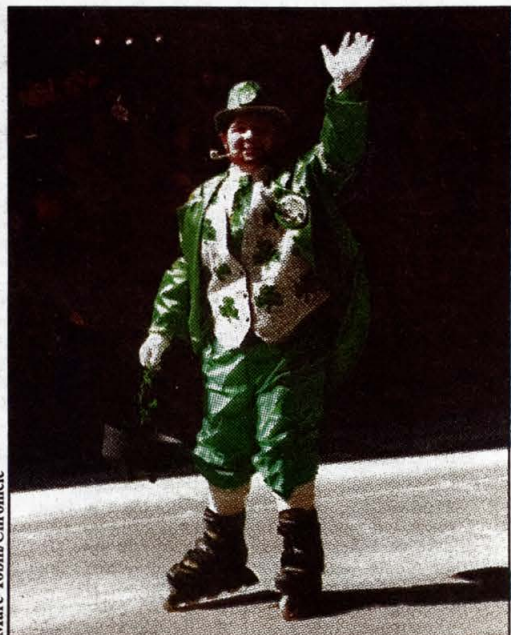
The Chronicle

OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE CHICAGO

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March 16, 1998



Marc Tobin/Chronicle

**Have a Happy
St. Patrick's Day**

1-800-registration? Not likely at Columbia, officials say

By Nedra Green
Staff Writer

Before each semester starts, many students come to Columbia to be led onto seemingly endless maze of checkpoints.

Each stop, they are forced to run up stairs and wait patiently in line that moves only inches at a time.

Then they go on to the next stop--and wait a bit more.

It's the time of registration.

For those who failed to pre-register, the system seems to boil down to one thing: Registration equals frustration.

To some, all it takes to improve the complexity of Columbia's registration process is just a little ingenuity.

Some colleges and universities around the country are utilizing phone and Internet to streamline their registration process.

But to hear some Columbia

officials tell it, students here can't expect that to happen any time soon.

For Marvin Cohen, director of Records office, someone will always have a complaint when it comes to registration. It's a part of the human make-up.

"[Adding registration by phone or web site is] not a consideration right now because there's no real demand," he said. "I personally feel there's no real necessity. It takes the human element out of what Columbia intends its college to be--an interaction amongst students and faculty."

Cohen maintained that the current system allows students to have a connection with a faculty member in their department. It's a connection that wouldn't necessarily exist were it not for walk-in registration.

A consensus appears to subsist among the administration

See Registration, page 2

Columbia part-timer fights to restore image of Clemente

By James Boozer
Special Sections Editor

While the state investigation of the misuse of state funds at Clemente High School is on hold, the aftermath from two days of hearings continues to remain an important issue in the Humboldt Park community.

Leading the fight to restore Clemente's image, which has been taking negative hits since the investigation started, is Jose Lopez, a Columbia part-time faculty member.

Lopez has been singled out by investigators and state witnesses who have implicated him as a political influence at Clemente High School and the one who allegedly helped funnel Chapter 1 funds from Clemente.

"State officials have no evidence of the misuse of funds," said Lopez in an interview with *The Chronicle*. Lopez has been adamant in saying that the allegations from both the state and witnesses are "lies."

"If the state police had enough evidence against me, why didn't they arrest me?" he asked.

Lopez has been a part-time instructor at Columbia since the fall of 1992 and teaches two classes in the liberal education department, "History of Mexico and Central America" and "Hispanics in the United States Since 1800."

The state probe is looking into alleged misuse of \$750,000 to \$1 million in questionable school expenditures at Clemente. More than half of Clemente's students qualify for Chapter 1 funds used to educate children from poor families.

The state began its investigation a year ago in response to a *Chicago Sun-Times* report on how funds were being misused by Clemente officials to fund political events to free convicted Puerto Rican independence movement terrorists.

The state hearings are being chaired by state Rep. Edgar Lopez (D-Chicago), who represents the Humboldt Park community. Jose Lopez feels that the representative puts his own political agenda ahead of the needs of the community.

"Edgar Lopez represents nothing in the community," said Lopez. "[He] has little knowledge of the Puerto Rican community."

Literature passed out by an unnamed source defamed Edgar Lopez as the "number one enemy of the people" and called the state hearings a "farce" and that the representative is only involved in the hearings to "gain political advantage," said Jose

Lopez.

In defense of what role he played at Clemente High School, Lopez said that he is "trying to improve Clemente."

"What is wrong with promoting Puerto Rican cultural activities at Clemente?" asked Lopez, who contended that it was reasonable to spend money on Puerto Rican educational and cultural events at Clemente and paying for a trip for students to go to Puerto Rico.

On the second day of state hearing, state Rep. Patricia Lindner said that the trip to Puerto Rico

"State officials have no evidence of the misuse of funds."

If the state police had enough evidence against me, why didn't they arrest me?"



Jose Lopez

—part-time Columbia instructor

appeared to have some educational value after reviewing a report she received from an audience member on the first day of the hearing.

"When people lie under oath, it doesn't say a great deal about the justice system," said Lopez.

He feels that he didn't receive due process and is not being treated as a human being by the state legislators.

"My daughters have to live through this," he said.

Lopez also discussed a possible hearing held by the citizens of Humboldt Park. "We may have our own hearing on the Clemente crisis and submit our findings to the panel," he said.

Lopez said he was proud that many people from the community came to both days of the hearing.

"People took time off from work to come to the hearings to show their support of me," he said. "It is up to the people of the Clemente community to decide who I am."

The state hearings are expected to reconvene at the end of the month.

Nagano



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Campus News Around The Nation

MIT to change its financial aid policy

College Press Service

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.—The Massachusetts Institute of Technology announced it will spend more on scholarship grants to decrease the amount of money students on financial aid have to contribute toward their education.

The school's plan would reduce each student's required contribution—also known as "self-help"—to \$7,600, down \$1,000 from this year. To offset the reduction, the school plans to award \$30.8 million in scholarships next year, up from \$27 million this year. The plan comes on the heels of a recent decision to raise tuition next year to \$24,050, an increase of 4.1 percent.

MIT is the latest of several elite private schools that have pledged to increase their financial aid budgets by millions of dollars to attract more students from middle-class families. But unlike new policies at Princeton, Stanford and Yale universities, MIT's plan will give even more aid to students who already qualify for it. The other schools simply increased the pool of those who may qualify for assistance.

About 56 percent of MIT's undergraduates qualify for financial aid, compared with 40 percent at Yale and about 33 percent at Stanford.

Professor wins discrimination suit

College Press Service

BOWLING GREEN, Ohio—A federal jury has awarded \$122,000 in damages to a journalism professor who claims he was denied a position at Bowling Green State University because he is a white male.

According to The Chronicle of Higher Education, John K. Hartman, an instructor at Central Michigan University since 1984, applied for a job in Bowling Green's journalism department in 1994. The department instead hired Debbie Owens, a black woman who Hartman said had less experience and fewer publications to her name than he did.

To support his case, Hartman charged that the school bowed to pressure from an accreditor that was demanding the hiring of more female and minority faculty members. He also pointed out that the university's Minority Enhancement Fund—established to pay salaries of minority faculty members—had financed the position for which he had applied. The school accepted applications from white candidates even though it never intended to hire any of them, Hartman argued.

"I hope this verdict will cause all accrediting agencies to remove provisions that coerce universities to hire people based on race and

gender," Hartman reportedly said.

University officials said they were disappointed by the verdict, and still believe the decision to reject Hartman stems from job qualification, not discrimination. They said Owens was a better candidate for the job because she is an expert in issues related to ethnicity, gender and race.

A judge will decide this month whether Bowling Green must offer a position to Hartman, who told the Chronicle he'd still like to work there.

Campus publications draw fire from lesbian groups

College Press Service

GREELEY, Colo.—To print or not to print is still the question surrounding the name of a lunchtime discussion for lesbians at the University of Northern Colorado.

More than 45 students complained about "Dining With Dykes" after two campus publications—including a newsletter distributed by the women's resource center that sponsors the noontime meetings—printed the group's name in lists of upcoming events. The students said they were offended by the term "dyke" and thought it violated the school's anti-discrimination policies.

Meanwhile, university administrators, who also thought the term was derogatory, are under fire for omitting it from a faculty and staff newsletter. Students said the omission amounts to censorship.

"We made an editorial decision, much like those made by publications every day," Ken McConnellogue, a university spokesman told the Chronicle of Higher Education. "We were not going to print what we viewed as a derogatory term."

Bill Cosby to speak at U. of North Carolina

Campus Press Service

PEMBROKE, N.C.—A ticket to the University of North Carolina at Pembroke's May 16 commencement ceremony promises to be the hottest in town—and perhaps the state.

Bill Cosby is scheduled to speak at the small school, nestled in a sleepy, Southern town located roughly 120 miles east of Charlotte.

Connections helped get him there. Pembroke's chancellor, Joseph Oxendine, was a professor at Temple University who taught Cosby in the early 1960s.

Cosby, who will receive an honorary degree during the ceremony, is appearing for free.

The school is preparing for a full house. Up to 6,000 people are expected to watch about 550 graduates receive their diplomas.

Checking on your first paycheck

Starting salary averages \$22,244 nationwide

By Dwayne Ervin
Staff Writer

Starting salaries affect every student who plans to start a career after graduating from Columbia.

A good way to check starting salaries in a particular field is to visit the Career Planning and Placement office.

According to the National Association of Colleges and Employers, the average starting salary for 1997 was \$22,244.

Nationwide, design graphic arts earned \$19,500, which is below Chicago average starting salary for this field. Print journalists earned \$18,678 and corporate writers earned \$22,632. Advertising, or media buyers, earned \$29,667 and copy writers earned \$24,000.

Thirty salaries were reported among 300 placements for the school year 1996-1997, said Keith Lessun, coordinator for Columbia's Career Planning and Placement.

Lessun said that one of the top starting salaries, was in the field of graphic design, which offered a salary over \$30,000.

One of the highest starting salaries is found in the area of graphic design, multimedia and web designer.

Areas like video have a higher degree of discrepancies ranging from \$18,000 to the lower \$30,000s depending on the size of the company, according to Lessun.

In 1996 a former Columbia student received an offer from the Wall Street Journal with a starting salary of about \$40,000.

Lessun reported that many students were placed in jobs after graduation. In another case, several art and design students received offers from \$26,000 to \$31,000. There were several offers from \$20,000 or higher in graphic design.

The top 10 positions were in the area called new media, which covers computer graphics, web site development, interactive multimedia and software development.

"The size of the market determines the salary, and Chicago is the third largest labor market," Lessun said. He feels that the reporting of salary is important for students.

Recent figures for this year's graduates were 130 placements from September 1997 to January of this year.

Salaries reported were interactive digital artist at \$32,500, graphic designer at \$22,100, corporate communications and studio manager at \$25,000.

For more information on job placement and starting salaries the resources center is open from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. on Monday through Thursday and 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on Friday.

Registration continued from page 1

registration. "We recognize that registration is frustrating, but you can't see registration in a vacuum; you have to see it as what's best for the student," said Caroline Latta, academic dean. "And phone registration distances the student from the college."

Latta contended that early registration is the answer to those who see registration as a hassle. Early registration enables the students to meet with an advisor in their department, schedule their classes and confront any problems like full classes or time conflicts on the spot.

Latta said early registration was instituted so that students make "a one stop shop" and get access to the expertise of an advisor in their department.

"We want students to form a bond with an advisor," she said. "If bond is made with students, they will have a person to go to for help."

"Students think we're afraid of technology, it's not that. Technology has brought us to this point with early registration. We just feel phone registration alienates students from the college," Latta said.

The University of Illinois at Chicago began using phone registration in the summer of '94. George Munley, associate director of Registration and Records,

said things have gone smoothly with the new system, and students seem to benefit a great deal from being able to phone in their classes.

"Students find it more convenient and students do still meet with advisors on an as-they-need-to basis," Munley said. "The only thing that seems to have been lost is the mob of students wanting to input their schedule."

Munley said that the administration and faculty wanted something less manual that would put to better use of their facilities. Overall, Munley said, the university felt there would be long-range savings without the hassles of frustrated students, faculty and untrained temps working registration.

At Columbia, over half the student body had the opportunity to register the "easier" way—about 5,100 students pre-registering, out of 8,209 total students.

Kiana Battle, a senior TV major, said she was eligible to pre-register and was confronted with full classes and time conflicts. But she said she was glad to talk to an advisor about other options available to her.

"Being in with someone who knows what my goals are and can tell me the most expedient way to reach them really reaffirms my faith in my ability to make it out of here with the classes I need," said Battle.

Time to Surf!

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Students' 'rip and run' methods ruining library resources

By Robby Messer

Campus Correspondent (Glendale Community College)

Many college librarians across the country say students are gaining easy access to information, not from the Internet, but by using the increasingly popular "rip-and-run" method.

Tearing pages from books, magazines and journals is an old problem for libraries, but one that seems to have intensified in these days of hustle and bustle, when students can't spare more than five minutes in any one place.

Snatching a page, picture or entire passage is quick for students but costly for schools. It's not unusual for campus libraries to spend thousands of dollars each year to replace damaged materials, said Andrew Hart, preservation librarian for the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. He estimated the university spent about \$2,000 last year to replace vandalized items.

"And those were just the ones we knew about," he said. "We still don't know how much damage is still sitting on our shelves. And we won't know until someone brings it to our attention."

"It's sad because the money we spend to replace materials is money we can't spend on new things," he said.

Even worse, he added, is that there are no guarantees the missing information is replaceable. When books and journals that are long out of print are damaged, Hart said librarians must find other libraries carrying them. If they're successful, photocopies are made and the entire book is rebound to hold them in place.

"It's a time-consuming process," he said. "And color illustrations can't be reproduced."

"I think it's really sad that a minority of readers can have such a big effect on so many other people."

ple."

Darlene Miller, a senior at Arizona State University, counts herself among those "other people."

"I've had assignments of mine be late simply because the material was removed from the book," said Miller, who works in her school's copying center. "We are always having to send people to tell the librarians that pages have been ripped out."

No section of student libraries is safe from vandalism, but the reference collection seems to be the hardest hit. Hart said he's seen drawings and photos of nude women's bodies ripped from medical journals and entire chapters missing from textbooks.

"I see journals come back to us with pages ripped out all the time," said Tuwana Lightfoot, who works at the circulation desk at a Florida State University library. "And some of those cost \$200 to replace."

Damaged reference materials seem to have the most widespread effect on students, said David Rodriguez, a librarian at Glendale Community College in Arizona.

"When a class gets an assignment, you have 30 or even 100 kids in here, and they all want the same information," he said. "Once a student takes a page, other students miss out. It's not so much the cost in dollars, but what it's costing the other students who won't have access to the information."

There's not much librarians can do to protect reading materials, but they certainly try. When a particular vodka ad became a popular collectible, Hart said librarians marked through them "to prevent the article on the other side from being taken."

"We'd like to not have to deface our own property, of course," he said. "But if we have to do so, we will."

Student-run PR firm helps campus groups get more exposure

By Nikolaus Olsen

The Rocky Mountain Collegian (Colorado State University)

Imagine the campus organization you're working for is planning a huge event—like a wiener roast—and you want every student in the school to come and enjoy a dog.

The problem is, you have no idea how to spread the word to students on campus.

Enter Ram Public Relations, a student-run firm at Colorado State University. Made up of members from the university's chapter of Public Relations Student Society of America, Ram PR provides media relations services to campus groups requesting help, said president Shawn Gillum.

"A lot of groups want to increase membership or to inform other students of happenings," he said.

Take the university's Career Center for example. When the office recently moved to another location on campus, Director Ralph McNeerney was afraid students wouldn't follow it, so he called Ram PR to help spread the word.

"Fortunately, we haven't lost anything," he said. Ram PR creates brochures, newsletters, radio and newspaper advertisements and media kits, Gillum said. Student workers also use marketing skills to determine the best way for an organization to reach its target audience.

Gaining experience at Ram PR typically pays off with an impressive portfolio when it's time to go job hunting, said Stacy Andrews, the group's vice president.

"It's real-world experience in a college environment," Andrews said.

Student editors hope to chase alcohol ad ban away

By Sam Kusic

Campus Correspondent (University of Pittsburgh)

PITTSBURGH - A new Pennsylvania law, designed to help curb underage and excessive drinking, has left college newspaper staffs across the state claiming they've been hung out to dry.

The law, approved last year and commonly known as Act 199, bans alcohol advertisements from "any booklet, program book, yearbook, magazine, newspaper, periodical, brochure, circular or other similar publication published by, for or in behalf of any educational institution." The law also prohibits ads - drink specials and happy-hour invitations included - announcing the availability of alcohol.

Violators face a \$50 to \$1,000 fine and could have their liquor licenses suspended or revoked.

Many college editors say the law infringes on free speech. Adding insult to injury, they say, is the loss of precious advertising revenue, which is often one of the biggest sources of income for many school papers. The Pennsylvania Newspaper Publisher's Association is on their side. The group has come up with its own proposal to kill the new law and is looking for a legislator to sponsor it, said John Feichtel, the association's media law counsel.

If the law isn't changed, some student editors say they fear it will lead to more editorial restrictions.

"This is just a start," said Robert Morrison, editor in chief of Bloomsburg University's "The Voice." "What else will they take away?"

Some proponents dismiss arguments that the law violates First Amendment rights.

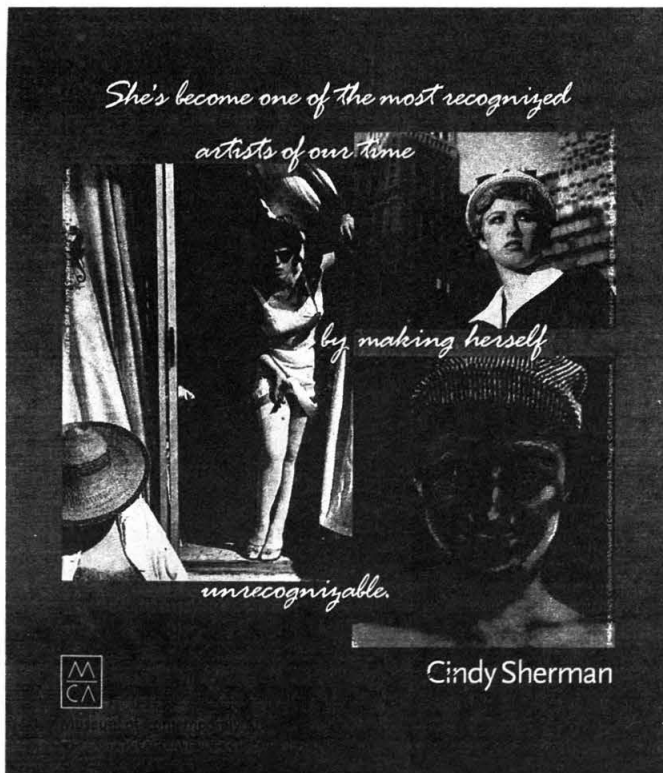
"I think the concerns of young people outweigh that right," said state Rep. Terry Van Horne, who quickly pointed to recent student deaths at Pennsylvania State University and Indiana University at Pennsylvania to bolster his view.

Far more certain is the law's effect on many student papers' budgets, student editors say. This year's financial reports reveal that school papers statewide have taken hits. The "California Times" of California University of Pennsylvania, for example, stands to lose between \$600 and \$800 each semester, said Editor Nicole Dulin.

"It's not an overwhelming loss, but it's significant," she said. "The whole law is ridiculous. It simply shouldn't exist."

Pennsylvania State University's "Daily Collegian" thought it had found a way around the law when it published a list of bars, happy-hour times and drink specials and offered it as a free service to readers and local bar owners.

The paper displayed the information in a column called the "Over 21 Scene" that lasted only three weeks. Pennsylvania Liquor Control Enforcement officers gave verbal warnings to owners who had contributed information to the column. Officers did not, however, contact the paper, Editor Megan Donley said.



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Robert Stevenson

SOC gets socked by school, it's about time

The Student Organizations Council, or SOC as it is known around campus, is a joke. A joke that does not seem to funny to me since my tuition funds it.

I attended a meeting about a week and a half ago and had to restrain myself from laughing at this farce of democracy at work. During the meeting, Madeline Roman-Vargas announced that Dean Lee appointed Roman-Vargas and/or Art Burton, Director of Student Diversity and Minority Affairs, to basically run SOC.

Vargas and Burton were appointed to facilitate SOC meetings because SOC could not get enough students SOC representatives to attend meetings and elect officers to run things. This is not something new with SOC. Historically attendance is low at meetings, it takes threats of suspending the recognition of organizations to get them to meetings on a regular basis. This works because if an organization does not have the recognition of SOC for one they are not really a recognized Columbia Organization and two, they are not eligible for any funds available through SOC.

I would say that this attitude on the part of the unattending organizations is par for the course with the way most students act around here, if it does not affect them, then they do not care.

At this meeting, one of the few active participants in SOC was upset because he felt the Dean was taking the "student" out of Student Organizations Council. He said it was a threat to democracy and that the school is taking away our student government.

The fact is, WE DO NOT HAVE A STUDENT GOVERNMENT. SOC is just something that loosely resembles a student government. SOC has no real power to affect the student body as a whole. They have no say in the policies set forth by the administration. They have no college-wide elections. If anything, it is just a group that rubber stamps budgets for each individual group, handing out money hand over fist to whoever wants it.

Think about it, if the administration runs SOC, each group should be able to simply present their proposals, which meet certain guidelines set forth by the Dean's Office, individually. This way everyone is happy. The groups have what they need, the administration has their hand in the what does and does not go on and students get, hopefully, well organized and sufficiently funded events.

I think the Student Life Office should continue to run things. By placing an administrator in charge, someone who knows the bureaucracy of the school first hand, student groups should have an easier time getting things they need to put on events around campus. They also would not have to worry about pesky things like having enough members present to vote on budgets, elections and not so important things like that.

So, why is SOC not working? Why is it so hard to get people to meet on a regular basis?

I would contend it is because we are a commuter school. Everyone, with the exception of those who live in the dorms or within five blocks of the school, comes in for classes, then leaves.

What reason would they have to stay here?

Again, this is a problem that any commuter college faces. This place is not conducive to people who want to come to school, go to class and hang out. The areas to hang out in are small and not that much fun really.

Maybe SOC does not work because there are too few leaders at Columbia.

Maybe it is because no one really cares what happens to the other groups.

Maybe no one cares period.

Perhaps the Dean could make more of an impact by just suspending all the organizations which have poor attendance. By doing this, the number of required members that are needed to hold elections would be lower and thus, an attainable goal.

So what can you do about things? I would suggest, if you are a member of a campus organization, you attend your group's meetings and the SOC meetings to make sure things are somewhat running smoothly.

For the rest of this semester SOC should just be called OC, no students to run it, so no students in the name.

Please feel free to write *The Chronicle* about this issue. E-mail is the quickest and easiest way to get in touch. Just write us at chron96@interaccess.com and include your name and phone number in case we have questions about your comments.

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

The Chronicle welcomes letters to the editor. Wednesday is the deadline for submissions. Please include full name, year and major. Letters can be faxed to 312/427-3920, e-mailed to chron96@interaccess.com, mailed to 623 S. Wabash Ave., Suite 205, Chicago, IL 60605 or posted on the Chronicle's interactive forum at

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Letters to the Editor

SOC's purse strings not being kept tight enough for some

An open letter to those in charge of financing school activities, namely the Student Organization Council:

It has come to my attention that the Student Organizations Council (SOC) is out of money to issue to its various groups. Apparently, because there was no set allotment of funds for each group, some groups received large amounts of money and others were left holding an empty bag without ever having requested funds.

My question is, who thought it was a good idea to have a large sum of money set aside for SOC and not divide it equally among each of the student groups? Surely, this is not the way business is conducted on a school-wide basis (at least I hope not).

If SOC had a limited amount of funds, an equal division among the groups seems to be the only logical choice.

Since SOC representatives of each group approve each budget request, some would argue that since each budget was approved, they are somewhat responsible for the depletion of the money, especially in cases where large amounts were approved.

HOGWASH! If things were run in an efficient and business-like manner, each group would have had a set amount of funds to work with. The members of SOC had no choice but to approve the budget requests to them. It was either that or not approve ANY budget presented to them.

Now each of the student groups will probably be without money until Fall of 1998. What are they supposed to do in the meantime? Their fund-raising efforts only go so far.

This letter is not an attack on any one person. I am not very business-minded, but I know that things should not be done in a manner such as this. A prompt and honest response would be greatly appreciated.

Tasha Lynette Clopton
President, Columbia College Association of
Black Journalists

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NOW EVEN MARRIAGE COMES WITH A WARNING LABEL

By Kathleen Parker
Tribune Media Services

That's right. Now you can't get married in some states without a warning up front that if you hit your spouse, you're in a heap of trouble.

This week, South Dakota became the fourth state (others being Kansas, Iowa and West Virginia) to pass legislation requiring a warning against domestic violence on all state marriage license applications. Talk about your caveat emptor. Henceforth and forevermore, those aspiring to the blissful state of matrimony will have to read and sign an application which warns that physical and sexual abuse are against the law. Well, dang,

what's the point, right? You can imagine the Hallmark moment:

Two lovebirds, their eyes locked on each other like scud missiles on Baghdad, are holding hands as they enter the county courthouse to pick up their application. Hearts aflutter, they ask Miss Sternburner behind the counter for their long-anticipated document. They're so excited about their impending nuptials they're about to burst when Miss Sternburner's voice reels them back to reality:

"You got to read this right here," she says, pointing to the fine print.

And right then and there, Billy and Sue learn they're entitled to live "free from violence and abuse," and that "neither of you is the property of the other."

"Hey, now, wait just a gal-dern minute," says the groom-to-be. "You mean I can't hit her when I feel like it? And who the heck says she's not my property?"

You can imagine what happens next. The lovers burst out laughing, kiss loudly, sign the papers, fork over five bucks, or however much it costs to sign on the dotted line these days and laugh all the way back to the car. Is this ridiculous or what?

No, this is your life. A nation too stupid to know that hot coffee is hot - or that inhaling smoke into your lungs is bad for you - deserves to be told they can't beat up other people, even their spouses.

South Dakota Rep. Carol Fitzgerald (R), who sponsored the bill, says she thinks of the legislation as a preventative measure. "I can understand how someone could come to pick up an application and

have never known before that it's illegal to beat your spouse."

I can't understand that, assuming as I do that anybody with a vocabulary knows you're not supposed to hit other people. Nevertheless, I personally think marriage warnings are a good idea. Marriage is so difficult, frankly, it ought to be against the law. At the very least we might make marriage a privilege, like driving, for instance. You can get married only after you take a marriage training course and pass a test. Ditto children. You don't get to have any until you prove you can listen to a screaming baby for hours without your neighbors calling 911 and demonstrate that you can change diapers while sleeping.

"A nation too stupid to know that hot coffee is hot - or that inhaling smoke into your lungs is bad for you - deserves to be told they can't beat up other people, even their spouses."

I realize these are the pipe dreams of my inner dictator, but such thoughts offer comfort as I peruse my fellow man at the State Fair. My father, meanwhile, had a better solution than the South Dakotans. When I married the first time, he invited one of his childhood chums from Chicago, Monte Plesa. This buddy, who talked like Marlon Brando in "The Godfather," gave my soon-to-be husband a once-over and asked whether his life insurance policy was current.

When my now-former husband said, "Huh?" Mr. Plesa softened: "You ever hurt this girl and I'll break your kneecaps."

That sort of warning makes sense. It resonates. It doesn't equivocate. As opposed to you're not anybody's property? You have the right to live free of abuse? Gee, Sherlock, are you sure about that? I thought I was supposed to be the property of my spouse and enjoy every fist directed my way.

I figure state officials in South Dakota must have been sued for failed marriages. You know, like that lady who got burned when she spilled coffee all over herself and then sued McDonald's for serving her hot coffee. She won to the tune of several million dollars. Now every squabbling gobbler has a sticker on its drive-through window: "Hot coffee is served hot."

Presumably, next time someone spills their coffee and gets burned, they can't sue. They were warned. Likewise in South Dakota, legislators have covered themselves. You have a lousy marriage, hey, we warned you.

STUFF FROM STAFF

GOP should not be running Illinois State government

By Dwayne Ervin
Staff Writer

"Read my lips, no new taxes," said former President Bush in his campaign for president, but I have a better idea, "READ MY ARTICLE, NO NEW REPUBLICANS."

For over 20 years, Republicans have dominated the offices of Governor, Secretary of State, and Lt. Governor in Illinois.

What I can't understand is why we, the voters, allow the GOP to continue to dominate these offices.

Since the primary election is upon us we should think seriously about who we want to have to choose when it comes time to vote again in the November election.

So far in the race for governor, former Attorney General Roland Burris is at the top of the polls here in Chicago. If he wins the primary he will go against Republican George Ryan, or whoever wins the GOP nomination.

The same thing happened in the last election. When Dawn Clark Nestor ran in 1994, she did not have enough support behind her to beat Governor Jim Edgar and before the election Edgar was the only Republican nominee.

What is wrong with this picture? It looks like the same thing will happen again. The Chicago Sun-Times reported a poll three weeks ago that George Ryan was highly favored by democrats as well as by the GOP.

People should realize that the GOP does not really care about the people unless they are pressured by the public to take action.

The biggest complaint is how the Chicago Public Schools have been affected by the GOP governors of Illinois. As most of you remember, there were several teacher strikes and budget cuts.

Under Edgar in 1992, sports and other activities were almost cut until charities donated money to keep it running.

Under Thompson it was bad enough and it became worse under Edgar, but

Edgar covered his back and worked the situation out only after being pressured. These actions have

greatly affected the citizens of Chicago too long.

It is time to take action — get out there and vote democratic.

It wasn't until Clinton was elected president that people realized the problems the Regan-Bush administrations caused and that took 12 years.

In our situation as a state we have let the wool cover our eyes at least 17 years under a GOP governor.

There is not too much to say about the secretary of state race, but why is it that secretary of state officers have become gubernatorial hopefuls?

The Democrats, Tim McCarthy and Jesse White, seem to be concerned about the "regular people," according to their debate on television, but how should we choose between them?

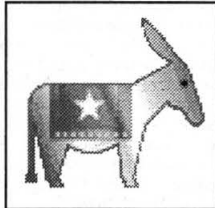
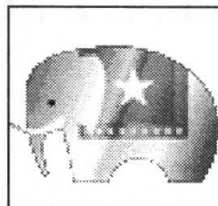
It is clear the main difference between them is that one is black and the other is white, but this should not reflect who people should vote for.

GOP candidates, Robert Churchill and Al Salvi, were concerned about front and back license plates. The complaint about that is it would cost drivers more money.

There are no worries about the senate race, but why don't we have a favorable democrat for governor like we have for senator?

One thing is clear here. It is not a matter of democrat or GOP. It is the matter of the person on the ballot.

I hope that everyone who is chosen in this primary will upset the GOP hopefuls. If not, we will have to wait another four years.



Read The Chronicle, it's keen!

Columbia dorms are not as bad as Stevenson says

By Mark Dascoli
Web Page Editor

I am shocked and appalled by the flawed ideology spewed forth last week in Robert Stevenson's column on drug use at the Residence Center. Having lived at the Residence Center for two and a half years, I am qualified to shed light on Mr. Stevenson's comments.

To begin with, the vast majority of drug abuse at the Residence Center comes in the form of alcohol and pot. Shocking? Hardly! It is the same at schools all across the country. And yet, point taken, it is illegal. But Rob's contention that drug use runs rampant and unchecked at the Residence Center has no basis in reality. The staff of the Residence Center frequently break up parties where there is underage drinking and/or pot smoking.

Like most institutions of higher education, the Residence Center deals with the inevitable problem of drug and alcohol use in a realistic and reasonably effective way (with the possible exception of the Essex Inn situation). Fortunately, this way does not include Rob's solution of unannounced room searches for several reasons I previously thought would be painfully obvious.

First, there is that pesky matter of the fourth amendment which protects citizens' rights against unreasonable search and seizure without a warrant and probable cause. Second, the analogy Rob used between high school locker searches and unannounced room checks at the Residence Center is just sad. A high school locker is a box to keep books in whereas an apartment is a home—a huge difference to be sure. And finally, such tactics would create a hostile, disrespectful and uneasy environment.

Now I am sure someone reading this will want to point out the fact that the actual relationship between residents and their apartments at the Residence Center is similar to the student locker relationship in that students are just borrowing this space for a while from the Residence Center which retains complete ownership of the room and thus can enter and search any apartment they please. Well, they would be both right and

wrong.

It is different from a normal tenant arrangement. In the contract, there is a clause allowing free search of a room to check for compliance with terms of the contract and other college rules. But, clause or no clause, it is a sticky situation legally. I mean, sure, the Residence Center has the right to enter a room and check for compliance to the contract and laws, but what about drawers, boxes, papers, book bags, etc.?

A person's protection against unreasonable search and seizure include their "persons, houses, papers, and effects" thanks to our forefathers. So, these rights surely could be argued to follow the person regardless of where they are and who "owns" their apartment. And who will conduct the searches: the Director, his assistant, Community Assistants, the police? Each would have different jurisdiction and varying levels of authority.

Furthermore, a simple clause in a contract is not a be-all-and-end-all. Quoting from The Reader's Digest Legal Problem Solver, "...a clause that infringes unreasonably upon a tenant's right to privacy will probably not be enforceable." So, all things considered, it is really dangerous ground for the Residence Center, which is probably why they tend to not go there.

I am sure it was easy for Rob to suggest this idea while sitting at a desk at the Chronicle. It is easy to strip someone else's rights to solve a problem, but I am sure Rob would object to random unannounced searches in his house or apartment complex — as would anybody.

And I will remind you that this is good! It's one of the things we are supposed to stand for in America. Sure a lot of institutions and government agencies would have a much easier time if they did not have to deal with the rights of American citizens, and more crime might be prevented if random, unwarranted searches could take place. But personal rights and privacy are American ideals and are absolutely embedded in our way of life. To disrespect them is appalling.

I am sure it was easy for Rob to suggest this idea while sitting at a desk at the Chronicle. It is easy to strip someone else's rights to solve a problem, but I am sure Rob would object to random unannounced searches in his house or apartment complex — as would anybody.

WEEKLY HOROSCOPES

By Linda C. Black
Tribune Media Services

The sun is going from Pisces, which favors actors and musicians, into Aries, which favors athletes. That'll happen on Friday, so figure out which category you fit into and you'll know which side of the week will be easier. On Monday and Tuesday, the sun's in Pisces and the moon's in Scorpio. That obviously favors the Water signs, and emotions will prevail over logic. The moon goes into Sagittarius the middle of the day on Wednesday, and stays there until Friday. While the sun's still in Pisces on Wednesday and Thursday, there will be confusion mixed with great creativity. Philosophical insights will be abundant then, too. On Friday, the sun goes into Aries and the moon goes into Capricorn. Midday's jubilation will be followed by a confrontation that night as exuberance and experience vie for authority. That battle rages for most of the weekend, in fact. It's an interesting way to start the astrological new year, since it's a conflict that can never be resolved. Truth is, both need to work together, as we'll all learn again.

Aries (March 21-April 19). Money management is your major theme the first part of this week. If you need to borrow, Tuesday's probably your best day, with Wednesday morning following a close second. Travel is almost good on Wednesday and Thursday, but it looks like there are complications. Something you said you'd do isn't quite finished yet. If you put in a little overtime, you could get that done Thursday night, allowing you to celebrate the spring equinox with a long weekend. A visit to older friends or family goes well in some respects. There's still an argument, but it looks like you have a pretty good chance of winning.

Taurus (April 20-May 20). Team up with a friend on Monday and Tuesday to improve your chances of success. Move quickly on Wednesday morning to get the best deal. If you wait until the afternoon, the same item might cost you more. Company is coming Thursday or Friday, and it could be expensive. Entertaining at home saves money, and is a more intimate setting. That'll be especially true on Saturday and Sunday. You and a dear friend may hide out there and avoid a nasty confrontation. An Aries you know is in a particularly combative mood, so give that one a wide berth.

Gemini (May 21-June 21). Organize family and co-workers to solve a community problem. By working together, you can clean things up and make it safe for everybody on Monday and Tuesday. About Wednesday afternoon, you'll start to get antsy, and there are all sorts of changes and activities planned for then through Friday. You'll wish you could be in about four different places at the same time. You're pretty quick. If anyone could do it, it would be you. Talk to an older person over the weekend about getting something you've been wanting for your home. The odds are good.

Cancer (June 22-July 22). Provide what's needed to push an older person to success on Monday or Tuesday. Your attention could make all the difference. You'll learn the most from the work you're doing on Wednesday and Thursday. Just keep practicing until you get it right. It might look like your plans are thwarted on Friday, but not to worry. By Saturday, things should be pretty much back on schedule. Sunday morning is good for visiting with brothers and sisters, but the party won't go late. Everybody has other things to do before Monday.

Leo (July 23-Aug. 22). This is a very lucrative phase for you. There's money coming in all week long. Stick close to home on Monday and Tuesday. You'll be most productive there. From Wednesday through Friday, sports activities and romance are favored, not necessarily in that order. You'll become even luckier Friday, during the middle of the day, and that evening could be stupendous. Your life looks more like work than play from late Friday night through most of the weekend, howev-

er. If you're with the right person and don't get grumpy, even that will be bonding. That's how you'll find out if you're with the right person.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22). You're so powerful Monday and Tuesday that you're beginning to draw attention. You make things that other people find practically impossible to do look easy. Study a situation at home on Wednesday so you can fix it on Thursday and Friday. Don't be afraid to ask your roommates for help, or money, as required. Save the weekend for your own true love. If you don't have a true love yet, this weekend is a good time to find one. Invite the best prospect over for dinner.

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23). You know what you ought to be doing, so start putting in the correction. Give money to a partner on Monday and Tuesday for something that will benefit you both. Study intensely from Wednesday through Friday. You can break yourself through to a new level of awareness. Plan to spend this weekend at home. It's a good time to clean out closets, including the ones in your mind. Either finish up those old obligations, or simply let the people know that you can't. Don't worry about it any longer.

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21). You're a very strong leader on Monday and Tuesday. You'll motivate the whole team to perform beyond their own expectations, and everybody else's. Go shopping Wednesday afternoon for a special gift. Your loved one will flip. Buy something that will help you work faster on Thursday. A roommate or co-worker's advice leads you to a friend who can help solve your problem on Friday. You're smarter than usual over the weekend. Take on a challenge that requires both manual and mental exertion. You're up to it.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21). Keep most of what you know to yourself on Monday and Tuesday. The odds of being misunderstood or misinterpreted are way too high. Do something for your roommate on Wednesday morning, so you can have what you want Wednesday evening. Thursday and Friday are your best days all week, with Friday evening dominating. Schedule your big date for then. Buy a gift for the one you love over the weekend, but take that person along. That way you won't get the wrong item by mistake.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19). Collaborate with friends on Monday and Tuesday to master a difficult subject. You'll inspire each other to be magnificent. Schedule a meeting for Wednesday morning. It's easier to make decisions then. You're inspired to take action on Thursday, but may not get the work done until Friday. It's something you want to change about your domicile. In fact, you may decide to change the whole thing over the weekend. That would be an excellent time to either renovate, or move.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18). You'll have to do as you're told on Monday and Tuesday, but the rewards could be quite generous. Turn it down through, if it's illegal. You'll never get away with it. On Wednesday afternoon, you'd be sure to tell an honest friend. Don't spend money on a group endeavor on Thursday. Put it into savings instead. You'll get even smarter Friday afternoon. Study with a team that evening, and find a brilliant solution to a difficult problem. Go through the archives over the weekend. The thing you need to know to get ahead is history. Talk to a person who's been there and done that.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20). A foreign contact should bring the money you need on Monday and Tuesday. Study early Wednesday for a test that afternoon. Get a highly organized person to help you with a difficult assignment on Thursday. On Friday, you'll start thinking more about money. Don't just worry aimlessly. Figure out how to manage it. An older friend could help you with that task over the weekend. Don't be embarrassed to ask. This person will love the opportunity to help.

CLASSIFIEDS

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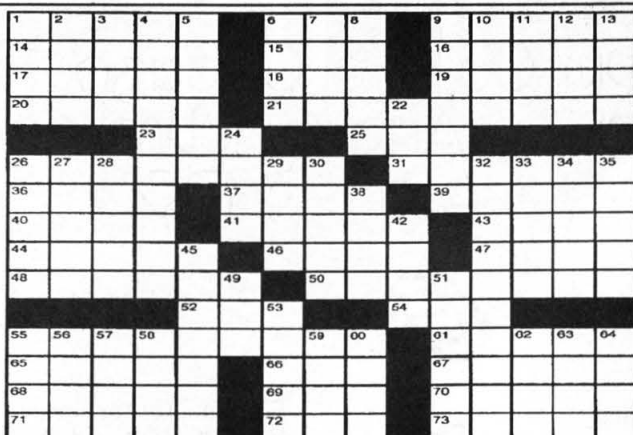
Gametime!

ACROSS

- 1 Bridges
6 Noah's vessel
9 Gras
14 Use a blender
15 Zodiac sign
16 Boobs
17 Thai or Korean, e.g.
18 Musical gift
19 Seagoing
20 Piece of broken pottery
21 Tart fruit
23 Actress Tilly
25 Ready or —
26 Wanting
31 Like duck feet
36 Unpopular rodents
37 Wet expanses
39 Ahead of time
40 Matures
41 Ethiopia's Selassie
43 "Sleepless in Seattle" star Meg
44 Absconds
46 Drop heavily
47 Dog or wolf ending
48 Fast and present, e.g.
50 Allowances
52 Actor Kilmer
54 Bad dog
55 Deadlock
61 Parody
65 Acrylic fiber
66 Tightening snake
67 Find the answer
68 Lavish repast
69 Sullivan and McMahon
70 DeGeneres series
71 Tithe amount
72 Straw drawn
73 Chicago tower

DOWN

- 1 Health resorts
2 Shove
3 Solo at the Met
4 Close calls
5 Transmitter
6 Baldwin brother



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3/16/98

Answers from March 9

- 7 Back part
8 Islamic text
9 Aquatic mammal of Florida
10 Memo acronym
11 Invitation acronym
12 Settlement
13 Man or Wight, e.g.
22 Ship's front
24 Actress Lillian
26 Working copy
27 Winged predator
28 Dutch genre painter
29 Tidal situation
30 Devers and Parent
32 Striped advertisement
33 William Jennings
34 Spiral-horned antelope
35 Units of force
38 Assigned place in a sequence
42 Classic saga



- 45 — heaven
49 Newsman Donaldson
51 Kissers
53 Maker's sticker
55 Gentle
56 Elder or alder
57 Actor Bates
58 Misplaced
59 Hubbub
60 Right on maps
62 — podrida
63 Beyond
64 Marshes

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Let *The Chronicle* help sort out your dilemmas.

Submit your questions to the *Chronicle* in the Wabash building, room 205.

You can also fax your questions to (312) 427-3920, or e-mail us at Chron96@interaccess.com

Scholarships for students at Columbia!



Hermann Conaway Scholarship

\$2,000 for one academic year (\$1,000 awarded in Fall, 1998 and \$1,000 awarded in Spring, 1999). This scholarship is for full-time outstanding students who have demonstrated leadership ability on Columbia's campus or beyond.

Deadline: April 1, 1998

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\$2,500 maximum award per academic year (\$1,250 awarded Fall, 1998 and \$1,250 awarded Spring, 1999). This scholarship helps medically and financially challenged students complete an undergraduate degree. (Part-time students are eligible to apply.)

Deadline: May 1, 1998

Applications are available at the Associate Provost Office for Student Affairs, 600 South Michigan Avenue, Room 300 and the Financial Aid Office, 600 South Michigan Avenue, Room 303

Columbia College Chicago Latinos in the Arts Celebration March 2 - April 27, 1998



Latino in the Arts Exhibit:
"Latino Serigraphs"
March 2-19, Hokin Annex

Opening Reception:
Wednesday, March 4, 1998
Performance by: Latin Jazztet
Hokin Gallery, 623 S. Wabash
3:00 - 6:00 p.m.

Mini Film Festival Series
Friday, March 6, 6:30 p.m.
"Nueva Yol"

Saturday, March 7, 6:30 p.m.
"Chicanos"

Friday, March 13, 6:30 p.m.
"La Leyenda de Tanguito 1993
Argentina"

Saturday, March 14, 6:30 p.m.
"Mi Puerto Rico"

Sponsored by: L.U.N.A. and ¡AHORA!
Films will be shown at the
Columbia College Residence Center
731 S. Plymouth Ct.

Latino Students Spring Reception
Tuesday, March 10, 1998
Hokin Annex, 12:00 - 5:00 p.m.
Meet and socialize with other Latino
Students. Food and refreshments will
be provided.

Music provided by Columbia College
Guitar Ensemble and Sin Censura
Sponsored by: L.U.N.A. and ¡AHORA!

David Hernandez Street Sounds
And Eduardo Arocho
Wednesday, March 11,
11:30 - 2:00 p.m.
Hokin Gallery
623 S. Wabash

Classical Guitar Recital
Monday, March 23, 1998
11:45 a.m.

Performance by: Norman Ruiz
Commemorating the 50th
anniversary of Mexican composer
Manuel Ponce's death.
Hokin Gallery
623 S. Wabash

Student Discussion:
Neighborhood Gentrification
Thursday, March 26, 1998. 11:00
a.m.

Speakers:
Carlos Flores & Joy Aruguete
Faculty Lounge, 11th floor
624 S. Michigan

Latin American Music Festival
from Spanish Rock to Salsa
Thursday, April 16
& Friday, April 17
5:00 - 10:00 p.m.
Hokin Annex, 623 S. Wabash

Latino Writer's Workshop Series
Thursday, April 23, 1998
11:30 a.m.
Faculty Lounge, 11th floor
624 S. Michigan

14th Chicago Latino Film Festival
Presents: Women in Film:
Perspectives Symposium
Monday, April 27, 9:30 - 11:30 a.m.
Ferguson Theater,
600 S. Michigan
Reception to follow:
12:00 - 2:00 p.m.
College Relations and Development
Conference Room, 4th floor
600 S. Michigan

**Sponsored by: Student Life & Development and the Office of
Latino Cultural Affairs**

The good, the bad and

By Carly Crone
Correspondent

Two months ago I was on an air plane headed toward Nagano, Japan for the 1998 Winter Olympics to work for CBS News. I was hired to work there as a runner for the traffic department for two months.

I didn't have any preconceptions of Japan because I was unfamiliar with the culture and lifestyle of that Asian country. I researched Japan as to what the people are like and customs I should follow so I wouldn't offend anyone. I wanted to be an American who shows respect and an understanding of the Japanese way of life I was about to experience. I didn't want to be an ugly American. My intentions were both forgettable and unforgettable.

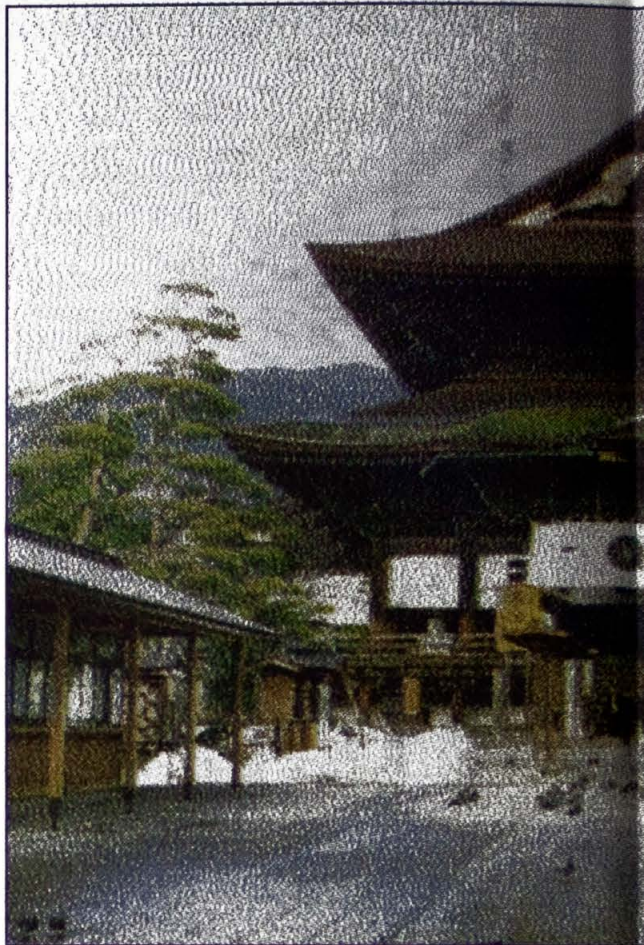
TOKYO

I arrived in Tokyo at night, was very disorientated with the time change and my new surroundings. What I saw on the bus ride to the hotel was different from what I was accustomed to, but nonetheless interesting. Every car was either a BMW or Mercedes, top of the line I might add. I saw no junky cars or anything made in the late 80's or early 90's for that matter. But the majority of the people in these cars were men. Everyone wore business suits and looked like they were on their way to an important function.

After arriving at the hotel and unpacking our things, we went out for dinner. The restaurant was filled with smoke and men. I and the three American women I was with were the only women in the restaurant. When we entered I felt like a million eyes were on me.

My first real taste of Japanese food was somewhat unsettling. I learned quickly that it was probably not going to suffice my appetite. My first and last attempt to taste fish and sushi was in Tokyo. I later had a friend send me \$145 worth of food from the U. S.

Tokyo itself was filled with bright lights and tall buildings. A Las Vegas of the Orient if you will. Bright, neon signs trying to outdo the one next to it. The majority of the signs I couldn't understand except for Pachinko, which is a Japanese gambling



After weeks of trying to assimilate into their culture and being rejected, time and time again, I was frustrated. I would say hello, speak slowly or innocently smile if I didn't understand, but that was not enough for the Japanese.

The worst experience I had was when we went out to dinner one night. In Japan there is a sign for no. It was either a small X with two fingers or the big X which is with the two forearms or the double X which is a few big X's in a row. This restaurant called Kahn's was rumored to have excellent food. We went in there one night and they gave us the big X, telling us they couldn't seat us. Usually restaurants would put us on a list but this one just said we couldn't sit in there and have dinner.

A few nights later we went back. Luckily there were many seats available and they seated us. We ordered a bottle of wine and looked at the menu. After about twenty minutes our waitress arrived and we placed our order. As we sat there and sipped our wine people gradually began filling up the tables. We ordered an appetizer that we still had not received after being there for close to 35 minutes. We asked the waitress where our food was and she just placed her pointer finger in the air. We waited and ordered another bottle of wine. After being there for almost an hour, we noticed that people who sat down after us were being served their meals which, incidentally, were identical to what we had ordered. (NOTE: in Japan, it is customary to serve food at different times so we knew the delay of service had nothing to do with the different preparation times for the food.)

After asking our waitress several times where our food was and on our third bottle of wine, we decided this was ridiculous. We were very polite to the waitress but a little impatient after



game.

After my night in Tokyo, it was onward to my residence for the next two months.

NAGANO

Nagano reminded me of a small ski town in Colorado. Not a big ski town like Aspen or Vail but something along the lines of Copper Mountain. The roads were extremely narrow. Supposedly, the reason for the streets being so narrow, compared to other cities in Japan, is because Nagano wasn't bombed during World War II.

Some of the cities outside Nagano were beautiful. One day we went to see the infamous snow monkeys which were amazing. There were hundreds of monkeys walking around in the area. They would sit in the hot baths and soak themselves. The hot bath that the monkeys use was once used by the public. After complaints of monkey doo-doo, the park decided to donate it to the monkeys.

Another day we went to a place an hour outside Nagano to snow mobile. The scenery was like going up to heaven. The mountains and the fresh snow was breathtaking. Words can't describe what I saw.

The Zenkoji Temple was another attraction in Nagano. CBS Olympic anchor, Jim Nance, did his interviews from the studio that CBS built on the sacred grounds of the temple. When we walked around the grounds of the temple, I saw a Buddhist ceremony. Each Buddha statue represented something else. There were a set of Buddhas, in the front of the entrance, that had red cloths draped around them. The red cloths represented women who had abortions. When abortions were illegal in the United States years ago many affluent people would go to Japan to have the procedure performed. I couldn't really get a feel for Buddhism but I do know that it is very sacred in Japan and practiced by most Japanese.

At first I was excited to interact with the people and learn about them but the first few days were very frustrating. Everyone walked around with such serious faces. Many people wouldn't look us in the face. Only the children seemed to smile. The majority of the people didn't seem to be friendly. They would check our passes into the International Broadcast Center (IBC) and not even look at us in the face.



the Olympics: Nagano



Thirty's. Those places were packed every night. Pink Elephant and Thirty's combined would equal the size of my studio apartment. They would get so packed that it was like a bunch of sardines dancing.

I guess they were good bars. We had a lot of great times and late nights but after the disc jockey played Macarena three times a night, we knew we weren't in the United States.

One night, in fact, it was the same night after our dinner experience, we went to a bar called Winds. It was kind of off the track but wasn't as crowded as the other bars.

At the Olympic games, or any other big media event, pin trading is very popular. The athletes usually had the best pins and those were obviously the hot commodity. I noticed these guys wearing USA jackets so I knew they were athletes. I was always designated to approach the prospect for the pin and then my friends would simply collect. I went up to these two guys and asked them for a pin. That was the usual drill. A lot of the time the athletes would talk back but these guys stared me right in the eye and said no. They were obviously from the United States. Eventually their table got bigger and we finally realized it was the US Hockey team.

Chicago Blackhawks Chris Chelios sat about 3 feet away from me and since I had the Chicago connection I thought I had an in. I was wrong. These guys were so self consumed it was unbelievable. Maybe I offended them because I didn't know who they were. Still, they weren't in Japan to be recognized. They were there to represent the United States.

After spending a few minutes talking with Chelios he asked about other places in Nagano. I mentioned the three places. Later that night we saw them heading over to the Pink Elephant.

A few nights later, Valentine's Day to be exact, we went to the Pink Elephant. The majority of the hockey team was hovering in a small corner with a crate of beer in front of them. They remembered who I was but the three highlights of that night were: meeting Jeremy Roenick (who, incidentally was the nicest one on the team); having the hockey team sign my USA Hockey Jersey I got that day as a birthday present, and watching Roenick dance on the stair case while my friend and I danced on chairs across from him.

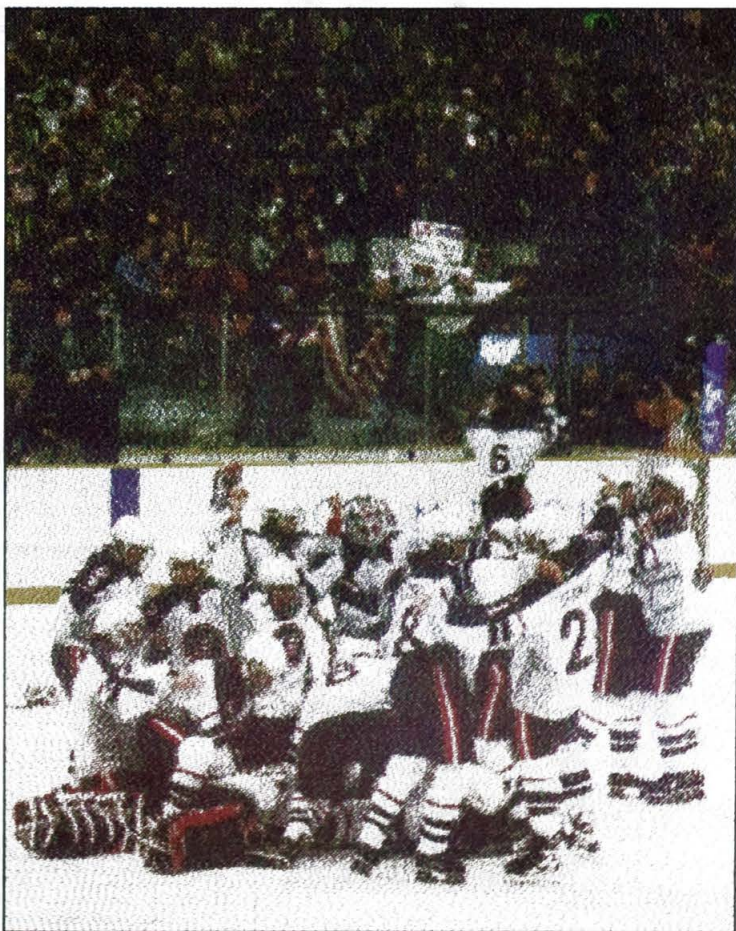
When I tell you there were three places to party in Nagano I am obviously telling the truth or why else would the USA Hockey Team be there?

OVERVIEW

Everyday was a good day. The people I met made it the best time of my life. The stupid things we did along with long hours of work made it worth all the while. The new and unfamiliar experiences I made it a truly wonderful learning experience. I met two people who will be a part of my life for what I hope is forever. We accumulated five and a half hours of video tape and 22 rolls of film. I know that we'll never be back in Japan together but the memories I have of these friends and experiences will never be replaced. The happy times, the long days, the stressful situations and the tears of joy were overshadowed by some of the bad experiences we went through.

Every experience that everyone has is different. Not everyone had the same experience that I had, but my experiences in Japan were mine. Sometimes even bad experiences come out good. They make you a stronger person and force you to look at things in a different light.

I had the best two months of my life in Japan and I wouldn't trade it for the world.



being there for close to two hours. Finally we wanted to leave when a table sat down an hour after us were served their drinks and meals. When we got up they laughed at us. They made sure though we paid our bill for the wine and that was it. No apology for the slow service, and for ignoring us, nothing. They didn't want to serve us because we were Americans.

I had never been discriminated against before, but what a lesson! It wasn't a pleasant lesson to learn but it was awakening to what so many people have felt for so many years and still feel today.

THE GAMES

The average ticket price for any big event was about \$500. CBS had seats to give out so we never had to buy tickets. I saw the opening ceremonies, women's and men's ice hockey matches. The best game was the women's ice hockey finals. I was very proud to be an American when they played the National Anthem. The women, I think, rightfully deserve a medal, unlike the men's hockey team who didn't seem like they care.

After seeing the USA men's hockey team lose to Canada was a blow to all the expectations of them winning a medal. But to see the Czech Republic win was great. They weren't expected to win. But with all the hard work and sportsmanship shown, they won the gold medal.

Many countries had designated houses for their teams. After the Czech Republic won we went to the Czech house. Everyone was so happy and they were chanting names of the players. There was free beer for everyone in celebration of their win.

THE RATINGS

The ratings were low but that wasn't all due to CBS. The time change made it very hard for the games to be aired live in the United States and by the next morning everyone knew the results.

Weather was uncontrollable and when events that were scheduled to be aired live were cancelled, it was not the fault of CBS. Critics blamed CBS for not putting something on the air, but there was nothing to air.

Toward the end, during the figure skating event, CBS gave the advertisers free air time when it knew they were losing money. This is natural because of the reasons mentioned above, yet critics were still very harsh on the amount of commercials aired.

In 2000 when the Olympics are in Australia many of the same problems that occurred in Japan will reoccur in Sydney. Not even money can control the weather or the time for that matter.

NIGHTLIFE

In Nagano there were only three places to go: Pink Elephant, Liberty's and



Students works displayed in "ARTWORK" showcase

Residence Community Council successful in its first attempt to raise money for Residence scholarship

By Simone Thiessen
Correspondent

Students and visitors came to the Columbia Residence Center on Feb. 28 to admire the various pieces in "ARTWORKS," the art show and silent auction sponsored by the Residence Community Council.

This is the first time RCC has attempted an event of this size and it was fairly successful by raising over a hundred dollars for the Residence Housing Scholarship.

The most popular pieces were black and white and color photographs, which were nestled comfortably among the sketches, chalk, fashion pieces and designs. After four months of planning and organizing, the RCC was proud to finally show off Columbia's talent.

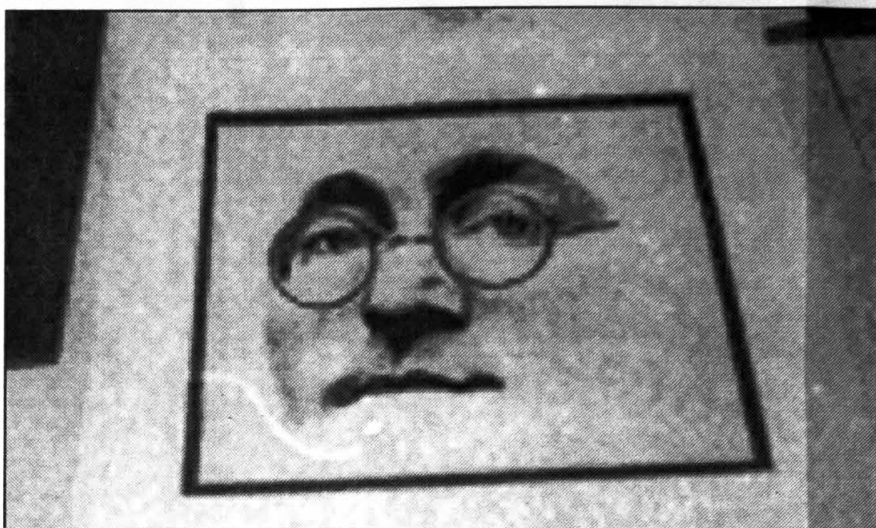
"ARTWORKS took a lot of effort to put together, but this event we were able to give student artists some exposure," said Emily, an RCC advisor.

Even Columbia College president, John B. Duff, stopped by to offer his bid on two photographs.

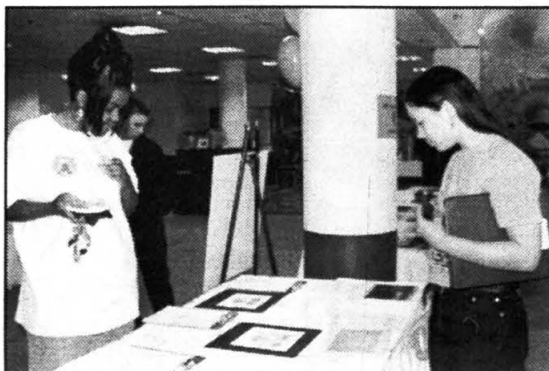
Jennifer Hight, a senior photography student, was among one of the entrants in show.

"I kind of wanted to see whether my work had any potential and to see what people thought of it," she said. "Plus some of the money goes to the scholarship fund, so it's a good cause."

RCC is hoping they can offer students the same kind of event next year, and take what they have learned to make it even more successful.



Photos by
Breanna
McLaughlin




ECO

THE ENVIRONMENTALISTS OF COLUMBIA ORGANIZATION

PRESENTS

Global Eye



AN EARTH DAY ART EXHIBITION
23 MARCH THROUGH 23 APRIL 1998

THE HOKIN IN-THE-WORKS GALLERY
623 S. WABASH CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

OPENING NIGHT
26 MARCH 1998 AT 6PM



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With Professor Baheej Khleif

Class meets on Thursdays at 3:30
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No Columbia Credit - No Exams

It's worth a shot...

*The immunization deadline
is APRIL 17, 1998*

*Students must be in full compliance by this
deadline.*

*Students must have the following documentation submitted to the
Records Office:*

- 1 tetanus diphteria (within last 10 years)*
- 2 measles shot (a primary and a secondary)*
- 1 dose of rubella*
- 1 dose mumps*

*Please note: a \$50.00 fine will be assessed each semester the student
does not comply with the state's law on immunization.*

*IMMUNIZATION DAYS ON CAMPUS will be
held:*

April 21, 1998 from 2:00-6:00

April 22, 1998 from 10:00-3:00

April 23, 1998 from 10:00 to 3:00

The Works

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A Special Literary Supplement from The Columbia Chronicle

March 16, 1998

Conclusion

Through a spiraling concussion
of blackberry night
The train explodes rock on its
hot rails White face suspended in a
fish bowl window

I simmer with goulsh eyes for
the station To breath its fallen
angels into my broken chest,

To end this selfish journey which
has become my soul,
To get the quick "once-over"
from god, and move on!

Life was of branches and fall-
time woods.

Sometimes you heard or felt
things moving out there.

Sometimes you slid your hand
along the membrane
and could sense its thinness.

I was a child scattering flocks of
reality and awareness
Who watched in broken hearted
loss as they all took wing

That time I took a husky walk
with you at dawn,
That was a good time

It really helped to make those
days into something
I don't know why.
I still don't know why.

Now I drink the liquor of an un-
opened present
The shell I have called false is to
be transcended

Revelation is knocking on an
iron door. This I keep telling
myself as the train roars on
and on ... and on ...

Careening blindly through stars
and cities.

-Matt Brookens

Until The End

Until the end, my love my friend,
We looked so right together, we
felt so right together,

We spelled TOGETHER.

Through the good and bad, I
remember when....

Through the happy and sad,
I remember when....

until the end: my love, my
friend.

- Diana Rose Smith

Shoplifting

Shoplifting is a
natural law of
physics balancing
the chemistry
make-up of a
successful capitalism.

-Matthew Heinz

The Works

This is our second in a continuing series of supplements featuring works from students and other individuals from the Columbia College community.

This supplement showcases works of fiction, poetry, personal essays and artwork.

We are proud that everyone featured in this supplement took time out to submit their work.

While we weren't able to include all of the submissions, additional opportunities for students and other individuals will be made available in the near future.

James Boozer
Special Sections Editor

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Faculty Adviser

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Natalie Battaglia

Special thanks to.....

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Columbia staff member

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James Mullane
Part-time instructor,
Liberal Education

Samira E. Robinson
Columbia Grad. student

Dee Dee Rose
Radio Broadcasting
Major

Ericka Sanchez
Columbia student

Thank you for
submitting your work
for this supplement

Lenguas y Cosas

I can speak any language that I want.

Don't talk to me about Ingles Sin barreras, or
your famous Follow Me.

Keep me away from your one sided ways of seeing things.

I speak Espanol porque even if I don't want to be my blood is also
de Espana.

English, I've spoken it before and I've heard it before.

Don't try and stop me from speaking what I want
I speak of the Indio of human sacrifices will come out of me.

-Ericka Sanchez

2 Days is a good thing

I will say good morning, good afternoon and yes even good night. I feel good about myself although everything is not right. And I refuse to let others make me have a bad day. I know misery loves company but today it will have to stay away.

I know I'm somebody special even though people fail to say it. And people take credit for my hand work instead of recognizing my efforts. But I won't complain because I've got to much on the ball to become caught up in pressures that could have my back against the wall.

What makes me think and feel this way? 'Cuz I woke up this morning.
So today is a good day.

I've got another chance to right the wrongs, improve upon the past, regroup and move on. I've got another day ahead that I've never seen. And I refuse to miss it up by being nasty or mean.

I will not let people get on my nerves or invade my space nor poison my mind with gossip they've heard all over the place. I'm checking into the Happy Inn for an extended stay. Escaping from the prison of other folks opinions. Today is a good day.

My words and actions will have meaning, purpose and power. I will positively fulfill every second, minute and hour. My patience and tolerance will increase. I absolutely refuse to allow anyone to disturb my peace.

Tomorrow isn't promised and yesterday is a fading memory. So I'll use every moment of today being the best person that I can be.

-Billy Montgomery

Prayers

*Prayers for the dead and dying for blue
flesh rotting and falling.*

*Prayers for the innocent and knowing for
growing embryos of thought.*

*Prayers of penetrating the womb, and
spilling virgin blood.*

Prayers against tomorrow and its truth.

*Escape into the prayers of purple, of alcohol nights, of
synthetic eyes and silent phone.*

Of nothing conversation, of god and sex and crack.

*Of who got who, who got what and
for how much each time.*

*White gods wants white prayers.
Black god gets black ones.
Gay god demands condom prayers.
Straight takes them straight.*

*The Touch-your-screen prayers of housewife in mid-
morning vodka-coffee.*

*Touch yourself prayers of Tommy peeping in on Suzie
Q's shower.*

*The Incense of Indian prayers of light in an Arabian
night.*

Hypnotic heartbeat prayers of abandoned amniotic.

*The Alone prayers to not be alone:
Prayers of god let me find you, or him, or her.*

*Green prayers for trees falling unheard.
Pumpkin prayers for the monsters let in at dark.
Rice prayers to god-America.*

*Marijuana prayers to Marilyn and Jim.
Threesome prayers of drunken nights in darkened
rooms.*

*Road prayers to holy Ginsberg and dead
Neal tracing a haunted map.*

*And my prayers? Burn them or ignore.
Prayers that call on another, that call on only me.*

*Prayers:
for my hair
for my body
for my mind.*

*Prayers for my lost soul,
broken idol, denied fire.
Prayers for my mother's tears
my sister's vomit.*

True prayers and lies.

*Prayers that are my litany, my hiding
place, my insanity.*

*Prayers to a god I hate, that
demolished me before I was born.*

*Prayers on a platter,
offered to a priest, a bearded madman,
to my father, my mother,
no one.*

-Sham Abu-Tayeh

In the first year of the plague

By James Mullane
(C) 1997 J. Mullane

"I'm going to put this device on your finger," he said. "It will 'beep' when your heart beats."

William Morrison nodded inside the oxygen mask that had just been wrapped around his faded blue face.

"Those beeps will start coming faster soon."

"Soon?" asked Morrison.

The lanky doctor glanced over Morrison's shoulder at a large circular clock on the wall. "Before five."

Morrison twisted on the end of the medical table where they had placed him only a moment ago and stared at the clock. It was twenty to five. With this slight twist of his body he also discovered that the entire emergency room was eyeing him.

"Another miscalculation," Morrison began once more to ponder the "mistake". The error had occurred days ago. "Was it three days ago or was it four?" he now wondered.

Maybe it was a week ago, nevertheless it was this momentarily case of ill judgment that he was here to rectify. He had to somehow erase the error from the blackboard before the consequences came.

There are always consequences. At thirty-four, Morrison was quite familiar with life's consequences, how unforgiving the mother earth can be.

Sitting now at the end of the medical table, his father's eternal phrase of reprimand returned, "Fantasies are fine Billy, but a fact is a rather stubborn thing."

"It's the flu," said the voice on the phone.

"I heard a slight cough while you were just speaking, Mr. Morrison."

The telephone conversation had taken place five days ago.

"I wish I could cough."

"But you did, Sir."

"Did you say that you were a doctor?" inquired Morrison feeling rather bewildered by the adamant turn in their discussion of his illness.

"I'm a diagnostic nurse."

"Well, nurse, I got this tightness in my chest and..."

"Just a moment," she interrupted him. Morrison could hear pages being turned on the other end of the phone line. The pages poured forward without a pause as if the work of a sudden breeze. "Shit, she's just a rd Morrison."

"Listen Mr. Morrison, take a couple Tylenol and get some rest. You'll be fine by the weekend."

"I want to see a physician," insisted Morrison. He didn't drive across town at three in the morning to be told to return to his medicine cabinet.

"Sir, we can't approve this hospital visit." Her tone had become intolerant. "Not for the flu. Please read the back of your H.M.O. card. You should have called us first before going to that hospital. That facility is not even on our list."

Morrison felt too weary to continue the debate. As he struggled back towards his car at the far end of he parking lot, he thought, "Now you must think like a lawyer to see a doctor." No doubt he should have stayed in law school like his father had advised.

In a world of unseen diagnostic nurses with thick research books, Morrison, a simple government bureaucrat, was at a definite disadvantage. These were his feelings as he drove down barren Lake Shore Drive towards, if not health, at least home.

Later that same morning after calling off work, Morrison began to cough. "So it is just the flu," he concluded contentedly. He settled into his bed with thoughts of a quick recovery and the coming weekend.

As the weekend wandered through his mind, he felt his healing had begun. How would he spend the weekend? No doubt he would spend it as he always did. Saturday afternoon he would see Mark for lunch. After lunch he would try to persuade him to come back to his place for a while.

Mark would probably decline, claiming his wife was expecting him back shortly. Sunday, Morrison would make a two hour drive north of the city to visit his father at the St. Gregory Nursing Home.

The long drive back to the city would be spent thinking of the next weekend with the regulation that it would be quite different.

"It will be just Mark and me."

"Soon you'll be put on a ventilator to assist your breathing." The M.D. had resumed a calm speaking voice. Moments earlier, when the chest X-rays had come ogy, the lanky young man in starched white began shouting orders.

In what seemed like the time of a single breath they had I-Vs dangling from both his arms. Clipboard in hand, the doctor raced down a long list of questions, to which Morrison jiggled his green oxygen mask.

"Can't I do without this clothespin squeezing my finger?"

Morrison's interrogator seemed displeased. He looked up from his clipboard with a chastising stare, Morrison got the message. He imagined it went something like this, "Fuck the finger pal, your whole ass is on the line now."

"Mr. Morrison, do you hear how fast those beeps are coming now?" He remembered now the physician's prediction. Without answering, Morrison looked at the wall clock. It was exactly five, the hour had ended as foreseen.

"Do you prefer Bill or is it William?"

"I prefer to breathe."

"We need for you to cough, Mr. Morrison." He handed Morrison a plastic cup. "Please make an effort to cough. We need to do a culture on it."

"It?" said Morrison.

"What's down there in your lungs, Mr. Morrison."

Morrison could not cough anything up. The doctor took the cup back from Morrison. He did not seem at all surprised at this failure. For Morrison however, it was a complete ambush. Suddenly he realized that he hadn't coughed for four days.

When the coughing stopped Morrison took it as a good omen. "Another error," now thought Morrison, "Must all that is significant slide by me so stealthily? Mark is right, I am too damn unobservant."

"If I adjust my thinking, if I try and relax a bit, will that slow these beeps?"

The young doctor shook his head.

"Your brain is commanding your heart to take up the slack caused by your lungs. I'm afraid the beeps will keep coming faster and soon a lot faster."

"But my heart, how long can..."

"That depends," interjected the doctor, "that depends upon the health of your heart."

There was really no reason for Morrison to follow the electronic beeps anymore. For now his shirt was as separate chest.

"All this over air," thought Morrison, "simple, cheap, everywhere air." He remembered the science of it all. It was the twenty percent that mattered here. And what was this stuff called oxygen? Fire starter? Rust maker? Breath of life? Dictator of decay? Yes, all this and more, much more. All this from the farts of trees?

Morrison made a promise to himself now. When he got out of the hospital he would sit all day under that willow tree in his backyard. He now sat on an iron bed. There was eight of them. The emergency room was no larger than a Burger King.

The sounds of various medical machines filled the air which was scented with some form of carbolic acid. Occasionally Morrison would hear a patient groan. But for a black foot which Morrison figured was female, he could not see the other patients.

He assumed the moaning was coming from the owner of the black foot. The walls were white, the curtains were white, the floor was white, the attire was white, and now Morrison himself was turning white.

"Are you married Bill?"

Morrison shook his oxygen mask back and forth.

"We need a number to call," said the Physician in an urgent voice.

Morrison didn't answer him. He was wondering what Mark was doing right now. "Any brothers? Sisters?"

"No."

"Bill, do you have any relatives in the Chicago area?"

Morrison shook his head. He wasn't going to let them disturb his father's diminished world. What could he do now? Hold his hand? Melt his aspirin in sugar? Tell one of his old Irish tales?

No, there could be no returning to all that. He was no longer a child and his father was

The Nature of Art

*There is an urgency to ant on a
peony, hairs for legs scrambling round
the bud little hairy legs ripping shred-
ding round and round some force
greater than its little ant self.*

*Its bulbous head rocking, rocking
back and forth rocking, rocking back
and rocking forth scratching and scis-
sors lips tearing, gnawing to get at it.*

*Diligence.
Diligence.*

*Diligence until there has to come
one final tear that makes the beauty
burst and we all go aaahhh.*

*Marvel at the miracle and bring the
flower to the dinner table. Evicted
ant down the drain nothing left to
cling to.*

-Mary Blinn

Latina Love

*Latina Heart - Latina bold
Beautiful, strong and proud Latina.*

*That is what I am. That is what is
within. Rage against injustice.
Blistered working hands.
Tired aching feet.*

*Bring home the totillas, bring home
the queso Rancherito.*

*Work all day after that man is gone
from this life.*

Take on day at a time mujer.

*The world wasn't built in a day,
and yet you try to rebuild it after you
come home to scattered and tattered
hogar.*

*Pick up, clean up, be strong, be
proud.*

*Speak your native tongue, feel the
cultura through your veins and se the
raices come out whenn you carry
your hopes and dreams wherever you
go.*

-Ericka Sanchez

Work



"Another Wolf at Amethystine's Door"

*Aluminum and linoleum solid objects
ice makers, crispers meats, veg,
glass ridges peanut butter tidal
emit steam a peaceful attri*

Box of Art

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Sarah McNabb 1998(C)

Angel on Earth

I feel like an Angel
with a purpose to unfold.
Riches and glory spring
forth from within me;
I am a wonder to behold.

He has set me on a path,
A journey we thought could
be fulfilled in the way that
I was born, Through the
way in which I live.

No other purpose I know
than to serve the Holy One
to count the cost, and
proclaim the message until
the new day dawns.

With every breath and every
heartbeat Eternal, abundant Life
flows through me Spirit of
Love - Mind of Wisdom,
My life is centered in Thee.

The great Wayshower, my
Savior, touched me that I
may know, Empowered me
that I may show others that
straight path and narrow gate.

Angel on earth, liberated
washed of sin, Able now to
approach Him, Free to begin life
anew in Him; to live in
that Kingdom, to know
that it is within.

Oh, Angel that I am;
a miracle of Him in His
image, in His likeness,
Happy to be a part of Him.

In silence or in laughter,
experiencing joy or pain
A meek expression of
His greatness, An
ambassador just the
same, Living always to
bring glory to His Name.

-Samira E. Robinson

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Somebody's Kitchen

acts in solitude speaking alone awaiting the relatives of their molders and shapers
vegetables, butter and cream cheese air tight month old tin jar caps squeeze
al waves and a tear drop of milk sit and wait while outside mashed potatoes
tribute violent in the possession of man things can break people could
acquire bruises or even open wounds.

-Matthew Heinz

It's your thang..... Do what you wanna do.

By Samira E. Robinson

You do not have to be James Bond to live an adventurous life, or Mother Teresa to have a personal mission in life. We can all live meaningful lives, and they can be fun. It's up to us.

Often times we go to school, then acquire jobs that are just that, "jobs." Some of us are lucky enough to get jobs that we like and enjoy doing. We get to be creative. We get to travel. We get new assignments each week. We meet new people.

We make the money we desire. Or perhaps if that is not your ideal, you do whatever it is you prefer, like teaching kids, nursing sick people back to health, defending the disadvantaged or falsely accused, helping someone find a job or house, delivering packages, driving people around the city, or perhaps flying people to their destinations. There are thousands of jobs in the world. But what makes you happy?

What makes us happy doesn't have to make our friends and family happy. It doesn't have to pay a lot of money. It doesn't have to make us famous. It doesn't have to be popular. It only has to be you. It should be fun to you. It should reflect your personal mission in life.

Do you want to save lives? Help people save money? Show people how to communicate with one another better? Just those three goals could potentially produce dozens of jobs whether they be in the medical field, ministry, public relations, social service, law, or education.

Our main job in life is to find what our purpose is, and then to find a way to live out that purpose or express that purpose through work.

You are responsible for your own destiny. Sometimes odds are stacked against you, and sometimes you may have to fight your own internal demons, but at some point you will have to practice self-determination (not self-preservation) and move forward in life with a vision and personal mission for your life. You can do it.

Release your fears and embrace your dreams and aspirations. You say, where to start, how do I know my purpose? You set yourself on a path in search of light and elucidation. In doing so, you find that discovering your purpose is not easy. It demands self-examination and spiritual work. It requires listening within.

I have found that we get through the searching and seeking part when we realize that learning lessons is part of life. The seeking, revelations, trials, pain, and joys are necessary for self-discovery and self-actualization. Purpose and personal missions unfold, like a baby chick hatching from an egg.

It takes time and some pecking around to reach our goal. Glory develops slowly like the bright yellow sun rising over the horizon. Enjoy the "meantime" until the chick is hatched and the sun rises in the sky. In time the job, task, business, duty and mission will become clear.

And when we arrive at the place of purpose we find that it's a beautiful thing.

Your personal mission will unfold if you seek it. Look at your life, no matter how young or old, and see the patterns, the challenges, the things that make your eye twinkle, heart feel lighter, and that make you smile and feel good in a way that goes beyond self-gratification.

Look at the things that spark passion in you, compel you to act, or give you a sense of fulfillment. Notice what you do that really excites someone else, eases their pain, makes them laugh, or affects them in a positive way. As you start to pay attention to your feelings about things, and the impact you have around you, you get closer to knowing your mission in life.

The unfolding of your mission and purpose is an adventurous experience. Like James Bond we can come across the unexpected and sometimes threatening. Like Mother Teresa we can encounter that which is unnoticed by most but what we deem valuable. Whether or not we find our true purpose is up to us.

Others will come along to show us signs, inspire us, and help us fulfill our "callings." But ultimately it is up to us to do it. After all, it is our life. We hold the key to deciphering its mysteries and unlocking its doors of opportunities. Happy unfolding!

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A love story and the Beast

By Kate Meehan

The beast lives here. He wars bells on his ankles and pretends. He pretends to be a woman, pretends to know me.

At a young age I met this beast. I have grown into him like second-hand clothes. When we met I smiled in greeting. He pulled my heart out of my chest. He pulled it right out and picked his teeth with it. He picked his teeth and then he spat. I look at this mess on the ground and said "that is my heart." I picked it up and slipped it into my pocket.

The beast followed me home and he was there when I found I had washed my pants with the heart still hidden inside the pockets. The red mass of it clung to the side of the cool white machine. It hung there for a moment and then fell with a splat that echoed.

The beast laughed at the demise of my organ. He laughed as he said "I hope you won't be needing that." I shrugged my shoulders. I supposed I didn't. The beast lived under my bed for quite some time. As I grew older I would awake to find he had slipped between the sheets while my eyes were closed for sleep.

He made love to me in this comatose state. I hated him for this but still I let him sleep inside my head. He slept there even when I had

company. He sat silently watching as I slept with strangers. And after they succumbed to sleep, he took his turn with things.

The beast became a welcome friend as we laughed at jokes the others couldn't see. He followed me to where I would go and I laughed as he tried to seduce the farm boys as they spewed knowledge over a double over a double shot latte. It never worked, for the beast was clumsy in his approach.

I showed him. I showed him like an executioner who knows everything through his mask. The beast was not amused at this. He wanted to keep me to himself. One day the beast slept in. He was hung over and in his sleep I snuck out to meet a stranger. The stranger grabbed from my heart but it was not there. And I laughed.

I laughed because I was empty and I love the beast. I laughed because the beast had used me up and destroyed my heart to keep me and so it must be love. Belonged and still the stranger lingered on. He confided in me that the beast had missed a spot that he could surely find.

I shrugged and said okay, fully knowing that the beast would think it wasn't. When I came home the beast was still asleep and so I slipped

between the sheets to pretend I'd been there all along.

He woke up and smelled the stranger and I'm sure he was upset but he made love to me anyway until I fell asleep. When I awoke I found the beast was gone and he had stolen my right arm. He left no apology. So I untangled myself from the bed and made myself a left-handed coffee. I inhaled my cigarette like an antidote and pretended it was okay. It wasn't.

Some time later I ran into the stranger. He could not remember my name. I asked him if he would like to share a coffee or a tea and he declined politely and explained he would love to but his beast would not allow it. I said okay and he left.

As he turned away I noticed a red mess on the ground and said "that must be his heart."

I picked it up and swallowed it because I figured his was as good as any. I had only gone a few steps before I began to choke. I coughed and spat. His heart didn't fit.

That night I waited for the beast to come back. I waited with the sheets wide open. I waited for a long time. He didn't come. And to myself I said that was okay. I said it twice but then I knew for sure it wasn't.

I thought of
you today

I thought of you today,
the nice walks we had,
the good talks we shared.

I thought of you today
and it made me smile.

I thought of you today, and it
just didn't seem as though
so much time had past.
I thought of you today
and it made me smile.

I thought of you today, and it
made me realize how precious
close relationships and fond
memories are.

I thought of you today and
it made me smile.

-DecDec Rose

Taking household measurements

In one two hundred and ninety-nine million seven hundred and ninety-two thousand four hundred and fifty eighths of a second light in a vacuum travels the distance of one meter.

(The metric system in its essence)

I'm afraid there are still a few tiny fragments of glass in my rug. Next time I might use a candle.

-Matthew Heniz

PHONE

We knew we had to arrive at the park by 3:30. That's why it wasn't such a good idea to stay in bed this morning. At 9:30, she rolled over and kneed me in the balls. I screamed and she apologized. "I'm sorry," she said.

All morning we laid in bed. All morning I tried to get laid. She would start to work up a sweat, but then something would happen. The first thing was the telephone. That's what it was, the goddamned telephone. That's what ruined it. It set the tone for the whole morning.

It's my mother. When I told her, she got nervous. "Why would she call you now?"

I rubbed her thigh, but she would have none of it. I think I put on a condom around 11:00 and she started crying. Her brother's little league game started soon and was a half hour drive. My fingers are inside her lunchtime. We had plans to go out to eat, but we admitted that probably wouldn't happen, because we were having sex. See?

She tells me about how evil my eyes look sometimes and how when I'm on top of her, she imagines herself being ripped apart by animals. I remove my hand from her crotch and didn't make a move, but she does.

I just stare in her eyes and by 2:30, I'm set in my staring and I'm comfortable. She gets dressed to take a shower, but I ask her to stay just five minutes more.

Nope.

I lay naked in the bed listening to the shower running, until she returned. "Shouldn't you get dressed?" I lay still for a moment and then decided to get up and get dressed. She is watching me, but turns to check her wallet and phones her father.

We get out by 3:15 and she is angry. Let me tell you, every word out of her mouth is venom. She wants to know why I stayed in bed so long and she asks me again. "Why would she call you this morning?"

"My father is dead," I replied. Now just between you and me, I haven't seen my dad in nine years. He kicked me out of the house and I never forgave him for that. He has been sick for the last seven. My mother hated him too.

But I don't tell her this. I revel in the horror on her face. She is shocked. It's the most I have been able to rile her this morning that's for sure.

I can't wait for the agme tonight. I can't wait to shake her dad's hand. I hope he can appreciate me and all I'm doing to survive.

-Scott Byrnside

Plague

Continued from page 3G

no longer quite cognitive. No, there was no reason to contact his dad. He would merely ask in his frail Irish brogue, "Bill who? Do I know him?"

The doctor persisted. "Well, Bill we need to contact someone."

"Why," snapped Morrison, "just because of that beeping? ... that damn beeping toy of yours?"

Another doctor now advanced toward them. Steel rimmed glasses from the end of his nose. He had a gray face and a few silver hairs to match. He looked rather elderly for an emergency room doctor.

He had lifeless eyes. But there was a knowing look in those fish eyes. As his gaze fell directly upon Morrison it seemed to proclaim, "Well, here we go again."

He did not start by introducing himself. He began with this, "Do you know if you have AIDS, Mr. Morrison?"

"No, I don't have that."

"Pneumonia in a man your age is rare, except in the case of AIDS."

"I don't have AIDS."

"I must now ask you some rather personal questions, Mr. Morrison."

"Yes, you've already begun that, haven't you?"

"Are you a homosexual?"

"No."

"Are you an IV drug user?"

"No."

"Do you visit prostitutes?"

"No."

"Have you had more than five sexual partners in the past year?"

"No," answered Morrison thinking "Is everybody else counting?"

"Sexual partners?" thought Morrison. "Must be a medical expression."

He never thought of Mark as a "sexual partner". He was his lover, his remaining argument for life. Mark was married and had a small daughter. Thus, there could be no notifying him either. Morrison continued to reflect on it all.

When did life cease being simple? It seems we all now insist on living more than one life. Was Mark going to leave his wife and daughter to come here? to come here to hold his hand? to come here just because they were in the habit of making love. Wouldn't Mark respond like his father? "Bill who? Do I know him?"

The old doctor's accusing tone stunned Morrison. He now realized that all of them, all who had touched him, wore plastic gloves. He was a leper to them all.

Having completed the interrogation, the cold, omniscient eyes grew friendly. "I'm Dr. Jacobs. This is my department." His inquisitor now spoke very slow as if to a toddler or an imbecile. "I'm going to put this tube down your nose and into your chest. It will make you uncomfortable but only for a moment."

"Uncomfortable?" replied Morrison. He turned to the other doctor with the thought, "Your boss is rather modest in his choice of words." Morrison did not see how that thick rubber tube would make it through his nose. "I want ten more minutes," demanded Morrison "Just wait ten minutes for the beeps to slow down."

Although the plea was not directed at Dr. Jacobs, he replied, "In ten minutes there will be no beeps." Morrison looked with questioning eyes at the younger doctor.

"Dr. Jacobs is right, Bill. I'm afraid the time has come to connect you to the ventilator."

Here at last, the question that was plaguing him since the ambulance ride emerged, "Am I going to live?"

"Not without the ventilator," answered the young doctor. "tilator?" The young doctor nodded. But then Dr. Jacobs added, "Perhaps."

Morrison was now pressing the green oxygen mask against his face with both hands. He could hear his father saying again, "...but a fact is a rather stubborn thing." The beeps were soon slowing down.

Morrison now realized that this wasn't cause to rejoice. His heart had simply had enough, calling it quits. It was pulling out of the race. "Call I.C.U." said Dr. Jacobs to a nurse who apparently was waiting for just this order. "Tell them, he is on the way up." He then told another nurse, "Here you better grease this nasal tube."

Morrison watched carefully as two orderlies came toward him. They encircled him and then each one took an arm and pulled it back. Dr. Jacobs stepped forward and uncoiled the now greased device. Morrison stared incredulously at the rubber tube feeling certain this task was going to require a bit of magic.

"Hold him still!" commanded Dr. Jacobs.

Morrison began gasping for air the moment Dr. Jacobs pulled off his oxygen mask. As the doctor shoved the tube through his nose, Morrison could not help but moan. Soon his bluish face was covered with tears.

Trying his utmost to ignore the pain he found he could not. It had his undivided attention. It commanded his recognition.

"See," said Dr. Jacobs with the oxygen mask still in his hand, "That wasn't so bad." With the greased tube now pressing against his vocal cords, Morrison no longer had the power of speech, but it was clear to all that his frantic eyes pleaded for air. The orderlies were still waiting for the doctor's signal to release Morrison's arms.

Just as Morrison began to try and free his arms force-

fully the lanky doctor leaned in between the two men and snatched the oxygen mask out of Dr. Jacobs' hand and replaced it on Morrison's face.

Dr. Jacobs motioned the orderlies away. "Now the patient knows how bad it is. Sometimes words are just not enough to convey the urgency at hand."

The last beep sounded as the doctor removed the monitoring device from Morrison's finger tip.

"Take him up to intensive care. They're expecting him," said Dr. Jacobs to a heavy set

Mexican woman who seemed to appear from nowhere. She pushed Morrison in a wheel chair down a long bright corridor toward a bank of elevators. As they waited for the car, the Mexican nurse leaned over and said rather cheerfully,

"Hey, don't worry Señor. It's just a bad cold."

Someone could be heard running down the long hall which they had just traveled. Morrison looked up and there was the young doctor. "Bill, will you please give me a number to call?" He handed Morrison a pen and his clipboard to write on. "Give me someone's number."

His hand was trembling fiercely as he wrote Mark's work number.

"Bill, you just waited too long," sighed the doctor.

"Yes, thought Morrison, "Why did they wait so long to inform us of the plague?"

"Bill, it's in both lungs all the way down."

"He'll ride it out," insisted the nurse as he patted Morrison on the back.

"Was it already in Mark too?" thought Morrison. "Will I cause his death as well?"

The elevator doors slid open. The nurse pushed Mhe doors closed his guide spoke again, "Pay that man no mind. You just ride it out. Could be just the flu."

Here the chilling thought occurred that he was undoubtedly Mark's victim.

The elevator rose quickly. To Morrison, it moved upward like a missile. The roof was quietly cleared. He soared into the darkness. In the distance Morrison thought he could hear his father asking, "Cold, Bill?" But the words were actually quite different and came from elsewhere.

The nurse shouted out again, "Code Blue!"

His eyes seemed frozen on a distant object. The nurse twisted the oxygen valve wide open and began ripping his shirt off.

Again she yelled "Cold Blue!" while the elevator continued its ascent.

When the doors of the elevator finally slid open there stood a toothless man with a mop in his hands waiting to go down.

The End

Coming in two weeks.....

Spring Break '98

A Special Supplement from The Columbia Chronicle

**Your unofficial
Chronicle guide
to Spring Break
events across
the nation and
around the
world**



Penis Jewelry and Bondage at the Exit

By Kat Zeman
Staff Writer

Welcome to the dark side. You have just entered the dark recesses of your primal unconscious and now you're going to pay for all the naughty things you've done. There's only one way out. There's only one solution to your obsession. There's only one EXIT.

The EXIT, a punk/industrial nightclub located at 1315 W. North Avenue, holds the original "BONDAGE-A-GO-GO" night every first and third Thursday of the month. The gates of darkness opens at 10 p.m. and stays open till 4 a.m. It's a spiritually alive atmosphere where you can chain yourself to the bar, dance your little rotten heart out, and even do some bondage shopping. Don't be afraid. Spanking is optional. "It's a lot of beautiful people in a discreet environment with great music and everyone is out to have a good time," said Mistress Dominatrix Carolyn who will keep you in line. "There's nobody hassling each other, it's pretty open and you can be what you want to be."

So, free yourself from restraints and crawl out of your skin for awhile. Forget about "Melrose Place" and that 90210 gang. It's time to try something a little different. EXIT from your boring routine—and be punished. You've been bad and you deserve it. EXIT to the apocalypse and bring your toys to "BONDAGE-A-GO-GO"

night. "Oh, it's total fun. You can come and watch, have fun or participate. It's all based on what you want to do," said Kymber Marine, Exit's cocktail Mistress of the night. "It's fun in a different realm."

EXIT's downstairs, a relaxing room, is rectangular with a long bar at its left side (Chris will chain you to the bar at no additional cost) and above the bar linger dozens of lacy bras in various sizes. Fetish videos, that would shock even Larry Flint play on the television screens all night long. The lighting is dim (courtesy to vampire customers) and a couple of renaissance chandeliers with candles hang from the ceiling. Handcuffed couples sit on motorcycles that have been nailed down to the ground and sip their vitae of choice. The Sex Pistols blare from the jukebox, a pool table and arcade games lurk in the shadows of the back of the bar.

On this particular night, the upstairs portion is transformed into an open dungeon. The first thing your eyes register are the hundreds of candles lit all around the room and the tables with erotic bondage equipment such as cock rings, whips, chains and alternative jewelry for sale. One table belongs to the designer Venus. The beautiful dragons, crosses, anchs and other jewelry are one of a kind and all of them are custom made. The other table belongs to Black Market Chicago, a store located at 1116 N. Milwaukee Ave, which specializes in bondage gear, accessories and gothic clothing. Black Market Chicago

sponsors EXIT's bondage night.

"A lot of people I think have fantasies about this kind of thing and they don't want to talk about it but when they come to EXIT and see BONDAGE-A-GO-GO it makes them feel more comfortable," said Monica Lawson, owner of Black Market Chicago. "It tells people who ordinarily wouldn't be into this type of activity that hey, it's cool, and you can keep your pants on."

Once you get past the tables you will be engulfed by a caged dance floor. This is where you see beautiful Mistress Carolyn strutting around with a whip, always ready to inflict torture upon request. In the booth, Chicago DJ Billy Seagrave spins hardcore industrial music that truly brings out the beast within and makes you want to cut loose. In the middle of the floor stands a rack that you can be tied to and if that's not kinky enough you can be chained to the fence like one of the new bondage regulars who calls himself "Count Harold III." With wax pouring down his naked back he manages to say "I feel refreshed. It was therapeutic in a strange sort of way. I really needed that."

Now, you may think that there are nothing but freaks here. However, that is not true. Gentlemen in suits and ties and ladies in cocktail dresses also venture into this plethora of bondage madness. Unusual? Yes, but it's worth it. So, the next time you feel a little adventurous indulge yourself and visit EXIT. It's the only way out.

Columbia's Calender of Events for the Week of March 16:

Thru April 9:

Weisman Scholar's Exhibit: works by students who were recipients of the 1997 grants from the Al Weisman Fund for the Advancement of Communications Education.

Columbia College Hokin Gallery, 623 S. Wabash. 9:00 a.m. to 7:00 p.m. Monday-Thursday and 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. on Friday. Appointments are available for Saturday.

Thru June 19:

Dard Hunter and the Art of the Handmade Book celebrates the book and paper arts revival of the early twentieth century.

Columbia College Chicago Center for Book & Paper Arts, 218 S. Wabash, 7th floor. 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. Weekdays and 1:00 p.m. to 4:00 p.m. on Saturdays.

March 19:

Author/photographer Lauren Greenfield will present a lecture entitled, Growing Up in the Shadow of Hollywood.

Columbia College Museum of Contemporary Photography, 2nd floor, 600 S. Michigan. 6:30 p.m.

March 19-March 29:

The comedy The Lucky Spot by Beth Henley, is set in a 1934 refurbished dance hall against a backdrop of the Depression. Seven misfits try to find their place in the world, looking for love, family and a small dose of good luck.

Columbia College Getz Theater, 72 East 11th Street. Times vary call 312-344-6126 for more information.

March 20:

Sponsored by the Interdisciplinary Arts department of Columbia, Colorado-based composer Stephen Scott and his Bowled Piano Ensemble will present the

Chicago premiere of Scott's hour-long composition Vikings of the Sunrise, a work that is subtitled Fantasy on the Polynesian Star Path Navigators.

The ten-member ensemble plays the entire work on the interior of a grand piano.
Harold Washington Library Auditorium, 400 S. State Street. 8:00 p.m.

Get it early..

Steps to the early registration process

The early registration procedure will conclude with a mandatory visit to the Bursar's office, suite 601, 600 S. Michigan.

All students who EARLY REGISTER will have until June 4, 1998 to sign their contract.

ATTENTION ALL STUDENTS

If your contract is not signed by the June 4, 1998 deadline, your classes will be voided and you will have to attend arena registration in September.

'Lebowski' is Big on Laughs; Small on Plot, Characterizations

By Wilfred Brandt
Staff Writer

I could not wait to see "The Big Lebowski." I've been a Coen brothers fan since "Raising Arizona"; and "Fargo" was hands down as one of my favorite films of 1996. A co-worker of mine had seen a sneak preview a while back, and as the release date approached I kept wondering why his only response to my excitement over the new movie was an unenthusiastic "Yeah... it's pretty good." Now I know. For all its big laughs, wonderful cinematography and great cast, "The Big Lebowski" is nothing to get all that excited about. A colorful, entertaining film, it unfortunately suffers from some major flaws. Most of them were found in the writing.

Jeff Bridges plays a burnt out sixties radical named Jeff Lebowski (or "the Dude" as he calls himself). The Dude's daily activities consists of smoking marijuana and going bowling, and he aspires to little else. Set during the Gulf War in 1990, the film's action hinges on a case of mistaken identity in which the Dude is accosted in his home by a pair of thugs looking for another, much wealthier Jeff Lebowski who owes them money. Without batting an eyelid, the Dude lets the incident blow over, until his friend Walter (John Goodman, as a short fused Vietnam vet) persuades him otherwise. From here the movie takes off, as the Dude encounters a cast of characters more outlandish than any Warner Brothers' cartoon, each twisting the plot in another direction, until there's no idea where the film's headed. This would all be fine if it all worked out in the end. The problem is, it doesn't.

Several of the Coen brothers' best touches are present in "The Big Lebowski" though. The cinematography is fantastic. The cast makes great use of the material (especially John Goodman and Julianne Moore). The soundtrack is wonderful, and many of the bowling sequences are quite hilarious. The only thing missing from the mix is the wonderful writing. It seems like this time, the duo got so caught up in being wacky and cute, they forgot all



Jeff Bridges (right) plays 'The Dude' and John Goodman plays a short-fused Vietnam vet in 'The Big Lebowski.'

about the subtlety that made some of their other films so endearing. The characters all seem a bit stereotyped. Walter never shows himself to be anything other than a s the quick tempered, aggressive Vietnam vet. Especially disheartening is the characters' nonchalant attitude when personal tragedy strikes near the end of the film. At first, they seem genuinely upset, but within minutes they resume their petty bickering and go back to bowling, showing a genuine lack of emotion. How are we, the audience, suppose to care about characters who don't care about each other?

Beyond that, the plot has its share of problems. It's believable at first, but as time wears on, the suspension of disbelief grows less and less. The Dude reacts with stoned deadpan to all the unbelievable people and places he encounters, and before long, that's the same reaction I

had; no longer shocked or amazed into hysterics, simply shrugging to myself, thinking "What's next?". After rambling on, with one wacky excursion after another, the Dude suddenly solves the mystery of "The Big Lebowski", and with an hour and a half of rising tension, quickly explains the still shaky plot to Walter. But it doesn't end there. The film continues, adding more, tacking on, convoluted plot twists to confuse the audience. Then, just prior to the credits, an ominous man-in-a-cowboy-hat-seen-earlier-in-the-film-giving-the-Dude-a-few-words-of-wisdom appears to give some brief narration, attempting to wrap up and apologize for the remaining loose ends. Still, when I left the movie theater, there were several plot developments which were not explained or resolved. Now I don't mind leaving a movie theater confused. I don't mind films that don't give a closure. But as the Coen brothers have set this film up as a detective story, I have to ask: how interesting can a detective story be where the private eye never solves the mystery? Or never really seems to care about solving it? Interesting in theory, this idea proves a bit tiresome on film.

With the many problems I had though with the film, I do have to say I enjoyed it. My teeth were gritting and my eyes were rolling near the end, but much of the first half of the film had me on the floor laughing. The true heart of this film lies in the bowling alley where the Dude, Walter and their friend Danny (Steve Buscemi) compete. This is where the most genuine scene and funniest bits are found. In fact, I would argue that these scenes (the last in particular) are the only time the Coen brothers show a real affection for the characters in "The Big Lebowski", good for a few laughs and plenty of eyecandy, "The Big Lebowski" is worth watching. But for monetary value, I'd say wait for video.

LOOK WHO'S STALKING

'Love and Death on Long Island' is Unique, Inventive and Refreshing

By Wilfred Brandt
Staff Writer

With little hubbub surrounding its release, "Love and Death on Long Island" opened Friday, March 13. Hardly knowing anything about the film before the screening, I was pleasantly surprised. Starring Jason Priestley and John Hurt, the film focuses on two vastly different worlds: teen pop culture and highbrow academia. Delivering great performances and writing from an eye opening perspective, "Long Island" is one of the most intriguing and thought provoking films I've seen in quite some time.

One could classify "Love and Death" as a dry comedy, considering that many audience members seemed unsure whether or not to laugh throughout. I have to admit I was a bit puzzled at times. John Hurt stars as Giles De'Ath, a world renowned writer and scholar, notorious for his seclusion. One afternoon, he accidentally locks his keys inside his flat, and has to wait for his landlady to return home. As it begins to rain, De'Ath decides to go to the movies, but mistakenly stumbles into a sophomoric booby flick entitled "Hotpants College 2". Disgusted by the film, he nevertheless stays through after he becomes engrossed by one of the minor characters played by actor Ronnie Bostock (Jason Priestley). Subsequently De'Ath, a widow of some short time, becomes infatuated with the teen heart throb. The film follows De'Ath's obsession, as he becomes more and more engrossed in learning every detail of the young actor's life. Eventually, he even goes so far as to put aside his work, and journey to Ronnie Bostock's hometown on Long Island where he stalks and finally befriends his idol.

"Love and Death" is not only an interesting concept but quite hilarious at times. De'Ath's obsession with the teenie bop movie star is similar to any twelve year old girl's obsession with the newest heartthrob. He rents all Ronnie's movies, buys every magazine containing an interview, clips photographs of him, even emulates his idol-eating Ronnie's favorite food, smoking Chesterton cigarettes because that's the name of Ronnie's hometown, etc. However, director Richard Kwietniowski never portrays any of this as straight forward comedy. Instead, the whole film treats the main character's irrational obsession as dramatic and heartfelt, at times giving the narrative a rather creepy feel. Still, the absurdness of the situation had me cracking up throughout.

Furthermore, the acting by both Jason Priestley

and John Hurt is great. Hurt does well as the stuffy, upper-class British intellectual. And obviously, Priestley fits his role perfectly, due to his fame as a teenage hunk on "Beverly Hills 90210." He plays his character with believability and subtlety, sporting exaggerated sideburns and just enough self-consciousness to pull it off.

My only complaint about the movie would be that it seemed like a bit of a one trick pony. The main focus is the extent to which people can become fixated on personalities in the entertainment industry. Some other topics are touched upon. De'Ath's introduction into the technological age is brought up, when he buys a television, VCR and obtains a membership at his local video store. Also

touched upon is the idea of analytical study of popular entertainment, as De'Ath attempts to lecture on Ronnie Bostock's work to his peers. Present too is the clash between high brow and low brow cultures, and Britain versus the U.S. But none of these ideas are fully developed within the film. Nonetheless, the concept is interesting enough to establish itself as an extremely entertaining feature. It's a unique idea, presented in an uncompromising fashion, (something that seems rather rare these days in films). I'm willing to pay the full price to see it again. What a pleasant surprise!



John Hurt (left) plays Giles De'Ath, a man obsessed with teen idol Ronnie Bostock (Jason Priestley) in 'Love and Death on Long Island.'

'The Fugitive' beats down 'U.S. Marshals'

By Sandy Campbell
Film Correspondent

This past week Dr. Sam Shepard, the real "fugitive" on whom the TV show "The Fugitive" was based, was finally cleared of killing his wife. Also this past week the supposed sequel to "The Fugitive" movie, "U.S. Marshals," starring Tommy Lee Jones, has hit screens like a TV show that just happens to be playing on the big screen.

Is this movie a sequel, or something brand-new with reminiscences that is supposed to give Jones' Fugitive co-workers more screentime, and have them catch another innocent/guilty party? To me it seems like nothing more than a cop show enlarged for theatre format. When "U.S. Marshals" hits video, the result could seem like Nash Bridges without Don Johnson or Cheech Marin.

If this movie is a sequel, it should have studied the elements from the first film carefully and used them more inventively without retreading familiar pathways. Instead, the film lazily copies the older plot devices in order to pass itself off as a sequel.

Here is a step-by-step program on how "U.S. Marshals" could have gotten it right.

1) Bring in the Ford! I know it would be silly to have Jones chase Ford throughout Chicago once again, but without Ford something is missing. He could have been brought in because he believes that the man on the run is innocent, and to prove his point, is once again a prickly thorn in Jones' side.

Jones could once again grow skeptical of Ford, and maybe they could get into a fist fight over the criminal.

Jones seems to miss his antagonist; he sleepwalks through the performance that won him an Oscar. It is obvious that he doesn't care about being in this film, and his lovable, gruff crankiness only glimmers in moments. He misses Harrison, and so do we. The man didn't win a People's Choice Award for nothing.

2) Take advantage of Chicago! Chicago is a great locale for any movie, but in this film it could be any old city like New York, which also makes an appearance in this film. And the bad thing is that both cities could be substitutes for each other, and nobody would notice any difference. "The Fugitive" took full advantage of Chi-town, making it an equal character with Ford or Jones. In one of the best scenes Jones chases Ford into the middle of the annual St. Patrick's Day parade in the North Loop. This brings me to my next point: "Who in the Sam Hill" (to use one of my grandfather's favorite expressions) is Stuart Baird? Yes, he is the director of "U.S. Marshals," but I don't know who he is. He seems just to be a decent TV cop show director. If Andy Davis was busy, why didn't the studio hire George Tillmann, Theodore Witcher or even John McNaughton? Any of these three Chicago directors (and Columbia alumni) would have made this film feel like it belonged in Chicago once again.

3) The movie also fails in what it promised to give us more of: Tommy Lee's motley crew of co-workers tossing back and forth wise-ass comments and work banter. The co-workers get more screentime in this version, but the peppy banter doesn't follow them. Instead, Joe Pantoliano as Cosmo Renfro (the chatty guy in "The Fugitive" who gets knocked out by a steel beam) gets all the lines as if he were the only interesting marshal. When Daniel Roebuck (Biggs: the mustached, dough-faced detective-type, and a wonderful wise-acre in "The Fugitive") tries to speak here, words come

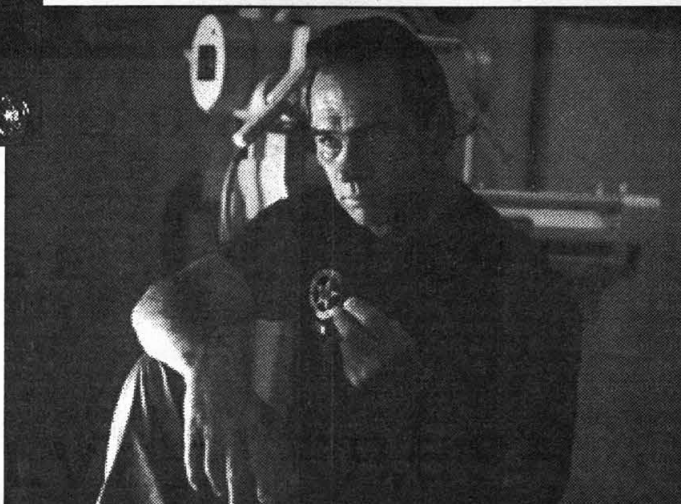
out of Pantoliano's mouth instead. LaTanya Williams as the silent black lady is still silent and still black. Tom Wood (Newman) has lost his black trenchcoat, ponytail, and the air of coolness he brought to the first movie. In U.S. Marshals, his mysterious attire is replaced with dorky sports t-shirts left over from the set of Boogie Nights and boring old pants. In this movie, Wood is forced to act like his name so he can eventually be killed off. "U.S. Marshals" also takes some of the air of mystery out of Jones' character by giving him a boss (Kate Nelligan). She wasn't in the first one, so why does she need to be in the second? Better to have let Jones remain his own boss. And do we really need to suffer through the "buddy buddy" scenes with Jones & Company drinking beer in an Irish pub? In the first movie, the "buddy buddy" scenes portrayed them working. They had no time for a silly Irish pub.

4) Empathizing with the accused. In this follow-on the accused is again innocent, though he is played this time by Wesley Snipes. The first effort worked so well because we could feel the fear as Jones' Lt. Gerard was chasing Ford. Ford's fear of being caught was our fear of being caught. We suffered every time Ford had to go through that awful flashback to the killing of his wife. Here we don't care about Wesley. Big deal! So the man is wrongfully accused. (No empathy.) And the sad thing is, if there was one man that could have pulled off what Ford pulled off, it would have been Wesley Snipes. I don't blame him, but rather the lazy director and the lazy screenwriter.

5) This movie is built on laziness. Instead of heightening and manipulating the elements from the first movie that worked so well, the newly appointed filmmakers cut and

pasted, without any pre-planned thought, plot ideas from "The Fugitive" to "U.S. Marshals." For example, there is the wrongly accused man on the run; finding out that he has escaped in the middle of nowhere again; proving how much of an idiot the local sheriff is; and the prisoner getting loose because his transport vehicle crashes. Another repeating motif: a key player turns turncoat (played by Robert Downey, Jr., in his "I'm in rehab" mode.) Though Jeroen Krabbe's turncoat was more obvious in "The Fugitive," at least he was more fun than Downey's stuffed shirt.

So, is "U.S. Marshals" a sequel? No, what it is is a bad retelling of a brilliant movie, either suffocating or diluting the elements that worked well, into a decently watchable cops and robbers TV show. "U.S. Marshals." B-



Top Photo: Tommy Lee Jones on the trail of Harrison Ford in 'The Fugitive.' Above: A very similar Jones, this time hunting down Wesley Snipes in the new Chicago film, 'U.S. Marshals.'

Glamour and Stars tonight at the Oscars

By Tiffany Golis
Staff Writer

And the winner is...well, not Leonardo DiCaprio.

The 70th Annual Academy Awards will be presented at the Los Angeles Shrine Auditorium on March 23 for the achievements in filmmaking during the unpredictable year that was 1997. Actors, actresses, producers, screenwriters and directors are among the many hoping that they may be presented with the statuette known as the "Oscar."

Oscar's birth took place at a Hollywood banquet on May 11, 1927, just one week after the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences was organized. Oscar's design was copyrighted by the Academy on Sept. 2, 1941 and has not changed from its original design, although the size of his base has varied.

The first Academy awards were handed out on May 16, 1929 at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel when movies first began to talk. Attendance at that time reached 250 people and ticket cost was only \$10. For the first fifteen years, the Academy Awards ceremony was held in banquet rooms. But as attendance increased, and the banquets became impractical, the ceremony was moved to a theater setting, where it has remained ever since.

Not just the location of the awards has changed. Today, there is no chance of entering the awards by purchasing a ticket. They are no longer sold to the public and all of the evening's attendees are allowed in only with an invitation.

The nominations for an "Oscar" have several voting deadlines that must be met. One is that it must be released theatrically, in at least one theater, by Dec. 31 of the previous year. That date marks the awards year end, and by Jan. 9 of the next year, the ballots are mailed out to the various members. The films here are listed in several different

Academy continued on page 23

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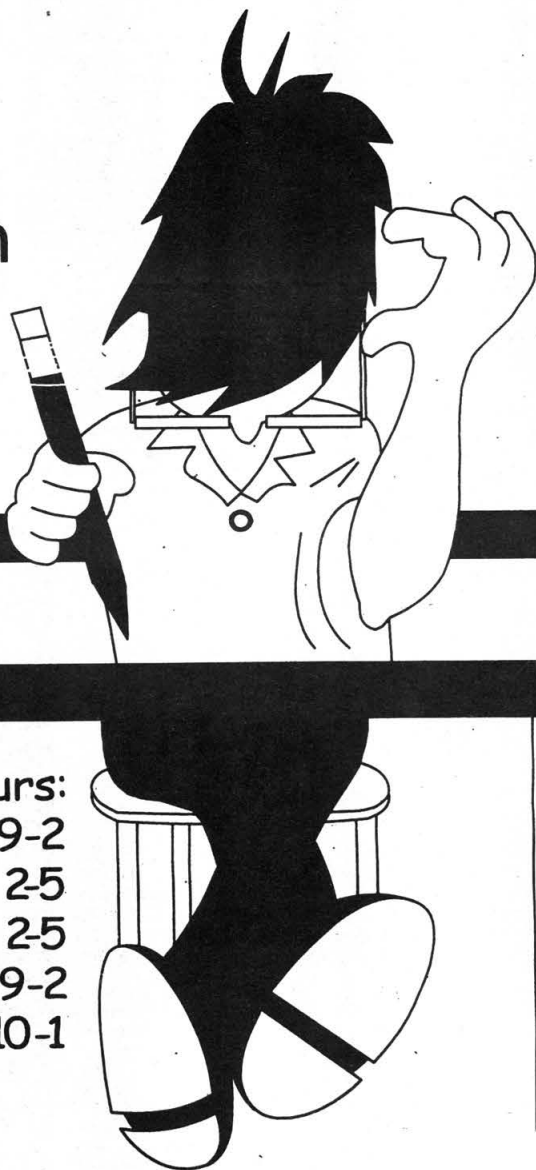
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MARCH 20-JUNE 7
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Cheap thrills for poor students

By Jennifer Strauss
Staff Writer

Being a student on a set budget can get pretty frustrating sometimes. You need money for tuition, money for books, money for food, never mind money for entertainment purposes. If this sounds all too familiar to you then the following list may help.

A museum can be an inexpensive and eye-opening way to spend part of the day. The Art Institute has **free admission on Tuesdays**. The Museum of Contemporary Art charges \$4 for students, with exceptions on certain days that would allow for only a \$1 donation for admission.

Renting a movie is another way to go when you're broke. Many video stores have specials during the week. For instance the new Video Update on Roosevelt, about nine blocks from school, has two videos for 99 cents on Tuesdays.

The Film Center of the Art Institute has premiere films of up and coming directors and screenwriters. Each month there is a particular focus to the films, this month it's Chinese American Images and Films by Canadian Women. The cost is \$6. For more information call: 312-443-3737.

For those people who are interested in holistic healing or curious about meditation, SoderWorld, a holistic health and wellness center offers free lectures on the mind, body and soul. They also offer free group meditation and a free book group study. To find out more call: 630-455-5885.

Along the same lines of the previous option there is a free Tai Chi class that will be offered March 28, at the Mind Over Matter Metaphysical bookstore. They can be reached at: 708-923-BOOK.

For those people that are interested in exercise, here is a way that you can get some exercise while doing a good deed. Every month, especially as the weather starts to get warmer, there are a bunch of fund-raisers and benefits. For example, March 29, there will be the Hustle up the Hancock Stair Climb at John Hancock Tower, benefitting the American Lung Association. This is just one of the many running, walking, biking events that help raise money for great causes. The cost to participate is usual-

ly between \$5-\$15. For more information on events like this check with Niketown. They post a calendar each month.

Hog Head and McDunna's, 1505 W. Fullerton, 773-929-7994, offers 10 cent barbecue wings with a drink purchase, \$1.99 unlimited pasta with free salad bar and garlic bread with a drink purchase, \$1.50 beer and 50 cent chili and \$1.99 unlimited taco bar.

The Lyon's Den, 1934 W. Irving Park, 773-871-3757, offers 25 cent tacos on Fridays from 5:00 - 7:00, and if you're just looking for a cheap drink,

The Pumping Co., 6157 N. Broadway, 773-743-7994, has drink specials throughout the week ranging from dollar Bloody Mary's to 60 ounces of beer for a penny.

All of these options, ranging from organized activities to finding food and drink, can be a new way to spend your time without spending a lot of your money. Hey, if these options don't seem like the way to go there is always that option that is completely free... STUDY-ING.

Columbia grad on her way to becoming a star

By Jodie Guardi
Staff Writer

J.C. Clements is a Columbia College graduate who is pushing her way to a successful career as a music performer. Clements and her band performed at the Elbo Room located in downtown Chicago, at 2874 Lincoln on Tuesday, March 3, to celebrate her latest CD release, "Distance."

The Elbo Room was filled with fans and friends of the J.C. Clements band. J.C. appeared on stage, considerably small in size, smiling humbly at her audience. It was shocking to see the pint-sized performer suddenly change from having such a humbling introduction to become such a hard-core rocker, as soon as the music started. She started out with a song that was clearly a country song titled Sweet Sexy Papa. The crowd danced and toe-tapped to the beat of the powerful song. She proceeded to thrill her audience as she sang her heart out and danced around the stage to the beat of the music. After the band performed some original songs straight off their CD, Distance, J.C. successfully sang a little Motown. The J.C. Clements band ended the set with another song off their "Distance" CD, titled Inside of



Me.

J.C. Clements' talent as a vocalist is amazing as she creates a melodious mixture of different examples of music. In addition to country, she also dazzled her audience with an extraordinary embodiment of blues-rock and acoustics. The CD is quite an interesting sampler of her music.

Distribution of the "Distance" CD is limited to local Chicago and Indianapolis record stores. With some successful sales, it might help the band spread out for a larger distribution. Clements is very thankful for the education she received at Columbia College. She also mentioned that she appreciates how much Columbia College students support her and help her on the way toward a long successful career. The CD is on sale now at record stores in the Chicago land area.

Academy

Continued from page 20

categories and are rated on their overall performance and quality.

The nomination for this year's awards in the best picture category are: "As Good As It Gets," "The Full Monty," "Good Will Hunting," "L.A. Confidential" and "Titanic."

The nominees for leading actor are: Matt Damon (Good Will Hunting), Robert Duvall (Jackie Brown), Peter Fonda (Ulee's Gold), Dustin Hoffman (Wag the Dog) and Jack Nicholson (As Good As It Gets). In the supporting actor category the nominees are: Robert Forster (Jackie Brown), Anthony Hopkins (Amistad), Greg Kinnear (As Good As It Gets), Burt Reynolds (Boogie Nights) and Robin Williams (Good Will Hunting).

As for the best performance by a leading actress, the nominees are: Helena Bonham Carter (The Wings of the Dove), Julie Christie (Afterglow), Dame Judi Dench (Mrs. Brown), Helen

Hunt (As Good As It Gets) and Kate Winslet (Titanic). The nominees for best performance of an actress in a supporting role are: Kim Basinger (L.A. Confidential), Joan Cusack (In & Out), Minnie Driver (Good Will Hunting), Julianne Moore (Boogie Nights) and Gloria Stuart (Titanic).

Whether you're a movie fan or not, this year's awards may have a bit of ego crushing and astonishment. Will the critics be right by saying "Titanic" will take home all of its Oscar nominations? It has 14 nominations, which is the most since "All About Eve" in 1950 and is 5 more than the next closest films, "L.A. Confidential" and "Good Will Hunting," who both have 9 nominations each.

As for non-nominee Leonardo DiCaprio, what will his decision be on attending the ultimate awards ceremony? We'll have to watch next Monday night and see.

MTV'S Dr. Drew and Adam from "Loveline" will be appearing on

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The award winning...

Sara on Sports

by Sara Willingham



Think back to last Monday morning. You woke up for school with every intention of making it to class on time, but...Mother Nature had somethin' nasty to say about that! It was crazy. The worst snow storm around here in years.

Well, that Monday morning became quite a day. I didn't make it out of my house, except to run to the corner for a newspaper and a pack of smokes (no, I don't smoke, it just sounded good).

I fought the swirling winds, bought a *Sun-Times*, and retreated back to my very humble abode.

Naturally, I flipped to the Sport's section first and foremost. The headlines reeked of NCAA action: "Illinois Invades..." or "Flame on: UIC's in NCAA tourney."

Past the Nitschke story, the donning of the '84 Air Jordans story, and Telerand's column was the most important document known to college basketball fans: the brackets for the 1998 NCAA National Championship Tournament.

It was not filled in with some strange sportswriter's picks. It was blank...staring me in the face as if to say, "C'mon, make my day!"

You bet I took the challenge. I snuggled up with my paper and a cup of joe, and tackled one of the most frustrating tasks known to life...picking upsets.

You see, the tournament is set-up in such a manner that the top seeded teams play the bubble teams, and the middle guys play the other middle guys in the first round. Then for two weeks, all mayhem will break loose.

As of today, Monday, March 16, we've got two rounds behind us, and only 16 of the 64 teams are still standing.

Last week, however, on the day of the blizzard, I *did* make sure to pick some upsets because as we all know, upsets are simply going to happen. It's a fact of the matter. The reality of it all, the way it is.

Here's what I came up with:

For the East Regional:

1. UIC advances. They're still high on makin' it this far!
2. North Carolina knocks out the Flames in round two.
3. #13 Eastern Michigan embarrasses #4 Michigan State.
4. And then, Eastern Michigan passes Princeton to go down to North Carolina at the Sweet Sixteen mark.
5. I pick Xavier to face Richmond (yes, Richmond. Upsets, remember?) in round two. Then they'll face Connecticut and bow out.
6. Connecticut will breeze past the Hoosiers before taking care of Xavier, and losing to North Carolina.

SARA'S CHOICE FOR THE EAST: NORTH CAROLINA (#1)

For the West Regional:

1. It's all Arizona and ISU in the second round. Arizona moves on to the Sweet Sixteen.
2. #5 Illinois plays #13 Utah State (my second crazy upset) only to lose to Arizona in the next round.
3. Utah beats Arkansas to go on to face the Cinci Bearcats (who beat Temple).
4. And finally, Cincinnati will take down Arizona to face North Carolina.

SARA'S CHOICE FOR THE WEST: CINCINNATI (#2)

For the Midwest Regional: (the crappiest regional in the tournament)

1. The Jayhawks take it all. They move past Rhode Island, TCU, and Stanford to advance to the Final Four.
2. I pick Valpo to upset Mississippi, and Stanford to get rid of the Boilermakers (thank God!).

SARA'S CHOICE FOR THE MIDWEST: KANSAS (#1)

For the South Regional:

1. Duke outplays George Washington, and faces New Mexico (who got rid of Syracuse).
2. Michigan rolls past UCLA, and upsets Kentucky in the Sweet Sixteen.
3. Aw hell, I pick Michigan to keep the ball rollin' until Kansas comes on at March 28.

SARA'S CHOICE FOR THE SOUTH: MICHIGAN (#3)

And that's that. If anyone wants to go toe-to-toe on this matter (and you know who you are) E-mail me dammit! Chron96@interaccess.com.

On a final note, I suppose I ought to choose the 1998 NCAA National Champion. It's gonna be the Kansas...whether I like to admit it or not...Jayhawks.

See ya' in seven short days!

Adjust your office pool picks, *The Chronicle* has the March Madness winners picked for you

By Dan Zampillo
Correspondent

Dancing days are here again, and it is time to pick your champion, find your dark horse, and let the madness begin. This year's tournament features four dominate number one seeds, but will they all make it to San Antonio? Here's a look at how the four regions break down.

Midwest

Winner—The number one seeded Kansas Jayhawks have the inside track in the Midwest region, with All-Americans Raef LaFrentz, and Paul Pierce to lead the front line. LaFrentz has been bothered by a shoulder injury however, and sharp-shooter Billy Thomas sat out the Big 12 championship game with a groin injury. Both should be ready at tournament time.

The knock on Kansas has been their lack of firepower at the guard positions, but with a region loaded with weak guard play, the Jayhawks should roll to San Antonio.

Dark Horse—Clemson is playing strong right now, and could go as far as the elite eight. With point guard Terrell McIntyre finally healthy, the physical Tigers are primed to make a run.

West

Winner—The Arizona Wildcats are back to defend their crown, and they will not disappoint. With the All-American backcourt of Miles Simon and Mike Bibby, the Wildcats force opponents into over twenty turnovers a game. Senior Michael Dickerson is out to prove that he can play in this tournament, after fading during last year's championship run. Arizona predates its offense on transition baskets, be it lay-ups or three pointers, however they must avoid shooting themselves out of games by taking too many from long range. With the help of the weakest region, the Wildcats should punch a ticket to the Final Four.

Darkhorse—Look for Arkansas to make some noise in the lower half of this region. Three-point specialist Pat Bradley has emerged as one of the best shooters in the country, and Arkansas' team defense forces over twenty three turnovers a game. Head coach Nolan Richardson has a National Championship under his belt, and he knows what it takes to be successful in this tournament.

East

Winner—After its trouncing of Duke in the ACC championship game, North Carolina may be the team to beat in this tournament. All-American Antawn Jamison and his lightning quick shot lead the way for the Tar Heels. The guard play of Ed Cota and Shammond Williams may be the key for success however. Williams has demonstrated his ability to control a game (scoring 10 points in overtime to defeat Maryland in the ACC tournament semi-finals) and Ed Cota may be the second best point guard next to Mike Bibby. This team shoots an NCAA best of 53 percent from the floor, and is

out-rebounding opponents by 7 points a game. Lack of depth has been a problem at times, however with all the T.V. timeouts within games, the Tar Heels should have no problem catching their breath and making Final Four.

Darkhorse—Xavier is coming into the tournament hot off the Atlantic 10 Tournament championship, and looks ready

to do some damage. The Musketeers are extremely active on defense, and they crash the boards hard. The guard tandem of Gary Lumpkin and Lenny Brown handle the ball well, but both need to shoot well in order for Xavier to make a run.

South

Winner—It's time to break form and go with the number two seeded Kentucky Wildcats. This team has quietly amassed a 29-4 record, which includes an impressive 11-2 against tournament teams. The Wildcats are led by Chicago native Nazr Mohammed at center, whom is the most improved player in America. Guards Wayne Turner and Jeff Sheppard must impose themselves as leaders if Kentucky want to earn a trip to San Antonio. The Wildcats front line out-rebounds opponents by double digits, and they are physical enough to handle the front line of a team like Duke. Despite Duke's outstanding season, their tendency to live and die by the three hurts their chances at success.

Darkhorse—UCLA has enough talent to make a run at the elite eight. If point guard Baron Davis can stay out of foul trouble, the athleticism of Chris Johnson, and Toby Bailey could lead to a host of upsets.

National Champion—Arizona Wildcats over the Kansas Jayhawks.



Arizona will be the champs, according to Dan.

NCAA Tournament is big money in more ways than one

By Alan Schmadtke
Knight-Ridder Newspapers

ORLANDO—It seems so harmless, filling out an NCAA Tournament bracket, predicting winners and, ultimately, choosing a national champion.

What's a \$5 stake among friends for the chance to win \$250?

With the NCAA Men's Basketball Tournament beginning Thursday, office pools are more prevalent this week than car pools.

They're one way March Madness filters to fans outside the 64-team tournament. For those who oppose sports wagering and those trying to fight the disease of compulsive gambling, such friendly games of chance aren't friendly at all.

They represent a small piece of a dark and sinister societal puzzle.

"During March Madness, we'll get older members coming back. We'll see some old faces we've seen before," said Jack S., a recovering compulsive gambler in Orlando who regularly attends Gambler's Anonymous meetings. "Everybody tells stories about how they got involved. We don't give names. But I know of two people in the program now directly as a result of that (betting on the NCAA Tournament)."

As the popularity and visibility of the three-week NCAA Tournament has grown to rival that of the Super Bowl, so, too, has grown the amount of betting on tournament games—legally and illegally.

Tournament pools are illegal in Florida, but there has been no public arrests of poolsters. Nor has there been any slowdown of availability of computer software for those wishing to run a pool.

Whereas the Super Bowl is a one-day orgy, this tournament is a three-week smorgasbord, 63 games that culminate in a three-game Final Four to determine college basketball's national champion. All the way around, the stakes are high.

The FBI projected that nearly \$2.5 billion was gambled illegally on the 1995 NCAA Tournament, and it expects that figure to climb this year.

That doesn't include the nearly \$100 million that was wagered in casinos in Las Vegas. And no one is certain of the impact of cyber-betting, wagering over the Internet.

In December, Western Union agreed to cut off wire transfers to offshore bookmakers. Florida Attorney General Bob Butterworth also asked the media to "cease and desist" advertisements of toll-free betting numbers.

Last week, the U.S. Department of Justice began trying to shut down such offshore cyber-casinos.

"It's just another week of keeping up the good fight, but the reality is the NCAA Tournament is an event that is highly wagered," said Bill Saum, the NCAA's agent and gambling representative. "Lots of people throw lots of big numbers around and they're always in the billions. It doesn't mean much to me, frankly, but it's a lot of money."

Gambler's Anonymous believes 75 percent of the people who wager are not compulsive gamblers. But increasing numbers of people are getting into financial trouble because of it.

Six years ago when the Florida Council on Compulsive Gambling opened a toll-free help line, almost 5,000 calls came in. Last year, it fielded nearly 12,000 calls.

"March Madness, for all practical purposes, seems to have breached being as big as the Super Bowl for sports bettors," said Pat Fowler, the council's executive director. "We receive an increased number of calls, particularly after the tournament. That's when they've gone through the whole thing. There's no more games, no more making it back. Reality has set in."

To federal investigators, gambling lures organized crime. Court testimony of former gamblers with mob ties confirms it.

To the NCAA, gambling raises the damaging specter of point-shaving, games that are unfairly decided by gamblers wanting to cash in.

Three years ago, NCAA officials believed such scandals were minute possibilities.

Then, a University of Cincinnati study reported 25 percent of athletes admitted they gambled; members of the 1996 Boston College football team admitted they bet on football games; and two Arizona State basketball players embroiled the school in a point-shaving scandal.

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