

4-30-2001

## Columbia Chronicle (04/30/2001)

Columbia College Chicago

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### Recommended Citation

Columbia College Chicago, "Columbia Chronicle (04/30/2001)" (April 30, 2001). *Columbia Chronicle*, College Publications, College Archives & Special Collections, Columbia College Chicago. [http://digitalcommons.colum.edu/cadc\\_chronicle/512](http://digitalcommons.colum.edu/cadc_chronicle/512)

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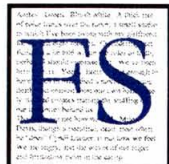
# COLUMBIA CHRONICLE

Volume 34, Number 26

Columbia College Chicago

Monday, April 30, 2001

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this week



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Red Hot fashions

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On tap at the goat

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Patricia Dieball/Chronicle

Rhonda Bowers and Maria Marcheva from Columbia's MIS department check out the Blackstone sale.

## Blackstone hotel goes condo

By Neda Simeonova

Staff Writer

A liquidation sale of hotel furnishings last week was the first step in converting the long-shuttered Blackstone Hotel, located next to Columbia's Torco Building, into a luxury condominium development.

The sale started on April 21 and will continue through May 21. On May 2, a multi-million dollar renovation of the building will begin, said Darrell Dunson, project coordinator for the liquidation at the hotel.

Nearly two years ago, the 22-story, 305-room hotel was forced to shut down because of various safety violations. Since then the hotel has remained vacant.

The owners, North Carolina-based Heaven on Earth Inns Corp., were forced to vacate guests

and let go of its 80 employees after City of Chicago inspectors discovered serious safety problems in the 1910 building. The corporation is run by transcendental meditation guru Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, who achieved fame when he served as guru to the Beatles. The Maharishi has courted several options for the use of the hotel but until now none have passed.

James Kinney, president of residential sales at Rubloff Inc., was hired as the sales agent to market the proposed luxury condos. "[The plans] are a little premature at this point. The zoning approved by the city is for up to 73 units. We are planning somewhere between 45 to 50 units because we are looking to do more of luxury type condos," Kinney said.

Kinney said that the floor plans for the condos were not ready. "We are planning about 3,200

See **Blackstone**, page 5

## Columbia professors awarded \$250,000 in plagiarism lawsuit

By Ryan Adair

Managing/News Editor

Two instructors in Columbia's Math and Science department were awarded a quarter of a million dollars last week after settling a defamation lawsuit, in which two other colleagues allegedly accused them of plagiarism.

Pangratios Papacosta and Ann C. Hanson filed a lawsuit against Zafra Lerman and Keith Kostecka of the college's Institute of Science Education and Science Communication, citing that the two professors had accused Papacosta and Hanson, as well as the Math and Science department, of "blatant plagiarism." According to the lawsuit, Papacosta and Hanson claimed Lerman and Kostecka said they plagiarized information in an article written by the former in the *Journal of College Science Teaching* in 1998.

The Institute of Science is a separate entity from the Science and Math department and was founded in the early 1990s, with the aide of former Columbia president, Mike Alexandroff.

The plagiarism was detailed in a report released by the institute in '98. The report was then circulated to 30 members of Columbia's faculty and staff for review during the college's

reaccreditation process, in the spring of 1999.

According to the report, members of the Math and Science department, "submitted papers for publication in which they misrepresented these ideas as their own, and without proper credit to the originators of these methods." The report went on to compare the aforementioned article by Papacosta and Hanson, citing the professors' work as an example of the plagiarism.

"In academia, allegations of plagiarism can ruin a professional career," Papacosta said, following the settlement. "Ann and I were completely shocked and saddened by these accusations."

After revision by a committee formed by John B. Duff, former college president, the investigation of plagiarism was dropped, due to a lack of evidence and the inability to prove that actual plagiarism had occurred.

Papacosta and Hanson named Lerman, the institute's director and researcher Kostecka in the defamation lawsuit. The college opted to settle out of court and not pursue the matter further.

According to Carol Bryant, from College Relations, the settlement bares no liability toward the school and legal fees and settlement costs are covered by the college's insurance policy.

See **Lawsuit**, page 2

## College 'founder' Alexandroff dead at 78

By Amber Holst

Editor-in-Chief

Columbia President Emeritus Mirron "Mike" Alexandroff, 78, died Friday, April 20th, at Northwestern Memorial Hospital after a brief illness.

Alexandroff lead the college from a small trade school with a bleak reputation to the nationally known liberal arts college of today. As president of the college from 1963 to 1992, Alexandroff was responsible

for instituting the policies that now define the college. He promoted utilizing Chicago area media professionals as instructors, pushed for higher minority enrollments and made upper education accessible through policies such as open enrollment.

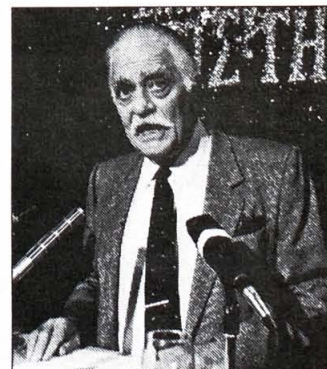
Under his tutelage, the college grew from less than 200 students to more than 7,000 (currently the college has nearly 10,000 students). During the same time, the college expanded from a one-floor

school to one of the largest landholders in the South Loop, and the college's budget skyrocketed from \$100,000 to \$80 million.

"The unique and remarkable Columbia College Chicago we know today would not exist without his vision and energy," said Warrick L. Carter, president of Columbia, in a statement. "Words cannot describe the immense influence he has had on this institution, on arts and communications education in this country, and directly or indirectly on the lives of all of us in the Columbia community. As a leader, a mentor, and a friend, we will miss him deeply."

"You could trace [Columbia College] back to the 1890s but he is the founder in its modern form," said Dominic Pacyga, faculty member in the Liberal Arts department. "The college flowered under his direction. He really was this good guy—bright, dynamic, interesting and a person who had heart."

"It's obvious that none of us would be here if not for the vision and tenacity of Mike Alexandroff. In the early days, he took the school from fewer than 200 students and turned it into what it is today. And he did it on almost sheer strength of will with his innovation and creativity,"



Mirron "Mike" Alexandroff

said Randy Albers, chairperson of the Fiction Writing department.

"When he took over, the school was on the brink of disaster," said Louis Silverstein, of the Liberal Education department. "He had the foresight and the insight to look at the needs of society and the young people in the Chicago area

See **Alexandroff**, page 2

## School to close in honor of Alexandroff

Columbia will close its doors on Friday, May 11, in memory of the college's late President Emeritus Mirron "Mike" Alexandroff. No classes will be held that day and all administrative offices will be closed as well.

The president's office said the unprecedented move to close the school is a way to remember Alexandroff's accomplishments toward his unending development of Columbia.

On May 11, there will be a college-wide memorial celebration held at 1:30

p.m. at Columbia's Getz Theater, 72 E. 11th street, followed by a reception at 3 p.m. at the Conaway Center, in the Ludington building, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.

The president's office noted that since the Getz Theater only seats 400, the service will also be broadcast on a closed-circuit television in a nearby area for viewing.

The college is currently looking into several options for honoring Alexandroff, so that his memory has a permanent place among the Columbia community.



## Briefly News and Notes

### Art & Design loses well respected faculty member

The Art and Design department lost another prominent member of its faculty last week. Pat Olson, a part-time faculty member, who had been with the department since 1978, passed away around 3 p.m., Sunday April 22. Olson was known as an outstanding figurative artist, whose paintings reside in many collections and have been exhibited worldwide. A memorial celebration will be held at her house in Rogers Park, on Saturday, May 5, from 1 p.m. to 8 p.m. For more information, contact the Art and Design department at (312) 344-7378.

### MTV to visit campus, seeking student opinions

MTV Animation is seeking students to critique their new animated series, "Undergrads." The show is a slice of life comedy about four high school friends now attending neighboring universities. The show was created by a 22 year-old former 'undergrad' from New York University's Tisch School of the Arts. "Undergrads" will be screened on Monday and Thursday, April 30 and May 1, at noon in room 302 of the Ludington Building, 1104 S. Wabash.

The following week, Ila Abramson, recruiting manager for MTV Animation in New York, will be presenting a lecture and presentation on Tuesday, May 8 at 2 p.m. in room 302 of the Ludington Building. For more information, call the Career Center for Arts and Media at (312) 344-7280.

### Women Employed hosts careers in broadcast communications panel

Women Employed will hold a career development seminar focusing on the field of broadcast communications, on May 17. A panel of distinguished professionals will discuss what it takes to break into and succeed in this competitive industry. The panelists have worked as producers, spokespersons and on-air hosts for corporations, non-profit organizations and government agencies. The seminar will focus on trends in the communications industry, career paths and training issues and women's prospects for advancement.

The discussion is hosted by Women Employed, a 25-year-old organization, helping to employ women. Expected guests include, Troi Tyler, WVAZ-FM personality, Terri Hammert, on-air host of WXRT-FM and professor of radio and sound at Columbia, and Hope Daniels, also of Columbia's radio department.

The event will be Thursday May 17, from 4:45 to 7:15 p.m., at Women Employed, 111 N. Wabash Ave., suite 1300. The seminar is free to Women Employed members, \$25 for non-members. Space is limited, so attendees are encouraged to call ahead. To register, call, (312) 782-3902.

Women Employed is described as a membership organization dedicated to the economic advancement of women through service, public education and advocacy. Founded in 1973, Women Employed plays an active role in preserving and assuring the effectiveness of equal employment opportunity policies and is a leading expert in fair compensation practices, work and life balance, and other issue affecting women in the workplace.

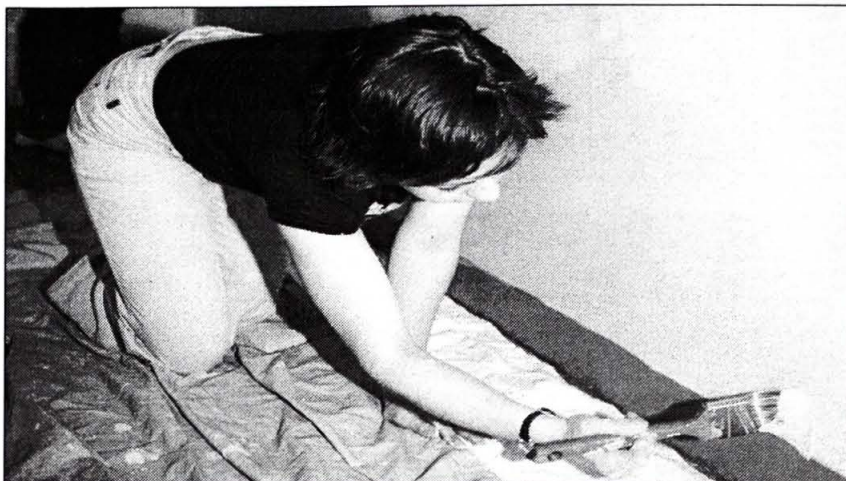
### Theater department stages Shakespearean classic

The Theater department is presenting Shakespeare's "Macbeth" currently running through May 6, in the New Studio Theater, directed by department chair Sheldon Patinkin and faculty member Tom Mula. Call (312) 344-6126 to make reservations. Free tickets to Columbia students pending availability. Since the New Studio is small, people are encouraged to call ahead.

If you have an upcoming event or announcement, please call the Chronicle's news desk at (312) 344-7255.

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## Around Campus



Patricia Dieball/Chronicle

### The sky's the limit:

Allison Fander paints the trim of a wall as part of Lynne Copp's Senior Seminar, senior class project. Copp's class painted the room to resemble a sky, complete with clouds and a sun, to make the learning environment more interesting for future classes.

## Alexandroff

Continued from Front Page

that were not being met, and he created a new Columbia College focusing on the arts and media."

"I met Mike in 1970 as a student at Columbia," said Tom Nawrocki of the English department. "He was always a very approachable person. He would just walk in the hallways and talk with students."

"He was a big baseball fan," added Nawrocki. "He used to eat breakfast at this place on Ohio Street, and you could sit down next to him and talk about the White Sox for 40 minutes. He wasn't afraid to be for the underdog. When he saw a wrong or an injustice he would speak up."

"My first impression of Mike was of a kindly, Santa Claus like figure, who was standing behind the cashier's window when I came to my first meeting with him 27 years ago this month," said Lya Dym Rosenblum, former head of Columbia's grad school and now part of the College Relations and Development Office. "We had instant rapport, and he persuaded me that being Academic Dean of Columbia was the most exciting opportunity in the world. Working with him was. Our long discussions late into the afternoon and evening opened new perspectives on education and what it could be."

"He was a storyteller, a supremely gifted teacher who never formally taught, a leader who could make

anyone into a follower, especially with his visions of education, the arts and politics. I will miss him—and will always be grateful for his friendship and mentorship."

Born in 1923 on the city's South Side, Alexandroff was raised in West Englewood and later Hyde Park. His mother Cherrie Phillips was a school principal, his father Norman, who emigrated from Moldavia, was the inventor of a pleating machine and later got into the broadcast industry. His grandmother reportedly carried children across the Chicago River during the Great Chicago Fire of 1871.

Alexandroff said his first name, Miron, loosely translates into 'world peace' from Russian. "My father had a party to name me the night my mother went to the hospital," Alexandroff told the *Chicago Tribune* in 1992. "The winner, someone told me years later, was 'Opus One.' Instead, my father named me Miron, a name he made up from 'mir,' the word for peace in Russian." Later, Alexandroff's friends gave him the nickname "Mike."

During World War II, Alexandroff served for four years as an infantry sergeant. He later attended Wilson Junior College, Roosevelt University, where he later received a B.S. in psychology and later the University of Chicago.

Meanwhile, Alexandroff's father

had broken into the broadcast industry producing radio shows and running a studio in the Fine Arts building at 410 S. Michigan Ave. While there, he became associated with Columbia College, which was also housed in the Fine Arts building. At the time, the small college was teaching radio broadcasting. It had evolved from the Columbia College of Oratory, founded in 1890 in honor of the World's Columbian Exhibition of 1893.

In 1907 it was renamed Columbia College of Expression and taught women to be speech teachers. In the 1920s and '30s the small college had financial difficulties and merged with the national college of education, before settling on its broadcast focus.

Following World War II, Alexandroff's father secured a substantial G.I. Bill contract with the U.S. Veterans Affairs program to open a guidance center for returning veterans of World War II.

Miron Alexandroff went to work for his father in the guidance center as both a psychologist and business manager for the school. His father left the college in 1950 and Alexandroff said he became president in 1963 by "default."

At the time, Columbia had 175 students and a miniscule budget. Alexandroff decided he would use

See Alexandroff, page 3

## Lawsuit

Continued from Front Page

"If it were up to me, I would have pushed to have it go to trial," said Lerman, who has been with Columbia since 1977. "The insurance company insisted on settling. I'm extremely disappointed that the college would rather settle than defend the principled position."

Lerman maintains that she did not write the report, which defamed Papacosta and Hanson, and that she had little knowledge of it, when it was drafted. Kosteka was unavailable for comment at press time.

"My colleagues at Harvard, Yale and Princeton cannot believe that it has actually come to this," Lerman said in response to the settlement.

Papacosta and Hanson, on the other hand, are glad the three-year ordeal has come to an end, but are still unhappy that a retraction of the report was never put into effect. Papacosta said that while the former Columbia president, Duff, contacted Lerman to withdraw the report, Lerman refused, due to "political reasons."

"This has been a very stressful and emotional experience," Hanson said.

Papacosta said the main purpose for the lawsuit was to restore reputability to not only his and Hanson's name, but also to the Math and Science department as well.

"It's painful that we had to file a lawsuit against our own institution, but we were forced to do this in order to clear our names," he said. "It's too bad this energy was wasted. This could have all been avoided, if the report had been retracted."



# Alexandroff

Continued from Previous Page

the decade to redefine the college but faced immense hurdles.

"For most of the '60s, we barely made it until June," he recalled in a 1982 interview with *the Chronicle of Higher Education*. "Each year we faced the dreadful bleak months of summer with an income of about \$3.80. We hoped that by October new students would begin to pay some small amount. For years I was not paid in the summer. You didn't answer the phone then, because you know the person on the other end was undoubtedly a creditor."

As the school started to expand he moved it to a larger location, the top floor of a warehouse at 540 N. Lake Shore Drive. He began luring industry professionals to teach on a part time basis, and one of his first recruits was Gwendolyn Brooks.

"I would see the names of artists and entertainers in the newspaper and I

would call them up," Alexandroff said in the same *Chronicle of Higher Education* interview. "I would take them out to lunch at a cafeteria and pick up the bill for \$1.65. I would persuade them to come participate in this crusade for higher education for the popular artist. There were no money considerations. No one had any money. No one made any money."

In 1965, composer and musician William Russo, now chairperson of the Music department, became Columbia's first full time faculty member. Alexandroff's wife, Jane, was the college's only staff person.

By the 1970s the college was growing in leaps and bounds. In 1973 Alexandroff led a charge to have the college fully accredited, and in 1975 with an enrollment of 1,800, the college bought its signature 600 S. Michigan Ave. building.

In 1991, Alexandroff recalled to the *Chicago Tribune* the anxiety of those growing pains "Remember the old picture 'Viva Zapata'?" Alexandroff said. "Marlon Brando, having for all practical purposes won the revolution, rides into Mexico City on his horse, goes into some major office with rows of desks and typewriters. He looks at this array of civilization, gets on his horse and rides out of town. I looked at the five elevators and marble floors and it was almost too much for me. I had never imagined we would get to this."

Columbia's growth continued to skyrocket in the 1980s, and by 1990, Alexandroff had raised a ten million dollar endowment for the school and had purchased the Torco building at 624 S. Michigan Ave.

In 1992 he retired from the college and was replaced by John B. Duff, who retired last year. "I'm going to do as lit-

tle as possible, with as little responsibility as I can manage," Alexandroff told the *Chicago Tribune* at the time.

Alexandroff's wife Jane, who died at the age of 65 in October of 1996, was also a key figure in the growth of the college. She was also involved in the Chicago arts industry and in 1987, launched Chicago Artists Abroad, which constructed opportunities overseas for artists.

In 1993, the college recognized her with an Honorary Degree for her work at Columbia College.

The Alexandroffs had three children, Niki Gray, Pam Eldenberg and Norman, who serves as the school's director of publications, and several grandchildren.

—Jill Helmer and Chad Deinenger contributed to this report

## Alexandroff's quotes and quotables

- "Columbia is a shared idea with close ties to the enlightened educational philosophy and practice. Undoubtedly, Columbia's success was coincident with the burst of new ideas, new technologies and new human expectations in the 1960s."

— at the fall faculty retreat, October 11, 1991.

- "We are an urban institution—and we intend a deliberate urban mission, which stems from and responds to the racial, cultural, economic and educational diversity of this quintessentially American city."

— at the fall faculty retreat, October 11, 1991.

- "I had always thought there was a better way to educate people than the way America was doing it then. I had a variety of ideas, and here was an available college. There was an administrative vacuum and I thought this might be an opportunity."

— in a 1982 interview with the *Chronicle of Higher Education*.

- "It is possible to market an institution as a more practical and serious part of the community than any of those that presently exist."

— in a 1982 interview with the *Chronicle of Higher Education*.

- "We have offered practical, on-the-job, learn-by-doing, professional education. Our students have unabashedly said, 'I want to be a writer or a journalist.'"

— in a 1982 interview with the *Chronicle of Higher Education*.

- "We can't raise the tuition to a level where it jeopardizes our mission. If the students paid \$6,000, instead of the present \$3,000 a year, Columbia would not be the same institution."

— in a 1982 interview with the *Chronicle of Higher Education*.

- "Our student body is not made up of individuals who will ever be financially successful. We have a tough row to hoe."

— in a 1982 interview with the *Chronicle of Higher Education*.

- "Enjoy it and do good. My father gave me a great line: 'Mike, there are a lot of racial slogans, but go first class.' I've tried to."

— in a March 28, 1990 interview with the *Chicago Sun-Times*.

- "I have some claim to a special kind of Chicago authenticity. I've spent all my life in Chicago, from birth to this

moment" except for World War II. "It's a great city. I'm a dedicated Chicago baseball fan. If one exempts the war years, I've seen 52 years of Sox opening days."

— in a March 28, 1990 interview with the *Chicago Sun-Times*.

- "In certain ways we are an easy school to get into and a hard school to stay in."

— in a March 22, 1992 interview with the *Chicago Sun-Times*.

- "In 1973, when we were first fully accredited, we had a good team of examiners, but they couldn't understand why we had mushroomed. They went out into the community. They talked to hundreds of people and later mentioned in their report, 'every kid in town knows about Columbia, but no parents do.'"

— in a March 22, 1992 interview with the *Chicago Tribune*.

- "We were never arrayed against your people. Many colleges feel they are elite places. But our idea is that you serve your community. We were interested in educating people to earn reasonable income for doing work they like."

— in a March 22, 1992 interview with the *Chicago Tribune*.

- "I first came there in 1947, working in the guidance center, helping GIs get over war traumas. Father left about 1950. I became business manager in 1955, but the place was essentially leaderless. I became president, in 1963, by utter default, having nothing else to do."

— in a March 22, 1992 interview with the *Chicago Tribune*.

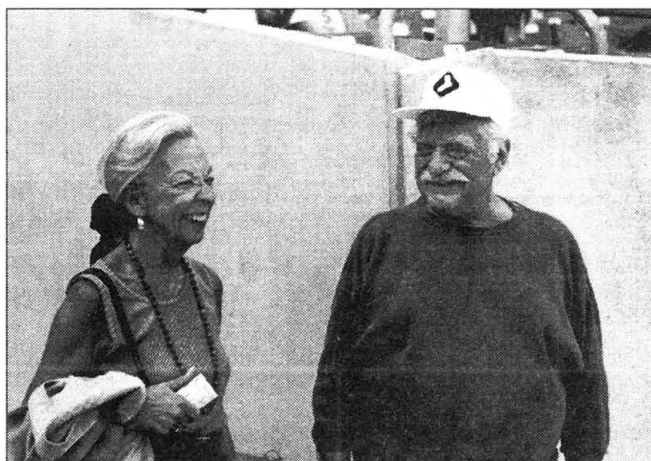
- "In a collegiate sense, that occupational consequence is called 'profession,' and that had a kind of elitist ring to it. Radio announcers were pursuing a 'vocation,' and anthropologists were pursuing a 'profession.' The matter of a career consequence was looked at disdainfully by the greater bulk of those in higher education. Students thought about it, but the institutions behaved as if they were preparing the best and brightest for a privileged state."

— in a 1991 interview with the *Tribune Magazine*.

- To teachers, on how to teach their classes, he said "Do anything you want with it. Take it outdoors. Take it to a restaurant—run it in a restaurant, a coffee shop. Do absolutely anything you want with it. Anything!"

— in a 1991 interview with the *Tribune Magazine*.

—Compiled by Jill Helmer



Two sides of "Mike" Alexandroff: (Above) An avid White Sox fan, Alexandroff and his late wife Jane attend a game at Comiskey Park.

(Below) A march for freedom with John Shultz, former chair of Columbia's Fiction Writing department (center), and Alexandroff (right), takes place down Michigan Avenue during an anti-Apartheid demonstration.





F R E S H

# Graduating Senior Fine Art Exhibition

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Saturday, June 2nd

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Jim Stanis





**"I want to introduce fungus to students, to show them how much they're used and to send the message to students that increasing them in your diet is good for you."**

*Weidong Chen, a University of Illinois mycologist*

## U of I students celebrate studies with a fungus feast

URBANA, Ill. (AP) — Consider the qualities of mysterious fungi that grow in secret places in many different forms, some of which take the rap for social misbehavior. —Hippies in the 1960s called one form of their favorite recreational drugs "shrooms" for the origins of its active ingredients.

—Scientists now believe strange behavior that launched investigations—or witch hunts—in the 1690s in New England was really caused by grain contaminated with a parasitic fungus known as ergot.

—Then, at the other end of the scale, there's penicillin, a fuzzy green mold that revolutionized medicine after Dr. Alexander Fleming discovered in 1928 that it inhibits bacteria growth.

"Fungi are important to us," said Weidong Chen, a University of Illinois mycologist, or fungus specialist, who's teaching a discovery course this year about the good, the bad and the ugly in the fungus family.

"They have many medicinal properties you can't find elsewhere," Chen said. "I want to introduce fungus to students, to show them how much they're used and to send the message to students that increasing them in your diet is good for you."

The students recently celebrated their focus on fungus by serving a lunch heavily laced with mushrooms, the most popular member of a family that may include up to 250,000 species.

They topped pizzas and a salad, and they accompanied pork with shiitake, and cabbage with ear fungus takeout. Chen's menu also included bread made with yeast, and blue cheese with veins of penicillium, two different forms of fungus.

"Fungus are used in traditional Chinese medicine," Chen said. "Studies prove they have chemicals that do the body good. Shiitake has two compounds in that suppress tumor growth and reduce cholesterol in the blood. Yeast fungus has the same properties as cholesterol-reducing drugs."

He said ear fungus also reduces cholesterol and thins blood and enoki mushrooms have anti-tumor and immune-enhancing properties. In China, red rice yeast is used to maintain a healthy heart and circulatory system, and oyster mushrooms are used to treat rheumatism and arthritis. Maitake mushrooms, delicious in food, have potent anti-tumor, anti-viral and immune-enhancing properties. Chen said clinical trials are currently being conducted

pitting maitake against the AIDS virus, hypertension and hepatitis B.

But there's a dark side to the fungus story, one that quickly caught the attention of Chen's students.

"I'm interested in the poisonous mushrooms," said Cindy Rich, a biology major. "I love mushrooms, but I probably won't go picking them in a forest."

"It's interesting what all the different fungi do," said student David Mendoza. "They look the same, but one can kill you in a day and another cures sickness."

Mendoza said Chen taught students warning signs for poisonous mushrooms.

"If it has a bulb on the bottom, don't mess, it's poison," he said. "If there are spots on the top, watch out, but some good ones also have spots too, so it's hard to tell."

Mendoza said Chen's course piqued his interest in the subject and he may enroll next year in a plant pathology course exploring more facts about fungi.

"Fungi are important in plant pathology," said Cleo D'Arcy, who teaches the course with Darin Eastburn. "The real goal of our course is to increase students' awareness of agriculture in their lives."

## Blackstone

**Continued from Front Page**

square feet for the smallest units and up to a full floor or 11,200 square feet for the largest." The last plans will depend on the final pricing from the contractor. "So far, the pricing is going to be in the range of 500 to 600 dollars per square foot," Kinney added.

According to Kristen Cabanban, a spokesperson with the Chicago Department of Buildings, the building has undergone complete asbestos removal but there are still code violations that exist on the property.

During the renovation of the new units, all the guestrooms will be turned into condominiums, explained Dunson. "Two of the rooms are staying intact. One of them is the lobby and the other is the ballroom. It is kind of sad to see the old dinosaurs leaving," he said. "I think of all the movies that were made in the hotel, it has a lot of sentimental value."

"I am open to changes in the hotel," said liquidation shopper Naomi Nelson, who works in the downtown area. "A lot of the businesses are going away and they need to bring the people back to the city, so if the condos is what brings them back, so be it. I am sure that the history of the hotel will be missed."

"It is kind of sad looking around. Visually the liquidation signs on the hotel look so tacky right on Michigan Avenue, which has this great persona," said shopper Mark Doucette, an economist with the U.S. Department of Labor.

Doucette thought that it was a good idea to turn the

rooms of the hotel into luxury condominiums. "I think it is better to adopt the property than leave it vacant. If that's what the market is supporting, I don't have a problem with it because it is safe to live in the city now and it will be good for the people," Doucette explained.

Maria Marcheiva and Rhonda Bowers, both from Columbia's MIS department had come to check out the sale like many others. "I think that it is pretty sad that they had to close the hotel down, it has been a part of history," Bowers said.

She thought it would have been great if more items on sale had the Blackstone logo on them. "It is an old hotel, it is something unique," Marcheiva said. "History has to survive."

The hotel—a historic landmark, was known as the "Hotel of Presidents." Over the years it has hosted almost every U.S. president, a total of 26, with the exception of Lyndon Johnson and Gerald Ford.

It was also famous for the "smoke-filled room," where admist cigar smoke Senator Warren G. Harding was influenced to be the Republican Party nominee for the 1920 presidential election.

The Blackstone carries the feel of great historical events that have taken place within its walls. In the past it was used for numerous settings for well-known movies such as "The Babe" starring John Goodman, "The Untouchables" with Kevin Costner, "The Color of Money" starring Paul Newman and others.

## Racism charged in party bust

CARBONDALE, Ill. (AP)—A group of black students at Southern Illinois University is charging racism was behind police breaking up an off-campus party with tear gas.

Some students are planning a demonstration Saturday night in the city's downtown. They want police to apologize and drop charges against Patrick Gant, a 26-year-old elementary education major who was charged with aggravated battery and resisting arrest.

Police were responding to complaints about loud music, said Carbondale Police Chief R.T. Finney, who defended his officers' actions.

Gant, who is from Chicago, was hosting a block party with his neighbors about a half-mile from the SIU campus when a group of officers arrived in their squad cars around 1 a.m. Sunday, said Paul Hargdes, 21, of Chicago, who attended the party.

Two officers knocked on Gant's door and asked one of his roommates, John Bratton, to turn down the music, police and Bratton said.

But when police took

**"At one point I was lying on my bed with my covers over my head trying to get away from the Mace and one of the officers jumped up on the bed and continued to spray me."**

*Patrick Gant, 26-year-old elementary education major who was charged with aggravated battery and resisting arrest.*

Bratton's identification card, Gant objected and reached for the card, according to both Gant and Finney.

When the officer tried to arrest Gant, Gant retreated into his bedroom, where witnesses say six or seven police officers ultimately subdued him with tear gas and physical force.

"At one point I was lying on my bed with my covers over my head trying to get away from the Mace," Gant said. "And one of the officers jumped up on the bed and continued to spray me." Finney said his officers acted properly.

"When a verbal command doesn't work, you have to put your hands on them, and when that doesn't work you

have to use other force, like Mace," he said.

Witnesses said police also sprayed tear gas at several people outside Gant's bedroom window, whom they say were trying to help Gant escape. Hargdes said police overreacted because everyone at the party was black.

"It's not that they hate black people, but the way the police acted was racist," he said. Finney said racism played no part in the incident. "We treat all parties the same," he said. Police said Gant was arrested and charged with obstructing justice, resisting a police officer and two counts of aggravated battery. He was released on \$500 bond.

## Cops nab more Purdue students for basketball riots

WEST LAFAYETTE, Ind. (AP)—City and campus police officers on Friday arrested twelve Purdue University students on a variety of charges in connection with the disturbance that followed Purdue's loss in the NCAA women's tournament.

University officials said arrest warrants have also been issued for two other people. Police previously arrested five students and two non-students for their alleged roles in the April 1 disturbance.

Officials estimate the unruly crowds that roamed the campus area after Purdue lost to Notre Dame in the women's basketball championship game caused about \$75,000 in damage, mostly to vehicles and buildings.

The charges against the students arrested Friday are mostly misdemeanor counts

of criminal mischief and rioting. One student faces a felony charge of theft, the university said.

Purdue has already expelled six students and suspended two for their actions during the melee, university spokeswoman Jeanne Norberg said. Ten other students have been called in for disciplinary hearings.

Stephen Akers, Purdue's executive associate dean of students, said the 10 pending cases should be completed within the next week and more might follow after some preliminary investigations are concluded.

Purdue police Capt. Steven Dietrich said investigators have identified 56 people from videotapes of the disturbance.

He said of the 158 images the department posted on its web site, only five remain unidentified.



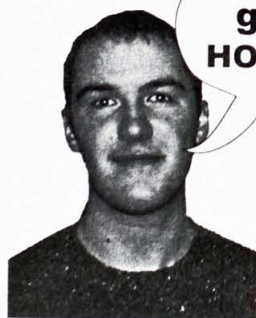
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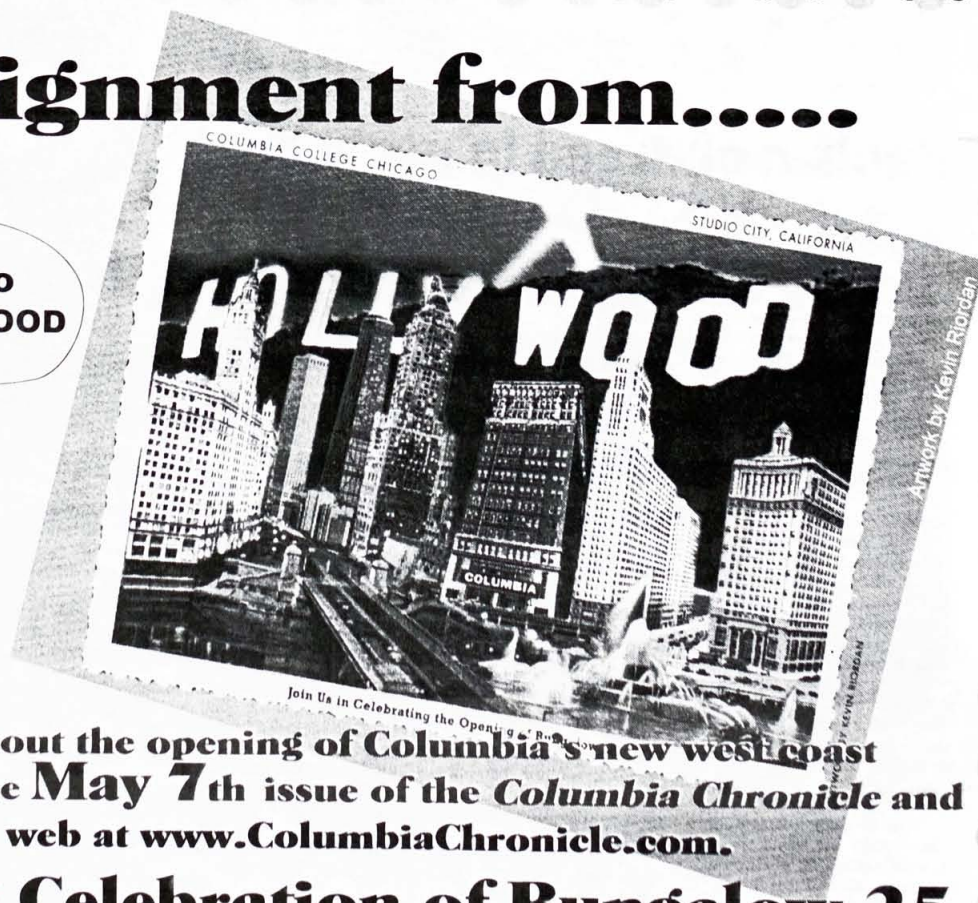
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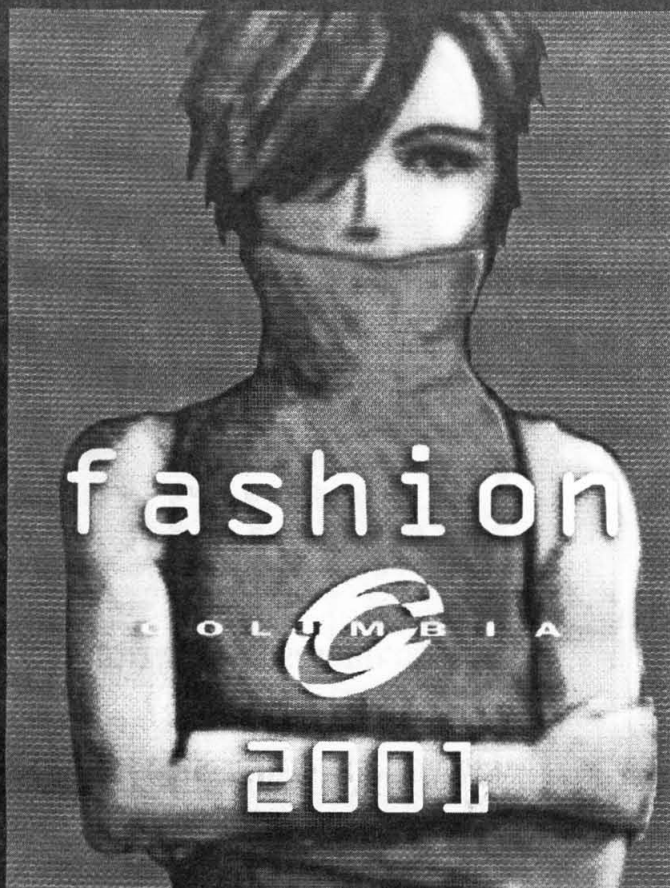


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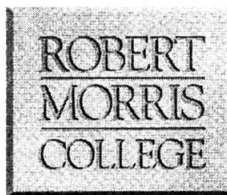
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# COMMENTARY

## Columbia College's legacy

Columbia last week lost a little bit of itself, but it's not any weaker for that. In fact, thanks to a grandfatherly looking gentleman by the name of Mirron Alexandroff, who passed away April 20th at the age of 78, Columbia is a leader in its class.

Alexandroff was the president of Columbia from 1963 to 1992, but he was more than that. He was the college's "founding father," its biggest advocate and its most enthusiastic architect—but most of all, he was a visionary.

He nurtured Columbia at an opportune time, the 1960s. It was an era when re-evaluation and change became the norm. He took a little storefront of a college in River North, one in which the entire student body could fit in a freight elevator, and cultivated it into an educational opportunity—for not only Chicagoans, but now for students across the globe.

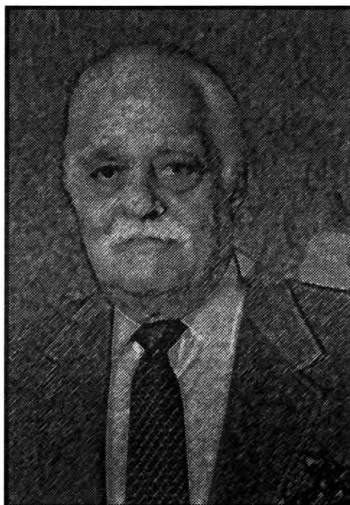
He broke down all traditional barriers when it came to upper education and rewrote the rules so that those who never

had a chance to go to college—both academically and financially—could attain a diploma. There was no other school outside Columbia that did that.

In addition to being an educator, he was a humanitarian, and that's a trait he brought back to the classroom. He marched with Dr. King, was an advocate of the labor movement and he was a proponent of breaking down the obstacles that prevented minorities from reaching the same dreams as white Americans.

He was a lover of Chicago and never missed an opening day game at Comiskey Park, except when serving in World War II. He appreciated the arts and more so those people who worked in them. Often he would drag them to the halls of Columbia and point them toward a classroom.

Unfortunately, most of the students in the halls today wouldn't recognize Alexandroff if his ghost was to walk past them. But, he wasn't in it for the recognition. Instead, he would be proud that those students chose the opportunity that he helped cultivate.



## Letters to the Editor

### Columbia parking?

This message is to all of you who drive to school, or would drive if Columbia had its own garage. As a group of students, we need to make the powers that be of this school aware that we need a private parking facility for students and faculty.

All of the students who commute were happy when the U-Pass went into effect, something like this would greatly please those of us who drive. Plus, this would be an excellent marketing tool for the school to lure prospective students, seeing that our school has a private parking facility. It would also make people feel safer.

If you feel that Columbia College should have its own parking facility, email us at:

[columbia\\_parking@hotmail.com](mailto:columbia_parking@hotmail.com)

## How to make Metra really fly

Since Columbia is primarily a commuter college, most students travel a by car, el or Metra to get there. The Metra, unlike the CTA, doesn't grant students a discount. While the CTA and Columbia have agreed to include the U-Pass in all full-time students tuition for \$70 a semester, students who ride the Metra can pay as much as \$125 for one monthly pass.

The Metra does offer discount fares to "full time students enrolled in an accredited grade or high school," as stated in their student fare policy.

Those students save approximately 50 percent off normal fares.

Metra should act like the CTA and give college students a discounted fare.

College is extremely expensive, and for some, the most financially and mentally stressful time of their life.

Metra is a convenient, quick alternative to driving for most, but some students don't embrace its benefits because they are upset about the costly train fares.

These students, instead, choose to take to the highways, which can lead to sloppy driving, tardiness, and pollution.

In fact, gas prices have "soared 15 percent in the last month," according to an article in the April 25 issue of the *New York Times*.

The article continues to say that most American gasoline refineries are operating at full capacity, so the supplies will not be going up anytime soon, and prices will probably be high throughout the summer.

That, combined with the high price of parking in the city (anywhere from \$8-\$14), is an even bigger financial burden on students than Metra.

However, most students fail to recognize that fact, because they have a hard time keeping up with Metra's schedule.

Metra should, therefore, embrace college

See *Metra*, page 11

### Exposure



Sheila Bocchine/Chronicle

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Letters to the Editor must include your full name, year, major, and a phone number. All letters are edited for grammar and may be cut due to the limited amount of space available.

Letters can be faxed to us @ 312-344-8032, e-mailed to [letters@cccchronicle.com](mailto:letters@cccchronicle.com) or mailed to *The Columbia Chronicle* c/o Letters To The Editor, 623 S. Wabash Ave., Suite 205, Chicago, IL 60605.

### It is a grand ole flag

I have just had the displeasure of reading your paper's editorial regarding the flag in Mississippi. I knew immediately that I could not take your view seriously when I finished the first paragraph. That may be funny up north, but it can certainly be seen as bigoted and stereotypical toward the South.

There is no insecurity in the effort to hold onto the flag. It is simply a determination to be allowed to hold on to the things that we hold dear, a continued effort to remember our past. But more importantly, it is an effort to keep people from outside Mississippi and the South from telling us what to do, to change things because they don't like it. You mention at the very end of the article that Mississippi had the chance to do the right thing, and didn't. The right thing according to who, you and your college. Thanks but no thanks. The majority of Mississippians, including a large number of blacks, have chosen to do what they feel was the right thing and not what you or anyone else wanted them to do. To do, by the way, in the face of threatened boycotts and so forth. If an outsider came in and told you to change your campus because they felt it was the right thing to do, and you didn't...you wouldn't.

How is it that the Confederate flag became the symbol of white supremacy after Manassas? I think the hate groups co-opted the U.S. and CS flags as flags of hate in the early to mid 1900s. Funny that no one calls for the U.S. flag to come down, and funny how the North has a larger number of hate groups than the South. Interesting.

When students and the general public are allowed to learn the truth about the "War Between the States" and learn to appreciate Southerners for their views when it comes to their heritage, then we'll all get along. Until then, liberal papers and views like yours, which I find bigoted and racist (I know, you think it's not the same...but it is), then there will never be understanding and Southerners in Mississippi and elsewhere, proud of their history, heritage and ancestry, will have to stand up and defend it. Three cheers for Mississippi and her flag and the right of the people to vote!

Charles Lauret  
Grand Prairie, LA



## Another free market success

By Michael Richards

Daily Illini

(U-WIRE) CHAMPAIGN, ILL. — Electricity deregulation has proved once again that the free market isn't. Gregg Easterbrook of The New Republic says, "When California deregulated ... (it was) replacing a closed, structured system with something approaching the Wild West." Deregulation in California has turned out to be a barely mitigated disaster. While an average consumer in Los Angeles was paying around \$50 a month for municipal electricity last August, San Diego Gas & Electric charged an average of \$138.50, according to The Nation.

Energy that in 1998 was 430 a megawatt-hour rose to \$600, or on some days \$1,500, a megawatt-hour; however, consumer rates are frozen until next year, so there has been no decline in demand. The bill Republican Gov. Pete Wilson signed, and the utilities allegedly wrote, forced the utilities to sell their generating plants to increase competition. They were snapped up by companies like Texas-based Dynegy (Illinois Power's parent company). The companies were then supposed to buy power on two power markets, the California Power Exchange and the Independent Systems Operator.

Just how free a deregulated market is can be demonstrated by the free market activities of the out-of-state suppliers who bought California's power plants. Commonwealth Edison in Chicago has shown its dedication to the free market it pressured the legislature to create, by asking the Illinois Commerce Commission to pass on to ratepayers the \$480 million tab for closing the Zion Nuclear Power Station. Nevertheless, the Bush administration's solution to "free" market problems has been more to suggest more free marketeering. Bush first suggested the state should solve its energy problems on its own, and then blamed federal anti-pollution laws and the state's tough anti-smog laws. It is increased plant efficiency and conservation efforts that saved California from a forecast power crisis in the early 1990s. With more Dubya logic, instead of advocating more conservation efforts, Energy Secretary Spencer Abraham reiterated the pressing need to drill for oil on the fragile Alaskan tundra.

California provides a cautionary tale for Illinois as it nears the full effects of Illinois' 1997 deregulation law. Dynegy, the company that was accused of price-fixing in California, is the parent company of Illinois Power—who had to drop rates 20 percent for deregulation because Central Illinois' power rates were among the highest in the Midwest.

Illinois has a non-profit consumer watchdog agency, the CUB, that serves an advisory role to the state in policing electric and telephone and gas utilities. Fortunately, however, Illinois' deregulation bill is less likely to burn consumers, thanks to provisions insisted upon by the Citizens' Utility Board that, ah, what's the word ... regulate utilities' behavior. Noting when other states have deregulated, "competition has been slow to emerge," CUB made sure Illinois' law is more structured because market prices often go up. Illinois has the strongest consumer protections and rate reductions in its law. Utilities can only increase rates in the new system if the ICC allows it, and the CUB can challenge any rate increase proposal.



Tribune Media Services

## Supreme Court prepares assault on 4th ammendment

Staff Editorial

The Lantern (Ohio State U.)

(U-WIRE) COLUMBUS, Ohio — The Supreme Court is chipping away at basic constitutional rights again. This time it is an assault on the Fourth Amendment. "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no Warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by Oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized."

Gail Atwater, a Texas woman, was driving her two kids. A police officer stopped the truck she was driving, because the officer noticed that none of the three were wearing seat belts. Atwater was handcuffed and taken to the police station. Atwater pled no contest to the offense and paid the \$50 fine. She and her husband sued, claiming that the arrest violated her Fourth Amendment rights.

Tuesday, the Court barred Atwater from suing. The decision was a 5-4 split. "The arrest and booking were inconvenient to Atwater," Justice David Souter. "But not so extraordinary as to violate the Fourth Amendment."

Being hauled away in handcuffs for not having a seat belt on is perfectly reasonable. Obviously many a desperate criminal violates mandatory "buckle-up" laws during commission of felonies — so often that police definitely have probable cause to arrest these violators.

Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, writing for the minority opinion, said that for the majority of the court to conclude that Atwater's arrest served no purpose and yet say that it passed constitutional tests is inconsistent. It is a violation of the guarantee of the Fourth Amendment. All you students out there ... watch out. With a full legal precedent from the Supreme Court, the next time you get a traffic ticket, you may find yourself at the mercy of the Student Code of Conduct.

## Metra

Continued from Previous Page

students with a discounted fare.

Even a minor discount would bring more students out of their cars and onto the train.

Tom Miller, a media relations officer at Metra, said "When you are college-aged, you are considered an adult. [When] free public education ends so does the rest of the gray train," which in this case is the Metra, or as they like to say "The way to really fly."

What Metra fails to realize is that,

while most students may be adult, by age, they are not adults in the bank. Most students have a difficult time making ends meet, some even have to take a job, or two, which is almost always detrimental to their GPA.

Metra should give credit where credit is due. They would not only be saving students money, but they would also be saving fossil fuels that would not be burned by students speeding to class.

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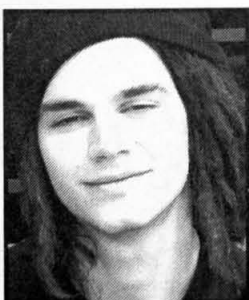
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Eric Panowko  
Freshman/Undecided

"Nothing. If I was born naked I'll die naked."



Nadia Garcia  
Freshman/Advertising

"A leather cat woman outfit."



Yonn Ash  
Senior/Theater

"A silver beaded rayon thong."



Kynse Agles  
Junior/Fashion Design

"Silk pajamas."



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# COLUMBIA CHRONICLE

## Fiction Supplement 2001

Amber. Green. Bluish white. A thick riot of color hangs over the room; a small studio in which I've been living with my girlfriend for the last eight months. It's a lie told within the rules of truth, perhaps I should rephrase that. We've been here forever. Years. Hours. Long enough to have fallen in love, died a morbid, dancing death, and erupted from our own handsomely stitched corpses trailing the stuffing of our memories behind us.

The lights are not how we feel. Miles Davis, though a beautiful, dead, man when he "does" Cyndi Lauper, is not how we feel. We are angry, and the waves of our anger and frustration swim in the cacophonous, clammy sea that is the air we breathe in this place. Home?

"You know that for ten minutes there we were broken up?" It's not really a question, just a vain and jealous attempt to make fun of myself. She treats it almost as if it were a question, though. I wonder if, in those ten minutes a rolling parade of possible lovers went through her mind.

"Yeah, so?" She scoffs over until her bare leg would touch mine if it weren't for the \$5 bottle of Spanish red.

Outside it's a crisp twenty-five degrees. The wind is blowing hard enough that the tender bits of frozen water spiral diagonally past the window. There's nothing like snow. It's easily a statement about humanity, with each individual flake being so radically different.

Yesterday, I stood outside the Wabash building and watched the snowfall onto my girlfriend's hat. The flakes didn't melt immediately, but sat there long enough for me to attempt lifting them off the dark blue cotton. They melted as soon as they touched my skin.

Whatever will I buy her for Christmas? A thousand things bounce around the inside of my head, and nothing I really want to get her is affordable on my budget. Last night we made magic jokes about an engagement ring; it'll be a couple of years at least before that can happen.

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Amber. Green. Bluish white. A thick riot of color hangs over the room; a small studio in which I've been living with my girlfriend for the last eight months. Considering that fiction is a lie told within the rules of truth, perhaps I should rephrase that. We've been here forever. Years. Hours. Long enough to have fallen in love, died a morbid, dancing death, and erupted from our own handsomely stitched corpses trailing the stuffing of our memories behind us.

The lights are not how we feel. Miles Davis, though a beautiful, dead, man when he "does" Cyndi Lauper, is not how we feel. We are angry, and the waves of our anger and frustration swim in the cacophonous, clammy sea that is the air we breathe in this place. Home?

"You know that for ten minutes there we were broken up?" It's not really a question, just a vain and jealous attempt to make fun of myself. She treats it almost as if it were a question, though. I wonder if, in those ten minutes a rolling parade of possible lovers went through her mind.

"Yeah, so?" She scoffs over until her bare leg would touch mine if it weren't for the \$5 bottle of Spanish red.

Outside it's a crisp twenty-five degrees. The wind is blowing hard enough that the tender bits of frozen water spiral diagonally past the window. There's nothing like snow. It's easily a statement about humanity, with each individual flake being so radically different.

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A collection of short stories, essays and poetry from Columbia students



HE'D JUMPED INTO AN UNPRESSED EVENING SUIT, BICKERING TO THE NURSES AT THE HOSPITAL ABOUT THE FORMALITIES OF ATTENDING SUCH A FUNCTION. THEN HE ASKED TO BE ALONE. HE SLAPPED ON SOME COLOGNE, CHECKING HIMSELF IN THE MIRROR OF A PATIENT'S CUBICLE. HIS CHEEKS, THOUGH THINNED WITH AGE, WERE PINK. HE DETECTED SHREWDNESS IN THE PALE HUE OF HIS BLUE EYES. SECRETLY, HE WAS DELIGHTED TO HAVE BEEN INVITED TO DINE WITH MEMBERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL ROTARY CLUB.

# The Rotarian

By Melissa Pavlik

The dining quarters in the pink castle had been swept and polished until everything twinkled. The table had already been set by the time Dr. Jekobsens arrived. He'd jumped into an unpressed evening suit, bickering to the nurses at the hospital about the formalities of attending such a function. Then he asked to be alone. He slapped on some cologne, checking himself in the mirror of a patient's cubicle. His cheeks, though thinned with age, were pink. He detected shrewdness in the pale hue of his blue eyes. Secretly, he was delighted to have been invited to dine with members of the International Rotary Club.

The doctor himself was not a Rotarian. In fact, he was not in the least bit aware of what it meant to be one. He was satisfied knowing that a crew of them had come to his town of birth, to his country, to Latvia. Except for the foreman of the Danish underwear factory in town, the doctor hadn't seen a foreigner in years. These Rotarians were going to build a new hospital here. It was stirring up the whole district to have Germans, Americans, even Australians and New Zealanders living and working in town. The news was making all the papers. Jekobsens beamed when he saw himself at the post office, the kiosks, looking wise and hospitable next to the foreigners, in black and white, on all of the front pages.

"Hey-hey! It's Dr. J!" Dr. Jekobsens recognized one of the Americans, puffy-eyed, white-haired Ollie, who waved him over to the dinner table. "Glad you could come." The men exchanged handshakes. Then Jekobsens seated himself lithely between strangers. The very best goblets had been laid out, along with cloth napkins and glass salad dishes. Jekobsens watched as Ollie filled the doctor's goblet with red wine.

"Thank-you," the doctor nodded, gratefully. Then, since his grasp of the English language was quite limited, he turned his attention to a conversation that was happening to his right, in German.

"Marvelous salad."

"I was told we're having schnitzel."

The doctor downed half of his wine in one

gulp. "I think you'll find the pork here quite tolerable," he said, edging into the conversation. "Mama raises pigs just down the way. Come to think of it," he pulled at a wrinkle in his sleeve, "they've probably went and fried one of her own, on account of tonight's ceremonies."

"Oh my!" The German gentlemen promptly excused themselves to locate the restroom. Jekobsens, his cup dry, flashed inquisitive glances across the table, in search of the wine.

"Would you prefer red to white?" Jekobsens turned to see the gentleman who'd been sitting on his other side. Like the doctor, this man was dressed smartly. The color on his jacket and trousers was so dark, a penetrating black. The texture was something shiny, perhaps a foreign breed of silk. It put the stranger in a glowing, violet light. This gentleman, who was holding a bottle of wine in each hand, addressed the doctor in Latvian. "Terrible decision to have to make, I know." There was a slight lilt in his speech, and he dropped his case endings. One of those Australian-Lats, or maybe a Latvian American, thought the doctor.

"I was drinking red," Jekobsens replied, upon which, the foreigner lifted the goblet to the bottle and poured graciously.

"How are you enjoying yourself here?" The doctor inquired, after sipping. He thought it polite to ask. The foreigner seemed poised in thought. "Quite a bit colder than what you're used to, I suppose. And the conditions, surely they must be difficult, considering where you come from."

The foreigner smiled a crooked smile.

"Positively."

"So you're a Rotarian, then?"

"You could say that." It was obvious to Jekobsens that this man had some difficulty with the language. Such short answers, perhaps memorized, out of a phrase book. It seems, he thought, that this man has no Latvian roots at all. Jekobsens found himself nodding impatiently, and, noting that the salads had not even been dished out yet, reached habitually for the cigarettes in his pocket.

"Perhaps you would like to try one of mine." The Rotarian reached inside his suit jacket, then

thrust forward a remarkably unique cigarette case. It was silver-plated, and had an inscription in the center written in a language Jekobsens was not familiar with. When the case flipped open, the doctor was presented with a vintage collection. Some of the cigarettes he recognized: German brands, French-rolled, something he knew he'd smoked in Riga once, on his wedding day. Others, he had never seen before in his life, but he knew that one could not purchase them in the shops anywhere in this district. Mouth watering, Jekobsens selected an especially long cigarette, which had been rolled in a rye-colored paper.

"For you?" He took the pack of non-filtered Jurnalas he'd picked up at the kiosk down the road and offered one to the Rotarian.

"I'm trying to cut back." The Rotarian stretched forward a matching silver lighter and ignited Jekobsens' cigarette. "Terrible habit. Isn't it, doctor?"

"Why, yes," Jekobsens stuttered. He hadn't introduced himself yet, but true, he was the head doctor in town. If these Rotarians were building a new hospital, it was appropriate they knew something about him.

"Especially dangerous to smoke around your patients. Don't you agree, Jekobsens?" The doctor gasped, right in the middle of an inhalation. It looked like he wanted to say something, but he was overtaken by a sudden fit of coughing.

By this time the Germans on the other side of him had returned. One of them tried to give the doctor a congenial pat on the back, but it was to no avail. "Excuse us," the Rotarian with the cigarette case addressed the fellows in German. Then, pulling the hacking doctor up from his chair, he said, "We'll take a bit of fresh air before dinner."

Out on the veranda overlooking the dining quarters, the doctor found himself pushed up against a huge pink pillar. The Rotarian had him by the collar and was staring directly into his watering eyes. "Don't you have somewhere else to be tonight, doctor? For example, next to that postman who's broken his leg he's still in the waiting room, leaning on the wall because you're too stingy to stick a chair in there. Or

what about Inga, who just this morning had a terrible fall from the fourth floor of the school and can't remember anything. You stuck her in a bed together with a pensioner. She's screaming now; she's calling for you. And Kaspars, who was beaten by the police to such an extent that his mother had trouble recognizing her son's face. So you drop him in an unheated corner of the kitchen where the serving door swings open and blows snow on his bloodied face, precisely on the half hour."

The Rotarian's grammar was perfect, now. There was not the slightest hint of accent.

"Perhaps it's a relief to them, that you've decided to wine here tonight and stuff your face at the expense of these humanitarians." The doctor was choking obviously, now. His cheeks had turned a violent purple, and his damp eyes and protruding lips twisted into spasms. He could no longer cough. He was unable to make any sound at all, except for the brief slapping that came when he succeeded in parting his lips, but could not seem to suck in any air.

"Don't think for a moment that they're building a hospital for you. They're building a hospital all right, but you'll never work there."

The Rotarian released his grasp on the doctor's collar, and the doctor let out a wheeze that carried him three feet off the ground. "That's right," the Rotarian said, in response to the doctor's sputtering. "Get back to where you belong." The violet-coated foreigner stayed on the veranda just long enough to watch the doctor's image dissipate into the darkening night sky. A pack of cheap cigarettes plopped onto the porch from the doctor's pocket, just before he disappeared. The Rotarian scooped up the pack and tucked it into the back pocket of his trousers.

Inside the dining hall, the meal was being served. The Germans talked quietly and nibbled at files of fried pork. The Rotarian found a place among them. He turned to the closest German, observing the empty wine glass between them. "Would you prefer red to white?" The Rotarian asked, while the German chewed on a slice of boiled potato.

# Untitled

By Matt Herzberg

## LIFE:

Requires limited negligible misunderstandings, the inability to direct anything of worth. Necessitates intelligent clarifications, compatibility with any lacking purpose. Limited understanding that the universe is extraneous in single-player. Hope, pride, consequence, prejudice, aspiration, worth; all are recommended for Multi-player, not required. Without reserve single-player runs lackadaisically into inanimate life.

## SETTING:

A chair to be pulled to the refrigerator. Find nothing, stare at empty shelves that invite potential food. Left over chicken, milk, cheese. All are recommended but not required. Potential space combinations can hold anything - if nothing occupies refrigerator space, that's the simple problem. Acquiring within jacket, several dollar bills may be difficult but attainable. Required for purchases to fill previously mentioned space.

## CONTROLS:

You haven't been outside the house in days, draped about the small padded chair and staring out nearby window. The flurry of flakes resembles a shortened storm of white. Focus hard enough and you can see the individual shapes as they descend towards the ground.

## INSTALLATION:

Pull on jacket and place winter hat on single-player head. The temperatures will automatically be below the point of freezing. Restart your operating system's 'moments of time' and begin to forget who and what you are. Lack of sleep endured will now warp the previously installed system of your mind. Extent of malnutrition will

have weakened your body making winded moments an unpleasant disorientation.

While standing in the snow, light cigarette. The smoke washes over your operating system like a venomous cleanser. After the nicotine has taken its effect on system begin walking through the snow. Start down a barren path that stretches on onto the nothingness of night.

## Multi-player Connectivity:

Access ahead a walking figure, a stranger covered in the clothes of winter. Walking towards single-player between paths of snow, a huddled mass of covered clothes. Close distance between each other and soon arrive into the path. The biting cold of the wind makes it more difficult for eyes to rise to recognition.

The stranger stops. Simply standing in front of your path, the only thing that he will bear to say: "Whoa now that's fucking weird."

He's a blackened mass, a shivering mess. Access own disorientation with lack of reason, search for reference of ingested foreign substances. Discover that operating system is a strewn mess without proper addition.

After, realize that the stranger has been standing in your path for too long in the cold. The stranger will then step to the side and allow you to walk past. Continue on towards illuminated signs that shine like yellow impaired Christmas trees. Those buildings stand before you are simple structures of destination, a store, an office, a store. Few are recommended, none required. The double glass doors will open regretfully under your weight. The storm of snowflakes

showering in all around you as if the life of the storm had definition and purpose.

## Troubleshooting (single-player):

*"I stumble over frozen feet into the confines of the store, its heavenly-ladled isles filled with candies and nonessential essentials."*

Use the dollar amount, which has been acquired earlier. Once set amount is certain, only purchase items that fill the following requirements: hunger, thirst, addiction, and amusement.

*"I wander these shelves and transparent cooled cabinets looking for amply disguised fuel. Chocolate milk. 2 liter cola. box of Swiss Miss packets. oatmeal. butter. salsa. one pack of menthol cigarettes. one box of reds. one box lights."*

All of these items fulfill the earlier basic requirements. However be wary of how best to apply them in order to not waste any amount of quality. You may wish to simply dispense them separately amongst your operating system for best possible results.

*"At the register, a three hundred pound woman always comes up and says 'We are out of bags'."*

Simply begin shoving your pockets full of the previously named supplies, not necessarily in the order they were previously listed. Full distribution in the available pockets should allow only a slight compromise in mobility.

## Multi-player Connectivity 2.0:

Walking steadily home you'll see a stranger ascending in the opposite direction. The same as before, see the stranger as a huddled shivering pedestrian. As you get closer the path covered by snow becomes thinner. Soon stop as there isn't enough room to cross. The stranger should wait, still staring at you. Gaze unaffectedly to the form of the second person to grace your path. Or it might be the first, now returning. The coincidence should soon be unsettling. Back away and say "Whoa now that's fucking weird" to let the figure pass.

## Additional Support Services:

There's a lounge in the building where you live. It's an enclosed glass hollow with big windows. The chairs aren't comfortable and sitting for the expanse of a long moment can prove to be painful in a lazy kind of way. When entering the lounge walk towards the biggest window. Notice a figure standing in the place you want to occupy.

Grab a chair and pull it closer to where he's standing. Ask "Nice night eh?"

"It's been the same the last few nights," he'll answer in a hushed tone. His features never leaving his original statue-like position.

You'll say: "Yah, every time I go to bed it's snowing, and every time I wake up it's snowing."

"I know what that feels like," he will respond.

"Fuckin' A right," you'll add. Then say: "Lately I've been going to sleep before the light, and then I wake just after the light. I'm starting to think that all the world is just a mass of snow covered, overcast night."

The figure will reach an arm to his shoulder and scratch it three times. "You may be more right than you know."



# Awake Found out

(In loving memory of Kristie O'neal)

By Thomas D. Jackson

You entered my mind  
into the dark desolation  
and orchids frozen dead in bloom.

You entered my soul  
shadows in the dark  
and a cold ghost moon.

You entered my heart  
into dreams forgotten  
and passions awry...

You were a shooting star  
which sparked in the heavens  
before falling to the sea;  
you were a flash of lightning  
which split the summer storm clouds.

You gave me reason  
and filled my speech  
with stuttering rhyme.  
in your presence i was warmed  
and defenseless to your beauty.

Awake  
allow me one more glance  
and a chance to be lost once more  
in your shimmering gaze...

Awake  
shake away eternal frost from your  
hair  
my pretty child my sweet one

Awake  
allow me soft resurrection  
to feel the rapture of your love  
divine...

Awake  
and allow me one last breath  
to say that I love you!!

## REM

By Chad J. Pearson

The land undulates,  
A McDonald's by the sea,

Ostriches in the drive-thru,  
Snorting milkshakes.

Gulls float around inside,  
Nesting in the booths,  
Beside layers of french fries.

A child is playing with toy cars,  
Circling round and round,  
Mustard covering his face.

A blue thunderbolt  
Crashes into the sand,  
Becoming petrified,  
Rock solid stance.

The skies roll images of worlds,  
And unknown cities merge and  
mingle.

From the sea rise white beings,  
Leaving red footprints in the  
sand,

They swarm on the rooftop,  
Fountains of Pepsi squirting  
To the heights.

There is a deep murmuring,  
Incessantly droning,

And the sun folds to green di-  
monds,  
Glittering darkly.

By Sean Slive

I did it slowed down love to be  
viewed through a microscope, funny  
things travel when gravity  
is so definite, between planets  
are sped  
graves retro  
white stripes  
of physical law  
unrestricted by logic,  
given to meaning  
where you ride  
on candles or techno-gadgets  
the speed of whatever  
wood

or Her  
rug we settled on  
Instead of fastest  
why not you  
or I:  
freaks under the sound barrier  
still crashing

## Tasting Morning

By Chad J. Pearson

She knows the way to make  
Her panties fly over the moon-milked trees,  
Sleek blue and rippling,  
Revealing form even in emptiness.

Take your hand from between the legs,  
The body must breathe,  
With its ends like suckling star orbs,  
Sweetly shining,

She bends beneath the clothesline,  
Multi-colored veils hiding the majesty,  
Split-second revelations,  
The haunted smile,  
Shaded eyes seething with strength,  
And the long legs,  
Tan from the softest touch of sun.

Earthworms writhe in my hands,  
But I watch,  
Remembering,  
Tasting as with chapped lips,  
The slender pink finger with  
Specks of brown sugar still hiding  
Underneath the long nails,  
A morning of oatmeal and wonder,

And the pausing,  
Savoring of all the  
Tastes of morning,

The girl drifting amidst the sheets,  
And the long blonde hair  
Rising in the air,  
Flowing, shining,  
Vanishing into the white.

## Twenty Years

By Todd Follett

Go to war with yourself  
before they do it for you  
and thus free yourself to  
use your dreams  
like a chainsaw  
to shred the coffin tarp  
of flags and creeds  
they are already burying you in.

Dear Reader,

When I first entertained the idea of putting together an insert of student work, I was concerned that the number of submissions might be too few. I wanted a professional-looking publication that would reflect the talent and capacity of the student body while forwarding the excellent literary reputation that is Columbia's. Much to my thankful surprise, my expectations were not only met, they were exceeded.

The sheer number of submissions that we received forced us to move the deadline back, just so we'd have time to read them all. In addition, because of space constraints, any submission that does not appear in this print edition will be on the Chronicle's Website at [www.cccchronicle.com](http://www.cccchronicle.com). I am very pleased that I had this opportunity, and I would like to thank each and every one of you for your attention. After all, that's what a writer wants more than anything.

It gives me great joy to present you with the Columbia Chronicle Fiction Supplement, and thank you everyone for making this job a whole lot easier than it could have been. Good reading.

Christopher B. Watts  
Editor, Special Sections

## Haiku Untitled

By Don Thompson

Sun  
Meets Water  
Where I cannot see  
Leaves  
Fall from a tree  
Shedding its coat

Masks hide What  
Shame owns

Mountains  
Reaching up  
Greeting the sky

Moonlight  
Reflects nothing  
That is hidden

## Heat Dry

By Chad J. Pearson

Revive us with your pizzas,  
Carnality stretched to a  
Salivating sheen,

And let loose the bubbling gardens.

I will start speaking the lyrical diversion,  
And cease the clanging of the bottles,  
Forcing the entrances,  
Mouths of hollowed ecstasy.

There is only desperation  
When I see you  
Munching on doughnuts-  
Then is the impetus to rip open  
The bodice of dreams,  
And spin the moans  
Into terrific satiations,  
Howls for all our homecomings.

But if it is a smile you offer me,  
Then I will pause in the kitchen of songs,  
Basking in the gentle warmth,  
As dishes after a good wash,  
With tiny drops of water  
Still trickling down the sides,  
Like my heart,  
Lost in its tinglings,  
Reaching into the deepnesses  
For you,  
And feeling the touch,  
The hands that brush me clean  
With driest fire.

Afternoons always...

## Untitled

By Lee Kitzis

They call Charlie Parker  
"Bird" because nothing  
stops no pause his  
notes meld together like  
heaven high it glides  
and transcends soars  
and takes flight

How often do you  
see a bird stop  
and look where  
it's going?



My Aunt Sallie didn't have to point him out to me. He looks just like me. After twenty-two years I finally had a picture of the guy who created me, and our resemblance is absolute. I have the same fat face, the same high, chubby cheeks, the same dark brown eyes. I look just like him. I guess what is so unreal to me is that I had to wait all of these years to see these things, this resemblance, and, even then, it was just by pure chance that we happened to run across a faded picture in the bottom of a dusty box.

# Winter Solace

The first glimpse that I ever caught of my father was when I discovered him lying on the bottom of a dog-eared shoebox. His photo was one of the last ones I pulled from the pile. He had been hiding beneath old shots of far-flung southern relatives posing on the decks of their grand plantation houses, and gurgling babies in Easter dresses and shiny penny loafers. I pulled the photo out from beneath the shuffle and looked into my father's same brown eyes. He is in the middle, flanked by two of his friends. All of them hold bottled beers in their hands. They look very 1970's, long hair, my dad with a mustache, and faded t-shirts. You could feel the casualness of that day, in someone's backyard some summer back then.

My Aunt Sallie didn't have to point him out to me. He looks just like me. After twenty-two years I finally had a picture of the guy who created me, and our resemblance is absolute. I have the same fat face, the same high, chubby cheeks, the same dark brown eyes. I look just like him. I guess what is so unreal to me is that I had to wait all of these years to see these things, this resemblance, and, even then, it was just by pure chance that we happened to run across a faded picture in the bottom of a dusty box. I didn't come to see these similarities by coming face to face with my father, instead it was just a photo that aroused all of this wonder in me. This is him, I think. The man of all the stories, of all the myths, of all the abandonment and bitterness and marvel. This is, was, could still be, my father. Who knows? I sure as hell don't.

I don't think that my mother even had a taste of what was to come the day that she fell in love with my father. She said she fell in love with him the moment he rode up on his Harley. That was it for her, that one second of arrival was all she needed to join him at the hip. She jumped on the back of his bike, and that was that, or so she tells me. Their love faded over time, as so much does, and eventually the only thing that managed to hold them together was my birth, and perhaps some spark of desire to have a normal family together. That too, vanished in an instant, and my mom and I soon learned how to face life both very much together and also oh, so alone.

The outside was silent, muffled by the thick, white landscape. Life, for the most part, was still, at least for now, and probably only here, in this part of the snow-drenched world. Close to a foot had already fallen, and according to Julius Sanders, the too-tan weatherman, more was on its way.

Libby lay in her reclining bed in her own blanket of stiff, starched white, gazing out her long window, not really seeing anything at all but the thoughts that swam fitfully through her own head.

Libby lay alone, in that room in a small corner of St. Louis. Brent, her husband merely because of pregnancy, wasn't there. He was instead where he could usually be found: his ass planted on a cracked, vinyl barstool at the Geyer Inn tavern, only a few miles down the road. His thoughts were buried in beer and dope, as he went over in his head the distributing of the pounds of pot that sat in his basement in Valley Park. His long hair hung to his shoulders, his beard caught the ashes of the Marlboro he lit. Brent sat in the bar as he had done so many nights and days before, and as he would for so many to come.

Sweat was pooling on her forehead and chest, even down to the roots of her hair as Libby gripped the railings of her hospital bed, cursing her goddamned husband and the family that wasn't there. The only people to hear her grunts and guttural yells were the nurses in white that gently tried to ask if there was anyone they could call to come be with her. Somehow it was appropriate that her daughter come into the

world without having her father by her side. She would never even know him as a father, ever, and would probably come to have a hard time labeling him as the father he was supposed to have been to her. Let him stay in the bar, Libby thought as her daughter came hurtling into the world. Let him feel the guilt and the remorse that he'll never be able to make up for, not that he would ever try. And there, in that isolated hospital, in that very alone moment, Libby gave birth to Beth.

Beth's actions mirrored the peaceful winter outside. She didn't cry a note, but instead solemnly clenched her fists and hugged herself with her wrinkled, splochy arms. Her first instinct was to protect herself from everything around her, to not let anyone too close, to take care of her minute old self. Libby knew right then, as she held her daughter, that she was holding an old soul, one that had already lived a few lives, been battered around from birth till death, learned from it, and then learned to become even stronger the next time around.

Brent got news of his fatherhood while sucking on his sixth Bud and packing a new pack of Marlboros on his closed palm. He paused when he heard, his cigarette dangling from his lips, the match halfway there. Who knows what sped through his head. Happiness, doubt, dread, sadness for the life he was thinking he would have to leave behind in order to become a father, pity for the daughter that would only have him for a few years.

My father managed to pull himself from his barstool after draining the last of his warm beer. Some aspect of compassion must have passed through him as he went to be with his family in the hospital. By the time he got there, stumbling down the glaringly bright corridors with a decent buzz banging in his head, the rest of mom's family had arrived. My aunt Sallie, my grandpa, they were both there. I wish I had some memory of my dad holding me, wish I could remember looking up into his face, wish I could remember his face at all.

We went home a few days later, plowing our way through the white world, us three. Our home was in Valley Park, a little area, not a suburb really, but a little extension of south St. Louis that was predominantly white trash and hippies. Valley Park was still considered the sticks back then. Our house sat high up on a cliff that was stuck back in the woods. I drove up there about eight years ago with my aunt, so she could show me where I spent the first year or so of my life. She was pleased to see that the house was still there, stuck back in the woods, cut off from most of the rest of the world. I remember being struck by a mixture of such indescribably odd feelings. This was one connection that still remained between my father and I, this tiny house in the rough where we lived, together, for such a short time. I think seeing that house even fanned my curiosity even more, instead of quenching it.

What I remember about that house is what a cool house it was, with its big yard, tons of roaming space, and no neighbors anywhere near by. Thinking about it now, I realize that the spot where we first lived was probably no coincidence, but was most likely very convenient for a father who more than dabbled in drugs. With the nearest neighbors being a ways down the road, I'm sure that this was one major selling point for a man who, at any given time, might have a basement full of pot.

My mother's and father's life back then was straight out of Easy Rider. They lived as best they could against the grain of society, bucking all that was considered conventional and adopting anything that was not. It was the mid-seventies, and a large slice of the population pie was no doubtedly involved in drugs in some way. My father didn't just dabble in them, he supplied the thousands of dabblers. His position towards the top of the drug trade made

for a fitful life for us. Being a big-time drug dealer doesn't do wonders for family life.

My father collected Aston-Martins, the rare British cars that were found few and far between. For some reason, my father had an affinity for them. Apparently he also had some loose change lying around to travel to Europe to buy them. My mom and Brent went to Europe, when I was about two I guess it was, to get a new car for my father. My mother seems to remember it magically and tragically. She always speaks of the remarkable beauty of Scotland, where our heritage lies. She loved that trip with him, up until the end.

My mother and father and I were at some airport in Europe, trying to catch our flight back to the states. They were randomly searching people before they boarded, to make sure they weren't smuggling back heroin or pot from Amsterdam or opium from further east. My mom had apparently thought this might happen, so before we left for the airport, she had drilled Brent about whether or not he had anything on him, made him swear up and down that he wasn't carrying anything. Apparently he had promised that he was clean, that he had gotten rid of it all before they got to the airport. Apparently he was lying. As they began searching people in line, Brent whispered to my mom that she might want to pretend that they weren't together, she might want to stand further back in line with me, away from him.

Her heart dropped through the ground, along with her stomach, as she realized what he was telling her in so few words. My mom tells me that that was when she began seriously thinking about leaving him for good. If they had caught him with the drugs he was carrying that day, I would have been taken away from her, possibly for good. This was one of those slices in time when everything changed. Because of that search that turned up nothing, the seed was planted in my mother's mind for the first time that the life she was leading might not be the best life for us. I think that moment in the airport when customs had their hands running up and down my father, inside, out and around him, that one moment grounded my mother in reality, when she might have otherwise been living above the world instead of in it.

My mother, Brent and I made it back to the states okay. Somehow the customs officials had failed to find the dope on my father. They had patted him down well, not good enough for their sake but good enough for ours. My father got his Aston-Martin, and had it shipped back to the U.S. It sat in our side-yard in Valley Park, next to the Harley and the VW bug. My father lavished that car with love, kept it polished and gleaming while he dreamt of the next car he would buy.

My mother tells me of the story of the day Brent's Aston-Martin ceased to be. You see, we had this pit bull named Charlie. Apparently he and I were very close, he would never let a stranger come near me, my mother tells me. Anyway, one day Charlie jumped into the driver's seat of the Aston-Martin, and accidentally shifted the car into drive or neutral or something. Charlie jumped out just in time to watch the car go driving off down the side of the cliff that we lived on. My mom said she thought that Brent was going to kill the dog he was so pissed. So my father's Aston-Martin was gone and he was left with only us to love.

My mother and Brent lived together for a few more years, until I was about three or so. Brent continued to sell massive quantities of pot, and my mother continued to raise me. We drove around in her bug, listening to Fleetwood Mac and hanging out at the Geyer Inn with her and Brent's friends. I have a few vague memories of that bar even though I haven't been inside since I was little. It's still sits there, in St. Louis, by the railroad tracks. Whenever I

pass it when I'm home, I get a weird feeling because I know that it was where I spent a lot of my time with my father, even if it's not a part of my memory now. Just knowing that is strange, like it should somehow be more attached to me. How things can be one way for years only to have it mean nothing later on is so strange to me.

Sometime after the scare at the airport and a few other close calls, my mom decided to leave Brent. I think it was about the time he was led off to jail for drug trafficking and distribution. She thought it would be best to leave him then, let him sit in jail alone just as he left her so many times. So we divorced him. After he left for a few years behind bars, we never saw him again. I don't think mom thought that it would end up that way, so cut and dry. She figured that after he got out we might eventually find him again, arrange some sort of visitations for him and I, so that I could at least have some real-life impression of him.

As it turns out, we never saw him again at all. We never did find out what happened to him after he got out of jail. He disappeared off the earth. His parents never knew what happened to him. The brother that he was so close to and who he never lost touch with never heard from him again. He just left. It's so strange, all of these years I've always been consumed by my own sense of loss, by my time cut short. I never, until now, really thought about how hard it must have been for his family. For a mother to lose her son forever, and to never know anything, whether he was alive or dead or crazy or what. I'm sure that they've hurt a million times more than I ever have, because, I was so young when I lost him, so young that I never even knew him. He was so much a part of their lives, that to be suddenly without him must have and still be, a hurt like no other.

Some years after Brent took off for that unknown somewhere, a close friend of my mother's called one Christmas evening. She had been watching some bible-thumping Christian on t.v., handing out forgiveness and prayers to anyone with the will to save him or herself from the grips of sin. Katie, mom's friend, had been watching this gung ho preacher bless those less fortunate when she swears that she saw my father, the unfortunate one, asking for help from God, for guidance maybe, for resolution, for forgiveness. It was him, Katie was so sure. That was the closest we ever came to finding him again.

Others have whispered rumors, saying that they hear he's now crazy, is schizophrenic, and wandering our streets in his own silent mind. Everyone seems certain that he is alone, homeless, doomed. I still sit and wonder, walk and wonder, try to remember his face and wonder.

Snowy sheets cover these Chicago streets as I walk, alone, in my world so far away from the past that never seemed near. I walk these cold, steel gray streets, passing all of the homeless guys that live around my place, the ones that throw down their empty gin bottles in defiance of life itself, and the others that yell as if we're the ones that put them on the streets, that took their lives out of their own hands and gave it away. Some days I look into their eyes and wonder if that one is him, or maybe that other guy mumbling to himself and staggering along, or that guy over there, the one with his closet on his back and his life kept in his brown paper bag. Is he my father?

I wonder, and will always wonder, about my father. Does he even remember me? Does he ever wonder what happened to me? Did he just cease to care? Did he think I ceased to care? Will I ever find him, or him me? Will his picture always be the only one solid thing I have to remember him by, the only thing that will last as my memories fade, as the stories slip into the past, with him in their grasp?

By Beth Rasch



I WAS AFRAID LEO WAS LOSING HIS MANHOOD. WE HAD BEEN GOING OUT FOR A COUPLE OF MONTHS. HE LIKED DOING THE SAME THINGS THAT I LIKED. UNTIL LEO CAME ALONG I COULD ONLY GET MARIA TO GO WITH ME TO TARGET. HE LOVED GOING, STROLLING DOWN THE AISLES TAKING HIS TIME. WE LIKED LOOKING AT ALL THE DIFFERENT DISHES AND GLASSWARE. WE LOVED LOOKING AT THE TOWELS AND DECIDING WHICH COLOR WE WOULD WANT FOR OUR BATHROOM.

# Steak

By Elana Mosca

He's buying chicken again," Craig said as he leaned over my shoulder while I waited for the customer to hand me her preferred card.

"Are you sure he's buying chicken?" I asked. "Yeah, and pork, the other white meat," Craig said chewing on a toothpick.

"It's probably for his mother," I tried to explain.

"I'm telling you, Leo is going to become Lia," Craig laughed over his shoulder as he walked back to the meat department.

It was true. A real man ate steak. You don't even have to ask my brother Grant, what his favorite food is. He loves his steak—medium rare. If we were grilling outside, he would want it just browned on the outside but dripping on the inside, red juice dripping off the meat onto his plate. He'd take his bread, mop it up and pop it into his mouth as if nothing in the world was better.

If you asked for A1, you were just pretending to be a real man. When Grant was little, he wanted to try A1 on his steak. My father threw a fit, "I'm not going to have no sissy for a son. You have to love the way the steak tastes without smothering it in A1."

I was afraid Leo was losing his manhood. We had been going out for a couple of months. He liked doing the same things that I liked. Until Leo came along I could only get Maria to go with me to Target. He loved going, strolling down the aisles taking his time. We liked looking at all the different dishes and glassware. We loved looking at the towels and deciding which color we would want for our bathroom.

Once I was finished with my shift, I thought I

would pick up a steak and make it for Leo. He was coming over for dinner. I walked back through the aisles toward the meat department. There was a girl leaning over the chicken cooler. She had long brown hair and long legs. I could see Craig walking over to her looking at her ass as she leaned deeper into the cooler. I saw the steak in her cart; it rested where you would usually put a child.

"She's got steak," I whispered to him. Craig backed up still looking at her ass. If a woman had steak in her cart she had a special someone. If she only bought white meat, she was single.

"Hey, what's your best steak?" I asked looking down through the glass counter at the dark red beefy steaks.

"Nothing in this counter. I have something good in the back," Craig pushed through the door behind the counter.

After a few minutes Craig pushed back through the door. He held out a white paper package. "Black Angus, it's the best. Three minutes on each side and it will melt in your mouth like butter. For a man, it's better than Viagra," Craig looked past me at another lady, putting turkey sausages in her cart. "This ones got no man. Excuse me, I have to help this clueless honey out," he said and slid past me.

Inside the white package Craig had included a little bottle of spices. In Craig's handwriting it said, "To bring out the flavor." I sprinkled each steak with the spices. I put them on the grill and waited three minutes before I turned them over.

I heard the doorbell and rushed to open the door. Leo stood there with his black hair hanging in his eyes. "Hello," he said pushing

the hair back off his forehead. I held the door open for him as he hugged me. He stopped and sniffed. "What are we having?" he asked.

"Steak," I said smiling at him as if it was the greatest surprise.

"Oh, how wonderful," he said slamming down onto the couch and sounding like a deflating balloon.

"I think they're ready, let me go get them." I pulled the steaks from the grill. The smell was so masculine it almost made you wet.

"They look really good," I said as I placed a steak on his plate. Leo walked over to his side of the table and looked down at his plate.

"Do you have any A1?" he asked.

"I'm sorry, I'm not much of a steak eater, should I have bought A1?" I asked innocently. Leo sat down and sliced into his steak. He pushed his knife into the inside watching the red juice spill over onto his plate. He shoved his knife into it again watching more red juice flow out of it.

"Could I put mine on a little longer?" he asked.

"Sure," I said as I cut into my steak. I popped the first piece into my mouth.

Craig was right, it was like butter melting in your mouth. I thought I was going to have convulsions with every bite. When I was finished and looking down at my plate debating whether or not I should lick it clean, Leo came back into the dining room.

"Where's your steak?" I asked.

"I dropped it, so I just threw it to the neighbor's dog. I hope you don't mind, I wasn't really hungry anyways," he said plopping back down on the sofa.

I was too hot to be mad. I sat down next to

him bringing his face to mine. I slowly pushed my tongue in his mouth. I began whirling my tongue in his mouth as if I was playing tag with his tongue. He kept pulling away, softly kissing my face. Couldn't he tell I wasn't in a lets-be-gentle-mood? I wanted it. I wanted him to go after me like the neighbor's dog was going after the steak.

Enough of the kissing. I had to take matters in my own hands. I slid my hand down towards his jeans. I went to unzip his jeans when I noticed he had a button fly. I couldn't believe it. Why didn't he just wrap chains around his crotch and put a lock on it? I practically ripped the buttons off. His white underwear was the only thing that kept me from the truth. It was now or never. I slid my hand underneath his underwear expecting a soft warm package that would fill my hand. But there was nothing to grab onto. I pulled the elastic on his underpants so I could see inside. There it was. Skin was bunched up around the head but it was going inside the groin. It looked like a messed up outty belly button. All the white meat he ate had malnourished him. It was too late. No matter how much steak he ate it would never be back to normal. I was in heat. I would get more stimulation if I humped his leg.

"I'm sorry," he said slowly buttoning his fly.

"You're sorry, that's all you have to say, is you're sorry?" I was in shock.

I pulled him off the couch pushing him toward the door. He kept mumbling sorry, over and over. I pushed him out of my house and closed the door. I leaned my head against the back of the door. I vowed to myself that I would never ever look at another man who had chicken in his shopping cart.

# New Skin for the Old Ceremony

By Jason Mehl

Who says what you cannot or what you can ask without seriousness?

Leonard Cohen's circus of cartoon seriousness after a night of sand rolling prophecy prayers and a morning of who-knows-me. What can you learn from a coyote painting scenes you're about to walk in—painting with one cartoon wet brush bringing color and outlines and sign posts and streets to the blank grey we've all seen and expected nothing of.

Expected nothing but a key-oat with a blue-print for life loss and lots of laughs. But nobody lives in a laugh.

The Chelsea Hotel needs a few sacred acts—I'm not the man—oppressed by figures of Speech. How about a coyote painting the lobby straight grey with the ever-wet brush to start it new—FINALLY—a vision of what new can be—and can't. If your vision is Universal it can't be new. And it can't be capitalized.

History was ruined the day they called something Modern—instant birth of the dormant and mad Postmodern cow changing dollars to quarters and standing in line in well-lit alleys to play Pac-Man in the skulls of the innocent-enough. But let The New Vision break a few silly rules. Let it truffle-hunt reality's rolling woods unaware of No Trespassing glares. It's got something to do with reality—the reality of what's been paraphrased and cut and foot-noted into the memory of those who went to school to learn how to be honest.

The reality of the poet spinning fuck me from his wife's pure mouth into a tapestry of private praise—the subconscious miner who hot showers and cold parties—the face that says fuck it and means it and prays to the God who

bleeds mercy to the mouth of the maze. He doesn't follow a rule put down by his mom or mine. The rule got cracked in a storm. Humpty dance.

If there's a way to make a cartoon silly prayer understood by its offerer as something sacred and real and offered to God as something more than a warm thing with a bow behind an unlocked (if lucky) altar door—to see everything from Greek campfires to the lobby of the Chelsea Hotel is an attempt to understand/rationalize/accept/honor/or live without reality. If that can be grasped and gripped and start joy-buzzing a few honest palms maybe the world will be one in seeing the difference between silly and serious. Rush hour and happy hour and the Stock Market will live

forever, but maybe like the world realized Hitler was Satan and Stalin was a fool and Mussolini and Lenin and Saul went mad and a king was never really one but many men, maybe we can reach for a pre-emptive realization and see the difference between Tom and Jerry and the Bible and send everyone walking.

The grey desert has a horizon no matter who paints it and it's anywhere you decide to stop and sit and you can fall right over—roll over it sideways before your legs fall asleep. There's no room for a scream off the end of a screen and where you'll land could be anywhere from Brazil to the bottom of a dried volcano rind in Nigeria or Japan or Korea or Hawaii or leaning over the rail looking into the green wet center of a leafy life in the rainforest at the Topeka Zoo. There's grape juice no matter where and the Zoo Man laughs as much if not more than any happy man you've ever seen smile.

# A Journal of Sound

By Stephanie Kuehnert

They were the shoes of rock and roll stars, both thickly heeled and shimmering in the streetlights they walked beneath. The world held its breath as passed.

They stood on top of the world's tallest buildings and threatened to push each other off to the delight of news shows, their glittered clothes gleaming like the cosmos underneath the flashing lights. They took good pictures as the beautiful ones should. They took the stage and kept it, both standing up and falling down. "I'm so sorry, I'm so gone."

She watched with silver eyes gone glassy. The skyscrapers sparkled with platinum spires, silver plated bodies and windows like mirrors, her eyes spanned a world gone grey.

"Have you ever seen a sunset?"

"There is no sun anymore."

"Have you ever seen a sunset?" he insisted, one foot planted on the slick metal guard rail and the other skimming the sky like it was water as opposed to a one hundred seventy story drop.

The concrete was probably silver as well; his body would crash like an imprint in mercury.

He would never fall though, he never had. And nor would she. The silver rolling across her eyes like a thunderstorm, dripping winter instead of tears.

She stood before a large pane of glass, morning light glowing softly against her skin. Where were they now? The horizon etched with rectangles reaching for the gods, but which pattern was it? Chicago? New York? Had they crossed the seas while she hadn't been paying attention? Hours and countries and oceans drifting by while she stared with her looking glass eyes? Had he been laughing, sleeping? He was etched into the scenery as well as she turned. Stretched like a cat in sleep across the bed, sheets twisted around jagged hipbones picture perfect. Blue mornings playing out across his skin. Blue mornings that made her miss tea, miss the color of twilight, miss his hands. In sleep his skin was still as glossy as the photos. It always would be, as would hers.

They should have been poets.

His eyes spanned silver across a world gone grey. He always slept through Los Angeles; there was something about waking to dusky palm trees and opening his eyes to bright stage lights and auditoriums full of hazy California eyes and Hollywood lips.

He stood before a large pane of glass, floodlights of all colors gleaming upon silver snake freeways roping around skyscrapers, over land and sea. She wouldn't even drive these roads anymore. Once he could see her in some silver bullet of a rental car racing down and out toward the desert or maybe the sea while he stood on a shimmering rooftop drinking champagne, shouting "Cheers!" and calling her name. Her laughter curled up through the rooftops from the freeway as he watched her throw back silvery blond hair, glittered lips kissing the California twilight. Where did these roads go anyway? Some deep, dark throat of the night?

He felt he hadn't seen the countryside in years.

She walked barefoot from the great glass window through plush white carpet to the enormous silky bed. The best hotel in...where were they? New York? LA? This couldn't be Europe, could it? It would be evening soon, the purples and lush oranges of sunset blocked by the buildings, stretching up like robot hands, twinkling into the night.

Her eyes spanned silver, but in the mirror he caught a flash of blue.

He pressed his hands against the grand windowpane and left no print, no smear of the night lights flashing, pouring out onto the streets below. He turned to her curled like a great pale cat upon the bed, blond hair streaking against her skin.

"We should have been poets."

He curled against her, motionless. The last bit of warmth leaked from her body into his. Eyes closing, rolling silver across the lids. They danced on rooftops. One hundred seventy stories. They could never fall.



THE MAN SAID TO THE OTHER MAN LOOK AT THE GORILLA HE'S SO STUPID AND HE'S TRYING TO DRAW STACY HE BETTER STOP LOOKING AT HER LIKE THAT WAY. I BIT MY LIP REAL HARD LIKE TROY SAID TO DO WHEN YOU GET MAD AND SOME SPIT CAME AROUND MY TEETH. IT FELL ON THE PAPER AND THE PICTURE WAS WRECKED. I CLOSED MY EYES TIGHT AND COUNTED UP REAL HIGH LIKE TROY SAID TOO BUT THE TRAIN MOVING WAS MAKING ME SICK. THEN I OPENED UP MY EYES AND I FELT BETTER.

The man and the girl and the other man got on the train and sat down next to me and laughed and said look at the gorilla. I was gonna say you should see Troy my brother he's got hair on his forehead even but the train started to move and was real loud. I was drawing in my picture book. The girl was real pretty but I said to myself Jamie you've got to not say nothing remember last time. I tried to draw her but we were under the ground and the light kept changing. I was working real hard at drawing all the lines of her hair right but it kept not being right.

The man said to the other man look at the gorilla he's so stupid and he's trying to draw Stacy he better stop looking at her like that way. I bit my lip real hard like Troy said to do when you get mad and some spit came around my teeth. It fell on the paper and the picture was wrecked. I closed my eyes tight and counted up real high like Troy said too but the train moving was making me sick. Then I opened up my eyes and I felt better. The girl was telling the man and the other man to leave him alone he has enough problems and then I thought I really loved her. The man and the other man asked me if gorilla wants a banana and I wiped my nose and said no and they said listen to his voice. One man was real tall like Troy was and

had long legs and no hair on his head only on his chin. The other man had a red face like me. The girl was pretty but there was a lot of hair all over her coat. She leaned forward and it was all on her back and the man and the other man didn't tell her or take it off her coat. It was yellow hair like her hair and long.

They sat down right across from me but nobody else was on the train except one man was sleeping on the other side. He smelled up the whole car. I said in my head it's not me that stinks and pretended they could hear. But I didn't say it out loud cuz Sharon at the Center says keep your yap trapped. That means be quiet.

The train stopped one time but nobody got on and nobody got off. It started again and bumped and my pictures fell on the floor. The man picked up the book. That was nice until the man gave it to the other man and said check it out Vincent Van Gorilla and even the girl

laughed. She was really so pretty her teeth were very white. I said give it back and stuck my hand out. Then the man said give it back and stuck his hand out and the other man laughed. The pretty girl slapped the man's arm and took my book and gave it back. I said thank you and she didn't look to me.

The girl crossed her arms on her and put her shoulders up and kept her yap trapped for a long time. I thought she could be a movie star but except her coat was so messy. The man and the other man talked real quiet and forgot I was there and the train stopped two more times and one time the asleep man said a swear and went back to sleep.

I drew a picture of a car but I was thinking. I was starting to get mad at the man and the other man. The pretty girl's coat had a lot of hair on it but they didn't tell her. They didn't take it off her and make it so she wasn't so messy. They were not gentlemen is what Troy

would say if he was on the train and not in California where he is now. Then he would get up and say excuse me and he would take the hair off the girl by himself. Then they would fall in love and she could leave the man and the other man alone on the train. I could not draw good because my hand was shaking I was so mad. The next train stop was coming and the man said this is it.

The man and the girl and the other man stood up in front of me and my face was getting real hot. The coat had hair all over and I said excuse me but it came out like a yell and I started to pull off the hair like a gentleman. The pretty girl screamed and then I stood up and the train stopped and I fell down. The man put his boot into my face real hard and then again and then again. I couldn't see if the asleep man was waking up but I could see a lot of blood. The other man looked real mad too and I tried to say but no one could hear cuz the pretty girl screamed loud like singing.

The train door opened and the man and the other man put their boots in my face again and ran off the train. I didn't care about the hair no more. The girl bent down and cried and touched my hair and I said you will love my brother Troy you really will.

# Excerpt from 'May the Best Baller Win'

By Lynette A. Griffin

Hey girl! How've you been?" said Alizay. "Good! Long time no see!" said Diamond as she hugged her old friend.

Diamond wondered if Alizay noticed the weird look on her face when the announcer started calling out the names of the players on the home team. This was the first time the New York Soldiers played the Chicago Zootsuits and it was going to be interesting to say the least. Diamond was dating a starting player on both teams and she told them whichever team won tonight would be how she determined whom she wanted to be with. "They accepted the challenge because both of them wanted her so badly. They were willing to do anything. If Diamond told them to dress up like women, try to pick up a man, then whoever got one first would win her heart, they would've done it."

At first, Diamond really thought this was the best way to decide whom she would spend her days and nights with because she really liked Fabian and Taye equally. But once she started weighing the pros and cons of their personalities Diamond knew which one she wanted — Taye. She kept telling herself the fact that he made 2 million dollars more a year than Fabian had nothing to do with her decision. Instead, she focused on the fact that they were both ready for marriage, had no children, and most important, they both treated her well. This was too good to be true in Diamond's eyes. She especially wasn't accustomed to a man in his late 30s not ever

being married or having kids. She couldn't help but try to keep both of them. And she would have if it weren't for a playa' hatin' ex-boyfriend. Everything was going smoothly until Diamond ran into Darrius two weekends in a row and she was out with Taye the first time and Fabian the second. She was so new in the game that she introduced both Taye and Fabian as her boyfriend. Because her and Darrius always remained close after their break up, she felt comfortable confiding in him when he phoned three days after seeing her with Fabian. She told him that she really liked the two of them and was going to milk the situation for as long as she could.

"Man Diamond! I know you're fine as hell but I still can't believe you're dating two starting players in the NBA! Girl, you are something else. But I'm shocked. This isn't your style. Let you tell it, you've never cheated on a man in your life," said Darrius.

"That's the truth! Well, it used to be. Darrius, I just couldn't help myself. They're both so good to me. I've never had this problem before. Usually, it's hard to find one man who's a little good to you let alone two of them doing everything right!"

"See, now you know how we feel. Men always have multiple women because we can never find

one who'll do anything right!"

"Boy, don't even get me started about why men cheat. Men cheat for sexual reasons only!" said Diamond.

A few days after their conversation Darrius tracked down Taye's and Fabian's e-mail addresses and sent them an e-mail telling them about his relationship with Diamond and all sorts of other information he thought would be useful. Then he told them about her plan to continue dating the two men. Both men replied to the e-mail and expressed their disbelief and hurt but neither of them were willing to let her go. Unbelievable thought Darrius. He was hoping neither of them would ever want to see her again. Instead, they were sending e-mails back and forth to each other with a carbon copy to Darrius, trying to figure out a way for one of them to keep her.

"I have a feeling this is going to be a great game!" said Syrus as a player from each team jumped for the ball.

"What makes you say that?" asked Diamond.

"Hello? Isn't it obvious? These teams have the best records in the NBA!"

"Oh, yeah. That's right."

Diamond didn't know how she'd sit through the entire game looking normal. None of her friends were aware she was dating anyone seriously, let alone a player on each team. She didn't

want them to know because she wouldn't hear the end of it. Everyone knows she isn't the type to cheat on her man. In fact, she gave her friends a piece of her mind whenever they were steppin' out on their significant other. How could she explain she had two significant others who she'd been dating for about three months? The fact that they were ballers was another reason she didn't want to mention it. Her friends would've told everyone in the city and she didn't need that. Besides, Taye and Fabian were very private and didn't want anyone to know about whom they were dating until it got real serious. Apparently it had. Whoever won tonight would be going public with the relationship.

"So Diamond, who do you want to win?" asked Kayla.

"The Zootsuits of course!" said Diamond knowing damn well Taye played for the Soldiers.

"Excuse me! Not everyone is a fan of the Zootsuits just because they play for Chicago!"

"I know girl, I'm sorry. I just think Fabian Flourey is a hottie!" said Diamond.

"I don't know, I kind of think Taye Tushine is a hottie myself!" said Nubian not knowing why she made Diamond grin from ear to ear all of the sudden. "Oh, so you think he's cute too, Diamond?"

"Uh, well he's alright. To tell you the truth, neither one of them should ever consider sitting next to Michael Jordan's fine ass!"

"Girl, you ain't never lied!" said Kayla as they laughed and all slapped hands.

AND HE WOULD SEE HIS WIFE SITTING ON THE FLOOR OF HIS HOUSE. HE WOULD RUB MOONLIGHT LIKE A LOTION ON HER LITHE FORM AND FALL SILENTLY INTO HER ARMS, AND SHE WOULD BRUSH BACK HIS MATTED BLACK HAIR WITH HER DELICATE FINGERS UNTIL HIS SCALP TINGLED AND WAVES OF SOOTHING SIGHS SPREAD THROUGH HIS BODY, AND HE MOANED, CURLING INTO A BALL ON THE GROUND, HIS HANDS TURNING TO CLENCHED FISTS AGAINST HIS TIGHTLY SHUT EYES.

Antonio Sandoval brushed his daughter's hair as they sat outside on the porch of his house, perched on the rocky cliff side on the shores of California as the sunset with its fiery sheathe bathed the waters of the Pacific. His daughter Isabel sighed and stuck a sunflower in her father's hair; he laughed and made goopy eyes at her, tickling her on her stomach in her little golden white sundress. The rays of the setting sun slowly drifted from her face and draped it in red-tinged shadows as it set into the sea, and he saw her laughing eyes washed in darkness but sparkling and giggling, reflecting the ceaseless rolling ocean.

Then Antonio's rough fisherman's hands touched his wooden chair and caressed it like a woman, like a daughter no longer there but taken to the sea's womb, the kingdoms of phosphorescent silence. And he sat watching the sunset, rubbing his bristly face and feeling a moistness in his eyes that soon passed with the last sigh before sleep.

His wife and daughter had died several years ago. It was on a Sunday. After church they had brought their boat down to the beach, hoping for a short boat ride along the coast to a private cove. The wind was strong that day, and the inlets roared with crashing waves that sent them

hurtling into the rocks. Antonio was sucked into a cave in the rocks, and he held on until the tide diminished, spending hours in the rolling waves that soaked into every last crevice of his body. The last he saw of his wife she was holding Isabel, a rosary in her bloody hands and his daughter's face buried in Irma's chest, tossed out to sea and the silent sun-dappled waters. They found the bloated bodies on a ridge of rocks near Pt. Reyes National Seashore, coiled around each other, their eyes pecked out and seaweed streaming down their limbs. They had to use a crowbar to pry away the mother's meaty arms from her tiny daughter's smothered body.

Antonio buried them near the cliff side, where the ocean air could settle onto the grass, and in the breeze, just at sunset, he could see them floating toward the blazing red eye of the sun. And at night, bottles of Tecate piled around him

on the floor, he could hear the first whispers of his wife's lips, speaking through the starlight peeking through the old boards of his home.

"Antonio, Antonio, she needs a new dress, Antonio. The kids tease her at school. That sundress, Antonio, give her that sundress," the shadows whispered.

"Yes, Irma. I know the dress. I laid it out for her. Is she still collecting the butterflies on the cliffs?"

"No, Antonio. She is out with her friends, and she needs her dress. Bring it to me. Bring it to me..."

And he would see his wife sitting on the floor of his house. He would rub moonlight like a lotion on her lithe form and fall silently into her arms, and she would brush back his matted black hair with her delicate fingers until his scalp tingled and waves of soothing sighs

spread through his body, and he moaned, curling into a ball on the ground, his hands turning to clenched fists against his tightly shut eyes. And he would dream again, fishing in his wooden boat out in the luminous, out on the endless moon sea.

They were always there on the shining waters, waiting for Antonio to bring the dress, the golden white sundress of distant memory. And this time his daughter Isabel giggled as she took the dress from his trembling hands. His wife Irma's raven hair glistened as it brushed against his skin, and he felt her cold fingers close around his wrist, holding him tightly as they soared far above the shimmering moon seas.

Gleaming waves washed over him and Antonio felt himself leaving his body. The moon passed under him, tickling his toes as it drifted past into the darkness. He rose with his family on an immense towering wave, washing away the earth and the moaning and the salty tears, until they streamed over the scorching sun and out into the cool ocean of stars.

On the floor of his home, resting by the sea, sweat-drenched and curled into a ball, blood and spittle dripping down his chin, Antonio breathed his last, the sundress in his hands catching the dawn's tender fiery kisses.

# Moon fishing

By Chad J. Pearson



ROBERT, BRENT AND THE MYTH WERE BATTLING EACH OTHER AS THEY WOULD EVERY TIME THEY PLAYED SPADES. EACH TIME THEY PLAYED A CARD, THEY DIDN'T JUST PLAY IT. THEY SMACKED THE CARD DOWN WITH AUTHORITY. THEY WOULD RAISE THEIR HAND WITH THE CARD UP AND HIGH TO THE ROOF. THEN AS FAST AS THEY COULD, THEY BROUGHT THEIR ARM DOWN AND SMACKED THE CARD AGAINST THE TABLE, SO WHEN THE CARD HIT, IT MADE A SNAPPING SOUND. THE LIPS ON THEIR FACES WOULD SNEER WHEN THEY SMACKED THE CARDS DOWN. THEY BARED THEIR SHARP INCISOR TEETH AND EMPHASIZED EACH CARD THEY PLAYED WITH A HYBRID CUSS WORD LIKE "HEH-SHIT" WHICH WAS A CROSS BETWEEN HELL AND SHIT.

# The Myth

By Damon Wareham

There were three black guys and a white lady sitting around a card table in a living room. They were playing a cards game called spades. The smell was smoky from the black guys smoking and the room was full with shit's and goddamn's uttered from the men's drunken mouths in between long drags on Marlboro cigarettes.

The two black guys were one team and they sat directly opposite from each other across from the table, and the white lady and her black husband made up the other team. One of the black guys was called Robert, and the other was called Brent. Robert was oak tree thick and tall and wore glasses. Brent was thick as well and just as tall as Robert. The white lady was named Jane as a circumstance of the fact that she was plain and pear shaped in her body shape.

The husband of Jane was called the Myth. He was tall and thick as well. His teeth were straight and nice, and they reflected upon his childhood years of living off the clean pristine lands of the South.

Robert, Brent and the Myth were battling each other as they would every time they played

Spades. Each time they played a card, they didn't just play it. They smacked the card down with authority. They would raise their hand with the card up and high to the roof. Then as fast as they could, they brought their arm down and smacked the card against the table, so when the card hit, it made a snapping sound. The lips on their faces would sneer when they smacked the cards down. They bared their sharp incisor teeth and emphasized each card they played with a hybrid cuss word like "Heh-shit" which was a cross between hell and shit.

But whenever Jane played a card, she slid the card into the middle of a table as if she were skipping rocks across a lake, so you'd hear this hissing sound as the card slid.

The game ended finally with Jane and the Myth

winning. The Myth started hacking up, "Yeah baby, that's the way." Jane started laughing as the Myth smiled and grabbed both of her hands from across the table and gently began to shake her hands and forearms in congrats. Robert then released his grasp from his rocks glass filled with Crown Royal and Coca-cola sitting next to him, and he took his glasses from his face. He looked directly at Jane's face which was a half foot from his and he had this calm drunken lazy eyed look on his face. Jane smiled at him as he looked at her. Robert then said to Jane, "You ... white... bitch."

Jane's face turned from a smile into a frown. Her pallor became red and beads of tears welled in her eyes as they began to run down her face and puddle up on the card table. Her lips began to quiver and she started to let out sobs and

breathed as if she was gasping for air. With her arms she pushed herself up from the table, walked out the house and then into a parking lot, opened a car door from the passenger side and began sobbing to herself as she sat down in the car.

"I don't know what got into her. I knew you were just joking," the Myth said to Robert as the Myth put on his coat and walked out the door.

He walked to the car, got in, and looked at his wife. He tried to make her feel better. "Listen baby he was just playing. He didn't mean it. Come on now."

Jane still cried and didn't say anything. The Myth turned the ignition key, put the car in reverse, pulled out the parking lot and headed home onto the expressway.

When they got home to their bungalow, Jane got into the house first and the Myth followed. She walked into her bedroom, undressed, put on a night gown and got into bed. The Myth undressed as well and went to bed. The outline from their two shapes in the bed formed two separate lumps like a long wide valley stuck between two hills as they slept apart from each other the first time in their seven year marriage.

# Ideas of elusive marketability

By Chad J. Pearson

What is product and what is art?" asks Michael Norman in the article "A Book in Search of a Buzz," which chronicles the travails of author Mark Richard and his attempt to promote his novel *Fishboy*. Is there a magic formula for publishing success? Are we as writers supposed to always have in our minds the knowledge of our mellifluous words as products designed to tickle the rather shady cerebral cortexes of some mysterious over-commercialized populace? Writers must make enough to live, yes, but targeting readerships is infantile. Who knows in future days whether some lascivious businessman may peruse a few pages of the *Story of O* while on the toilet at work? The words reach the unknown minds and work their way into the collective human heart pulse.

A book like *Fishboy* must not be forever doomed to flapping around like a bloated bass in the slush pile of money-hungry publishing houses. The words can storm through the three-piece suits to the quivering souls beneath. Novels are not just Saturday afternoon diversions for the bourgeois, they are realizations, infectious perceptions of the human heart in all

its wild manifestations, tempting us to see with even more shuddering clarity into the vast mystery of the human condition.

I remember riding the tortoisoes out to sea, resting on their hard shells until my bones merged with their solidity and my skin turned oily blue. In the darkness under the sea, in the silent Aegean echoes, I waited in the ancient palaces: to re-awaken the pulsing stones and gleaming memory webs. I was born in a gargantuan communal wet dream of marauding sharks, dreaming of man and fish and the scaly reunion of origins. I have grown dark moon gleam eyes, tinged with cerulean whispers. I am Tortoise Boy-Cum-Market-Me-As-Literary Fiction-with-Quaint-Abstruse-Mystical Tendencies. Let the words wrap around you and take you out to haunted seas, even if it is just my poor imitation of the subtle magic in novels like *Fishboy*.

Richard Eder, dear reviewer, please be kind and give me at least a 250 word review!

*Fishboy*, spitteboy, we go fishing in the

unknown for novel ideas, only to have them reduced to a few comprehensible lines in the *New York Review of Books*. What if a meaning is elusive, like why any of us are really here? And what the hell does Richard Eder do for fun besides bang on his typewriter and moan as he rubs down book galleys with his tremblingly delicate hands? Don't you see, we're selling the indefinable. I pitched you a piece of fire but you juggled it with your grubby hands and threw the hot coals to the freezing dry ice clutches of the salesman.

What will the ultimate price be? How much for the Andromeda galaxy? Sirius? The Great Pyramid? How much for love? We bled out our souls and have them bottled and shipped to be ingested by uncomprehending minds. Here's a dose of Pearson for ya, suck it up and let me know what you think. In a world where all things are commodities and not experiences, we must tread lightly on this parcel of earth that will soon be shipped to New York, and we must measure our heartbeats, knowing the microbes

and worms already have the claim to our bodies. We are stripped stardust awaiting perusal by loopy noodle minds, unaware they seek in these reflections some gleaming instance to guide their hearts home and release the flood of memories from the time when all was golden singing light.

Literature is a return to something. It is not congruent with the language of green, legal tender that does not really exist in a macroeconomic sense. Ideas are real, as real as the sorry home lives of salesman when they return from bashing *Fishboy* and other unique intriguing books. The emptiness, the road, the alienated children - and such men stop the literary wine from flowing into aching parched throats.

I lost myself in a diamond dream, imagining omniscient minds who could see the way the words travel in each human heart and know and say with full excited certainty: "That book should be published!" But to know our true effects on people, would we ever dare write again? Good luck Mark Richard, even though you seem pretty shiftless and have a snobby name. I hope you swim with the luminous fishes and not with gaping greedy sharks.

IT IS ABOUT ENJOYING THE PRECIOUS SUNSET ON THE MEDITERRANEAN AS YOU EAT HEARTY PORTIONS OF BOUILLABAISSE EVEN AS A CORPULENT ELDERLY FRENCH MADAME FARTS WITH NOISOME REGULARITY AT A TABLE BESIDE YOU WHILE SMILING SWEETLY IN YOUR DIRECTION.

# Le Cap D'Agde

By Chad J. Pearson

They come wearing only smiles of sensual pleasure and gobs of suntan lotion. Parking their cars and setting up tents along tree-lined boulevards, they flaunt their nakedness in the accepting domain of Le Cap d'Agde in the south of France. Taking in the sunny beaches of the French Riviera, these "naturists" as they call themselves have come to get back to nature and shake a little booty in the process.

Le Cap d'Agde is the largest "naturist" resort in the world. In the States, we call them the "nude" camps. It is a complex of villas, tents and trailers where the "textile-challenged" may come to bare their ample bodies. Most of the naturists are nothing to speak of, but every once in a while a buxom blonde or panther-like brunette will grace the beach and any self-respecting naturist has a hard time stifling his "natural" erection of excitement.

There are many diversions at Le Cap d'Agde. In addition to the vast sprawling nude beach, there are nude bars, restaurants, discos, etc,

where sunburned bottoms shake gelatinously into the wee hours of the morning. It is a mini-town here, with the employees dressed in clothes but the customers always in the buff. Some head to the beaches and with dicks and breasts flapping in the wind, engage in a nice sweaty game of volleyball. Other old-timers with flabby bellies and sagging breasts laze under the hot sun on the beach or read romance novels under colossal multi-colored beach umbrellas. Others go to sample the culinary delights in the numerous eateries, making sure they bring towels to sit on so their sweaty coconut-oiled bottoms do not stain the seats. The discos are also a treat, as long as you don't bounce into too many nubile young mademoiselles. The best defense for this, if you can't make it to the salle de bains (bathroom), is to rub up against the clammy varicose thighs of some bouncing French old lady and your excitement will slowly dissipate and wilt into a

flaccid pinpoint of blood-drained despair.

The naturist colony of Le Cap d'Agde is all about communing with nature and unveiling all of yourself to the elements. One brawny tan young lad even decided to make a toilet pit for himself right there on the beach. Bent down and face grimacing, he would drop his load and cover it up with quick thrusts of his hands just like a tortoise covering her eggs. Then he would pull himself along on the sand, letting the sand wipe the excess fecal matter from his anus like a dog wiping himself on the grass.

This nature camp is all about sunshine and enjoyment - letting your body luxuriate in the penetrating rays of UV light and running down to wash yourself in the sludgy water, ripe with the latest factory pollutants. It is about crashing into an old man with flabby flesh on the beach, whom just manages to brush his meaty hands against your exposed bottom as you continue on in the volleyball match with grated teeth and

tight buttocks. Le Cap d'Agde is about getting back to the basics, away from our textile slavery and into the B.O. salivating embrace of our fellow humans. It is about enjoying the precious sunset on the Mediterranean as you eat hearty portions of bouillabaisse even as a corpulent elderly French madame farts with noisome regularity at a table beside you while smiling sweetly in your direction.

Naturism is the very essence of getting back to nature and becoming true denizens of the earth. With chests exposed and buttocks joyfully revealed, there can be no end to the deep spiritual experience naturism has to offer. We must embrace the trees, even though the bark is rough on the crotch, and we must not be afraid to accept the great societal bond that naturism inspires, even though it may be particularly hard and erect at times. As one Cap d'Agde naturist has proclaimed, "Out here nudity brings us all to the same social level." Ahh, what a sight it is - beach, blue sky, and bouncing flabby bottoms! It is a taste of paradise, albeit through chapped lips and coconut-flavored suntan oil.



SHE HAD BEEN DYING FOR 89 YEARS, AND TALKING ABOUT IT FOR 50, BUT STILL I FELT AS IF I HAD SENTENCED HER TO DEATH. I RAN DOWN THE STAIRS. MY STOMACH TURNED INSIDE OUT AND FORCED IT'S WAY VIOLENTLY UP MY THROAT, EMPTING IT'S CONTENTS INTO THE BOWL. I JERKED AGAIN AND AGAIN UNTIL ALL THAT REMAINED IN MY MOUTH WAS THE SOUR BILE THAT DIGEST YOUR FOOD AND EATS THE ENAMEL OFF YOUR TEETH. I NO LONGER HAD ANY CLAIM ON MY CHILDHOOD. I CRIED HARD. I SPLASHED SOME COLD WATER ON MY FACE, WENT BACK UP AND FEED GRAM SOME BUTTERPECAN ICE CREAM WITH A SPOON.

# I'm not a puker

By Nicole Chakalis

First, let me tell you I'm not a puker. I never or I should say hardly ever puke. I don't hurl, spew or blow chunks. I never up-chuck, toss my cookies or lose my lunch. I've gagged, choked, even retched but I rarely puke. I used to tell people I've only puked twice in my life and they both still live in my house. But suffice it to say, I don't puke often. But I'm going to have to revise that story or maybe just stop telling it.

It has been awhile now, but it's still the hardest day of my life. The day I had to sign a do-not-recessitate order for my grandmother. She was terminally ill and the doctor said two, maybe three days but not a week. She had been with me my whole life and we had decided a long time ago that she would stay with us, at home until the end.

The nurse was explaining to me that if I didn't sign, no nurse would come, no morphine would come. While she was talking I was having one of those out of body experiences where her voice sounded like it was coming from so

very far away. I told her I thought she was asking the wrong person. If Gram thought it was the right thing to do, I would sign it, but maybe we should ask Gramma what she wanted. The nurse and I both went into her bedroom, the nurse explained to Gram that she was going to die soon. Gramma agreed with the nurse that it was best. I leaned over and ask her again, just to check, she said, "Yeah, it's for the best, go ahead sign it." The nurse read the order out loud to both of us. It said that when she started to die, no matter what the circumstances, nothing would be done to prevent it. I started crying, signed it and ran out of the room. She had been dying for 89 years, and talking

about it for 50, but still I felt as if I had sentenced her to death. I ran down the stairs. My stomach turned inside out and forced it's way violently up my throat, emptying it's contents into the bowl. I jerked again and again until all that remained in my mouth was the sour bile that digest your food and eats the enamel off your teeth. I no longer had any claim on my childhood. I cried hard. I splashed some cold water on my face, went back up and feed Gram some butterpecan ice cream with a spoon.

The next day she slipped into a light coma. I say light because she could no longer speak, but I knew she could still hear me. The only sound that came from her now was the occasional ptt

sound of her pushing air out of her mouth, it sounded like a pot of oatmeal coming to a boil. I showed her the dress that she had told me years ago that she wanted to wear for her funeral, so she would know that I remembered. It was a long coral chiffon dress with a high beaded collar. She had a small smile on her face and one tear slipped from her eye. I bought her new underwear, she had never let me go anywhere in my life without new underwear and I thought I would return the favor. I started making a big pot of chicken soup, she liked it and she had taught me how to make it. Chris had been sleeping on the floor next to her bed ever since we found out.

When the soup was ready I went up to give her some and she was gone. She was still warm, but gone. I woke up Chris and told him, we both sat on the bed and I held her hand. I could feel the warmth slipping away, she had died peacefully two days after I had signed the do-not-recessitate order. We never had to use it, so all that ever came of it was this occasional feeling, like I'm going to puke.

# I Think, Therefore I'm Not Or Carpenter Jeans

By Cynthia Litts

Our hero was blocked on his Philosophy homework, an essay on Descartes. Descartes' thoughts stood, as our hero stared blankly at the words on the page, complex and meaningless against the image our hero held of the lost girl's carpenter jeans. While our hero had volumes to say about those jeans and that girl, he had nothing to say about a dead man, though at the moment he felt like one.

The lost girl was from his English one oh one class and wore those baggy carpenter jeans with a tight white T-shirt. They were already out of

style. Last week he said hi. She said hi back. It might be a start, he thought. It might not be a start, he thought. She hadn't been in class today, so now our hero was sad. The walls of his dorm room closed in as he thought in circles, like a dog chasing its tail, until he sat cross-legged on the floor of a closet-like room with a pile of texts in his lap. His knees touched the walls on each side.

He opened one book and loops of tightly

woven theory probed out like loops of denim hanging from the lost girl's hips.

He opened another and something blue and worn and thick, a curtain hiding the unacknowledged, lay over the books on his lap, inviting touching, inviting moving things to the side.

He opened another and torn denim seams like snakeskins sprung out over his lap onto the floor. He opened another and saw pockets and he knew he needed to leave his room for some

fresh air.

The room had no doors.

Our hero opened the last book again, pulling out a small back pocket. He stuck it on the wall in front of him, knocking books off his lap as he leaned forward. The pocket stayed in place. He put his hand in the pocket, his palm facing him, then pushed it in up to his elbow, then his shoulder, then leaned his head in to see a vast, sun-filled field of wildflowers beyond the room. He forgot the books, finished crawling into the pocket, then slid out onto the field to search for his lost girl.

# The Ike

By Kevin Freese

The Ike. Chicago's Congress-Eisenhower Expressway, is one of the most congested roads in the United States. The Ike, as it's called for short, is a monster to drive. The road starts at Michigan Avenue, just west of Buckingham Fountain. Crossing pedestrians and traffic lights will plague you, the brave driver, while still in the Chicago Loop.

As the road transforms into a super-highway, you'll find yourself actually going under two large buildings. The first is a vital monument to the city, the Chicago Stock Exchange. The second building is a skeleton of an era passed, the old Central Post Office. This massive structure is now vacant, but it's twelve-story high white walls topped by four corner towers is still awe inspiring to the eye (Allen 1). Tunnels have been built on the bottom floors of these buildings so that all eight lanes of Eisenhower traffic can pass underneath them. The two buildings are like the sirens of Greek Mythology. Be wary of out of towners who are transfixed on the oddity of driving through buildings; their mind will not be on the road.

Between the Stock Exchange and the Post Office is the Chicago River. You must pass over the river on a steel bridge composed of a tiny rectangular grid and narrow lanes. You can look through the grid to the muddy river below. The car will feel as if it wants to steer itself across the uneven surface of the bridge. A firm grip on the steering wheel will be necessary.

After you have passed over the river and through the buildings, the speed will pick up and you are officially on the Dwight D. Eisenhower Expressway. There are four lanes coming out of the city, and four lanes going in.

The eight lanes of traffic are separated by a train tracks that run through the center of the highway. The speedy push of the train can be annoying to watch as it passes the cars stuck in an excruciating traffic jam. Just remember that traffic congestion is a small sacrifice to give for

the comfort of your car versus a smelly, cramped train. Try to believe that as you slowly go on your way.

As you come out of the city, the fourth lane is the fastest, but watch out. Without any warning you will look down at the dash marks of your lane and notice that they have become the marks of an off-ramp. Unlike most highways, which only have exits on the right hand side, the Ike has exits on both the left and right hand sides of the road. You will be forced to either get into the third lane or exit at Austin Boulevard, the first of the two left hand exits. Regulars to the road hate to let in motorists who don't realize the left lane ends, so just stay out of the fourth lane on your first few trips along the Ike. Once you have become more familiar with the road, then you can learn to use the fourth lane.

Sometimes the most monstrous thing about the Eisenhower is it's travelers. Keep your doors locked, because things can get rough. There have been several instances of violence on the Ike. One motorist opened fire on a fellow driver who cut him off (Wilson 5). The two cars spun out of control, landing on the shoulder of the road. This gave the armed man a chance to exit his automobile and pursue the other driver who quickly pulled his car into the opposite flow of traffic to escape the gunfire. He suffered a wound to the chest but survived, which is more than can be said for a duel among motorists that occurred in 1994 on the Ike (Irwin 1). A verbal dispute between two motorists led to one driver spraying the other with a chemical spray. Seven miles down the road the two motorists were in a duel again. This time one of the drivers rammed their car

into the rear of the other's vehicle. The driver was sent over an embankment to her death. The other motorist was arrested and tried for murder.

On one trip home from work, I saw how violent things could really get. Traffic is always strenuously slow at five o' clock on the outbound Ike, but that day it was even worse because of construction ahead in the left lane. Many people were waiting until the last minute to merge into the middle lane, like the old guy who cut in front of me. He was in some beater I don't even know the make of. The obesity of his head sprinkled with wiry hairs was all I could see from my vantage point.

So we're getting closer to the time when the left lane is completely closed when this rusty, old, Crown Victoria comes speeding up the left lane. It cut in front of the old guy who starts going ape, and pounding on his horn. Spit, carrying obscenities I can only imagine, came flying out his mouth. He was so busy getting frantic that he didn't pay enough mind to stop in the long line of traffic. The cars were moving slow enough that no real damage could be done, but his car bounced up a little because he hit the Crown Victoria's bumper. He might have done it on purpose since he was so pissed, but I don't think so.

This big, dark skinned, Mexican guy gets out of the Victoria, right there in the middle of traffic. He's a little over six foot and his hair was in the style of Mr. T from the A-Team. The old man was still in his car, watching the Mexican walk closer. I could tell the big guy wasn't a reasonable man, and he didn't want to exchange insurance information. He opened the old man's car door and reached his hand in

to grab the guy by the shirt collar. I had the same reaction as everyone else, lock the doors. Ain't no way I'm getting involved in this one.

The old man started to back into the passenger's seat, trying to avoid the Mexican's grip. He just made it over the middle gap when he was grabbed. I'll have to remember what the old man did next just in case I ever find myself in the same set of circumstances. Just as the Mexican's fist was about to descend into his face, the old man pulled a bunch of change into his right hand. He must've had it in the ashtray of his car for tolls. So he picks it all up and throws it at the colossal Mexican. All the change goes flying through the air, glistening in the sunlight. A few silver coins hit the Mexican in the eye causing him to let go of the old man and bring his hands to his face. Next, the old man kicked him in the stomach so that he fell backward into the construction heavy left lane. The old man maneuvered his car into a gap that had formed in the slow lane and sped away along the road's shoulder. The Mexican just got back in his car, embarrassed for being beaten by an old man.

The Ike has a way of getting into people's heads, causing them to react poorly in stressful situations. The ludicrously of gridlock frees motorists inhibitions and allows them to rage like the old man and the Mexican, and sometimes me.

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# COLUMBIA CHRONICLE

Students must be in good academic standing, enrolled in at least 12 credit hours in the fall semester and should be taking and/or have taken the core courses in either Journalism or Photography. Knowledge of Windows NT, word processing, PhotoShop and/or QuarkXpress is a huge plus but not required. All editors must be available on Tuesday for the College Newspaper Workshop class and our staff meeting, and every Friday for production of the paper.

If you are a dedicated, hard-working student who doesn't mind rockin' every week with a bunch of crazy students and would like a great job for next year, call (312) 344-7432 and ask for Chris Richert, and I'll answer any questions you might have. Be prepared to fill out a job application, present a resume, an unofficial transcript and some examples of your work when you come for your interview. Please don't hesitate to call and ask questions. Our office is in the 623 S. Wabash Building, Rm. 205.

## **POSITIONS AVAILABLE FALL 2001**

### **Editor-In-Chief**

The Editor-In-Chief is in charge of the entire news operation of the *Columbia Chronicle*, overseeing all of the paper's and web site's staff, as well as the content and coverage found in the *Chronicle*. This individual must be available 30 hours per week. They will be in charge of assigning and collecting stories from staff writers and correspondents and they will also be in charge of layout and design.

### **Campus Editor**

The Campus Editor is in charge of news coverage of events, issues and people on campus. This individual must be available at least 20 hours per week. They will be in charge of assigning and collecting campus (news/feature) stories from staff writers and correspondents and they will also be in charge of layout and design of the Campus section.

### **Commentary Editor**

The Commentary Editor is responsible for assigning and collecting opinion stories and columns for publication. This individual will also be in charge of layout and design of the Commentary section. They must also be available for at least 20 hours a week.

### **Arts & Entertainment Editor**

The Arts & Entertainment Editor is in charge of news coverage of events, issues and people within the arts & entertainment industry. This includes coverage on campus, and the Chicago area. This person must be responsible, and work well with others. They will be in charge of assigning arts & entertainment stories to staff writers and correspondents, and the layout and design of the section. They must also be available for at least 20 hours per week.

### **Sports Editor**

The Sports Editor is in charge of coverage of events, games and issues with sports. This individual must be available at least 20 hours per week. They will be in charge of assigning and collecting sports stories from staff writers and correspondents and they will also be in charge of layout and design of the Sports section.

### **Assistant Editors (various sections)**

Assistant Editors help with the supervision of various parts of the newspaper, and assisting section editors with story assignments and in some cases, design and layout of the section. They will also produce stories and/or columns for various sections of the paper. These students must be available at least 10 hours a week.

### **Copy Chief & Copy Editors**

Copy Editors are in charge of checking, polishing and correcting stories written by staff editors, writers and correspondents.

### **Webmaster and Assistant Webmaster**

The Webmaster and assistant are responsible for the content and design of the *Chronicle's* web site, [www.ccchronicle.com](http://www.ccchronicle.com). Web staff must know HTML, PhotoShop, Flash, DreamWeaver, and QuarkXpress.

### **Photo Editor & Photo Staff**

The Photo Editor is responsible for assigning photo assignments to all other photographers and complete photo assignments of their own. They must also be proficient in layout and design of all photographs using PhotoShop, and QuarkXpress. They must be available at least 20 hours a week.

## The Majesty of the Big Apple

*Photographs taken during the Great Depression withstand the test of time*

**By Prema Chandrathil**  
Staff Writer

Now showing at the Smart Museum at the University of Chicago is Ben Shahn's "New York, The Photography of Modern Times." Shahn was a photographer in the 1930s who took pictures of New York City. He created paintings, drawings and



photographs of ordinary people going about their lives.

Shahn used a Leica camera with a special attachment that allowed him to take pictures without people noticing him. The camera made it look like he was taking a picture directly in front of him but the eye was really pointed to his left, which helped him capture candid shots.

Many of the pieces brought complete strangers together in the same frame. In one photo, he captured two people traveling in different directions. He created the illusion that these strangers knew each other by capturing them as they passed by one another.

It's from these shots that he took bits and pieces to create his paintings. Shahn enlarged the hands and arms of people because, "he had respect for the hard working people," said Laura Katzman, Assistant Professor of Art at the University of Chicago.

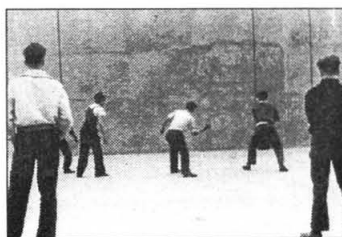
In the 30's, during the Great Depression, many families were poor, and had barely enough food to live on and many didn't have warm clothes for

the winter. Shahn was aware of the social situations and knew that there was not much work available either, so he used his art to fight for the rights of workers, poor people and immigrants.

Shahn's pictures range from the middle of the East and West Side to the Lower East Side to 14th Street but never Harlem, because he said that he would not be able to blend in there and capture the candid shots he wanted to get.

Shahn had a way of really capturing the people among the big skyscrapers. In one photo, you see workers on the street and on a long road, which leads into the city and in the background are skyscrapers. The skyscrapers, however, are cut off, which shows his focus on the people and makes them stand out prominently against the long road.

He liked to bring happiness and enjoyment to many of his pieces during these rough times. So other photos and paintings showed people laughing and having a good time. There is a photo of two girls on roller skates (Those were the skates



that had four wheels on them, two in front and two in back. They came before rollerblades) skating on the thin steps of the post office.

This exhibit is extremely interesting, educational and shows a unique take on the Big Apple known for its majestic skyline. But Shahn shows a different point of view, a little closer to the ground and more personal; the hard working people who made New York. Check out this free exhibit.

## Red hot fashion in Red Hot Chicago

**"Collectively the talent here in Chicago is superior to any other area in the country. The designers are rooted in reality and the clothes we saw on the runway mirrored that."**

*Lisa Lenior, a member of the Chicago Apparel Board*

**By Molly Moonen**  
Staff Writer

Many of Chicago's biggest names in fashion turned out for this year's Red Hot Chicago along with a crowd of 900 people wearing their very best. The April 19th event, was hosted by Columbia instructor Lisa Lenior and featured several designs by area students.

Red Hot Chicago started as an idea to showcase young talent. "There really wasn't anything like that available," said Lenior, a member of the Chicago Apparel Board. "We put together a group of powerful people then it just grew and grew."

This is the second show. Last year's event was held at the House of Blues, this year the show was at the larger and more upscale Navy Pier Grand Ballroom. As guests sat at linen-covered tables, and enjoyed complimentary drinks, they were dazzled by the clothes of designers such as Lauren Lein, who brought two tiny Dalmatian puppies onto the stage.

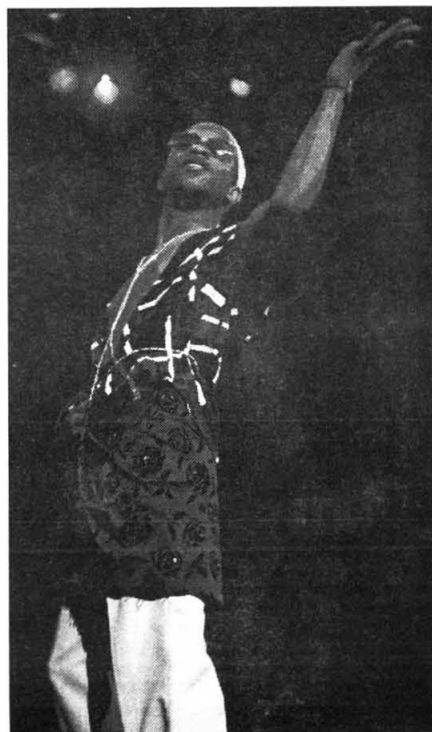
Thirty-seven of the city's designers showcased their talents with designs from practical to extraordinary. "Collectively the talent here in Chicago is superior to any other area in the country," Lenior said. "The designers are rooted in reality and the clothes we saw on the runway mirrored that."

Designers were challenged to create fashions using newspapers and they did just that, designing clothes that rivaled some of the fashions on the runway.

"I thought it was neat that it was held at the Navy Pier. It was fun to see Chicago talent showcased at a place that is specific to Chicago," said Amanda Serafin, a journalism major at Columbia who was allowed to see the show at a drastically discounted price.

"This was the first year that we had the student component," said Lenior. "We wanted a rate that students could afford."

The proceeds from the event are going to the Bottomless Closet and the Apparel Industry Foundation. The Bottomless Closet provides professional clothing and job training for women who are reentering the work force.





# Something clever this way comes...

Columbia Theater department stages 'MacBeth'

By Ryan Adair  
Managing Editor

Treachery, lust, greed, deceit, murder and blood. Ah, it must be springtime. The body count is rising at Columbia's New Studio Theater, and the culprit is the Theater department's current offering of Shakespeare's classic tragedy, "Macbeth."

Staged in medieval times, "Macbeth" tells the simple tale of a man's struggle for power, his doomed rise to the throne of Scotland and his ultimate demise, at the hands of those he has betrayed. It's a basic, age-old story, spun into gold by Shakespeare's capable hands. The minor flaw with the play itself, is also a common mistake with several companies that produce this classic work. Within the human story, featuring witches, several gruesome murders and a mad scene...or two, often times, there is the folly to play the text in a campy fashion. Over acting can plague an otherwise good production.

The current "Macbeth," running now through May 6, luckily does not fall into this trap. The cast is invariably good, which should be no surprise since theater veterans Sheldon Patinkin and Tom Mula, also faculty members at Columbia, have spear-headed the production as co-directors. Patinkin and Mula have crafted a witty, gripping "Macbeth" that not only demands attention, but also justly receives it. The pace, which tends to always be an issue in Shakespeare, is consistent and thorough, keeping the story from bogging down the audience.

Outstanding portrayals shine through with Deacon Conroy as Macbeth's faithful companion, Banquo; and Anthony Sancho as friend, turned foe, Macduff. In perhaps one of the most startling and truly memorable performances of the evening, Sarah Alice Weidmann is haunting as Lady Macbeth, who is one of the driving

forces behind her husband's own deception. Weidmann's character transitions from a plotting, evil woman, to a raving lunatic, are seamless and appear nearly without effort. Her Lady Macbeth is a sensual woman, who not only looks to further her husband's power, but to strengthen her own as well. Weidmann makes ample use of each word Shakespeare has written and bends it to fit her own take on the complex character.

In the title role, Christopher Walsh is nothing short of fascinating. He skillfully has mastered one of the most complex characters in dramatic literature, with his no holds barred, whirlwind performance. As with Weidmann, Walsh's character transitions are complete, showing a strong but naive man, to a desperate ruler who knows, by the end, he will lose it all. His final monologue before battle is one of the most pivotal moments in the play, and Walsh's Macbeth, wholeheartedly gains apathy for his efforts.

Staged in the intimate New Studio Theater, this "Macbeth," is almost in the audience's lap, with well-choreographed swordplay and creative blocking. Each facet of the production itself works hand in hand with each other. The attractive and utilitarian set by David Siegel, nicely compliments the well-done period garb, provided by Frances Maggio. Adding to the almost eerie atmosphere is the creative and well plotted lightening and sound, by Victor Mahler and George Ducker, respectively.

With the aide of Patinkin and Mula's guidance, the student cast and crew have done justice with the Bard's words, faithfully bringing to life the not-to-unrealistic realm of "Macbeth." With the competent job accomplished by this troupe, it makes one hope for more Shakespeare in the Theater department's future seasons. Perhaps a full-scale staging of "Titus Andronicus" is in order. After all, as demonstrated with "Macbeth," once in a while, a little murder and mayhem can be a nice breath of fresh air.



## 'Parlez-vous Francais? Non, parlez-vous jazz

By Michael Hirtzer  
Staff Writer

Touring in support of their album *Tourist*, France's St. Germain stopped stateside on April 20, for a sold-out performance at the Metro.

The live-instrumentation includes percussionist Carnerio, Alexandre Destrez on keys, Edouard Labor on saxophone and flute, Pascal Ohse on trumpet, as well as nameless others including a bass player who switched to an electric guitar for a bluesed-up rendition of "Sure Thing."

Their second long-player, *Tourist* (Blue Note), is a collage of different jazz melodies and the band stylistically transfers the sound into a live setting. They extend and improvise most of the new and first album, *Boulevard*, which is off fellow Frenchmen Laurent Gauthier's, "F Communications" imprint.

During the show, Ludovic Navarre, who writes and produces all the songs, stood in the back of the stage like a sound tech. He keenly watched the audience, looking for signs of approval, while the other musicians interacted with each other and the crowd.

The crowd responded to the positive energy, dancing not only to the familiar four-to-the-floor rhythms of "Pont Des Arts" and "Deep In It," but also to "Rose Rouge," which is ordinarily just a head-nodder.



The crowd, like "Rose Rouge's" sampled loop, "put [their] hands together." The heads with their striped shirts and bandannas, the party kids with their headphones and tech-pants, and the thirty-something contemporary jazz cats with their shirts tucked into creased Dockers, all danced together, as they drank their two dollar water, five dollar beer, or nine dollar Red Bull and vodkas.

The big turnout was due, in part, to the press done by *UR* and the *Chicago Tribune's* rock critic Greg Kot, the presence of *Tourist* on the seasoned jazz imprint Blue

Note, as well as play on radio stations like "Smooth Jazz 95.5" and the College of DuPage's "All Things Jazz 90.9."

Unfortunately, the show ended after only an hour and a half performance, right around midnight. The W.N.U.A crowd seemed to be tired anyway, unlike the younger house crowd who like to dance all night. After all, most events at the Metro go to at least 2 a.m.

Earlier in the night, opener and Gramophone veteran, Darrell Woodson set the mood playing jazzy house and nu-jazz like Jazzanova's new "Re-works from Japan." St. Germain went on to culturally blend Latin-flavored songs like "So Flute" and "Latin Note" with more dubby tracks. They opened with

"What You Think About..." and went on to play "La Goutte D'or," with its déjà vu b-line that's been previously rocked by artists such as Jamaica's Mad Professor and England's Freestylers.

All in all, it was a short, but sweet performance. The band played for the crowd, giving each different group what they wanted. Whether it was slower, traditional jazz music, reminiscent of older Blue Note, or extended house jams à la Chicago's Glenn Underground and Boo Williams, each style was represented. Even though the band spoke français, they communicated with the Americans by speaking, without words, the international language of acid jazz.

## ELVIS GONE PUNK

By Allison Clark  
Staff Writer



On Saturday, April 22, the punk band Rocket From the Crypt (RFTC) brought a south-western style show to the Metro.

Dressed in collared black shirts with red snakes painted on the chest, RFTC brought a bit of their hometown, San Diego, to Chicago. Performing in rhinestone studded pants and Elvis pompadours, the band played new songs from their March release, *Group*

Sounds.

The show began with an old style of punk: deep guitar riffs and harmonized vocals. RFTC sounded more like The Ramones and Fugazi than new wavers such as The Promise Ring and Jets To Brazil. Being in the music scene for over ten years, the band may be looked at as the older brothers of punk.

The six members of RFTC include JC 2000 on trumpet and Apollo Nine on saxophone, Petey X played bass, N.D. on guitar, and Ruby Mars pounded drums. Leading the band with vocals and a guitar was Speedo.

"I am so horny...so horny for an applause," Speedo said between songs. He pulled the guitar off his shoulder and kissed the strings. Leaning into the crowd, he let a girl in the audience kiss his guitar strings, too.

N.D. ruthlessly backed up Speedo on

guitar. He was like the best man at a wedding. His guitar was tight and his rock n' roll attitude was contagious.

Ruby Mars was powerful on the drums, beating out rhythms even between songs.

During the show, Speedo tried to introduce several dances to the audience. "Have you ever seen the polka dance?" he asked. The audience seemed to have their own dance, though. Their necks convulsed backward and forward like MTV's notorious duo, "Beavis and Butt-head."

The glamorous, southern feel of RFTC could have something to do with where the band has been hanging out lately. *Group Sounds* was recorded in Memphis, Tennessee. In the *Seattle Weekly*, Speedo mentioned that the band went to the city for inspiration.

"I got to record the vocals for 'Ghost

Shark' on Elvis' grave," Speedo said. "I did it at three in the morning, right by the eternal flame. It was cool."

RFTC's admiration for Elvis was apparent during the show. The matching outfits shimmered and most of them had their black hair greased back.

The audience dug the performance and applauded for an encore, which they graciously received.

Before the three-song bonus, Speedo thanked the audience for keeping good hygiene. He said it was pleasing to see they were brushing their teeth and taking baths, unlike fans in other cities.

The originality of RFTC made for a good show at the Metro. It's a rarity to see six members of a punk band play in matching outfits, revive Elvis' style, and have a leading man compliment an audience on their personal hygiene.

# Battle of the Bands

Columbia bands display their talent at the Getz Theater

By Cassie Weicher  
Assistant A&E Editor

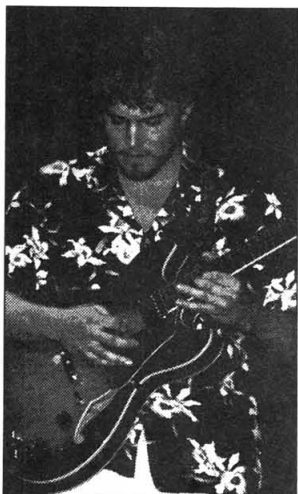
On April 21st, four bands brought their musical talents together to perform in Columbia's Battle of the Bands. Somewhere in Between, Equinox5, Poxy's Stair and Israel, all took a turn at strutting their stuff in front of a live audience at the Getz Theater.

The first band to perform was Somewhere in Between. T.J. Kanczuzewski (keyboard, vocals), Brian Simpson (guitar, vocals), Miki Mihailovich (guitar), Tony Tabor (drums), and Joey Tabor (bass) made up the astonishing quintet of Somewhere in Between. The band has only been together for five months, but sounded like they have been together for years. Their genre of music is considered to be from rock to jazz, but their name Somewhere in Between tells the story for itself.

The second band to perform was Equinox5. All members attend Columbia, and include Dan Saura (saxophone), Matt Ulm (bass, electric guitar), Aaron Kreuger (guitar), Nick Alvarez (drums/percussion), and Alison Belleville (vocals). They are all also prominent jazz musicians. I was taken away by the sultry sound of their music. Vocalist Alison Belleville, reminded me of a cross between Erykah Badu and Fiona Apple. I am glad to see that there are bands out there that are still into the great sound of jazz.

The members of the third band to perform, Poxy's Stair, were Dave Olson (guitar), Eric Sneider (bass), Daniel Cunningham (vocal, keyboard), and Brad Dickert (drums). This group combined classic rock with modern day rock to create a new, fresh sound that was highly welcomed by the participating audience. The band is in the process of signing onto a label, according to their manager Steve Wright. All the luck boys!

Israel was the fourth and final band to perform that night. Johanno Mohmud (vocals), Brian Wielwel (guitar), Aaron Giroux (bass), and Sasha Horn (drums) played the day away with their Nine Inch Nails-like vocals and instrumentations. They



Christina Mann/Chronicle  
Brian Simpson, of Somewhere in Between, shows his talent front of the live audience at the Getz Theater.

also gave a visually great performance to bring the audience into the feel of the music.

I would have to say that I was a little disappointed in the turnout. At one time, I counted and there were about 20 people in the audience. T.J. Kanczuzewski, from Somewhere in Between, had some thought about the low turnout, "I think that the school poorly promoted it. The only promotion that the event had was posters that I put up in the Columbia dorms and the music building."

Although the event was not highly publicized, it was nice to see that some Columbia students actually do care about what other students are doing to make a name in their career. It also did not turn out to be a "battle" of the bands, but a gathering of the bands. I was expecting to see a lot more competitiveness between all of the bands.

It is safe to say that I do not think that one band could have taken away the title alone. All of the bands that performed had an incredible amount of talent and devotion to music. I hope to see them all have sold out performances and reach their dream of being well known musicians.

# Europe's latest export

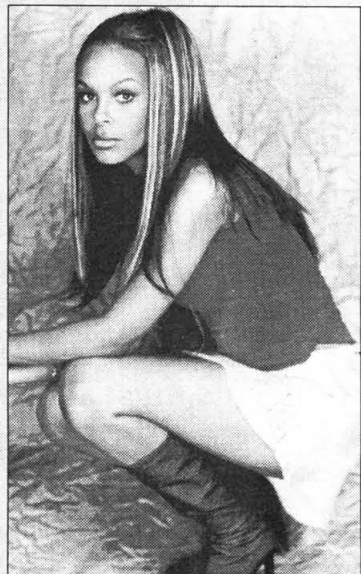
By Vince Kong  
Assistant A&E Editor

As we wait with bated breath for Britney Spears and Christina Aguilera to follow-up their double platinum albums, Europe has sent her own pop lolita in the form of a voluptuous 17-year-old Capricorn, Samantha Mumba.

Hailing from Dublin, Ireland, Mumba's roundish face, big smile and large child-like eyes, precariously balanced atop an "all-woman" body, will surely help her dominate the charts on MTV's "Total Request Live." With Mumba staying true to the formula—bubblegum lyrics over dance beats wrapped up in a sexy shell—she has been able to display her ability to dominate the airwaves by breaking into the UK's top ten with the dance hit, "Gotta Tell You."

With her European success as an indication of things to come, and her single steadily climbing up the Billboard charts, phrases like, "Don't wanna love you if you don't love me... but it wouldn't be right if I (if I), didn't tell you this tonight," will replace, "Hit me baby one more time" and "Oops, I did it again," from the lexicon of our 13-year-old sisters.

So, as Mumba embarks on tours this summer promoting her new album, *Gotta Tell You*, fathers will surely have a new venue to bring their adolescent daughters to: a venue where one and all can enjoy.



# Hackney's

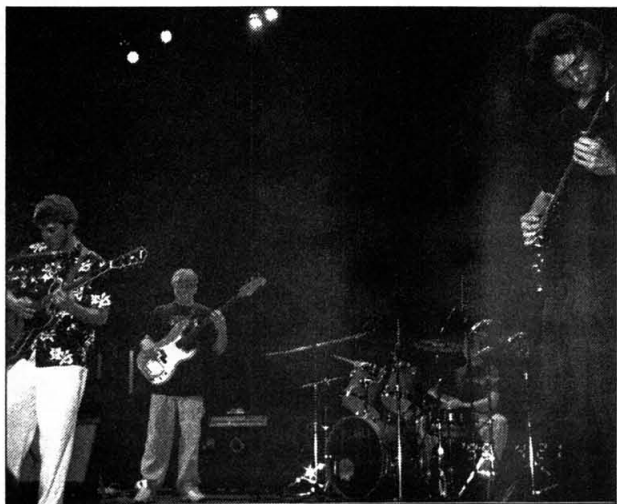
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Christina Mann/Chronicle  
From left: Brian Simpson, Joey Tabor, Tony Tabor and Miki Mihailovich of Somewhere in Between, jam away to the music.



**Continuing Undergraduate Students (degree seeking)***(Students-at-large may register during Open Registration only.)***Tuesday, May 1 - Friday, May 11****New Freshman and Transfer Students**

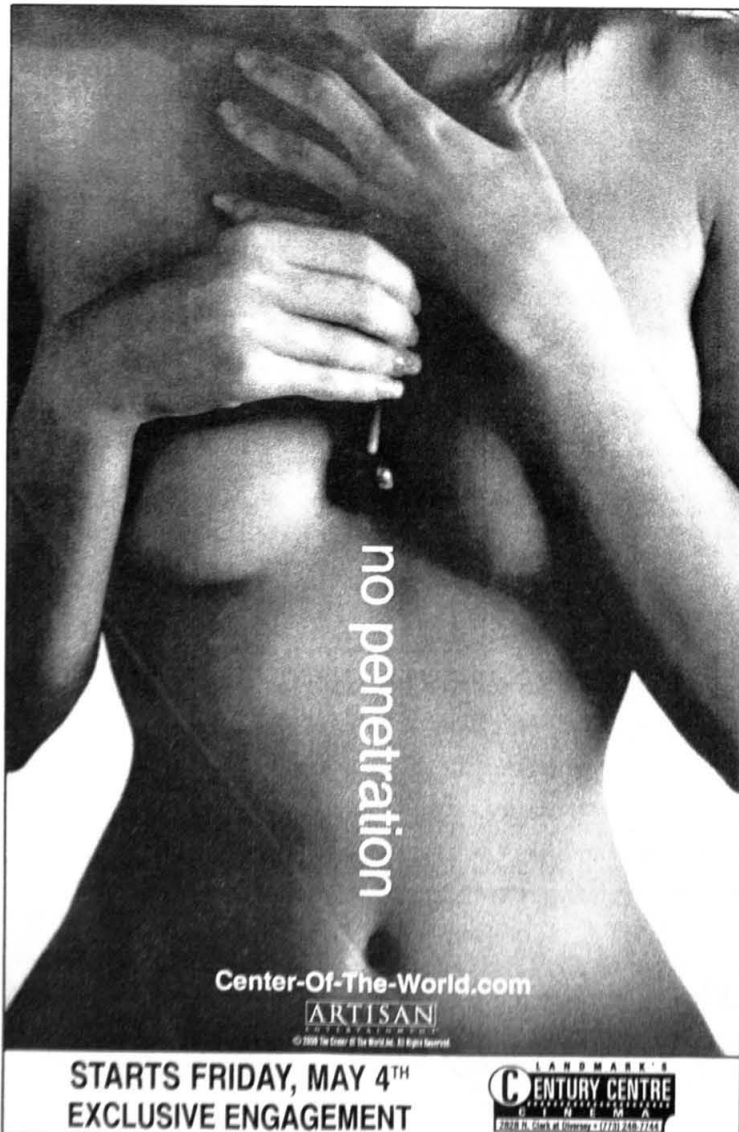
Registration will take place during orientation in July/August

Refer to the orientation information below for details.

*Students who cannot take advantage of orientation/registration can do so during late orientation/registration.***Orientation/ Registration for First-time Freshman and First-time Transfer Students***(Students must schedule their date by mail or by internet after June 1, 2001)*<http://www.colum.edu/newstudentinfo>

Orientation is required for all new students. New students will be registered for their courses as a part of orientation. New students should schedule their orientation/registration date after they receive their orientation packet (between June 1 and July 24, 2001), which will include a form and instructions on how to schedule an orientation date. Once the reply card or Internet form is completed and returned, students will be sent a letter confirming the date and time of their orientation/registration.

If you have not received an orientation packet by July 24, 2001 and/or if you are unable to attend orientation; freshman should contact the Freshman Center, and transfer students should contact the Academic Advising Office immediately! Failure to do so may impact your ability to register for classes.

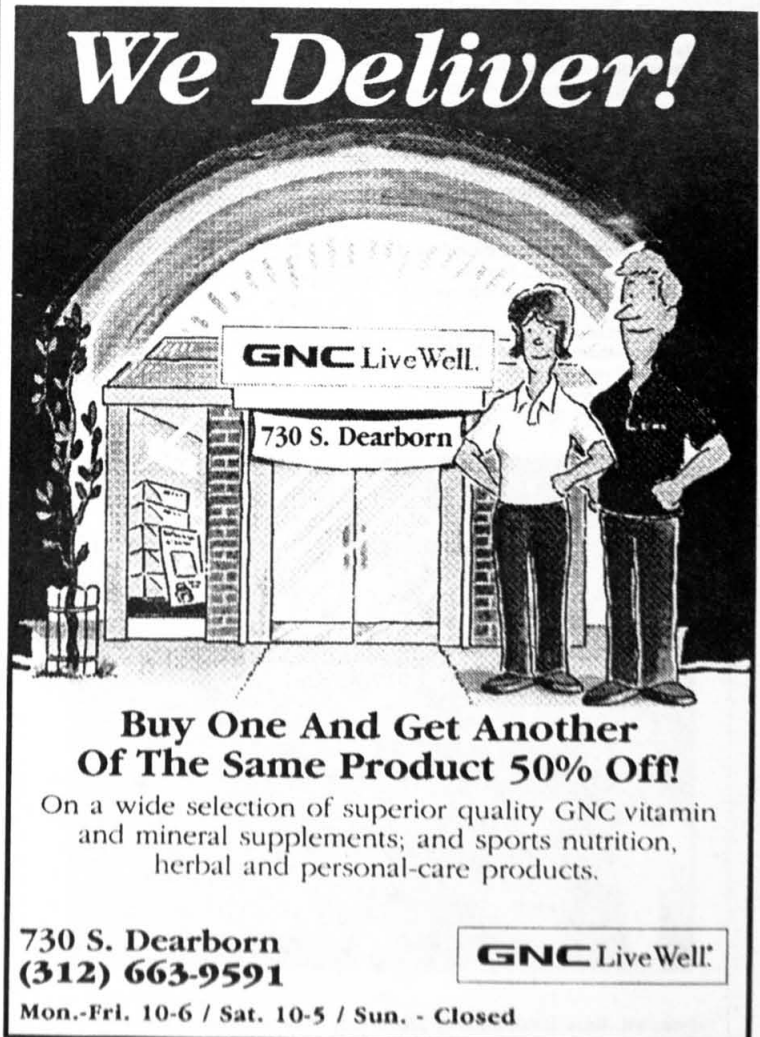
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**Tuesday, 3 cr. 1:30-4:20 53-3530-01**

The *Columbia Chronicle*, the weekly college newspaper and its web site is written by this class. Students get hands-on experience in writing and reporting, copy editing, and headline writing.

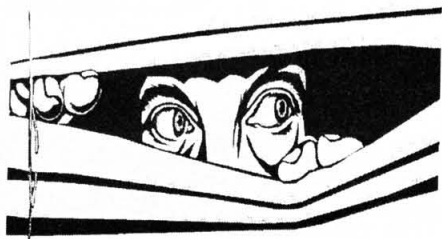
*Prerequisite: Junior or senior standing, 3.0 gpa or permission from faculty advisor Jim Sulski.*

If you have any questions please call Jim Sulski at 312-344-7584 or Chris Richert at 312-344-7432

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#### UNLISTED COURSES:

COURSE:	ADVANCED STYLE	PERSONAL ESSAY	BUSINESS and TECH. WRITING	CAREERS IN WRITING	CREATIVE NONFICTION II
COURSE NUMBER	52-1801-01	52-2810-01	52-2802-01	52-1800-01	52-2831-01
DAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
TIME	9:00-11:50	11:00-1:50	9:30-12:20	1:00-1:50	11:00-1:50



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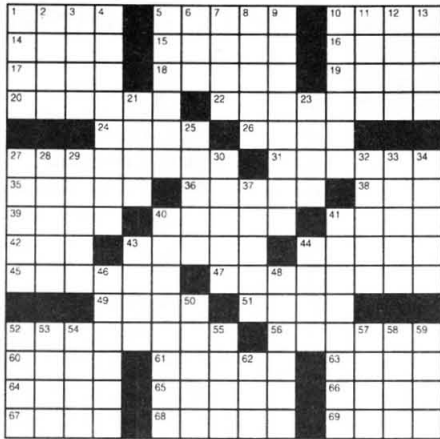
Visit us on the web @ [www.columbiachronicle.com](http://www.columbiachronicle.com)

# CROSSWORD

## Crossword

- ACROSS  
1 Word of woe  
5 Creative movement of the '60s  
10 Father of Seth  
14 Drunkard  
15 Sprite  
16 Loopy  
17 Couple  
18 Particulars  
19 One Baldwin  
20 "Valley of the Dolls" writer  
22 Reserve for a special purpose  
24 Take a look  
26 Knights' titles  
27 Principal street: slang  
31 Elgar work, "Variations"  
35 "\_\_\_ of God"  
36 Butterball  
38 Feel ill  
39 Bunker or Nob  
40 Evade by circumlocution  
41 Luau dance  
42 Tankard filler  
43 Layered rock  
44 Deceive  
45 Lash out  
47 Gym shoes  
49 Anger  
51 Moist and chilly  
52 Some olives  
56 Declares  
60 Lat. list-ender  
61 Spicy dish  
63 Smidgen  
64 Agronomist's concern  
65 "The Sons of \_\_\_ Elder"  
66 Magician Henning  
67 Exclusively  
68 Look of contempt  
69 Singer Redding

- DOWN  
1 High peaks  
2 Maui feast  
3 Yard-sale warning words  
5 Shell fragments  
5 One with two  
6 cents to put in  
7 Chopping tools  
8 Singer LeAnn  
9 Most easily riled  
10 '92 Wimbledon winner  
11 Artist Salvador  
12 Got grayed  
13 Medieval weapon  
21 Beatty and Buntline  
23 Pisa's river  
25 Author of "The Trial"  
27 Taj \_\_\_  
28 Sure-footed  
29 Cove  
30 Devers and Parent  
32 Transparent fabric  
33 Bannister or Coe, e.g.  
34 King and Alda  
37 Prevailing tide  
40 Ruthless usurers  
41 Japanese island



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### Solutions



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57 Horn honk  
58 Pin box  
59 Becomes slack  
62 Invent facts

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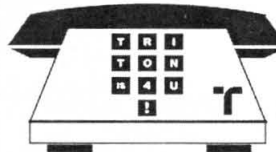
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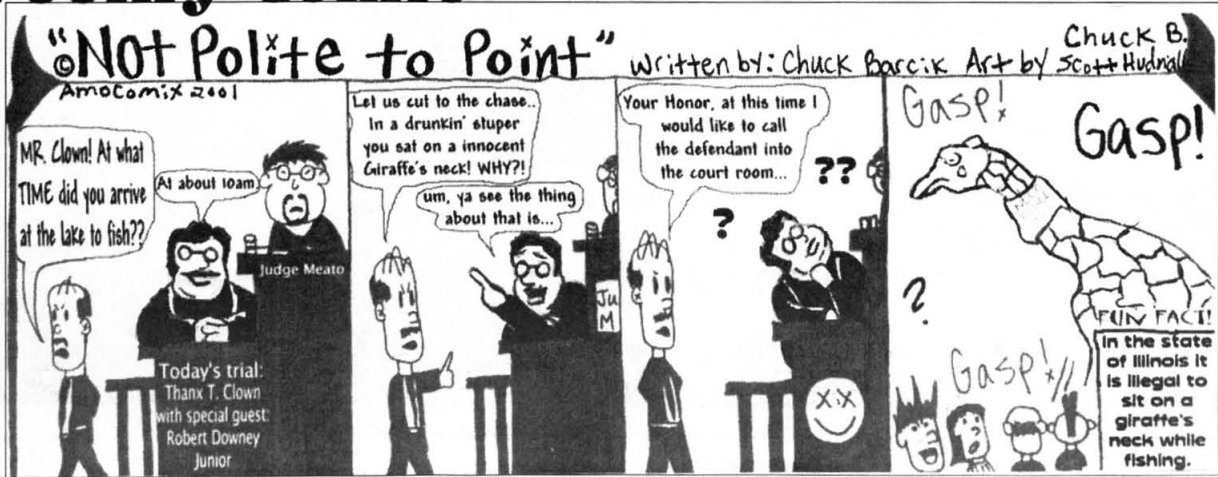
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# Hanging with...Mr. Valasquez

By Noel Sutcliffe  
Correspondent

Phil Valasquez is a photographer for the *Chicago Tribune*, and has been taking pictures at sporting events for over 25 years. He also teaches a photography class at Columbia.

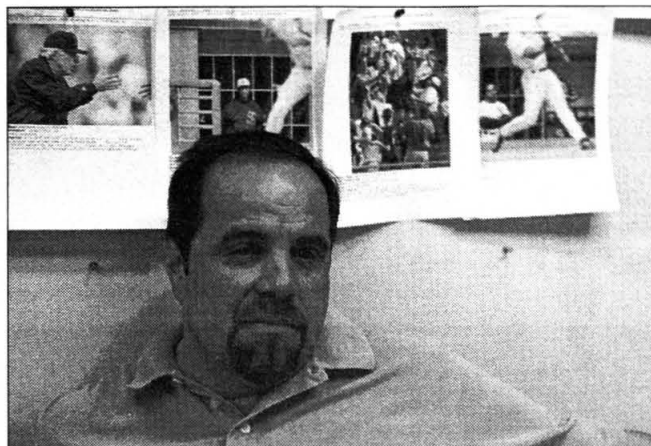
**Q: Who or what has been your favorite subject to take a picture of?**  
A: Michael Jordan. He is the most incredible athlete I've ever covered. I covered him at the start of his career. In fact, I was at his press conference when they drafted him. When he quit to go play baseball I went down south [Birmingham] to cover his baseball career. When he made his comeback I was at his first game, and I was there in Utah when he made his final shot. I've covered him from shot to shot during his entire career.

**Q: Have you or anyone you know ever gotten injured while taking pictures?**  
A: I've been hit many times. I had Patrick Ewing fall on me. I've had Walter Payton pick me up after hitting me out of bounds. I've been hit by baseballs and other things, but you just have to keep your eyes open. That's

just part of the job. I've known people who have had to go to the hospital, but thankfully I've never had to go. I know people who have almost been crippled because of a certain hit. They've been hit with line drives in the head and been out for two to three months with double vision.

**Q: What happens if you work a game and you get back to develop the pictures and they don't turn out?**  
A: It's happened to people, but thankfully not to me. If it's a big game or event like the Cubs or White Sox, you have to rely on the wire. If it were a high school or college event it would be a little more difficult. I've known people who have had film or mechanical problems of that nature. Like I said, it hasn't happened to me and I don't plan on it.

**Q: Do people get fired right away for that mistake?**  
A: If it's a technical thing like a camera failure you can't fault the photographer. If it were somebody just not using their head, forgetting their film or processing it wrong you probably wouldn't get fired. You would get yelled at and maybe taken off of sports. It's all a matter of the way it happens. Different situations dictate the turnout of something.



Christina Mann/Chronicle

Sports photographer Phil Valasquez of the *Chicago Tribune*.

**Q: Would you consider working as a paparazzi?**  
A: No way. I don't consider that photo journalism. Paparazzi are people who are paid to invade people's privacy. At the *Tribune* when we are sent out to do stories we are told not to push it. If you don't get the picture, you don't get the picture. Do not try and climb someone's fence or try and shoot through someone's windows.

**Q: What do you prefer to shoot, White Sox games or Cub ones?**  
A: Cubs. I love Wrigley Field and I'm a Cub fan. I really shouldn't admit that being a journalist. I've been a Cub fan all my life. There's something about covering baseball at Wrigley Field as opposed to covering [Comiskey]. Wrigley is one of the last great places to shoot baseball.

## Sianis

Continued from Back Page

hello to anyone."

The very first Billy Goat tavern was located right next to Chicago Stadium, which was torn down to build the United Center. Sianis counted on the crowds from the Blackhawks and the Bulls to stop in after the games. During the Bulls championship run in the '90s, Sianis' business was flooded with fans that had come to watch Michael Jordan. Since Jordan left, and with the Bulls and Blackhawks struggling the past few years, business has been a little bit slower.

"It's been down about three

or four percent," Sianis said. "Other restaurants have it tougher though. My business has dropped a little after the games but not before. When the Bulls or Blackhawks lose, people shoot for home instead of staying downtown to celebrate. It has been tough for the whole downtown area.

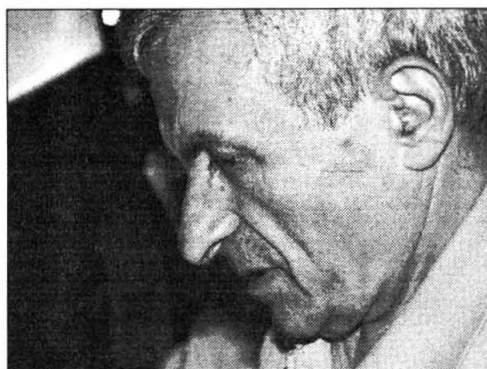
"People would come into the city and go to restaurants or bars," Sianis said. "There were 20,000 people giving business to the area. Now you don't see that. A lot of people have lost interest in the Bulls."

Not surprisingly, the Billy Goat by Wrigley Field isn't

affected no matter how poorly the Cubs are playing. "The Cubs are much different," said Sianis. "Win or lose they draw the crowd. I don't know if it's because of the Cubs, the stadium or the area, but last year they drew over 2 million people." For Sianis, that means a whole bunch of cheezborger sold.

Whether business is down or up, the Billy Goat will always have a place in Chicago, and Sianis will hand over the legendary place in the same fashion that his uncle left it to him.

"When I drop dead," Sianis says, "the kids take over."



Sheila Bocchini/Chronicle

Billy Goat owner Sam Sianis



Brad Bretz/Chronicle

## Helpful tips for ordering, eating at the Billy Goat

While a customer is able to order things off the menu like a rib eye steak or a ham and cheese sandwich, the best choice is to get a cheeseburger. If you order a cheeseburger however, expect to get a double one.

Most times the cook taking the order will either pressure you into ordering one or demand that you do. If you are a french fry lover, make sure to go to the Billy Goat on north Clark Street. The one on Michigan does not carry fries, only chips. A customer is expected to know that, and if they attempt to order fries they will be yelled at and told "no fries only chips." In addition, make sure not to order Pepsi. It will become very obvious soon after that they only serve Coke.

Customers of the Billy Goat can also go there in the morning for breakfast. From 7 a.m. to 11 a.m. the Tavern serves omelettes, sausage and bacon. Nothing costs more than \$4.25 on either the breakfast or regular menu, giving college students the opportunity to

eat good food at a decent price.

The tavern was made famous by John Belushi in his memorable Saturday Night Live skit in the '70's. The phrase "Cheezbooga! Cheezboga! Cheeps! No Coke, Pepsi!" can still be heard at the Billy Goat today, although they really serve Coke and not Pepsi. Belushi heard the famous saying while eating at the Billy Goat on Michigan Avenue. The tavern, located under both the *Chicago Sun-Times* and the *Chicago Tribune*, is also a place where most of Chicago's journalists eat during a break from work.

The late Mike Royko was perhaps the biggest supporter of the Billy Goat and quickly made friends with owner Sam Sianis. From time to time Royko would write his column based on his experiences when eating at the tavern.

The Billy Goat is open daily from 7 a.m. to 2 a.m.

—Noel Sutcliffe

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A week of Buford

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Cumulative Statistics

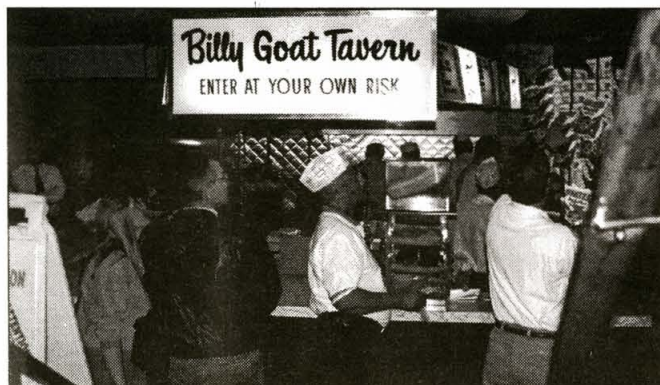
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					ISU Tourney	



# Serving up sports, Sianis style



Sheila Bocchine/Chronicle

## Tavern 'traditions' date back to curse of the goat

By Noel Sutcliffe and Scott Venci  
Correspondent, Sports Editor

Sam Sianis walks into the tavern he owns on a recent Wednesday afternoon and goes behind the counter to make a few phone calls. A couple of people look over in his direction and start gawking, almost as if Elvis Presley has just walked into the building. In these parts, Sianis is Elvis. The 65-year-old is a legend in Chicago. People come from all over the country to meet the man and to shake his hand. In fact, a man from California, apparently unaware that Sianis is being interviewed, walks right up and introduces himself as if Sianis is his idol, telling him how big an honor it is to be in his bar. Much like he does with every patron who comes up to him during the day, Sianis talks to him for awhile and thanks him for visiting.

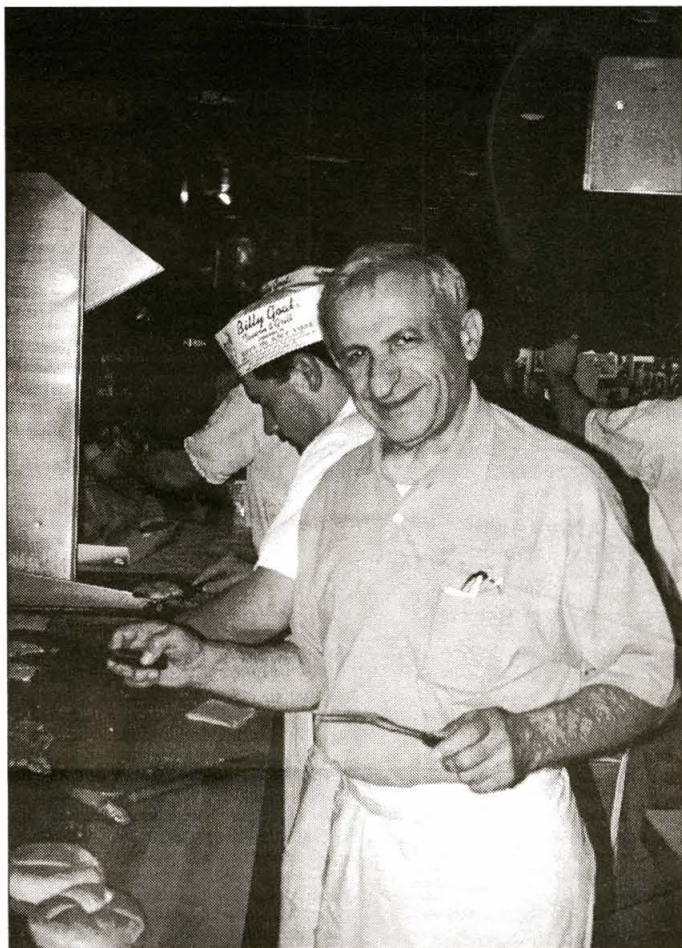
Sianis is the proud owner of the Billy Goat Tavern, a staple in virtually every major section of Chicago. He gets up each morning and goes to work at one of his five Billy Goat bars, and then goes to another one after a couple of hours. That way all the out-of-towners get a chance to see the man in person.

Sianis took over the Billy Goat when

his Uncle William died in 1970. William made the establishment famous in the sports world by putting a legendary hex on the Chicago Cubs. In 1945 Sianis bought two tickets to see the Cubs play the Detroit Tigers in the World Series. He bought one ticket for himself, and one for his goat. Due to the goat's bad smell, the ushers at Wrigley Field refused to let William into the game and sent him and his goat home. As soon as it happened William placed a hex on the Cubs, saying they would never again win a World Series. William finally removed the hex in 1969, but it still didn't turn around the Cubs fortunes, as they blew a commanding first place lead to the New York Mets.

It was Sam's turn to try and bring the goat into Wrigley Field in 1973, although it was a new goat, considering the original one died years before. The ushers at Wrigley Field refused to let the goat and Sam in, and the goat hex was on again, as the Cubs fell out of first place in less than two weeks.

"Once the Cubs were sold to the Tribune that's when everything was fine by me," said Sianis in his thick Greek accent. "We've tried a couple of times since they bought the team to try and remove the curse. In 1984 we won the first two games of the playoffs against San Diego with the goat here.



Sheila Bocchine/Chronicle

Sports has been as much of a menu item as cheeseburgers and chips at the world famous Billy Goat Tavern. Owner Sam Sianis (above) has entertained both world class athletes as well as the common sports fans (upper left) who often spend an afternoon watching a baseball game at the tavern.

The Cubs left for San Diego and they left the goat here and they lost three games. In 1994 the Cubs had a 12-game losing streak and I volunteered to bring the goat out to Wrigley Field and we stopped their losing streak."

To this day Sianis is not really sure why they wouldn't let the goat into the stadium, but he knows who to blame for it. "It was Wrigley's fault," said Sianis, referring to William Wrigley, who owned the Cubs at the time.

The Billy Goat has been frequented by some of the biggest athletes in the world, who enjoy stopping by to order a cheeseburger, or cheezborger as it's called there. This past fall 15 members of the Minnesota Vikings made a visit, as did the women's World Cup soccer team when they were in town. Back in the '70s, Oakland owner Charlie Finley made it a point to stop in when the A's were in town playing the White Sox, and he occasionally brought Reggie Jackson with him. Minutes after talking to Sianis, current New Jersey Net

and former Northwestern star Evan Eschemeyer stopped in and ordered a couple of cheeseburgers.

Former White Sox owner Bill Veeck was a regular at the Billy Goat, and quickly made friends with Sianis. "He would always come here after sitting in the bleachers at Wrigley," said Sianis, referring to Veeck's unusual preference to watch the Cubs over the team he owned. "There was this one time when we were celebrating the 50-year anniversary and we were having a big party with television cameras and newspaper people, and Veeck was there. During the course of the party he took a \$20 dollar bill and two half-dollar pieces and sandwiched them between butter. He took the butter with the money on it and threw it on the ceiling, and it stuck. It was there for over a year."

Sianis wouldn't have allowed just anybody to pull a stunt like that. "We let him do it because he was a real nice guy," Sianis said. "He was the type of guy who would never refuse to say

### Locations of the Billy Goat

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Brad Bretz/Chronicle

See Sianis, page 31