

10-30-2006

Columbia Chronicle (10/30/2006 - Supplement)

Columbia College Chicago

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Entertainment Supplement of the Columbia Chronicle

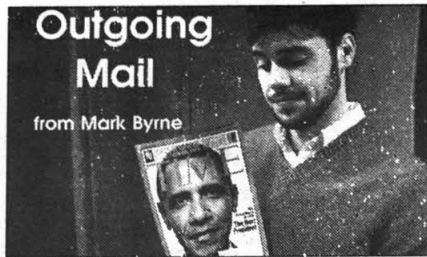
COMMUNING WITH THE DEAD

PAGE 16

Real life ghostbusters mingle with Chicago's dead

Outgoing Mail

from Mark Byrne



Dear Barack Obama,

Well aren't you Mr. Popular right now? First the cover of TIME magazine, then you're on Meet the Press, then the front cover of both the Chicago Sun-Times and The Chronicle. What's left? Playboy?

I'm glad to see things are going well with your career; I mean, you seem like a nice fellow, and our political concerns seem to be fairly well-aligned. But here's the thing: You're getting a little overzealous. Back off, buddy.

I read last week in the Chicago Tribune that you are "considering a run for president in 2008" and are no longer dedicated to serving a full six-year term in Congress.

Really, Barack? Is that seriously a good idea? Surely, a graduate of Columbia University and Harvard Law School must be aware that the last president to be elected without any executive branch experience was Kennedy, and even he had a full term in the Senate under his belt—not to mention a Pulitzer Prize.

Correct me if I'm wrong, but I don't think a president has ever been elected without completing an entire term in a serious government office, barring the first four or five. Nader tries a lot. Good

for him.

Of course, things can change, as we all know. I mean, Clinton was the first president not to be involved in the military, and Bush was the first president to pretend to be involved in the military. So maybe you could get elected with only your state legislature terms, and two-thirds of one in the big leagues, but will you be ready? That, too, is

debatable.

When you were first elected in 2004, you made it obvious that you intended to complete the term, even in the face of all those early claims that you are Oval Office material. The exact words you may have forgotten, but don't worry, the Chicago Sun-Times keeps them catalogued: "I can unequivocally say I will not be running for national office in four years." Breaking promises already? Isn't that a luxury usually reserved for after you're sworn in? Some call it ambitious, but I just think you have an itchy trigger finger. You'd be well-advised to settle down a bit.

In 2008, what legislation will you be able to point at? This isn't just a preference thing for me. I actually think that you need at least a full term, if not a few, in order to make a name for yourself that can be backed up with solid proof of a productive tenure. Right now, you've got the name part down. You're certainly the most spoken-of young politician around, if only because of these claims of "national unity" and that stupid headline on the cover of Newsweek in 2004 that read, "Seeing Purple." But anyone who takes the time to examine your positions would see that you are a

straight-up Democrat. On health care, abortion, gun control and the war in Iraq, you're toeing the party line. No purple there.

We are a fickle people, Barack. We get distracted by these glossy headlines and cute catch phrases, and that's why we're all walking around with a skip in our step, picturing your face and talking about you to our friends like we climbed out of bed with you this morning. We like to think that we've got everything figured out for 2008 already, that we've got this bright new senator who's going to get into office and cure our nation's bipartisanship.

But will you? I'm sure you're nice, but what are you going to do differently? Have you done anything differently yet? Remember when you first got that Senate seat, and you made promises to work with John McCain on a committee? Then, when the time came to do that, you stood him up *via press release*. What happened there, hot shot?

But more importantly, what will happen? Just because the majority of the nation has been swept away in your charisma, Barack, doesn't mean you should let them dictate your political career. You're letting all this stupid hype go to your head and it just makes you look foolish. It's like you're reading the newspapers and seeing your face all over them and thinking, "Gee, golly, people like me. They want me to run for president. I'm gonna do that!"

Well, you're wrong, Barack. Your face is all over the newspapers because you're young and good-looking and you seem to have a good head on your shoulders. That would be a good reason to run in six years—not two.

I believe in you, Barack, and I want to vote for you—just not quite yet.

mbyrne@chroniclemail.com

JACKASS OF THE WEEK



Usually when a child is taken away from a parent without his full consent and understanding of the situation, it is called kidnapping. That is, unless you're Madonna. Then it's just called miscommunication or something minor like that; it doesn't really matter, because she's getting a kid no matter what it takes.

Need to spend 18 months in Malawi in order to adopt a child? Ain't no thang, just use money and power to smooth out any legal troubles, and those 18 months dwindle down to weeks. The baby's father doesn't realize that his child is gone forever? That's OK, he can always have another one and if he never sees his son again, he'll just think about how happy his son is hanging out with Madge at the Kabbalah center.

The whole Madonna ordeal started when news suddenly sprang up that she was trying to adopt 1-year-old David Banda, a Malawian boy she didn't know much about but felt a connection with after seeing him in a video about the country. Ever since then, gossip and speculation have been coming from the media, human rights groups and the boy's father.

Regardless of whether Madonna actually broke laws to get the child or if David's father really didn't understand the circumstances of his son's adoption, the lady is a jackass for focusing the attention on herself. Of course, she's an attention whore, but this adoption should be more about the boy rather than the mother's appearance on Oprah or her distress.

At the beginning of the adoption process the singer said she didn't want a lot of attention from the media. Her answer to that is, of course, to talk to all the celebrity magazines and appear on a show hosted by one of the most famous people in the country. While Madonna's attempt to help out Malawi and the boy seems like a noble effort, in the end it's coming out more like just another way for her to sneak a photo and a quote into the headlines. Get over yourself, Madonna, and focus on your soon-to-be-three kids. It is all for the kids, right?

—T. Breynne

Read My Lips

by Tiffany Breynne



Me likey the touchy

Two years ago, when I lived about a minute away from my then-boyfriend, I was constantly over at his place. I hated my roommate at the time and my apartment wasn't safe or comfortable, whereas he lived with three of our mutual guy friends, his house was awesome and I always had fun there. Not only did I hang out there a lot, I slept in his bed about 90 percent of the time, with the few exceptions being when we were in a fight or had conflicting schedules—which was rarely, because our lives revolved around each other. So every evening we would fall asleep cuddling and then throughout the night I would steal the covers, he would steal them back and it would be a constant battle for space in his twin bed. It was a comfortable part of our daily routine.

We were nearly living together my

sophomore year and though it was nice, after awhile the affection seemed to wear off. Now I've seen the same thing, or a variation of it, take place with a friend of mine's relationship. They recently decided to move in together after graduating college. They had only been dating a few months, but she is from Chicago and he is from Indiana; they had to decide to either break it

off and go back to their hometowns or move in together and make a living out here where she got a job.

They ended up moving in together about two months ago, and though they were happy for awhile, the time finally came when she just decided it wasn't working out. So now the two of them are going to live together until they figure out how to get their own places, since neither of them are necessarily rolling in the dough. When asked how the sleeping situation would go considering they share the same bed, she said they will continue to sleep in it—it didn't matter anyway, she said, because they didn't touch that much in bed when they were dating.

That came as a shock to me. They didn't touch in bed? It's not like I think they should be going at it all night, but I at least would expect a bit of cud-

dling, maybe some hand-holding or spooning. In my list of advantages to having a boyfriend, cuddling and showing affection are in the top five. If I'm in a bed with a guy that I consider to be more than a friend, I find it odd and discomforting if we aren't touching somehow.

With my new guy, I never have to worry about not touching. It's a rarity that we have a whole night to spend together, so I take advantage of the time we do have, which is typically on the weekends, either in the city or in the suburbs. This past weekend, it was the suburbs, where both of us stay at our parents' places, and I'm not comfortable with the whole having sex/sleeping over thing when parents are in the vicinity. Therefore, there was no sleepover and, sadly enough, no sex or spooning till the sun comes up.

It made me sad that I couldn't get any sort of touching action from him when we hung out, but at least I know that there's still the chance of it—unlike my friend, whose desire to show affection went out the window far too soon. I think there's something to say for a couple that can't keep their hands off each other all night. Though I know it's inevitable to reach a point where the touching isn't as common, the day I stop wanting to cuddle with a guy, I know it's time to give the old heave-ho; because in my book, no touchy equals no lovey.

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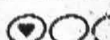
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Ratings Guide

So, is that movie worth watching?
 That CD worth buying? Count the hearts in each review and use this handy chart to find out.



Complete Crap



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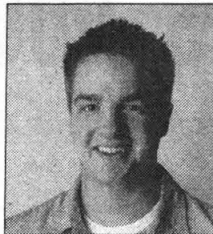
Pretty Entertaining



Very Good



Word Up.

Hayley
GrahamSteve
YaccinoKevin
Dunnigan

Top 5

Katie Sheridan: Holler! This girl is the shit and my BFF. We've had some seriously magical moments.

Pumpkin spice lattes: Words can hardly describe how phenomenal these are. It's like a caffeine-infused pumpkin pie dream. As a usual black coffee drinker, these lattes turned me on to the terribly expensive side of the daily caffeine fix: specialty drinks. The end of pumpkin season will leave a bittersweet taste in my mouth as I go back to black and see more green in my wallet.

Awkward encounters: At the time when these uncomfortable moments are happening I feel terrible, but later they make for great stories. The other weekend I ran into a girl whose finger I broke during an aggressive game of floor hockey in eighth grade gym class. Apparently, she and her now freakishly jointed finger haven't forgotten about it. Whoops. Hey Cameron, stay away from 31-year-old women who offer you a place to crash.

Box-head: This is easily the most hilarious drinking game ever. Just answer this: How can anything involving mass quantities of beer and some drunken fool inevitably wearing a box on her head humming old school Disney tunes not be fun? Exactly my point.

Polaroid cameras and photo booths: Instant gratification at its finest.

Hideaway beds: I slept in one this weekend and my life will never be the same. Why make your bed when you can just turn it into a wall? It was stylish and comfortable and I think I'll install one in every room of my future house. That way when I'm tired, I won't have to walk to my room. Plus it'll make a great place to hide for the next time I'm running from the cops.

Preservatives: I'm not a vegetarian, but I do love my fruits and veggies. Only, every time I stock up, I eat well for the first few days and then completely forget about them until the refrigerator smells so foul it makes my eyes water, warranting a mass cleanout of the now-oozing brown mush that used to be produce. Thanks to preservatives, months can pass before the smell triggers my malnourished memory.

Independence Day: Any movie with Will Smith, Jeff Goldblum and aliens that torch the White House makes for some mighty fine entertainment.

Microwaves: There's something about nuking the food I'm about to ingest that both excites and terrifies me. It's like lunchtime Russian roulette. It keeps me on my toes.

Micro Bytes Sweet Tarts: These tiny chewable Sweet Tarts come in bright, bold colors—each with its own glorious formula of sugar and sour ecstasy. Be ready to eat the whole bag in one sitting and keep away from young children unless you're prepared to stick your finger up their nose to get one out.

This semester is half over: That's right folks, week eight is officially over. We're over the mid-semester hump and it's downhill from here on out. Hopefully everyone is done with midterms and ready for the holidays.

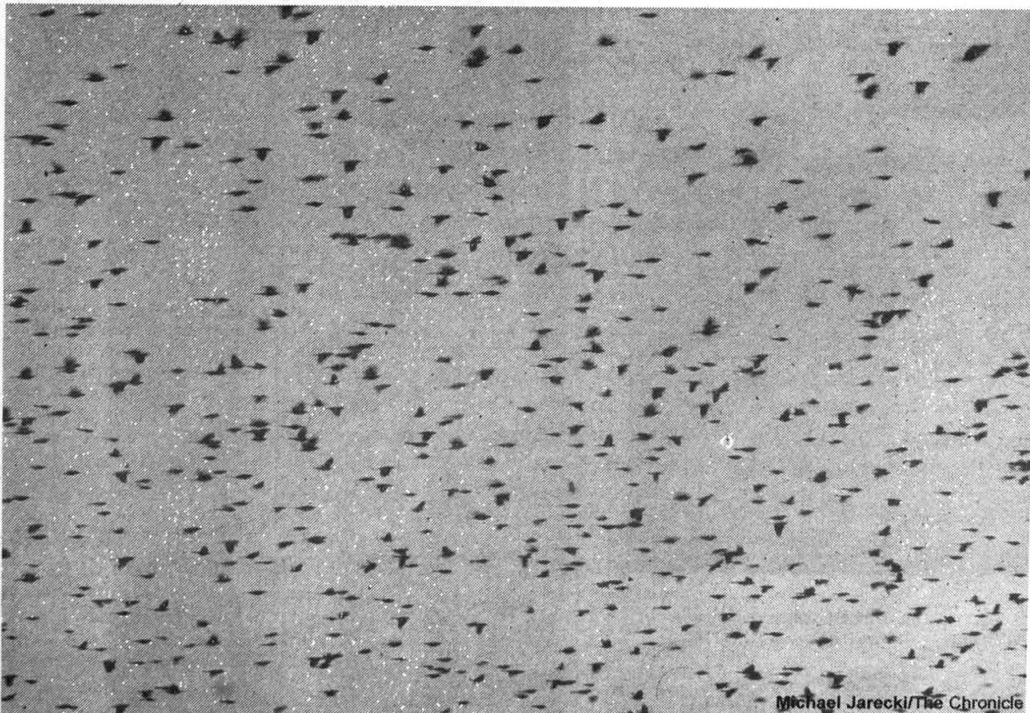
Halloween in Madison: Ending up in jail is expected, or at least getting smoked out of an over-populated area by the riot-control police. Note to self: watch personal belongings when lost in this heavy cloud of smoke—we don't need a repeat of last year.

Cold weather: Yeah, I said it. It's here, and I actually enjoy it. Ice skating, snowflakes and the holiday season: it's a great time of year. I also enjoy the ongoing battle between me and the wind of downtown Chicago.

Heating bills: Well, when you live in a house with 15-foot ceilings and the draftiest windows in Wicker Park, the heat is nonexistent, no matter how high you have it set. So I just want to thank Peoples Gas in advance for the hundreds of dollars I'm about to spend.

People who YELL on their cell phones in public places: I spent a three hour bus ride from Peoria to Chicago listening to the woman behind me hollering to her friend about her orgasms that she had over the weekend. C'mon...

Exposure



Michael Jarecki/The Chronicle

hunt-ing (n) 1. the sport or practice of pursuing and killing or capturing wild animals. 2. the process of searching carefully for something, usually over a period of time. *From the Encarta World English Dictionary*
This is duck hunting, where you set up decoys in the dark at four in the morning and wait till sunrise to see a few ducks fly by. Nature is unpredictable, and that is what is admirable about the woods and the world. Keeping silent in a boat, waiting to hear 12-gauge gunshots, an unusual sound breaks the silence—a couple thousand birds soaring through the sky.

MONDAY / The eighth annual Italian Food and Wine Festival at Harry Caray's, 33 W. Kinzie St. Festival is during normal dining room hours. **TUESDAY** / ...And You Will Know Us By The Trail of Dead and The Blood Brothers at the House of Blues, 329 N. Dearborn St. The show starts at 6 p.m. and admission is \$17.50 to \$18.50. **WEDNESDAY** / Frank Black plays at the Metro, 3730 N. Clark St. The show begins at 7:30 p.m. and admission is \$25. Gwar at the House of Blues, 329 W. Dearborn St. The show starts at 6:30 p.m. and admission is \$19 to \$21. **THURSDAY** / "World of the Inuit," a group show takes place at the Alaska Gallery of Eskimo Art, 104 E. Oak St. The event features sculptures, prints, tapestries and masks that showcase animal and human transformations from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. Admission is free. Opening reception of Art Directors Club Annual Awards Exhibition at the A + D Gallery, 619 S. Wabash Ave. from 5 to 7 p.m. Admission is free. **FRIDAY** / Lucero plays at the Metro, 3730 N. Clark St. The show starts at 9 p.m. and costs \$13 and is for 18+. Victor Wooten plays at the House of Blues, 327 N. Dearborn St. The show starts at 9 p.m. and costs \$20 to \$22.50 and is for 18+. **SATURDAY** / Lady Sovereign at the Metro, 3730 N. Clark St. The show starts at 11:30 p.m. and admission is \$15 and the show is 18+. 120 Days plays at the Empty Bottle, 1035 N. Western Ave. The show starts at 10 p.m., admission is \$8 and the show is 21+. **SUNDAY** / Ciara at the House of Blues, 329 N. Dearborn St. The show starts at 8 p.m. and admission is \$10. N. Southport Ave. The show starts at 8 p.m. and admission is \$10.

November

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Hot doctors, booze and pottery

Chicago pottery place capitalizes on hit show

By Katie Chor/Staff Writer

Early Thursday evenings, bars are not yet packed, restaurants experience a dead hour, the streets are empty and free parking is available all over the city. It's 8 p.m., and unless it's being recorded, many Chicago residents are inside their homes, obsessively watching the hospital drama "Grey's Anatomy."

But now people can leave their homes and still catch every minute of main character Meredith Grey's thoughts.

Glazed Expressions, 717 W. Armitage Ave., the "paint-it-yourself pottery place," hosts

"Glazed Anatomy" every week for those who have a desire to paint pottery but are having a hard time leaving Dr. McDreamy.

"Apparently people are really into this show," Mara Link, manager of the Lincoln Park store, said.

This store, as well as the store in Lakeview, 3339 N. Lincoln Ave., plays the show while customers paint everything from ceramic heart-shaped boxes to tea cups and margarita glasses. They can also enjoy BYOB alcohol at no extra charge.

It started with the first show of the current season, which was a big event for the store. Food, beverages, raffles and prizes from boutiques in the area were just a few of the perks. A man posing as a "hot" doctor was also present to give tips on painting. Although¹, the doctor is not on call every week, people can still bring their own food and buy discounted pottery pieces to paint.

Employee Mandy Harris said customers tend to drink however much they want, not shying away from the fragile, ceramic

atmosphere. The painters who drink the most, she said, tend to paint very well.

Thom Pfiffner, a Columbia film major, works part time at the store, instructing beginner painters and firing the kiln to finish the pieces. He said his girlfriend used to watch the show and got him into it.

"I know what's going on, which is kind of funny," he said. "It's a good show."

A person doesn't need to be an experienced pottery painter to create an artistic piece. Pfiffner recites the easy tips and instructions energetically to each rookie painter.

And if the tips are not enough to get the new artist going, he or she can look around the paint-covered store for inspiration. Pottery and sample artwork line the turquoise wall. Almost everything is painted pottery. Even the paintbrush holders are painted pottery pieces. The bright yellow bathroom has painted light switch plates and step stools below a mirror hung on colorful pottery.

Although the show starts at 8 p.m., the pottery special starts at 6 p.m. Before "Grey's Anatomy," painters can pre-game with the new show, "Ugly Betty" and any food or drinks

they decide to bring.

"I like both shows," Harris said. She also worked a few years back when the store held the same special with the shows "Friends" into "E.R."

"We drew a big crowd," Harris said. "During the winter it was packed. Sometimes you couldn't even hear the TV."

Harris said painting pottery is a nice way to unwind after work.

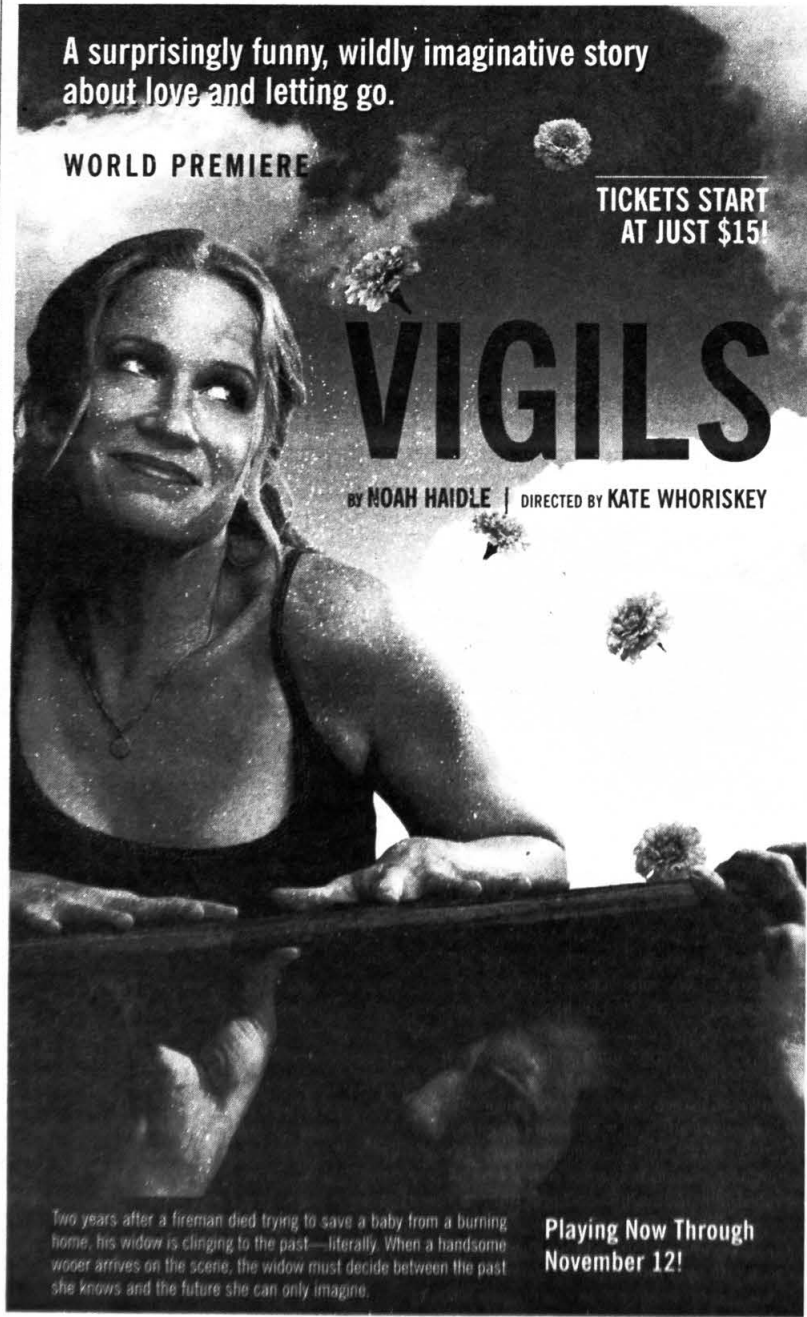
"It's escapism," she said. "It's a little like meditation."

Kristine Smith is a regular at the store.

"I've never not finished a piece in one sitting," she said, hurrying to cover the white ceramic piece with paint. Smith works in pharmaceuticals at Rush University Medical Center and said she uses pottery painting as her therapeutic and creative outlet.

Whether customers are there to paint pottery or watch their favorite show, Glazed Expressions supplies the paint, pottery and entertainment to inspire great works of art and great gossip about Meredith Grey's love life.

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A surprisingly funny, wildly imaginative story
about love and letting go.

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VIGILS

BY NOAH HAIDLE | DIRECTED BY KATE WHORISKEY

Two years after a fireman died trying to save a baby from a burning home, his widow is clinging to the past—literally. When a handsome wooer arrives on the scene, the widow must decide between the past she knows and the future she can only imagine.

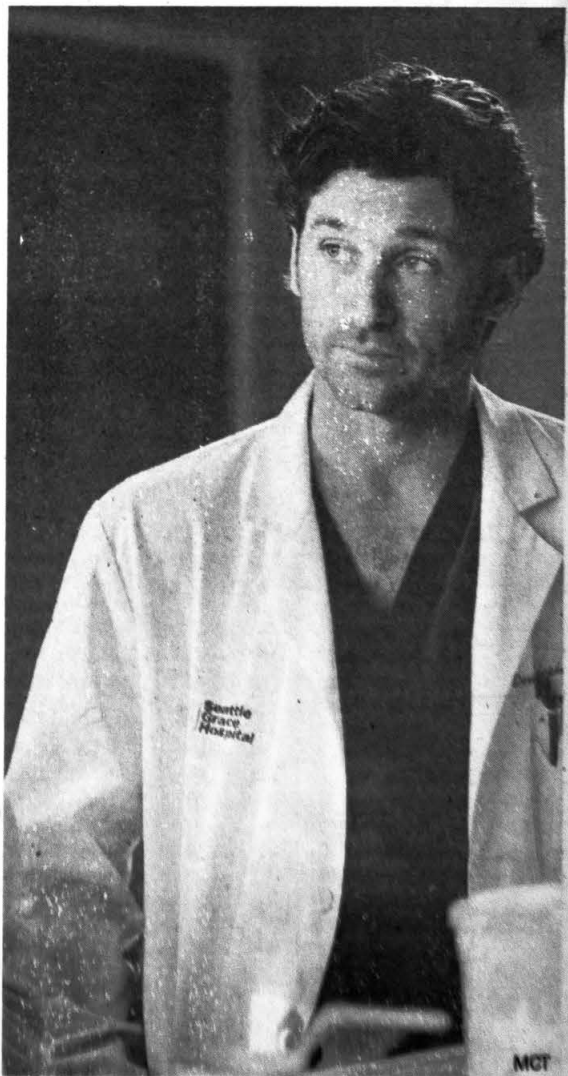
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Every Thursday night fans can gather at Glazed Expressions, 717 W. Armitage Ave., to make pottery, drink, and check out Patrick Dempsey, a star of 'Grey's Anatomy' whose character Dr. McDreamy is a frontrunner in the most-wanted TV boyfriend list.

Devil's Night not so scary anymore

Night of terror becomes day of celebration

By Mary Kroeck/Assistant A&E Editor

Oct. 30 is known to many as Devil's Night, an evening of causing mischief that's typically harmless. In the past, the night had a much darker connotation in Detroit, with hundreds of fires being set around the city. Now, the day has now become one made for street celebrations and family-style barbecues.

However, the lore of Devil's Night is becoming a Hallmark holiday of sorts that has spawned Devil's Night greeting cards. It's also the reason for a new Naperville ghost tour.

Naperville Ghost Tours is hosting Devil's Night: Lucifer's Luxury Limo Ghost Tour, complete with a ride in a Hummer limousine and Halloween themed alcoholic beverages to celebrate the day.

"We're adapting the day to try to turn it into something fun," said Diane Ladley, owner of Naperville Ghost Tours, who is well aware of the day's history.

Ladley said she wanted to offer the tour on Devil's Night as a way of creating a new image of the day. Rather than having people look at the night as one of terror, she'd like people to imagine it as a day of total luxury, another aspect associated with "devilish" behavior.

The tour lasts for about two hours and will stop at various locations in Naperville that are

thought to be haunted. The cost of the tour is \$70 per person and is supposed to be a way for grown-ups to enjoy Halloween.

"Each tour will have a Hellish Host or Hostess who tells ghost stories while the guests wine and dine," Ladley said. "We're going to have Lestat-kissed champagne and black vodka with red cherries. We're also trying to get our hands on Undertaker's spring water."

Even with the day becoming more commercialized, there are still a number of people who don't know anything about the history of the night. Brendan O'Connor, a journalism major at Columbia, is one of them.

"I'm not an advocate for pyromaniacs," O'Connor said. "So anything that can deter people from setting fires is a good thing. In terms of the commercialization ... I've never heard of it."

Detroit had a long standing history of arson on the days surrounding Halloween. Throughout the 1980s and into the early 1990s, vacant buildings and automobiles were set on fire just for fun. In the early 1980s there was one Devil's Night that spawned more than 700 fires in the city. The arsons sparked international attention and took off throughout the world as a huge misconception. It got to a point where peo-

ple thought that Detroit's citizens were setting their own homes on fire, according to Matt Allen, press secretary for Detroit's Mayor Kwame M. Kilpatrick.

Today, through the city's determination to stop this crime, Detroit hosts the largest volunteer campaign in the country—Angel's Night—and the day that used to be one of terror is now a day for parties and trick-or-

treating.

Allen thinks it's great that Naperville Ghost Tours is trying to do something fun and safe for the day, acknowledging that Detroit's day of terror is now just a part of the city's history.

"If the legacy of Angel's Night starts a tradition, then that's a great legacy for Detroit," Allen said. "Angel's Night is a great success. If fam-

ily fun and volunteerism is going on in other places, if we started that trend, we're proud of that."

For more information on the Devil's Night ghost tour, visit www.napervilleghosttours.com.

mkroeck@chroniclemail.com



Naperville Ghost Tours will take customers on a Devil's Night ghost tour in a Hummer limousine like the one shown above.

THE COLUMBIA CHRONICLE
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The writer in the Windy City

Author of 'The Devil in the White City' pushes new book, 'Thunderstruck,' in Chicago

By Brent Steven White/Assistant A&E Editor

While midday light reflected off outside buildings to illuminate a wooden podium, best-selling author Erik Larson hosted a reading for his new book, *Thunderstruck*, at a Borders Books and Music in downtown Chicago.

About 100 people—most of whom purchased the author's new book—crammed into a corner on the third floor of the bookstore, 150 N. State St., to see the famous author, listen to him read and ask him questions. Many stayed to have their books signed.

But suspicions about some of Larson's research methods were brought up during the question and answer part of the reading. A woman asked the author how he researched the facts for his new book, and if he "just stayed in libraries."

Larson answered the question by noting that he traveled all over Europe while researching *Thunderstruck*, including visits to London, Bologna, Munich, Nova Scotia and Rome.

Larson is the author of 2003's *The Devil in the White City*, a national bestseller, which tells the true story of the Chicago World's Fair of 1893. The book, a nonfiction murder mystery, follows Daniel Burnham, the architect responsible for building the fair, and H.H. Holmes, a serial

killer who used the fair to lure women to his residence.

Larson's new book is also a murder mystery based on actual events and unites stories of two men: Harvey Crippen, an American-born physician who killed his wife to be with his mistress, and Guglielmo Marconi, who is famous for inventing wireless telegraphy.

The new book details how Marconi's invention of wireless telegraphy was instrumental in tracking and catching Crippen as he fled Great Britain with his mistress on an ocean steam liner.

At the reading, Larson said he "didn't plan on writing another murder mystery," but got the idea for the book while researching the progression of wireless communication.

He stumbled across the name Harvey Crippen while on a website dedicated to Marconi, and said he remembered hearing about the famous killer from his mother, who frequently told him stories when he was a child.

After further research he said he became fascinated with Marconi, Crippen and the events of the early 20th century period.

"There was a certain kind of romance about [Harvey Crippen]," Larson said. "Part of the fun of researching this book was finding out about the [British] Edwardian era."

While researching in Rome, Larson said he interviewed Marconi's descendants, including the inventor's daughter.

James Connelly, a Chicago lawyer who attended the reading, said he thinks Larson's ability to weave a narrative voice with historical facts sets him apart from other modern authors, but noted that some people may find holes in Larson's books.

"I like how he's brought awareness to the early 20th century era," Connelly said. "But some intellectuals and academics like to gripe about his historical accuracy. I just like his books."

Since Larson's last two books have relied heavily on historical facts, the author has been the subject of criticism from historians and academics.

But Kirk Sullivan, a volunteer at the Museum of Science and Industry who also attended the reading, agreed with Connelly and said Larson's ability to combine history with narration makes the author successful.

"He has a real conversational tone to his writing, and it's not just a historical lecture," Sullivan said. "His books are page-turners. You've got real historical events and serial killers. It's the best of both worlds."

The release date of the book corresponded with the date of the reading, Oct. 24.



Mauricio Rubio/The Chronicle

Author Erik Larson speaks to an audience of about 100 at Borders Books and Music, 150 N. State St. Larson is the author of 'The Devil in the White City' and is promoting his new book, 'Thunderstruck.'

Larson's other books include *Isaac's Storm*, *Lethal Passage* and *The Naked Consumer*. The latter is the author's first book, and is about the tactics companies use to "spy on their customers," Larson said. *The Naked Consumer* is now out of print, according to Larson.

The best-selling author thanked the audience for "showing up dur-

ing their lunch hour," and insisted that his next novel would not be another murder mystery based on historical events.

"I made a promise to my publisher," he said. "No more murder mysteries."

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Photo by Mauricio Rubio for The Chronicle

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Sleeping with a stranger

Chicagoan makes art out of dozing commuters

By Tiffany Breyne/Managing Editor

The train slowly sways to-and-fro down the track, making its way toward home, a bar, class, work or any other destination in the city. As the creaking wheels and rhythm of steel running against steel become intertwined with one smooth, repetitive motion, it's not hard for tired minds to wander and heavy eyelids to slowly droop for a few minutes of calm escape.

This is when the train transforms from a public place to a private sanctuary for some riders; this is also when Yvonne Doll makes her rounds through each car, photographing unknowing riders with her Motorola camera.

Yvonne Doll created SleepyUrbanite.com, a new website to showcase photos of the city and its sleepy commuters captured with a simple cell phone camera and enhanced with some Photoshop edits. Doll, who attended the Art Institute for painting, is a web designer, musician and artist. After riding Chicago trains for the past 15 years, she purchased a cell phone with a camera on it, started taking photos on the el, and the rest is history.

Doll talked with The Chronicle about her website, her potential creepiness and how sleeping on the el is a reflection of the city.

The Chronicle: Do you see these photos as a reflection of Chicago's fast paced life or as more of an artistic project?

Doll: It's a little bit of both. Are we that tired that we have to be getting every little nap on the train? It is a little weird that people are so exhausted from their day that they're sleeping on the train.

You shoot the photos as art, but why put them online as well?

I [thought] it'd be interesting to see a couple different things. It'd be interesting to see what people think about it. If they think it's wrong, or an invasion of privacy, I can kind of see that they may think that. That's why I



These unsuspecting el passengers were photographed by Yvonne Doll for her website, sleepyurbanite.com. Doll uses her Motorola camera phone to catch the sleeping riders off guard.

put the blog up too—I think it'd be awesome if somebody saw themselves on there and responded to it. It's one of those things where you get a snapshot of a very close-up, personal moment of humanity.

How exactly were you inspired to start this project?

I was shooting pictures of people and they're not even noticing me at all doing that. It was really kind of cool, once I started thinking of it as doing a piece; it was just so invigorating. So I would really be excited to get up in the morning and get on the train and go and get my pictures.

Some of the photos on your website are pretty close. How

do you do manage that?

I usually wait for the door to open and I move farther in to where [a sleeper is] and muscle my way in. Then, when I feel like maybe people are on to me or think I'm strange or something I get off of that car at the next stop and I move to the next car, so I'm the new person on the train. That's the amazing thing about it—you can be very, very close to someone and photographing them and they do not know.

You seem to have this process down pat.

Oh yeah, there's an art form. It's funny, though, when I have to be the rude person that pushes their way through the train cause

I'll see somebody who's just great, who's just all doubled over and looking awesome, so I gotta push my way through the train to get to them, which sometimes it's a little obvious.

Do you worry that people will complain about the site?

I think if somebody contacted me and said, "Take my picture down," I probably would. I think that it will be interesting to see what the thoughts are. So far it's been pretty positive and nobody's been upset by it. I have a couple friends who are like, "I'm waiting for you to get a black eye on the train." More like in the act of doing it I can see people getting annoyed with it. But so far I've been pretty

low-key about it.

Have you ever second-guessed taking the photos or putting them online?

I put it up to see what people would say. I do have a little bit of a skewed view on things sometimes. I have this thought that maybe creepy people don't know that they're creepy. Maybe I'm really creepy and I just don't know it. If the moral barometer in the city of Chicago has a major uprising and says, "Hi Yvonne, you're creepy," I might take that into consideration, but maybe not, I don't know. I enjoy making them, and I think that I'm presenting people in an artistic way.

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Costumes that drive people crazy

National Alliance on Mental Illness takes on Halloween costumes

By Mary Kroeck/Assistant A&E Editor

When trick-or-treaters go door-to-door on Halloween, most people expect to see princesses, police officers and maybe even a monster. Few expect to see someone dressed in a straightjacket looking like they just got out of a mental institution. Yet, the costumes exist and those in the mental health profession aren't so amused by it.

The National Alliance on Mental Illness wants people to be more aware of the issues surrounding the costumes. In their latest "StigmaBuster Alert" release, the organization also aims to fight against the negative portrayal of mentally ill patients in haunted houses.

"Stigma is one of the key barriers that keep people from getting help when they need it," said Bob Carolla, spokesperson for NAMI. "We'd like to stop the stigma and make people more informed [about mental illnesses]."

Carolla's views are shared with many in the mental health profession, including Ralph Erber, who's been teaching psychology at DePaul University for 15 years.

"There's a stigma of people with mental issues that they all belong in a nut house," Erber

said. "There's a large number of people with mental disorders. About 20 to 25 percent of people are diagnosed with a depressive disorder. The costumes are not fair to people."

This argument, however, is apparently not strong enough to stop people from portraying a mentally ill person on Halloween.

Chicago Costume, with six locations in the Chicagoland area, is one of the city's suppliers of Halloween costumes. The chain carries a costume that features a straightjacket and is marketed as a Hannibal Lecter outfit.

"I read the [NAMI statement] and kind of dismissed it," said Courtland Hickey, manager of Chicago Costume. Hickey explained that the straightjacket costume gained popularity in the early 1990s with the release of the film *The Silence of the Lambs*.

"I don't see the perspective. [Halloween] is just about having fun and making lots of political statements," he said. "To say that you shouldn't wear a costume that might offend someone with a mental problem is like saying let's not make fun of people who've been in jail by not wearing a prison costume."

Hickey also commented that the Lecter costumes haven't been selling well this year.

"It's trends," Hickey said. "If some sort of political figure had been committed to a mental institution and there was a picture of that person in a straightjacket, the costume would probably be more popular."

Hickey thinks NAMI's argument isn't completely warranted. However, he does understand its point, saying that he thinks the statement is "a pertinent thing."

AJ Ware, a Columbia theater major, shares Hickey's point of view.

"It's just Halloween," Ware said. "Everyone gets made fun of at Halloween. If we can't make fun of everyone, then we shouldn't make fun of anyone."

Still, Carolla believes people should be more conscious about what they choose to dress up as on Halloween.

"People don't go out on Halloween trying to portray a cancer patient," Carolla said. "So why trivialize mental illness?"

mkroeck@chroniclemail.com



Keith Bishton/The Chronicle

Straightjacket costumes, like the one shown above, are offensive to people with mental illness, according to National Alliance on Mental Illness.

In honor of Sharon Palermo

The Television Department and the Chicago Chapter of National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences invites you to the inaugural event in support of establishing the Sharon Palermo Scholarship Fund. This scholarship is being created in memory of Sharon, wife of long-time Television Department faculty member Luke Palermo.

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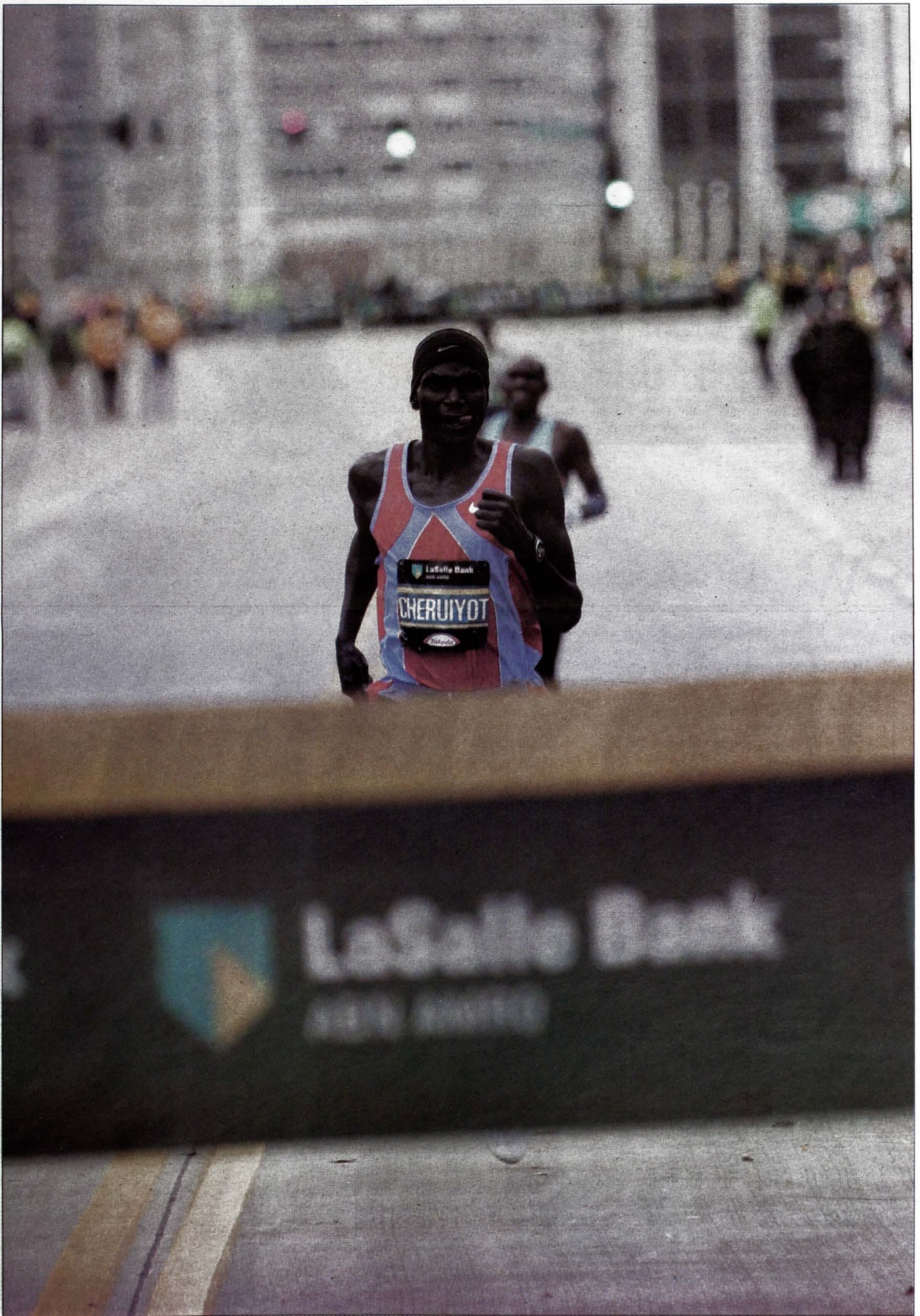
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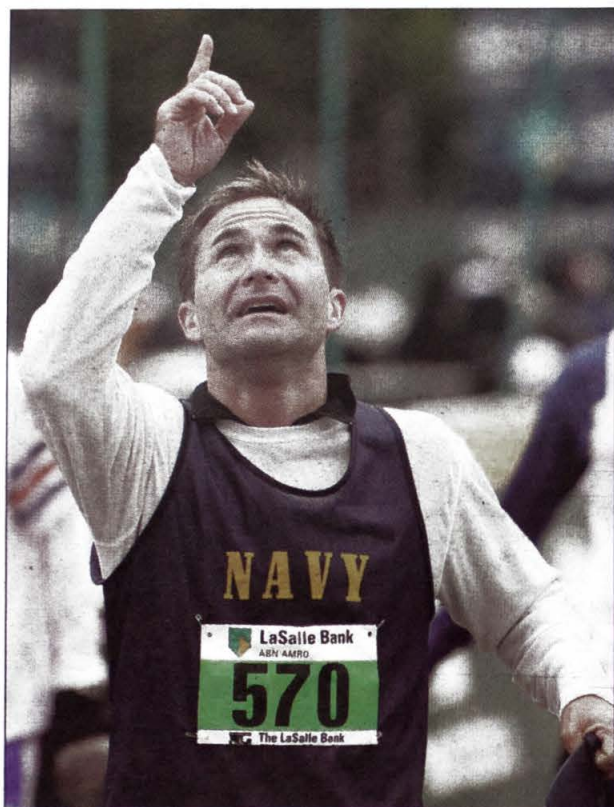
Moments from the

Marathon

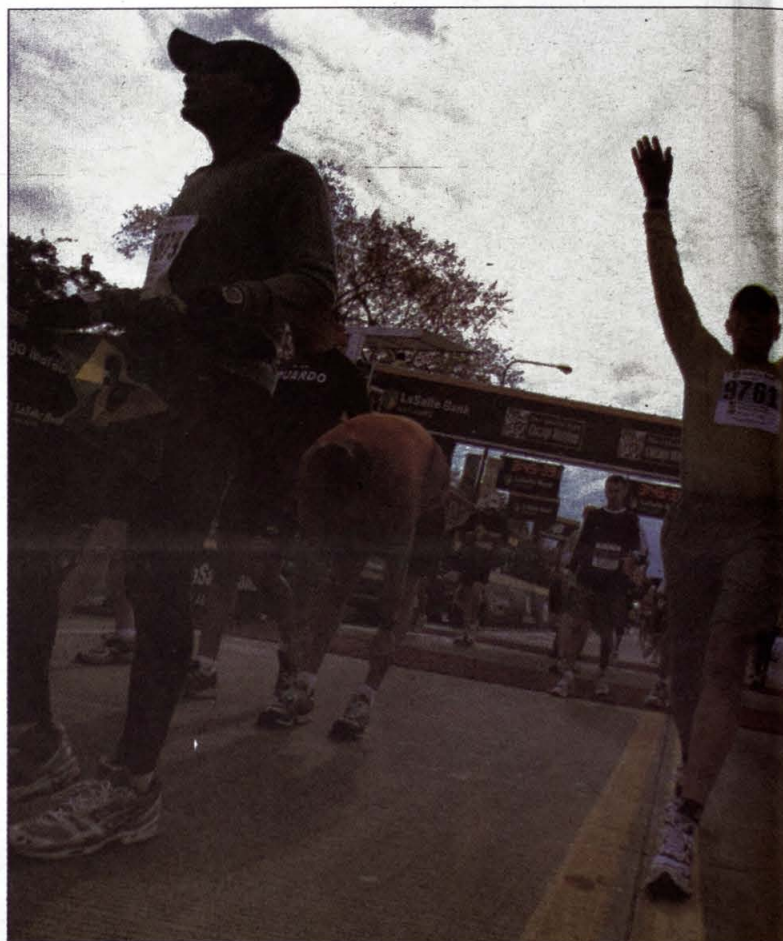
A photo essay by Chronicle photojournalists Michael Jarecki,
Andrew Nelles and Mauricio Rubio



Michael Jarecki/The Chronicle



Michael Jarecki/The Chronicle

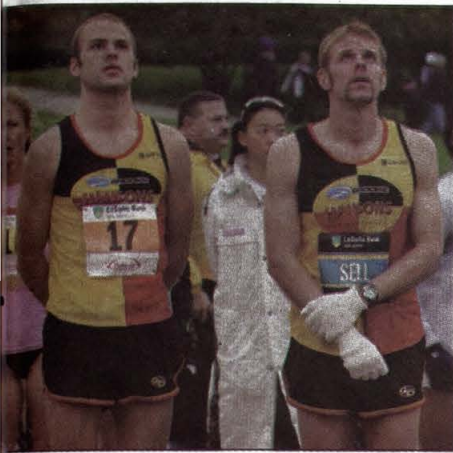


What do numbers really mean? What is 26.2 miles other than a distance? To these marathoners, it is a common goal. It is completion, accomplishment and satisfaction. For the runners, 26.2 is more than the number of miles; it is the sign of a personal quest that begins well before the opening gun shot. It is a journey that will last long after the finish line. The marathon provided Chronicle photographers with moments that define determination, anguish and the human spirit. These photographs offer a glimpse into what these runners went through during the LaSalle Bank Chicago Marathon on Oct. 22.



Andrew Nelles/The Chronicle

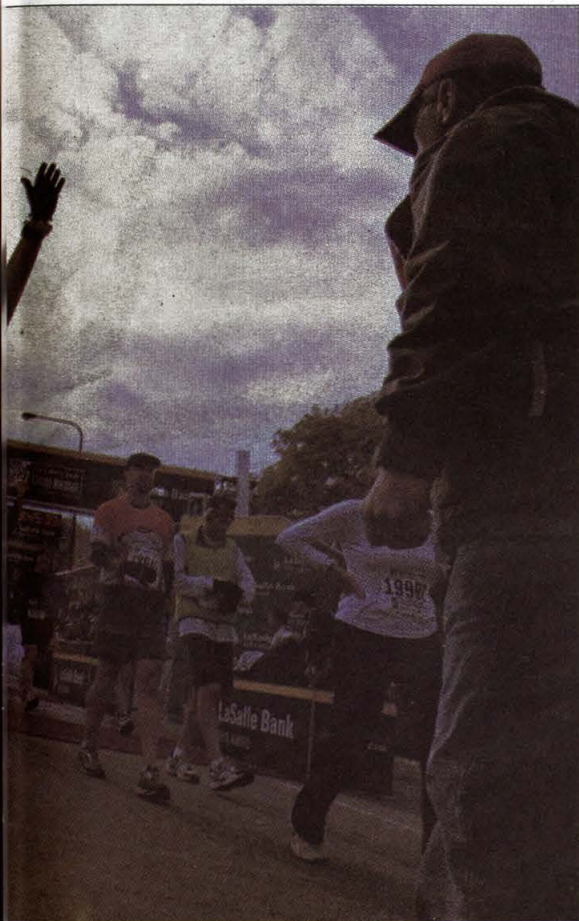




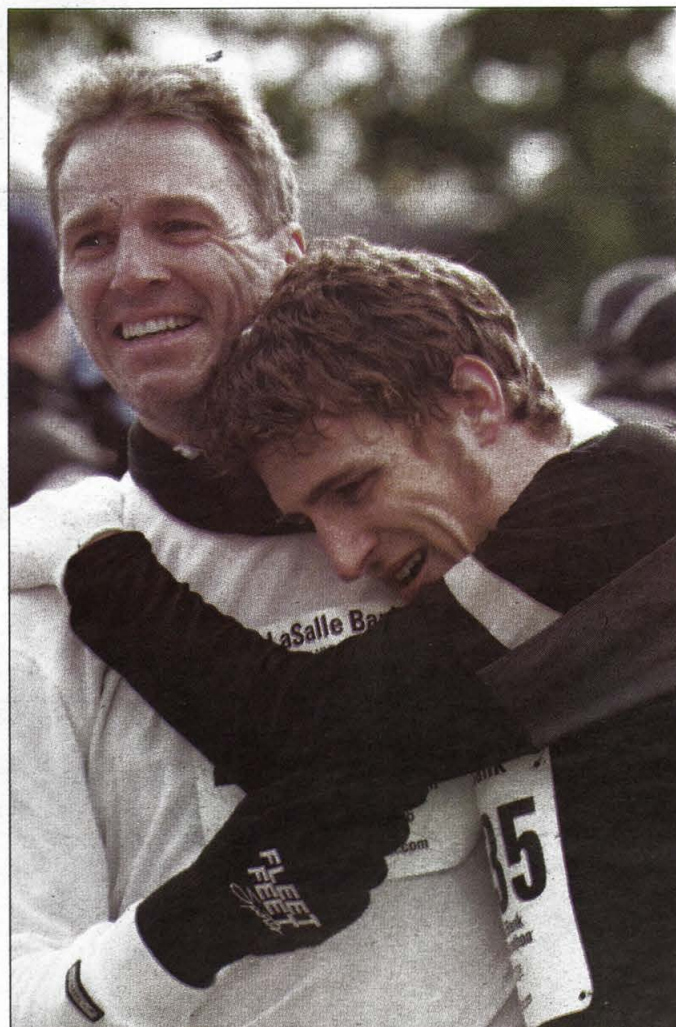
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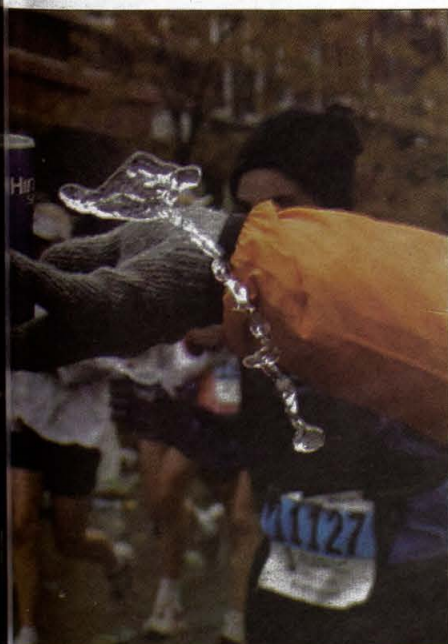
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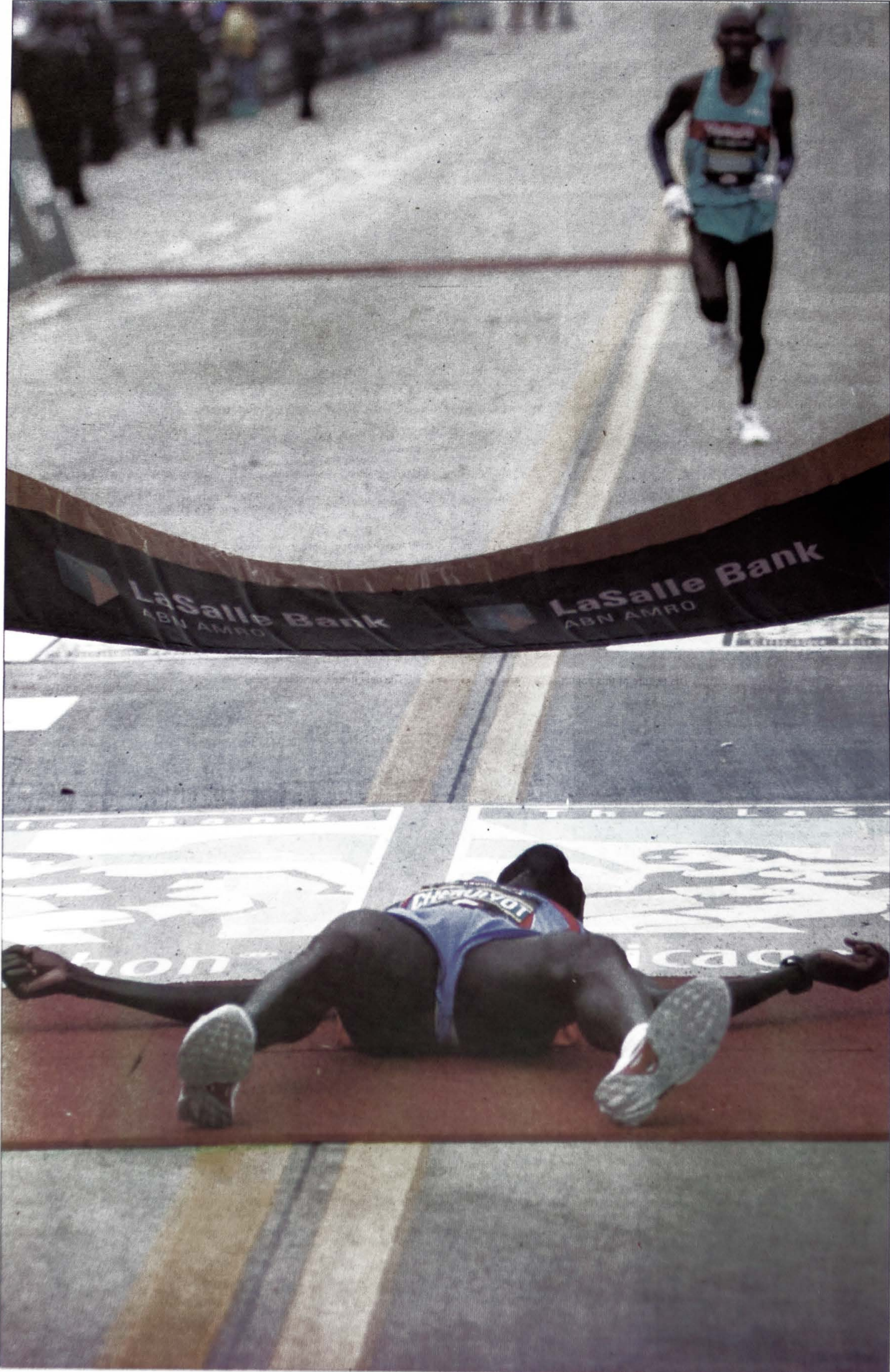
Michael Jarecki/The Chronicle



Michael Jarecki/The Chronicle

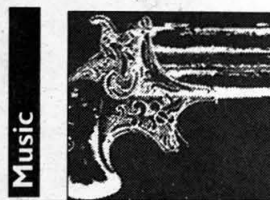


Mauricio Rubio/The Chronicle



Reviews

Dark Horse Project Dark Horse Project



Music

I was surprised to find out that this album didn't suck. Liv Mueller's voice has a melancholy beauty, like on the first track, "Haunted Face." Most of the album is pleasing, except for the final track, "Renunciation," which has a beat you'd find at a club filled with Eurotrash.

—K. Haburn

Mnemonic The Audio Injected Soul



Not quite Fear Factory. Not quite Strapping Young Lad. Mnemonic is more reminiscent of bands like Spineshank, Mudvayne and Coal Chamber—except twice as silly. This album is a giant piece of shit.

—B. White

The Hold Steady Boys and Girls in America



Craig Finn's voice is rough like a hard Sunday morning or the bathroom floor. It's set perfectly against the same thrilling, heart-stopping rock and roll that has been snorted up noses in dirty, bloody club bathrooms for decades. Listen to it loud, and serve with whiskey.

—M. Byrne

Vice Magazine Gangs Vs. Cults Issue



Print

"People with dogs are a bummer because they're putting their loneliness on a leash for all the world to see." Thank you Vice, for being the most irresistible, condescending and hilarious geniuses. You guys make me feel like maybe I'm not that obsessed with saying all the wrong things.

—C. Mahlmeister

The Onion



The Onion truly is "America's Finest News Source," as its masthead proclaims. This week's articles include "DNA Evidence Frees Man After 15 Years of Marriage." Really, what could be better than that? Whether parodying the president or mocking real news stories, The Onion is dead-on every week.

—K. Haburn

Esquire Magazine November Issue



Despite her bad acting skills, Scarlett Johansson is one hot mama. Her photo spread for the Sexiest Woman Alive issue is evidence enough. Other than that, though, the issue is lacking in any eye catching material. This month is worth perusing through in the grocery aisle, but that's about all.

—T. Breyne

The Prestige Christopher Nolan

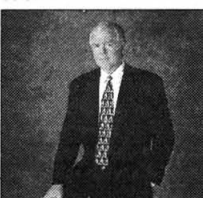


Film

This supernatural drama set in Victorian London about two rival magicians merges the darkness of *Batman Begins* and the heady twists of *Memento*, Nolan's other films. But nothing beats David Bowie's appearance as a mustached Serbian inventor who helps create the ultimate magic trick.

—S. Yaccino

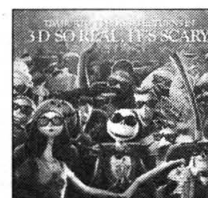
Lou Dobbs Tonight Broken Borders series



Lou Dobbs is in San Antonio and doing a good job of drawing attention to the immigration issue and letting the locals speak their minds. The idea is good, but Dobbs himself is as grumpy and standoffish as ever. This would be a great video to send FOX if Dobbs were planning on auditioning for a spot next to Bill O'Reilly.

—M. Byrne

The Nightmare Before Christmas in 3D Tim Burton



This 1993 masterpiece utilizes stop-motion animation to showcase the genius of Tim Burton's visuals and Danny Elfman's glorious music. Burton's love of outsiders fuels this tale of Halloweentown's skeletal Pumpkin King stumbling upon the cheery world of Christmastown in 3D.

—M. Fagerholm

Thick and creamy yogurt



Misc.

The texture of this yogurt is so jiggly and gross it's hard to finish the whole container. Even a delicious flavor like key lime pie can't save this sad puppy; the thick consistency is enough to make a person puke up the healthy goodness they just ate.

—T. Breyne

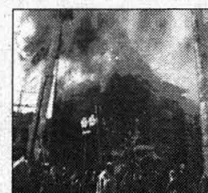
Watching people watch



The only thing better than people watching is watching people watch something else, say last week's Dexter building fire. In every direction, a sea of arms snapping shots with cell phone cameras. "I was really there!" The event brought Columbia's student bodies out to gawk.

—J. Fischer

South Loop Fire



The fire started a bit slow, but the moving action quickly escalated it to one of hippest, must-see thrillers of this semester. The excitement, however, rapidly moved to disappointment as the plot dragged on much longer than necessary, with a stunning lack of character development and solid dialogue.

—J. Jaworski

Premium Blend

Taking a closer look at Chicago's local muscians

Tony Kim, aka Haiku, is a 25-year-old Chicago rapper and senior Columbia journalism major—but that doesn't mean school takes priority of music.

"Journalism is a good tool to have, but I'm not out there trying to write articles all the time," Haiku said. "I think that both music and journalism let you express yourself in a certain kind of format."

The Chronicle talked with Haiku recently about his MC name, the Chicago scene and his interest in Lou Reed.

The Chronicle: What's the story behind your MC name, Haiku?

Haiku: When I was at college in Carbondale, I was minor-ing in philosophy, and I just kind of got wedged into this eastern Asian philosophy thing for a while. I liked the whole meaning of the haiku because it's like you take the most complicated things around you that are beautiful to you and put them into a context where they're simple. Being that I'm Asian, I just thought that this can work because I feel that's my style of music, that's my style of rapping: take these complex situations and put them into a simple format.

The Chicago Sun-Times recently ran a story about you, and it said you like Lou Reed. What do you like about him?

He's able to project his lyrics a certain way so you can understand them. He doesn't have to go out of his way to be heard. He's got a deep, thick style. It's unconventional.

As somebody involved with local music, what trends

have you been seeing lately in the Chicago scene?

I would say that people in Chicago are very experimental. We're very daring when it comes to hip-hop. But it's gotten to the point where if you go out and do a show in Chicago, there's a low chance of industry people being there to see it. You can do shows in New York City or Los Angeles, and there's more of a chance of someone important being there. Here in Chicago you play dive bars, and you're out there grinding away. That gives you sort of a "fuck it" attitude.

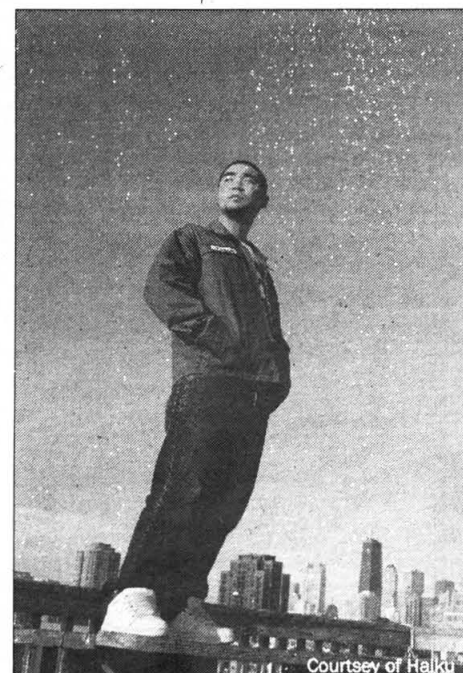
How did you get into the style of music that you're doing now?

I was more into rock music when I was younger, like punk rock, but basically the energy was what I liked. It seems to me that punk rock and hip-hop are going for the same cause, the same youthful angst, like social distances, rebellion. But I ended up bouncing back and forth between punk and hip-hop, and then I started getting into groups like Wu-Tang and the hardcore stuff. To me, it was a pretty natural transition from punk to hip-hop.

Haiku performs at The Empty Bottle, 1035 N. Western Ave, on Nov. 26 at 8 p.m. Listen to his albums *Blew* and *Brainstorms* on his myspace site at www.myspace.com/haiku.

—B. White

Haiku



Courtesy of Haiku

Off with Antoinette's head!

Coppola's bizarre experiment is a tasty, if tiresome, treat

By Matt Fagerholm/Film Critic

As the young over-privileged offspring of Hollywood royalty, Sofia Coppola was critically beheaded for the disastrous performance she gave in her father's film, *The Godfather: Part 3*. It's therefore no wonder why she would be attracted to the story of Marie Antoinette, the young over-privileged offspring of Austrian royalty whose disastrous reign led to her own literal beheading.

When Marie laments that "letting everyone down" would be her "greatest unhappiness," while being informed that "all eyes" will be on her, it's impossible not to sense the parallels between the character and the filmmaker. Not that Sofia denies any similarities. This may be one of the most personalized period pieces ever made. Why, then, is it so full of style, flash, color—and little else?

With her acting range still limited by typecasting, Kirsten Dunst once again stars as a gorgeous teen whose natural beauty is deemed too perfect for this foul world. As 14-year-old Marie, she's whisked away to Versailles, where her marriage to Louis XVI will strengthen ties between Austria and France. Louis is played by Jason Schwartzman, who generates laughs simply by batting his puppy-dog eyes which frequently well up with childlike impotence.

The pressure put upon Marie to consummate her marriage with the sexually dysfunctional Louis is

further intensified by the insufferable regulations plaguing her everyday existence.

Yet Marie maintains her curious pluck, and momentarily flourishes within the French upper crust, delving into its materialism, scandals and gossip worthy of a Facebook post.

This is Coppola's third directorial feature, following *The Virgin Suicides* and *Lost in Translation*, and she once again displays a knack for creating mood pieces fraught with bewitching melancholy.

I'm still unsure whether she's mastered the art of storytelling. There just doesn't seem to be a whole lot of depth beyond the film's sumptuous and admittedly impressive visuals.

My sister, who accompanied me to the film's screening, said that within the film's opening minutes, she already wanted to wear Marie's clothes. Lance Acord's cinematography and Milena Canonero's costumes make everything onscreen seem as edible as the food Marie feasts upon. The orderly compositions of certain shots recall the structured extravagance of Kubrick's *Barry Lyndon*, yet this may be the first costume drama I've seen where the actors project an open awareness that they are indeed wearing costumes.

With the exception of Schwartzman, nearly every cast member is wasted. I would have gladly seen more of Rip Torn as Louis XV, Steve Coogan as

Ambassador Mercy, and especially Judy Davis as Marie's rigid taskmaster, Comtesse de Noailles.

Sporting a formidably stern glare, regally flaring nostrils and a sharply chiseled neck, Davis is an uproarious presence to behold. She makes Dunst seem all the more inadequate of a choice to carry this gigantic enterprise. It isn't that Dunst is a bad actress; she's actually quite a winning charmer. Her lackluster portrayal can't be entirely faulted, since it's surrounded by a film seemingly constructed out of nothing but shiny surfaces.

Nevertheless, there are moments in Coppola's film that graze the face of greatness. Marie frolics along a garden with her daughter, in a sequence as beautiful and tender as anything captured on film.

Coppola gets a lot of satirical mileage off of ludicrous French traditions, particularly one which forces a naked Marie to bow before various visitors, thus delaying her chance to be clothed. The princess's utter lack of privacy is also effectively depicted, and Coppola uses music from her own teenage years to punctuate Marie's rocky journey through adolescence.

Yet this flashy autobiographical approach includes a curtailed interest in historical detail. Influenced by the vastly superior *Amadeus*, Coppola allows her actors to speak in their normal accents, a stunt more jarring than it is enjoyable.



MCT

Kirsten Dunst plays France's iconic yet ill-fated queen, Marie Antoinette. Based on Antonia Fraser's book, the film is in theaters now.

Marie Antoinette works up to a point. Dunst's performance could be duplicated, and undoubtedly improved, by countless other actresses, and that may be the point. Coppola seems to intend this film to be a universally relatable portrait of history, one that any contemporary viewer could see themselves imprisoned within.

Scenes float by, consisting of a dreamlike rhythm and inconsequential detail that is starting to emerge as a trademark of Coppola's work. The result is a thoroughly enjoyable series of

images that never truly manages to form into a satisfying film.

The delectable landscapes and mouth-watering eye candy are plentiful. Yet whenever the audience hungers for substance, Coppola offers nothing but cake.

chronicle@colum.edu

'Marie Antoinette'
Directed by Sofia
Coppola

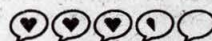


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Cobra Starship crashes during take-off

Frontman not good in solo effort, either

By Mark Byrne/A&E Editor

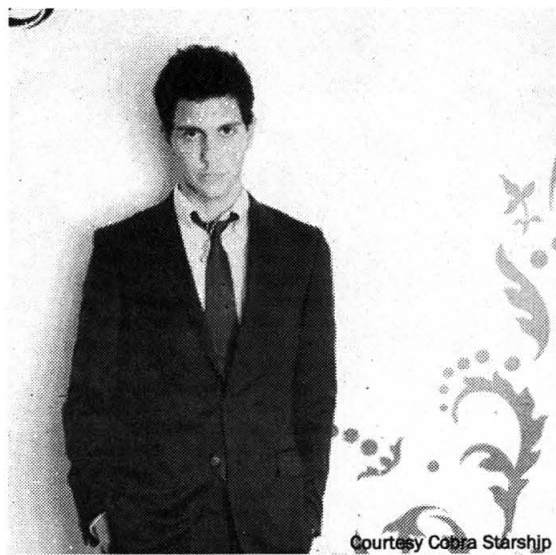
It is a matter of coincidence that Gabe Saporta, the frontman of Midtown, chose Cobra Starship as the name for his solo project, and then went on to write his first single for the soundtrack of *Snakes on a Plane*.

It is no coincidence, however, that he scored the opportunity from his friend-in-a-high-place, Pete Wentz of Fall Out Boy.

Without that connection, Saporta's musical career might have died with his former band; with Wentz's help, Cobra Starship had an opportunity for the limelight. But *Snakes on a Plane* was quickly forgotten, despite being the amalgamation of all the key summer-action-flick ingredients, and Cobra Starship will be as well. The producers of *Snakes on a Plane* learned that following formulas doesn't win you respect, and Saporta is in for the same lesson.

Cobra Starship's debut album, *While the City Sleeps, We Rule the Streets*, is the product of Saporta's lonely efforts in a recording studio, trying his hand at all the instruments. Really, the band could be called Gabe Saporta, or perhaps, the Gabe Saporta Band. He played both drums and guitar, and sang the harmonies for his own lead vocals.

When the late Elliott Smith did that, the simplicity worked well. He wasn't an amazing drummer, and he didn't need to



Courtesy Cobra Starship

Gabe Saporta, the lead singer of Midtown and the solo force behind Cobra Starship, poses for the camera. Don't bother buying his album, *'While the City Sleeps, We Rule the Streets,'* which came out on Oct. 10.

be—the music was an appropriate match with the vocals, and it didn't compromise the complexity of Smith's melodies. But when Saporta does the same thing, it is very noticeable. Perhaps a more skilled drummer could have put an interesting twist on a few of the songs. But Saporta only knows the basics, and it shows.

The single, "Snakes on a Plane,

(Bring It)" starts out with frantic, siren-like synth sounds and a clip of Samuel L. Jackson's famous line from his almost-famous movie. At that point in the song, it could have been anything; electronica, new-wave revival or even a metal band with a sense of humor.

But, alas, the music comes in, and the disguises are stripped off. This is pop-punk—catchy,

anthemic, hyperactive and bleeding with harmonies and hooks—but it isn't much else.

Other tracks have more variety in style; one song, "The Kids are All Fucked up," could even be mistaken for a softer, simpler form of '80s revival. But it's nothing new, especially for this kind of album. The variances Saporta takes are typical ones—the softer piece, the poppier piece, the synth piece—they all fall within those pop rock bounds, and don't do much to climb out. They don't want to. They are comfortable there. Even in "The Kids are All Fucked up," it sounds more like *Saves the Day* than *Smiths*.

In the cleverly-titled third track, "The Church of Hot Addiction," Saporta claims, several times over, that he is "the drug you can't deny," and one can sense a hint of wishful thinking in the repetition of that lyric. His formulaic music doesn't suggest otherwise. The high, nasally chorus anthems which conclude with even-higher-and-more-nasal harmonies, the unimpressive three-chord guitar rhythm—these are the standards of a hit pop-punk record, and Saporta brings them out in full force like he is pushing an agenda.

Saporta could be the lead singer for any number of emo or pop-punk bands. His voice is perfect for it. In Midtown, his vocals are slightly whinier, more sad-bastard-with-a-band. But Midtown never

really it made it big, and they aren't climbing any charts. Perhaps Cobra Starship is a knee-jerk response to his past failure. Perhaps, with his solo project, he's determined to make it. So determined that he will abandon all hints of originality, assuming he had any to begin with.

Saporta might have gotten the pop formula down, but that is only a product of skillful imitation, the thing cover bands are made of. It speaks nothing for his worth as a musician. This music is listenable and it is catchy, but it will not last. Maybe Cobra Starship will see fame similar to Fall Out Boy (in fact, they are on the same starter label, Fueled by Ramen, a feeder for Atlantic Records), but this is a catchy album in an era of catchy albums just like it, and sadly, that is all it is.

It might take half the album to get there, but his lyrics are never more self-aware than on the sixth track, "Keep it Simple,": "I ain't got much for you," he sings. Too true, buddy, too true.

mbyrne@chroniclemail.com

Cobra Starship,
'While the City Sleeps,



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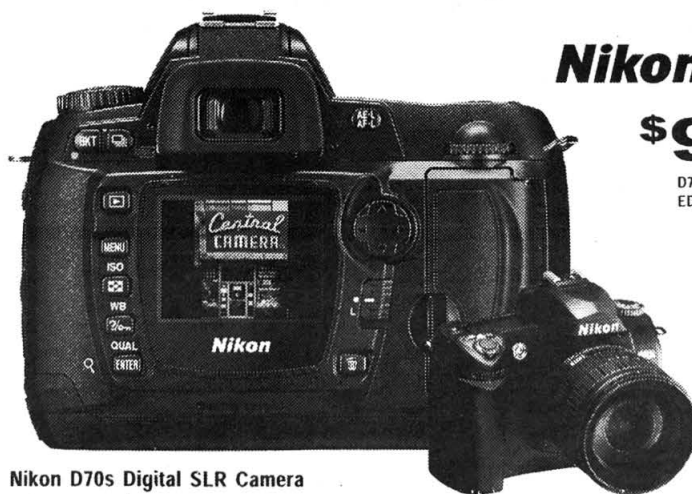
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I ain't
afraid of no
GHOSTS

"My condominium is pretty active—ghosts are usually represented as orbs, so when I go to test out my night vision, it looks like a disco ball in my house."

—Michaelynn Cece

I ain't
afraid of no

PHOTO

The apartment building is large, and currently under renovation. The stairs creak and whine, almost sounding crabby, like the decades of feet and weight have finally become too much for them to handle. Atop the second floor landing, a vacuum cleaner and laundry basket nestle next to the building's only occupied apartment. The man living there is unaware an investigation has been scheduled for that day, which seems odd, considering he's also the building's owner, but he's rarely interested in the investigations happening across the hall, even if they do involve dead people.

"He's been in complete denial about the ghosts in this building," said Chicago Ghost Investigations co-owner Michaelynn Cece. "It's too bad—he has a few in his apartment."

Chicago Ghost Investigations, whose offices are located at 446 N. Wells St., is a real-life team of ghostbusters who actively investigate the city's paranormal and supernatural phenomena. Using an arsenal of scientific gadgets and gizmos, this small band of researchers vigorously tries to find answers to haunted houses and other eerie occurrences. Although CGI is not the only ghost hunting company in town, it is the only business to offer the opportunity for customers, at a cost of \$55, to participate in investigations and use ghost hunting tools.

"People think we're neat because we're not a traditional ghost tour," Cece said. "We're not just pointing stuff out on a bus like an architectural tour. People get to experience hands-on stuff, and I think a lot of them learn something from it."

Cece, who has always shown an interest in paranormal activity, grew up in a haunted house. As a kid, she asserts that she could not only routinely see apparitions, but had trouble distinguishing the difference between the living and dead. But Cece doesn't just

Story by Michael Claire
Graphics by Joshua Covarrubias



search for spirits, she said she still lives with them, too.

"My condominium is pretty active," Cece said. "Ghosts are usually represented as orbs, so when I go to test out my night vision, it looks like a disco ball in my house."

Working solely off phone and Internet reservations, CGI offers customers a courtesy ride from the old Water Tower site on Michigan Avenue to any of its actively haunted investigation sites. The old tower, with its resilient stone walls, seems like a contrast compared to the leery first-time CGI customers who may be somewhat unsure about their upcoming adventures. Frequently, though, this striking juxtaposition doesn't fully register with customers until the gaggles of foreign tourists and large Michigan Avenue high-rises are replaced with boarded-up windows and lost hair weaves.

Recently, CGI investigated an old Taylor Street grey stone building in Little Italy. CGI would not to disclose the exact location of the site. Outwardly, though, this average-looking apartment wouldn't lead a person to believe that the place was haunted.

Gaining in popularity, tours usually consist of 10 or more people, however, this investigation has a small turnout—three middle-aged women and Cece—the apartment, nevertheless, was said to be spiked with more than 50 entities.

The women, Marilyn Melzer, her sister Charlotte, and Carol Frana seemed more apprehensive about being in an unfamiliar neighborhood than about being on a ghost hunt.

"We have had people freak out before," Cece said. "An entity confirmed to a young woman that she had committed suicide and the young woman simply broke down."

Inside the apartment, the lack of heat is immediately apparent, with a cool but not distractingly cold atmosphere. Like the stairs, the floors creaked everywhere, and paint peeled from different ceilings while various cracked plaster walls revealed potential rodent and bug nooks. The living and dining rooms had yellow-grey walls that had the aesthetic appeal of a snot rag, and the drapes all

sagged and looked like they had been made with old used wedding gowns. The place was in need of major renovations, but was an otherwise seemingly normal rathole. The lone room that looked creepy was the bathroom. With a clawed cracked tub and crusted tiles abounding, the only things missing were a few scattered bones and a large barrel of hydrochloric acid.

"Entities have been here long before the renovations, and they're not too thrilled," Cece said.

Considering that the city has had more than its fair share of disasters and mass murders, Chicago seems like a ripe sanctuary for ghosts and other unexplained activities. From the 1915 Eastland disaster that killed 844 people when the S. S. Eastland sunk into the Chicago River to the 29 boys that were dug up from John Wayne Gacy's crawlspace, Chicago can sometimes seem like one gigantic open grave.

Dale Kaczmarek, president of the Ghost Research Society, has been researching Chicago paranormal activity since 1975 and believes that a lot of hauntings are due to untimely deaths.

"These disaster locations are sometimes thought to be haunted by people that died prematurely," Kaczmarek said.

Cece alleges that most of their haunting sites frequently have been around places where death is commonplace.

"Any place with a long history usually will have something," Cece said. "We'll typically find a lot of activity around old churches, hospitals and morgues."

Back at the investigation site, the tour group set to work. Learning about the various forms of detection equipment, the investigation took on aspects of a high school science classroom. And while these implements weren't as cool as the varied forms that Dr. Peter Venkman and Dr. Egon Spengler used in the movie *Ghostbusters*, they were nifty enough. From the sensitive EMF meters to the gun-like non-contact thermometers that measured temperatures through a laser point, the tools all had a professional look.

"We try and use a variety of equipment, just so we can come up with more concrete answers," Cece said.

Demonstrating each one before handing them off for others to use, Cece explains that spiritual energy is sometimes easiest to detect by EMF meters.

"We have electromagnetic fields within our bodies and around them—some people like to call it an aura," Cece said. "Your physical body blocks most of your EMF, so when you perish, what's left? Your electromagnetic field."

The EMF detector is almost childish in size, but once on, the needle immediately catapults to life.

"In a normal home, one that's not active with paranormal activity, this should read zero to one," Cece said. "Right now this meter is reading above a three."

With various forms of technology all around, the simplest one, the dowsing rod, was the most popular device during the investigation. Dating back to Roman times, when they were used to locate water, oil and buried treasure, these simple L-shaped copper rods have also, according to Cece, been used for thousands of years as divina-

tion devices. And because these rods are composed entirely out of copper, they are perfect devices for conducting all forms of energy, even that of a spirit.

After her brief description, Cece starts to use the rods to detect and speak to entities around the room.

With the others staring intently, Cece began to speak.

"I mean no disrespect, but if there are any spirits here who would like to talk to me, please cross the rods." The rods crossed and the collective gasps echoed throughout the room.

Held normally, the rods are able to rotate. While they did not physically bend to cross over each other, they did move to a crossed position.

But despite the divination rods and high-tech gadgetry, many people still are cynical about the existence of ghosts.

Skeptic.com is an Internet organization that lobbies for the better representation for the sciences. Its mission is to serve as an educational tool for those seeking clarification on controversial ideas and claims.

"I would say that ghosts are a cultural construct," said Skeptic art director Pat Linse.

Linse went on to explain that all cultures have ghosts, yet they usually differ radically from one another.

"Russian peasants have ghosts that protect different parts of the house," Linse said. "There's a bedroom ghost, a kitchen ghost and even an outhouse ghost; we don't have the toilet ghost."

Before leaving, the group gathers in one of the small bedrooms off of the living room. The bedroom seemed colder than the other rooms in the house, and the walls were cracked so bad they almost looked like severely chapped lips. With each person carrying at least one instrument, the group congregated around the middle of the room. Charlotte, in charge of the dowsing rods, began her attempt to communicate with the dead.

Regardless of the skeptical opinion, certain things cannot be explained, and communication between these women and a spiritual entity appeared to have taken place. Movement in the rods signifies a yes answer, while no movement signifies a no answer.

"If there is a spiritual entity who wants to communicate with me please cross the rods," Charlotte said. The rods crossed; Yes. "If you are a male; uncross the rods." The rods uncrossed; Yes. "Are you in another dimension? If so, cross the rods." The rods crossed; Yes. "Are you happy that we're here? If so, uncross the rods." The rods uncrossed; Yes.

Charlotte handed the rods to Cece.

"Were you married?" she asked. The rods crossed; Yes. "Did you have children?" Yes. "Are you with your wife?" Yes.

Cece looked around the room before she said, "This could be a mischievous question."

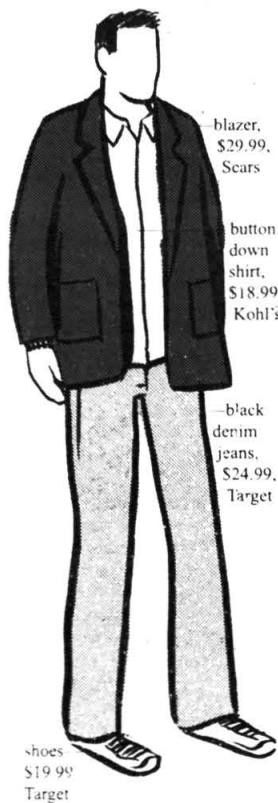
"Do you feel that you two were soul mates?" she asked.

No movement; No.

Get 'the look' without breaking the bank

Winter fashion on a budget

By Mary Kroeck/Assistant A&E Editor



Every season a new item of clothing comes out that a fashion magazine says is a "must-have" for any wardrobe. This season takes fashion back to the '80s with short skirts, leggings and vintage tees. But it can be hard—and expensive—to keep up with all the latest trends, especially on a student's budget.

This season, there's also an emphasis on proportion—wearing a short jacket with a longer undershirt or wearing a pair of skinny jeans with a wider top.

Claire Wexler, a personal stylist for the fashion consulting firm Substance Meets Style, said she sees a trend in different-colored denim. Gray and black jeans are, according to Wexler, making a comeback. And, while Wexler thinks trends are interesting, she encourages people to think about something she calls "cost per wear."

"It doesn't make sense to spend a lot of money on something, like a coat, if you're not going to wear it every day," Wexler said. "Everyone should invest in a coat that they're going to wear a lot. Have fun with color and buy something you're going to enjoy. People get tired of wearing black all year."

One thing about this season that is particularly different is that a lot of outfits can be updated by

adding accessories, according to Dianne Erpenbach, director of Columbia's fashion/retail management program.

"Things like belts and leggings are quick and inexpensive [to buy] to update a wardrobe," Erpenbach said. "You can buy items like tunics or shirts. You can accessorize with belts at places like Forever 21, H&M or Target."

Both Erpenbach and Wexler suggested that men should invest in a great blazer because they are so versatile.

"If you get a black blazer or a subtle pinstriped one, you can dress it up or down," Wexler said. "You can wear it for three seasons out of the year."

However, because many blazers are expensive, one way to solve that problem is by shopping at a thrift store. Patrick Smollen, a senior fashion major at Columbia, also suggested buying clothes that are made with natural materials, like cotton, wool or tencel because those materials last longer.

In terms of thrift-store shopping, he also suggested getting something that's roughly the size needed because it can always be hemmed and materials from old clothes can be recycled into new items.

"If you know someone who

knits or crochets, a way to get cheap yarn is to get a sweater, snip it at the bottom and rework it into something else," Smollen said.

Smollen's other suggestion for fashion is something most people already have in their wardrobe that he thinks never looks bad.

"Everybody needs a good hoodie," Smollen said. "It doesn't matter if it's a pullover or a zipper down. You can wear it with a jacket and it's unisex. It looks good."

Erpenbach also said there are some items that are worth spending extra money on.

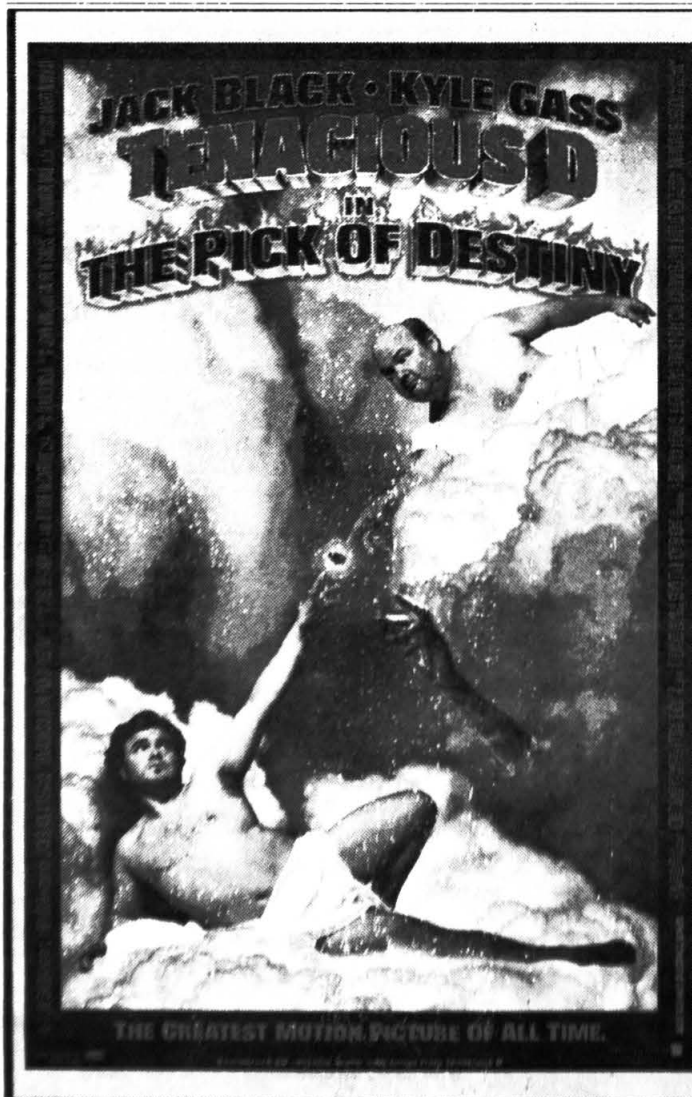
"A pea coat is a great investment," Erpenbach said.

Erpenbach also said that animal prints are a good way to make an outfit more stylish as long as they're used sparingly.

"It could be in the form of a glove or scarf," Erpenbach said. "I've even seen the design on shoes and boots, or a purse. It's an easy way to get a new look without spending a lot of money."

mkroeck@chroniclemail.com

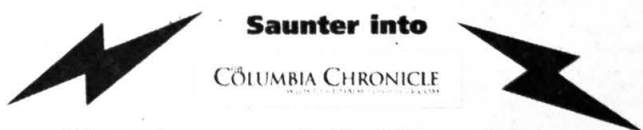
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RIP plastic pink flamingo

Manufacturer of the famous plastic fixture goes under

By Charlyne Varkonyi Schaub/MCT

The pink plastic flamingo, a Florida-inspired icon that has been reviled as kitschy bad taste and revered as retro cool, is dead at age 49.

The pop culture symbol met its demise after its manufacturer, Union Products of Leominster, Mass., was socked with a triple economic threat—increases in costs of electricity and plastic resin combined with loss of financing.

Production ended in June, and the plant is scheduled to close Nov. 1, according to president and CEO Dennis Plante. Union Products made 250,000 of its patented plastic pink flamingos a year in addition to other garden products.

Robert Thompson, professor of popular culture at Syracuse University, paid tribute to the infamous bird that has been immortalized everywhere—from the John Waters' movie *Pink Flamingos* to bachelor parties and lawns across America.

"Let's face it," he said. "As iconic emblems of kitsch, there are two pillars of cheesy campiness in the American pantheon. One is the velvet Elvis. The other is the pink flamingo."

The birth of the plastic pink flamingo in 1957 coincided with the booming interest in Florida, Thompson said, making it possible for those in other parts of the country to have a little piece of the Sunshine State's mystique in their yard.

By the late '70s, according to Thompson, the pink flamingo became a symbol of bad taste. It was considered trash culture and embraced by folks with a wise-guy attitude.

By the late '80s and early '90s, he said Americans learned to make fun of pop culture items such as the pink flamingo as well as appreciate them.

Until recently, Mike Smollon was one of the folks who put the pink flamingo in the kitsch category.

But during a recent trip to Massachusetts, the Boynton Beach firefighter and battalion chief had an epiphany.

After reading a story in the *Sentinel & Enterprise* about the closing of the factory, he bought 12 pairs of flamingos.

"I never owned a pink flamingo before," Smollon said. "To be honest, I used to think this was the kind of a thing only a girl would put in her yard. But when I found out the factory was closing I thought, this is something historical happening."

Smollon went to the factory and bought 11 sets of pink flamingos and one set of

the commemorative gold flamingos that were made for 2007, which would have been the bird's 50th birthday. He plans to keep a few and give the rest to flamingo-loving friends.

Flamingo fever hit and he searched the Internet for Don Featherstone, the kitschy bird's creator. When he learned that Featherstone lived only about five minutes from his hotel, he called him and asked if he could come over and get his photograph taken with him.

Not only did Featherstone and his wife, Nancy, come out of the house wearing matching pink shirts adorned with green flamingos, he autographed two sets of flamingos. Smollon also bought a copy of Featherstone's book, *The Original Pink Flamingos: Splendor on the Grass*, which he autographed for an extra \$5.

After Smollon returned home, he bought a set of pink flamingos from the 1950s for \$39 on eBay.

"Now I have one of the first sets made and one of the last sets made," he said. "I have my own private collection."

Featherstone retired as president of Union Products about six years ago.

On Oct. 5, he spoke on what would have been the upcoming 50th anniversary of Featherstone's plastic pink flamingo at the Ig Nobel prizes at Harvard University.

The Ig Nobels, a parody of the Nobel prizes, are given for achievements that "first make people laugh and then make them think," according to Improbable Research, creator of the awards. Featherstone was honored in 1996 for his creation, which he originally sculptured from clay using a National Geographic photograph.

Several folks besides Smollon have stopped by to see Featherstone and get their pictures taken with him.

"They think the pink flamingos could be extinct, and they think I will be extinct soon, too," Featherstone said. "It is sad that it is happening, but it may not be dead yet."

Featherstone and Plante are hoping for a resurrection. Plante has been seeking another company to buy the molds. So far, two companies in the United States and one in Canada have expressed interest.

"I am hoping that someone will come forward and save the plastic pink flamingo from extinction," Plante said.

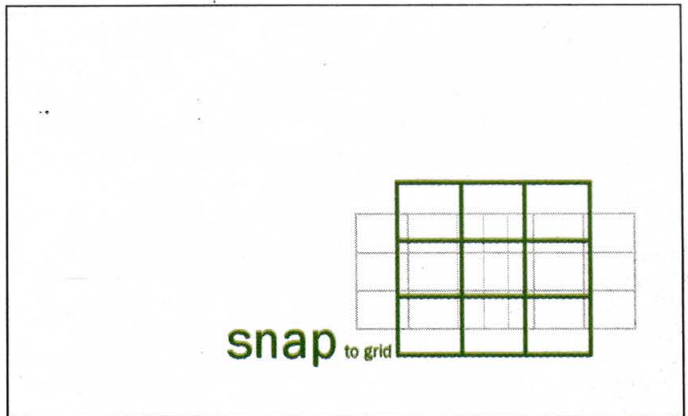
Revived or not, the pink plastic flamingo is sure to live on in the pop culture hall of fame.

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Plastic pink flamingos sit in the front yard of a home. Production of the fixtures ended in June of 2006.

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SNAP TO GRID, OCTOBER 20 - NOVEMBER 10, 2006

CURATED BY TRACY TAYLOR, ALYSIA KAPLAN, AND MICHELLE WASSON

Snap to Grid is an exhibition conceived of and juried by three Chicago artists who currently teach digital media in Chicago's premiere college institutions- Columbia College and The School of the Art Institute of Chicago. Envisioned as an exhibition opportunity for students who currently use digital media as a tool in their creative process, the jurors selected artwork directly from their departments by students whose work exhibits exemplary craft and thought-provoking ideas.

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CELIA HERRERA RODRIQUEZ

A PRAYER TO THE MOTHER WATERS FOR PEACE

OCTOBER 12 - NOVEMBER 8, 2006

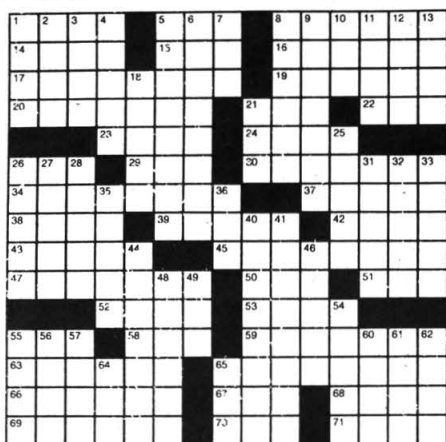
In conjunction with the Columbia College Chicago FOCO Festival, The Glass Curtain Gallery presents the installation and performance *A Prayer to the Mother Waters for Peace* by Celia Herrera Rodriguez.

A Prayer for the Mother Waters for Peace thoughtfully addresses issues of economics, war and ecology. This multi-media installation and performance will be determined by the collaborative efforts of Celia Herrera Rodriguez, students of Columbia College Chicago and guest performers. On October 12, the exhibition will debut with an elaborate, multimedia ceremonial blessing using water collected from areas of conflict across the globe.

cspaces.colum.edu

Crossword

- ACROSS**
- Comic sketch
 - Long period
 - Gung-ho guy
 - as ABC
 - Dam-building grp.
 - Golden years
 - Mike and George
 - Streetcar name
 - Pittsburgh griddle
 - Muscle spasm
 - Sleep letters
 - Type of IRA
 - Bird or foot ender
 - Lawyers' grp.
 - First part of a bray
 - Cirque du Soleil performer
 - Type of radiator
 - Take down a peg
 - Operatic song
 - Geometric calculations
 - Actress Paquin
 - Annoying ones
 - Top of b, d, or h
 - Intrinsic nature
 - Addition solution
 - Decade divs.
 - In a jiff
 - Landed
 - "Nova" network
 - Once existed
 - Go on a spree
 - Mother's helper
 - Rocky orbiter
 - Prepares
 - Falsehood
 - Zilch
 - Apparel
 - Also
 - Comic Laurel
- DOWN**
- Uses a Singer
 - Twins hurler turned broadcaster
 - Key
 - "Ladder of Years" novelist
 - And so on
 - Succeed at eavesdropping
 - Mil. installation
 - Cancer, Aries, et al.
 - Orestes' sister
 - Classifieds
 - Den
 - Shrek, for one
 - Swarm
 - Hi, on HI
 - TV guide abbr.
 - White House architect
 - Loose-jawed
 - Uncovers
 - Not quite right
 - Toss back and forth
 - "Lou Grant" star
 - Rends
 - Fellow seamen
 - Truly!
 - Hit man
 - Carved
 - More immaculate
 - Writer Zola
 - Urcouth
 - Letters in tennis?
 - Chances to play
 - Daddy
 - Actor Lancaster
 - Rotisserie part
 - Underground growth
 - Lollobrigida or Berniault
 - First garden
 - French friend
 - Carte preceder



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10/30/06

Solutions



- 48 Urcouth
49 Letters in tennis?
54 Chances to play
55 Daddy
56 Actor Lancaster
57 Rotisserie part
60 Underground growth
61 Lollobrigida or Berniault
62 First garden
64 French friend
65 Carte preceder

TO THE NINES

Tracy Boone of Chicago has run the Chicago Marathon six times. Dressed in her gray LaSalle Bank Chicago Marathon 2006 running jacket and proudly displaying her green, yellow and gold finish line medal, Boone was pleased to have completed the race.

"It's a big deal," Boone said. "Every year I run I buy a jacket."

Boone was also wearing black running pants, a red bandana and white running shoes. With a phone earpiece on, it is clear that she's also a busy woman.

"The starting line is the best part [of the race]," said Boone, who works in process architecture for Boeing.

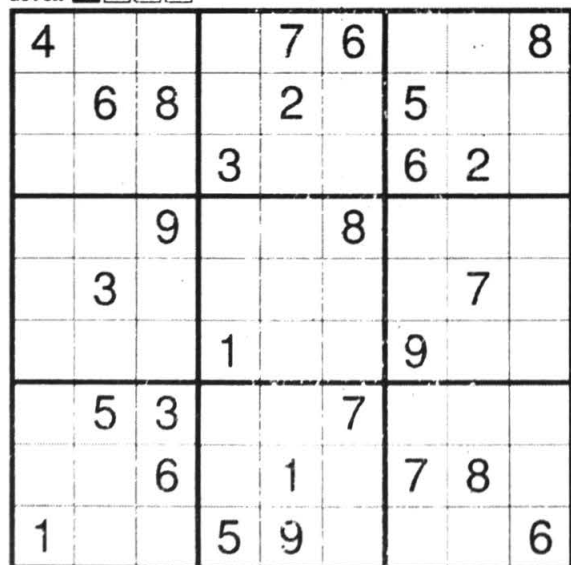
"Everybody's waiting to go and see what's going to happen. It's one of those things I do because I can."



Mary Kroeck/The Chronicle

Sudoku By Michael Mepham

Level: 1 2 3 4



9/26/06

2	9	8	4	6	3	7	1	5
3	5	1	9	7	8	4	6	2
7	4	6	2	5	1	3	9	8
8	2	7	5	1	6	9	4	3
5	1	3	8	4	9	2	7	6
9	6	4	3	2	7	8	5	1
4	3	5	6	9	2	1	8	7
6	7	2	1	8	4	5	3	9
1	8	9	7	3	5	6	2	4

Complete the grid so each row, column and 3-by-3 box (in bold borders) contains every digit 1 to 9. For strategies on how to solve Sudoku, visit www.sudoku.org.uk.

Sudoku on Mobile. Enter: 783658.com in your mobile Web browser. Get a free game!

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Horoscopes by Hunter Claus



Aquarius (Jan. 21 — Feb. 19): The pursuits of higher education will substitute your belief in God with the burning desire to do keg stands at shitty underage house parties.



Pisces (Feb. 20 — March 20): The mystery of stall number one in the women's bathroom will come to an end when archeologists discover the remains of a Native American prom queen.



Aries (March 21 — April 20): You'll want a milkshake and you'll want it to bring all the boys to your yard. However, you'll be unable to decide whether you'll want them in your front yard or backyard.



Taurus (April 21 — May 21): The only thing you have on your annoying coworker is the fact that you lick the mouthpiece to their phone when he's not in the office.



Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21): Getting a tattoo of a pierced nipple on your butt cheeks, which therefore transforms it into a pair of hairy breasts, will not be one of your shining moments.



Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22): If she's gone tomorrow, then why would she want another baby? Please, Ace of Base, you must explain this.



Leo (July 24 — Aug. 23): How is meteorologist Tom Skilling too popular to serve jury duty yet Oprah Winfrey can be selected for a murder trial?



Virgo (Aug. 24 — Sept. 23): You'll turn out to be quite the entrepreneur by creating Chicken Dogs, which are exactly like hot dogs only they have turd-shaped, deep-fried chicken rolls inserted into hot dog buns. Yum.



Libra (Sept. 24 — Oct. 23): Cigarette holders only work for drag queens and Batman's portly enemy the Penguin.



Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 20): Your life below the equator will come to an end when the comet known as velour underwear strikes. Goodbye, dry mornings.



Cancer (June 22 — July 23): Masturbating without lubrication just means you're missing out on the finer things in life.



Gemini (May 22 — June 21): Sharing your fantasy of being wrapped in a giant burrito of Arby's meat, cheese included, could possibly lead to deliciousness.