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Columbia College Chicago

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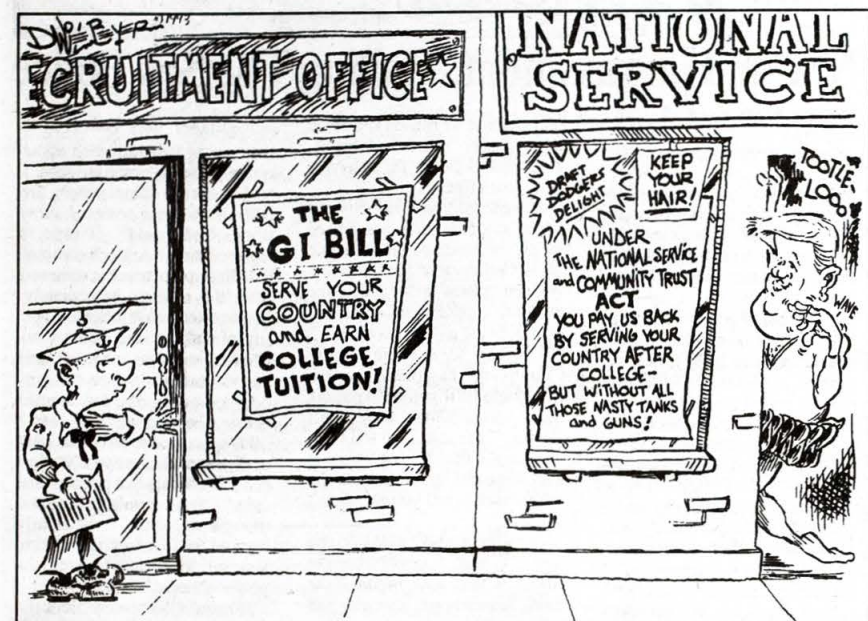
THE  
COLUMBIA  
COLLEGE

## Chronicle

VOLUME 27 NUMBER 2

UNDER NEW AND BETTER MANAGEMENT

OCTOBER 4, 1993



## Registration's Ups and Downs

By Martha E. Hernandez  
News Editor

Although registration is a thing of the past for most Columbia college students, a school official took time out to explain why registration is the way it is for this institution.

Marvin Cohen, director of records and registration, explained every step taken during registration and expressed his concerns about this particular system. He said things are done the way they are because Columbia doesn't have the facilities. "No gym or ballroom," in which all the steps can be completed.

All new students started out with a survey at the Ferguson Theatre at the 600 S. Michigan building and, since there were a lot of students, most had to wait in line outside while their classmates completed the survey. "It's unfortunate we have to line people up on the stairways. There's just nowhere else," said Cohen.

But the lines did not end on the first floor. People had to wait in line in order to complete most steps. At the 5th floor cashier's window, students had to line up to pay a \$25 registration fee. "This is really a hassle," said Cohen. "Students can pay in advance and avoid this line." However, Cohen added that the lines were at least orderly and "not chaotic."

At Truman College, students camped-out the night before registration. When the doors were opened people rushed in, just a basic stampede in which a woman had her arm broken. Columbia is mild in comparison.

Columbia's hands on registration provides personal contact with instructors because they are the ones who work registration and they can help students with any questions they may have. "Here at Columbia," Cohen added, "we've always had the philosophy of students being able to meet with the instructors ... talking to them." Some of the disadvantages of call-in registration are: no contact, not having someone around to answer questions and no way of knowing if classes were obtained or still open. The only advantage is no lines.

"We have no way to radically change (the registration process), but we have meetings before and after registration to talk about problems and solutions," Cohen said.

There are a couple of things students can do to avoid spending more time than necessary registering for school. One is to have alternative classes in mind in case the ones students want are closed or have been canceled, another suggestion is to take care of the registration fee and all other money matters before coming in.



Photo by Simon Cygielski

Students wait for registration to begin line the staircase of the 600 S. Michigan building

## National Service Act Becomes Law

By Charles Dervarics

Special Correspondent  
College Press Service

Washington- President Clinton signed into law a scaled-back version of his plan to promote national service among youth in exchange for federal help with the high cost of a college education.

Under the National Service and Community Trust Act, students could work for up to two years, making \$4,725 annually to pay for college or pay off existing loans. Students also would earn a minimum wage salary as they perform service in a variety of social service and environmental settings.

During the 1992 presidential campaign, Clinton had envisioned national service as a way for all students to attend college. But his plan fell victim to various budget pressures and the package ultimately approved by Congress is expected to reach only a fraction of the 5 million U.S. college students who currently receive financial aid.

Nonetheless, the president, at a White House ceremony on September 21, touted the new plan as an important starting point to instill in youth a tradition of service.

"I hope, believe and dream that national service will remain throughout the life of America not a series of promises but a series of challenges across all the generations and all walks of life to help us rebuild our troubled, but wonderful land," the president said.

To underscore the importance of the occasion, Clinton signed the bill with pens used by Franklin Roosevelt to create

the Civilian Conservation Corps, a Depression era service program, and John F. Kennedy when he created the Peace Corps in the 1960s.

The bill authorizes \$300 million in 1994 to cover about 20,000 participants in the program. The bill sets goal of \$500 million in funding in 1995 and \$700 million in 1996 to recruit a growing number of students.

In addition to receiving minimum wage and college aid, participants will receive health insurance and child-care assistance, if applicable, during their service period.

The bill passed the House in early August by a vote of 275-152. Senate Democrats broke a Republican-led filibuster of the bill late in the summer and eventually approved the measure by a 57-40 vote on September 8.

Even before the bill's signing, Clinton kicked off his national service effort earlier this year with a "Summer of Service" for 1,500 students. These youth helped immunize children, rebuild communities and clean the environment at 16 programs in cities including Boston, Los Angeles, New Orleans, New York and Philadelphia.

Student groups generally expressed support for the president's plan but noted that its limited scope will help only a few students receive the type of financial help they need for college.

"The type of program Bill Clinton preached (during the campaign) was probably not possible," said Stephanie Arellano, vice president of the United States Student Association. As approved by

Congress, she said, "it will affect only a fraction of most college students' debt."

Arellano also expressed concern because the minimum-wage jobs envisioned under the service plan will not help recent graduates who already have loan payments. "They won't be making enough to pay off a loan," she said.

Nonetheless, she said USSA viewed enactment of the bill as a positive step toward encouraging community service. "We're pleased that it passed," she said, especially provisions favored by student groups to offer health care and child-care assistance.

As for the future, however, Arellano said it is still imperative that Congress provide more funds for the other student financial aid programs, because national service will reach only a small number of students. However, budget pressures are forcing Congress to consider freezing the maximum Pell Grant and funding for other programs.

"The Pell Grant has been shortchanged," she said, noting that the freeze proposal followed a year in which the maximum grant was cut by \$100. In addition, though Clinton proposed the national service bill, his budget plan also would have cut other financial aid programs to reduce the budget deficit.

Congress is still working on bills to set financial aid funding for the 1994 fiscal year, a process which begins in October. Both the House and Senate are expected to complete action on these bills in the next few weeks.

# The Buzz

By Matt Kurten  
Executive Editor

Here we are again, another week, another fix—the buzz is catching. Pretty soon you can be classified as buzz-junkies, yes, this is an honor. So here's the buzz: within the grammatically correct halls of the English Department, Paul Hoover, coordinator of the Poetry Program, is featured as the editor of *Postmodern American Poetry: A Norton Anthology*. If you said, "so what?" you better listen up. This anthology is published by one of the largest publishers of poetry anthologies in the U.S. (Norton Publishers); the book will have WORLDWIDE distribution in the spring of 1994. Where do you think you're going? Fellow faculty member and Director of the Composition Program, Mark Withrow, is currently pulling co-author rank on a forthcoming textbook titled, *Readings Are Writings: A Guide to Reading and Writing Well* (Prentice Hall). Finally, a follow up note to last week's announcement of the *Interpreter Training Program* that is being coordinated by Lynn Pena: The English department received an \$80,000 grant from the State of Illinois for the development of the program. It is a pioneer of its kind in the state and offers students a 4-year B.A. for the training of interpreters for the deaf and hearing-impaired—go Lynn, go!

Now that we've passed up all of those who deserve lauding it's time to move on to what's going on for all of you ambitious and curious buzz-junkies.

The Dance Center of Columbia College is beaming as it announces the opening of *Dance Africa/Chicago 1993*. The event will take place from October 8-10, but there will be 22 pre-performance events starting October 4. The schedule is lengthy, should not be missed, and is as follows:

October 4: The African-American dance troupe S.P.I.R.I.T.S. is performing its highly energetic routine in the Hokin Annex on Monday, at 12 p.m. But wait, there's more. After you take in the noon show, ODA-DAA, a colorful and charismatic dance troupe from Washington D.C., is going to bring the Hokin Annex to life at 5 p.m., with their traditional Ghanaian dance techniques Chuck Davis and members of four dance companies will be serving up their expertise to the public for \$9, Oct. 4-8, 10:30 - noon at the Dance Center of Columbia College, 4730 N. Sheridan Rd., Chicago (312) 271-7804.

Columbia College's Science Institute and the American Chemical Society are sponsoring some brain food. Guest speaker and refusenik activist Dr. Yuri Tarnopolski, will also be signing copies of his new book, *Memoirs of 1984*, a description of his life in prison from 1983-1987.

October 6: Sabar Ak Ru Afrig, one of the featured acts of the festival will be performing and speaking to the audience from 7 - 9 p.m., at the DuSable Museum, 740 E. 56th St., Chicago. The event is free and open to the public. Pa-rum-pa-

pum-pum, the *Memory of African Culture Performing Company* will be holding a workshop on African drumming techniques from 7-9 p.m., at The Old Town School of Folk Music, 909 W. Armitage Ave. The cost is \$10. Call (312) 525-7793 for more information. The same company will be at The Harold Washington Library Center, Congress and State Sts., from 12:15 - 1:15 p.m. for a preview performance and lecture. ODA-DAA will be engaging in their third pre-performance show with a special matinee performance for students of the Chicago Public School System from 10:30-11:30 a.m., at the *Medinah Temple*, 600 N. Wabash Ave. The matinee is free and open to anyone who wishes to attend. You should have seen them at least once by now!

October 7: Zeke Berman will be giving a lecture at 6:30 p.m. in Columbia's Ferguson Theater, 600 S. Michigan. "Zeke the geek" will be talking turkey on photographic elements for a \$5 charge. Call (312) 663-1600 ext. 320 for more info.

*Dance Africa/Chicago* is the three day festival of African Dance and Music, directed by Chuck Davis, and presented by ours truly, Columbia College. There will be four featured dance companies: *SPIRITS of Chicago*, *ODA-DAA of Washington D.C.*, *Memory of African Culture Performing Company of Washington D.C.*, and *Sabar Ak Ru Afrig of New York*. The performances will be held at 8 p.m., on Fri. and Sat., on Sun. at 3 p.m. at The *Medinah Temple*, 600 N. Wabash. Admission for this fabulous array of dance and culture will run \$16 for the main floor and dress circle and \$12 for the balcony. Group rates are available. Call (312) 271-7928 for information.

October 10: *The Episcopal Diocese of Chicago*, *The Greek Orthodox Diocese of Chicago*, *The Metropolitan Chicago Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in America*, and *the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Chicago* will be joining powers and purpose in an evening prayer service for those who are living with HIV/AIDS. The day has been declared a Day of Prayer for people living with HIV/AIDS. Prayer is anticipated to begin in the morning and continue into the night. All offerings will be divided among the KUPONA Network, a health service serving the African American Community on the South Side, and The Chicago Women's AIDS Project. The service will be held at St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church (in the loop), 110 W. Madison, Chicago, at 4 p.m. For anyone who cares about those living with the world's most feared viral infection, I ask you to attend. The fear and madness must end. That end will come only through consciousness of the prevention of HIV/AIDS and the real-life experience of knowing someone living with this killer.

So, now that the world's longest column has hit the eyes of present and future buzz-junkies I can only spell it out so many times: Take advantage!



## Sexual Harrassment: Calling The Sex Police

Karen Neustadt  
Staff Writer  
college press service

At Antioch University you better believe it when someone says they don't want to kiss you. Or hug you. Or go to bed with you. It could mean your college career.

The small liberal arts school in Yellow Springs, Ohio, has a sexual offense policy that requires students to give and receive verbal consent for every act of affection, from touching to kissing to sexual intercourse.

In addition, if an Antioch student-male or female-fails to disclose having a sexually-transmitted disease and has intercourse with another student, it could mean a suspension of three months or more.

"Some say we are too stringent," said Merian Jensen, dean of students at the college. "But all we are asking for is that students use respect and common sense."

The 13-page policy, which was recently revised, covers issues such as rape, sexual assault, insistent or persistent sexual harassment, non-disclosure of a known positive HIV status, and non-disclosure of known sexually-transmitted disease.

The policy, which has been in effect for three years, also has a section for defining sexual imposition, which is described as "non-consensual sexual contact," which includes "the touching of thighs, genitals, buttocks, the pubic region or the breast/chest area."

"We are trying to teach college students to talk reasonably and sensibly about intimacy," Jensen said. "Those of us who know college students know that people get assaulted, get taken advantage of, or wake up in the morning feeling very uncomfortable about what happened the night before."

The policy spells out what the school considers appropriate sexual behavior, such as: "Asking 'Do you want to have sex with me?' is not enough. The request for consent must be specific to each act."

Students eventually accept the policy, said Jensen, though male students sometimes balk at its specificity. The Antioch campus is small, she said, and a person who is taking liberties with others can disrupt the campus. "But eventually, they take the policy seriously," she said.

All students are required to attend a workshop about sexual offenses, consent and behavior every year they are at the institution. In addition, a one-credit

self-defense workshop is offered each quarter and the school offers support groups for survivors of sexual offenses.

Jensen said she has invited male students into her office when she hears of questionable sexual behavior and before a formal complaint is logged. She said her candor is an important part of being an educator.

"I'll say to a young man, 'You're not in trouble yet, but you could be if you keep putting your hands where they don't belong,'" she said. "I'll tell them that maybe they think it's cool to feel some girl up, but maybe she was afraid to tell you she didn't like it."

"I've had a young man stop and say, 'Whoa, I never thought about it that way before,'" she said. Jensen hopes her chats will educate young men who do not realize that their behavior is inappropriate.

Antioch has had one sexual offense hearing since the policy was put in place three years ago, but Jensen is concerned that the

low number may reflect that there is as still reticence about reporting sexual improprieties.

"I'm afraid some people are still silent about some of these things," she said. If rape is reported on the Antioch campus, the alleged perpetrator is removed from the campus immediately. Jensen cited a case at the University of California at Santa Cruz where a rape was recorded and the victim had to face the perpetrator every day for months before a hearing was held.

"It's too hard to have that kind of person on the campus. We just can't re-educate that person," she said. "It is a fair procedure, though we know it is clearly stacked in favor of the victim. But we are trying to even the power balance."

Jensen also noted that the university attorneys have advised them that the strict policy does not necessarily make the school vulnerable to lawsuits because it is not an "arbitrary and capricious" policy.

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# Gimme Shelter

By Elizabeth Ward  
Staff Writer

## THE LEASE OF YOUR WORRIES

Stand at Halsted and Belmont—any corner—and look east down the north side of the street. Tell me what you see. The Evergreen Supermarket parking lot? A number of concrete buildings? Maybe a couple of weeks ago, but now I'd be surprised if your attention was drawn to anything but the bright blue and gold advertisement painted on the side of a brick apartment complex. The ad is for The Apartment People, a local, very successful, FREE rental agency that represents north side apartment living. Please take my word on this. Not too long ago, I had four, count 'em one, two, three, four days to move out of my building and, being the cynical control freak that I can sometimes be, I decided to do the *Reader* thing. This entailed looking through about five thousand pages of two bedroom apartments to find about one thousand I wanted to view. I did see a couple, but, time being of the utmost essence, I engaged the Apartment People who showed me about 30 places in a total of five hours. The last one I saw, I rented. I thought there must be a catch—nothing's free—but they were. The office is almost always crowded so there's a wait. But if you have the patience, you'll have an apartment. They even offer \$25. off your rental if they procure the lease. Great deal.

The one thing the Apartment People does not do, (unless, of course, you ask) is scrutinize your lease with you. I'm assuming that they're assuming the customer knows what he or she is getting themselves into by walking into the joint in the first place. With every apartment comes a lease, right? True, but let me tell you something. When I was an undergrad at Boston University, I didn't know spit about rentals and leases. I looked for a place in the *Phoenix* newspaper (much like the *Reader*) and made my calls. I remember feeling that the rental agents were God-like, and I feared them only a little less than the landlords themselves. I felt at their mercy because I thought they were doing me a huge favor by renting to me. Little did I know that Boston, as well as any other major metropolitan city, has thousands of vacant, zero-dollar producing apartments, and that they all should have kissed my ass for the money I was doling to them. I found this out only after getting into the real estate business, and I fear many people, students or not, still have the same anxieties.

I wish I could tell you how to become less fearful of people in general, but that's up to you. Some landlords are plain @#!holes that you have to get used to dealing with, some are bullies, and some are really nice. Who knows? Who cares? It's your life, and always remember—YOU'RE PAYING THEM!! Without you, they're nothing!! What I can tell you is that the only thing that binds you and the landlord is the LEASE. And if you understand the lease, (which I know 99.9% of students do not read thoroughly, except the *MONTHLY RENT* box) you will understand your rights as a renter, and can approach one of the three essentials of living in a more educated, professional.

NEXT WEEK: THE LEASE

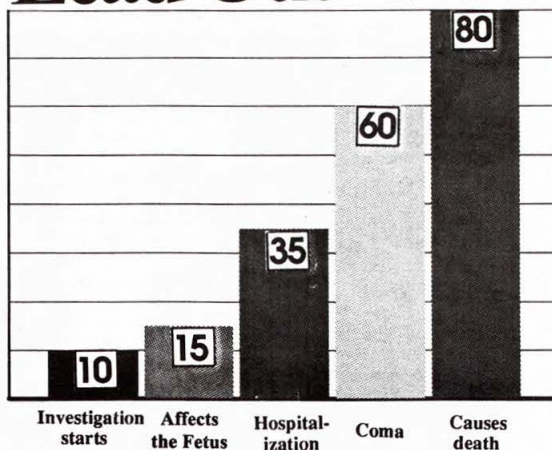
# Get The Lead Out - Now

By Michel Schwartz  
Production Editor &  
Karen Nowosel  
Correspondent

The nineties are proving to be the awareness years. Americans now recycle, abstain, car pool, conserve, communicate and heal. So we're very safe, right? Wrong! According to the Centers for Disease Control (CDC) lead poisoning is considered to be the greatest environmental health threat facing our country's children. What's even more frightening is that most people are not even aware of the problem so as many as nine of ten children have never been tested for lead poisoning.

Dr. Harvey Davis, a part-time faculty member of the science/math department at Columbia College, informed students in his Scientific Issues Behind the News class last semester that a blood level count of 80 micrograms per deciliter of blood (mg/dL) can cause death. However, in the 1960s an acceptable amount was 60 mg/dL. That level was lowered to 10 mg/dl in the 1990s. Even with lead level counts of 25 to 55 mg/dL. According to the CDC, studies have found that children can experience effects that range from simple nausea, slower reaction time, the inability to concentrate, impaired memory and lower IQ's.

Scary stuff, huh? According to a Time magazine article (February 25, 1991), "three to four million American children—or about one out of every six—under six years old have lead poisoning, only 7% of young children from medium and high-income families are afflicted, it affects 25% of poor, white children and an 55% of those from impoverished black families." One of the main sources of lead poisoning is lead-based paint.



Effects of lead poisoning at different levels of lead content per deciliter of blood. (Based on micrograms of lead per deciliter of blood [mg/dL])

Until 1978 lead was still used in paint. Although its percentage rate has dropped from 50% in the 1940's to its current rate of 0.05%, Housing and Urban Development (HUD) estimates that 57 million residences in the United States still have lead-based paint on their walls. Another major source of lead poisoning is the soil around houses, playgrounds and roads. This is due to the lasting effect of the now banned leaded gasoline. According to the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA), a child ingests, on the average, a golf-ball size amount of soil per day. Other sources include water, pottery, crystal...it is even in the air. After age six a child's exposure to lead is reduced and their bodies are able to absorb the lead better, lead can remain with their bones. When a woman's body is under the stress of pregnancy, she can pass the lead that is in her onto her unborn baby. Private and governmental agencies such as Parents Against Lead

(P.A.L.), Lead Educational Awareness Referral Network (L.E.A.R.N.), Illinois Department of Public Health (I.D.P.H.) and local towns and villages and health departments, have pamphlets pertaining to these issues. Some even have hot lines. There are listings in the phone book under Infant Mortality in the yellow pages. Also, local hardware stores carry lead testing kits that are relatively inexpensive and simple to use.

As of January 1, 1993, the State of Illinois enforced a requirement that all parents of children six months to six years old must prove that their youngsters have been screened for lead poisoning before entering a day care, nursery school, pre-school or kindergarten (Public Act 87-175). As a result of this law, 24,000 children in Illinois were found to have dangerously high amounts of lead in their systems. So...get the facts...get the test...get the lead out.

## Loans or Grants: Financial Aid Has The Answer

Joseph Schrank  
Features Editor

The Columbia College Financial Aid office offers a wide variety of services to the student population. The main function of this office is to help students realize the financial options available to them.

The first step in the process is for students to meet with a financial aid advisor. The advisors are available on a walk-in basis and their offices are located in Room 605 in the 600 South Michigan building. The office hours during the fall and spring semesters are: Monday, Wednesday and Friday - 9 a.m. until 7 p.m.; Tuesday and Thursday - 12 until 7 p.m.

When a student meets with an advisor, she/he will be informed as to what personal and financial information must be gathered in order to fill out forms that go to organizations that determine financial need. Among the information that must be collected are tax returns, high school diplomas and birth records. When all of the

various forms are filled out, they are sent to the appropriate agencies. After the information is processed, the advisor can then determine the best way for the student to finance his or her education.

Students that show financial need are eligible for federal aid, such as Pell Grants, Educational Opportunity Grants, Work-Study and the Family Educational Loan Program. The state of Illinois also offers aid, the biggest program being the Monetary Award Program. Also available are private forms of aid, such as grants and scholarships. All forms of aid must be applied for and there are deadlines that must be observed.

Columbia follows a policy that specifies that all potential sources of aid students may be eligible for be searched thoroughly before they are advised to take out loans. Therefore, all students are encouraged to seek out a financial advisor. Many students who think they probably aren't eligible for free or low-cost aid may actually

be eligible. An advisor will be able to determine this for the student.

Students who are not eligible for awarded aid, or those who need supplemental aid, can apply for a variety of loans. Loans also have deadlines for application. This information is readily available at the Financial Aid Office.

John Olino, director of the financial aid department stresses the importance of students to seek out information about financial aid directly from the financial aid office. Seeking out information from relatives or friends will not tell the student what types of aid and loans they are eligible for. The advisors can determine this information and they are more than willing to help.

Mr. Olino also hopes that students take only the financial aid and loans that they need to pay for their education. Taking out more than is necessary only adds to the already overburdened aid and loan system. Also, loans are a financial responsibility so why take out more than necessary?

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By Victoria Sheridan  
Chronicle Astrologer

First, happy birthday Libra. Some people think you're completely wishy washy because you have a tough time making decisions. Choices for your daily routine turn out to be painstaking ordeals because the option factor is so high. What people don't realize is once you've made up your mind, that's pretty much the end of the story. Once Libra is committed to something, they can be almost as stubborn as Taurus.

Here are some general solar chart predictions for what you expect this semester. If you happen to know your rising sign, read that too. It gives a little more detail.

**Libra:** Saturn is smack dab in the middle of the fifth house of creativity. That means you'll either find your creative juices flowing or totally blocked. Saturn tends to have extreme either/or effects on people. Jupiter is also getting close to the sun, giving most Librans a boost of good luck. You'll tend to find simple little pleasures fall in your lap, free change in the pay phone, an unused transfer laying in the street, et cetera. This transit should last for about three months so enjoy it while you can.

**Scorpio:** Mars, the planet of energy is closing in on your sun and Mercury, the planet of communication and mental activity. You'll find yourselves with strong desire to say things you've always wanted to say, or kick-in plans that have been in the back of your mind. This is a two month transit, and this Mars energy will be used up, be it in positive or negative forms. Mars indicates impulsiveness, so behave yourselves

Scorpio. Say nothing you'll regret and do nothing without thinking it through, or you might discover that you've burnt your bridge before you've had a chance to cross it.

**Sagittarius:** My guess is most Sagittarius (Sag rising, especially) are having BIG money problems right now. Transiting Neptune, which represents deception, and transiting Uranus, which rules sudden and unexpected changes, are in the second house of money right now. Despite all efforts to keep your hands on it, money comes and goes in spurts and you are totally clueless as to where the nest dollar is going to come from. This chart also indicates that some Sags are especially itchin' to change residence right now. I wouldn't suggest it at this time. Simply put, the possibility of you getting screwed is too high. Wait a year, at least.

**Capricorn:** You also have the pleasure of the Neptune-Uranus transit, but it affects you in a different way. This transit is crossing Capricorn's sun, which gives the goat a nice little identity crisis. Some goats will find they want to change their lives, but they don't know how or why. That's the last thing Capricorn needs, being as cynical as they are.

Your saving grace comes from Jupiter, the planet of luck, sitting right in the middle of the tenth house of work, which is what you do best. Hence, now's a good time to throw yourself into your work. It'll be a well needed distraction.

**Aquarius:** Yours is a potpourri of things. Mercury is conjunct Mars, so right now your mind is racing. You have big ideas and you want to act on them. This happens to fall in Aquarius' tenth house,

which means putting your ideas to work will bring you big profits. This will be more prominent in mid November when Jupiter joins this transit and adds luck to it. Also, just a tidbit, Saturn, the planet of will power and discipline, is in the first house of the self. This is a good time to make changes on your outward appearance and break habits. Now's the time to start a diet or quit biting your nails.

**Pisces:** Saturn is getting close to your sun Pisces, so brace yourself. Saturn not only brings hard work, but Saturn also acts as the teacher, and now will be the time you will learn the lessons you've been trying to blow off for the past year, take advantage of this time. Jupiter is in the eighth house of change. You'll discover you can actually stick to your guns when you say you're going to do something. Don't whine about it Pisces, just deal.

**Aries:** Jupiter in Libra opposing your sun will give you added refinement. Libra adds grace to the normally brash Aries. The Libra sun in the house of partnerships blended with a burst of added charm will make you temporarily so desirable it hurts. You should be beating away potential mates with bats. The Node, which is like a good luck charm, falls in Sagittarius, the freedom seeking sign. If you happen to be thinking about traveling, now is the time. Aries is in a good trend for permanent moves and residence changes, as well as vacations.

**Taurus:** This is your semester for love. The moon, which rules emotions, is trining the sun, and Venus, which rules romance and things of that nature. The born romantic in you will come oozing out. If you're in a relationship, you

won't have to work hard at it. If you happen to be looking for someone new, you won't have to look far. As a matter of fact, ask an Aries friend for one of their bats. You're going to need it.

**Gemini:** Geminis will find this semester more mellow than others, it's not that there's less to do, it's just that Saturn is the highest planet on the solar chart, which has a very sobering affect on Gemini's restless spirit. This is a good time to hit the books. Concentration will be more focused than it has been in the past. Saturn is in Aquarius, the ruler of science and math. So if you are studying those subjects you'll have an easier time with them, even if you've had problems with them in the past.

**Cancer:** The Uranus-Neptune transit happens to fall in your seventh house of partnerships. At this time, you may discover that

your boyfriend or girlfriend isn't what you thought they were. This is more of a drag for you than it is for others because Venus is your highest planet, so love is what's on your mind the most. With this transit, there's a chance you'll suddenly have a new significant other. He or she won't turn out to be what you think they are either. You'll have a clearer focus this time next year, when the transit breaks apart.

**Leo:** Greetings, your majesties. Venus is in your second house of money for the next six weeks. This is a great time to do a lot of shopping. You will find everything you're looking for. Venus in the second is also an indicator that someone else will pay for your shopping extravaganza. This also works if you need to bum rent money, cab fare and so on. Saturn

is in the seventh house of partnerships for you guys and the moon is in Taurus. So if any of you have a special someone, now is a good time to commit or maybe even tie the knot. Just think of all the free presents you'll get from the wedding reception alone.

**Virgo:** You too will have the more-desirable-than-usual trend with Venus sitting in the first house of the self. You have a catch, be careful. Mars (which blatantly represents sex) is in Scorpio, is right next to Mercury, so sex is on the mind. Transiting Uranus-Neptune, bringing sudden and deceptive change, are in your fifth house of sex and CHILDREN. Figure it out for yourselves.



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Pretty Asian girl, 20, 5'2", dark brown hair/eyes, love to laugh and have fun with 20-25, tall guy with nice eyes. **CHRONICLE BOX NO 6553**

DWF, 28, love alternative rock, concerts, long conversations, looking for a man in his early twenties who likes to sing while cooking. **CHRONICLE BOX NO 5445**

Lookin' for love. I'm a man, lookin' for a man. I'm SB and hot. Early 20's only. **CHRONICLE BOX NO 8773**

A simple lady needs someone to hold her tight throughout the night. She's shy, so be ready to be patient. She's 19 and clean. No race pref. **CHRONICLE BOX NO 9931**

Senior art student looking for friendship with freshman art student, male or female. **CHRONICLE BOX NO 2678**

I want a good man. I'm a good woman. Photo / phone **CHRONICLE BOX NO 5874**

I'm an older female student looking for a relationship with a single professor. Private and serious responses only. **CHRONICLE BOX NO 2798**

Beautiful 23 year old single Hispanic dominatrix seeking a submissive older man. **CHRONICLE BOX NO 2845**

Yodel-ing in the valley is what I do best. Write to my box to find out what I mean. (SWM, 25) **CHRONICLE BOX NO 1232**

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Send responses to *The Chronicle* Office at room # 802 of the Wabash building. All responses will be kept confidential and sealed.

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I like to touch my monkey. Do you? SWH, mid-twenties. Do you want to get together? Straight or bi welcomed. I'm blond. I'm short. I'm ready! **CHRONICLE BOX NO 4433**

Guys, listen up. I am lonely and straight. I am a portly nudist exhibitionist seeking a kind, sensitive man to try to put his arms around me. **CHRONICLE BOX NO 4535**

SBF, 5'9, and gorgeous. I like dark dark men. Please, be clean and young and 'uncut.' **CHRONICLE BOX NO 9978**

Young swedish aupair looking for a 708 husband and wife with liberal politics and bed etiquette. **CHRONICLE BOX NO 4735**

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TICKETS ARE AVAILABLE FIRST COME FIRST SERVED TO  
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A VALID IDENTIFICATION IS REQUIRED.  
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**Tales of a Shaman's Apprentice: An Ethnobotanist Searches for New Medicines in the Amazon Rain Forest.**

By Mark J. Plotkin  
Viking, 318 pages  
\$22.00

**Reviewed by John Yesutis**

Special Sections Editor

Mark Plotkin's relationship with the jungle began innocently enough when he was four years old growing up in New Orleans. Plotkin, a curious lad, took naturally to exploring the lakes and swamps of the area. As he grew older, and his friends were falling into other interests of young adulthood, Plotkin took advantage of his driver's license to branch out and conduct surprisingly formal experiments on cottonmouth water moccasins and black rat snakes.

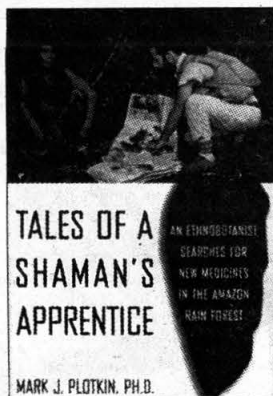
After entering the molecular biology program of the University of Pennsylvania in 1973, Plotkin soon realized that his heart lay elsewhere. As a well-intentioned college drop-out, Plotkin took a job at the Harvard Zoology Museum hoping that one of the department's researchers would take him on an expedition as a field assistant. So began an adventure that, over the course of the last 12 years, would take Mark Plotkin to parts of the northeast Amazon that include Brazil, French Guiana, Guyana, Suriname and Venezuela.

Ethnobotany is the study of plants and their medicinal uses among native tribes. But don't purchase *Shaman's Apprentice* expecting to find a treatise on whether or not mandragora officinarum is effective as both a painkiller and a sedative. Quite simply, *Shaman's Apprentice* is a must-read for anyone interested in the conservation of rain forests, as well as native cultures.

Despite the fact that Plotkin was educated at Harvard, Yale and Tufts, his genius remains approachable, as evidenced by the style in which *Shaman's Apprentice* is written.

While Plotkin does in fact frequently expound upon the uses of the hundreds of plants he studied during his travels, he retains a delicate balance between scholarly prose and layman vernacular. A perfect example of Plotkin showing both medicinal and practical uses of plants is gutta-percha.

Gutta-percha, a latex from the Sapotaceae family, was once used in the field of dentistry as a filling



for root canals because it did not shrink or degrade over time.

Unfortunately, as Plotkin explains, U.S. pharmaceutical firms view these substances as "strategic commodities" and typically develop synthetics to replace the natural compounds. What happened with the phony gutta-percha is rather amusing. Over a five or ten year period it began to shrink, resulting in dentists using the natural gutta-percha once again. Throughout his book, Plotkin relates many amusing stories of synthetic compounds gone awry.

What is interesting about this book and its author is the fact that Plotkin avoids the militant all-or-nothing stance so popular among conservationists today. He judiciously presents the facts of the land and justifies them with conclusive, well thought-out arguments. Then he follows with amazingly workable solutions to stop the pillage of land and culture, which the United States and other countries are guilty of.

Dr. Plotkin deserves to be heralded for one simple reason: he not only talks of great plans to end injustices chronicled in his books, he has, with the help of other like-minded individuals, enacted them.

As *Tales of a Shaman's Apprentice* unfolds, Plotkin reveals that he is deeply pained by the actions that have been taken out on both culture and land by those acting only in their own interests. In a way that could almost make one think that Plotkin cares more for the people he studies than himself as he unveils the Shaman's Apprentice program.

This plan, designed to fight the overwhelming influence the West has had on the indigenous tribes of the world, is proof to Plotkin's genius. In a nutshell, the hand of the Western countries is drastically changing the way indigenous

wearing nothing more than an animal skin around his waist. In a photograph taken 10 years later, Koita is wearing pants, a floral-print shirt and a wristwatch.

The Shaman's Apprentice program was designed by Plotkin to document medicinal uses of plants by particular tribes. Plotkin, throughout his travels, took "reams of notes," and had them translated in the native language. This way, the Shaman, using the books Plotkin provided, could teach a part of "culture that would otherwise slip away." Admirably, Plotkin designed this program so indigenous people could control their own destiny. Most important of all, it provides a means and a forum for the training of young native men as the next generation of Shaman.

*Tales of a Shaman's Apprentice* is the type of book that deserves rigorous study for its intelligent look at the conservation and environmental problems we face today.

There is much more to be discovered within this excellent book. Those discoveries are best made by the reader himself.

**A Woman's Best Medicine**

By Nancy Lonsorf, M.D.,  
Veronica Butler, M.D., and  
Melanie Brown, Ph.D.  
Tarcher/Putnam, 1993,  
372 pages, \$21.95

**Reviewed By Martha E. Hernandez**

News Editor

A book written to promote and rejuvenate women's health joined the many other self-help books in bookstores last week.

*A Woman's Best Medicine* was written by three women: Nancy Lonsorf, M.D., Veronica Butler, M.D., and Melanie Brown, Ph.D., who do a favorable job introducing Ayur-Veda (science of life). It is an old system of health care that originated in the ancient Vedic civilization of India. Its philosophy is to listen to the body and become one with nature outside and inside the body.

According to this book, many diseases are caused by the accumulation of impurities. For example, people with food allergies may not be allergic to the food their body is reacting against, but to the quantities that entered the digestive system. If food is not properly digested, it is an inconvenience to the person who suffers

from its side effects, whether it be constipation, diarrhea or gas. The treatment for such problems, according to Ayur-Veda, should not be left up to the body to correct.

*A Woman's Best Medicine* explains that different people need different types of foods to stay healthy. It also states that a well planned dietary program is one of the main keys in achieving good health. It also has quizzes you can take to help determine what your body needs. It educates you about good eating habits, introduces herbal nutrition supplements and helps outline several exercise programs.

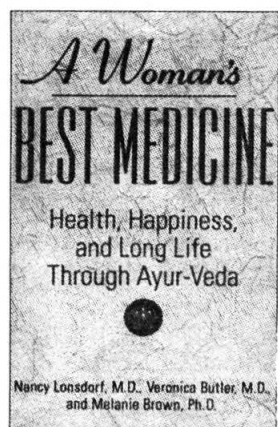
This is not the type of book one would want to cuddle up with on a cold night while drinking a nice, hot cup of International Flavored Coffee. It is very dry and was at times like being back in high school science 101 with an oversized teacher lecturing on atoms. *A Woman's Best Medicine* does, however play cute little mind games with the reader and makes her imagine that she is in front of the ocean staring at the waves and becoming "one" with nature. This is the ultimate Ayur-Veda goal.

Mental techniques are often used in Ayur-Veda because they influence health. Ordinary physicians also recommend certain mind techniques for relieving stress, improving mental clarity and increasing happiness and well-being. But the text is monumentally wordy and it takes the writers a couple of sections to explain these happiness-increasing, mind clarifying, stress relieving games that this reviewer actually wanted to try, but found herself more stressed out than before she started reading about them.

Menstruation is an elaborated subject and the authors claims that PMS has not been scientifically proven. The authors say cravings before the menstrual flow are normal, and it's true that some women have a more painful period than others, but these cravings are actually a good thing because of how it cleans the body. They disapprove of the use tampons because they interfere with the nature of the menstrual flow and because of their correlation with Toxic Shock Syndrome.

If you are thinking of getting pregnant or if you already are, this book helps you understand the physical changes taking place in your body and gives advice on how to care for newborns. Menopause and the life expectancy of women are other topics discussed.

*A Woman's Best Medicine* is a decent book but hardly one to run out and invest \$21.95 on. If this were a movie, I would say wait until it comes out on video, but since it's not, I recommend that you borrow it from your local library.



**Et Tu, Babe**

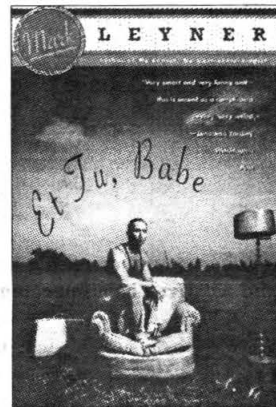
By Mark Leyner  
Vintage Books 1992 169 pages,  
\$10.

**Reviewed by Joseph Schrank**

Features Editor

Mark Leyner's growing status as the cult author of the 90's is hardly going to be diminished with his hilarious third novel *Et Tu, Babe*. Fans of his first two novels, *I Smell Esther Williams* and *My Cousin, My Gastroenterologist*, have come to expect the unexpected, and *Et Tu, Babe* will not disappoint them.

The main character in *Et Tu, Babe* is none other than Leyner himself, a megalomaniacal superstar writer who takes the reader on a roller coaster ride of fantasy that few fiction writers would have the audacity to do. Some may think it a very egotistical showing for an author to be the main character in a book, but this is hardly the case. Going a step further than most so-called fantasy writers Leyner paints a world of weird, throw-to-the-wind delights that tease the curiosity of readers looking for something other than regurgitated, adolescent offerings spawned by inferior writers.



Leyner's strange use of such topics as bodybuilding, pharmaceuticals and biomedical technology has given him the categorization as a cyberpunk writer, but this reviewer feels this label is inaccurate. Leyner has also been called a writer for the "MTV generation" and this is also unfair. Leyner is an author for the thinking person. His use of language, as well as contemporary history, cannot be understood fully by teenagers. Whereas *Et Tu, Babe* can entertain the "MTV generation," it is sure to put intellectuals with a sense of humor into spastic fits of laughter.

Leyner has tapped a deep bed of material that could easily fill ten books. In one of the funniest chapters, Leyner describes a talk show with superstar models and actresses.

"The Brazilian actress Sonia Braga, Elle MacPherson, two Victoria's Secret models, and Claudia Schiffer, the German model featured in Guess? jeans ads, are sitting around talking about what kind of man turns them on the most.

"I like a guy about five-seven," says MacPherson.

"Yeah," says Braga in a husky, heavily accented English, "five-seven and about a hundred and thirty pounds."

One of the Victoria's Secret models was staring into space as she conjures her ultimate turn-on: "Light brown hair ... and balding."

**Babe**  
See page 15

**Future**

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# Holocaust debate perpetuates lies

**John Williams**  
College Press Staff Writer

In the past two years, several campus newspapers across the country have printed ads from the Committee on Open Debate on the Holocaust, a California-based organization that believes the facts about the slaughter of millions of European Jews during World War II were distorted.

Student editors were forced into a debate on an issue where no debate should ever be held, opponents to the ads say, adding that free speech is not protected when it involves printing or perpetuating outright lies.

However, Bradley Smith, director of the committee, said he is going to try to place ads in campus newspapers again this fall, except this time the ads are for 21 videotapes that he says give proof of the Holocaust never occurred. And since he is offering an item for sale, and not just printing his

opinion in an ad, Smith said college newspapers will have to judge the ads on their "merits" and not their messages.

In recent years the issue has been heated regardless of whether the ads were printed. The advertisement, titled "The Holocaust Story: How Much Is False? The Case for Open Debate," has been placed in a number of campus newspapers nationwide, but other student newspapers have rejected it.

"I was blown away by their success in fooling some very smart people that they should be taken seriously," said Deborah Lipstadt, a religion professor at Emory University in Atlanta and author of "Denying the Holocaust. The Growing Assault on Truth and Memory."

Lipstadt dedicates a chapter in her book to Smith's push on college campuses and explains the process by which the ads got into some newspapers.

It is the idea of an "open debate" about the Holocaust that infuriates



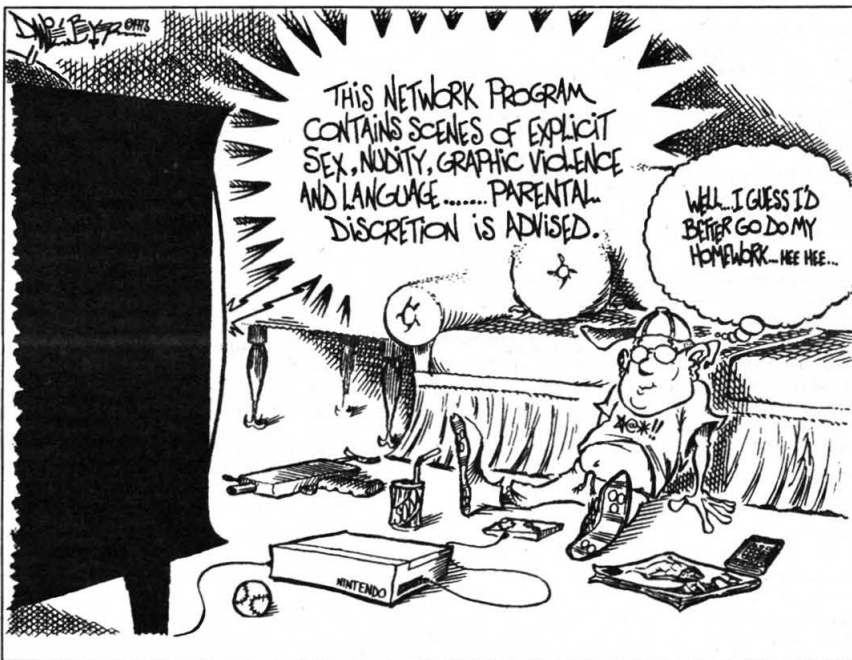
Lipstadt. She says there is nothing to debate since the Holocaust did occur, and she refuses to meet with people who she calls "deniers" — those people who say the Holocaust never happened, or if it did, not in the way history has

treated the subject.

Lipstadt said she would describe the debunkers as "white supremacists" who should not be given a forum on campus.

"These people are haters. Hating becomes their life. Hating is their

nourishment," she said. "They are trying to destroy the history of the Holocaust. Some of them are trying to spread anti-Semitism. They are trying to attack history. If this history is not true, is there anything else true?"



# Corps to be abused by students

**Simeon Peebler**  
Editorial Page Editor

Once again, the federal government is giving college students across the nation another program to misuse and abuse. Three weeks ago, the Senate passed a compromise version of President Clinton's community-based service corps that would allow 100,000 college students to swap public service for tuition money. Many students will abuse this program.

College students are by nature abusive people. What about the millions of dollars of federal student loans, which students across the country have defaulted and side-stepped? Sure, those offenders are being tracked down, but, if thousands of students have squandered the programs' funds, what is to say that they will not do the same with the service-corps?

So now, the government is going to give students \$472 million a year, in exchange for public service. There is no doubt students will find loop-holes in the program. They'll find ways of getting the money without doing the full amount of work.

Also, since this program will only initially allow 100,000 students to participate, the selection process will probably only admit financially limited students. How can these students commit their free time for money to go only to tuition reimbursement when they need money to live and survive and pay the rent, not to mention the occasional instant macaroni meal?

One might argue, "Should the government not help students at

all?" The government does help college students! Millions upon millions of dollars in federal and state-based aid assist students everywhere. Still, schools everywhere are in financially strapped situations because students aren't paying their bills. The government should not give more. The students should.

The community service-corps will give them that opportunity, right? Students will be empowered to pay their own bills, right? The students sign their own loan contracts, and the government should not guarantee them because it is not even able to handle its own financial crisis.

Community service in exchange for tuition is a keen idea. Its planners seem to have good intentions. The program will give communities across the nation a much-needed work force. The service-corps participants will undoubtedly learn many things, and grow with the satisfaction of giving their time to the community. Perhaps, they will work very hard for what they get. But, the program is almost certain to be abused.

When a baby breaks a toy, does the responsible guardian give them another, more precious toy to play with? Or, does the guardian scold them, to teach them that the real world will not save them with community service reimbursements?

Please, government, do not help those who need to learn to help themselves. In time, the responsible adult who learns to pay their bills by hard work will be giving more to the community than will the spoiled students who were given all the toys to break.

# INSIDE POLITICS

**By Charles Edwards**  
Political Editor

**Censoring-Senator Paul Simon** (D-Ill.) is at it again. First he sponsored a bill to curb violence on television, now he's proposing a "Privacy For Consumers And Workers Act," after Kmart workers were tipped off that their privacy had been violated.

Since the tip, nationwide surveys have been taken showing about 20 million U.S. workers are subject to be spied on without proper notification.

Stated in Simon's bill are these no-no's: No monitoring in bathrooms. No monitoring in locker rooms and no monitoring in dressing rooms. Not included in the bill are the cafeteria or worker's lounges. Isn't that where employees curse the boss behind his back in private? Look for the "can I eat in private" amendment added to the bill when it goes before congress this fall.

**Carol Mosely-Braun** is the co-author of a new education bill that has "gender equity" written all over it. This bill would provide federal money on "leadership training for girls" and the opening

of the **Office of Gender Equity** within the U.S. Department of Education. Just what reinventing government needs, another bureaucratic patronage office, but exclusively for women.

Latest statistics show that Braun hasn't done her homework.

By 1980 there were as many women as men in college. By 1990, women received most of the B.A. and master's degrees and by the year 2000, women are projected to be the majorities in medical and law school.

Look for Braun's nemesis **Jessie Helms** (R, N.C.) to counter attack with his "Men Are Endangered" bill.

Retired **Chrysler Corp. Chairman Iacocca** is fighting for NAFTA with President **Bill Clinton** in his corner. In the far-left corner is **Ross Perot** with **Jessie Jackson** as his coach.

Here's a list of who's betting for NAFTA: **Bill Daley** (our mayor's brother); ex-presidents **Jimmy Carter**, **Richard Nixon** and **George Bush**. Odds say Perot won't gather one electoral vote. Think again.

This time he has the black and Hispanic support, including **House**

**Majority Leader Richard A. Gephardt** (D-Mo.), the No. 2 Democrat in the House. Score a blow against NAFTA.

Perot landed another big blow with this startling quote: "These [ex-presidents] are the fellows who made bad trade agreements...that sent 2 million jobs to Asia."

What's the best way to avoid prison if you're a dirty politician and get caught? Get a "family" doctor to write a note to the judge stating that you're in bad health. Latest to beat our judicial system: Former Illinois Treasurer **Jerry Consentino**.

**U.S. District Judge Harry D. Leinenweber** said "Consentino was too sick to serve a prison sentence." Penalty: Five years probation.

Question I: Who determined Consentino was "too sick." Please note: Consentino, 62, suffers from diabetes and depression.

Facts: Just under one-third of the prison population suffers from diabetes and, I'm sure, many are depressed.

How's **Congressman Dan Rostenkowski's** health? Stay tuned.

# Minority Speak Out!



Announcing, **Minority Speak Out**, the minority voice of Columbia. This new section in the editorial pages of the *Chronicle* provides a forum for all minorities to let their voices be heard, with the idea that everyone is in their own way a minority. Submit a letter today to the *Chronicle*, and indicate on it that it is for **Minority Speak Out**.

## Jackson allegations a mistake

To the Editor:

The minute I heard the allegation of sexual abuse of a child against pop-megastar Michael Jackson, I was totally shocked and instantly felt that it was a mistake. No way could I ever conceive of Michael Jackson doing something like that. There had to be some kind of mistake. For the next few hours I tried not to think about it but I couldn't get it out of my head.

After I heard the story all over the airwaves throughout the day it really started to hit home. Michael Jackson was in big trouble. Whether he was guilty or not didn't matter - I knew the media would have a field day with the story. With his perpetual shyness and eccentricities Jackson has always been an easy target for the media.

I never have been a big Michael Jackson fan but in the last few years I've really come to admire his tremendous musical talent and the great work he does for terminally ill children. He has also sent out a positive message to his fans, one completely lacking in today's music stars. No drugs, no sexual promiscuity, no vulgar language, no disrespect for society, and so many other things describe him. His work with the Make a Wish Foundation (an organization that makes wishes come true for terminally ill children) has been great.

Jackson has always said that children are the most important things in the world to him.

It's easy to see that I really hope Jackson is not guilty of child sexual abuse and I tend to lean in his favor. It seems that most people I talk to are either sure of his guilt or equally sure of his innocence.

One friend of mine thinks he

can't possibly be guilty because of all he does for people. Another friend says that Jackson probably helps kids because it's a great way to recruit youngsters. Oh, he also doesn't like the way Jackson grabs his crotch.

I'm not surprised that people are so split on this issue. Pedophilia is definitely one of the most sickening crimes imaginable. Even the most hardened criminals detest pedophiles so they have to be separated from other prisoners.

The only thing that I can be sure of is that I don't know if Michael Jackson is guilty or not. It certainly wouldn't surprise me if the child's father is trying to profit by false gain.

When the story first broke there were supposedly five or six allegations against Jackson. The thing that came to my mind is why did all these people come out at once? It doesn't make and sense. After a few weeks of media coverage it seems that nothing makes any sense in this fiasco. Now there is only one strong allegation going against Jackson. Where did all those other people go?

We heard that Jackson offered to pay \$350,000 instead of the asked for \$20 million and many people took this as a sign of guilt. Jackson's attorney said they never would have paid but wanted to see if they could prove extortion.

No one would ever want to be labeled as a pedophile, it's certainly something that never could totally be shaken off.

Whatever happens, there will always be people that are convinced of Jackson's guilt and just as many sure of his innocence. I just hope that the truth comes out, as ugly as it may or may not be.

Joseph Schrank

## Superfluous Streetwise salesman

To the Editor:

Being the socially and politically conscious college student that I am, and we all should be, I observe as much as possible in my commute to and from school. I have seen many strange and interesting occurrences doing so but none so far can compare to the day I met the superfluous Streetwise salesman.

I was awaiting the arrival of a southbound Howard train on the Fullerton station one morning when I was approached by a young man approximately 18 or 19 years old. He was dressed in a rather expensive pair of jean shorts made by Marithe and Francois Girbaud, a pair of Nike Air Jordan gym shoes, and a flannel Mickey Mouse jacket all accessorized by his cellular telephone.

In his hands he held many copies of the latest edition of the Streetwise publication which he attempted to peddle to me as well as the other commuters that lined his path. Noting the absence of a solicitors tag which are issued by the publisher of the periodical, I immediately declined to make a purchase from this particular vendor. He went to the businessman who was next in line.

This well dressed young professional, obviously making

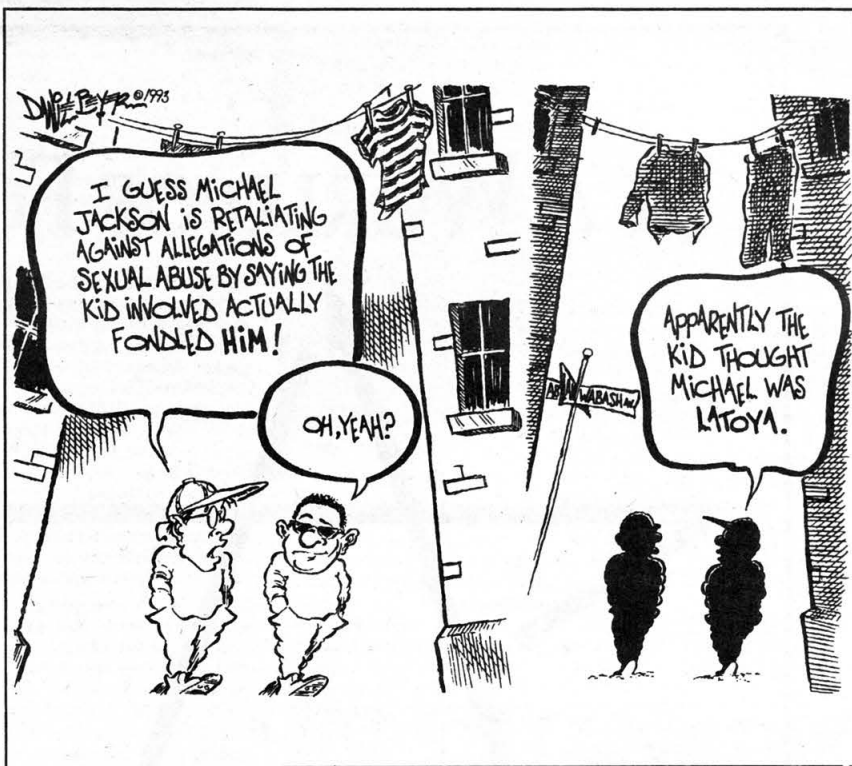
the same observations I did, declined by asking the young man if he was indeed homeless. Immediately the salesman began a well-rehearsed act about the difficulties of being homeless and the need for hard work for survival as well as how blessed he is for having his good health to be able to work at his minimum wage job at night and live in the cheap motel that he does.

The businessman chuckled a bit at the sound of this and explained that he himself, making the amount of money he does as a professional, is unable to budget the ownership of a cellular telephone and while he frequently purchases Streetwise, he would rather make the purchase from someone who seems a bit more destitute.

How can some individuals find the evil within themselves to even consider exploiting a program designed to uplift such a downtrodden group as the homeless is beyond everything I have ever imagined.

This young man is undoubtedly among the lowest dregs of society and those like him should be regarded with caution or locked beneath the jails so that the genuinely needy can benefit from such great opportunities as the Streetwise program.

Peter Wagner



## Local resident gives views on feminism

To the Editor:

Feminism to me is a human characteristic that stems from an immature mindset inherent within the young female gender. When faddism, egocentricity and self-centeredness erupts in the mind of a young girl and is not rectified through enlightened discourse or instruction, a young female will maintain and further develop attitudes that constrain, confuse, or muddle the acquisition of or the dispensation of a self-actualized state of being.

Respectively, it would be as though such a female were stuck inside Plato's cave as either a seeker of malformed ideas or as a quasi-intellectual who extols bits of knowledge while lacking wisdom.

What develops from this uncorrected juvenile mental state is what I refer to as the "brat bitch" syndrome.

Young women who develop this syndrome and maintain it as they, further through life, become highly competitive and sensitive in their behavior citing from a well of invalid or irrationalized reasoning.

And all too often these "brat bitches" enter learned institutions,

first into high school, and then to universities with their syndrome wrapped about them like a life preserver.

Of course, there are occasions when this delusionary/false-valued state of mind is recognized for what it is and is cast at the wayside as further institutional education is embraced.

It is truly necessary that any methodology entered into for erudition is not ideologically skewed toward the liberal orthodoxy, secular materialism or religious fanaticism.

In the pursuit of wisdom one must not only seek to leave Plato's cave, but must also be instructed by those already outside the cave.

In the present era of the 1990's, it is all too apparent that women who envelope the "brat bitch" syndrome and carry it forward coalesce their new-found intelligence within a matrix of falsehoods and faddist misinformation.

It is clear that such a scenario can only create a human character that falls well short of something altruistic.

Now, although boys have tendencies along the same lines that can be identified with the syndrome, males are or tend to be

more analytical and less emotional utilizing the sphere of the brain that accentuates the cognitive. This is a scientifically known fact.

It is the innateness of this factor in males that allows more readily for a conscious effort to reckon with or come to terms with the brat attitude.

It is obvious, of course, that there are exceptions. There are boys who never grow out of the syndrome and girls who do. My focus is, however, centered on girls who don't. For it is the human female that tends to significantly perpetuate this emotional syndrome, "brat bitch."

My concern is with the intellectual women of the day that suffer the syndrome who hold important positions in government, are the people of influence in organizations who together contribute to affect the public opinion and mold public policy affecting the culture climate.

In closing, I am particularly concerned with the feminists who are so-called scholars who are looked upon by other scholars as well as by students and the general public as great mentors.

John J. Mack, Jr.

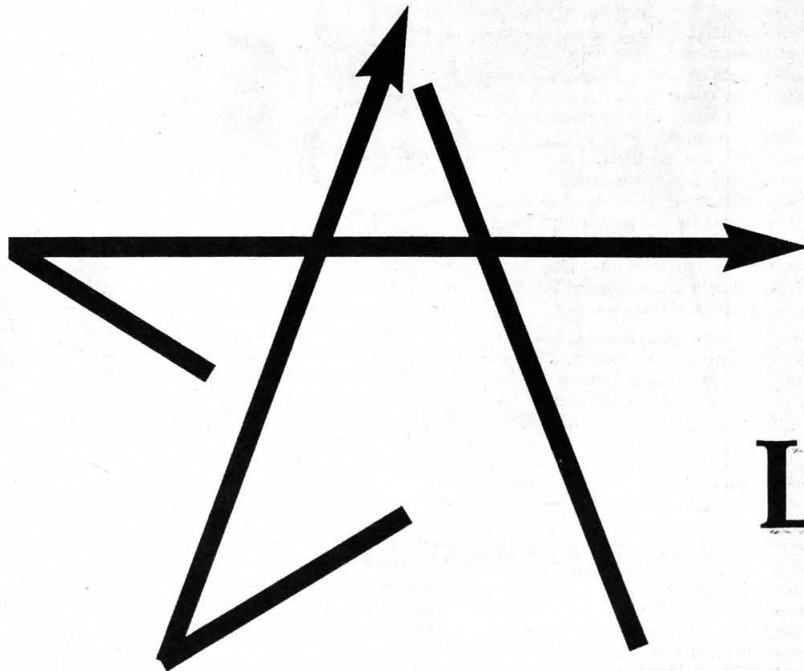
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## Leadership And Community Service



Hollis Resnick (left) and Steve Carell in *Tour de Farce* at the Wisdom Bridge Theatre.

## Tour de Farce is Tour de Force

By Michel Schwartz  
Production Editor

As this reviewer thumbed through the program handed to her, she wondered why there were no more than two actors profiled when the cast list showed eleven characters. Only five minutes into the play the answer was revealed.

The world premiere of Philip La Zebnick and Kingsley Day's *Tour de Farce* is Wisdom Bridge's 20th season opener. The North Side theater couldn't have picked a better play to show off its capabilities.

Chicago favorite Hollis Resnik stars as Rebecca Gladney, Pam Blair, Gwendia Hill, Sister Barbara and Nina. Steve Carell, also in a starring role, portrays Herbert Gladney, Senator Grant Ryan, Gunnar Gustafon, Bill and a surprise character that appears in Act II.

How is this possible? The in-

redients include: six trap doors, eleven outfits and two very quick thespians.

Herbert Gladney and his wife Rebecca, are on tour to plug Herbert's book, *Marriage is Forever*. During this particular stop the couple prepares to appear on "The Pam Blair Show," a tabloid talk show that broadcasts live "right after your local news" in an unnamed city. As the Gladneys settle into their hotel room, and pray that their luggage will arrive before their television interview, they candidly remove their happy faces and show us that even they haven't taken the content of Herbert's self-help book to heart. Unfortunately, Pam Blair is determined to expose the dysfunctions of the Gladneys' relationship.

Meanwhile, Senator Grant Ryan is trying to pencil in a quickie with Gwendia, his traveling blonde bimbo. He reserved the adjoining

suite, but didn't realize that his spare room was occupied.

Gunnar Gustafon is the Swedish cameraman Pam Blair stationed in the closet of the Gladneys' room. Nina is an illegal alien maid and Bill is the Gomer Pylish bell boy, both added to stir things up in this already chaotic scenario. Sister Barbara is an accordion-playing nun who brings the group the gift of music?

It is hard enough to stay in character when you have one role in a play, but Carell and Resnik are able to change voices, clothes, mannerisms and wigs with only split-seconds to spare. It is amazing that Resnick was able to keep up these incredible charades when just week's show was postponed because she broke a bone in her foot. Hollis was probably in excruciating pain, but one would never know it based on her performance.

The entire Wisdom Bridge crew should be commended for this fabulous production.

The behind the scenes people had to work with the cast to figure out how to create the set, the dialogue, the movements, the pace and the lighting so that the audience could comprehend the flawless facade. It's easy to create these effects with trick photography but to produce the same illusion live on stage is quite remarkable.

Kingsley Day and Philip La Zebnick's *Tour de Farce* is directed by Terry McCabe. It will be performed Wednesdays to Fridays through October 9 at the Wisdom Bridge Theater located on the border of Evanston and Chicago at 1559 W. Howard. Box (312) 743-6000. Tickets run from \$10 to \$30.

## Tennessee Williams it's Not



A scene from *Cast on a Hot Tin Roof*.

By Matt Kurten  
Executive Editor

Come one, come all, and come prepared— prepared to laugh till your face hurts and prepared to offer as many clever suggestions for characters, titles, and special secrets as you can before the lightning quick minds of routine improv goers outdo you. Confused? Nah, just not hip to the highly energetic improvisational play, *Cast on a Hot Tin Roof* which is NOT a Tennessee Williams play, but IS a production of the *Free Associates*.

On the night that this reviewer attended the show, the characters were Beauregard Lowregard, the son of Velda and a closet homosexual who comes up with any physical ailment so he does not have to play football for the Sweltering Worms (the name of the town in which our production of

"The Soul Train Stops Here Every Tuesday") takes place. Meanwhile, Beauregard is tending to a banana plantation that is slowly going to hell. But, who is at the root of the problem? Well, it's Velda. You see Velda has a passionate dislike for bananas. Even the sound of the word drives her, yes, bananas. Then there's Maggie a character from *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* whom is given an unlikely job for a woman of deep passion who desperately wants to be impregnated: a football coach. There is also Beauregard's girlfriend Pat who is training to be a dental hygienist. Maggie's football team is playing the Sweating Beetles, a nearby rival, and the boys are low on potassium. So where can we get potassium? Well, what about Beauregard's banana plantation! Yes, but what about mama Velda, she's out to ruin the plantation and the Sweltering Worms are in dire need of mineral replenishment to play.

Here comes Pat to the rescue, but Pat hasn't read the last nine chapters of her hygienist book and ends up killing the quarterback. Sounds hairy.

*Cast on a Hot Tin Roof* is one of the more spontaneously gutsplitting comedies available in improv form to come around in a long time.

*Cast on a Hot Tin Roof* is in an open-ended run at The Bop Shop, 1807 W. Division. Performances are Saturdays at 8 p.m.. Regular admission is \$6, students who present a valid school I.D. will receive \$3 off admission from Oct. 2-23. For ticket information call (312) 784-2745.

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# Drama Reveals Dark Family Secrets



Photo by Matthew Kaplan

Laura Scariano (left) and Martin Stanberry (right) star in *Bonjour, la, Bonjour* in the Underground Performance Space at Cafe Voltaire.

By Simon Cygielski  
Photo Editor

There is a very contemporary feeling to Polaris Productions' presentation of Michel Tremblay's "Bonjour, la, Bonjour." Written in 1974, this play examines the clash between alternative lifestyles and the middle class values of a French-Canadian family. It tries to cast a more human light on those who dare to breach society's sexual taboos, rather than adding to the peeping Tom syndrome, pop psychology and morbid curiosity of the talk shows which are so popular these days.

As the play opens, Serge (Marty Stanberry), the only male of the family's five siblings, returns home from a trip to Europe. He is almost instantly submerged in the conflicts between members of his family. His oldest sister, Lucienne (Jean Losquadro) is married to a wealthy "anglaise", but is having an affair with Serge's friend, who

is 20 years her junior. This doesn't stop her from showing "concern" over how Serge's affair with his sister, that's right, his sister, Nicole (Laura Scariano), will affect her wealthy friends' opinion of the family.

Soon it becomes apparent that the purpose of Serge's trip was to allow himself and Nicole time to reconsider their feelings towards one another. Having convinced himself that they are genuine, he decides to move in with her, further adding to Lucienne's displeasure.

The situation is further complicated by his remaining two sisters, both alienated from their husbands. Although Denise (Laura Zlogar-DeMartino) is outwardly cheerful and cracking jokes about her perceived weight problems she is no happier than any other member of the family. Neither is his other sister, the depressed Monique (Kim Swinton), who is addicted to pills that she hopes will keep her from falling apart under the stress of everyday life. Both of

the women want to monopolize Serge's attentions.

His efforts are split between concealing his affair and getting his father (Shelton Key) away from his two domineering aunts, whose incessant arguments threaten to drive the old man mad.

Serge's aunts, Gilberte and Charlotte (Linda Ciancio and Dawn Capecci) provide a much needed comic relief with their constant bickering. Capecci's whining and Charolette's tranquilizer popping character is probably the most inspired performance of this production.

The aunts' backstabbing is the only thing that keeps the play going smoothly through some of the slower moments, especially when Stanberry goes into a slightly over-zealous monologue about the acceptability of alternative lifestyles. This proclamation is not surprising considering director Marty Mulkey's extensive history of activism with groups such as ACT UP and the Haiti Action Coalition. However, in Cafe Voltaire's hip confines it seems a little like the proverbial preaching to the choir.

To its great advantage, the play is presented in the informal Underground Performance Space in Cafe Voltaire's basement, with the audience scattered throughout the performance area. This produces an illusion of actually being in the family living room and observing the interaction of the characters without the artificial separation of the stage and the audience. The lack of this barrier helps in seeing the characters as real human beings, rather than just a group of strangers viewed from a comfortable distance.

Despite some rough edges, this is certainly a very worthwhile production that attacks society's hypocrisy, inconsistencies and taboos head-on, without apologies. The slower moments are more than compensated by the cast's colorful performances and Mulkey's generally dynamic directing.

*Bonjour, la, Bonjour*, by Michel Tremblay. Directed by Marty Mulkey. Polaris Productions at Cafe Voltaire's Underground Performance Space 3231 N. Clark thru October 10. Fri. and Sat. at 7 p.m. Ticket \$8 /\$10. Box Office (312) 665-0619.

# On The Road To Enlightenment

By Kate Melia  
Style Editor

As funny as it is raw and honest, John Patrick Shanley's *The Big Funk* is among the finest productions currently on area stages.

Sparsely set in an intimate black box theater, the play opens with a sadly revealing, yet lightly humorous monologue delivered by Jill (Elizabeth Laidlaw), a woman with raven-like beauty and unusual stature. The play continues to escalate to the final, flawlessly orchestrated confession of an actor, who stands completely nude center stage speaking of all, "That is simple and true."

Denying the audience nothing, Shanley leads us down the bumpy path to self enlightenment. Each character possesses effective traits that deeply touch and sometimes probe the minds and souls of all who watch and hear.

Nelson Russo is Omar, a knife-throwing, emotionally volatile, but somehow loveable brute, whose worldly wisdom drenches your appetite for more verbal abuse. Fifi, (Suzanne Farkas) is a bright-eyed woman who delicately walks the matrimonial edge with Omar. Looking like a cross between a ballerina-on-acid and June Cleaver, her eyes have seen demons and the "big ugly kids" that routinely encourage failure in Omar's life. Kenny Williams is Austin, a man whose nurturing qualities and wholeness of spirit send him searching for the other half of his "self." Through eternally helping others, he discovers the critical role we play in each other's lives. Gregory represents those difficult people who enter our lives, only to inflict their own uncertainties upon us. Self-righteous and downright slimy, he is the tool Jill needs to undo a bizarre experience from her past.

Shanley gives *The Big Funk* a generous slice of life. Director Richard Shavzin gives it a powerful and moody spirit. The actors give the production a hilarious personal touch. All together, *The Big Funk* is a big prize.

*The Big Funk*, by John Patrick Shanley. Directed by Richard Shavzin. Strawdog Theater, 3829 N. Broadway Thur.-Sat. 8p.m., Sun. at 7p.m. Through Oct. 17. Tickets \$8-\$12. Box office (312) 528-9696.

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# Fat Men in Skirts is Outrageous

By Simeon Peebler  
Editorial Page Editor

It's *Equus* meets *Alive!* in Torso Theatre's production of *Fat Men in Skirts*, written by Nicky Silver, and directed by Billy Birmingham. Though not for the weak of stomach, this riveting theatrical performance is a rare gem among the experimental throes of Chicago theatre. Both hilarious and psychotic, *Fat Men in Skirts* should not be missed.

The play opens with an exceptionally strong performance by Isabel Liss who plays Phyllis, and Phyllis' son, Bishop, played by David vanWert, as the only survivors of a plane wreck who find themselves stranded on an uninhabited island.

Phyllis is materialistic, lacks self worth and strength, a woman who has let her husband rule her life. Bishop begins as a stuttering wimp — his mother's son, but who slowly gathers animal strength, assuming the "role" of his father, Howard (Haskell Simpson).

The mother and son, stranded with no food, grow hungry. First, they eat lipstick. Then, they turn to the bodies in the wreckage of the crash.

The island scenes are interspersed with flashbacks of Bishop's and Phyllis' lives before the island. This is handled well — it is not mechanical or rushed, the pace is meticulous and satisfying.

Meanwhile, back home, Howard carries on an affair with Pam (Amanda Bleu). The latter, an amphetamine addict, is con-

stantly high. Pam's character strengthens Howard's character, who, whether through acting or weaknesses in the script, has weaker moments.

Back on the island, Bishop becomes a savage, his body a "magnificent building...the f@#\*ing Eiffel Tower," and, eventually, he rapes his mother. Mom, by this time, is completely insane. So, they continue to enjoy incest.

Act II begins at Howard's home, five years after the plane crash, Phyllis and Bishop are rescued. Howard's lover, Pam, is pregnant and Howard decides to hide her in the closet, asking her to pretend to be the maid until the others leave.

Eventually, Phyllis tells Pam that she and her son are involved. A hungry Bishop walks in, then proceeds to kill Pam and eat her leg.

The conclusion is satisfying, though somewhat surprising. Haskell Simpson appears later as Dr. Nestor, a psychologist-type, and Amanda Bleu also appears as the as the unforgettable Popo Martin.

This cerebral play is more than witty auto eradication sometimes seen in this type of production. It is shocking and absorbing, intricate and well-conceived.

Directed by Billy Birmingham *Fat Men In Skirts* is scheduled for an open-ended limited run, 6 p.m., Sun., at the Torso Theatre, 2827 N. Broadway, 312-549-3330, and tickets are \$10.

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# Exit Gas Guzzlers

By Simon Cygielski  
Photo Editor

The dark, foreboding underside of human nature is fully exposed for examination in Profiles Performance Ensemble's production of *The Water Engine* by David Mamet.

This haunting, but dynamic play tells the story of an idealistic young inventor, Charles Lang (Darrell Christopher, who also co-directed) and his life and death struggle with two ruthless lawyers (played by Joe Jahraus and Scott Tennant) who try to pry from him the plans for his invention, an engine fueled by water. The heavy subject matter and involved character development are never allowed to weigh down or slow the action on the stage. The author's ideas are presented very directly without a trace of preachiness. The quickly-building tension adds impact to Mamet's dark outlook on human nature. This quick paced, brilliantly acted production of the acclaimed play will win Profiles many new fans.

The story of *The Water Engine* is multi-layered in many

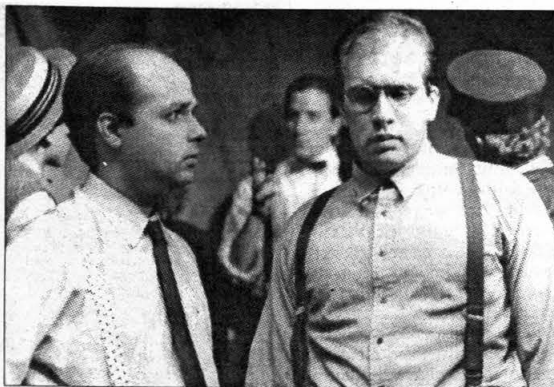


Photo by Cindi Jahraus

Joe Jahraus (left) and Darrell Christopher as Charles Lang (right) direct and star in David Mamet's *The Water Engine*.

ways. The play has two settings. The first is a 1930s radio studio. The scene is the story of Charles Lang, set in Chicago during the Century of Progress Exhibition, which is being broadcast as a radio drama. As the action of the play progresses, these two settings constantly interact. The sound effects, produced by devices ranging from a half-door to a pair of old shoes, bring us back to the early days of radio, even as Lang's situation turns from serious to desperate. This interaction of two separate realities could easily break the building ten-

sion of the main storyline. However, thanks to Christopher's and Joe Jahraus' smooth and straightforward directing, the two settings merge easily into one indivisible reality.

In this play, Mamet also opposes another set of realities, the advancement in technology, and the lack of progress in moral values. Charles Lang, a symbol of the first, his completely innocent motives, his wonderful machine promising to change the human condition for the better, is at the mercy of the other, portrayed by the two lawyers

who twist morality in any way that appears to bring them the greatest advantage. This is especially true when Lawrence Oberman, a fabulously menacing character played by Joe Jahraus, tries to convince Lang that his engine is not his property, but instead belongs to his employer. Lang isn't swayed, but Oberman's reasoning is eerily convincing.

The cast of *The Water Engine*, without exception, does an excellent job in bringing the play's characters to life. Darrell Christopher creates a riveting persona for Lang, a man so involved in his creative passions that he only starts to deal with the real world when the safety of his creation is threatened. Scott Tennant and Joe Jahraus, the lawyers who try to steal Lang's invention, build the tension to the breaking point, resorting to threats and violence, when their attempts to con the engine's plans from Lang fail. Jordan Leshtz, a Columbia theater student, delivers an inspired performance in multiple roles as Bernie, a mechanically talented, although somewhat scatterbrained son of a repairman, and as a stage hand and sound effects man in the radio studio.

Joe Jahraus' stage design and Keith Medici's lighting play with spatial relationships, allowing the Red Bones' tiny stage to show a number of places at the same time, while never leaving the radio studio. Included in the stage design is a large number of sound effects devices, which add a lovely aura of authenticity to the old sound stage.

This intelligently directed and brilliantly acted production must be seen to be appreciated. Its many elements combine to form a truly inspired, unforgettable whole.

*The Water Engine*, by David Mamet, at the Red Bones Theatre, 4147 N. Broadway Ave. Directed by Joe Jahraus and Darrell Christopher. Produced by Profiles Performance Ensemble. Runs through October 24. Performances on Fridays and Saturdays at 8 p.m., Sundays at 7 p.m. Admission \$10 general, \$8 students / seniors. Reservations and info (312)404-8341.

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Applications and details available in the Hokin Center Office

## Cale's the Ultimate Tennant

By Joseph Schrank

Features Editor

The Goodman Theatre's Solo Series continued September 23 with the world premiere of *Somebody Else's House* a production written and performed by David Cale. Cale is no stranger to the Goodman, this being his fourth production at the theatre. Cale made his Goodman debut in 1988 with *The Redthroats* and has since offered *Smooch Music* and *Deep In A Dream Of You*. In addition to theatre, Cale has also worked in film. His credits include *Radio Days*, *Moon Over Parador*, *Men Don't Leave* and *He Said, She Said*.

In *Somebody Else's House*, Cale displays his wide-ranging talents as he plays 11 different characters. The characters are all quite different but they share the feeling of going through the world as if they were in "somebody else's house."

Qui Qui is the opening character who takes us through the mind of a man who is suicidal and can't find his way in life. Qui Qui sets the tone for the rest of the play in his squeaky, desperate yet amusing tone. Making fun of his host's condition, Qui Qui can't seem to understand why the man is so sad. Qui Qui is more of a symbolic figure in the play than a real character. He mirrors the desperate struggle that many people go through in trying to find happiness outside of themselves.

One of the most powerful characters of the play is a gay man who can't deal with his sexuality and what others perceive of him. This man has an effeminate, British-accented voice and his hopelessness is complete and devastating.

Sissy thinks he was named after Sissy Spacek and he raises a duck as a chicken. He lets the duck go with a flock flying south. For playwright Cale, this symbolizes people who find themselves after living blindly for so long.

The play steadily progresses and in each scene the characters come to better understand their conditions.

Cale really shines when he

portrays two scenes as women. One is a woman who claims to have had affairs with several stars. If a person only had an audio tape of the show they would have no idea that the scene was played by a male.

In the other female role, Cale is a woman having an affair with a much younger man. The feelings of loyalty to her husband and the lust for the younger man are very convincing and strikingly funny.

*Somebody Else's House* is a very funny play that shows David Cale's brilliance at capturing the essential behavior of people. The fact that he alone wrote and performed every character makes his performance even more extraordinary.



*Somebody Else's House* at the Goodman Theatre Studio.

The only weaknesses in the script are the accents that Cale uses for some of his characters. The ones with foreign accents are sometimes hard to understand and Qui Qui can be grating.

Overlooking these minor faults one will surely be able to enjoy this brilliantly funny play.

*Somebody Else's House*: Written and performed by David Cale. Directed by David Petrarca. At the Goodman Theatre Studio, 200 S. Columbus Drive thru Oct. 10. Tickets \$15/\$17. Box Office (312) 443-3800. Goups of 15 or more, call (312) 443-4947.



Macaulay Culkin (right) is Henry Evans and Elijah Wood (left) is his cousin, Mark in *The Good Son*.

## Culkin should have stayed at Home... Alone

By John Yesutis  
Special Sections Editor

There was a brief story in the Chicago Tribune recently about Macaulay Culkin's new film *The Good Son*. In the article, Macaulay's father Kit confessed to allowing his son to play such a different role than he's known for, so Little Mack would avoid being typecast in the future. After seeing *The Good Son* it's safe to say that the wee-Culkin will not be growing out of Kevin *Home Alone* McCallister's pants anytime soon.

This film, from Twentieth Century Fox, is an inept endeavor from director Joseph Ruben (*Sleeping with the Enemy* and *The Stepfather*) that is sure to have fans of *Home Alone* scurrying from theaters in droves. Chock full of ill-timed, unintentionally comical dialogue, *The Good Son* is more comedy than thriller.

*The Good Son* lacks a true, discernible story and has absolutely no basis in reality. Though it is true that the battle between good and evil, Mark and Henry in this instance, has been waged since the beginning of time, the events portrayed in this film are laughable attempts at recreating this age old, yet sometimes enjoyable scenario.

This film moves along in such a way that implies each scene is of greater importance than the one that preceded it. While this technique is frequently employed in film, to highlight the continued decline into insanity by a character, or the growing tension between two characters, it is rendered ineffective when the actor in question (Macaulay Culkin) moves through these scenes with a constant smirk on his face.

Following the death of his mother, young Mark (Elijah Wood) is shipped off to his aunt and uncle's house in Maine while his father jets off to the Orient to close an important business deal. The family has a boy who is Mark's age for him to play with and perhaps help him take his mind off his deceased mother.

There are scenes in this film that may quite possibly be a view into Macaulay Culkin's future. Given a good story, strong guidance from the director, and room to experiment, Little Mack may just turn out to be a decent villain. But at the

present, Culkin lacks depth as an actor.

Performances in this film on the whole are substandard and melodramatic. Gimmicky theatrics have no place in the thriller genre, so why are they here? It's simple: There is no tension provided by the story. So the director, moving feverishly about the set of his failing film, must try to pull tension out of the actors and actresses. The result is their actions, as well as their dialogue, appear forced, and overplayed.

Violence in today's society is commonplace. All too often reality mixes with something we believe could never happen and it's hard to draw the line between fact and fantasy. In order to convey Henry's nefarious soul to the audience, *The Good Son* relies on events and dialogue that seem implausible.

In one scene, Henry takes Mark to his workshop to show him something he has made. What Henry shows Mark is a dummy that's dubbed "Mr. Highway." If you've already guessed that young Henry drops the dummy off a bridge that passes over a busy road, you're correct. The consequence of this action is an eight car accident, in which, miraculously, nobody is killed. Now this reviewer's question is this: Can a boy of twelve have a soul and mind as troubled as the one portrayed in this film? And if so, where the hell are this kid's parents?

The fact of the matter is Henry's father pops in and out of the film haphazardly and his mother appears too busy racking herself with guilt over the "accidental" drowning of her young son. Unfortunately, this appears to be a cop-out by the screenwriter. It's certainly easier to write the parents out of the film rather than take the time to force Henry's parents to confront their son about his remarkably odd behavior.

*The Good Son* is not a bad choice for the average filmgoer if he desires a good laugh. Serious fans of film and the thriller genre better look elsewhere.

**The Good Son... 87 minutes**  
Released by Twentieth Century Fox  
Directed by Joseph Ruben;  
Produced by Mary Ann Page and Ruben

Henry.....Macaulay Culkin  
Mark.....Elijah Wood  
Susan.....Wendy Crewson  
Jack.....David Morse  
Wallace.....Daniel H. Kelly  
Alice.....Jacqueline Brookes  
Connie.....Quinn Culkin

## Fox in Love

By Michel Schwartz  
Production Editor

We all know him as the over-achieving, money-grabbing, Republican-voting Alex P. Keaton, but what is the real Michael J. Fox like? This reporter got a closer glimpse than most people get when she recently interviewed him.

Michael J. Fox has a very articulate and intense air about him. His unpracticed facial expressions are not as animated as the ones we see on television and movie screens. And the best part was that this 4'9" journalist was able to see eye-to-eye with the Canadian-born celebrity.

Fox spent time in Chicago this week to plug his latest film, *For Love or Money*, in which he stars as Doug Ireland, the concierge of the Bradbury Hotel in New York. Opposite of him is Gabrielle Anwar, (last seen in "A Scent of a Woman") playing the dippy, naive, idealist damsel, Andy Hart. If Doug follows millionaire Christian Hanover's (Anthony Higgins) orders he believes has a shot at building the hotel he planned. The "order" is to lie and entertain Andy, Christian's young mistress. One would think that babysitting this rich man's madame would be no problem especially since fulfilling people's wishes is Doug's job and he is the best at his trade. The only glitch is that Christian's mistress happens to be the woman Ireland is in love with.

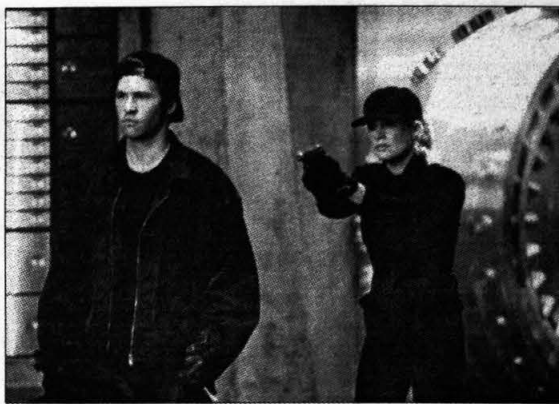
*For Love or Money* is a very cute movie with a good storyline. However, the entire cast plays off of Michael J. Fox's acting. According to director Barry Sonnenfeld, this is nothing new for Fox. "Michael's a very funny comedian and a fine actor, but one of the things he does best is react to other actors," Sonnenfeld says. "He's a lot like Cary Grant that way. Cary Grant was always giving his lines to other actors so that you could see him reacting to someone else. A lot of the time, it's the reaction that gets a bigger laugh than the other person talking." In response to this comparison Fox said, "As flat-



Gabrielle Anwar and Michael J. Fox. ttering as that is...that's not even an area for me to even try to handle. I mean, he was like a giant."

Fox escaped experiences with "fast cars and alcohol," the "Corey Haim route." Fox explains, "I wasn't inclined to go that way; I was inclined to pursue a job that I really love...I wasn't into self-destruction, I was into self-fulfillment."

*For Love or Money* is now at local theaters. At 95 minutes, the film was directed by Barry Sonnenfeld, produced by Brian Gazer and written by Mark Rosenthal and Lawrence Konner.



Kim Basinger plays a bank robber in *The Real McCoy*.

## The Real McCoy is no Bonnie & Clyde

Joseph Schrank  
Feature Editor

Kim Basinger has rarely been in a movie where her character was smart, cunning and resourceful. Her drop-dead good looks and stunning figure have, up until this point, managed to land her roles where all she had to do was play dumb and turn up the lust of the male movie-going audience.

In *The Real McCoy* she is supposed to be all of these things (except dumb). Basinger portrays Karen McCoy, a master bank thief who has just been released from jail after serving a six-year sentence for attempting to rob the Atlanta Union Bank.

Upon release, she decides to go back to Atlanta to find honest work and reunite with her young son Patrick (Zach English). She is denied access to him by her ex-husband Lewis (Dean Rader-Duval) who has already told Patrick that his mother is dead.

McCoy befriends amateur hold-up artist J.T. Barker (played by Val Kilmer), who offers her a "score" after he sees how little luck she's having finding "regular" employment. It turns out that Barker has long idolized McCoy's bank robberies and they become friends after meeting at the probation office. At first, McCoy brushes Barker off because she doesn't want to be part of the criminal lifestyle, but eventually she accepts him.

McCoy flatly refuses the offer for "employment." Barker, being the amateur he is, stupidly mentions the fact that McCoy is fresh out of prison to Jack Schmidt (Terence Stamp) before he consulted McCoy. The two have a past but, unfortunately, the scriptwriter didn't let his audience in on the secret. All that we know is that Schmidt is a major criminal and McCoy despises him. Again, we don't know why.

Schmidt, eager to use McCoy's talents, offers her a chance to rob the Atlanta Union Bank again. McCoy refuses and the obvious plot move is for Schmidt to kidnap McCoy's son, forcing her to rob the bank. Up to this point, the plot is believable but then something happens that changes the direction of the film. McCoy agrees to mastermind the bank robbery but she knows where her son is the whole time. Why not just go to the police and turn Schmidt in? Sure, movies aren't required to portray reality but that doesn't mean they should be full of idiocy.

Will McCoy and Barker successfully help Schmidt rob the Atlanta Union Bank? This time around the institution is a federal holding bank and the prize is \$18 million. If they are successful;

McCoy and Barker each get a 25% cut and McCoy gets her son back. The main problem is that now the bank sports a state-of-the-art security system that, according to the manufacturer, is virtually foolproof.

By this point in the movie, this reviewer didn't really care if they did the job or not. He just wanted to get out of the theater. The whole plot was a mess that grew smellier by the minute. The attempt by director Russel Mulcahy and scriptwriters to show a reversal of male-dominant and female-submissive roles, the kind seen in most movies these days, was a noble one but it just didn't work. The most glaring reason for McCoy's lack of strength was that the character wasn't smart to begin with. Basinger's acting was terrible throughout most of the film. She just doesn't come off very tough, especially with her down-home accent. Seeing her stumble through the scenes, this reviewer can only guess as to why she took a role that was doomed from the start. This movie will only add to the perception of Basinger as a beautiful but dumb blonde (maybe one not altogether undeserved).

Terence Stamp in the villain role is properly menacing. Expect to see more bad guy roles from him in the future.

Saving the film from total failure is the pivotal performance turned in by Val Kilmer. Playing a character dumber than McCoy would be a monumental feat for any actor and Kilmer pulls it off beautifully.

**The Real McCoy**  
Universal Pictures  
106 minutes  
Directed by Russel Mulcahy  
Produced by Martin Bregman,  
Willi Baer and Michael S. Bregman.  
Karen McCoy-Kim Basinger  
J.T. Barker-Val Kilmer  
Jack Schmidt-Terence Stamp  
Rated:PG-13  
Now playing at theaters everywhere.

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**Chronicle**

Babe

From page 7

"Ooooooh yeah ... balding!" enthused the other Victoria's Secret Model breathily.

This is great stuff and many men are probably hoping Leyner's vision will come to fruition.

Leyner climaxes his megalomaniacal rampage by deciding to disappear from the face of the earth. Testimonials from numerous celebrities on the greatness of Leyner after his disappearance almost made this reviewer hyperventilate. Especially hilarious are ones from Clarence Thomas, Jessica Hahn, and Katarina Witt. A love affair with Katarina, right on, Mr. Leyner.

A slicing undertone of contempt for Hollywood propaganda can be sensed in Leyner's jabs at many celebrities throughout the book. After all, what makes these people more important than anyone else? Leyner's exploitation of current and past stars makes for some very entertaining reading.

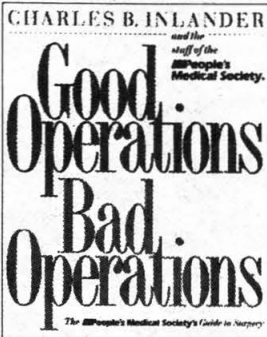
Along the way we are treated to some interesting erotica, and "biomedical fantasies." They are out there, but they are not offensive.

Et Tu, Babe is a totally original masterwork of fiction and is one of those special books that only come around every few years. Leyner even says so himself.

"Et Tu, Babe - a master jam of relentless humor and indeterminate trajectories - teeming with creatures and the burlesque of their virulent lives - will undoubtedly be, page by page, line by line, the most entertaining book that Vintage has ever published."

Go out and buy it, Babe.

READ THE Chronicle



Good Operations, Bad Operations: the People's Medical Society's Guide to Surgery, By Charles B. Inlander, Viking, 1993, 429 pages, \$27.50.

Reviewed By Simeon Peebler

Editorial Page Editor

Did you know that unnecessary surgery may result in 86,000 deaths per year, or that 10 percent of all hospital patients will acquire an infection that they did not have when they entered the hospital?

Good Operations, Bad Operations gives the consumer information the medical community would rather not discuss.

From "How to Choose a Surgeon," to the national problem of unnecessary surgery, Inlander's book also provides a compilation of information that many medical practitioners do not have. In-depth, yet easy to read, the book gives this important data to the public so they can make informed decisions about their own health care.

In examining the 100 most common surgical procedures, Good Operations, Bad Operations begins with "Abdominal Aorta Resection and Replacement" and ends with "Wound Debridement

and Excision." In each case, Inlander asks:

- \*What condition does the procedure treat?
\* What is the procedure?
\* Who performs the procedure?
\* Where is the procedure performed?
\* What are the mortality and morbidity rates
\* What are the other complications and possible side effects?
\* Is this the most appropriate procedure for the condition?
\* Are there alternatives to this procedure?
\* What is controversial about the procedure?

There are no other guides comparable to this type of information. Inlander and the staff of the People's Medical Society follow through entirely on their intent of this book. There is also a full section of notes on source material used, followed by a comprehensive index.

Inlander is the president of the People's Medical Society, an 80,000-member group whose goals include: getting previously unavailable information into the hands of ordinary people, and to publish information designed to make every American a smart health care consumer. On both of those points they have done an excellent job with the publication of Good Operations, Bad Operations.

READ BOOKS READ BOOKS READ BOOKS READ BOOKS READ BOOKS READ BOOKS READ BOOKS

POET'S CORNER

By Martha E. Hernandez News Editor

The New American

I was born in 1970 I never liked ballet, tap or piano classes I liked playing football in the mud with the guys eventhough I was the one always getting hurt I hate roller skates and pink flowered dresses I'm what I consider a wanna be writer You see I've been spending the last ten years of my life with geniuses like J.D. Sallinger who walked that narrow coming of age margin and speaks my tongue Ernest Hemingway has taken me to cafes in Paris and bullfights in Spain I spent last summer in the French Riviera with F. Scott Fitzgerald and his emotionally depressed, rich friends Alice Walker constantly reminds me of the importance of role models for young writers and teaches me to love myself for being a woman, a sister, a lover, an activist and all the other traditions I am a part of "O Captain! My Captain!" Is the hardest thing I've ever read I think of my fathers mortality Oh! Walt Witman I admire Lincoln too and in a way you will always be my captain Henry Rollins has taught me not to take shit from anybody Jim Morrison makes me feel like the Lizard Queen and is great company during a nitrous high play all our doors and you'll see I love Sandra Cisneros wiked ways she knows me as the sensitive

woman I am yet rips me apart by telling me the truth about the men I love Henry Miller adores my perverted mind I wont apologize for any of my friends or the things they've written and I'll never, ever give them up

She By Michel Schwartz Production Editor

She hides, Trapped, Alone in her own dungeon. No one acknowledges her existence Doomed to a life in solitude and Forced to think herself into imprisonment, She lets out a wailing cry. No one hears her. She tries again. Once again, No response. Hopeless. She lived alone, She must die alone. Vulnerable as an open sore. Waiting for and infection of the heart to develop, She cries herself to death.

Stroll in the Park Walk with me, little one. See the beautiful earth Muzzled by snow and coldness. Remember, little one. You may feel trapped one day But the snow will melt. There will always be a path to walk In the park That isn't slippery with ice And where the snow isn't too deep. Spring will visit you soon. I cannot wipe from your memory THE bitterness of winter But I can help bundle you up better And get you through till spring.

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