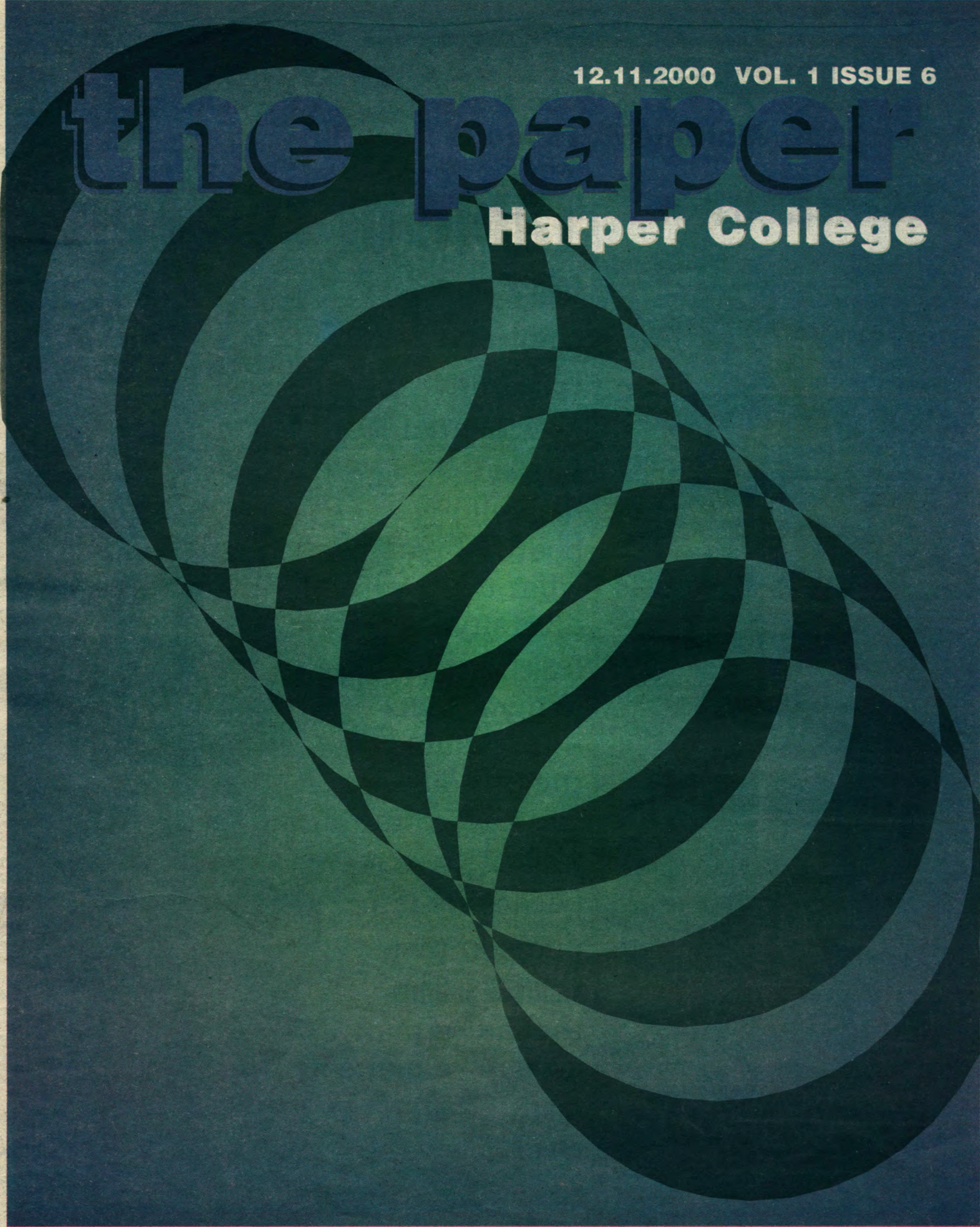


12.11.2000 VOL. 1 ISSUE 6

# the paper

Harper College





# the paper

12.11.2000. Volume 1, Issue 6

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# Staff & Stuff

EVERLONG

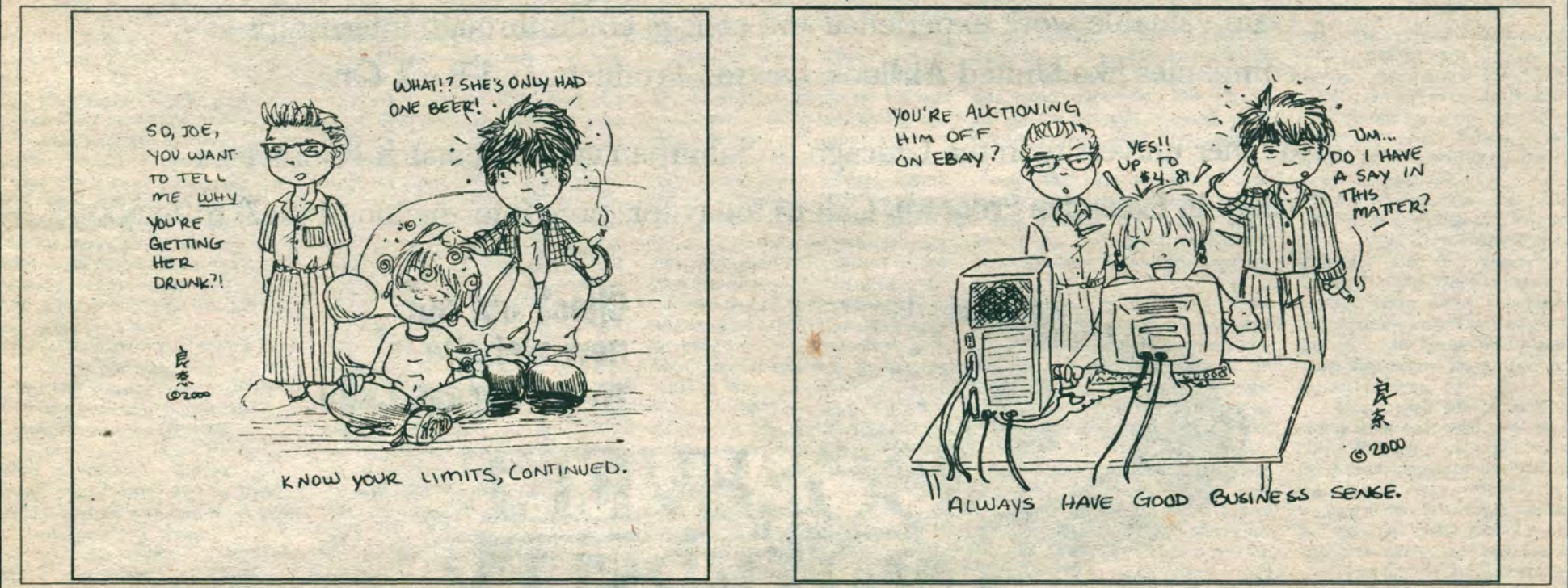
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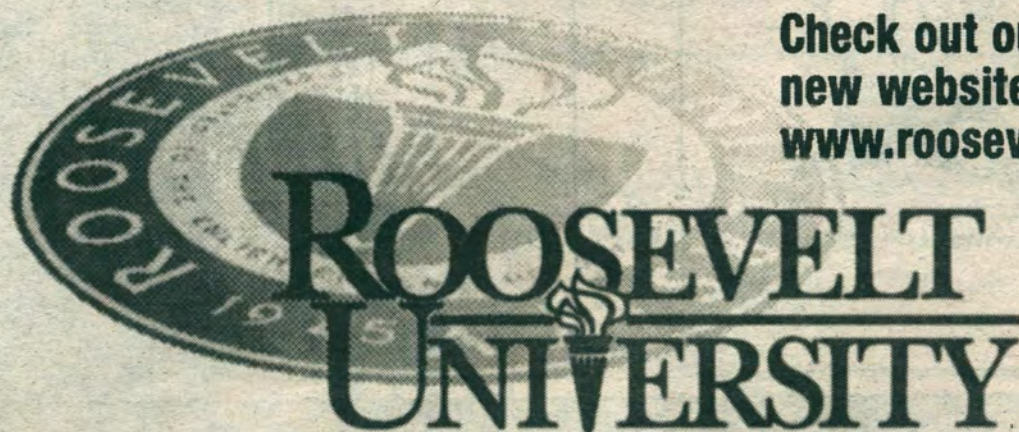




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# Perspectives

## Will Chad, George, and Al ever get along?

By Kevin Lorenc  
Staff Writer

The question of the new century so far is who will be the next president. At this point there is a better question, does it even matter. An expert panel of economists were asked which president they want in office, they unanimously answered neither and instead wanted four years of gridlock. With Christmas around the corner and election results still unknown, the question must be asked will there be a legitimate president. Will Chad sit in Florida and make the four years of Bush's term the biggest lie since George's dad told us to read his lips. On the other hand Al might come out of this with the worst loser best whiner title, giving his image one thing in common with Nancy Kerrigan, while Chad can play Jim Gooley.

As an American citizen I pride myself on wanting everything now and expecting results immediately. This election is putting a cramp in my style, and it is my firm belief Bush

might win just because it is more convenient and faster. So far Bush has won his legal battles by going by the precise letter of the law, which has kept thousands of ballots from being counted. Hey, who cares anyway right? Apparently no one, except Gore and Lieberman. What happened to the record voter turn outs, to the public being glued to the election? Isn't the point of an election to have the voters voice heard? If the first count was inaccurate, and the second count was inaccurate, and the third count was inaccurate, who cares what the results were? So what, the ballots were counted three times, that's great. If each time they were counted wrong then its been counted three times wrong, and repeating the process over and over again doesn't make this asinine argument right. The true tragedy would be if the Florida legislature decides this election, and with the Florida legislature pulling together to go into a special session this might just happen. If a judge rules the ballots are to be recounted, the judge is not

declaring a winner, but simply giving citizens there right to be heard.

Bush's attempts to make Gore look like a sore loser and make himself look like the righteous winner are arrogant and pathetic at best. If this coin had been flipped, and Gore had the slim lead you bet your ass Bush-having spent \$190 million on this election would be fighting the results tooth and nail. Any man worth their salt, who truly believes they won and that they are the better leader is of course going to fight.

In the end, what is best for the country must prevail. While rewarding a candidate with an unfair victory might not be the right thing to do, it might have very well been the best thing to do. For now when ever an election is close, litigation will

be soon to follow. I do have faith in our courts, but that is not the point. Picking and choosing which counties will have their voices heard is not fair, either recount the whole thing or nothing at all. Unfortunately this is not how the system works. While I sympathize with Mr. Gore, I do not support his repeated court appearances. I'd rather see the courts demand a recount than see a select few in the legislature decide who our next president will be. All of this fighting and counting will most probably cost Bush two years of his term, for no matter what the final total ends up being, his margin of victory will be far below the margin of error. Add to this all of hatred between parties fired up

by the impeachment proceedings and throw this election to the mix, the line between democrats and republicans will suddenly look like the grand canyon. This barrier in a congress that is almost 50/50 democrat republican should make Bush's term comparative to being a fireman armed with a bucket fighting a four alarm blaze. The economists wishes will be granted, we just recounted in two years of gridlock at the minimum. Congratulations Mr. Bush, you are our country's next illegitimate President.

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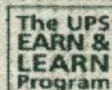


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# Disability neglect not only through Pace but Harper too

By Kevin Lorenc  
Staff Writer

Harper College prides itself on its ability to meet the needs of students, and make life easier for the student. Unfortunately Harper isn't as accessible as Harper needs to be. If only the so called normal able bodied student could live the life of a disabled student for one day. If the student was wheelchair bound, and unable to drive, the semester would start with figuring out how to even get to the Harper campus and home again on a daily basis with out busting the bank.

This would mean relying on public transportation, which is the bane of the disabled students existence. Public transportation, Pace busses in particular, are well intentioned, but unfortunately cause more headaches than they should. The headaches include the reliable fact that they will be half an hour late if they stop for you at all. When they do stop the fun begins. To get on the bus when you are wheelchair bound, you use a lift. Since Pace doesn't service thousands of wheelchair bound people on a daily basis, the lifts often don't operate properly or at all. When they do work, the lifts

often take 15 to 20 minutes just to get you on the bus. What this does is aggravate a bus load of passengers and you become the target of this anger. Not to mention the obvious that this makes you late for your class. You then go through all the problems once again getting off the bus. If you need to take a train, the bus and train schedules are not integrated, so you end up waiting an hour at the train station. A commute that would only take 20 minutes to drive can quickly become a 2 hour odyssey. Add to the headache that bus service cuts off at 6:00 pm and even though Harper is a scheduled

stop, some drivers skip it. Harper has no direct communication with Pace and Harper makes no attempt to improve this situation.

The headache becomes a migraine once you get to Harper. Although Harper has a terrific staff that bends over backwards to work with its disabled students, there are barriers that remain. Getting from class to class with a load full of books stresses even the able bodied student. The 30 year old unaccessible buildings will make your day a nightmare. Enjoy relying on wheelchair lifts that constantly break down, doors with out door

openers, elevators that break down, and crowded hallways full of people who become moving road blocks. Most bathrooms at Harper have the sinks in front of the stalls, so if a person is washing their hands, you can't get by. Now once you arrive to class all eyes watch you come in. That is if you can even get to your class.

There are classrooms in D building unaccessible to wheelchairs. The worktop is designed for students to sit on stools in order to be at the proper working height, which is too high for you.

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## Board of Trustees reaching the end of term

By Collin Ryan  
Staff Writer

Two members of the Board of Trustees are reaching the end of their terms. Both Richard Gillette and Judy Hess were last elected in 1995. As of yet, neither has filed a petition to run for another term.

There were seven seats on the Board which have term lengths of six years. District residents vote for board members in April. To run for term, a resident of the district must acquire an application packet, available at government offices throughout the district. Included in the packet is a petition for

nomination, which requires signatures from district residents. In order to be eligible, the petition must be submitted by mid-January. There is no limit to the member of terms a member may serve on the board.

In addition to the seven seats elected district-wide, there is a student trustee who is elected on an early basis by Harper students. The student election is held in spring.

A Board of Trustee meeting is held on the fourth Thursday of every month, with some exceptions. Tax Levy meetings, for example, are held on the first Friday of the month. Current members of the Board are:

Kris Howard, who has held a seat since 1981; Barbra Barton, who had been on the board since 1985; Richard Kolzy, who was first elected in 1993; Leon Shure, elected in 1997; Patrick Botterman, also elected in 1997; Richard Gillette, appointed in 1993, and elected in 1995; and Judy Hess, elected in 1995. The current student trustee is Tracey Fisher. For both Hess and Gillette, this year marks the end of their first elected terms.

After the 2001 elections, Barton Shure, and Botterman, who were elected in 1997, will be the next trustees to have their term end.

## What do you want to do with your life?

By Tracey Fuller  
Assistant Editor

Harper's hidden treasure is just a couple of footsteps away. It's resourceful, free of charge, and open to the community. No, I'm not talking about the Harper library, which is located in the campus hot spot- the L building. I'm talking about Harper's other unknown hot spot- the A building, where the hidden treasure called The Career Center is located at. It's called a hidden treasure, implying the fact that it is hidden, and that's partly the reason why Harper students aren't aware of it.

Anne Abasolo, Student Development Specialist says that a lot of the students aren't aware of the Career Center because they don't know where they are located. Well, for starters, the Career Center is located in room A-347. So, if you go to the A building, it's on the third floor, around the corner from the Financial Aid office, located next to the Health Center. And the amazing part is that it's in the building right next to the center of Harper's campus.

The Career Center is available for people in search for jobs in the community, for

people who are undecided about their future career, and for people who need help researching the career they would like to get into. There a plethora of books available on anything from looking for a career, books to help you research careers, to books on how to write resumes, and how to act and dress appropriately for an interview.

The Collegiate Employment Network is also available through the Career Center. CEN is an internet-based job listing system which helps the public research jobs. You're given your own password, and within the system can enter your own profile, so each time you check the system, you can get information on jobs in the area your interested in, instead of going through the lists of the hundreds of jobs out there.

There is a small computer lab open to the public in the Career Center, which have programs that can assist someone through job searches, college listings, and programs that actually help people through the whole process of establishing a career- step by step. Now, you can actually post your resume on the CEN, which can let employers look for you,

instead of you mailing out hundreds to individual employers. And, there is even a fax machine that you can use so you can fax companies your resume right after typing it if you need to use their computer lab.

The Career Center also has a new outreach program which let's faculty at Harper schedule appointments with Career Center to bring there classes to the center to see what it has to offer. It makes students aware of the variety of ways Career Center can help you, free of charge, that will normally cost you a pretty penny when out in the real world. For instance, the center offers assessment tests which can help you decide what you might be interested in as a career.

So, for all you people undecided about your future, or for people who want to research the career they want to get into- it's all up to you. The choice is yours. The Career Center is here to help, with counselors and assistants to help direct you towards the right path- to success. Now, you know why it's called a hidden treasure.

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# On Campus

## Educating self on other diversities; create unity not segregation from each other

By Nicholas R. Hull  
Staff Writer

With this great degree of diversity that is multiplying beauty to this school and country, we as the leaders of tomorrow must take advantage of this opportunity at Harper College. The opportunity I am referring to is educating ourselves on our fellow students and not segregating ourselves from our fellow students. Once we realize that we all have more in common than we do apart, we will be able to aid in the overall construction of society's well being.

Now, believe it or not, as a Black man I have been the target of stereotypes, prejudice, and, yes, I have been the subject of countless acts of racism. We all have, some more than others. From some of my fellow peers at Harper, I have heard everything from, "I never thought that African-American males studied", and even, "I'd like to kill all Blacks by luring them to AllState Arena with chicken and watermelon and blowing it up". Seriously. But my point is if these individuals had been educated about me as an individual, more so than categorizing me as simply being Black, it is likely that they would not have thought these things.

More importantly than their uneducated statement is the degree of education in my response. Knowing that hate begets hate and fire cannot quench fire, I simply chuckle at these misinformed individuals and proceed to inform them with compassion. However, if I had chose to curse and yell, then this oftentimes justifies their mindset and brings me down to the level of ignorance they occupy. Sometimes it is hard not to let anger overpower one's composure. But if I make up in my mind that I am here to heal and not destroy, then I cannot let the under education of person stop me from educating a nation.

So what do we unite for? Well, as a nation we must have a goal for the 21st Century. Without a goal or a sense of purpose, the value of life decreases and the quality of existence diminishes. The world has presently become an incubator of stress, depression, hopelessness, and fear. Because we can't cope, we conform. The United States of America, I feel has come to a crossroads because of a lack of national purpose.

We preserve nature, for example, but kill babies. We build solid houses, but cannot construct lasting homes. We are smarter but not wiser, bigger but not stronger. We know more but understand less, and we live longer but enjoy life less fully. We write more books but fail to take the time to read them. We conquer space but cannot conquer our own habits, protect whales but abuse our children, go to the moon but wander away from home, and flirt with fantasy to avoid reality.

We are just like a rocking horse: a whole lot of motion but we are going nowhere.

As a nation cannot survive without public virtue, it cannot progress without a common vision. The past century, America was dedicated to ending the Great Depression. We haven't had a national sense of purpose since the Civil Rights Movement and Vietnam War of the 1960's, unless you want to try and compare the controversial presidential elections of 2000. But when elements of nature lose their purpose, chaos and destruction are the end result. When nations, societies, communities, organizations, friendships, marriages, clubs, churches, or tribes lose their sense of purpose and significance, then I promise confusion, frustration, discouragement, disillusionment, and corporate suicide — whether gradual or instant — reign. This is justified in just one sitting of your nightly news, and even analyzing the Harper community.

So I challenge you today to accept a unified purpose for our generation. I have sent a letter President Bill Clinton asking for his input and support, but he isn't going to go door-to-door across the country preaching unity. It is up to us. We are the leaders of the new millennium. We are the executives, preachers, accountants, athletes, builders, doctors, teachers, lawyers, and politicians of tomorrow. It is up to us to determine what and where we want America to be. It is up to us to determine what life our children can have. It is up to us to acknowledge, accept, and take a course of action towards a better future for America. It is up to us to recognize the standard of living for individuals. It is up to us to request, even demand, a better quality of life!

So again, I challenge every single individual to determine a purpose for the 21st Century, and we must agree on what it is. In order for us to agree, we must first learn about each other. Get to know one another. Racism is still a problem, but it can be solve by education, which in turn destroys ignorance, which is the key ingredient to racism.  $1 + 1 = 2$ .

See racism usually starts at a young age in someone's life, but rarely is it caused by life experiences. More times than not, it is the conversations behind the walls of one's own home that plants the seeds of ignorance. I know of many black mothers and fathers that preach we are all created equal, but on the other hand practice ignorance when their son brings home a white female. I have run into many white mothers and fathers that do exactly the same. It is not just a black/white issue, because ignorance exists in all cultures. I've met many women at Harper that, regardless of how much they would like to get together, have fathers and mothers

that completely and undoubtedly would not allow it to happen solely because I am black. Forget the fact that I continuously strive for a 4.0. Forget the fact that I am a nationally ranked athlete geared towards Northwestern University. Forget the fact that I am only 21 and have started and continue to operate 3 successful companies. More importantly, forget the fact that I am looking to treat their daughter as the queen she is. So what am I to do?

While struggling with this dilemma, I have implemented many theories on destroying this ignorance. A controversial theory in particular that I'd like to share is called "Unity Principle # 7". This is where I, a black man, have a goal of helping other black men understand the importance of expanding their knowledge of other cultures, and at the same time destroying any self-segregation. I have found that it is

hard for me, a black male, to try and make a group of white males understand that racism exists and needs to be squashed, and vice versa. It is hard for a white male to talk to a group of black males about the non-existence of racism and everyone coming together. Although I still stubbornly attempt this, my success rate is higher when talking to brothers of my own culture. Now don't confuse this education with segregation. If you permit yourself to think about it, it is no different from teaching a point guard on how to be a point guard rather than teaching point guard on how to be a center.

Regardless if you agree with Unity Principle #7 or not, the overall purpose of unity takes a leader. There are many people who want to take that step and expand their knowledge on other cultures, are unfortunately self-restrained because of what their

friends may think. Once you finish reading this article, take a look around you. Look at all of the different cultures that you have the opportunity to learn from here at Harper. Yes, I am black and proud until I die, but at the same time I have adopted so many traits to my character from other cultures that I intrigue myself. Make your way over to someone and indulge yourself in an intelligent conversation. Take the article over to them and ask them what they think. Expand yourself. Expand the world.

In this situation, as with the overall agenda of unity, there are two types of people: thermometers and thermostats. Thermometers just show the temperature of their surrounding environment. Thermostats decide the temperature of their surrounding environment.

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# Are You Gonna Go My Way? – Kravitz's Direction; YES

By Dan Kurash  
Music Editor

Lenny Kravitz, in only five studio albums, managed to pull off a "greatest

hits" compilation that certainly should be added to any avid rock fans collection. Virgin Records, although they have a history of toying with artists, did

a very good thing for Kravitz.

A cross between a Marvin Gaye, a Jimi Hendrix, and a Mick Jagger, Kravitz tries to always experiment with different types of music. His *Greatest Hits* album supports his notion of music with 14 of his best songs, and an additional single called "Again", which hasn't been released until now.

Kravitz produces almost all of his music. In the studio, he configures and masters his songs into a sound of rock and new wave pop that embellishes the theme of freedom. Back in 1989, no one really knew of Kravitz. 11 short years later, he released a greatest hits album. Not bad.

The album demonstrates the diversity of his music. With such classic rock songs like "American Woman", "Fly Away", and "Are You Gonna Go My Way?" Which features the great drum work of Kravitz's superb female drummer Cindy Blackman he has become a leader in the rock culture of the times. Blackman's drumming often times takes control of the song. Kravitz has always been able to write in the spectrum of pure rock.

There are also ballads on this album. "Heaven Help", "Stand By My Woman" and "It Ain't Over Til It's Over" show to be some of Kravitz's most heart-felt songs ever written.

When listening to his music, I feel the soul, blues, rock and reggae incorporated into a molded sound produced

through years of dedication to what music could mean. But, his music also shows his craft at using simple progressions under many sound distortions to achieve a totally different sound.

Kravitz still has much growing as a musician. Through all five of his albums *Let Love Rule*, *Mama Said*, *Are You Gonna Go My Way?*, *Circus*, and 98's *5*, one can see his music lends itself to more complex ideas with each successive release.

Currently, he and his band are not on the run. He has been busy writing, and I wouldn't be surprised to see another album in a year or so.

The manner by which Kravitz looks on stage also proves that he'll be a rock icon in the future. His wardrobe is very diverse, and he recently won a VH1 award that stated he was the "Best Dressed Male".

He explores the sense of faith. "Believe" on the album, lyrically represents his notion of the capability of an individual overcoming anything. Within the construct of this song, he uses many overdubs and complex arrangements to produce a spacey sound to an otherwise, mellow acoustic juggernaut of a song.

Kravitz has achieved a great deal of success in the music business. By creating a name for himself, and doing musically what he wants to, he will become a rock icon someday. For one

thing, one can tell the aim of his music.

His happy songs sound happy. His lyrically challenged counterparts are in their place. Kravitz says what he feels he should say. Since being a mix of Black and Caucasian blood, he has certainly felt the ranks of discrimination on some level in his life at sometime. He puts down in music the power to overcome oppression.

His music guides himself through that making him extremely free and vulnerable to change. Change, may perhaps be a way of life. Change, to make better, and to understand that we don't possess all the good qualities it takes to be a good person. We all have to work at it.

His *Greatest Hits* album features some of his best work, hence the reason for releasing the work. But, it also proves that Kravitz seems capable of writing music on many different levels. The songs use all sorts of tape effects and drum patterns, which reveals uniqueness unparalleled by hardly any other artists.

For those people interested in a rock record that defines the Generation X culture, consider this one. As a fan, being able to view his career progress impresses me. This just proves it. Cheers.



Photo Credit: Per Gustafsson - 1/18/00

# "Unbreakable"

By Collin Souter  
Entertainment Editor

(\*\*)

This may not be an original metaphor, but the first hour of *Unbreakable* feels like watching a house of cards being built. The tension builds nicely, you feel the anticipation of whether or not the house will be successfully built, and you know that the longer the process goes on, the greater the risk of collapse. M. Night Shyamalan's latest film does just that. What a shame. It would have been a nice little house.

The film starts out, intriguingly enough, with statistics about comic books and the people who read them. We then witness the birth of a fragile baby who, the doctors say, has broken its arms and legs. CUT TO: David Dunne (Bruce Willis) on a train, and

unless you haven't been in a movie theater in the past three months, where you would no doubt have seen the trailer, you can skip the next paragraph.

The train crashes. Everyone has been killed except Willis. In fact, he doesn't have a scratch on him. Elijah Price (Samuel Jackson), a handicapped comic book museum owner (and the grown-up baby from the beginning of the story), hears of the accident and contacts David. Elijah tells David that he may just be a superhero, since David has never been sick in his life. David finds the notion ludicrous until, one day, he lifts weights in his basement while his son, Jeremy, spots him. Jeremy keeps upping the ante on his dad by adding 50 lb weights, until David learns that he can probably bench-press a 375 lb waterbed, if necessary.

Actually, that may not be such a good idea. Every superhero, Elijah says, has a kryptonite, and David's just happens to be part oxygen, part hydrogen (all fun with a squirt gun). Jeremy, meanwhile, has become obsessed with the notion of his father being "unbreakable." So much so

that—in the film's worst, most unnecessary scene—Jeremy points a loaded gun at his father with every intention of pulling the trigger right there in front of his own crying mother. Why? To prove his father's immortality.

That scene comes at about the 1-hour point, and right then and there, the film lost me. Somehow, from then on, I knew that the film would disappoint me. No director in their right mind would keep that scene. It does not work, and after it finishes, it lingers in the memory and leaves a bad taste throughout the rest of the movie.

My opinion did sway a bit towards the end, when David fulfills his destiny. I'll try not to give it away since the trailer and the studio don't want you to know ANYTHING when walking in, but I will say this: Stay home and watch *The Dead Zone* instead. Anyway, the sequence lasted about 10-15 minutes without a single line of dialogue, which I always applaud. Suddenly, parts of the story started to work for me. I thought, maybe it would be good after all, except for that one scene with the gun.

However, everybody in the theater seemed to agree that the very last

scene—THE BIG SECRET REVEALED—ruins the entire movie. It has one of those endings that makes you reflect on the entire movie and realize that, no, it can't work. It doesn't make sense. It doesn't hold

together. Again, I won't give it away, but the two principal characters fulfill principal roles in the grand comic book scheme of things. Had this film had a comic book feel to it, maybe the ending would work. Maybe, had the film not taken itself so seriously all the way through, I could accept that the whole thing had been...never mind.

To top it off, Shyamalan employs the use of codas at the end to explain what will happen to these characters after the credits roll. Why? Does he want us to believe, somehow, that the story we just witnessed had actually been true? Would we have wondered anyway what happened after the big secret revealed itself? Normally, something like that would be a hack screenwriter's last resort when they no longer feel like telling the rest of the story. Codas really only work for true stories, or comedies such as *Animal House*. One should not use them unless they know how.

I liked Shyamalan's *The Sixth Sense*. Whether or not you found the "surprise" ending insulting, you have to give the guy credit as a director. He picked a tone with that film and stuck with it without pandering to the audience with a standard suspenseful "supernatural thriller" ending with a chase or a cliffhanger. It didn't turn out to be a thriller at all, but a supernatural drama. It had terrific performances and likable characters. His dialogue seemed appropriate for each scene, every line being thought of carefully before spoken. He has the ability to lure you in.

*Unbreakable*, at its best, shares those same qualities, but in the end, we have been left with a build-up that not only results in the collapse of a bunch of cards, but also with a nagging, annoying question:

Why did we start building it in the first place?



# "The 6th Day"

By Collin Souter  
Entertainment Editor

(\*\*1/2)

Sometimes you go into a movie knowing exactly what to expect on a purely superficial level. With Schwarzenegger's name at the top of the poster, you can count on one of two things: Guns and explosions, or a wacky high-concept comedy. So, it goes with his latest film, *The 6th Day*. Here, we get the standard guns, explosions, Ah-nold as the every man trying to set his normal life back on track, and pseudo-intellectual bad guys with incompetent henchmen (plus one hench woman).

It seems fitting that a movie about cloning would feel, well, familiar. It feels like a Xerox copy of other Schwartzee films, such as *Total Recall*, *Eraser*, *The Running Man*, and *True Lies*.

The film opens with facts straight from today's headlines about the progression of cloning and the discovery of DNA patterns. Then, we get the obligatory futuristic movie caption, "The near future...closer than you think."

Ah-nold plays Adam Gibson, a helicopter pilot with a wife (Wendy Crewson) and daughter. One day, he comes home and finds an exact replica of himself celebrating his daughter's birthday. Next thing he knows, henchmen try killing him, a car chase ensues, and Adam jumps off a bridge and lives, a la *The Fugitive*.

With the help of his co-worker, Hank (Michael Rappaport, who reminds me more and more of Donny Most with every movie), Adam tries to find who set him up. The man in charge of the whole cloning phenomenon, Drucker (Tony Goldwyn), orders

the termination of Adam, who they cloned by mistake when they really meant to clone Hank. If anybody finds out about the two Adam's running around, Drucker's operation will be shut down.

*The 6th Day* has been mis-directed by Roger Spottiswoode, who finds it necessary to interject the story with occasional 60's-Batman-esque scene transitions. Something like that works for a film such as *Charlie's Angels*, but here it feels about as natural a choice as a commercial break right in the middle of the car chase.

The film does have some terrific art direction. I loved the cloning laboratory, where the full-grown fetus' hang as dead bodies would on meat hooks in water-filled tanks that seem to surround the place. The bodies look truly eerie when we see them up-close toward the end of the film. That also reminds me of one of the funnier parts of the film, where Ah-nold buys a doll for his daughter that looks, sounds and feels human, but there exists such a creepy and vacant expression about it, it looks like it should be an extra in *Village Of The Damned*. Furthermore, it talks in a sort of monotone like the twins from *The Shining*.

One scene occurs in the middle where a man tells Drucker that his son will die soon of an un-curable illness. Drucker tells him that he will be able to clone his son, and have him live a longer, more fruitful life. However, the man could go to jail for 40 years if anybody found out. This scene comes and goes, and we never hear about it again. But as it happened, I thought to myself, "This would make an interesting movie."

The film works best when it tries to dissect the ethics of cloning. Robert

Duvall, who plays Dr. Weir, Drucker's assistant, serves as the voice of reason, since his wife contracted a life-threatening illness as a result of the cloning. Casting Duvall sometimes gives a movie more dignity than it might deserve, but something tells me *The 6th Day* had more going for it before the powers-that-be decided it

might be too intellectual for mass audiences.

Therein lies the problem: The film has a lot of ideas going for it, but it gets bogged down by cliché action sequences. Just as the story starts getting interesting, we get sidetracked with standard action-movie problems: How come the every man knows exact-

ly what to do in an action sequence? How come they never screw up? How come these bad guys have such bad aim? How does one become a henchman? Does everybody in real life say something funny after they kill a person?

Haven't I seen you somewhere before?



Photo © Copyright Columbia TriStar

# "You Can Count On Me"

By Collin Souter  
Entertainment Editor

(\*\*\*\*)

Some movies earn the Highest Rating (the four stars) for conveying a deep, philosophical message through original means (like, say, *Dancer In The Dark*). Some earn the Highest Rating for exceeding the entertainment value without saying anything deep or profound at all (like, say, *Chicken Run*). And some earn the Highest Rating just for hitting every note perfectly, honestly and seamlessly. *You Can Count On Me* falls into that last category.

A movie so simple and wonderfully written, *You Can Count On Me* tells the story of a brother, Terry, and sister, Sammy, who try to make ends meet as adults, 10 years after their parents had been killed in a car crash. Sammy (Laura Linney), a single mom who works in a bank, lives in the house she had been raised in all her life. She has a boyfriend, but seems

hesitant to marry him.

Terry (Mark Ruffalo), has been drifting along on his own from place to place, most notably Alaska. He just got out of prison. He comes to visit with his sister and ends up getting along famously with her eight-year-old son, Rudy (a wonderful performance by the latest Culkin, Rory). Terry takes Rudy to a loud bar-and-grill for a late-night game of pool, and the bond between the two solidifies.

The film consists mainly of daily struggles to get everything right between the three main characters (Terry, Sammy and Rudy). Sammy leaves Terry in charge of picking up Rudy every day from school. A simple task for most, but when you wake-and-bake every day as Terry does, it can be quite the inconvenience.

The movie's best scene comes when Sammy brings a priest, played by the film's writer/director Kenneth Lonergan, over to talk to Terry, a non-believer in anything spiritual. We think the scene will end with Terry having a fit and storming out of the

room. Instead, Terry reluctantly lets his guard down and we learn his most vulnerable spot, and the subject he likes the least: His own self-worth.

Meanwhile, Sammy has a hell of a time at her day job with her needlessly stern and bullying boss, Brian (Matthew Broderick). Tension rises between them on a daily basis until, one day, they take their tensions out on each other, and an affair ensues. Terry, a Catholic, tries to gain some spiritual punishment for her actions in one of the movie's funniest scenes, where she casually asks her priest, "What's the church's feelings towards infidelity these days?"

One word comes instantly to mind when trying to describe this film: Natural. Not a single line of dialogue or nuance feels forced or written. We basically spend 109 minutes watching likable people try to make sense of their lives while making drastic mistakes along the way. Laura Linney doesn't try for a career show-stopper performance. She seems so relaxed in her part and she has wonderful

comedic timing.

Mark Ruffalo has clearly hung out with the kind of guys who smoke weed every day and avoid the deeper questions of life. He gets everything right. The stoner voice, the constant rationalization of stupid actions, and the anger that comes out when the one who loves him most, Sammy, points out the slightest of his faults. But we like Terry. He makes us laugh. We root for him to succeed in life, but we also get the sense that he won't, simply because he doesn't feel he deserves to.

The scenes involving Rory Culkin have also been written with a keen perspective on how kids behave. He hasn't been given anything cute to say. He just wants to believe the fantasy of his real father (who left him years ago) as a good, decent person. He learns later that his father wants nothing to do with him, and rather than have a tearful moment of realization, Lonergan keeps the character brooding and in denial. Culkin doesn't take his anger

out on his mother. He keeps it inside until his mother can't stand it anymore.

*You Can Count On Me* belongs in the same category with the best works of Cameron Crowe and James L. Brooks. It has the perfect blend of comedy through human behavior and drama through human mistakes. It has nothing cinematic about it and it doesn't try to be too deep or profound. It doesn't use James Newton Howard or James Horner to yank an emotion out of you. Lonergan knows these characters inside and out. He has probably known them his whole life. Who knows what would have happened had this film gone through the Hollywood system of re-writes and over-manipulation?

The movie feels as natural as a conversation between two people who have known each other their whole lives. I can't find fault with it, and it will most likely be one of the 10 best films of the year.



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# Feature

## Pace runs late on duties to disability; Harper students kicked to street curb

By Barrat Francescatti  
Staff Writer

Harper College has a reputation for being one of the best community colleges in the nation in terms of providing a solid educational base for its students. This education can be used as the groundwork for achieving many goals from a student's desire to attend a four-year University, to a student's training and or education needed for some of today's occupations. In addition, Harper college, for quite some time now also has had a reputation in the nation for being one of the stand-outs in terms of community colleges that are equipped with programs and services that make Harper more accessible to the disabled student the many other community colleges in the nation.

Harper college is considered to be one of the better community-based college institutions with regards to providing accommodations for those students who are legally entitled because of a recognized disability or impairment. Some of these accommodations include, note-takers, recorded texts, one-on-one tutoring and scribes as well as others. Harper College has also made accommodations to their physical layout as well. Harper's physical layout includes, Ramps, elevators and power doors. It is because of these accommodations as well as many others that provide the grounds for many educators and educational institutions around the country to consider Harper College one of the best community colleges regarding accommodations for those college students with disabilities.

No one is questioning Harper College's reputation for a solid academically based college institution. In addition, no one is questioning Harper's reputation for well provided accommodations for its disabled students on campus. However, those are the key words, "on campus". What if you are one of many disabled Americans whom at a particular time, for whatever reason are unable to drive yourself to and from Harper College? Furthermore, what if you are a disabled student and you reside in another town instead of Palatine? While it is the truth that Harper College has a variety of accommodations and services for disabled students on campus, getting on to campus is another matter.

Currently, the only public transportation to and from Harper's campus is through Palatine's Pace Bus Service. Technically the bus service is handicapped accessible. These buses run throughout Palatine

Township from 6:30 in the morning to approximately 5:00 in the evening. The buses arrive and depart Harper at a rate of two buses per hour, every hour throughout the day. Although these buses are accessible to the disabled there are many aspects of the system that make it a challenge for every disabled individual who relies on Palatine Pace for transportation to and from Harper. However there are additional hardships for those disabled students who are wheelchair bound. The biggest and most debilitating factor associated with using Pace is the factor of time. Not only would a disabled passenger have to contend with trying to arrange a full schedule around arrival and departure times of a limited number of Pace bus runs to and from Harper, but also the extremely unpredictable nature of Pace. The buses at anytime can be early, late or right on time but, if a student is not waiting for the bus earlier then the scheduled times, he or she will be left to stand or sit at the curb for the next bus, which can be an additional hour or so of waiting time.

The second biggest difficulty is where to catch the bus. A disabled person must sometimes travel great distances in order to catch the bus. This is because Palatine Pace service runs on a specific schedule in a specific area. If the student's house is not on a street covered by the designated route, that person, disabled or not, must get themselves to a location that a bus goes by in order to be picked up. In many cases, this person is required to travel distances that can range from several hundred yards to several blocks, and then wait for the bus on crowded town streets or parking lots, where there is little or no protection from the weather and many other outside dangers.

Once a disabled person reaches the bus, there is no guarantee that the person will get on. This is because there is always a question of whether or not the electric lift is functioning. If the driver cannot get the lift to operate properly, the disabled passenger is expected to remain behind until another bus can be sent for that passenger. Many times this takes an additional 30 to 40 minutes of additional time for the passenger. For those disabled students, who attend Harper from Townships other than Palatine, these students contend with the same difficulties in completing the task of getting to and from Harper College as those who live in Palatine, with one additional problem. Since there is no regional public transportation to and from Harper college, the only method of transportation from other townships to Palatine where a passenger can catch

a pace bus, is by taking a Metra train into the Palatine train station and from there catch a bus that goes to Harper. Most people would probably think this does not sound too difficult. However, because of the way that the Palatine Pace and the Metra schedules are laid out, a disabled student, or any student for that matter, will have a 40 to 45 minute layover between the time a passenger gets picked up or dropped off at the Palatine station. For a student who is disabled that 45 minute layover is considered the minimum amount of wait time possible. However, if a person considers how often pace is on their schedule, and how often the

wheelchair lift breaks down in addition, to taking into account the weather, and the inaccessible Palatine train station, it becomes apparent why the 45-minute wait at any time can end up to be anywhere from 1 hour and 15 minutes to an hour and a half wait for the disabled person on a busy street or parking lot.

Obviously, Harper college is not responsible for the weather patterns in Palatine Township, or the inaccessibility of the Palatine train station to the disabled, and certainly Harper college is not responsible for equipment maintenance problems on the Pace busses in Palatine Township. However, the

argument could be made, that since Palatine Pace is used to transport many of Harper's disabled students, but a large number of non-disabled students as well. Harper could attempt to work with Pace for the purpose of adding more Pace runs in and out of Harper. Adding more bus runs in and out of Harper could be a way of making an off campus accommodation that would do a lot for the commuter nightmare that many Harper students are affected by every day classes are in session.





# Manson came to Chicago to meet fans

By Mike Bauer  
Staff Writer

Marilyn Manson's show on Saturday, Dec. 2 had the vibe of a sold-out, highly anticipated tour, despite the fact that of the 8,000-plus capacity at UIC Pavilion, only 6,000 or so attended.

Regardless of the lack of attendance, the audience was very appreciative of the set, which opened with Antichrist Superstar's "Irresponsible Hate

Anthem", then immediately launching into other songs like "The Death Song" and "Disposable Teens", both off his new album, Holy Wood (In the Valley of the Shadow of Death).

Perhaps the highlight of the show came from playing a medley of "My Monkey/Lunchbox", which was an extended version of the song from Portrait of An American Family, and resulted in a large sing-a-long from the audience.

Manson's penchant for the

dramatic was evident at the show, with dressing up as the pope for one song, walking around in high stilts for "Tourniquet", and other shenanigans.

Credit should be given to Manson for putting on a very energetic show for those that still enjoy his music, regardless if one person or 1,000 people attend his shows.



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# Sights & Sounds

## "The Ladies Man"

By Collin Souter  
Entertainment Editor

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Have you ever had to pee so bad, it felt like you just swallowed a truckload of full colostomy bags? I felt like that for a whole hour once. In fact, it happened last Tuesday at a screening for the new Tim Meadows comedy, *The Ladies Man*. I drank a cup of coffee and a cup of orange juice that morning, and on my way to the screening, I took a few sips of Mountain Dew, just to keep the caffeine buzz going. I made a point of attending the restroom before the film began so as not to have to hold it during the screening.

Before the film began, my buddy Erik and I ran down a list of good and bad *Saturday Night Live*-based films. On the good side, we came up with *The Blues Brothers*, *Wayne's World 1&2*, *Stuart Saves His Family*,...*Coneheads*? We stayed iffy on that one. On the bad side, we had *A Night At The Roxbury*, *Superstar*, and *It's Pat: The Movie*,...*Coneheads*?

Maybe. Any more?

Erik pointed at the blank screen. "Pending."

"I'll wait and see," I said. "I won't be quick to judge, not this time."

Behind us, Roger Ebert took his seat and Dann Gire, film critic for the *Chicago Daily Herald*, took his. The mix-up in the screening room—flipping this screening with *Lost Souls*—put everyone in a bad mood that morning. Nobody wanted to watch this. However, Dann described *Lost Souls* as "*Rosemary's Aborted Baby*," so at this point, one could ask, which would be the lesser of two evils?

The film began and I sank down into my seat. Not having been familiar with this character, a smooth-talking 70s blaxploitation pimp-like radio talk-show host named Leon Phelps who advises all his listeners to do it doggy-style in order to save their relationships, made me laugh a little at the beginning as it got going. However, after the scene involving him getting caught with a married woman whose husband drops everything in order to masturbate to some porno on TV, I

knew it would be a loooooong morning.

Erik told me prior to showtime that the movie would only last about 85 minutes.

"Ten minutes longer than *It's Pat*," I said.

I stuck through it anyway, watching as the writers missed their opportunities with having this character go from station to station (country, lite rock, Christian). I watched as the predictable relationship grew between him and his beautiful loyal producer. After about 10 minutes, I knew where it would go. On top of that, it went places where it shouldn't have.

After about 30 minutes, I started daydreaming to myself. *How the hell am I going to work out the second act on my screenplay?* I thought. I glanced back up at the screen. A vigilante group got together to hunt down Meadows' character to kill him. They broke out into a *West Side Story*-like dance number. Cute, but clearly everyone involved with the movie put all their effort into that one scene and forgot about the rest. The vigilante should

have gone after SNL producer Lorne Michaels.

Then, the real pain set in. I had to pee, and bad. I hate to resort to bathroom humor in a serious news column such as this, but I feel it may be the only way I can really convey to you the pain of sitting through this film. You know how when you really have to go and you know you can't until a certain time comes up, and you're holding it and holding it, and time just takes forever to move? You know that feeling? Well, I had that experience. I felt like I shouldn't get up in the middle of a movie and come back, not at a private press screening, not with Ebert on one side and Gire on the other, like two bald eagles watching over me. No, that wouldn't be fair. It would probably be considered unprofessional, too.

So, I stuck it out. I let it build up inside me. For a while, I thought, "*What if I let loose the Kraken right here in the screening room? That would be a Titan worth remembering.*" But, I didn't. After the 1-hour mark, I just wrote endlessly in my notebook, "END! END! END!"

After the 1 hour, 15 minute mark, I just wanted to scream to the main character, "*JUST LEARN YOUR F\*\*\*ING LESSON ALREADY AND LET US OUT OF HERE!!!*" But it just wouldn't happen. Had we been the victim of a self-indulgent Director's Cut? No way could this movie be only 85 minutes.

The credits finally rolled. Everybody in the room looked depressed. The bathroom had already been occupied, probably by Jonathan Rosenbaum. Erik and I waited patiently for the elevator doors to open while Ebert and Gire got into a bizarre conversation about how many movies have the phrase "Thumbs up" in them.

I finally relieved myself in the bathroom of a pizza place.

"That was worth waiting for," I said to Erik.

Kind of like when the credits roll at the end of an excruciatingly painful film experience.

## A night of remembrance with

# Marilyn Manson

By Gina Schiavo  
Layout/Photo Editor

This last weekend, I had the chance to go see Marilyn Manson live. I was ecstatic as well as a little nervous since it would be my first concert ever. I have heard every story in the book about his type of concert.

The night started by meeting up with my friend, Mike, here at Harper. When leaving from Harper, we had little idea where the pavilion was located. After a few wrong turns we made our way to the concert.

The ride there was, for the most part, smooth and easy going. We really didn't run into any trouble until we hit the bottle neck after Cumberland Ave. Soon after, we were off again.

Now we had to do the hardest thing possible in Chicago—park. Lucky enough there was a parking garage, and we were two hours early so there was plenty of room.

Next task to complete was to get food into our bellies. Typically, it would be easier to grab McDonald's or TacoBell, but not tonight. We ended up eating at an Italian Restaurant with a name I couldn't spell nevertheless pronounce. The restaurant was very nice and fancy looking so I felt a little out of place in my jeans and tank. I soon got over that feeling and was only thinking of the concert and what it would be like. Those thoughts were interrupted of course when I had to make the lovely

decision of what I wanted to eat.

Like most restaurants, there is a waitress that comes to pick-up your drink order. Well, the waitress we had was a great magician (that night she mastered the art of disappearing for long periods of time). When she came to get our drink order, being the person I am, I made my drink a difficult one. When I go out, I order grenadine and orange juice. In simple terms—a virgin tequila sunrise. I am only 18 years old and so I wasn't about to order anything alcoholic. Anyway, the look on her face told me that she had no idea what I was talking about. I nicely repeated the drink back to her and told her that it was like a virgin sunrise and that it should be pink. She nodded and magically disappeared.

After some small talk and waiting, the drinks came. Funny thing though, my pink drink was more like the color yellow and definitely didn't taste like there was any grenadine in it at all. I ignored the strong taste and ordered my food.

When the magician came back to get refills, I explained to her that my drink should be pink and without the tequila. She looked at me like a deer in the headlights. The only thing that she said was, "Oh no! I gave you the wrong one?"

Getting on with the story, the food was great, the waitress sucked and I now was a little queasy from the tequila. We made our way to the pavilion to

see Manson.

I started getting pumped up since I thought it was time for the actual concert. I was wrong of course. We had to wait about half an hour until everything was set up and ready.

I personally thought the first opening band that played was good, but the lack of enthusiasm within the crowd told me that they weren't as excited. The second band, Cold, seemed to get the crowd going more while I on the other hand was getting fed up with their so-called music. I think the first song they sang is the one that made me not like them anymore. While three guys played there instruments as loud as possible, the lead singer was only heard on words such as "sh\*t, f\*\*\*, p\*\*\*y" etc. This to me does not make a song, but noise and only noise. To add to their musical arrangement, one of the guitarist actually stood by a microphone and screamed into it like a wild banshee. I think he was turning blue from the lack of oxygen to his head. It also could have been the air ratio between oxygen and pot.

I knew ahead of time that people would be smoking more than cigarettes, but I was appalled by the smell. In front of me there was a 40 year old man who was smoking a one hitter while the children behind me were able to sneak in a bong. Now I don't know about other people, but it is a little frightening when the lights go off and all you hear is the deep inhalation

of people's lungs. Also, as unusual as it may sound, the brand cigarettes that the neighbor to the left was smoking was making me choke. This is ironic just for the fact that I, myself am a smoker and I couldn't even take the smell.

It didn't take me long to stop breathing through my nose and start to breath through my mouth which caused the problem of my inhaling great amounts of second hand pot smoke.

Anyway, the beginning bands came and went, and then came what we were all waiting for. Manson himself. He was absolutely amazing. He made sure that he hit not only his new album, but old favorites too. I am an old Manson fan and so I know his older stuff more than the new. Unfortunately, as the end neared I became a little less "there." I started getting really tired, woozy, and incredibly dizzy. The only thought that was going through my head at one point in time was why the hell I wore white socks when I should have worn blue. Where that came from, I have no idea. The end of the concert and the drive back to Harper is a bit of a blur since I was so tired and dizzy.

I was at my car at about midnight or so tasked with going home and making it alive. At this point I felt like someone had beat my head in and peed on me. It was not cool.

Going home all I could think about

was not falling asleep. This technique of thinking didn't work, since sometime between Palatine and Euclid I finally reasoned myself to put my head down for a second since my car had good alignment. Nevertheless I jerked awake on the shoulder of the other lane. That was no fun.

The time was now about 12:30am and I all of a sudden was starving to death. Well, since I was in the car already, I hit the Wendy's and Tacobell's late night window and ordered pizza when I got home. Unfortunately, I didn't stay awake long enough to pay for the pizzas and we found them frozen on our front porch the next morning.

Most people are probably wondering what happened with my parents. Well, my mom, who I live with, didn't seem very upset the next morning. Actually, as I remember it, she laughed at me. She may have thought that the small misfortunes of the night were entertaining, but I saw otherwise.

I look back at that night and see a lot of confusing events, but nevertheless, it was a great concert, Manson was awesome, and it only took me two days to feel great again.





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# Hawk Sports

By Brian Samuelson  
Staff Writer

Although the winter sports have sprung up on the scene, Harper still has two fall sports teams that seem to not want to end their season as of yet. Our well respected football team going to yet another Bowl Championship, along with a pleasant surprise coming from our determined cross country team in their playoff bout, only emphasizes both teams' desire to win. Beginning with the cross country team which was reactivated this year after a twelve year drought without the sport, the coach can be quite pleased with the playoff prospects he helped to create in what he thought would be a "rebuilding season." The Hawks now find themselves in their first ever trip to a national tournament, held in Levelland, Texas, on Saturday, November 18. Harper will be represented by five men and five women in their attempt to bring home a trophy in the NJCAA national CC finals. The men and women will arrive a few days before the start of the tournament to get better adjusted to the change in the Texas climate. Iraqi natives Ahmed and Assad Alghazali, Greg Baluk, Muhannad Alansaari and John Franzen will run for the men while Tracie Thoel, Corrie Clarke, Susie Riemer, Michelle Grempeka and Kristina Soukop will compete for the women's team. A victory in this tournament would indeed be a great way to bring about recognition in this forgotten sport; but nonetheless, the Hawks must feel fortunate at how well things turned out for them this year. A year that was supposed to be more

experimental than anything, a building block season from which to develop more in the following years, instead has actually ended up being the year of the Hawk.

The football team has earned themselves a spot in their 17th ever post-season Bowl game. The Bowl game will be held in Utah against Dixie College as the Hawks attempt to improve their less than satisfactory 5-11 career Bowl record. The Hawks will have quite a challenge ahead of them as they face ole Dixie, whose career record in the Bowl tournament is a stunning 10 wins and mere three losses. This tournament will mark the first time ever that the Hawks will have played outside of the Midwest for a Bowl game. Long time rivals and Bowl veterans Grand Rapids Community College has participated in the Dixie Bowl twice before, once in '92 in a defeat over Snow College and once in '96 in a loss to Dixie College. The Dixie Bowl is the fifth sponsored Bowl game Harper has ever been associated with. (The Pepsi-Cola, RC Cola, Lite Cola, and the Midwest Bowl in Minnesota being the other Bowls to boot.) The game is to be played on Saturday, December 2 at noon.

If ever there were any doubters of our women's basketball team not amounting to much this year after posting a 9-18 record last season, think again! Our ladies have shown they are for real opening up with two victories at the start of this season and a top-15 national ranking in the NJCAA pre-season hoop polls. Adding experience with team work the Lady Hawks opened the season with a 77-58 blowout against Kishwaukee. Four Harper players were in double digits in scoring; among them, the leader Julie Audino with 17, Julie Jestus with 16,

the all-time single season goalkeeper leader Diana Ruiz, had 14 points on the game, and Becky Ford with 13. Ford and Ruiz added some inside strength as well grabbing 11 and 10 rebounds. Ford, Kristen Kwasniewski, and Audino all hit three pointers to add to the Hawk lead which was only 30-27 at the half. It wasn't until during the second half that the Hawks gained their second wind running on a 40-14 massacre of the Kishwaukeeans. It was also during this time that the Hawks received some defensive help in the form of Ford's five steals and Jestus' four.

Unfortunately for our men's team they had to open their season against two division one schools. The men are currently 0-2 after a loss to Olive-Harvey and a loss to Kennedy-King 120-97 for the season opener. Despite the loss, the Hawks hung in their against some difficult teams which they must be glad are not in their division three. The Hawks have one thing working for them in their favor, the opportunity to build a strong team. The Hawks consist primarily of freshmen with the exception of sophomore football player Carlos Pettiford who will not be available to participate in the season until December 5 after the end of the football season. Freshman Bryan Zyrkoski led the way for the Hawks in scoring 25 points, followed by Mark Behrens 20 and four three-pointers hit by both. Maurice Noethlich had 12 points and Aaron Stitts and Boris Jasovic each added 10 in the Harper loss. "We had a good effort to find out where we are," last years assistant and current head coach Rick Lima said of the men.

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