Activities coordinated to inform University Scholars

By CHRISSY GIULIANO
Staff Writer
Currently here at Oregon State, there are four different scholarship programs for students. These programs include the Underrepresented Minority Achievement Scholarship (UMAS), the Presidential Scholars Program, the Laurels Scholarship, and the Joint Major Scholars (JMAS). The UMAS is available to incoming students with at least a 3.0 GPA and SAT scores of 1800 or 3.0 GPA and ACT scores of 28. The Presidential Scholars Program is available to students with a 4.0 GPA and SAT scores of 2300 or 3.0 GPA and ACT scores of 30. The Laurels Scholarship is available to students with at least a 3.0 GPA and SAT scores of 2000 or 3.0 GPA and ACT scores of 26. The JMAS is available to students with at least a 3.0 GPA and SAT scores of 1900 or 3.0 GPA and ACT scores of 25.

In order to inform students about these programs, the University Scholars Program coordinator Vanelda Hopes works with students. She provides information about the programs and helps students apply for them. The University Scholars Program also sponsors a variety of events and activities to inform students about the programs. These events include a scholarship fair, where students can learn about the different programs and ask questions, and a scholarship breakfast, where students can meet with scholarship coordinators and ask questions. In addition, the University Scholars Program offers a variety of workshops and seminars to inform students about the programs.

The University Scholars Program is committed to providing students with the information they need to make informed decisions about their education. By providing students with information about the different programs and helping them to apply for them, the University Scholars Program is able to make a significant impact on students' lives. The University Scholars Program is an important resource for students who are looking to make the most of their education.
Risser Driving in Neutral: OSU in good hands with Risser

By WINSTON COWNALL
For the Chronicle

It was a pleasure to witness Dr. Paul Risser’s participation at the University Honors College (UHC) third annual “Evening with the President.” I have attended this forum for the last two years, and it is interesting to see how our university’s leadership views its circumstances (in his responses to audience and moderator questions), as he becomes more familiar with the Oregon State University Community. While there are still many challenges ahead, Dr. Risser continues to provide progressive and consistent leadership; overall, OSU continues to move forward and in a positive direction.

I congratulate the UHC forum organizers (Lisa Rivaz, Amy Burrage, Leah Gross, and Brooke Struck) on having designed a type of leadership that would represent with some options. The student would have to talk to his or her advisor and develop a plan to get ahead. The goal, of course, is to keep the student on track.

Next year, the four differing Scholars Program provides in-depth information on the types of scholarships awarded in past years are going to be extended to all students.

Dr. Risser’s leadership has been professional, efficient, and most importantly effective. Given the fiscal crises affecting OSU and virtually all other state educational entities, he has spent significant time appealing to public officials at the capital in Salem and pursuing private donors both state and nationwide. Additionally, Dr. Risser has positioned himself as a leader among Oregon university and college presidents.

We are in good hands with Paul Risser!

Guiliano: University Scholars

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keep his or her scholarship, there are several guidelines by which the student must abide. Students must maintain continuous enrollment at OSU for a minimum of 12 hours per term (excluding summers) and have a minimum cumulative GPA of 3.00 at the end of each academic year. If these regulations are not met, the student is given one probationary period and presented with some options. The student will have to talk to his or her advisor and develop a plan to get ahead. The goal, of course, is to keep the student on track.

Next year, the four different types of scholarships awarded in past years are going to be extended to all students: the Presidential, the Underrepresented Minority Achievement Scholarships. The new University Scholars Program was established in order to help the scholars with their college experiences. Hopps said, “The program is currently only about four months old. Students do not know much about it and do not realize that we are here to assist them in any way. They can help students pick their courses and develop study habits, as well as provide information about programs and activities, or just be a good listener for any problems that they might need to talk about.”

Other services and information that the University Scholars Program provide include: personal advising and counseling, Rhodes, Fulbright, Truman, and other elite Scholarships.
The OSU Library: It's All About Students

By Kelli Cummings
Staff Writer

In December of 1997, a delegation of negotiators from the U.S. government traveled to Kyoto, Japan, to participate in the first International Global Warming Conference. These negotiators had a hard time trying to balance the Clinton Administration’s push for cutback of greenhouse gas emissions with the industries’ hesitation to change course. They also had to contend with conflicting information on what a global warming trend would actually do to the world, and its economies.

It seems that if you ask one hundred “experts,” “What will global warming have on the U.S.?”, you will get one hundred different answers. One will cite the fact that with more dioxide in the atmosphere, the crop of wheat grown on the surface of the earth will grow better, while others will suggest that since the cost of plants ‘eat’ another will remind us that if more industries are required to pay the poles, the farmers of those crops will be displaced, and their crop productions will drop, unless they also move. Still other will speak of the warming effect on the oceans, and our fisheries will focus on the melting ice caps and the raising sea levels, and another will talk about how northern fishermen will have more profitable catches of warm water fish. The things that concern a fisherman is an `irrelevant discussion` and could be useful to improve the growth rate for emissions. That means emissions will continue to increase, only at a slower rate than without the regulations. It is something similar to the cuts in the national budget that we are seeing today. However, it is not as if these regulations will have no effect. They boil down to a “real” thirty percent cut from projected emission levels in the year 2012. Just what effects these reductions will have are a highly disputed issue. Industry studies say that implementing these cuts will raise gasoline prices by more than a dollar a gallon. The Chronicle

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Puri: Risser

continued from page 1

Aid service and separate from the academic funding for school. In this case, the coach “owns” the funds within the budget and decides to take this trip as participation in holiday tournaments helps with recruiting.

Given the $16 million in the athletics program budget, Risser explained, he could probably get one hundred different answers. One will cite the fact that with more dioxide in the atmosphere, the crop of wheat grown on the surface of the earth will grow better, while others will suggest that since the cost of plants ‘eat’ another will remind us that if more industries are required to pay the poles, the farmers of those crops will be displaced, and their crop productions will drop, unless they also move. Still other will speak of the warming effect on the oceans, and our fisheries will focus on the melting ice caps and the raising sea levels, and another will talk about how northern fishermen will have more profitable catches of warm water fish. The things that concern a fisherman is an `irrelevant discussion` and could be useful to improve the growth rate for emissions. That means emissions will continue to increase, only at a slower rate than without the regulations. It is something similar to the cuts in the national budget that we are seeing today. However, it is not as if these regulations will have no effect. They boil down to a “real” thirty percent cut from projected emission levels in the year 2012. Just what effects these reductions will have are a highly disputed issue. Industry studies say that implementing these cuts will raise gasoline prices by more than a dollar a gallon.

Torn to Branon, Page 8

By Dan Baraman

Staff Writer

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I put my bags down for the 20th time in less than 50 metres. Via Marsala, all 100 metres of it, seemed my own private little world. At the start of the street, I could feel bone gnashing against cartilage worn thin by too-many-heavens of the backpack. I was lost. I'd been on Via Marsala over a hundred times in the past four months, always with the arrogant assumption of a tourist armed with a McDonald's map. Rome, though, in the face of dark and serpentines streets drawing back to Caesar, wasn't difficult to navigate. When the Golden Arches disappeared, there was always a surplus of eager Romans willing to point me in the right direction. And so, I walked on, carrying my loaded bags and too lazy to dig out the map, instead addressing the driver of a Japanese tourist bus for directions.

"Mi scusi, signor. Dove Mi Olizzi?" he replied. His accent was distinctly Roman, and I was happy that my French was not going to be tested by the difference. His "aspetta" wasn't pronounced with the Tuscan insistence for perfect syllabic annunciation. It was a perfection to which I'd grown accustomed after two and a half months in Siena. "Maremma" was smeared, thick, just like the Ashkh-Pehl-Tauaahh, he said, hushing me to silence as I walked behind him. Unfortunatley, though, his Roman accent was pleasing to the ear, its lazy fluidity made it almost impenetrable. Though Tuscan, and especially the Siene, may have carried and air of superiority about them, their pronunciation was exact. And after only 10 weeks of studying the language, my comprehensive Italian was far from fluent. The bus driver could have been speaking Latin, and I couldn't have known the difference.

He scratched his head and looked down at me in the top step of the bus. "Penso," he began. I should have understood that I couldn't understand him anyway forced me to wait until he was done, smile and say, "Grazie, signor," and then walked exactly the opposite way he had directed and back the way I came, to Roma Termini. The train station.

Via Marsala runs right along the North side of Rome's central train station, and though I had passed through Termini many times while traveling to and from Siena, I'd never seen the street so crowded. Hundreds of people spilled out of the station and onto the street. Wearily travelers (both affluant couple and pennypinchy backpackers alike) threaded through with melée to either walk to their hotels or hail taxis. The taxi option didn't seem so wise, however, as traffic was at a standstill, and I was tired of waiting in their cars for what little progress that was being made. I returned to the hoods of their cars and wept while laughing with friends.

There was no sidewalk, and small children dangled their legs, beggars, and the immigrants of every color, and Roman-nosed Romans all stood, spat, stepped closer together back, laughed, walked, ran, scroolled, stomped, loitered, and slowly navigated the length of Via Marsala. The combination of cars, scooters, and humans moving individually but not collectively made the section of road in front of Termini look like one of those new-age relaxation, glow-in-the-dark wave machine toys. The ones that have some strange, luminous, high viscosity liquid trapped between two sheets of plexiglass. Where you tip it to one side and watch the goo gurgle, bubble, and ripple in dowm motion from one end to the other.

I could have watched the liquid undulations of the crowd for some time, but the growing ache in my arms de- cided that finding the Hotel Galli was my first priority. The map had been placed at back in Siena told me that Via Milozzi spouted right out of the North side of Via Marsala, directly across from Termini. I continued on. Moments later, a small, thin, bewildered man waving every way stopped and asked in French, "Pardon! Pardon!"

The man was wearing a faded pair of black jeans, an old black leather jacket, and a black baseball cap bearing the print "Davidson Harley-Davidson." He had a pocked face that was partially shaded by the brim of his hat. I couldn't see much of his face, but noticed that his skin seemed darker than most Italian's I'd met. I'd traveled up and down enough of Italy to know that the further south you go — the closer you get to the heel or toe of the boot — the darker the Italians got. Plus, Italy is a melting pot of sorts; thousands of Albanian and North African immigrants arrive in Rome every year. The Empire still reaches much of the Mediterra- nean. Now, however, it is a reluctant cultural epicenter. All roads may still lead to Rome, but Italians are looking for a way to quell the darker racial traffic using those roads today. I don't even know why I noted his coffee-dark skin in the first place. I'm brown. I attributed my flash of distrust to my newly initiated Tuscan tendencies. Too much time in the olive-gold Siena, I thought.

The man pointed to my back and said that the birds had inflicted particular damage on my backpack. I unlatched all the webbing and unloaded my pack, all three bags rum on the ground before my meet. I wiped off the rest of the droppings. The white streaks were concentrated in the top of my pack, and not on top, as if they bird had fired off its round view in a splash. "May be," he said, "il Metro." Surprisingly, the man understood me. "Oui," he said. He

PHOTO BY MEGHNA CHAKRABARTI

"Au-revoir," the small tour bus insisted. I pointed at a spot on the map and then handed away from me and into the sunlight. Instinctively, I turned with him to follow his fingers on the map. He repeated. I had no idea what bus to take, having walked about most of Rome myself. I was careful to avoid walking near the metro, as I had been repeatedly warned that Gypses operated profitable pickpocketing on Roman mass transit. At that same instant, I learned that buses and the metro were one and the same place where a tourist could get away from everything.

"Scusa! Scusa! Signo- rina!" a passing Roman waved to catch his attention. He pointed down Via Marsala just in time for me to watch my brown backpack, and every- thing it, dash off the street and somers- ser on the back of another dark Italian. I was in shock. After four months in Europe without incident, only in my last hours in Rome, I got robbed. Stupefied, I just looked down at my two remaining bags. Unable to find the excerpt spare change.

The little Kleenex shook me out of my stupor and barked, "Appeads-la! Appeads-la! Attendez la! Je retrouverai!" He turned and ran in the opposite direction.

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FEATURES

Mia Italia, Mia Cuore

Mia Italy, My Heart

By MEGHNA CHAKRABARTI

Senior Staff Writer

monday, mar. 9, 1998

turn to Chakrabarti. page 6
Experience the Ancient Elegance of Vienna

By KEVIN STOLLER

My term abroad in Vienna materialized with the sort of wonderful fatefulness Hollywood promises happens more often. Spending some time in Europe was to be the crown of my college experiences, the reward of accumulated sacrifices and worth more than a few sacrifices itself. Fully registered and preparing to go to American Heritage Association’s Siena, Italy program, I suddenly discovered that OSU was offering, for the first time, an opportunity through AHA in Vienna, Austria. For me, a rather obsessively passionate lover of classical music, it was a bit of wonderful fatefulness.

Baroque Palace Belvedere in Vienna, Austria

Having spent some time in Europe was to be the translated sacrifices and worth more experiencing the Austrian cultural ear-

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ograms within AHA. Within a week, I was having my mom dust off my high school German books.

It wasn’t until I was sealed from time and the world and the world had nothing short of tragedy. I mentioned as much to the AHA coordinator at OSU who informed me that I could change between programs within AHA. Within a week, I was having my mom dust off my high school German books.

I couldn’t have imagined the Emerald City and my apparent missing was nothing short of tragedy. I mentioned as much to the AHA coordinator at OSU who informed me that I could change between programs within AHA. Within a week, I was having my mom dust off my high school German books.

I had high expectations despite my anxiety, and I was conscious of setting myself up for a bit of a disappointment. I hoped for this to be no less than the most meaningful concentration of individual experiences I had yet accumulated.

I departed a couple of weeks of traveling, I arrived in Vienna. The city wears its centuries of imperial and cultural grandeur with a casual, assumed grace. My expectations were quite stunningly realized. My three months in Vienna were like a sweeping affair; I fell, quite honestly, in love with the city and its culture. Every night, I could find at least five world-class concerts and two world-class operas to enjoy. And the government and community prized the arts so much that poor students like myself could enjoy it all for only a few bucks. Standing in the Grossesaal of the Musikverein, the “Golden Hall”, and listening to the Vienna Philharmonic (for my salt the greatest symphony in the world) playing Bruckner and Schoenberg works which were no doubt premiered in that same place by that same orchestra, stepping into that cultural continuity in a real, experiential way, will probably be the most overpowering musical or artistic experience I will ever have.

And then to step outside into the Central European night and walk along streets shadowed by centuries, perhaps stopping at a cafe and sharing the air once breathed by Lenin, Freud or Klimt before heading to my apartment on the same street as the Baroque Palace Belvedere and the apartments of Prince Metternich and Gustave Mahler, there was nothing more extraordinary than the common-plainness of such activities. All of the knowlodge of culture and history I had soaked out of books and lectures suddenly emerged as a three-dimensional reality. Perhaps the greatest charm of Vienna is the sense of not existing in any era but in all eras simultaneously. This says nothing about the spectacular natural beauty of the Austrian countryside, the incredible traveling opportunities Vienna provides (particularly to Italy and Eastern Europe — I went to Prague and Budapest as well as most big Italian sights or the reels of individual experiences with people, bars, museums, cafes, mountain trails, and so on. But conveying any real semblance of these personal experiences is impossible. Here is a picture of the Palace Belvedere reflected in a garden pool, but the picture and words are empty of tangible, futility reflecting anything but a shadow of the reality of walking through the lavish Baroque gardens in the sun of a chilly autumn day, the breeze calmly brushing through the changing trees. The entirely subjective impressions of the experience make it personal, but so subconsciously, that it is impossible to communicate all that I feel must be said in order to delineate my experience from my individual past. This is frustrating. But therein lies the ultimate meaningfulness of what I have done as well. Of course, the most valuable advantage to actually living in a country instead of merely visiting is learning a culture and integrating into a community. Vienna’s all-Mercedes taxi comfort and historical wealth conceal dilemmas and problems which are only learned through conversation and a real scratching under the gilding. Meeting Austrian people, whose characteristic combination of Central European thoughtful grandiosity and Mediterranean/Alpine joie de vivre I found intensely appealing, reveals the difficulties of living in a new Europe and the price of a cultural conservatism. This fuller insight in no way detracted from the appeal of the experience; flesching the culture and city out, it made more in your conscious way more real in your conscious possible advantage to actually live in a new Europe and the price of a cultural conservatism. 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People Over Profit: Local Doctor Receives Award

By CHAK RAMANUJAM
Staff Writer

Dr. Carl Ramsay had never planned on becoming a doctor. It just sort of happened. As a matter of fact, he started off thinking he’d do something entirely different.

Living as farmers in California during the Great Depression, Ramsay’s parents probably weren’t thinking that their son Carl would one day earn fame and recognition from thousands of people. Rather, they might have thought that he would just follow in their footsteps. The thought of attending college was a fairly new idea. Graduating with a degree was a novel experience altogether.

Even early in life, Ramsay had been working at numerous temporary jobs. After high school, he continued on to college, attending universities in both California and Massachusetts, where he pursued degrees in Political Science and History. At the age of nineteen, Ramsay landed a job in the Emergency room of a local hospital.

“At the time, people didn’t need degrees to work in ER,” Ramsay recounts. “The company would just hire people off the streets and train them as needed.”

Over time, Ramsay acquired EMS and paramedical duties. He continued to work in the medical environment throughout college. After graduation however, he took up teaching at the high school level. He taught several classes, consisting of Math, Psychology, and a Social Sciences class.

Despite his enjoyment in teaching, Ramsay’s mind kept drifting towards medicine. At age 27, Ramsay finally applied to medical school. In 1978, a year before he was to enter medical school, Ramsay traveled to the West Indies, where he volunteered in a health care department. Ramsay decided to stay on in the West Indies and attend medical school at the newly founded St. George’s University. During this time, the Grenadian Revolution was going on. Ramsay extended his volunteer service to include helping the injured Grenadians and Cubans.

After spending two years studying at St. George’s University, Ramsay came back to the United States and finished up at the medical school in Wisconsin. Finally, he did his Residency at Harlem and the Bronx in New York City.

“After that, I continued to do a lot of volunteer work,” Ramsay said.

“My first real ‘paying job’ didn’t come for a long time.”

After completing his Residency, Ramsay returned to his home state of California.

There, he helped out at numerous health care clinics. Soon after, during the mid 80s, Ramsay again went to Grenada in the West Indies. This time, with the help of his wife Deb, he set up a non-profit health clinic. After he might have thought that the project for several years, Ramsay and Deb moved to central California to help out there. Two years later, they moved to Corvallis.

“It was my wife’s turn to decide where we moved this time,” Ramsay said jokingly.

“D’accordo, D’accordo,” she replied. “I declared that she had to have to spring Christmas in Italy.”


“I got robbed. Just now. In front of the bank. I might have to spend Christmas in Italy.”

“Tell me everything that you need. If you have to stay here for Christmas, come back to Siena. There’s a room and a bed here for you, always,” Massi replied.

“Thank you, bene, grazie” I replied. I put down the phone and chewed at a fingernail. I’d been robbed in Rome. I might have to go back to Siena, back to Tuscany. Italy, it seemed, wouldn’t let me go. And in a strange, inexplicable, yet deeply certain way, I was glad for it. I left the Hotel Galli and walked towards Via Nazionale. This time, the Grenadian Revolution was going on. Ramsay extended his volunteer service to include helping the injured Grenadians and Cubans.

“D’accordo, D’accordo, Grazie a Dio” I replied. I put down the phone and chewed at a fingernail. I’d been robbed in Rome. I might have to go back to Siena, back to Tuscany. Italy, it seemed, wouldn’t let me go. And in a strange, inexplicable, yet deeply certain way, I was glad for it. I left the Hotel Galli and walked towards Via Nazionale, to the Questura to file my police report. Wondering, I wasn’t an actor. Fellini would never cast me. Was it possible to put on an Oscar winning performance at the airport and still not be issued a new ticket? Secretly, I hoped so.

Chakarabati continued from page 4

I stood there for five minutes. Still. Two bags in hand. Watching Romans stream by. It took me five minutes more to emerge from my shocked fog and realize that I wasn’t going to see the little bird-man, his partner, or my backpack again. I had unwittingly played right into a scam, an overconfident partner. or my backpack again.

“If I was convincing, I’d have said yes.”

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“D’accordo, D’accordo,” she replied. “I respond immediately. Gentle mass.” If I was convincing, I’d have to spend Christmas in Italy.


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Movie Reviews: Wrapping up the last flics of 1997

By JENNI KELLINGTON
Staff Writer

Entertainment

Mon., Mar. 9, 1998

It's been a long time since you came to college. You have not had the time to see movies? Well, you are not alone. Many of us here can not find a ride or the time to journey to the many local theaters to see a flick. To make sure that you do not waste your "free time" seeing senseless movies, I have reviews for five movies I have seen recently.

TITANIC

The best movie I have seen for a long time is definitely Titanium. If you want to see one of the greats, this is it. It is a movie for all. I have seen it twice, and am planning on a third time. Yes, it is 31/2 hours, but do not be intimidated. It is definitely worth it. Titanic is a wonderful combination of drama, action, and even comedy. Every scene is perfect, and it seems that every second is an important piece of Titanic's puzzle. Titanic was made as true history as possible. Filmmaker James Cameron hired Titanic historians to duplicate the real thing as much as possible, even down to the dishes! The movie took $200 million to make and is a stunning film that will be re-released on May 15. Starring: Leonardo DeCaprio, Kate Winslet, Billy Zane, Bill Paxton.

Rating: ****

GOOD WILL HUNTING

A second, as far as favorites, is Good Will Hunting. This is an extraordinary movie, and a must see. Like Titanic, it joined the three essential basics very well: It was very funny, emotional, and had a little bit of action too. It was also unexpected, as it brought back memories of your life. I absolutely recommend this movie. Good Will Hunting was put together two of the main leads, Matt Damon, and Ben Affleck, and is a truly remarkable film. Starring: Robin Williams, Matt Damon, Ben Affleck, Minnie Driver. Rating: ***

JACKIE BROWN

A movie I saw over Christmas break was Jackie Brown. This was an interesting movie filled with twists and double meanings. I enjoyed watching it very much, as I did watching other Quentin Tarantino movies. Although, this was no Pulp Fiction, I think it was put together in a interesting manner that only Tarentino can create. Also, I liked it because Samuel L. Jackson is a lead star, and he happens to be one of my favorite actors. This movie has a great soundtrack! Starring: Pam Grier, Samuel L. Jackson, Bridget Fonda, Robert De Niro.

Rating: **

FLUBBER

Flubber, the name itself is a warning sign. This movie was very childish, with a plot that was contrived and too confusing. My advice is, "Do not see this movie unless you are under the age of 8!" Robin Williams really needs to stay out of these kinds of movies, (i.e., Jack, because I think they are hurting his career. Stick with the Good Will Hunting, Robin! Starring: Robin Williams, Marcia Gay Harden, Christopher McDonald.

Rating: Bomb

ALIEN RESURRECTION

 Alien Resurrection is another movie I have seen recently. It is not my favorite movie but it was exciting. Sigourney Weaver played her usual "cookie cutter" character very well. This was quite predictable, which was a disappointment. As with all the other Alien movies, there were some truly freaky and hellish effects, and a lot of death and destruction.

MUSIC: Diversity enhances overall emotional experience

By DOW YEH
Staff Writer

As a music major, being able to appreciate a variety of music is part of my livelihood. Having access to a large music library isn't usually too much of a problem. However, being able to appreciate it all can prove to be difficult at times.

Culturally, there are certain socio-economic backgrounds associated with different types of music. The type of music I listen to is usually generalized as being "classical." For me, the word "classical" has a capital "C," and spans only a portion of the music I listen to. (Classical refers to European music from the mid 18th century to the early 19th century.) So many times we hear Mozart as "Eine kleine Nachtmusik" played tirelessly in movie scenes portraying musicians of supposed sophistication, wealth, taste and class. If you don't recognize the name, you can most likely find it obscured in the just about classical section deep in the recesses of your local music store, in some horribly named classical CD compilation like "kozik kozik.

Pop music on the other hand finds its appeal and association with the masses, whereas it is usually representative of the urban middle class.

The reality of classical music is that it now seems to exist in the minority in the U.S. To a lot of our younger generation, the music of Bach, Beethoven and Brahms are for stuffy, snobby people who need to loosen up. In this very music, I see a passion, life, feeling: all the things it is often thought of as not being. People who have been brought up in the classical tradition often hold a negative view towards popular music. (The Spice Girls even come to mind, but I suppose even the general public frowns down on them.) When I was younger, I had little choice but to join the masses in pop music. After all, I have to, if I wanted company while I was dancing. Eventually, I came to finally find a more settled place in classical music, but strangely enough, I still seem to have the pop music. Although I now find much more of popular music to be formulized and uninspired, I still remember being moved by some of those pop tunes when I was younger.

On some level or another, I share a kind of affinity with all different types of music. Music when I was younger held the power to evoke some of the strongest emotions within us (whether it is great joy or disgust.) This happens to us all at some point, and it forms in different ways, but it happens nonetheless. That is probably one of the greatest values that anyone can find in music. We can only hope to reach the extents of the different human emotions by diversifying what music we listen to.

So nowadays, I'll find myself tuning to a pop, alternative or country station on the radio every once in a while, reminding myself that there is more music to experience than I could ever imagine in a lifetime.

For More Info Call: 737-6400

Rating System:
**** = See it again .... and again and again and again
**** = You get your money's worth
* = Worth seeing
= Watch TV
BOMB = I paid $6.00 for this !??##

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Rating: Bomb
Jumping Jacks
for your mind...

Compiled by: Dan Braman

Give these a try. Talk them over with your friends,
and see what you come up with. Answers down below

1. Two hikers were walking through the woods, when they came upon a cabin. After a quick inspection, they discover everyone inside is dead. How did they die?

2. A teacher walks into her third grade class the first day of school to find two girls who look exactly alike. At recess she goes to the office and checks the school records, and finds that they live at the same address, have the same parents, and the same birthday. After recess she pulls the two girls aside and asks if they were twins. They both reply no. How is this possible?

3. Jack and Jill are found dead on the floor. Found with the bodies is some broken glass, and a puddle of water. The authorities also notice a cat nearby. How did they die?

4. A man is riding up the elevator. The power goes out. He knows his friend is dead. How?

5. A man is found dead in the middle of the desert. There are no footprints in the sand, and no one around for miles. The man is found dead in a short twin bed in his hand. How did the man get to the middle of the desert?

6. Some people are taking a hike through the woods. The next morning, they come upon a lake. In the middle of the lake there is an island with a huge stone castle on it. They are talking to the owners, and discover that no boats were used to build the place, and there is no bridge to the island. How did they get the supplies to the island to build the castle?

7. A man walks into a room alone. A guy seals himself in a room, and in a few hours is found hung from the ceiling. As for another international conference on global warming, keep your eyes open for the Buenos Aires session in 1998, and we'll see what happens.

prices by up to forty-four cents per gallon. Utility companies predict that electricity with carbon credits will vary in price by up to forty-four cents per gallon. The cost of buying electricity with carbon credits will be higher than the cost of buying electricity without carbon credits. A study by the Environmental Defense Fund estimated that the cost of buying electricity with carbon credits will be $2 to $3 per gigawatt-hour (GWh) more than the cost of buying electricity without carbon credits. A study by the Natural Resources Defense Council estimated that the cost of buying electricity with carbon credits will be $4 to $5 per GWh more than the cost of buying electricity without carbon credits.

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