

New and improved: *The* Purple Press

Official Publication of the St. Paul Open School

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Lenni, Lenni, Lenni. Lenni All Day Long

Tara Wilken
Staff Reporter

Lenni Augustine has been at Open School since its conception. She was a member of the group that founded Open School. This group involved parents, teachers, students and educators from the Twin Cities area who believed the present schools were not meeting students' needs. Before she became a part of Open School, Lenni married, had children and was heavily involved in politics.

Lenni married Dick Augustine 39 years ago. Their 40th anniversary will be in September. "I guess it's wonderful to celebrate [our 40th anniversary], but everyday is really important," she said. Together they raised four wonderful children, three boys, David, 38, Bob, 37, Jim, 35, and one girl, Anne, 31. All of their children graduated from Open School. Lenni said it had a very positive impact on their lives. All of Lenni's children consider the education they received at Open a very important part of their background, said Lenni.

Lenni and Dick are proud to be grandparents of six incredible grandchildren.



Lenni and grandson Zach

Some of Lenni's favorite things to do with her grandchildren are to build snowmen, make snow angels, and read to them. Although she loves to do these things with her grandchildren, her all-time favorite thing to do is hug them. "Hugging them is the best thing I do with them. When there is a day that hasn't gone real well for some reason or another, nothing is more reassuring than going and holding one of those little people

and knowing the world goes on."

Lenni has witnessed a lot of changes in her 26 years at Open, some better than others. Open School's first building was a warehouse on University Ave. Lenni believes when Open moved out of that building and into a school building, the feeling of Open School changed.

The feeling at Open may have changed over the years, but for the most part Lenni feels the students haven't changed all that much. One of the only differences Lenni

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ELC Staff in Need of Student Aid

Anna Karl
Staff Reporter

Some Open School teachers feel that more student and parent help is needed in the school's classrooms. ELC teacher Gail Barth said that teachers should have helpers "every hour that we have children in our rooms." The most vital hours are the morning hours.

While most teachers have at least one student doing school service with them, some feel that this is not enough. Also, some feel that more parent help is needed. "You can never have enough help," said Gail, "Children are very needy and they need and enjoy the one on one [attention]."

Part of the problem of getting school service people might be getting the word out. Also, some students prefer to work with SLC teachers. "I think that SLC students are more comfortable with teachers they know," said Jennifer Sherman, a ninth grader. "Also, some people don't like small children."

Some of the problems might be personal, however. Several students said that they did not get along with some of the ELC teachers. Some concern has also been expressed about what kind of work students are asked to do. Some people prefer to work

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"I think this craze is a dirty illegal underhanded tobacco company scheme to exert their control once again over the youth of America." (See Page 8)

"If eating flesh is immoral, then lions, wolves, eagles, dolphins, and thousands of other creatures are all immoral." (See Page 6)



Giga Pets. The Beeps Are Coming! See page 4



The ELC Suzuki performance at the Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. assembly on January 3.

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Layout Wizard

Jonathan Lubke

Doc Space Finder

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Editing Sorceress

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Headline Hedgehog

Kate Dyson

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Military Advisor

Writing Monkeys

Mark Dyson

Tara Wilken

Notah Gyorgak

Tom Greenley

Aimee Gervais

Anna Karl

Lisa Grotenhuis

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Artsy Folk

Anna Karl

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Letter to the Editor

Disgruntled Reader

I want to voice my opinion about something here. Hollo's work sucks. There's no denying it. It's complete crap. It did no good, had no use and furthermore, made me poop funny.

I was reading this nationally distributed newspaper, the name escapes me though, with a column by Larry King in it. His column was pretty useless, and it rambled, and it also sucked. But ya know what, Larry King is a mastermind compared to Hollo. I think Hollo oughta just deal with the fact that he can't write and he should just quit the paper and join a class he can handle, like "Music Theory" or "Art", but then again, I doubt he could deal with something like that.

So all I have to say is, quit filling our paper with useless crap.

The staff of The Purple Press is deeply troubled by the offense expressed in your letter regarding our columnist. We hope that in the future you will be able to see the value in Hollo's columns. We are proud to have him on our staff and hope that he will remain with us for a very long time.

We are glad, however, that you have taken the time and effort to express your opinions to us. We hope you will do this again the future. The Purple Press is very glad to receive responses from our readers and we hope that your comments will inspire other readers to donate their comments. ◇

News Briefs

The Craze of the Daze

Student Government will be facilitating Sno Daze next week. They are planning to have a coronation on Tuesday, February 17th. The coronation will take place in the auditorium, everyone is welcome to attend. The ELC will be having a medalion hunt on Thursday, February 19. If a fresh blanket of snow falls, there will be a snow sculpture contest for all advisories sometime during the week. The SLC will be having a Sno Daze dance on Friday February 20th from 6:30 to 9:30. The dance is for 7th through 12th graders. The cost is two dollars per person. Each year, Student Government picks different themes for the days in Sno Daze week. This year is no different. Here are the themes: Tuesday is dress up day; Wednesday is pajama day; Thursday is student dress like staff and staff dress like students day; and Friday is 50's/60's day.

Student Government encourages EVERYONE to participate in all of the Sno Daze activities. ◇

Shields Pleads Guilty

Former Open School student Jeff Shields plead guilty to charges of second degree felonious murder. Shields and his companions Pam Keary and Kenny Starlin were accused of murdering fellow teen Khadar Abdullahi. Keary and Shields will likely do 12 years in exchange for testimony at the first degree murder trial of Starlin. ◇

We Got Money!

Wednesday, the 28th of January, Open School found out that it was one of five schools in the St. Paul Public School District and one of about 112 in the state to receive a \$45,800 technology grant from the Department of Children, Families and Learning.

According to Susanne Hollingsworth, who wrote Open's grant request, the money will be used to buy new computers for the lab, purchase software, provide *The Purple Press* with a powerful computer, and get the art room a computer, scanner and color printer.

Susanne also said that demonstrating community involvement was the most important criteria for winning the grant. Because of this, Open developed partnerships with the West Seventh Businesses Association, the West Seventh Community Center, and the Salvation Army. Because of these partnerships, Susanne said, "there will be opportunities for students to do community service with people from these organizations."

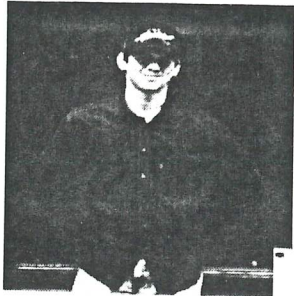
In addition to the state grant, five teachers from Open, Julie Doble, Jennifer Diederich, Tim Leone-Getten, Jennifer Greer and Rick Olson, received smaller grants from the Star Tribune. These will be used to fund trips and buy supplies. ◇

Senior Profiles

Notah Gyorgak
Staff Reporter

(Actually, he's not really ours.
We just stole him from NBC.)

Star Doby/Hunter Sheldon



Gyorgak - What are your plans for after high school?

Doby - I would like to go to college and major in business.

Sheldon - I would like to go to college and NOT get a major. I think getting a major is useless because you get your major, and then you wait to get hired. I'd like to learn as much as I can during this time, and have a wide horizon.

G - How long have you gone to Open School?

D - I went here K-first grade and came back in seventh grade. - Eight years

S - I have been here since seventh grade. - Six years.

G - What will you miss most about high school?

D - The little kids, even though they're bad and obnoxious.

S - The friendliness and atmosphere of Open.

G - What is one thing you would like to change about what you did?

D - I would have started validations earlier.

S - I would have liked to get the culture validations done sooner.

G - What is the hardest validation you ever did? Why?

D - None have been hard, so far.

S - The Culture set. Because they're long.

G - What classes did you enjoy the most?



D - Anatomy, with Julie.

S - Phy. Ed.: Floor Hockey with Eileen.

G - Who has been the biggest influence in your life?

Why?

D - My little sister. Because she's my little sister.

S - Friends. Because they're the ones I hang around the most.

G - Favorite food?

D - Rice.

S - A harvest bar from school. ♦

SERVICE Continued from page 1

with children, others do not, and some people feel that this should be taken to consideration.

Not all of the teachers feel that more help is needed, though. Rick Olsen does not feel that too few people help. "I'm happy with the numbers I have now," he said. He also said that he feels fortunate to be at Open, where there is school service. "I think Jennifer [Diederich] does a wonderful job," he said. Not all teachers think that more help is the answer, either. Some teachers agree that smaller classes would help

more than volunteers.

How can we get more people to help? Gail said, "I've read articles where parents are asked to make a commitment of hours when they send their children to specialty schools, and I feel that Open is a specialty school. When you send your child here, it's for the purpose of helping them to become

independent learners. Therefore, there should be that commitment, too, for so many hours of service to the school." Other than that, ideas are scarce. Jane Schmidt, a parent volunteer, who says that she enjoys working with the children in Gail's class, said, "If I knew the answer to that, our troubles would be over." ♦

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Lese Das Purple Papier, weil wir mehr gross von du sein.

Attack of the 20 mm. Monster!

Cheryl Mishler
Staff Reporter

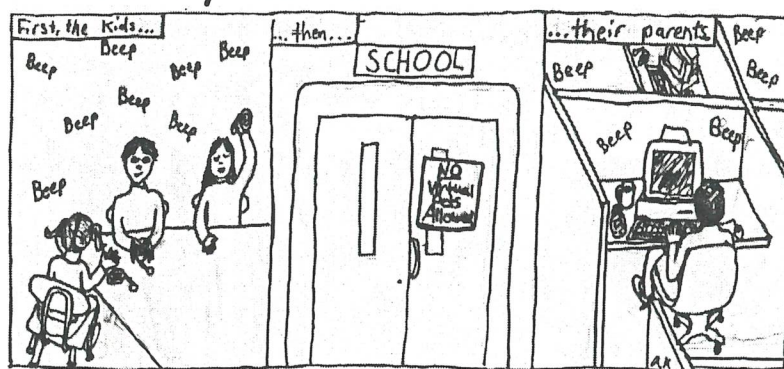
A craze has hit Open School and the rest of the world. The virtual pets have arrived.

These handheld keychain pets are everywhere. Open School students are racing to get the latest model. The earliest virtual pets were cats and dogs. More recently new creatures have been added, like dinosaurs, human babies, bats and characters from movies like Star Wars and 101 Dalmations. Some of them even talk. "I'm hungry!" they plead in an artificial-sounding child's voice.

A virtual pet consists of a small screen and has 4 or 5 buttons: 2 arrow buttons, an enter button, a mode button and a reset button that's usually located on the back. Each pet has different things you can do for it, like feeding, putting it to bed, playing a game, cleaning (or cleaning up after it), and most pets study. Some have more features, depending on what kind and how new it is. Virtual pets were even seen on the TV show E. R. last month.

Virtual pets were practically unheard of in the U.S. before March '97. But by September there were over 150 models

Infectious by Anna Karl



to choose from. Toy companies rush to come out with the next new development. They are in a race against each other to come out with the best toy and duplicate the features of their competitors. Now, to increase their demand, virtual pets are targeting boys as well as girls. More recently, virtual cemeteries have begun popping up on the World Wide Web to lay to rest a beloved pet that has died. Some sites even have cute little grave stones.

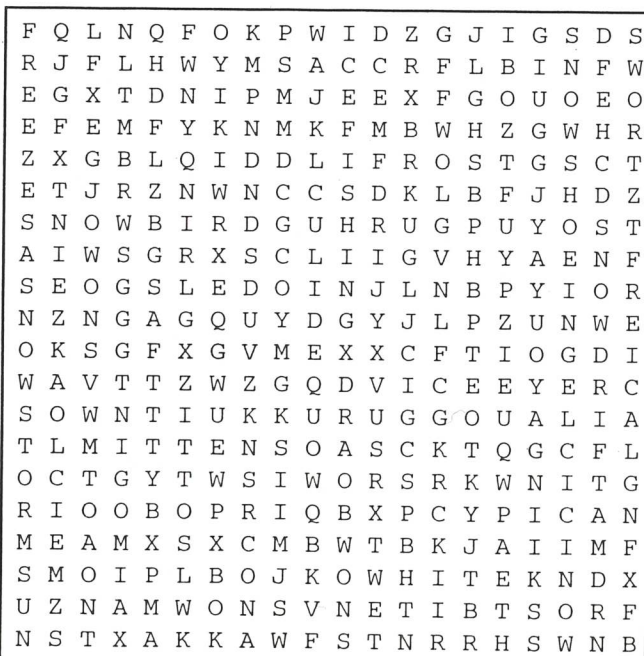
But virtual pets aren't all they're cracked up to be. They are difficult to maintain, demand attention during school, and may die without it. "If they don't get their way, they go and die on you!" Exclaims Savanthia Moore, a 6th grader at Open School.

And because of their demand for attention they interrupt classes and distract other students. Robin Stryker, an ELC teacher, says "whoever is holding it plus several others nearby are also concerned about the beeping." Jenny Eisele doesn't have to worry about interruptions because she has banned them from her class, "I'm starting a zoo, I collect them [from students]" says Eisele, who also doesn't want her students running back and forth to lockers to tend their pets. ♦

The Purple Press Winter Word Find

Tara Willken, Terry Schanno, and
Ben Peterson
Creators

Words can be found
going up, down, across,
backwards and
diagonally.



SNOWMAN
SNOWDRIFT
FROSTBITE

FREEZE
WINDCHILL
MITTENS

SKIING
GLACIER
SNOWSHOEING

SNOWBIRD
SNOWBOARD
SNOWSTORM

WHITE
ICICLE
FROST
SNOW
ICE
SLED

4-Square Page

Enough is Enough!



Lisa Grotenhuis
Staff Columnist

4-square was my favorite game to play at recess in fourth grade. My friends and I would designate a different person everyday to run out to the black top and reserve the grid. I got very good, and it was my favorite part of the day. Now, years later, I see the same thing going on with people my age and older. The game they play seems much different from our girly fourth grade version. It seems more dramatic, competitive and addictive.

I can't help rolling my eyes when I see people walk into advisory late with their outdoor gear on and their bright red cheeks. They always seem to be complaining about a cheap play someone made during the game. I think these games are really pumping with testosterone. I mean, the goal of the game is to get to the King square and plow through three people on the way. I've seen people spit into each other's squares,

I think 4-square is like chicken pox.

push each other and throw the ball at each other's heads. I don't get it. What makes four square so wonderful? Does it really deserve so much space in the newspaper? How long will this epidemic go on?

I think that four square is maybe like the chicken pox. It's very contagious, but in most cases you can only catch it once. And, once you've caught it, it's damned hard to get rid of. So there you have it, four square is a contagious disease. ☐

Enough is Never Enough!



Mark Dyson
Staff Addict

I'm addicted to 4-Square. This is not a bad thing necessarily, but it's certainly not good. Every day at 11:40 AM I exit Leo's room, put on my coat, and then tear down the hall at approx. 30 m.p.h. towards the door and into the line to get into the court. Then I start playing and get out within two seconds, but that's not the point.

Sometimes this changes. For example, on January 12, I went through this routine only to find the 4-Square court under about seven inches of snow. Can you guess what I did? There were only three

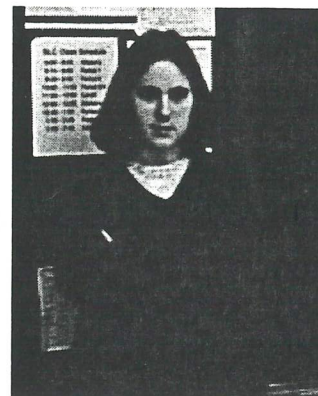
Though we got hit by the ball several times, (we) shoveled 'til the court was clean.

people out there. James Trebesch, Jonathan Lubke and I. Jon suggested getting shovels, so James and I walked out to the loading dock, got two shovels, and then started shoveling. It took us the better part of lunch break, but darned if we didn't get it done. By the way, it was about ten degrees below zero that day.

Another case, you say? Picture this: On January 21st, I went out to find about three inches of snow on the back of the court. The game was in progress, but I got shovels anyway. And though we got hit with the ball several times, James Trebesch

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I'm Enough of a Woman



Maura Shramko
Staff Feminist

Every day, whether it's warm or cold, wet or dry, sunny or cloudy, I go outside to play 4-square. I am what you might call obsessed. That's probably not unusual, well, not at our school anyway.

But something most people don't notice is that in this oh-so-popular game, usually there are only three members of the female gender playing. Boys to girls, that's a ratio of about 17 to 3, which might be considered a bit fishy. I mean it's not like the boys won't let the girls play or anything. So you have to wonder: Where are all the girls? Well, in my musings, I have come up with a couple of possible answers.

The first possible answer is that the Certainly women take part. They're called cheerleaders.

majority of adolescent girls at our school don't like 4-square; they think it's stupid, they don't want to play, something along those lines. Perhaps the few that do play are just strange. Maybe boys just have a different idea of what's stupid, and what's not.

Another explanation that sort of ties in with the '4-square's stupid' theory is the weather factor. Who wants to go out in the brittle cold, ankle-deep in snow, with frosty winds blowing all around? Perhaps most girls would rather just stay inside the nice warm school. Maybe boys are more 'weather-hardy' than girls.

The next reason is that the missing **WOMEN Continued on page 9**

Opinions and Stuff

Ya Wanna Fight?

Someone once said to me, "if you tell the truth all will be ok." Well I guess this person was wrong. When I wrote my first article for *The Purple Press*, I had no ambition, no ideas, and especially, I was really

lazy. So I wrote an article that talked about how I wasted all my time and didn't get anything done and what the people were reading was a last minute piece of poop. And I got slandered about it?

The article started out with me talking about procrastination and how I am a supreme example of it. I then followed by talking about the symptoms of and remedies for procrastination. Now for some reason, people decided that my column was in these words, "horrible, useless, worthless, space wasting, crap." I also got word from a student that some lady who works at the *Pioneer Press* saw some of my work and said it was complete and utter crapola. Isn't a column supposed to be about anything the author wants it to be? Isn't it true that there is no real rule to writing columns? Aren't I allowed to write something I want without getting cut down for it? Well I thought so.

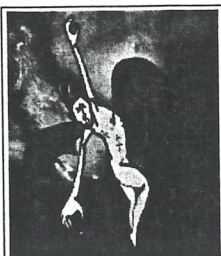
I wonder how much gall some people had to save up from past experiences to just say those things directly to my face.

So all I have to say is, "If ya don't like it, either don't read it, or just piss off." ♦

LENNI continued from page 1

can see in the student body is that, the students today are exposed to more violence than in the 1970's.

Lenni has accomplished many things over the years, both in her career and in her personal life. Lenni views her highest accomplishment as being a Mother. ♦



Hollo
Staff Columnist

Meat Lover and Loving It

I have heard the debate on vegetarianism go on far too long in silence. I am finally voicing my opinions. I am not, and never plan to be a vegetarian. For one, I am far too addicted to meat, especially

red meat. The juicy stuff that bubbles throughout your mouth, cascading down your throat.

I even love the way bits of pot roast get stuck between your teeth, because they keep oozing flavor as long as they remain wedged in there. I also have an intense emotional connection to the flavor of ham. There's something about the honey-marinated animal that sends my saliva glands into overdrive and my stomach rumbling.

The second reason is, I don't want to be. As for the argument that eating flesh is immoral, I don't buy it. I see absolutely nothing wrong with eating another living thing. If eating flesh is immoral, then lions, wolves, eagles, dolphins, and thousands of other creatures are all immoral. It is a way



Wolfman
Staff Communist

of gaining sustenance. We, as humans, may consider ourselves perfect, but we are not above the food chain.

And even so, plants are living things too. The only thing that we eat that doesn't involve killing is fruit, and man can't live by fruit alone. (Yeah, I know, that was horrible. I just couldn't help it.) The truth is, that's all we have aside from synthetic foods, which, frankly, don't sound the least bit appealing to me. Your views on test tube tacos may differ. To state the facts, vegetables like potatoes, cabbages and carrots require that you rip the whole thing out of the ground to eat them. Trust me, I'm the only one in the household who does the gardening, so I know what I'm talking about.

Now, this is not to say that I'm against vegetarianism in general. I have nothing against the people who choose to be vegetarians for health reasons. I know that by eating steaks and burgers my cholesterol level is through the roof and my saturated fat intake isn't all that much better, but that's life.

Now, I hope to be getting some reaction from this, preferably not as extreme as hate mail written on paper chopped viciously off of trees or bricks made of poor defenseless mud through my window, but I hope you'll at least remember this column by the end of the day. So, in the immortal words of Forrest Gump, "That's all I have to say about that." ♦

An Orange a Day . . .



Kate Dyson
Staff Columnist

Good oranges are probably the closest things to perfection in the world. They are spherical, bright as sunshine, juicy, and have the most wonderful flavor. There have been days that I've eaten four oranges in one

sitting.

Just the other morning I ate a good orange. I had eaten a day old scone with some apple cider, but I could tell that I was missing a piece of breakfast. I walked to the kitchen and twitched my mouth in con-

templation. There was nothing in the fridge that I wanted (too early for spinach dip). I stood up and closed the door, frustrated. Then I turned and saw them, beautiful oranges, glowing from the fruit basket.

I took hold of one and peeled it all in one piece while walking back to my chair. I ate it section by section 'til it was gone. Its rainbow worthy color set the day in the right direction.

Later that afternoon I ate broccoli, an apple and some raisins, all excellent members of the fruit and vegetable family. Yet apples, broccoli and raisins can not come close to perfection. Apples remind me of doctors, raisins of spice cake and broccoli of James Bond flicks. None gives the same satisfaction, inspires the same passion, as oranges. ♦

Bond Vs. Godzilla: Where's the Cheese?

Is it just me, or was Godzilla a lot more fun when he was just a big floppy foam thing who jumped around making things blow up in sparks and smoke? Godzilla movies are fun



Aimee Gervais
Staff Columnist

mostly because of the hokey special effects and the cool dubbing. But judging by the previews for the new movie, it looks like yet another dorky Jurassic Park thing. Sure, that makes for a better movie, but does it make for a better Godzilla movie?

It's the same thing with the new James Bond movies. *Goldeneye* and *Tomorrow Never Dies* are probably considered better movies than the old ones, but where's the fun? James Bond movies were always about projectile cufflinks, short little off-screen fights, and big-busted women with highly suggestive names and IQs lower than that of the average Twinky. The new movies seem to be about political correctness and playing the "Let's-see-how-many-explosions-we-can-fit-into-a-half-an-hour-car-chase" game. They've morphed from

fun little adventure/spy flicks into just more brainless action movies.

Exactly how politically correct have they gotten? Well, compared to almost any other movie, James Bond is still highly offensive. But for him this is a dramatic change. I guess the two biggest examples are that the new M, Bond's boss, is a woman. She's pretty cool though, because she seems to be even tougher than the old M. Pretty much the first thing we see her do in *Goldeneye* is scold him. The old M did that on occasion, but he was a little more subtle.

"I really hope that incident in *Tomorrow Never Dies* is the only time we ever see him cry."

Another first is that Bond has a partner. A woman whom he doesn't hook up with until the very end of the movie. Oh, I know, I've just ruined the movie for you, but you should have guessed that even the new Bond couldn't hang out with a woman for a whole movie and not sleep with her eventually. But she had a mind of her own,

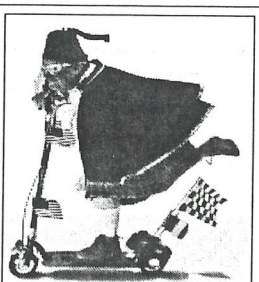
which is always good in other movies, but sort of weird for a "Bond Girl." She was Mr. Bond's equal, and you could tell that hurt his pride. Well, it's not like his ego's in any danger of deflation. But now he acts like he has... feelings or something. I really hope that one incident in *Tomorrow Never Dies* is the only time we ever see him cry.

Part of the reason Bond and Godzilla movies are so amusing is that they were meant to be taken seriously, which is nearly impossible. But that's what makes the movie fun. When these movies are updated, they lose their goofy appeal and turn into real movies with real characters. They actually draw you in instead of just giving you something to laugh at and enjoy. Usually I only like movies that make me care about what happens, but somehow 007 and that big lizard thing are different. There's something wonderful about being able to turn a movie off right in the middle and still know that everything will be fine.

So, everyone grab a vodka martini and let's toast the passing of fun movie making. I'll go put on a big foam lizard costume and jump up and down on the writers of the new generation of "blockbuster" action bores. ♦

Clinton's Done it Again!

Once again the president has been caught with his zipper down. And once again there is a big elaborate cover-up, complete with a full denial of guilt.



Terry Schanno
Staff Columnist

So, if the president was sleeping with other women what does it matter? Sure, he is the president and all, but why does the media make such a big deal? Everybody knows that if it was Jim Bob who slept with someone, it would be a non-item.

Now, don't get me wrong, I think President Clinton should be punished, but only if somebody can prove he did what he has been accused of. I've heard a lot of talk about impeaching Clinton, and frankly, I think such actions would be utterly stupid. I've heard other people say that Clinton is not doing his job right, and on this I must agree, to an extent anyway.

For example, the current "crisis" with Iraq. In my mind this should be a non-item, easily solved with a few divisions of good, old-time Marines, and a few Tomahawk missiles! But no, we have to let the poor Iraqis get away with this crap. I think if I hear anyone say the Iraqis are going through hard times, I'm going to hit them!

Now, don't get me wrong, he has done a good job of balancing the budget, of

reforming welfare, and the unemployment rate is pretty low, too. But, if we let some third world country bully us, the United States looks like a super-power with no guts. Sooner or later, other countries will try to pull some stuff, and before you know it, it's

This should be a non-item, easily solved with a few divisions of good, old-time Marines, and a few Tomahawk missiles!

back to the bad old days.

Clinton also needs to find a way to make it so people stop accusing him of things. Right from the get go, people have been calling him a draft dodging, marijuana smokin' fool. Well, if you don't like him, then why did you vote for him? ♦

Conspiracy Page

Can I Bum a Noodle Off You?

Ben Peterson
Staff Schizo

Have you ever stopped to wonder why Kraft® Cheese & Macaroni is so addicting? The truth is revealed here. Kraft® is owned by: (are you ready?) a tobacco company! (This fact is truly speculative as we could not reach the tobacco company for verification) That's right. All these years you thought you were eating harmless cheese when really, it might've been laced with nicotine. What better way to keep you addicted to a food than by lacing it with a drug? And it's not just the fact that it makes you eat more than your stomach can hold. It's the fact that, just like cigarettes, 10 minutes later you're coming back for more.

Of course, as with any addictive food, there are it's vehement opposers. These people are the only thing standing in between Kraft® and total domination. These people, these anti-cheese activists are totally repulsed by the taste of Kraft® Cheese and Macaroni. Just as there are people who cannot stand second hand smoke, if you try to feed them left over Cheese and Macaroni, they're likely to hit you. But for the rest of us, the saga continues.

I'm 17 now, and had been addicted for approximately 13 years. I've tried to quit. I've tried almost everything. I've tried cold-turkey, I've tried 12-step programs, and if they had a patch, I would've tried it. I can happily say that I am going on 8 months Kraft® free. How did I accomplish this feat you ask? Easy. You just don't go to the store with your parents. You let them go and buy the food. Because if you can't see it, you're less likely to buy it. I don't know why yet, the research department is still working on it, but people over the age of 25 don't seem to fall into the trap quite as easily. My sources tell me this may be due to the increased willpower gained through mental growth and stability.

This eight-month-free stage is tainted, however. Whenever I get hungry, Kraft® Cheese & Macaroni is one of the

food items that pops into my brain. I am probably lucky to have parents who care enough not to buy this devil's food for me. Also, whenever anybody mentions Kraft® Cheese & Macaroni, or any brand, for that matter, memories of days gone by flood my mind.

I think this craze is a dirty illegal underhanded tobacco company scheme to exert their control once again over the youth of America. I have seen this treachery and realize now this cannot be allowed to continue. It's time we rose up from this cheesy slavery. It's time we broke these pasta bonds and rebelled! Join with me now! The crow flies at midnight. ♦

Question of the Month:

If a captain goes down with her sinking ship, does a principal go down with his burning school?

If you wish to contribute your own conspiracies for the next issue of The Purple Press, simply write them down and hand them to Leo, if and when you see him.

**Guten Tag, und
grosse Kase
von
Das Purple Papier**

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Top Ten Valentine's Day Conspiracies

Leo Bickelhaupt
Staff Advisor

1. It's Student Government executing step twenty-one in its 134 step plan towards world domination.
2. It's Hallmark's opportunity to exercise its complete and utter control over America.
3. It's something implemented during the Depression to stop florists from going under.
4. Elvis
5. It's a scheme created by the Spaniards to replace the Aztec tradition of "Eat the European Day."
6. Napoleon created it to cover up his secret affair.
7. Napoleon's lover created it to flaunt their secret affair.
8. The Commies did it.
9. Used by Microsoft to sell Windows 95.
10. It discriminates against single people, they end up gorging on booze, candy, and prozac. The money from which goes straight to "The Man."

Amistad, A Slave Tale At its Finest

Ben Peterson
Staff Critic

Fingers. Fingers digging at an imbedded nail. Scratching and clawing until they are cracked, bloody, and raw. Slowly and painfully, inch by inch, the nail is worked loose from its wooden hold. Through all of this, flashes of a face filled with fear, pain, anguish, and through it all, hope and anticipation. Then the nail comes free. The man shows a faint sign of joy, which only barely manages to show through the fear. He jams the nail into the lock. His hands are free. His people's fight begins.

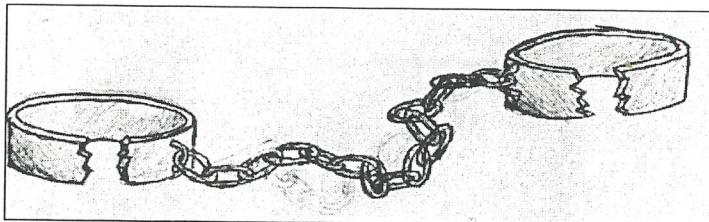
Amistad. A story of a small enslaved band's fight for freedom. The movie takes you from their escape aboard their prison ship all the way to the supreme court, where their fight has taken on an even bigger cause. The movie starts on the Cuban slave ship La Amistad, where

Cinque (Djimon Hounsou) and his band overthrow the crew, and point the ship towards home, Africa. Shortly into their voyage, however, they are boarded by a U.S. military ship, which takes all of them into custody and delivers them to the shores of Washington, D.C.

Their case catches the eye of a slave abolitionist played by Morgan Freeman. It also attracts a young lawyer, played by Matthew McConaughey, whose business is failing. This case proves to be the lawyer's last chance to repair his life. Even the President, Martin Van Buren, has an eye on the case. Not because he cares about Cinque and his band, but because he thinks he can use it as a tool for reelection. He knows that if the slaves are found innocent,

it would cause political upheaval and the starting grounds for civil war. This would ruin his chances of even hoping to be reelected.

As the case progresses, the young lawyer slowly turns the court in his favor, only to see the judge dismissed by the secretary of state, who is working towards Van Buren's reelection. The secretary then brings in a judge of his choosing, who is also swayed by the lawyer, much to the secretary's dismay. Finally, in a last-ditch effort, the Secretary convinces the President to appeal the case to the Supreme Court, where the final battle will be fought.



Amistad is a riveting tale of human morals, political power plays, and simple honest justice. The film keeps you in its grasp from start to finish, from the initial insurrection to the final closing statements.

With an elegantly written script and near perfect acting from Hounsou, Freeman, and all the other supporting roles, this is definitely one of the best movies I have seen in a while.

In A Nutshell:

What: *Amistad*

Who: Djimon Hounsou and Morgan Freeman.

Directed By: Steven Spielberg

Should you see it?: Definitely.

Rating: **** 1/2 ♦

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girls want to play, but don't want to be embarrassed by the fact that they can't play that well. This is rather silly because obviously, if you've never played 4-square before, or if you've only played it a handful of times, you're not going to be really good. That's what practice is for. The first couple times you play, you might not be the best, but after a while, you'll improve.

And last, but not least, there is the whole peer pressure issue. Maybe girls don't want to play 4-square because they don't want their friends to think they're stupid. Why? Because they choose to hit a large rubber ball around four large squares just for the hell of it, and they're embarrassed by this. Why this would be more acceptable for boys is something that doesn't really make sense to me. Perhaps it's some kind of testosterone thing, where boys have something to prove. I'm not sure.

Dr. Maura's diagnosis of why most girls don't want to play 4-square:

The reason is a combination of all of them. If you don't want to play because it's stupid, then don't. But if you're not playing because of either (or both) of the last two reasons, then you might want to try playing.

It seems strange that playing 4-square would be more acceptable to boys than girls, but that's the way it looks.

4-square imitates life in that there is a line, however faint, drawn between what girls do and what boys do. Since we're all people, why should there be such differences? I mean, obviously everyone's different, whether they're male or female, but why are there such behavioral differences between boys and girls? These differences probably stem from the fact that for the past 2000 plus years most societies, especially the best known ones, have been patriarchal, dominated by males. Sports have also been domi-

nated by males, except 'women's sports,' such as figure skating and gymnastics. You look at something that is a highly popular modern event, such as the Super Bowl, and what do you see? A sport still dominated by men. Certainly, women participate. They're called cheerleaders. Young beautiful, thin women standing on the sidelines cheering and waving pompoms. When I see women doing this, it really makes me think about how unequal things are.

Recently sports have begun to become more equal, starting with the summer Olympics a couple of years ago to the recent founding of the WNBA (Women's National Basketball Association) to the winter Olympics first female hockey team. Now, you could very easily say, 'Oh, but sports are stupid! They're all just stupid games!' and while sports in themselves may not be too important, women gaining equality, even in sports, is vital. ♦

I Bade You Farewell

Part 3: A Chilling Reminder

Rover McKlausk
Guest Novelist

The dreadful chill I had experienced did not vacate my system with the ascending sun's brilliant warmth as I had hoped. The apprehending dread, which clasped its cold, piercing talons around my head unfortunately discontinued sleep and, after approximately 130 hours of sleep deprived vigilance, I was forced to confide with her what I had seen.

We perched ourselves at the heavily knotted, water stained oak table in our dank, odor-ridden kitchen. I was silent for the first few moments, my ability to speak had become greatly diminished as I had developed a mostly numb state of consciousness. Slowly I began my story, pausing often to look up at her but each time turning my gaze downwards like a broken man. As I informed her of my odious visionary encounter with Bade, her tender gaze dissolved into a pale, unblinking stare. I could feel her dark eyes probing into my own bloodshot eyes in contempt and fright. She abruptly began to complain of a cramping pressure building quickly into an unendurable flare of agony in her chest. Heaving and coughing, she fell from her dull tinted stool onto the kitchen floor and refrained from movement. I began to panic, rushing hysterically between the telephone and my wife.

I dialed the operator and was connected with the paramedics. Throughout the conversation, my wife writhed slowly on the floor. Her glazed eyes locked with mine. Slowly she outstretched her arm to me. I strained against the telephone's cord, not wanting to apply enough pressure for the cord to snap. Desperately I stretched my hand towards her, falling short by a few inches.

The medics informed me that they were on their way to my home. I promptly dropped the phone and clasped my wife's clammy hand in mine. As I knelt above her, her breathing slowed, then stopped. My eyelids were lined with a row of tears which felt as if they weighed thousands of pounds, helping to draw me further into depression. Her eyelids closed, fluttered, then were still.

Vainly I attempted to restore her through mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. I breathed deeply into her lungs, hoping they

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would continue to function. Her body did not respond, but I kept doing my best, trying to bring her from the edge of death and into life again.

I breathed, listened, breathed, listened, but nothing responded. I quickly pinched her nose shut and clasped my mouth around hers. I pushed air deeply into her, then withdrew as she began to cough and swallow large amounts of air.

"Are you okay?" I said, choking back tears of happiness.

"Yes. Come here," she replied, and gestured for me to come to where she lay on the floor.

Her hands gently touched my wet face and began to draw it close to her slowly. The skin that touched my face felt wrong, deathly cold. I pulled back from her grasp and stared deep into her eyes. They were the same eyes, but what lurked behind them was not. The room seemed to drop rapidly in temperature. The sweat on my arms froze, quickly harvesting another batch of goose bumps to spread around my skin. Dark gray clouds began to run over the eyes of my wife. Terror soaked into me, like a sponge mopping up a spill. I sprang backwards in fright. It looked exactly like my wife as it leaned towards me and stood. Everything in perfect condition but the eyes which had been glossed over by the dark swirls of Bade.

"Oh my darling, won't you come here?" It called with arms stretched devilishly towards me. The grin plastered to its face spread even wider. A line of drool began to run over at the corners. "Please honey, just one kiss."

"Leave me alone!" I howled as I huddled in the corner of the kitchen. Cowering and moaning like a child I covered my eyes. "Go away!"

"Oh no, we made an agreement, you can't refuse my gift, you missed that opportunity." I could hear it coming closer, always talking until I could feel its cold, rancid breath brush against my ears as it uttered its parting phrase. "We agreed, remember that. You accepted this, my present to you."

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and I shoveled until the court was clean. When we finished, we tactfully took our place at the front of the line, despite some very put-out ELCers . . .

What I'm trying to say is that there needs to be a 12-step program or something like that for 4-Square addicts. I can just imagine it: First step, gradually reduce the time spent on the court each day. Second step, try not to eat lunch in Thematic Journeys so you can play 4-Square during lunch time. Third step, get out of the game more often, and try not to jump anyone who gets you out. Fourth step, okay, we know you didn't mean to do serious damage to that stupid little ignorant fool's skull who got you out. But, please, try not to do that any more.

And so on. That would really be helpful. I mean, that way Leo wouldn't get mad at me for eating during Thematic Journeys, and I could at least get some food during lunch, so my dad wouldn't get mad at me for not eating my lunch at all. Yeah, it would be better for almost everybody if I stopped being addicted to 4-Square, but for now, I think that I will just go outside and play. ♦

*We, The Purple Press
Staff, would like to wish
LENNI AUGUSTINE a
very Happy Birthday!!
Lenni celebrated her birth-
day on February 10. We
love ya Lenni!! You are
the heart and soul of
Open!*

