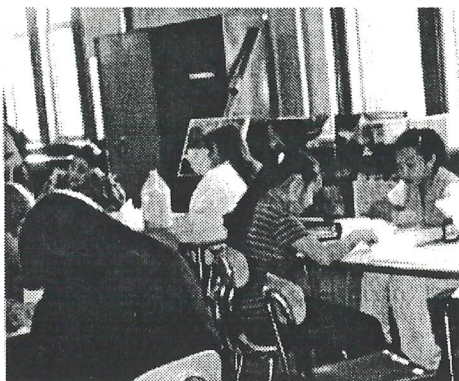




Bye-Bye Open Studio

Maura Shramko and Anna Karl, Staff Reporters

Elizabeth Lehman, who has been teaching art at Open School for six years, has decided not to offer Open Studio next trimester. Open Studio is a curriculum that allows students to work on whatever they want to, encouraging creativity. Instead of offering Open Studio, she will be offering Drawing/Painting and Clay.

There are two major factors in her decision not to offer Open Studio. First, Lehman feels there are so many things that she needs to teach to help students understand art. She said she finds it difficult to teach all of her Open Studio students different things at the same time.

"I can't teach all of these different things at once," Lehman said.

She also spoke of possibly offering a class for advanced students who have completed all required assignments, and have a pretty good understanding of art, which would be essentially Open Studio.

The second factor in these changes are the new minnesota graduation requirements. These new requirements include competency tests, which begin at 8th grade. They also include

STANDARDS continued on page 6

OM Coach Shortage

John Grotenhuis, Staff Reporter

Two long time Odyssey of the Mind (OM) coaches' decision not to coach a team this year will affect Open School's OM Program, but it does not necessarily mean that there will be a coaching shortage for the 97-98 season, according to past and present coaches.

Julie Doble and Chris Wintheiser have both decided not to coach this year. Meanwhile Jesse Buetow, an Open School graduate and teacher's aide, has decided to give coaching a try. Jeff Parker, a new staff member, may also be coaching a team. Other coaches back from last year include: Rick Olson, Fawn Tran, Susanne Hollingsworth, Greg Adams, and Jenny Eisele.

Chris Wintheiser, who has coached OM for the last two years, said that the main factor in his decision was time. Chris has a seven-week-old baby, is working on software for year-end summaries and needs to finish his masters thesis by spring.

Julie Doble, an OM veteran of seven years, said that her decision making process was similar "I would like to see what it would be like to be home before five thirty on a regular basis," said Doble. Both Julie and Chris said that they were planning to be back at it come next year.

"We'll miss them," commented

Greg Adams. He also said that individual coaches usually develop a following of people who really look forward to being on their teams from year to year. "I was planning to try out for a team this year, but when I found out Julie wasn't coaching, I decided not to," commented Ben Petersen, a 10th grader who has been on one of Doble's teams before. Other students were disappointed as well, but have found that there are other options, such as taking a year off or trying a new coach.

Jesse, who graduated from Open in 1995, has decided to coach for the first time because he was asked and because he also enjoyed participating on Julie's OM teams when he attended Open. He said it would be a "fun thing to try out."

Will all students interested in OM find a place on a team this year? The short answer is no, but this is not really a new thing and does not mean that we need to find more coaches. In the past some sort of tryouts were pretty typical to get a spot on many of Open School's teams because not all students have the time, energy, creativity and commitment that is required to be part of a team. Tryouts are aimed at finding students who possess these qualities.

Welcome to the new Purple Press!

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Sam Wintheiser
September 9, 1997

Congratulations, Chris & Kris!
from *The Purple Press*

Snack Machines

James Trebesch, Staff Reporter

It does not appear that we will get a snack machine at Open School.

The Purple Press interviewed Midge Sockel, food service supervisor, and Ruth Pechman, principal, about the possibility of getting a snack machine. The opposition to having a snack machine was strong. Ruth says that we have to support Midge and Alice Mayer, food servicestaff, who get paid more if they sell more stuff. For example, if Midge sells a bag of chips, the district pays her for selling it.

"Let's face it, Cheetos are more healthy than anything they give us," 9th grader Andrew Erickson said sarcastically.

"[A snack machine] would bring increased revenue to the school," said eleventh grader Ehren Stemme. Seven out of the eight students interviewed said that they did want a snack machine.



Florida Marlins: 1997 World Series Champions

The Florida Marlins, in only their 5th year of existence, won the seventh and decisive game of the 1997 World Series on an RBI single by Edgar Renteria in the bottom of the 11th inning to score Craig Counsel, who hit a sacrifice fly to score the tying run in the 9th. With the win, the Fish became the youngest team to win the pennant and manager Jim Leyland finally got his ring after 34 years as a manager and three trips to the NLCS.

— Ehren Stemme

Star Trek Rumors

Terry Schanno, Staff Reporter

Seventh season? No. Paramount has announced that they aren't going to renew the contract for *Deep Space Nine* (DS9). That means the current season, DS9's sixth, is the last. When asked how he felt about the cancellation of DS9, Mark Dyson, an Open School seventh grader, said, "It [expletive] sucks!" Rumors of why the show is going to be canceled abound. The rumor that Colm Meaney hadn't shown up for the taping of the sixth season is, as far as I can tell, no good.

Fifth series? Nothing official yet, but it looks like there might be one.

Some rumors about the new show include: it will follow the journeys of Sulu on the *Excelsior* (more like wishful thinking by someone), it will be from the perspective a different race (rumors are the Jem Hadar) instead of the Federation. This means that everything would be on a Jem Hadar ship, and Jem Hadar characters, with Federation guest appearances; or that the Jem Hadar should somehow be important to it.

Ninth movie? Yes, but nothing much on this yet. It looks like it will be directed by Jonathan Frakes, possibly titled *Nemesis*. But again, that isn't official. Look for more in the next issue.



Will the next movie involve Captain Picard and Q?



Features

The Wizard of Oz: Cast Overcomes Adversity

Ben Peterson, Staff Reporter

Barely two months into production, this year's school play, The Wizard of Oz, has already withstood its fair share of trouble.

Dara Sanders-Dokas, after completing the auditions and casting all the parts, was absent for two weeks due to illness brought on by her pregnancy. Vaughn Koenig, a former drama teacher of Open School, was present for a few days. Unfortunately, she also fell ill, and the spot was passed from substitute to substitute again.

The lack of continuity in substitutes not only made it difficult to rehearse, but the technical side of the play has suffered as well. Without Dara present, no technical work could be done.

While Dara's absence has been a problem, some positive things have come

out of the situation as well. It helped the cast members bond more quickly, which led to cast members focusing on participation. It also helped cast members take on leadership roles so that work could continue. Pat Zemke, a 12th grade student and cast member, said, "[Dara's absence] was a pain in the butt, but we got it taken care of. But it was all cool because we got work done on our own, 'n' stuff."

"I think the class is great," Dara said in an interview, pointing out her pride in the work the cast has accomplished on their own. She commented that this is the most cohesive group she has ever worked with at this school, "I'm really proud of them," she said several times.

The cast has been very focused and cooperative with Dara back, and morale is high all around. The play,

compared to last year, is actually running ahead of schedule; however, The Wizard of Oz is a bigger show with more work to do. The show is still planning to run on schedule, according to Teol Knight, who is the lead in this year's play.

Overall, the early difficulties seem to be offset by the commitment of the cast, and the extra effort to cover for Dara's absence. Dara expects the play to be a full quality production, as long as the cast continues the level of commitment and responsibility it has exhibited so far. Optimism remains high, and the general consensus is that the play will happen. John Grotenhuis, one of the behind-the-scenes technicians, put it best when he said, "Where there's a will, there's a way."

Senior Profile: Mike Pettey

Matt Haug, Staff Reporter

What are your plans for after High School?

I'm planning on going into the Marine Corps for four years and then going into construction.

Favorite foods?

I like pizza and meatball subs from Subway.

What classes did you enjoy the most?

Gym, because I got to play sports. Math, too, because I am good at it.

What is your best memory of High School?

My best time was my junior year because I made new friends and started making money.

What will you miss most about High School?

I will miss all of my friends the most.

Best thing about Open School?

The best thing is the freedom we get, like choosing classes and SDL.

How long have you been going to Open School?

I have been here since kindergarten.

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

I would have worked harder, earlier on, so that I didn't have as much to do my Senior year.

If you could invite two famous people to dinner, who would they be?

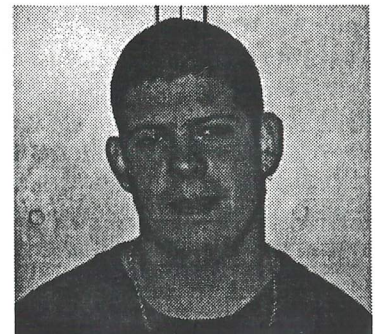
I would invite Steve Young and Jerry Rice, because they are my favorite players, and I could get autographed stuff

What is the hardest validation you have ever done? Why?

Science and Technology, because you have to take a lot of science classes and you have to write a lot.

Who has been the biggest influence in your life? Why?

I don't think that any one person has been an influence in my life.



Editorials

Media Circus: A Death Gone Commercial

My baby brother, Austin, was born on August 30, 1997. Unfortunately, I will remember this date for another ridiculous reason. You see, a Famous Person passed away that afternoon. But it wasn't an ordinary death. This Famous Person died in a car crash. (By now you should have a reasonable idea of who it was.)



Here are the details: A professional driver, who has consumed roughly a third of eastern Europe's hard-liquor allocation, is hired to drive a Mercedes containing Diana, Princess of Wales, her boyfriend, and her bodyguard from an upscale Paris restaurant to a major hotel. Along the way, the evil paparazzi group springs up, forcing the driver to speed up. As they rocket into a tunnel, the totally-wasted driver slams into the median and bounces off the right-hand wall. Everyone in the vehicle, which was traveling an estimated 160 mph at the time of impact, is killed except for the bodyguard.

A big event to be sure, and the news crews sure treated it like one. At midnight the same day I settled down to watch Saturday Night Live and what did I find? Every network affiliate in town, even UPN, had some sort of news broadcast going. Cable TV, which prides itself on its variety, was no help either. Of the 10 news channels I get via the Dish Network, only Court TV wasn't broadcasting some weird report saying repeatedly that England's Rose was killed in a so-called tragic car crash while fleeing the Evil Newspeople. The coverage lasted for over a week, burying Mother Teresa's death behind it.

This is only one example of the ludicrous world that is the United States media. This isn't an isolated incident either. Other examples include the O.J. Simpson trial, Andrew Cunanan's murder spree, the Frank Gifford scandal and the

Mike Tyson biting incident. They all are products of a media epidemic, one I like to call the "We'll Give You Total Coverage On A Subject You're Fairly Indifferent About So You'll Get Sick of Hearing About It And We'll Grab The Ratings" epidemic or The long process of WGYTCOASYFIASYGSHAIWGT. This involves: 1) The major cable news channels infiltrate the local TV and leave you with nothing to watch except coverage of a single event; 2) The said coverage is then picked up about 12 hours



1962 - 1997
So What?

later by the network flagships on the East Coast (West Coast for Fox); 3) The networks come up with their own broadcasts, regurgitating all the same crap you've been spoon-fed for the past 12 hours; 4) All the network newsmagazines such as 20/20 and NBC Dateline bring you special reports and the morning news shows devote an entire day to the coverage of the said event. This can happen anywhere from 24 to 72 hours after it has taken place; 5) The other "news" shows, like American Journal and Hard Copy, develop "conspiracy theories" about what happened, such as when 2Pac's bullet-riddled body was laid to rest just over a year ago. They rely on half-truths and, sometimes, downright lies when concocting these theories. These usually pop up three days after the event has taken place and usually stop two weeks later,

although they can continue for years; 6) The news reporters finally get tired of reporting the same damn thing over and over and over. Sometimes even over and over and over and over...

Huge media events are hell for journalists and newscasters. It's sort of like being Bill Murray in the movie "Groundhog Day." You get up one morning and report, "Jimmy Jones shot himself in the head. And coming up in Sports, the Twins continue their losing streak." The next day: "Jimmy Jones shot himself in the head. And coming up in Sports, the Twins continue their losing streak." The day after: "Jimmy Jones shot himself in the head. And coming up in Sports, the Twins continue their losing streak." The day after: "Jimmy Jones..." Well, you get the idea.

This isn't all bad. People do have the right to be able to be updated on the story as it progresses. However, the media gets the idea that since we're paying attention to the story, if they put more of that certain story in and less of the rest, they can gain a better stranglehold on Joe I-Want-The-News. Sometimes they do. Many people are stupid enough to read and watch whatever the news guys want you to. But then there are the rest of us. We can only hear so much of a story before we get so disgusted with the whole thing we want to sit down and write newspaper editorials about this disturbing trend in American news reporting.

I, for one, am tired of all this. Although I might be part of the problem instead of the solution, I would like to say that I will assault anyone that attempts to repeatedly update a story that really doesn't deserve that much attention. And while Hulk Hogan dies during WrestleMania 10, I will be in my room getting sick.

**Hi! From the staff of
*The Purple Press***

Three Weeks to Bitter Cynicism

This summer I was lucky enough to be selected to travel to Europe on the People to People Student Ambassador Program, or so I'm told.



*Wolfman
Staff Columnist*

It was the dream vacation. Tour cities like London, Paris, Cologne, Amsterdam. Meet people. Everyday people and heads-of-state. Eat fine local cuisine at small family-owned cafes that had been around for centuries. See dozens of ancient castles and cathedrals. Gain overwhelming amounts of knowledge about the culture and history. To be selected from all your peers as representatives of your home, town, and country. That's what it was supposed to be.

I found out I was going in November. Now, I'm not easily excited, but when the thrill died out only a week after knowing, and never came back, that was sad. Starting in January, every month there was an orientation meeting, which was supposed to contain vital information about the trip. Information like, which country are we going to first? It took us until early May to learn the schedule (we left in mid-June) only to find that the schedule was prone to change, and thus useless anyway. In any case, these meetings consisted of two hours each of "icebreakers." It was a waste of time, because the few names you learned from the last meeting, you forgot by the time the next one came along. So instead of forgetting it altogether, we spent two hours a month learning names we'd forgotten and would forget again. The small bits of information we did get were pointless. It was stuff like, don't jump up and down while taking pictures, and make sure your suitcase is shut before loading it on the plane.

Now since I live in South Saint Paul, I was with the South Metro delegation. That meant I was going with high schoolers from Chaska, Burnsville, and yes, Sibley. Now being around all these suburbanians made me feel a little cocky. Just looking at the obvious preppies made all my anti-conformist instincts kick in. Instincts that had remained dormant since my years at Ramsey. Now when the

delegation leaders were talking about how we each had to write a journal entry for the group, and it had to be perfectly legible, it was all I could do to keep myself from passionately arguing that the idea was an infringement of our freedom of expression, and that if we defined journaling as stream of consciousness, we were not journaling at all, but merely taking dictation. If you knew how much of a representation of supremacy these leaders were, you would know how fun it would be to completely tear down their every word in front of a group of wealthy suburban kids who were brought up to view teachers as deities as opposed to people.

We left on June 21, and although I was subtly smirking at the whole group, I knew I was going to get as much out of this trip as I had hoped. My prophecy went unfulfilled. There was never a moment I was allowed to soak in the sights, sounds, or aromas of the places we went. Every tour was guided. I hate guided tours. Every meal was planned. I can choose for myself, thank you. Not to mention that I eat more ethnic food when I eat at home. I've never had so much baked chicken in my life.

My original perception of the group as a whole turned out to be wrong. That was both good and bad. On the upside, there were a few people who were intelligent and cynical like myself. On the downside, there were a few people who, surprisingly, were allowed to come along. People with nothing to contribute to the trip, forget getting anything out of it. People who make you wonder at the integrity of the supposedly wonderful selection process that screens out potential candidates. People with no personality.

Soon, the agonizingly long bus rides, mixed with the annoyance at the people around me, mixed with the disappointment of learning that a visit constitutes the bus slowing down so you can get a picture of the outside of the building which probably won't show up due to the glare off the windows. Even if it did turn out, the entire function and interest of the place is inside. Something that you sort of miss going by at 35 miles per hour, it begins to make you a bit bitter and cynical. Not to mention sarcastic.

And then we come to the home stays. Four days to stay with a family in

Holland and experience their life as it really is. I had a lovely family, a lovely home, in a lovely town, but we didn't do anything. For those few days, I watched more television than I've ever watched before. Suddenly, I became very interested in cricket, a sport which, to this day, I have no clue how to play. I released my tension by cheering on Team Australia, which was looking very good this year. To my disappointment, I never found out who won the World Championships.

Overall, the trip went . . . the trip went. It's best that I leave it at that. Near the end, I decided it was best that I enjoyed my last few days and came back with at least a few good memories. However, I was still my old self as I desperately resisted asking a member of the British Parliament if he thought the European Union was merely a tool for Helmut Kohl to do what Hitler couldn't. After the realization that I should enjoy myself, the trip went smoothly. Before I knew it, I was home, and it was time to write journals to all the people who gave money to support my venture.

Oh, yeah. I promised to do that. After a week of procrastinating, I wrote the journal with all the bitter cynicism I had gained during my three-week, \$4000 excursion. That was fine for my personal version, but I apparently can't tell of all the dull, mindless things that happened. I can't explain that we only went to a museum to eat lunch, and forgot the vouchers, so we were forced to eat at McDonald's. I can't say that we found our bus driver getting dead drunk the night before we made the long trip to Paris. And I can't say that we had a conversation with a shady, marijuana-smoking character in the aforementioned McDonald's.

All this has made me the most bitter and cynical I have ever been in my whole life. Thank you and good night.



**Got a comment? Let us know!
Write *The Purple Press* editors
and drop it off in room 311.**

Artistic Hairballs

Shannon Scott, Syndicated Columnist

Two months ago, I won free tickets to the Broadway musical, *Rent*. You see, this college radio station was having an essay contest. "Why are the arts important to have in public schools?" was the theme. I'm not a big fan of musicals, but when the radio station called and told me I'd won tickets, I ran around the house shouting "I am a good writer," until my cat got so nervous she coughed up a hairball.

Because I'm a strong believer in recycling old material, and because I'm fresh out of fresh ideas, what follows is the artistic hairball which won me the tickets.

When I attended Catholic grade school, I was the kind of art student whose work was placed in front of the classroom as an example of what happens when you use too much glue. I broke my macrame



Shannon Scott
Staff Columnist

hard noodle necklaces. My self portraits all looked like endangered species. And my finger paintings mysteriously disappeared into the teachers' lounge on Parents' Night.

During my formative years I grew accustomed to the sound of my mother creeping downstairs at midnight to rearrange the ornaments on the Christmas tree. I pretended not to notice when she "fixed" my Easter eggs. If it hadn't been for the nurturing environment of a government-funded public school, I never would have realized that my art sucked.

After three years of watching truly talented kids making their art projects, I opted for a new program within the arts system, dramatic theatre. That's right, I joined the drama club. And if it hadn't been for that fainting spell on opening night, I might have been the next Glenn Close.

One year after my opening night humiliation, which was recorded in our school's yearbook, I decided to find a new outlet for my creativity. In an attempt to avoid the D.A.R.E. program, I signed up

for band. I couldn't read notes, but I didn't think it would matter much. Following my trip to the emergency room as a result of inhaling the mouthpiece on a trumpet, I was handed a violin. Then the violin was quickly taken away and I was handed a tambourine. The music teacher said I had a natural gift for rhythm that was being wasted on brass, wood, and string instruments.

The moral of this essay is that my arts education has enriched my life and the lives of the people around me. Wait, that doesn't make sense. Maybe the moral is that art is an individual journey and Easter eggs are stupid. No, that's not right either. The truth is if it hadn't been for all those failed creative attempts I never would have found my one true love - chocolate. No, no, I mean writing. The only thing I can do that doesn't involve flammable substances or cause hearing loss.

Now if you don't mind, I'm going to go and practice on my combustible drum set.

STANDARDS from page 1

graduation requirements very similar to our validation system, which the state calls the "profile of learning". The new graduation standards, which come into effect this year are, according to Open School principal Ruth Pechmann, making "what we do here seem acceptable, more correct," because other schools will become more like Open.

"The state is making other schools more like Open School, rather than making Open School more like other schools," said Jenny Eisele, ELC teacher, regarding similar changes in the state-wide elementary curriculum, which will take effect in the future.

These changes will probably affect other schools far more acutely than they will affect Open School. So far, the most that Open School students have been affected by these graduation standards is during art, in which students from last year will recognize a shocking difference: required assignments. Instead of being free to do whatever they want, students are

required to do assignments weekly in order to pass the class. These assignments are meant to ensure that students really understand art, and are not just doing expressive art. They're meant to influence students to not just do art, but really comprehend exactly what they're doing, from techniques to vocabulary. None the less, they may be a bad sign.

"The grad standards are good, it's the way they're being enforced that's bad. They're being used as a tool to turn us into a traditional school," said 11th grader, Ben Peterson.

Students' reactions to these changes in the curriculum have been mixed. Some students have liked them because they help them to better understand art. Others have not liked them at all because they felt that their freedom is being taken away.

"Student skills will get better, faster by learning these things," Elizabeth said, "It's scarier for people because it feels like more of a change than it actually

is."

According to Lehman, parents have been positive in every case, telling her not to "wimp out."

When asked about the new grad standards, Lehman said, "I like them. I think they're good because they touch on various areas of art, plus it also makes art a subject that people will value in terms of it being as important as Math, or English or any other academic subject.

"(The graduation requirements) are going to affect Open School in that we're going to get better."

But, are these graduation standards a good thing or a bad thing?

Said Eisele: "It depends on how much they enforce that. I mean, we have a lot of freedom right now, but if they say you have to teach this curriculum, then every school's gonna be the same, and there won't be a magnet school. So it's up to the parents, and the students, and the teachers, to make sure that doesn't happen."

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Helpful Hints for European Travel

Wolfman
Staff Columnist

A few things I learned while in Western Europe: (Some of them I learned the hard way.)

- England is like Arizona, it essentially switches time zones when it converts between Daylight Savings and Standard time.
- Surprisingly, it's actually easier to go through European customs than U.S. customs, it's just more tedious in Europe.
- Plan a trip for when the weather here is horrible, because it's almost always mild over there.
- Spotted dick is really just a funny way of saying cake and ice cream.
- If you rent a car, chances are that it's a stick shift.
- Rain is common, but it never lasts more than half an hour and then it's sunny again.
- Keep in mind that what you're spending is real money. You can, and will, get ripped off.
- When in Paris, don't pay fifty francs for a cheap caricature. Look for the guy who will do a quality portrait for just about as much.
- Undercooked bacon is inevitable, the fattier, the better.
- Yes, you can get Belgian waffles in Belgium.
- When in Brussels, prepare to see thousands of references to the statue of a pissing boy.
- Fanta and Lilt are local soft drinks and are sort of like Fresca.
- Don't be surprised to spend two U.S. dollars on a 12-oz can of pop.



Saving My Butt

Have you ever not done your work and then not been able to make a deadline? We all have at one point or another. But this time it's going to be a little different for me, because I'm writing a column to save my butt.

As you can probably tell, this column doesn't make a lot of sense, yet. Well, that's because I'm just rambling on about nothing. And that leads me to the point of this column, procrastination.

Procrastination, a very horrible affliction that afflicts every, oh say, 11 out of 10 people. It's a very bad thing. I mean it's a very, very, very bad thing, but it happens. Some of the symptoms of procrastination are putting things off to the last minute and putting things off to the last minute. So as I've just stated, the symptoms cover a wide spectrum.

On a more personal note, I have two examples of how I recently procrastinated. While writing this column I started fading off into other regions of the computer to pick and prod as I can only do when I have something better to do. I also started listening to see if anyone in the lab needed my help with something. Hey, what can I say? Procrastination comes easy for me.

For some people, procrastination is easy. To others, it is the hardest thing to achieve. Take the example of Betty Von Bachenstinerdiablo, she was running late for a deadline on her newspaper article, yet she still could find time to watch *The Love Boat* and *The Waltons*. And for the other type of people, take Betty Von Bachenstinerdiablo, she had a deadline for a newspaper article, but she couldn't find time to watch those horrible TV shows previously mentioned. Maybe it's genetic?

If you have the disease, don't despair. You can be treated. All it takes is you getting up and doing your work. Yes, it's that simple. Remember that the next time you're sitting in your comfy armchair with your bowl of popcorn and a TV guide... Or I'll nock yo teeth out the next time I'm, well you know the line...



Hollo
Staff Columnist

Open School's 1997

AUCTION!

Date: December 13, 1997

Time: 4:00 to 7:00 PM CST

Location: St. Paul Open School

90 Western Ave. S 55102

***Be there or . . . well,
just be there!***