

The Minaret

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Binge drinking kills Louisiana State freshman

By JOE LAWLER
Staff Writer

Drinking on college campuses is a widely known, and often accepted, fact. Students, whether new to campus or returning, throw wild parties celebrating another school year.

The nation was faced with yet another reminder of the consequences of binge drinking when one Louisiana State University student died and three others were hospitalized on Tuesday, August 26th.

The deceased student was later identified as Benjamin Wynne, 20, of Covington, Louisiana. Two others were treated and released from the hospital that same day. A third was kept overnight. An autopsy revealed that Wynne's blood alcohol content was 0.588, almost six times Louisiana's legal limit.

The death and hospitalizations occurred on LSU's bid day, when new students were asked to join fraternities and sororities. After responding to an emergency call, paramedics found Wynne and several others unconscious on a fraternity house floor. The students were rushed to the hospital, where



File Photo- The Minaret

Students from many local colleges congregate in Ybor City to do their drinking

Wynne was pronounced dead. No charges have yet been filed, but local and campus police are still investigating. Since it is believed that Wynne was drinking underage at a bar before the party, charges may also be filed against that establishment.

The house belonged to the

Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity, which has been suspended by the national chapter. The fraternity must stop all pledge activities until the national chapter has completed its own investigation. Louisiana State's policy bans alcohol at student functions, but universities often have little control over

what students do.

The week before Wynne's death, the *Princeton Review* published a guide that listed the top party schools in the United States. Louisiana State was in the top ten. Heavy drinking has long been routine at LSU.

This trend that has been on the

rise in recent years. Harvard University recently released a report showing that nearly half of the nation's college students consider themselves binge drinkers, consuming more the five drinks in a row. Many of those surveyed claimed to normally consume even more than that amount. The majority of students who claimed this were also in fraternities and sororities.

Alcohol poisoning is not to be taken lightly. It needs to be treated with immediate medical attention. Without it, death is a likely consequence. A person might pass out and choke on their own vomit or go into shock and suffer heart failure.

There are several organizations on campus dedicated to educating students on the effects of alcohol. BACCHUS, GAMMA and Community Development Team members are all involved in such programs. They sponsor theme weeks, such as the upcoming National Collegiate Alcohol Awareness Week and several others throughout the year. Students can also discuss any problems in the Career and Counseling Center.

Thousands protest Affirmative Action ban

By COLLEEN DE BAISE
College Press Service

Thousands of protesters marched across the Golden Gate Bridge as California's affirmative action ban, Proposition 209, became law Aug. 28.

Students, laborers, retirees and families walked four and five abreast on the bridge's sidewalk and some chanted "We Shall Overcome" to protest what they view as the start of resegregation in California's public colleges and work places.

The protest was dubbed the "Save the Dream" march because it coincided with the 34th anniversary of Martin

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Net addiction strikes college students

By COLLEEN DE BAISE
College Press Service

Diane Kerwin, a University of Chicago sophomore, used to spend 40 hours a week on the Internet, surfing or "chatting" with friends. But the Net began to interfere with her normal life, so now, she says, she's cut back.

To 35 hours.

"My boyfriend dumped me because I spent too much time online, but he was a loser anyway," Kerwin, 22, said. "It hurt a lot, so I cut down." Kerwin admits that she is not like other college students who dial up the Net to research a paper, check football scores or read a horoscope. Like an increasing number of computer users, she spends hours prowling the Internet and compulsively checking her electronic mail.

"It's like an addiction for me, like booze or drugs for other people," she said.

In fact, the obsession some college students have for the Net can spark mood swings, tear apart personal lives and disrupt studies,

similar to drug and alcohol abuse, according to psychologists.

In a study of 277 college students, three out of four said their use of the Internet upset various activities of daily life. As a group, college students—who at many campuses have free access to the Net—are considered to be at high risk for Internet abuse, according to Janet Morahan-Martin, a Bryant College psychology professor who conducted the study.

Students were considered "pathological addictive" if they admitted to four or more symptoms indicating abuse. "Compared to others, pathological users scored significantly higher (on a loneliness scale), were more likely to go online to relax, talk to others with similar interests, meet new people and for support," she said.

She also found that many Net addicts report that it's easier to open up and meet people online.

Edwin Colon, 21, a University of Chicago junior, admits that's why he enjoys chatting on the Net. He spends about 40 hours a week online.

"I express myself better



Katie Nguyen — The Minaret

UT students search the Internet in their computer class.

online," he said. "I feel like the constraints of the keys allows me more freedom."

"Also, 'I can talk to my friends in my underwear, and not be embarrassed,'" he said.

But too much time spent on

the Net can hurt attention to studies. Kimberly S. Young, a University of Pittsburgh psychologist, says some college students spend so much time on the Internet that

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ACCENT



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Win by showing your
Spartan spirit!
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The most important rite of passage: responsibility

EDITORIAL

The dangers of drinking have been preached since anyone can remember. Everyone has seen the "Don't Drink and Drive" ads and the "Friends don't let friends drive drunk" spots. Dramatic shows such as *NYPD Blue* and *Party of Five* have tackled the alcohol issue along with popular sitcoms like *Cheers*, *Murphy Brown* and even *Friends*. The movie of the week has taken shots at fraternity drunkenness and publicized Alcoholics Anonymous. Someone in your high-school did the monologue "Daddy Drinks Too Much" and you probably knew someone who died because of alcohol.

Television and movies, book and plays have pummeled the message into every man, woman and child. No one can escape or hide from the slogans plastering billboards; and everyone sees those crosses along the highway. They are supposed to serve as reminders. They quite often serve as landmarks. Popular culture has made the world immune to these stories. The plot folds out in front of you, perhaps you even cry, the lights come up and you leave the movie behind. You get in your car and go home to your own lives. In life, unlike the movies, there are many things you cannot leave behind.

Twenty year-old fraternity pledge Benjamin Wynne celebrated his Sigma Alpha Epsilon bid at Louisiana State University by getting drunk and passing out on the floor of the fraternity house. Wynne's blood alcohol content was six times above the legal limit. Three students celebrating with him at an off-campus party and bar were hospitalized. Benjamin wasn't as lucky. After consuming an estimated 24 drinks in one sitting, an act referred to as binge drinking, Wynne died.

In American culture, getting drunk for the first time is a rite of passage. Local bars have "College Night" and students often come to morning classes hung-over. Students boast about how they can "hold their liquor" and laugh at the students who dance on tables and get sick. West Virginia University, where according to one student "Drinking is a way of life," was recently named the top party school, but partying can be seen at any college. And so can binge drinking.

There are many organizations that advocate responsible drinking. Student Government has tried in the past to begin an Alert Cab program, but misunderstandings and miscommunications caused it to fall through. BACCHUS has given out keychains with cab phone numbers and a place for a quarter, but most students carry them around empty.

Responsible drinking is something that students often pay lip-service to, but lip-service is not enough. Take your life into your own hands. Grow up. Be responsible for yourself.



MOM, DAD, YOU'LL BE GLAD TO KNOW I'VE GIVEN UP CIGARETTES...

Student relates personal experience to Di's death

COLUMN

This summer I was in a fairly serious car accident. I broke some bones, totaled my car, lost a great deal of time and money

at work and had a horrific backache for quite a while. The accident was not my fault, some woman decided to turn left whether I was in the intersection or not, and wham-o, personal catastrophe. I had to spend a lot of

time on the phone with insurance people telling them what happened and how I was. And many of my plans for the summer had to be cancelled. Busted backs do not lend themselves to throw-up rides and roller coasters very well.

My friends were all very concerned about my personal wellbeing and often stopped by my home to see if I needed anything. I appreciated their compassion, but mostly I wanted to be left alone. My car had been murdered and I needed some time to mourn, not to mention my painkillers likened my mental facilities to those of a turnip. I was in no condition for intelligent conversation.

Time passed by and eventually I healed and returned to school, Shangri-La that it is, to find that someone blew up the Res Com parking lot and planted lights next to the volleyball courts. Many new changes, however, essentially things have stayed the same. My friends are still here, I still have to go to class and the weekends are still a blur.

Then all of a sudden late one night, another car accident takes place. This one unfortunately kills all but one of the occupants, and makes the international news.

Princess Di is dead.

She was running from the hit men hired by some big name international criminals who receive most of their funding from the United States. These hit men had been paid a great deal of money to pursue Diana and photograph only the most intimate details of her personal life. The fact that she had done a great deal for many charitable orga-

nizations meant nothing to the heartless creatures who financially support these monsters. Monsters who go by names like *The Globe*, *The Sun* and *The Enquirer*. These people only want the dirt on Diana for no reason that I can see.

I have always questioned the intelligence of someone who would be so fascinated by someone's sex life that they would actually pay hundreds of dollars a year to see pictures of them in the act. It is a question of personal responsibility; the reason Diana's face was plastered everywhere was there were enough wackos out there that wanted to see it. People so fascinated by this woman and her personal affairs have basically said, "Yes! Take my money and show me more personal photos of this woman. Nothing in my life is as interesting as what she did last night, or had for breakfast today." It was these choices made by the American tabloid audience that called for those photographers to chase her that night and it was those dollars that put the film in their cameras.

Princess Diana was made famous by marriage, infamous by infidelity and a real person by her death. Only now are these porno freaks acknowledging the fact that Diana has done more with her life. Only after her death is she being viewed as a person named Diana, who has two sons and a family who loves her, and not as Lady Di.

My roommate has aggravated a small part of the campus community with his callous attitude towards this woman's death. But I feel he has every right to be callous. I wonder how many of the people who are so moved by her death feel any responsibility. We all watched the programs, some of us bought the magazines. In doing so we told the media it was okay to hound this woman about her personal life and virtually ignore the more positive aspects of her existence.

Mother Teresa has passed as well. However, due to lack of marketable kinky photos, rumors and innuendo, news coverage has been considerably less than Diana's.

Two boys lost their mother last week. They are now in mourning. The American tabloid audience has lost a past-time. They are now mourning. And the tabloid monsters have lost an incredible cash cow, and despite anything they say... I'll bet they're mourning that too.



By
JOHN
BERGLOWE

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Letters...

to the editor must be typed, double-spaced and contain a maximum of 250 words.

Please submit letters to *The Minaret* office (Student Union, Room 4), by email to "TheMinaret@aol.com" or to UT Box 2757 by 2 p.m. Monday to appear in Friday's issue.

Letters must be signed and include an address and telephone number where the writer may be contacted regarding editing.

Editors must check letters for libel and space considerations. Names will be withheld at the writer's request.

Quote of the Week

"Joe Kennedy has pulled out of the [governor's] race. He said he's annulling his candidacy."

— Bill Maher on *Politically Incorrect*

Commuter orientation spawns frustration for new students

COLUMN

I arrived on campus for the scheduled Check-In for the commuter students on August 27 shortly before eight a.m. I thought that this would be no problem because several items had been sent to me over the summer laying out all of the orientation activities. I checked in and headed over to the Student



By
KATIE
CHAMBERS

Union for the Orientation Team meeting which started at nine in the Commuter Lounge. I observed that approximately half the students are, I'm guessing, right out of high school and first time college students and the other half are much like me, between 25 and 35 and are transfer students. I didn't think much of the age difference at the time, figuring we all had two things in common: we all commute, and we all work. I hoped the Orientation Team Leaders (O.T.s) would cover some of the activities and clubs for us.

To pass the time, I began looking at the schedule given at Check-In and made note of the required New Student programs marked with a star. My O.T.s arrived and started their introductions. Then we played a little game of "Go find the sign with the location where you live and stay there." I think to myself, "This is not college, this is KINDERGARTEN!!" It was at this point I began to feel old. I realize everyone needs to get in touch with their "inner child," but this is ridiculous! Then two of the team leaders informed us that they live on campus. My brain again is telling me that we have a small problem.

As they began to tell us about some of the activities, functions, and clubs on campus, I began to think, "What is available to us commuters?" and "What do these people

know about them since they live ON campus?" As I thought this, someone else piped up and asked. The O.Team leaders fumbled amongst themselves and gave a half-hearted answer that boiled down to "I don't know." I later found out from another source that there IS a commuter club.

One team leader had left to get balloons. I turned to the guy next to me and said, "Uh oh!" He smiled in concurrence. Once people started to filter out I wondered if they had been thinking what I was thinking. The team leader came back and announced we were going to count off by sixes. By this time, Guy and I were talking about bolting. It was getting too "Nursery School" for my taste. The count got about halfway around the room and I said to Guy, "Let's go! Apparently, they are thinking we've never done college before." I was feeling ancient at this point.

Before parting ways with Guy I asked if he'd received the necessary pink slip in the mail. He told me that they'd lost his and he had to get a copy from the Bursar's office. I thought it possible that this had also happened with mine considering I had not yet received it. I went to the Bursar's office and discovered that they had lost my pink slip.

I was then given a new copy. I went to get my student ID and they took my newly received copy. I thought this was right. I was ignorant to the fact that the form was necessary to get a parking permit. I had only been told that I needed my vehicle registration and photo ID. I opted to then get my books before the lines got too long. I got my books and left for work.

Noting that there were new student required meetings on Thursday as well, I ran

to the school late due to the fact that I had to work an early shift Thursday morning. I missed the second Team meeting, but had enough time to get my parking permit before the "New Student Convocation". This is when I discovered that I needed my pink slip. I tried to explain that the other people took it when I had gotten my student ID. I was told that I would need either that or my class schedule. Otherwise, I would need to go back to the Bursar's office and get yet another copy. Of course, that meant standing in line again.

Fortunately, after much searching, I found my class schedule in my car.

I double checked my orientation schedule for the location of the convocation.

It was in Falk Theatre. No problem, right? I got out my only campus map (the parking map) and discovered Falk Theatre was not on it. I checked the handy-dandy directory in Plant Hall. Again, it was not there. You all are probably thinking, "What an idiot! I would have asked someone." I had gone to the information desk to ask, no one was there. I looked around for someone that looked like faculty or a returning student, but all I saw were very concerned parents. I assumed that they knew about as much as I did—nothing. Another day of my orientation got blown off.

I am now in the process of trying to find out what activities there are for the goofy commuter schedule that won't make me feel like I have flunked Kindergarten. I, like everyone else, want to get my two hundred dollars worth of activities, but at the moment all I have to show for it is my student ID and my parking permit.

Do you
have some-
thing to say
and no one
to say it to?
Put it in
print!

Join the
staff of
The Minaret.

CALL
x3335
FOR
MORE
INFO.

Parents suffer from separation anxiety

COLUMN

Have you already acclimated yourself to this lovely if slightly harrowing thing called college? More importantly, have you figured out how to get to Ybor yet? Well, good for you! Kudos. Please grunt hi to me when you stumble into the dorm at three in the morning, convinced that you can make it to your eight o'clock class.

I, too, am faring well, making all the adjustments, although I have yet to dip into the festering cesspool of sin that is Ybor City. Maybe during finals.

But no matter how well you or I are doing, the transition from high school to college is hard for others, namely parents. This is what you have to go through: cramming your existence into easily transported boxes and suitcases, saying goodbye to friends and loved ones, leaving behind everything you've ever known—and that's only half the fun. After you get to the school, you have to find new radio stations, new stores, new friends—all sorts of things that you must unavoidably and tearfully abandon when you leave for the summer. Thus, the angst-ridden cycle keeps a' churnin'.

However, while you are busy with your new life, your parents, your family in general, are still stuck in their old one, only now

they have to go through the motions without your glowing presence.

Example: Like I said, I'm doing just fine. Angst is my thing, baby! But my mother is really having a hard time with the



whole thing. I'm the oldest child, the first monkey to break out of the zoo. Mom and I are pretty close, so not only is she losing a daughter, but she's also losing a friend, a

confidante... a dishwasher. Indeed, she's losing a whole household maintenance crew.

She tries to keep herself busy, to ease the pain of my absence, by sewing. The day I moved into the residence hall, she bulldozed inside with Martha Stewart intensity, determined to make throw pillows, curtains, anything to create a homey atmosphere for me. She measured everything from the walls to the windows to my roommates.

"I'll make you girls some matching outfits," she chirped, wielding the tape measure like a whip. "It'll be cute."

Then she hefted a glue gun out of her purse.

"What's that for?" I asked edgily, glancing frantically towards my father, who was dozing in my squeaky desk chair, unable to tackle Mom if need be.

Her eyes watered, "I'm going to reattach the umbilical cord so you can never leave me."

The fear that shot through my body, fizzling in my brain before shooting into my bowels, I can't even describe it. I could just see us, my mom and I, stuck together for all eternity, bouncing off each other's bellies like yo-yos... I shuddered.

She smiled menacingly and reached for me, "Honey!"

My eyes popped wide open and I gasped, stepping back. *Good Lord! She's a raving lunatic! She's on crack! She's actually going to do it, she's deathly serious!*

"You didn't think I was serious, did you?" She plunked the gun back into her purse and grabbed me. "Oh, Kitty," she whimpered her pet name for me, "I'mmonnamissu!"

I rolled my eyes at her melodramatics, but obligingly put my arms around her, "I'm going to miss you too, Mom."

I caught sight of my brother out the corner of my eye. He was making stabbing motions into his chest and pointing at Mom. I stifled a giggle.

"At least you still have Kevin," I said. She pulled away and stared at him. Then, slowly, she smiled, "Yes..." Her smile grew, "Yes, I do, don't I?" She patted her purse.

I could hear Kevin's bowels wail in terror. The sound woke my father up. I just laughed, because that's why I love college. I am free! But don't forget that the people you had to leave behind are still shackled to their routines. Write them a letter, shoot some e-mail their way-heck, you can even call 'em up because they'll be so desperate to hear your voice, they might not even care if you called collect. (Operative word here being "might") Don't delay! It doesn't take much time or effort. Just don't call after those educational field trips to Ybor, okay?

Ban, from page 1

Dream" speech in Washington.

"The nation cannot stand by," said Rev. Jesse Jackson, who led the march, "while California in the '90s becomes Mississippi in the '50s. Just as President Lyndon Johnson and the rest of the nation took bold action to stop segregation in Alabama and Mississippi, so too must national, political and moral leaders act decisively to block the forces of resegregation in California.

"The affirmative action ban takes effect next year in undergraduate admissions at the University of California. Already, minority enrollments have plummeted at UC gradu-

ate schools, which ended race and gender preferences this year.

UC-Berkeley reported the sharpest decline. Only one black student, Eric Brooks, of Bloomington, Ind., enrolled this year in the Boalt Hall law school.

Last year, the school admitted 75 black students and enrolled 20. Following the end of affirmative action, Boalt accepted only 14 black students this fall. None chose to attend. Brooks was admitted last year but deferred admission.

"Much of the reason why I decided to become a lawyer was to effect change in our society and fight for those things in which I believe," Brooks said. "I believe that by attending Boalt this fall, I have

been given a unique opportunity to work to make needed changes and improvements for future students of color here at Berkeley."

Some of the other black students chose not to attend because they had better offers from other universities or worried they would not be welcome, the university said.

Gov. Pete Wilson, who supported the end of affirmative action, told reporters that the drop in minority enrollment would correct itself over time.

"There's no question about it," he said. "What we will see is high achievers in every ethnic group will display their abilities."

After the march, he defended

Proposition 209 on ABC's Nightline: "209 did the right thing. 209 does not eliminate vigorous enforcement against discrimination. Preferences . . . are a cop-out."

Backers of the controversial new law argue that Proposition 209 actually bans discrimination. The law says the state can't discriminate against or give preferential treatment to anyone on the basis of sex or gender.

Proposition 209, which was approved by voters last fall, was tied up in the courts until late August, when a federal-appeals court refused to block enforcement while opponents pursued an appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court.

On Aug. 29, a coalition of civil rights groups and San Francisco city officials filed an emergency request with the Supreme Court to block enforcement of the anti-affirmative action measure.

The groups said Californians would suffer irreparable harm because Proposition 209 denies them the right "to seek aid from the government on equal terms with other citizens."

The Supreme Court is not expected to act on formal challenges to the new law until it begins its new term in October.

By JOANNE BEN
Staff Writer

On June 4, at 3 am, after a completion of a check of Plant Hall, a UTCS officer discovered three males running from the Scarfone Gallery's south wall. The males were running at the intersection of North B St. On the departure from the gallery they jumped into a silver gray compact car and sped away before the license plate number could be identified by the UTCS officer. A check of the area revealed a large blue inscription of the word "ANN" and other graffiti painted in blue on the exterior wall of the gallery. No other damages were detected at that time. A work order was submitted to have the graffiti removed.

On June 20, at 2:37 pm, a UTCS officer was called to the American Language Academy to make a theft report. Upon arrival the officer met with the victim, who stated that a bicycle had been



stolen. According to the victim, the bicycle was parked in front of

American Language Academy Building from 11 am to 12 noon. The victim stated that the bicycle had been parked without a lock. The victim was also unable to give any information concerning the

make and model of the bicycle, but did tell the officer that it was green and white with hand brakes and six gears. The victim also stated that paper work detailing the purchasing of the bicycle had been thrown away. According to the victim the bicycle was two weeks old and worth about \$130. The victim was advised to contact The Tampa Police Department, and to contact UTCS if any information concerning the purchasing of the bicycle was recovered. There are no known suspects or witnesses at this time.

On June 22, at 3:05 pm, A

telephone call was received by UTCS from a Student reporting someone suspicious outside the first-floor recreational room of McKay Hall West. Upon UTCS arrival at the scene, the suspect was seen bend over a red men's diamond-black mountain-bike which was chained to a stair railing. There was an apparent attempt to remove the chain used to secure the bike to the railing. The suspect was patted down and found to be in possession of a pair of wire cutters, in the front right pocket of the suspect's pants. The Tampa Police Department was notified and so was the owner of the bicycle and the witness. The victim reported that the bike was worth about \$400, and had given no one permission to use it. The suspect was arrested and charged with burglary, grand theft and possession of burglary tools. The suspect was also given a trespassing warning stating that the suspect is not permitted to return on UT grounds. A photo ID of the suspect was also taken by UTCS.

On July 22, at 9:34 pm, a call was received from someone in McKay reporting theft. The caller, who was visiting a friend, stated that between 3:15 and 8:30 pm money and credit cards were stolen from their room in McKay. During the time of the theft both the caller and the caller's friend were out of the room, and it was not locked. The caller was out and the caller's friend was at work. Upon returning, the caller noticed credit cards and money missing. Items belonging to the caller found missing were \$70 to \$80 in cash, Amex Card, Visa Gold, Discover Card. Stolen from the caller's friend was \$300 to \$400 in cash. A UTCS officer reported that the southwest fire door for the east wing was being held open by a trash can. The trash can was removed.

If you notice any suspicious activity on campus contact UTCS at Ext.3333

Internet, from page 1

they flunk out of school.

Such obsessive behavior should be viewed by the mental health community as seriously as alcohol or drug use, says Young, who conducted a three-year study on Net addiction.

Obsessive Internet users, or "dependents," stay online for hours each day and often create new personalities for themselves in chat rooms, she said. Over the course of her study, she identified 396 "dependents" and found that 42 percent were unemployed college students or homemakers.

The "dependents" said they enjoy fantasy games similar to Dungeons and Dragons, where they can interact with people like themselves. They spend an average of 38 hours online each week, compared to eight hours a week reported by avid, but not addicted, computer users.

"When asked about the main attractions of using these direct dialogue features," said Young, "86 percent reported anonymity, 63 percent accessibility, 58 security and 37 percent ease of use."

Other users report that they like to "transform" and take on a new identity when they're in a chat room. Bonnie Mathis, a University of Chicago sophomore, says she creates a new personality for herself about once a week.

"It allows me to experiment and change myself," she said. "It can go scary, with all the stories you hear, but nothing can go wrong if you are smart."

A number of well-publicized cases have spelled out all too

clearly what can go wrong.

Earlier this year, a Barnard College student accused her cybersex pen pal of sodomy and torture. The alleged 20-hour ordeal happened when they finally met face-to-face, after weeks of exchanging messages over the Internet.

The man, Oliver Jovanovic, a Columbia University doctoral candidate, has been charged with kidnapping, assault and sexual abuse.

The woman is now suing to keep her e-mail correspondences—in which they discussed sadomasochistic experiences—from being entered into court.

"My e-mail discussions are private...adventures in which I push myself to think...to work out troubling philosophical problems," she wrote in an affidavit. "To have something that personal just handed over to the man that raped me...is like ripping something out of my soul."

Young found that for many users, chat room relationships answer "a deep and compelling need in people whose real lives are interpersonally impoverished."

The psychologist found her research subjects by sending a query out on the Internet. "Dependents" met certain criteria, including: a preoccupation with the Internet; inability to control use; and restlessness, irritability or other withdrawal symptoms when trying to cut back use.

Research subjects also said they had jeopardized relationships, jobs and other opportunities for the Net.

The Minaret staff wishes full and speedy recoveries to Prof. Bill McReynolds and Marie Gillen

Get moving!



*Audition for the
Fall Student Dance Happening
Saturday, September
20 at 10 a.m. in the
UT Dance Studio.
Be there!*

In the Special Summer Edition *Minaret* article, "D.E.N. provides an outlet for UT's movers and shakers," a photograph of students rehearsing for the Fall Dance Happening was mistakenly credited to Shannon Whitaker. The photo was taken by *Minaret* staff writer Selina Roman. *The Minaret* apologizes for the error.

DiFranco lyrics bold, 'poetry in motion'

Punk-folk singer slowly develops own audience

By EILEEN ELDER
Staff Writer

Arriving at Montage Mountain, in Scranton, Pa., the tickets for the Bob Dylan concert said "Field seats." Three days earlier I discovered Ani DiFranco opened for Dylan, and I immediately rushed out to purchase any ticket still available.

As a new-found fan of Ani (pronounced Ahh-nee), I did not know exactly what to expect out of a live performance. What I heard at the concert changed me from an occasional listener into an admiring devotee.

Her charming, bubbly personality immediately shined, as she introduced herself in between giggles.

She ripped into her acoustic guitar, with an intensity that instantly took control of the audience. Ani mastered keeping her voice and guitar at the same dynamic level during repeated crescendos.

Joined only by a drummer and a bass guitar player, Ani played with the force of a one woman punk band. Her music often falls

under the label of punk-folk, but it deserves a larger scope of identification.

Poetry in motion. The lyrics touched me deep inside, covering me with goose bumps. In the song "Gravel," she describes one of her past destructive relationships. In Ani's words:

*Let me count the ways I
abhor you
You were never a good lay
And you were never a good
friend
But what can I say?
I adore you*

Her style progressed into a confessional, occasionally profane moment of fiery aggression, then dramatically softened. With a voice that rocked the boat one minute and the cradle the next, DiFranco sounded like no other. Her explosive lyrics hit hard yet once again in "Shameless," with a similar theme to that of "Gravel."

Her songs do extend beyond the scope of relationships. Ani touches on amusing tales from her many days on the road. She also reminisces her troubling moments while growing up.

The brutal honesty of her lyrics

stunned the audience more than a few times. Using her music as a release, she confessed, complained and commented on a variety of common issues. Ani tapped into ideas most of us only think about and sang boldly without reserve.

When no one was interested

gan offering to make her a star, she declined.

Ani slowly built an audience through friends telling friends, and a relentless performing schedule.

The uniqueness of her music appeals to a limited number of individuals, but the number grows

CONCERT REVIEW

As the *Los Angeles Times* put it, "pointed but not confrontational, personally detailed but not confessional; women-oriented but not us-against-them.... Ani continues to give 'the best live show this year.'"

Some more lines from DiFranco's song "Shameless":

*I cannot name this
I cannot explain this
And I really don't want to
Just call me shameless*

*I can't even slow this down
Let alone stop this
If I had any sense
I guess I'd fear this
I guess I'd keep it down
so no one would hear this*

*I guess I'd shut my mouth
and rethink a minute
But I can't shut it now
'Cause there's something in it*

I guess I better shut my mouth
and rethink a minute
But I can't shut it now
'cause there's something in it.

—Ani DiFranco

in DiFranco's music as a precocious teen, she formed her own company, Righteous Babe Records, to manufacture and help distribute it.

The 26 year old Buffalo, N.Y., native sold more than 500,000 albums, a stunning number for a do-it-yourself organization.

When record companies be-

larger every day. A majority of these fans are women in touch with Ani's spunky, feminist attitude.

Ani DiFranco may or may not grab your soul, but if you haven't yet heard her music, it is time to give her a listen. Her latest album, entitled "Living in Clip," is a live two-CD collection and is available in most music stores.

Special effects not enough to salvage *Mimic*

By SEAN BERRY
Staff Writer

What do you get when you cross *Aliens* with *Joe's Apartment*?

The answer is *Mimic*, the latest science fiction thriller from the director Guillermo Del Toro. *Mimic* combines a good cast with a typical science fiction plot to create a mediocre movie experience.

The movie stars Mira Sorvino (*Romy and Michelle's High School Reunion*) as Dr. Susan Tyler, a scientist who genetically engineers a special breed of cockroaches to combat a deadly disease that is killing the city's children.

The purpose of these roaches is to kill normal cockroaches, which carry and spread the disease.

After six months they should have died, but unknowingly to Tyler, some manage to survive. Three years go by and Strickler's disease no longer exists. Now everything is perfect. Well, not quite. Unfortunately, these roaches not only survived, they mutated. They changed their DNA to match that of their predators.



Photo Courtesy of Dimention Films

Jeremy Northan and Mira Sorvino are shown here in one of *Mimic*'s many anti-clamactic scenes.

tors. The bad news is that man appears to be their main predator. *Mimic*'s special effects are the best part of the movie. The roaches look realistic and they interact well with the live actors. They acted even better than the live actors.

I had a hard time believing people can act so calm when they are up against six foot cockroaches. Mira Sorvino's performance was believable, but again the hysteria was not present when it should have been.

The suspense factor is also another plus for *Mimic*. There were lots of dark, dead-quiet scenes. The kind where you know something is going to happen, but you do not know when. In the sewer, where a large part of the movie takes place, Tyler's husband (Jeremy Northan) his assistant Josh (Josh Brolin), and a subway cop (Charles S. Dutton) are trying to find evidence of the surviving insects. It's here they encounter feces stuck to the wall, and

other remnants of the advancing bug.

While looking around, Leonard (the cop) and Dr. Man (the husband) fall down into the level without a way back. Now Josh has to go and get help while they look around for another exit. The movie is so predictable at times it makes you sick. It is obvious what is going to happen to the guy who has to go get help. People who stray from groups in horror flicks always meet some untimely end.

Another annoyance is how everyone seemed to magically meet up at the end. Dr. Tyler, who was lost in the sewers, somehow met up with her husband, the cop, and a shoe polisher.

When they all get together, the action really starts. They all wind



MOVIE REVIEW

up shackled in an abandoned train, and the cop sustained a really nasty wound from one of the creatures.

Mass hysteria breaks out because the insects can smell the blood. Now the group must think and work together to escape alive.

The movie ends with a slight twist. Nobody comes

skipping out of the sewers, but the conflict just happens to resolve itself in a big explosion.

If you're bored, give *Mimic* a look. You won't be missing anything if you don't see it.

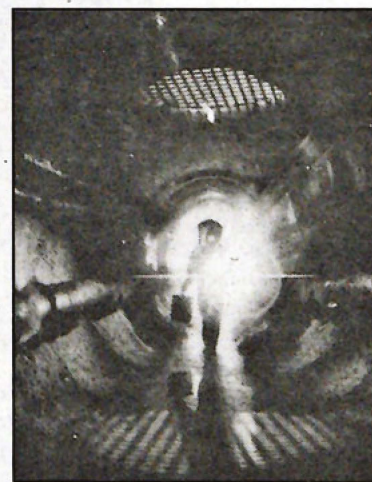


Photo Courtesy of Dimention Films

Mira Sorvino walking through sewer in search of mutated cockroaches.

*Eat your big
inflatable
gorillas!*

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Cliché ridden novel marks first for *Sleepers'* author

APACHES

By Lorenzo Carcaterra
Ballantine Books. 336 pp. \$25.

Reviewed by
ANDY SOLOMON

Controversy surrounded Lorenzo Carcaterra's 1995 allegedly non-fiction memoir *Sleepers*, and took another swirl last year when the film version appeared. Disclaimers at the film's end by New York's Dept. of Corrections and the Manhattan District Attorney's office raised suspicion that the only real crime in the film was its bombastic voice over narration.

Wardens and bishops denied the likelihood of reformatory rapes and priestly perjury. Carcaterra stuck by his story.

Artistically, the argument seems barely worth making. As Frank Lloyd Wright said, "The truth is more important than the facts."

Whatever the facts, Carcaterra convinced us that some incarcerated boys endure far more anguish than they'd ever intended to inflict, and that their lives can be destroyed rather than corrected.

Now, Carcaterra moves from memoir to pulp noir, working in a hackneyed but ever-appealing format: the all-star team of good guys assembled to battle evil.

Nothing about his first novel

Apaches purports to be factual. Everything about it cries out "Made for Cable TV Movie."

The names the jacket flap orders us to remember are Boomer, Dead-Eye, Pins, Geronimo, Reverend Jim and Mrs. Columbo. Each was a New York cop. Each was among the best. By the early 1980s, each suffered some career-ending wound that stole the meaning from their lives. To them, "A life void of action was a death sen-

Carcaterra, though, is more intent on showing that Boomer and Dead-Eye have saved their own lives.

Boomer assembles all the "cripples" like himself at his neighborhood pub, Nunzio's, run by Nunzio Goldman, the mob-connected friend with a heart of roughly 10-karat gold. We've seen this assemblage before—from *The Seven Samurai* to *The Iliad*—but this time think of it as

he was set afire on a stake-out.

Their mission, should the reader decide to accept it: bring down Lucia Carney.

She's the 38 year-old beauty who rose above an impoverished childhood and pre-teen work in the family prostitution business to become one of the largest cocaine smugglers in the world: "She had a knack for the drug business... a ruthlessness that was often necessary in the powder game."

We're talking no garden-variety ruthlessness here. Lucia's method of smuggling? She finds teen runaways, has her crew get them pregnant, takes the babies, fattens them for six months, then kills them. The tiny corpses, sliced open and packed with cocaine, are then flown around the country by young "mules" masquerading as mothers of unusually sound-sleeping infants. The children fly back filled with money.

A bit much, but Carcaterra does suit the action to the word, the word to the action. Like his plot, his prose has all the subtlety of a George Foreman right cross. He's made the common mistake of thinking that by his third book he should sound like a "writer." He does. He sounds like Raymond Chandler with a migraine: "Lucia Carney was sitting on the crest of a six-hundred-million-dollar mountaintop and had come too far over too many long nights to let

BOOK REVIEW



anybody throw her off."

He likes to end most scenes with a Sgt. Joe Friday coda:

"You and your partner did save her life. Don't let that get lost in all of this."

"Maybe so... but we did make one mistake. One very big mistake."

"Which was?"...

"We brought him in alive."

But what do we expect when two of the book's heroes take their names from t.v. shows and tough cops answer "I just hear a threat?" with "It's no threat. It's a promise?" Someday, when people say some story uses every cliché in the book, this may be the book they have in mind.

Yet, despite its triteness, *Apaches*, like *Sleepers*, showcases Carcaterra's ability to create chillingly evil characters and a world horrifying in its depravity.

Miles Davis once said of musicians, "Sometimes you have to play a long time before you can sound like yourself." Writers too. When Carcaterra does that, he has some gifts that may show to advantage.

Andy Solomon is a UT professor of English.

Everything about it cries out "Made for Cable TV Movie."

tence.... The red gauge on their adrenaline tanks was brushing on empty."

But in 1982, when 12 year-old Jennifer Santori is kidnapped in front of New York's Port of Authority terminal and her father comes for help to Giovanni "Boomer" Frontieri, these walking disability pensions can return to life.

Boomer calls ex-partner Davis "Dead-Eye" Winthrop, and the two ex-cops track down Jennifer just in time to save her life, not in time to prevent her repeated rape and savage beating.

NYPD Bruised.

In addition to Boomer, who'd been slashed, shot and flung down three flights of stairs, and Dead-Eye, shot in an elevator in the leg, chest and both arms, there's "Pins" Ryan, the electronics whiz who took four mistaken bullets from a jealous husband; "Geronimo" Lopez, munitions expert who'd dived onto a grenade; Mary Silvestri, a.k.a. Mrs. Columbo, the homicide sleuth who'd been stabbed in the lung and stomach; and "Reverend Jim" Scarponi, junkie turned undercover cop, who left the force after

Student actor stars in musical, *Stepping Out*

By SHAWNA GALLAGHER
Staff Writer

Jenny Bowman, a 23 year old junior, exemplifies the high-caliber student you expect to discover at a private liberal arts college.

Besides majoring in English/secondary education, Bowman boasts over 13 years of professional acting experience both locally and in North Carolina.

She began her journey toward thespian stardom when she played in *Oliver* at the age of 10 at UT's Falk Theater.

Since then, her career has moved forward and upward as she starred in such works as *The Diary of Anne Frank* as Anne, *Steel Magnolias* as the crusty old Wousier, and *Bye Bye Birdie*.

Presently, Bowman stars along with the troupe The Village Players as Sylvia in Richard Harris' new comedic musical *Stepping Out*. Sylvia is rambunctious, flirtatious, bold and brassy. *Stepping Out* opens today and runs Saturday, Sept. 13 at 8:15 p.m. and Sunday, Sept. 14 with a matinee showing of 4 p.m.

It will also show the following weekend, Friday, Sept. 19 and Saturday, Sept. 20, both at 8:15 p.m. Located at Valrico



Photo courtesy of Jenny Bowman

Junior Jenny Bowman stars in *Stepping Out*, now playing at the Valrico Civic Theater. The musical will run through Sat. Sept. 20.

Civic Center 20 minutes from campus, students are able to enjoy a top quality production featuring one of UT's very own for a nominal fee. Ticket prices are \$7 for students and \$8 for adults.

As for what her future may yield, Bowman states, "Whatever God has for me."

"I hope that [my future] does include theater, ultimately getting my degree in English and teaching drama and speech in local high schools."

No small dreams for this Third World countries.

Ounces amount to nothing

By KATHERINE RAMIREZ
Staff Writer

I had a feeling this was a bad idea.

I don't often get the chance to be music critic, so, when asked, I jumped at the chance. Yet, just as I was "jumping in," the invisible music midget that sits on my shoulder guiding me through my every musical decision, began screaming in my ear, "Are you crazy?!?" he said. "They are going to give you a really bad CD to review... please, DON'T DO IT!!!" Being the stubborn soon-to-be 19-year-old that I am, I eagerly took the CD home.

I should have listened to the midget.

It is *Big Notebook for Easy Piano* by Fluid Ounces, one of those unknown groups that I can only assume are hoping for their big break. Well, I wouldn't hold my breath because, when I first listened to it, it was bad. It isn't something that will cause sensation among masses.

The album is mostly piano based, but it certainly has a share of drums, guitars, etc. Its vocals are by no means captivating, but it is definitely worth a listen for its song lyrics, which are far more interesting than anything else on the album. The song titles suggest the kind of material meant for Beck or Green Day fans.

Don't be fooled. The style



Photo courtesy of Spongebath Records

The four Ounces make their way into the college music scene.

isn't the same, and all of you expecting something like that may turn off your radio in disappointment. The lyrics, however, grabbed my attention. I remember getting out of the shower and sud-

MUSIC REVIEW

denly stopping in my tracks as I heard "Record Stack", one of the many tracks in the CD. The music style might turn you off, but keep your ears tuned for some really good lyrics.

Now, I have to confess that I had to listen to this CD more than

three times in order to really get into it. Even then, I forced myself to stay awake through the entire CD. Pathetic, I know, but justifiable. The first time I heard it, I hated it. I love the piano under normal circumstances, but this, for some reason, annoyed me.

The second time, I started noticing some things that I hadn't noticed before, and, quite frankly, I started to get into it. I love music and I listen to all kinds of music, so it is very easy for me to at least try and be objective

about a new band's sound. I wasn't immediately drawn to it, but I found that, the more I listened to it, the more I found myself liking it.

I began to actually listen to the lyrics, I actually paid attention to the instruments, and eventually I was somewhat convinced of Fluid Ounces' potential as a band. So it actually grows on you after a little while. Whether that's a good thing or a bad thing is entirely up to you.

I am warning you, this is not a revolutionary album. It will NOT change the face of music as we know it and, unless you are willing to invest time into listening to this CD more than three times, then I really don't think Fluid Ounces is the group for you.

Trivia Question:

What actor has played two famous, dead rock stars and in what movies did he play them?

Send answers to Box 2757

Spartan Volleyball ranked No. 1 in nation

By JULIE K. TREMMEL
Sports Editor

The University of Tampa volleyball team is 7-0, placing them in the No. 1 slot in the nation.

Spartan fans are growing increasingly excited as they watch the UT volleyball team make school history.

It is a landmark moment for UT because it is the first time in UT history that a women's team has been ranked first in the nation for NCAA athletics.

So far, the Lady Spartans have defeated seven teams: North Dakota State, Nebraska-Kearney, Colorado Christian, Nebraska-Omaha, Mankato State, Univ. of North Dakota, and Grand Canyon University.

Although the team has yet to compete in any SSC games,

they enter their conference schedule with the confidence of having seven wins at this early point in the season.

The team expects to continue the streak once they reach their conference schedule.

UT volleyball returned this season with four starters including juniors Dawn Rawlins and Anna Kaloujskikh, who are both Second Team All-Americans.

Last semester Rawlins also earned the title of SSC Scholastic Athlete of The Year.

"Because we are number one right now we are the ones that everyone is looking to beat," sophomore setter Danielle Faggion said of their 7-0 record.

"Now we have to focus on one game at a time, so we don't look too far into the future expecting to beat every team. We have been on the road for a while,"

Faggion said. "So we're looking forward to a home game."

Also starting on the defending champion UT team are senior middle hitter Melissa Serio and junior outside hitter Hillary Epling.

They are joined by freshman starter and All State Nebraska player Kam Gillespi.

Already Gillespi is proving to be an asset to the Spartan line-up. She leads the team in attacks (230) and kills (96). Kaloujskikh, UT's Russian star, is second for the Spartans in attacks (222).

Rawlins is next on the team for kills with 82 and Kaloujskikh trails not far behind her teammate with the third highest number of kills on the team with 81.

The team will play its first home game against Nova Southeastern on Saturday, Sept. 20 at 7 p.m.



Photo by Julie K. Tremmel

Sophomore Becky Hart jumps for the ball as teammates Dawn Rawlins (junior) and Danielle Faggion (sophomore) get ready to back her up. They are members of the first women's team in UT history to be ranked first in the nation.

UT Spartans demolish Webber Warriors 8 - 2

By JULIE GALINDO &
JULIE K. TREMMEL
Sports Correspondents

The crowd at Pepin Rood Stadium last Tuesday night was anxious, their hearts racing, anticipating the beginning of the second UT soccer game of the season. By the time their pulses grew quiet, the Spartans had defeated the Webber College Warriors 8-2.

Anders Paulsson, usually on the midfield, was moved up to the front line Tuesday to try his foot at goal scoring. In a successful first attempt at UT offense, Paulsson scored three of the night's eight goals, giving him the hat trick in addition to assisting on three goals.

Forward Henrik Nebrelius, a senior, and Paulsson's roommate of four years, contributed heavily to the Spartan win by



Photo by Julie K. Tremmel

Junior Defenseman Brian Alvero battles with Webber forward.

scoring two goals both of which were assisted by Paulsson. The two ferocious Spartan friends teamed up against Webber, proving to be too strong for the Warriors to hold back.

Also scoring for UT were Mike DeGenova, Gib Dennis and Dexter Rouse, each scoring one goal.

Halfway through the game, UT Coach Keith Fulk took out five varsity upperclassman starters and replaced them with five freshmen to determine the strength and weaknesses of this year's upcoming team.

"This was an excellent opportunity to see what the freshman could do," Fulk said. "There are

three or four freshmen who can make a real impact on our season and now I have seen them in a game situation.

"This time of the year is always rough because the weather is so hot and humid," Fulk added. "I don't know if you have noticed but I have been taking the forwards out every 20 minutes to give them a water break. With this

weather, it really is necessary.

"Our goal for the night had been to score at least ten goals and we fell short of that, but we'll just have to push harder next time," Fulk said.

Although the score hadn't been as high as Coach Fulk had hoped, the Spartans were still able to finish the game with a six point spread over Webber.



Photo by Julie K. Tremmel

Sophomore defenseman Lee Pearson passes the ball to a teammate as he is quickly approached by a Webber Warrior.

GOOOOAL!!!!



Photo by Julie K. Tremmel

A sweaty Anders Paulsson pauses on the sideline for a water break after scoring three goals and making three assists in Tuesday night's game against Webber.

Contest motivates Spartan spirit

By JOANNE BEN
Staff Writer

The University of Tampa's Athletic Department is currently sponsoring the Spartan Attendance Contest.

Every student has been issued a wallet sized card that is to be stamped at each game attended.

Once the card has 16 stamps, the students will be eligible to win free pizzas and be entered in a drawing for \$1,000.

When a participant reaches the 16 stamp mark, that contestant can trade in the card for a gift certificate for a large pizza at Spiro's

ABC Pizza.

All completed cards will be kept for the \$1,000 drawing to be held on May 2, 1998.

Students will have to present their UT ID at soccer, volleyball, men and women's basketball, baseball and softball games to receive attendance stamps.

The stamps will be placed on a contest card, which must have a clear print of the contestant's name, with each person receiving one stamp per event.

The following games will be considered double stamp games. Fri., Sept. 9, soccer, Sat., Sept. 20, volleyball, Tue., Nov. 25,

women's and men's basketball (possible 4 stamps), Sun., March 1, baseball.

Student athletes are also eligible for this contest, but will not be receiving stamps for any events they participating in.

Cards will not be stamped at the gate, but sometime during the game.

Event-goers are asked to listen to an announcement for that time. Cards will not be stamped prior to, or after the official stamping time has passed.

For more information about the Spartan Attendance Contest call ext. 6241.

Sports Writers Wanted!!

The Minaret is looking for people interested in writing about and taking photos of sporting events.

Please call Julie (Sports Editor) if interested.
x7723

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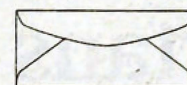
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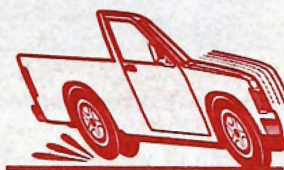


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