

CLOCKWORK

UNION COLLEGE'S STUDENT NEWSMAGAZINE

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Paul Welch

Project Impact Facts

For the past three years, UC students have played hooky to help the needy. Here are the statistics:

1992-1993: First official Project Impact, over 200 volunteers, 11 agencies, 1200 hours.

1993-1994: Over 250 volunteers, 14 agencies, 1750 hours.

1994-1995: Over 250 volunteers, 21 agencies, 1530 hours.



Paul Welch

Barrel paintin' Vinita



by Kristine Elving

The Battle of the Gathering Place

Water gushed into the air, dousing everything in its course. Paint streamed to the ground, mingling with the water into green rivulets. In the midst of this torrent, Craig Hagelgantz and Jessica Evens wielded their weapons—garden hoses—and waged war against their task of cleaning paintbrushes. As they mercilessly soaked each other, Dr. Fitts observed their battle and

Please turn to page 11



Paul Welch

IS YOUR CAR FUNK-DA-FIED?

Our secret panel of funk-da-fied experts set out to help you answer just that. First though, funk-da-fication is a uniqueness which resists a dictionary definition, but as Byron Lloyd puts it, "It's what makes something one of a kind." Maybe that means the chrome wheels you spent all night polishing, maybe it's a new set of speakers, or maybe it's fresh

Please turn to page 11

To Our Dear Friend Jay:



The path that we have joined together in walking on has seemed like such a short and sweet one. Only a couple of years have passed us by, but the lessons and memories that have accrued are more than can be counted by either of us. Now is a time when we must move on again, life is silly like that. It seems to give you a few good moments under a bright blue sky, then before you are ready it is time to bundle up against the cold and continue down the path. So we must part our ways... for now. But before I do, I must look back down the dusty road that we just came from and remember all that you have done for me. I'm only sorry I have to give you your flowers too late for you to enjoy them. But here they are none the less.

Jay, you have impacted my life more than you or I could have imagined possible. I look back and see in your face a desire to know. This desire was to know more than just what was being taught. It was a passion that consumed your very being, an intense hunger to better yourself. That is a rare quality in this day of freeze-dried personalities that are unable to grow, leaving a bland taste in the mouth of society. You had the ability to look into the depths of your own heart and face the questions that no one else would. You wanted to do more with the great mind that God gave you than just "intellectual masturbation," as you would call it.

Jay, you were brash and some would say arrogant, but you gave me the chance to look beyond that and see you for who you were. I look back and sadly wish that everyone had had that chance. What some would call brash was your simply calling things what they were. What some saw as arrogance, I saw as a higher level of thinking.

You were a young man with a witty sense of humor, as well as a true concern for mankind and the direction it is headed. You taught me to look at what was going on around me and face the odds. You said to do something, anything productive, no matter what the odds may be. This, you taught me, was everyone's duty, to reach down to those below and help them up.

Jay, your love for football was only closely equalled by my own. The desire you had for the game came through in each play. You would hit anyone with all you had and then help them up after the play. I'm sorry that you never got to fulfill your dream of knocking someone unconscious before they hit the ground. You always gave your all, even to the point of a dislocated jaw and thumb, a hyperextended knee, a separated shoulder, and innumerable bruises all in one game in which we were on opposing sides. If I remember correctly, after that we no longer played against each other. We were a team.

We were as close as brothers, bonded in a way that neither of us could explain. Today, although we are separated, the bond is still just as strong. As I look back down the path and see all that we experienced, I feel an intense longing to have you run up and fill the empty space beside me as I must continue this journey. However, I can hear your voice telling me where we will meet again and that I must continue on toward the goal set before me.

As a tear trickles down my cheek, I pick up my coat. Putting it on I whisper goodbye and continue down the path that we once shared...goodbye my dear brother.

Shayne

Toward the end of last year, Jay, a senior, said to me, "It is hard to imagine that life will be going on at Union College without me." Little did he know that the entire world would be going on without him.

Jay has impacted my life as well as many others? I first met Jay my sophomore year at Wisconsin Academy in drivers' education. From that moment on, we were the best of friends. What I admired most about Jay was his patience. It seemed that no matter what the situation was at the time, Jay simply met it head on, exhibiting a calm assurance that things would work out. God knew that Jay could handle much more pressure than the average person. I can honestly say that I never saw Jay lose control of his temper. Jay was a likeable guy. Those who did not know him would often label him an extreme intellectual who did not know how to have fun. In fact, some of his closest friends have confessed to this. However, after hanging around with Jay they soon found out that there was never a dull moment. Jay could make anyone laugh at any time. His unique facial expressions, voice tones, and quick wit brought out the best in all of us.

I remember last year when I petitioned the history department concerning the transfer of some of my credits. When Jay came to our room the first thing I asked was whether my petition had gone through. With a somber look on his face, Jay proceeded to explain what had taken place. He described how Dr. Gibson had shaken his head in disgust as he scanned over the petition. Jay said that Professor Schroeder had remarked that the courses I had taken were "fluff courses," and that I needed another solid history course. To put it bluntly, I was perturbed. In fact, I spent the next hour downgrading the importance of history and historians. Finally, after I had settled down, Jay said with a twinkle in his eye, "Your petition was passed." Had I played a similar prank on Jay, it wouldn't have been nearly as funny. Even if it had been an accounting course, Jay would have just laughed and then headed up to the records office to add the course.

I could even the score by telling about a practical joke I have played on Jay; however, I would just as soon wait until we are both together in heaven.

Michael

We last saw each other July 21, we shared tips for our love lives and spent four hours convincing each other that everything was going to be okay. Not only did Jay and I share secrets and talk deeply, we also fought over grape juice and Dwight Yoakam, spent time on the phone, and anyone who entered Culver Hall or ate lunch and dinner in the cafe knows why I miss him so much. Within a year I met, knew, shared with, and lost a very close friend. His memory will live in my heart forever.

I miss you Jay.
Always,
Ginger

Jay was a true intellectual, a true humanitarian, a true pain on the football field, and a true friend. No one that truly knew Jay could dislike him and those who didn't know him were at a great disadvantage. He was a mentor in history and a true example. I look forward to the day when we can throw the pigskin once again on that heavenly turf. Goodbye, Jay...for now.

Love,
Shawn

Jay Washam was an outstanding person! In more than twenty years of teaching, I have never had a student that excelled Jay's scholarship. Not only did he have a keen mind, he was disciplined. If Professor Schroeder or I suggested a book, Jay read it. His grasp of the themes of those books was admirable. There were two facets of Jay that I will especially treasure. Almost on a daily basis for the last two school years, Jay would bring up subjects which we discussed. They usually had a spiritual dimension. Whether Jay agreed with me or not, he was always courteous. I thrived on those challenging discussions. Jay was also a "neat guy." Whether it was Dave Barry, the Cowboys, his interest in scholarship, no matter what the topic was, Jay was in love with life. He was fun to be around. Perhaps best of all, Jay was my friend. I will always treasure the two years we spent together.

Dr. Gibson

If souls or feelings could flit unseen around those they care for, then I shall be with you on the brightest day and in the darkest night.

Till we meet again, Sweet Jay.
Jennifer

When I think of Jay, I'm reminded of the words Jesus used when He met Nathaniael: "Here is truly an Israelite in whom there is no deceit" (Read John 1:43-47).

Professor Schroeder

Jay was one of the finest friends a person could ever have. The advice and encouragement he gave to me when times were tough or unclear will never be forgotten. He knew what he believed and though he would ask tough questions, he held to his faith. Religion was something we talked about quite often, and I was frequently impressed by the incredible depth of thought he brought to discussions.

I miss Jay and the long hours we spent talking and laughing. Those long hours now seem so few, but the memories of yesteryear are many and sweet. By the grace of Jesus Christ our Saviour, I expect to see you soon, Jay. Then we will sit down in the light of God's presence in a perfect world, and again my friend, we will talk and laugh.
Heath

Jay was a good guy. He was a lot of fun to talk to. He had the amazing ability to laugh at himself even when his problems or his situation wasn't very funny.

Daina

Jay,
I'd like to thank you for being such a good friend and for all of those insightful and intellectual talks over and about the food in the cafeteria. You were one of the most fun-loving people I knew. Keep asking questions.

Your friend,
Kenneth

It's not enough to speak of individuality. It's not enough to bob your head to those around you.

And it's not enough to horde your dreams. It's enough when you are you. And only then can it be said that if I died tomorrow, I would have lived enough, and I would have lived true.

I was taught this through death, but I will practice it through life.

Goodbye, Jay.
Kari

Dear Jay,

I miss you terribly. Just as we could never put into words how much we loved one another, I also cannot verbally express the growing pain that I feel inside. You were my first true love; you were my happiness. How I long to have your arms around me once again. I can still feel your touch and see the tears in your eyes when you left. Next June we would have become husband and wife, but now we will have to wait. I will always be yours and you will forever hold the key to my heart. You prepared yourself for heaven, Jay, and now I must continue to do the same. For when Jesus comes you will rise up and we will be together again. You will always be my sweetheart.

All my love,
Michelle

The Potentially Potent Pen:

ATTENTION, ALL CRITICAL THINKERS, CONCERNED READERS, AND CAMPUS ACTIVISTS: THIS SPACE IS RESERVED FOR YOUR SCHOLARLY INSIGHTS INTO ANY MANNER OF TOPICS. YOU MAY HAVE A REACTION TO A PREVIOUS ISSUE OF THE PAPER. WAS THE THEME WORTH DISCUSSING? WERE BOTH SIDES OF THE TOPIC PRESENTED? IS THE PAPER FULFILLING ITS RESPONSIBILITY TO THE CAMPUS? PERHAPS YOU'RE CONCERNED ABOUT SOME ISSUE FACING THE COLLEGE. WE WELCOME YOUR INPUT HERE AS WELL. BASICALLY, ANYTHING GOES—BUT PLEASE FOLLOW A FEW GUIDELINES. YOUR OPINIONS SHOULD TYPICALLY BE ABOUT 100-300 WORDS, ALTHOUGH THEY CAN BE SHORTER. BUT MOST IMPORTANTLY, IN THE INTEREST OF FAIRNESS AND ETHICS, YOUR NAME MUST BE SIGNED IN ORDER FOR YOUR THOUGHTS TO BE PRINTED. SO GO ON, GET INVOLVED WITH THE PAPER. THIS IS NO ORDINARY LETTERS TO THE EDITOR SECTION. YOU NOW HAVE ACCESS TO THE POTENTIALLY POTENT PEN.

HAPPY SABBATH, OLIVER STONE

If I found myself in a movie theatre coming out of an eyebrow-raising movie (note: hypothetical, since the editor doesn't watch eyebrow-raising movies) and ran smack into an Adventist conference president in the lobby, I must admit, I'd feel out of place. My first inclination would be to say that I had been walking past the theatre when out of the corner of my eye I had spotted the drinking fountain in the back of the lobby and being quite thirsty, I had rushed in and had drank and drank and drank and drank.

My second inclination would be to say, "And the water is super refreshing at this particular location."

I'd probably have a third inclination on which I would actually follow through. I'd become quite uncomfortable, say "Hello," and head for the exit faster than you would ever believe.

On the other hand, if I found myself in a movie theatre coming out of an eyebrow-raising movie and ran smack into the very director of that movie, say Oliver Stone, I'd consider myself quite fortunate. I'd probably become slightly uncomfortable, say "Hello, nice flick," and ease over to the exit very slowly, constantly looking back over my shoulder saying to myself over and over again, "Hey, everyone, look over there, it's Oliver Stone!"

That Friday night at vespers I would probably still be intrigued by seeing Oliver Stone in Lincoln, Nebraska, and in the Starship 9, no doubt. I would probably walk by several Adventist conference presidents and not even know it. If at the beginning of the vespers when Helen White was up front saying, "Happy Sabbath, everyone," Oliver Stone and his film crew burst in and began filming a scene from his next movie about Vietnam, Johnny Carson, Richard Nixon and the conspiracy tying all three to the capitol building, Helen would have to stay up there for quite a while saying "Happy Sabbath, everyone," over and over again before she got any response. For I predict everyone would be concentrating on the film production, including the Adventist conference presidents. I bet most of the audience would sneak out of their seats into new ones so they could be in the movie. One thing's for sure, some of the people wouldn't appreciate an unexpected and uninvited shooting session by Mr. Stone and would either leave or try to get him to leave. I, myself, would favor that he stop filming, because filming a movie during vespers (unless of course, it's Tami Gaede filming Yearlook) is rather distracting. However, I would only be concerned that he stop filming, not that he leave because he represented movies and made nasty, controversial ones. That's his life and his business in more ways than one. Therefore, if Oliver Stone ever does stop by trying to film just when Helen White is wishing us all a Happy Sabbath, I say we should all stand up in unison, turn to Oliver Stone and say, "Happy Sabbath, Oliver Stone, please stop filming, but please stay for vespers and you're invited to the CABL Cafe, too."

-CHRISTIAN STUART, EDITOR AND FES MOVIE GOER



Rob Holbrook



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The Clock Tower is usually a bi-weekly publication of the Union College Associated Student Body. Letters, personals and any other items to be published must be received (via mail or under the door) by the Monday following the Clock Tower's distribution. Got that?

Editorials are opinions of the Clock Tower and these opinions, as well as the opinions expressed in any published article, do not necessarily reflect the views of the staff, administration, student body, or Barney the Dinosaur.

The Clock Tower reserves the right to edit letters for reasons of space or clarity.

Movies! MOVIES! movies!

Harmless entertainment or mind prostitution?



Martin Sheen helping himself to some delicious veggie food in the Christianson Board room.

Take One: Movies have always been taboo in the Adventist world.

Take Two: Martin Sheen, in a Chapel talk at Union College?

Yes, students earned worship credit hearing the star of Apocalypse Now explain how movies are an art form and something that he approaches from a moral standpoint.

Take Three: What do Unionites think about movies?

SHAVE YOUR HEAD

BREX SCHWISNER

Changing what's in your head, by changing what's on your head!

Bret Schwisner's mother used to say, "Beats with that sign when you're looking in the Sound of Music."

I kinda like drive-ins. I mean, I've been to only one. And maybe that's why I still like them. But anyway, drive-ins rip.

My windows were smothered with a goo that resembled chicken wing juice from two days ago, so I coned myself into taking my step-mom's convertible. Word.

Yup, I drove around for about 47 minutes trying to find the perfect spot, when finally I spied that one in the front row. Sure, it was surrounded by 47 other spaces, but this one had a huge shiny halo like one of those fat cartoon characters that's ascending to cloud nine.

Forty-seven minutes into the movie I thought, *this theatre sure doesn't have a ripping sound system....* Then I remembered the FM sound concept and began flipping through the stations. I heard some four letter words and knew that I'd found the correct signal.

Hmmm...click. Never mind, I think I'll just further examine the cinematography. ZZZZZzzzz.

Yeah, yeah, Arnold, I already heard that junk. Uh.

Eh. ZZZZZzzzz....

A new movie was flickering when I awoke from my snooze. Yee. Just off my front tire a stray cat floundered on his back, appearing dead. I summoned him with some food (well, that squirrel that latched onto my finger last year thought it was food). The cat grunted or something and then wiggled out and scampered away. *Oh.*

Two gangster wannabees were roaming close to my car. And I thought, *Lame. What a heinous experience this is....* I closed my eyes.

My snooze was interrupted by those 12-year-olds. They were throwing rocks at that begging cat. I started thinking. *Why am I still here? Because I paid for this? Do I care that I am melting my brain?*

I just wanted to chill, but this night was a 9.9 on the annoying meter (second only to those cheese-wads Dodge Neon commercials during the Super

Bowl. What a letdown. Duh! That got a 10).

I wasn't gonna let any annoying meter ruin my night, so I focused my energy on reviving the leisure in the evening. A pebble thumped my head as that poor, crooked-necked cat cowered under my car, silently, helplessly plotting the demise of those rockthrowing buffoons.

Pebble. Car. Dorks over there. Car.

Pebble. Heh heh huh heh.

Maybe you're wondering why I started this piece proclaiming my love for drive-ins.

"Vrum Vrum," said my step-mom's rad car. Not so suddenly, and out of somewhere, came a stomp on the gas. A snap of the clutch. Oh well, I must have lost control of my, uh, shoes. A grind of rubber on gravel. A violent spray of gravel,



Tami Gaede

spewing onto those cat-killers, coughing and rolling in disbelief. "Sorry," I said, with true, heartfelt empathy, not.

I guffawed and guffawed. I made drive-ins fun again.

Well, I must admit, I've been thinking about Doug Nesmith lately, and this frame of mind has taught me a lot. First of all, I know never to let the annoying-meter drag me down. *Something* fun can be derived from anything. All his acquaintances learned this from him. Bless his little heart.

Secondly, although the episode of "frustration ventilation" on those zeroes was fun for a few months or so, I did feel kinda bad for them (I mean, I knew a kid in high school who

could sniff spaghetti and pull it back out his mouth, but not rocks, man).

I also learned a thing or two about the movie business. Just because I paid didn't mean I had to subject myself to "mindless T&A" (words of the guru, Weird Al Yankovic) or whatever the four-letter words might be. Just because I had the good car didn't mean I had to see dumb flicks because the few useful flicks were indoors. Just because I hated the movie doesn't mean I needed to become a heartless bully picking on innocent gang members

who have perhaps never killed anyone.

By *The Way*: yes, I chased the cat away before I pelted those kids with rocks. I'm humane.

Just some shallow thoughts to change your hairstyle a bit.

A Christian Response to Movies



Tami Gaede

Tompaul Wheeler

Movies have been the subject of great debate within the Adventist church. With the proliferation of television and video in recent decades, they're more accessible than ever before. Unless your schedule and priorities keep you from contact with the outside world (such as you're taking either Greek or A and P), you probably come into contact with movies fairly frequently.

So how should someone who values his or her friendship with Christ relate to movies? Certainly most would agree that there is nothing inherently wrong with the medium itself. But in the absence of a strong Christian presence, the vast majority of films the movie industry creates stand in stark contrast to scriptural ideals for life.

Personally, I love the art of movies. I can get a lot of enjoyment out of one that's well made, just as I enjoy a well-written book. Yet most movies in the theatre or video store have no appeal to me as a Christian.

Satan is pleased when undue focus is placed upon that which he inspired, either for or against it. He'll do anything **"Feeling Guilty" isn't of much value.**

to keep the focus of growing in Christ. In the Christian life, one shouldn't just arbitrarily think, "Oh, I better not watch that violent/obscene/wasteful movie because I'm a Christian." Instead, as one grows in Christ the appeal of such will fade.

Too many Christians don't watch certain movies for the sole reason that they'd feel "guilty" doing so. In that case, they'd be scarcely worse off spiritually if they just went ahead and watched the film. That as a basis for avoiding offensive movies isn't of much value. When Christ changes a person from the outside in, such side issues as "would or wouldn't it be wrong to put this or that into my mind" become less important. From personal experience with different music, I've discovered that as my spiritual experience broadens I find that certain music I passed the time with a year ago I no longer receive any satisfaction from. I never told myself, "Jesus wouldn't like this." Instead, God waited patiently, working with me until my tastes turned further to that which brings more glory to Him.

See No Evil, See No Evil, Seems So Evil



Christian Stuart

Jackie Ostrowicki

What's wrong with going to Blockbuster or the theatre? Why do people think it's morally wrong to watch movies?

Years ago, going to a movie was something that was culturally unacceptable for most conservative Americans. Theatres were associated with the stage, where some pretty risqué behavior went on both on and off stage. The life of actors was not exemplary. So people just stayed away altogether.

Times have changed. Today, many movies are offensive only because they are poorly written and directed. Film has become a form of modern art, offering much variety to select from, good and bad. Movies can be culturally and ethnically enlightening. They aren't always obscene and violent. Thus, the defining line of "all movies are bad" has **Movies can be enlightening.** been erased. Is viewing movies morally wrong or just a breach of Adventist tradition?

Tradition often dictates what is or is not acceptable. For instance, bathing is not something we all avoid. We do it quite often within the confines of our bathroom. But we would never shower in the middle of the lawn, because it would be offensive. The act of bathing is not wrong, it's just traditionally done in bathrooms. It's a very established custom, like not watching movies if you're a good Adventist.

We shouldn't break with tradition altogether--we just need to examine it and the reason for its existence.

The movie issue is not clearly defined as being obviously right or wrong. Even the Bible doesn't say, "Thou shalt not watch movies." We may actually have to think about *why*. Why will someone quote Philippians 4:8 in defense against movies when the daydreams they have aren't half as honest as a film? Why are so many people negative when they could be positive about the many beautiful movies like *Shadowlands*? Our generation is a different culture, one which takes a different medium to reach. Many college students have been taught a lesson about life through a movie. It is applicable. It is real.

There's no definite answer to the movie question. It's more than it appears to be. There are too many types of films to cover them all with a blanket statement. In this case, right and wrong can be relative.

And hey, someone once told me that *Indecent Proposal* was an Adventist movie.

Schindler's List: An Important Lesson or Unnecessary Violence?

The Associated Student Body has scheduled *Schindler's List* to be presented on campus this year. This film has been rated R for violence and other graphic portrayals. Due to its theme, however, many Adventists feel that the film is necessary.

Schindler in the Clear

By Jeremy Cornforth



Tami Gaede

The showing of Steven Spielberg's monumental historical film *Schindler's List* marks a new point for the movie fare at the Saturday night ASB/FES movie showings. For one thing, we are rising above the region of *Aladdin* and *The Cutting Edge*, the neighborhood of pure entertainment.

Schindler's List is a documentary of the transformation of a man and a chronicle of the people that he saved.

An equally important difference in the context of this campus is the graphic quality of *Schindler's List*: it is rated R for strong violence and extensive nudity. The question that should dominate us is, "Do the violence and the cultural context play an integral part in understanding the courage required of Oskar Schindler to risk his fortune and his very life for the lives of the persecuted Jews that worked for him?"

I would answer with a strong "Yes." One cannot know the courage of a man without knowing of his context.

The violence is graphic. The body count for the movie, like the rule of Nazi terror, is immense. The people portrayed do not die quietly of old age. Just as the Jews of Poland and Germany, they are shot in their neighborhoods and in the frozen countryside.

The nudity is prevalent. The two short sexual scenes should be omitted from the Union showing. Their degree of importance to the story is not strong enough to warrant their being shown in the context of Union's standards. However, the large-scale nudity of the concentration camps—in the showers, the searches, the medicals—should remain. It is not in bad taste or in a sexual context. In watching, one seems carried back to the time of newsreels, entranced by the grainy, realistic images of terror and isolation.

Schindler's List is a masterpiece, one which reminds us of our calling—to care for the oppressed. It holds a passion that *The Sound of Music* will never bring to an Adventist college's gymnasium.

Do We Feel Nothing?

By Virlyn Tejada



Tami Gaede

Everywhere we look—newspapers, television news, and radio—there is violence. We have become so desensitized that we can sit on the couch and eat popcorn while watching pictures of starving children or seeing piles of dead people lying on Rwandan streets.

This is the attitude we have when observing real life. When we watch movies, which are not real life, the more violent they are, it seems the more popular they become. This is the central problem of movies today. If our whole reason for watching a movie is for the violence, then I think we need to re-evaluate our values and morals.

This idea applies even to the upcoming ASB showing of *Schindler's List*. There is extreme violence in this film, for which it was given a rating of

R. I have read the book and have studied Hitler's dictatorship in history classes. True, it is almost impossible to talk about this period without concentrating on violence.

However, it is important to remember that this is not an Arnold Schwarzenegger movie. The violence in this film is based on *real violence*. Perhaps we need to re-educate our conscience and become more sensitive to what is happening around us. There are people still alive today who survived those death camps and people who lost loved ones in the Holocaust. There is so much evil in this world and we sometimes tend to concentrate on only the bad.

It is necessary that we learn from our past mistakes so that we will not commit the same ones again. However, let us be careful in how we deal with these mistakes. Our attitude makes all the difference.

What do you think?

Q: Theatre Vs. VCR



Angela Foote

"It is better to wait until a movie comes out on video because you'll have had plenty of time to ask around about it."



Nick Bock

"There is definitely not a difference between theatres and VCRs. Theatres are looked down on by the older members of church because of the rowdy atmosphere theatres used to have."



Cami Oetman

"My eyes see the same images. My ears hear the same sounds. They are simply witnessed on different scales."



Jeremy Reiswig

"You can watch worse things with a VCR than you can in a theatre. In the privacy of your home you can watch things that could only be shown in X-rated theatres."

Photos by Melissa Baker

Q: Schindler's: Cut or Uncut



Stephen Dillard-Carroll

"I think *Schindler's List* should be shown in its entirety. To try to sugar-coat the holocaust to make it palatable for Adventists is like putting cyanide in Kool-aid."



Rebekeh Rogge

"I think we are old enough [to watch *Schindler's List*]. If they were showing it to ten-year-olds then I would say cut it."



Hans Holbrook

"I think *Schindler's List* should be shown uncut. If people don't want to see it, they don't have to. If a lot was taken out of the film, then it wouldn't have as much of an impact."



Carisa Retzer

"I certainly believe *Schindler's List* should be shown uncut. For us to see an example of what took place helps us to further empathize and learn what happens when equality is denied to the extreme."



Faculty Opinion

TONY MINEAR

"One, please." With sweaty palms and a churning stomach you slip quietly through the revolving doors into your first theatre. Questions flood your mind. *Will my angel really stay outside? Will the building itself pollute me? Will someone I know see me?*

Your experience is not unique. The decision to attend a theatre can still wreak havoc upon those who grow up being told it is wrong. For those who are struggling with such a decision, or no longer consider it an issue, I offer you the following questions to ponder.

Does it matter *where* you watch movies? You may take pride in not attending the theatre, only to wait a few weeks to

watch the same movie in private. Will you use the same discretion in watching movies at home as in public?

Is it possible to be immunized from questionable sections of an otherwise decent movie? Where do you draw the line in the frequency of profanity, nudity, or violence? How much exposure to opposing belief systems can you take before they impact your values and beliefs? Is it possible to find the rose despite the bramble?

What are you more readily drawn to, the spiritual or the secular? Do you eagerly anticipate reading the Gospels in solitude as much as you look forward to seeing the latest movie release with friends? Are you as interested in the plight of

Forrest Gump as you are in the spiritual well-being of others?

The easy way to deal with this decision is not to think about it, to allow someone else to impose his or her view upon you. The more difficult yet rewarding decision involves effort. Such a decision will come from evaluating the views of others, contemplating the issues, and seeking the will of God.

Gridiron Goo

Ups and Downs of the Thumb

From the very outset of this section it should be noted that no one has ever at any time lived a less fruitful life because of what has appeared in the sacred halls of this article.

Thumbs Up - To everyone who made it to the top of the greased widowmaker: Chris Saville, Tom Nazarenus, Dan Schmidt, and Brian Carlson.

To fifth floor Prescott for winning the Air Ball tournament.

To Buell Fogg for an awesome Week of Prayer...how big is the American flag, Buell?

To the printing company that is somehow able to keep up with Joe Parmele's parking ticket extravaganza.

Thumbs Down - To Travis Sager for breaking the picture ID camera thus forcing over 100 people to have their pictures retaken.

To Hans Widicker for not revealing the real reason for coaching the girls basketball team.

To Michael Olise for taking roomcheck at 10:15 because he was tired...aww, poor guy.

To Nick Bock for not knocking before walking in on several scantily clad female flagball players...film at 11:00.

Quote of the week: "Nick should get a thumbs up!" Anonymous

Sportsman of the Week - Brett Blanchfield, for not only eating more prosage than anyone else, but also daring to try the widowmaker shortly thereafter.

Sportswoman of the Week - Janet Christen, for her valiant attempt at the widowmaker...and for her magical, or is that metallic smile.

Buell Fogg and Tim Simon Say: The players underestimated the solidarity of the owners...Baseball is over for the year, baby.

Interested in becoming a "Pit Bull"?

A Pit Bull is defined as someone who sits in the balcony at Union College Warriors home basketball games and screams anything they want (within reason) in order to cheer on the home team...if interested call Craig Hagelgantz, 2987 or Travis Sager, 2714.

Who's going to win the Super Bowl?

Jennifer Nestell.....Kansas City Chiefs

Bret Schlisner.....Dallas Cowboys

Craig Hagelgantz.....Dallas Cowboys

Travis Sager.....New England Patriots

Kylie Eckenroth.....Philadelphia Eagles

Jessica Spilovoy.....Detroit Lions

Todd Anderson.....Denver Broncos

Michelle Miller.....Denver Broncos

Heath Renner.....Minnesota Vikings

Jessica Evens.....San Francisco 49ers

Sam Fazio.....Denver Broncos

Dr. Fitts.....Cincinnati Bengals

Craig Gerst.....Chicago Bears

Malachi McNeilus.....L.A. Raiders

Kari Lunde.....Minnesota Vikings

Nobody.....Buffalo Bills



Christian Stuart

Men's "A" League

	W	L	T	PF	PA
Michigan Wolverines	4	0	0	127	57
North Carolina Tar Heels	2	0	0	62	19
Nebraska Cornhuskers	3	1	0	71	52
Minnesota Golden Gophers	1	2	0	59	64
College View Academy	0	3	0	7	94
Colorado Buffaloes	0	4	0	56	83

Nebraska 13, Colorado 12

Casey Bock scored both touchdowns in a game filled with quarterback ineptness...despite a late interception the Buffs still blame the refs.

North Carolina 37, CVA 7

The Tar Heels were the beginning of a dark-looking season for CVA, who has two things to look forward to: 1. The big game vs (0-4) Colorado 2. "B" League. Travis Sager caught 3 passes...all for touchdowns.

Michigan 18, Colorado 6

Mike "Meal" Diehl scored two touchdowns in an otherwise uneventful game. Take heart Buffs, you scored 3 more points than the Thursday softball team.

Nebraska 12, CVA 0

Not much to be said.

Michigan 45, CVA 0

Once again Michael "Meal" Diehl was on top of his game scoring 3 touchdowns against a very overmatched CVA squad...I hope you're proud of yourself, Mike.

Nebraska 20, Minnesota 7

The Huskers finished off a pretty impressive string of victories by upsetting the favored Gophers. Chris "Fire Marshall Bill" Wise was the Huskers' greatest asset scoring two TDs.

Men's "B" League

	W	L	T	PF	PA
UCLA Bruins	4	0	0	126	42
Georgia Bulldogs	3	1	0	56	47
Notre Dame F. Irish	1	4	0	65	97
Iowa Hawkeyes	1	4	0	34	95

Aqua 1, Black 0 (F)

Green 1, Black 0 (F)

Irish 26, Hawkeyes 15

Wyoming Native Craig Gerst scored two touchdowns to help his Irish win the battle to stay out of the cellar.

Bruins 28, Bulldogs 22

The Bruins held on to first place with the help of Jerry Minick's two touchdowns...rumor has it the Bruins may be headed for "A" League...my advice: Avoid the Wolverines and Tar Heels.

Bulldogs 32, Irish 19

Byron Lloyd made several key receptions including two TDs in the Bulldogs' fight to get to the top...now if the team can just figure out how to get him there on time. Bryan "Wooden" Nickell stumbled, bumbled, and rumbled an 85 yard interception return to seal the victory.

Women's

	W	L	T	PF	PA
Maroon					
Mayflowers	2	0	0	52	6
Blueberries	2	1	0	36	39
Blackberries	2	1	0	23	7
Yellow Lemons	2	2	0	31	41
Red Apples	1	2	0	40	53

Maroon 18, Red 6

Yellow 1, Black 0 (F)

Lemons 18, Blueberries 6

Hard to explain penalties called back 2 Blueberry touchdowns as the Lemons pulled off a huge upset.

Black 1, Teal 0 (F)

Teal goes defunked for lack of players willing to show up...Thumbs Down!

HI-WAY DINER:

PURE SATISFACTION

BY HANS HOLBROOK

When you first arrived in Lincoln, it was probably only a matter of hours 'til you located your favorite fast food joints. After a couple of weeks, once you were settled, you knew you would have to keep going some place off campus in search of food.

Now, I'm not knockin' the cafe or Chat; at one point or another we've all eaten institutional food. What I want to talk about is the dining experience. Sometimes that means more than just a juicy steak... maybe it's the juke-box in the corner playin' "My Home's in Alabama," or perhaps it's the way the waitress winked at you as she pretended your girlfriend wasn't even there.

In my humble estimation the HI-WAY DINER is at the pinnacle of the Mid-Western dining experience. You'll know you're someplace special as you walk

through the shattered-glass front door and past the pin-ball machines-- this place has a history! Rock n' Roll Runza? No, this ain't no Rock n' Roll Runza, this place has atmosphere.

Everywhere you look there are relics of days gone by.

I usually go for breakfast, when the hash-browns are greasy and brown--just the way the Lord intended them to be. The prices don't seem to have changed since the buffalo roamed Peanut Hill. Isn't it funny how a meal always tastes better when you paid only \$3.45?

By the time you're done cleaning off your plate and digestion has kicked in, you're so comfortable you've taken off your work boots. I give the Hi-Way Diner five uninhibited burps, making it the new standard in Mid-Western cuisine.

*****Hi-Way Diner
2105 Hwy. 2

The Burp-O-Meter

- ***** Pure Greasy Satisfaction
- **** Potentially Unhealthy Enjoyment
- *** Pretty Good
- ** Pseudo Cuisine
- * Snob Dining (Boring)

The Fiery, The Funny, The Man:

Buell Fogg

By Janna Pike

School started off this year with a good dose of reality handed out by the dynamic Buell Fogg. For six days, he probed at our minds, tickled our funny bones and challenged us to think of our claim on Christianity through a new perspective.

Traditionally, Week of Prayer speakers from other areas of the country are selected to spend the week at Union, but for this week, Pastor Rich Carlson decided to select someone right from our midst whom the students had been asking for all along. Campus chaplain Helen White explained that many students have requested that Buell speak at one of our Weeks of Prayer when surveyed on their worship cards, but the ever-popular speaker has usually been previously engaged at other schools.

What did students have to say about Buell Fogg as Week of Prayer speaker? "I love Buell!" exclaimed Kari Furne. Julie Fults stated that she "really appreciated having Buell [because] even though he's from Union, it didn't detract from the blessing." Scott Krause said, "I thought it was nice having Buell at home. It was different from hearing him speak at other places because he knows us here." Nicole Bunzel reported that it "really hit

the spot," which seems to be the feeling of many students. Tami Gaede said "It hit me hard. What he said was really something I needed to hear at this point in my life." The hope revealed by Buell's talks were also evident, and as Terry Cantrell stated, "His talk made Christianity seem like a battle that could be won." Craig Gerst said that he has witnessed an openness among students, and he has observed a trend toward more students praying together and really thinking about what they believe. Laurel McClelland said, "I felt the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and I feel it is still present throughout the student body...kind of like a ripple effect."

The decision to have Buell as our speaker appears to have been providential. Students and faculty alike were blessed by the message from God that was impressed upon Buell to bring to us. Lives were touched and changes are taking place as a result of this powerful, spiritual week.

Several prayer groups have sprouted up across the campus as students are putting into practice what they believe Christianity really is--involving Christ in our everyday lives and realizing that he is the Ultimate Reality.

Things That Never Change



At Union

10. The Clock Tower sports writers are always legends in their own minds.
9. People who think the sign NO PARKING means only you can park there.
8. People named Tom have a motto: Enhancing Our Lives Through the Liberal Arts, All of Them.
7. ASB Presidents immediately begin to appreciate single year terms
6. People still believe Greg Rumsey was that youngest kid on My Three Sons.
5. The annual Senior Spousehunt begins officially at the ASB Handshake.
4. Squirrel population mysteriously depleted about the same time Ron Dodds brags about his homemade chili.
3. Freshmen realize how important it is to cater to the needs and whims of certain beloved seniors.
2. I'm still single (sigh).
1. Wings



Paul's Dodge

Paul Welch

Funk-Da-Fied Cont.

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rubber. One thing's for sure though, after the sweat, and once the hard-earned cash is spent, the car has your signature on it, a bit of your individuality.

Our secret panel asked a couple of students if their cars were funk-da-fied. Paul Welch, a native of Minnesota, drives an '82 Dodge. He says his parents bought it as a demo with 15 miles on it, and that every family member has used it at one time or another.

What are some unique features of Paul's Dodge? 1) It's a stick-shift, 2) It has a hitch, 3) It has an AM radio which Brad

Schauer insists using whenever he's along for the ride.

I guess my car really isn't funk-da-fied he explains in a hopeful voice, "but it *could* be."

Jeremy Reiswig, of Turtle Lake, North Dakota, says he's not totally set on funk-da-fying his new Camaro, but he has installed head and tail-light covers, and plans to get a neon light to make the underside of his car glow.

Jeremy thinks funk-da-fication might not be for everyone, and Byron tends to agree.

"Everyone's got their own style: I've got mine, you've got yours."



Jeremy's Camaro

Paul Welch

Student Missionary Addresses

Jay Perry Seminar Schloss Bogenhofen A-4963 St. Peter am Hart be: Braunan am Inn, Austria	Mike Kendall P.O. Box 490 Koror, Palau VW 96940
Laurel McClelland Nile Union Academy Gabal Asfar P.O. Box 12 Heliopolis, Egypt A.R.E.	Dacyl Galacia C/O Mark Butler ul Jaskowa Polina 21
Chuck Fletcher Guam Adventist Academy 1200 Aguilar Road Talofofo, Guam 96930	Lori Hill Ebeye SDA Mission P.O. Box 5070 Ebeye, MH 96970
Susan Peaco Taiwan Mission 195 Section Chung Hwa Road Taichung 40416 Taiwan, R.O.C.	Bruce Paulien Helderberg College P.O. Box 22 7129 Somerset West RSA South Africa
Kathy Edwards Pohnpei SDA School Box 518 Pohnpei 969941	Annette Beaudry San Yu English Bible Center Changhwa City 50016 Taiwan
Becky Aksamit Ebeye SDA Mission P.O. Box 5070 Ebeye, MH 96970	

Battle cont.

From page 1

chuckled evilly.

"Jessica," said Craig, "don't you think Dr. Fitts is laughing just a little too hard?"

Jessica agreed, and she and Craig plotted a new strategy against Dr. Fitts.

Wary of the conspiracy against him, Dr. Fitts cautiously continued cleaning his paintbrushes. Then, with a sudden flick of the hose, Craig carried out Operation Drench Dr. Fitts.

Dripping and seething, Dr. Fitts was forced to forfeit the Battle of the Gathering Place. Project Impact had left its mark.

Previously, inside the Gathering Place, Humanities forces had attacked the walls with green paint and the floors with wax.

Cut off from the rest of our troops, Laurel McClelland, Angela Foote, Sophie Anderson, Janna Pike, and I painted two rooms. With our brushes and rollers, we defeated the white patches on the walls. As we painted, we sang to keep our spirits up; our victory songs ranged from "The Sound of Music" and "Oklahoma" to hymns.

Finally, the walls were painted, the floors were waxed, and the brushes were cleaned. The war was over.

Exhausted and hungry, yet triumphant, I felt a sense of accomplishment after my five hours of community service. Project Impact reminded me that helping others can be fun—and often humbling, as Dr. Fitts discovered.

As my sister Karin, Craig, and I marched from the Gathering Place, Dr. Fitts' growl echoed behind us: "I'll see you later, Craig."

STICK WITH JAZZ...



Union College has been put on the map again. This time by part-time UC student and self-proclaimed artist, Norville Parchment. Unfortunately for the Lincoln public, they have now been exposed to the same paint schemes which hung from the McClelland gallery walls last year during two of his shows: "This Feels Like Dying" and "And Now I'm Even More Scared of You."

By the end of last school year, Mr. Parchment had finally found some places other than our campus to display the canvases he had ruined -- Miscellanea, a gift shop and cafe just off South Street, and The Coffee House, downtown Lincoln.

In those shows, entitled "And I Feel Fine" and "And I Feel Fine Too," one witnessed the transformation of his work from portraying twisted and bizarre fantasies, to depicting sillier and more childish themes such as mermaids and flower deities.

This phase seems to have only been temporary because further creations of yet another genre entitled "For All My Ghosts" appeared at Mo Java Cafe near the Wesleyan campus.

While it has been argued that he has reverted to his previous inclinations, the cautious observer will not be so quick as to jump to such conclusions. Here is a person overcome by dreams of greatness--Mr. Parchment is a jazz musician who is trying to be a painter--nowhere is this more clear than in his "jazzmen" and "jazzhead" paintings. He will have a three week show, beginning October 12, at the NBC building, downtown Lincoln. Here's a word of advice Mr. Parchment, *stick with jazz*. They might never play you on the radio, but does the word respect mean anything to you? At least you will still have that.

-Rob Holbrook, art critic and active censor

Norville Parchment on exhibit:
 "And I Feel Fine" Miscellanea,
 2110 Winthrop, Rathbone Village
 "For All My Ghosts" Mo Java Cafe,
 2713 N 48th Street

Upcoming Events

Books

Monday, September 19 7:30-8:30 p.m.
Reading and Book Signing with Nebraska Author Ron Hansen. Ron Hansen's short story collection *Nebraska* received an Award in Literature from the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters. Ron will read stories from the collection and sign a personalized copy of the book for you. Barnes and Noble, 5150 "O"

Wednesday, September 21 7:30-9:30 p.m.
Reading with Ron Hansen & Discussion with Collaborators. Enjoy a reading by Nebraska author Ron Hansen of his short story "Wickedness." Then hear Ron and his collaborators describe how they created *Blizzard*, an innovative dance theater piece based on Hansen's short story. This history of Nebraska's blizzard of 1888 will be a featured component of the Nebraska Project, a series of work based on Plains Culture. Barnes and Noble, 5150 "O" (Blizzard will be presented at the State Capitol on Friday, September 23, Noon & 4 p.m. and Saturday, September 24, 1 & 3 p.m. Performances are free and open to the public.)

Wednesday, September 28 7:30-9:00 p.m.
Book Signing with Author Mary Kay Shanley and Illustrator Paul Micich. *She Taught Me to Eat Artichokes - The Discovery of the Heart of Friendship* is a story of caution yielding to caring; of a friendship growing to full bloom. A story that shows us how love, revealed one precious petal at a time, will finally uncover the rare and tender richness of the heart. Barnes and Noble, 5150 "O"

Film

September 22- Oct. 2
Mi Vida Loca, Directed by Alison Anders (USA, 1993, 92 minutes). Plus a short feature: **Central Park**, by Sande Zeig (USA, 1993, 8 minutes). Sheldon Memorial Art Gallery.

September 25
The Wedding Banquet, Directed by Ang Lee (USA/Taiwan, 1993, 109 minutes). Sheldon Memorial Art Gallery.

The Art of Architecture:
 September 22-24
 Frank Gehry (58 minutes).

September 29- Oct. 1
 Arata Isozaki II (58 minutes). Sheldon Memorial Art Gallery.

Auditions

For

Blind Date by Horton Foote & But Listen!

by Susan Cottrell

Auditions: M Sept. 19, 7-9:30pm & T Sept. 20 7-8pm
Callback dates: Tues., Sept. 20 8:30-9:30pm
Show Dates: Saturday, Nov. 5 and Sunday, Nov. 6
Place: Woods Auditorium
Actors Needed: Each show has 2 women and 2 men
Director: Deb Martin 408-C Dick building, 2326

Be there 10 minutes before auditions. You will need to fill out an audition card and list all conflicts. Rehearsals will be Mon-Thurs. evenings and Sun. afternoons. You can check out a script for a 3-hour period in the library until 3:00pm on Tues., Sept. 20. I also need an assistant director, and all crews.

Next Issue: Worship
 Should worship cards be left in academy?
 Should Non-Adventists be required to attend?