

channel zero

issue 5

EDUCATION

Welcome to channel zero.

this is a publication.

this is about raising awareness about issues that the contributors feel are important to all our lives.

this is about offering solutions to those issues.

this is not only informative, this is an effort towards mutual learning.

this is not about the contributors only.

this is not for students only.

this is about all of us. everyone. this is about life.

this is not owned or run by anyone.

this is open to everyone.

this is not about the contributors thinking they are "better" than you.

this knows that, upon reading its articles, you will have a response.

this encourages you to voice that response.

this encourages you to contribute.

this is taken seriously by those who contribute.

this should be taken seriously by you, too.

this, when you are done reading, would be much better off in the hands of a new reader or on the table where you found it, than in the garbage.

this is about how you respond, how you write, and what you find in it.

this is the effort you put into it.

this is channel zero. welcome.

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ADAM TRAVIS, BRIAN WISE

college is a scam.

thats all there really is to say. i have just finished my first semester of post high school education and that is what i have learned. my entire life i have been taught that the key to attaining a successful life is a college education. this has been pounded into my head from my parents, teachers, guidance counselors, and television. just like myself, many other students at my school also didnt feel that there was any other option after high school except for college. because of this these students often do not take advantage of all that their university has to offer. they are not at college to learn and better themselves, they are there do drink heavily and do as little work as they can in order to gain a diploma. because of this mentality that college is the only option, it has now become nothing more than an additional four years of high school. the only difference with these four years is that you get to spend the night and pay an unreasonable amount of money. in that aspect my college experience so far can be described as 75% high school and 25% summer camp. i know that the vast majority of channel zero readers are high school students who have most likely experienced the same brain washing that i did, and that is why i urge you to do what you think is right. if you feel that you are not ready for a four year university there is nothing wrong with that. do not let people tell you that you are a failure because you want to attend a community college or because you just want to take some time off. deciding to go to a university is not a decision that one should be forced into. dont give into the pressures. trust yourself. dont buy into the scam.

-RAMP

an educational system vs. self-education

earlier this year i had a conversation with a friend of mine about the merit and worth of our current educational system. she adamantly maintained the position that if we abolish the education system as we know it, that americans would be much better off. i believed (and still do) that we need the education system we have so we can learn basic skills. however, i do admit that there are many problems with the current system.

if we were to abolish the education system as we now know it, american children would fall even farther behind the children of other countries in terms of education (currently, the USA is ranked 14th). many people would be too lazy and apathetic to teach their own children, and we would basically have a society of idiots. yes, children would be learning from experience... but for those who live in rural areas where not a lot happens, just how much experience is there to learn from?

i maintain to this day the theory that school as we know it, however messed up it may be, is a necessary part of our growing up. how would we be able to count money to pay the bill at a restaurant if we didn't know how to add? how could we write letters to each other and converse normally if we didn't really know grammar and the rules of english? etc etc etc. there are countless situations that i could cite where not having a 'formal education' is incredibly detrimental.

i believe that we need a major overhaul and streamlining of the american education system. we need to teach at least the basics to every single child in america, not just the privileged few who live in "good school districts". the problem i have is that i cannot think of a simple, all-encompassing solution to this problem. if you have any ideas, or know of any text/articles where solutions have been suggested, i'd love to see them. we should all be reading up on this subject, because it directly affects all of us.

- brian sholis -

Year after year, the world is becoming a harder place to live in. It was in my US History class where I saw a video on a futurist report his predictions for the year 2016. He said that the year 2016 was significant according to his calculations and predictions. If the rate of population growth continues to increase, the world will see a drastic increase, and about 97% of that will be from third world countries. Again, these are predictions, but imagine if they were true. It would be an era where the average life span would be longer than ever because of the advances in medical technology, but one has to consider the advances in technology overall. As the world, mostly Europe, faced the industrial age where the lower and middle classes were hit the hardest, which spawned the theories of communism, corporate executives took advantage of the opportunities that machines provided: they never got sick, tired, complain, or strike. They do as they are told with no questions asked. You don't even have to pay machines, which means a huge increase in profit. Technology is going to be so amazingly advanced that I fear for another industrial revolution.

With a future of immense competition and a vigorous lifestyle, more pressure is put on the generations of the future. The one with the best credentials always gets hired, but there will be a greater stress put on how much one knows, and how much one has done and can do. There was an article in the Chicago Tribune about five years ago titled, "Cram schools chain Japanese kids to their desks," where it talks about the intense studying that the students go through. *Juku*, or cram school, is where the students go to prepare for the nationwide college entrance exam, which will make or break one's future. His performance on the exam will determine which universities will allow him to take their entrance exams. Regardless of how well he does in college, the corporations and government ministries he can work for all depends on what college he attends. There are more than 50,000 *jukus* in Japan, not to mention a couple in the northwest suburbs of Illinois, but these schools have students as young as 3 years old. In sixth grade, when the students take the junior high entrance exam, more than half are attending cram schools, and in Tokyo, where the competition is fiercest, it's more than 80 percent. "My *juku* teacher told me to study 10 hours a day during summer vacation, but I couldn't do it" (Goozner 23), says 19 year old Shuhei Kurosawa. Many of

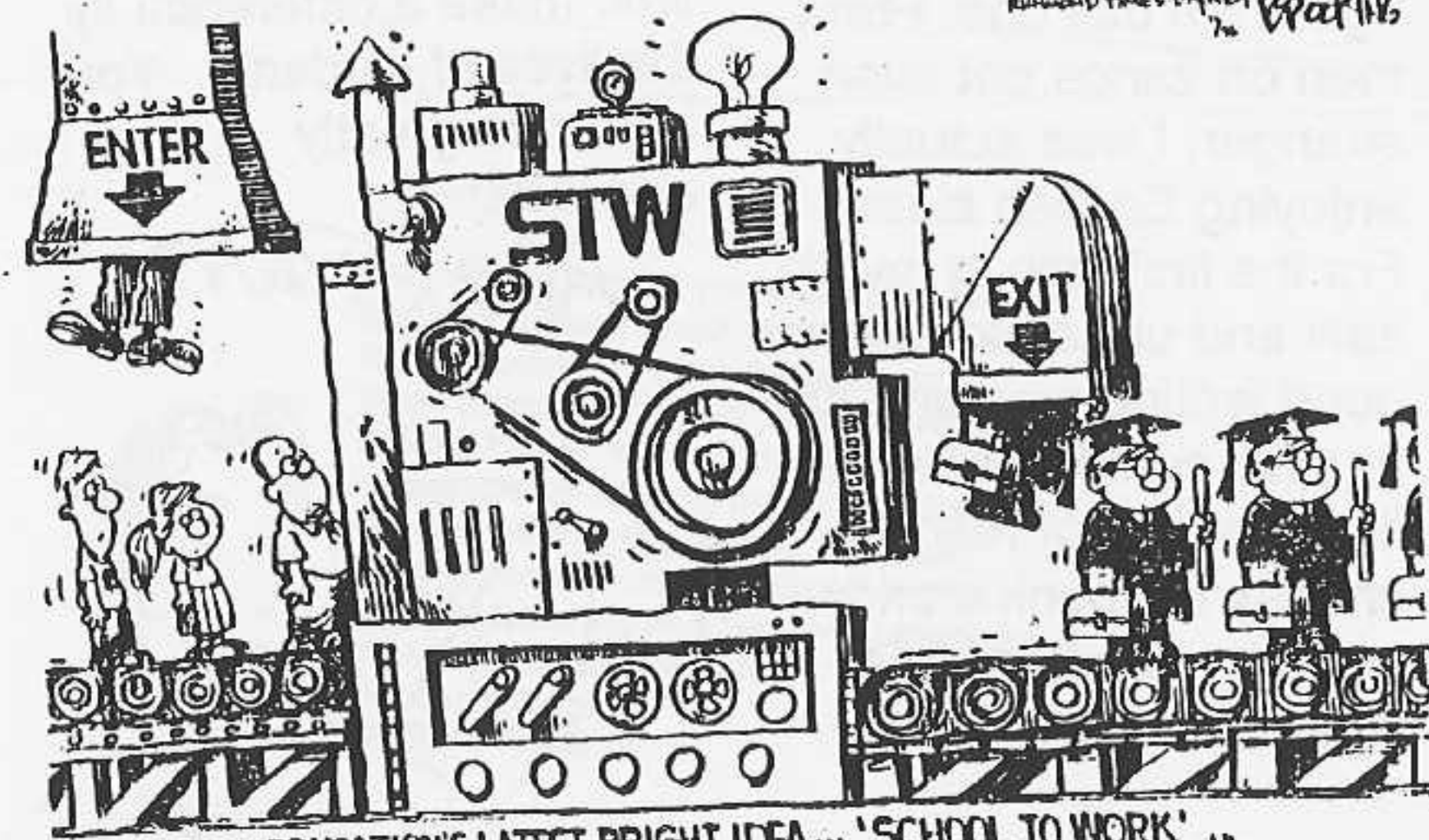
Futures Shock

Are trading floors obsolete? A new system of the race toward a global electronic market

his friends, who wish to attend Todai [Tokyo University, the nation's top college and breeding ground for its elite], studied for 10 hours, and one spent 12. The Japanese primary and secondary education system is well respected and renown for "its ability to inculcate the values of hard work, group advancement and - a genuine joy of learning. On the downside, its rigid testing system, dubbed "examination hell" even by the government bureaucrats who design the tests, has been blamed for a myriad of social woes ranging from stifled creativity to teenage suicide" (Goozner). This has shook the government which caused it to reform its system. Now, the ministry has abolished science and social studies in the elementary levels, and introduced a course called "living studies," which includes sex education. The school system operated on a six days a week basis, but changed to five in order to stimulate personalities and independence. The five-day school week didn't really change anything because the schools added an extra class during the weekdays to make up for the missed hours. Most kids increased the number of *juku* hours because parents got nervous when schools were cutting back in the number of days.

Through this article, yes there is a need to study, but not to the point where it controls your life, where the only friends you have are the text books. One cannot get involved in interesting activities or play on a sports team because of one's studies. This creates dark, depressing personalities where I fear for future families where the relationships between the spouses and the children are very distant, business-like. Even though the school board tries to stimulate personalities, this society and its future generations has completely chained themselves to their desks. Overall, it's just suicidal over there.

Kerry Tamura 12/15/97



A TRIBUTE TO THE BIG K

Coming into high school, I had a general idea of what life was going to be like in terms of my classes.

Social studies was going to be o k, science was going to be fun and English was going to be boring. At least that is what I thought. Walking into English class that first day was strange, only because our teacher, Mr. Kirchoff, had decided to play a practical joke on us as a way of assessing our intelligence. By telling us that we had to write an assessment essay in order to weed out the students that had been wrongful placed in English honors, he put our brains into gear right from day one. From then on things got even stranger, I was actually enjoying English class.

For the first time in my life, I saw and understood what good writing was and how much it could offer to my life. Instead of reading cheesy textbook stories, we were reading great works like "Cyrano de

Bergerac" and essays by people like Henry David Thoreau. Before this point, I had never seen anyone have so much passion and love for the artistic nature of poetry and literature. Mr

Kirchoff did more than make me take some tests and write some essays, he taught me to love literature and take pride in my writing. Before this point there had been no teachers that had come into my life and made such a positive impact on my view towards any subject.

Mr. Kirchoff is no longer teaching at Glenbrook South, as he has moved to Montana to become an author. I would just like to say thank you to Mr. Kirchoff and all those other teachers out there who make a difference in the lives of students. Your impact is greatly appreciated.

Adam Travis



I acclimated myself to the possibility of education after a long and arduous battle. It took me twenty-five years until I was able to be comfortable with myself as a student. I finally understood that my non-linear approach to education was okay, that I was growing as a person even though I didn't have a degree by age 22. Having ~~now~~ wandered through life ~~at~~ had become a major positive. In those days of delivering pizzas and helping to design video games I found a place inside that had begun to mature. A spot I did not realize to be a point-of-reference of who I was and what I was to become.

Searching for such confidence and finding real, intelligible, energy was the spark that brought me alive. If any of this is vague it is because education — as an all encompassing entity — is highly personal and I don't think I can really express my feelings in words. All I can ~~say~~ say

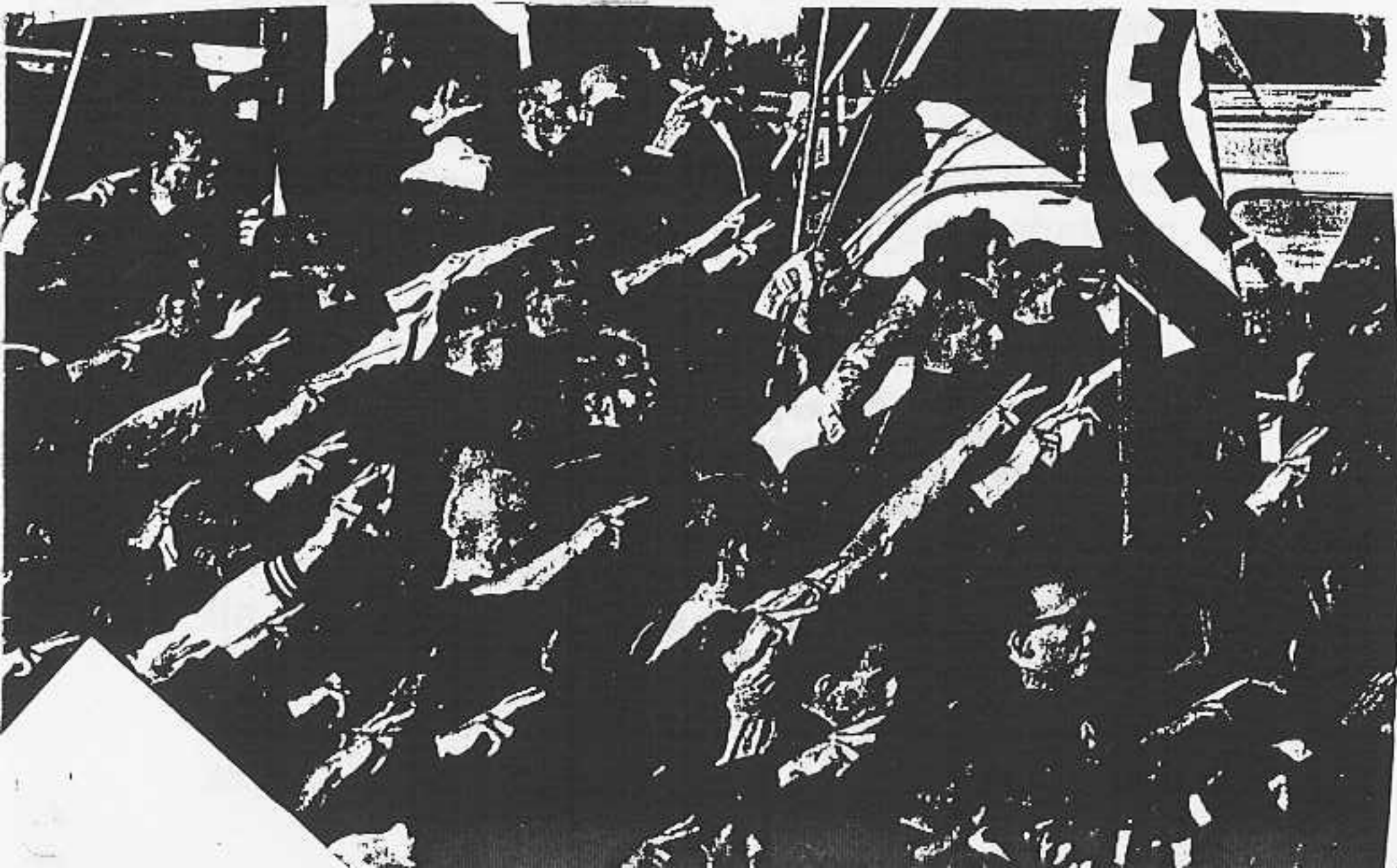
is that the door should never close, that being complacent in self education is defeat. That there is a possibility to achieve peace with education at any age.

Stan Boel

We have to look for power sources here, and distribution networks we were never taught, routes of power our teachers never imagined, or were encouraged to avoid... We have to find meters whose scales are unknown in the world, draw our own schematics, getting feedback, making connections, reducing the error, trying to learn the real function... zeroing in on what incalculable plot?"
— Thomas Pynchon
Gravity's Rainbow

-Cliques-

One thing I can't stand is cliques. I know that they exist in every High School in America, but this does not justify them. When I say cliques, I mean groups of anywhere from 3 or 4 to 20 or 30 kids that all dress, act, and talk the same way. This in itself, although somewhat sad, is made worse by the fact that (to make an admittedly rash stereotype) the people in these cliques shut off the rest of the world. They either ridicule or ignore other's differences. They believe their clique to be superior, and look down on everybody else. Like their exclusive little club is the *crème de la crème*. They don't realize that all the other cliques think the exact same way. This seems like an obvious attempt to hide one's insecurities, because if all your friends dress/talk/think the same way, it must be right. Unfortunately, this system leads to isolation and alienation from all the other kids who are not in your →
(JUST GOING ALONG WITH THE CROWD...)



Clique. Kids judge their peers based not on the merit of their individual character, but by how they dress, and who they hang out with. This keeps people from learning about other's personalities, and maybe even developing their own. This situation is so bad that at our school, all the cliques have even staked out their own territories. This furthers the segregation, because now that these groups are established and recognized, the chances of, for example, a "prep" talking with a "metalhead", or a "punk" sitting with the "gangstas" are slim to none. I'm not saying that people shouldn't have close friends, or a group they usually congregate with, but people should assert their individualism instead of hiding it. People should not be judged by what "clique" they are in. We should be willing to accept, or at least give the chance to people other than our friends.

-Liam



All my
friends
were doing
it.

DO YOU KNOW YOUR ADMINISTRATION?

Ursula Arsenault

Do you know who is running your school and making decisions for and about you? I can honestly say that I do not, and I have come to realize that this is a problem. For some reason, I have become extremely familiar with the second floor offices of the New Trier administration, but that is not to say the administration itself. I recently had to undergo the process of receiving permission from the assistant principle, Mr. White, for Calliope (NT's art-photo-literary magazine) to make advisory visits to the freshman. Easy enough, I would go up to his office, ask 'permission', he would say yes, life would go on. I was mistaken. First of all I made the mistake of going to the wrong assistant principal's office. I was supposed to go to the asst. principle to student activities, not student services. Stupid me! Why must there be two assistant principles? So I trekked down to the other end of the hall where I spent 20 minutes for the next three days patiently waiting for Mr. White in his office while his secretary basically ignored me, busy chattin' it up with some janitor while chewing her lunch with her mouth open-YUM! Sick of wasting my time I left Mr. White a note, and returned the next day to...Mr. White? I introduced myself and rambled on about my note and how I needed his permission, rah, rah, rah. He looked sort of puzzled and said, "You must be looking for Mr. White, that's not me". I apologized and sat down in my chair, he never showed. As it was becoming my ritual, I returned on Thursday to find a short, balding man with grey hair and glasses sitting behind Mr. White's desk. A chorus rejoiced in my head--but they soon shut-up. Mr. White was not much help, he just sent me back to the basement to the 'student activities coordinator' to get a greencard, have it signed by Mr. Garfield, and Mr. Duenow (Calliope's sponsor), and the freshman advisor chairmen, and then bring it back to him to sign. So without complaints, I forgot about eating lunch and I ran up and down the

stairs with my greencard. Mission complete, everything worked out. The end. But it is not really the end. My point is that I am annoyed with 2 things here: first of all- why is it necessary for permission to be granted for every minuscule thing that goes on, like dropping in on a classroom for less than two minutes? I was talking to some teacher and she commented on how over the past couple months there has been an insane increase in paper work. I wonder why...maybe because we need to get forms and slips for leaving class, returning to class, visiting class, coming late to class, etc. And secondly just who is the administration? I never really cared before, but for some reason as a senior I have started to care. I feel as if school is like the Wizard of Oz, where I don't know the man behind the curtain, except it is that I don't know the dean, the principal, the assistant principles, or any of the eight advisor chairmen. Whatever happened to the principle, as in one person. I guess that is the price I have to pay for going to "Glam-Rock High", where I am one amongst thousands. Oh well, at least I will get to shake the hands of strangers on graduation day, when the man, whoever that man is, hands me my diploma.



Reaching her Students

an endless war
how to catch their ATTENTION

Light a match.

Brilliant children slipping through the cracks.

learn to Relate

That's the only way into their

spinning wheels of thought.

a NEWSFLASH to the Lady behind her desk,

"We're listening."



-rachel bezark

In most elementary schools I think we all sort of T.A.G. program, (Talented And Gifted.) Well I, fortunately, was not in this "special" program. Is that what it is? Special? Am I not talented and gifted? Now lets think seriously. We all are talented and gifted, just not always in school oriented activities. (what exactly is "school oriented?" Write your responses to channel zero) Well back on the topic, so what's the difference between being talented in math or talented at music or anything else besides what you learn at your little desk in elementary school? But I'm not going to get too much into the differences simply to save your time in reading, (there is already an article for it) What I am going to discuss is that education is not just math and science and all those other, lets say, boring classes. I'm currently in photography and I'm enjoying the class about as much as I enjoy the summer break. I guess what I'm going on and on about is don't get turned off by the term "school and education." You should pick an interest of yours and pursue it. When I learned that I wasn't in the T.A.G. program believe me, I was upset. It took me seven years to figure out something else that I was good at that school offered. Take advantage of what we have here at Glenbrook South. We are so ridiculously spoiled here.*

...ANDREW
LONG

Furse...

I CAN Learn!

"Rabbit's clever," said Pooh thoughtfully.

"Yes," said Piglet, "Rabbit's clever." "And he has Brain."

There was a long silence.

"I suppose," said Pooh, "that's why he never understands anything."

"Pooh," said Rabbit kindly,

"You haven't any brain."

"I know," said Pooh humbly

only gray fluff that's been blown
into their heads by mistake,
and they don't think!

Pooh knew what he meant, but being a Bear with
Very Little Brain, could not think of the words.

Well, Pooh was a Bear of Enormous Brain.

(Just say it again!)
Of enormous brain -
(Of enormous what?)
Well, he ate a lot.

"Supposing a tree fell down, Pooh,
when we were underneath it?"
"Supposing it didn't,"
said Pooh after careful thought.

Remember Winnie the Pooh's thinking place? Well, I was just wondering, how many of you have a thinking place? I doubt many of you do. Right now our sole goal and purpose is supposed to be getting an education, yet actual thinking doesn't seem to happen too often around here. Of course, we are all at school gaining knowledge. We are filling up our brain with all that our teachers are telling us - what is what they were once taught. We come, study, memorize, take tests and forget most of it!

If you are like me, this school routine, beyond taking away all my time, is creating a situation where I feel out of touch. I've reached the point where, at school much of the time, I simply put myself in automatic pilot and just act out my life. I do what I have to do without really getting a chance to think about why or question anything. One would assume that ideally school would do the opposite - teach how to think, we can thus articulate our own thoughts instead of regurgitating what we have been told. We should clear our minds fully and be open to everything that surrounds us.

There is a buddhist saying that states, "In a world of truth, there is no East, no West. Where, then is North and South? Illusion makes the world close in, Enlightenment opens it on every side." Take note And, please - find yourself a thinking spot. Be a pooh bear, not an owl. Surrounding this article is quotes from Winnie the Pooh and The House at Pooh Corner by A.A. Milne.

- AYLIN -

But Owl went on and on using longer and longer words until at last he came back to where he started."

"...Eeyore was saying to himself, this writing business. Pencils and what not over-rated, if you ask me. Silly stuff. Nothing in it."

"... when you are a Bear of Very Little Brain, and you Think of Things, you find sometimes that a Thing which seemed very Thingish inside you is quite different when it gets out into the open and has other people looking at it."

"The old gray donkey, Eeyore, stood by himself in a thistly Cornor of the Forest, his front feet well apart, his head on one side, and thought sadly to himself, "Why," and sometimes he thought Inasmuch as which- and sometimes he didn't quite know what he was thinking about."

Last week, I tried to get into the IMC or 30 seconds to return 3 overdue books. Since the bell doesn't ring until 11:00, it would be a heinous crime to be allowed to enter the IMC at 10:58. I would like to apologize for attempting to commit such a mortal sin, and I would also like to thank the school for preventing me from violating the eleventh commandment: Thou shalt not go into the IMC without a pass or during an unscheduled time period, lest chaos, Armageddon, and a nuclear war that would turn the world into a post-apocalyptic frying pan occur." I realize the error of my ways. I now know that if I was allowed into the IMC, I would turn it into a headquarters for world domination, or worse, steal a page from the "M" volume of the Encyclopedia Britannica. Thank you, O great rulers of the school, for showing me the error of my ways! Truly, all teenagers are irresponsible, immature, angst-filled anarchists, driven by an uncontrollable urge to break things and play loud, obnoxious music while drowning themselves in sugar cubes.

Hallelujah! I have seen the light!
(The ability to laugh at oneself is a virtue.)
BY ASCL

Finally, if you find school to be a somewhat aggravating place, I strongly urge you to consider the following ideas.
ONE: It is a pretty reliable indication that you are walking too slow in the hallways if you notice snails overtaking you.
TWO: If you are going to walk slow, walk on the far sides of the hallways.
THREE: To those of you that like to get together after school and walk side-by-side down the middle of the aisles in the parking lot, know this: the only reason drivers don't hit you is because they don't want to scratch their precious cars. One day, someone's not going to care about their car anymore and you will realize that you are not the son or daughter of the planet Krypton and you cannot withstand the force of a locomotive, or even a car moving at fifteen miles an hour.

BY ASCL



from this area involved in an exciting new program. The motto of this program: "1st in the world for math and science". It kind of made me sick! Here were a bunch of administrators deciding they were going to cure the educational system by creating a new look at the math and science curriculums. It seems that there is some kind of warped thinking going around educational institutions that math and science are going to save the world. If we look at history and the way things are presently moving we can say it might very likely destroy us first. I want to raise the question as to why math and science courses at high school are given a larger quantity of time above any other departments such as history, english, foreign language or the arts? Why does it seem that administrators put a much greater emphasis on math and science then on any other subjects? Right now, the style of teaching science, seems to be the facts w/out the ethics. This could be creating some very dangerous situations for the future. Instead of cramming more chemical equations and uses of technology into our heads it might be a good idea to explain the ramifications of the knowledge that you are so desirous to empower us w/. The ethics behind the science should be discussed among the students and teachers so that we can all learn about the danger and disaster that science has, can and will create if abused. R.W. Connell wrote a book entitled Schools and Social Justice, in it he talks about what it is to educate. Part of this is to teach the responsibility and the consequences of action behind the lessons. He quotes:

"These issues cannot be evaded. If you try to dodge them by going into value-neutral technocratic mode and teaching only "information" (an attitude common, for instance, in natural science and mathematics teaching), then by default you are teaching lessons of moral indifference and lack of responsibility".

I could go on forever about this issue but I don't want to over do it. I hope the point is clear. We can be first in the world in math and science...SO WHAT! Where does that get us? What will that status really do for humanity? Why are we looking to science and math as our savior rather than putting an emphasis on actual human beings. Maybe there's just too big of a difference in the goals of the human race. It seems to be either to stop suffering or cause it and right now causing it is the priority. I would suggest the importance of histories and other classes to be stressed and given just as much significance, if not more, than math and science. In the case of it looking like this isn't going to happen I have one last request:

For your good and mine please teach responsible science.

NORA



First in
The
WORLD
in
math
&
Science

① All through jr. high school i was forced to enter an essay contest sponsored every year by the Daughters of the American Revolution, who are, in my opinion, a completely racist and useless group of deluded old days of America, back when there were lots of slaves and a good number of native americans to wipe out, so wrapped up in their blind patriotism that they have lost all sanity.

Directions: Follow the numbers!!

Anyway, i was stuck in this group of alleged smart kids, probably on the basis that my brother was a smart guy (not that he ever wrote a stupid DAR essay), and we were forced to write this essay against our will.

6th grade
-Mrs. Dickstein says, "Alright, you must write this essay. This year's topic is the life of colonial settlers." what a crock, i thought. i wrote (this is paraphrased, of course), "this is a completely stupid essay topic, I disagree with everything the DAR stands for, i don't glorify the settlers who stole this land from the native americans, Columbus didn't discover jack, i hate this." unfortunately, my essay did not win. it didn't please my teachers either.

④ 8th grade-before Mrs. Dickstein could even make the same old announcement, Mr. Pielin jumps in and says to me (with much emotion), "David, you wrote about a talking house in 1776 won."

③ 7th grade-Mrs. Dickstein says "All right, you have to write a DAR essay again." the topic was something about a hero/heroine of the American Revolution. i basically wrote, "I hate you, Daughters of the American Revolution. And now, i present to you three pages directly out of the encyclopedia, a girl who once again, i did not win; this time, a girl who won."

(next page)

extra credit: which section has the most mistakes

waste my time. Every year, you waste your time writing an essay and i waste my time reading it. Don't write an essay. why do you write the essay? Don't write the essay." after he left with a puzzled and exasperated expression, Mrs. Dickstein said, "you have to write an essay, no matter what he says." she also wrote me an inspirational note telling me that she didn't think i was really as stupid as i seemed and that I should really really try hard on the essay this time. I think i wrote, "destroy the system!!! Viva la anarquisma!!! Mr. Pielin is a jerk!!! HAHA!!" well, that's the basic idea, anyway. and again, the disappointment of losing the DAR essay competition ruined my year. and Mr. Pielin stopped saying "hi" to me in the hallways.

⑤ school can be ridiculous. school is hell. all that useless data matched with useless skills and stupid rules and regulations, teachers who have lost all sight of what is really important and what is really knowledge, the attempts to conform and homogenize and control, seven hours a day, five days a week of boredom and jerks who only tell you that you're wrong. and textbooks and annoying artificial light. but my article was supposed to be about kids who are wasting their own time just as much as school is. in my opinion, for all i hate school, there are things that school has to offer, there are things that are worth learning, and we as students have to look for those things that are worth learning and take from school whatever we can. we have to decide for ourselves what there is to be learned, what is good and what is helpful. kids who are just complaining about everything without even looking over what school can give are wasting away what might be helpful or interesting. how do you know the book is stupid if you don't open it? at least try to read it, then decide. that's all the attempted wisdom i can offer.

(dave)

ever since the beginning of my senior year, i have been reflecting upon the significance of education in its various forms, and how i expect myself to apply this information in the future. much of my thoughts have been very reminiscent of the frustrations and realizations of people such as david rodriguez, who experience cultural conflicts and at times isolation along with the education they try so ambitiously to attain.

i am not merely a student in an institution that is supposed to promote higher learning. there are many facets to my identity; i am religious, female, asian-american, from the upper-middle class, etcetera. all of these parts that make me who i am contribute to a unique learning experience; one that frustrates me at times as well as gives me an individual perspective (this applies to one and all). i think i was the most conscious of this when i had an involved conversation with my dad about what i was to do once i got to college, and when i finally decided what i wanted to do with the rest of my life.

my dad was a very learned man in his native country, south korea. he was very skilled in what we perceive as the aesthetic components of education: the appreciation of literature, writing, painting, singing, and so forth. according to my dad, the arts had a very high place in the societal structure of status and class in south korea. he obtained a college degree in korean literature, and was greatly revered for his talents. in other words, this reverence translated to the capacity to make a healthy living for my dad. however, my dad had bigger dreams... one that revolved around the move to america. so he left everything (his reputation, status, established life) to come over here.

as i spoke with my dad, i noticed his huge, dirty (so continuously soiled by manual labor that it has become a dirty that you can't wash out with soap anymore), calloused and scarred hands. he was in his work clothes, pretty tattered and torn. he went on to say that ever since he has come here, his personal dignity has pretty much been vanquished by the fact that carpentry and the ability to work in a factory for the first 20+ years of his life here feeds his family, and his skills in the arts do

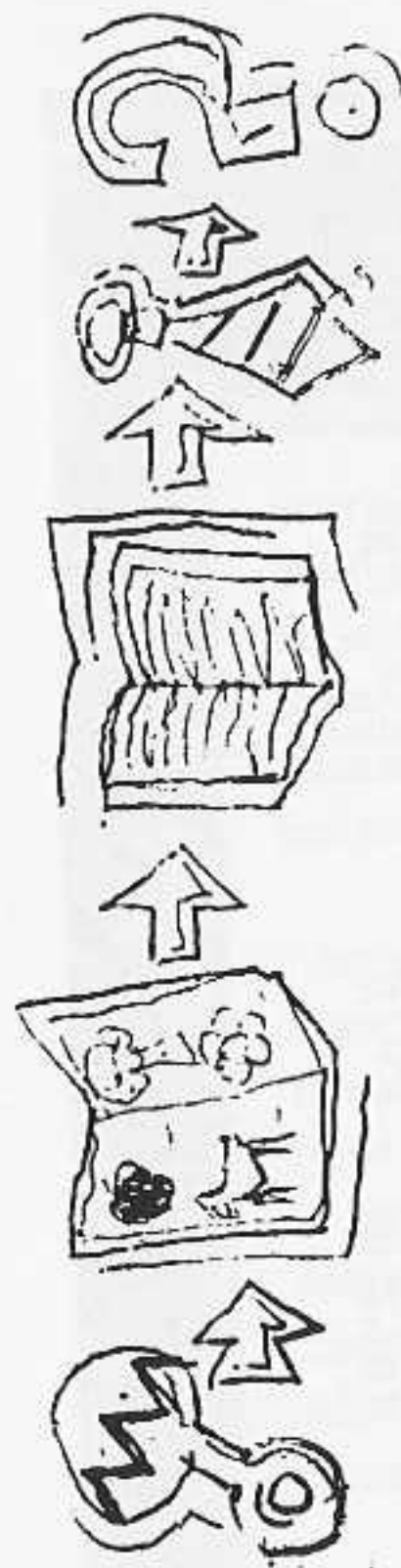
not. he was urging me to pursue a career that said security rather than pursue a road that demanded more, say, achieving a doctorate degree. he was trying to tell me that i should diligently preserve the aesthetic aspects of classical music, and be satisfied with being a "humble" piano teacher because it offered security, and it would encourage an appreciation for the arts.. unlike he was able to do.

in a lot of ways, my decision to become an english teacher, maybe hopefully earn a ph.d someday, and to earn a women studies minor agree with everything that my dad had to tell me, as well as defy those things. i thought a lot of my high school education excluded me, namely the failure to implement an incorporation of gender into my studies. i've been disillusioned for the past couple of months, seeing how for the most part, i was absorbing an education that was predominantly formulated by and about white men. don't get me wrong.. the quality of gbs education is really great. but like most high schools (the situation is worse for public schools in the inner city), the curriculum is biased and incomplete. i want to improve this situation.

in this decision, i take my personal education to a new level that is not necessarily higher, but perhaps on a different plane. what does true education mean here? my dad tells me that it is inherent in my culture to apply myself and encourage appreciation for the fine arts (that is the most respectable thing i can do), while i also have the choice to conform to society's standards telling me that math and science translate to the most power (or money), and that men greatly outnumber women in these fields. where do i go from here? i believe in the power of language, the power of eradicating deep-rooted and denigrating patriarchy, but most of all, i believe in the power of educating young people. i believe in putting myself in a position where i can possibly prevent the painful disillusionment that a student experiences when they go to a gender studies class in college, or at least rub down the edges of that realization. this is when i take my hand, pick up education, and put it where i choose to put it--- independently manipulating education as a tool for who i want to be. that is why my education here has started a new era; from having it force-fed to me and readily (ignorantly) eaten, to actually having conscious eyes and applying it to the betterment of my own understanding of what's out there, embracing my personal newfound knowledge.

JENNY

One thing I have observed so far in my academic career is that teachers and other authorities always seem to be preparing us for "The next step." I don't mean the next chapter, or the next test, or even the next semester. I've noticed that in primary school, they prepare you for elementary school, elementary for 5th High, Jr. High for high school, high school for college, college for real life. And then what?? What are you preparing for? Death? When all of a sudden, you're so caught up in preparation, you look back and it's almost as if you can't remember enjoying your childhood. I think although it's important to be able to enjoy the freedom of being a kid. For example: Last year I was having trouble with a teacher of mine who wouldn't write down the homework, he'd just tell us sometime during the day and we'd refuse to repeat it. One day I was in the bathroom when he assigned the subject for a paper due the next day. When I returned, he refused to tell me the assignment. I asked him why he wouldn't tell me and he said "Why should I tell you? You are going to have



plenty of teachers in high school + college that won't tend to your special needs. You should be ready." AH!! If I'm going to have teachers like that in college, let me have them in college! Let me be stupid and irresponsible now! This is a minor example, but I'm sure you all can sympathize.

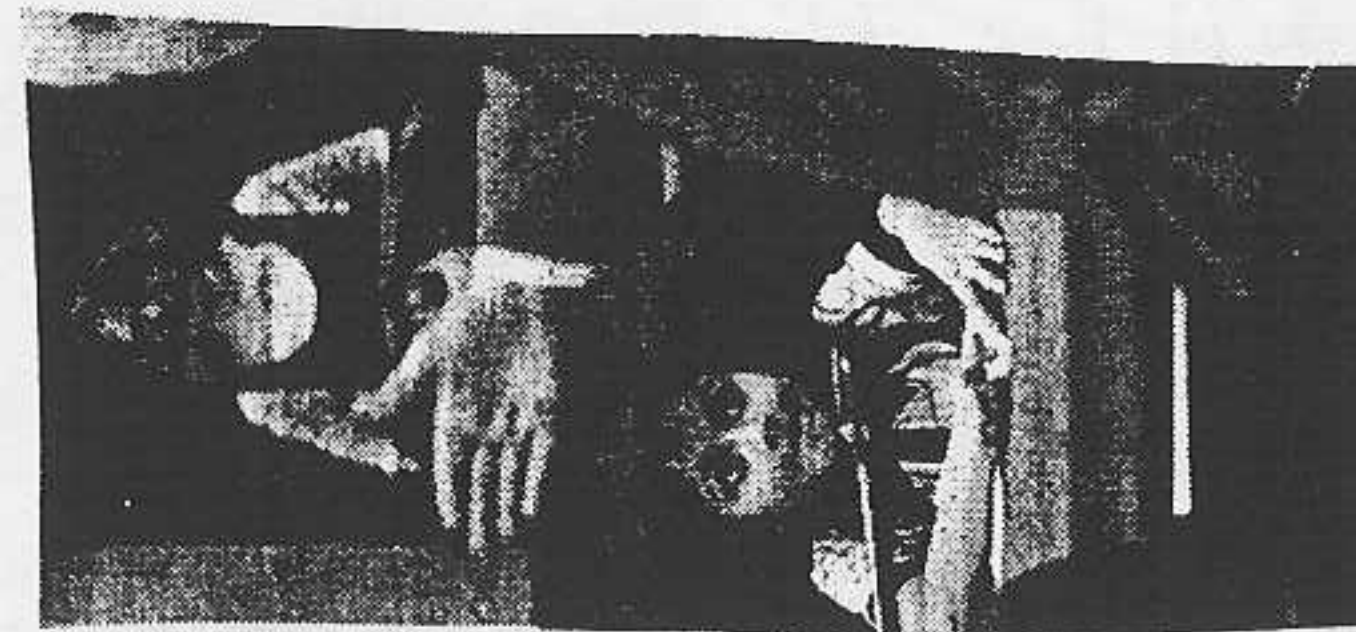
I guess what I'm saying is, Teachers, Parents, authorities, let us kids live at the age we're at... Don't force us to prepare for an older, more mature age. And kids, try your best to live for something you're preparing for. Because after all, what are we all preparing for, Life? or Death?

by:

Edie

I like to learn. Yes, I said LEARN and I mean it too. I LOVE TO LEARN. I especially like high school. I love the pressure I put on myself for getting good grades...not just that, but also understanding what teachers try to feed me. I love the strain of churning out QUALITY with my QUANTITY. I enjoy mastering 8 subjects at once. There's a beauty in effort. It means that you're not sitting through every day pushing yourself only to fulfill your life functions- you are doing that little element of a person called THINKING. For me, the Pub. Ed. system works. If I lack the time, I'll make the time. I enjoy, in fact, I have trained myself, to stay up late (early) and work or read or draw or type out pages for certain student-run publications. I think sleep is inefficient and eating is a bare necessity. I believe in working while eating. I like working. It focuses me. School work points me in directions and I'm free to take off where ever I please. Art has led me into researching the life of Andy Warhol, science got me reading articles on Light and Schizophrenia, English gave me an interest in Journalism, Journalism led me to the Oracle staff which has graciously allowed me to contribute some of my persuasive writing to their Opinions pages. I get worried about tests, sure, but it's a good worry. I feel self assured and more and more like I'm getting things to where I want them to be for now and in the future...mainly helping me form good judgment, critical intelligence, a work ethic and a sense of pride, all cumulating mainly in my first priority, art work, and developing my talent there. I don't expect what I want to be fed to me. I have to search, organize and analyze by my own effort and criteria. I firmly think that anyone anywhere who has a fundamental desire to learn will put it as a culmination of their effort to find out what they want to know. I love learning. I like the challenge it can prove. I believe I have control over what goes in and comes out of me...in addition to being free to CHOOSE MY OWN CURRICULUM. No one forces my schedule on me except for myself, because I know that, if I did less than what I'm doing, I'd tell myself I could be doing more. I still tell myself that. I understand that many people do not feel the same...an evil flying blue monkey called "Lack of Motivation" spits up on everyone's head at least once. The thing is, why are people doing things they disdain? Whose standards are they living by? It's not evil to do something for graduation or college credit but students should think about taking classes closest to THEIR interests. Also, someone taking a course only to impress someone or pass easily is prone to that nagging little conscience: YOU ARE NOT APPLYING YOURSELF ADEQUATELY-YOU ARE WASTING EVERYONE'S PRECIOUS TIME. Argh! It's so much more fun to conquer an education than to ignore it or tremble at it. So in brief conclusion: know your talents, know your capacity, know your interests and then apply yourself to them. That's an education. In all my written sentiments,

Edie Faig



Extra Curricular?

There are many aspects of school which make it what it is today. Some may say classes are the most important part, others may say friends, and some may say extra curricular activities, which brings up something that has been bothering me for a while. Just what is considered an "extra curricular" activity at Glenbrook South High School? We often hear how successful our football, soccer, basketball, or tennis teams are doing, but why don't we ever hear about other "extra" activities. I feel that those activities that aren't athletic don't get the credit or recognition they deserve. People seem to think that people in sports practice and prepare much more than, say a debate team or speech team. This is very untrue. When was the last time Mama plugged in her cafeteria microphone and yelled, "Okay listen up! Go to the debate tournament this weekend!" She hasn't done anything of the sort since I've been here, and I'm sure she never has. Some people may disagree. When I was thinking about what I was going to write, I asked a few people what they thought. Some told me that they thought all clubs get the recognition they deserve. However,

most people did agree, I found that those who agreed with my opinion were the ones in the clubs, not the sports. Don't get me wrong. I have total respect for those in sports, and I do realize the effort the Glenbrook South athletes put in. Extra curricular activities are a very important aspect to the education system, so let's give everyone the credit they deserve. Please, if you agree/disagree or whatever, voice your opinion and let me know what you think. Thanks.

— Brian Wise —



Recently, I have heard about numerous occurrences, in schools across the nation, where children are being punished in ludicrous ways for some absurd "crimes." First, there was the six-year-old boy who was barred from an ice cream party for complying with a classmate who asked him to kiss her. Then there was the girl who forgot to bring her glasses to school, and so her art teacher wrote on her cheek, "Where are my glasses?" The most disturbing to me is the latest in this string of atrocities. Last month an eighth-grader in Kentucky received a two-week suspension for wearing black lipstick to school. It had been deemed "distracting" to the learning process. I am in no way an advocate for black lipstick; I do, however, have a problem with how the rest of the story pans out considering the issue at hand here. The girl's parents were so outraged by the punishment, they proceeded to parade in front of their daughter's school protesting, complete with Nazi salutes, the extreme offense the school committed against them. They created such a ruckus, they were both arrested for terroristic threatening and harassment. At the end of the two weeks the girl, Karla, returned to school, this time with deep purple lipstick. Her parents saw this as a good compromise. Again, Karla was sent home. The parents are now threatening a suit charging the school violated Karla's civil rights. Alright, let's step in with reality here for a minute. A civil suit. This whole madness started with lipstick and now the parents and the school are at war with each other. It amazes me that people could let such trivialities escalate to the point

where we need to waste court time so they can figure out solutions to these "injustices." What concerns me most, however, is the toll these are taking on the children. Is the six-year-old boy going to grow up with a complex about being affectionate? Will the girl who forgot her glasses feel a nagging guilt and embarrassment in the back of her mind for years to come? It may sound exaggerated, but children are impressionable. The experiences they have now will mold their personalities and determine their attitudes towards future events in their lives. The teacher who wrote on her student's face is not going to get a more responsible student. Most likely, the girl will resent her teacher for the humiliation she suffered. Aside from the anger and frustration these students experience, they will mostly feel confused. Take Karla for example. On the one side she the school, and their ridiculous policy on lipstick. On the other, she has her parents overdoing their side of the argument that her civil rights have been violated, which, by the way I didn't know extended to lipstick wearing. On the whole she is probably very confused and depressed about the whole predicament and just wants it over. That might explain why after the last suspension Karla attempted suicide and is currently receiving treatment at a mental health facility.

Caren Anderson

xx this. hopefully it offered something for you to read
 take from it. to reiterate a couple things from
 intro: you've read what some kids had to say, and
 you probably have a reaction. please voice that
 reaction, be it positive or negative. in creating
 this publication, we wanted to create a dialogue;
 real communication between writer and audience, not
 just the contributors talking to the audience, or
 worse yet, themselves. so please let ~~xxxx~~ it be
 known what this issue made you think or feel. to
 do this, write to the address below, or speak with
 one of the contributors in school. if you have a
 question or comment concerning one of the pieces
 in particular, speak with (or write to) the person
 who wrote the article. all of those who contribute
 their writing are individuals. the opinions

expressed in any article are not necessarily the
 opinions of each single contributor. also, if
 you want to contribute your own opinions, a
 anecdotes, art, whatever, please feel free to
 show up at a channel zero meeting. to find out
 about meeting time, ask a contributor. this is
 totally open to everyone: teachers, students,
 people of all beliefs and opinions, whoever.

we're here to learn from each other.
 THANK YOU.

CHANNEL ZERO
 P.O. BOX 319
 GLENVIEW, IL 60025

Our Glorious
 Homeland!

Take Charge!



alright you awesome little rebels who find it so difficult to move your little behinds to the
 newly furnished park, er, school benches, i'm asking you, why would anyone want to sit on
 that grimy, garbage-ridden, hard floor beneath the trophy case and risk receiving a saturday
 detention from certain authority figures when there's the plethora of the state-of-the-art,
 newly furnished black, \$600 a piece, galvanized rubber benches just waiting to be sat
 upon? come on, we all know that sitting on the floor not only destroys brain cells,
 but also gets you too relaxed thus depleting the educational process. plus, visitors
 might believe that we, as students, do not have the mental capacity to realize that
 the floor was not meant to be sat upon while further depreciating the aesthetic value

of the school. so next time a para-pro asks you ever-so politely (i.e. 'move!' or 'get off
 the floor!') to please remove yourself from your tranquil situation under the mighty trophy
 case under which you sit, just remember, those benches were put there for a reason. after all,
 your bus could come cruising down the auditorium hallway any second.....

