

12-9-1991

## Columbia Chronicle (12/09/1991)

Columbia College Chicago

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### Recommended Citation

Columbia College Chicago, "Columbia Chronicle (12/9/1991)" (December 9, 1991). *Columbia Chronicle*, College Publications, College Archives & Special Collections, Columbia College Chicago. [http://digitalcommons.colum.edu/cadc\\_chronicle/133](http://digitalcommons.colum.edu/cadc_chronicle/133)

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## Ex-student receives cash settlement

By **Antoinette Tuscano**  
Staff Writer

A former *Columbia Chronicle* staff member who was fired for insubordination received a \$1,100 settlement from the college in June.

Tanya Bonner, the *Chronicle's* one-time news editor, was fired by then-*Chronicle* faculty advisor Don Gold on October 25, 1990. Bonner appealed the decision and received the settlement as a resolution for wages she would have earned in one semester at the *Chronicle*.

"If Tanya was given a settlement, that would be an outrage," said Gold.

Dean of Students, Hermann Conaway, citing Columbia's policy protecting the privacy of students, would not comment on the specifics of the case.

Gold said that Bonner was fired for insubordination. Bonner says the insubordination was provoked because she was the victim of racial discrimination at the *Chronicle*. She received the settlement because proper termination procedures were not followed by Gold, she said.

According to the work-aid/work-study warning and termination policies, "insubordination, theft, violence and/or verbal abuse, may warrant immediate termination..."

The work-aid/work study policy also states that in the case of termination, "A copy of all written documentation and the

student evaluation must be retained in the supervisor's file..."

Bonner said that Gold lacked the written documentation necessary for termination. Gold would not comment.

A few days before she was fired, Bonner admits, she swore at the *Chronicle's* editor-in-chief, Lance Cummings. Later she argued with Cummings over a story she had written for the *Chronicle* but refused to turn in. Cummings told her she was fired and called a security guard to remove Bonner from the *Chronicle* office.

"Lance was allowed to curse at me for three weeks, and stick his fingers in my face," Bonner said. "The one time I detested myself, I was wrong."

Cummings said it was a "blatant lie" that he ever swore at Bonner. "I'm glad Tanya got the money, so everyone ends up happy," Cummings said, "Tanya got her money, and we got a disruptive person off the staff."

No *Chronicle* staff member would corroborate Bonner's claim that Cummings swore at her. But most of the *Chronicle's* editorial staff said they heard Bonner swear at Cummings.

Bonner claims that "racism and sexism were the underlying theme" to the incident that led to her firing. Before Bonner had been made editor, she had one year of experience as a

See **BONNER**  
Page 2



Hey! Excuse me, can you spare a smoke?

By Nick Oza Staff Photographer

## Panhandlers: Survival on the streets

By **William Finley**  
Staff Writer

"Last night, I started thinking, 'How did I get into this place?'" Tony said as he lowered his eyes and struggled to find the answer. Then finally, he looked up and blamed it all on his family.

With a nylon stocking wrapped around his head, two old sweaters, a jacket and a shoulder bag containing all of his worldly possessions, Tony, 31, talked about his life as a homeless person over a cup of coffee at the Harrison Cafe.

Most students at Columbia have been badgered by panhandlers for money or cigarettes. After all, we see them near the Harrison "L" stop and on Wabash and Harrison, hanging out in front of Charming Wok's restaurant.

"Hey excuse me, can I get a smoke?" or "Can I get a quarter to get something to eat?" are some of the approaches mastered by the panhandlers, whose only means of survival appears to be begging.

Columbia students' opinions of panhandlers were not exactly charitable. Broadcast journalism senior Judith Coleman said flatly that she never gives money and that "panhandlers are a damn nuisance." Michael Thomas, a freshman in sound, called the panhandlers "alkies" who only buy liquor with the quarters spared them

by students. Denise Keaton, a junior in fine arts, said, "If they look like they could get a job, I don't give them money."

One kind soul, Andrew Charon, a junior in photography, actually carries change around in his pockets to give to panhandlers. Trying to get reaction from the panhandlers proved more difficult. On State Street, a tall thin man with yellow eyes and matted hair took the cigarette offered and then whirled away when asked if he would talk. Another man simply said, "I don't want nuthin' to do with it," and walked away.

Cigarettes are the currency of the street. Tony and later, Dave 38, who is also homeless, accepted and decided to talk.

Tony said he doesn't sleep at shelters and missions any more because he hates having to live with so many other men. "You get tired of smelling 50 guys' smelly feet, and you don't get any privacy," he said. Although he has witnessed acts of violence at shelters, he said it wasn't that bad and the shelters are usually safe.

Dave enjoyed a cheeseburger at the Harrison Cafe, and aside from his dirty blue coat, he looked like he just got off work.

Instead of the shelters, both Tony and Dave

See **PANHANDLER**  
Page 3

## Recycling program may expand

By **Mike Brown**  
Staff Writer

Columbia's recycling program could expand as early as next year to include glass and aluminum, said recycling faculty advisor Jerry Adams.

The school now picks up computer paper, white paper, and colored paper from collection points throughout the campus.

Two student work aids each receive \$4.50 per hour, for a maximum of 21 hours per week to handle the collection.

Columbia's contract with Recycling Services Inc. requires the school to produce three tons of paper per month, to be paid its full share. The

school receives half of the current market value for computer paper and 45 percent of market value for high quality colored paper. The rest goes to Recycling Services.

Last July, Recycling Services collected only half of the monthly requirement of paper. The school was penalized 40 percent and only made a little over \$6 for the 3,000 pounds of paper it collected.

Before the program can expand, student coordinators Rusty Osgood and Angela Williams, ensure that paper is collected over the holiday and semester breaks.

Students and teachers can involve themselves in the recycling program by dropping off

used paper in department offices on most floors of each building, Osgood said.

Last year, the school was paid \$2,000 for its recycled paper. The money went to the school's general fund. This semester, the students are being paid for their work. Nevertheless, Osgood hopes that future monies from the program will go towards a scholarship for students interested in recycling.

"I've always been really into recycling, and I'm glad to see that we have it at school," he said.

"I eat spaghetti two times a

See **RECYCLE**  
Page 2



Julie Smith for The Chronicle

Tony Hinton makes his move as his opponent checks his strategy during an impromptu chess match in the Hokin Annex.

### News

Is there life after Columbia?

You can get a job. See how on page 3.

### Opinion and Editorials

Crescenzo's got a brand new club

It can't be beat, see page 9.

### Arts and Features

Deli Express: Your Dining Destiny

Karen Sobus checks it out on page 5.



## from the stairwells

by KJ Zarker

Whether we're residents of convents or nude communities, a common *Beast* resides within all of us—lust, a creature with an insatiable desire for beauty and pleasure. *Don't you just love lust?*

The only problem with lust is it's such a sucker for a quick fix. It consumes images of erotic beauty as if they were free candies at a Christmas party. Do you like the hard or soft-centered? Sweet eroticism or the kinky stuff? Indeed, lust is delicious.

If you have lust and love in an intimate relationship—you've got it made. If you just get a good, safe fuck—you've got a great experience to remember. That's sex at its best. At its worst, sex can screw up a person forever, and get away with it under the guise of the cultural norm. Homophobes, misogynists and pedophiles are catered to via an array of magazines—and other things...

The problem is that sex somehow got tied up in power play. One human will easily humiliate another in order to "get off." I'm talking child molestation, spouse rape, slave markets...stuff like that. Pornography, in its present manifestation, is a mutated version of an innately healthy Beast. It's grown twisted and deformed from lack of intellectual, emotional and spiritual nutrition.

The divisive arguments about pornography in the heterosexual and homosexual "communities" involve morality and social ramifications. Some see the cultivation of the rape mentality via pornography as an obvious cruelty—while others deny it exists or consider pornography a catharsis for potential criminals. Yet desire is a commodity that bellows louder than either side of the argument: you can buy happiness, just name your price.

In pornography a lot of people get hurt—really fucked up. This is an industry that capitalizes on exploitation and humiliation and thrives on it. Even if you really think that your object of desire is flattered by your salivating, you should know that behind every "well-paid" cosmetic-coated smile on the magazine rack lurks the trench mouth of fantasy-spoiling probabilities: degradation, rape, murder. Nasty stuff.

Of course it's as absurd to say "No you can't consume pornography," as it is to say "No you can't worship in that religion/have that abortion/get that education/etc. etc." Indeed, the "choice" should be everyone's.

But non-participants, through no choice of their own, are hurt, exploited and humiliated by the porn industry, anyway. The predator/prey mentality between men and women, and perverts and innocents is played out every goddam day in virtually every goddam venue of American culture. (And children? Ah, but tender meat is best when it's naive, isn't it?) Now that is sickening.

It's time for women to deal with their own sexuality on their own terms, for a change. It's time that CONSENT became a respected phenomenon, and coercion—not just physical but economic, too—became unacceptable.

Just imagine. Our enlightened sense of eroticism would allow us to transcend our limitations in body and mind. We would learn the symmetry of body and spirit and we would experience the endless sexual energy that is indigenous to the human animal, regardless of gender. We would be free to enjoy, without guilt, that irrepressible sexuality that succumbs only to poor health and situational necessity. We might even decide to like each other.

If you feel absolutely decided about the issue of pornography—think again. There are shades of gradation that could range from "just a little naughty" personal preference to a world marketplace of wretchedness. Indeed, it is a sticky issue.

Yet it is obvious that with the present cultivation of pornography, our natural healthy lust is dying from misunderstanding. When will we learn it's not wise to fuck with Mother Nature?

## BONNER

from page 1

stringer and one year as a staff writer on the paper. In fall 1990, she had expected to be named executive editor, but instead was made news editor.

Cummings picked out his entire editorial staff, and he defends his choice of executive editor. "I tried to fit the ability to the position. The executive editor traditionally did the typesetting. I sought out Mark Farano because I knew he was very talented with the computer. My prior experience with Tanya was that her stories were seldom, if ever, on deadline."

The position of executive editor no longer exists, and the *Chronicle* staff is appointed by current faculty advisor James Ylisela Jr.

Bonner felt that Cummings did not want more than one black person in an important editorial position. She said that Cummings justified appointing Farano executive editor because managing editor Mary Johnson was black, Farano is white.

Cummings, now in graduate school at Georgetown University, said it is "absolutely silly" that any racism existed on the *Chronicle* staff. "If tokenism was part of the program, then I would never have invited Tanya (on the editorial staff) in the first place. There is no quota system. Tanya is self-deluded if she claims racism. I'm sorry if Tanya can't see that the problem went much deeper than the color of her skin," he said.

Cummings also said that Johnson was managing editor not because she was black, but because she is an "extremely talented writer."



Happier times. Tanya Bonner accepting a Fischetti award from Journalism Chair Nat Lehman in 1990.

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While at the *Chronicle*, Johnson was a part-time reporter for the *Chicago Sun-Times*, and was later given a full-time position at the paper.

"They (the faculty) think that all minorities are happy," Bonner said. "They're not. They're (minorities) just afraid to say they're not happy. A lot of minority students work their asses off, just to get the worst internships, the worst everything."

Bonner, who is now a writer at (Operation) *Push* magazine, said appealing the decision was difficult. "You work hard to get where you are. You don't let people push you out, or you'll lose out on the learning experience."

Dr. Glen Graham, chair of the President's Committee on Minority Student Development and College Life, helped Bonner with her appeal. "Sometimes when you want

justice, you have to stand up and take the heat," he said of Bonner's actions.

After she was fired, Bonner said she felt like an outcast in the journalism department. Bonner said she was told by faculty members to give up her appeal and just "let go" what happened. Now she can not use her former Columbia teachers as references, she said.

"They never put me where I am. They can't stop my talent, or stop me from writing. But it hurt. I thought of Don Gold as my friend. It hurt to have him (Gold) not see you as a person."

"I always saw Tanya as a person," Gold said, "A strange person."

Conaway estimated that 10 to 15 people annually have a grievance that ends in a settlement. Conaway said that grievances should be resolved at the lowest levels.

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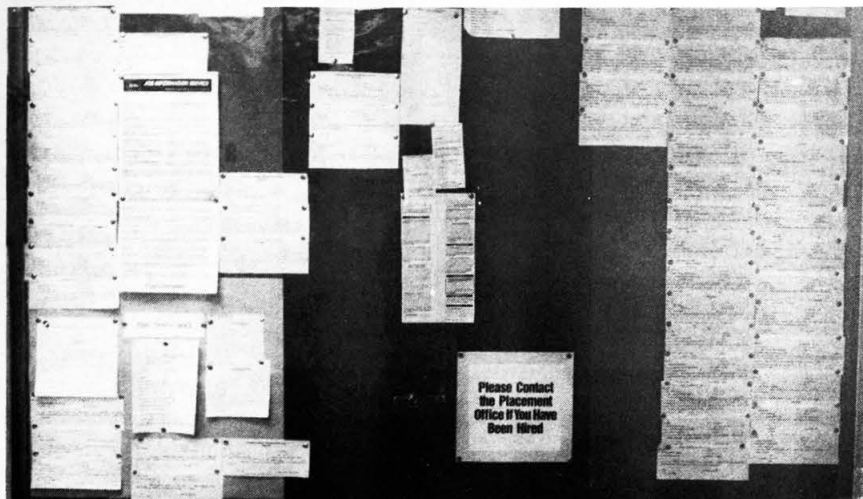
**Quit smoking.**  
**American Heart Association**

**RECYCLE**  
 from page 1  
  
**Osgood and Williams**  
 week, and I think it is ridiculous that people will buy jar after jar and waste all that glass," he added.  
 Students should collect only white paper or high grade colored paper, but no envelopes, and no paper with glue. Those products act as contaminants in the recycling process, he said.

**Ever Get A Pal Smashed?**  
**FRIENDS DON'T LET FRIENDS DRIVE DRUNK.**  
 U.S. Department of Transportation

# There is life after Columbia

Placement Office can help you get started



Looking for employment? The job center bulletin board, (third floor, Wabash building) awaits.

**By Leslie Cummings**  
Staff Writer

So you think you might actually be graduating this semester, this spring or even next year? Columbia may be able to help you move from college student to working stiff.

The placement center offers the most help to graduating students. Located on the third floor of the Wabash building, the center and the academic advising department work together to help students meet graduation requirements, maintain their GPAs, set goals and find internships as well as jobs.

Placement coordinators are available for every major. Students at all levels are encouraged to come in and discuss their careers. Coordinators can tell students about the current job market and help them use their special skills. They also help students brush up on their interviewing techniques.

Students having trouble

writing resumes, cover letters or follow-up letters, can get suggestions on improving the look of their materials. The center also provides written materials for students to keep for future reference.

The resource center, located in the placement center, has many books to help students find jobs. These include business directories as well as books and articles about different areas of employment.

The center also offers a listing of organizations related to different majors. For a small fee, students can join student chapters of these organizations, such as American Women in Radio and TV (AWRT), and can attend seminars, workshops, receptions and conferences. Membership also entitles students to receive newsletters and job listings.

"We like to make students aware of professional organizations where they can network properly, because networking is a major part of the game," said Grethia

Hightower, television and radio/sound placement coordinator.

The center's job board lists employment opportunities by major, in addition to a general listing. The board is updated every week.

Job developer Joan Bernstein seeks internship positions by calling different companies which might be in need of a Columbia student's talent. Students should talk to Bernstein as well as the internship coordinator in their major.

The placement center is currently working with the alumni office to coordinate an alumni day for TV and radio/sound students in the spring. "We're hoping to bring back professional alumni who have made it," Hightower said "They will speak on what it took for them to make it and the difficulties they encountered, as well as what they did to climb the ladder of success and maintain their positions."

The alumni day will consist

## DEPT. DOINGS

### DANCE

The Chicago Repertory Dance Ensemble will be performing the weekends of Dec. 13-14 and 20-21, at the Dance Center. All performances begin at 8 p.m., and will feature new modern dance works by Chicago choreographers. Tickets are \$12, \$8 for senior citizens, and \$5 for Columbia students.

### SCIENCE/MATHEMATICS

Students interested in viewing the Museum of Science & Industry's presentation of *Antarctica* may sign up with **John Meyer**, in suite 500 of the Wabash building. The film will be shown in the museum's Omnimax theater on Friday, Dec. 13 at 6 p.m. There is a \$5 reservation fee that will be refunded only if you attend.

### TELEVISION

The **TV Arts Society** will hold two meetings this week. The first is tomorrow at noon, in room 1415 of the Michigan building; the second will be Thursday, Dec. 12, at 5 p.m., in room 1509 of the Michigan building. The society is also co-sponsoring a Christmas Party at the Congress Hotel at 7 p.m. on Friday, Dec. 20. Hors d'oeuvres, games and a DJ all free of charge. The festivities will go until around midnight (Ho! Ho! Ho!)

### THEATER

Performance Week runs Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday this week, and again next week, from the 16th through the 19th. Contact the department for times and locations to attend and support Columbia's actors of the future.

of discussions, question and answer time and a reception. Job leads will be shared and students will be encouraged to make contacts.

Hightower urges students to talk to coordinators and advisors because "if you don't use the placement center, then we can't help you. Come in, give us a try - we all have great

personalities!"

Students are welcome to use the services at any time, but coordinators tell students to visit their offices before they graduate and realize they can't find a job.

The coordinators also have walk-in days for students with no time to make an appointment.

## PANHANDLER

from page 1

prefer to stay the night at area flop houses. The Ritz, at 12th Street and Wabash Avenue, and the Roosevelt next door are favorite spots. These establishments charge \$9 and \$15 respectively and offer quiet and privacy.

"It's not the Ramada or anything, but it is clean and okay," Dave said. On days he cannot raise the money, he will resort to a shelter, Dave added.

But Tony said that when he has no money, he rides the CTA all night rather than stay in a shelter.

According to Tony, the train conductors, "know what time it is and don't bother you at night."

Both men had previously held jobs: Dave worked as a welder in Michigan and in Chicago, but he admits that his violent temper and negative attitude have prevented him from keeping a job for more than six months. At present, Dave has no plans to seek employment.

Tony said he has applied for seven jobs in the past month including the George Diamond Steak House, The Harrison Cafe and Sammy C's. Getting a job as a homeless person is not easy. Employers like to see clean-shaven, showered and well-dressed applicants. And job seekers must leave a phone number and an address.

Tony said he leaves his mother's phone number, yet so far, he has had no offers. If he gets a call, Tony said he would "hit the Laundromat and get ready real fast."

Tony listed his six previous employers, including Sears, Jewel, and a record store on the West side. He said he is on the streets because of

"family stress" that resulted from his father's alcoholism and incestuous relationship with his sister, who is a heroin addict.

Tony has been on the street since June. On this day, he did not have the \$9 for the Ritz and was preparing to spend the night on the CTA. Dave, who panhandles near Columbia and sometimes at Chicago Avenue and State Street, said that \$10 is average and that \$20 is "a real good day."

Both men denied that they used drugs or drank alcohol regularly. Most of their panhandled money, they said, goes to paying for a flop house or food.

And the way the economy looks, Dave and Tony will probably be joined in the months to come by many others looking for a quarter or a cigarette.

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# Columbia's blood supply runs dry

By Jennifer Derwin  
Staff Writer

The Blood Mobile was a very lonely place on Nov. 20.

Judy Bonarek and Don Konowalik, the two phlebotomists on duty in the United Blood Services mobile unit, drained the arms of just 11 people.

It was a disappointing day for the blood seekers.

Library employee Mary Little was the last person in line. She wasn't able to donate blood because of a low iron level, but she got a heart-shaped sticker with the words, "I Tried."

Journalism student Tova Bode was also turned down. Her blood pressure was too low.

Many people are asked not to donate blood for different reasons. Some are:

- » Anyone who has had sex with a bisexual or homosexual man since 1977;
- » Anyone who has engaged in prostitution since 1977
- » Anyone who has used intravenous needles for non-prescription or street drugs;
- » Anyone who has tested

positive for HIV;  
» Anyone with hemophilia.

Phlebotomist Don Konowalik said the low turnout could be attributed to the fear of catching AIDS. The fear is ungrounded, he said. "Anything we use that comes in contact with blood is first sterilized, then burned" at the United Blood Services office at 1221 N. LaSalle, he said. "The needles are disposable. They are not re-used."

While donors face no risk of contracting HIV or other serious diseases, the recipient of donated blood could be at minimal risk. According to the pamphlet released by United Blood Services, 2 percent of the known AIDS cases in the United States have resulted from blood transfusions.

All the blood that is collected is tested for the HIV virus. If the donated blood is found to have the HIV antibodies, the unit is destroyed and the donor is notified. Their names are placed on a confidential list; if they try to donate blood again, those units will also be destroyed.

United Blood Services has three Hemobiles, which are roving mobile homes with complete labs. The group also



Julie Smith for The Chronicle

Art major Elana Spears, a junior, attempts a smile as she gives blood, one of the few donors at this year's annual blood drive.

operates 14 mobile units, consisting of teams that set up labs in rooms provided by a school, mall or hospital. UBS services 20 states, and occasionally has to transfer blood from one area to Chicago hospitals when the supply runs low.

Donated blood lasts about 42 days. Supplies of types O and

B are currently low, Bonarek said. Hospitals are traditionally low on blood before the holiday season, and many services try to fill the gap.

Those interested in donating blood can call United Blood Services at (312)751-1701 or stop by 1221 N. LaSalle.

**WHAT DO YOU THINK?**  
Columbia students voice your opinions. We're saving space for you. Bring your opinion pieces or letters to the editor to the Chronicle office, room 802-Wabash, by 5:00p.m. Tuesdays for publication next week.

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Wednesday, December 11, 1991  
1:00 'til 3:00 p.m.

**PANEL DISCUSSION**  
Ferguson Theater  
Reception to follow immediately in the Follet Lounge

**Holiday Job Networking Session**  
Sponsored by the Placement Office of Columbia College

For more information contact Grethia Hightower at 663-1600, extension 284

# Gospel choir clears Annex

## MUSIC REVIEW



By Alina G. Romanowski  
Correspondent

On Monday, Nov. 25, the Hokin Annex was in the midst of a gospel concert when a debate erupted over the Islamic faith.

I was there to review Columbia's Love Enlightenment Ministries Gospel Choir's "The Power of Love" concert. And what a concert. It was scheduled to start at 4

p.m., but instead began at 5:15 without any explanation.

Sound strange? It was during the break, Steven Epps, representing something called the Sons of Thunder, began speaking about Islam and Muslims. Opposing opinions ran through the audience. The concert became a debate over religious correctness. Half of the audience was enraged, and walked out. Epps quickly finished his remarks, left off the stage and headed after those who left. A few choir members chased after him. Then the concert resumed.

I had never seen, nor heard, the choir perform and looked forward to attending the concert. So, I sat back and got

excited right along with the crowd, until the 37 choir members walked onto the stage, clapped their hands, stomped their feet, and sang "Let's Praise Him," featuring Dee Grizby.

Grizby would have saved the number from disaster with her voice, but she was drowned out by the boisterous voices accompanying her. It sounded as if the 30 or so other singers were competing with Grizby for loudness. The song carried on way too long and became obnoxious. The females screamed to hit notes way out of their range and failed to blend with the harmonious male voices. "Hear Thee Oh Lord" was another number in which loudness took precedence over quality, at least for most of the piece. The group appeared to strive for shouting voices and distorted pitches—and they succeeded. To their credit, the choir showed off their ability to follow the leader through difficult syncopation and other rhythmic techniques.

The choir then cleared the stage for two members to perform the gospel rap "Quasheem." The song was not your everyday kind of street rap. Besides the religious message the rap sent, it also blended one rapper, who did the usual rhythm-accom-



Steven Epps

Photos by Omar Castillo / Photo Editor

panied speaking, with another rapper who sang more melodically. The back-up musicians overpowered the voices, and made it difficult to hear.

After "Quasheem," Epps took to the stage. The choir cleared and the audience listened to what he had to say about love between the Black Man and himself, Black Man and Society and the Black Man and Black Woman. The crowd

liked the encouraging things Epps said, until he got to the topic of Islam and Muslims. That's when all hell broke loose.

The master of ceremonies was able to recover attention back to the stage and introduced the next number, "Amazing Grace."

The song again featured see **GOSPEL** page 11



Jesse Stanford and The Love Enlightenment Choir

# Deli Express: Every student's dining destiny

By Karen Sobus  
Staff Writer

It was my first time. I didn't want to do it, but my grade depended on it. I guess it was my duty since I was one of the last seniors who had never eaten at Deli Express.

Being a suburbanite, I only eat in restaurants that look good on the inside and out. Deli Express doesn't fit this category.

Except for some dirty tables smeared with cigarette ashes, Deli Express was surprisingly clean, but the bright, spacious dining area desperately needed more tables. Everyone eating there was crammed in close to the walls, and could have been more comfortable if the vast space in the center of the restaurant was filled with

clean tables.

An even mixture of students and workers were eating at this convenient spot located across the street from Columbia's Wabash building.

Lunch time is the busiest time of the day. The menu offers a wide variety of hot and cold sandwiches, with or without cheese or mushrooms and sweet peppers. Plain sandwiches are generally \$2.90; with cheddar or swiss cheese, \$3.30; with mushrooms and sweet peppers, \$3.70.

The Italian beef is delicious, according to Eric Mixon, alumni relations assistant at Columbia. This sandwich is tasty, juicy and big, he added. The beef is piled high on Italian bread.

"It's the best beef sandwich I've had in a long time," Mixon said.

Deli Express also offers fish sandwiches, cheeseburgers, polish sausages, hot dogs, chicken sandwiches and tacos. These sandwiches range from \$1.20 to \$3.25.

At Deli Express, all the sandwiches come with French fries. The fries are slender and cheap. These tasteless, rubbery sticks are soggy and saturated with grease when you bite into them. According to Len Deptula, a senior majoring in music, "the fries stink."

Other sandwiches in this price range include: Italian beef, barbecue beef, corned beef, roast beef, pastrami, barbecue pastrami, salami, ham, turkey and gyros.

I had a turkey sandwich. Big mistake. Like all the sandwiches, it was offered on a variety of breads: white, wheat, rye, kaiser or an onion roll. It was served on stale wheat bread, and was supposed to be hot. It wasn't even room temperature, but I figured having it warmed up wouldn't make it good enough for me to enjoy anyway.

Sandwiches come with a choice of lettuce, tomato, mustard or mayonnaise. Although plenty of turkey is piled on this sandwich, it looks and tastes like it has been in the refrigerator too long. The cheddar cheese looks like processed cheese spread and has no taste. Overall, it is a bland sandwich drowning in mayonnaise.

According to Deptula, who

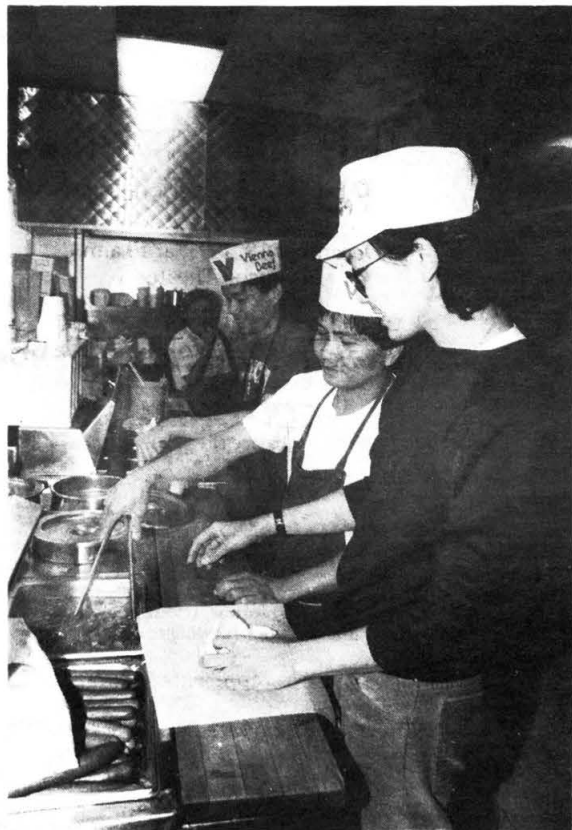
eats at Deli Express twice a week, the cheeseburgers are o.k. for the money, \$1.45, and the pizza puffs, \$1.25, are very good.

A lot of slightly greasy meat is packed into the gyros, ac-

see **DELI** Page 11



Deli Express chefs stir things up during the lunch hour



Photos by Julie Smith

# Calling all poets to put it in print



By Karen Sobus  
Staff Writer

People who have a knack for turning words into deep, meaningful pools of thought, have a new outlet for their creativity.

The *Columbia Poetry Review* magazine is accepting poetry submissions from Columbia students, as well as including well-known poets, according to Paul Hoover, director of the poetry concentration program in the English department and the magazine's faculty advisor.

So far, Carolyn Knox, who is published in major literary magazines and writes poetry books, has been accepted. Knox submitted a previously unpublished work.

Columbia students' poems occupy three-fourths of the magazine, said Hoover, who also edits "New American Writing," one of the leading literary magazines in the country.

In the past, Allen Ginsberg, a famous poet, known for his poem, "Howl," has been published in the Review.

Several Columbia graduates, whose poems were published in the Review, are now successful poets and writers, Hoover said.

Lydia Tomkiw, a former editor and writer for the poetry

magazines' predecessor, the poetry section in *Hairtrigger*, now tours the United States and Europe as a member of "Algebra Suicide," a poetry and musical-based group. Tomkiw reads her poetry while her husband Don Hedeker plays electronic-based rock music in the background.

Tomkiw, 32, received a bachelor of arts in English and a master's in interdisciplinary arts education from Columbia. "Algebra Suicide" recently sent a compact disc to Europe through Antler-Subway Recording Company. They are due to release a CD in the U.S. through the Widely Distributed Recording Company.

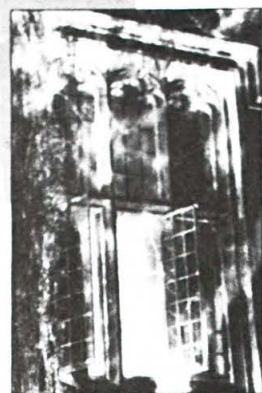
"The magazine inspires students to get their work out there," said Tomkiw. "It's an important showcase for student's work." Tomkiw added that the *Columbia Poetry Review* is the best college poetry magazine she has seen.

"It's an excellent publication," she said. "I have yet to see another college magazine with standards so high."

Other Columbia graduates share Tomkiw's impression of the magazine.

"It's a good magazine that reminds me of *Brooklyn Review* from Brooklyn College in New York," said Connie Deanovich, 31, who graduated from Columbia in 1983 with a

## Columbia Poetry Review



Number 4

bachelor of arts in English. "Physically, it looks better than most."

Deanovich writes poetry and fiction for the small press publication market, including such publications as *joe soap's canoe*, *New American Writing* and *Under 35: New Generation of American Poets*.

"The Review gives previously unpublished students a chance to see their work in print, and increase their confidence," Deanovich said.

Poems are submitted by several majors, Hoover said.

"It's a good representation of Columbia," said Maria Carlota Nelson, 22, a senior

concentrating in screen writing and poetry, who was an editor of the magazine last year.

Two to three advanced poetry students edit the magazine each year. It helps shape students judgment, Hoover added.

"You learn a lot from reading other people's work," Nelson said. "It makes you more critical of your own."

Hoover first suggested the idea of a poetry magazine to Phil Klukoff, chairman of the English department.

"It has proven to be a wonderful vehicle for students' poetry," Klukoff said. "It reflects the diversity of poetic voice in the Columbia College community."

The magazine will be distributed to the college bookstore and local newsstands. Hoover is working with the distributor to determine the number of copies that will be available. Last year, approximately 500 copies were distributed to the college book store for \$8 each.

Those wishing to submit poems to the *Columbia Poetry Review* must send typed copies, including their name and address, to Paul Hoover in the English department, on the seventh floor of the Wabash building. A self-addressed stamped envelope should be included for return of poems not accepted.



Laura Craig (left) leaps into a leopard faux fur

## Making a sec

By Ginger Plesha  
Staff Writer

"Save my pink flares," I screamed as I woke from the worst nightmare of my rather young life. Tired and bewildered, I attempted to piece together all of the frightening details of a terrible night's dream. I recalled walking slowly through the Gap, glancing at the rows of identical clothing. Suddenly each row started to blend into one big blur and racks of forgettable clothing fell upon me.

Trapped beneath the racks, my whole life passed before me. I was riding my tricycle as I had always remembered but this time my favorite pink flares were replaced by an entire Gap Kids ensemble. I was no longer an individual — for I had become a Gap clone kid. I longed for just a glimpse of the pink flare pants that had once made me the envy of the neighborhood children. At this point I woke, never knowing my fate.

Right then and there I knew I had to do something to change my destiny. I concluded my dream was just a subconscious message telling me to break out of the dressing doldrums. My wardrobe was in dire need of CPR, but where to shop? Pink flares in mind, I gathered a couple of friends and set off on a vintage adventure.

Our first stop was the Value Village Thrift Store in the 2800 block of North Halsted. Stores like this can be found anywhere in the city.

Initially they appear to be a gigantic garage sale with an interesting conglomeration of people's old clothing, shoes, furniture, appliances... even underwear. Such stores contain so many items, it could take years to find any one specific thing.

In our visit we came across several pairs of fine leather shoes for only \$2.00, vinyl and faux fur coats were priced around \$3.00 and bras were \$1.50.

Obviously the best thing about this thrift store was its extremely low prices, but no one enjoyed digging around for hours in piles of junk to find something they really liked.

Departing Value Village my crew and I took several steps up to 2935 N. Clark, the home

## BABYSITTER

On Friday nights  
I watch your children  
dress them all in black  
draw illustrations on their skin  
teach them *The Slide*  
and dirty verses I learned  
off the walls of public bathrooms

Wearing the clothes  
of your wife  
her blouses and bullet bras  
pumps with worn heels  
from the bottom of her closet  
I entertain  
jump on your table  
grind a dirty boogie  
spew words which itch  
in my mouth and  
rattle like shanty towns

Your children love me  
stroke my hair  
stiff as starch

with Raspberry Kool Aid  
and old hairspray  
They hang like gargoyles  
on my every charm  
sip from the lipstick rim of  
my gin glass  
as we watch midnight movies  
and eat Spaghetti-O's  
straight from the can

You drive me home  
smiling and waving like  
a shiner in your mini care  
I imagine  
dinners and movies  
long nights of cocktail parties  
your hands crawling  
along my spine  
coaxing my eyes  
to the back of my head  
making my mouth water  
while you slip  
dollars into my hand

By Kathleen Markko

BLACK WOMAN...LISTEN!  
(as i notice mothers, children,  
buses, men: southside memoirs)

"I've seen you board the earth  
with the walls of  
your womb,  
RELENTLESSLY-

scrutinizing each amiable ges-  
ture  
as you cradle the soils that  
you fertilized  
anxiously:

Not knowing if that MAN  
really...loving or just toying  
with the sentiments,  
that

YOU gave him the rights/2  
&  
having them, them  
sweet  
jellybean-brown/sweet as the  
cane that he got a piece/2.

Black woman...LISTEN!  
caveat the disquietude in the  
cadence of my  
"SOUTHERN" song,

as i swallow the rivers  
in your eyes and escape  
the requiem  
with a smile."

By Lisa Jacqueline  
Gillard

Excerpts from  
Columbia

Poetry  
Review

# American Nazis in their true light

By Rusty Osgood  
Correspondent

Nazis. American Nazis. This is the focal point of *Blood In The Face*, a new documentary collaboration by Anne Bohlen, Kevin Rafferty and James Ridgeway. *Blood In The Face* has done something that left-wing propaganda and endless talk show hosts have failed to do: it shows American nazis in their true light. This film brings us into the homes of American Nazi Party members and invites us to have a cup of hate with them.

*Blood in the Face* is a documentary that is gutsy enough to know that by simply

letting racists speak for themselves, with no outside narration, they easily expose their hate and lack of intelligence.

*Blood in the Face* lets viewers see racists make fools of themselves without anyone's help. This is much more effective than hearing people tell horror stories about how the KKK is going to take over America tomorrow if we don't bomb them now.

I didn't figure these nazis would have good reasons for their behavior and the film confirmed this. None of them seemed to have any reasoning behind anything they did. At some points, I felt I was watch-

ing an absurdly nasty black comedy, except the cast was not in on the joke, they were the brunt of it.

In honesty, *Blood in the Face* was a pathetic movie to watch. It was sad to see people dedicate so much energy to hatred. Many of these modern day

American nazis seemed like they were more united in frustration with their own shallow lives than in their hatred of homosexuals, foreigners, African-Americans, etc.

Before seeing this film, I had prepared myself for a horrorefest of disgusting racist activity. But other than a lot of toned down racist slang and a couple of drooling Aryan ministers, most of these "nazis" were no louder than a yapping chihuahua. I do not want to belittle the awful things that American Nazi Party could create, but most of these people just need an interesting hobby and a good vacation.



Bruce Storres  
Beatrice. Moo  
kitten? Bruce  
Flashy Trash.



...and supershdes at Flashy Trash. Ties galore at the next store, Just Vintage.

## Second-hand impression



Photos by Ginger Plesha

(top) sneaks on a black and orange cat suit at Flashy Trash. How would you like to get your paws on this (bottom) models a black and red tuxedo jacket at Just Vintage.



of Just Vintage. Clothing in this small, cluttered store is used, but you can hardly tell since everything is in mint condition. Almost all of the apparel is straight out of the 1920s/'30s and is still fashionable today. The only drawback to Just Vintage is that their clothing is more for special occasions than for practical use. Men's suit jackets range from \$45 to \$65, ties are \$28 and wing tips are \$45. Women's dresses, hats, and beaded handbags vary widely in price but are of exceptional quality.

The '20s and '30s were great, but it was time for us to progress into the '60s and '70s era and Beatniks, 3513 N. Halsted. If you're looking for a serious suit or dress, just march your boots right out their door, because Beatniks is full of fun clothing. This funky little store is for the individual with a flair for fashion and a sense of humor to match. The purple suede pants, catsuits, fur/leather vests and hot pants that can be found here would make even ABBA jealous.

In addition to carrying eye catching outfits, Beatniks is also reasonably priced: Leather and vinyl jackets can range from \$30 to \$60 while funky vests sell for approximately \$20. Platform shoes go for as little as \$28 and minis are \$18.

Burned out on '70s disco and flower power, we knew it was time for us to cross Halsted only to enter the creme de le creme of vintage clothing stores, Flashy Trash (3524 N. Halsted). After checking our attitudes at the door we proceeded into this whirlwind of new and used clothes. Flashy Trash succeeds in crossing the lines of time in an exciting way. Stunning displays of colorful bras and flashy hats demanded everyone's attention and showed off great merchandise.

The store carries everything from plaid tuxedos to Beatle boots to boas, all at a nice price too. Leather coats are priced in the lower \$100's, while men's suits can run around \$85. Dresses tend to be around \$35, and hats are approximately \$30.

In a vain attempt to salvage our credit cards we left the confines of Flashy Trash, knowing that individuality still exists in this Gap basics world.

## I'm 27, I still live at home, and I sell office supplies

### THEATER REVIEW



By Julie Moriki  
Correspondent

For nearly six months, Jim Carrane has managed to accomplish what many comedians only dream of doing.

With only a small, black, cubed table and an old Archie Bunker chair to aid him, Carrane is able to successfully keep audiences amused throughout his 45-minute one-man comedy show.

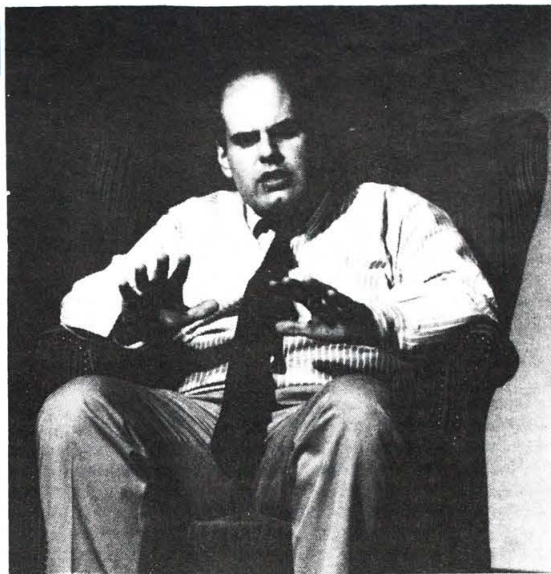
In the jaded but upbeat Annoyance Theater, Carrane reaps the laughs by poking fun at himself. Without hesitation, he fearlessly turns some of his most painful experiences into hilarious personal monologues.

Carrane is a 1987 graduate of Columbia College. Though a marketing major, he took several theatre courses here.

His one-man show, "I'm 27, I Still Live at Home, and I Sell Office Supplies," is a humorous, autobiographical piece.

A heavy set man, with an amiable personality, Carrane comes across as your everyday neighborhood Joe.

Unlike most performers, who wait behind the stage before the show begins, he



Jim Carrane

works the ticket booth so that he can eagerly greet each person who swings through the theater doors. From the start, he "likes to make people feel a sense of casual, coziness inside the theater."

The show is divided into four interlocking parts that take place in separate rooms in his parent's Kenilworth home.

Carrane takes the audience on an imaginary tour of his home by using highly visual word pictures and artfully gesturing with his hands where each piece of furniture belongs.

As he moves from the living room to the kitchen to his bedroom he carefully blends an entertaining mixture of zany family stories with painful personal experiences.

What makes the show a success is his drop dead honesty.

People laugh at him because his stark naked truthfulness relates to their own experiences.

"A guy came up to me after the show one night to tell me he has a similar problem at his

see I'M 27  
Page 11

## The new sounds of Summer



By Tariq M. Ali  
Correspondent

In a world chock full of one-style bands, it is refreshing to hear a student band that does not adhere to a single style of music.

The members of Late Summer Holiday proved they do not believe in musical limitations in a November 21 performance at the Hokin Annex. They played what they call "a new style of music" that includes country, metal, funk, pop and dance music.

Their opening song, *What Goes on in Your Mind*, was somewhat reminiscent of *Faith No More's Epic*.

A few songs into the "gig," the band strummed a seasonal number entitled *Thanks for the Bird*, a timely tune for Thanksgiving. The band members switched places with each other for this number and afterwards tossed a couple of strips of turkey meat into the audience.

Next came *Freaky, Kinky Martian Man*, *Suzie May* and a blues-metal version of *Jingle-bells*, since Christmas was also near.

The band members are Buzzard Van Gough-lead vocals, Stu Picasso; guitar, Jay Pasquel; bass guitar and Tom Monet; drums.

They formed the band earlier this year, after having played with other bands in the Joliet and south suburban areas for the past four years.

Van Gough a.k.a. "Buzz" is a Columbia student, majoring in Computer Graphics. He talks about playing with the band in the simplest terms: "I like it, or I wouldn't be doing it." Referring to the band's successful Hokin performance, he said, "The gig went good, I feel like I've been put through a sausage grinder."

Monet didn't say much, except that he goes to Lewis University and is majoring in English.

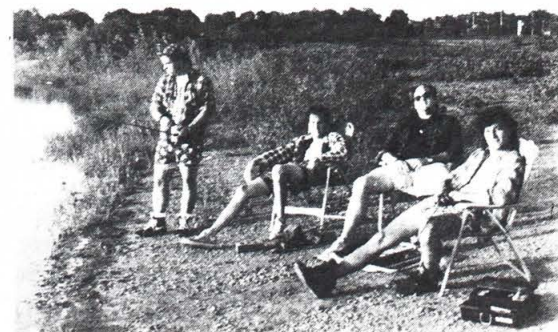
"Columbia's got the best babes in the world, but why am I going home alone?" said Jay Pasquel, revealing his "real"

motives for performing at Columbia.

Mr. Picasso, better known as "Stu," had but one comment about the whole affair: "It felt like a hemorrhoid," he said.

Late Summer Holiday is a band that likes to experiment with different ideas and is not afraid of taking chances with their material. This is why audiences like their music and why people who have heard these guys put them in a niche with The Groove Diggers.

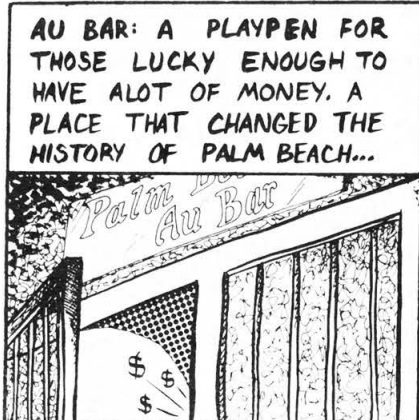
"Everybody needs a late summer holiday," said Pasquel, summing up the band's theme and title. If anyone wants to check them out and go on a Late Summer Holiday, they should call 1(708) 481-3854 and leave a message.



LATE SUMMER HOLIDAY



THE ARROGANCE OF POWER © Naomi '91



# Inside the 'God Squad'

By Antoinette Tuscano

"Do you know that Jesus Christ is the Lord God our Savior?" the counselor asked. I had heard that before, but that was in church. I never expected to be asked the question in the Loop Crisis Pregnancy Center, 104 S. Michigan Ave.

Last week, the Crisis Pregnancy Center bought six weeks of advertising in the *Columbia Chronicle*. Maybe you've seen the ads.

But I had already heard of the center. I knew what they were. And I decided to check it out for myself. The Crisis Pregnancy Center offers free pregnancy tests, but are not to be confused with clinics. There are no doctors, as the staff will tell you, and the counselors are not trained in any college. The pro-life movement funds the center and trains the counselors, who are instructed to talk pregnant women out of having abortions.

And while they are at it, they make sure these poor sinning women have heard the good news that Jesus died for their sins.

The center is unmistakably pro-life. The waiting room has models of the various stages of fetal development. The pamphlets in the waiting room are titled "Making an Informed Decision About Religion," "Safe Sex' Can Kill You" and, "Second Virginity—A New Beginning." On the walls are pictures of families, children and babies.

I knew I wasn't pregnant when I walked into the clinic, and I'm glad I did not go there worried about being pregnant. If I had tested positive, I think I would have been sick after seeing the tape they showed me, which they said presented "The Facts on Abortion." The counselor thought I should see the tape after I told her I would consider an abortion if I was pregnant. As I waited for the results of my test, I watched the tape alone behind a closed door in a small room. I will never forget it. The tape tells the story of a woman identified as a "journalist" writing a story on abortion. The viewer goes along with the journalist as she interviews with leaders and spokesmen of the pro-life movement, people from the pro-choice side, such as abortion clinic workers. Then she talked to women who have had abortions, and single mothers.

A husband-wife pro-life team showed bloody and graphic pictures of fetal arms and legs, which they said were the results of an abortion, as well as pictures of the fetus in different developmental stages. They top it off with the infamous "bucket shot," a picture of babies from late-term abortions in a garbage can.

Actually, all doctors are required to send any tissue removed in an abortion (or any procedure) to a pathologist. It is not thrown in the garbage or

flushed down the toilet. The journalist also visibly grimaces in the tape as she is being shown the fetus photo collection.

The journalist decides that to write a fair story, she should see abortions being performed. She witnesses a first trimester abortion. The patient's legs are hoisted up in the air in stirrups, dilated, and the aspiration tube inserted. The blood seeps through the tube into a container, and splatters the patient's sheet. The aspiration stops momentarily as the tube comes in contact with the fetus.

Now comes the grand finale of the videotape—the second trimester saline (a mixture of salt and water) abortion. A long needle full of the saline solution is injected into the patient's abdomen (uterus). The next image I saw was that of a small but perfectly formed baby killed by the saline. The saline has "burned" away all the skin, so the baby was smooth and blood red. The tape points out that the baby's hands and feet are completely formed.

Dr. Bernard N. Nathanson, who once performed abortions, is now adamantly pro-life, but he chastised the movement in his book, "Aborting America."

"Anti-abortionists seem to delight especially in printing graphic descriptions of what abortion does to (the fetus). Usually these tracts are as inaccurate as they are purple in prose. (Salting-out, for example, does not barbecue (the fetus') skin, or shrivel it like a prune.) In any event, who wants to read graphic accounts of amputation, either? Any surgical procedure so described plays upon the squeamishness of the lay public."

After the tape was over, my counselor came back into the room. She asked me how I felt about the videotape. I wasn't sure. I felt repulsed, but alarmed. Alarmed that a scared 16-year-old girl somewhere might have seen this tape. Now I know why there is box of tissue in every room.

I had been in the center for an hour. My counselor showed me the pregnancy test indicator. A small blue line on the circle means negative. I got to keep the indicator, as a memento I suppose.

But before I could get out of there, my counselor mentioned that I had indicated no religious preference on a form I had filled out.

That's when she asked me if I know that Jesus was my Savior. She told me that Jesus died on the cross to save me.

She asked if she can call me and check up on me. I said no. She reminded me to go to a doctor if I do not get my period, even though the urine test is "97 percent accurate." She handed me a list of pro-life doctors in my area. I thanked her. She said, "God bless you."

## OPINION

### Rap Is Valid Art Form

Steve Crescenzo's solutions to the abortion and gun control problems (*Chronicle*, Nov. 25) were at least creative and interesting.

But, how he could equate those important social issues with rap music is beyond me.

Unfortunately, his comments show a poor understanding of a pop art form.

Personally, I can only take rap in small doses, but that doesn't make it less valid as an art form.

It's poetry with a beat; it's the creative expression of a subculture that needs to express itself.

People listen, watch the videos, buy the disks and relate to the message.

Just because it doesn't fit Crescenzo's definition of music—for all I know he listens

to bubble gum metal—doesn't make it less of a musical form.

Straighten up, Steve. Open your mind.

P.S. I'm dying to hear Steve's solutions to homelessness, drugs and the economy, without the ppppppppppp noises.

Susan Babyk  
Administrative Assistant  
Exec. Vice President's Office

## LETTERS To The Editor

### Condoms Not The Answer

When Magic Johnson announced his HIV infection there wasn't a station on the dial that wasn't reporting the story.

I feel sad for Johnson, but more disappointing to me was that after the story broke it was reported that condom sales went up an estimated 50 percent. People in all walks of life suddenly became so cautious of HIV and AIDS.

It made me ill to see that a famous, talented person had to contract HIV before everyone else—based on the increase in condom sales—became more aware and cautious of the disease. I only hope those who bought the condoms will really use them.

In regards to condoms, I remember a comedian once saying "Men are too busy trying to make contraceptives to prevent women from getting pregnant. It's like wearing a bullet-proof vest near a loaded gun. To me it would make more sense to take out the bullets than wearing a bullet-proof vest."

Using that analogy with AIDS, I think it's time to stop spending money on advertisements for safe sex and use it

instead towards finding a cure for the disease.

Encouraging people to wear a condom, rather than promoting a cure for AIDS is similar to just waiting for the problem to just suddenly disappear so everyone can go back to a happy, jolly life—right!

Greg Pekny  
Sophmore  
Radio Broadcasting

### Pen Pal Alert

To The Editors:

I'm writing to you from death row in Florida.

Would you please extend an open invitation to any students, staff or anyone who wishes to write to me.

After seven years of being locked down for 24 hours a day in a six-by-nine foot cell, I can use all the human contact I can get.

Can you help?  
Thank you.

Robert J. Long, #494041  
Florida State Prison  
P.O. Box 747  
Starke, FL 32091

### CHRONICLE

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The Chronicle is the official student run newspaper of Columbia College. It is published weekly during the school year, and distributed on Monday. Views expressed in this newspaper are not necessarily those of the advisor or the college.

## Education Yes, Abortion No

I am disappointed that "Students For A Better World" has decided to take a political stand on the abortion issue. I was under the impression that SFBW worked to feed homeless people, inform students about the tragedy of war, work for peace, encourage recycling, and so on.

I didn't know, until recently, that SFBW actually believe that abortion is a "woman's right to control her body and destiny," because, as a woman who works for a better world, it is my firm belief that abortion is not our right. Not because men took it away, but because God never gave us the right to destroy our babies in the first place.

Personally, I have not chosen sides on this issue. I am for all life. But I also think if a woman really wants to have an abortion she should be able to do so safely. The point I am trying to get across is, what about the baby's choice? What do you suppose that little beating heart wants to do? My guess is it wants to keep beating. It wants to grow, and it wants to be born.

I don't think abortion should be looked at as birth control when it really is murder. Destroying unborn babies is not going to control overpopulation or make society better because there's less mouths to feed. All it does is simply and perversely kill a child. And children, more than anyone, give us hope. Hope for a better society—a better world. That is why I'm disap-

## Elevator woes open a new door

By Caprice Walters

Going up? I don't think so!

Never let it be said Columbia students have no togetherness. Thanks to brilliant school financing, students are getting closer together more than ever these days.

You say you never have time to mingle with classmates after school? Don't worry. You say you want to get a better feel for faculty members? Don't fret. You say you want excitement and togetherness? You got it.

Try waiting for one of the elevators in the Wabash building. Unless you're very fortunate, the car you're waiting for is stuck on the second floor doing its impression of 'open enrollment'—defect in action. But, enough of that subject.

The elevators, like open enrollment (sorry, can't help myself), are not an open and shut case. They rarely open, and when they shut you have to be a magician, able to disappear in the nick-of-time before the door compresses you like an old Buick.

If you have completed the Harry Houdini course on how to escape elevator doors you are allowed into the cubicle of togetherness. There you may be fortunate enough to meet one of your future professors by stepping on his or her

## OPINION

toes. What better way to get a feel for the faculty and make a lasting impression at the same time.

For those of you unable to get into Houdini's class, you have probably already experienced Columbia's crash course in Football 101. This is where you try walking up the stairs, following 15 frustrating minutes of waiting for an elevator, and you get stiff-armed or trampled by angry Walter Payton wanna-be's anxious to get to class.

It almost makes you wish you were a television or radio major. At least the Michigan building has better elevators.

Never let it be said, though, that Columbia College is not building for the future. They are building more recreational spots, including pool halls, to give students an outlet for the frustration of spending the bulk of their semester waiting to catch an elevator.

And why complain that Columbia is wasting student money when through their inaction they are elevating student/student and student/faculty relations.

So who do we thank for those graffiti-filled moving sardine cans and the hundreds of NFL running back prospects in the Wabash building? The same folks who control the other 'open door'.

But I'll give them a break.

Forget closing the door on open enrollment. Work on keeping the elevator doors open long enough for someone to walk in. Or maybe instead of another pool table, work on replacing the small non-working elevators with larger ones that work.

pointed in SFBW when they stand by this degrading and dehumanizing procedure, justifying it—like a whole lot of other people—saying it is a woman's right.

Shouldn't we be encouraging women to have their kids? Or helping each other raise them and pay for them? What about supporting midwives and helping make childbirth free? If I could encourage one woman not to have an abortion, I would do my best to help her any way I could.

That is a life in there and, contrary to what Christina Pickles thinks in her pro-choice video, a lot more than just a "mass of tissue" (*Chronicle* pro-choicers, Nov. 18).

If she feels that way about another beating heart, perhaps it wouldn't matter to her if someone decided to mangle her flesh.

We don't need abortion. What we need is education, and support to raise our kids. This can only happen, at best, on an individual and personal level. In other words, we need to act more like brothers and sisters to each other.

Elizabeth Field  
Fiction Writing, and mother

## Whistle Blowin' In The Wind

There are heroes in the CTA that deserve our support. No, it's not Clark Burris or his money-grubbing CTA officials—it is the small group of individuals who care about the truth and the riders of the CTA. They have been labeled *whistle blowers*, and they deserve our support for telling the truth and exposing the criminal activity.

I wish to personally thank the whistle blowers for caring and putting their careers and actually their lives on the line for us.

Don't ever be afraid to blow the whistle on your job if it is hurting someone or if you think it will cause someone financial difficulty.

Remember that Karen Silkwood was killed for exposing careless uses of plutonium in her company years ago, but the company closed down after it was exposed and she was proclaimed a hero. Hollywood even made a movie about her life.

So, boycott CTA officials but support the "heroes."

Naomi Stewart  
Cartooning major

## Think Before You Knock Rap

I express this letter not only to Steve Crescenzo, but to others who share his views about rap music ("...it's awful." *Chronicle*, Nov. 25).

Has Steve ever taken the time to actually sit down and listen to a rap album or single? Apparently not, based on his column.

I admit there are some rap songs that aren't pleasing to some people's ears, but we can't speak for everyone. So whatever song Steve listened to must have been too hardcore for him.

Rap is an underground form of music that makes the listener more aware of reality.

Rappers such as Public Enemy and Boogie Down Productions open our eyes and ears to the social and political environment, and teach us how to unite and deal with it.

On the other hand, rappers such as DJ Jazzy Jeff, The Fresh Prince and Kid 'n Play show a funny, yet entertaining side of rap—a lighter, softer form you might say.

Regardless of the form, though, the tunes are excellent to dance to and relieve your frustrations.

As for the comment "...rap, ahem, musicians," it's no secret that all it takes is a pair of turntables, a mixer, a microphone and a stripped down sample track to rap. But it's more than just that.

There are rap artists, like Digital Underground, who write their own music, as well as play keyboards, drums and turntables.

Crescenzo must realize that rap is an art form, and it takes a lot of work and dedication.

Can he face reality, or is he still *Rollin' In His 5.0* listening to *Ice Ice Baby* in the phoney fantasy land of *U Can't Touch This*?

If rap music gives Crescenzo a headache that's a personal problem, and he should just turn the music off.

But he should think about what he's saying before making a public criticism of something he knows nothing about.

Robert Thompson

STEVE

## Crescenzo's Club

I formed a brand new club the other day, and for the first time in my life, I think I am truly happy. My new club is for guys only—guys like me who are just now learning how to deal with our sensitive side, and refusing to let evil, beastly women treat us like doormats any longer.

DUM dum dum, DUM dum dum dum ... Don't mind me, I'm just beating my drum. This is what I do now whenever I want to get in touch with my sensitive side. My fellow club members and I like to call it beating off, because by BEATING our drums, we are able to cast OFF our macho attitudes and get a firm grip on ourselves. I've found that I'm never more sensitive than when I've just finished beating off.

If you're not familiar with this practice, it comes from the Holy One, the exalted poet Robert Bly, who started the Men's Movement that is going to stop, once and for all, the atrocious way men are treated in today's society. A big attribute of the Men's Movement, and of my new club for that matter, is that it helps guys deal with the fact that our fathers weren't as sensitive with us as they should have been...

DUM DUM dum dum, DUM DUM dum DUM dum... Sorry, just mentioning my father like that makes me put up a phony, pseudo-macho front, and I had to beat off to regain my true sense of self.

You see, when I was younger, my father and I would play ball a lot, and whenever I dropped the ball, my Dad, brimming with male vulgarity, would scream, "CATCH the BALL you little SISSY, what the Hell kind of MAN ARE you?!!" Then he would bounce the ball off my head repeatedly until I went crying to Mommy. My childhood was just one big scene out of the Great Santini.

Oooohhhh..... the pain... the pain... DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM... aaaaahhhh, nothing like beating off to relieve the pain of childhood trauma.

Anyway, because of the way my father brainwashed me, making me watch boxing when I wanted to watch Disney's Cinderella—when I grew up, I refused to let my guard down. I always felt I had to act like a MAN. The funny thing is, this need to be a MAN was so deeply imbedded in me that I actually thought I LIKED being a guy—watching sports, playing poker, ogling chicks, and doing all the other crude things guys THINK they like doing.

It was only after I watched an Oprah show that focused on the Men's Movement and the teachings of the Holy One that I realized that I was living a lie. (In my pre-enlightened days I would have immediately turned Oprah off and called her a phony, obnoxious pig, but now I realize what a wonderful, caring person she really is.)

On the show, there were lots of "men" discussing a myriad of problems they suffer from. I heard men who said they were sick of having to act like men all the time, being macho and bringing home the bacon and what not. My first thought was that these men couldn't possibly act macho if their lives depended on it, but that was before I saw the light.

Other men kept saying, in between beat off sessions, that they were sick of nobody ever paying any attention to THEIR feelings, and that they had feelings just like any woman. My first thought was that these pansies SHOULD have feelings like any woman, because they practically WERE women—but again, that was before I was converted.

Realization hit me like a ton of bricks, and I came hurtling out of the closet, so to speak. I immediately wanted to beat off right then and there, but first I had to get a drum, learn some cool African chants, and form a club.

It was tough. None of my friends wanted any part of my new club. They are still under the impression that they are well-adjusted, secure human beings that don't need to beat off with other guys to establish their place in the world. They seem to think they can be happy the way they are, suppressing their feelings, ignoring their sensitivity, and letting women walk all over them.

In fact, my old friends, in their infinite male vulgarity, like to tease me—calling me the "Little Sissy Drummer Boy," and telling me to quit polishing my drumstick. But I don't mind. Since I started beating off, I have come to realize that it's okay to be a sissy boy.

It didn't take me long to find a group of guys as warped and as insecure as me, and now we have a ritual. Every Sunday, while my former friends spend their day drinking beer and watching football, smothering their true feelings, the Beat-Off Club meets at my apartment. We talk about what insensitive jerks our fathers were, and how women just don't understand us at all. And then we chant. And then we get in a circle and beat off. I've never been more at peace with myself. Think I'll go beat off and get sensitive.

DUMB dumb dumb dumb, DUMB dumb dumb dumb... aaaaahhhhhhhhh...

## Attention All Students!\*

Create a project for AIDS Awareness Week and

# YOU CAN WIN \$300!

To inform the school community about the deadliness of AIDS,  
Columbia College is sponsoring:

## AIDS Awareness Week

Get involved by creating an AIDS Awareness project in one of  
the following categories:

- electronic media
- performance
- print media
- visual

The top three entries in each category will win the following  
cash awards:

<b>1st prize:</b>	<b>\$300</b>
<b>2nd prize:</b>	<b>\$200</b>
<b>3rd prize:</b>	<b>\$100</b>

All students submitting projects will receive a certificate of  
participation. Winning projects will be displayed in the Hokin  
Student Center during AIDS Awareness Week.

### Criteria:

All projects will be judged on the following:

- accuracy
- artistic impression
- clarity of expression
- content
- originality

*Submitters must include their name, major and phone number at the end or on the  
back of the project. Winners will be notified by phone.*

**Deadline: 5:00 p.m., April 10, 1992**

All entries must be submitted to the  
Student Life Office (M607)

*For additional information, call (312) 663-1600 x459*

*\*Contest open to all students currently enrolled at Columbia College.*

**I'M 27**  
from page 5

having any diet coke in the refrigerator," Carrane said. "Only his problem was over caffeine free versus regular coke."

Carrane's director, Gary Ruderman, believes that honesty is a major reason the show works. It was his intention when they put the show together to base all the monologues on the truth.

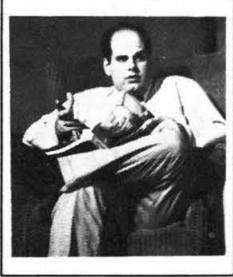
"By taking the truth and getting real specific with it," Ruderman said, "the most mundane things in life become universally funny."

While during most of the show Carrane jests about his slightly kooky American family, he nonchalantly throws in some devastating painful moments from his life.

He confesses his weight problem before a roomful of strangers. "I eat when I'm really depressed," he said. "Actually, I eat when I'm feeling any type of emotion."

The audience may not be able to identify with him all the time but the laughs continue to come anyway.

"The more personal my material can be, the more people can kinda empathize with me," Carrane said.



rane said.

Although he's been doing his show for a half a year, there are times that joking about his most hurtful experiences is difficult to do.

"My biggest fear is that sometimes the monologues are too painful," he said. "There are some weeks when it's really hard to do the show because it's so personal."

The first three weeks of the show was the most difficult period for Carrane. Not only was he frustrated that parts of the show just weren't flowing right but he had to force himself to deal with the emotional stories that he tells about his past.

"I had to learn how to separate myself from the show once it was over," he said.

Carrane's dauntless ability to show the audience a side of himself that many would hide has worked to his advantage. The show has slowly become an off-loop theater

hit.

The show opened in May and in the past few months, he has made a guest appearance on the "Jenny Jones Show," received positive reviews from the *Chicago Sun-Times* and the *Reader*, and accepted a proposal by local filmmakers to have his show videotaped to be sold throughout the city.

**GOSPEL**  
from page 5

and intensity. The choir members remained quiet and allowed Grizby her moment of vocal praise, while the audience heartily applauded.

However, soloist David Robinson wasn't as fortunate. The choir quickly returned to their loud accompaniment in "Teach Me Oh Lord." Robinson's voice needed a lot more strength and power for a successful performance.

While I listened to the final number I wondered if a new group stepped on stage while I wasn't looking. Written by group leader Alvin Owens, it featured soloist Jesse Stanford. Stanford sang "So Glad To Know You" with such passion it sent chills through my body. This selection brought out the enthusiasm of the choir and it got me, and the crowd excited. People began to stand up and clap their hands. Owens hit notes I didn't think males could reach, and went right on down to the notes I'd expect from a bass vocalist.

The final performance was a fantastic one. Too bad the concert didn't open with such a successful number.

The next day, the choir was off for five days in Atlanta, Georgia, for the National Gospel Choir Convention.

Owens, the group's founding member and leader, said, "Our gospel choir is the only one that has made it here (at Columbia). We have made it because of prayer."



**DELI**  
from page 5

According to Jeff Harris, a junior majoring in undecided, who eats at Deli Express daily. He added that the Italian sausage is spicy and big, a good sandwich if you're really hungry.

Harris was the only person I talked to who liked the fries, so if I were you, I would take his advice and the fries with a grain of salt.

Combination beef and sausage sandwiches are available for a slightly higher price: regular, \$3.25; with cheese, \$3.55; with mushrooms and sweet peppers, \$3.95.

A variety of fish is also available. Cat fish, ocean perch, white fish, jack salmon, red snapper and lake smelts are all deep-fried and served with fries. Prices range from \$2.75 to \$5.95. Shrimp and fried clams make up the seafood section of the menu, from \$1.80 for fried clams, to \$7 for jumbo shrimp.

The clams, served on a bed of French fries, are good, but could be more crunchy. More clams and less fries would make this entree worth while.

Homemade dishes include coleslaw, chicken salad, tuna salad, macaroni salad, chili and soup, from 75 cents to \$2.25.

Before school or work, customers can energize themselves with a Deli Express breakfast. Many combinations of eggs, ham, bacon, chopped steak and sausage, with hashbrowns and toast, are available for \$2.50. Breakfast sandwiches with these ingredients can also be ordered for \$2. According to Rodney Coe, who works at Alright Parking, the sausage, egg and cheese sandwich is pretty good.

On the oriental side, Deli Express offers Chinese and Thai food.

Chinese dishes range from \$3 to \$4 for small portions, and \$4.50 to \$5.50 for larger portions. Most dishes can be made with the customers choice of shrimp, pork, beef, ham or chicken. The usual Chinese dishes can be ordered: fried rice, egg foo young, chop suey and sweet and sour dishes. Other special items include: Chinese greens, pepper steak, onion steak and shrimp with lobster or garlic sauce.

Charles Bahr, a business instructor at East-West University, said the pork fried rice is very good, but is made with a little too much butter.

Bahr, a Deli Express Chinese food fan who eats at the restaurant once a week, added that the chop suey is also good.

The Thai selections offer a creative change for those willing to take a chance. Thai food ranges from \$1.95 to \$5.50. Many unusual combinations are available. Kai Tom Kha for \$1.95, is sour chicken soup with coconut milk, lemon grass, lime leaf, cabbage and lime juice. Paad Kraproa is ground beef, pork or chicken sauteed with Krapoa (basil leaves) in a special soy-type sauce.

Approximately 15 different choices of ice cream are available. Cones and shakes (only made with chocolate, vanilla or strawberry ice cream) range from 75 cents to \$1.25.

Overall, Deli Express is an average fast food restaurant in the city. My taste testers all agreed that the prices are better than average for a downtown restaurant. But I would rather bring a bag lunch than go there again.

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So come in right now and check out the big savings on Macintosh. But hurry—these special savings last only through January 5, 1992.

For further information, contact

**JULIE LUX**  
Academic Computing Department  
x398 /Room 400D-Wabash Building



# NIGHT & DAY

A selective weekly guide to events of interest to events of interest to the Columbia community  
 By Art Golab, Editor

## Monday 9

It's truly a manic Monday this week. Once again Columbia becomes the center of the Art world with not one, but two shows opening today. **Student prints** will be on view in the 10th floor gallery in the **Wabash Building**, the opening reception is today at 12. Meanwhile, over on 11th Street, the **Columbia College Gallery** presents the mixed media fiber art of five Chicago artists. The show, **Modern Constructs: New Aesthetics in Fiber Art**, will run through January 31. The gallery, at 72 E. 11th St. is open Monday through Friday 10-4.

And that's not all, folks: the **League of Black Women** presents a panel discussion on **Male-Female Relationships**. Watch out!

## Tuesday 10

Besides being the Kola nut man in TV commercials, **Geoffrey Holder**, a native of Trinidad, is an actor-dancer-photographer-painter. His personal collection of African, Mexican, Haitian and North American folk art is on display at the Chicago Cultural Center, 78 E. Washington. You can meet Holder tonight at an opening reception at 6. It's free.

## Wednesday 11

After seeing last night's Holder show, you may be in the mood to see reggae band **X-Dub Factor** at noon today in the **Hokin Annex**. This too, is free.

## Thursday 12

You don't have to go to the record store to hear the classic jazz compositions of **Jelly Roll Morton, Duke Ellington, and Stan Kenton**. Just stroll down to the **Getz Theater** and listen to **William Russo's Classic Jazz Ensemble**. Performances are today at 12:30 and 8, Friday at 7:30 and Saturday at 8. It's \$3-10, for info call 663-9465.

It looks like **Home Alone** could become a seasonal Christmas movie ala **It's a Wonderful Life**. Find out for yourself if this flick can stand a repeated viewing, it's the **Hokin Movie of the Week**, today at 4.

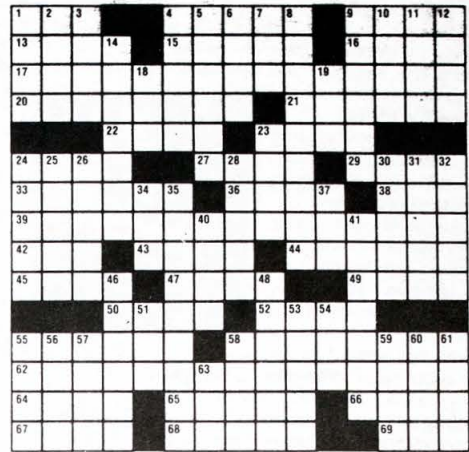
## Friday 13

The **Ebon-Elite** club's fashion show: **Namna Moda** takes over the **Hokin** tonight. It's free at 6.

"If the **Ventures** ever did a soundtrack for a James Bond movie directed by **Sergio Leone** they would sound like **Shadowy Men on a Shadowy Planet**,"

## COMMUTER CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- Tisane
  - Trimmed
  - Flower holder
  - Border in heraldry
  - River to the Rhone
  - Epithet of Athena
  - Folklore creatures
  - Acquiesced
  - Restive
  - Aquatic bird
  - Begone!
  - Strengthened seam
  - Stain
  - Card game
  - Woman counselor
  - Lamb
  - rule (usually)
  - Mythological creatures
  - Acquire
  - Solar deity
  - "— of Wrath"
  - Fr. seasons
  - Camelot character
  - Uncommon
  - Ireland
  - Piedmont city
  - Home of St. Francis
  - Idle
  - Wriths
  - Damage
  - Members of the hawk family
  - Not so much
  - Church desk
  - Tale
  - Consumed



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## Last week's SOLUTION



- DOWN**
- Roman garment
  - Cupid
  - Vestments
  - Piebald
  - Balance sheet items
  - Peruse
  - Sea eagle
  - Subtracting
  - Gentlemen's gentlemen
  - Edison's middle name
  - Notices
  - Facile
  - Tragedy by Sophocles
  - Daughter of Cadmus
  - Alfonso's queen
  - Auctioneer's call
  - Slab
  - Heron's cousin
  - Philippine island
  - Finnish coin
  - Gr. letter
  - Son of Jacob
  - Demi—
  - Mountain in Crete
  - Footnote indicators
  - Seaport in Scot.
  - Top grade

- Conjugal
- Earthquake: pref.
- Temper
- Advocate: suff.
- Impudent
- Exclamation of vexation
- Turk. title
- Pillowcase
- Service tree
- Division word
- Notion
- Garment
- Being: Lat.
- River island

this according to **Lounge Ax**, 2438 N. Lincoln. Music starts at 10 and it costs eight bucks.

## Saturday 14

Forty years from now the **Chicago Historical Society** will do an exhibit on how Columbia College students dress and live today. Now, however, the museum is looking at college life of the 1890s, the '20s, the '40s and the '60s. Students with valid ID get in free, daily from 9:30 to 4:30, Sunday from noon to 5. The Society is at 1600 N. Clark St.

by Kathryn Righter

SOLUTION next week

## Face Value: What are your views on recycling and improving the program?

Julie Smith for The Chronicle



**Yosh Kaneko**  
 Freshman  
 Fine Arts

It should have been an issue long before now. Not too many people take this problem seriously. Recycle more on the landfills. They should take more than 20% that's already taken off the landfills. I recycle cans, paper, and give clothing to the needy.



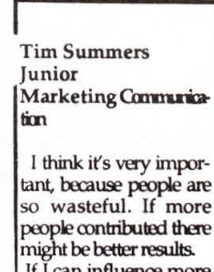
**Keith Pokorki**  
 Freshman  
 Film

It's a great thing. It would work if everyone would do it. I recycle plastic cans. I would like to set up more plastic garbage containers to separate trash.



**Paula Ozark**  
 Junior  
 Marketing Communication

Recycling is necessary. I recycle aluminum, glass and newspapers. I think there should be more containers placed around to separate trash.



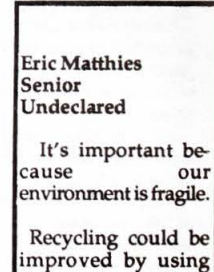
**Tim Summers**  
 Junior  
 Marketing Communication

I think it's very important, because people are so wasteful. If more people contributed there might be better results. If I can influence more people to recycle that will great. I recycle cans and newspapers.



**Adina Goldberger**  
 Senior  
 Theater

I think it's fantastic, everyone should do it, there is no excuse for us not to do it. I would make facilities more available, maybe even have competitions. I recycle glass, paper and food compost.



**Eric Matthies**  
 Senior  
 Undeclared

It's important because our environment is fragile. Recycling could be improved by using the garbage bins correctly. I recycle paper, film products, glass and aluminum.