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THE COLUMBIA COLLEGE CHRONICLE

VOLUME 25 NUMBER 21

THE EYES AND EARS OF COLUMBIA

APRIL 13, 1992

Panel takes fresh look at feminism

By Charles Edwards
Staff Writer

"NOW is the time for a change," is the slogan of the National Organization for Women.

Students and faculty members gathered in the Hokin Center last week to participate in a panel discussion with members of NOW. The issue at hand was redefining feminism.

Gaye Bruhn, president of the Illinois chapter of NOW, opened the panel: "Women need to stop blaming themselves, they need to go out and find, 'What is wrong with the situation I'm in' and

stop saying, 'What's wrong with me.'"

That brought applause from teachers and female students, many of whom were wearing Carol Moseley Braun buttons. Illinois NOW was the first women's group to endorse Braun's primary campaign for the U.S. Senate.

Bruhn was joined by Paula Kamen, author of "Feminist Fatale." Kamen said that her parents taught her, "that it's not all about women's issues anymore. If you speak out on them you might scare

See FEMINISM
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Lisa Adds Staff Photographer

Redefining Feminism panel members (from left to right): Gaye Bruhn, Julie Thorne, Danielle Bastian, Olga Melly, Shella Baldwin, and Paula Kamen.

Juggling dish pans and the classroom

By Caprice Walters
Staff Writer

Before many of Barbara Sims' classmates awaken to see the sun set on the horizon, she has started her engines, geared for another stressful day ahead.

After most of Amy Bartot's colleagues are finished winding up an eight-hour work day, she continues to roll on, awaiting yet another stressful encounter, a class.

And long after Susette Ross' family has surrendered the day to complete darkness, her light continues to burn, hoping to finish some of that undone homework.

For these Columbia women,

there just are not enough hours in the day. Or for that matter, enough days in the week. They shoulder the added responsibility of one of life's most treasured gifts while struggling to achieve their goals.

They are women who must juggle children, jobs and school.

Like that infamous bunny, they just keep going, and going and going.

"It was extremely difficult," said Sims, a graduate student in the creative writing program who enrolled in 1986, when her son was 11 years old. She worked an "all the time job," she joked, that allowed her the flexibility of taking day classes.

Her son is older now and the load is a little bit lighter, but Sims remembers when things were not always that way.

"There were times when I would have to miss class," she said. "There were times when the weight of my personal and private life overtook everything."

She was unable to devote as much time to her writing as she would have liked. Her personal life had to take precedence over her educational goals.

But Sims said her burning curiosity to know if she would actually be a good writer was the driving force to continue on.

"I always wanted to write,

but I am not from a literary background," she said. "I didn't know if I could really be a good writer. So I came to Columbia to find out."

Her motherly responsibilities extended her planned graduation date by four years. But come May 29, her expected graduation date, she's sure it will all be worth it.

Her message for younger women traveling similar paths: "Do it all now. Life does not get any easier. Young people don't seem to know that. Life gets a helluva lot harder."

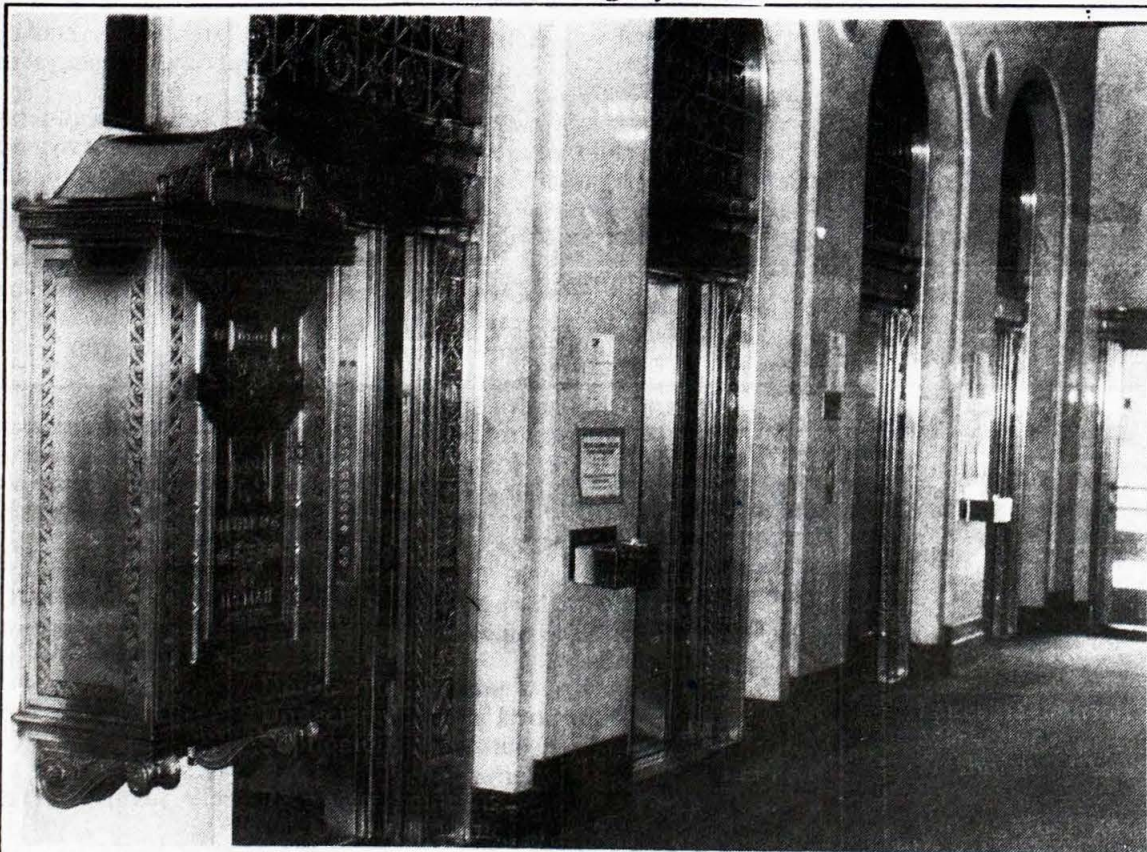
That's a lesson that comes as no surprise to Bartot, an undeclared junior, who is the mother of a 6-year-old.

"I want to broaden my life," Bartot said. Having a degree will increase her pay scale and "open up doors for future promotions," she added.

Bartot works a part-time job and carries 15 credit hours. "My job is really flexible," she said. "They let me work weird hours. They even let me bring my daughter to work when I need to."

"I receive a lot of support from my friends who are also mothers. Especially my friend Kim, who is babysitting for me right now. I'd better get home before she gets mad," Bartot

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Page 2



Time is of the essence.

A view of the Torco building's elevators which are Columbia's speediest of four campus buildings.

Lisa Adds Staff Photographer

Elevators give students the shaft

By Melissa Slotwinski
Staff Writer

The lobby is mobbed with people who glance in an upward direction.

Wrists are being checked, then bodies begin pacing.

However, "what goes up must come down" doesn't necessarily apply at Columbia College.

After what seems like eternity, the elevator arrives.

The four main buildings of Columbia, Michigan Avenue, the Torco building, Wabash Avenue, and the 11th Street campus, have all been known to have elevator problems. Yet, some buildings are worse than others.

The Chronicle timed all four buildings' elevators. Times

listed started the moment the elevator button was pushed and tell how long it took to get from the bottom to the top and vice-versa. At the Michigan Avenue building which has 15 floors and five elevators, the longest trips took 2:05 to reach the top floor and 1:32 to ride down. On one timing the fourth elevator (counting east to west) stopped on the ninth floor and did not move for approximately 6 minutes.

The Torco building's elevators, or the Torco building, which has 14 floors and four elevators, the lengthiest timing was 1:55 to the top floor and 1:50 down again.

At the Wabash building,

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Features

Museum brings forest to city
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Opinion

ID shows more than pretty face
Charles Edwards vs Chicago's finest. Page 6.

Jenny Dervin

With all the talk about the congressional check bouncing scandal, I thought you might be interested in hearing about a bigger rip off. This, too, has something to do with Congress, our esteemed leaders and elected officials.

Would you be shocked if I told you that we would have to pay something like \$ 50 billion to make up for this mishap? Would you even have the slightest knowledge of what half a trillion dollars is?

Think of it this way: A year is 365 days. If you lived to be 100, that would only be 36,500 days.

A dollar a day and you're still in the hole. By a lot.

Or think of it this way: If you saved \$10 a day for every day of your life and you lived to be 75, you would only have \$273,750. You couldn't even buy a really overpriced house for that nowadays.

Or this, as long as we're on money: If you ripped off every bank east of the Mississippi, you still wouldn't have enough money to cover the "mistake" made by Congressional leaders in the 1980's.

This "mistake" is commonly known as the savings and loan debacle. Remember Charles Keating? The guy who paid a lot of money to the re-election campaigns of the guys who (conveniently) sat on Banking committees? Well, this guy is just one of many who used federally insured individual accounts for stock market speculation and real estate ventures. Texas was so over-developed that shopping malls, *yes, shopping malls*, remained empty. And with the glut of teenage girls in Texas, that's something.

Well, we're going to pay for this for a long time. Some people, like Bill Moyers, think George Bush kept this little issue hidden during the 1988 presidential campaign. Now why would he do that? Just because his son was on the board of Silverado Savings and Loan, and just because George Bush received a lot of money from the Saving and Loan lobby, why would he want to deceive the voting public?

Some economists say the damage could have been limited to \$50 million or maybe even \$500 million if caught sooner. I can't imagine a 50 billion dollar problem just popping up after the election of '88. Not in Washington, D.C., after all, where time is money and you aren't anything if you don't have a senator or two in your hip pocket.

Then again, I've only visited Washington once, during cherry blossom season, when the city actually looked pretty good. I wouldn't know a dirty senator if I saw him on an ethics committee, and I certainly don't know what it is like to ignore a \$50 million problem and let it become a \$50 billion problem overnight. I'd rather stay in Chicago, where all we have to worry about is the mob.

Ashe, Magic, tragedies open closed minds

By Antonio Sharp

Correspondent

"Brothers gonna work it out..."
-Public Enemy

November 7, 1991 and April 8, 1992 could turn out to be important days in African-American history.

November 7 was a day the media, mostly sportswriters, will never forget—the day the battle against AIDS received a significant boost due to Earvin "Magic" Johnson's announcement, that through heterosexual contact, he had contracted the Human Immunodeficiency Virus (HIV), the suspected cause of AIDS.

Then, when the world was just beginning to heal from the overwhelming pain and shock of his revelation, retired tennis champion Arthur Ashe announced that he was stricken with HIV; probably because of tainted blood transfusions he received during double heart bypass surgery in 1983 or a quadruple bypass in 1979.

He has since developed full-blown AIDS.

Ashe remained silent for 3 1/2 years for fear of media scrutiny. Additionally, his tragedy is more devastating to the black community because Ashe, who in 1975 was the first black man to win at Wimbledon, is another major African-American male role model who suffered a downfall.

Breaking silence barriers

Since Johnson's announcement, the African-American community is still shattering barriers of silence, trying to discuss sensitive issues as intravenous drug abuse, promiscuous sex and homosexuality, issues that must be addressed whenever

the topic of AIDS is introduced. Now, they have to add blood transfusions to the list.

Awareness at Columbia

Among Columbia College students, black males too are seeing the light, realizing that AIDS is ultimately everyone's concern.

In an informal survey of black male attitudes toward AIDS, half admitted they knew the facts, but did not practice safe sex prior to Johnson's announcement.

"We (the black community) probably needed a famous black person like Johnson to come forward so we would wake up about this," said Robert Thompson, a junior majoring in television production. "I'm glad I'm aware of the facts because people tend to

Analysis

"separate who deserves AIDS from those who don't.

Odie Cash, a junior liberal education major whose cousin died of AIDS in 1989, agrees with Thompson.

"By now black men should be 'smelling the coffee' about this disease," he said. "Many black men still have a mentality that because they're straight and macho, they're immune."

Although African Americans represent 12 percent of the U.S. population, they account for 35 percent of all reported cases, according to the U.S. Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta. The American Red Cross reports that 1 in 45,000 persons contract HIV through blood transfusions.

Lee Middleton, coordinator of the African-American

Men's Health Project in San Francisco, said that black gay and bisexual men make up the largest percentage of AIDS victims in the black community.

"Our project focuses on educating black gay and bisexual men about safe sex practices and AIDS facts," he said. "Many black men, whether gay or straight," he adds, "are unaware of the difference between HIV and full-blown AIDS."

Homophobia, historically present in the black community, continues to raise its ugly head, but Johnson's revelation has begun to eliminate close-minded ignorance and denial. Since AIDS was discovered a decade ago, the black community has been criticized for not acknowledging the disease as a serious issue and for contributing to the controversial argument that AIDS is "God's punishment" for homosexuality, risky sex and IV drug use.

Black community cruel

"The black community is still cruel when it comes to AIDS, because they still see it as a gay, white man's disease," said Gary Paul Wright, assistant coordinator of the People of Color Prevention Program at Gay Men's Health Crisis in New York. "Until it hits one of their homes, they refuse to see the message."

Wright adds that his organization's outreach is open to all, but heterosexual men shy away because they aren't comfortable receiving assistance from a gay organization.

"There is no discrimination here," he said. "But fear is still out there and people are very bigoted."

AIDS Awareness week
May 4th thru 8th
Watch the Chronicle for more information

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CHILDREN

From page 1

said, rushing out the door.

Ross, a mother of two, is reattempting her stretch run for a degree. "I would like to better my lifestyle," she said. She is carrying 14 credit hours while working a full-time job. "It's something I know I have to

do," said Ross, referring to her daily ritual.

An average day for Ross: Getting up at 6 a.m. to make sure her children are ready to leave the house at 7 a.m. On to day care, where she drops off the children before heading to school.

After class, Ross heads back across town to retrieve the children, only to return

minutes later to her starting point for another evening at the office.

"Had I finished school when I started, this would have never happened. But now I understand that you have to strive to reach your goal," Ross said. "You have to strive to make a better life for yourself and your family because believe me, it's worth it in the long run."

ELEVATORS

From page 1

which most security guards agreed was the worst, there are ten floors and four elevators. The longest time to the tenth floor was 3:30 while the ride down to the first floor was 4:00.

At the 11th Street campus, which has six floors and two elevators, a majority of the students did not feel there was a problem with that building's elevators. Bob Ramirez, the security guard for the building said, "Occasionally the first elevator, (counting north to south) does stick, but if students hit too many floor buttons at once, the elevator can jam. Also, the elevator doors take a while to open and

shut and this slows students down. Yet, there really is no problem in this building."

The longest timing for this building's elevators was 2:00 up to the sixth floor, and 2:25 down to the first. The first elevator did stick on the sixth floor but only for approximately 45 seconds.

Louis Smith, a janitor at Columbia supports the idea that the Wabash building has the biggest problem with its elevators. Graffiti contributes to the problem, he said, because elevators are shut down in order to remove it as soon as possible.

According to maintenance it is not unusual for graffiti to be removed three times a day, taking as long as 30 minutes each time.

Also, sometimes directional buttons are removed, or over-

head floor indicators are taken. These problems must be fixed by maintenance and may also require the elevators to be shut off.

The Wabash elevators also have mechanical problems. On the eighth floor the elevators have been shutting themselves off.

Although the elevators have been fixed, one source says that this problem existed for approximately seven or eight weeks.

Whichever building your major resides in, you can count on spending time waiting for elevators. And for those of you who use the elevators in the Wabash building, which pretty much includes all Columbia students because it houses most of the general courses, patience is a virtue.

Columbia's "underground" press

By Tariq M. Ali
Staff Writer

You enter the Michigan Avenue building stealthily, hoping not to be noticed by any passers-by, while walking towards the door behind the security guard's desk that leads to the underground abyss.

You descend the creaky wooden stairs carefully, trying not to attract any suspicion. When you reach the bottom, you hang a left and walk through the dark gloomy hallway. The theme from "Jaws" rings loudly in your ears. You feel uneasy, a drop of perspiration trickles down your forehead, and your heartbeat quickens. You reach the end of the hallway and see a light that scares you to death. You have entered the Print Shop zone.

The Print Shop is a long room, laden with all kinds of paper and ink products on shelves.

The walls are peppered with posters of sports stars and women in various states of undress. The men in the shop work long hours and try to make their surroundings as comfortable as possible, said Print Shop manager Carroll Kerr.

The technical work is done on four offset presses and two photo copiers by Kerr, two printers—Johnny Slay and Roosevelt Sloan, and three student assistants.

Offset printing is simply putting ink on paper in the form of words, pictures or drawings, said Gordon Birberle, director of the printing services department.

A sheet of paper is fed into the press, then onto a plate with a design outline, where it is pressed by a rubber roller against the plate, imprinting the design onto the paper.

Offset works best for big jobs that demand high quality, Bieberle said.

The Print Shop takes care of most of Columbia's printing needs, according to Bieberle.

Examples of the Print Shop's work dominate bulletin boards on the campuses, such as the "Blaze A Trail" poster advising students to go to the academic advising office, and the "Elvis Surfs on the Lake" poster.

But the shop does not do

printing for students or for class projects unless they are part of an instructional program ordered by an instructor," Bieberle said.

Any department that needs printing is required to fill out a job request form and get the approval of the department's chair.

Special projects that are initiated by department chairs require the approval of Executive Vice President and Provost Bert Gall.

Admissions, application forms, brochures and letterheads require approval from Martha Meegan Linehan, director of administrative services.

The designing is done on the 13th floor of the Michigan building in the printing service offices by a staff of three—Mary Johnson, senior designer; Ana Deysonville, designer; and Kevin Reardon, assistant designer and cameraman.



A Little Shop of Printers.

Columbia's print shop crew pose in their workspace located in the basement of the Michigan building.

Lisa Adds Staff Photographer

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Technology meets nature at exhibit

By Alison Pryor
Staff Writer

The smell of a cedar chest. The sound of a chainsaw tearing through lumber. Trees falling. Fire in the center of a column suspended from above. It's the latest show at the Museum of Contemporary Photography, *Manual: Forest/Products*. An Interactive Installation by Suzanne Bloom and Ed Hill.

Bloom and Hill are both art professors at the University of Houston and have been *Manual* since 1974.

Manual, the name Bloom and Hill have given to their collective effort, incorporates photography, computer generated imagery, video and illuminated objects.

Using these different media, the audience is invited to participate in the show by using interactive computers. This show presents the forest as a spiritual environment as well as a material, economic resource.

The museum underwent a great deal of construction for the exhibition. A wooden deck was built covering most of the floor in the West Gallery. It has a fresh, woody smell and was

built to give the feel and aroma of a room under construction.

According to the printed introduction, the deck is "representative of the product side of the show."

Manual enjoys expressing creative ideas through metaphor. According to Bloom and Hill, the deck represents the wood cutting industry. Having a wooden deck as part of a show dealing with the forest has raised a few eyebrows, but environmentalists need not worry because all of the wood will be recycled. "The deck," says Hill, "makes the concept of industry and technology more vivid."

The show has several outstanding components. The computer programs designed by *Manual* are fascinating. They are full of adventures and surprises, combined with animation and audio.

There is more than *Manual* happening in the museum. The work of New York photographer Matt Mahurin is on display in the North Gallery. Mahurin has worked on music videos for Tracy Chapman, Peter Dinklage, Metallica, 10,000 Maniacs, U2, and REM among others.

Mahurin's work has the char-

acteristics of dream-like story telling. It is evident that he has traveled extensively. His subjects for this show include children in Harlem, Dublin and Nicaragua. He also documents the lives of Texas prison inmates. His prints have a sublime quality to them. They are powerful and eerie, and at the same time beautiful and exciting.

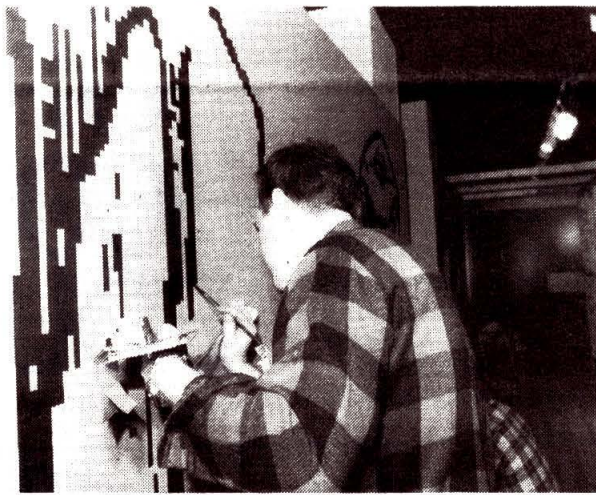
Mahurin lives in New York City and works in the field of commercial illustration and photography. Some of his illustrations have appeared on the cover of *Time Magazine*. His work has also been featured in *Rolling Stone*, *Esquire*, and the

New York Times Magazine.

The museum is also showing recent acquisitions from the permanent collection in the Upper Level Gallery. These photographs explore a multitude of subjects. Patrick Nagatani, a Japanese-American artist, works with the nuclear age and atomic weaponry with a creative degree of irony. The work of other photographers, including Irving Penn, John Gossage and Bob Thall are also on display. So don't spend all of your time watching the *Manual* video or playing with the computers. Go upstairs to see some amazingly creative photography.



Photos by Nick Oza



Making that draft decision



By David Scott
Staff Writer

As residents of the United States of America we often find ourselves making tough decisions. To some it's what to have for dinner, while others might worry where dinner is coming from. But, dear reader, your worrying is over.

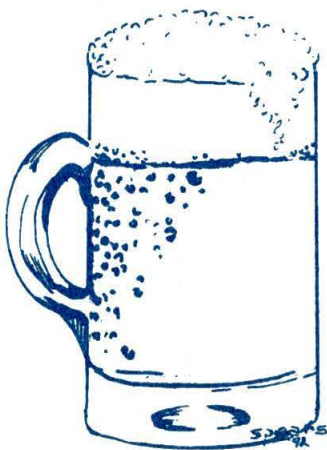
No, I can't supply the answer to the cryptic question "who am I?" But what I can help you with is the equally grueling task of selecting a beer. I present you with my personal favorites for a night with that special someone, or someone not so special.

Heineken: A true classic. Don't be fooled by their WASPish ads. This beer isn't just for rich white guys, it's a lager that was meant to be enjoyed by all. From that first, soft-bitter taste to the horror of finishing a six-pack, this beer is in a class by itself. **David's Tip:** It's expensive, so have more than your fill at wedding receptions.

Samuel Adams: Unlike Heineken's ad campaign of really good-looking white guys sitting on a porch talking about how sensitive they are, Samuel Adams is just the opposite. While reading the label one will find out the history of this great beer, which was started over 200 years ago. This is the only American beer that is permitted in Germany, and for good reason. The brown bottle is captive to a taste all its own. It has a thick taste like Bass, but isn't as filling. **David's Tip:** The label alone, which reads: Samuel Adams, Brewer and Patriot, makes it worth trying. He had his

priorities in order.

Rolling Rock: This fine beverage hails from La Trobe, Pennsylvania. I've been told that it is near Pittsburgh, and from what I've seen of Steeler fans, I sure hope they wash their hands before they go to the brewery. Nevertheless, I find this beer the most appealing on ice, in a painted long neck.



I have never tried the can version, but if Rolling Rock would care to send me a complimentary sample, I would accept. **David's Tip:** You can send a case here care of the paper, and please mark it educational materials.

Budweiser Tall Boys: I'm sure this selection will raise a few eyebrows. While on a spring holiday I was desperately low on funds. So I reached for the king of beers and was overcome by a bit of nostalgia. Memories of sneaking beers with a friend out of his Dad's stash came rushing back. But gone was the bitter taste that I remembered. After sampling some of the aforementioned beverages, this beer seemed like drinking refined apple juice. The tall boys come in 16-ounce six-packs so it will seem like you can get a buzz. Ah, the good old days. **David's Tip:** For full nostalgic effect, consume in a field or behind a nearby elementary school.

Wild expression

By Tania Panczyk
Staff Writer



A stream of spit emerged from his mouth, surging into the mouth of his awaiting victim. The audience watched with shocking horror as the saliva continuously poured for nearly half a minute, overflowing the victim's mouth and splashing onto the stage floor.

This profound and neurotic display of artistic expression was one of many highlights in Margaret Jenkins Dance Company's sold out performance at the Columbia College Dance Center March 27 through the 29.

By exploring the depths of contemporary dance, Jenkins created a three part production, premiering her latest achievements to the Chicago audience.

Each piece flourished with wild confusion, using unique sets, such as a curtain of strings in "Strange Attractors," a band behind a mesh screen in "Age of Unrest," and rafters in "Woman Window Square."

There seemed to be no clear meaning or purpose to the

sets. It was used merely contemporary of Jenkins' work.

Yet it was a lustration of dancers carrying difficult modern dancer in "Woman Window Square" could stunt man for in the movie hung upside down on a rafter for Other dancers their strength difficult lifts a endurance.

But even with set designs, a professional the music of ally renowned (Paul Dresher) her choreography limits that it own expression a confusing d

It was difficult impossible meaning behind. The audience to create its own and the applause after illustrated their lack of apprec



Preserving centuries of black music

By Charlotte Hunt
Staff Writer

A few weeks ago, a friend of mine mentioned something about a Center for Black Music at Columbia. I thought, "Black Music Center? There is?!!!" I didn't know one existed, I wondered where it was. Good question, right?

I started asking people if they knew anything about it. Someone suggested looking on the seventh floor.

One problem: Why would the seventh floor, which is the home of the English department, have any information on the Center for Black Music Research? I went walking around the halls of the Wabash building, looking for an answer.

"Excuse me, could you tell me where the Center for Black Music Research is?" I asked to passersby. I walked, I inquired (inquiring minds *have* to know!) and continued to walk some more. My enthusiasm was beginning to fade. "What?... A music center? I don't know," replied one tall and equally puzzled guy. I asked a few other students. On a whim, I went back to the seventh floor and asked a few official looking people. They looked at each other quizzically. Was I asking the wrong crowd?

The point is, not enough people know about the Center for Black Music Research, lo-

cated in room 623 on the 6th floor of the Wabash building.

"The center is better known in Germany than on Columbia's campus", said Dominique DeLerma, the center's director. "We hope that we can serve the research interests of the students at Columbia. We're not limited to any idiom, country, or century."

"The center is concerned with the totality of black music culture."

The center is the brainchild of Academic Dean Samuel Floyd and DeLerma. Suzanne Flandreau, formerly the archivist for the University of Southern Mississippi and its blues archives is the center's archivist. The archives, in room 610, will open in September.

The center was established in 1983 at Columbia and contains music ranging from the 16th century to the present. You can find a variety of music and information on a host of different styles, including jazz, rap, gospel, blues, even black operas. Printed information can be found in the form of programs, books, reviews and other sources.

"African music places a lot of emphasis on drums...the Europeans focused on black music because they weren't used to [drums] them," DeLerma said.

Research for the center began sometime in the 1960s when DeLerma was at Indiana



Lisa Adds Staff Photographer

Dominique DeLerma

University in 1976. He moved to Morgan State University in Baltimore. The search for more music and information continued and stretched into the seventies. Floyd conducted music research at Southern Illinois University in the early 1970s, and later at Fisk University.

The center puts out two different publications: *The Center*

for *Black Music Research Digest*, a newsletter, and *The Center for Black Music Research Journal*, which is on a subscription basis. Both circulate worldwide to thousands of subscribers and members.

"Our main goal," said DeLerma, "is to maintain records of what's been accomplished and recorded."

of modern dance

as if they were to abstract the choreography work.

an amazing il- strength as the ed off Jenkins' em forms. One omen Window have been the Michael Keaton Batman," as he own by his feet four minutes. demonstrated through dif- and incredible

eye-catching n ensemble of dancers, and in internation- ed composer), Jenkins took apathy to such distorted her n, resulting in splay of art.

stand at times o grasp the nd each move- ience was left wn interpreta- e hesitating r each act il- confusion and ation.

In the past Jenkins has collaborated with such artists as Yoko Ono and sometimes relies on poetry to help create her distorted choreography.

Named "Choreographer of the Year" by the *San Francisco Examiner*, *San Francisco Chronicle* and the weekly *Bay City Guardian*, Jenkins has obviously captured the appreciation of audiences in northern California. But her choreography that drives modern dance to the cutting edge might be too premature for a Chicago audience.

Jenkins will return to the Columbia Dance Center in June 1993 to premiere her second work. By that time, the audience may be more accepting of her unique forms.

Be prepared. Her performances can be so abstract that you might feel you have been drugged into participating in the illusions of this contemporary form of dance.

But if you're in the mood to watch wild expressions of modern dance, Margaret Jenkins' company has perfected the craft of sending audiences on a roller coaster of an acid trip.



By Ginger Plesha
Staff Writer



Is anything out of Hollywood shocking anymore? Anyone who has experienced at least an R-rated movie in recent years knows that nothing is really provocative.

So why is there so much controversy over the newly released film "Basic Instinct," starring Michael Douglas and Sharon Stone?

In this psychological thriller Douglas plays Nick Curran, a washed-up San Francisco police detective investigating the murder of an ex-rock star.

All he has to work with is a bloody ice pick, a silk scarf, and a hunch that the victim's lover, wealthy novelist Catherine Tramell (Stone) knows more than she's telling. So far this sounds like your standard murder mystery.

Intrigued by the sexy and intelligent Tramell, Nick becomes obsessed with her (not an uncommon occurrence). As Nick delves deeper and deeper into her life he uncovers a slew of psychotic female friends and lovers, and any of them could be the killer.

That's what got everybody's panties in a bunch. Catherine and the other bisexual women are all suspected murderers. Gay and lesbian activists believe that such a portrayal of bisexuality will cause a rise in acts of gay violence. Some activists have gone as far as to protest outside of theaters,

without even seeing the film. If these people had seen the film and then disliked it, I would have no problem with their actions. If they have not seen the film then they are just as bad as a group of homophobes protesting outside of a Maplethorpe exhibit who haven't been exposed to his work but have heard something about it.

As a survivor of "Basic Instinct," I'm not even sure if Catherine can be considered bisexual. Sure, Tramell indulges in relations with men and women, but she never really attains sexual satisfaction. Catherine is more of an asexual being, who gets off on the game and not the act.

Regardless of her sexuality, Catherine is without a doubt the most interesting character in the film. She has a kind of Hannibal Lector (Anthony Hopkins in "Silence of the Lambs") respectability that draws those around her into her web of life. Women can rejoice in the role of Catherine as she toys with the old male double standards. At one point in the film, when Catherine is being interrogated by the police, she is asked how long she had been dating the victim. Quite bluntly, Catherine responds by telling the officers that she had never been dating the victim, she was just "fucking him". If she was a male, the fellow officers probably would have high fived one another and asked for details. Instead

they perceived Catherine as a cold woman.

If anyone should be protesting this movie, it should be heterosexual males, who should hate the role of Nick. This guy thinks with his dick and has absolutely no depth of character. Unfortunately we know everything about the boring and predictable Nick, and nothing about the interesting Tramell.

Aside from all of the controversy, "Basic Instinct" is an incredible film. It incorporates just the right combination of blood, guts, violence, S&M, bisexuality, drugs, dancing, frontal nudity (male and female), sex, sex and more sex, revolving around a thoughtful plot that's never dull. Like good sex, the audience is left physically and emotionally drained, yet they want more.





GEE, THE STREETS ARE SAFE WITHOUT ME!

LETTER To The Editor

Rocco Railroaded?

The racketeering trial of Rocco E. Infelise and four of his crew members was a mockery of justice.

During a four-month trial an expensive team of government lawyers portrayed the defendants as MOBSTERS—Guilty until proven innocent!.

Examples of the

government's misuse of power were revealed in the questionable use of entrapment, wiretapping, inaudible tapes and the court's failure to permit defense attorneys to "characterize" government witnesses as mobsters.

Secretly recorded tapes, many of them inaudible, were an important part of the government's case. Defense challenges to the government transcriptions went unheeded.

The star witness, gambler William "BJ" Jahoda and others come forth to testify against Infelise only after cutting deals to

save their own skins.

As college students in attendance, we wonder how a guilty verdict could have been issued after observing jurors sleeping through cross-examinations.

The defendants wound up being convicted of conspiracy, gambling and bookmaking. Sound familiar? Right now our mayor is "conspiring" to make those same offenses legal. This sends a clear message to America. It's OK to gamble—if the government gets its slice of the pie. Otherwise you go to jail.

Naomi Stewart
Jade L. Williams

Columbia ID speaks volumes

By Charles D. Edwards

Oh, what a day! A humanities class from 9:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m., then off to work at the college newspaper from 1:30 p.m. to 4:30 p.m.

Any student who spends seven to eight hours of their day at Columbia would only hope their time was not spent in futility.

I approached my car to find the parking attendant giving me that same facial expression he has been giving me since I started parking at his lot. The look as if I owe him something beyond the cost of parking.

As I steered my car south, flowing into the traffic on Wabash Avenue, my thoughts weren't focused on who was leading in the primary elections; whether or not Magic was returning for the playoffs; or even Steve Crescenzo's latest controversial column.

I did think for a second about calling my bookie and laying down \$100 on the John Gotti trial but needless to say, my main concern was rushing to Southeast Chicago to attend to my underworld activities, which help pay my tuition costs.

Being born and raised in the streets of New York City can have its advantages and disadvantages. The disadvantage I'm faced with is having one particular bad habit instilled into me. Maybe I would wake up if a judge said "15 to 25 years," but the only excuse I

offer is Columbia's high tuition and my lavish lifestyle.

One of my advantages—which so many New Yorkers use in their everyday life to con one another—is the gift of gab. Translation: We have the ability to use fast talk in a slick manner.

This gift has not only helped those from the Big Apple, but many others who vie in society today.

Prime example: Pat Buchanan. But when you have lived in New York for 22 years, your chances of developing a gift of gab are probably greater than normal.

OPINION

When you have had a long day and talked to over 30 people about one column written by a student who could be David Duke's press secretary, any cab that causes delay in your rush home will bring on frustration. Anyone who drives past the Hilton, east on Balbo Drive, knows Yellow Cabs can be a nuisance.

Especially if you're trying to catch a green light that lasts approximately 30 seconds.

Running a red light because a cab was blocking traffic was a sign of frustration on my part, but the patrolman north of Michigan Avenue didn't agree.

Lights, no camera please (this is not a Rodney King event) and "driver's license sir," was what fate had in store

for me next.

The first thing you learn, rule number one to follow when pulled over by the police in New York city, try to use your gift of gab. One problem though, this is not New York and my gift of gab probably wouldn't work because I was fatigued.

"Mr. Jenkins let me explain,"—I always try to address an officer of the law by his name, hoping to develop a more interpersonal conversation.

"Never mind the talk. Let me see your driver's license," was his reply, feeling offended because he probably has been offered bribes before through interpersonal conversations.

I was clearly aware of the fact that this was not New York and I needed to use another tactic. Time to turn on the light bulb upstairs, I said to myself "why not slip him my college i.d. along with my license."

Needless to say it worked. No suspension check, no long wait, no long speech and no ticket. Just a vote of confidence to work hard at Columbia and stay in school.

"We need more young men and women in college today and when I acknowledge the fact that someone is enrolled at Columbia, I tend to look the other way," said Mr. Jenkins.

I see now that a piece of paper can talk for you instead of using measures of sly talk.

One more reason why I want my B.A. from Columbia.

John Sheldon ON SPORTS

Enjoy It While It Lasts

Isn't this great?

The Chicago Bulls, our hometown team, are dominating the National Basketball Association.

Chicago, once the town of sports losers, has become the town of envy for every other city with an NBA team. After winning last year's championship, they currently hold the best record in the league and even flirted with the all time NBA record for wins in a season.

They have the world's greatest player in Michael Jordan, and maybe its second greatest in Scottie Pippen. They have had a 14 and a 13 game winning streak this season, and have yet to lose more than two games in a row.

But don't blink—it could be over a lot quicker than anyone might think.

Let's go back to 1985. The Chicago Bears—the city's last dynasty in the making before the Bulls—were the best team in football. They had the best defense in the NFL, the best all around running back in NFL history, and the league's toughest quarterback. And they were young—one of the youngest teams in the NFL.

They won the Super Bowl that year, losing only one game in the process. Surely, the Bears were a team of the ages, a team prepared to dominate the last half of the 80s.

Suddenly, before you could say "San Francisco Forty-Niners," the Bears were just another good team. They didn't repeat as Super Bowl Champions, they didn't even repeat as conference champions. In fact, six years later all the Bears have to show for themselves are four more division titles and a fridge full of unfulfilled expectations.

Sorry to depress everyone, but the '85 Bears are proof that no matter how good a team appears to be, it can end all too quickly. This is not to say the Bulls aren't going to win it all again... and again... and again.

This is just to remind everyone that the next time Jordan goes up for one of his patented fastbreak dunks, enjoy it. The next time Pippen does his best "be like Mike" imitation, enjoy it. The next time Bill Cartwright puts up one of those ridiculous looking shots... at least try to enjoy it.

Enjoy Horace Grant's goggles, Craig Hodges 3-pointers and Phil Jackson's wardrobe. Enjoy the Bulls.

And remember, it could be over before you can say "Golden State Warriors."

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Not much, lately

Please don't force us to write any more letters to ourselves. Bring your opinion pieces or letters to the editor at the Chronicle office, room 802-Wabash, by 5:00p.m. Tuesdays for possible inclusion in the following week's publication.

CHRONICLE

Department of Journalism
600 South Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60605
312-663-1600 ext. 343
FAX 312-427-3920

Art Golab, Editor

Jerry E. Pott, Managing Editor

Nancy A. Thart, News Editor

Theresa Volpe, Features Editor/Features Design & Layout

Jade Williams, Copy Editor

Cynthia T. Dopke, Design & Layout

Omar Castillo, Chief Photographer/Photo Editor

Alina Romanowski, Calendar Editor

James Ylisela Jr., Faculty Advisor

Staff Writers: Tariq Ali, Trevor Curtis, Mark Giardina, Cristina Henry, Deborah Hinton, Charlotte Hunt, Patricia Hyatt, Sherri Kirk, Tasha Knight, Heather Labuda, Tania Panczyk, Vivian Panou, Ginger Plesha, Alison Pryor, Tricia Robinson, Andrew Rohan, David Scott, Melissa Slotwinski, Julie Smith, Lisa Song, Caprice Walters, Janice Washington

Editorial Cartoonist: Naomi Stewart

Staff Artist: Elaua Spears

Staff Photographers: Lisa Adds, Nick Oza, Julie Smith

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FEMINISM

From page 1

men away."

That advice inspired Kamen to do research in defining the word feminism.

Kamen said her findings taught her that, "women need to ask themselves the question, 'If I can make a difference than I need to take a stand.'"

Kamen discussed 'woman phobia,' her theory that some women are afraid to get involved with women's groups because they fear they will be labeled with "feminist" stigma, such as radicals, men-haters, or dykes.

"Many women have little direct contact with groups and the media turns any of our movements into the extreme. The media displays our movements as being radical and too serious. Once newcomers, including men, join our cause, then they become more involved."

In its March 7 issue, a *Time* magazine poll showed that 63

percent of the women polled claimed they were not feminists. But 67 percent of the same women agreed that women need to conduct a stronger feminist movement.

"The 63 percent suggests that these women want to get involved but are facing women phobia," Kamen said.

"Every woman can approach a woman's issue in their own way. There are those who do so by writing a book, then you have those who speak up in a harsh manner. Some women might only feel comfortable at a rally, but no matter how women express themselves the main point is that women need to be more involved."

Bruhn added, "We must fight for equal rights on jobs, day care provisions, different working hours, and increases in pay. Women are kept in lower-level jobs, paid less and the value of the woman's work is considered of lesser value than a man's."

Studies have shown that women commentators are in less demand than women

reporters, she said, and that 80 percent more African-American men receive scholarships and grants than African-American women.

Sheila Baldwin, an English department instructor who organized the panel discussion, was asked why there was such a poor turnout of African-American women at the discussion. Baldwin did not have an answer.

"Access is different from voice," Bruhn explained. "Women need to make a new political way for their voices to be heard and then we will be able to have access to fair treatment."

"If there ever was a way to redefine the terminology in feminism, NOW seems to be making the right moves by having women join together in meetings to discuss the proper adjustments and issues of women's rights," said Anthony Chorns, business management.

NOW meets every Tuesday in the Wabash building at 2:30 in room 217.

Crescenzo's Club

STEVE

I got into another argument the other night with one of my ultra-liberal, Oh-So-Politically Correct friends. I thought the quarrel was going rather smoothly, when all of a sudden, she slammed her drink down on the bar and went ballistic.

"You lousy, homophobic, racist, misogynist*, Reaganite, chauvinistic scumbag, I've had it with you!" she screamed.

But Rainflower, I said, (Her parents were frustrated hippies), Rainflower, honey, we were arguing about the Cubs and Sox, where is all this other stuff coming from?

"You know damn well where it's coming from, you elitist, supremacist, America-Firster," she sobbed. "I've had it with the whole white male power structure that conspires to keep everybody else down, and you're a PART of it!" And with that she threw her vodka lemonade in my face and stormed out.

After telling the bartender I spilled my drink on my face so I could get a free one, I started mulling the whole situation over. This was about the 90th time I had been accused of being part of some white male power structure conspiracy, and I could never figure out why. I don't FEEL like part of any power structure when I'm packed in the "L" every day, going to classes I work 50 hours a week to pay for; and I don't FEEL like part of any elite group when I'm scrounging around to come up with enough money to appease Ma Bell so she won't turn my phone off.

Then, after my seventh or ninth vodka lemonade, it came to me. If you aren't a member of one of the groups that the white male power structure is conspiring against, then you are part of the conspiracy! It's one or the other. And I figured if I didn't want to keep getting yelled at, I better get my butt over to the other side and be conspired against in a hurry.

The problem was, nobody would take me. The National Organization of Women said I could join, but only if I castrated myself with a butter knife and admitted all men are scum. I could have faked the scum part, but I really like my testicles, so I declined. African-American groups wanted nothing to do with me, and neither did any Native Americans. Gay groups would have let me in, but I figured my chances of picking up any girls in that faction were pretty slim, so I opted not to join.

I was stuck. What I needed was my own sense of paranoia. And then it hit me like a ton of wet linguini. There seems to be a recent wave of Italian Americans being sent to jail on trumped up racketeering charges. That's IT! A CONSPIRACY!! I'M Italian American, so they must be out to get me, too! Sure, I can see it happening. All the Italian-American role models in this country are being railroaded off to prison. Not only that, but they're getting ripped apart in the media. Mobsters! Gangsters! Hoodlums! That's all you ever hear about Italian Americans. You think John Gotti would have been convicted if he were a WASP? And it's not ALL Italian Americans, either, you'll notice. It's only Italian-American MEN! You don't see MRS. Gotti or MRS. Infelise being sent to the pokey do you? Of course not, because the conspiracy is only against Italian American MEN, like me. And never mind that I'm half Irish—an Italian-sounding last name is enough to seal my fate.

Hollywood is also in on it. When was the last time you saw a movie about Italians that didn't portray them as either cold-blooded killers; greasy, jewelry-laden Romeos; or dumb, slow-witted idiots. Movies like the *Godfather*, *Goodfellas*, the *Pope of Greenwich Village*, *Moonstruck*—were all made for the sole purpose of destroying the Italian-American male. It has to stop.

But here's the problem: I think the white male power structure is starting to catch on to this conspiracy thing, like I did, and they are running around trying to bail out. Think about it. All the politicians are blaming each other for everything, and each one claims to be the one that is bucking the status quo. Pretty soon there won't be anyone to blame all our troubles on except ourselves, and what fun is that?

So, in anticipation of that, the newly formed Italian-American Male Alliance For A Better World (I.-A.M.-F.A.B.) is officially blaming the blatant and despicable conspiracy against them on... Jewish People!!! That's right, the Jews. I figured they get blamed for so much already, they won't even notice if I throw one more conspiracy on the heap. Besides, whenever people would label me a racist, homophobic, misogynist*, chauvinist, America-Firster, I always felt like something was missing, and that was it! There was no anti-semitism in my life. Now I feel complete.

**(By the way, enough people kept calling me a misogynist that I finally had to look it up. It means someone who hates women. How can I be homophobic and hate women all at the same time? No wonder my right arm is always so damned sore.)*

But what to do about this conspiracy? I mean, what good is being conspired against if you don't get to have really neat protests and meetings and what not? So, I'm officially announcing that the I.-A.M.-F.A.B. will be holding meetings every other night at different taverns around Chicago. And in an effort to curb the effect of this vicious Zionist plot against us, we are going to drink ourselves silly, watch sports, and gawk at leggy waitresses. And we will continue to do this, no matter how much it hurts, until this evil conspiracy is stopped.

With any luck, people won't ever figure out what I'm doing, and I can keep protesting for years to come.

Respecting smokers rights

By Alison Pryor

I am a smoker. I tried smoking several times in my youth. I guess for the head rush. Then in ninth grade it became a habit. Everyone I knew smoked so there was never a problem, or at least we didn't notice.

Over the past decade there has been research on the effects of smoking on people's health and on second hand smoke. This information is good and necessary. I understand why people are bothered by smoking because it stinks, gets into clothes and contacts etc.

That's fine, but who is really to blame for smoking? Gee..., what about the Philip Morris Tobacco Company? What about advertisements on billboards and in magazines? Think about how much money these corporate big wigs spend on addictions. What about focusing some of that energy on homelessness and AIDS?

I'm a Camel Lights person. I love them. But it makes me sick to see what a cool thing it is now to smoke camels. Look at the recent camel cash campaign. People were enticed to smoke more to get that cool zippo their friends had.

Old Joe Camel is more popular and recognizable to kids than Mickey Mouse!

Fortunately, I gave up trying to be cool in the seventh grade, so it didn't have an effect on me. But what about those youngsters who are in seventh grade? To whom being cool means life or death? (By the way, what the hell is cool anyway??) Who is to blame for this?

Think BIG, real BIG. I think drinking is worse than smoking. In a one shot deal, someone's life could be

I understand the whole second hand smoke thing.

I respect people who don't start a fake cough, or get up and move away, drink in hand, all the while shooting dirty looks my way (and might be about to sit behind the steering wheel of a car.)

I am not a closed minded person. I enjoy listening to how people feel when it's done in a non-confrontational manner. That's great. Everyone has the right to disagree with whatever they want. But no one has the right to treat me with disrespect for any reason, least of all for how I choose to live my life.

Yes, smoking affects other people besides the smoker. But let's face it, everything anyone does affects all of us, be it good or bad.

I also get a little miffed with non smoking restaurants. What's up?! Smokers don't eat? Oh, I forgot, we've killed all of our taste buds so we can't taste it anyway... Yea right!

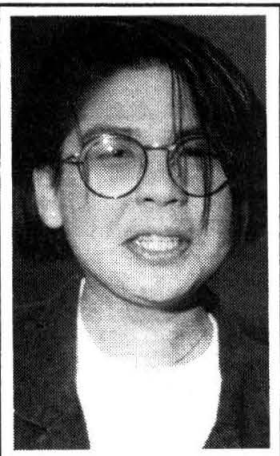
The bottom line is that yea, I smoke, big deal! Smokers have rights to ya' know... what am I? Am I less than a human being because I've been seduced by propaganda? That would mean everyone is less than a human being.

OPINION

snuffed out by a drunk driver (who probably just left a bar bitching about "those damn smokers.") Drinking has been proven to be as much of an addiction as drugs. According to Mothers Against Drunk Driving (MADD), 22,830 people died last year in alcohol related accidents.

Smoking is a hard habit to kick, unless one's personal health is in serious trouble, or someone wakes up in the morning and coughs up part of their lung. Then I'm sure any smoker would become an avid anti-smoking spokesperson.

CORRECTION



Hazel B. Zoleta

Zoleta, a management junior, was incorrectly identified in last week's *Face Value*, which asked students why they decided to attend Columbia College.

"I wanted to attend Columbia, but my parents didn't let me. I went to UIC as a psych major but didn't cut it. My parents realized they were wrong. Now I'm doing what I want, learning the music business. Columbia has done wonders for me and my future. Now I work for a record company and a record store due to the knowledge I gained here," Zoleta said.

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Pencil it in...

Monday -13 It's Human Rights Week at Columbia College and it kicks off today at 11 a.m. with a discussion of the U.S. military role in Peru, Haiti and Iraq. Key speakers are Rich Hutchingson, Harry Ouchae, and Kathleen Desautels. The discussion will be held in the Hokin Center, 623 S. Wabash. This weeks events are sponsored by the Students for a Better World.

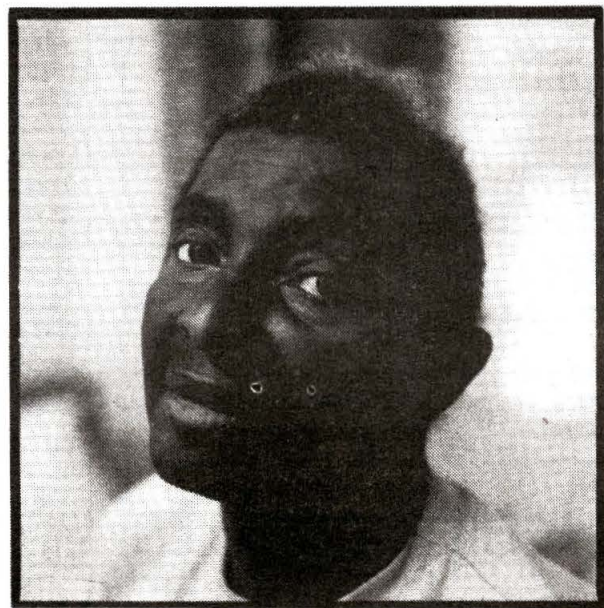
Tuesday -14 The Bride of Frankenstein is back, but only at the Film Center of the School of the Art Institute for a one time showing at 6 p.m. This is one of those rare films, a sequel that is better than the original. The Film Center is at Columbus Drive and Jackson Boulevard. Tickets are \$5.

Today's Human Rights Week event is a video and discussion by the Committee to End the Marion Lockdown at 11 a.m. in the Hokin Center. The discussion will focus on the downstate Marion prison and how it has replaced Alcatraz as the worst prison in the U.S. but is presently becoming a 'model' for other prisons.

Wednesday -15 In the mood for the blues? You figure it's Wednesday, the middle of the week, it's dragging, spring is nipping at your toes to stay outdoors and blow off school. Well to shake those blues, go listen to the blues at Rosa's, 3420 W. Armitage, tonight you'll hear Sugar Blue starting at 9:30 p.m.

And Human Rights Week continues today at 3 p.m. in Rm. 217 of the Wabash Building, 623 S. Wabash. Today the discussion will feature Grey Panthers talking about age discrimination, specifically the elderly and young children.

Thursday -16 JFK. He is probably the most attractive dead man around, at least when it comes to digging up 30-year old evidence to learn if the man accused, and then killed, really did act alone in the



Now through May 23--Don't miss the *Faces of Aids, the Bonaventure House Project*, at the Chicago Cultural Center, 78 E. Washington. Through a series of black and white photos, photographer Paul Meridith tries to attain a deeper understanding of his subjects' disease. It's free. For viewing hours, dial 312-F-I-N-E-A-R-T.

assassination. David S. Lifton, author of *Best Evidence*, will present a documented multi-media lecture on the JFK assassination today at 7:30 p.m. at the Latin School of Chicago, Clark St. and North Ave. Admission is \$15.

Don't miss the last discussion of Human Rights Week today at 11 a.m. in the Hokin. The topic of the day: Native American Issues. Albert Lonely Wolf will talk about the problems of that community.

Friday -17 The Experimental Film Coalition sponsors the entertainment for tonight at the Randolph Street Gallery, 756 N. Milwaukee Ave., with *A Family Affair* at 7 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. *Affair* is a collection of films, *Marking Time*, *Two Portraits*, *First Comes Love*, to name a few, that address relations between family members and the cloudy definition of a family institution. Admission is \$5, but save \$1 if you're a student.

Saturday -18 I've been in the "let's-see-a-movie-tonight" kind of mood this week, could you tell? Because sure enough I've got another movie for you to see tonight. Check out Alain Tanner's film *Messidor* at the Film Center of the School of the Art Institute, Columbus and Jackson Boulevard, today at 8 p.m. This 1978 film is especially for *Thelma & Louise* fans because it is very similar, although it is set in Switzerland, not the U.S. of A. Admission is \$5.

In the mood for something a little more raucous? Well, if you haven't got your tix for *Poi Dog Pondering* tonight at Cabaret Metro, you're out of luck because the show is sold out. But never fear, at an 11:30 late show the Metro (3730 N. Clark) offers us *Seaweed*, *Big Chief*, and *Voodoo Gearshift*. These up and comers promise to put on as good a show as the earlier main event. And the price, and \$7.00, is right.

Ongoing - This is your last chance to toddle on over to the 11th Street building to check out Annette Nahrlich's sculptures and drawings in the Art Gallery because it will all be gone April 17. Gallery hours are Monday - Friday 10 a.m. until 4 p.m. It's free!

Compiled by: Alina G. Romanowski

Face Value: Should casino gambling be legalized in Chicago?

by Lisa Adds Staff Photographer



Roman Castaneda
Graphic Design
Junior

It's OK, I'm not much of a gambler but, I don't really mind it as long as it doesn't get out of hand.

Tami Bartlett
Broadcast Journalism
Junior

Gambling casinos would open up jobs for Chicagoans, and I think it would benefit the city. It would get money flowing. As far as Mafia concerns go, wake up Jim Edgar, the mob is already here!

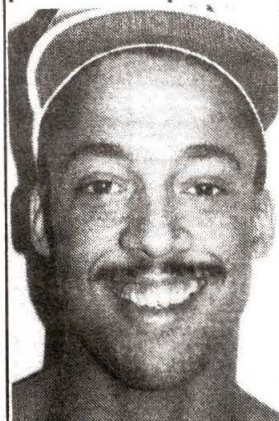


Dorota Woscik
Undeclared
Sophomore

It's a very confusing issue. On one hand the state needs more money and gambling casinos would attract outside income and provide extra jobs. On the other hand, the city is fighting too many problems already. Can we really handle the extra load?

William Yancey
Film & Video
Graduate

I think gambling should be legalized to help bring much needed revenue to this city. At the same time, it will require many checks and balances to prevent corruption.



Lakeshia Johnson
Marketing
Freshman

I'm against gambling. We have enough problems. Chicago needs to concentrate on issues like education and public transportation. Gambling will lead to unnecessary tourist. Why would they want to add more problems.

Amelia Colon
Television
Senior

Gambling should not be legalized because the temptation for criminal activity would increase and there is the possibility of more corruption in our political system.

