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COLLE EColumbia College Library COLUMBIA H F 11 MARCH 1, 1993

**VOLUME 26 NUMBER 16** 

Dana Hansen / Staff Photograp "American Griot" starring Idris Ackamoor, traces the history of jazz from African percussion to forms only now about to be born.

### Area speculates over new dorms

By Pat Reilly Staff Writer

When Columbia takes over Lakeside Lofts, 731 S. Plymouth Ct., for it's new dormitory, not everyone will be happy. The sale comes as bad news to many building tenants.

"I don't know where I am going or what to do," said Larry Gianiris, the owner of Side Pockets, a restaurant, bar and pool hall that leases space in the building. "I have no place to go.

At present, the nine-story building is an apartment com-plex with commercial property on the first two floors.

The college is expected to close the deal in April, accord-ing to Bert Gall, executive vice president and provost.

Gianiris said he was informed of the sale about three weeks ago. He is one of a handful of business owners who will have to leave. Gianiris opened his restaurant just a year and a half ago. He said he has been working 12 hours a day to get his business off the ground and thought his hard work had finally paid off.

"Everything that is in here, I did myself," he said. "I set tiles, painted murals, and designed, decorated and refinished the

News

Top ten names for new dorms

Page 6

bar. I just built it and it is being taken away." Residents in 96 apartments

will have to leave by May 1, Gall said. As the deadline looms, some of the building's tenants are beginning to analyze what a dorm will mean to the neighborhood.

Weelapon Chamanond, a waiter at Taste of Siam, a tenant for three years, has mixed feelings about the dorm. He says the Thai restaurant will stay in the vicinity, but a lot of hard work is ahead.

"When we move, we have to look for new customers," he said. "That means a lot of ad-

vertising and promotions." But Chamanond, who from graduated Columbia last year, is happy the school bought a dorm. He came to Columbia from Thailand over two years ago and wished there was a dorm then.

"It is a good deal for Colum-bia students," he said. "I think more people will be interested in Columbia because they have a dorm."

Not everyone shares in Chamanond's enthusiasm. "I think it will ruin this

landmark building and the See DORM page 2

### **USA Today awards** student's acheivment

By Hayley Carlton

Maria Josefina Lopez, 23, a junior at Columbia, was the only student from an Il-linois college or university to win a spot on USA Today's "All USA College Academic First Team."

She joins students from Harand Princeton vard. Dartmouth, among others.

Lopez won the award based on her entry of a play she wrote when she was 19 called "Real Woman Have Curves." The play has been produced in San Francisco, San Antonio, Houston and Seattle, and will be produced at the Victory Gardens Theater in Chicago later this year. She was selected from among 1,342 students who were nominated by their colleges and universities. were

Her prize-winning play is about five Hispanic women who work at a sewing factory, one of whom is Lopez's alter-

ego. "I worked in a sewing factory," Lopez said. "I had a good time, though it was painful at times. I enjoyed working with all the women."

Winners were awarded \$2,500. Entries were judged based on their academic performance, honors and awards. The winners averaged 3.85 on a 4.0 grade point scale. The contest is open to all students attending an



Josefina Lopez

fiction writing teacher, Connie Shamrock.

lington, Virginia.

Lopez, a native of Los Angeles, says that she came to

opez columbia because her boyfriend was going to medical school in Chicago. She is currently back in Los Angeles working on a one-woman show called "Confessions of Women from East LA.," but says she will be back at Columbia this sum-mer. She hopes to stay in Columbia's new

American college or university. The winners received their awards in a ceremony held on Feb. 5, at USA Today's headquarters in Ar-

The award started four years ago as a counterpart for the awards given to student athletes, said Steven Anderson, manager of

media relations for

recognition too."

who get all the recognition," Anderson said. "We wanted

would give the scholars

Lopez was nominated by her

USA

dorms when they open. As for that \$2,500 prize? "I already spent it. I bought a new car," she said. Looking toward the future, Lopez, who writes under her middle name Josefina, would like to graduate from Columbia take would like to graduate from Columbia, take a year off and write for a Hispanic sitcom.

has a lake view, except Cicero because they're

intolerant," explained gallery Director Marilyn

Sward said that "Xenophobia" conveys mes-

sages of peace between

"She has a serious concern of conflicts in the world," Sward said.

Cohan-Lange, who is on

sabbatical until June, fre-

quently uses maps in her work. When her father

passed away, Cohan-Lange's mother found

many maps in the house. Lange wanted to use

them; they fit perfectly

the warring nations.

**Teacher's art maps fear** 

### By Jane Ripley

Picture a map cut into squares and pasted on a

Cohan-Lange.

Cohan-Lange, Program at Columbia, will be shown through

March 4 at the Paper Press gallery, 1017 W. Jack-son Blvd. Xenophobia is defined as fear and hatred of strangers or foreigners. One of the pieces on display, titled "Chicago Re-configured (everyone gets a Lake View)" also contained fragments of maps of Chicago and the suburbs rearranged on the giant rectangle of paper with Lake Michigan bits next to each section. "She's put the lake in the middle so that every suburb



Sward.

Sculpture by Suzane Cohan-Lange

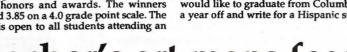
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ALL STATES

with her philosophy of world harmony. For "Chicago & Suburbs: Birdhouse," Cohan-Lange covered a birdhouse with pieces of Chicago and added tiny technical illustrations of buildings. In each hole of the birdhouse, a pale yellow cast paper face peeks out. Sward said that, "People build houses around themselves and hide. Suzanne wants people to be aware of that see XENO page 4







watercolor-like paper with blue and green flecks. Bits of all the warlike countries are stuck near each other so they are forced to get along. It's called "Xenophobia" and it's an exhibit by Columbia's own Suzanne

heads the Interdiscipli-nary Arts Education has been at the school for about 12 years. Her work

### PAGE 2

### CHRONICLE

chose not to renew his lease

after learning of the purchase. "No one will want to live near

rambunctious college stu-dents," he said. "The whole idea is to build business. Bring-ing in a dormitory is getting rid

Gianaris voiced the same sen-

timents. He believes the neighborhood is worried about

the dormitories, especially

of business."

noise.

### MARCH 1, 1993

two floors of the building a



I remember watching the razor slide smoothly up the Shaving cream covered leg with amazement. Wow. How did she do that? Not a cut, not a nick. I continued to stare, mesmerized, as my mother made small talk with me. It was a special night, because mom and dad were going out.

It would usually be a Saturday. I would spend the day biding my time until my mother started to get ready. The excitement began when she came out of the bathroom with those super big '70s rollers in her Clairol-colored auburn hair and headed quickly for her bedroom.

That was my cue to knock on the bedroom door and ask some question that could not possibly be answered with the door shut. She'd open the door with, "what did you say honey," and I'd slip into the room where ordinary housewives become movie stars, shutting the door behind me.

I sat down on the king-size bed, which to a 9-year-old seemed like an ocean of pillows and blankets, and watched my mother begin to transform herself. Men will probably not understand the thrill of this. I am not sure what little boys like to watch their fathers do - maybe fix a car engine or bait a fishing line. I liked to watch my mother "get ready.

Wearing her best lingerie, the kind of underclothes little girls only dream of, she began by shaving her legs. I could never understand how she didn't cut herself, but I knew it was something I definitely wanted to learn how to do when I grew up.

After applying sweet-smelling lotion on her arms and legs, she began to apply her make up. Out came the jars and bottles which were

completely foreign to me, but which I knew could do magic. As our conversation rolled over topics ranging from school to friends to pets, all equally unimportant, I continued staring at the changing image in the dresser mirror.

I can still remember the colors of the make up she wore. She used dark brown eyebrow pencil on her finely tweezed eyebrows; on her cheeks, she used a cream blush, which she was very careful to blend in; and Maybelline Great Lash Mascara - in a pink and green container - to lengthen her eyelashes.

Next came the brown eyeliner, which never went on very easily. Then, the piec'e de re'sistance, the lipstick. Lipstick said glamour to me. Making the lipstick "O" with her mouth, she would apply a rather garish orange lipstick, which was all the rage then, and blot it with a Kleenex.

After that came the nylons. After some tugging and readjusting, we headed over to the closet where the dress of choice would be hanging on the closet door waiting to be worn.

The tension and excitement were really building now, because there were only three things left to do; put on some high heels, fix her hair and put on perfume. My mom always waited until the last minute to do her hair, so it would be as big as possible before she left. She slipped on her heels while standing up. With those heels on she had legs that made men stop in their tracks.

One by one the rollers came out of her hair, leaving her looking like something out of a women's magazine "don't" picture.

She brushed the big floppy curls until she decided she had just the look she was going for, and with a quick sweep of her hand, grabbed the hair spray and sprayed...and sprayed...and sprayed. She had some majorly big hair. I was truly in awe.

Finally, she gave herself a couple squirts of her favorite perfume. I always felt she instinctively knew exactly how many squirts she should use. By that time the room had the "going out" smell - bath splash, lotion, hairspray and perfume.

Eventually my dad, who had a much shorter preparation time, would come in the room to get ready, and I would have to leave. As my parents kissed me good night. I felt a kind of longing to be grown-up, to wear all those beautiful things and "go out to dinner with friends" which I thought must be a very fun thing to do. Now, I laugh at how I couldn't wait to be grown-up, wear make up and high heels. More importantly, I remember how I treasured the exclusive time I had with my mother, not having to share her with my siblings or my father, and the mother-daughter bond we shared

on those special nights.

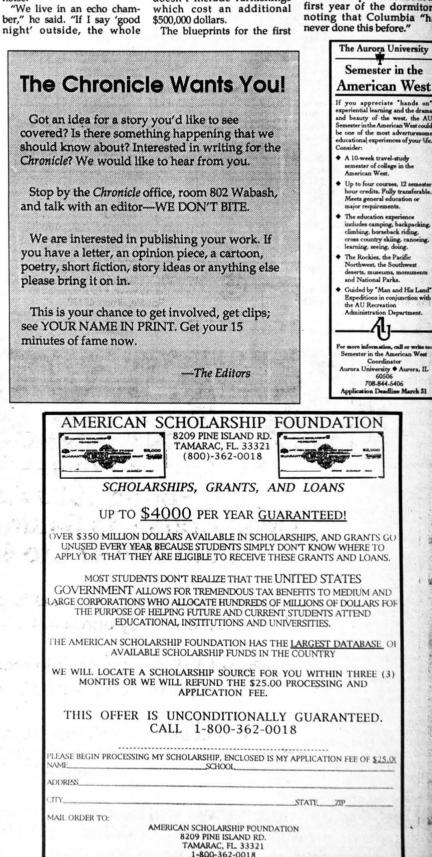
neighborhood can hear it. I think they will have a lot of complaints."

Gall does not foresee students causing problems within the community.

"There are a lot of students living in the neighborhood al-ready," he said. Gall also dismissed any noise problems saying that the building is "enormously soundproof."

Gall is busy preparing for the building's September opening. The architect for the building is Shaman and Salk. The construction work will be done by Brown and Associates. Gall said the bid for Brown's work is not in yet, but it will be "at least a million dollars." That figure doesn't include furnishings which cost an additional \$500.000 dollars.

The blueprints for the first



set, according to Gall. He is also taking measures to make sure the building is safe. He plans on having the fire alarms upgraded and coded lock systems installed on the doors.

Student safety is also of con-cern, Gall said. A security guard will be on duty 24 hours a day and the dorm will have

resident advisers. All students living in the building will have a key for the front door. Guests will have to sign in at the front door.

"It will be a controlled access situation," Gall said.

Applications are still avail-able for student housing, he said. He is optimistic about the first year of the dormitory, noting that Columbia "has never done this before."

â

68

MARCH 1, 1993

Fast food

**By Jodi Joss** 

it for under \$4.00.

prices.

If you've ever wanted to go to

ou can now sample a taste of

GeorGina's, at 610 S. Wabash

Ave. right across from Colum-bia, offers a variety of food including home-made Greek

daily specials at reasonable

Moussaka, which is eggplant and ground beef in a cream sauce; Pastitsio, a Greek lasag-

na; and Greek chicken and rice

are just a sampling of GeorGina's offerings. You can

also get Baklava, a Greek

desert, every day. Also on the menu are crois-

sants, cold subs, hot sandwiches, hot dogs, soups, salads, spaghetti, Homerun Inn

6" pizzas and cheesecake. Sandwiches are priced from \$1.55 to \$3.59. Salads are priced

at \$1.79 to \$2.50. Soup is \$1.25 (ask for the specials of the day). Spaghetti is \$2.39. Pizza is \$2.29

for cheese and \$2.49 for

sausage. Baklava is \$1.25 and

cheesecake is \$1.19.

Greece but can't afford it,

Greek style Columbia Colleg

### CHRONICLE MAR - 2 199

### Mike's Way

Columbia's own Mike Alexandroff will be honored in a special ceremony at 11 a.m. on Wednesday, March 3, when Harrison Street becomes "Mike Alexandroff Way" at the southwest corner of Michigan Ave. and Harrison St. The honor is in recognition of President Emeritus Alexandroff's 70th birthday and his many contributions to the neighborhood. Featured at the event will be "Fanfare For Mike Alexandroff," an original composition by William Russo of the theater/music department. In case of inclement weather the ceremony will be held at the Museum of Contemporary Photography in the 600 S. Michigan Ave. building.

-Burney Simpson

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employee Maria Archos, put in over 60 hours a week at the restaurant.

The two owners used to be singers. They decided they wanted a change, so with a few ideas and Gina's cooking, they opened up GeorGina's.

For good food and very friendly service, check out GeorGina's, open 10 a.m.-7

p.m. seven days a week. Contributing: Jody Campbell



Solution to last

week's puzzle



crews and excellent driving record required. Company paid training. Must pass state licensing exam to apply pesticides

WRITE OR CALL: ELAINE WOOD

Seasonal Human Resources Manager

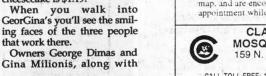
map, and are encouraged to arrange for an interview appointment while home on Spring break.





FIELD POSITIONS TO APPLY FOR SUMMER EMPLOYMENT:

Applicants will be mailed an application along with a location



### MARCH 1, 1993

### FEATURES

### The Black Man's Cond om.

By Antonio Sharp

ifty percent of all newly diagnosed cases of AIDS are among African Americans, according to Tim Hadac, director of public information at the Chicago Department of Health. And African people account for 70 percent of the AIDS cases throughout the world

It is disturbing statistics like these that prompted entrepreneur Edwin Avent to manufacture a line of Afrocentric condoms with hopes of promoting responsible sexual behavior among African-American men and keeping the black race alive. With \$7,500 and his brother Alphonso, Avent founded *Umoja Sasa* Condoms. The FDA approved

contraceptive is marketed by Avent's Baltimorebased headquarters, Umoja Sasa Products Corporation.

Umoja Sasa, which is Swahili for "unity now," is part of the company's "Protect the Blood" campaign that aims to educate and unify African Americans about AIDS and other sexually transmitted diseases. The line extends to bumper stickers, t-shirts, buttons, brochures and posters.

"My primary goal is to promote the saving of African-American lives and reach out to communities of African descent," says Avent, the firms president and CEO. "I lost a lot of friends to AIDS. It has

The condoms come in red, black and green. They come in pack-ages resembling matchbooks and have the likenesses of a black man and woman on the cover. On the back of the package is a drawing of the African continent inscribed with the words "African People around the world are dying from the deadly AIDS virus, and we need unity now to protect our blood." Avent says that his company has not raised enough money for

Avent says that his company has not raised enough money for advertising in cities like Chicago and Los Angeles because all of the firms financial support comes from product sales. "It was hectic enough completing the stacks of paperwork in order to be approved by the federal government," Avent says. "I'm competing with million-dollar companies like Trojan, which have the capital for advertising. They (the federal government) were skeptical about giving me a chance because a young black man starting his own company may seem threatening."

starting his own company may seem threatening." Darnell Bonds, executive director of BROTHERRS, (Blacks Reach-ing Out Through Health Education and Risk Reduction Services), a 2 1/2-year-old South Side HIV/AIDS prevention/education or-

### Xeno from page 1

and come outside."

Cohan-Lange seems to enjoy old ob-jects; she takes the wreckage and makes sense out of it. There's a very appealing

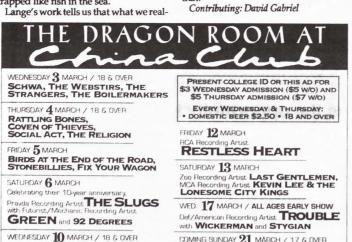
rustic quality about her work. An old wooden-handled net that Cohan-Lange found with a paper-cast face done in (guess what?) maps with wax drippings called "Earth/Net" proved to be very haunting. Another piece, called "Northern & Southern Hemisphere/Minnow Boat,"

shows two ancient, concave, screened cylinders fused together with paper sculpture faces inside touching the inner screens. The people in this work are trapped like fish in the sea.

ly need to do is get out of our various boxes and communicate better. This show, maybe without realizing it, is achieving this goal, at least here in

Chicago. The Paper Press is a non-profit studio that offers hand paper making classes for Columbia and Art Institute students. It also provides working artists and others access to the studio through lectures, tours, courses, visiting artists series and exhibitions. They also offer workshops and introduce well-known artists from all over the country.

This exhibit is worth checking out. If art is supposed to change people's minds and convince them to take action, then it seems that Lange's works are doing just that.



 WEDNESDAY 10 MARCH / 18 6 OVER
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 & HIS LATIN ALL-STARS
 CYPRESS HILL with

 China Club is open Wed, through Sat, at 9pm / Open until 4am, Sat, until 5am

 616 WEST FULTON IN CHICAGO / FOR INFORMATION CALL 312.466.0812



Edwin Avent, President & CEO of Umoja Sasa Products Corporation.

ganization, said he hasn't heard of the condom, but will acknowledge the product if he has an opportunity to examine it.

NELSAGO

"If it's the same quality as Trojan, then I would be pleased to promote it in our community," Bonds says. "But I would require more information to support the product. I couldn't support it purely on the basis of it being a black-owned business."

Lee Middleton, project coordinator of the African-American Men's Health Project in San Francisco, said that if the condom reached the west coast, he would

that if the condom reached the west coast, he would grant his support. "With the devastating prevalence of AIDS in the black community, it would be nice to have a condom geared towards our own people," he said. Middleton co-authored a study with the University of California at San Francisco. Their findings showed that African-American gay and bisexual men are still at high risk for contracting AIDS. "Our organization is geared toward educating

"Our organization is geared toward educating black gay and bisexual men because they account for 12 percent of all AIDS cases in the U.S.," Middleton

said. Rashid Simmons, a junior dance major, said he would purchase

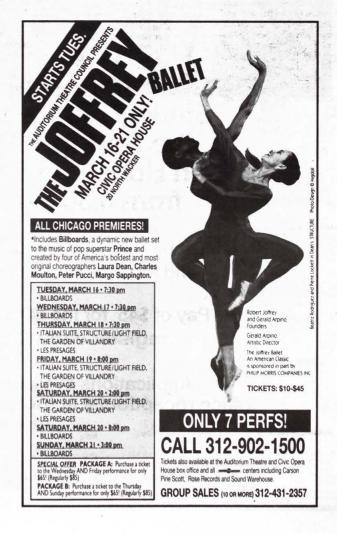
Rashid Simmons, a junior dance major, said he would purchase the product to promote safer sex practices among blacks. "There is no denial about young blacks engaging in promiscuous sex, so you might as well be safe about it," he said. "I think it's important that we accept what this man has to say and offer," said Misty Brown, a freshman dance major. "Its made by black people and the money goes back into the community. Something like this should have been created years ago." Chester Gregory, a sophomore music major, said he would purchase the condom simply because it's made by a black man.

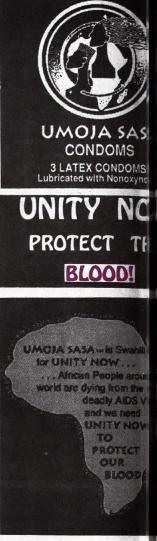
purchase the condom simply because it's made by a black man. "I would definitely buy it, because as a race of people we need to

Avent says he has achieved his dream of promoting the longevity of the black community. He added that his product has not met opposition from the African-American church or from black conservative groups.

"We have received much praise for our efforts in uplifting the survival of our people," he said. "Education is the key to more open and positive attitudes about sex."

Condoms are sold in stores in black neighborhoods or can be obtained through mail order. For more information, or to place an order, call: 1-800-99-UMOJA.









strong in small, sm yesteryean The club band and 1 Luther Min caters to permulticultu nationalitie are African

Spices ( poetry read Wednesda come and t front of a re a feel for ho an audience some of C and writers introduced

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### FEATURES

### MARCH 1, 1993

# "Big Butt Girls..." in the Hokin

### By Le Shaundra Brownlee



spirit catcher, a three-level shrine consisting of African art masks, candy, flowers, women's head scarfs, a bowl of water, nail polish and African-American baby dolls were placed on the stage with a larger porcelain mask suspended from the ceiling. The lights dim and a woman wearing a long robe of metallic gold and black

shingles walks onto the stage.

"Big Butt Girls, Hard-Headed Women" starring Rhodessa Jones, is a one-women

show that tells the story of four black women in jail. The show was performed in the Hokin Center Tuesday on February 16. Jones tells their stories through dance, singing, facial expressions and sign language. She changes into a prison jump-suit while the music of Marvin Gaye plays. Laying on the floor, she becomes an aerobic instructor. The music slows, the instructor looks out to har chudonts, who are prisoners and score the light.

instructor looks out to her students, who are prisoners, and sees the light. She snaps into herself, Rhodessa Jones. "I looked out into those faces one day," she says "and realized that could be me, my mother, my sister or my daughter. Just by fate, the flip of a coin, I'm out here and they are in there."

and they are in there." Jones portrays a prostitute named Regina Brown; Mama Pearl, who has been in jail since 1965; Lena, an ex-dancer and drug abuser; and Doris, a young, naive, thumb-sucking girl with children who ended up in jail. All of the women were Jone's aerobic students at the San Francisco City Jail in 1987. "I hope to create a sense of awareness in my community. You know, something has to be done," Jones says. "Instead of taking a woman and saying, 'okay, there's a problem here,' and clanging the bars shut, they should be trying to find a solution."

Jones walks over to the shrine and tells the audience, "This is a spirit catcher for Regina. It has all of her favorite things. After the show is over feel free to come up and have some candy. Regina would have loved it." When the show

is over, Jones picks up the bowl of

water and asks the audience to help her get rid of bad spirits by singing. She then sprinkles water into the audience. "Thank you all for coming," she says. When asked

how she chose the name of the play, "Jones says that, "Women don't have the same facilities as men have in jail. Men nautilus

have machines, women



only have a day room where they sit around all day long. The hard—headed women comes from when I was growing up. All I heard was 'girl don't be so hard—headed!'"

## Hot House Sponsors Creativity Fest

By Bridget Connelly

atrons of the Hothouse enjoyed an evening of keyboards, poetry and bercussion on Feb. 21 with South African musicians Ndikho and Nomusa Xaba and their performance entitled "An African Synthesis." Through their skilled utiliza-

tion of words, music and dancing, Ndikho and Nomusa Xaba journeyed through the negative and positive aspects of African culture. They per-formed Nigerian, West African, South African and Ethiopian songs which were supple-mented with nomusa's poetry about war and peace. Although Ndikho and Nomusa are usually a duo, they were joined by Avteeayl Ra on percussion and two other special guests. Ndikho and Nomusa's

respect about their culture could be felt by their perfor-mance. "I must know what to sing about," Nomusa said in her poetry. "When I start to sing, I start to cry."

Nomusa's poetry reflected African and American life and the problems each have to face. She talked about African farms being overtaken by locusts just as roaches infest apartment buildings and houses in

and sounds were improvisa-tional. Ndikho and Nomusa moved freely with the spirit of the music.

We are creative musicians. What you are seeing is being created," Nomusa said.

Both wanted to use music from all over the continent to show the common roots. Ndikho thanked his ancestors during his performance for be-queathing them with such a heritage. Ndikho is a native of South Africa but has lived in the United States for 29 years and Nomusa is from the United States, and both are full time musicians.

America. Although their songs were pre-written, a lot of the dances are Ethiopian, they attract a

diverse crowd of listeners. Their Hothouse performance was attended by people of all race

form every Friday night at the Ethiopian Village restaurant, 3462 n. Clark St. at 6:30 p.m. they are currently promoting a special performance on Sunday, March 28 at the Links hall at 3435 N. Sheffield Ave. For more information, call (708) 869-4964.

March at the Hothouse

Mondays: Yoko's Blue Mon-day Jam Sessions featuring Yoko Noge, Clark Dean and Steve Freund at 8 p.m. \$4.

Tuesdays: The Ken Vandermark Quartet with Michael Zerang, Kent Kessler and Todd Colbourn. 8 p.m. \$5.

lease call HotHouse At 233-2334.

Hi-Tek's 9 piece dance band from Haiti plays merengues, socas, calypsos and more popular dance music in-digenous to the Islands.

### ppreciation at Spices

#### **Avers**

lazz bar, 812 N. Franklin St., is a quaint geared towards cultural awareness and tterment of human kind. Spices opened rs in October of '91 and has been going

adition of the eatnik clubs of

rs are the husm of Diane and ey say the club ed 21 to 45, with kgrounds and of the patrons cans.

its customers Mondays and .m. Anyone can heir writings in I crowd and get work will affect the chance to see Bi newest poets formas they are Reggie Gibson hublic.



days.

s offers people a place to relax and enjoy bub is proud to have welcomed Tekihyah

"Crystal" Keymah "In Living Color", Craig Hodges (former Chicago Bull), Jim Clemmons (Bulls assistant coach), Bill Mur-ray And Robert Deniro. The bar features gospel acts on the last Tuesday of each month. Live jazz is featured on Friday and Saturday nights. The club also can be rented out on Thursdays, Fridays and Satur-

popular events we have."

Luther Minner says the success of featuring different events during the week caught him off guard, but he Staff is very happy to be a a part of so many lives in such a Photogi special way. He says being an African-American entrepreneur hasn't had any affect on the club out of the "norm." Spices can be rented

out for just about any occasion. For more information, call (312) 664-6222.

"I didn't think that our gospel night would work in the environment we offer," Luther says. "To my surprise we have had excellent reviews from our supporters. Now gospel Tuesdays are one of the most Eric

Wednesdays: Poets David Trinidad and Jeanne Towns. Ndikho and Nomusa per-Admission \$4; \$2 open mic'ers Thursdays: Mark Nagy 8:30 pm \$5. For more Information Fridays: Hi-Tek From Haiti;



### "The Truck" by Martina Menendez

The truck screeched to a halt, and crashed into, the drunk man who stumbled and didn't die of nothing. Rolling over he stood. Six feet of brown skin. Then a brick fell on. his head rocked and cracked. Trickles of red glittery blood

slid down the side of his face, remaining frozen to his cheek. Eighty below zero and traffic has stopped. Slowly the drunk man pulls himself to the grey sidewalk and lies on his back watching the red-orange sun set before his eyes closed.

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### PAGE 6

### **OP-ED**

### THE HIT LIST

- TO: Board of Directors, Columbia College RE: Ten names to consider for our new residence hall
- 1) Mike's Place
- 2) Duff's Tavern and Residence Hall
- 3) Power to the People Dormitory
- 4) Got A Quarter? Place
  5) Open Admission, Everybody And We Mean Everybody Welcome House
  6) Peace Now or I'll Flunk You Hall
- 7) Late Again? No Problem Rooms
- 8) Gall Hall
- 9) I'm Oppressed, You're A Bigot Center10) Hands On Training Bedrooms



volunteers for the Spring session beginning March 1st. The locations of the program are Wheatland Polo Farm in Naperville and South Shore Country Club. Volunteers are a necessity, please join us! For further information call Nancy Winkelman or Beth Barret at (815) 254-2240

## Where do you get off?

**OPINION** 

### By Tom Smith

It's the '90s boys and girls, and sex is everywhere you turn. Even network television is shocking to those of later television is shocking to those of later years. I'm 21, and every now and again I view a scene and think, "can they do that on TV?" There are porno mags, films and even computer hook ups through the telephone. What will they think of next...the orgasm pill?! Getting down to business, todays topic

is the so-called gentlemen's clubs. Yea right. Hey ladies, if you want a date with a

gentleman go to one of these **OPIT** clubs and you're sure to catch yourself a winner. Maybe I'm older in mind than in body but come on, just how much fun can a strip joint be? Let's set a scenario. It's Saturday night

and you didn't find a date over the week at school. You've got plenty of homework to do, but that's what Sunday night is for. to do, but that's what Sunday night is for. You can't get a hold of any of the guys so, what the hell...You'll go get turned on at the strip joint. Sure, that sounds like a great idea. Get yourself all dressed up looking good and maybe one of the ladies will go home with you. That way you can catch the big disease with a little name. So you're feeling manly, got on your hottest threads, made sure the shave was close and splashed on that \$1.99 cologne that smells like toilet deodorizer. Now, head out to the Gentlemen's Club.

head out to the Gentlemen's Club. Personally I've never seen the inside of one of

these clubs except on the movies or TV. I just have never felt the urge to go out and get really sexually aroused by a woman who wouldn't even come close to me except for the fact that I'm waving cash that I'd like to tuck into her panties.

What exactly is going through these guys' minds anyway? Hey baby, come over here and shake your body in front of

me so I can get erect and not be able to do a damn thing about it?

damn thing about it? I suppose if someone was to sit long enough and stuff enough cash into a dan-cers skimples she might be persuaded to see what other fees she might be able to collect for the evening. Even if that is the case and some old bastard CEO of Sears has enough dough to blow...would he really want her to do him? Let's get real, a girl of this nature is not exactly daddy's little princess. little princess.

Speaking of daddy's little princess, the ladies (a kind term for the females that are involved

in this business) do have families somewhere. And that's where they probably gathered morals, emotions and the concept of right and wrong. Yeah, I know, you just gotta do this to make ends meet.

At the same time, on the opposite end of the spectrum, there are women in the working world hanging men by the same things the strippers stimulate because they're being "sexually harassed." Some-thing is just not right, not proper and about as far from dignified as humanly pressible bere possible here.

Fellas, let's get real. What do you do? Do you go to these places and jerk off under the table? Do you go to these places and leave looking for the nearest available hooker? Do you go to these places and relieve your sexual frustrations at home alone? Or are you the scum of the earth, go to these places, then go home and make love to your wife? And wouldn't it be a hoot if one night

the husband was out at one of these places and attempted to stuff cash into a stripper's panties, who turned out to be his wife!

Yeah, I'm against strip joints, whether the dancers be male or female dancing for men or women. I just don't agree.

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### MARCH 1, 1993

### EDITORIAL

## HILLARY Must you nave flowers, Bill ?"! E R Т E S

#### A new proposal...

#### To the Editor:

After reading and listening to President Clinton's newly proposed economic plan, I have to ask a question; why is the President imposing an energy tax in order to create funds to lower the incredible budget deficit? Wouldn't it make more sense to tax something like tobacco, rather than a necessity like our precious energy?

Every month 8,000 people die of cancer due to smoking, twice as many deaths as in automobile accidents. Even more alarming is the fact that the majority of people that purchase cigarettes are between the ages of 17 and 21. Because these teenagers are able to af-ford this deathly habit, they begin their death sentence at an early age. If every pack of cigarettes were to increase in price by \$3.00, not only would a lot of people not be able to afford them, but the taxable money imposed on the price of cigarettes could be used

The towards the huge deficit.

Editor

To

Because my grandfather smoked for 55 years he is no longer able to talk, due to can-cer of the throat and mouth. Like many Americans, my grandfather is a victim of a terrible habit which eventually can result in death. In Sweden the cigarette tax is so high that studies have shown a decrease in the number of smokers. Why not impose that same tax law in America rather than taxing our energy?

If you truly want to be a great president, Mr. Clinton, you can start by saving America from its enormous debt and by saving her from an even greater tragedy: death due to smoking.

#### **Deborah Flick**

Iunior Broadcast Iournalism

#### What the future holds...

### To the Editor,

Congratulations are obviously in order for the Chronicle on two fine columnist selections,

CHRONICLE Department of Journalism 600 South Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois 60605 Sec. 4 312-663-1600 ext. 343 FAX 312-427-3920

> Nancy A. Thart, Editor Mark Giardina, News Editor Alison Pryor, Features Editor Heather Labuda, Design & Layout Editor Omar Castillo, Photography Editor Burney Simpson, Contributing Editor Charles Edwards, Calendar Editor James Ylisela Jr., Faculty Advisor

Staff Writers: Hayley Carlton, John Cline, Alphonso Myers, Patrick Reilly, David Scott, Antonio Sharp

Staff Photographers: Lisa Adds, Eric Bond, Dana Hansen, Nick Oza

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

(Feb. 22). Readers have anxiously awaited the result of what must have been a month of agonizing decision making on the part of the powers at the paper.

I, for one, am certainly grate-ful for the fact that David Harrell finally has an outlet for advertising his availability to women— they will gleefully await his warm, "multicul-tural" invitation (which is really thinly veiled macho mas-turbation) each week. When Mr. Harrell wakes up from his wet dream, he will realize that he can no more lead this college into peace, harmony and love with his cocky shtick than he can with his tasteless, antisemitic digs. Does he really expect to find much sympathy amongst a truly enlightened community?

For the record, this writer submitted a column for the Chronicle's consideration as well (before you write me off a typical naysayer), but it is not the sting of rejection that fuels my correspondence. I am simp-ly bored by the fact that the whims of a couple of would-be frat boys are going to be taking up valuable space in a newspaper for a college that ves far better. One would dese think that such writers are chosen for their ability to produce things that would be deemed appropriate for profes-sional publications. Are these initial forays into column writing going to attract potential employers to these gentlemen (and I use the term loosely)?

The Chronicle would seem the logical place for these writers to begin, but I'm afraid that this has resulted in getting some-thing other than their feet wet. While Mr. Allen searches for words that rhyme with "Nan-tucket," I hope that we can expect better from two writers who have only proven to me that they can produce the stuff one would find on bathroom walls (and other receptacles in the vicinity).

Alicia F. Macke Iunion Print Journalism 10

By Christopher P. Aumen

I appreciate this opportunity to spew out, onto paper, the garbage that clutters my brain. A steady diet of fried bologna sandwiches and black coffee can create some very nasty thoughts in that big juicy head organ and unless vented into the proper channels, these thoughts can be very destructive. I experienced the unpleasant sensation of having my brain explode one November afternoon several years ago, and it wasn't pretty. Certain precautions must be taken to prevent such occurrences. Certain rules must be laid down and adhered to, but I'm not going to get into that right now.

Right now, I've noticed that there's been a lot of bitching and moaning from certain people, we'll call them...Republicans, about how the Clinton administration hasn't done a damn thing yet and how Clinton's deficit reduction plan is going to suck the bone marrow out of every hard working American from Portland to Pennsylvania. I've also noticed that on the opposite end of the spectrum, you've got a bunch of ass-coverers and excusemakers saying that no president in history has been under this much scrutiny in his first weeks of office. This defense will soon be extended to first months in office, years, term and then it's over. "He's doing too much," "Not enough," "Tastes great," "Less filling." Lighten up, already. It took the Republican's twelve years to screw up this country. Damn it, I say the Democrats can do it in four. (Hysterical applause) Thank you!

So what's my point and where do you fit into all of this craziness. I'll tell yah. Recently, as of noon today, I have been trying to think of what purpose I serve on this planet. Then the realization hit me that, as of noon today, my life has served no purpose. Sure the guy who owns the liquor store on the corner appreciates me, but other than that, nada. And correct me if I'm wrong, but I'm not so sure that your life has served that much of a purpose in benefitting humankind either. I think we can help each other with this, so check it out. Despite the election of the new, supposedly hip, President Bill, I don't think that politics is quite hip enough, yah dig? Not hip like you and me. So what I was sort of thinking of doing is forming a new political party, and you're invited. In '96 you, me, and some select hip friends will take our party, the Grunge Faction (or some such topical name) and run for office. Not Alderman, not Mayorship, screw it, President of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA (smile when you read those words, darn you...commie).

When elected I'm going to appoint a cabinet of longhaired freaks (freaks being a non-gender, non-race specific term), with bad-ass tattoos and even badder attitudes. There's going to be a Secretary of Balls Out Rock'n'Roll, Secretary of Def Jams and Booty Shakin', and Secretary of Ass Kickin' (formerly the Sec. of Defense). There's going to be the Homo Faction, in charge of deterring homophobic infractions. Ice Cube's gonna head up the Posse for Peace in the Nation. Political Correctness will be adhered to in actions not in labels or terms. Of course, the rich will be eaten. Headline News will be replaced with Sec. of Information, Dennis Leary and the MTV News. The State of the Union Address will be given during the intermission of five hour long rock'n'roll shows, headlined by my favorite bands. Vegetarians will be forced to eat at least one hot dog per day.

It's gonna be fantastic. Disneyland's gonna be a missile base, if I choose not to blow the whole thing up, God hates Disneyland. Religious madmen, like Ben Hinn and Pat Robertson are going to be sent straight to hell, God doesn't like them either.

Kevin Costner, Rush Limbaugh, Vanilla Ice-jail with no hope of parole.

Now if you think this is going to be another hippy-freak ticket from the flower power generation, you'd better check your head, right now. No acid and bean sprouts in my cabinet.

And if you think that my plan isn't going to work, then you are probably right . But if it doesn't work it will only be because you didn't help me enough. I'm disillusioned with the whole thing already. I'm gonna pull a Perot right now and back out while I still have some integrity still intact and before I have to lie to you, my supporters. But at least I tried, at least I thought about it for a couple of depraved minutes. Thank you!

Gem of the day: A penny saved is a penny earned, but a penny earned ain't worth much.

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All projects will be judged on the following:

 ARTISTIC IMPRESSION ACCURACY • 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 16, 1993

All entries must be submitted to:

The Institute for Science Education and Science Communication, Columbia College, Suite 1400, 624 S. Michigan

For additional Information, call (312) 663-1600 x180 Contest open to all students currently enrolled at Columbia College.