

11-22-1974

CC Writer (11/22/1974)

Columbia College Chicago

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Recommended Citation

Columbia College Chicago, "CC Writer (11/22/1974)" (November 22, 1974). *Columbia Chronicle*, College Publications, College Archives & Special Collections, Columbia College Chicago. http://digitalcommons.colum.edu/cadc_chronicle/741

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Pills with a real punch, baby

By Jeff Justman

Have you ever thought of supplementing your diet with vitamins? Vitamins are members of certain organic substances (or groups of chemicals) found in minute amounts that are essential to normal metabolism. Absence causes specific deficiency diseases that can be serious and at times life threatening.

Vitamins also act as a coenzyme (a non protein substance) that works with the protein part of an enzyme.

Enough technical talk for now! Doctors agree that if you eat a well balanced meal and eat a wide variety of foods your vitamins are accounted for. Frankly, most people do not eat a well balanced meal or know what one consists of. Most people eat the foods they like as opposed to a wide variety

of foods.

With the additional factor of food preservatives and artificial ingredients that are present in much of the food we eat, matters of nutrition are even worse. And with medical bills being as high as they are, ace it, it pays to be in good health.

Vitamin supplements are the best way to make sure of getting what you need if you don't eat a good balanced

meal. Of course it is best to get your vitamins from their natural food source as opposed to synthetic vitamins. The reason is that natural vitamins contain the vitamins in their correct proportion and may contain essential vitamins and elements yet to be discovered. It has been proven that natural vitamins at times are effective when synthetic vitamins are not. This is due to the correct proportioning and missing elements.

Natural vitamins can be found in pill form as well as synthetic vitamins. Thus, it is easy to supplement your diet with natural foods.

The Required Daily Allowance has been set up by the Food and Drug Administration (U.S. RDA) for each vitamin that is essential to good health. The U.S. RDA gives a generous view of how much of a vitamin is needed daily. The U.S. RDA figures are considered more beneficial than the Minimum Daily Requirement (MDR) charts which allow for only the bare minimum needed for health.

Here is a breakdown of various essential vitamins with the U.S. RDA for each. Listed are the natural foods that contain them and their usual natural vitamin supplement form. It should be noted that there are two basic kinds of vitamins—those that are fat soluble which the body can store and those which are water soluble which the body cannot store and will excrete.

Vitamin A: U.S. RDA is 5,000 International Units (IU). Essential to healthy skin, hair, and eyes. It also serves as an anti-infection vitamin.

— Con't on page 5 —

CC WRITER

COLUMBIA COLLEGE - CHICAGO

Vol. 2 No. 3

November 22, 1974

H. Thaine Lyman heads New broadcast merger

By Martha Sjoström

H. Thaine Lyman was named Chairman of Broadcast Communications, the combination of the Radio and Television Departments. The appointment was made on October 24 by Dean Louis Silverstein.

The growth of the combined departments made it impossible for Al Parker, Chairman of the Radio

Department, to devote enough time to the expansion of facilities and curriculum. Lyman is able to spend more time at the school, handling these problems.

Lyman has been a Broadcast Technician at WGN since 1948. A year after joining WGN, he began teaching at Columbia. In his 25 years here, he has been directly involved with the

expansion of the Television Department. Since 1964, when he was appointed chairman of that department, he has raised the curriculum from 18 hours to 106 hours.

He says of his appointment: "I look at it as a challenge. I really look forward to doing whatever is necessary to enhance the image of the department and the growth and development of the department and the school."

The Radio and Television Departments were combined because he said, "Most professional radio people are also involved in one degree or another in television." However, students with an interest in either radio or television can still pursue their career.

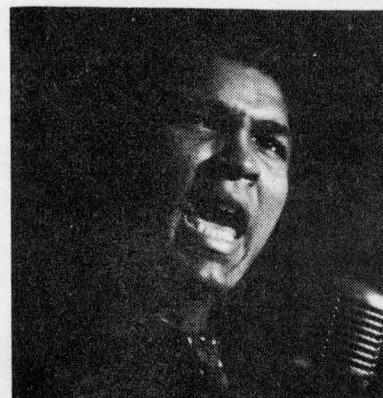
He is making a first step to expand the department by adding more classes to the curriculum. A second radio studio will open on February 17, 1975, directly next door to the present studio. This will allow for an extra 51 hours a week for teaching and production. Two more Radio Production classes, additional classes in writing and reporting broadcasting, another Radio Broadcasting II class, and a series of Music Programming classes, including Jazz, Soul and Rock, are a few of the new classes Lyman has scheduled. Twenty more seats will be added to the college Radio Programming and Radio News. He also has plans to redecorate the broadcasting department!

Lyman said, "Serious radio students should cover all aspects of the field." He feels that by expanding the department, they will have a better chance.



H. Thaine Lyman now heads the Broadcast Communications Department. This new department is the consolidation of the present Radio and Television Departments.

Inside:



Sting with Ali on page 6.

Check list

- Billy Singer; page 3
- Van Cobb in Concert; page 4
- Venus just smiled; page 7
- Henry Natalucci; page 8
- Ma Sherman; page 9
- Chagall; page 10

Go big "D" Monograph

By Gary Moffat

In just seven months, the swinging screen door is going to smack me square in the ass. Along with thousands of other students, I will be vested with a new role—that of an alumnus—after graduating from an institution of higher learning. In my case the institution is Columbia College where students are usually higher than most.

Columbia is not the only college to drain my check book. In a six year college career, I have studied at four schools in two different states. However, Columbia will be the main



Gary Moffat

receptacle of my multiple allegiances. Not because it will manufacture my diploma.

Not because of a personal longevity record I will have established here.

Not because it was the least demanding.

And not because it has three elevators.

Columbia will always be my main alma-mater for non-reasons that can only be developed through comparison.

Twenty years from now, when my scalp has jettisoned its last strand of protein, I will be back here (if the college still is) to visit. It will be an anonymous homecoming, nothing like the one I attended on November 9,

Equal space

If you do not agree with the views presented in MONOGRAPH or any other editorial article, you have the opportunity to have your opinion printed. Your rebuttal will appear on this page. The next deadline for any material submitted is December 2, 1974. Just drop off whatever you have in Room 520, the newspaper office.

when thousands of alumni made an annual pilgrimage to Dyche stadium at Northwestern University to watch a football game and nip from concealed flasks.

At this affair, the alumni were required to scream and yell and contort until their throats were as coarse as a cow's tongue. They were compelled to say things like, "Eat 'em up, eat 'em up, RAH, RAH!" And other equally expressive declarative phrases such as, "Go big 'D'! Kill Hoosiers, kill!"

People, students and former students, spent the afternoon vicariously mauling twenty-two mindless bodies on the battlefield below.

Hey—I loved it. I dug busted teeth, shattered collar bones and rubber band knees. Besides, the jocks were getting off down there. Everybody was happy.

After the game (NU defeated Indiana, 24-22), the play-by-play announcer invited the alumni back to the frat and sorority houses for open-house. What a way to cap off a visit. I would have gone for the free beer but I didn't know any of the passwords.

I have different ideas of what a homecoming should be and I'm sure Thomas Wolfe would agree.

Unfortunately, the growth of a school, during an individual's absence, cannot really be perceived just through attendance at a football game.

If you care, searching beyond the superficial is essential.

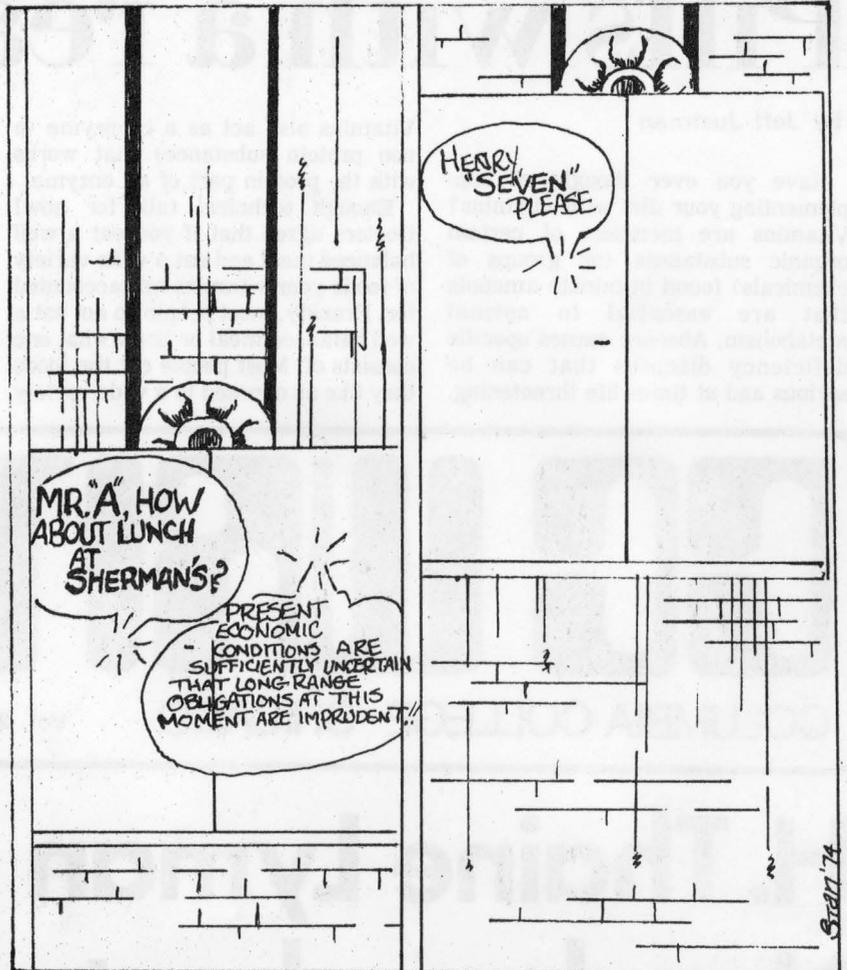
At Columbia there is no alumni program except for a newsletter now being printed again after a "seven year silence." Who really needs one, especially the way it is being presented. The school should continue its policy of non-interference.

The function of the Alumni News, if it continues, should be to inform the alumni of future events here—photo exhibits, film screenings and theatre, dance and concert performances—instead of reporting dry news like the elections to the Board of Trustees of the college.

If the college wants students to return to the school after they graduate, it will have to keep them informed. Columbia students, as a rule, avoid getting involved while they are here. It is not sensible for the college to expect them to have any concern once they leave.

The reason Columbia has been a worthwhile experience for me is because it doesn't push, unlike an institution like Northwestern, previously described.

If Columbia wants its graduates to return, before twenty years have passed, it'd better keep it that way.



Rebuttal

No dice gents!

Donna Bafia didn't exactly agree with the editorial in the October issue of the C.C. Writer titled, "Bodies are Bodies." The following is Donna's rebuttal to that editorial. —Ed.

In this age of supposed "total sexual freedom," why are men being barred from a class of women talking about their sexual parts and feelings? The truth is that men and women are ignorant and embarrassed by their own and others' bodies. Society and the media give us a barrage of standards and plastic roles to play: Men are strong, never cry, are the breadwinners, are playboys forever on the make, etc. Women are dumb and sexless, or voluptuous whores, or intelligent castrating bitches. The Exceptions, the women who are strong, intelligent, and possibly even beautiful, as well as the men who show emotion, or are virgins, etc., don't fit into the societal view of "normal sexuality." (i.e.—Eventually the 'sexually experienced' man whose career is ever advancing upward marries the virginal, but competent house-cleaner... and they live happily ever after).

As it stands, women learn about sex in a round-about way. Or by getting pregnant. Men learn by experimentation, (masturbation and intercourse with "bad" girls). We all need to be educated, but not co-ed. What I'm getting at is that the Women's Bodies class is women exclusively because it is a very intimate class, as well as one of cold

facts of female anatomy. Women at very different levels of sexual knowledge, experience, and embarrassment relax and relate sexual feelings and worries to other women. FOR MOST WOMEN, THIS IS THE FIRST AND ONLY PLACE THEY CAN EXCHANGE SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE. IT IS A VERY SUPPORTIVE EXPERIENCE. Presently if men were there, most likely we all wouldn't be frank and become so vulnerable. Men might not care about a woman's vaginal problems. Or how difficult it is for a rape victim to psychologically handle intercourse afterwards. Sex is still a very delicate subject and part of the

— Con't on page 11 —

CC WRITER
COLUMBIA COLLEGE - CHICAGO

The C.C. Writer is a tri-weekly publication by and for the Columbia College community. It is recognized as the official student newspaper of Columbia College of Chicago. The office is located adjacent to the student lounge in Room 520 at 540 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois. The phone number is 467-0330.

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Billy Singer eats dream wafers

By Avy Meyers

Eight years ago, a relatively unknown young lawyer tried to beat Daley's machine in the 43rd ward aldermanic race. The machine failed to take him seriously and Billy Singer eked out a razor thin margin of victory.

Returning to the present, Billy Singer is giving up a "safe" aldermanic seat to run for mayor, and this time the machine is taking him seriously. The reason the machine is not because they think he will win, but, they remember his aldermanic upset and they certainly remember his successful power play at the 1972 Democratic convention.

Few, if any knowledgeable election watchers other than Singer himself believe that he has any realistic chance of coming up with another upset. The machine is simply too large and too powerful. It is one thing when Singer challenges them in a ward race. There are at most ninety precincts in a ward and you wouldn't need much more than a few hundred workers to cover the precincts and the other phases of the campaign. In this instance, we are talking about a city wide race with more than 3500 precincts to cover. It is true that more people from different areas will come out and work but only a handful of wards have, in the past, created enough volunteer precinct people to run a creditable campaign. Well then, you may ask, why not take the extra people from Singer's strongholds and distribute them evenly. The fact is that even in his own ward, Singer has never managed to get every one of his precincts completely canvassed.

Fill more minds

While registration at most schools has been holding steady or dropping somewhat, Columbia's enrollment has taken a surge upward.

Hubert Davis, Dean of Student Services, said that this semester the number of students has increased 26 percent from 1,065 in the Spring semester of 1974 to a total of 1,403 students this semester.

That's quite an increase from 1964, the first year of operation in the current building, when enrollment was roughly 320 students.

This year we have had 493 continuing full time students and 177 continuing part time students with 682 new/transfer students full and part time.

Dean Davis explained, "According to the national norms, college enrollment should be on a decline. It is expected Columbia's unique courses and type of education will help lure students away from the traditional universities to more liberal schools such as ours."

Are these precinct people so important? Yes, they are. The machine not only has one precinct captain in every precinct, he usually has at least two or three assistants. Given this kind of manpower, they are able to completely canvass a ward and identify all voters who favor their candidates, they will then get them to the polls on election day, even if they have to carry them on their back. Singer will have no more than one of these to a precinct and many will be totally uncovered.

Another factor against Singer are the independent black candidates who are running for mayor in increasing numbers. They stand to do nothing but takes votes away from Singer. The black machine voter, has historically voted straight machine, regardless of quality or color with the notable exception of Edward Hanrahan. (This is but a generality that can be proven by past election results). It is the more independent voter who would vote for a Duke McNeil or a Ralph Metcalfe, these are votes straight out of Singer's column.

If Singer has all of this going against him, then why is he running? In am beginning to believe that Singer might honestly feel he is going to win. He

just might be saying to himself, "They said I couldn't become alderman and I did, they said I couldn't put thru my delegate slate in Miami and I did. Now they are saying I can't become mayor and I will."

If that is his line of logic it is faulty,

it takes more than hoping to become mayor and Singer knows it. He is out visiting every school in town and trying to shake hands at every bus stop around, but recent polls have shown that thus far it is not close to being enough.



Billy Singer, Chicago Alderman from the 43rd Ward, is a candidate in the upcoming mayoral race. He has big hopes but little chance for a victory.

A warehouse full of prints

By Maureen O'Grady

The setting is ironic. The last place one would expect to find a photo gallery would be amid crumbling old factories and pigeon ridden truck loading docks. But there it sits like a daisy in a garbage dump.

You walk through the plain black door, pay your one dollar admission and, voila, you're part of the Center for Photographic Arts, 364 W. Erie.

The center consists of three galleries. The white walled Sky-lighted gallery A and around the corner, the brown brick walled

gallery B, not unlike your own neighborhood alley, only carpeted and sparingly furnished. Up the stairs resides gallery C.

There is also a nice little book store with everything from History of Photography calendars to the Time-Life series.

It's a nice place to spend an afternoon. Although on Saturdays and Sundays there are quite a few people around, you're likely to be the only one there on a week day.

If you happen to notice a husky looking guy with glasses scurrying in and out it's Mickey Pallas, the owner.

He also owns Pallas Photo Supply and the Gamma Photo Labs.

Currently on exhibit at the museum are the works of three photographers.

The Hungarian born Andre Kertesz, who is famous for his studies of Paris during the twenties and early thirties before coming to the United States in 1936.

Emmit Gowin, a photography instructor at Princeton University, who has had his work accepted in the collections of the George Eastman House and the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

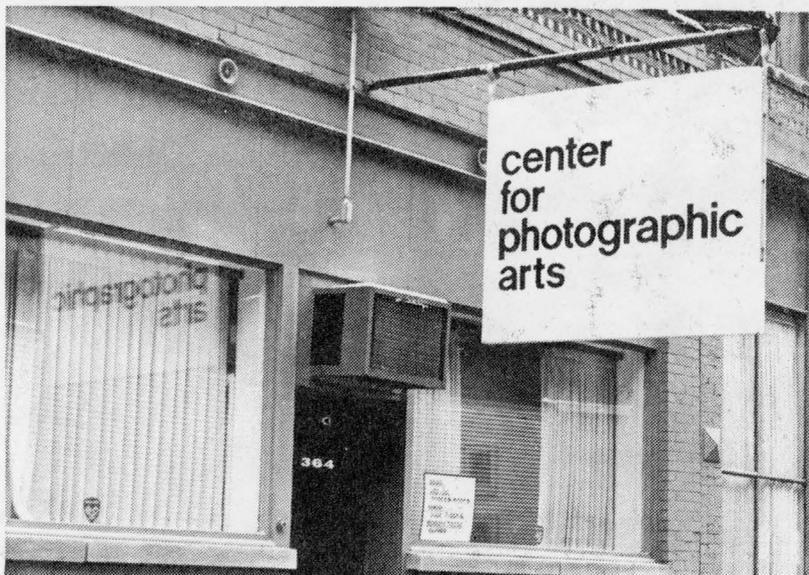
Doug Prince, a teacher at the University of Florida, constructs three dimensional acrylic pieces which I find to be nothing short of amazing.

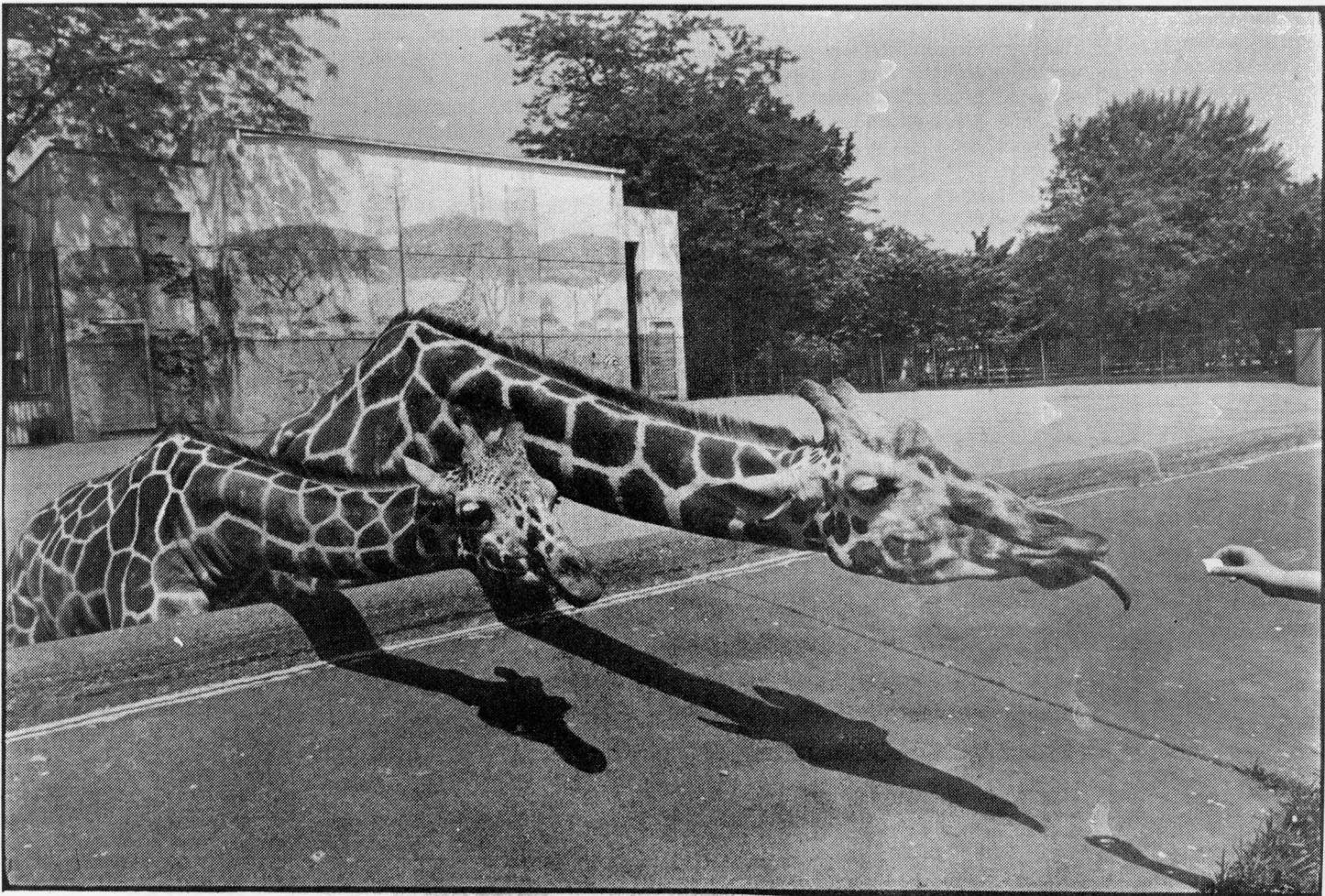
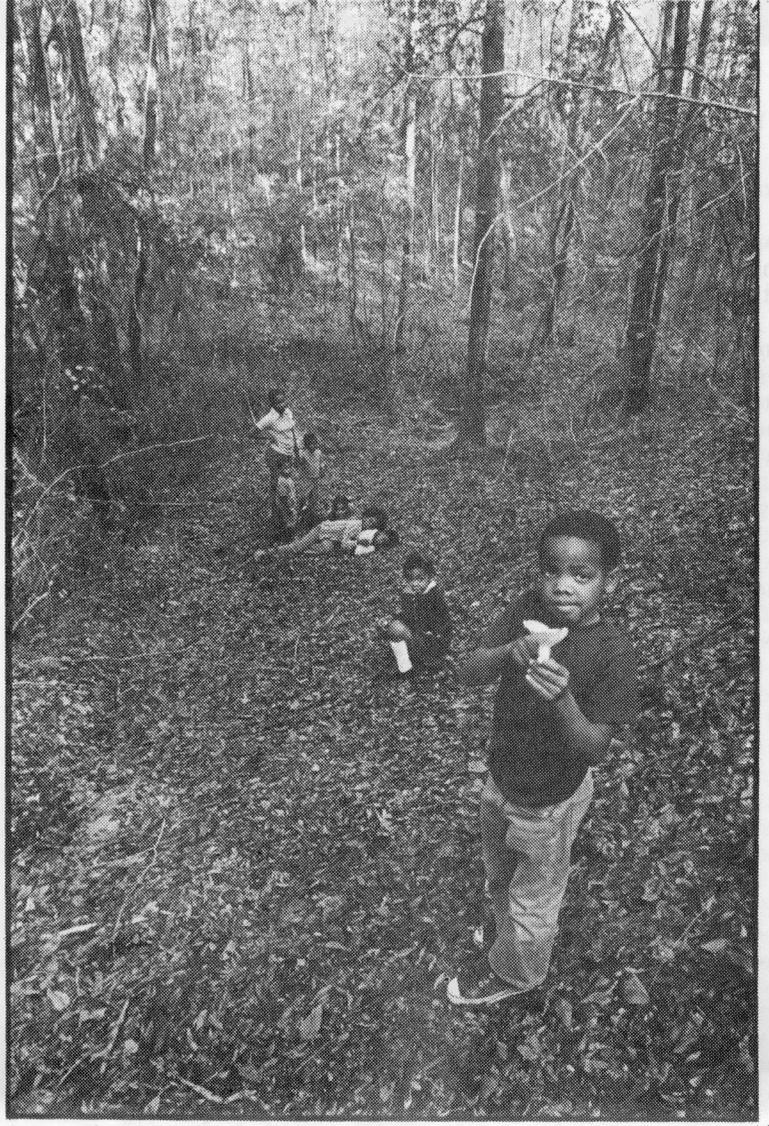
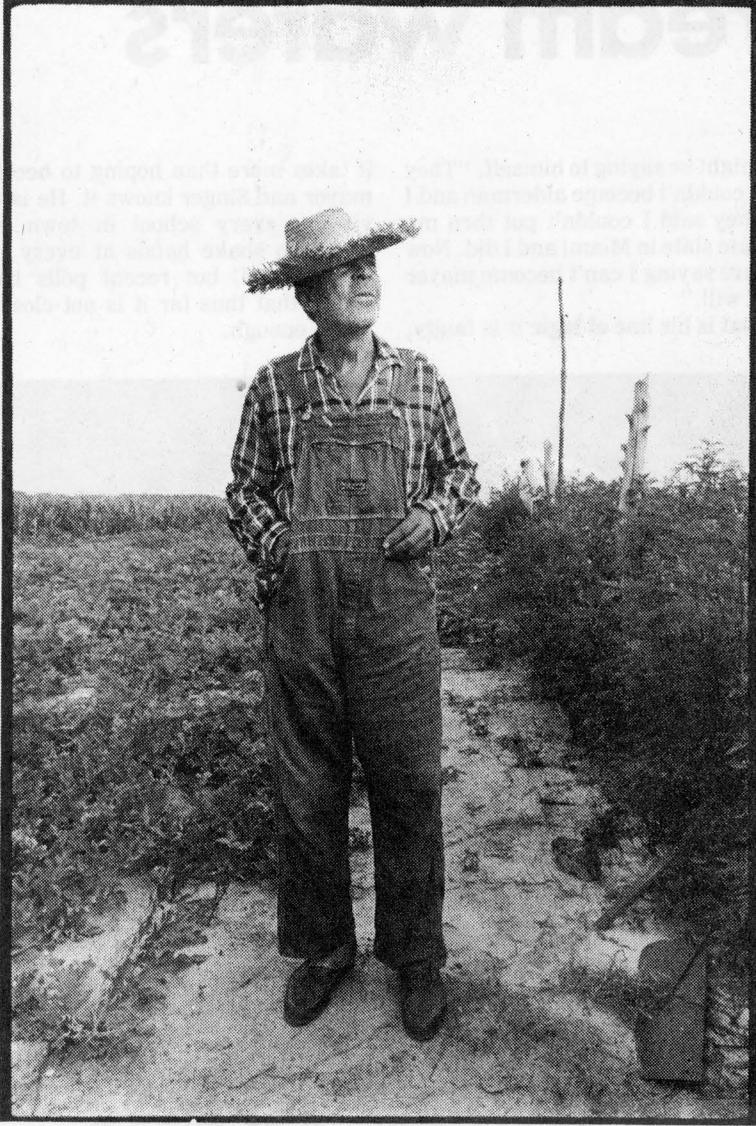
Photographs on exhibit are for sale with prices ranging from \$75.00 to \$250.00. That's rather steep for a struggling young college student, but if you happen to like one well enough to give up eating for two months you're in business.

A one year membership at the Center is \$25.00 and a single admission, one dollar. They're open every day but Monday from 10:00 to 6:00 and from noon to six on Sunday.

So, if you're a serious photography student or you just like to look at pictures, the Center for Photographic Arts is the place to go.

It's well worth the buck!





Van Cobb in Concert

PSI and the occult

By Jacquie Lewis

"Kissinger will be in a sabotaged plane crash." That's the latest word from Chicago's own psychic, Joseph DeLouise.



Joseph DeLouise

He first discovered his abilities at a very early age. As a child, poltergeist activity (German word for noisy ghost—essentially it consists of objects flying about without any apparent physical cause) was a common

occurrence whenever he was around. Of course, at that time he attributed the series of episodes to spirits. But parapsychologists, since that time, tend to agree that poltergeist activity is caused by repressed pent-up emotions that release themselves in a paranormal way.

Today Mr. DeLouise is a noted clairvoyant with an accuracy of 85 percent! He has made many astounding predictions that have come true, among them, an airplane crash in Turkey and Chicago's IC crash in 1972. He was able to pinpoint the time, day, and number of people involved. He also has helped the police in the Zodiac killings, the Sharon Tate murders, and the Kennedy-Kopechne tragedy. And he has been written-up in newspapers and magazines across the country.

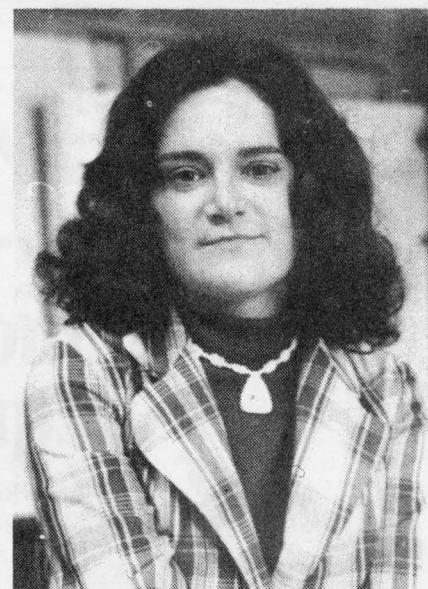
Joseph DeLouise is very strongly against black magic. When asked about his hopes for the future, concerning psychic development, he said, "I'd like to see more research done in healing and psychokinesis." This brought up the next question of Uri Gellar (the psychokinetic personality who bends spoons, forks, etc.) Having met Uri he said, "I don't know what to believe. Anything anybody can do I can also do. But that doesn't mean it would be genuine and it doesn't mean theirs is genuine!"

I might hasten to add that Mr. DeLouise also stated that there is professional jealousy among psychics as in any other field. Since this interview Uri Gellar has proven his credibility in controlled laboratory conditions.

Although I haven't seen the Exorcist, I was interested to know Mr. DeLouise's views on possession. He told me that it's a psychic feeling in determining whether a person is possessed and the eyes of the possessed usually give themselves away. He said, "They would know things. A person who is really possessed wouldn't come to me. He would have to be brought to me by a relative or parent. You can't have a cross or Bible in the same room. They go crazy."

His up and coming predictions are that Kennedy will run in '76" but that something will happen to him. "They won't let him take office." And surprisingly Governor Wallace will support him. "Obviously he can't come out for Kennedy. But I feel that the political people around Wallace know that it's impossible for him to win, plus to run for vice-president. So to me, they'll be supporting Kennedy behind the scenes."

Joseph DeLouise was up for scientific testing six years ago by the American Psychological Institute in



Jacquie Lewis

New York. However, they never followed through and since then, unfortunately, no parapsychologist has approached him. His past record on predictions certainly looks credible. I find his experience on possession a little too 'spirted.' If possession does indeed exist I think it's more apt to afflict the people in our mental institutions. The poor people who see things and hear voices. And I doubt whether a plain simple cross would help these unfortunate souls.

Until next time, when I'll have an exclusive interview with a Chicagoland doctor who practices acupuncture, tarrah!

Vitamin supplement poppin'....

Con't from page 1

Vitamin A: U.S. RDA is 5,000 IU. Essential to growth and maintenance of bones and teeth. Prevents rickets and is necessary in the process of utilizing calcium and phosphorus. Foods containing Vitamin A include fortified milk, fish liver oils, and fortified margarine. Natural supplemental form is from fish liver oils (along with Vitamin D). Vitamin A is fat soluble vitamin and is stored by the body. There is a danger of overdose if the U.S. RDA is ignored.

Vitamin B: Consists of many vitamins contributing to the B Complex including B1 or Thiamine (U.S. RDA is 20 mg.), B6 or Pyridoxine (U.S. RDA is 0.3 mg.), Folic Acid (U.S. RDA is 0.4 mg.), and B12 or Cobalamins (U.S. RDA is 6 mcg.). There exists a possibility of more B vitamins that are essential to health that have yet to be discovered. For this reason a natural supplement is safe. (Also all B complex are in the correct proportion).

The B Complex is essential to the nervous system. Deficiency can occur when there is an increased need or when the right foods are not eaten. Stress increases the need for the B Complex vitamins.

Foods containing the B Complex are liver, wheat germ, and yeast. A good vitamin supplement would be Brewer's Dried yeast or a fortified Brewer's yeast. The B Complex is water soluble and is not stored by the body. The danger of overdose is rare or non-existent.

Vitamin C: U.S. RDA is 60 mg. Prevents scurvy and is essential to the strength of blood vessels and body cells. It is also helpful in the treatment or prevention of the common cold. Foods containing Vitamin C include

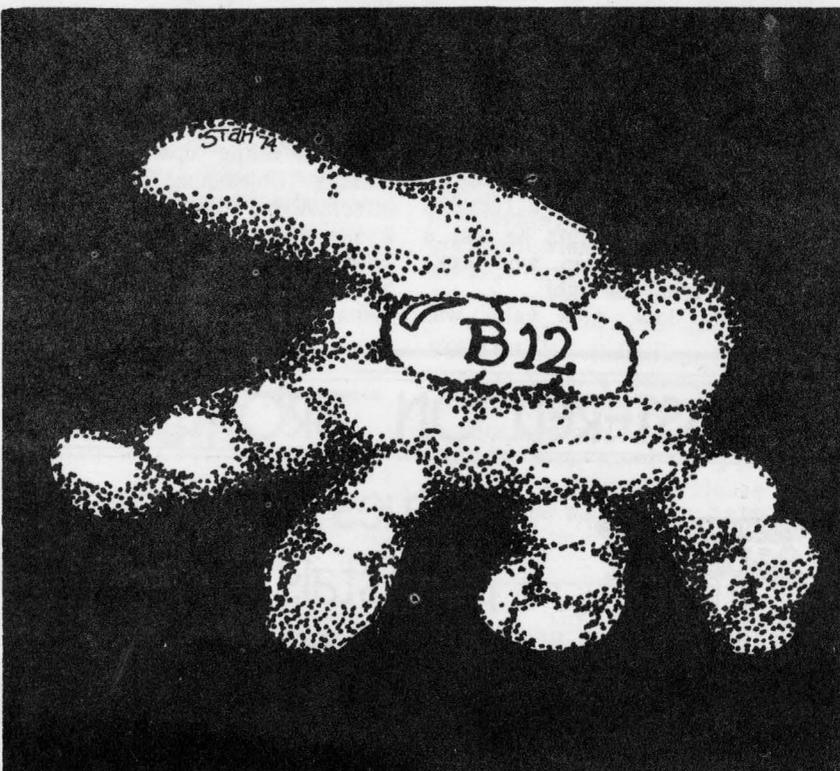
citrus fruits, deep green leafy vegetables, and orange juice. The natural supplemental form is usually from rose hips. Vitamin C is water soluble and is not stored by the body. There is no danger of overdose.

Vitamin D: U.S. RDA is 400 IU. Essential to growth and maintenance of bones and teeth. Prevents rickets and is necessary in the process of utilizing calcium and phosphorus. Foods containing Vitamin D include fortified milk, fish liver oils, and fortified margarine. Natural supplemental form is from fish liver oils (along with Vitamin A). Vitamin D is fat soluble vitamin and is stored by the body. There is a danger of overdose if the U.S. RDA is ignored.

Vitamin E: U.S. RDA is 30 mg. Protects fat within the body tissues and controls the rate of its breakdown. It is essential to red blood cells and acts as an antioxidant. Foods containing Vitamin E include wheat germ oil, fresh beef liver, and green leafy vegetables. Natural supplemental form is wheat germ and vegetable oils. Vitamin E is water soluble and there is no danger of overdose.

It is important to read all labels of supplemental vitamins. Many multi-vitamins do not contain even the minimum for good health. Read and compare the different vitamin supplements and try to get the most of what you need for your money.

If you need more information about vitamins two suggested books to read are **The Complete Book of Vitamins** by J.J. Rodale and staff and **Vitamins in Your Life** by Erwin DiCyan, Ph.D.



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Ali stings like a bee

By Phil Velasquez

The past decade has produced more controversial figures in professional sports, than one could possibly imagine. Joe Namath, Kareem Abdul Jabbar (formerly Lew Alcindor), Henry Aaron, Richie Allen,...but none more than Muhammad Ali.

Last month in Kinshasa, Zaire Africa two giant men battled each other for the championship of heavyweight boxing. George Foreman, a powerful mammoth of an athlete was protecting his price from the contending dancing master, Muhammad Ali.

Ali's image has been idolized, detested, and what ever else a talented personality is subject to, though his popularity is unquestioned.

Ali's first awareness to the public came after he won the Olympic gold medal for boxing, in Rome, 1960. Next, he fought professionally, becoming a contender for the heavyweight title against then champion, Sonny Liston. Ali defeated a heavily favored Liston, gaining fame with his dancing style and enemies with his flamboyant mouth. He held his title flawlessly, instituting himself as one of the greatest athletes of modern times.

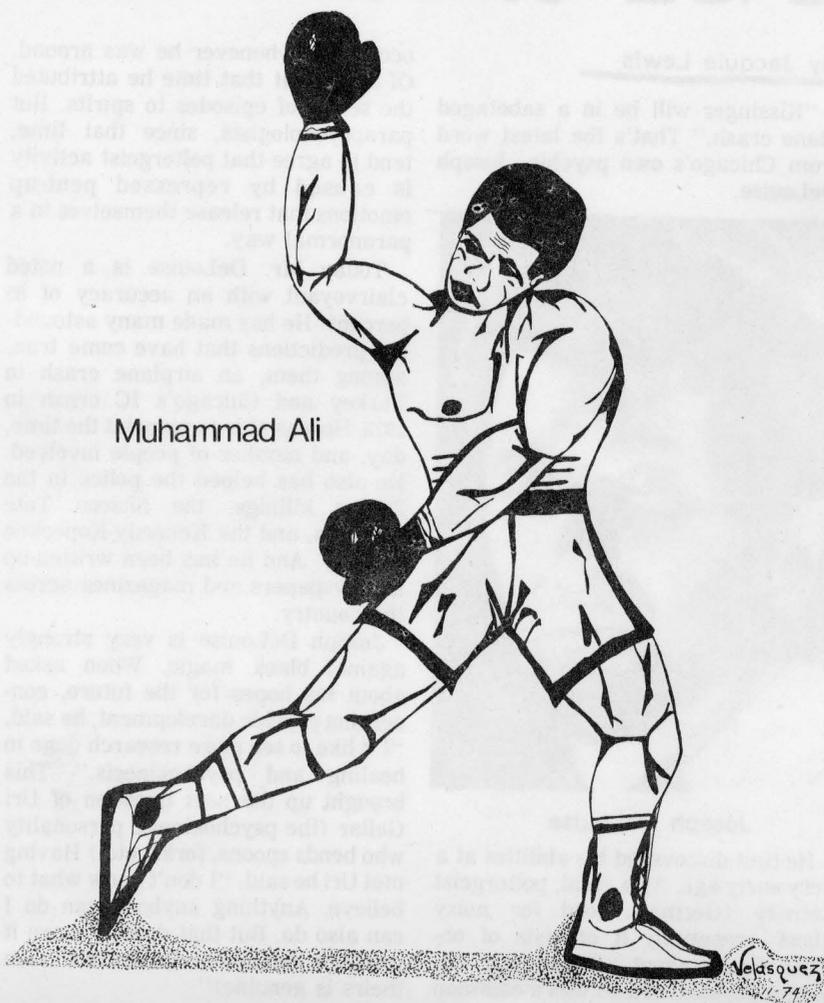
In 1967, Ali refused induction into the Armed Forces because of his religious beliefs. He stated that his involvement with the Black Muslim Faith forbade him from military participation. As a result Ali was stripped of his title, and was not allowed to fight in any professional events.

In 1970, by court order, Ali was once again permitted to fight. After a three year lay-off, Ali trained and fought his way back up to heavyweight contention. But speed and grace no longer accompanied Ali as before.

1971 brought about the fight of the century. Joe Frazier, the contending hopeful for the heavyweight title, was to fight Ali who was expected to hold the heavyweight crown. An overweight and slow Ali lost the bout in 15 rounds, taking a brutal beating.

Afterwards Ali trained strenuously to regain his earlier style. Fighting all comers he prepared for a rematch against Frazier. In 1973 he lost a decision to Ken Norton, who broke Ali's jaw during the fight.

After the loss, Ali's valor was



questioned and all sport critics counted Ali out as a contender. Continuous training brought Ali back to a rematch with Norton. This time Ali was the victor in a decision. The rematch with Frazier came in January 1974. Again heavy training by Ali proved rewarding. Going 15 rounds, Ali won by a unanimous decision.

But Frazier had lost the title to George Foreman in "73" and Ali's climb to the top was far from over.

Foreman carried all the tools to demolish Ali. The up coming bout between the two was to be short, with Ali on the short end. When the first round bell rang in the African continent, a major upset was in the making. Unleashing a devastating attack, Ali out slugged and out classed a powerless Foreman. Scoring a knockout in the 8th round, Ali once again back on the top where he remains today.

Today the champ sits back patiently, millions of dollars richer. He awaits offers from other contenders, but I personally think there isn't a fighter fit to oppose Ali, at least not at this time. Ali will retire the champ, and with all the credit he deserves.

By regaining the title, Ali became only the second boxer to ever regain the heavy weight title; the other record holder being Floyd Patterson.

Ali has proved that his word is justified in the ring as well as in the media. Being a credit to professional sports, to his people, and to those who love him. Ali remains today's legend.

Advertise now; Sell tomorrow

Damn Sam, look at all the ads! Some people got smart and advertised in the C.C. Writer—a much more effective method than using the bulletin board on the seventh floor. The cost is extremely reasonable. Unlimited lines (almost), for three weeks. There is no charge for this service. Just bring your ad to room 520, the newspaper office, before December 2, and we will run it in the next issue. The C.C. Writer now has a circulation of 1500 copies with distribution points outside the college. If you want action, use the C.C. Writer free classified service.

= PLASTERED ON BROADWAY =



|| statues, figurines ||

|| pedestals, lamps ||

|| fountains ||

3534. N. BROADWAY

Venus just smiled

By Lynn Emmerman

I wondered if Venus was pregnant when I thought of her at all, that is. When 95 degree afternoons melt the sidewalks and you have to attend classes as well as keep a trailor in order, it's hard to be too empathatic towards a cat.

But today, damn school! Fuck schedules and lectures and cafeteria small talk and sweat. I'm going to lay around in my air conditioning thinking of Venus and lots of other neglected matters. The poor thing wobbled on the linoleum, looking like she'd swallowed a cantelope, whole. Lately she didn't scratch at the door to go out much. I hadn't seen paw prints up on the counter for a while euther. Venus' biggest activity was gobbling up my grocery money: 2 cans of cat food and 1/2 of all my protein daily couldn't satisfy her inflated tummy.

Now, paws tucked under her, she lay like a sphinx on the kitchen linoleum. Her breath came in little gasps, the tip of her tongue hung out. Maybe she's really sick, maybe a tumor is pressing against her lungs!!! It's all my fault, I should have spotted this sooner.

I used to watch her a lot closer. I had to, Venus was such a sickly runt I worried she might fade away altogether if I didn't keep an eye on her.

Her first malady was diarrhea. I discovered little puddles of Boscoe on the floor, in the bath tub, and smeared on my roommate's sheets. More tail than body, despite all I fed her, Venus just wouldn't grow.

In a way I was lucky, we lived in a no-pets-allowed-dormitory then and my contraband was conveniently small. I'd wrap her in a hand towel and stick the bundle down my jacket or sweater, in pockets, purses, between the pages of my books!

A dog woman who never owned a cat before, I treated Venus the only way I knew how, like a puppy. She heeled in her own style: outside, ears frantically back, tail bushed out, Venus would shoot from under my feet and gallop back like a yo-yo. Some guy on campus once congratulated me on having tamed a squirrel. Venus learned to come and purr on request (never command). No reserved feline sentiments for me. I loved her the way I live, whole-heartedly. After trying everything, I gave her worm pills and they worked, Venus started to grow...and grow...and grow...

And now look at her, so swollen she can barely breathe...gold on gold striped belly heaving like a made bed with a cat caught under the sheets. Just under the skin, her internal organs wobbled. Something's got to happen soon, if her belly stretches much tighter, she'll splat. Saturday we're definitely going to the vet.

Even with the air conditioner on high cool, my tin car of a home isn't really comfortable. Roaches creep up the drains, tottering piles of dirty

dishes threaten my head, and the general decor is cardboard. All the juicy soap operas end by 2pm, it was 2:30 now. Choosing my least crumpled cut offs, I tie on a halter and go for a walk.

And end up meeting this guy and swimming and partying and...it's dark by time I get home. Real dark because I didn't leave any lights on and Vicki's working late. Where's Venus? I don't remember letting her out...Veeenus...

Ow, just clobbered my knee...haven't lived here long enough to memorize the place. Veeeenuss Veeeenuss...I find a lamp...still no cat. Frying up an omelet I wonder if she's mad at me, rinsing the dishes, I wonder if she's dead. Veeenus?

Ah, well, she'll come back. I'll do some homework...where's a pen?...oh yeah in my purse on the floor in the closet under the laundry of course ... Bending down... why is the bag so heavy? I plunk it down, what's this? Nestled in the socks and panties lies Venus. Bad girl, why don't you come when I call? Don't you want supper? Something's wrong, she's ignoring me, not arching to my strokes. SOMETHING FUZZY IS CRAWLING OUT OF THE PURSE! Something as long as a wiggly thumb. Like a reflex, my hand thrusts into the bag.

Weird nighttime happenings really unnerve me:

the thump at midnight
anonymous phone calls
refrigerator snoring.

Trapped between the window pane and the screen, a cricket once terrorized me for sleepless nights with his chirruping.

Tonight's events numbed my brain. My baby was involved and I was alone. Inside the purse, my fingers found slimy-warm fur, heartbeats...eeewww!!! Caterpillars? Rats? Wait! Venus' loose saggy belly...lethargic eyes...It's kittens!!

Teeny wet groping cats to be. How many? Should I take them out? Venus looking on, trusting me as I cup each soggy miracle in my palms and position them on her nipples.

4 weeks later: Who expected to share a bed not only with a boyfriend but with five little beings. Who forswore the banshees lurking behind those blind eyes? Who considered the gargantuan grocery bills, the destruction? Not I.

Venus smiled.

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WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR, essentially, is a serious musician who would appreciate the use of a grand piano for one to five years in exchange for taking very good care of it—someone to provide a semi-permanent home for my grand where I, too, could live for the next three to twelve months. Call Jan at 345-1952.

FOR SALE: Rolleiflex 2-1/4 with Xenotar 1:3.5/75 lens in very good condition. \$200 or best offer. Same camera used sells for \$319 at Wolks on Wabash. Also, Kowa Six 2-1/4 with pistol grip shutter release and focusing bar and Kowa 1:2.8/85 lens. \$175. Call Steve at 324-3197.

STILL FOR SALE: Bogen PR45 photographic enlarger with two lenses and three negative carriers. Getting older but still in good condition. \$25.00 or best offer. See Gary Moffat in Room 520 or call 297-6652.

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Flying with Henry Natalucci

By Gary Moffat

Chances are, the first person you ever met at Columbia College was Henry Natalucci.

Think back to your first visit here. You pressed the buzzer at the elevator on the main floor and waited for an eternity before it came.

When it finally did arrive, you almost decided to take the stairs, even though it was seven flights up to the administrative offices.

Henry Natalucci was sitting there, perched on his stool, with his hands on the controls, ready to pilot you up towards the heavens.

Even though the elevator can be best described as functional and marginally safe, you had nothing to worry about. Henry has been navigating his vibrating craft up and down the same shaft for seven years now—since October 5, 1967. He still hasn't lost a single passenger.

Henry is a bifocaled four-time grandfather with a full head of snow white hair. He arrives here every

weekday at 6 am after taking a train and then a bus from his home at Richmond and Addison Streets in Chicago. He works all day until 3:15. That's a pretty rough schedule for a man pushing 76 but Henry likes it here. He said, "Everybody here is good to me."

Henry was born in Ancona, Italy on April 7, 1899. He immigrated to the United States in November of 1921, coming directly to Chicago. He has been in this city ever since.

Henry and his wife Anna raised two daughters in Chicago. They have four grandchildren; one is the principal of a school in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Business has picked up for Henry since he first started working his car in 1967. He said, "When I started here there were only 500 kids. Now there are 1400 or 1500. It gets more every year and I like to see it."

He added, "All of Columbia is good people."

For some people it takes a little while to get used to Henry, for unlike Columbia College, he has rules. If you

don't abide by them he'll close the door in your face.

The rules are simple. Henry outlined them briefly. He said, "No smoking, no uncovered cups, no drunk men and no dogs or cats."

Only seven people, or eight at the most (depending on Henry's judgement at the time) are allowed on the elevator per trip. Don't feel left out if he won't let you on—it's policy.

Even though Henry seems like part of the school, he actually works for Mutual Maintenance, the firm contracted to take care of the entire building.

There is no telling how much longer Henry will be operating out of his mobile office. He doesn't even know himself. However, he said, "If I feel like I do today I could stay another year."

When Henry does leave, he'll take a little bit of Columbia with him. In seven years, the little old Italian elevator operator has become a fixture of the college.



RAB exec raps about advertising

"Radio is the best advertising medium an advertiser can spend his money on these days," said George Walthius, a guest speaker who talked to Columbia students recently.

Mr. Walthius, Head of the Radio Advertising Bureau's Chicago office, played several commercials as he talked with the Columbia College Radio & TV Commercial Writing class taught by Bob Higgins.

"A radio commercial should be seen and not heard," said Walthius. "It should be written for the 'earball'"

stated, "Why don't you pop out your eye and place it in your ear? It would give you a marvelous seeing and hearing organ all in one!"

The Radio Advertising Bureau is a national, non-profit corporation whose objective is to enlarge the use of radio as an advertising medium by increasing understanding of radio's power and potential. RAB is supported by all elements of the radio industry and approximately \$2 million per year comes from the top 2,000 radio stations across the country.

amused with the humorous commercials that she continued laughing long after as she reviewed the commercials in her mind.

Mr. Walthius himself is a former Advertising executive having worked as an Account Executive on the Pontiac account for MacManus, John & Adams in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan at the same time the Instructor, Bob Higgins, was the New York Creative Director for the same agency.

"We feel that radio is the most challenging of the advertising media for the creative person because the listener must be made to visualize the commercial in their own mind," the radio expert told an enthusiastic class.

The students were quite excited by the examples played which illustrated how humor, sound effects, copy and music could be used in many ways to build highly imaginative and highly effective radio commercials. In fact, one young lady in the class was so



George Walthius

To further emphasize his point he played several radio commercials that were strong on the use of sound effects to build imaginative, mental pictures in the minds of listeners. His presentation also included a tape of Stan Freeberg, an RAB member who

Salk talks economics on 32

By Tom Danz

When Erwin A Salk lectures his Missing Pages in U.S. History class at Columbia College, he often speaks of the neglect and injustice done to minority groups in this country by most history books.

So it may have been surprising to many students to hear Salk talk on a recent television program not about the failures of our history books but instead, about the economy.

For Salk to be interviewed on this topic is not unusual because he is the president of Salk Ward & Salk Inc., a mortgage banking firm located at 11 S. LaSalle.

Salk was asked about his economic views on Point of View, a local television show seen on channel 32. The show, hosted by Mary Jane Odell, was broadcast on October 19.

On the program Salk spoke of the relationship between what he calls "...the social decline and the economic decline. They're both part

and parcel of the same thing. I don't think you can really separate them."

Salk believes the only important resource this country has is the human resource. And, according to Salk, we have sufficient resources to provide adequate housing, food, clothing, and education for every person in this country.

The reason these resources have not been provided, Salk believes, is because, "No one wishes to question the two sacred cows—profits and the military budget."

Called a "very hard headed profit oriented businessman" by Odell, Salk said "Most of the people in the business community seem to have a death wish."

In addition to being the president of a mortgage bank and teaching a class at Columbia, Salk also serves on a number of civic organizations.

Among them are, the Real Estate Tax Committee, the United Mortgage Bankers of America, the Jewish Council on Urban Affairs, and the Association for the Study of Afro

American Life and History.

In conjunction with another committee, the U.S. China Peoples Friendship Association, Salk recently left Chicago to visit China. He is scheduled to return some time after December 1.

Deadline

Your next opportunity to submit material to the C.C. Writer will expire December 2, 1974. You can have your photographs, short stories, graphic art, cartoons, poetry, classified ad or anything else laying around loose in your mind, printed in this publication. Just drop it off in Room 520, the newspaper office, and we'll talk about your stuff. Our circulation is now up to 1500 copies and the paper is distributed to several colleges and advertisers in Chicago. The whole city is waiting to hear from you.

Ma Sherman

Ma keeps smiling

By Martha Sjoström

Ma is familiar to everyone who eats lunch at the Sherman Restaurant. She's the little lady who sits behind the candy counter with silver hair tied back in a bun. No, she isn't laughing at you! She just always has a smile.

Ma's real name is Sophie Sherman and with her son, Sy, owns the Sherman Restaurant. "Sy was always interested and experienced in cooking," May says.

When Sy got out of the Navy he worked in different hotels for a few years. In 1953, the two of them started the Sherman Restaurant at 473 E. Ohio.

Sherman's looks like a quaint colonial restaurant nestled in the side of a factory. The restaurant is long and narrow, with walls paneled in rich mahogany. A variety of dime store landscapes adorn the room. There is also an 1866 model of a Winchester Carbine rifle on the wall. The tables are crowded in three rows, very close together. It's hard to walk the length of the room if all the tables are occupied.

Sy is the chief cook, but Ma claims responsibility for all of the pies and cakes. She bakes them all at home and then brings them to the restaurant.

The menu is limited, but you can get a good lunch with coffee and leave a quarter for the waitress all for less than \$2.00. The menu features soup and a sandwich under the name Columbia College Special.

The kitchen, in the back of the restaurant faces the back entrance of the school. Sy and the kitchen help can usually be seen through the glass door cutting up meat or making hamburgers. The odor of lunchtime carries throughout the first floor of Columbia.

Most of the kitchen help has worked for Ma for three or four years. Annie, a veteran waitress, says of Ma & Sy: "They're both very lovely to work for."

Sherman customers come from Columbia and also from nearby offices, like CBS. Ma says many of the tourists staying in neighboring hotels trek to Sherman's. Ma has a special feeling for Columbia students: "They're nice people—they're nice students. They always say 'hello' to me," she said.

But problems have befallen Ma in the past few years—shortages and inflation. It's made quite a difference in profits, which aren't as good as they used to be, but Ma says, "We have to keep it (prices) down because people who come here can't afford it." The pies and cakes are still 50 cents a piece, like they were three years ago.

Ma Sherman and her husband Abe live in Lincolnwood. Abe Sherman holds a part time job in a shoe store. Sy and his wife and three sons live in Morton Grove. Sy picks up Ma every morning on the way to the restaurant.

Sherman's opens at 7:00 A.M. When you walk in, be sure to say "hello" to Ma!



Photo by Sam Clark



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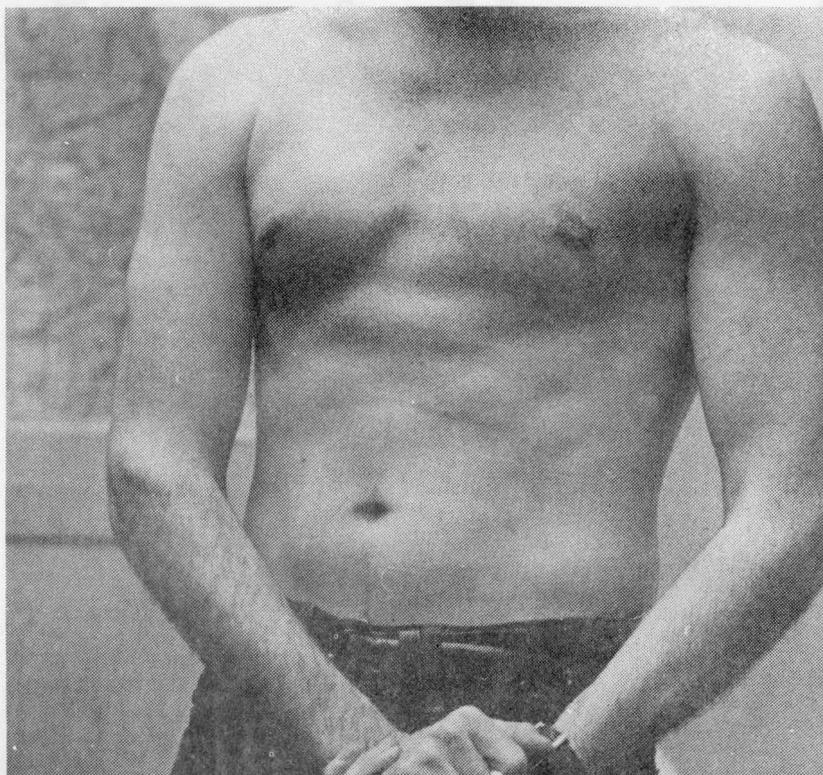
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A balanced view ...



In a responsible effort to present a balanced view of the news and represent all sides fairly, we present the above photograph, for the approval and benefit of the women of the college.

An open letter from the Co-op

TO FACULTY AND STAFF

Due to the expansion of the student body this Fall '74 Term, it has become increasingly important to expand the facilitating services of the College to assist students having difficulties adjusting to the unique operation and philosophy of the College.

"How and where do I go for financial aid?" "Do you provide any kind of tutoring?" "What's goin' on in this school?" "What's happenin' in the city?" "How do I get around, especially on the 'L'?" "Man! I got problems with this class; What do I do?"

Those are just some of the kinds of questions that both the new student and the old student frequently asks. Neither the resources nor the personnel are available to meet every need, nor is it practical. But the STUDENT SERVICES CO-OP has been developed to assist in meeting these needs. It will serve as a liaison

to bridge the gap between the Student Services Administration and the students. As such we hope to alleviate some of the worries of housing, doctors, etc. so that full attention can be given to studies.

We are interested in working with recruitment at interested schools and with potential students who do not ordinarily know about the education Columbia has to offer.

We are also interested in helping all students, both those from Chicago as well as those coming from out of town, to establish a better rapport with each other.

We did assist at registration this term and hope to be there in the future. In some way we hoped we lightened the load of both faculty and administration and offered some help to confused students to prepare their programs better.

We want to be "Big Sister" and "Big Brother" to other students whenever we can—just to rap; peer counseling; referrals.

We are not a political or activist group, nor do we plan to be the umbrella for such groups. If they wish to operate at Columbia they must stand on their own merit. Neither are we extension of the Administration, acting as their personal agents.

WE ARE STUDENTS AIDING STUDENTS! We do this by providing the best information we can make available.

We need your help and your cooperation as we come to you—so that we can make other students' lives a bit more comfortable, a little less hectic and a lot more exciting TO BE at Columbia.

Student Services Co-Op
Room 714—540 No. Lake Shore
Daily, 9-5

Ham and cheese with Chagall

By Ray Hutcherson

When the Chagall Mosaic was dedicated not all employees were able to see the unvailing. Only those employees on lunch breaks at the time and those with prior approval from their supervisors were able to attend the dedication. However the First National Bank of Chicago provided a video tape of the event and a 22-minute film on the making of the Mosaic in the 13th floor Conference Room A-B for those unfortunates. A special cold sandwich menu was served.

After the film about fifty employees milled around Conference Room A-B to scarf up the free sandwiches.

Harry made his way toward the relish tray. He'd heard about the free lunch and with things getting tight since he'd bought the Porche...well why not. Hell, he could always act like he was interested in that Shigall guys mosaic. Damn good olives, must be Spanish, and he took a helping of potato salad. Flimsy paper plates should of taken two of them. Nope, gonna pass up those beans, you fart once in our office..what with the ventilation everybody'd know it was you.

"Oh, hi Carol." Carol works in the new Consumer Finance Center, like the brochure says, "in the beautifully quiet surroundings overlooking the handsome First National Plaza where you can arrange for any type of personal loan". Carol and Harry met last year at a party Bruce Mc-

Cutcheon had for the people in Accounts Receivable. They dated for a while, balled. "She wasn't a bad lay", Harry thought.

"Hey Carol, I see you couldn't get off to see that dedication either."

"I saw it I just wanted a free lunch."

"Oh, yea me too, ha ha."

Carol doesn't think Harry's funny anymore. She moves away from him and starts to make a pimento loaf sandwich.

"You like that stuff", Harry makes a face at Carol's sandwich. It's for comments like that that Carol found it

easier to do without Harry.

Harry deftly slips his sogging paper plate to his right hand to free his left to hold onto Carol's arm. "Hey uh", Harry sets his jaw, "you know it's been a while since you and I have uh, you know gotten together," Harry takes a quick glance at her ass, "maybe we could get together Saturday". Carol is done making her sandwich and looks up, "have a pretzel Harry". She moves away from Harry's grasp and shoves a bowel of pretzels in his freed hand. Then Carol moved into the free lunch Chagall video tape and film crowd.

Harry decided to have the beans.



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It's only LSD

A Gasoline Alley primer

By Renee Prewitt

Every weekday morning except Wednesday's, I arise extra early to deal with certain necessities. Lassy, my half collie wakes up and starts barking and running in circles, ready to be fed. (She has the looks and name, but not the finesse.) After walking her, I get dressed and eat if I'm lucky enough to find more on the shelf than Alpo and Milk-bones. Then I put on my crash helmet, driving gloves, and warm up my car for the Lake Shore Drive Gran Prix.

It doesn't upset me that I have to completely by-pass the expressway because the "Dan Ryan Destroyers" keep manipulating the lanes and take coffee breaks from 9 to 5. I'm cool, I just drive the local traffic route to Stony Island and play dodge with the CTA buses, economy cars, (2 to a lane) and drivers who seem to want to test their full-coverage insurance policies. The hot rodders "bump" me and I always let vehicles in front of me who edge their cars in my direction. I'm also very logical; I can understand that their turn signals are not working and this is the only way to signal their intentions.

When I finally get over to Lake Shore Drive, (I won't elaborate about the left-turn onto it), something Fred Winston said on a WLS broadcast comes to my mind pertaining to a new kind of car he would patent. Among great big bumpers to protect it from dents, and a loud speaker to discuss

violations you might incur with other drivers, it would also have a big crane enabling you to pick up slow moving cars in the left lanes, and gently placing them in the right lanes, or the lake! But I don't feel like that is necessary. I prefer a public announcement to the effect, "If you're slow, get over!" Or pulling up next to someone and asking them politely

with a smile, "Would you please get your slow a-- over?"

After attempting "car derby" one more time, I happily settle down to a parking space around Navy Pier away from the two hour meters and enter my educational institution of choice. I feel like a burden has been lifted when I walk into Columbia. It must be the casual atmosphere.



IU Conference a real drag

By Jacquie Lewis

Eighty students from five states convened to discuss student and campus problems. Wisconsin, Indiana, Kentucky, Illinois, Missouri, and Ohio were represented in a midwest area conference held at Indiana State University in Terre Haute.

The series of lectures and workshops were held November 8, 9, and 10. Topics ranged from economics to lobbying to marijuana to gay issues and centered mainly around student rights and student government. The only two Chicago schools represented at the U.S.N.S.A. (United States National Student Association) assembly were the Kennedy-King campus and Columbia College!

The student's responsible role in the community, a basic issue discussed, focused on what students can do legally towards amnesty, marijuana laws etc. Already an organization called NORML (National Organization For The Reform Of Marijuana Laws) with the aid of students has secured reformation of current laws in three Michigan cities. Ann Arbor, Ypsilanti, and East

Lansing have made the possession of marijuana no more severe than a parking ticket. The decriminalization act of the possession of marijuana is now a minor offence and the penalty is a five dollar fine.

Woman's studies within the academic community was another area discussed. The many problems facing them was expressed by Dr. Gary Daily from the history department at Indiana State. He said that although woman's courses are offered they aren't even considered minors and there aren't any such structured programs for women. He said, "Most programs are oriented towards young men." And, he feels the best way for women to achieve results is for them to ban together politically.

Dr. Maria Guzell, from the psychology department at Indiana State, said that the academic community seems split. "They are either unconcerned for the community or show unconcern towards courses." She went on to say, "They want a tightening up from consciousness raising groups to the more scholarly. Do you have a Ph.D., etc.?" It seems the general rap sessions are out in favor of a more structured curricula.

Unfortunately Columbia doesn't have a student government and it looks as though our concern for the community doesn't extend beyond the arts. If we are truly a communication school, why no concern for social issues? We are in need of a student government, not only for a student's voice within the school but in the community as well. Many of the concerns of a large institution aren't faced at Columbia because of our size. But we are growing, we now have a student newspaper and a student cop and it's time for a student government!

No dice...

Con't from page 2

nature of the class is to make women knowledgeable and confident of their sexuality.

From my point of view, a joint sexuality class, offered now, would be offensive to some of the students involved. Let's wait till men and women are really knowledgeable and respectful of each other's sexuality. Knowledge and caring is power! Thus I propose all of the following:

- 1) The current Bodies class remain as is; that is women learning about women's bodies and sexuality.
- 2) An all female class on men's bodies/sexuality.
- 3) An all male class on men's bodies/sexuality.
- 4) An all male class on women's bodies/sexuality.
- 5) Let us come together as an co-ed sexuality class to celebrate our bodies, ourselves.

(Please note: prerequisites to number 5 are 1 and 2, or 3 and 4)

As if it isn't obvious, the Women's Bodies course was the best class I ever took at C.C.!

Donna Bafia

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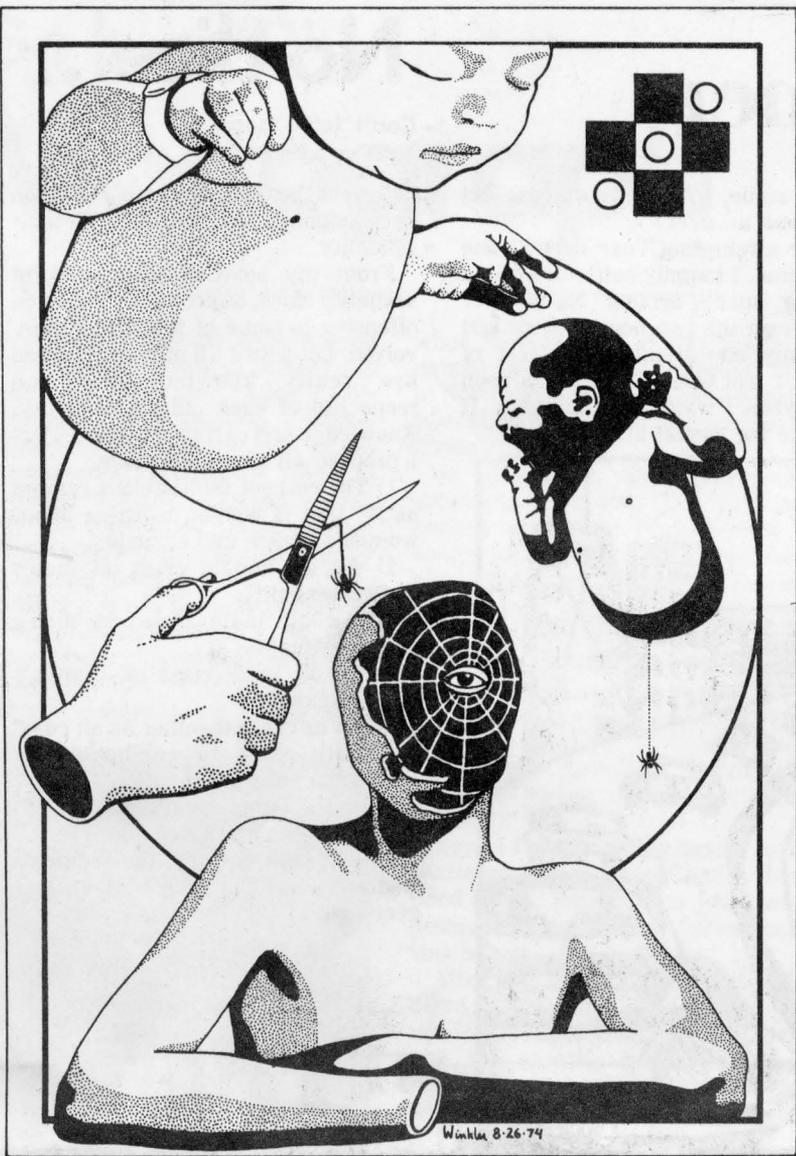
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The Empress, no. 3 tarot card

Tom Winkler's series continues this issue with the fourth card of the deck, number three—the Empress. Each card seems inconsistently numbered because the first card, the Fool, has no number. Winkler is designing his own set of Tarot Cards, taking off from the original idea of each card and adding his own brand of surrealism.

Winkler described the card, "This is the main woman card. It stands for mother, sister, daughter and wife. The tic-tac-toe diagram, with the three circle winning combination, symbolizes the third card. The circles themselves symbolize woman."

The web that is the woman's head represents the spiral of experience. According to Wink, "The head is mysterious and unknowable as women are generally considered."

The spiders are suspended from umbilical cords hanging from the two babies. Winkler explained, "By cutting the umbilical cord, each half person, the mother and child, become whole and separate beings."

So far, Winkler's work appearing in this publication has been relatively tame. Watch for his stuff in the next issue. It should be very interesting.

An Xmas tradition

By Marlon Parker

The Museum of Science and Industry, 57th and Lake Shore Drive, will hold its 33rd annual "Christmas Around The World Festival" from November 29 through January 1, 1975.

The Museum will hold the Festival highlights that will include a total of 29 ethnic groups, and Christmas choral programs from more than 120 Chicago-area schools, glee clubs and choirs.

The Museum will also sponsor Holiday meals from other countries, in the dining room, from November 29 through December 15. The menu will change each day, to feature the food, according to the ethnic group presenting that days programs. Dinner reservation can be made by telephoning Mu4-1414. Dinner prices are \$4.75 (\$4 for children) and \$4.25 (\$3.50 for children) in the unreserved dining rooms. Dinner times are from 5 to 8 pm.

Admission to the Museum and the Christmas programs is free. The doors open at 9:30 am to 4 pm Monday through Saturday and from 10am to 6pm Sunday and holidays, in November and December. On the days when evening performances will be presented, parts of the Museum will stay open until 8 pm.

The Museum will also have an exhibit of 24 giant Christmas trees, four Creches, and other displays. The 20-foot trees will be on display in the Museum's Rotunda from November 29 to January 1.

In addition to the displays there will be works of art by the children from around the world that will be featured in the UNICEF Children Art Exhibit, in the Museum's West Pavillion, November 20 to January 5, presented by the Greater Chicago Area Committee of the U.S. Committee for UNICEF.

For further information call (312) Mu4-1414.

Swain Performance

Julian Swain's Inner City Dance Theatre will be in concert at the Dunbar Auditorium, 29th and King Drive. Performance dates are December 7 at 8pm and December 8 at 3pm.

Tickets are \$3 for advance reservations and \$5 at the door. A special student rate of \$1.50 is available for the December 8 performance.

For reservations call Julian Swain at 624-7952 or 873-8741.

Moving Company At the Center

The Chicago Moving Co. will be presented in concert at the Dance Center of Columbia College located at 4730 North Sheridan Road. Performance dates are November 22, 23, 29 and 30. All shows start at 8pm. General admission is \$3. For advanced ticket sales and more information call 332-5923.

Nana Shineflug, director of the Company, will present a new work call "Dylan." "Stop Over," choreographed by Diane Germaine of the Paul Sanasardo Dance Co., first performed by the Moving Co. in April of 1973, will be reconstructed at the November concert.

On December 15, the Moving Co. will again dance the Chanukah Service at the Sinai Temple, 5350 South Shore Drive in Chicago.

During the Christmas and New Year holiday weeks, the Chicago Dance Center plans to bring Carla Maxwell of the Jose Limon Co. to Chicago to teach master classes.

Solid gold

Here is a chance to become a rock and roll star. If you make music, we've got an outlet and a captive audience for you. WCSB, the college radio station is looking student performers who would like their music on the air. It makes no difference what type of music you are into.

To start your ascent up the charts, get in touch with Paul Ponticell in the Radio Station office, Room 530 or call 822-0615. Here's to sound in your ear.

