

Student has no artistic outlet

By Jennifer V. Colvin
Editor in Chief

If there was ever one thing to characterize my mere existence in high school, it was my photography. There was always that one person in your high school who was at every event, but never really apart of it - that was me. Minolta X-700 in hand, my camera and I went everywhere. Snapping pictures here and there, the yearbook editor loved my work.

Photography Editor of the school newspaper, my skin saw less sunlight than hostages in Beirut. My eyes, unaccustomed to the brightness of light bulbs, had paled considerably since starting high school, as had my skin. But I would emerge victorious, photos in hand.

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My photography grew as an extension of myself. Instead of spending time studying Journalism and English (all those things Editors in Chiefs need, but not Biology majors), I developed faster and better developing, exposure and light techniques. I couldn't live through a day sane without my physical high of the chemicals emerging from my developing trays.

I applied to Pratt, Kent State, got accepted, and came here (I know, I'm weird that way. Coulda been a journalism major at Kent State ya know; but I wanted to irritate people here more).

Yeah, this story is cute and sweet, but so what? No one cares about my measly existence in high school; no one cares about my existence in college! But the whole point to this is that I'm angry!

This week there was an art show on campus in the Reed Union Building. Hope everyone stopped by, because these were obviously the best and brightest Behrend had - 'cause they sure wouldn't let anyone else in!

Well, being the horrible farce of a journalist that I am, I should change my ways and at least tell you my story.

The Collegian is full of nice, wonderful people, and last spring we decided we wanted to have an all-county spring art show for college students because there are not many forums for them to exhibit their art anymore - now that we're "older," people think we should either graduate from Pratt or go out and get real jobs (but it's a little hard for Biology majors, because according to some, we don't need to know how to write..).

Anyhow, we wanted to host an art show with prizes and all, donating any proceeds from entries to The Community Art Foundation which exposes younger children and inner-city children to art and its expression.

However, we happened to notice that the Division of Humanities and Social Sciences had already planned a Spring Art Show.

Ok, we'll help them.

Nope. No one returned our calls. So we waited, and waited, and waited. We waited for a returned phone call. We waited to see entry forms. We waited for someone to announce when they would be accepting submissions to the art show.

... and we waited. None of it ever happened. Instead, suddenly, last Thursday, there were signs in Reed announcing that indeed there was a Spring Art Show, and everyone should stop by Reed April 15 to see it.

Ok, who is going to be in it? No one knew.

The Collegian called around to see when and how students could submit

their work to the art show. We waited for a press release. Once again, we just waited.

We waited because only students presently in art classes were asked to submit their work to the art show.

So now I ask, are we such a culturally deprived campus that art shows cannot be open to students who have not taken an art class on campus but have devoted their entire lives to an art form they just may have fallen in love with?

I guess I'm a little angry (just a little) because I wanted to host an art show for all college students in Erie County. The

Collegian wanted to expose a new idea to this art-deprived campus and give it a little color. When we realized that someone already had that idea, we were ecstatic (that means less work).

Instead, the idea was misconstrued into what seems a small group of people that faculty on campus think are the only ones who can express themselves some other way than screaming and yelling.

Actually, I should be fair. I later found out that the art show was intended for students in the art classes.

I'm somewhat glad. These students should be proud their work is being displayed (thumbs up, guys!)

I'm no Ansel Adams, but I would have loved the chance to give it a shot.

After I leave Behrend, my only chance at getting my art in a show (unless this contract with the New York Museum of Art goes through of course) is county fairs: "Hey Vern! Is that your cow?!"

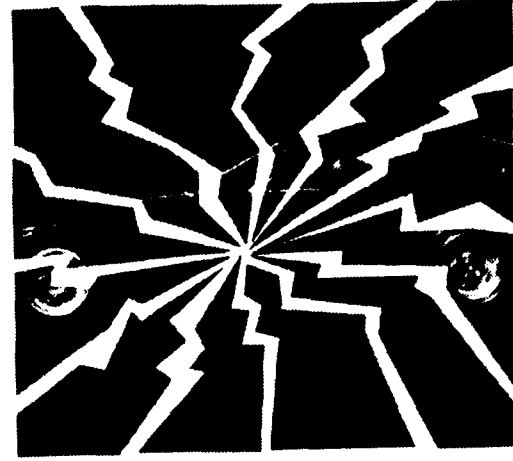
No thanks. I wanted one chance to prove to myself that the last eight years spent withering away under safelights and the intoxicating fumes of D-76 were not lost on my friends.

Instead, I'll be the person in the quad walking door to door holding up my matted photos for all who want to see. . .

STRATEGIES FOR SURVIVING THE '90s

Tips for buying a safe car

Nearly one in nine drivers is involved in an automobile collision each year. Some tips for determining which vehicles offer the most protection:



■ **Do some research.** Before buying a vehicle, check safety guides. The AAA prepares a chart each year rating new vehicles on safety features and results of crash tests. The Auto Safety Hotline (800-424-9393) can provide crash-test data on vehicles tested since 1979.

■ **Make safety a top priority.** A new vehicle's standard features should include air bags, anti-lock brake systems, side-impact protection, a right-side mirror and safety belt system with adjustable shoulder belt anchors.

■ **Consider vehicle weight.** Crash data shows heavy vehicles offer more protection than light ones with the same safety equipment.

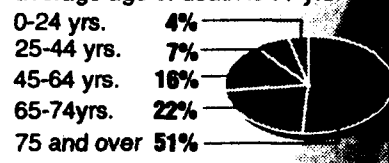
SOURCE: Automobile Association of America (AAA); research by PAT CARR

Death in America

About 2.3 million people die each year. When and where they die and who makes the final decision on stopping life...

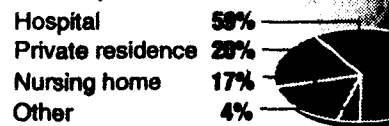
Most die old...

Death by age group in 1993; average age of death is 77 yrs.



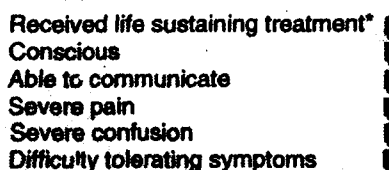
...in a hospital...

Death by location, for 1992:



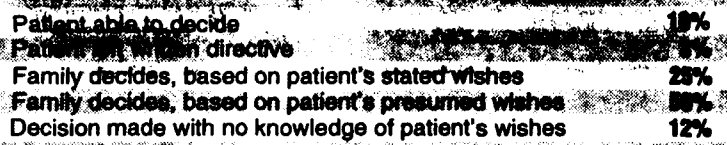
...and conscious

Status and treatment of 3,300 people with a serious illness or were over 80 who received life sustaining treatment*



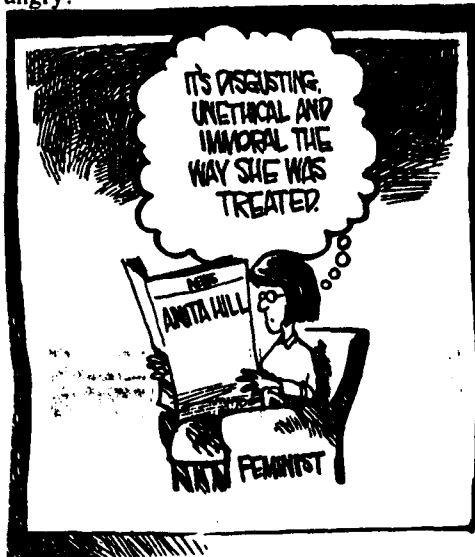
Who makes final decision

A rough analysis of hospice care at Detroit Receiving Hospital over the past three years shows:



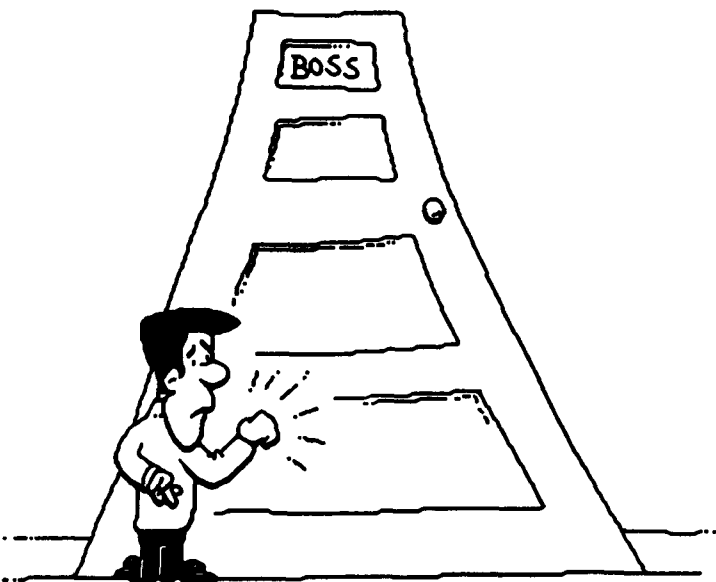
*includes feeding tube, respirator, CPR

SOURCES: National Center for Health Statistics; Detroit Receiving Hospital; Dr. Joanne Lynn



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