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The Knight Volume III: Issue 7

Nova Southeastern University

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the knight

Serving the Nova University Community

CLUB UPDATE

Zareefa reports on events from clubs around campus: PAGE 4

Volume 3

Issue 7

16 November

1992

Calder A Sunday at the Race Track

James Paolillo

What do thousands of people do on a Sunday? They go to Calder Race Course. Located at Northwest 27th Avenue and 210th Street, North Miami, just south of the Broward County line, it is the site of some of the greatest horse racing this side of the Mississippi.

Thoroughbreds from Florida, through the United States, Europe, and South America come here to compete in maiden, claiming, stakes and handicap races.

You do not have to be a racing fan to enjoy a Sunday at Calder. Once inside, you will

see the thoroughbreds exert their best effort with endurance, stamina and determination.

Generally, a race may be as short as five furlongs (five eighths of a mile) to as long as one mile and one eighth. The turf races (grass) are usually from one mile to one and a half miles.

Calder, on average, holds ten races and an additional simulcast from a major track elsewhere in the United States. The simulcasts are shown throughout the racing plant on television monitors. Such contests

See CALDER on page 12

With Cello As My Guide

Linda Hobensack

My name is Linda Hobensack, and I wanted to take this opportunity to introduce myself, as you might have seen me and my Hearing Ear Guide Dog, Cello, about the campus.

I am both vision and hearing impaired. I could hear until the age of 29, but then lost the sense that compensated for my visual deficit.

I grew up in Mentor, Ohio (25 miles east of Cleveland) and am a graduate of Mentor High School. I graduated from Willoughby-Eastlake School of Practical Nursing and have worked as a nurse for over 10 years.

In 1988 I obtained an Associate of Arts Degree from Lakeland Community College. Upon my hearing loss I attended Gallaudet University in Washington, D.C., the only university for the deaf in the world. There I earned a Bachelor of Arts in psychology. I am now a student in Nova's Master of Science in Mental Health Counseling

See CELLO on page 12

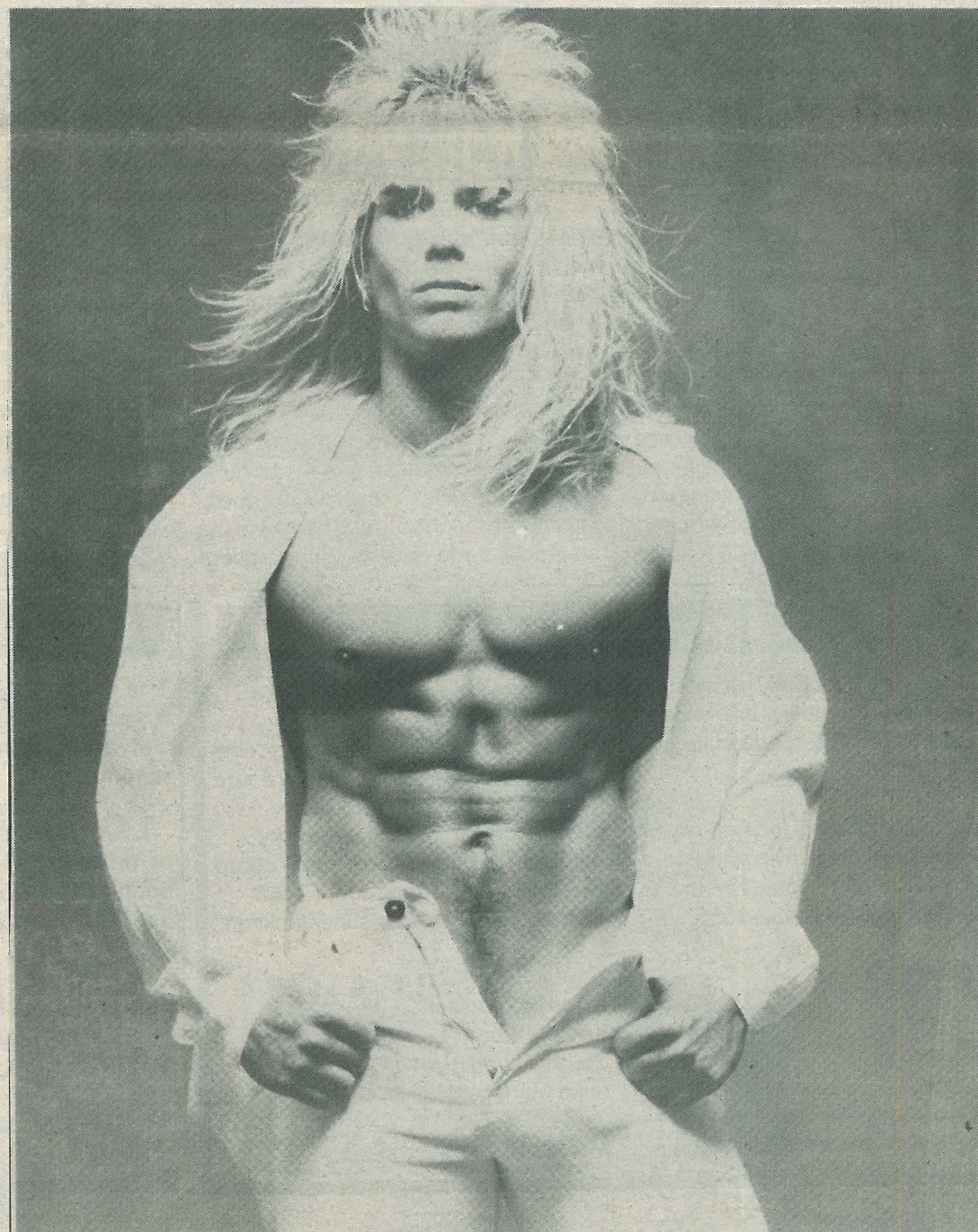


Horse and trainer at Calder Race Track.

James Paolillo

See Page 2!

Dancer Paris Lee Scott entertains the ladies at La Bare



Courtesy La Bare

Obiter Dicta...

Presidential *Knight* Views and Letters Coverage—the Re-Mix

Kevin Hawkins

The '92 Presidential Races suffered from an illness that few probably noticed. No, it wasn't Ross Perot's ear hairs or Dan Quayle's secret copy of Madonna's *Sex*. Media laziness plagued the races. In the '92 election year, the various medias gave way to spin doctor's voices and the same sensationalist coverage that earmarked the '88 election year.

For those not in the know, spin doctors are not just an alternative music group just breaking into mainstream radio. Spin doctors comprise the political line of defensive blockers. Their job consists of maintaining a given politician's 'pure-as-the-driven-snow' image. Suppose politician X supports cutting government National Endowment of the Arts funds from artists and galleries because said persons produce or display pieces of a sexual nature. Spin doctors attempt to feed media sources the idea that politician X is not aiding in censorship, but rather 'protecting the moral fiber of America.'

Y'see, information is slippery stuff. It's hard to get a hold of accurate information, what with everybody twisting the same statistics to their advantage. Then, once you manage to latch onto some reasonable rumor, it mutates radically day-by-day into some chicken-headed Godzilla beast. Static it is not.

Through out the election year, the average researcher/reporter had to find up-to-date analyses of each campaign move. Everyone wanted an expert defining the direction the presidential "horse race" headed. Who's in the lead? Who's in the lead? All this before 6pm. What is a reasonable news person to do?



According to NBC's Timothy Russert in an interview with the *Chicago Tribune's* James Warren (2/25/90), "People doing a TV piece say, 'All I need is somebody saying X.' And you know the familiar people who'll say that and can speak in 8- to 10-second soundbites."

Take note, Poli-Sci majors, terse double-speak may become your most salesworthy skill. Courses will be opening soon to teach you all the tricks of the soundbite trade: how to sound sincere

in 8 syllables, learn to say anything and mean it, and master the all-important 'knowing look.'

According to a media search conducted by *EXTRA!* magazine (October/November 1992), between August 1991 and July 1992, spin doctors for Bush, Clinton and Perot claimed a total of 291 newscast appearances. These broadcasts only include ABC, NBC, CBS, and National Public Radio (NPR). Of the 291 newscasts, President Bush's campaign representatives claimed 129 appearances in distinction to Clinton's (82) and Perot's (80).

The power of these people to shape perspective is immense. Watch the news one day and listen to people around you the next. It's amazing how many people are missing their true calling as media parrots.

Aside from becoming a propaganda playground for the presidential hopefuls, the media also stumbled into its usual sensationalist mess. Jennifers (that's with a "G" too) were popping up like flowers in spring, attesting to the virile fortitude of the candidates. Indeed, the name 'Slick Willie' took on an altogether different meaning, and one had to look at George and just wonder.

My personal favorite statistic, courtesy of *Paper Magazine* (October 1992),

See **COVERAGE** on page 12

What's A Nice Girl Like You...

Dear Editors,

11/9/92

Tired of listening to all the famous old pick-up lines from men? YES. YES. YES. Then get out of the meat market and attend an ultimate ladies' club. We did, and still DO.

And what did we find there? MEN. MEN. Men in G-Strings, cowboys (ride them horses), the candyman (giving treats to good girls only) and more Men—dark, handsome, tall, and firm!!!!

Yum. And these men give you no lines. These sexy men bring you great visual entertainment, and boy can they dance!

What are nice girls doing in a place like La Bare? Most of these women are married or in relationships, are just looking for innocent fun, just like men who patronize go-go clubs. These nice girls walk in quietly.

As the night progresses, the women start getting wilder.

"Bring out the babes", screams a heated woman.

"Get Stevie back on the stage", screams another sister.

In a corner, a dancer graciously attempts to gyrate, as two wild women have him in a kneelock while jamming dollar bills down his weeny bikini. By the time you leave La Bare you are broke, but on first name basis with all the babes.

So was it worth it? Hell Yeah! Experience it for yourself, and make sure you bring lots of dollars. When the dollars are gone, so are the babes.

And while you are there say "Hi" to Stevie for us.

Monica Puigosos and Ruth Ackerman

Knight Staff

The Knight is a bimonthly publication. All University members are encouraged to submit articles, editorials, personals, or story ideas.

The Knight office is located on the second floor of the Edwin and Esther Rosenthal Student Center, Room 208. *The Knight* Hotline is 452-1553.

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Letter and Editorial Policy

The opinions reflected in *The Knight* do not speak for the Nova University administration, staff, or faculty.

Every individual speaks for him or herself. *The Knight* is not responsible for opinions of persons associated with this publication.

The Knight staff reserves the right to edit or to exclude any stories, advertisements, or bulletins due to space constraints.

Letters must be typed and signed.

The Knight reserves the right to edit any published correspondence.

Persons who wish to withhold their names from the public should include this statement in the letter.

The editors will review this request and determine if printing the author's name will infringe on their right to privacy while respecting their right to be heard.

If the name should not be withheld, *The Knight* reserves the right to print the letter.

...(our humble opinions)

Cruel and Unusual Punishment

Vicki Short

In the September 3, 1992 issue of Rolling Stone magazine, there is an article (The case of Gary Fannon, by Mike Sager) about a young man named Gary Fannon, currently serving a life sentence, without the possibility of parole, in a Michigan correctional facility.

Life, without the possibility for parole. What was the horrible crime against humanity that had an 18-year old boy sentenced to a hopeless life of confinement? Surely he must be a serial killer, or some kind of murderer, for that's the only crime that could demand such a punishment. Right?

Wrong. Gary Fannon was a victim. He grew up in a lower-class household

3. The U.S. Supreme Court, as well as the Michigan Supreme Court, has ruled Gary's punishment not to be "cruel and unusual."

So, after serving five years in prison, Gary still faces his condemnation of life behind the same bars. But Gary (along with the other 130 people in Michigan prison who are serving the same sentence) may have some hope now that Bill Clinton will be replacing The War on Drugs militant himself, George Bush.

But the President-Elect's stand on drugs is confusing and vague. In a September 17, 1992 Rolling Stone interview, Clinton claims that the legalization of drugs is "a tough call," and

Dear Mr. Clinton, I daresay...

after his father left his mother when he was young. He grew into a bored and restless teenager who at least stayed out of trouble long enough to graduate from high school and keep a clean record—that is until he fell into the entrapment of the law.

Gary experimented occasionally with drugs. One day he happened upon an undercover drug agent whose requests started with the purchase of a little marijuana, and gradually escalated to the 1.4 lbs. of cocaine that landed Gary his sentence.

That's right. Gary Fannon is sentenced to rot to death in hell for "conspiracy to sell cocaine."

In case any of you out there are sympathetic to our country's laws against drugs, let me give you some more facts about Gary's case provided by the article:

1. Gary never even saw the cocaine, nor was he present when the transaction occurred; he merely set up the meeting between the dealer and the cop.

2. The judge had no choice in the sentencing. As the jury found Gary guilty of conspiracy to sell cocaine, the state of Michigan demands that a mandatory of life without the possibility of parole be applied.

that it is probably better to outlaw them because of the possible financial repercussions of a society that legalizes drug use.

Dear Mr. Clinton, I daresay that individuals such as Gary Fannon are suffering severely cruel punishment as a result of your "tough call."

As a Clinton supporter, I expect that our new president will be a compassionate, rational and just head of state. And I demand that he take action on the injustices perpetrated by the Bush administration.

I expect this not only because I believe in the right to alter my consciousness as I please, but also because of irrationality and cruelty: a young man (and many others) may never see freedom again because he got involved in something that was too big for him to handle. The cops were looking for a victim, and if it were not for them, he would probably never been involved with cocaine ever.

Bill Clinton must now take the situation into his control and set up a presidential committee to repeal states' mandatory-minimum sentencing in drug offenses, at the very least.

I will be writing a letter to both of my congressmen and the President-Elect himself to further push this issue. If anyone would like to forward their own letters or protest with mine, please contact the Knight office.

Loot or Shoot: Tough Choices for Victims of Andrew

Tracy Froebel

On a Sunday afternoon a few weeks ago, an insurance adjuster attempted to assess the damage done by Hurricane Andrew on a home in Oak Park Estates. The agent and homeowners found themselves surrounded by four looters, one of whom fired a shot at the three individuals.

This looter, however, did not play his cards right; he did not expect the unexpected. He found a bullet hurtling back at him and embedding itself in his head, sending him to Jackson Memo-

This person makes my stomach crawl.

rial Hospital without the "loot" he had intended.

The three other suspects sped away from the scene in their van. They were afraid there might be an encore presentation of the shooting.

It baffles me how members of this so-called "society" can be so egocentric, uncompassionate, and greedy, not only in such a disastrous situation, but in any situation on any day of the week.

The residents of Oak Park Estates, along with thousands of other Dade County residents, have lost every possession they ever owned. Now individuals, who may not even live in the area but still have windows to crawl through and roofs to stash their "loot" under, are invading ravaged communities, taking what few belongings remain from victims of Hurricane Andrew.

In this instance, the homeowner took action against the looter. He defended himself, his wife, his agent, and his property all in one pull of the trigger.



I do not agree that citizens should follow the lead of characters out of *The Ox-Bow Incident*, and become executioners of the law. However, in certain instances, such as this, the looter gets exactly what he deserved.

Citizens should not have to tote guns and patrol the streets of their neighborhoods as if they are soldiers living in a war torn zone.

Citizens should not have to spray-paint graffiti messages as warnings of death.

It is disgusting when certain individuals turn a devastating and horrifying situation into one of self-benefit.

These include the driver who drove the van of looters to Oak Park Estates; the individual who sat down to eat dinner with silverware he found underneath the rubble; the man who showed up for work with a new wardrobe which he found still hanging in a closet surrounded by mud, wood, and water; the man who discovered that Payless Shoe store was "open for business" at one o'clock in the morning, and every pair of shoes in the entire store was free.

This person makes my stomach crawl.

I cannot comprehend how anyone could steal a piece of clothing, jewelry, or furniture knowing it might be another person's last, surviving possession.

I suppose the saying "One for All and All for One" should be modified in light of Hurricane Andrew: "One for One and One for One."

Tracy Froebel is a third year student in Nova College's liberal studies program.

Zareefa's Clubhouse

Errol Bodie: The Nova Club Update

Resident Student of the Month

Drina Barber

Every month the Resident Student Association will announce a new "Resident of the Month." The student, nominated by his or her resident advisor, will receive a "resident of the month" T-shirt, a certificate, and his or her name engraved on the Resident Student Association's plaque.

RSA will recognize this plaque at the awards ceremony at the end of the year. The Association would like to congratulate Errol Bodie as the October "Resident of the Month."

Errol was nominated by his Resident Advisor for the exceptional qualities he has demonstrated. According to Errol's Resident Advisor, he is very active on his floor, attending all his advisor's activities.

Errol has been very considerate of

others, offering assistance to his resident advisor in numerous situations. Angela Egan, Errol's resident advisor, described a situation in which a water fight had occurred and her floor had gotten wet as a result.

Angela could not get the responsible party to clean it up, so she started to clean the water up. According to Angela, once Errol noticed she was cleaning up the water, he quickly grabbed a mop from his dorm room and assisted her in cleaning up the water.

This demonstrates the work of an excellent resident.

Errol Bodie not only is an outstanding resident, but he is also active in campus activities, such as NUBSA and SGA.

The "Resident of the Month" is just one of the programs through which RSA is trying to enhance every

Yearbooks!

Don't forget to buy your Nova College yearbook!

Contact Scott Chaitoff in Rosenthal, Room 208, or call him at 424-5670.

Psych Seminar

"How to Find a Job with a Bachelor's in Psychology"
November 18 at 5 p.m.
Rosenthal Building, Room 202

resident's stay on the Nova University campus.

Once again the Resident Student Association congratulates Errol Bodie and reminds everyone in the residence halls to keep up the good work.

Drina Barber is the president of the Resident Student Association.

PHI ALPHA DELTA'S
NEXT MEETING IS
THURSDAY NOV. 22.



NEXT I.O.C.
MEETING IS
MONDAY NOV.
17TH

Remember!

Intramural bowling has begun!

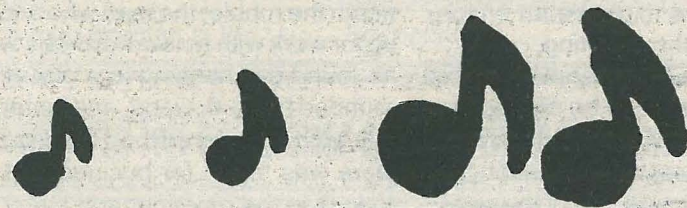
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Wednesday -- Hump Day

TENT PARTY & FREE BBQ
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Friday - Sunday

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Balls, Briefs, Buildings,

Snowflake Ball

Tracy Froebel

Raquel Ferrero and Millicent Steele will chair the 27th Annual Ralph J. Baudhuin Oral School Snowflake Ball on December 4, 1992. The Ball, to be held at the Pier 66 Resort and Marina in Fort Lauderdale, will benefit the hearing and speech impaired students of the Ralph J. Baudhuin Oral School of Nova University.

The proceeds from the Ball will supplement student scholarships and educational programs. Ferrero and Steele are long-time supporters of Nova University and devote countless hours to numerous other community organizations as well.

Ferrero is a member of the Bonnet House Alliance and is co-chairman for the auction committee for the Bonnet House Invitational Concourse. Ferrero is also a member of the Broward Friends of the Miami Ballet, serving as a member of the board of governors for the Baudhuin Oral School for two years.

Her husband, Ray, is also active in Nova University and the community. He is currently serving his fourth year as chairman of Nova's Board of Trustees.

A community leader, Steele is the founder of the Nova University Gold Circle, a support group which raises scholarship money. She has served as chairman for numerous charity fundraisers, including the Nova University Derby Ball and the Boy Scouts of America Blue and Gold Ball.

In 1985, when the Italian ship, Costa Riviera, had its maiden cruise in Fort Lauderdale she created the theme, "In the Spirit of America," to benefit Kids in Distress, St. John's Foundation, and Outreach Broward.

Coverage

Continued from page 2

shows that 300,497 questions were asked about Bill Clinton's draft status during this campaign.

As testimony to the press's desperation to report on anything other than poll updates, I believe there are only 300,490 ways to prepare Rice-a-Roni.

Undauntingly, I must aim the Howitzer of Blame at the ever-shifting public for these and other media side shows. Sure, you say, you hate smear campaigns, and sensationalist press coverage. Of course, you also said you despise *Hard Copy* and *A Current Affair*, for their tabloid-style beefcake and cheesecake stories.

Can you really be trusted, munching your Chee-tos and fried tofu trail mix, your Nielsen ratings box gripped firmly in your Thighmaster? Sure, sure, you'll finish *The Brothers Karamazov* tomorrow night.

Kevin Hawkins gets his regular dose of reality in the Publix check-out aisle from the Weekly World News.

Splashin'

The Library, The Law,

Ken Cook

I didn't run into trouble on the way to the library. I didn't have a problem inside there, either. I even made the trip out of the library and to my car without incident.

It was on the way out of my parking space at the curb when the whole ordeal began.

After I got into the car, I checked the parking meter; there were six minutes left. I began to drive away.

The doors were all locked. The engine was running. The air conditioner was blasting. The radio was cranking. I had less than a quarter of a tank of gas left.

I nervously paced the sidewalk, looking for inspiration. It came in the form of a mounted traffic policeman.

I explained the problem, as his horse attempted to eat my hair.

The policeman said that as he saw it, I had three options—I could call a tow truck and have my car towed home and

He gave me a dirty look as he zoomed past.

Someone in another car was waiting to swoop into my spot, but then I glimpsed a mailbox off to the side.

I stopped and backed quickly into my recently abandoned spot before the other guy could take it. He gave me a dirty look as he zoomed past.

I dashed across the street to drop my phone bill in the mail slot, then returned to my car.

The door was locked. I reached into my pocket to get my keys. THEY WEREN'T THERE! They dangled from the ignition, and all the other doors were locked. I realized with a shock that the engine was running.

I forced myself to think clearly, took some deep breaths, did a few stretches, and a couple of jumping jacks. I did a set of one-armed, knuckle-push-ups and a couple of somersaults.

Breathless, I checked the car again. Yup, the keys were still in there.

then open it there, I could call a welder and have him cut a hole in the roof, or I could call a locksmith to open the door.

He recommended the locksmith. He also wished me good luck and told me to make sure to put money in the parking meter.

I frantically ran to the library for more quarters and a phone. The librarian directed me to a change machine.

I stuck in my dollar bill. No change clanged down.

It turned out that in my panic, I had fed the bill to the copy machine. I

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pushed the "Copy" button, and the machine pumped out one copy. Then I pushed the "Coin Return" button and netted ninety cents.

I spotted two pay phones, but both had callers lounging in front of them.

I paced nervously until one became available but then realized that there were no phone books. I decided to go out and put some change in the parking meter.

A small crowd had gathered around my car. Wisps of conversation floated

There was a phone booth about ten yards away; I walked casually to it.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a van marked with the Channel 7 logo pull up to the corner. The doors opened, and three people jumped out.

Several spectators pointed at me. A woman in a yellow dress rushed over, brushing back her hair, a thick cloud of perfume pursuing her like a swarm of bees.

"Hello. Are you the owner of that car?" She stabbed a microphone into

She stabbed a microphone into my face.

over to me.

"I bet it'll be another twenty minutes before it runs out of gas."

"It's starting to overheat!"

"I heard about someone who did this, and he had to have a welder cut a hole in the roof."

I attempted to remain inconspicuous, as I dropped fifty cents in the meter, leaving me with one quarter for one phone call.

The crowd became silent and watchful. There was tension in the air. People began to murmur to each other and look at me.

my face.

"Uh, no," I stammered, "I, uh, just want to make a phone call."

She backed away and faced a camera man. "This is Margo Mane, live, next to the library with this newflash. . ."

I rifled through the yellow pages for a locksmith. I found one, Aabner's Openers, and quickly dialed the number.

The woman who answered said that I would have to make an appointment. Would next Thursday be all right?

That was my last quarter. All I had left was fifteen cents.

Margo was saying, "... And the car is still here running. We don't know where the owner is, but it's almost out of gas."

I grabbed the microphone from her and faced the camera man. "If there is a locksmith watching this broadcast, I'd really appreciate it if you could come and help me out."

I gave the mike back to her. She attempted to ask me more questions, but I waved her away. I was too wrung out to say any more.

She turned to the spectators and began to interview them.

"Yeah, I was just comin' from buyin' some bread at the corner, when I seen the car. I wanted to call the wife and tell her, but she was out walkin' the dog or somethin'."

A helicopter swooped down and hovered over the street. A rope ladder was thrown out, and a man began to descend. When he touched down on



Soroptimist

The deadline for day or career students to apply for the Soroptimist International scholarships for \$500-\$1500 is December 15. Contact Eula Franklin in the Student Advising Center in the Parker building, room 300.

More than 50,000 members in almost 1,500 clubs in 21 countries and territories belong to Soroptimist International of the Americas. Candidates should be heads of households completing undergraduate programs.

Semantics

Sue Beebe

So what is the big deal if we call University Hall a dorm? Although it may seem like a minor issue of semantics, we all know how important our names are to us as individuals.

Likewise, the choice of a name for a community such as "dorm," "dormitory," or "residence hall" serves to establish an image for that community. Historically, places where college students slept were called dormitories and were often little more than barracks.

Even the word "dormitory" has its root in the Latin word "to sleep" from which we also get the word "dormant." We all know that our residence halls offer students far more than a place to sleep and are certainly not places where students are in a state of suspended animation!

In fact, Residential Life works hard to provide an environment in our halls which will enhance the growth and development of our residents. A residence is a place where one lives or dwells regularly.

Thus, the term "residence hall" more closely describes the active, growth-oriented environment that we are trying to create on our campus. I ask the Nova University Community to join the Residential Life staff in using the term "residence hall."

Sue Beebe is the Assistant Director of Nova's Residential Life.

NOVA BRIEFS

Ken Cook takes the cake in the Knight's Fiction Contest

This week two members of the three-judge panel of literature and writing professors named Ken Cook's science fiction story, "Men's Mistake," (printed in the September 1 issue) as the winner of the Knight's short fiction contest.

The futuristic story tells what happens to Men, who had lost his dining card. As a result of winning the contest, Ken Cook will be awarded a \$50 check.

Nova students invited to Florida Philharmonic performance

Nova University students are invited to a performance of the Florida Philharmonic Orchestra. Tickets are only \$3.

Contact Kristen Pebley in the Student Life office at 452-1400.

Gold Coast Chapter of the Florida Direct Marketing Association presents Luncheon

Nova students are invited to attend an "Interactive Television" luncheon on Thursday, November 19, at the Fort Lauderdale Airport Hilton, on I-95 and Griffin Road. A get-acquainted session takes place at 11:30 a.m., and the luncheon starts at noon.

Tickets cost \$15 for students with reservations. For reservations, call Betty at 472-6374.

Coretta Scott King to speak at Nova Forum

On Wednesday, December 2, keynote speaker Coretta Scott King is scheduled to speak at the Nova Forum to be held at the Anacapi Inn, 1501 North Federal Highway, Fort Lauderdale, at 8 a.m.

The charge is \$50 per person. Interested individuals may contact Ann Richman at 475-7699.

Special student seating can be arranged with Kristen Pebley in the Student Life office, 476-4781.

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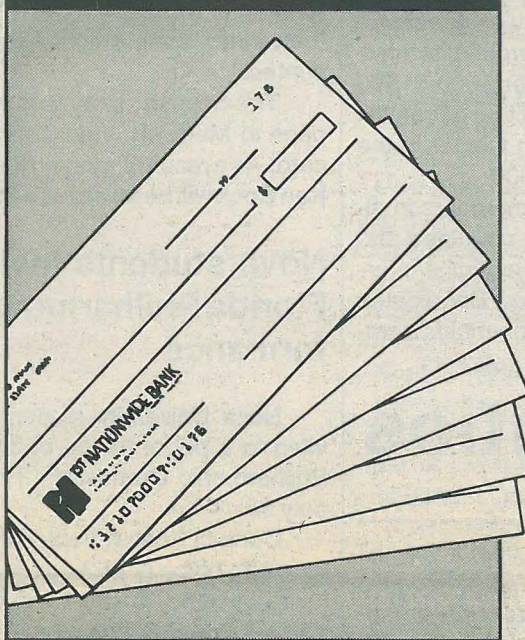
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See Splashin' on page 12



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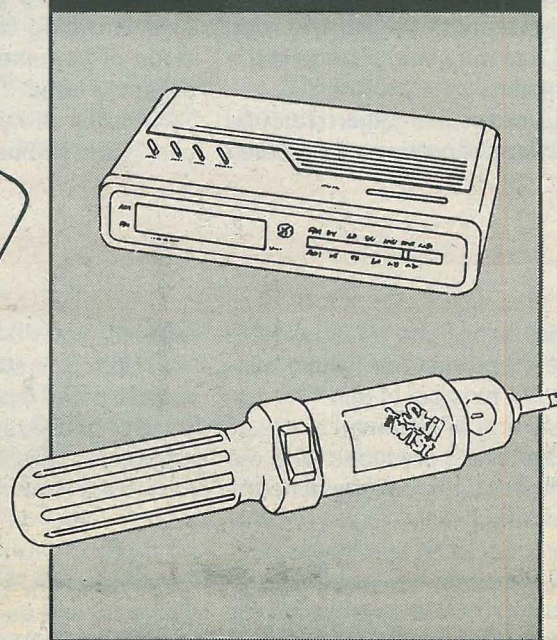
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Norwegian Techno Dancing

Norwegian Cuisine: Disney Style!

The Knight's Arts Section

Treats from the *koldtbord*

Kimber Sharp

As my friend and I sat in our hotel room on our past vacation to Disney World, we tried to decide where to make reservations for dinner. We both agreed that we needed a change from the usual burgers, fries, and boring variations of chicken sandwiches.

Actually, I guess one could make the assumption that what my companion and I eat is pretty repulsive to most.

We spend a great deal of our time at places that serve exquisite Indian food, French pastries, raw beef, squid and octopus in ink, and distinct varieties of sashimi and sushi—with lots of sliced ginger root.

As we studied the various eating destinations, we decided to try the "new" restaurant, Akershus, in the Norway pavilion at EPCOT Center. When we got there the wait was not long, only about 20 minutes.

We were seated at a table which displayed a distinct tablecloth on it. It contained depictions of the ocean fish-



This buffet consisted of two sides, one hot and one cold. The cold wing consisted mostly of diverse salads, the warm with traditional Norwegian style meat.

Included were tomato salad, which contained sliced tomatoes within a malted vinegar sauce. Next was a tray of all kinds of cold meats, such as smoked salmon, sliced roast beef, spicy sausages, and a chilled hamburger ambrosia.

The hot side of the partition displayed delicious pastas, more meats, and a huge selection of cheeses and breads. The meats on the warm side included venison (deer meat) with an onion sauce, the ever-famous Swedish Meatballs, and hot pieces of seasoned salmon with a sour cream dressing.

The multitudes of different cheeses were delicious! One particular cheese, an orangish-brown color, was made from goat's milk and had an extraordinary taste.

There also were a great number of cheeses which incorporated meat within them, salmon being the most predomi-

The Norwegian desserts were not as strange as I had expected.

ery scenes for which Norway has become famous.

The candles were odd-shaped ovals with just a tiny bit of flickering visible. Most of the restaurant was comfortably dark and decorated in wood, and reflected the ocean atmosphere generated when you enter the Norway pavilion.

We ordered drinks and were given huge pewter plates.

Akershus works on a moving style of eating. There we were treated to a Royal Norwegian Buffet, profoundly called the "koldtbord," accurately meaning "the cold table."

nant.

The Norwegian desserts were not as strange as I had expected. They had a custard similar to flan, served in a large brandy snifter, with warm caramel poured over the top.

My comrade had an exquisite cheesecake that consisted of about five different kinds of berries. It was delicious!

I would whole-heartedly recommend Akershus to anyone with an open mind and a flare for exotic food.

Kimber Sharp's favorite INDIAN food is chooza pakora.

Techno: A Marketing Strategy

Jason Domasky

"Funky Alternatives: 18 Exclusive Techno Remixes" (1991) Reachout International Records

Since the late 1980's, the series of "Funky Alternatives" compilations have occupied a special place in the growing field of industrial dance music.

The record shopper could count on finding one or two of the LP's in the "various artists" section of alternative record stores. The initial purchase would be motivated by a devotion to one of the contributing artists and, after two weeks of listening, you've been initiated into the British industrial underground.

The unique genius of combining tracks from a well-known band such as New Order, the slightly more obscure Cabaret Voltaire, and the virtually unknown Pornosect is the innovation of Andrew Burton.

Burton's London-based Concrete Productions licensed New York's Reachout International Records (ROIR, a cassette-only label) to release a "Funky Alternatives" compilation to be marketed in the U.S. under the now-vogue "techno" style of dance music.

If you're not too familiar with the sound, you've heard "techno" played during the night club scene of "Basic Instinct." Miami clubs caught on about a year ago and now Fort Lauderdale's "The Edge" features the sequencer-sample drum repetitions of high-energy "techno" music.

The irony of the Concrete/ROIR strategy is that the characteristic "techno" sound, which tends towards pitch-bending and rigidly conforming any material to its mold, is largely absent from any of the tracks on the compilation.

The style of some of the musicians, notably Cabaret Voltaire, The Shamen, and Greater Than One approximate, but do not fit the "techno" mold. The impossibly obscure Anti-Group contribute the one track that could pass as pure "techno."

This deception in packaging is ingenious; Burton and ROIR are tricking

SKINNY PUPPY • THE SHAMEN • DAF
THE ANTI GROUP • SEVERED HEADS

18 Exclusive Techno Remixes

COLOURBOX • GREATER THAN ONE

MARK STEWART • 23 SKIDOO • KMFDM

Mark Fall's cover art for the Funky Alternatives cassette insert.

the mainstream record stores (I bought the tape at a shopping mall Sam Goody) into carrying their tape because the stores are now pushing "techno."

This allows for unprecedented exposure for the artists without sacrificing the music to the limited tastes of the "targeted" "techno" consumer.

Burton, who compiled the tape and helped remix some tracks, extracted successful examples from the creative pool of past "Funky Alternatives" contributors.

Some tracks are slightly different versions of alternative dance floor hits such as The Shamen's "You and Me and Everything," Click Click's "Sweet Stuff," Fini Tribe's "Electrolux," and KMFDM's "Don't Blow Your Top."

Industrial dance favorites such as Severed Heads, Frontline Assembly, Skinny Puppy, Greater Than One, and My Life with the Thrill Kill Kult contribute standards found elsewhere, and Mark Stewart and Cabaret Voltaire offer specially commissioned songs.

Chris and Cosey's "October (Love Song)" provides a pleasant surprise (well, for me). Bright synthy syncopations, a click-pop drum pattern, and Cosey's heavenly, touching voice add up to the best four minutes and 50 seconds on the tape.

A remix of New Order's "Evil Dust" and competent tracks from Tackhead, Colourbox, 23 Skidoo, and DAF round out the rest.

To obtain this compilation of almost 90 minutes of industrial and electronic dance music from accomplished, established artists, try the "techno" section of any record store or write to ROIR, Suite 411, 611 Broadway, NYC, NY 10012, and request their very descriptive catalog.

Jason Domasky listens to a variety of electronically-generated music and he collects the unusual stamps of the secluded Kingdom of Bhutan.

Forgotten Phantoms and Fading Figments

Horror Gourmet: Norwegiaphobia

Tammy Lynn

A vacation at Disney means "good meals and great times." Disney provides an atmosphere that gives one the opportunity to act as childish and as obnoxious as one pleases, within reason.

And I have also believed that "The Second World in Florida" has had a healthy share of phenomenal eating abodes, UNTIL NOW!

To eager vacationers planning to eat at the restaurant Akershus, in the Norway pavilion at EPCOT Center, you are encouraged to choose otherwise!

Let me tell you about my "experience" with the above: it was now 5:00 p.m. on Saturday and I felt as if my stomach was about to eat me! Naturally, going to one of Disney's many restaurants had me licking my lips and preparing for a delicious meal!

After a wait longer than the Spanish Inquisition, our waiter, Knanishto-binya, finally appeared. He asked us, as we found out after we got a translator to come to our table, if we wanted any drinks.

We ordered sodas that arrived in glasses a wee bit smaller than the average American "shot glass!"

Our table then became saturated with glasses of every different shape and color. I guess it isn't customary in Norway for the waiter to take away empty glasses.

We were then directed to the "Au-

The Knight's Arts Section

Airborne

With a sonic boom, I'm up and away—
Fairing towards the heavens.
Languishing in a steel-laden womb,
Awaiting my emergence.
I soar through a field of white—
Battered by the elements.
Slowly I realize my estrangement to
this realm,
And the utter frailty of my existence.
Surrounded by ethereal beings—
Ghostly images prevail;
Manifestations of imagination,
Phantoms of a forgotten past.
Embraced by a billowy sea,
Serenity enters my soul.
Subduing all emotional manias,
Steadily relaxing my mind.
Empowered by the sun's intensity,
My surroundings are ablaze.
Soothing whiteness penetrates my body,
As I find dominion in the sky.

—Sean J. Heiss

Memories of You

Rain beats down on the pane
as memories of you creep
from behind the closed door
in my mind. A grey feeling
washes over me. Memories trickle
through my mind as the rain
trickles down from the sky.
A familiar voice—
not yours—
calls my name. He paints
a pleasant picture
for my future with brilliant
yellows, pinks, and baby blues.
The picture you painted
once had these bright colors.
It's faded and yellowing now.
Not so long ago it changed
from a kaleidoscope of colors
To deep red, then to ash black.
It was a beautiful picture though—
while it was mine.

—Carolyn A. Pope

better move onto the hot stuff. Approaching the hot buffet of Norwegian treats was like encountering the steam room of the local gym!

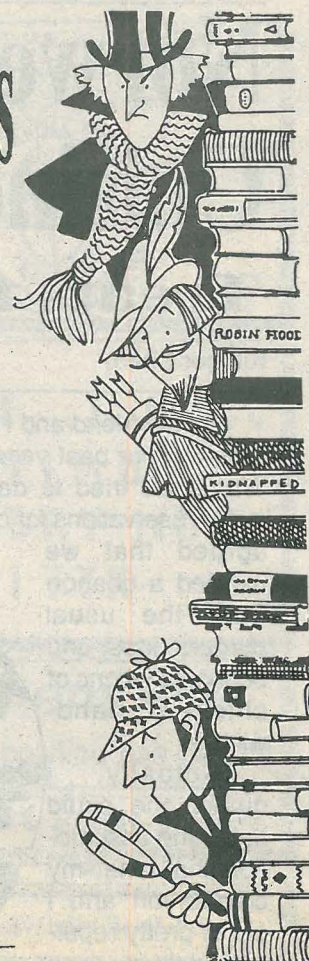
Now that my make-up had evaporated along with the steam, I'd pulled out all the stops: I'd try anything! The large buffet consisted mainly of a pan of macaroni and cheese (no kidding!), meatballs, red cabbage, and potatoes that had never been introduced to any spices or seasoning in their entire lifespan!

I wanted to get the bad taste out of my mouth, but aside from the initial and brief ordeal of getting drinks, we hadn't seen Knanishto-binya for what seemed like hours!

When he finally reappeared, he mystically waved a tray full of what appeared to be delicious desserts. I didn't think any restaurant could bomb this bad and receive three complete strikes, so I ordered one of their little Norwegian delicacies.

I ordered what appeared to be, by look and description, a Norwegian vanilla ice cream with a special caramel topping. However, when the spoon entered my mouth I was then searching the table for any napkin or available paper product!

Selections from the Poetry Circle



Apparently, this delicious dessert was nothing but raw eggs whipped with a runny, brown topping that didn't even remotely resemble caramel! Ugh!

At this point, I refused to take another bite of anything and ordered that my family to get the check and go! So as they were sending the smoke signals with their cigarettes to get a response from Knanishto-binya, I dashed off to the powder room.

After a brief encounter with the restroom, I emerged feeling triumphant, for I was not the only one without the Norwegian taste! A small girl had left her dinner all over the bathroom floor for all to envy. No kidding!!!

Being a Disney expert, the Norway pavilion hosts one of the most exciting rides in all of EPCOT Centre, some of the finest shops, and a scrumptious bakery. "Kringala." This pavilion should not be overlooked by any

who enter the World Showcase, but be warned: STAY AWAY FROM AKERSHUS!

Tammy Lynn eats Kraft Dinomac & Cheese and can't stand it when Star Wars books get in the way of important conversation.

A small girl had left her dinner all over the bathroom floor.

thentic Royal Norwegian Buffet." We were encouraged to try the cold stuff first, then move onto the hot stuff.

The few things I sampled had me begging for porcelain. Unfortunately there was none there, hence I was forced to use my napkin, which was then ineffective for the remainder of the meal.

I would recommend that the "onion salad" and the stringy cold roast beef (that I still have in my teeth to this very day) be avoided!

Therefore, I figured early that I'd

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Sweatsocks and Pom-Poms

Knights Sports Lowdown

Bob Deutschman and Scott Vrabel

Fighting injuries and fatigue, the Nova University Lady Knights were able to advance to the conference finals before falling to Flagler College.

"We should have won, but ran out of steam in the finals," commented assistant coach Margaret Avila.

Despite their poor performance against Flagler, Nova gained confidence and momentum heading into their District 7 Tournament. Going into the conference tournament, the Knights were a team of depth and experience.

However, an ankle injury to junior hitter Natalie Kramer forced the Knights to enter the opening round vs. Warner Southern College without her services. Despite the injury, Nova was able to squeak by the Lady Warriors in five games, advancing to the semi-finals against conference rival Palm Beach Atlantic College.

It was during this match that Nova

The Nova Sports Update

sustained their second key injury, this time to Denise Spornraft. The injury seemed to bring the team together against Palm Beach.

Nova had trailed 2-1 in games, but fought back to win two straight games for the match victory. In the finals the injuries seemed to take effect. Nova lost in straight games, never actually challenging Flagler for the title.

"This was disappointing for us all," said Avila. "We fought our way past Palm Beach to get here and then we never really put it together against Flagler."

The Knights are currently trying to recover from their injuries by holding light practices getting ready for their district tournament. Nova will compete against North Florida, one of the top ten NAIA teams in the country.

Good news came out of the Florida Sun Conference: Nova's Natalie Kramer, a junior, was named the conference's Most Valuable Player for 1992. Senior Lana Shatas and freshman Anne Palacio were named to the All-Conference Team.

Cross Country

Laura Anne Wilhelm

The day after Halloween, Nova's cross country team formed a presence in the community once again at the Winternational 5K run in North Miami.

After a night of mingling with the spirits, the team's spirit showed as six of Nova's runners, from both the women's and the men's team, placed.

Top runner for the women in the 20-25 division was Miranda Carberry, with a time of 21.02.

Finishing a strong fourth, in the same division, was Jill Legters with a time of 25.15.

Another first place runner for the women was Mary Cucchiara, in the 30-34 age division. Her time was 21.15.

Not to be undone by their female counterparts, the men spooked the competition with 2nd, 3rd, and 4th place finishes in the 20-25 year old division.

Harry McCumber, John Ayvas, and Brennan Johnson had times of 19.03, 21.31, and 24.05, respectively.

Their coach, Jasmine Scaggs, was

very encouraged by the results of both teams. Her main purpose in placing the teams in this event was in preparation for this week's cross country Districts, which will be held in St. Augustine.

If the times and places of the runners in the Winternational are any indication, the team should put in a strong showing.

Outlook 1992-93: Cheerleaders!

Nova University Cheerleaders

The 1992-93 Nova Knight Cheerleaders look forward to another exciting season. Three cheerleaders return to this year's squad.

They are Christine Thomann (Captain), Michelle Wronko (co-Captain), and Melissa Bucci. The four new cheerleaders include Fawn Barber, Michelle Fiore, Carrie Jankowski, and Cindi Packard.

Cheerleader Coach Gheri Gorman returns, leading the team in her second season with Nova University. She hopes this year's team will fare as well as the squad from last season.

The cheerleaders are currently working on ways to entertain the crowds with new cheers and pyramids, as well as various new dance routines.

New ideas came from an NCA cheerleading camp that a number of the team members attended this past summer. Look for the cheerleaders to build their pyramids and run their rou-

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Nova Knight Cheerleaders.



Mary Cucchiara.

Knight Cap

Calder

Continued from cover

with purses as much as \$1,000,000 may be wagered upon just as any other race.

Sunday at Calder features many extras for their patrons. Live music and giveaways are typical. On September 19th, for example, the first 10,000 spectators to attend were treated to a handsome blue and white tote bag with the admission of two dollars. The tote's value was more than ten times the price of admission.

The cafeteria offers a fine selection of salads, sandwiches, hot plates, desserts and beverages. Numerous concession stands offer burgers, hot dogs, drinks or ice cream.

A clubhouse dining room, The Turf Club, graces the fourth and fifth floor. It offers exquisite dining comparable to the finest restaurants anywhere. Admission to The Turf Club is for members only.

Calder's racing surface, grass or dirt, is impeccable. In addition to the main track, there is also a training track in the barn area. Every morning at sunrise, the thoroughbreds work out on this track under the tutelage of the trainer or their assistant and an exercise rider.

Thoroughbred racing is a tough, competitive game, as any trainer will tell you. The hours are long, the work is arduous, and the financial rewards are predicated upon how well a trainer's horses do in any given competition.

Keeping the thoroughbred in good health is another challenge in itself. Proper exercise, diet, rest, grooming,

Cello

Continued from cover

program.

To cope with my hearing loss, I decided to use a Hearing Guide Dog to retain my independence. I completed a two week training program at the National Hearing Dog Center in Athol, Massachusetts. I received "Cello" on July 23, 1992.

Cello came to the National Hearing Dog Center as a "special delivery," she was found one morning tied to the mailbox. She was 3 months old at the time, and her only possession was a bag of adult dog food.

Since then, Cello has completed 2 years of training to become a certified Hearing Ear Guide Dog. The

and veterinary care are significant factors conducive to a successful racing career for the thoroughbred.

Thoroughbreds are high-spirited animals who may run for all they are worth. Some respond well to training; some do not.

Thousands of dollars are invested while disciplining a thoroughbred. Many of the owners who do invest have a true love for the Sport Of Kings.



Hobensack and Cello.

Vicki Short

dogs are funded by sponsors, private donations, and fees from demonstrations. The cost of a Hearing Ear Guide Dog ranges from \$2000-\$5000 (I still have a balance from Cello).

Hearing Ear Guide Dogs have the same legal rights as Seeing Eye Dogs. A Hearing Ear Guide Dog is trained to alert their owner to sounds, such as the alarm clock, telephone, fire alarm, doorbell/door knock and other sounds which are specifically needed by the individual.

If you or any other group would be interested in learning more, please contact the Knight office, at 452-1553.



jockeys, Pedro Rodriguez, Jesus Bracho, Michael Lee, Jacinto Vasquez, Eric Valles and many more race at Calder.

At approximately 5:00 PM, on a sunny day, you watch the thoroughbreds trot around the circle in the paddock. The rays of sun present a spectacle to behold in a colorful panorama of chestnut brown, black, bay and silver, depending upon the natural color of the thoroughbred.

The sun's reflection on a chestnut filly or colt displays a bright golden texture. General grandstand admission to Calder is \$2.00, far less than a football game, and lower than the price of a movie nowadays.

Part of Calder's grandstand and clubhouse is glass-enclosed, allowing a great view of the entire racetrack in air conditioned comfort. If you want to see thoroughbred racing at its best, Calder has plenty of excitement.

Splashin'

Continued from page 7

the street, the ladder was taken up, and the helicopter roared away.

The man wore a green uniform that said "Lockbusters." He fumbled nervously at his shirt, twisting the buttons.

"Hi, I'm Tim." He pulled at the hair on his arms. "I like to pick things." His fingers went toward his nose.

"Uh, Tim," I broke in, "Why don't you see if you can pick open my car door?"

He inserted a piece of metal between the car window glass and the door, and the lock popped up faster than I could open it with a key.

He said, "No charge for you, because I'm gonna win a bet with my buddy, who said you would run out of gas before the door got opened."

I thanked him and drove away to the cheers of the crowd.

At the next red light, the engine began to sputter. It stalled, and the cars behind me began to beep their horns—

Ken Cook is a graduate student at the Nova University Oceanographic Center.

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