

The Business

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So Much for Artistic Freedom

At Columbia College, you can shoot Bush but you can't mock President Carter.

By Deanna Isaacs

Columbia College proudly stood its ground last spring when the Secret Service came to investigate a campus art exhibit that included an image of George Bush with a gun to his head. "We're an art school," media relations director Micki Leventhal told the *Sun-Times*. "We support freedom of speech, freedom of artistic expression and academic freedom." Nonetheless, when a cartoon version of the college president, Warrick Carter, started popping up on posters in Columbia buildings in October the school responded with Watergate-style tactics.

The posters, featuring a jaunty, bare-bellied Carter, were advertisements for a new, anonymously created Web site, wackywarrick.com. Mark Phillips, a recent film and video grad who'd stayed on campus as a teaching assistant in the Science Institute, says he and a few other students and alumni, frustrated with the school's administration, were behind the project. According to Phillips the posters disappeared almost as fast as they went up, but it was hard to tell who was removing them. "It could have been the administration," he says, "but a lot of students liked them so well, they were taking them for their dorm rooms."

Wacky Warrick hosts an array of images, messages, and memorabilia depicting the Kewpie-Carter—everything from an audio clip of his giggle to T-shirts embellished with his face. There's also a link to a MySpace account created for the fictional president. In November the site posted a three-minute animated video—a loose homage to *Citizen Kane* in which Carter professes his affection for tuition dollars, dithers over whether to send an e-mail account of his financial history to nearly everyone on the school's staff and faculty (something he actually did by accident early in his tenure), and dons a robe to take an interviewer from the student paper on a tour of his mansion. The cartoon manse is complete with ballroom and elevator—just like Columbia's actual \$3.7 million presidential home. A tuxedoed servant spits in the eye of the interviewer so he won't have to blink, and a mouse-eared dartboard hung in Carter's bedroom is a reminder of



Mark Phillips

something revealed in his errant real-life e-mail—that he was laid off from his previous job at Disney.

Not everyone was amused: apparently someone in the upper ranks of the school's administration ordered a hot and heavy search for the source of the site. The investigation led them to Phillips, who says school officials must have clicked through the more than 100 "friends of Warrick" links on the character's MySpace page and wound up at his blog, on which he blithely noted last summer that he was working

on an animated Carter parody. Then on December 8, sometime after the Science Institute had been locked and secured for the night, its alarm system was disabled and a Columbia IT employee entered and began searching the computers in the visualization lab where Phillips worked. This was akin to violating sovereignty: the Science Institute, funded and equipped by the National Science Foundation, is a virtually independent entity, the province of high-profile science educator Zafra Lerman, who says it contains expensive

equipment and sensitive information relating to her work with scientists from all over the world. Lerman says the alarm code is known only to the lab staff and the head of campus security, who's authorized to use it only in case of emergency and only if the staff can't be reached. No alarm sounded when the lab was entered, there was no emergency, and no one at the Science Institute was aware security had been breached.

Phillips says he was called to the office of Columbia's human resources director, Patricia Olalde, on December 19 and shown a printout of his MySpace blog. He says he was asked if he used school equipment to create and run Wacky Warrick and that he said no. Two days later he was brought in again and asked if he'd learned anything that might help the investigation; again he said no. Then on December 22, just before the school shut down for the holiday break, he was summoned to Olalde's office and told that investigators had found evidence that he'd worked on the site while on the job. "They said they'd found a poster and some other small files from the Web site on my computer and were forced to terminate me," he says. "I was so stunned it wasn't until I'd walked away that I thought to myself, 'I don't have a computer at the lab.' All but the director's computer are used by whoever comes in—administrators, teaching assistants, students. They had fired me for something that could have been downloaded by anyone." Olalde did not return calls for this story.

When Lerman heard about the firing she was astounded: "He was fired without even consulting me; I am the one that has the authority to hire and fire in the Science Institute." She says she asked the head of security who gave the order to let the investigator in after hours and was told she'd have to discuss it with the "powers that be." "Why they would want to go in the middle of the night is beyond me if everything they wanted to do is legal," she adds. When she confronted the person who searched the computers, she says, he told her he found three images from the Web site among many other things in a file labeled "Mark Phillips." "The

computers are used by hundreds of students," Lerman says. "Not everything on that file would have been worked on by Mark Phillips. They don't have any evidence that he did it on the job." Besides, Lerman maintains, the images purportedly found on that computer were never found there again. "If they ever were there," she says, "I believe they came and disappeared during the same night."

While Phillips admits that he and a group of "up to ten" created the site, he maintains they did it at home on their own time. The earliest appearance of the cartoon Carter can be traced to an authorized Science Institute project that had been started at the lab early last year (and which also included a cartoon Lerman) but was dropped last summer. Lerman insists that no further work was done on any Carter cartoon in the lab. Regardless, she says, "anybody that gets any position of importance should be ready to be made fun of. The students make fun of me and my accent continuously. This is the price of fame, so I cannot understand what's going on. This is more like the Gang of Four than academic freedom."

Columbia vice president of finance Mike DeSalle, who oversees both the IT and human resources departments at the school, says he learned of the firing after it happened and is "shocked and dismayed." There is more investigation that needs to take place. "It's my understanding that the computer was in sort of an open area and lots of other people had access to it." All sides are invoking Columbia's published policy on the use of its computer network: administration spokesman Mark Lloyd quotes its prohibition of use with the intent to harass or "annoy" another person. Lerman notes that it clearly states that except in the case of probable violation of "local, state, or federal law, the college shall not seize or inspect data, files, or communications made by authorized users or impose disciplinary action." Phillips says the Electronic Frontier Foundation, a digital-rights advocacy group, is providing him with a list of local attorneys. Meanwhile the newest Wacky Warrick video is set to debut on the Web site January 23. ☐



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 WED - Bill Porter Orchestra 9-12:30
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FREE AND JUST COUNTRY, THESE HEARTS WANT THE SAME THINGS THAT WE

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Restaurants

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Reader staff and contributors and (where noted) individual Raters. Though reviewers try to reflect the Restaurant Raters' input, reviews should be considered one person's opinion; the collective Raters' opinions are best expressed in the numbers. The complete listings and information on how to become a Reader Restaurant Rater are available at www.chicagoreader.com/restaurantfinder.

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Cooks' Books

Everything but the *Opaa*

Greektown and Beyond Mediterranean restaurants

A La Turka

3134 N. Lincoln | 773-935-6101

F 7.5 | S 6.7 | A 8.7 | \$\$ (14 REPORTS)
MIDDLE EASTERN, MEDITERRANEAN | LUNCH,
DINNER: SEVEN DAYS | OPEN LATE: FRIDAY &
SATURDAY TILL MIDNIGHT

Not even the city's smoking ban can stop the hookahs at A La Turka. In the discolike lounges on the second and third floors, guests can choose among 20 tobacco flavors. Other traditional touches here include pillow seating (though most tables have chairs), folk art, oat-colored ceiling drapes that create a tent effect, Kavaklidere wine and Efes beer, and, yes, belly dancing (Thursday through Sunday nights). Owner Josh Eskeranli often emcees, warming up guests with gift certificates and birthday announcements. The food is traditional too: zucchini pancakes, filo pies, and beef ravioli are hearty Turkish versions of the standards. Starters like a meze plate of sausage and white cheese or a mixed-grill platter of tender lamb, beef, and chicken come with plenty of dill yogurt for dipping. Baklava, oozing honey, was the best I've had outside of Jerusalem. Reservations are recommended on week-ends. **Ryan Hubbard**

Arkadash Cafe

5721 N. Clark | 773-506-2233

\$\$
MEDITERRANEAN | LUNCH, DINNER: SEVEN DAYS |
OPEN LATE: SATURDAY TILL 3; SUNDAY,
WEDNESDAY & FRIDAY TILL 2; OTHER NIGHTS TILL
11

I should have trusted my instinct and ordered a veggie appetizer combo. Instead, when pressed to decide, some demon voice from who knows where blurted out "doner kebab." What I got was fatty gyros-style lamb that rested like a ton of lead in the pit of my stomach. My companion opted for an offering from the "homemade specials" portion of the menu, choosing something called *mantı*. Described as Turkish tortellini, it appeared as an abundant plate of little pasta dumplings drowning in a tangy yogurt-tomato sauce. We shared a decent appetizer of lightly breaded calamari accompanied with *tarator* sauce—a garlicky breadcrumb-walnut dip. As we gnawed through our respective stomach bombs, I caught sight of the veggie combo when it appeared on an adjoining table and immediately realized my mistake. It looked great—not that people come here for the food. The real draw happens on weekends after ten, when the live music kicks in and

When restaurateur Paul Boundas was asked by his mother's women's church group to submit a recipe, he thought he was contributing to a ring-bound community cookbook. Then a photographer showed up at his house. Boundas's recipe for *macaronada*, a pasta dish with nutmeg-laced red sauce and baked shrimp, is just one of the offerings in the new coffee-table cookbook *Greektown Chicago: Its History, Its Recipes* by local author Alexa Ganakos. Ganakos says she was able to cull family recipes from a "good sampling of people"—old and young, women and men—just by putting out feelers in the Greek Orthodox diocese. Even the Very Reverend Archimandrite Demetri Kantzavelos contributed his *avgolemono*, egg lemon soup.

The rest of the 40-plus recipes come from chefs at five Greektown mainstays: the Parthenon, Greek Islands, Pegasus, Artopolis, and Costa's. Some, like the eggplant dip *melitzanosalata*, look quite feasible to re-create at home. Others, like Costa's stuffed grilled calamari, wouldn't likely be much of a success made in a standard kitchen. Even Ganakos agrees that this one is probably better left to the experts.

Ganakos grew up in Addison, the eldest daughter of second- and third-generation Greek Chicagoans. In 2001 she founded *Greek Circle*, a quarterly magazine that "picks up where the *Greek Star* leaves off," she says, covering Greek culture and individuals in the business and arts communities. She joined the *Greektown Chicago* project when the Saint Louis-based publisher G. Bradley approached the Hellenic Museum and Cultural Center of Chicago in search of an author for another book in a series it's doing on immigrant communities in the midwest. (Future volumes are planned on the Polish and German communities in Chicago and Milwaukee.) The Hellenic Museum suggested Ganakos.

"I was sitting on this wealth of knowledge," she says. "I had five years' worth of magazine issues. To put all this together into a keepsake kind of book with more of a permanent presence in the hearts and minds of Greek people—that was always a dream of mine."

Greektown Chicago devotes equal time to food, history, and culture. Flipping through it, you're as likely to land on a discussion of athletes or the role of the church as on a recipe. In the introduction, novelist Harry Mark Petrakis mistily recounts his childhood as the son of a parish priest in the Greektown of the 1930s and '40s, a place that, he writes, "might have been villages transplanted from Greece into America." Jane Addams's Hull House at

belly dancers start shimmying. If you want to drink, stick with the basics. A \$9 Cosmo was skimpy and tasted like grenadine and Sprite, and the Turkish wine was puckery. **Kathie Bergquist**

Artopolis

306 S. Halsted | 312-559-9000

F 7.3 | S 6.6 | A 7.7 | \$ (18 REPORTS)
GREEK, MEDITERRANEAN | LUNCH, DINNER:
SEVEN DAYS | OPEN LATE: FRIDAY & SATURDAY
TILL MIDNIGHT, OTHER NIGHTS TILL 11 |
RESERVATIONS NOT ACCEPTED

This Greektown establishment combines a bakery, cafe, bar, and retail store under



Alexa Ganakos at Artopolis



Polk and Halsted anchored the roughly triangular area known as the Delta, bordered by Halsted, Harrison, and Blue Island in the 19th Ward. In the early 60s the Dan Ryan cut into the area and the Delta's residents were displaced to make way for the new UIC campus. What remained of Greek commerce got nudged several blocks north, and in the 70s and 80s modern Greektown slowly came into its own. Ganakos remembers visiting the restaurants there regularly in her childhood. "The 70s were still pretty rough, but you

knew you were safe coming here," she says. She wanted the book to include the voices of Greek Chicagoans who knew the community's history firsthand, so she spent hours reading transcripts of oral histories collected by the Hellenic Museum.

Snippets from those are sprinkled throughout the book alongside archival photographs of fruit peddlers, young men at Hull House, and soda fountain counters. There are also family photos loaned by the cooks whose recipes the book features—black-and-white or sepia shots of weddings, baptisms, beach outings, lamb roasts. "People were willing to take them off the walls," Ganakos says. "I'm still returning photos to this day." A few of Ganakos's own made it into the book: a section on weddings includes a shot of her sister on a traditional donkey ride during her marriage ceremony in an island village.

There's one omission readers might find surprising: *saganaki*, the flaming cheese dish responsible for thousands of cries of *Opaa!* A founding partner of the Parthenon—at 37, Greektown's oldest restaurant—claims credit for creating the appetizer. But while *saganaki* is ubiquitous on Halsted Street, there's no recipe for it in the book. The Parthenon declined to provide it—it's a secret recipe, and they didn't want the blame if a home cook started a conflagration. —Susannah J. Felts

ful gift baskets and a variety of chocolates, olive oils, and vinegars. **Laura Levy Shatkin**

Athena

212 S. Halsted | 312-655-0000

F 6.8 | S 5.7 | A 7.1 | \$\$ (7 REPORTS)
GREEK, MEDITERRANEAN | LUNCH, DINNER:
SEVEN DAYS | OPEN LATE: FRIDAY & SATURDAY
TILL 12:30, OTHER NIGHTS TILL 11:30

Athena serves up all the typical Greek fare—*taramasalata*, *tzatziki*, nicely prepared cold marinated octopus, and lamb kebabs, to name a few—all reasonably priced and generously portioned. One Rater says every entree was "expertly

cooked"; another contends that "while I expect salt in Greektown," several dishes here are "thunderously salty." The service gets mixed reviews. The highlight is the garden seating on a huge outdoor patio with a great view of the Loop. **Laura Levy Shatkin**

Athenian Room

807 W. Webster | 773-348-5155

F 5.7 | S 7.2 | A 5.6 | \$ (5 REPORTS)
GREEK, BURGERS | LUNCH, DINNER: SEVEN DAYS |
RESERVATIONS NOT ACCEPTED | SMOKE FREE

The kitchen's in front, the menu is limited, and the decor barely exists, but this casual

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