

BARNARD BULLETIN

Volume XCVIII

Number 12

April 29, 1991

Learning Disabilities:



No Dead End

ADDENDA TO THE 1991-92 SCHEDULE OF CLASSES: The following changes have been received as of APR. 24. Consult your adviser or the Office of the Dean of Studies, x42024, for more complete information. Please note that there are numerous changes in the listing of mathematics courses. Consult the Mathematics Dept.: Barnard, x45331; Columbia, x42432; or your adviser to confirm the courses you wish to take. **CHANGES:** ANT V3070x (previously V3018x), The Study of Cities; ANT V3712x, Colloquium: Contemporary America; ANT W4114x (not y); ANT W4187y (not x); ANT BC3871x, Senior Seminar, M 4:10-6; ARH BC3250y (not x), TuTh 2:40-3:55; +ARH BC2003x, A. McCoy, Th 2:10-6; +CHE BC1602y, TuTh 9:10-10:25, Rec: M or W 1:10-2, Lab: M or W 2-5; ECO BC1002x (offering two sections); ECO BC1002y (offering one section); ECO BC2035y (not x), MWF 10-10:50; ECO BC2411x TuTh 10:35-11:50; ECO BC3011x, MW 1:10-2:25; ECO BC3029y (not x); ECO BC3033x, Burgstaller, TuTh 4:10-5:25; ECO BC3033y, Mehrling, TuTh 10:34-11:50; ECO BC3035x, TuTh 2:40-3:50; ECO BC3035y, MW 2:40-3:55; ECO BC3036x, TuTh 10:35-11:50; ECO BC3037y, TuTh 4:10-5:25; ECO BC3041x, Mehrling, TuTh 1:10-2:25; ECO BC3041y, Burgstaller, TuTh 1:10-2:25; +FSM BC1201x, Portraits of the Artist, M. Shulman, TuTh 2:40-3:55; +FSM BC1519x, MW 2:40-3:55; +FSM BC1223x, Radical Critiques in Western Culture, Gavronsky; +FRE BC1102x, IV Review of Elementary French, C. Coll. (changed from BC1202x); +FRE BC1203x, III Intermediate Course, C. Coll.; +FRE 1204x, III French Through Literary Analysis, Intermediate Course II, A. Protopappas; +FRE BC3019y, Advanced Phonetics, A. Boyman (from BC3016y); +FRE BC3020x, Special Themes in Modern Fr. Lit.: Jewish Identity in the Jewish Novel, Lang (H); FRE BC3047x, Censorship in French Lit., Geen; FRE BC3047y, Negritude, Gavronsky; +HIS W3430y, Cultural Revolution in China, Lufrano; POS V3505y (not x); +POS BC3416y, Colloquium on Personality and Politics, Tu 4:10-6; PSY BC2134x (not y); RUS V1220x, TuTh 10:35-11:50; RUS V1226y, TuTh 1:10-2:25; +UAF BC3537, Workshop in Urban Admin. and Management, instructor to be announced; WMS BC3118x, TuTh 4:10-6:30. **ADDED COURSES:** ANT V3035, 3 pts., Popular Religion in Chinese Society, M. Cohen, TuTh 9:10-10:25; ARH C3913y, 4 pts., Art in Periclean Athens, R. Brilliant, (H), Tu 2:10-4; ARH C39—x, 4 pts. Building the Cathedral,

S. Murray, Th 10:10-12; DAN BC3591x, 4 pts., Senior Seminar, J. Soares, Th 2-4; ECO W4524x, 3 pts., Econ. of Eastern Europe, D. Milenkovitch, MW 2:40-3:55; ECO W4435y, 3 pts., Econ. of Socialism, D. Milenkovitch, MW 2:40-3:55; RUS V3467x, 3 pts., 20th Century Prose, TuTh 2:40-3:55. **NOT OFFERED:** ARH BC3521y; ARH W4617x; ARH BC3679y; ARH C3883y, +ARH 3973x, +ARH BC3963x, +ARH BC3993y; ECO BC2026y; ECO BC3021y; +POS BC3327x.

FIRST-YEAR STUDENTS AND FIRST-SEMESTER SOPHOMORES must file with the Registrar their tentative programs, signed by their academic advisers, by tomorrow, APRIL 30. Those first-year students who still need to take either First-Year English or First-Year Seminar must see Dean Denburg, in 105 Milbank, before they file their programs.

SECOND-SEMESTER SOPHOMORES: Be sure to file a major choice form with the Registrar and your major department before you leave the campus for the summer.

1991-92 JUNIORS AND SENIORS: Actively plan your Fall '91 program now but file only your final program at the beginning of next term, by SEPT. 13.

FINAL EXAMS: The schedule issued by the Registrar and delivered to your mailbox must be strictly observed. Read carefully Dean Bornemann's memo entitled "What Every Barnard Student Must Know About Final Exams, Final Grades, and Incompletes," and take special note of the rules on deferring exams. If you find it necessary (because of serious illness or another emergency) to request deferral of your final in a course, you must NOTIFY THE INSTRUCTOR by the day of the exam as well as the DEAN OF STUDIES (x42024). Deferral may otherwise be denied.

PLANNING TO TAKE A SUMMER COURSE FOR DEGREE CREDIT? File the application for approval of summer courses with the Registrar at least three weeks before registration for the course, if you want notification of the Committee's action before you register. Be sure that the session meets for at least five weeks and present a catalogue course description to the department Chair for her/his information before signing. Columbia courses do not require Chairs' approvals unless they are in Education,

Economics, English, French, German History, or they are to qualify for major credit, but the form is nonetheless required. An official transcript must be ordered whether the courses are taken at Columbia or elsewhere. See Dear Schneider, 105 Milbank, to file a study leave form NOW. **NOTE:** To qualify for sophomore standing in September, 24 completed points are needed; for the junior class, 52; for senior status, 86.

PREMED APPLICANTS FOR 1992: AMCAS application packets are available in 105 Milbank. Profile sheets are due now.

PRELAW APPLICANTS FOR 1992: LSAT/LSDAS booklets available, 105 Milbank.

ACADEMIC INTEGRITY: Check your mailbox for an important message from your Honor Board.

CENTENNIAL SCHOLARS PRESENTATIONS: TUES., APR. 30, 8 PM, the Marion Streng Studio, Barnard Dance Annex: a reading by various actors of a play written by Gina Gionfriddo; MON., MAY 6, 8 PM, Photo Gallery, Barnard Annex: Sarah Garvey, photo-essay on American History and Culture;

WRITERS: A four-week Barnard program (JUNE 3-28), Writers on Writing, is offered for motivated students who seek close study with professional writers. Two-point afternoon and evening workshops for a maximum of four points of degree credit. Campus housing available. Call x47489 or visit 8 Milbank for further details.

STUDENT EMPLOYEES: The last day students (non-seniors) may work with academic year contracts is May 14. Seniors with academic year contracts may work only until the last date of their exam. If you have questions, please call Meg Heenehan, x42033.

SENIORS: Commencement tickets will be distributed today, APR. 29, College Activities, 209 McIntosh.

GOOD LUCK FROM THE DEANS, DIRECTORS, AND THEIR STAFFS ON YOUR FINAL EXAMS AND PAPERS! TO OUR GRADUATING SENIORS, A FOND FAREWELL, CONGRATULATIONS, BEST WISHES, AND THE PROSPECTS OF MANY HAPPY RETURNS!

BARNARD BULLETIN

Editors-in-Chief
Gretchen Cray
Ali Stone

News Editors
Sharon Friedman
Rhea Suh

News Assistants
Tiara Bacal Korn
Jen Sundick
Karen Wasserman

Women's Issues
Tamara Cohen
Janie Iadipaolo

The Arts
Katherine Davis
Susan Leff
Sabrina Rubin

Photography
Julie Lei
Eugenie Milroy

Cover Design
Amy Talkington

Cartoonist
Elizabeth Skrapits

Arts Calendar
Dahlia Elsayed

The Barnard Bulletin is published on Mondays throughout the academic year. Letters to the editor are due in our office by 5pm the Wednesday preceding publication. Opinions expressed in the Bulletin are those of the authors, and not necessarily of Barnard College.

The Barnard Bulletin
3009 Broadway
105 McIntosh Center
New York, New York 10027
(212) 854-2119

Voices

Editorial4
Barnard Bull5

News

SGA Column.....7
by Karen Wasserman
Barnard Acceptance Rate Remains Consistent7
by Sharon Friedman
ODS Initiates New Program for Learning Disabled.....8
by Colleen Quill
Office of Disabilities Services Conducts Panel Discussion.....9
by Vanessa Vandergrift
Interview with Author Madeleine L'Engle10
by Rhea Suh

Women's Issues

Interview with Film Maker Jennie Livingston13
by Janie Iadipaolo

Arts

Leff Field14
by Susan Leff
The Hot Spot14
Arts Calendar15
by Dahlia Elsayed



Posters of prominent figures with learning disabilities on the door of Office of Disability Services. See page 8.

Cover by Gretchen Cray and Eugenie Milroy

No Concert, No Earth Day?

Where did everyone go? Last week marked the twenty-first anniversary of Earth Day, but judging by the crowd at the Earth Co. sponsored Earth Day celebration in FBH, many of us did not even remember. A little more than one year after the hugely "successful", media-blitzed, star studded, twentieth anniversary Earth Day, the hoopla has died down significantly. Last Sunday marked the twenty-first anniversary of Earth Day, but this time there were no TV specials, no huge rallies, and no free concerts. Additionally, in the year that has passed, the progress and the changes that we hoped to make have been painstakingly slow. Environmental protection legislation suffered major defeats in many states this year and promising new environmental proposals in Congress were quickly pushed farther down the priority list as the country went to war. Even on this campus, the effort to recycle has been hindered by not only student but administrator apathy. Environmentalism, unfortunately, seems to have been a fad for many people. The idea was interesting and exciting to discuss, but many perhaps found the commitment too demanding.

The prime time specials and huge gala events on environmental concerns may have disappeared, but the problems associated with our ignorance and negligence clearly have not. There are few places left on this planet, if any at all, that remain untouched by the hands of humans. The problems associated with deforestation, pollution and overpopulation have only intensified in the past year and other innumerable problems are adding to the stress on our environments. The war with Iraq demonstrated a somewhat new form of warfare—environmental warfare. Its long-term effects on the local and global environment, although they are yet to be determined, will most certainly be devastating.

Therefore, it is imperative that our communities begin taking steps towards helping to solve some of these problems. Recycling and conserving are relatively easy solutions for some of the problems, and it is time for Barnard to take these issues seriously. By helping the Recycling Club's efforts to increase the convenience and awareness of recycling in the dormitories, Barnard can create an efficient and much needed recycling system. Additionally, students can participate by volunteering for the campus environmental organizations, or just by recycling their own trash and cutting down on needless wastes of electricity, water and paper.

The real test of a successful Earth Day is clearly not in the scores of people who turn out to a concert. The true test comes in the following days, weeks, months and years after the events and is demonstrated through the changes that we not only commit to, but we actually make. So although this year's Earth Day has come and gone, we still have the potential to make this year, the most successful year for environmentalism yet.

Editorial Policy

Letters to the Editor must be signed and are subject to editing due to space limitations. Letters are due at 5pm the Wednesday preceding publication in 105 McIntosh.

- Signed editorials do not necessarily reflect the views of the Bulletin.

- Interested writers, photographers, and artists, contact Ali or Gretchen at x4-2119

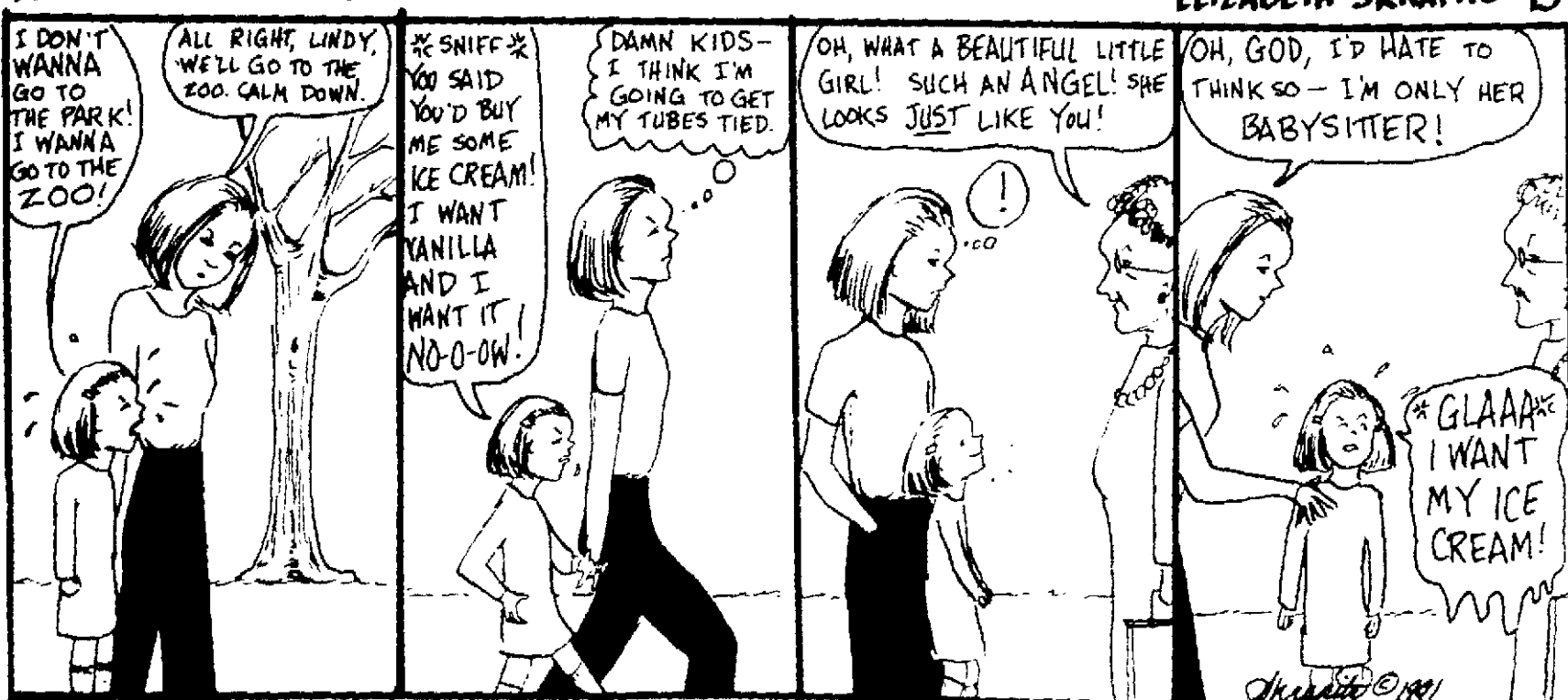
**Congratulations
Bulletin Staff!!
Great Job.**

**Congratulations
Class of 1991!!!**

**Have a Great Summer!
Look for the Bulletin
Literary Supplement
Next Week.**

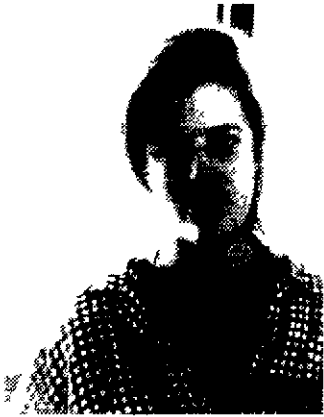


ANTIGONE COMPLEX



Barnard Bull

The Barnard Bull roamed upper level McIntosh this week in an effort to not only find out how people feel about recycling, but to also give people an opportunity to air their gripes about the existing efforts made, and to offer advice.



Emilie Brough BC'93

"I think progress is slow and student response is disappointing. There should be more accessibility and more information to let people know what is going on. The more convenient you make recycling, the more people will do it."



Ilona Miko BC'94

"I think absolutely nothing about it - maybe that's a sign."

Julia Ho BC'94

"Recycling is doing particularly well - I see people getting junk mail and then throwing it in the right bins. It's probably not necessary to use different colored paper, though."



Corinne Lomuto BC'91

"They should make it easier to recycle. It's a problem every city and community is facing. They're expecting people to go out of their way--and people are not willing. If things could be put out with the garbage and picked up, then more people would do it."



Yael Bloch BC'93

"I think the efforts made are pretty good. It's good that bins are right near the mailroom. It's good to have bins in many buildings. In 620, the bins are in the basement and the basement closes early. The bins should be placed in a more central location - like the lobby, or on each floor."



Susan Quinby—Office for Disability Services

"So far so good. I'm looking forward to the time when we can start recycling colored paper. I recycle in my own neighborhood, and have been for a long time. We can't wait for the city to come up with some plan; we need alternatives."



Nekesa Moody BC'92

"It's too inconvenient. They shouldn't have it in Altchul, because no one will take all their white paper, newspapers, and bottles all the way to Altchul. There should be bins on each floor in all the dorms."



FOOD ADDICTION & EATING DISORDERS

BINGE...depressed...PURGE...sad...

BINGE...disgusted...PURGE...

THERE IS HOPE...

THE PLACE FOR HOPE...

1-800-443-2430

Ext 725

CALL NOW



Cambridge
Educational Services

LSAT GMAT GRE

100% said they
WOULD RECOMMEND
This Course To Their Friends!
Call: (212) 866-3283

THE BARNARD COLLEGE STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION WOULD LIKE TO THANK ALL THE STUDENT MEMBERS OF THE TRIPARTITE COMMITTEES FOR THEIR PARTICIPATION DURING THE 1990-1991 ACADEMIC YEAR:

AMY BLUMBERG
CATHERINE CHIU
HADAR DUBOWSKY
ALI FEIN
GAYLE FRIEDLAND
KARA HARTNETT
KAREN KAHRS
NATALIE LANGSTON-DAVIS
RUTH MAGDER
ROBIN MOYER
ORLEE PINCHOT
L. CLARK REYBOLD
PARISA SALEHANI
ROBERTA WATERSTONE
KATIE BRANCH
ELLIE CHUNG
RACHEL ELIAS
JULIANNE FERRAN
SHARON GOLDSTEIN
ALIYA HASAN
SIMONE KASS
ADENA LEBEAU
TONI MELE
CLEO PAPPAS
ANNA PINTSOV
CAROLINE RUBIN
CORRIE SPIEGEL
LYDIA BRECK
JOAN DISTANT
LAURA ENG
DIANE FINK
ERICA GREEN
DEBBIE HERDAN
MARY KIM
LEAH LEEDER
RENANA MEYERS
SUSAN PERLMUTTER
SYLVIA POLK
AIMEE SAGINAW
JOYCE THEOBOLDS

COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS AVAILABLE TO FRESHMEN AND SOPHOMORES.

Unused millions. Poor grades, high income, no problem. Free recorded information.

Hurry, call (914)289-1091
ext. B68 anytime.

WANTED:

Motivated and responsible Barnard Undergraduates, to act as on-campus leasing representatives for the summer term. Must be outgoing and sales oriented. Attractive financial incentives. If interested, please contact A. Thurston Cecil at (212) 463-0181

HEADING FOR EUROPE THIS SUMMER?

Jet there anytime for \$160 with Airhitch. Reported in NY Times and Let's Go Airhitch 212/864-2000

MODEL SEARCH-- Scouts featured in GLAMOUR and COSMOPOLITAN Magazines offer FREE evaluation and direction to legitimate agencies. All heights. TESTBOARD 212/758-7800

SUBMIT YOUR CREATIVE SHORT STORIES, POEMS and ARTWORK

to the Barnard Bulletin
Literary Supplement.
All submissions should be
typewritten. Due: APRIL 30
The Bulletin Office is in 105
McIntosh

Thinking About Your Career?
We represent a prestigious list of prospective employers for career-minded individuals. Our international network offers unsurpassed exposure to career paths leading to management, sales, and marketing opportunities. Submit background information previous to calling, please.

Dynamic Professionals
P.O. Box 630131
Bronx, NY 10463
(212) 543-2084

Final 1990-91 SGA Meeting Held

At the last Student Government Association (SGA) meeting for the year '90-'91 on April 22, the outgoing officers stressed the importance of discussing their positions and responsibilities with the incoming officers. The Appointments Committee met on Monday afternoon to appoint '91-'92 class officer positions, Judicial Council members, and Honor Board members. Appointments Committee members for '91-'92 were voted on by secret ballot during the meeting itself. Polling continues for the position of Senator. There have been additional ballots cast since the original 374 ballots were counted. However, 690 ballots are needed in total to reach quorum. The candidates for Senator are Jennifer Bullock (BC'93) and Ogei Yar (BC'93). SGA members continue to poll at Hewitt and McIntosh.

The Curriculum Review Committee on Instruction is planning to bring more diversity into the Barnard College curriculum. It is a possibility that there will be a four course requirement that will overlap with the major and minor requirements. A diversity of Comparative Analysis in Cultural Societies, Culture of Europe and Americas, and Asia and Middle East Studies. This four course requirement would come from these subject matters. But no more than two classes from each topic can be used to fulfill that requirement.

The Barnard College Leadership Dinner was held on Wednesday, April 24 at 6 p.m. in Lower Level McIntosh. There were speeches, the presentation of awards, and an acapella interlude presented by the Cleffhangers. Approximately 200 people were in attendance.

An SGA Alumni Office reception is planned for Monday,

April 29. The reception is in honor of Barnard College Athletes and athletic alumni before the varsity dinner.

The Barnard College Senior Commencement Committee announced once again that the academic speaker is Yael Lewin (BC'91). Yael Lewin is an English and Dance major. She will reflect on her academic experience as she speaks at the ceremonies. The Senior Commencement Committee is now choosing Senior Marshalls. In total, the committee has completed the major decisions for the ceremonies and is now discussing details such as what to serve for lunch.

The Class of 1991 is placing flyers in senior' mailboxes reminding them about events planned for Senior Week and Senior Ball. All events that are to be participated in, should be paid for in cash.

The Class of 1993 and the Office of Admissions held an Activities Fair on Thursday, April 18 for newly admitted students. The fair was a huge success and many people attended. The Victoria Secrets raffle winner was announced on Wednesday, April 24.

The Class of 1994 held an ice cream study break with First Year Focus on Thursday, April 25. Cathy Webster discussed the Sophomore Sister program during this study break. There will be a bumper sticker reading "Crusin' With The Class Of 1994" placed under all the doors of First Year Students along with a newsletter.

It is important to be aware of the fact that the first female minority chair of the Columbia College School (CCSC) was appointed. Ronda Zachary (CC'92) is the new Chair.

Karen N. Wasserman is a Bulletin news assistant and a Barnard College first year student.

New Recruitment Strategies Help Maintain Barnard's Acceptance Rate

Barnard accepted 54%, or 948 students out of 1,748 students, who applied for the class of 1995, according to Barnard Director of Admissions Doris Davis. The number of this year's applicants are about even with last year's numbers, said Davis, who attributes this year's success to the admissions office's active recruitment program. "We came up with a couple of new recruitment strategies," said Davis, "and we put them into effect this year in the hope that they would have some effect on our applications."

According to Davis, 50% of the applicants were minority students. Of the accepted students, 29% are Asian Americans, 6% are African Americans, and 6.5% are Latino. "The number of minority students is going up every year and it is a direct result of our recruitment efforts," says Davis.

The average Scholastic Aptitude Test (SAT) scores for the accepted class of 1995 is 610 on the verbal section and 630 on the math section. Davis says this number has remained constant in the past couple of years.

43% of the applications live in New York State. The top ten feeder states for this year's applications are New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, California, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Florida, Texas, and Ohio. "When you look at the top ten," explained Davis, "you see a real range, and we are very proud of that."

Some of the recruitment techniques used this year, according to Davis, are aimed at targeting states with growing populations. "There are some states that are growing demographically, so we concentrate on those states in particular. We were most interested in New York, which we covered with a

fine tooth comb. The other three states where we concentrated our efforts were California, Florida, and Texas, because that is where the population is growing. If a college or university expects to maintain its application numbers, then you must go where the people are."

Davis also mentioned that admission officers went to these states to conduct on-site interviews. "We try to establish a link of communications early on so the students feel connected. When the students get in, they feel they are already here," said Davis.

Barnard aims for an incoming class of about 500. In the past "Barnard has had a good yield in terms of those accepted and those that actually came here. While other schools have a yield of 40%, Barnard's yield is about 50%. This year we should have a 48%-50% yield, so we'll come right in on target," says Davis.

ODS Initiates New Program for the Learning Disabled

According to Director of the Office for Disability Services Susan Quinby, "students with disabilities just work twice as hard [as other students]." This might take a little extra commitment, but ODS tries to offer these students as much help as possible. "It's over all based on their time management, factoring in how long it takes to do things based on their disability. For instance, it might take a student in a wheelchair two or three times the amount of time to do something as a unimpaired student." Students, faculty and their families, and alumnae can go to ODS for help with temporary disabilities, such as hospitalization or accident-related injuries, and long-term disabilities. The most frequent long-term learning disabilities at Barnard are hearing, mobility, and visual impairments and such primarily hidden disabilities as chronic medical conditions and learning and psychiatric disabilities. Once people have registered in the ODS office, they may take advantage of any of the programs. Currently there are 79 students, 3.7% of the student body, registered at ODS.

Quinby notes that, since over half of the students registered with ODS are diagnosed as disabled after they matriculate at Barnard, disabilities are not a large factor in admissions decisions. In fact, "Section 504 of the Rehabilitation Act of 1973 states a college cannot require a student to say they have a disability [on an application

form]."

As a new offering for learning disabled students, ODS initiated the Barnard Learning Disabilities Peer Service Team (LDPST), a formal peer support group for students. The members in the group attended two three-hour long training sessions after ODS selected them from written applications and interviews. When the group began last fall, ODS invited all students who had registered at the office to apply. Members of the group receive a stipend for their services. LDPST member Ruth Magder (BC '91) thinks the program was an important addition to ODS' services. "Sometimes learning disabled students may even find it necessary to stay on for an extra year at Barnard to fulfill requirements, but with programs such as LDPST some of the difficulties may be alleviated.

As one of their first projects, LDPST formulated a list of 14 tips to help learning disabled students. Some of the points on the list contradict each other, but that is because each member of the group contributed her own suggestions and they have found that the same things don't work for everyone.

ODS also organized a disabilities forum, held on April 24, at which members of the group discussed their experiences. They videotaped the discussion and hope to use it in the future as an educational tool for faculty and staff at Barnard.



Susan Quinby

photo by Gretchen Cray

Next year ODS hopes to start a faculty friends program for faculty members who have learning disabilities or have children with learning disabilities. The program will give faculty the opportunity to discuss learning disabilities with students who are themselves learning disabled. Wellesley currently has a similar program in place.

Even if students do not use all the ODS students services available, Quinby recommends registering with the office as an "insurance policy, so if an exacerbation comes up, ODS can notify the professor." For further information, call ODS at X44634 or visit them in 7 Milbank.

Colleen Quill is a Barnard College sophomore.

from page 7

Barnard offered the Centennial Scholar nomination for the class of 1995 to 41 students. As of now 150 students have applied to be transfer students, but that number should go up by May 1. There were 125 early decision applicants; 72 students were accepted.

Columbia College's number of applicants declined by 6.6% this year. Other colleges have experienced the same type of decline in applications. Davis attributes the ability of Barnard and other women's colleges to maintain their level of applicants to "two things that happened last year that brought attention to women's colleges. This first was what happened at Wellesley with

Barbara Bush and Raisa Gorbachev. This focused attention on women's colleges and the value of education that women could get. The second thing was what happened at Mills. The Mills issue made people aware of women's colleges and why we are here."

Davis added, "women's colleges offer a very special opportunity for women. What a shame it would be if we started to take that away."

Davis says the admission office will start planning for next year's recruitment next month.

Sharon Friedman is a Bulletin news editor and a Barnard College junior.

Rose P. Sheik, D.D.S.

and Specialty Associates
providing Dental Services to
Columbia University and
Community for over 20 years

*General Dentistry

*Cosmetic Bonding

*Endodontics-root canal treatment

*Prosthodontics-caps, bridges

Emergency Treatment

STUDENT RATES

549 W. 123rd St. (corner of

Broadway)

Suite MG

Morningside Gardens

New York, NY 10027

Forum Discusses Learning Disabilities at Barnard

We can say we are women with a certain disadvantage, but look what we've done," said Amanda Hamilton (BC '93), a member of the Barnard Learning Disability Peer Service Team, in a forum held Wednesday, April 24. Members of LDPST, a peer mentoring/support group of current students with learning disabilities, discussed their experiences and attempted to dispel some of the myths and stereotypes surrounding the term "learning disabled." Director of the Office for Disability Services Susan Quinby moderated the forum. LDPST members Aliza Berkovtis (BC '94), Michelle Borkowf (BC '91), Lorna Gottesman (BC '92), Amanda Hamilton (BC '93), Shana Levine (BC '93) and Ruth Magder (BC '91) served as panelists.

A pamphlet distributed at the forum defined a learning disability as "a permanent disorder which affects the manner in which individuals with normal or above average intelligence take in, retain and express information. Like interference on the radio or a fuzzy TV picture, incoming or outgoing information, may become scrambled as it travels between the eye, ear or skin, and the brain." Learning disabled individuals may have difficulties in one or more of the following areas: reading comprehension, spelling, written expression, math computation and problem solving, sometimes accompanied by problems in organizational skills, time management

"People aren't aware that you can be both bright and have a learning disability."

—Borkowf

and social skills. Many learning disabled individuals may also have language-based and/or perceptual problems. The pamphlet emphasized that a learning disability is not a form of mental retardation or an emotional disorder.

Among other issues, the panelists addressed obstacles that learning disabled students must face. "If most students have to spend 40 hours on schoolwork, we have to spend upwards



Learning Disabilities Forum

of 60 or 70," said Hamilton.

Yet some of the students find that having to study more does have advantages. "We put in more work so we do better," said Borkowf. Magder adds that "planning ahead and commitment to work is important. I have to work hard and space my work, but I get things done."

The students also say that being learning disabled makes them more sensitive to stereotypes about intelligence. Gottesman explains, "I'm very sensitive about other people being called stupid. There's a wide range of intelligence. I've encountered a lot of intellectual snobbery and I try to avoid that."

In Hamilton's view, "We're square pegs in round holes always throughout academia. People say, 'Why don't you conform to the stereotype? Well, we don't.' And Borkowf complains "People aren't aware that you can be both bright and have a learning disability."

Even some of the panelists had to convince themselves that learning disabled does not mean less intelligent. "Somewhere inside of me I knew I was bright, but it certainly didn't come across. Luckily, there's enough people who believe in me," said Magder. Berkovtis agrees. "I'm always very

unsure of what I'm handing in. I'm always asking, 'Does this make sense?' I sometimes fear that my ideas aren't as good as someone else's. I have to tell myself that that's not true."

All the panelists agreed that Barnard offers a supportive environment for them. Many colleges and universities have very few, if any, resources available to learning disabled students. One panelist, who transferred to Barnard, was told at her previous school, "that's not a field of expertise where we have much experience. You're at the wrong school."

Another panelist learned in a college interview that because she was learning disabled her chances of getting in were very slim because the college did not accept people "like that." She decided to attend Barnard because "I knew there would be a good service."

Students who would like to know more about learning disabilities and the services Barnard offers can contact Susan Quinby in the Office for Disability Services. LDPST is new to Barnard this semester. Its members are available to meet with students on a one-to-one basis. ODS and LDPST maintain a strict policy of confidentiality.

Vanessa Vandergrift is a Barnard College first-year student.

Working From The Inside Out: An Interview With Madeleine L'Engle

As I wind my way through the small path beside the main building of St. John's the Divine, I find myself suddenly surrounded by blooming yellow and purple flowers, territorial squirrels and tall trees. The small, park-like enclave adjacent to St. John's is strangely similar to the massive cathedral, having a mystical, almost magical feeling. And it is in this setting

"I want to feel, when I finish the story, more hope for my own life and for the life of the planet."

where, on the rare occasions when she is not traveling and lecturing around the country, Madeleine L'Engle perhaps feels most at home. "It is an island in an island," she says, as she glances out the large window of the Cathedral's library, where she is the writer-in-residence.

L'Engle, a guest lecturer for Barnard's English Conference course this semester, is the well known author of thirty six books, including the Newberry Award winning, *A Wrinkle in Time*. Her work has been called everything from "science fiction" to "young adult," but L'Engle herself, describes her books as more general. "My books are for people. I write for people," she says. Indeed, according to L'Engle, because *A Wrinkle in Time* was so hard to categorize or to label, it was almost never published. "No one knew who it was for, and I kept saying it was for people...As far as I'm concerned it was a book."

In addition to Barnard, L'Engle has taught at several other universities and colleges throughout the country. She was the writer-in-residence at Ohio State University in 1970, the University of Rochester in 1972, and Wheaton College in 1976 and has been St. John's writer-in-residence since 1965. More recently, L'Engle has taught classes at St. Hilda and St. Hughs Academy, a private school on 114th between Broadway and Riverside.

Born in the city, L'Engle has lived most of her life here and she describes herself as a real New Yorker. "The New Yorker's cartoon of the Manhattanite's view of the world is exactly the way I see it. I lie in bed at night and I look out

and I see the River... there's New Jersey, there's Omaha, there's China...it's all out there," she says. L'Engle was married to actor Hugh Franklin in 1946 and together they had two children, Josephine Franklin Jones and Maria Franklin Rooney. Franklin passed away in early in 1987 and currently, L'Engle lives with two of her five grandchildren, Charolette and Lana Jones (BC '91), on the Upper West Side.

Surprisingly, although some of her most popular books are bought for and read by children, L'Engle feels that she doesn't particularly have a strength in children's stories. "My talent is not with little kid's stories, it's with stories that don't have any age group. My kids books are not written for kids, they were written because that's what I wanted to write. The book I am writing now will not be marketed for children. It is six hundred pages long and it's dealing with two men who have each had eight wives —King David and a present day actor, so it will not be marketed for kids. I do not write any differently when I write, I just write!" Writing is truly what L'Engle does best, having finished her first story at the age of five "to try and figure out why people behaved the way they behaved." She has been "hooked" to the profession ever since.

L'Engle, as writer works from the inside out, focusing on herself rather than the perspective audience. ("Having the audience in mind when you're writing a story is disastrous," she says.) Writing helped L'Engle better understand human nature as a child and it continues to help her find meaning in life. "I'm writing about whatever I'm thinking about in my own life, and I want my own life to have meaning. I see no point in a book that doesn't in some way deal with the validity of living this life." Thus, all of her story and character ideas come from her own personal experiences and her day dreams. "I've only used my night dreams three times," she says bluntly, explaining, "They're not what produces books, they're just another language

that helps me understand maybe something more about life. When you're creating a fictional world, you have to work on your subconscious mind a great deal, that underwater area that we largely don't explore because we're afraid of it."

L'Engle, wearing a long colorful robe-like dress and intricate stone jewelry, is just as mystical and intriguing as her books are. She speaks frequently about topics like spirituality, reality, truth and fiction, as she jumps from subject to subject. Through stories, L'Engle creates another form of reality, perhaps an even clearer form. Thus, she sees her books and characters as not necessarily works of fiction, but almost as works of non-fiction. "My characters as far as I know, are purely fictional," she says, "but I'm quite aware that that's not possible and that the fictional characters have come from an amalgam of things in my subconscious mind and then they come out whole as fictional characters." There are rare occasions where she actually does take a "real" person that she knows and transplants them into a story, however L'Engle feels inhibited in using someone she knows. "If you use people you've met, your limited by what you know about that person. There are very few people who are open enough so you can have a character that can go ahead and do surprising things."

As evident in her own books, L'Engle strongly believes in writing and reading hopeful and empowering stories, saying

"My kids books are not written for kids, they were written because that's what I wanted to write."

that she doesn't like to read "put-downs." "I want to feel, when I finish the story, more hope for my own life and for the life of the planet. I don't want to read a story that's a put down, and there are lots of stories that are put downs. I don't want to read about anti-heroes and I do not want to read about discontented women who find more and more things to be discontented about. It's a choice," she explains, "you don't have to be discontented."

Additionally, L'Engle has been heralded as a feminist for not only the example she sets for other women, but also for the fact that many of the protagonists in her books are women. In a 1987 article for *Ms.* magazine, L'Engle described her role as a feminist saying that it is not "to compete with men in their world...but to live fully as a woman, enjoying the role of myself and my place in the universe." This philosophy can be traced back to both L'Engle's upbringing and her education. L'Engle grew up as an only child and was allowed to do "whatever I wanted to do," in life without any limitations. Additionally, she graduated from Smith College as a English literature major in 1941, and felt that going to an all women's college was somewhat empowering. "One good thing about having gone to Smith," she says, "is that whenever there was to be done, we did it. So I came to New York with the idea that of course all doors were going to open and nothing was going to be closed to me, and that's a good attitude to have."

L'Engle also believes that women have many advantages that men do not have. "I certainly am concerned about the feminist issues," she explains, "but what I feel that nobody has really thought about is that women have been allowed to remain in touch with the intuitive, the nurturing, the tender, the imaginative, the mystical, the extraordinary, and men have been limited to the realm of the intellect and provable facts. And rather than being brittle about men, and try to imitate these poor things, we need to try to be very gentle and open up that wide a world they've been denied—the world of the imagination, the things that are beyond provable fact. I don't want to go out and be like the man, I would like to help men to be a little bit more open. I was lucky," she says with a smile, "I was married to an actor, and an actor is an artist, so he was much more open to these things...I would never have made it with a C.P.A."

L'Engle often refers to the Bible for quotes and allegories in both our conversation and in class. She is a strongly religious person, Christian by affiliation, but because she speaks of the commonness of humanity and the spirituality of us all, it is hard to categorize her to a specific religion. L'Engle finds similarities in cultures and religions, where others may find differences. For example, with Judaism and Christianity she sees many parallels. It reminds me," she says, "of the Amish and the Mennonites who split in the 17th century over buttons.

One group thought buttons were useful and therefore permissible and the other group thought buttons were decorative and therefore non-permissible, and they split...over buttons! And we fight about buttons all the time! What motivates human beings isn't that different, anywhere. We all fall in love, we need to eat together, we need to make friends, mother love is mother love no matter where it is...we seem to dwell on our differences and simply ignore the fact that we have so many connections. What connects people is deeper than what separates people. And at this time on our planet we had better be aware of what connects us otherwise we're really going to be in worse trouble than what we're already in."

In the short time I spent with Madeleine L'Engle, I learned a great deal about reality and life. She is a unique woman with great insight and wisdom. The subject of L'Engle's seminar this semester, "The Plausible Impossible," perhaps best sums up our conversation. When asked to explain, she quickly replies with a quote. "Aristotle said, 'That which is plausible and impossible is better than that which is possible and implausible.' Basically what he is saying is truth is stronger than fact, and truth transcends fact.. and that's what we should be looking for, not only in our stories but in our lives."

Rhea Suh is a Bulletin news editor and a Barnard junior.



Something for those of you who aren't taking Stanley H. Kaplan Prep.™

We've produced more top scores on tests like the LSAT, GMAT, GRE and MCAT than all other courses combined. Which means if you're not taking Kaplan Prep.™ you may need to take more than a #2 pencil to the test.

STANLEY H. KAPLAN
Take Kaplan Or Take Your Chances

Call Now!

Classes Start Soon

Manhattan: (212) 977-8200

For other locations call 800-KAP-TEST

Student & Youth Travel

WAY TO GO

FOR LESS!

ROUNDTrips!

LA/SAN FRAN	\$ 303*
LONDON	430
PARIS	510
COPENHAGEN	620
STOCKHOLM/OSLO	620
RIO/SAO PAULO	745
TOKYO	808
HONG KONG	920
BANGKOK	1007

- Flights Worldwide
- Low-Cost One-Way Fares Available
- Refundable, Flexible, Changeable
- Eurail/Hostel Passes, ID Cards
- Some Restrictions May Apply
- Call for Free Brochure
- Departs New York

Fares subject to change without notice.
Valid M-Thu, weekend surcharge applies.
*Tu-Wed only. Add \$16 tax.

101 Ferris Booth Hall
Columbia University NY, NY 10027

212-854--2224



STATRAVEL

120 OFFICES WORLDWIDE

WOLLMAN RINK

NOW OPEN

for ROLLER SKATING

and MINIATURE GOLF



- skating everyday
- golf everyday
- special group rates

For information call:

(212) 517-4800

special savings coupon

\$1.00 OFF

ADMISSION

present coupon for admission

- expires 6/30/91
- valid anytime
- no other discount applicable

WOLLMAN RINK

managed by Trump Ice & Ice Capades

Jennie Livingston Explores the Real World of Voguing in *Paris is Burning*.

This is the second in a series of two interviews with women directors to be printed in the Bulletin

For those of you who think that Madonna invented voguing, think again. Voguing is a dance which was invented by African - American and Latino gay men, which combines poses mimicking fashion models with acrobatic spins and dips. Producer /Director Jennie Livingston has chronicled the world of voguing and Harlem drag balls in her documentary, *Paris is Burning*, now playing at Film Forum, 209 West Houston Street, until April 30. The following are excerpts of an interview I conducted with Livingston, which aired on WKCR, 89.9 FM, New York.

Why did you decide to go into filmmaking and how did the idea for *Paris is Burning* spark?

My background was in photography and painting and English literature—those were the things that I studied in school. They didn't have a film department where I went to school. I moved to New York with the intention of getting into film. I had been working, making a lot of still photographs, and I was getting very frustrated with the silence of that medium. You can make a photograph that is about racism or about sexism, but it almost could be interpreted as racist or sexist. It's a very open medium. A lot of people are making photographs that address that question and have words, but I really wasn't interested in that. I wanted to get into film because I felt anyone can understand that language. So I moved to New York and took a summer class in film production at NYU. In the course of taking that class, I was walking around Washington Square Park and I ran into these guys who were voguing and throwing their limbs all over the place, saying, "Butch Queen in Drags and Saks Fifth Avenue Mannequins," and I was entranced. They said if you really want to see voguing, then you have to come to a ball. I started going to quite a few balls, taking still photographs, and in the course of getting to know those people and that world, felt it would make a great film. I didn't have the intention of getting into

documentary filmmaking or looking into a subculture. In fact I won't be doing a documentary next, I'll be doing dramatic stuff. But, I was so captivated by this world. It had so much to say— it was such a repository of race, class and gender that I had been dealing with in my earlier work.

A lot of people have asked you, what it was like making this film "as a white woman." Do you think the race and gender difference between you and those who participated in the balls had any effect on the process of making this film?

I think at first the reaction was nothing. I was just another person at a ball. I had a camera like many other people at a ball. Although balls in those days were mostly Black affairs and Latino affairs, there were occasional people that weren't from the community and nobody really batted an eyelash. You pay your \$15, and you go in. I think as I began to talk to people, they got to know who I was. I always represented myself as a filmmaker so people knew why I was there. After the first two weeks I was saying that I wanted to make a film about this and people had good reactions. First of all, they got to know me. People always ask, "What was it like as a white woman?" I think if people know you for after a period of two years they have to be awfully racist and sexist to see you as "that white woman." After awhile you're Jenny. But I also think the camera is a passport, and obviously this is a group that is not asked very often, "What do you think? What do you have to say for yourself?" Going in, being "the media," gave me a passport and made me welcome in a way that I might not have been had I just been going because I was curious.

You write about it in your statement and clearly show in the film the ironic twist of how these



Jennie Livingston

people are emulating those who are really oppressing them. Could you talk a little bit about that?

I think the act is that of emulating people who are oppressing them. But, ultimately the outcome is of celebration. The point in the long run is not to prove that executives are wonderful, or rich and famous people are wonderful. It's to prove that you can look as good as them, you can get a trophy for it, you're walking on a runway surrounded by a cheering crowd...I mean the effect is one of self adulation. There is an irony that the people are looking like those who don't like them. There's a further irony in the fact that the very people that they were imitating went around and imitated them. Madonna started voguing because she couldn't have invented anything that great. No one could. This is a cultural creation, like jazz, like any other great creation of the African — American community or the Gay community. It's an amazing cultural art form which, again, isn't strictly about imitating the mainstream. It's about turning the mainstream into self love, turning something around which could be very damaging to your self image and making of it something that is very spiritual and happy.

Janie Iadipalo is a Barnard College sophomore and a Bulletin Women's Issues Editor.

Left Field
Susan Left

In my last column of the semester, I'd like to thank everyone for reading, and if anyone hears any great new music of any kind over the summer, I'd love to know about it (box 271, Macintosh—you know the rest.) Until September... (doesn't that seem like a long way off?)

The Horse Flies—*Gravity Dance*. (MCA)

The best new American band (hailing from Ithaca, NY) I've heard in a long time, the Horse Flies capture the most clever images in the catchiest of song lyrics. Note some of the song titles: "Life Is A Rubber Rope," "What Does Family Mean?" and "I Need A Plastic Bag (To Keep My Brains In)." Complete with banjos, violin and accordian, the Horse Flies play rock with no holds barred and no stone left unturned (like the deadpan protest song, "Roadkill".) They don't sound like anyone I've heard and comparisons won't do them justice ("sort of like the Talking Heads, only different"), and maybe that's why their own sincerity shines through.

Blackgirls—*Happy*. (Mammoth)

Shockingly subtle, this album is full of all sorts of contradictions: bitingly sarcastic in their intelligent songs, "Happy" may be the single most ironic title for this female trio's third release. Although classically trained, these talented North Carolinians don't play the usual blend of folk or even classical music; rather, their percussive acoustic songs bleed with a bizarre sense of humor and stream of consciousness lyrics. Like the roller coaster at Coney Island, "Happy" has smooth passages and sudden jerks, but the Blackgirls' musicianship is the essence of this joyride. Not for the fainthearted.

Fishbone—*The Reality Of My Surroundings*. (Columbia)

While reflecting on the reality of their surroundings, L.A.'s seven-piece Fishbone make some fast and furious, funky music while musing over (specifically heterosexual) sex (on "Naz-tee May'en"), crack ("Prayer To The Junkiemaker") and television ("If I Were A...I'd" Number 1). At their most effective, Fishbone make their strongest statements very directly, as in the forty second-long, wordless track "Asswhippin'" and "If I Were A...I'd" Number 3. But while making such important points about the historical yet persistent effects of racism, why introduce "Naz-tee May'en" as a specifically "heterosexual celebration" and make an anti-gay comment about having "a dick in your mouth"? (I'm not trying to be a smartass; I just don't see why it's necessary...)

Various Artists—*A Matter Of Degrees Soundtrack*. (Atlantic)

This collection represents some of the best college radio bands in existence today: great tracks by better-known talents (Throwing Muses, The Lemonheads, The Pixies), while lesser-known bands don't disappoint either: Yo La Tengo opts for the simple storyline of "Something To Do", while the sole rap track, "Who's Schoolin' Who?" by Schoolly D kicks. Overall, this surprisingly smooth mix of bands who differ by more than a matter of degrees (sparse "Max and Wells" by Firehose; country-influenced "Won't Forget" by Uncle Tupelo) makes for a nice introduction to (rather than a compilation of) some great American bands today.

360's—*Illuminated*. (Link)

Intended as a crossover band from the ethereal Cocteau-

The Hot Spot

Let's face it, being Hot (or Not) is an elusive distinction. Yesterday's Hot is now today's Not, and what's Hot now was once Not. Who's to know anymore? But more importantly, who's to care?

Being an individual is Hot; succumbing to social standards is Not. Defending what's Hot in your mind's eye is definitely Hot; forsaking those convictions in light of what's supposedly Hot is most definitely Not. Groove?

And one thing that is certainly Not Hot is defining a criteria of what's Hot and what's Not for an indisputably diverse audience. But since the Bulletin Arts section is always so Hot (Not!), we thought we'd relieve the monotony by offering you this:

The perennial sound of disco is Hot; the tiresome hype of the Doors is Not. Imaginative S & M in NYC is Hot; fascist polygamy in Utah is Not. The advent of colored condoms is Hot; the search for cold fusion is Not. The art conscience Guerilla Girls are Hot; federal and state budget cuts of art funding is Not. Unfortunately, violence is Hot; the media, subsequently, are Not. Queen is Hot; Vanilla Ice is Not; Village Voice cartoonist Lynda Barry is Hot; the invariable "Doonesbury" is Not. Wearing a Boston Red Sox baseball caps is Hot; dousing yourself in hairspray is Not. The Divinyls' daring advocacy to "touch myself" is Hot; Lenny Kravitz's regurgitation of the 60s is Not. Graduating seniors are Hot; the current recession is Not. The ROLM phone system is Hot; hey, why Not? Living in Plimpton next year is Hot; forced to subsist on the food served at "Spewitt" is Not. Summer is Hot; finals are Not. The Bulletin is Hot; next semester, it will be even hotter! See you next fall!

Twins vein, 360's aren't ambient enough for their marketing technique; too much guitar grunge for that. But unrelenting and straightforward, 360's save themselves from the usual garage-band oblivion with producer Sean Slade (Dinosaur Jr). Lucid songs like "Texas" scream, while Audrey Clark's throaty growls stand out on the best track on the album, "Deadpan Superstar." "Saved", the lone quasi-acoustic track, is also a more tender treat, with lyrics like "The quiet/makes me feel small."

School Of Fish—*School Of Fish*. (Capitol)

L.A.'s quartet School Of Fish experiment with American pop textures and psychedelia without becoming just another 60's revival act. Their subtle songwriting skills stand out on the gem, "Three Strange Days", which they insist is not about drugs, but "being outside yourself for three days." Sometimes verging on a funk sound with a touch of harder influences (say Jesus and Mary Chain?), this eponymous album rocks.

Queen—*Innuendo*. (Hollywood)

Didn't you wonder what happened to this 70's rock giant? Back from the dead, the title track of Queen's latest features the choir-infested sound that filled much of Queen's earlier work (remember "Bohemian Rhapsody"?). With heavy, bombastic guitar sounds provided by Brian May and some humor-infested lyrics ("I'm Going Slightly Mad") sung by frontman/guru Freddie Mercury, this album is hardly as subtle as an innuendo. Now I know that the seventies are back with a vengeance: "Queen's back and they're PISSED!"

SPECIAL STUDENT OFFER! ALL PERFORMANCES \$20!

(Not valid Fri. & Sat. Eves., subject to availability)
Bring this ad with ID card to Box Office

"PENN & TELLER— THE REFRIGERATOR TOUR' IS A BIG COLLEGE PARTY!"

Teller eats needles off an apple, then eats the apple, then barfs up a long strand of threaded needles. Penn flosses the hole in his earlobe. And Teller tests his reflexes with a lot of gruesome animal traps."

—Linda Winer, *Newsday*

"Don't call Penn & Teller wimpy. They would probably change you into a toad."

—Clive Barnes, *New York Post*

"Penn & Teller are scoundrels who lie, cheat and chisel. If there is any justice they will rot in hell. They are hilarious hustlers at their devious best."

—Stewart Klein, *WNYW-TV*

"THE COOLEST SHOW ON BROADWAY!"

—Pat Collins,
WWOR-TV



**PENN
&
TELLER**

**CHARGE BY
PHONE:
(212) 246-0102**

**EUGENE O'NEILL
THEATRE
230 W. 49th St.**

THE REFRIGERATOR TOUR

**Including TASTY
NEW BITS FOR '91**



MORE PEOPLE ARE CHANGING TO EMPIRE KOSHER CHICKEN!

For over 50 years, Empire Kosher has maintained unsurpassed standards for adherence to the Jewish Dietary Laws governing cleanliness in food preparation and handling. The same care that makes every Empire chicken "kosher" also ensures that it's 100% natural,

wholesome and delicious. Because of stricter inspections, hand preparation and special kashering procedures, generation after generation have chosen Empire Kosher chicken for its fine flavor and high quality. Compare the natural advantages for yourself!

Empire Kosher Chicken

Empire Kosher supervises all breeding, hatching and growing to guarantee the highest quality possible. Empire Kosher poultry is raised slowly and naturally. Empire Kosher never uses growth stimulants, hormones or artificial ingredients! Only completely healthy poultry can be used by Empire Kosher.

All poultry is hand-held to be slaughtered by a specially trained Rabbi. Exact cuts are made to reduce pain.

The kosher laws prohibit the use of heated water during processing. Empire Kosher uses only cold, fresh water, which we believe helps retard bacteria and cross-contamination.

A specially trained Rabbinic staff supervises every procedure used in processing. Each chicken and turkey is thoroughly inspected by Rabbinic supervisors after required USDA inspection.

A series of special cuts, flushing with fresh water and soaking in cold, flowing water is performed to aid in blood removal.

Each chicken and turkey is hand salted inside and out and stacked to remove excess blood, preserve shelf life and retard bacterial growth.

After salting, all poultry is rinsed three times in flowing, fresh cold water to remove salt according to Jewish law.

No bird rejected by the USDA or Rabbinic inspectors will ever be sold under the Empire Kosher label.

All Empire Kosher chicken is identified by a clip on whole birds or parts before leaving Empire Kosher's plant.

Non-kosher Chicken

No similar dietary restrictions apply to the care and feeding of non-kosher poultry.

Most plants stun poultry electronically prior to slaughter and use machinery for slaughter which only severs one vein.

Nonkosher poultry is scalded in hot water before processing. No restrictions apply to water used for processing.

Nonkosher poultry is inspected by USDA and by company quality control inspectors only.

No special hand cutting or presoaking is required for non-kosher poultry.

No similar procedure is used for non-kosher poultry.

No similar procedure is used for non-kosher poultry.

Many plants downgrade USDA rejected poultry for subsequent reprocessing.

Some plants brand chickens for identification while others are not identified before shipping.

IT'S KOSHER, 100% NATURAL AND DELICIOUS!

1 (800) EMPIRE-4

Special

COLD WATER

Process

© 1990 Empire

BARNARD BULLETIN

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT



SPRING 1991

Student & Youth Travel

WAY TO GO

FOR LESS!

ROUNDTrips!

LA/SAN FRAN	\$ 303*
LONDON	430
PARIS	510
COPENHAGEN	620
STOCKHOLM/OSLO	620
RIO/SAO PAULO	745
TOKYO	808
HONG KONG	920
BANGKOK	1007

- Flights Worldwide
- Low-Cost One-Way Fares Available
- Refundable, Flexible, Changeable
- Eurail/Hostel Passes, ID Cards
- Some Restrictions May Apply
- Call for Free Brochure
- Departs New York

Fares subject to change without notice.
Valid M-Thu, weekend surcharge applies.
*Tu-Wed only. Add \$16 tax.

101 Ferris Booth Hall
Columbia University NY, NY 10027

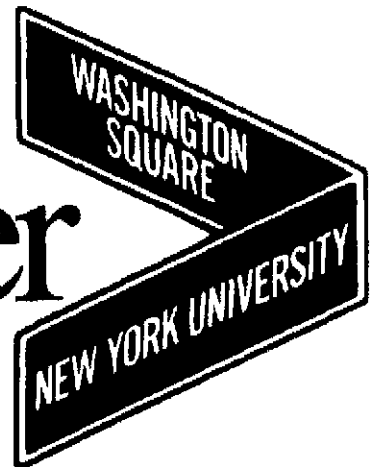
212-854-2224



STATRAVEL

120 OFFICES WORLDWIDE

The Sign of a Great Summer



Head in the right direction and be part of the NYU Summer. Choose from over 1,000 courses taught by leaders in their fields— day or night. Live in the heart of Greenwich Village for as little as **\$100 per six-week session**. You can cover a lot of ground during two six-week sessions. Make the NYU Summer part of your year-round plan.

For a free 1991 Summer Sessions Bulletin, call us today toll free at **1-800-228-4NYU, ext. 614**, or mail the coupon below.



Session I:
May 20-June 28

Session II:
July 1-August 9

NYU SUMMER

New York University
25 West Fourth Street
Room 632
New York, N.Y. 10012

Please send me a free 1991 Summer Sessions Bulletin

- Undergraduate
 Graduate

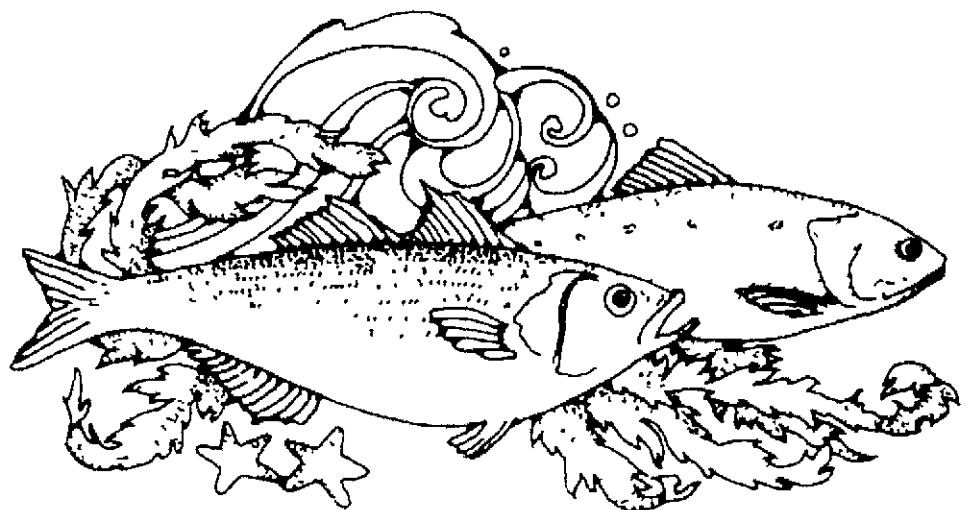
My area of interest is _____

NAME _____ SOCIAL SECURITY NO _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____
TELEPHONE _____
 Day Evening

New York University is an affirmative action equal opportunity institution.

SCHOOL CURRENTLY ATTENDING _____

X85



Barnard Bulletin

Editors-in-Chief
Gretchen Crary
Ali Stone

News Editors
Sharon Friedman
Rhea Suh

News Assistants
Tiara Bacal Korn
Jen Sundick

Women's Issues
Tamara Cohen
Janie Iadipaolo

The Arts
Katherine Davis
Susan Leff
Sabrina Rubin

Photography
Julie Lei
Eugenie Milroy

Cover Design
Amy Talkington

Cartoonist
Elizabeth Skrapits

The Barnard Bulletin is published on Mondays throughout the academic year. Letters to the editor are due in our office by 5pm the Wednesday preceding publication. Opinions expressed in the Bulletin are those of the authors, and not necessarily of Barnard College.

The Barnard Bulletin
3009 Broadway
105 McIntosh Center
New York, New York 10027
(212) 854-2119

Photo By Rachel Rinaldo	4
FORE!play By Sabrina Rubain	5
Two Ways to Look at Me By Amy Talkington	8
Photo By Eugenie Milroy	8
The Sticker Stickerand Envelope Licker By Amy Talkington	9
Photo By Eugenie Milroy	9
Self-Portrait By Susan Leff	11
From the Journals of Antigone V. Alderman By Elizabeth Skrapits	12
Dear Chris Anonymous	13
Poetry	14
Swimming in Open Water By Elizabeth Pittman	15
Photo By Julie Lei	18
Who Am I, This Woman? By Elizabeth Costello	19
Untitled By Michal Lemberger	20
Her Lover's Eyes By Reena Jana	20
Across the Fields By Angela Tung.....	21
Photo By Eugenie Milroy	23

Cover photo by Eugenie Milroy



By Rachel Rinaldo

FORE!play

By Sabrina Rubin

The stage is set so that there are two separate scenes on stage. On the first, Bob and George, both in their forties, are on the ninth hole of a golf course. The second half of the stage, when the lights come up on it, will be a connected master bedroom and bathroom, where Bob's wife, Katherine, is.

George: What the hell, Bob! What's wrong with you today?

Bob: Nothing. Why do you ask?

George: You're using a 5 Iron. You need real lift on this ball, Bob! Use a 9 Iron! Christ, you taught me that in the first place. Where's your head today?

Bob: I just have a lot on my mind.

George: Like what?

Bob: Like...Eggs.

George: (slowly) Eggs.

Bob: I hate eggs.

(George is baffled into silence)

Bob: She knows I hate eggs.

George: Trouble with Katherine?

Bob: (in wonderment) She asked me if I wanted eggs for breakfast. Twenty two years of marriage and she asks me if I want them scrambled or sunny side up.

George: It's a small detail. She was probably just thinking about other things.

Bob: She was.

(silence)

Bob: And then she had this dream...

(Crosses stage to 2nd set. Bob is brushing his teeth, towel on head turban style, humming loudly as he brushes. Katherine is perched on the edge of the bathtub, shaving her legs.)

Katherine: I had the strangest dream last night.

Bob: (didn't hear, voice blurred by toothpaste) What?

K: Nothing.

B: (spews toothpaste as he speaks) What? What did you say?

K: (irritated) Well, if you didn't sing so loud, maybe you'd hear me.

B: (stops brushing, tries to figure out what he's done wrong) Sorry.

K: Anyway, I had a really weird dream... dear, must you wear a towel on your head? It's so... feminine.

B: (spits out his toothpaste) Will you tell me your dream already?

K: Well, I was facing a long row of elevators. Only one of them would take me where I wanted to go. And then...you were there, telling me which elevator to take. I got in—because you wanted me to, you understand, but I had my suspicions that it was the wrong one. I rode up and up and up...and the doors never opened at the top. Dead end.

B: (interested) Go on.

K: I almost felt like you had done it on purpose, you had sent me barking up the wrong tree for your amusement...I got back down to the bottom, and when I stepped out, I was in your office building. It was silent and empty, so I assumed everyone was at the Christmas party. (A little bitterly) Remember the Christmas party?

B: (wryly) Some of it.

K: Anyway, I started looking for the party... but where was it? I couldn't find anyone. And then I suddenly realized that I had gotten off the wrong floor, completely the wrong floor. And I was walking by myself, all alone...

B: (distractedly) Pretty weird. (Looks around, walks into bedroom.)

K: (to herself)...but I liked the sound of my heels clicking in the silent halls.

B: (Returning wearing a bathrobe) I think I need a new robe.

(She sighs, sits back down and resumes shaving.)

B: So that dream must have really shaken you up. You woke up before the alarm this morning.

K: Five minutes before. And then I reset the alarm for ten minutes later.

B: Why?

K: I don't know, I kind of liked the quiet.

B: You looked like you were in a trance or something.

K: I was thinking.

B: About?

K: About what my dream meant.

B: (Trying to close the window, can't. Stands on toilet and strains to close it) Goddamit, why do you always open the window when I shower?

K: (primly) I don't want mildew.

Sabrina Rubin

(Window slams closed. Bob crosses back to George, swings)

George: Not so much wrist, Bob, put your whole arm into it. OK, so she didn't want mildew in the bathroom. What's your point?

Bob: George, are you listening to me? I'm not talking about mildew! I'm talking about my marriage!

George: What do mildew and marriage have in common?

Bob: NOTHING! Will you shut up and let me talk already? So anyway, then I bring up the prank calls we've been getting.

George: You've been getting phony phone calls?

Bob: I said that, didn't I?

(Crosses stage, begins shaving)

B: We got another prank call last night. At 3:30 AM.

Katherine: Really? Did he say anything?

B: He? How do you know it's a he? They always just hang up.

K: No reason...just a guess.

B: It's been going on for so long. We should really call the police about it.

K: (Startled, she cuts herself) OW!

B: You OK?

K: (Smiles nervously, cleaning it up) Just a little cut.

B: So what's on your agenda today?

K: Well, I have to buy more Italian books—

B: Do you have class tonight?

K: Yep. At 9:00.

B: Hon, can we discuss this class of yours? It's so inconvenient for us. I mean, I get home so late, we don't even have a chance to have dinner together. And on the nights you don't have class, I sometimes have meetings—

K: (Too quickly) Speaking of which, I meant to tell you—the class has been changed from two to three nights a week.

B: Three—

K: And I have to leave a little earlier from now on to get there on time, for a change.

B: Wait—

K: And I'm going to have tutoring sessions every Saturday morning.

B: Saturday mornings? Honey, does your Italian really need that much work? It's becoming an obsession! Don't you think four times a week is a little excessive?

K: (Stubbornly) Paolo said I forgot a lot over the winter break and I need some brushing up.

(In the middle of slapping his face with aftershave, freezes with his hands on his cheeks)

Bob: Paolo?

Katherine: I mean Mr. Franzese. My teacher. He...likes us to call him by his first name.

(Crosses to George)

Bob: Paolo? Paolo! She calls him Paolo? My wife calling another man Paolo?

George: Well, I mean, it is his name, you know.

Bob: (glaring) Yeah, yeah. But what does it mean in Italian, I ask you! But wait—here comes the best part. It all started when I couldn't find my hairbrush.

(At the word, light comes up on Katherine in bathroom. She is suddenly panicky, grabs her hairbrush and starts frantically pulling hairs out.)

Bob: (crossing to Katherine) Honey, have you seen my hairbrush?

K: (Hiding her brush behind her back) I think it's on your nighttable, dear.

(He goes into bedroom, she resumes cleaning the brush. She hides it again as she hears him coming back.)

B: (coming back) Nope, it's not there. It's OK, I'll use yours.

(He puts out his hand. They stare at each other.)

B: (sarcastically) May I?

(She hands it to him, goes into bedroom and into bed. She plays with her wedding ring. Bob happens to see something peeking out from under the bathmat. Pulls it out. It's a sock.)

B: There it is! A while ago, I couldn't find this sock, so I got rid of the mate. Threw it out or something. Just my luck.

K: Like Romeo and Juliet.

B: Huh?

K: Well, first Romeo and Juliet are together. Then one dies...so the second one dies...and then the first wakes up...(sadly) They'll never get it together. I bet when you throw away that sock, you'll find the first one.

B: What are you talking about?

K: Just babbling.

B: (brushing hair, calls from bathroom) Oh, honey, I notice you've been leaving the front door unlocked when I come home...I appreciate the convenience, but I'd really rather you kept it locked...I mean, anyone could come in...Oh, could you renew our New York Times subscription for me? And my brown pants need sewing—there's a rip in the right pocket. And could you speak to the housekeeper about our room? No matter how spotless the rest of the house is, our room is always messy, the bed's always unmade. (Stops short. Looks at the brush, alarmed.) Honey? (walks into bedroom)

Honey?

(She is lost in thought, a dreamy smile on her face.)

B: (tentitively) Katherine?

K: (sleepily) Yes?

B: Why are you looking like that?

K: Like what?

B: (mimics her dopey smile) Like that!

K: No reason.

B: You know, I ran into your friend Emily the other day. She says to tell you that she hasn't seen you in ages, and you two must get together soon.

K: What a sweetie.

B: Katherine, didn't you tell me you had lunch with her last week?

K: Oh, did I say Emily? I was with Rachel.

B: Now that you mention it, Rachel was with Emily when I saw her. She hasn't seen you around, either. (Points hairbrush at her accusingly) Who's been using your hairbrush?

K: What do you mean? No one but me.

B: (pulls out a hair) Your hair is blond, not black. And don't say it's the housekeeper's.

K: (weakly) Come to think of it, I do seem to remember her brushing her hair—

B: Katherine, what are all the green pencil marks on the kitchen calendar for?

K: My Italian test days—

B: Katherine. Katherine? Look at me. If Italian is such a passion of yours, why don't I ever see you do your homework? (holds out hair) Whose hair is this, Katherine?

K: (suddenly) When was the last time you paid me a compliment?

B: (confused) A compliment? What in the world—

K: Yes, you know. Like, "You look nice today" or "I'm proud of your Mary Kay sales." Or how about even "I love you", for God's sake!

B: (as sincerely as he can) I love you.

K: (ignoring him) There's really something we have to discuss, Bob.

B: You look beautiful when you're angry.

K: You're too late, Bob. You're about three months too late for that. You know what I'm talking about.

B: Honey, please—this has nothing to do with the Christmas party—

K: Yes it does! It has everything to do with it! That night was the unofficial end to our marriage! I was trying to be supportive of you, going to your stupid office party and giving everyone fake smiles and all. And YOU—plastered out of your skull... "Drink up, dear, it's Christmas." Making a fool of the two of us. HUMILIATING me like that —

B: It's really not such a big deal. You're overreacting as usual—

K: I don't think so. I think that now is a fine time to discuss the issue.

B: (glancing at watch) Hon, I'm going to be late for work—

K: Work can wait.

B: Look, I was shitfaced, that's all. I didn't know what I was saying. I didn't mean to insult you. It was just a joke—you know I didn't mean it. Right?

K: I was just eating carrot sticks —

B: Just the way you were gnawing at them, with this look of determination, I couldn't resist making a crack—

K: About how I needed the practice.

B: It was just a little joke—

K: That completely embarrassed me in front of everyone! How could I face them after that? How could you do that to me? Besides, I took it personally.

B: What?

K: (sulkily) I didn't think I was that bad.

(Crosses to George, swinging)

George: So you're saying that after twenty two faithful years, your wife had an affair with her Italian teacher because of one little blow job joke?

B: She said it was the straw that broke the camel's back.

G: (Snickering despite himself) I remember when you made that comment. Christ, it was hysterical.

B: Shut up, George, this is serious!

G: Focus on the ball, Bob.

B: (getting angry) Can't you think of anything but golf? How can I focus on the goddamn ball when my wife is having an affair?

G: (calmly) Bob. You're having an affair, too. Remember?

B: Oh. Oh yeah. That's right. Thanks, George, I nearly lost it there. (putts, the ball goes straight into the hole.) Ready for another nine? 🍏

Two Ways to Look at Me

By Amy Talkington

I am a lady,
but two birds sit on my head.

I am an artist,
but my closet is neat.

I am comfortable,
but Elvis and a cow balance delicately on my toe.

I am a woman,
but I have no breasts.

Photo by Eugenie Milroy



The Sticker Sticker and Envelope Licker

By Amy Talkington

It was New Year's Eve and normally Andi would have gone to Neiman's on that day to charge her father a New Year's gift to herself. In the process, she'd have picked up an extra something, something she hated, something really Neiman's, like a belt with a gold nugget buckle or a scarf, something that had no chance whatsoever of seducing her. She'd have chatted with the sales lady, saying, "Yes, it's wonderful. It'd never work for me but my friend Sally...she'll love it." Shortly into the new year she'd have driven out to the north Dallas Neiman's to return it for cash.

But, Andi didn't feel like getting herself a gift this year. Either that, or she was just too lazy to get in the car and drive to Neiman's. Instead, she sat in front of a TV that she didn't watch. She didn't think about anything in particular. She had that glaze on her eyes that made her grandfather, the Commander, think she was on drugs as he walked by the TV room on the way to the downstairs bathroom. No drug in particular, just "Drugs," he thought as he unzipped his pants.

When she was younger, Andi'd ask her dad, Mack, if he'd mind treating her and five friends to see their favorite concert. He'd say, "OK, Honey." He was a big man and he loved to "treat" the girls. He'd sit at home late the night of the show,

imagining them all dressed up toasting a toast of root beer to him. This brought a crooked smile to his round face because half of his face was paralyzed in dental surgery in 1979. But, Andi would have told her friends that she "just had to charge the tickets" and that they could each pay her cash. She'd profit eighty bucks and they'd all go out, get drunk, and go to whatever show it was that the young boy Andi liked at the time had said he was going to. But, that lucrative trick stopped working on Andi's sixteenth birthday when her friend got taken to jail for hitting a cop with a whiskey bottle.

Andi's grandmother, Dorothy, walked by the TV room on her way to the downstairs telephone room to call the Neighborhood Crime Watch. As she picked up the phone and pushed speed dial #1, she thought out loud, "Andi looks bored. I'll give her some stickers to stick on the ...Hello, yes Crime Watch, this is Dorothy Savage on Swiss Avenue.. Well, I'm just fine but I've seen a derelict that looks up to no gods walk briskly around our corner five times in the last hour...Yes, he's tall, Mexican and in a sweatsuit...OK, yes, thank you."

Last year, Mack had a brilliant idea for a vacation. He hadn't visited his sister Millie in a long time and her knew she was depressed because her daughter, Boo, the three babies, and second husband had run off to Kerrville. Millie was convinced that Boo's new husband, Johnny, was a wife-beater. She had heard this from members of her choir at church, "who knew"



Photo by Eugenie Milroy

Amy Talkington

because Johnny used to play piano for their rehearsals. Boo, in fact, had met Johnny through the choir at church, too. Andi always wondered why her aunt Millie told her cousin Randall that he wasn't going to meet a wife at "those damn kicker bars, in a pick-up truck and a tank top," but that he was to meet a good wife in church.

Dorothy walked into the TV room with a big box full of envelopes and plopped it down onto Andi's lap. "If you're not going to pay any attention to TV, then you can give a New Year's gift to the city and help get rid of those damn crack houses! Here are one hundred envelopes filled with the latest crimewatch bulletins. Just stick the stickers on and lick 'em shut." Ever since her brother Bill's death the previous spring, Dorothy had become obsessed with the Neighborhood Crime Watch, she had almost totally abandoned her other charity work. This seemed odd to the rest of the family because the great-uncle Billy has died of purely natural causes.

Mack was an expert hunter. He liked to shoot many birds with one bullet when he saw the opportunity to do so. He had surprised Andi with the plan of a mid-spring vacation to Galveston. She hadn't realized until they were halfway to Galveston that the "vacation" was the result of his hunting personality, when he mentioned they were going to "stop off" in Texas City to say "hi" to Aunt Millie.

Andi was an expert sticker sticker and envelope licker. Ever since she, her mother, Virginia, and her stepfather, Lee, had moved into the grandparents house in 1987 when the oil crash happened to Texas and Lee lost his geological oil work while his daughter, Martine, was hospitalized for manic depression., Dorothy had had Andi sticking stickers and licking envelopes for the Womens' Junior League, or the Historic Preservation League, or, as now, the Neighborhood Crime Watch. Andi had learned how to talk on the phone at the same time. So, as she stuck and licked, she called her friend Gaby and told her to pick her up at nine. Andi didn't usually go out before eleven p.m. but, after all, she said, "It's New Year's Eve. We have too many parties to go to and people to see."

Mack and Andi had arrived in Texas City late that Sunday night. Millie greeted them with her speciality, "Ambrosia salad," she said, "Your favorite, Mack. Cool Whip, canned oranges, pineapples, peaches, pecans, and white sugar" and some ribs and some corn and some Texas toast.

Virginia, Lee, Dorothy, and the Commander all went out for a New Year's dinner. They invited Andi, but she said she had to get ready for a big night. She didn't eat any dinner because yet she hadn't decided what she was going to wear, whether she'd wear her favorite dress and risk ripping or burning it at a crowded party, or whether she'd wear something that looked good but she didn't much care for. She thought about this in the shower.

When Andi had woken up in Texas City, she didn't want to put on a bathing suit, but it was Mack's big idea to "hit the beach," he hollered through the door. She zipped up her suit, walked into the living room and waited for him to call it ooh-la-la. "Ooh-la-la," Mack said, "That's ooh-la-la." He had made up this term when his daughter hit puberty. It was his way of saying she looked sexy without really saying it.

Andi dried off with a dark towel. Up one leg and then the other. She patted her stomach and then her arms, and then whipped the towel over her right shoulder, grabbed it with her left hand and dried her back like a shoeshine. One day a few years ago, Virginia had somehow realized that her daughter did not know how to dry her back. She showed Andi the shoeshine technique and said, "Oh, God, you're seventeen years old and you don't know how to do this? Have I failed at being a mother?" Andi wondered this as she dried her back.

Mack and Andi lied on the hard, empty beach all day. On the way back to Texas City they stopped at K Mart. Andi had wanted to get a pair of overalls, but she ended up leaving with a nightgown, some pants, a shirt, and some socks. Mack loved the idea of buying his daughter clothes at K Mart. It made him feel closer to her.

When Andi and Mack got back to Texas City, it was nearly seven and Millie and her husband, Bob, were ready to eat. Andi knew already where they would eat, the same place they had for the last five years, Bob's On The Point. Millie liked it because it has the the "best fried seafood in Texas" and Bob always said that it was named after him. But, the real reason they always went back to Bob's On The Point is because they serve big portions, and Millie and Bob are big, and they have a good handicapped ramp, and Bob goes in a wheelchair because of his Multiple Sclerosis. After a big Bob's dinner, they all returned to Texas City where Virginia had left a message for Andi on the answering machine., "Hello Mildred and Bob. I am sorry that I have not yet returned the home films of the children, I am having them put on video very soon. I am sorry to bother you but would you please have Andi call me back as soon as possible. Thank you. Good-bye." Andi and Mack were back in Dallas by noon the next day.

Andi put lotion on her body and sprayed perfume. She dotted concealer around her eyes and her nostrils, and then covered it up with a thick make-up base. She then patted her face with white powder. She looked dead. Her eyelashes white from makeup. She decided to wear her favorite dress, and put it on.

As they pulled up the driveway of Swiss Avenue Andi started to cry. Her mother was standing outside holding hangers, some with white shirts, some with pants, some with ties. Andi ran to hold her mother, who only said, "I don't know which to bury him in. I don't know which one. Should it be his favorite tie, the one he wore every day? Should it be that tie?" Virginia cried like an old drunk. Andi drove her mother to the funeral parlor.

She stood in his bathroom spilling makeup and loose hairs all over his old sink that had only seen Efferdent and grey hairs. As she looked in the mirror, Andi wondered if her Uncle Billy would even recognize her like this. She hadn't recognized him when he was dead. She smeared black shadow over her eyelids and clumped mascara on the lashes. Red lipstick on her lips. She didn't want Uncle Billy to recognize her tonight. ●



By Susan Leff

From the Journals of Antigone V. Alderman

By Elizabeth Skrapits

3 November

Another day, another stifled yawn. Beats me why I've decided to keep a journal; nothing exciting ever happens to me anyway. Well, at least when I'm old and boring, I can look back and recall that I was young and boring, too. Consoling thought.

Woke up this morning with a hangover the size of the Midwest from one too many at Craig and Jeff's party last night. I don't remember too much of the evening, but three people have stopped by to tell me how much they enjoyed my extemporaneous performance of ancient Mayan fertility dances. That does it. No more alcoholic frolics. (Until tomorrow, anyway.)

Speaking of substance abuse, I went to the departmental office to see my Philosophy prof about getting an extension for my Heidegger paper, and I caught him sniffing White-out with the TA. Well. My image of him is totally blown.

Exam grades posted today. I only got a B in French, but I beat Jaime Padrewski, who's the best French student I know; unfortunately, she tends to crack under pressure. The night before the exam she got stressed out and wrote unspeakable things about Professor Cochonne in blue eyeliner on the bathroom mirror. Frankly, I think if he had seen them he would have raised her grade for sheer creativity, but I guess the point is moot.

Kathryn is getting on my nerves. I abhor having an anal-retentive Engineering major for a roommate. While I was at lunch she left a jumbo-size bottle of laundry detergent on my bed with note saying "PLEASE USE ME!" So I put it back on hers with one that said, "I CAN'T. LAUNDRY DETERGENT HAS FEELINGS, TOO." OK, so I haven't done the wash since last semester. But my half of the room hasn't been denounced by the EPA yet, and besides, all the mice have moved out. Whether that's a good sign or a bad one I can't say.

After our classes were over, Paula, Desi and I hung out for a while outside Pennington Hall. We felt like being obnoxious, so we sat beneath the big ugly modern sculpture (it's scary the things the college spends our tuition money on), smoking Marlboro Reds, chugging Buds, belching and making loud derisive comments about jocks and frat boys who walked by:

"Whooo-eee! Lookit the buns on that one!"

"Yo, man, where d'you get your clothing, Woolworth's?"

"Shake it, dude!"

"Hey, check out the babe in the tight Levi's!"

"What the hell does he do, stuff his crotch with athletic socks? Damn, Nature couldn't have given him that much for real!"

Some of the guys got a kick out of us, but most of them were pretty mad. They couldn't say anything, though, because we know they make worse comments about the females on this campus. I'll bet we shut them up, at least for a while. We didn't stay long, however, because Desi made the mistake of wolf-whistling at this dude who looked pretty interesting from the back, but turned out to be Dean Brenner, who is at least 40 and wears a cheap toupee. Bleah. Desi said she thought he had a nice tush anyway. There's no accounting for some people's tastes.

Marita and Jose invited me to go with them to some club this evening. A local band called "Catfood Machine" is playing. I told them that I thought I felt a bad case of malarial fever coming on, but otherwise would be overjoyed at the prospect.

Martin's on the warpath again. Someone drew horns and a swastika on the Dan Quayle poster on his door. He came by to ask if I was responsible; since I only drew the lobotomy scars, I denied it. He hung around telling liberal jokes (how many liberals does it take to change a lightbulb? 20. One to find a bulb that was produced by a neutral country with non-exploitative labor, one to find a way to change it without causing offense, and the other 18 to protest for the rights of people who prefer the dark). He didn't leave until I threatened to hit him with a copy of the Anarchists Cookbook, and then he stormed out muttering dire phrases about how knee jerk radicals would get their comeuppance at the hand of God. I hollered after him that God was probably a Democrat. Kathryn and I barely got the door locked in time.

Encountered Sara sneaking out of Bill's room in a negligee at four this morning. She claimed she only wanted to borrow his stapler. Yeah, right.

I think the strains of college life are beginning to get to David. He stole three rolls of toilet paper from the bathroom and let them unfurl out his window in long streamers, draping themselves over trees and bushes and our RA, who happened to be standing outside at the time. He didn't like that very much, and came stamping down the hall like the last buffalo, threatening to report whoever was responsible. David hid in the closet and made Jordan cover for him until he left. Jordan just called to ask if I'd like to swap roommates; David's eccentricities are getting to be too much for him, and having Kathryn as a roommate would be the next best thing to having a single because she's so inoffensive. "That's what you think, babe," I said, and hung up on him.

Tomorrow morning I have a nine o'clock Bio lecture. I'd like to get to bed early and be well-rested for a change, but I don't think it's going to happen, because Joseph and Andre next door are playing some very loud mariachi music. Wait—I hear murmurs of dissent from the other residents on this floor...

Now Paula and Arlene are retaliating with a Stones tape.

Sara and Meng are combatting with some Mozart.

Bill and Charles are blasting the Grateful Dead.

Billie Holiday is wailing from Patrice and Jaime's room.

And De La Soul is coming from Bettina and Marita's.

I think I'll sign off right now. I have to go put on a Dead Kennedys tape to drown the cacophony. Tomorrow I start searching the real estate ads for an apartment off campus... 🍌

Dear Chris

Dear Chris,

The night the city was covered in huge, fluffy snowflakes was one of the most wondrous evenings I have ever had. Do you, can you, remember that evening as I have? Do you remember the snowball fight we had in the park? I pelted you with tightly packed snow bombs and you charged at me with all of your force. You tackled me and slammed me into the icy cold ground, and we rolled around in the snow, laughing and gasping. The snow soaked my jeans and I remember thinking that my legs would freeze, crack off, and be permanently wrapped around your body! Do you remember those people laughing at us when they walked by? Do you remember how hard we were laughing? You really almost killed me. You were so determined to win that snow fight—I still can't believe that you rubbed my face in the snow! I was seething when I flipped you over, I wanted to shower you with icy snow, but in an instant I wanted to lavish you with endless kisses. I can't remember ever feeling so free, so alive! we were young that night! We were adventurous and passionate. Do you remember the snow angels we made together? we were lying side by side, furiously flapping our arms and moving our legs open closed, open closed, open closed. Do you remember how content those figures looked together? They were perfect snow angels, faceless, nameless, flawless. Do you remember when you tried to catch snow flakes on your nose? I can just picture your face turned up to the sky, desperately trying to capture a single, perfect, downy flake on your bright red nose. You were breathtaking! I remember feeling that I would burst if I didn't turn your face to mine, if I didn't kiss that regal nose with the perfect snowflake on it. Do you remember following the footprints we found in between the rickety fence and the trees? We pretended we were tracking Big Foot. We tip-toed along the path, whispering about how famous we would be after we discovered Big Foot in Riverside Park. Do you remember the ridiculous grunts you were making to lure the mysterious, furry beast? I remember just standing there watching you gesticulate like some unnatural creature. There you were, hopping up and down, making these guttural noises. I was struck by how uninhibited you are, how free you are, and how cautious I can be. I'll not soon forget your "Big Foot Dance," nor will I forget how happy you make me. You can make me smile even when I am determined not to. Don't ever forget that. Do you remember that I reached out and pulled you to me and kissed you? I kissed you beneath the intertwined branches of the two trees that were on either side of the path. We held each other beneath that natural snow canopy and listened to the silence of the park. We felt like thieves because we were stealing that amazing moment in a park that we knew was dangerous at night. We didn't belong there, we were definitely in the wrong place at the wrong time. Do you remember when the snow came cascading down upon us when we were kissing? Do you remember how surprised we were? I remember holding you for an instant with the snow covering us, and I had imagined that we had become a glistening winter sculpture—a part of the beauty that surrounded us. In that instant, I had forgotten everything and everyone. Did you forget, as I had, or did you remember that we were two women, stealing a moment, in a place where we didn't belong?

This piece remains anonymous at the request of the author.



Photo by Eugenie Mikroy

Darlene

She leans over the counter
and snaps her chewing gum
"Yeah, all that bastard
ever gave me was the clapp"
Then she pushes my order of
buckwheat cakes in front of me
I ask her if she's got any of that
good truckstop butter

Amy

Ugly things I
wrote when I
was 15
I can't take back
because

Amy lives
for everything
ever said or done
it is all the same
to her—yesterday
or tomorrow.

She'll never believe
I believe anything
different now.

Swimming in Open Water

By Liz Pittman

Virginia wakes to the song of exotic birds and bright tropical sunlight filtering through the sheer white curtains. At once she recalls the three hour ferry, her exhaustion and sickness from the motion of the waves, but the clouded memory of their dark arrival burns away like fog in the morning sun. Her eyes skim the surfaces of the room, over brushed pile carpet, glistening floral fabrics, and the high gloss of the blue enamel and glass-decorated and arranged beautifully, a replica of the photograph in the travel agent's brochure. Next to her, Richard sleeps on his stomach with his arms tucked under the pillow. He burrows deeper into sleep. Virginia leaves the bed gently and tiptoes to the bathroom.

The door clicks shut. She lifts her cool cotton nightgown and sits on the white porcelain toilet seat, allowing herself to relax completely. She glances at herself in the mirror and picks through miniature tubes and bottles marked with the insignia of the hotel. She pours turquoise bath gel into the rushing water and moves her book from the back of the toilet seat, where she had put it the night before, to the tile beside the tub. She settles herself in the rising water and paints her body with bubbles. With opened palms she sweeps the water up over her chest. The waves run back, leaving white foam stranded on the elevation of her breast. She sits still, listening to the hum of the bursting bubbles, she dries her hands and begins her book.

Richard knocks gently before coming in. He is pleased to find her in the bath, allowing himself to believe it is a romantic plot she has initiated.

"Do you mind if I join you?" he asks. Virginia checks the page and returns the book to the back of the toilet. They arrange themselves as comfortably as possible. Virginia sitting in front between Richard's legs. He drips handfuls of water over her shoulders and breasts. They chat about yesterday's travel, the hotel, and last night's sleep. When the conversation catches up with the morning, Richard turns Virginia's head and kisses her. They make love in the bathroom, standing in front of the mirror. Virginia braced against the commode, her eyes closed, Richard moving behind her, watching in the mirror.

The tables in the hotel dining room sparkle with accents of sun-filled glass and shined silver. Waiters in tuxedos and groomed mustaches stand watch from the corners. Virginia sits at a table by the window, watching the palms along the patio bend silently. Virginia recalls her mother's prediction, "I think he's going to ask you to marry him," she had said. Outside the window a man in a khaki uniform drags a plastic trashcan over seams between concrete blocks.

"You're not here alone, are you, honey?"

A woman with unnatural red hair is standing by the table.

"No, I'm not," Virginia answers.

"Your honeymoon, then?" The woman's voice was nasal, her face aged by years of too much sun.

"No."

"I don't mean to intrude. My husband hates it when I do this, but I think half the fun of any vacation is the people you meet, don't you? Who can stand a whole week with just one other person? I don't call that a vacation. Anyway, my name is Pat." Pat sits in the chair next to Virginia. "Would you mind if my husband and I join you for breakfast? I'd consider it a personal favor. It is our anniversary, thirty-eight years, but even that won't keep him from working."

Richard returns from the lobby. His face plainly expressing surprise, but openly expecting an explanation from Virginia.

"Richard, this is Pat."

"It's nice to meet you," Richard says.

"My husband will be down in just a minute," Pat says. "He's on the phone with his partner."

After a long silence, Richard finally sits next to Virginia.

"Have you been here before?" Pat asks.

"No, we haven't," Richard says.

"We just got here last night," Virginia adds. "It seems very beautiful."

"Oh it is. Donald and I have travelled quite a bit and we always come back here. But I still think the most beautiful city we've ever been to is Venice. The canals are so romantic winding through the old stone buildings. We met a couple there. They were Italian, they invited us to their home for dinner. They spoke so little English, but we still had a wonderful time."

Donald arrived in the dining room. He remained standing while his wife made introductions.

"Donald, this is Richard and Virginia. They got here last night and I was just telling them about Venice," she says apparently hoping that her husband would sit down quietly.

"It was filthy," Donald speaking directly to Richard. "Filthy and busy. I find it impossible to vacation in a place where people are living. That's why I like it down here. Everything here is clean and quiet. This is the only place where I can relax."

"Why don't you sit?" Pat asks her husband. "We can all have breakfast together."

"I am quite sure they didn't come all this way to eat with strangers. So let's leave them alone and go get another table." He looks at Richard and Virginia. "Please excuse us," he says while waiting for his wife.

"Yes," she says. "Please excuse us." She stands up. "You seem like such a nice couple. I am sure you will have a lovely vacation."

The waiter came to fill the glasses. In the silence, Virginia scanned the menu, uncertain of what she wants. She imagines

Elizabeth Pittman

a mouthful of poached eggs, soft, buttery toast. Runny yolk coats her mouth. Warm pancakes the syrup slow and sticky sweet: too hot and heavy in the hot and heavy sun.

"I was beginning to think we were stuck" Richard confesses looking up from his menu.

"It is their anniversary" Virginia says.

"They did not seem very happy."

"No, they didn't."

"I promise never to be so horrible you'd want to escape me by having breakfast with strangers," Richard says as he looks back to his menu.

Virginia's eyes move from the entrees to the list of sweet deserts: imagined frozen yogurt cools the mouth, sliding easy down her throat.

Richard and Virginia lie in the sun roasting red hot. Perspiration beads and drips down their necks. They agree it is time to swim and run to the water and dive head first into the waves. In the open water, Virginia stands and looks to the horizon. The fine line between the rich, dense blue of the water and the clear, white blue of the sky. In front of her she sees a thin transparent fish invisible except when in motion: darting forward, pausing invisible, turning and darting forward again. Virginia stands still in the water watching the fish move wondering at the reason behind the seeming random motion. Like the fish, she pauses wondering which way to go. She swims, drawn inevitably to the horizon, to the beach, or to Richard. She pauses again, determined to move only spontaneously, to follow the dictates of whim. She sinks below the surface, darting back and forth at will. But again she finds herself moving to the horizon or to the shore. Used to sidewalks, highways, and paths she is paralyzed by open spaces. When she surfaces, Richard is there, above the water, smiling at the fish.

"What are you doing?" He teases.

"Swimming," she says.

He is charmed by her. Picking her up from the sandy bottom, he holds her in his arms, twisting and turning at will.

They return to their towels and lie face down in the sand. Their talk slows as the heat and sun overwhelm their senses, anesthetizing their minds: they sink heavily into sleep. Virginia wakes, wet with sweat her mind clouded. The contrasting relief of the water clarifies her senses. She believes she sees the edge between water and air, the empty space between grains of sand. She allows herself to float with the waves: Richard and the towels, and the beach seem to rise and fall predictably. She floats further from shore, sinks to the bottom, closes her eyes and listens. Unable to see the boundaries, she believes that she hears the beat of the waves in her pulse. When she rises to the surface, she swims forward blindly. Every three or four strokes she pauses: her chin up, nose and ears to the air, she floats and listens. Her strokes begin to contradict one another, as first she swims this way then that. She considers only the next few strokes, never her final destination. When she opens her eyes, she finds she had gone far from where she began. She cannot see the towels, nor Richard, nor the hotel or even the two other hotels up the beach from where she is staying.

She decides to swim to shore. She sits in the fine wet sand by the water. The waves rush forward to cool and tickle her feet, then rush away quickly in embarrassment. She moves closer to the water and lies on her back. Waves rushing forward surround her, tickling the very edge of her. They rush away only to return. She lies in the sand with her eyes closed, feeling her boundary appear and disappear. Again the heat and the sun overwhelm her, anesthetizing her mind sending her to sleep.

When she wakes again, the sun is lower, and the air is cooler. Even lying still she can feel the sting in her skin. She sits up, aware of the invisible pins pricking every cell, the sum of the pain she has thoughtlessly caused herself. She thinks to walk along the shore in the direction of the hotel, but decides to turn around and walk away from the water towards the interior of the island.

She must be careful as she picks her way through the wood: each step potentially painful to her bare, sunburned feet. She avoids patches of dried leaf and vine, instead, sinking into dark dense mud slippery, smooth, and cool. At the end of every step she selects the next place to position a foot. With every step she grows more accustomed to the mud, the leaves, and the vines. She stops to look up at the sky, the rays of the sun piercing the canopy of leaves, dribbling patches of light along the ground. A rigid vine scrapes the top of her foot, leaving a white line which reddens quickly to the color of her skin. When she moves, she must concentrate on the small area at her feet. Every few feet she stops again to look at the sky, the ground, and the distance ahead and to the side. She discovers the alternatives in the space surrounding her. At the top of a short steep rise she sees the road beneath her. As she pauses to decide whether to follow or to cross, a bright orange jeep comes into sight and stops.

The man driving is wearing overalls without a shirt. His skin is tanned and dark with dirt. His face is covered by beard. His long sun-bleached hair curls under his cap. Skin, hair, and clothes darkened by dirt. The engine of the jeep rolls and walks.

"You all right?" he yells to her.

"I'm fine," she answers.

"You sure don't look fine. You look lost and sunburnt," he yells.

"I'm just out for a walk," she says. "My hotel is that way," she points. "It isn't very far."

The man drops out of the jeep. He takes his time looking at her.

Swimming in Open Water

"Isn't there someone back at the hotel waiting for you?" he asks, peering from the shade of his hat into the bright sun where Virginia is standing.

"Yes, I guess there is," she says.

"Well, do you want a ride?" the man asks, removing his hat to wipe the sweat from his forehead.

"Yes," she says picking her way down the bank to the road. She hops lightly across the hot black asphalt and climbs into the passenger seat of the jeep. He wipes the sweat from the back of his neck with an open palm and wipes the palm on the thigh of his stiff canvas pants.

"Where are you going?" Virginia asks.

"To work—on the other side of the island."

"What do you do?" she asks.

"I repair the roads," he says.

"I'd like to go with you."

The man reached into the back for the T-shirt on the seat. He drops it in Virginia's lap.

"What do you want to do that for?" he asks.

"I just do," she says.

The engine groans, tugging the jeep to the top of each successive rise. The rush of the wind, caught in the frame of the jeep, deafens Virginia and the man to any words courtesy might have compelled them to speak. Instead they listen to the wind and the engine struggling to keep up with the steep, curved roadway.

At the top of the rise Virginia sees the work crew at the side of the road below. The man sends the jeep off the road, cuts the engine and brakes to a stop inches from the overturned box where the two men are playing cards. They are the same tan blackened shade of white.

"Hey Manny, we've been waitin' for you." The man in the cut-off jeans stands to face the jeep.

"Yeah, right. Well, it's not like I though you'd be doing anything," Manny says, getting out of the jeep.

"We've been doing something, Manny. Frank's been losing and I've been winning," says the man still squatting by the box.

"Shut up," Frank says.

"Well, what haven't you been doing?" Manny asks.

"We didn't patch it up because we thought you should see it," Frank says, walking towards the hole in the asphalt on the other side of the road. He squats by the hole and looks into it.

"There's a root down there, Manny. Stu and I think we need to take it out."

"So take it out," Manny says.

"we just wanted to know if you thought so too," Frank says.

Manny laughs.

"Who's the girl?" Stu yells to Manny.

Frank turns to look in the jeep.

"I picked her up on the other side of the island," Manny says.

"A tourist?" Frank asks.

"yeah, I guess so."

"Where are you taking her?" Frank asks.

"Here," Manny says. "This is where she wanted to come."

"Why'd she want to come here?" Frank asks.

"I don't know," Manny says, walking to the hole on the other side of the road. He looks in and walks back towards the jeep. "I don't care how much money you take from one another, just fix it by tomorrow at five."

"Okay, Manny," Frank says.

Manny climbs back into the jeep. He wipes the sweat from the back of his neck with an open palm and wipes the palm on his thigh.

"They don't seem to be in much hurry to finish," Virginia says.

"There's not much use," Manny says. "There's not that much to be done."

Manny starts the jeep and does a U-turn. The wind picks up and the engine grinds the winding, rising passage of the road. Looking out ahead of the jeep Virginia watches the next ten feet of asphalt appear in front of her, as the last ten disappear in the past. The discovered directions surprise her. The road makes no sense: not flat, not straight, not wide enough for two. It is not the expected product of human engineering. Virginia closes her eyes to the wind and the black asphalt path: the jeep slows, turns, accelerates, tracing the terrain, not as an engineer would see it, but as a blind man's fingers would feel it.

Manny takes the jeep down the hill from the road to the level circle in front of the hotel. For a moment they sit in silence, facing the ocean and the beach, watching the waves crawl towards shore.

"Thanks," Virginia says.

"Sure."

Virginia glances at the door of the hotel. A path of hexagonal tiles lead from the jeep to the carpeted lobby.

"You don't need any help fixing the roads, do you?" Virginia asks.

Elizabeth Pittman and Julie Lei

"You have much experience fixing roads?" Manny asks.

"No," Virginia says.

She looks from the path to the beach to the water where she knows invisible fish dart back and forth with indiscernible meaning.

"Frank and Stu have been complaining for a long time about cars coming over the hills, nearly killing them, so maybe we could use someone to hold a stop sign," Manny says.

"Thanks for the ride," Virginia says, dropping from the jeep to the path.

Richard and Virginia await sleep in dark silence. Virginia knows he is still hurt, still worried: he didn't believe she could sleep so long, that it would take so long to walk back to the hotel. He pulls her towards him, kisses her, pressing his hand against her body, allowing himself to believe that making love as usual will prove everything is as usual. Only after he is inside her does she begin to want what has already begun. When he has finished and left her she feels a demanding emptiness. She waits quietly for him to sleep, then in the solitude of the dark she fills the emptiness.

In the morning Virginia wakes to the chatter of excited birds and the sun piercing the thin white curtains. She gently leaves the bed and tiptoes to the bathroom. The door clicks shut and she locks it from the inside. She sits on the cold white porcelain and pees. She closes her eyes: a shiver moves through her from her hips to her shoulders, like a fish thirsting on the beach. She decides then that she will leave: she will take one bag of clothes, half the cash, and the book behind her on the back of the toilet. She knows there will be plenty of time to read while Stu and Frank and Manny play cards. 🍎

photo by Julie Lei



Who Am I, This Woman?

By Elizabeth Costello

What my image sees reflected
in the smiles in the smiles of
passing men:

Smiles when I am smiling
vaguely for happiness in New York
City sunlight

Heads that turn from my sorrow
or thinking all of me is held
in the sight of my body to them
taunting, gestering forward
to their want of it, their
want of it a thing I have invented,
like my want of that orange or kiwi

I know my soul so bodiless, so sexless
that their assurance, that
my smile asks reaction
confuses me.

Who I am this woman
walking crowded city streets
three stprs behind my
abdomen, forehead.

The light that burns
in broken pity beneath the flesh
is not a woman,
is neither woman nor man

My smile means no design
No trickery to constitute this chosen riddle.

Heavenly powers at times it seems
have carved this world of blood
beneath my skin,
and at others
Leave me desperate at the heel of
slaughtering glances, wild with longing
for our invisibility.

Heavenly powers at times it seems
have carved this world of blood
beneath my skin,
and at others
Leave me desperate at the heel of
slaughtering glances, wild with longing
for our invisibility.

Instead, a momentary vindication,
a look that completes the
Street wise love affair.

Untitled

By Michal Lemberger

You looked so good tonight,
Your curly hair just touching your shoulders, and
Your jeans snug around your
Strong legs.
And everyone told me how pretty
I look, but
I'm not like the others
Who can come over, and
Sit on your lap, and
Giggle, and make you
Smile.
My lipstick leaves a mark on
The glass I hold
In my left hand, and
The smoke from my
Yearly cigarette,
Curls and weaves through my long fingers.
I glance up, and
You're smiling at me, but
I have nothing to say, and
Maybe you're really waving at the
Tall, thin girl behind me.
She brushes past me, and
Some wine spills on my shoes, as she
Embraces your chest, and
Kisses the air next to your face.

Her Lover's Eyes

By Reena Jana

Sapphires which can see
Sea-deep, night-sky blue
SO cold, so hard too

Across the Fields

By Angela Tung

The bulldozers wake us every morning. They're tearing out the woods behind the house for new condos. By next week, the trees will all be cleared away. The construction company has informed us of this so that we may get ready. Get ready for what I wonder. We're not the ones being moved.

My mother likes the flowers that grow every spring at the back of the woods. It's spring now and the flowers are in full bloom. She has asked me to pick some for her. I should say no. I should say I have other things to do and promises to keep. If I tell my mother that, surely she won't expect me to go. But I don't. The air is spring, and the flowers are pretty

Behind our house are the Woods. They stretch all the way from the second house on the block to the last one. Here they thin, fade, and finally, disappear.

From the outside, the Woods seem dark and dangerous. All of our mothers forbid us to go in there. The trees are inhabited by ticks and gypsy moths that can lay their squirming larvae in our hair. The dry fallen leaves hide the ringworm that can suck out our innards through the bottoms of our feet. But of course, we don't listen to our mothers; we are children.

The boys play war and adventure games there. The most popular one is Vietnam. One group of boys are the G.I.s and another are the Gooks. Armed with water pistols and plastic machine guns, they crawl on their bellies along the muddy ground and dash from tree to tree trying to get one another. "Pow! You're dead," they say. "Lay down and count to twenty."

We girls play a slightly different game. It is called Truth or Dare. Our demands for truth start with simple things like, "What boy do you like?" or "Do you pick your nose?" The dares are just as harmless: make a silly face, scream as loud as you can. But the longer the game goes on, the crueler it becomes.

"Where do you buy your clothes? K Mart?" a girl asks me. She is only doing this to hurt me. Her clothes are no better than mine. In fact, sometimes they're worse. Rips in the knees, holes in the elbows—she sees my clean sturdy clothes and is jealous.

"Why's your father so fat?" I ask another girl. I am not sorry to say this. I'm viciously satisfied to see someone else besides me red-faced and squirming.

The dares become dangerous, borderline murderous. Climb to the top of the weakest-looking tree. Run through a yard where a huge drooling black dog with fangs is chained up. Most of us take the dares, for fear of being laughed at or put down. The game isn't that much different from Vietnam. We're trying to get one another, though we don't use water pistols.

Sometimes the boys try to run us out of the Woods. We should be playing hopscotch, they say. Or jumping rope. But we hold our ground and do not leave. Sometimes we follow the boys, hiding behind giant fallen trees along the way. They hate us for this and say the Woods are theirs. We say the same thing. But eventually the Woods become a place for both of us. Once the games are done and the echoes of taunting and teasing diminish, it becomes a place for pretending and imagining. For dreaming.

The best time to go exploring is autumn. There are fewer insects and the poison ivy is in hibernation. My friend, Betty, and I make a routine of exploring the Woods everyday after school. We discover a great fallen oak and center one of our games of pretend around it. We are high cavorting queens on adventure. We slay dragons, rescue elves and fairies from evil witches. The fallen oak is our castle.

Soon, Betty tires of the game. I, on the other hand, can never tire of it. I go as far as to place a blessing on the tree under the setting sun, in the tradition of Teribithia. But Betty thinks this is stupid. She is two years younger than I but appears to know many more things than I do. She knows garbage men are actually nomadic kidnappers waiting for a careless child to wander by. She knows all our parents have done disgusting things with each other to get us all here. Betty knows more than I, and we stop playing by the tree.

One day we decide to go all the way to the back of the Woods. We have never been there before. Not because it's particularly dark and foreboding, just the opposite: nothing but a few scattered trees and high weeds. It's not worthy of our attention.

But now we're bored and desperate. We have explored nearly every inch of the Woods and Betty has shot down all of my suggestions for games of pretend. We clear away the weeds and see a field.

Soon we are crawling about in the field. I say we're on a hunting expedition, flailing through miles of thicket in Africa. Surprisingly, Betty likes this idea and plays along.

"Maybe we'll find some nice pygmies," I say.

Right, Dr. Livingston, the voice in my head says because I know Betty will never say the right thing. Perhaps we shall sit with them for a spot of tea. It must be getting on four o'clock.

"Or cannibals," suggests Betty.

Egads, Dr. Livingston! Cannibals? We had better get our poison arrows ready..

All of a sudden, my hand squishes into something soft and warm. My stomach drops and tears come to my eyes at the thought of what it might be. I don't want to tell Betty because I think she will ridicule me. Instead I slowly turn my hand over. The stuff isn't brown as I expect. It's orange and sticky.

Angela Tung

"Pumpkins!" Betty shouts ahead. "Millions of them!"

My entire body sighs in relief and I wipe my palm clean of the orange mush.

There are not a million pumpkins. There aren't even a hundred. There are twenty, maybe thirty, and they're small and a dull-orange color.

"Head hunters!" I exclaim. "Look! Their tragic victims!"

"Shut up," Betty tells me. "Don't be stupid."

She's sitting back on her heels, scrunching up her face and scratching her head. She's thinking.

"It's almost Halloween," she murmurs.

"So?" I snap, trying to be flip. Her last remark has stung.

"So, we could take some to sell. They aren't selling them anywhere else except school. And that's not until next week."

I don't want to do this. I think the pumpkins, if not the field, belong to someone. Perhaps a farmer. Maybe he has grown and cared and loved these pumpkins. I shake my head.

"You're just chicken," Betty informs me.

She's right. I am chicken. In Truth or Dare, I continually spill my guts and even make things up to be sure that everyone believes me. But I'm timid too, and Betty can push me into just about anything.

"Chicken," she primes again.

I think I'll say no. I think I'll nicely, politely say no thank you. I also think Betty won't want to play with me anymore and will make fun of me behind my back. I bend down and pick up three little pumpkins. She holds two.

When we put them up for sale, they disappear very quickly and we make a tidy profit. We got back to the field, this time dragging Betty's dirty red wagon behind us. It can load nine or ten pumpkins. Betty says she can smell the money coming. I ask her why she would want to smell money. After all, it's musty and dirty. She just looks at me and shakes her head.

Do I feel guilty about all of this? Yes, a little. But I also feel important. The other children look up at us with wonder, as we're the source of these wonderful pumpkins.

"Where'd you get 'em?" they ask.

We won't tell.

The second set of pumpkins sells as quickly as the first.

"We 're gonna be millionaires!" Betty says.

But before we can go back to the field a third time, all the children on they block are already there helping themselves. How did they find out? Probably the same way we did: by accident stumbling on it unexpectedly while playing. All the same, Betty accuses me of telling.

"You told," she says.

"I did not!"

"Don't lie. I know you did."

"I didn't. I swear."

She hesitates. "Double swear."

"I double swear...triple swear..."

She still looks skeptical.

"Cross my heart, hope to die, stick a needle in my eye," I add.

She has to believe me.

Still, she's upset the other children have found out about the field. I'm upset about something else. What if the farmer finds out?

The farmer does find out. I hear the story from some older boys on the bus ride to school. They say they were merely milling about in the field, minding their own business, when all of a sudden this farmer in ripped overalls comes charging out. He's carrying a shotgun. The boys nearly pee in their pants from fright but they know enough to pick up and start running like hell. They say they could hear the farmer shouting things like "punks" and "goddamned kids" after them the whole time. They finally reach the edge of the field and lean against a tree, panting. Suddenly, buckshot explodes above their heads. Then another, and another. The farmer's shooting at them! They tear themselves from the tree and run. Running until they can't hear the farmer anymore.

At the time, I don't know whether to believe the boys or not. They look so serious, yet their story sounds like something from the movies. The other children have mixed reactions. The kindergartners and first-graders look at the boys with dropped-jaw awe. My friends and I giggle, half with disbelief, half with nervousness. The boys' rowdy friends cover their want of belief with jostling and pushing. "Aw, you're making that whole damn thing up."

Sometimes I can still hear them. I can hear the children's voices and their laughter. I can feel the rumble jerking of the school bus and smell the stiff leather of the seats. Once in a while, the pain of our truth or dare games comes back to me. The shrillness of the voices rings in my ears. Sometimes I can see the Woods. The smell is bittersweet and mossy. The burrs that used to stick to my socks and sneakers are sharp against my skin. I can see the pumpkin field, push away the high weeds. I can hold the pumpkins in my arms, running curious hands over their smoothness.

Children still play in the Woods once in a while but teenagers don't go in there. I'm a teenager now and we do things like watch video tapes and eat microwave popcorn. Most of us don't remember the Woods or our games or pretending. We are

too embarrassed to remember. Truth or Dare is sill, immature, like something for little girls' sleepover. Vietnam is a place for us now. We hear about it over and over. We know what Gooks are and the images they conjure up are of blood and murder. We pretend not to have known them.

I'm walking through the Woods. The dry fallen leaves rustle against my legs. They make me think of parasite and innards. Vaguely I wonder how they could get to the soles of my feet through my tennis shoes.

The flower bush is smaller than I imagined. There are bees and gnats flying around it. I grab the nearest handful of flowers and yank. The stems are bristly and they stretch. I yank again. This time, the flowers detach. They're bulbous and droopy, like lilies without the strait in the center. Some petals fall as I try to make my way out of the Woods. But my sense of direction is bad and so, I'm lost. I turn and walk in a straight line. Surely, I'll come out soon.

There's a garbage everywhere. The workmen and others—teenagers, workmen—have left crushed beer and soda cans all over. I see something I think is a plastic water pistol. Images of little boys appear and disappear from behind trees and under bushes. Echoes of yelling and laughter reverberate throughout the Woods. "Pow! You're dead. Lay down and count to twenty."

There's a decaying tree at the edge of the Woods. It's silver and splintering, with worm holes all over it. I look up. The sky isn't orange and setting as I think it will be. It's bright blue with white splotches of clouds. I turn away from the tree, traces of a blessing on my lips.

A clearing catches my eye. Not because of bulldozers or burly workmen but because of a field. The weeds around it are low and brittle under my feet. Nothing but vagrants grow here, no seeds, no pumpkins. Nothing. The broken stalks—yellow, dry, and dusty—twinge in the wind.

Finally, I'm out of the Woods. My backyard seems so open compared to the denseness of the trees and bushes. I expect my mother to appear in a window, wondering where I've been. Before, I felt sneaky for coming out of the Woods, triumphant for not getting caught. And when my mother asked me where I had been, I made up some story about Betty's house or riding my bike. I still hide things from my mother, though with more apprehension and ill-ease. But I don't feel as if I'm hiding something now. Rather, I feel as if I'm putting something away. Leaving it behind me. My mother doesn't appear in a window. She knows where I've been and no longer worries. ■

Photo by Eugenie Milroy



MCAT

The Princeton Review

**The
Princeton
Review
is ready
for the
MCAT.**

In April 1991, The American Association of Medical Colleges introduced a revised version of the MCAT. The Princeton Review has spent the past year developing the most up-to-date, comprehensive course available in preparation for this exam.

If you are serious about attending the medical school of your choice, you should find out what The Princeton Review can do for you

**THE
PRINCETON
REVIEW**



212/874-7800

**Come to a FREE PReview to
learn more about the new
MCAT:**

Hunter College

68th & Lexington

Sun. Jan 8 7:30-8:00pm

Sun. Jun 23 7:30-8:00pm