

BARNARD BULLETIN

October 9, 1996

Issue 5

Inside:

Wryn has Mon

One student's campaign for voter registration

Is there a music community at Barnard?

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Bulletin****EDITORIAL BOARD**

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Cover photo by Elizabeth Zick

Voices:**Major Disagreements**

A student in the library armed with a hefty volume of Adam Smith and a problem set looks disgustedly at another who is silently reading Renaissance poetry. I wish all I had to do was read poetry, she mutters. It would be so much easier than problem sets.

This situation is not meant to portray economics majors as miserable and English majors as content poetry readers; instead, it is designed to illustrate a problem on our campus: that of Major stereotyping.

It is common for a student to label any major other than her own easy, and the women who chose different concentrations as slackers. But this is a public service announcement/news bulletin (no pun intended) for all students holding this misconception: there are no easy majors.

People choose majors for various reasons. Some have genuine passion for a period of history, a literary genre, a language, or a particular culture. Inevitably, some students are driven by a mentor or professor whose work they admire and want to emulate. Still, others believe that certain majors lead to lucrative job offers, and so when declaring a major they weigh interest against potential income.

It is unrealistic to expect that everyone will pick her major for the same reasons, and so regardless of what we think of one another's choices, we must respect them.

If Barnard had a core curriculum like Columbia's that required specific courses in order to graduate, then students of all majors and backgrounds

would have to take classes together and inevitably we would develop a respect for one another's different academic and intellectual rigor. However, at Barnard, math majors and English majors are often segregated instead of being compelled by general requirements to be in a classroom together. Thus, students do not witness the intellectual ability, diligence, and work ethic of their peers in other disciplines.

Not only are stereotypes about majors damaging because they lead students to question the integrity and academic rigor of other students, but they are pointless. More and more in today's job market and world, an undergraduate major doesn't mean very much, leading to the question: What's all the fuss about anyway?

Fortunately, there is no prototype Barnard woman. There are students who love numbers, students who love literature, and students who love both.

Instead of segregating by major and dismissing those who have different interests and abilities, Barnard students should strive to form an intellectual community, a haven of minds and skills that can impart knowledge unto each other.

Students should emerge from Barnard knowing the importance of all disciplines and fields of study. Knowledge does not exist in a vacuum. Fields of study are all dependent on one another and one can not emerge as superior as they are all interrelated. Science and math involve history and sociology, and the study of languages and literature is also the study of history and culture.

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BULLETIN BITES



JAMES W. SMITH

—Caught in limbo between her job at Starbucks and her work at the bulletin, it suddenly dawned on Diana why her computer wasn't making cappuccino

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STRIKE VICTORY OR DEFEAT?

Believe me, I agree that decisions are not always easy to make. I for one took on a great responsibility in representing our members during negotiations. Let it be known that those who decided to cross the picket line also received money (strike benefits and unemployment insurance benefits) while they were on strike.

It is my belief to this day that what we as a union fought for was justifiable. There were no villains involved in this struggle. There were numerous personal and financial sacrifices made by the membership of Local 2110. First, let us understand what a union is: an organized body of employees who work together to upgrade

and uphold their working conditions and wages. Second, both strike votes were not taken lightly. We were sanctioned by our International to uphold our right to maintain our health care. The strike victim in this case did not wholly participate in this struggle. If they had availed themselves and joined in the numerous activities they would have had a better understanding of the issues at hand. Also, at every step and every negotiating meeting we informed the membership of any new changes, either by informational meetings or by phone, and they were given the opportunity to ask questions.

Three-quarters of our unit stayed out on strike for five

months. What does that say? It says that a majority of the membership believed in their union. I have always maintained and will continue to uphold that rights of the workers of this country. The workers are the backbone of these United States.

In essence, we won our battle to preserve our health care, which I might add is a very significant issue in our country today, and we must applaud those heroines and heroes who withstood the long haul.

Sharon T. Walls
Unit Chair Local 2110
Barnard College

Dear Editor,

I have a question: how come your masthead doesn't have a NEWS or ARTS editor?

Signed,

Avid Bulletin Reader

Dear Reader,

Because YOU haven't applied!!! Pick up an application in the Bulletin office, 128 lower level McIntosh. Or call Diana at x 42119.

Editorial Policy

In order to be considered for publication all letters to the Editor must be signed by an individual who is officially recognized as a member of the organization. Letters to the Editor must be submitted no later than the Wednesday preceding publication and must include a phone number. All letters are printed under the discretion of the Editors. Opinions expressed in the Bulletin are those of the authors and not necessarily of the Barnard Bulletin. The Editorial Board reserves the right to edit all submitted material.

The Bulletin Welcomes Letters to the Editor



BEAR ESSENTIALS

FROM THE DEAN OF STUDIES OFFICE

STUDENTS INTERESTED IN TUTORING for Barnard courses may apply in the Dean of Studies Office (105 Milbank). If hired you can earn \$8.50 or more per hour. Please speak with Dean Webster.

THE JONG WRITING CENTER (ILR) (previously *The Writing Room*) is now open for the fall semester. The Writing Center's specially trained peer tutors and faculty level writing consultant can work with you on everything from First-Year English papers to lab reports and your senior thesis. Sign up for conferences (up to two per week) on the door of 121 Reid Hall.

SENIORS If you are interested in submitting an essay for consideration for the Eli Wiesel Prize in Ethics, please contact Dean Schneider.

STUDENTS INTERESTED IN PSYCHOLOGY A networking reception for students, alumni, and departmental

faculty members will be held on Tuesday, October 22 from 7pm-9pm in Sulzberger Parlor. RSVP to Jane Celszyn, Director of the Office of Career Development (854-2033).

BLOOD DRIVE will be on Wednesday, October 16 and Thursday, October 17 in Upper Level McIntosh. Please give blood or volunteer your time.



for October 9-13

4-11pm Interviewing Workshop sponsored by the Office of Career Development, Ella Weed Hall
7-9pm Career Panel sponsored by the OCD, Sulzberger Parlor

6-8pm Lecture by Vladimir Voinovich sponsored by the Slavic Department, James Room, Barnard Hall

7-11pm Movie Night sponsored by Sounds of China, Lehman Auditorium

8pm-2am Party sponsored by the Armenian Club, Sulzberger Parlor

7pm Junior Class Discussion sponsored by the Student Government and Association, James Room, Barnard Hall

6-8pm SG's meeting, South Tower



One Student's Mission Becomes A Reality

by Stacy Cowley

Leora Hanser (BC '99) began her odyssey innocuously enough through a voter registration drive she organized last April through Community Impact.

It was held April 27, she begins, and it was reasonably successful. There were around 20 volunteers and we registered roughly 100 people. But during the afternoon she noticed a big problem:

residents were patronized when asked them if they wanted to register since it implied that we were assuming they hadn't registered already. The volunteers felt out of place as well. She began wondering how to make such registration drives more comfortable for all involved, and the solution I

came up with was to have students work side by side with community members. I found that an amazing number of organizations were already doing voter registration drives—what there wasn't was one big drive with everyone participating. In addition to registering voters, I thought it would help Columbia University develop stronger connections to our neighborhood and other organizations in the area. And this was born the Voter Empowerment Project.

I bounced it around in my head for a while, then went at it. She continues, then breaks off laughing. Actually that makes it sound like I had some vision and went with it. Ummmm, no. I call this last summer my summer of learn-

ing. It was one up, long roller coaster full of ups and downs and twists and turns.

She spent most of her time not working going to meetings after meetings after meetings. Her toughest task was proving her seriousness to organizational leaders. She explains: Here I am this 19-year-old college sophomore coming out of nowhere showing up in front of these organizations going, this is what I'd like to do. That's

I really did hit up against an 'old boys' net

work. All the people running the organiza-

tions I was trying to recruit were men

I honestly think it would have been easier to

gain acceptance by the groups if I had been

male, too

where that line in the *Spectator* about me being a risk came from [Columbia Daily Spectator 10/7/96 page 1: New York prepares for voter registration drive]. No one knew me and no one knew my motivations. Most of the organizations I was trying to get involved have been around for longer than my lifetime. They were progressive but that didn't mean they were going to trust me.

After a while Hanser says people began to recognize and accept her. Finally she picked a date and time, sent out letters to everyone she'd met, made tons of phone calls and hoped and prayed people would show up. When July 13 rolled around over 100 people were there for her meeting.

I looked at everyone and went, Wow. And that was the end of the networking. I got people from all over on board and formed my core group. We've met every few weeks since, she says. And now here we are.

It been a educational trip, an introduction to the real world, Hanser says. In addition to the networking, I got a practical education in things I hadn't focused on before. For instance, I really did hit up against an old boys net work. All the people running the organizations I was trying to recruit were men. I honestly think it would have been easier to gain acceptance by the groups if I had been male, too. Interestingly enough, most of the people willing to work closely with me are gay. It's really funny to see the

meetings here, I am this little college girl giving directions to all these men, at least ten years older than me. But I learned how to work with men. I would never wear flowers to a meeting, for example. Only solids and never light colors. Dark blues I can get away with, but pale Columbia blue is definitely out. And heels, all the time, because I'm short.

This project is one of the turning points in Hanser's life. The reason I'm so gung ho about it is that I've been working on it since the second week of May, and I've never put so much of myself into anything. It's cliché to say blood, sweat and tears, but it's so literally true. With that, she shows off the bruise on her arm, men can't



of the boxes she spent last night carrying to Earl Hall.

"The flip side is that because I've spent so much time on it, this is going to probably be the most fulfilling thing I'll ever do. There's so much of me, the personal me, in this that now that it's coming about I'm lost in disbelief. Part of me is happy, part is relieved, and part is sad. I'm running the whole gamut of emotions."

Saturday, all her work will pay off. 50 organizations will be set up at 20-30 sites throughout New York City's five boroughs. The first stage of the project actually begins Friday, when a number of social service agencies in the city will put out posters and signs encouraging people to come in and register. "When we met this summer," Hanser recounts, the groups assembled that were involved in voter registration sorted out into two basically different types: those that are mandated by the state as social services, and those that register people by setting out volunteers at tables. Because most social service agencies are closed on Saturdays they're going to begin the drive Friday. Churches, day cares, soup kitchens—an amazing variety of services will be participating Saturday, when more people are free to volunteer. Is when the organizations will be out. Columbia's site will be along 125th Street from Frederick Douglas Boulevard to 3rd Avenue with tables at every corner.

And after tomorrow? I'm not sure. The project will definitely change. Mayoral elections are coming up next year and I can't just drop it. I've got a bunch of first-years that have jumped on this and

they'll definitely be a big part of whatever happens in the future. The Voter Empowerment Project will no longer be just me, which is a huge relief. I could never keep going at the rate I have been. There'll be a transition of energy. And that will be the big test of the project, whether or not it outlives me and my time at Barnard.

In the immediate future, Hanser has plenty to occupy her time. The Project is putting out a voter education guide, "which will be available sometime between October 15 and 22," and is sponsoring four issue forums—one a week beginning next week, with times and locations to be announced—focusing on immigration, criminal justice, education, and welfare. After that, the sky's the limit. "What I'd really love to see, some day," Hanser says, "is a candidates' forum open only to kids. Kids have an incredible perspective on the world that nobody else does. They truly see things without bias and cynicism, and they're very, very honest."

For now, though, Saturday looms. I keep reminding myself that whatever happens, I'll have made a difference. At some point you just have to let go and allow things to happen, which is the hardest part for a control freak. I think the real message of all of this is that anything can happen. I'm only 19 and I'm only a college sophomore. I don't think I'm any more intelligent or motivated or anything—I'm just like everyone else. So it all shows that time, persistence, and energy really do pay off.

Stacy Cowley is a Barnard first-year and a Bulletin copeditor.

Hey, were you the Editor-In-Chief of your high school newspaper or magazine?



Do you want to continue your journalistic career in college?



Of course you do.



The Barnard Bulletin is seeking an experienced News Editor.



If you are interested in applying for the position, stop by our office at 128 Lower Level Mac and pick up an application, or call Diana at x42119 for more information.

The Anatomy of the Club Meeting

by Sheema Chaudhry

Who are we going to vote for? It was a typical Wednesday afternoon and my friends and I sat around chewing on rubbery slices of McIntosh pizza when the question arose. Unfortunately, it was not a result of any sort of intellectual discussion we were having. (First years' conversations only consist of their vehement hatred of Hewitt

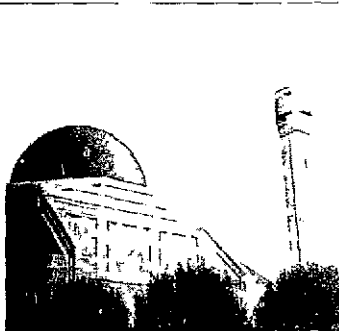
food, rude floormates and strange professors.) Two members of the International Socialist Organization, Kouross Esmaeli and a tall Barnard student (her name eludes me) hovered over our table and posed the question. After lecturing us on the relevance of Marxism they announced that we should not vote. Rather than voting we should write and overthrow the government. Then the socialists scurried to other tables to spread their message. Their departure gave us the opportunity to laugh. It was not that their stances were silly, but their advice was unrealistic. They invited us to attend their future meeting. I did not go, but my roommates did. They still call her twice a week. Instead, I attended the P.M. meeting.

I think I am a step short of a high school visitation as club meetings are the staple of my club life.

The pre-health society met in the Quad at the home of the tall Barnard student. Approximately four Barnard pre-health men discussed the club meeting, presented the

long boring labs, hefty textbooks and fierce competition. However, the pre-health society emphasized their intention to foster a cooperative, not a competitive spirit. This anti-Darwinian stance was directed to swallow since the phrase pre-med is an oxymoron (although I like to think of myself as an exception).

The meeting featured a humor



The Muslim Student Association building at Barnard College.

ous, almost silly Barnard man who could not stop fidgeting, and asking pointless questions. The presentation of the society was stultifying, held back by a tight script. The same held true for the other two men, indicating that the meeting concluded.

Next came the GED Reality House meeting, per my invitation. Co-sponsors were the pre-health club and the Black Clerk's Walk. The program headquarters in 12th Street. Basically, the program help four

school equivalency test). The building's condition surprised me. I expected it to be worse. Half the rooms were furnished, the other half bare and decaying. The decaying rooms could not be made over due to a lack of funds.

Walking out of the building, Cory advised me of the program's three commandments: 1) never have sex with any of the GED clients; 2) never buy anything from or sell anything to the clients; and 3) always respect the clients. Cory offered a Freudian explanation for the first rule as we hurried back to Barnard, but I was not really paying attention.

Finally, the Muslim Students Association (MSA) held its orientation dinner in mid-September. (No, this section of my article does not shamelessly promote my religion.) My motivations for attending the meeting included the prospect of a non-Hewitt dinner and a chance to make friends and complain

about classes, dorms, professors, etc. with a sympathetic audience.

The number of graduate students present and the diversity of the organization surprised me. I expected the audience to consist of mostly first-time Indian undergraduate students. But our presentation catered to ethnic and racial group participation. After we were seated, the speakers gave their speeches. Did they tell me I don't remember the... However, I do remember the

Gumbo

by Susan Clarke

Nubia used to come home and teach me how to play the board games her school friends brought her. Not like that like this she scolded until I got the hand vice right. We also played hide and seek in the apartment. Nubia always found me because we didn't have much furniture and there was but a choice few places a big ol' woman like me could fit.

One evening while corn braiding Nubia's hair for school pictures the next day Nubia asked me the question that I was hoping would come along more like when she graduated from college rather than now.

Ma Onika said that tomorrow her daddy's coming to watch her take her pictures. She asked me where my daddy is at? she questioned turning fully around so that she was facing me with the green plastic comb dangling from an unfinished braid. Well Ma?

Shortly after you were born he was killed in a car accident. I responded my voice tainted with a guilt that Nubia was too young to pick up.

Oh she replied her normal perkiness dampened.

I wanted to tell her the truth but that would hurt her even more. What I told her had some kind of truth to it because the James Barnoid I had grown to love died a long time ago anyway. If he saw Nubia in the street he wouldn't know her different from a hole in the wall. Even Daddy knows his bad girl.

I have a picture of the two of us you wanna see it? I cheerfully said restoring the flavor to her old face.

Yeah please Ma she begged leaping up and down so that the comb flew out of her hair.

I went to the bedroom pulled the sheet pictures from under my bed and gave Nubia a picture. It was the first one James and I took after I moved into his apartment. Nubia snatched it out of my hands.

That's my daddy Nubia que te nea with the coo ownership.

Yup

Oh He looked good! she said stirring at the picture so hard that I thought she might burn a hole through it. You look good too she added as if she felt that I needed assurance. I'm gonna bring this to school tomorrow and show Onika she added. She set the picture on the night stand on her side of the bed and took her seat back on the footstool so I could finish braiding her hair.

The sun put on a heavy shawl

Nubia her friends and their shadows are playing hopscotch outside. The street lights flicker on casting an orange haze on the block. People slowly abandon the street. The block starts to fill with lighted windows and silhouettes behind curtains and shades.

Life ain't all what I need it to be but I am happy. My job as a secretary is enough to take care of business. Nubia's healthy and doing well in school. We both have each other. Me and my baby—that's how it's going to be for a very long time.

Nubia it's getting late and it's chilly. Time to come inside. I shout from the window.

Just a few more minutes. Let me finish the prime please.

No now.

Nubia waves bye to her friends.

Good night Jerome Laquandra and Alyssa yell to me as they hurry about unfastening and tying up their wire rope.

Good night girls.

Nubia will see you in school tomorrow. Laquandra yells as she dashes down the block.

Okay Ma can we have pizza for dinner? Nubia hollers as she tramples up the stairs of the apartment building.

I close the window and place the two by four on the windowsill.

Sus Clarke is a Barnard senior.



Anatomy of Clubs

continued from page 8

president's comment that the members of the MSA could use the office for anything as long as it's OK. We all laughed and someone sitting near me considered asking him to specify what constituted OK. No one asked however and that phrase is perhaps the only solid memory I have of that meeting aside from the good traditional Pakistani cuisine.

I am not an expert club critic since I only attended a few meetings of relatively unexciting groups. However I will still rate the meetings on a scale of one to ten. The pre-health meeting receives a five, the CED Realty House a seven, and the MSA an eight and a half. According to my roommate, the Socialists rate a seven and a half. The *Bulletin* meeting scores a one since it is responsible for this article.

Sheema Chaudhry is a Barnard first-year.

Lunar Eclipse

continued from page 9

ments in mass mind control. They've even managed to get this fake evidence into the history and astronomy books to lend credence to their lies.

College students have short attention spans though and a blank sky is interesting for just so long. By 11 only lunar devotees and those desperately awaiting papers are still around. The magic fades as the night grows old. The few remaining moon watchers slowly drift away. The soda music and telescopes are long gone. Why hang around? We've got 9am classes studying to do parties to fund. As the moon waxes, the unconscious in the air dispels and the unearthly sky slowly returns to normal. Long before the moon leaves the penumbra, the eclipse is over.

When it fully reemerges whole and pristine at 12:36 it dawns on a deserted College Walk.

Stacy Cowley is a Barnard first year.

QUAD FALL EXTRAVAGANZA OPEN HOUSE

To Celebrate the Cornucopia of Offices in the Quad



Thursday, October 10th
5:00 p.m. - 6:30 p.m.
Brooks Living Room

AN OPEN INVITATION TO
STUDENTS, FACULTY AND STAFF

• FREE FOOD • FREE FOOD • FREE FOOD •

October 9, 1996 • 11



WE TRY IT

Yes, ladies, it's your faithful stuntpeople again. We've been attacking some important issues in "We Try It," ranging from personal safety to menstrual cramps. But this one's the biggie. This is the one that will make the difference in your life. Everything we tell you is gravy, but this is the homemade mashed potatoes. So soak your hands in some warm water, blow a kiss to your *Teen Beat* Kirk Cameron pin-up, and push back your cuticles with a smile. We're trying out nail polish, girls.

CHANEL

Uma Thurman is mostly responsible for the surge of popularity in this designer line of nail color. Two years ago, most upscale boutiques had waiting lists for Vamp, the sultry blood-black polish the incredible Miss Uma wore in *Pulp Fiction*. Now the hype is pretty much over, but women and men alike still toss out the big bucks for Coco's initials and the perfectly toned colors only Chanel can do to perfection.

Cost: \$12 and up. These suckers are pretty pricey.

Grade: C+ First off, Chanel's salespeople are incomparably snotty. The colors are beautiful, but the thin mixture always ends up on your cuticles and finger pads, and it takes three coats of polish to make the color uniform over the entire nail. If you can afford this polish, you might as well get a professional to apply it.

HARD CANDY

When matte pastels were at their hottest, Hard Candy was the top name on every little girl's wish list. The colors are distract but expensive, and the little plastic rings that adorn the bottles set every Courtney Love's heart aflutter.

Cost: \$10 and up.

Grade: B Hard Candy does its job, and looks it well, but there are many drugstore knock-offs now that can polish the same thing for pocket change. If Primo really smelled as yummy as Giorgio, wouldn't you buy more Designer Imposter fragrances?

BRIECCI

Thank God for Love stores. Bricci is the Wet World of the nineties, and just down the street from the one

Love stocks display racks full of this cheaper-than-a-peek-of-cigarettes brand that consistently has great colors that go on smoothly.

Cost: \$1-\$1.50.

Grade: A+ The colors rock. They have the matte pastels, a fake Vamp that looks almost as good as the real thing (if you're still a fan), old favorites your grandma would love, and our personal favorite, Silver Foil. The mixtures are thick enough that one coat'll do you, and it doesn't clot.

MATT FISH

Sold prominently at Ricky's Beauty Supply Stores, this brand caters to the trendsters. They're very into metallic and pastel colors of the rainbow, and even the bottles if you come in are aesthetically pleasing.

Cost: \$5-\$6, but Ricky's often offers a deal: If you buy a handful of colors,

Grade: C They're fun while they last, and they dry quickly, but after a month or two your bottle will be a sticky gummy mess. Yech.

MANIC TANK

The partner in crime to Manic Funnies has color like the nail polishes, funky and outrageous. Easily available in the village or other hipster places, the bottles are unattractive, but the color inside screams. Look it up. I'm CRAZY.

Cost: \$7.

Grade: A Yeah, it's a little more expensive than the drugstore lines, but its metallics are in your face with expertise. Manic Primo looks like something Todd Oldham wears when he's slumming. He'll praise indeed.



Well-Woman



Dear Well-Woman

I am really concerned about getting an HIV test. I do not know how or where to get one. I am scared and I don't want anyone to know. Can you tell me what to do?

Thanks,
Worried

Dear Worried

If you have decided to get an HIV test, you can receive an anonymous and confidential HIV test both on campus at Barnard Health Services or at an off-campus medical facility.

Barnard Health Services offers students this confidential service. The test is free and anonymous. In addition to the actual blood test, pre-test and post-test counseling is given as required by New York State. The counseling is done by one of two trained nurse practitioners and appointments are available Thursday mornings between 10-12 and Friday after noon between 2-4. Coming in for an appointment does not obligate you to take the test, you will decide that after speaking with the counselor, and if you wish blood will be

drawn at that time.

To maintain confidentiality, you do not need to use your real name when making an appointment for an HIV test at Barnard Health Services, and you should make the appointment by phone rather than in person. Results from the HIV test are not recorded in your medical records. If you have questions about HIV testing, stop by the Health Service to pick up a brochure about HIV testing or call Barnard Health Services x42091.

If you are interested in getting tested at another location, call 1-800-Talk-HIV to make an appointment to get tested through the New York City Department of Health. One site is located very close to the Barnard campus.

Sincerely
Well-Woman

Depression
Screening Day
At Barnard

Today!

Wednesday, October 9th, 1996

- IRLI of Charge
 - Written Self Test for Depression
- Barnard Health Services
Lower Level, Brooks
Walk-in hours are 1pm-3pm

INTRAMURAL HIGHLIGHTS

by Pete Marchitello

True intramural competition within the WOMEN'S B Volleyball League transpired this past Thursday. A classic match-up between JOYCAT 5 and SANGRIA took place. After suffering a devastating first game loss 15-4, the Joycat team rallied to win game two 15-12, causing a deciding third game. In their "rubber match," in dramatic fashion, it was all Joycat 5, who dominated 15-5 for the victory. For a team that plays just for fun, it was a very serious victory.

Within the same division over the past weekend, SMILEY FACES II could not help but smile after winning a double header. After first defeating Joycat 5, they gathered momentum and followed that victory up with a win over JAAM in the night cap.

In Women's A volleyball, the SIRENS wasted little time in their first appearance on the hard wood floor, defeating SFC in two straight games for their first intramural win. In another match-up, ANYTHING GOES battled but came up short losing to the DIGS and their high-powered offense.

Congratulations to JACKIE NOPARSTARK, TORRIE OBERFEST, and ELYSHA VIGNERI for winning their first tennis matches of the new season.



MUSIC CALENDAR

for the week of
10/9-10/16

Rock

Wednesday, October 9

PhunkJunkiez The Urge Too
Skinnee J's (Tramps)
Primordial Source Paul Narvaez
Naviv Survival Soundz (Wetlands)

Thursday, October 10

Los Lobos, Martin Medesk &
Wood, nil Iara (Irving Plaza)
All Star United, 7 Days Jesus,
Third Day (Mercury Lounge)
The Gelfkens, The Wrens,
MaryJane (Brownies)
Alger Hiss, God Is My Co Pilot
Tono Bungay Von LMO (Cooler)

Friday, October 11

Velocity Girl The Iguanas
(Mercury Lounge)
Big Joe, Professor & Maryann
(Fez)
Clowns for Progress Thin Lizard
Dawn (Coney Island High)
Congo Norvell Lazyboy Voltaire
(Brownies)
Big Iron Skillet, Blindmanis Sun,
Fat Back City (New Music Cafe)

Saturday, October 12

The Iguanas (Mercury Lounge)
Benna Cohen Daniel Harnett Trio
(Fez)
Candysnatchers Jack Black
(Continental)
Princess Superstar Barry White
Boys (Brownies)
New Brown Hat Ill Bugatti
Faithful Dogs (New Music Cafe)

MUSIC BY A/E

Looking for Community

by Deborah Apton

From the first floor of Hewitt to the fifth floor of Milbank, music permeates the atmosphere at Barnard College. Individuals demonstrate their vocal ability and musicianship performing throughout the campus, but do these individuals combine to form a music

She accounts for the low number of music majors that graduate by pointing out that there is no departmental push for music majors. Columbia has a stringent core she explains, which does not allow too much freedom for a music major. Barnard, on the other hand stresses a form for independent thought, which is difficult to



Deborah Apton, writer

community, a community where musical ideas, technique, and harmonious sounds can be shared for the pleasure of others. Unfortunately, many students at Barnard do not find the music community here as accessible as they would like it to be.

There is not much of a music community, said Karen Kahr (BU 98), a music major with a concentration in electronic composition.

Although the a cappella groups on campus are respectable, student organizations aren't an orchestra or band on Barnard's campus. Columbia does have an orchestra which the resident Miller Theater, a jazz band which is exciting, and a marching band, which is not considered part



MUSIC NOTES



THE KNITTING FACTORY

Located in the heart of Tribeca stands the Knitting Factory, the best place to see up and coming at avant garde jazz music and very talented musicians. Named the Knitting Factory due to its original birthplace in an old knitting factory, the new club encompasses three floors with two stage areas for live performances. Generally there are performances going on simultaneously on both stages throughout the evening.

The crowd is a flock of very intellectual lower East Siders. The atmosphere is electric and most attendees are budding musicians themselves. If you are tired of hearing the same power chords of muscle rock, come try out the innovative sounds which ooze from the walls of the Knit.

Shows are generally inexpensive depending on who is performing. Indie rock shows run about seven dollars, while festivals such as the Heineken 'What is Jazz?' Festival can empty your wallet. It's worth it!



MUSIC GOSSIP

Bjork has started her own record label on which she will release limited additions of previously unreleased recordings. Sinead O' Connor has enrolled at the University of Northern London to study Irish and Caribbean studies. Courtney Love is taking legal action against the organizers of a rock n roll auction on Newport

Beach California. She is demanding that the items of Kurt Cobain be withdrawn from the auction. David Bowie and his wife Iman donated thousands of dollars to America's Children Defense Fund. Debbie Harry will be recording her next album with her former band Blondie.



CLASSICAL NEWS

The Philadelphia Orchestra went on a strike as of September 15 in response to the issue of electronic media guarantee. This guarantee is an insurance of a minimum sum which musicians receive on top of their base salary to cover events such as recordings and live broadcasts. The Orchestra Association wants to reduce this salary from six thousand to two thousand dollars. The need for cost cutting is due in part to the lack of a record deal with EMI as well as the minimal touring that the Philadelphia Orchestra has done. Every member of the orchestra agreed upon the strike measures and the opening gala concert was canceled due to the strike. It has now been well into the third week of the strike and the orchestra's live performances continue.



INDIE NEWS

HOT

The Squirrel Nut Zippers hit

Sunday, October 12
Chamberlain, Old Pike (Brownies)
Slackers, Skeletones, Skunks,
Stypuvely (Wetlands)

Monday, October 13
Richard Buckner Michale Kroll
(Brownies)
The Notw at, Son of Eve Plastique
Amber Sunshower (Tramps)

Tuesday, October 14
Graham Parker The Figgs Amy
Rigby (Tramps)
Lazy, 383 Stroker Goodpuss
(Brownies)

Jazz/Blues

Wednesday, October 9
Abbey Lincoln (Indium)
Stephane Grappelli Trio (Blue
Note)
Charles Owens Quintet (Smalls)
Andy Lasteris Interpretations of
Lessness (Alterknit Theater @ the
Knitting Factory)

Thursday, October 10
Ray Brown 70th Birthday Salute
(Blue Note)
Terrell Stafford Quartet (Visiones)
Michael Ray & The Cosmic Krewe
(Knitting Factory)

Friday, October 11
The Pete Yellin Quintet (Birdland)

Saturday, October 12
Peter Leitch Trio (Bradleys)

Sunday, October 13
Borbetomagus Merzbow Masonna
(Alterknit Theater @ the Knitting
Factory)

Tuesday, October 15
Ron Alfie Trio (Village Vanguard)



A Look At Barnard's Musical Community

continued from page 74

of the music community because their role is limited to football games. Although these groups are open to Barnard students they are not part of the Barnard music community. Kahn has explored different groups in an attempt to become more involved in a music community including an exchange at Manhattan School of Music, the Columbia orchestra, and the jazz band. However, none of these groups helped her to become more involved as a music major at Barnard. She suggests an open mike night at the Quad Cafe similar to what is done at Postscript on the Columbia campus. If Barnard were more creative, we could pull in more students involved in music.

Aimee M. Simms, an urban studies major at Barnard College, believes that there is a music community, but you have to go out of your way to find it. Simms is part of the band Rhythms of Aqua, a three person urban folk off campus group. She finds that there are chamber groups on campus which couple with musical abilities can

join, but they are independently run and unheard of by many. However, there are flyers posted for start up bands and groups. You just have to keep your eyes open. Her band has performed two gigs at Barnard, but she believes there could be more active performing done by students for students. Barnard should showcase musicians; there is talent.

Barnard's music director Gail Archer is living proof that a music community definitely exists at Barnard College. The Arts Agreement signed March 1, 1989 states that the music department shall be rooted at Columbia with a representative at Barnard a position she fills. In addition, the agreement states that Theater and Dance departments would be located at Barnard with a Theater and Dance representative at Columbia. Archer says it would be lovely to have more professors, but it is not in Barnard's plan at this time. The Arts Agreement is in place, and we do not have the budget. Barnard is not a palace full of practice rooms, but it does have 32 slots open for vocal lessons, and it encourages cross registration

with Manhattan School of Music as well as the Juilliard Conservatory. Archer recognizes problems that the strict core causes for music majors, as well as the impact of the limited number of electives in the field of study, but said there are numerous extracurricular groups to become involved with at both Barnard and Columbia. Members of her Barnard/Columbia chorus and Chamber Chorale (this year a women's chorale) along with her music majors feel they belong somewhere in the world of music. This year Barnard College will graduate seven seniors who are music majors, an average number according to Archer.

The feeling around Barnard is that a music community exists, but needs to be openly exposed. With few electives and groups to join on campus here, it may be necessary to venture onto the grounds of Columbia or one of the conservatories. Being part of the community of musicians here at Barnard is not difficult; it's just part of finding your niche in the whole university.

Deborah Apton is a Barnard first year.

MUSIC NOTES

est release on Mammoth Records is sure to light your fire. Named after an old time brand of chewy peanut flavored candy, this quirky crew kindles the flames of the twenties with their jazzy swing music. Their recent album is a great follow up to their first Mammoth release. The inevitable

Katherine Whalen strums the banjo while singing her whimsy Betty Boop style as her husband Jim Mathus jumps fro blowing the trumpet and strumming the guitar. Check these guys out as they blast us back to the past into the culture and time period of the roaring twenties. Be sure to catch one of their live shows as they turn into street screamscape music p

nats and flapper dresses, where swing has replaced jazz.

Correction: In last week's issue, the photo taken of the Wetlands Hall was incorrectly credited to Leigh Hill. The actual photographer was Linda Rodriguez. We regret this mistake.

THEATER FOR THE ATTENTION DEFICIENT

by Rachel Ramirez

Deafening tribal drum beats, blinding psychedelic lighting and acrobatic dancing point the art of *Evolution*, Shadowbox Cabaret's performance rock piece.

Through this intense collage of dance, theater and rock music, lyrical

writer and composer Steven Guyer attracts the attention deficient MTV audience. As Stacie Boord, Public Relations Director, states:

"We want to bring performance rock to the millions of people who don't know the joy of theater. The performance rock piece appeals to non-traditional theatergoers by creating a show that is loud

enough, bright enough and fast enough to entertain even a deaf and blind audience with the attention spans of a fruit flies."

This effort is immediately apparent at the theater door where the four characters—Mr. and Mrs. Everman (Chris Lunch and Rebecca Gentile) and their handler the reluctant Dominatrix Lady Elektra (Michelle Daniels)—greet the audience. This in-your-face interaction with cast members continues as the audience is seated. The actors offer the audience party goods, turn party blotters, ice beer openers,

glow in the dark insects, and frighten a friendly conversation.

Then each of the seven actors chooses a section of the audience to lead in a chant (for example, "can't touch this"). The chants are accompanied by the six heavy metal drummers on stage. This scene kicks off *Evolution*.



Evolution Cast members Chris Lunch, Michelle Daniels, and Rebecca Gentile portray a married couple and a dominatrix.

Various themes are literally strided throughout the play by the characters. Mr. and Mrs. Everman, who represent an ordinary married couple living in Connecticut. After a theme is stated and sometimes briefly acted out, the high energy dancing choreographed by Stacie Boord, which includes acrobatics, somersaults, jumping, and juggling, amuses the audience. In one particularly interesting and sensual performance featuring Stacie Boord and David Whitehouse, the dancers portray the changing sex lives of Ever-

All the din, noise, the pectoral music is set to the music of the six drummers, and the singing of Sammy the Ringleader (Steven Guyer). The music is anything that the audience could hum back, but it serves as a really loud alarm capable of grabbing the attention of even the deaf. Despite its enter-

tainment factors, the dancing and drumming distract the audience from the various shallow themes, which are expressed throughout the performance. The exception to this pattern is the slow song "From One Seed" in which Stacie Boord, Julie Klein, and Stephanie Shull sing in three-part harmony. "From One Seed" is a productive work without the loud drumming or dancing.

The idea underlying *Evolution* is the expression of a variety of themes through the combination of rock music, in-your-face theater, and energized dance to an audience that might otherwise yawn and pass out. Steven Guyer uses this bright collage to awaken the audience. The loudness of the piece measures eyes, ears, theater into something more like MTV video. *Evolution* will continue to entertain New York City audiences until October 21, 1996, at the Tribeca Theatre Project.

Rachel Ramirez is a Bernard student.



Julia Jacquette: An Artist Explores Desire and Satisfaction

by Betsy Crowell

In her new exhibit at the Holly Solomon Gallery in SoHo artist Julia Jacquette explores issues of desire and longing, and the conflict they create. Jacquette uses a striking combination of sign painters' enamel on wooden panels as her medium. Her works are depictions

Jacquette's exhibit confronts women's issues head on: she takes the traditional comforts of home and turns them on their head. Body image and a woman's relationship with food become paramount.

of food paired with text on the themes of desire and longing. The glossiness of the paintings is reminiscent of magazine advertisements.

Taste Your Mouth is a series of panels each with a picture of sweet indulgent desserts. The words "I Want to Know What it is Like to Taste Your Mouth" head each one. The desserts appear perfect, unreal, as if they had been prepared for an advertisement. Jacquette likens the task of her lover's mouth to these artificial desserts. The lover is an object of desire, similar to the prepared food. The food may satisfy her for a short period of time, but this contentment is short-lived.

Jacquette's work is representative of a society focused on instant gratification where sustained satisfaction is impossible. Advertising puts us in a constant state of wanting. We want more than we need and these desires can never be fulfilled because they are too nume-

ous. The result mirrored in the paintings is a feeling of emptiness.

This theme is repeated in such works as *Silken Skin*, *Beautiful Face*, and *Against Mine*. In *Silken Skin*, both meats and desserts are shown with the words "To Touch Your Warm Silken Skin." The words "I Can't Stop Thinking About Your Beautiful Face" are combined with paintings of pies and cakes in *Beautiful Face*.

Heavy desserts and fattening meats are combined with the text "I Dreamt Your Lips Against Mine" in *Against Mine*. These foods appear more inviting than they would actually taste. The health consequences of the foods represented are not discussed throughout the artist's work. Food is an object of desire and not an issue of health and need.

While all the foods in Jacquette's paintings are enticing, they are also obviously artificial. Many of the desserts look fantastical, like a delectable Candy Land board game, treating food as a carefree child hood indulgence rather than as a complicated issue.

Jacquette's exhibit confronts women's issues head on: she takes the traditional comforts of home and turns them on their head. Body image and a woman's relationship with food become paramount. Food is not dealt with as a warm, nourishing, form of sustenance, but as a cold object intended specifically for the purpose of fill-

ing a void. As far as taste is concerned, many of the foods appear attractive to the eye, but actually are detrimental to the body as they are terribly fattening and unhealthy. They appeal to our passions, but they are not rational choices. Eating, as we know, is the most basic form of sustenance, without it we cannot survive. When you are hungry, you should simply feed yourself, but Jacquette shows us that body image complicates this basic function for many people.

In these paintings, the face of the lover is transformed into an object which can be tasted and eaten. By

Food is not dealt with as a warm, nourishing form of sustenance, but as a cold object intended specifically for the purpose of filling a void. As far as taste is concerned, many of the foods appear attractive to the eye, but actually are detrimental to the body as they are terribly fattening and unhealthy. They appeal to our passions, but they are not rational choices.

detaching it from the rest of the body, the face is objectified. At the same time, the artist is ignoring the many components of her own feelings of desire and who she desires. In a society permeated by advertising, every object of need and desire is captured in an image that can be commercialized. Jacquette objectifies desire; she turns something that is supposed to nourish food into a commodity. Desire is not simple when everything is for sale.

Betsy Crowell is a Barnard sophomore.



SURVIVING PICASSO

by *Marsa Brahm*s

It has often been said that some of the greatest geniuses can be the most evil of men. Nowhere is this more evident than in the new Merchant Ivory film *Surviving Picasso*. This film examines the famed painter's life through the context of his troubled relationships with women. Picasso may have been one of the world's greatest painters, but he also was an awful misogynist who viewed women as "things" over which he could exert his control.

Surviving Picasso traces the artist's relationship with Francois, a young woman who is 30 years his junior. Francois knows that Picasso is an egomaniac incapable of loving anyone including himself, but she enters into a relationship anyway. Their liaison lasts 10 years and produces two children. Picasso excites and stimulates Francois, for he introduces her to an entirely new world. However, he continues to carry on relationships with a number of other women: his first wife Olga, who has been driven mad by Picasso's treatment of her; Marie Therese, a sad and not terribly bright woman who still adores Picasso; and Dora, a woman who has been so scarred by Picasso's poor treatment of her that in one chilling scene she stabs each of her fingers with a cutting knife. For ten years Francois puts up with Picasso's flagrant affairs and his relationships with Marie Therese and Dora. Finally, when her grandmother's death leaves her financially comfortable, Francois decides to leave Picasso. Characteristically he

has already found another woman who worships him.

Anthony Hopkins plays Picasso and does a wonderful job. He gives a deeply captivating and realistic performance. I left the theater convinced that Hopkins was Picasso. What is especially wonderful about Hopkins' performance is that he was able to bring out Picasso's quirky side. Even when he is behaving his worst, there is still something endearing about Picasso because of Hopkins' wonderful portrayal. Natascha McElhone, making her film debut as Francois, is equally excellent. She doesn't portray Francois as some helpless, dependent woman, but instead as someone who knows what to expect out of life and accepts whatever fate gives her. McElhone's Francois knows from the start what to expect from Picasso, and unlike his other women, she refuses to allow her spirit to be vanquished. Another memorable performance is given by Joan Plowright, who plays Francois' loving grandmother.

Ismail Merchant produced this film and James Ivory directed it. It is as visually beautiful as their previous films and just as entertaining. The screenplay, written by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, is well written and contains some sharp, biting dialogue. The photography, done by Tony-Pierce-Roberts, is breathtakingly beautiful and romantic. However, this film is not without its flaws. It contains a highly predictable plot and the filmmakers do little to create any suspense. Certain scenes could have been shortened thereby moving the film along at a

faster pace.

Surviving Picasso does not assume that the audience has any great knowledge of art. Anyone who is interested in the power play between men and women would thoroughly enjoy this film. It is slightly slow and often times predictable, but it is worth seeing for the excellent performances, witty dialogue, and fabulous visual effects. On a scale of 1-5, *Surviving Picasso* rates an enthusiastic 4 stars.

Marsa Brahm is a Barnard first-year.

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around artsy-fartsy
types?



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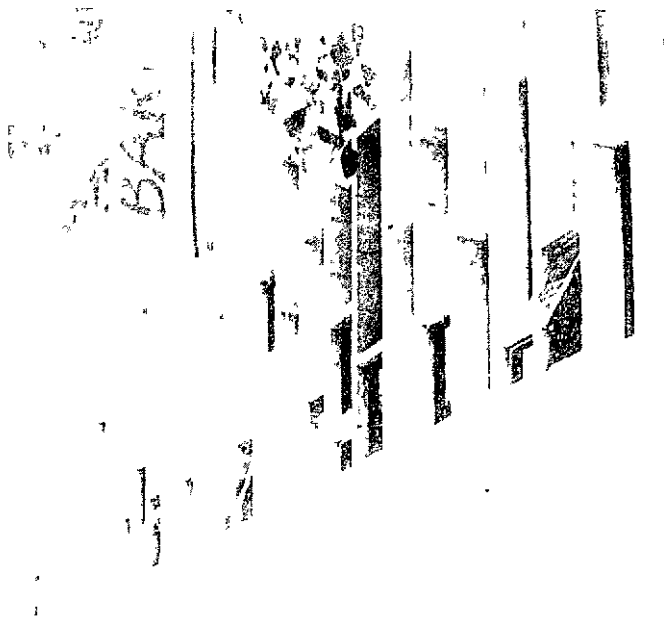


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Pine table



• *Runa / Ball in*

MILE 26

by Sara Stover

Oh no Sara, my mother gasped, you can't do that. You'll get dehydrated and have dizziness at the finish line. I hear that's what happens. It's just gross. That was my mother's response after I told her that I wanted to run the New York City Marathon.

Meanwhile I had been running three to eight miles a day. On Sundays I braced myself for long runs. During these two-hour expeditions I threw myself into an abyss. My mind told me that I wouldn't make it while my body surprised me with mysterious endurance. Before this summer I had never run more than three miles—a half hour of heavy breathing, tops. I walked for a good part of The Fifth Grade Mile, an elementary school PE requirement. My time lingered around the twelve-minute mark. Now I wanted to be a marathon runner. I wanted to run without stopping for hours.

This goal was a realistic one. I knew that with enough dedication my body would survive a twenty-six mile marathon. However, my daily expeditions did not test my body. They tested whether or not my mind would give me the chance to finish a marathon.

You look like you're a runner, my co-worker Greg told me last summer. The girl down the hall, Meredith has run in two marathons. We should ask her about them.

His statement marked my turning point—my promotion to the title of runner. Greg didn't know that I had to walk the last laps of my fifth grade mile. Greg didn't know that in my family of four athletic sisters I was labeled as "the wimp." Once I immersed myself in Colorado, a place where I knew no one, I was stripped of the past stereotypes and expectations which had drowned me in Connecticut and New York. Greg looked at what stood in front of him. He thought I looked like someone who could run a marathon.

After browsing the library the next afternoon I copied copies of training guides and running tips from *Runner's World*. The mysterious marathon—the event that I once thought required its participants to be completely insane—unraveled in a twelve-week plan right before my eyes. The training plans weren't just for me.

de machines. They were for beginners, they were for me. In the days that followed my encounter with Greg and my excursion to the library, I tried to construct my identity as a runner. My body tied itself to the minute hand of my watch in synchronization, we passed past the two-hour mark on my weekly long runs. Rotting in a dump somewhere are my training guides. I learned how to listen to my body and to push my limits without having to be told to do so by a weekly log. Running became as much a priority in my life as my schoolwork and my relationships.

I thought the demands of college, in conjunction with Manhattan's pollution, would dissuade me from training, when my summer in Colorado ended. But running is now even more enjoyable to me. Every afternoon I push myself physically and mentally. My stamina and persistence find an outlet outside of the classroom and within my own body.

There is one problem. I will not be running in the 1996 New York City Marathon on November 3. I got the forms. I sent in my application and my checks. But I nussed the cut-off date.

My goal slipped off from underneath me, yet I stuck to my training regardless. I still strengthen my body and my mind for the big day, even if I do not know when exactly that big day is.

The only person I talk to about this dream is my boyfriend, Jon. He, unlike Greg, knew me during my unathletic past. He tells me how excited he will be to hug me after I cross the finish line. He tells me that my motivation inspires him to set difficult goals in his own future. I kept my marathon dream to myself because I didn't want prejudices to hinder my confidence. My mother's opinion that running a marathon would give me diarrhea and nothing more hindered my confidence to say the least.

Perhaps she will become more supportive as she sees my persistent interest in running. At this point she recognizes my emotional, not physical, strength. She should judge my dream by the size of my ambition, not by the size of my muscles.

I will not worry about these prejudices, which running teaches me to reject. In the meantime, I continue to prepare for the day when my body will strike east, the twenty-sixth mile mark.

Sara Stover is a Barnard Sophomore and a *Bulletin* columnist.



All Grown Up
 "Back In Bed"

by Juryn Ruder

My line has suddenly gotten a lot easier. And I use frequently a lot of boring. Every morning I sleep until 10:30 or something, for breakfast ever though I have no appetite, and go back to bed until I feel I try to eat something for lunch, and wind up back in bed thoroughly fatigued. Sounds like depression right? Dare to dream what I wouldn't give to pop a couple of Prozac right now. At least it would be more exciting than this.

Mononucleosis. That's what I've got.

What better illness could a twenty-one year slacker with a fear of graduation contract? In my 90s enthusiasm to deal with AIDS, I never paused to think about the other viruses out there. As my friend has exclaimed, "So now I can't even kiss a guy without asking him, are you a carrier? Have you been tested?" For mono.

By now my suite mates are used to returning home and finding me without full hair, also I act casual, dropping remarks such as, "Did you know that 60% of college students had mono before college, although only 10% know they've had it?" Exasperated they ask, "Are you quoting from your mono brochure again? I am sheepish if it's the only thing that I have the strength to read. Since the virus is transmitted only through saliva, my suite mates do not feel at risk whatsoever. There is not a lot of open mouthed smooching going on between the beautiful women of suite 7B.

It's a languid life. Just today, Becca found me wandering through the kitchen munching on raw ravioli.

"Do you like it better raw?" she wanted to know.

"Yeah. No I don't know. I said, I'm just lazy."

She shrugged. "Whatever. You're the queen."

"I know. I said, I'm the Mono Queen."

Of course my reign has been quite uneventful thus far. I stare out my window into the rooms of Shapiro, ringing the voyeuristic, and I see nothing. Why are my ceiling and neighbors such prudes? Why does every window have its shades down? They probably know I'm watching. I pump my friends to Moonjerk. He gets information on each time they visit me. What'd you do today? How was class? Who'd you eat lunch with? Where are you going now?

They are annoyed. I just tell them. We know you think it's Mardi Gras outside of something but really nothing is going on.

Something is happening, though I can't feel it. You all have your plots. I know a conspiracy when I see one. They're all playing a big game. I'll be out of it with you.

My mother calls daily and tells me I sound better, more energetic. Actually, I feel like the pledge of some fraternity who has been hazed all night and left naked to sleep on the sunroom in the middle of February. But I don't call her that. I say,

"I've read the plant you sent me today."

Oh, she exclaims, do you like it? I asked if you send me Happy Plant.

Yup, it's a pretty damn happy little plant.

I love it very much.

Once this summer the boy I was seeing showed up at my house an hour and a half late. "Do you know what I had to do because of your lateness?" I demanded. "I had to watch *Shogun* on HBO. And it's all your fault!" Having mono is just like watching *Shogun* on TV. It goes on and on with no redeeming qualities, but for some odd reason you are mesmerized and you cannot turn the TV off. You long to say, "Put your clothes back on! Put that ice cube away!" But no one listens. The film has already, but the theaters. All you can do is wait for the movie to end.

This same late boy, however, ultimately won my heart, and my mono frustration is largely due to the fact that I cannot kiss him for four to six weeks. Man, I want to get better. I'll be the model Barnard student if I get better. I'll never steal another diet coke from McIntosh. I'll never delete another broadcast message without listening to it all the way through. I'll read all the Well Woman mail that comes in my box. I will stop mocking WBAR. I will let my friends know that I will embrace my Columbia female counterpart.

Recently my friends and I have been discussing revenge on ex-boyfriends. Mary is convinced that the best revenge lies in the fact that, as she says gleefully, "We're not their girlfriends anymore!" This is a very empowering point. However, sometimes physical harm is more satisfying. For a limited time only, I will be more than willing to offer my services. I will spit on candy assortments, lick deli platters, and sauté and bake cooked us. To the especially bitter prude holders of the Barnard community, I will freely donate my poems. I'm envisioning a nation-wide corporation, to highly successful company not, "Say It With Flowers." Send MONOCRAM when you care enough to send the very best. If I work hard, I could single-handedly fix up half the 1500s in the tri-state area with the kissing discards. But first, I need to go back to sleep.

Juryn Ruder is a Barnard senior and a Bulletin columnist.



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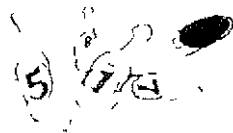
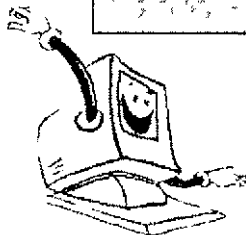
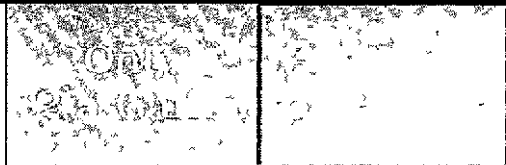
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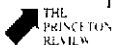
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