

BARNARD

BULLETIN

October 16, 1996
Issue 6



Inside:
Election results on campus
Meet the crowd
Read

Barnard Bulletin

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Cover photo by Leigh Hill

Voices:

Oh, Politics—Sure, Whatever

Politics is a joke. Saturday Night Live opened its season with a spoof on the election night television coverage that began by declaring that Bill Clinton had defeated Bob with 0% of the precincts reporting. The presidential debates are more like repetitive infomercials where plastic candidates exchange sound bites instead of real forums where actual issues are dissected in front of the public. How far we are now from the time where votes hung in the balance of a debate or when politicians motivated people to become involved instead of pandering to the electorate with the promise of a tax break.

The prevailing attitude these days—right or wrong—seems to be that politics does not matter.

Regardless of who is president or who is in Congress nothing seems to

change. The two-party system that has dominated American politics since its early history grows less and less appropriate not many voters see themselves as essentially a Democrat or a Republican. Most people feel alienated from the political process and although they might believe that voting is important have little hope that they can vote for change. After all of the two major contenders for the presidency one is the incumbent and the other represents the political tradition that Bill Clinton defeated when he assumed office four years ago. What hope for real change can there be if every election we are merely turning a switch on and off on and off?

With these thoughts many voters have tilted towards other parties, only to be

continually discouraged by the prevalent attitude that a vote for someone not a representative of one of the two main parties is a wasted vote because only a Democrat or a Republican has any chance of winning. So instead of leading to real change, voter dissatisfaction just leads to real apathy.

It would be nice if instead of making due with the defunct parties that we have, young voters could rise up and form parties of which they would be proud to be a part. America does not suffer from people with a lack of vision it merely is letting them go to waste by telling them "If your vision doesn't fit into one of these two categories you can't be in the government."


Politics used to make a difference in people's lives—or what's more, people believed that it did and fought to see the people they sup-

ported put in power. For many of our mothers and fathers, politics was not just remembering to mail an absentee ballot request it was sit-ins, campaign rallies, and massive demonstrations. Students devoted immense amounts of time—sometimes even pushing school completely aside—because they believed that the fate of their nation and its people was more important than classes and books.


Maybe it is true that the political atmosphere of the sixties is gone forever and that our generation will never feel the passion that our parents once had. But one thing is hasn't changed: there are things worth fighting to change about America. Our challenge is accept that we can change them only if we step back into the political arena instead of dropping out.

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
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Barnard Events Calendar for October 16-21

**Wed 10/16****11:30am-4:45pm** Blood DriveUpper Level McIntosh Call
x44634 for an appointment**4-5:30pm** Tea for Transfer
Students, South Tower**7:30-11pm** Iatnola Jeopardy
Lower level McIntosh**8pm** Tribute to Blues Diva Ruth
Brown, S15 (S7 students and
senior citizens), Miller Theater**8:45-10:30pm** Chemistry Club
meeting Altschul Atrium**Thurs 10/17****11:30am-4:45pm** Blood DriveUpper Level McIntosh Call
x44634 for an appointment**10pm-2am** Homecoming Upper
and Lower level McIntosh**Fri 10/18****2-4pm** Science Faculty and
Student lunch reception Altschul
Atrium**Sat 10/19****9am-5:30pm** The Scholar and the
Feminist XXII - Our Families: A
Feminist Response to the Family
Values Debate

Kilbourne Speaks Out Against Advertising

by Jennifer Hundro

Advised with seductive slogans such as "Alcohol is the best lubricant on the market," Diet pills make you pretty, and "Smoking leads to multiple orgasm," Dr. Jean Kilbourne's lecture on the dangers of media manipulation drew a standing-room-only audience in the International Affairs Building on Wednesday, October 9.

Kilbourne is an Advertising Analyst specializing in the study

of how the average American person sees 3,000 ads per day. Everyone in America feels personally exempt from the effects of advertising, she argued, but statistics show otherwise. Kilbourne notes that after Absolut Vodka went on its massive marketing campaign, sales skyrocketed from \$54,000 to \$21 million.

She designed her presentation to expose the myths of tobacco and alcohol advertising, including their targeting of children. Citing tobacco use "the single

One out of every three three-year-olds can link the (Camel) cartoon character to cigarettes. Before Camel began using the character seven years ago, less than 1 percent of teenage smokers used Camel cigarettes. Now it claims 33 percent of the under-18 market.

of media addiction and gender issues," a visiting scholar at Wellesley College and an advisor to the Surgeon General, Kilbourne was ranked as one of the three most popular college campus speakers by "The New York Times Magazine."

She presented her lecture alongside a slide presentation of both serious and farcical advertisements.

Advertising, Kilbourne said, is a very powerful educational force, noting that the average

largest preventable cause of death, she explained how the tobacco industry must get 3,000 new smokers a day to replace those who die and quit. Kilbourne noted the importance of advertising that targets a young age group: when you're selling a product that's killing people.

Kilbourne read the caption of a Newport cigarette advertisement which featured a young family aloud: "Live with pleasure... what I buy sure beats Deat-



thinner.

A Camel advertisement from several years ago produced laughter from the audience. A middle-aged scruffy man was shown walking through a jungle. Silhouette contrasted this with the Camel ads of today. One out of every three three-year-olds can link the silhouette character to cigarette.

Camel began using the silhouette character seven years ago. Less than 1 percent of teenage smokers used Camel cigarettes. Now it sells 33 percent of the under-16 market. Calling Joe the Rare Australian Dickhead, Camel Kilbourne also noted its phallic imagery.

Young women are also targeted by cigarette companies, Kilbourne said. She pointed out that most cigarette ads aimed at women include terminology such as slim or slender. Showing a picture of a woman armed with a cigarette who refuses a piece of cake, Kilbourne said, these advertisements send the message that you can't eat, but at least you can smoke.

Kilbourne ended the appearance by modeling magazines, saying that women are surrounded by the image of ideal female beauty. This, she said, leads women to feel guilty and ashamed of their bodies. And, as a result, a model in a cosmetic advertisement she said, "The ideal beauty is an absolute fantasy. It is, indeed, she has no pores."

Advertising also creates a culture in which there is widespread violence, Kilbourne said. Violence is being portrayed as chic—it is necessary to abuse a thing, rather

than maintaining it and reviving it. Cigarettes were a selling point for the usual old-school lifestyle of men and doctors.

She also expressed concern that Americans receive tainted health information from the media. Kilbourne criticized the Partnership for Drug Free



Kilbourne speaking at a podium.

America, noting that the group is composed of corporations who don't want a drug-free America, but instead want an America on the margin. Although she considered all drug use serious, she believed stigmatizing the more people feel safe and hand smoke that legal drugs combined.

Kilbourne had a number of suggestions for the men's stock of advertising. She wanted the audience to ask advertisers and ask. Are they treating the

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most vulnerable member of our population? She also emphasized the importance of responsible government financing, even if it means more taxes.

Like many other activists, Kilbourne suggested that people in campus who are trying to do something about it:

Jennifer Handra is a Barnard first year.

Do you find life
funny?

Do you feel like
showing
the world

how funny it is?

Why not become a cartoonist for the Bulletin?

Come to our Tuesday night meeting at 7pm in Lower Level McIntosh, or call x42119 for more information.



Erica Jong Comes 'Write' Back to Barnard

by Rachel Kamir

On Tuesday, October 1, about one hundred seventy-five people gathered in the Broxson Dining Room of Barnard College to celebrate the dedication of The Erica Mann Jong '63 Writing Center.

Erica Jong, the best-selling author of *Fanny Hill*, award-winning poet, essayist and 1963 Barnard graduate established the Erica Mann Jong '63 Writing Fellows Fund. The \$100,000 fund was raised to support what was formerly called the Writing Room—home of the Writing Fellows' program that teaches talented student writers to help other students improve their writing. Jong said, "I was introduced to [the program] through President Judith Shapiro. I was so impressed by what they were doing I wanted to support the program. Barnard was the place where I found my vocation as a writer. I feel privileged to be able to help future Barnard women do the same."

The fund is made up of contributions from Jong, her family, friends and colleagues. The Karcitsky Family Memorial Fund, The Selth Kahn Foundation and Harper Collins. According to

Reu G. Feinstein, the Associate Director of Special Gifts at the Office of Development and Alumni Affairs, the gift is a mix of spendable funds and the bulk of it for an endowed fund which will pay the stipends of writing fellows. Part of the \$100,000 has already been used to pay for the

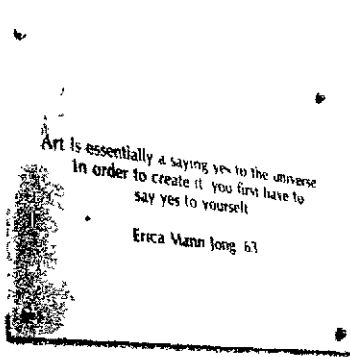
process that happens with time in a series of drafts in a series of different stages. It is crucial to find someone with a dispassionate eye to look at your work every writer needs a reader. The philosophy involves collaborative learning, Jong said. "A

believe that conversations can happen between people that can't happen between professor and students. It goes both ways—writing allows learn peer learn."

This collaborative learning is appreciated by Emily Besa (BC '94) who has been a peer tutor since the second semester of her sophomore year. The "Writing Center" helps me be a better writer, Besa said. It makes me aware of my own writing process.

President Judith Shapiro said, "Writing [Ms. Jong's] generous gift we will be able not only to continue to foster our strong tradition of writing at Barnard College, but also to provide a more comprehensive and high-quality writing center for the students with which she has collaborated over the years."

Rachel Kamir is a Barnard student.



Art is essentially a saying yes to the universe in order to create it you first have to say yes to yourself. Erica Mann Jong '63

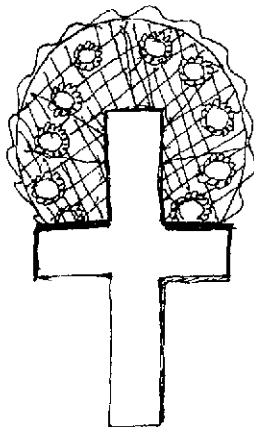
renovation of the Writing Room. As Nancy Kline, Program Director of the Writing Center states, "The fund's primary goal is to create an individual program that has its own endowment."

The Writing Program which caters sixth year provide a place where Barnard students can discuss their writing with a select group of trained peer tutors. A lion's share of the philosophy is to encourage the Writing

Gumbo

by Susan
Clarke

Chapter 2: The blood of Jesus



Mother
Hickers cradled
at the foot of the
bed, turned east
ward and nestled
the prayer cloth
in the slightly
indented crown
of her head.

which had started to recede frightfully three months ago—her incentive to purchase a new bottle of Gosa olive oil from El Sibao.

She tottered up to Pastor Hanson while he was greeting a visiting preacher after Fresh Anointing Service one Sunday morning to have him bless the bottle. Every night since, she dipped an arthritic finger full of oil in the space and called down the heavens for restoration. Prayer cloths were a blessing. Only her and Jesus had to know that she was suffering from great loss. She adjusted the four-cornered lace white cloth so that each edge, as far as she could see, stopped abruptly at the tip of her shriveled breasts, and fastened it with a white hairpin.

"Sister Jamerson, now you know you ought not be wearin' no black hairpin on your head with a white prayer cloth. The Lord don't like ugly and I reckon a black hairpin on a white prayer cloth is as ugly as ugly gon git!" Mother Hickers playfully scolded in one breath, while fanning her bony hand, on a Sunday morning just before the Battle Ax Choir made their processional to the pulpit. "Render your heart and not your garments, my Lord, done told me. So as the word say, I am." Sister Jamerson replied. The two women cackled

briefly just before Brother Lance, the choir director, indicated for the organist to start the opening hymn.

Sister Jamerson was Mother Hickers' closest and oldest friend. She was a few years younger than Mother Hickers. They had been baptized and received the Holy Ghost on the same day, some sixty or so years ago at Mt. Canaan Calvary Church in Mobile, Alabama, when Pastor Jollie Pastor Hanson's uncle, was presider before he went on to be with the Lord. Food made more impression to Sister Jamerson than fashion. She was a plied and bow-legged woman of considerable years. She always smelled of either cinnamon apples or smoked turkey neckbone with just the right amount of seasoning. Mother Hickers always said, "When Mother Hickers sat next to her in the choir loft, her stomach would grumble so much that she would have to quietly slip a gummy candy in her mouth, so as not to let Brother Lance see her eating in the House of the Lord, and to cut the hunger that cried from deep within."

Sister Jamerson always cooked her big week's dinner early every Sunday morning before going to church service. Deacon Jamerson, prime and plump like a pregnant sow, was more than tangible evidence that when Sister Jamerson set her hand to a pot even the very angels in heaven would give up their wings for a plate. On Helping Hand Sunday, she was the church kitchen cook. She always threw down pots of bacon-smoked collard greens, barbecue chicken lightly basted with a homemade honey-mustard glaze, macaroni and cheese that Mother Hickers was sure she soaked her feet in for at least two days, and banana pudding made with oven-baked vanilla wafers and sweet milk. Some of the church saints would leave the service right before Pastor gave the benediction just to be the first on line in the church basement. As a result, the Helping Hand Club had the reputation of raising the most money for the church building restoration fund and Pastor Hanson had joyfully honored Sister Jamerson with a Jica plant just before delivering the sermon one Sunday. Aside from that, Sister Jamerson was the only woman who sang tenor in the choir and could hold a note better than most of the men in the section, and if you messed with her, she would sing some old-time bass just like her granddaddy use to sing, it.

Susan Clarke is a Barnard senior and a Bulletin Staff Writer.

Please direct all comments to Susan Clarke, Box #5925 or sd.6@columbia.edu.

Barnard Founder's Day



Students and area residents enjoyed shopping (right plant sale) eating and watching the various entertainment acts (mime above also see cover)



On Friday, October 10, Barnard held its fourth annual street fair to honor the college's Founder, former Columbia University President Frederick A. P. Barnard.

At left: Students prepare for winter, stocking up on warm clothes and accessories.

Below: Ever wondered what it was like to be a sumo wrestler? Students stug it out (harmlessly) to release some pre-midterm stress.

All photos are by Leigh Hill.



Until There Is A Cure...

**A
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by *Charli Long*

It is estimated that by the year 2000 8 million people worldwide will have died from AIDS. On September 28 1996 the tenth annual Broadway Cares/Equity Fights AIDS Flea Market was held in Shubert Alley in the heart of

Manhattan's theater district. Broadway Cares/Equity Fights AIDS (BC/EFA) has become the entertainment industry's most active and vital organization addressing the challenges of AIDS with a projected \$6.2 million in donations this year alone.

BC/EFA was formed four years ago when Broadway Cares an organization started by people working behind the scenes in show business and Equity Fights AIDS initiated by actors and stage members in Actors Equity (a union for theater professionals) merged under the banner of a common goal to help their friends and co-workers battling the disease. The first flea market was organized by Michael Danck star of the then previously running show *A Chorus Line*. It was held before a November matinee and raised \$7,000. This year's flea market raised \$468,500. Both sides of 46th Street and Shubert Alley were filled with booths representing all the major Broadway shows as well as

some Off Broadway shows. There was also a stage for the Grand Auction, a celebrity table, a photo booth and for the third year in a row a silent auction was available for those unable to stay until the grand auction in the evening.

Many times people in show business are perceived as selfish. I find it very heartening that so many of them are willing to donate their time and energy and use their notoriety to benefit others.

—*John F. Foley*

A record number of people attended the flea market this year. The money raised surpassed last year's total of \$310,000 by more than \$100,000. This year we were very fortunate in that we were able to have actors from many of the daily soap operas present at the celebrity table. We were able to attract people to the flea market who otherwise might not have come. Added John V. Foley producer of special projects for BC/EFA: "Throughout the day fifteen celebrities including Sarah Jessica Parker, Estelle Parsons,

Laine Paige, Robin Strasser and Lou Diamond Phillips were at the table and photo booth signing autographs and talking to their fans. Every year all the stars of stage and screen are invited and many call and volunteer in various capacities. At the various venues shoppers rifled through old playbills from actual productions, autographed posters and t-shirts. There were also raffles for theater tickets and dinners, original scripts for films and plays, and baked goods to purchase. The Grand Auction however was the highlight of the evening.

At the Grand Auction items up for bid were varied both in price range and substance. A pipe of music from *Rent* handwritten by the late Jonathan Larson brought in \$2,750, an appearance as an extra on *Friends* including airfare to Los Angeles was sold for \$11,000 and a part in *Les Misérables* and 24 complimentary tickets garnered \$23,000. When the smoke cleared out of the \$468,000 raised to help these in-show-business living with HIV and AIDS \$294,230 came from the auction.

Besides the flea market BC/EFA holds two other major fund-raising events: the Gay & Lesbian of the Year and the Easter Bonnet contests. During the six weeks preceding each event the cost of each participating show raises money through audience appeals, backstage bake sales, autograph

poster sales. For the Easter Bonnet contest, each show assigns a bonnet, and then has three run-

benefit others. In the Flea Market, the one event where everyone works together.

As the motto of the AIDS quilt says, 'not all battles are fought by the sword'

utes to present their creation to the judges. For Gypsy, the Year the chorus of each show creates an act to be judged. Each cast that takes part in one of the fundraisers competes for either first, second, or third prize. A prize is also awarded for the amount of money raised during the six-week period before

All of the money raised by and for BC/EFA is used in many different ways to help people fighting AIDS.

The donations are distributed in the form of direct assistance grants, as well as grants to AIDS service organizations and other strategic donations. Direct assistance grants to people in the entertainment industry help the sick pay for rent, telephone utilities, health insurance, and other basic living expenses. During this holiday season,

the medical and research front recently. So our job is going to be more important and even harder in the future. As people with HIV live longer, they will need more support services. In order to meet these future needs, BC/EFA would like to expand and involve more and more people, as well as plan other events. Another project in the works called The Broadway Bears involves custom-made bears resembling different characters in Broadway shows. The costumes are made from material actually used in the shows. The entire collection should be completed by the spring of 1998. The bears will be auctioned off after the

...there's Broadway Cares.

the contests. Some of the bonnets are donated to the Flea Market and then auctioned off, while many of the shows choose to display their bonnet in their theater. Contributions are also collected throughout the year through a mail-order catalog of merchandise proceeds from Sunday and Monday night cabaret shows at the Club Traid, added performances of shows such as *Tony and Tina's Wedding* and *Granima Sylvia's Funeral*, and CareTix. CareTix provides house seats to the latest plays for twice the box office price. Half of these proceeds are donated to BC/EFA.

All of the theaters are very supportive, Fahey said. Many times people in show business are portrayed as selfish. I find it very heartening that so many of them are willing to donate their time and energy and use their notoriety to

BC/EFA will distribute approximately 3,000 food baskets to people in hospitals and treatment centers. Projects which have been funded by BC/EFA through other service organizations include providing

food, shelter, transportation, emergency financial aid, and non-reimbursable medical expenses to those suffering

with AIDS. In addition, vital contributions to AIDS-related conferences and meetings help many other organizations raise money to provide their services.

Working for BC/EFA has made me realize that people really want to help. AIDS has hit every one in one way or another, explained Fahey. There has been very positive news about AIDS in

distribute tours the country.

As the motto of the AIDS quilt says, "Not all battles are fought by the sword." Until there is a cure, it is good to know that Broadway cares.

It is estimated that by the year 2000, 8 million people worldwide will have died from AIDS.

Charl Long is a Barnard first-year

Upcoming BC/EFA-sponsored events include World AIDS Day and the DRV Remember Project at St. Luke in Greenwich Village, 17-1 The Gypsy of the Year Contest at the Virginia Theater, 17-2 on Jan. 12, and the Red Ribbon Christmas Tree in Duffy Square.

To 'I Do' or not to 'I Do' ...

by *Aimee Sims*

Marriage—why bother? Do you remember the story of how your parents met? Good. Now do you remember the story of how your parents divorced?

Whether your parents are happily married or not I'm sure at one point or another in your life you pondered the question: What is the point of marriage? As women of the '90s we are the children of ex revolutionaries, hippies, and baby boomers. Somehow I think that the idea of marriage has lost some of its romantic luster between their generation and ours and has instead become some far off notion only to be discussed when the biological clock/time bomb begins its countdown around age thirty. But hey—let's not appear too cynical. After all there are the legal benefits. Ahhh yes the legal benefits: what were they?

Marriage has been a hot topic in the news lately as it relates to the gay and lesbian community. The Democrats who are everyday perfecting their art of crafting their platform just close enough to the center to annoy liberals and confuse Republicans, tried to pass legislation prohibiting job discrimination against homosexuals. The Employment Anti Discrimination Act (EADA) recently ruled in the Senate by a 50-49 vote. The Defense of Marriage Act (DOMA) passed however. DOMA essential allows each state to not recog-

nize same-sex marriages recognized in other states. In rebellion many gay and lesbian couples who obviously cherish the right to marry have gathered in parks and other public areas to conduct weddings and have declared their vows en masse to the abhorrence of the Democrats—I mean the Republicans—well all of them.

I canvassed a few of our fellow students to assess the general campus consensus on this issue. The responses varied.

What happened to the days of yester-year where you marry your high school sweetheart and live happily ever after?

To me marriage is something you do after you've been with someone for a long time, around when you hit your late twenties or early thirties. It provides security and stability for your family but is second priority to having a career. Marriage is not for young people any more. You need two people working and saving 10 years before you can afford to get married and have children, said Christina Mullins (BC '98).

Alexis Abrams (BC '92) commented, "I don't think much about

marriage. I don't think it's necessary to solidify a relationship it's something that needs to be worked out between two people. I don't plan to do it for a long time. There's so much I want to do on my own, having to take someone else into my life would cramp my style.

I think marriage isn't necessary. A woman can be independent as long as she wants to be. Marriage used to be about women's economic dependency on men. As women have grown more independent marriage has developed into more of an emotional commitment. Before I got married I want to enter the workforce and become financially stable, said Jenny Swinski (BC '00).

Other students have had different challenges which colored their views about tying the knot. I feel that I'm in a difficult situation, said a lesbian student who chose to remain anonymous. When I was growing up my church told me that marriage was perfect in the sight of God and is one of the crowning achievements in anyone's life. My lover and I have been in a relationship for over a year now and yes marriage does come up sometimes. I would love to get married—and would even consider it in the next few years, once I've paid off my student loans, but now the government has said that my marriage would corrupt the moral values of America. Personally I think the moral values of America were corrupted long before I fell in love.

Aiyla Balakumar (BC '01) feels that there is no way she will ever know if she has found the person who will make her happiest. 'No relationship is the ultimate relationship,' she said. 'I don't believe in God and therefore don't believe in unconditional love—that is why I won't get married. Marriage is supposed to be this wonderful unselfish, unregrettable thing [according to her roommate]. You let yourself become half a person and are happy about it! Maybe as the years drag on I'll be more willing to compromise. I certainly hope not but maybe.'

What happened to the days of

...that is the question

yester year when you married your high school sweetheart and lived happily ever after? Among other things the answer seems to be inflation. Marriage is too expensive. Either that or it is unnecessary and in some cases legally impossible. I don't think women of the 90s have given up on marriage—we've just postponed it for awhile. The complexities of issues such as who you love, how committed you feel to them, and whether you are ready to settle down just aren't priorities right now. To all those potential suitors out there—take a number and step in line, because right now ain't nothing going on but the rent.

Annee Sims is a Barnard junior and Bulletin Features editor.

Black Box Unites Theater Groups

by Leah Maruska

The five currently active theater ensembles of Barnard and Columbia have united to form Black Box. The Barnard/Columbia Theater Collective. According to Black Box Chair Melissa Kaiser, the organization will better coordinate all campus productions, make them less costly and more accessible to interested students, and allow each organization more access to materials. Headed by a three-member Executive Board, Black Box consists of a representative from each participating theater group and any students interested in getting involved.

Black Box was originally conceived to facilitate new students in connecting with the theater community. Because of the numerous productions that go on each year and the random publicity for those shows, first-year and transfer students often do not know what is going on until it is too late to get involved. This database of people will then serve the double function of letting theater groups know who's out there and more importantly, provide theater opportunities for students.

Black Box has been recognized by the Barnard Student Government Association and is seeking the same status from Columbia's student government.

Obtaining storage space for props and equipment and creating a Web site are some of their goals for the year. Temporarily, they are receiving inquiries via e-mail at mlk30@columbia.edu.

In the works this semester is a theater festival the weekend of December 4-9, consisting of the plays *Blind Yawt*, *Trin*, *Confessions*, and *Guns and Dolls*. With a CUID, students can purchase a pass to see two or three of the shows at a discounted rate. Passes will be available in late November.

The participating student-run ensembles are:

Barnard College Musical Theater—BCMT produces one musical per year (fall semester) at Miller Theater. Past productions include *Little Shop of Horrors*, *Hair*, and *Amulung Gns*. This year they will stage *Guns and Dolls*. From December 4-6, tickets with a CUID are \$5 and \$10, without backstage crew and orchestra positions are still available. Contact Zara.

Columbia Musical Theater Society—The number of plays and musicals CMTS stages varies from year to year. Previous works include *Romeo and Juliet*, *Phantom of the Opera*, and *The War Play*. This semester they will produce two shows: *The Man* November 14-16, 11:30pm with a Saturday matinee at 3pm in St. Paul's Chapel, and *Blood Knot*

continued on page 7.



CAMPUS

EVENT

Author Louise DeSalvo

Talks About

Her *Vertigo*

by Heather Josephs

My work brings me from a place of sadness to a place where I feel safe and happy explained Hunter College professor and published author Louise DeSalvo to the small group of listeners. Writing keeps me sane.

Growing up in a dysfunctional family in which her sister committed suicide ten years ago and her mother was hospitalized for mental illness, it has taken a lot

childhood experiences that impacted her. One such experience was when an elementary school math teacher told the class that girls didn't have the right kind of minds to do math and proceeded to seat the boys in the front of the classroom so they could get the attention they deserved. DeSalvo also described how her high school advisor recommended that she go to secretarial school because she looked like a secretary and

positive role models over the course of her life who taught her the importance and value of education. For example one of her neighbors was particularly influential in instructing her to pursue her interests, not only her skills. This was a strikingly different mentality than she had grown up with and she has used this piece of advice throughout her entire life.

With the support of her mother who had her own aspirations that she could not fulfill and subsequently encouraged her daughter to follow her dreams, DeSalvo was able to attend Douglass College of Rutgers University. She has come to realize that what women must do for one another is show each other how to work. She believes that when women are denied work they are being denied life itself.

Although DeSalvo never set foot in a bookstore until she was in college, today she is a prolific writer. Her story is an inspirational one and her memoir is highly recommended.

Heather Josephs is a Barnard first year and a Bulletin Staff Writer.

DeSalvo also described how her high school advisor recommended that she go to secretarial school because she looked like a secretary, and because he had never met an Italian serious about going to college. She explained how it was not until recently that a woman of her background could be seen as having any value

of strength and courage for DeSalvo to keep herself together.

On October 2 in Sulzberger Parlor, DeSalvo shared stories and insights from her childhood of what it was like growing up as a woman in Hackensack, New Jersey in a working class Italian American family. She read excerpts from her memoir *Vertigo* and discussed several

furthermore, he had never met an Italian serious about going to college. She explained how it was not until recently that a woman of her background could be seen as having any value. Italians characteristically have distrusted educated women and valued family loyalty.

DeSalvo however was to turn out enough to encounter several

Professor Reads Fiction at International House

CAMPUS

E V E N T

by Nicole Trepicchio

Sit back, close your eyes, and picture yourself living in a foreign country, drastically different from your homeland. You feel lost like an outsider—you are an outsider.

On Tuesday, October 8, at the International House, Barnard English Professor Nahid Rachlin transported her audience into this situation through a reading of her novel *Heart's Desire*.

Heart's Desire is the story of an American artist, Jennifer, and her husband, Karim, an Iranian professor who takes his wife and their son to see and experience his homeland. Rachlin, originally from Iran, incorporates the chaotic conditions of her birthplace into her novel. Her writing reflects her varied background as well as her interest in a woman's role in society.

Before reading three passages from her novel, Rachlin provided a brief summary of the story. Following the termination of the Iranian Iraq war, Karim takes Jennifer and their son to Iran. He hopes that their son will experience Iranian culture, and that Jennifer will find inspiration for her art work. While in Iran, Jennifer faces both culture shock and animosity from Karim's family. Rachlin's novel conveys themes of loss of control and powerlessness.

Rachlin alternates points of view in her novel, switching between Jennifer and Karim. First, she read from Jennifer's point of view. The chapter revolves around

the character's desire to return to happier times in her marriage, notably the early days of their marriage. Rachlin then skipped to a section of the book written from Karim's point of view. Karim is considering moving back to Iran and commenting on the lack of values in the United States.

The last passage that Rachlin read left the audience in suspense. The chapter exposes the problems that Jennifer has with Karim's mother, who opposes the way Jennifer treats her son's illness. In this section, Jennifer has problems with Iranian government officials who think she is a spy and place her in jail. Rachlin ended the reading at the point in her novel where Jennifer is caught after trying to escape from jail.

author. One person asked about the current circumstances in Iran to which Rachlin replied, "Things haven't changed that much under the New Regime, but under the Shah, it was much more oppressive. She maintains that the new legal system hasn't hurt women. For example, women can now have a divorce granted much more easily and she pointed out that in the past there were secret police."

Another question addressed the difficulty of getting into Jennifer's character. Rachlin replied that she used her American friends who are in situations like her character's. She explained that she absorbed their attitudes rather than consult

Heart's Desire is the story of an American artist, Jennifer, and her husband Karim, an Iranian professor who takes his wife and their son to see and experience his homeland. Rachlin, originally from Iran, incorporates the chaotic conditions of her birthplace into her novel.

Although Rachlin is Iranian, she wrote the book from an American point of view. Before *Heart's Desire*, she wrote a book from an Iranian perspective. The main reason she wanted to sit back at American in Iran, Rachlin, who's husband is American, used her cross-cultural tensions from her own marriage as a source for her book.

Following her reading, audience members engaged in a question and answer session with the

ing them before writing. Rachlin concluded by telling the audience that she found inspiration for the book from her own marriage. When asked if she thought it was more difficult to be married to someone of a different background, she replied, "It works out just as well. Marriages don't break up or make it because of culture."

Nicole Trepicchio is a Barnard first year.



MUSIC CALENDAR

for the week of
10/16-10/22

Rock

Wednesday, October 16

Lionfish Dana McCoy (Fez)
Santana Vernon Reid, Masque
(Beacon Theater)

Thursday, October 17

Jackopierce, Peter Salett Bill
Mann (Tramps)

Talking To Animals Honest
(Brownies)

Psychotica, Elevator Drops,
Impotent Seasnakes (Westbeth
Theater)

Friday, October 18

Drivin' N' Cryin' Jason & The
Scorechers (Tramps)

Rake's Progress, Oral Groove
(Brownies)

Velocity Girl (Mercury Lounge)
Screaming Headless Torsos

Agents of Good Roots (Wetlands)

Saturday, October 19

Waldos Truck Baby (Continental)
The Rachels Band Richard

Davies Rex (Tramps)

Chris Isaak Fiona Apple (Beacon
Theater)

Ultra Bide The Spitters

Bastillespace (Cooler)

Sunday, October 20

Slabbing Westward Ash I Mother
Earth (Irving Plaza)

Pulsars Olivia Tremor Control
(Brownies)

Black Uhuru Skadanks (Wetlands)

Monday, October 21

Pro Pain Vovoid Crisis
(Brownies)

Tribe 8 Vitapup (Wetlands)

Tuesday, October 22

Moxa Frayous (Mercury Lounge)

BAND REVIEW

by Anna Akbar

God Is My Co-Pilot is the Bomb

The group God Is My Co-Pilot encompasses many punk genres which include noise rock, punk rock, ska, surf and not girl style to coagulate their own style. Daria, the bassist, provides a powerful backbone to the music with her calculated basslines. She also adds the diversity of a melodican and a clarinet to their live set. Their drummer, David, plays with just the right nouveau drumming techniques to keep the music going. Craig, a wanky, free style guitarist, cracks out a mix of noise and surf. Playing ska style upbeats and sliding all over the fret board on his overdriven guitar, he alone would be enough to entertain any listener. Their new songs that escape the boundaries of 4/4 time are tricky to the ears, but through this, they play a style of music which not many bands are capable of. Back up vocals done by both Daria and Craig are used for added effect.

Patty Schemel of Hole once used the term "coo core" in an interview and that word describes GIMC very well. When I asked Sharon (one of six vocalists who

she sang about) she responded,

"All about gender and sex and bisexuality and umm ummm. That's pretty much it (giggle). And some love songs, but gender and sex are pretty high. The band has been together for about five years. Based in New York, Craig and Sharon are the founding members and according to Sharon, are the bands' many bassists and drummers. Their latest release *Fuss Two* came out in November of '95. They released the album themselves with the help of Dark Beloved Cloud (a NY record label). They have never been exclusive to one label and are in fact releasing their next record on Atavistic Records, a Chicago based record label in December of this year. After seeing them live and listening to by stereo, one would agree that they are definitely a live band. They will be playing at the Continental on Sunday, October 27, for free.

Such cacophony has never been so pleasing to the ears. Go check them out.

Anna Akbar is a Barnard first year.



Patti Smith returns with 'Gone Again'

by Jen Berman

Gone Again is Patti Smith's full fledged return to the public eye. The first album in eight years from the Godmother of Punk is a loss laden reflection of her past few years. In 1989 her longtime friend died of AIDS and 1994 took the lives of both her husband and brother. Patti Smith has a lot of tangled emotions which she attempts to work out through her latest release.

She never fully disappeared from the spotlight contributing to the *No Alternative AIDS* fundraiser compilation and staging several poetry readings in Central Park. More recently she supplied the background vocals for the first single "Lebow" on The Letter off REM's new album. Even on her last album *Dream of Life* she shared the spotlight with Fred Smith her husband and guitarist. This is the first time in a while that she speaks at length on her own experiences.

The album consists mostly of moody pieces lamenting the sorrows of death and loss which are saved from whininess and made real by Smith's growling hard edged voice. In "About A Boy" whose title is an answer to Nirvana's "About A Girl" she explores the sadness of singer/guitarist Kurt Cobain's suicide amidst a swirling of guitars in a song that might best be described as grunge graveyard music. But she rescues the dirge from sappiness by cynically growling towards the end "Now that I have you in my face / I

enbrace you / I welcome you" as an editorial on his sudden posthumous popularity.

"My Madrigal" however finds her moaning unpolished calls along with a chorus of strings. This song lacks the hardness that oozes from the other tracks. Most of the time is spent walling.

"Oh til death do us part" is a call to her recently deceased husband.

But the album also has its brighter moments such as the first single "Summer Cannibals" and the jangly country-ish guitar of "Dead to the World."

"Fireflies" the last track recorded for the album is the pinnacle of the work. It is nine and a half minutes of the half sung, half spoken medium Smith developed in the 1970s as a way to set her poetry to music. It traces the progression of her coming to terms with what has become of her life as she begins by telling us that there are eleven steps til I can rest and later tells us there are nine and finally that there are two. In an interview with National Public radio she describes her album as "a painful but successful journey of one who didn't want to get out of bed or didn't want to rise to feel like again."

But out of the tragedies that recently plagued her life Smith has risen to growl and moan her way back into the public arena. She is not *Gone Again*. Let her again to prove that she and her voice will survive.

Jen Berman is a *Banard* first year

Classical

Wednesday, October 16

The Bartered Bride (Metropolitan Opera House)

Falstaff (New York State Theater)
New York Chamber Symphony
Orchestra (Alice Tully Hall)

Thursday, October 17

Lidora (Metropolitan Opera House)

Return of the Siren (NY State Theater)

New York Philharmonic—Piston
Berlioz Liebermann (Avery Fisher Hall)

Friday, October 18

Andra Chemier (Metropolitan Opera House)

Le Nozze di Figaro (NY State Theater)

Saturday, October 19

Rigoletto (Metropolitan Opera House)

H M S Pinafore (NY State Theater)

Carmen (NY State Theater)

Con Bro Ensemble Brahms

Schubert (Bruno Walter

Auditorium)
Danny Tarantino (Avery Fisher Hall)

Sunday, October 20

Madame Butterfly (NY State Theater)

Jazz/Blues

Wednesday, October 16

Maynard Ferguson & Big Bop
Nouvelau (Birdland)

Thursday, October 17

Nancy Wilson (Blue Note)

Syl Johnson (Manny's Car Wash)

Friday, October 18

Holmes Brothers (Chicago Blues)

Saturday, October 19

Rachel Z (B. Smith's Rooftop Cafe)



ALL ABOUT

S
K
AHOW TO skank
YOURSELF SILLY

by Melissa Terman

Ska? I've never heard of that group.

Contrary to popular belief, ska is not a music group. It's a type of music which originated in Jamaica during the early 1960s. Ska has a funky, groovy, hep-cat sound that is very different from any other genre. Musically, ska is a fusion of Jamaican Mento rhythm with R&B, with the drum coming in on the second, third, and fourth beats, and the guitar emphasizing the up of the second, third, and fourth beat. Skatopia Magazine said: "The drum therefore is carrying the blues and swing beats of American Music and the guitar is expressing the Mento sound." To paraphrase ska is simply reggae style music with its up beat.

Over the years, ska has come to mean more than a genre of music. It is a culture unto itself—there is even a particular lingo which accompanies this movement. First off, there is skanking. This is the freakish dance that cuts up the ska dance floor. Skanking was once described as a rhythmic herking and jerking. Basically, I see it as people sorta running in place and jumping kinda funny to the rhythm of a song. It's a dance so freaky that almost everyone can do it

(even me!). Once you've got skanking down, you might start to notice the folks who frequent ska shows. The crowd ranges from punks to hippies, but the scene is ruled by rude boys and girls. Rudies can be seen at every ska show sporting slick suits and ties. The rude movement took shape in Jamaica in 1967. This subculture of angry youth has been described as sort of super-cool hooligans, fun-loving young men, sharply dressed in a stylish two-tone suit and pork pie hats.

So I hope by now you're at least a little interested (or maybe even intrigued) by ska. Here's a few groups to whet your taste buds. My personal favorite is a little group from Connecticut called Johnny Too Bad. But there are hundreds of groups you can choose from. Like rock music, there are tons of different varieties of ska.

The history of ska is divided into three waves. The first wave of ska, which happened in the early sixties, is very traditional, old-school ska. The Skatalites, Prince Buster, and even Bob Marley are some examples of first wavers. In the late seventies, ska became popular once again and was re-emphasized with a faster beat and more horns. Madness is probably the most well-known second wave

group. Third wave ska is what you're gonna hear most of the time these days. The third wave has been going strong since the early nineties. There are 20 great groups I could give props to, but I'll only mention a few. Skankin' Pickle, Springheeled Jack, and Bin Skala. Bin are three really slick groups. And if the traditional ska doesn't suit your fancy, you can get funky with the Beastie Boys-ish Too Skinneee J's. Or another big scene in the ska world is ska-core. Groups that have the ska thing but take it out hardcore style can be put in this category (in other words, the music is generally harder and faster). Operation Ivy, Less Than Jake, and the Voodoo Glow Skulls all have been known as ska-core. Ska can even go jazzy, with groups like the NYC Ska and Jazz Ensemble.

Nothing can beat skanking away on a Friday night to a few live bands. So be cool like that and check out a show at the Wetlands or contact Moon Ska NYC records at PO 1412 Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276. Then you can find out why so many people are listening to what my good friend once called circus music.

Melissa Terman is a Barnard first year.



In the Coop with Scary Chicken

INTERVIEW

By Miriam Elder

Walking through New York City's Theater District I didn't know what to expect. I was to have a late lunch date with Scary Chicken, a band whose members prided themselves on their love of beer, their twisted sense of humor and their cover version of the *Duke of Hazard* theme song.

I finally reached Au Celi and picked out the band immediately. Among the suits and cell phones that littered the restaurant sat four guys in t-shirts and jeans laughing up a storm.

I sat down and the stories began, mainly stories about their van which had been (and still was) running for two and a half weeks straight because once shut off it would never start again. Then we ordered food and got down to business—as much as one could with a band that was so tight and familiar that an outsider could hardly get a word in edgewise.

The band named their musical influences as everything from Jimi Hendrix and The Who to Iron Maiden and Judas Priest to Black Flag and The Psychedelic Furs. The members pride themselves on their wide range of musical influences and on their own myriad of musical styles which range from crunchy cowpunk to all-out thrash pop to love ballads.

Scary Chicken hatched at the University of Buffalo when the guys were all students. Tim Bryant (guitarist and vocalist) and Tom Greier (guitarist and vocalist) were roommates. Paul Zacks (bassist) and Scary (drummer) had previously



The Co-op Scary Chicken

been in a band together and heard that Tim and Tom were looking to start a band. Thus Scary Chicken cracked its shell and mated in frat houses and club culture throughout town. Currently, they are finishing a tour of radio stations and at the Hard Rock Cafes in the eastern seaboard.

Scary Chicken's debut album *THEY ARE* was recently released by the independent label Nervu Records. It isn't too hard to figure out that there must be a funny story attached to this title as well. The band was sitting on the floor in a junkyard when Scary called out. They continued to ask him, "Is that a car beer? Is that a car beer?" I didn't answer until the fifth question when beer finally came out of them: Mutt!

Their single "Bill in a Veil" catches fire that could fill in a fire (the cop/po) department. It has

already received air time on MTV's *Alternative Nation* and 150 college radio stations all over the United States.

After a series of serious questions it was clear that the band had grown tired as they reverted back to funny, our stories. They laughed incessantly while talking about being kicked out of the Co-op in Washington, DC, the different types of shoes they wear and the possibility of a Scary Chicken Dance.

In various articles Scary Chicken has been compared to everything from Green Day and Tripping Daisy to Load and the Wolf Sprocket to Elvis Costello. The band generally plays simple music with nice melodies. They are all content for their next release but are keen to break out of their currently insular sound.

Miriam Elder is a Barnard first-year.



INTRAMURAL HIGHLIGHTS

by Pete Marchitello

Members of our bowling community voted for the season premiere of BOWLING INTRAMURALS this past week. Throughout the season teams of four will be gathering for target practice in lower McInosh. There were certainly no opening night jitters for the Turkeys (Women's League).

They easily won their first game as EMMY POINTER helped lead her team to victory with an impressive score of 144.

Within the same division, the BOWLING STONES collapsed enough pins to edge SEIOPATT and win their first match. Nice games were delivered by KATE SMIKO of the Bowling Stones and JULIA SCOTT of Seporatt.

On the adjacent alley for the Co-Rec A division the BOWLING BURRITOS defeated the PIN HEADS as BRIAN BRICK put on a bowling demonstration scoring a 186.

Returning to volleyball action a JSU battle occurred over the previous week JSU 3 defeated JSU 1 to remain the only undefeated Co-Rec team. In other action the MARGANTAS held off SFC (Women's A) in their In a grueling second game after catching up leads a number of times the Margantas rallied late to win the first extended match this season enabling them to claim victory.



Dear Well Woman

My friends and I have been arguing about this for years. I read somewhere that your body is warmer in winter if you shave your legs. My friends disagree. Am I right or wrong? And what is the reasoning behind it?

Thanks
Waiting to Shear

Dear Waiting to Shear

After consulting with several health practitioners, Well Woman has learned that shaving or not shaving your legs will not affect body warmth. Body hair is different from animal fur. Hair follicles in humans are spaced too far apart to provide the same insulation that fur supplies to animals.

Remember that when you are shaving you are removing a layer of skin and that cold weather increases skin dryness. So use moisturizer if you do choose to shave your legs when the weather gets cold. But if you want an excuse not to shave your legs during the winter you can always tell people that the hair keeps you warmer.

Sincerely,
Well Woman



WE TRY IT

Sometimes we think love just isn't safe anymore. Taryn's got mono, the AIDS epidemic is spreading, and everyone knows someone with an STD. So, we sacrificed ourselves, pure-hearted souls that we are and went exploring on a whole new level. Clean off your phones, put a condom on the receiver if you wish, and flex those dialing fingers. We're searching for the ultimate ladies call free phone sex line—the only oral sex that's still 100% safe. The general spiel is that you call listen to instructions and leave a 90-second message which can range from "I want someone to talk to" to "I'm lying on my bed (you can imagine the rest)." You can browse other people's ads while they're on the line, send them messages, and talk to them live if you choose. Ya dig?

NY 5 HOTTEST TALKLINE (212) 755-5555

We skipped everything that the really obvious lady said by pressing 1 over and over until it beeped. We left a 90-second message, admittedly a little cynical and embittered on saying who we were and what our fantasy was. Then we started browsing the system. This talkline is bare-bones—no frills, but it's also quite easy to use.

Grade D- Sadly, you can't access other parts on this line unless they pay 30 cents and call the line to guys. The guys on this line tend to leave really obscene messages, including one man whose greeting was just him shipping something against the phone—we didn't stay to find out what it was. This line also tends to get really rude people. Several guys asked us to talk live, only to disconnect without a good bye when we told them that we weren't willing to meet them and have sex. On the other hand, if you have some desires that go outside the realm of vanilla sex, then, in lots of fetishists S/Ms, and other people quite willing to talk nasty.

TELECAFÉ (712) 573-6532

The lady who gives instructions on this line is REALLY irritating, like a pseudo-ship talk show host. Or since the Telecafé stays true to its place in the alternative city type, it may as well as an annoying waitperson who stands over you the entire time, and meddles in your conversation. But the Café does offer loads of options: You can send a message over to someone's table, ask to sit with them, or have theouncer show them the door. A major plus is he/hers, Oberon, etc. If ask after you write a note, if you want her to stop, etc. Our sex-addled minds bogged.

Grade A Definitely the best line we tried (it's not just us, we were equally accessible). First, on the live sex call, if

people were a little nicer, less frightening, but still willing to get down and dirty. Telecafé needs someone to proof their print ads for the Voice, though. According to them, the sex voice is safe and discrete. Rhymes with excrete, we guess.

THE DATING CONNECTION (212) 759-9792

This place advertises Wild Group Chat Rooms, plus live talk and ads. Not that we'd know if any of this is true because the line kept hanging up on us every time we tried to access anything.

Grade F It sucked, really. We were psyched to try the chat rooms (um...we mean, we wanted our readers to know what they were like) but life goes on.

THE NIGHT EXCHANGE (212) 949-8844

If you're into cheesy synthesizer muzak, this is the place for you. But the Night Exchange also offers a beeper service where people can keep you at home through the Exchange when they come on the line. We can't imagine this level of obsession, but different strokes for different folks. Night Exchange also offers the Hotel, where you can set up a private room complete with mood music for any private phone rendezvous you might have.

Grade B Min These people live and die for the line. You can even hear their testimonials by pressing 6. Not as newsworthy a few and far between due to the separation between the system. If you want free phone levity, the rule seems to go you better be hetero. Of course, we did get some guys who had their girlfriends on the line with them, but they seemed to be looking for something in real life. We graciously declined. At this point, cannot find sex, and we wanted to trade in the passion for a nice warm bath. **Grade A-Plus**



THEATER

REVIEW

Visiting Africa

by Annie Liza Bergen

On Wednesday, October 2 I headed towards the Minor Latham Playhouse and walked into Africa. I was introduced to the *Guardians of Eden*. They took me into their world and filled each of my five senses with Africa. I became one with the troupe's feelings and concerns. They knew how to communicate with people, using themselves, a few material items, and the audience's imagination to explain the need for harmony with

wildlife.

I was completely caught off guard at the end of the performance when I realized that *Guardians of Eden* was perhaps the best theater I had ever seen. I left impressed with its enthusiasm and excitement. It is rare to experience such incredible theater that doesn't involve elaborate costuming, sets, and props.

For example, one parable called for an elephant. Many theater productions would have created an elephant using a complicated and expensive prop. Theatre for Africa made a human elephant. What better way for humans to understand an elephant than through an elephant made out of people? The strength and skill used to create the human elephant were phenomenal. The actors united to not just represent an animal, but to become one. There were African elephants present in the playhouse that evening.

The parables took the audience to rural streams, urban roads, and even to

the beginning of time. There was no tangible rural stream, but I heard and felt the water. No urban road was visible, but Theatre for Africa filled the stage with buses transporting people. These buses were human buses, made real through representative song and dance. The beginning of time has long since passed, but I saw the distinct movements of the dinosaur and heard the cries of the pterodactyl. The sets for these scenes were fabulous. Bushes and trees were filled with singing birds, and swinging monkeys. Each bush, tree, and monkey was real, each was an actor, not a prop. The actors breathed their life into the images constructed by the audience.

Seven actors have traveled to America with a message of conservation. Their only luggage was their hearts, minds, and a few boxes—all filled with Africa.

Annie Liza Bergen is a Barnard student.

Black Box

continued from page 13

December 5-8 at 9pm with Saturday and Sunday matinees at 3pm at the West End Gate. Tickets for *The Mat* are \$3 and \$7 respectively. Lighting, set, and costume designers and a cellist are still needed. Contact Eliza.

Jewish Theater Ensemble
Although JTE is designed to give observing Jews somewhere to perform through a no Friday night and Saturday afternoon rehearsal/performance schedule, all are welcome. They produce one play per semester from any genre. Last semester they performed *All in the Family* at the

West End Gate and this semester will produce *A Streetcar Named Desire* in Feinburg Auditorium at Jewish Theological Seminary. Show dates are November 20 and 23-25. Backstage crew help is still needed. Contact Karen.

Late Night Theater
This one-year old ensemble produces one larger work and one or two smaller ones each semester. They do off-beat plays and student-written works. *Life Underwater* is their next undertaking which will run October 24-26 with *Two Companies* to follow December 5-7. Look for Flyers or call Black Box for the yet-to-be-announced times and locations. Stage crew help is still needed for both productions, and anyone with a screenplay to produce should contact Christina.

King's Crown Shakespearean Troupe
They produce 2 shows a year: fall semester a drama from any genre and spring semester a Shakespearean work. The latter is performed outdoors and incorporates the architecture of Columbia. The show is free of charge. Previous productions include *Romeo and Juliet*, *Macbeth*, and *The Marriage of Belshazzar and Her*. They have not yet decided on this semester's play. To get involved, look for flyers, or contact Ryan or Dixon.

All contacts can be reached through Black Box. Black Box welcomes any interested students who want to help their make the Barnard and Columbia theater community flourish.

Leah Maruski is a Barnard student.

Ignorance is Not Bliss

by Nicole Trepicchio

Would you like to write an article about the presidential campaigns?

I looked away with a guilty expression on my face. To tell you the truth I really don't know much about what's going on, I said. As I found out at a Bulletin meeting last week this answer is common among college students.

There are many rights and privileges that come with turning eighteen. One of the more significant is finally having the right to vote. Unfortunately I haven't been able to get excited about voting in this election. How could I when I have only a vague idea of the issues surrounding it? I know the most basic information about the candidates: Bill Clinton is a Democrat and Bob Dole is a Republican. I might even know a few of their major issues, but I would hardly call that sufficient knowledge to judge who will be the next president. I am concerned about the state of my country, and upset that when election day arrives I will not know all that I should in order to make the best decision.

I tried to become more knowledgeable about the latest issues. The College Republicans and College

propaganda of negative campaigning. Turn on MTV or glance at a newspaper. You're bound to see a commercial bashing either candidate. I am not blaming my own unawareness simply on disgust for the constant backbiting between candidates. But each

stupid remark makes me a little less eager to thoroughly research the candidates. I am not interested in Bill Clinton's drug use or Bob Dole's age. Neither of these so-called vital issues will help me make an informed decision in November. Surely there is a more mature way for today's politicians to deal with personal and political issues.

Perhaps if I had tried to become acquainted with the details back in September I would not be so uninformed today. However, sometimes the life of a first-year college student does not allow for every-thing she wants to do. Between classes, clubs, new

I am not interested in Bill Clinton's drug use or Bob Dole's age. Neither of these so-called vital issues will help me make an informed decision in November.

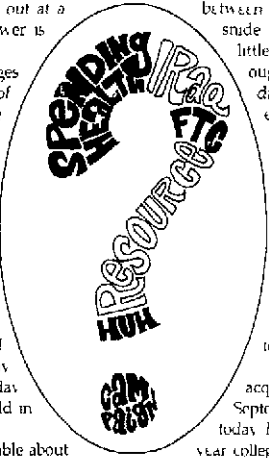
Democrats visited a floor meeting in Sulzberger last week where they handed out fact sheets about Dole and Clinton. They outlined their positions on issues such as civil rights, student loans, crime, women, immigration and health care, and they were very informative. But it is possible to catch up with months of campaigning by reading a sheet of paper. I don't believe so, for I am still unable to discuss the election intelligently and coherently.

It seems that the most accessible information is the

friends and learning to live away from home, there doesn't seem to be enough time to open a newspaper every day. Listening to Z 100 in the morning provides the extent of my global consciousness. I want to be aware of local, national and world events, but too often other activities take priority.

The presidential candidates' debate was on television a few nights ago. I had a paper to write and chose to do my work. I did ask my parents to tape the debate for me and I plan to watch it soon—hopefully before final exams.

Nicole Trepicchio is a Barnard first year.



ELECTION

'96

HEADLATHERS

by *Sunita Koshy and Mary Carr Curran*

We're going to write a column called
Headlathers

Really

No, no, it'll be really cool. We'll tell people how to dress who to talk to where to be seen—stuff like that

'First you guys wanted to be witch es now you wanna be like that? *Chit-liss* girl?'

What-ever

That's only gonna play into that bitchy image you guys have. People think you're freaks. You're only friends with each other, you barely talk to anyone else and when someone walks away from you, they hear cackling.

Many people perceive us in this light. But we're just women with opinions. Some may take it the wrong way when we tell them to forget the tapered jeans but we do it out of love for our fellow man. We don't consider ourselves the Chosen Ones. Yet people come to us with waxing woes, color conundrums and fashion foibles—and we never turn away a friend in need. Think of farm as Dr. Ruth and us as Dear Abby on speed. So please write to us with any of your questions or concerns.

Our first query comes from our su remete referred to as Question Girl because she harasses us 21/7. She was recently dumped by her boyfriend of two years. Gabe. I'm reaching for the knob of the closet

door. Smith*—and now plagues us with her concerns regarding the Columbia dating scene (or lack thereof).

Guy's, how do you find a guy at Columbia?

Okay, Question Girl. You must choose your prey wisely. Research your game. You don't want another Lou Diamond Phillips on your hands. (This is a veiled Melissa Etheridge reference.) Your friends and acquaintances are pivotal in this process of finding out who he is. Looks can be an indicator but nary a dork has hidden behind cords and a nice shoulder hugging white tee. Find out who he's dated and what she thought of him. You can get a pretty detailed description from most ex's but back away if the big L was involved. Who wants to go there?

After success-fully completing the selection process, move on to Step 2: Finding the Boy. It's best if you locate him in a controlled environment where he will remain for a while. Parties and libraries are good. Once he is found, move into his line of vision. Look at him quickly. Don't smile. If he returns the glance, repeat as often as necessary. *similar to shampooing your hair*.

Shouldn't I smile or something?

Geez, do you want him to come over and introduce himself? We're teaching you how to play the game of mindfucking with all its nuances and intricacies. There are no winners. A good player stays in for life and is never caught.

But I wanna cuddle.

Do you see us cuddling?

Why am I asking you for advice? You guys are totally alone and sexually frustrated.

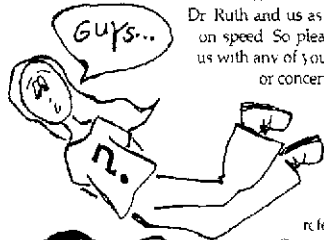
To be single is a choice and we choose it!

Well, could you at least put my phone number in your column so someone will call me? *Description: measurements e-mail*

Desperation like Jevan Musk is not the aphrodisiac some believe it to be.

True, we don't have a special honey to come home to but our dance cards are blissfully full. Project self-confidence and your entrance at a party will induce whispers from the weaker sex. Or you can prostitute yourself for some man and fit the image that he wants. But when you find out he's a loser, all you're left with is a bunch of midnight tops and no boots.

*Names have been changed to protect the guilty. *Sunita Koshy and Mary Carr Curran are Barnard seniors.*



All Grown Up

"Something to Talk About"

by Taryn Roeder

"And sometimes Taryn—my friend Ben concluded shyly, you might think you're doing something right—you might even think you're good at it—and you might do it for years before you find out you've been doing it wrong.

Ben had just attended a men-only seminar offered by a safe sex advocacy group.

Ben had learned during this seminar exactly where the clitoris is.

From what he told me, most of the boys in attendance gasped, and spent the rest of the course dazed and speechless. I can imagine these boys' mouths agape, whole worlds crumbling before their eyes as they realize, Oh, it's on the outside! Why aren't men required to attend a class like that before college? Shouldn't it be offered with the SAT or something?

The problem is not really sex-education, but communication.

The inability of guys and girls to talk to each other starts early. In high school, girls are hesitant and a little too uptight to be eloquent; boys are not usually listening anyway. This is because whereas girls have had years to get used to their hormones, guys have only recently acquired their sexual feelings. (I don't care what Freud or anyone else says: boys in middle school would much rather play intramural soccer than go to the seventh grade semi-formal.) College women are ready to talk, but the male hormones continue to rage uncontrollably (if it's a lifelong condition), and the men are still not listening.

I remember the first boyfriend I had in college: he would kiss me in the Miller Theater doorway and turn blue frantically at the buttons of my coat while I tried distractedly to talk to him. Is everything going alright between us? I would ask, and he would nod. That was a conversation. He told me everything was not alright a few months later, during the intermission at the Metropolitan opera. We'd never really talked at all, and it came as a surprise. I have since learned that it's never a good idea to try to make a guy talk when he's fumbling with your buttons. It is important to carefully choose a moment when your boy will be attentive.

Withholding booty should only be used as a last resort for forcing discussion.

Letter writing cannot stand in for face-to-face communication. My friend Sue used to go out and have a great time with this guy, and then routinely receive letters from him days later which told her of his anguish and love-sickness. But he never said a word about it when they were together. Letters must only be used to stipulate reality. As I promised the guy I'm seeing now, you will never get a letter from me that says this is how I really felt when you were here. I write because I want to, but I will always tell you how I feel.

High-tech forms of discourse eliminate the give and take exchange necessary between two people. I am told we live in the Age of Technology, but we might as well be in the Age of Dermal Daily: we are offered new opportunities to avoid confrontation. We hold one-sided conversations with answering machines and voice mail. We terminate relationships in faux letters that in actuality are e-mail messages of whittled-down diction lacking punctuation. (Incidentally, my friend was recently dumped on e-mail by her gym-obsessed boyfriend, who with the heartless tap of a key sent her the message, we're not going to work out because you don't work out.) We are the generation that has brought mini-pop-tarts to the market, and we like communication the way we like nutrition: low-fat, bite-size, and easy to prepare.

I've heard people say that men and women speak two different languages; that the sexes should learn to understand each other. We speak the same language, we just have to remember to talk. Don't misunderstand me: I'm not knocking the different languages thing. It can be extremely sexy, not to understand someone. I remember finding myself breathing heavily, is this Portuguese guy whispering to me in his native tongue. In a thick accent, he told me:

Have in a village called Porto, and then continued in Portuguese. I don't know what he was saying, but I hung onto every word.

Tell me more, I said, panting.

Taryn Roeder is a Barnard Senior and a Bullfinch Columnist.

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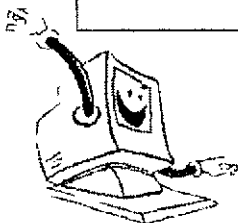
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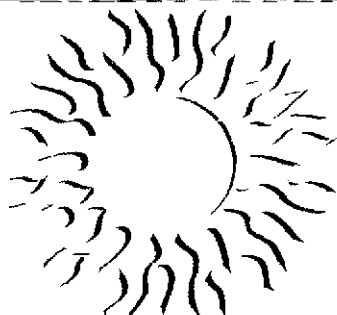
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