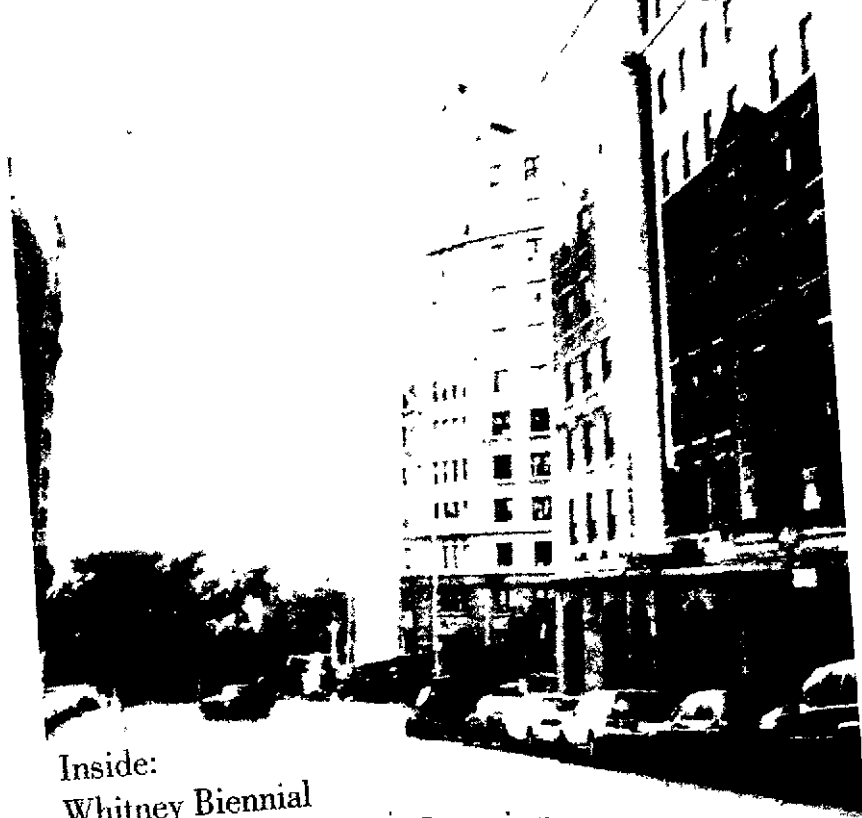


BARNARD

# BULLETIN

April 9, 1997

Issue 8



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Exclusive Ditch Croaker Interview

Housing Highlights and Horrors

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Cover photo by Leigh Hill

**Voices:****One (Funny?) Voice**

by Diana Adams Gardullo

Everything is funny to me. I can laugh in pretty much any situation. I believe it started as an unconscious defense mechanism for dealing with the trauma of my youth. Then again, my youth wasn't all that traumatic, so maybe I'm just a freak. I used to laugh when my friends' parents would yell at them—not a good thing. To keep myself from laughing, sometimes I bite my arm. I often draw blood. At other times I stuff it; you know, try to keep it in my chest. Unfortunately, this results in a noise not unlike a cat unleashing hairballs. The bottom line: I love to laugh. And I think I am funny. I know I am funny. In fact, I'm hilarious. Lately, a lot of funny things have happened.

I found out that a boy I have had a crush on for months has a girlfriend. In fact, the boy is pretty much married. Wait a minute, that's not funny. In fact, it's pathetic. But she, who can laugh through her pain.

I was walking down Broadway and I saw the comet. A group of boisterous women wearing "Menudo lives" t-shirts grabbed me and pointed to it. Then one woman turned to me, with eyes popping out of her elaborately made-up face and asked, "voice quivering with alarm," "Is it supposed to be heading straight towards us?"

Waiting at the United States Postal Office at 125 Street. The official passport application processor looked at my CI ID and said, "Don't you know that the United States Government can only accept identification cards from reputable universities?" I knew I had a friend. He could laugh through an eight-hour shift in a small, dark booth on a record-high spring day. I loved this man. Then he asked me if everything on my

application was valid and true to the best of my knowledge. "Yep," I responded with a grin to my new friend. "Yep. Is that what they're teaching you over at Columbia—Ebonics? This man should be on *Letterman*."

Outside of Farway at 72 Street Roller Family goes grocery shopping. I kid you not. Mom and Dad were both in roller blades, one pushing a stroller, the other guiding an unsteady take on a mini-Schwinn with training wheels. Grocery bags swaying from all available limbs. I love this town.

I must attempt to capture the spirit of strawberry jam man. This four hundred pound hunk rams into Starbucks every morning with a bit on and orders a large coffee and a plate with four strawberry jellies. He talks to himself for about four hours straight while consuming bagels with cream cheese and the aforementioned strawberry jam. He is a man living in his own universe. And I bet he would be glad to know that he brings humor into my life.

I really want to tell you about singing karaoke and how I ended up booted offstage and being physically abused by one of my closest friends. However, said story would damage said friendship. Although my commitment to humor is great, I suppose friendship is more important.

My final tale—I wanted to kiss someone last night but I didn't. This is funny because I am always complaining about not having anyone to kiss, and yet when it comes right down to it, I just can't purker up, maybe because I can't stop laughing.

*Diana Adams Gardullo is a Barnard junior and the Bulletin's Editor in Chief.*

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# ob om





# Barnard Events Calendar for April 9-16



**WED 4/9**

8pm-10pm Revitalizing your Mind  
Body and Soul McIntosh Center

**THURS 4/10**

7:30pm Key Note Gathering and Stu-  
dent Governing Board of Earl Hall  
Annual Lecture: New Voices Speaking  
to a Great Revolution, Dag Hammer  
skjold Lounge sixth floor LAB

**FRI 4/11**

12pm Roundtable Discussion AIDS and  
health issues Schuff Room Earl Hall

**MON 4/14**

5:30pm The Reid Lecture: Migration  
and the Literary Imagination Lower  
Level McIntosh

**TUES 4/15**

8pm Acappellooza—Fourth annual  
spring concert featuring  
Barnard/Columbia capella groups  
Miller Theatre

**WED 4/16**

8pm-10pm Salsa Meets Swing and  
Flamenco Learn basic steps of salsa and  
swing and view a special flamenco per-  
formance McIntosh Center



# BEAR ESSENTIALS



**STUDENTS GOING ABROAD IN  
FAI I 1997** who will need immuniza-  
tion shots should go to Health Ser-  
vices immediately as procuring vac-  
cines takes several weeks

**STUDENTS GOING ON APPROVED  
STUDY LEAVES ABROAD IN FAI I  
1997** are invited to an important pre-  
departure meeting on Wednesday  
April 9 from 6 to 7pm in the North  
Tower. If you are unable to attend this  
meeting please be sure to meet with  
Dean Szell before the end of the  
semester

**PRE-LAW STUDENTS** Important  
meeting for those of you who plan to  
apply to law school next year with  
Dean Tsu Thursday April 10 at 6pm  
in 406 Barnard Hall. If you are unable  
to attend please pick up materials  
(after the meeting) from Ms. Ahdoon  
in the Dean of Studies Office

**MEETINGS FOR MAJORS AND  
PROSPECTIVE MAJORS** You are  
encouraged to attend departmental  
meetings according to your interests.  
Please see listings at the Registrar's  
window and outside of the Deans'  
offices (107 and 105 Milbank)

Ancient Studies  
Wednesday 4/9  
12:15pm  
214 Milbank Hall

Asian and Middle Eastern Cultures  
—East Asian Track **ONLY** Students  
should schedule individual appointments  
with Professor Richard Iufrano  
Mondays 4-4:30pm and Tuesdays 4-6pm  
412 Lehman Hall x45940

Asian Middle Eastern Cultures  
—Middle East and South Asian Track  
**ONLY** Students should schedule individ-  
ual appointments with Professor Rachel  
McDermott  
Tuesdays 12:30-2:30pm  
312b Milbank Hall x45416

Anthropology  
Tuesday 4/8  
12pm  
32c Milbank Hall

Asian Studies  
Tuesday 4/8  
6-7:30pm  
#09 Barnard Hall  
(with Europe in Studies and History)

Architecture  
Wednesday 4/9  
12:30-1:00pm  
90 A Barnard Hall

Art History  
Thursday 4/11  
12pm-2pm  
Sulzberger Pavilion on Barnard Hall

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# Doctor Speaks About Female Body Image

by Jennifer Hensley

The role of body image in the lives of young women was discussed on Wednesday April 2 when about 40 men and women gathered in the Altschul Auditorium for a panel discussion entitled "More than Book Knowledge: How Our Own Struggles with Food, Eating, Weight, and Body Image Help Us Help Other Women."

The discussion was led by April Benson, PhD from the Center for the Study of Anorexia and Bulimia. The panel included Paige Harrison, a nurse and recovering anorexic; Bonnie Milano, a fitness instructor and educator who battled with bulimia as a young girl; and a novelist, Cathi Hanauer who fought to control her negative body image as a college student.

To anyone looking at these women sitting cross-legged in their suits sipping lemonade from plastic cups, their diets and continuous struggles with their respective body images were unapparent. However, their struggles are very real, and they spent the evening sharing their stories and answering questions.

Harrison was the first to speak. She explained how the battle to overcome an eating disorder is different from the struggle with drugs or alcohol because "you can't just stop eating; you have to learn moderation, and that is the hardest thing." After battling with anorexia for years, she finally admitted herself to hospital in 1992 when she weighed 83 pounds. Harrison

expressed her intense disapproval of the way the media, particularly women's magazines, portray women. The public is constantly bombarded with misogynistic images of women in magazines, she said. Because of these constant images and attitudes about women in the media, weight becomes a sort of obsession.

Offering a different slant on the development of eating disorders among women, Milano spoke of her alcoholic mother and her parents

***"Stop dieting, eat three basic meals a day, and don't confuse other emotions for hunger. Then, take the energy you spend worrying about your body and use it to learn to accept yourself."***

divorce when she was young. She began bingeing and purging as a way to feel in control amidst the chaos of my life. In college, she and a friend joined a gym and she took her first step toward controlling her own body image.

As Jessie Ko, a Barnard first-year and athlete who attended the event, said, "[Milano] stressed the importance of physical activity and not just dieting to being fit and managing your body image, which I think is important for young women to understand."

Milano, an aerobics instructor, recognized her job as a role model but says

that joining an aerobics class or gym is not about you wanting to look like me. It's about you becoming fit and educated."

Novelist Cathi Hanauer read excerpts from her book *My Sister's Bones*. The book tells the story of a girl who develops an eating disorder and is hospitalized. Hanauer herself battled with eating disorders in college and says it was her mother's advice that got her back on track. She offered the same advice Wednesday night: "Stop dieting; eat three basic meals a day and don't confuse other emotions for hunger. Then, take the energy you spend worrying about your body and use it to learn to accept yourself."

After each woman spoke, Benson led a visualization exercise and the evening concluded with a question and answer period. Kate O'Hearn (BC '00) said that the evening helped her "to understand the gross effect the media has on young women." She also realized that "we can work to fight against the unrealistic portrayal of women in magazines and movies."

Each of the panelists advised consumers to write companies and organizations about the ads they see. Eliza Beth Runnec (BC '00) concluded "the image of women in the media needs to be changed, and only through discussion like this one will we bring this very important issue into the mainstream and get more young women involved."

Jennifer Hensley is a Barnard first-year.

# The Quick and Dirty Housing Guide

by Stacy Cowley

If you're an Early Explorer you already know where you're living. Here are the details of your future abode. For those in General Selection you still have a chance to find the biggest closets and avoid the whistles. All comments were off the record, so

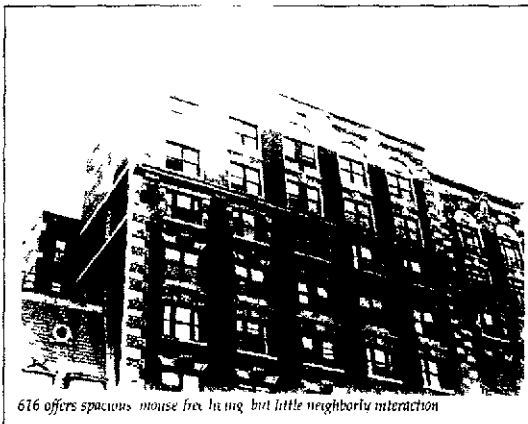
cracked) and the light is good (especially on the upper floors). The down side: roaches. Being located right next to the Olive's kitchen has its disadvantages, especially for those on the lower floors. Residents' other main gripe is the laundry room's 10pm closing time.

The residents are mostly sopho-

The social apathy that plagues the 600s is alive and well here, though—people go whole semesters without ever seeing their neighbors. The best meeting place is the elevators, the common bond of all residents. They're *always* broken, commented one. And when they run, they're slow. It gives us all something to talk about, though. We all swap elevator horror stories.

The best part of 616 is its proximity to campus and the availability of singles. The building also houses several music practice rooms and an exercise room. Residents praise the effectiveness of the Facilities staff, which responds to most maintenance requests within two hours. The other perk: no problems with mice or roaches. (Only in Manhattan is this considered a perk.)

Be warned: cautioned a Resident Assistant (RA), the rooms are always hot. Mine is about 100°. And the lighting is bad, added her roommate. Indeed, the halogen crackdown hit 616ers particularly hard: each room features one weak light doing its flickering best to do peacefully. Future residents bring floodlights.



616 offers spacious mouse-free living, but little neighborly interaction.

here's the inside story on where to find the best light, the nicest roaches, and the most reliable elevators.

## 600 West 116th Street

The first thing residents here praise is their abundance of closet space: most suites have at least one conceivably corner. Residents also enjoy spacious common areas and fairly well-maintained rooms. The paint is fresh, well-kept, and clean.

mores and a few juniors with maybe one or two seniors, according to one student. Community tenants occupy a good number of the suites in the building, but the students say it isn't a problem: everyone coexists peacefully.

## 616 West 116th Street

616, the hub of the 600s, has the most diverse mix of students, with sophomores, juniors, and seniors living there in almost equal proportions.

## 620 West 116th Street

620 is the Mecca of Barnard Housing: the haven of seniors with good lottery numbers. Featuring singles bigger than Ellie, doublets, and adorable little French doors (with *bale mes*'s instead of windows), dorms don't get much better than this. The elevators

don't even break. The only drawback is the kitchens, which are in surprisingly bad shape. Cracked linoleum and exposed pipes are the norms, and the cabinets are located far out of reach for short people. It's a small price to pay.

**The Quad (Hewitt, Brooks, and the Sulzberger Tower)**

The most dorm-like of all Barnard's housing options, Brooks and Hewitt have their perks for those willing to cope with shared kitchens and bathrooms. The singles are spacious, the laundry rooms are open 24 hours a day, facilities cleans the bathrooms, and the campus is right outside your door. Being able to tunnel to class on rainy days makes up for a lot. It's easy to pick into the same floor as your friends, and your neighbors generally become your friends thanks to the Quad's communal nature. Meal plans are required, though, except for residents of the Tower, and none of the rooms have ethernet hookups. Hewitt and Brooks are also subject to the infamous Quad mice problem.

The Tower is another prime senior spot, thanks to the spectacular views and abundance of singles. Facilities tackles the bathrooms, the kitchens are huge, and the suites are well lit. Not many downsides here.

**Elliott**

With rooms as small as 7 x 9, comparing Elliott quarters to shoeboxes is generous—it requires elaborate spatial engineering to fit all the college provided furniture into these rooms. Elliott has a lot to make up for

and it does try: the facilities here are about the best of any dorm. The lounges are huge, the kitchens are modern, and all rooms are cable and ethernet ready. The first-floor patio is popular in Spring, and the tunnels to campus are the highlight of Winter. The building has only one elevator, but it's kept in top condition. Best of all, a resident commented, "I've never seen a single roach or mouse here, and I've never heard of anyone seeing one."

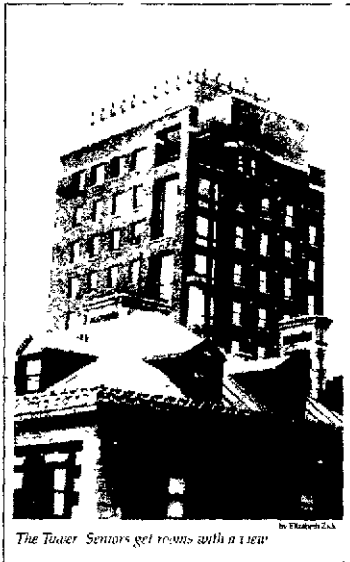
The social life in Elliott is fairly active, since residents share bathrooms and kitchens. The kitchens, oddly enough, have no refrigerators, making cooking a challenge, but residents can keep small 'fridges in specially designed 'niches' in their rooms (if they can fit them.)

Currently, the majority of transfer students are housed in Elliott, but that may change next year with the creation of a "transfer cluster" in the 600s. Usually home to hoards of sophomores, Elliott's current population is mainly juniors and seniors. Speculates one RA, "I guess people decided to take advantage of the singles and the nice facilities."

**Plimpton**

Five blocks from campus on Amsterdam Avenue, between 129 & 131

Street, Plimpton's seclusion is both its biggest asset and biggest disadvantage. Well, OK, its biggest asset, that it's all singles, but seclusion is definitely its most prominent feature. Some residents enjoy being away from campus and living in another section of Morningside Heights (yes, there is life beyond Broadway), while others miss



*The Tower: Seniors get rooms with a view*

the busyness of the campus. Safety is also a worry. Amsterdam after dark is scary. Security (845555) provides rides to and from campus after 10pm with no questions asked. One RA advised, "Use Security at night and if you're coming from Broadway cross at

*continued on page 15*



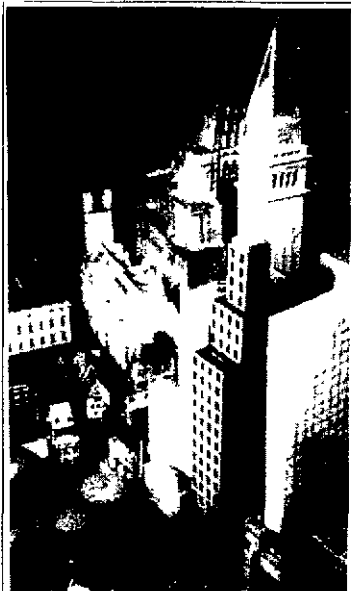
# Spelunking at the Whitney

by Caroline Sparrow

The Whitney Museum of American Art attempts to display developments in contemporary art over the past two years through its Biennial. The Museum was founded in 1931 by Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney after the Metropolitan rejected her donation of over 400 works of American art. The Whitney's director David Ross in the *Exhibition Record 1918-1989* writes that the museum dedicates itself to "actively participat[ing] in the art of its own time." Thus the 1997 Biennial shows uses works created between 1995 and 1997. Always controversial and often criticized this exhibition is the only one by an established museum in New York that even attempts to showcase the current art scene. The Biennial exhibits lesser-known artists as well as more established artists who may have participated in past Biennials. The 1997 Biennial covers every floor of the Whitney and includes the works of 70 artists.

I began on the fourth floor. Walking up a cool stone stairwell I feel like I'm in a carefully constructed angular case—my only surprise is the absence of staircases and the intermittent dripping of water from their tops. I walk out of the stairwell and encounter a huge plow of red and opaque glass structure that com-

turned and suspended like a box on one edge right before it fell its side at the moment of precarious tension. This is BDO by Glen Sator. It took me weeks to the left. There, three



*Pizza City* by Chris Burden 1996. Mixed media

paintings by Richard Prince. In 1999 I found a humorous and absurd title mainly due to the quirky sentences of the caption. The painting *S. M. U. H. I.* for example states: "They say I put me so much I could shut a wife." Many of the works in the 1997 Biennial

are installations. Derived from architecture and performance art among other influences, installations according to the book *Involvement: Art from the idea of space in dialogue with the things in it* people it contains. But they attempt to convert space and time into legitimate material for art. The first installation *End of the World* by Bruce Nauman uses space and time to create an event hardly as momentous as the title implies. If this were the apocalypse the few we all might as well sleep through it. Visually it's disturbing—stonewatch videos of a musician's hands moving slowly back and forth plucking away at what looks like an electric guitar. Musically it fares better against the backdrop of a strange honky-tonk dinge.

The second installation by Kahoko's *Treatment with Memories* is probably the most emotionally evocative of all the installations. Kahoko presents his spectators with the hall of a hospital ward in Russia, 1912 where children had been kept before the full-blown cholera epidemic. It's like a 30-minute cinematic depression in the patient's window. It's from Emily's album *Disunion*—a cassette the installation included. I found it odd with happy, light-colored but washed-out, flat, and cold





when opened. You enter one of the rooms and put on a pair of head phones. You hear Russian over the English that pipes in through the black form. Emotionally potent, the Kabokov installation presents the theme of death in particular, the thought of dying along with only images of those you care about.

From this I walk into Jason Rhoades' night club inspired installations lengthily entitled *Uno Momento*—the theatre in my dick—a look to the physical/ephemeral (DOS version) (1996). Rotating lights zoom and swoop like circling birds on the walls; the music, mostly techno, surrounds you as you walk around his work. Both whimsical and fun, a nice contrast to the Kabokov, this is one of my favorite installations. I want to dance, order a drink. *Uno Momento* juxtaposes the ordinary and obvious with the obscure, large Campbell's soup cans and Baroque beer sit dangin' strange phallic sculptures that look like they're made of glue. Computers and television stand amid manual tools like ladders and a woodwork-ing machine. Down the middle lies an inert conveyor belt that curves then stops like an unfinished bridge—a statement about where the present ends and the future begins.

The worst of the installations is Pizza City. I don't care how long the artist Chris Burden worked in it, six weeks in how many times he has been in the Biennial—United it. It took up too much space for what it achieved. The miniature houses are odd and like

gross covered simulations of mountain towns create an environment perfect for an electric train set (only with out the electric train). This pizza city was stale. Other installations included works by two more artists: one by Biennial dum Tom Oursler with oblong balloons on which are projected videos of a person's face (not funny, because you get face and in bodies) and another by Jennifer Peveler called

Time. The Biennial does both its strength and its weakness from the abundance of contemporary art. I feel like I'm watching someone channel surf showing me hundreds of different channels, hundreds of aspects that make up current American culture (although several of the artists are not U.S. citizens). It's like being in TV Land for two hours with its plethora of images.

Several times while I was there I overheard people comment on how exhausting the exhibit was. Because our present culture is so media influenced and so fast, the exhibition does feel somewhat like a marathon. They should sell shirts in the gift shop that read "I survived the Whitney Biennial." Despite the exhaustion I experienced at the end of the exhibit, what I saw made it worth it. The Whitney offers an invaluable link into the contemporary art world for people who do not keep up with the trends of the New York galleries, which includes most of us. It will be interesting to see which of these contemporary artists in the 1997 Biennial retain success in the future. Walking through the exhibit I feel like a spelunker.

In art the Whitney's modern cave is a space to be explored and examined with the flashlight of my own interpretations. It is not the traditional cave, dark and unlit, but rather a cave full of images of the classic definition of New York current culture.

Caroline Sparrow is a Barnard senior.

## Biennial Quiz

Here are some artists  
who have been in past Biennials.  
How many do you know?

Artist	Number of Biennials*
Isabel Bishop	49
Robert Rauschenberg	35
Harold Lloyd	9
Keith Haring	1
Edward Hopper	39
Jasper Johns	13
Ellsworth Kelly	18
Willem de Kooning	18
Robert Mapplethorpe	1
Georgia O'Keeffe	22
Mark Rothko	9
Jackson Pollock	11
Floriane Steinmetz	1

Four Seasons, which has oversized corn cobs and a corn stalk—has no reproductions. I reproduced in both tracks, but kitschy.

Painter Frank Meade, in the March 24 issue of *New York* magazine, describes the Biennial as a sprawling hell for all where there is no possibility for a decent point of view. The



# MUSIC CALENDAR

for the week of  
4/9-4/16

## Rock

Wednesday, April 9

Solution (Wedlands)

Toilet Boys Mochromatic (Brownies)

Thursday, April 10

Vibratosh (Brownies)

Big Ass Truck Ann Klein (Tramps)

Fluff 30 Amp Fuse (Coney Island)

The Pimenta Band (Wedlands)

Friday, April 11

Sleepthead Antezam (CBOB)

Little Buster and the Soul Brothers

(Tramps)

Orbit Blinker the Star (Coney Island)

Saturday, April 12

Powerman 5000 (Coney Island)

DJ Spooks DJ Olive (Cooler)

Sunday, April 13

Elhoot Smith (Brownies)

Monday, April 14

Dick Dale (Irving Plaza)

The Divine Comedy Manchild Tribe

of Millions (Hez)

Next Legacy Orchestra (Tramps)

Tuesday, April 15

Samples Guster (Irving Plaza)

Fisa Curmano Melissa Fernek

(Knitting Factory)

## Jazz/Blues

Wednesday, April 9

Flem Jones (Blue Note)

John Linn and the Lounge Lizards

(Knitting Factory)



Ditch Croaker: Two Inns and a Faid

by Anna Goldfarb

First of all, I should warn you that I was a bit judgmental about this band when their CD first crossed my path. I usually toss CDs from unknown or "gorge" label bands into the nearest waste receptacle. Especially CDs from bands with weird, inexplicably dumb, decidedly un-funish rock names like **Lambster Archers of Loaf** (in this case, **Ditch Croaker**). The name Ditch Croaker soon became like a red flag for me. The title felt alienated, cold, and **Reprise Records** is not my friend. Things were not looking good for fledgling d.

Then I listened to "I'll Be There" at first spin. It was a lovely, warm

Ditch  
Croaker  
Wins Me  
Over—  
Even  
Though  
They  
Have a  
Weird  
Name

pressed. It was sort of Pavement's college rock. But then I met these Ditch Croaker boys before their appearance at the Knitting Factory on Friday, March 28. They were exquisitely delightful! Not only were these boys blushing/polite, but they even laughed at my jokes and made me feel quite comfortable. They did not even neglect to then watch during my hour-plus interview. They played along with my questions and were all-around good sports. With much sweat and intense interrogation, I present to you eight things that you should know about Ditch Croaker.

1. The band is composed of two Inn and one Floyd.

When pressed with the dilemma



of identifying themselves as either the slave or master type. Floyd the bassist is a self-described master. Tim the drummer is a total slave, and Tim the lead singer is a master.

3) The band is heavily influenced by the Discovery Channel. Charles Bukowski and watching people bustle around the streets of New York City. They even have their own Ditch Croaker vocabulary. For example to be pumped is to be screwed over in an unfair deal. Soon you too can talk just

answering the question. That response is much more interesting than any answer that they could've given.

7) They find their music to be surreal with many different layers and meanings which opens it up to different interpretations. Deep.

8) In a fight of red versus blue they believe whole heartedly that red would win.

One thing that was transmitted effectively during our conversation was the passion that these boys put into

When pressed with the dilemma of identifying themselves as either the slave or master-type, Floyd the bassist is a self-described master, Tim the drummer is a total slave, and Tim the lead singer is a master.

like a Ditch Croaker in the comfort in your own home.

4) The band was formed in 1993. They released three 7 inch records and two CDs on their own label **Fine Corinthian Records**. Their newest album *Secrets of the Mule* is their major label debut. Their signing to a major label was according to the band members uneventful.

5) Floyd realized that he was no longer a boy when he had sex for the first time. Tim the Slave has not reached that pinnacle of realization yet—the part about when he acknowledges that he is no longer a boy, that is Tim the Master realized that he was a man when he received his driver's license. What a good American.

6) They were very hesitant about disclosing the source of inspiration for the band name and actually passed on

their music. They have been touring non stop since July. Furthermore they are so proud and passionate about their music that I went home that night and gave the old Croaker another spin. I was listening with a different ear. I heard the emotions that they were so enthusiastically trying to convey during my interview. Every song seemed to come together better than I had judged it before. Some parts were quite well-done even beautiful. These boys put their hearts into that CD and I have enormous respect for that kind of dedication. If you readers out there are into bands that have a Pavement sound and anything else that would slide into that category then I highly recommend Ditch Croaker.

*Anna Goldfarb is a Barnard first year*

**Thursday, April 10**  
Ernie Williams and the Wildcats (Chicago Blues)  
Bill Stewart Quartet (Visiones)

**Friday, April 11**  
David Sanchez Quintet (Village Vanguard)  
Craig Handy Quartet (Sweet Basil)

**Saturday, April 12**  
Clark Terry & Sweets Edison All-Stars (Iridium)

**Tuesday, April 15**  
McCoy Tyner Big Band (Blue Note)

## Classical

**Wednesday, April 9**  
*Rigoletto* (NY State Theater)  
André Previn and the NY Philharmonic (Avery Fisher)  
Boston Symphony Orchestra (Carnegie Hall)

**Thursday, April 10**  
*Eugene Onegin* (Metropolitan Opera House)  
*Turandot* (NY State Theater)  
Emanuel Ax (Avery Fisher)

**Friday, April 11**  
*Madama Butterfly* (Metropolitan Opera House)

**Saturday, April 12**  
*Die Walküre* (Metropolitan Opera House)  
*Don Giovanni* (NY State Theater)  
*Carmina Burana, Seven Deadly Sins* (NY State Theater)

**Sunday, April 13**  
American Composers Orchestra (Carnegie Hall)  
Colorado String Quartet (Walter Reade Theater)  
American Symphony Orchestra (Avery Fisher)

**Tuesday, April 15**  
*The Mikado* (NY State Theater)



# Helmet Leaves a Good Aftertaste in Your Mouth



Helmet: John Stanier, Page Hamilton, Henry Bogdan, and Chris Vrainor

by Jen Berman

In a time when happy-go-lucky bands like **311** and **Sublime** rule the radio, **Helmet** proves that angst rock is still alive and well. *Aftertaste*, their newest release on **Interscope Records**, provides the loud, angry sounds fans expect from these metal noisemakers.

The band formed in 1989 when singer/guitarist **Page Hamilton** took out an ad in the *Village Voice* seeking fellow musicians. After an educational career in the jazz program at the Manhattan School of Music, he was looking for a new outlet. The band released two albums which gained them indie credibility but not much press. Then in 1993, **Helmet** had

their big commercial break when producers of *The Crow* movie soundtrack decided to include their track "Milktoast." The band added the same song to *1997's Beth*, which saw the release of two other singles and some radio airplay.

The songs on *Aftertaste* are not as catchy as some of the songs on *Beth*, but they are just as angry and artistically sound. The album also has more of a driving quality than their last effort.

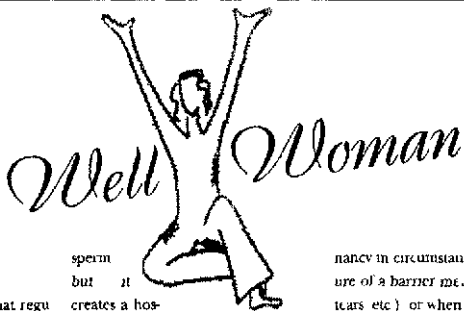
Hamilton's vocals, slightly garbled between layers of hard guitar and drums, show some angry lyrics. In an October 1996 interview with *RIP Magazine*, he complained, "I don't want to say that I'm sick of the visceral mind response, but we get 'I'm not

But I need more than that.' Specifically, he hoped for acknowledgement of lyrical skills. *Aftertaste* does demonstrate more lyrical talent than past albums with phrases like "I let you down again/What's another harmless lie between friends?/Now you can be disappointed/I thought I gave you just exactly/what you wanted." But as Hamilton admitted in the same article, people don't go to **Helmet** shows to hear the lyrics.

They come to hear the loud, harsh metal that the band has perfected. *Driving Nowhere*, for example, consists of a distorted, dark-sounding riff which eventually breaks into a guitar solo with Hamilton in superdrive mode. "Birth Defect" is a fast, hard number that plows forward with guitar force, slamming drums, and barking vocals. The album lacks some of the jazz and blues influences heard on a few tracks on *Beth*, going for the all-out hard sound that pleases their audience.

Hamilton and company will be opening for **Marilyn Manson** through May, and it is rumored that they will start their own U.S. tour in July. If you want to tell **Helmet** what you think of their latest release, you can contact them at **HELMETNY@aol.com**.

Jen Berman is a **Barnard** first year and a **Bulletin** Staff Writer.



Dear Well-Woman

I recently heard that regular birth control pills can be used as a form of post-coital contraception. Is this true? If so, what are the risks involved? How many regular pills are of an equivalent dosage to the morning after pill?

Sincerely,  
Unsure

Dear Unsure,

What you heard is absolutely true. The morning after pill contains the same hormones that are in regular birth control pills: estrogen and progesterin. The Food and Drug Administration recently declared that high dosages of birth control pills taken within 72 hours of sexual intercourse can be used as a form of emergency contraception. However, you need to know what laboratory produces your pill in order to figure out the exact dosage. Like the regular morning after pill, you must take the same dosage twice, 12 hours apart.

Emergency contraception does not prevent the fertilization of an egg by

sperm, but it creates a hostile environment in the uterus for the implantation of an egg and so prevents the beginning of a pregnancy. The side effects of post-coital contraception are similar whether you take the morning after pill or high dosages of regular birth control pills. Vaginal bleeding usually occurs within a week after taking the pill, although this is not a sure sign of effectiveness. Normal menstruation should return within 4 to 6 weeks. Nausea, vomiting, headaches, and breast tenderness may accompany use of the morning after pill. It is important to evaluate what you would do if a pregnancy did occur despite the post-coital contraception, since the treatment can damage the fetus.

The range of health effects of post-coital contraception have not been conclusively studied, and it is possible that frequent use of it could have harmful effects. It should not be used as a form of birth control, but as an emergency option available for preventing a likely pregnancy. The morning after pill is the only limited option available for preventing preg-

nancy in circumstances of rape or failure of a barrier method (if a condom tears, etc.) or when a couple does not want to risk pregnancy after unprotected intercourse.

While taking your own birth control pills at home sounds like a convenient idea, there are some important things to keep in mind. It's a good idea to take a pregnancy test before self-administering emergency contraception. There is a chance that you may already unknowingly be pregnant from another incidence of failed protection or unprotected intercourse.

If you are already more than three days pregnant, you should not be using post-coital contraception. In addition, when you go to a clinic or Health Services to receive the morning after pill, anti-nausea pills are also prescribed to prevent you from vomiting. If you vomit after taking the post-coital contraception pills, you may throw up the drug, undoing its effectiveness. For these reasons, it is advisable to go to Health Services or a clinic to receive the morning after pill instead of medicating yourself.

Sincerely,  
Well-Woman

# Aquarius Girl Made It This Far

by Anonymous

Sometimes I wonder how I got into Barnard being so damn stupid! I'm able to memorize a few random facts and dates and spit them back on an exam, yet I wasn't intelligent enough to see my own self-destructive behavior. I should have opened my eyes and let the light of truth shine into my overworked brain, but instead I squinted for two and a half years, seeing only a blurry image and feeling scared to look into the sun for fear that I might sneeze.

I should have noticed just by the way he wore his pants—not jeans, they're "too American"—never baggy, always a perfect fit, verging on too small. A thin Italian leather belt pulled in his tony waist, accentuating his rounded hips (although the pants did most of the rounding) and his curved buttocks—which he spent countless hours sculpting with his dyno-bands. "David" (Names changed to protect the innocent.) My mom made us breakfast and we're all waiting for you downstairs. "I called to him on his first visit to my house. "I have to do my exercises," he answered, only to emerge from the guest bedroom two hours later. If you were lucky, you'd catch a glimpse of his nantylning Speedos, as he'd never be caught dead in those brutish trunks. Disgusting. His proud chest peering through his tight T-shirt (which he'd never let me borrow because they were the expensive kind) would call attention to his nonexistent breasts, and of course, call attention to the opposite sex. My opposite that is. But he was mine. And I loved every inch of him.

And why shouldn't he experience the same objectifying sexual nonsense I have to put up with every time I walk onto the street? We were true equals, and so we should share everything. For instance, why should I, as the woman, be "made love to"? He'd say, "I don't make love to you, we make love to each other!" *He's right! That is so Ner Age!* "Now," he'd continue, "make love to me."

Societal gender roles were reversed to his advantage, and I hated it. Why did he always have to play the hooker

and I was always the sleazy guy pining for him. Why did he always play the damsel submitting to her master? Why was I always the one ending up with a mouthful of sweaty whipped cream when I'm lactose intolerant? *Mo, it's not fair!* Okay, maybe I'm selfish. Why should I be held as we peacefully drift off to sleep like in the movies, minus the cutting off of circulation? You're a liberated woman, he'd snicker, so either I hold him, or we'd sleep on opposite sides of the bed and I couldn't touch him.

If I was lucky, I'd cry myself to sleep, knowing that the night didn't turn into our usual "huge fight" me storming out, hoping he'd stop me (he never did) and eventually wandering around Riverside Park at 2am. I can't fall asleep without him. I confided in my shrink. I feel like he won't love me if we don't sleep in the same bed for one night. Call it intuition, but a few days later, David called me at my home when I hadn't seen him since the day before to claim just that.

Making me pay on our dates and hold the door open to show him I'm that strong woman, I claim to be getting really pissed at his mother for buying me a makeup compact for Christmas and not him. "No, he's not gay. I'd constantly protest. "He just wants to be the object of the gaze. *Actually, I think he hates me. No, he just loves me really passionately and doesn't know how to deal with it.*

Constant abuse in all forms of the word was on my daily schedule for two and a half of my four years at Barnard, when I was with David. It took a family tragedy for me to finally (and literally) throw him out of my life for good, but I still struggle with my memories of him every day. I thank the forces for sending him away and pray that they keep him away until I'm fully recovered. People told me I must have been very special to deal with a guy like David. I wasn't special. I was just really insecure and naive.

Call me crazy, but as I write these last lines, my room is suddenly getting brighter and brighter.

*Anonymous is a Barnard student who requested that her identity be withheld.*

# GOD, THE CULT, AND ME

by Sara Avant Stover

The world will suddenly stop spinning. A metallic neon spacecraft will land any day now. Or maybe everyone's just going insane. Whatever the explanation for all the strange occurrences lately, something is going on in my life on this planet in this universe. And I'm not necessarily saying that this is a positive thing.

It all started a few weeks ago with a course I'm taking: Religion and American Culture. I staggered innocently into an overcrowded classroom oozing with overworked and under-rested students who slouched lethargically at small desks. Having joined the class the week before spring break and in the midst of midterm depression, I too dropped my backpack to the floor and slowly slouched to face the black board. The professor wrote the word *Millennialism* on the board, looking over his shoulder to check whether or not he had correctly placed the double I's and n's. *Millennialism*, he went on to explain, swinging around to face bloodshot eyes, is the belief that a one thousand year period of righteousness will reign on the Earth before the end of time.

Since that moment, the notion of *millennialism* has spread into my life through newspapers, television shows, and my own overactive imagination. It's like when I learn a new vocabulary word that one word springs into every conversation I hear and every newspaper I read. *Millennialism*, death, and spirituality now lurk everywhere. I can't shake them.

Opening my suite door to retrieve *The New York Times* one Thursday morning, the headline "39 Men Found Dead From Mass Suicide" leapt into my face, forcing its way down my throat in a forced gulp. Slowly, I carried the paper into the kitchen, methodically lifting spoonfuls of cereal into my mouth. I read the article, letting each word make its body. Members of this cult were preparing for—there's that word again—the millennium.

Two days ago, *Oprah*'s show featured the stars of a Sunday night drama, "Touched By An Angel." Originally scorned by critics, this spiritual show ranks second in the nation right under *ER*. "Stars of the show receive mounds of letters from

fans excitedly professing gratitude to the network for blessing their lauds with an evening of spirituality each week or revealing their sudden religious inspiration. The fans behind these letters feel an attachment so strong to this drama that the show is now able to not only override negative reviews from critics, but also to condone the portrayal of God and religion on public television.

Today I walked by a newsstand. Staring back at me from a sea of glossy covers, this week's *TV Guide* reads "God and Television." Right next to it was yet another *Times* headline, uncovering more details from the mass suicide of Heaven's Gate cult members. I continued to walk briskly, watching my feet penetrate small puddles on the sidewalk, not worrying about the fact that my shoes were getting drenched. My heart was beating a little bit faster. I glanced into the drugstore window to my right, hoping to catch a glimpse at those fuzzy marionettes that usually dance and tangle in the display instead of a fully banner stretched across the window. HAPPY EASTER! It read *Tombstoner*. I remembered *marks the resurrection of Jesus Christ from his grave according to the Christian calendar*.

I lengthened my stride and picked up my pace, the rain beading down on my back, onto the crown of my head, and down the sides of my face. Am I the only one who thinks that this is all a little bit too strange to be disregarded as a sheer coincidence?

I'm not a religious person, but I do like to call myself as so many others do these days, a spiritual person. Although a confirmed Catholic who attended a form of Sunday School called "C/D" (which we insisted was the acronym for Central City Dump), I no longer believe in God or a supreme being. I do believe in energy forces between people and nature, and I also believe in fate. If I discard the explanations—the coming of the millennium, witness of God's power on Earth, or coincidence—for these recent occurrences, then what sort of explanation does that leave me with? None really. And that's the problem.

I know that something is going on—either in this world or

*continued on page 18*



# Counting Our Losses

by Mita Mallick

The Monday after spring break I found a letter in my mailbox, informing me of the death of a Columbia junior. Later I read in the *Spectator* that she had committed suicide. I slipped the letter into my backpack because I was unable to throw it away despite the many copies that had been tossed in the recycling bins. I wondered if I could be the only one who was disturbed by her death.

Like anyone else, I had heard all the rumors circulating. Her dad couldn't get in touch with her for two days—the dean and the president were in their pajamas with the police on the night she was found—and on and on and on. I can't even begin to comprehend how her friends and family must

have she had a name she had aspirations—and yes, she was a student at our university. Most of all she was a real human being, and not just a name on a piece of paper we all received in our mailboxes. I know that her friends, family, and those who loved her will do everything to preserve her memory. And it's a shame that they will have to be the only ones to keep her memory alive because all of us—regardless of how many on this campus actually knew her—should be able to help them.

Those of us who didn't know her can best remember her by letting this tragic incident be a sad reminder. A reminder to stop and continue to nurture ourselves and each other. It is everyone's responsibility to make this university live up to its name. Forget about academia and the Ivy League label. Make

---

I can't say that I will miss her because I didn't know the first thing about her. Did she like to make snow angels in the winter? Did she like the taste of cold pizza in the morning? What did she dream about at night and what were her plans for the future? I'll never know ...

---

this a place of compassion and love for one another as human beings, a place of strength for our spirits and souls, and a place of respect for individuals in which we can all rejoice.

feel about all these rumors circulating. There seems to be a type of sick fascination and desire to know what happened in her room on the night of her death. Perhaps it is just human nature to be fascinated; perhaps it is beyond our comprehension to understand what drives someone to take her own life. Regardless of our motivations, the actual details of her death need to be forgotten.

I can't say that I will miss her because I didn't know the first thing about her. Did she like to make snow angels in the winter? Did she like the taste of cold pizza in the morning? What did she dream about at night and what were her plans for the future? I'll never know the answers to any of these questions.

I can't say that everyone will feel the loss of her presence either. To many she is known only as "the girl who committed suicide." Oh, and what was her name, again? She had a

As I sit on the steps by Alma Mater on a sunny day I stop reading my book and look up to see the immense crowds of people who pass me by every minute. Perhaps I will never see them again. I don't know who they are and will not remember their faces or the simplest detail about them. I'll never stop wondering if I passed her one day on College Walk, ate dinner in the dining hall at a table right across from her or waited in the same long line at the Credit Union. It amazes me that her death seemed to go unnoticed by so many at this university. So many didn't know her and therefore were unmoved and didn't care. The truth is we should all care. She was one of us, and with her death we all lost a piece of this university.

*Mita Mallick is a Barnard first-year and the Bulletin Business Manager.*



All Grown Up

Me, My Ex, His Girlfriend, and My Lover

by Taryn Roeder

She was smaller than I had imagined. She had straight, silky hair and perky breasts. She was dressed from head to toe in violet velour.

He seemed lumpier than I remembered, and he had cut his long, lovely stoner-esque locks in favor of a tuftier, shorter hair-do.

We were out for the evening: my ex-boyfriend, his new girl friend, and me. I had brought my boy John with me. Actually, he had brought me. After all, my ex-boyfriend sort of happens to be his best friend.

It had been my own idea for the four of us to go out. When John said his best friend Dan was going to be in town, I suggested the rendezvous I wanted to see my ex. *Everyone* wants to see their ex. Regardless of how your past relationship ended, you always wonder how the person you once a) loved, b) liked, or c) tolerated, is existing without you. You know you should leave it alone, but you can't.

"Why can't you let sleeping dogs lie?" my friends asked me, referring to my inexplicable need to see my ex. To answer them, I used an excuse borrowed from my friend Max: "Whenever you want to do something you know is destructive," she says, "you can always justify it by telling people that you are looking for closure."

"I need closure," I told my friends. But they know me too well.

"You're sick," they said to

me. "You just like to make trouble."

At the restaurant, the four of us made quite a happy party. To the untrained eye, we looked

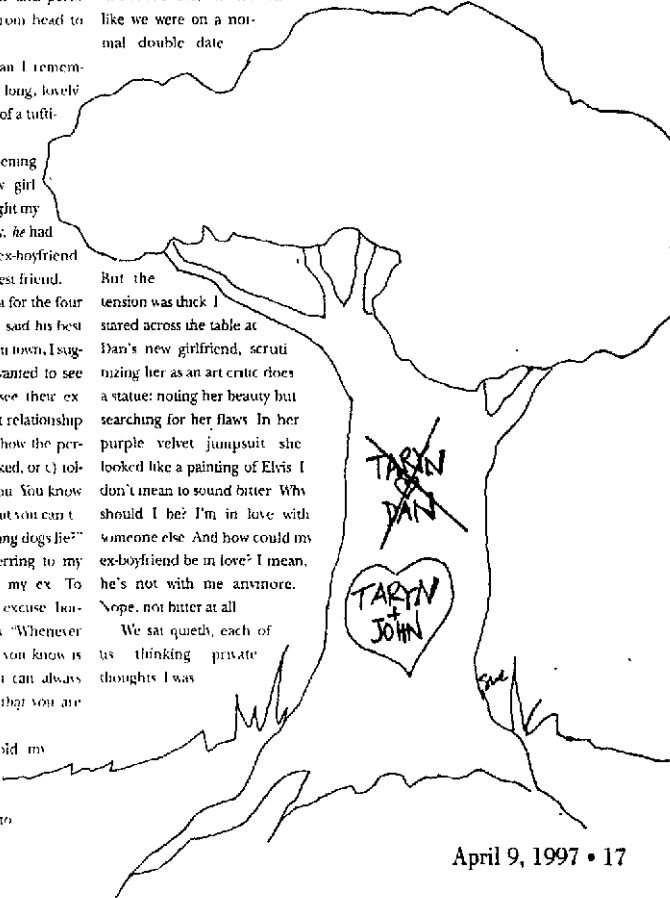
like we were on a normal double date.

nervous. It was the first time I had seen Dan since we'd broken up. I wanted to

*continued on next page*

But the tension was thick. I stared across the table at Dan's new girlfriend, scrutinizing her as an art critic does a statue: noting her beauty but searching for her flaws. In her purple velvet jumpsuit she looked like a painting of Elvis. I don't mean to sound bitter. Why should I be? I'm in love with someone else. And how could my ex-boyfriend be in love? I mean, he's not with me anymore. Nope, not bitter at all.

We sat quietly, each of us thinking private thoughts I was



## MILLENNIALISM Guide to Barnard Housing

*continued from page 15*

in my own life and imagination

Somehow I feel like I'm in store for something be it spiritual or corporeal. My eyes are open though—although perhaps a little bit too wide—as usual. I'm on the lookout for my next piece to this cosmic puzzle. In the meantime, let's all hope that our lives (and this world, for that matter) stay intact. If all goes as planned, my column will be here at the same time and place next week. But with the way things have been going lately, you never know. Maybe you'll be reading about my alien abduction as you stroll by a street-side newsstand.

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

*continued from page 7*

116th through College Walk instead of at 120th. If you do that, you shouldn't have a problem.

Plimpton residents are fairly friendly with one another and Barnard is constantly renovating the dorm. Earlier this year a new study room and a piano room were opened in the basement, and residents had a party to celebrate. We painted the walls and got to know each other, commented one resident. There's definitely more

of a community here than in the 600s.

One of the best Plimpton pluses is the climate controls during months when the heat is on: residents can adjust the temperature from within their suite. The negative: endless fire alarms thanks to the unventilated kitchens. That's another way to meet your neighbors: the RA added Bond in the cold during 8am fire alarms.

*Stacy Cowley is a Barnard first year and the Bulletin Features Editor.*

## All Grown Up

*continued from page 14*

prove to myself that all my former feelings were vanquished. His new girlfriend seemed nervous in the way all new girlfriends are nervous: she was struggling to figure out how much power I still wield over her boyfriend's heart. Dan sat there in terror. It would only be a matter of time he was figured before the conversation moved to the one subject the two women had in common: Him.

My boy John was the only one of us who was *insecure-free*. This may be because one can rarely detect in him any insecurity. However, it might also have been due to the fact that he was in pain. He had spent the morning in the

hospital after breaking his two front teeth in a minor accident. He had three stitches in his lip and it was swollen and protruding. He was preoccupied with his injury.

No one said a word. The tension was getting ridiculous. Pull yourself together, I told myself, stop acting weird. I reminded myself to talk about accomplishments. My new job. My recent adventures. But it was up to me to make the night a success.

Dan reached across the table for the salt.

Ahh, I said to his new girlfriend, doesn't Dan have great hands?

She looked shocked.

Dan looked terrified.

She said I gagged, and the tension

dissolved.

John alerted by the noise transferred his attention back to the table. With his broken teeth and fat lip, my babe looked like Quasimodo. What he asked.

The tension diminished and healthy conversation followed. I actually started liking the new girlfriend. And I finally remembered what I used to like about Dan: his slow drawl, stony deep eyes, and gentle manner. But he wasn't who I wanted. I don't need to be the victor anymore. I don't even need to play the game. I realize that I want Dan to be happy—I know I am.

*Taryn Roeder is a Barnard senior and a Bulletin columnist.*

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**Applications due April 14.... so hurry up!**



## Departments

*continued on next page*

### Biological Sciences

Thursday, 4/3

12pm

903 Altschul Hall

### Chemistry

Chemistry/Biochemistry

luncheon meeting

Friday, 4/11

12pm

Altschul Atrium

### Classics Greek and Latin

Wednesday, 4/9

12 pm

214 Milbank Hall

### Computer Science

Monday, 4/7

2:30pm

Computer Science Conference Room

### Dance

Students interested in or majoring in

Dance should schedule individual appoint-

ments with members of the Dance Depart-

ment.

### Economics

Thursday, 4/10

12 pm

409 Barnard Hall

### Education

Thursday, 4/10

12 pm

323 Milbank Hall

### English

Wednesday, 4/2

Sulzberger Parlor 3rd floor Barnard Hall

### Environmental Science

Wednesday, 4/9

4-5pm

353 Milbank Hall

### European Studies

Tuesday, 4/8

6-7:30pm

409 Barnard Hall

(with American Studies and History)

### French

Tuesday, 4/8

12pm-1pm

305 Milbank Hall

### German

Friday, 4/11

11am-12:30pm

320 Milbank Hall

### History

Tuesday, 4/5

6-7:30pm

409 Barnard Hall

(with American and European Studies)

### Italian

Thursday, 4/10

4pm

320 Milbank Hall

### Linguistics

Students should schedule individual

appointments with Professor Joseph Mal-

one

Tuesdays 12 pm (open hours) and Thurs-

days 12 pm (appointments)

411f Milbank Hall x15363

### Mathematics

Students should schedule appointments

with Professor David Bayer

Mondays 2:30-4:30pm

426 Mathematics Hall

(Columbia) x42643

He can also be contacted by e-mail at

bayer@math.columbia.edu

### Medieval Renaissance Studies

Wednesday, 4/16

6pm

406 Barnard Hall

### Music

Monday, 4/14

12 pm

319 Milbank Hall

### Pan African Studies

Thursday, 4/10

5-6pm

405 Barnard Hall

### Philosophy

Tuesday, 4/8

12pm-1:15pm

326 Milbank Hall

### Physics and Astronomy

Thursday, 4/10

3:30pm

502 Altschul Hall

### Political Science

Tuesday, 4/8

12pm-1:15pm

421 Lehman Hall

(Students are welcome to bring lunch; the

department will supply sodas, muffins,

fruits, and cookies.)

(with Urban Affairs)

### Psychology

Tuesday, 4/9

12-15pm

403 Milbank Hall

### Religion

Monday, 4/7

3pm

318 Milbank Hall

### Slavic

Wednesday, 4/9

3-4pm

Ella Weed Room 3rd floor Milbank Hall

### Sociology

Thursday, 4/10

3pm

318 Milbank Hall

### Spanish

Thursday, 4/10

4pm

217 Milbank Hall

### Theatre

Friday, 4/4

2pm

229 Milbank

### Urban Affairs

Tuesday, 4/8

12pm-1:15pm

421 Lehman Hall

(Students are welcome to bring lunch; the

department will supply coffee, fruit,

and cookies.)

(with Political Science)

### Women's Studies

Thursday, 4/3

4:30pm

The Center for Research in Women (101

Barnard Hall)

See listings at the Registrar's window and

outside the Dean's Office (105 and 107 Mil-

bank) for daily updates from other depart-

ments.

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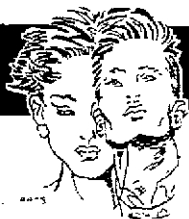
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The Barnard Center for Research on Women and the Office of the Provost/President

## The Reid Lecture: Migration and the Literary Imagination

Monday, April 14 at 5:30 pm  
Lower McIntosh



**Reetika Vazirani**  
author of *White Elephants*  
(a book of poems)



**Edwidge Danticat**  
author of *Breath, Eyes, Mouth, and Kiki's Kick*



**Gish Jen**  
author of *Typical American* and  
*Moi: in the Promised Land*



**Cristina Garcia**  
author of *Dreaming in Cuban*

Bacchantae  
Clefangers  
Jubilation!  
Keytov  
Kingsmen

Metrotones  
Notes & Keys  
Pizmon  
Uptown Vocal



The Fourth annual spring concert  
featuring Barnard/Columbia a cappella groups

# ACAPPELLAZA!

**Date:** Tuesday, April 15, 1997 • **Time:** 8:00 p.m.  
**Place:** Miller Theatre (at 116th Street & Broadway)  
**Admission:** \$5, \$3 with CUID

Refreshments for ticket holders immediately following the concert  
in Lower Level McIntosh, Barnard College

# **Be a Host**

**Sunday, April 13 - Monday, April 14**

The Admissions Office will be welcoming  
hundreds of admitted students for  
an overnight Open House.

We need your help  
to make them feel welcome.

**One night to share your Barnard experience  
and  
to help shape the class of 2001**

Call Admissions at x4-2014

# **Be a Host**