



# OPINION

## Letter to the Editor

### Eating Donuts Is Just Fun

To the Editor:

Apparently students will do anything for publicity these days. Gone are the days of meaningful dialogue, protest, and when all else failed, rebellion. These are the times of cynicism; these are the times of self-serving hypocrisy and smugness.

Let's face it—there must not be a lot to do when students here at Barnard have to resort to screaming "insensitivity" and "waste" at something as obviously trivial as a donut-eating contest (Donut Contest [labeled As Wasteful and Insensitive] *Bulletin* 2/8/84).

At the risk of being labeled an insensitive lout, may I first of all point out that if anyone had anything to say about the contest, it would be the fact that it was done through and with the cooperation of Chock Full O Nuts, a company notorious for its poor wages, bad working conditions, and union busting throughout the city. Not contributing to publicity for this corporation would have been a meaningful and well-thought-out statement. However, stating that eating donuts (ad nauseum) in a contest is in some way an insult to the billions of starving people worldwide is a red herring.

This becomes clear if one views this from a different point of view. Namely, if the donuts, which are made of incredibly cheap and nonnutritional foods, had not been consumed, would the problem of hunger have been lessened one iota? It is extremely doubtful that any reasonable anti-hunger groups would have taken it upon itself to distribute the holey morsels to the homeless and jobless throughout the metropolitan area. In fact, it is even more doubtful that the homeless and unemployed would greatly appreciate this handout any more than the Reagan Administration's cheese distribution program.

Therefore, the argument we have left is that of symbolism. Is it not inappropriate

to stuff one's face with sweets while a quarter of the earth is in famine? However one puts it, the answer is yes. But in the 1980's, symbols are without value. Indeed, if symbolism meant anything else to us any more (besides empty slogans), I submit that we would not have elected a President who treats such problems as hunger with flippancy, see college campuses filled with apathy where clearly issues do exist to propound, or simply not care about anything but one's own personal goals. While the new national malaise may be an aberration, the death of symbolism is in many ways a good thing, in that now we can more clearly focus onto the real problems and issues that face us today.

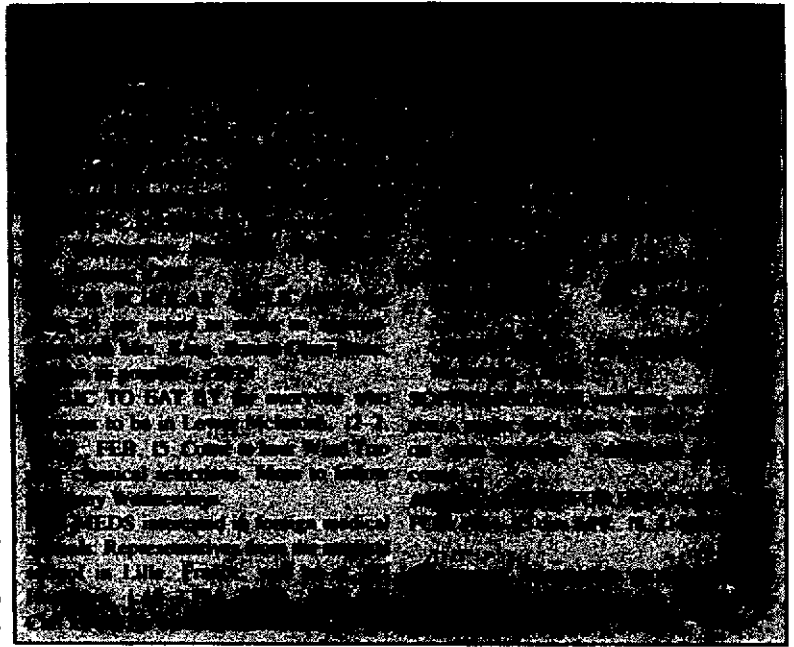
In short, the reason that people try to disrupt the symbol-less activities on this campus is that they seek to further their own causes. This is dangerous, for if a cause cannot continue to exist on its own merit, then that cause is surely invalid and should desist. Even though organizations such as the Alliance on World Hunger have rightful and legitimate cause, they should more closely examine issues before they take a stand.

Come on, people! Eating donuts is fun, and not much else. More importantly, this was the sole intention of the sponsors. Thus, it is rude and arrogant to use other group's activities to disrupt them in order to make a statement for gratuitous reasons.

There has been a lot of this practice on this campus recently. Let's stop it while there is still a shred of a sense of humor and freedom to have one left.

Finally, please do not patronize Chock Full O'Nuts.

Ted Rall, ENG '85  
New York City Youth Coordinator  
McGovern for President



## TIME EQUAL TIME EQUAL TIME

Health care consumers have the right to know. As a consumer, (more commonly known as a patient), you have the right to know your diagnosis, treatment, and follow-up care if you are not well. If you are a spartan example of a healthy male or female, you also have the right to know this information.

In order to become an informed health care consumer, it is essential that a patient *want* to know about his or her physical well-being. When informed, one is better able to purchase health care wisely, follow a prescribed treatment for a current illness, and insure one's health in the future. However—being an informed consumer *does* result in added responsibilities. No longer is the doctor, nurse, or any other medical professional *solely* responsible for your well-being. As an informed consumer, you have the choice of accepting or rejecting a suggested treatment plan and/or advice of medical staff.

If, for example, you are diagnosed as hypertensive, it is your responsibility to obtain information about your medical condition. Before agreeing to the prescribed treatment, you have the right to know about the disease itself. What kind of disease is this? What are its symptoms? Can it get better or worse? How can it

be treated? What are the long term effects of the disease? In addition to information about diagnosis, the educated consumer must know about treatment. Can hypertension be cured or is it a condition which needs treatment over a prolonged period? If medication is prescribed, how often must it be taken in order to be effective? Are there any foods or liquids that are recommended or contraindicated? Are there any side effects, e.g. nausea, mood shifts, or drowsiness? Is physical or psychological dependence a side effect? If the medication is not taken on time or a dosage is forgotten, is this harmful? Answers to these questions can be very helpful for fully understanding the importance of following a prescribed treatment.

What is the purpose of being an educated consumer? The purpose is not just knowing a few details about a specific ailment but also having an overall concern for one's physical and psychological health. Educated consumers realize that they, as well as their physicians—can analyze a diagnosis and understand a treatment. Taking an active part in medical care instills confidence in consumers and enables them to be in better control of their health.

—Jennifer Frohlinger

## Barnard Bulletin

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# Mondale: A Barnard Student's First-Hand Report of the New Hampshire Campaign

by Alyssa Gabbay

Last weekend, I accompanied five Columbia/Barnard students on a trip up to New Hampshire where the first democratic primary will be held on February 28. As part of the Students for Mondale movement, our purpose was to campaign for Mondale in this crucial area at this crucial time. But I had an additional purpose in mind: to observe the political process in action and to record my perceptions of it.

It's about 1:00 PM when we arrive in Nashua, New Hampshire. "We" refers to a busload of New Yorkers—including six Columbia/Barnard students, students from other schools, a junior high school teacher, an actress, a twenty-six-year-old systems analyst, and a variety of her people brought together by their support for Mondale. The town is small and quaint, just as we expected, there are white clapboard houses and Mom and Pop stores everywhere. Scott Silverstein, the head of the group, leads us into a building with

we learn, is a lot more conservative than the rest of the country, and so the results of the first primary are not indicative of how the democratic candidates will do elsewhere. In fact, the results of the first primary would not mean anything except that the press blows it up so much. As it is, Mondale has to get 35% of the vote here in order to win the democratic nomination. That's why, we're told, our help here is so important.

"You guys ready to do some leafletting?" Glen asks.

Four of us volunteer to leaflet. We are each given a blue Mondale sticker to put on our coats and a stack of blue leaflets with Mondale's picture on the cover. Then we get into Glen's car and drive out to a remote, broken-down looking part of town. Glen takes out a map that has some streets marked in pink pen and points out an unmarked street. "We're here now," he says. "I'll pick you up in half an hour. By that time you should be here." He

our token bag-lady. The only bag lady in all of New Hampshire.

Lillian keeps looking straight ahead.

Upstairs it's all confusion—people running from one room to another, people talking on phones, people writing letters. The Mondale pictures on the walls gaze down on all the activity. There's a rumor going around that Mondale will be in Nashua on Wednesday, accompanied by none other than Paul Newman. For now he is simply a blank smile in a photograph.

Glen gives us each a stack of index cards with names and numbers on them and finds us phones. Then he gives us a sheet of paper with questions on them. Our job, we discover, is to call the people on the cards and ask them the questions.

We start calling people. We introduce ourselves saying, "Hi, my name is so-and-so and I'm with the Mondale for President campaign and I'd like to ask you a few quick questions about the upcoming primary." Then we wait for their response.

halls).

"Oh, we'll leave the doors open," Scott says. "If not, you can always get Lillian to let you in."

We go to a bar where beers cost 85¢ a mug and the main thing on the menu is The Stud, a huge roast beef sandwich. There we drink and eat and talk. Susan Kay, a Barnard junior, talks about why she's here.

"I'm for Mondale because right now if there's a chance of beating Reagan—and I'm not sure if there is a chance—then Mondale is the only way. Originally I was putting my support behind Cranston but I realized there wasn't a prayer," she says.

When we get back to the Landmark Building at about midnight, the doors are locked and Lillian refuses to listen to us.

"Lillian," we say. "Look, we're for Mondale!" We point to the Mondale stickers on our coats. "It doesn't work. Finally, some of us go to the bar where there's a phone; others try to climb up the

*"Then when I asked him who he'd vote for if the primary were tomorrow, he said 'Reagan, of course.'"*

Mondale signs posted in its windows, the site of the Mondale headquarters. In addition to the headquarters, this building (called the Landmark Building) houses several law offices and various other professional services—a portrait studio, a driver's ed company. (The driver's ed company is responsible for the most striking window display in downtown Nashua: a cardboard man, leaning on crutches, his arm in a sling, his face bandaged. Above him read the ominous words: "Don't take the crash course.") But it is already evident that the Mondale headquarters dominate the building. Mondale people fill the bathrooms, Mondale people make the noise, Mondale people spill out of the headquarter offices into the halls—which are, by the way, wide, clean, and carpeted.

After dropping off our luggage and going to the bathroom, we line up for sandwiches. There are no tables, we sit down on the floor to eat. In the midst of our meal, two guys in their early twenties come over and introduce themselves to us as Rale and Glen. Rale, the bearded one, is holding a box of raisins.

"Okay, people," he says. "You're all from the Big Apple, right? Well, around here Nashua is known as the Big Raisin. This is where it's at in New Hampshire. And right from the start we want you to know that how many raisins you get depends on how much work you do." He ceremoniously places a raisin on each of our paper plates. "This first one's for incentive," he says.

Glen, the other guy, says, "You have to understand we're all a little crazy around here." Then he tells us a little about New Hampshire. New Hampshire,

points to another street. "Okay?"

"Okay," we say. We start to get out of the car.

"By the way," Glen says, "some of these houses have No Trespassing signs. I'd advise you to stay away from them."

Leafletting in New Hampshire, we discover, is a wonderful way to soothe the mind. One simply walks up and down streets, stopping at each house to drop off a leaflet in the mailbox. Our boots make pleasant, crunching sounds on the wood gravel, and hard snow. Thoughts of clean air and nature drift through our minds. Contrary to Glen's warning, we don't see many houses with No Trespassing signs on them, but many of the houses seem deserted, and many of the gates are locked. In those cases, we shove the leaflet through one of the holes in the wire fence, or stick it under the windshield wiper of the car in the driveway, and hope for the best. In half an hour, we've made progress, and Glen picks us up and drives us to a new section of town. He marks off the streets we've done on the map; our accomplishments look good, there in living pink.

After two hours of leafletting—after we've shedded our hats, coats, gloves, and scarves—Glen drives us back to headquarters. On the way he points out the McGovern headquarters. "I had a real debate whether to work for McGovern or Mondale," he says. "Finally I decided for Mondale, because I knew McGovern didn't have a chance."

Through the glass doors, seated on the steps leading up to headquarters, there is an old woman. She has a vague, faraway look.

"That's Lillian," Glen says. "She's

which is sometimes hard to hear because of all the people talking around us. When we do hear the response, it's usually either "You already called" or "I'm for Reagan." I won't be voting in the primary. (Once, when calling for a certain woman named Phyllis, we got an irate man on the phone instead. "You already called," he said angrily. "I told you she don't live here anymore. She's living with another man now.")

Rarely do we get a person who will say "Go ahead." In those few cases we ask, "What issue is most important to you in determining who you'll support in the primary?" and "If the primary were held tomorrow, who would you vote for?" To the first question, most people respond either, "The economy or nuclear arms" or "I don't know." To the second, responses vary. We get few people to say they would vote for Mondale.

Despite the disappointing feedback, the atmosphere in the offices is not downcast. Rather, people are up and happy, there are a lot of anti-Reagan jokes flying around, and a lot of laughter.

"I just got someone on the phone who said he was against the budget deficits and against the Marines in Lebanon," one of the Columbia campaigners laughs. "Then when I asked him who he'd vote for if the primary were tomorrow, he said 'Reagan, of course.'"

Work ends at 9:00 in the evening. We decide then that it's time to go out and paint the town red. We ask Scott if there will be any trouble getting back into the building late at night (since we've just discovered that we'll be sleeping in sleeping bags on those wide, clean carpeted

fire escape into the building. In the bar, we learn that there's no listed number for the Mondale headquarters, so we call all the numbers in the Landmark Building—the law offices and the portrait studio and the driver's ed company—in the hopes that someone is there and will hear us. We're using the phone so much that the barmaid comes over to see what's up. We tell her that we're with the Mondale campaign and that we're locked out of the building.

Should have worked for Glenn, she says.

After getting back into the building (through the fire escape) after another day of calling people and writing letters, and after a five-hour bus ride in the snow Sunday evening, we're back in New York back on campus. A few days go by the frenzy of the weekend seems far away. Then we get a letter from the New York headquarters that tells us how much our help was appreciated. "Our New York contingent made contact with over 50% of the remaining undecided voters, wrote over six hundred letters and completed a master list of all voters who have yet to support a candidate. These gains have served to provide a measurable boost to the New Hampshire operation," it says.

A few more days go by. Then a letter arrives from New Hampshire.

"Thanks!" it says. "We really appreciated your help this weekend. You guys were great workers and tons of fun. Please tell New York City about Fritz and try to get back to see us before February 28. It's signed 'Take Care, Rale.' And clipped to the letter, squashed and sticky, is a raisin."

## Lecture

*Continued from page 1*

crocodile should be killed, the first person wanted to kill a crocodile while the second person refused to kill it, insisting that it might be a god. Needless to say, explained Anscombe, the second person did not live a long life thereafter. Thus, it is not up to each individual to decide what is to be designated as a god.

Anscombe admired the Jews who spurned the gods of other nations and added that the monotheistic belief of the Jews is not a bad idea. Anscombe's insistence that the Jews had a right to denigrate other nations and to advocate their personal beliefs was directly linked to her discussion of superstition. She offered three definitions of superstition. First, superstition is the performance of certain acts and the maintenance of certain beliefs. Many people read tea leaves, and wear amulets, while others refrain from residing on the thirteenth floor of a building because they believe that thirteen is an unlucky number. Anscombe advocated a relativistic point of view. That is, you cannot say that the beliefs of a group are true or false. Some view every religion as a superstition while others maintain that a religion with which they disagree is a superstition. For example, Christians called Islam superstition and Protestants called Catholicism superstition.

In her conclusion, Anscombe asserted that all nations have gods and religions

which every other nation should respect. She commented that when we think that we are away from superstition, we are closed to paganism.

Professor Mary Mothersill, Chairman of the Philosophy Department, said that the publication of *Intention* was epochmaking and introduced us to the philosophy of theory of action. Ms. Anscombe's other works are *An Introduction to Wittgenstein's Tractatus* (1959), *Three Philosophers* (1961), and *Collected Papers*. Anscombe is also the translator and the co-editor of posthumous works of Ludwig Wittgenstein.

The Gildersleeve series was established in 1957 in honor of Virginia C. Gildersleeve, eminent scholar and dean of Barnard College from 1911 to 1947. According to Barnard College Trustee Helen McIntyre, the lectures are designed to bring "distinguished scholars from the United States and abroad to the campus to discuss their field" as well as "talk to students and faculty in order to add a new dimension and stimulate interesting discussions."

## Conference

*Continued from page 1*

about male and female sex roles in society. Radcliffe Professor of Psychology Diana Zuckerman, who has been conducting a Seven Sister study on the entering classes of 1981 through 1985, will deliver a lecture. Barnard Political Science Professor

Leslie Calman will also be in attendance to speak on "War and Peace: The Gender Gap."

The Seven Sisters conference will differ from the Ivy League conference being held the same weekend. That conference, Sanjana explained, "takes a different direction." She continued, "It is much narrower . . . they address issues regarding student government which we [at Barnard] have already addressed separately."

Sanjana anticipates the conference will have two specific results. First, there will be a report on what was discovered about the colleges, conference discussions, and conclusions for other Seven Sisters students to read. In addition, she said that a written description of how the Executive Board coordinated the conference will be given to one of the other colleges to "insure the progress of the conferences . . . [and] start a tradition that might produce more conferences."

## Alumnae

*Continued from page 1*

steady income as a word-processor and occasionally makes extra money working on soap operas.

Cynthia Hamilton, '79, a costume designer, noted that the opportunity to do costuming work for Kenneth Janes' theatre department as an undergraduate provided her with valuable experience. However, "You need a lot of technical

training subsequent to Barnard," she commented. She explained that she finances her free-lance jobs by assisting other people on well-paying projects.

Suzanna Vega, '81, is a folk-singer who writes and performs her own music. While at Barnard, she explored her interest in both dance and music, deciding to pursue a career in music because she did not want to have to work for a choreographer. Although Vega enjoys her free-lance work, she stressed the insecurity associated with it.

During her first year after graduation, dancer/actress Susan Jacobson, '81, worked as a waitress to pay her rent. Afterwards, she was able to afford dance classes and a studio of her own. Now a member of the Mary Anthony Dance Company, she also teaches dance classes. But, she said, private lessons give her more freedom to attend auditions.

Nancy Rifkind, '82, a stage manager, said being a free-lancer in the arts means "being out of a job every two months. As soon as you get one job you have to start worrying about the next one," she remarked. She said the only solution is to perform one show while rehearsing for the next one. Rifkind stressed the importance of making connections while still in college. She obtains employment by means of her reputation.

The panelists offered some tips to aspiring artists, such as the importance of a well-put together resume with current, flattering photos. The going price for re-

*Continued on page 5*

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## Alumnae

Continued from page 4

some photos is \$200.00 a shot. They stressed the importance of selecting a reputable instructor and photographer. They also discussed the pros and cons of

joining a guild or union; some panelists felt it was best to become a union member while other noted that there was a "right time to join equity," not necessarily right out of college.

## Dance

Continued from page 7

women and the accompanying man, have an intriguing heterogeneity. Throughout the slow, interminable sections of the dance, my mind kept picturing them in various walks of life and sundry quotidian activities.

Rose, then, includes some of the same tendencies as the program in general.

The dances leaned toward spatial exploration at the expense of emotional intensity. Perhaps in one dance that preference would not have annoyed but in three or four it was intolerable. The evening itself was very pleasant and I would certainly recommend the series because it is well directed and served a critical function: that of exposing the works of younger choreographers audience.

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# FEATURES/REVIEWS

## Twyla Tharp Dance Co. at BAM: A mixing of satire & seriousness



"Bad Smells," choreographed by Twyla Tharp, conjures up post-holocaust horror.

by Hibi Pendleton

First and foremost—you have to admit—she's got a sense of humor. In *Eight Jelly Rolls*, a slightly tippy Twyla proved this right from the start. And although I had always thought that Sinatra was a little before my time, Twyla updated him for the eighties with a bit of ballroom satire. What makes all her joking possible is the Twyla Tharp company's strong technique which combines elements of ballet and jazz with some Martha Graham as well.

From this performance it was evident: Tharp is perceptive. She takes her cue straight from the music. *Jelly Roll* Morton's jovial jazz tunes were transcribed directly into the dance medium. The moves were swank and swifty, mellifluous from limb to limb. Morton's 1920's sound was the perfect backdrop for Twyla who (looking particularly happy) stumbled around as though she had imbibed a few too many cocktails in the midst of all this "Jelly-inspired" fun.

The series of *pas de deux*, in *Nine Sinatra Songs*, combined intricacy

and innovation to act out the "story lines" in some of Sinatra's oldies but goodies. A few of the duets looked too clumsy and awkward to be accompanied by old-blue-eyes' lyrical droning. Others, however combined just enough satire and pantomime to do the trick. The "That's Life" *pas de deux* had Shelley Freydoni flinging herself on the ground in a very vivid (not to mention hilarious) dramatization of Life. Sinatra sings of our dreams being stomped upon (Tharp finds humor here) so that we are continually picking ourselves up off the ground. And this is just the kind of comedic-interaction that Twyla choreographed between Freydoni and her partner.

Tharp juxtaposes movement against music with absolute success but unfortunately she stops short of conveying anything more meaningful. Suspicions of superficiality began to emerge. They were confirmed in *Bad Smells*. A piece that was meant, I suppose, to warn us of nuclear danger. The dancers, looking like post-holocaust remnants, convulsed to music by Glenn Branca which (by the way) was set at a brain shattering decibel level. The

video prop (now mandatory in all Avant-Garde dance) was supplied by Tom Rowe who mingled with the dancers and filmed the entire piece while it was simultaneously projected on a large movie screen/backdrop. The film images were eerie and bizarre; the movement was painfully distorted. *Bad Smells* was shocking—yes—but still very vague. In fact dance movement was sacrificed to (and obscured by) all these high-tech effects. Was Twyla trying to warn us against the dangers of nuclear war? It is not clear. We were given a blatant representation of Horror, but one with no real substance or direction.

But—of course—it is not required that dance spell out for us the Meaning of Life. And it is not often that we can watch dance and feel entirely entertained. With Tharp's musicality and choreographic genius, it is a shame she does not attempt to do something a little more meaningful from time to time. However, we can always expect to be entertained with spectacle, humor, and accomplished technique—which is already asking for a lot. From the Twyla Tharp Dance Company we receive it.

by Vikki Olsen

There is something very disconcerting about sitting in a totally darkened gym. Curtains swathed two walls of the room, with bleachers set up along the third. We had gathered in the Barnard Gymnasium on February 10 to watch Dance Uptown, a program of choreography highlighting modern choreographers. The evening provided a special theatrical experience; it was intimate and cozy with performers from earlier dances coming into the audience during intermission to watch the subsequent dances. These dancers were overwhelmingly competent and the series was professionally presented but the quality of the choreography was varied and ultimately disappointing. This is unfortunate because the series otherwise had a lot to offer.

The Pace-McNeill Dance Continuum presented the only dance of any substance. . . . and they were all free was a sharply sculptured dance with motifs that looked vaguely ritualistic. The dancers held their arms in stiff curves that hung over their heads and formed huge, ghostly shadows on the curtained walls. The choreographers were Roberto Pace and Michael McNeill, who both danced in the piece as well. It was complexly crafted and had an intrinsic fascination which stood out in an evening filled with dances which were arbitrarily put together. The music, by Laurie Anderson and Philip Glass, worked well with the dance, which is a rare accomplishment in the popular collaborations of minimalist scores and modern dance. The intersecting levels of forms seemed to connect the one to the other.

The center of the dance was a kernel of movements on a diagonal which had the six dancers moving through three planes, one floor-oriented, one sky-oriented and one in between. It was an attractive sequence and one which portrayed a painterly sense of composition in its choreographers. In sum, the piece was one which easily

held the audience's interest and hinted at complex interaction and avoided the solemnity which was so irritating in the other dances on the program.

This pretentious solemnity was the crux of the problem with Stephen Koester's *Shoreline*. The dance consisted of sets of wide, sweeping motions across the gym floor which made effective use of the space but were never terribly interesting. His dancers are very able and unusually professional but there was nothing for them to do in a dance so devoid of substance. It developed neither intensity or meaning.

This was true to a lesser extent with the last two dances of the program, Janet Soares's *Sonata: Against the Dusk* and James Waring's *Rose*. Soares's piece was extremely professional, as befitting a choreographer of so much experience with dance; Ms. Soares also serves as the Director of the Dance Uptown series and is a professor at Barnard. *Sonata: Against the Dusk* contains movements of bold, rushing power but the choreography in general had a loose structure that becomes merely flimsy. There are no relationships between the dancers and the occasional moments of tension never seem to amount to anything. Again though, the dancers outdo themselves.

*Rose*, performed by the Phoenix Repertory Dance Company, was also lightweight. It began with a chain of women shuffling through an assembly line of repetitive motions. The dance goes on to play *ad nauseum* with this sterile theme. But, again, the problem lies not so much in the tedium of the movements as in the solemnity with which they are danced. Performed to music by Eric Satie, the piece does have a moment when that seriousness becomes sincere; very softly, the chain of women slowly and silently bend their knees in a mysterious gesture of obeisance. These dancers, the cluster of

Continued on page 5

## Dance Uptown: A Showcase For Budding Talent



Pamela Risenhoover and Henry Van Kuken

## There Should Be A Law Against A Book This Hilarious

by R.C. Ringer

Last night George, my soon-to-be brother-in-law, handed me this book and said, "This is hilarious. There should be a law against publishing a book this funny." I took the book home and gave it the acid test. I read it. Soon I found myself laughing out loud and calling up friends at 2 a.m. to read them passages over the telephone. George was right. Mark Harris' *WAKE UP, STUPID* (McGraw-Hill Paperbacks, \$5.95) is criminally funny.

This novel is an epistolary novel, a collection of letters written by Lee Youngdahl and the responses generated by them. Youngdahl is, in addition to being one of the most outrageous characters ever created in American fiction, an English professor who compels his students to attend class threatening to destroy their student cards, even though "University regulations clearly state that no student card shall be destroyed," a successful writer of novels

and plays, and a former heavyweight boxer who "fought 33 fights and won all but the last." He is an admirer of James Boswell and Samuel Johnson and, "can also tell lusty jokes and tall tales."

Youngdahl, married and an ex-communicated Mormon, has embarked on that treacherous academic pursuit for Tenure, that mythological never-never land of teaching. He regularly monitors his progress with little charts such as this:

<i>Definitely For Me</i>	<i>Definitely Against Me</i>
Mr. Outerbridge (deceased)	Mr. Gamble
	Harbridge
	Paul Purdy
	Clinch (merrily, in Paul's wake)
	Cecile.

Youngdahl has just completed *Boswell's Manhattan Journal*, that he describes as "a four-pound play in one marathon act." The finishing of the play has freed him to fret over his upcoming tenure, his mar-

riage, his friendships with many people and his own need to write every day. His imagination is not to be imagined. The letters he writes are letters we would all love to receive from our friends, enemies or relatives.

For example, to Harold Rosenblatt, Youngdahl's friend and next door neighbor who is at Yale for a year and never responds to Youngdahl's letters except to inquire about his house, Youngdahl's responds: "This morning as I was strolling with the kids past your house, on the way to the mailbox to mail a letter to you, we happened to glance toward your house and to notice, when, I mean, we glanced, the children and I, as we walked, your letter in hand (it was quite a coincidence), that it, which is to say your house, had, during, I assume, the night, burned completely to the ground."

I know that I am not getting this right,

that I have left so much out. George warned me that I would never be able to review this book. He said, "It's the way the different letters from the different people are so convincing and yet so funny, like Abner Klang, the agent in NYC, who types on a typewriter without f's. How can you summarize it?" I'll have to admit once again that George was right, how can you summarize something like this?

A little investigation, really nothing more than a quick peek into the front pages, revealed to me that this book was originally published in 1959 and is now, for the first time, reprinted in paperback. At the risk of giving away a little secret, I am as old as this book and it took me this long to discover it! Don't you wait 24 years like I did. Mark Harris (who, incidentally, among other books, wrote *BANG THE DRUM SLOWLY*) is the real thing. If you don't believe me, just ask George.

# "Can She Bake A Cherry Pie?"

## A Subtle Parody of Contemporary Romance

by Amy Levenson

*Can She Bake A Cherry Pie?*, an unconventional film by Henry Jaglom starring Karen Black and Michael Emil, is an amusing yet tedious film. The movie, a new wave version of *Starting Over*, follows two characters while it subtly parodies contemporary romance. The film is the story of two people who look for love but settle for companionship. The plot is simple: an attractive mid-thirties woman named Zee wakes up to find her husband leaving her. In a state of self-pity she goes to a nearby cafe to bury her sorrows in her dinner. Seated next to her is Eli, a balding mid-fifties, thoroughly boring divorcee who tries to comfort her in a genuine gesture of goodwill. Predictably, the two become involved with one another and their ensuing relationship is the focus of the remainder of the film.

The movie is about a developing relationship. This theme is not a new one, but the approach is. The movie is built solely upon its characters and their interactions, not upon the plot. The characters are new as well. They are inept. We can look down

to the characters, because they are so clearly imperfect. More importantly, we watch as the two main, contrasting characters, Eli and Zee, develop and interact. Each of the two personalities is an amplified, one-dimensional personification of a distinct trait, yet they do mesh. Zee (Karen Black), a flakey, spunky woman represents free-flowing emotionalism, while Eli (Michael Emil), an aging, over-analytical type represents cold, awkward intellectualism. The union between these two, almost opposite characters is a meeting of spirit and mind. This meshing of behavior, within the confines of their make-shift world, is the focus of the film.

The characters merit close examination. Zee is an impetuous, spontaneous, yet irresponsible woman, who speaks and acts without consideration of her actions' consequences.

Eli's character, however, is drawn in sharp contrast to Zee's. Among his many faults, Eli analyzes every aspect of life before he allows himself to live it. It is an annoying trait at best. A self-proclaimed intellectual, Eli is the kind of man we wish

we could simply turn off. Zee best sums him up when she tells him "everything gets caught in your forehead." His analytical nature eventually brings him to perform the ultimate stupidity of electronically measuring his pulse during orgasm in order to empirically prove his love for her—he is unbearable. He does, however care for Zee very much. If he could only feel more comfortable with himself, perhaps he could express his feelings more freely.

As the film progresses, however, we see the characters grow both individually and as a unit. Zee begins to grow up as she verbally concludes that "life isn't like they told us it was going to be." Although Eli never quite achieves comfort with himself, we do receive indications that his neuroses lighten up. Furthermore, Eli learns to accept Zee's idiosyncracies while she in turn develops some of his. However despite all these changes, the characters' compositions never alter. They simply adapt to one another.

We are basically presented with two lonesome souls looking for someone to fill the gaps in their lives. They do so within

the outlines society has established for them, and they find satisfaction, but not love, with one another. That, after all, is the appropriateness of the title *Can She Bake a Cherry Pie?* In today's world, one is lucky to get companionship. It is the practical aspects of the relationships that are important. It is as if they have given up on looking for romantic love.

The movie is funny and entertaining. The Central Park scenery is lovely, the music is enjoyable and the acting is strong. But despite these fine attributes the movie simply does not work. The film is tedious. The characters are always heading somewhere, but it seems they will never reach any destination. The main flaw, however, is in Eli's character. He is simply too annoying. Although the director clearly designed him as such, 'twas to the point of excessiveness. By the end of the film one cannot tolerate this man. Being exposed to him becomes such an unpleasant experience that it undermines the many good qualities that this film does possess. The main idea behind this film is good but there are too many flaws. Unfortunately, it falls just short of the mark.

# Soho Theatre Began As Part Of An Effort To Update The Fourteenth Street Area

by Megan Schwarz

The New York Art Theatre Institute, which used to be the New Gardens Dance Hall, next to the College Bar—which used to be old Luchow's—has embarked on its sixth performance season. It is a most unusual theatre, inhabited by a most unusual director, and costume and set designer.

Director Donald Sanders arrived in New York City for the first time in 1968, shortly after graduating from the Yale Drama School. He brought with him a hit show called *The American Pig and Anti-Imperialist Vaudeville*. He was 23. Sanders feels extremely lucky about this break because it gave him a chance to get inside of the theatre world right away. When he got there, he decided to go out in another direction. He said, "When you have experience, you can do things like that."

What he did that was different was to adapt novels and short stories to the stage. When Sanders says "adapt," he means "take out the," he said, she said, and that's all. His first adaptation was *Naked Lunch* by William Burroughs, of which each chapter is a story in itself. *Naked Lunch* was first performed in Chicago and in 1973 Sanders brought it to New York City. He

moved to the New York Art Theatre Institute in 1978.

Sanders was offered the theatre as part of an effort to help pull up the tone of the 14th Street area. The building was once known as the New Gardens Dance Hall, where you could buy a dance for a dime. The building had been dormant for six years before Sanders moved in. The floors were still marvelous and with the help of Vanessa James, the theatre was cheaply yet beautifully renovated.

James was born in England and made her reputation there as a set and costume designer, and it was in England that James met Sanders, then studying at Bristol University. She came to America and began working with Sanders, designing his sets and costumes. The truly unique quality in James' work lies in the materials she uses.

It all happened when Sanders decided to do *33 Scenes on the Possibility of Human Happiness*. The show required 180 costumes, none of which could be the same. James was instructed "do what you want, but make it baroque and different." She started to make lace from newspaper which she sandwiched between Saranwrap and cut in fine patterns. Then she thought why not use plastic garbage bags, which led to craft paper to foam rubber to ribbon to

what have you. These costumes also had the added advantage in this silent production of making different sounds and of course, giving different looks.

The New York Art Theatre Institute performs occasionally at various museums, and when they do, James' handy work is on display. She uses scotch tape instead of thread and the costumes are durable and fun to wear. As James says, and rightly so, "You can get wonderful, elaborate effects very simply." James has also worked on motion pictures, among them *Ragtime* and a T.V. movie, *Sentimental Journey*.

Past productions of The New York Theatre Institute include *33 Scenes on the Possibility of Human Happiness*, *The Torrents of Spring* from the novella by Ivan Turgenev, *Thomas Cole: A Waking Dream* and *A Victorian Play of Joseph and His Brothers* by Donald Sanders. This season's features are *First Blood* from The Basil and Josephine Stories by F. Scott Fitzgerald and *Benway* and *A J's Annual Party* from *Naked Lunch*. In the future, Sanders plans to do *The New Diana* by Kenneth Koch, who is a professor at Columbia.

The New York Art Theatre has a permanent acting ensemble whose members

have been with the company from two to five years. That is, the members come and go and come back again. Sanders is an advocate of common sense acting. He himself was classically trained and he believes in intelligent, personable acting. He likes to do adaptations, partly because of the shortage of current producible plays and partly because he feels that some literature simply lends itself to the stage. Another interesting facet of adapting novels is that sometimes Sanders does part of a novel one season and the rest the next season, encouraging a following of people wanting to see what will happen next. This following has been growing steadily for the past two years.

For those of you with a spirit of adventure, *A J's Annual Party* is playing this Friday at 8:00 and on Saturday at 10:00. *Benway* is playing Saturday at 8:00. As an added incentive, Friday nights with a student I.D. are free, without I.D., \$2.00. Saturday nights with student I.D. are \$5.00 and without \$10.00. The weekend of the 24th and 25th is the last of the season. So with that in mind, why not see something new and different? It's 116 East 14th Street, next to the College Bar, which used to be old Luchow's, at the New York Theatre Institute. For additional information, please call 228-1470.



# WOMEN'S SPORTS

## Swimmers Take Final Relay To Defeat Fordham, 74-66

by Jeff Adler

No, it wasn't a victory over an Ivy League foe. Yet the Columbia women's swim team's 74-66 win against Fordham last Wednesday gave the Lions more than bragging rights in New York—it gave them singing rights as well.

"Now we can still sing the song, 'We own New York,'" said Columbia freshman Susan Beamis, after her team had defeated its city rival.

"We come up with a lot of excuses to use the song (as a motivator)," added head coach Jeff Ward. "It started when we played a tape of the song before the Cornell meet."

For most of Wednesday night's meet, though, the Lions barely could utter a whisper, let alone sing. Despite taking first in a majority of the races, Columbia's lack of depth allowed Fordham to grab the four

points for second- and third-place finishes. Hence, after the Rams had built an early lead, the Columbia comeback process was a slow one.

Nevertheless, the superior conditioning of the Lions allowed them to pull ahead by one with three events remaining. They took the lead courtesy of Christa Myers and Beamis, who took first and third in the 100-yard butterfly.

Next up was the three-meter diving. While Columbia's Nina Kambouris and Elliza McGrand were taking the second and third spots in the event, there was Ward, nervously pacing around in the Levien Gymnasium where the women's basketball team was competing.

"When we got to the last dive," Ward explained, "I knew it was going to go down to the last relay (the final event). I have the hardest time watching the div-

ing—there's nothing I could do. I used the time to regroup, and think about the next event in the meet."

With the score now even at 62-62, the swimmers readied for the 200-yard individual medley. Columbia's Kim Mock, who would anchor the final relay, held on for a victory in 2:18.31. The Lions were up by one, heading to the final race. Seven points and a victory in the meet would go to the winner. Nothing but a goose egg awaited the loser.

"I knew they couldn't compete with us," Ward said afterward of the Ram relay. Fordham had used two key swimmers, Carol Martin and Erica Kaminsky, in winning the opening relay, leaving the two ineligible to swim in the finale.

Furthermore, Ward was confident that Mock, his anchor, had not wasted herself in the 200 IM. "When she won the race, I knew she was okay," the coach remarked. "She hadn't really extended herself."

As it turned out, Mock's status was inconsequential. Lion freshman Jill Keller, leading off the relay, sparked a Columbia romp by opening up a quarter-of-the-pool length lead. By the time Alix Gitelman, Lynne Lada, and Mock had finished their laps, the Lions were tops in New York by 20 yards.

"After the first lap, I knew we were

going to win," Ward admitted. His only concern after that was whether the Lions would make a mistake, such as a false start. None was forthcoming, and the meet went to the Lions.

Once again, Columbia's triumph was a tribute to the performance of its intrepid triumvirate. Lada, Mock and Myers. They each won three individual events to key the win.

Lada probably had the toughest task. After winning the 1000-yard freestyle, she later faced the assignment of swimming in the 200-yard breaststroke and 500-yard free, consecutively. Nine out of ten people you see on the street probably couldn't finish in either event. Lada won both.

"I was relieved," the freshman said after the meet. "They had a good breaststroker, not a good freestyler. I just wanted to get by the breaststroke."

She more than "got by," winning in 2:34.71. Ward was most impressed with the win in the breaststroke, pointing out that Lada is not really a breaststroker. With her win, Lada continued her streak of not losing a race this season.

Myers, too, was impressive in winning her three events. She took the backstroke races at 100 and 200 yards, adding to her victory in the 100 fly.

Before winning the 200 IM, Mock

*Continued on page 12*

## Basketball Beaten, 73-45

by Mark Golder

Declan McMullen, head coach of the Stony Brook women's basketball team, had a simple pre-game strategy for his team's contest with the Lions this past Wednesday at the Levien Gymnasium.

"We wanted to trap and cause turnovers," said the Patriot coach. "We wanted our tough defense to create offensive opportunities—and it did."

McMullen's plan worked splendidly for his team. The Patriots forced the Lions into 14 first-half turnovers en route to a 73-45 victory for Stony Brook.

Again, Columbia suffered from its lack of height, yielding 30 offensive rebounds to the Patriots in the first half. The Lions had trouble working the ball inside, and were forced into many errant passes.

However, the enormity of the Lions' task was obvious to head coach Nancy Kalafus before the game had started. She pointed out that Stony Brook had already beaten five top-20 Division III teams in addition to having won the Manhattanville Classic.

"They are a much better team," conceded Kalafus.

Nevertheless, after the Patriots (18-5) had taken a 34-16, halftime lead, Kalafus was upset with her team. "We always seem to have trouble in the first half," she said. "Tonight we had no ball movement at all, and our players don't seem to be putting what we learn in practice into the game—particularly in the first half."

In the second half, after some Patriot substitutions, the Lions began to show what they are capable of doing. At one point, during a three-minute span, they outscored Stony Brook by 11-4. Columbia's Ula Lysniak managed to work inside the Patriot zone to put in five of her 19 points.

Also contributing to the home-team effort was Helen Doyle, who chipped in with 12 points. Yvonne Serres and Valerie

Brunger each added four.

But it wasn't enough, and so the Lions (6-10) dropped their third straight. The true test for Columbia, at this point, will be whether it is able to use losses like this one advantageously, as a learning experience. Keeping a positive outlook is the best possible winning strategy for the Lions.

## Fencers' Title Hopes Foiled By Penn, 9-7

by Ian Winograd

After dropping a contest to Yale, it did not appear that the Columbia women's fencing team would have any chance at any Ivy League title. But when Pennsylvania stunned the Elis last Saturday, by 9-7, suddenly the Lions were in a position to tie for the top spot with a win over the Quakers.

Yet it was not to be, as Penn defeated Columbia, 9-7.

The Light Blue almost gave Penn more than it could handle, though. The Quakers grabbed the early momentum,

when their top fencer, M J O'Neill, bested Columbia's number two fencer, Lisa Piazza.

The Lion junior dropped the first two touches, but then rallied back for the next four. The Quaker sophomore, however, grabbed the final three points to put her squad ahead.

Katie Bilodeaux, a fencer who had seriously considered attending Penn before choosing Columbia, tied up the match with a shutout win over Jennifer Gilbert. Each team then split a pair of 5-4 decisions.

Quaker captain Shelly Hammon took Shelia Sokolowski, while Lion sophomore Betsy Kavalier fought back from a 4-2 deficit to defeat Amy Reinhart.

A 2-2 finish after the first round became 4-4 when Piazza and Bilodeaux won their foil bouts. The third round again was split, with the same two Columbia fencers winning again.

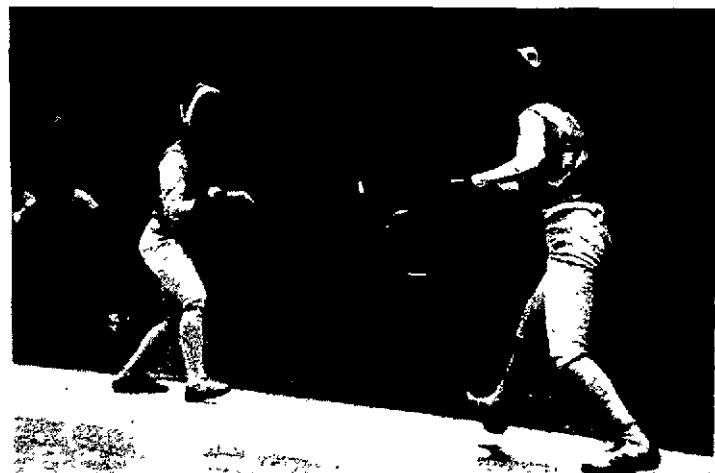
With four bouts to go and both teams very close on indicators, the outcome still was very much in doubt. The Light Blue looked in good shape when they got a victory from Jutta Odenwaelder off the bench.

Although Penn tied up the match at 7-7, a title looked very possible for the Lions, as Piazza and Bilodeaux were up to fence. Even after Hammon defeated Piazza, 5-3, Columbia needed a 5-3 victory by Bilodeaux to gain a victory. (Had the freshman won 5-4, the match would have been tied, and one fencer from each team would have had a fence-off.)

In the showdown bout, however O'Neill stunned Bilodeaux, 5-1, handing the Columbia freshman only her second defeat of the year.

While the Lions still have another chance to get back at Penn (9-0, 3-0 Ivy), in the Nationals, it is not easy to recover from a dramatic defeat. The Light Blue is 8-2 (2-2, Ivy) for the year, and will have to wait until next month for the NCAA's.

See Sports page 12



Columbia fencing team dropped a key match to Penn

Photo by Jeff Ward





# FEBRUARY 15: HAPPY

DEAR SHAREEN  
For Valentine's Day chocolate covered sweetness is better than chocolate covered cherries anytime. Stay sweet! I'm happy!  
LOVE GREGORY

Thank you Linda for putting up with everyone's shit!

LOTS OF LOVE  
AROZA JILL RAMONA JUDY,  
& LAURIE

GOOD MORNING DORIS  
You look beautiful lately! Thanks for your tender loving care

BULLETIN  
You're better than ever! Happy Valentine's Day

BEZZYWAX BEEZYWAX  
We love you! Happy Heart Day!

JOEFUSS  
I love you! But have a heart and don't buy me chocolates this year—I'm on a diet! Flowers will do the trick!

STEVEN  
Happy Valentine's Day! Don't be such a pre-med!

TO MY ONE AND ONLY SWEET-HEART DEXTER  
Remember the day you said I was your girl? Man, was my head in a whirl. It was the best thing that ever happened to me. I think for me it was love at first sight (though you never knew it). You're so sweet to me. You fill me with love. You look so sweet with your big brown eyes. Your love can fill the heavenly skies. I'll always love you 'til death do us part!

FROM SUE

HEY SEXY GUY  
How bout it?

INGRID

HERMANITA  
It has been such a long time since I last saw you! Take care little sister. I miss you so much!!

LOVE MAYA

To Spooky  
With all my wit and love  
HOPEFULLY 4 EVER,  
BOO

Gerry  
You're the greatest friend Happy Valentine's Day

ALAIN

Dearest Moondoggie,  
May I suggest that you include surfing in the next ASU sports tournament? Hang 10 and Happy Valentine's Day!

LOVE,  
GIDGET

Trev,  
Today, among other happy days, mixed with a few little tears, a million little memories come rushing across the years. Happy Valentine's Day

LOVE,  
KAY

All my love to Brenda, Fatima, Lillian, Maria F, Mayra, Nancy, Maria G, Mahalia, Sabrina, Louisa and Samantha  
LOVE,  
KAREN

Dearest A,  
How could you have the heart to break the heart? Please be my Valentine again

LOVE ALWAYS,  
A

To the lovely Susan Chilman,  
We met in Paris and went on a double date. You are forever in my thoughts and desires. I love you

MAHMOUD

To Mark DiBattista  
Happy Rosenberg

Stevie Q,  
I gave you what you wanted yet you scorned me. Ingratitude is so ugly

Sandy Bietnik,  
Your lips are like coral, you hair like gold, you body like J.F. Love me as I love you. I'll call you 2/14 at 8:00 p.m.

Dear Chick w/ a Purple View from the Bridge,  
Fort Lee is a great place to visit. I know

LOVE,  
A JONES BEACH-BUM

To My Purple Heart,  
Our year-long relationship has been fruitful

LOVE,  
THE GRAPEFRUIT OF  
YOUR BIG TOE

MARIA,  
How about taking the red camaro and zooming somewhere exciting? You never know who you might meet!!! Happy Valentine's Day!

LOVE MAYA  
P.S. Do we have to tell Gus?

DESIREE,  
So what's your major now, Desiree? Who's your valentine this year? You popular girl! Happy Heart Day!!

LOVE MAYA

I love you forever, ANGEL

BUNNY

HONEYPOT  
Toby is red  
Your eyes are blue  
Honeypot, Honeypot  
I love you  
You're silly, and marfy  
and such a cute Z  
I'm really delighted you belong to me

Honeypot lovin and  
Honeypot kisses  
Your Honeypot

TO A SEAL FROM NJ  
Roses to you, on Valentine's Day!

LOVE LL WITH A HALO

TO HELEN OF TROY  
Let us launch a thousand ships of men on or about Valentine's Day. Have a happy!

LOVE BABBY HERMAN'S MOM

Ayapemenemou Skatoulakia  
Xeretismous Kar Ayape Yia Tin Eorti Tou Ayio Valentin

ZORBA

HEY MARINA,  
Te Kanis Pos ese Happy Valentine's Day!

LOVE MAYA

P.S. HOW'S MY GREEK?

Dearest Klutzberg,  
Stand up already!!!

LOVE,  
KB

Maggie,  
Packer, France, Magic Tricks, Camp, Barnard, Columbia, France  
Have the greatest Valentine's Day ever

ALL MY LOVE,  
ALAIN

To the Nuns of the Class of 1987,  
On Valentine's Day, I'd like to wish you all the love you each deserve. Karen, Brenda, Fatima, Lillian, Maria F, Mayra, Maria G, Mahalia, Sabrina, Louisa, Samantha, Nancy

LOVE YA,  
FRANCESCA

To Ray,  
I love Charie  
BABY DOLL TIGRESS

Gary,  
You are an "extraspecial" young man and I am very happy to have you as my sweetheart. You're the greatest and I LOVE YOU VERY, VERY MUCH!!  
Happy Valentine's Day

DARA

June,  
Understanding, Confusion  
Potential Happy Valentine's Day

ALAIN

To Mrs. Sobelman's 10:00 am Chinese class  
Happy Valentine's Day to one group of 'cultured' individuals!

LOVE,  
THE BIRTHDAY GIRL

Kelly,  
Happy Valentine's Day to a friend who's energetic, enviable, and worst of all, an engineer! Face it, kiddo, Barnard Girls will always be on top!

LOVE,  
YOUR BARNARD CO-PARTNER  
IN BURGESS WHO ADORES  
FRIENDLY'S ICE CREAM!

To my Sidekick Chuff!  
Happy Valentine's Day with lots of love, laughs, and luck on becoming the next Rockefeller!

LOVE ALWAYS,  
THE OTHER HALF

To my McIntosh Lunch Bunch,  
Have a happy & 'heart'-y day! That means you guys! (Shirley, Chanascu, Lian & Mona)

LOVE,  
YI-LING

Minhuey,  
It's that time again! How many dozens of roses this year? Happy Valentine's Day to my one and only party partner! (Ken. I hope you got the hint about the roses!!!)

LOVE YA,  
YTW

EVELYN,  
Where have you been the last couple of days? How's chemistry? Hope you have a happy day!

LOVE MAYA  
P.S. Whose heart did you break this year?

To Lizette,  
I know you like Michael Jackson better than me, but I love you anyway  
I LOVE YOU  
ME

# Swimmers Close Season With Win Over Stony Brook

by Jeff Adler

In the dual meet finale of its debut season the Columbia women's swim team rolled to an easy 87-48 victory over Stony Brook Saturday.

Freshman Alix Gitelman led the onslaught with wins in the 50-yard freestyle 100-free and the 200 individual medley

Jill Keller and Chrsta Myers also contributed two triumphs apiece.

Against the Lions (8-2), Stony Brook never had a chance. "They didn't really come in feeling they could be competitive." Columbia coach Jeff Ward said of the opposition. Bearing out Ward's appraisal was the hour-late arrival of the vis-

iting Patriots, and the lineup the coach chose once they did show up.

For the Lions, though, there were several other strong performances. Lynne Lada finished the season undefeated with a win in the 1000 free. Laura Lent scored in two events for the first time with solid efforts in the 100 free and 100 fly.

Ward also praised Lisa Gavin and Ellen Brodco for huge drops in their personal best times. Jennifer Deutsch swam well with a pair of second-place finishes.

Columbia's next competition will be the EWSL Championships, February 23-24.

# Hoopsters End Season With Win Over Bryn Mawr, 62-30

In its 1984 home finale the Columbia women's basketball team broke a three game losing streak with an impressive 62-30 victory over Bryn Mawr Saturday at Barnard Gymnasium.

Ula Lysniak led the way for the Lions, pouring in 19 points. Wendy Rosov

added eight points for the home team.

Captain Helen Doyle, Yvonne Serres and Susan Lancon each scored six points for the Lions. For Serres and Lancon, both seniors, the game marked their final home appearance. Both were honored at half time.

# Swimmers

*Continued from page 9*

had set up her triple with a victory in the 200 yard free and a late kick to win the 100-free. It was the last triumph though that Ward said was a tribute to her competitive attitude for he had told her that a second-place finish would suffice.

But beyond the success of the triumvirate, Columbia had a significant supporting cast. Beams won the 200-yard fly and took third in the 1000 free and 100 fly. After the meet, she said she had hoped to do better in the two races she didn't win, but Ward pointed out the importance of her

efforts.

"I thought that Susan Beams' performance in the 1000 free and 200 fly was a significant mental step in her swimming career," he said. The coach also praised Gitelman and Keller for their contributions.

With the combined effort, Columbia remained in possession of New York with a 7-2 record. The Rams dropped to 4-4.

Until a local team can fare better against the Lions, the song will remain the same.

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JOIN BULLETIN

## JOX BOX

**Basketball: Coach Nancy Kalafus**

Fri. Feb. 17 New Paltz 6 p.m.

Away

Mon. Feb. 20 New Rochelle 7 p.m.

Away

**Track and Field: Coach Kate Moore**

Sat. Feb. 18 Bucknell Invitational 12:00

Away

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# THE DAY AFTER VALENTINE'S DAY!

Dear Dido & Antigone,  
Where are you? I need your moral support.

LOVE,  
SCRUBB

Dearest B Brooks,  
An't nobody move furniture better than you. but then again, somebody has to eat all that Quarterback Crunch. Jeez—you re the greatest Thanks for making my R A -ing such a (ahem) breeze

Boobert,  
How about a romantic Indian food dinner for Valentine s Day?

LOVE,  
BOOB

Dear Filet-o-Fish,  
I love you most on toast! I'm having the best Valentine s Day without you!

LOVE,  
GOO

Dear Anna & Suzy,  
Are you ready? I'm game if you are! You know where to find me

LOVE,  
PETER OF THE SOLOFLEX AD

To the Big Guy  
Thank!

BK&DK

CW,  
Do we look alike? Doesn't matter I luv loving u

—SS

Johnny,  
This is a special note to let you know that I haven't forgotten about you I know that I may not give you as much attention as you like but just keep hanging around and things will straighten out sooner or later! I love you a whole lotta much!" Happy Valentine s Day Baby

—SUZY

Lieber Andre de LF,  
Iche wollte dich Blumen schicken, aber ich bin immer noch pleite, Du gefallst mir

RUSSICHE KAFEE UND  
UNGARISCHE PASTETEN,  
RONNIE

Dennis,  
2/14/83-2/14/84  
Thanks for a great year

BARBY

To Darla-Berg,  
On Feb. 14  
This must be our lucky day!  
BUCKWHEAT-BERG

Buckwheatberg,  
Great personals thanks You are terrific and I am very lucky

LOVE,  
DARLA-BERG

Dear Minhuey,  
I enjoyed spending Friday with you Let's get together soon Besides, we still didn't see the Japanese garden because you liked the "Six-o-Clock" artist so much I am dying to taste your special hamburger dinner

KEN

To my Friends  
You know who you are Thank you for helping me through some very rough times and making me feel special

AIMEE

Dear Mannella,  
Roses are red  
Violets are blue  
On Valentine s Day  
I want to go to Wo Hop s with you

LOVE,  
JIJ

Dear Holly,  
Be my Valentine

LOVE  
JIM

Dear Evshky,  
I'll shhhrrmp for you anytime! Happy Valentine s

LOVE,  
PASS THE SUNTAN LOTION

Dear Barbey,  
For Valentine s, a slumber party! And lunch on the Furnald Steps Bizzzzzzzzzz

LOVE,  
HEAVENLY HASH ON A DRUM

Dear Sue,  
Rasta! Rasta! Let s finish the pickles and open the Weaver! OK, but only after we polish off the M&M cookies (Hand squish)  
Happy Valentines

LOVE,  
IRA

DK,  
Reds, ram, S&G, 97YNY, and you Great combo!

LOVE,  
BK

But Rah-day, I'm not a MOOSE!  
LOVE,  
S BEAR

7C The Crazy Bunch  
Love to All  
Sooooooh!

To C U Marchingo Band!  
Love you and thanks for Birthday Fun!

LOVE  
SUE

TEPsters long live Danceteria!

LOVE  
SUZY

Dear Jamie,  
Valentine.s calls for tuna!

LOVE  
I J KUMA

Dear Aimee,  
If she says another word that s it! POUNCE Happy Valentine s

LOVE  
IRA

Dear Gopaji,  
Eggs, bananas and homemade pepper soup for Valentine s!

LOVE  
THE IRON STOMACH

BLUE DANUBE,  
Quelle vie que nous menons ensemble! C est incroyable! C est fantastique!

Je t embrasse,  
Blue Danube

LY,  
You are one of the finest people I've ever known Thank you for everything

Love your Buddy  
HB

Yo, Susan  
Happy V D ? Oh, Valentine s Day Never Mind

Love  
R C Gumbly

BK,  
Calculus the beginning of a fab friendship You re terr!

Love Ya!  
HB

Barnie,  
Your strength and love remain unmatched Thank you for offeng me your subjectivity

Love Always,  
Fred

To My Little Wonton  
It has been so wonderful!  
Love,  
Your Little Matza Ball

Dearest Dons  
We love you mommy  
All your kids

To the Gang of Five  
Happy V-Day!  
Love  
The Slimes of 206

Sarah  
Happy Valentine s Day! I love you!  
Edward

To Kristin  
Happy Valentine  
Love  
Philip

Dearest Collage  
Thanks for putting up with us  
Portia don't talk so much! Love ya  
BULLETIN

BK  
My love for you flourishes day  
by day  
DK

