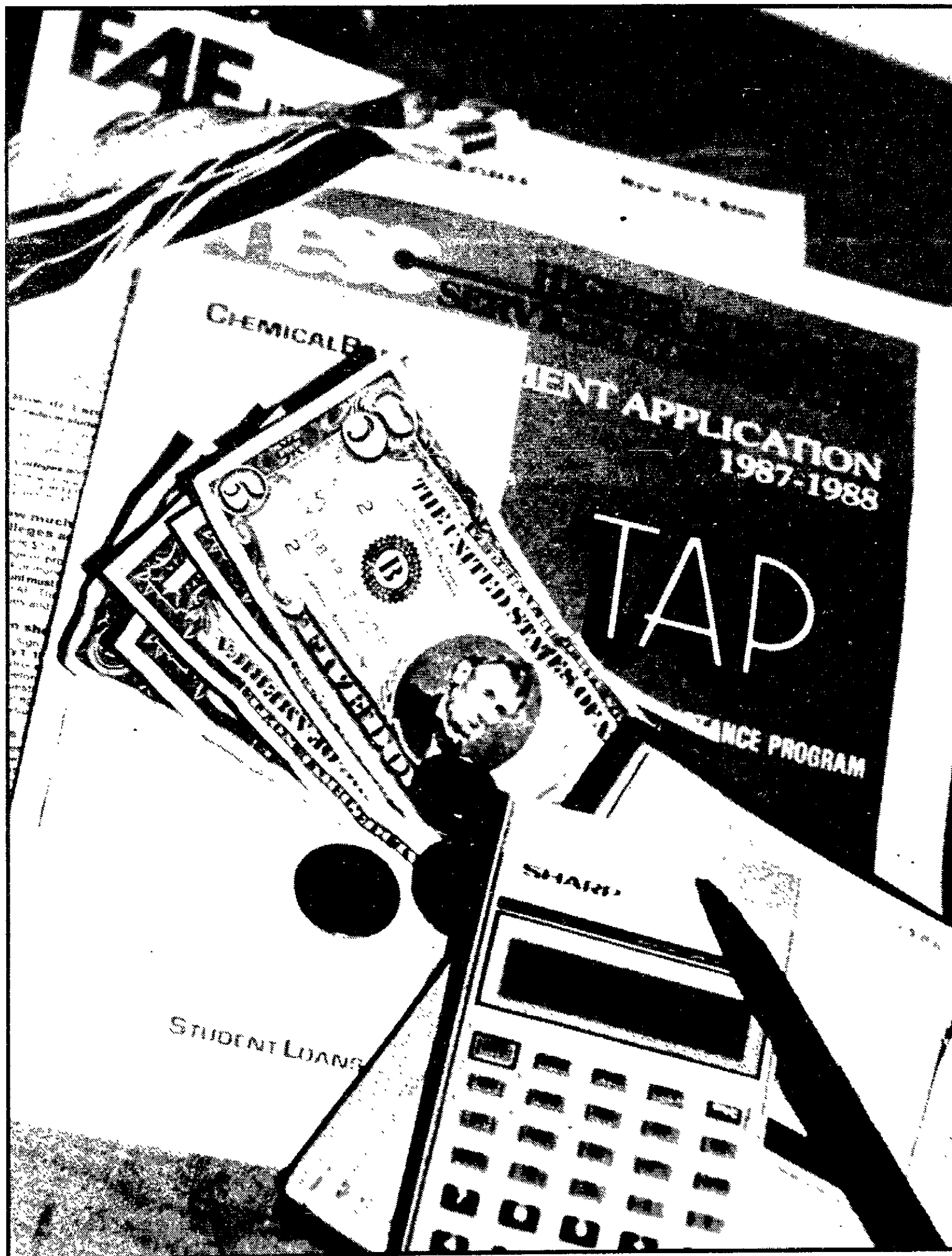


BARNARD BULLETIN

Vol. XCVII No. 18

April 22, 1987

New York, NY



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BARNARD
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Letters To The Editor

BC Lacks Cohesiveness

To the Editor:

As a concerned Barnard student, equally dissatisfied with the level of community awareness attached to this learning institution, I commend Deborah Pades on her bold statement in the April 8 issue of the *Bulletin*. I share in her disillusionment with the rhetoric spewed out by catalogues and Barnard alumnae representatives advertising a unifying philosophy within the Barnard gates. Maybe this sense of cohesiveness existed ten years ago, providing the individual students with comfort and instilling them with strength. But now the chilling air of an immense and impersonal city floods the gates of our private college, bringing the adolescent rat race to our class rooms. Even the occasional sunlight cast onto Lehman Lawn only uncovers mounds of accumulating cigarette butts, consciously discarded by students, indifferent to the preservation of our meager patch of grass. I watch sadly hundreds of bright, curious and directed women strike the path of martyrdom alone. I see them daily cross the campus,

heads held high, emanating an aura of contrived confidence, and then I become aware of the sound of my own footsteps amidst the crowd.

Is it enough to drain Barnard of its superb educational facilities, solely for the sake of our own personal benefit? Can one wholeheartedly advocate Barnard to a frightened freshman applicant without hesitation? Can we thrive on the stimulation derived from the classroom alone, or does New York City provide ample inspiration to make up for the absence of student support on our campus? The answers to these questions are personal. For those of you who are interested enough in Barnard affairs to have picked up this paper, I hope you will steal a few moments from your busy day to contemplate this serious matter, if only to conclude that the situation is futile. Progress will not be made without the individual will of the student to acknowledge and address such a matter which involves us all. We must cut through the "preservatives," as Deborah Pades

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On BC's Identity Problem

Discussion of the essence of the Barnard identity (or lack thereof) has surfaced in these pages for the past few weeks. Is there a sense of identity at Barnard? If so, what is this identity?

In discussing these questions, there is a strong temptation to blame—to find a scapegoat for our perceived lack of identity. Is the administration too concerned with glossing over potential problems, rather than solving them? Is the faculty spending too little time on the students? Are the students too involved in their individual goals to step back and see themselves as part of the community? There are valid arguments to each of these questions. However, we must resist the temptation to lay the blame entirely in any of these areas. We must concentrate on bringing the community closer together, rather than create further divisiveness through recriminations.

The problem, it seems, results from lack of awareness, rather than lack of concern. A greater notion of community can be achieved through a greater interest in who we are as individuals. Why are we a part of this institution? This question can only be answered through reaching out to each other.

As the school year comes to a close, look around and take note of the faces of those who won't be here next year. Strike up a conversation with someone you've seen around for the last few years but never really gotten to know. Even if you're graduating, Barnard doesn't have to end on May 13th.

Bulletin owes a special thanks to Deborah Pades for her role in inspiring this editorial, and her large contribution to Bulletin over the years. Good luck, Deb. Keep in touch, we'll miss you.

Notes From SGA

Come out & enjoy yourself this Saturday, April 25th on Lehman Lawn at Barnard's Annual Spring Festival.

We are in the process of compiling a year end report which you will all receive before you depart to enjoy the summer sun. Have a warm relaxing summer.

The new board is looking forward to working with you next fall. Good luck on finals.

This is the last issue
of
Bulletin
for the semester.
Good luck on finals,
and have a great
summer.
We'll see you
in the Fall!

Bear Essentials

PROGRAM PLANNING: By now you may have met with your class or major adviser to plan your AUTUMN '87 program. Freshmen and first-semester sophomores should file their tentative programs with their class advisers by TUES., APR. 28. A list of LIMITED ENROLLMENT COURSES requiring action before that date is available at the Registrar's. Consult the Schedule of Classes, the Registrar's and Dean Bornemann's memos. All students are expected to enroll in a full-time program. If you must take a part-time program (fewer than 12 points), it is required that you receive your Class Dean's permission before the end of this semester. Call x2024 for an appointment. Be aware that eligibility for Dean's List and financial aid (particularly Regents Scholarships) will be affected if a part-time program is necessary.

FINAL EXAMINATIONS, FINAL GRADES, and INCOMPLETES: Be sure to read Dean Bornemann's memo, in your campus mailbox, for vital information on all three.

EXAMINATIONS, PAPERS: Members of Honor Board wish to remind all students that Barnard's Honor Code, in effect since 1912, recognizes intellectual integrity as essential to academic life, and that honesty in examinations and the preparation of papers is central to that concept. The Code states that a student will not seek, give, or receive help in an examination or use materials in any manner not authorized by the instructor; she will not present oral or written work that is not entirely her own except in such a way as may be approved by her instructor. The student who ignores these principles violates our community's Code, puts her classmates at a disadvantage and, in effect, negates the integrity of the examination or paper by appearing in the various conditions essential to its

equitable evaluation. For a copy of Honor Board's Guidelines or the Honor Code, go to the Dean of Studies Office, 105 Milbank.

DEADLINE FOR P/D/F OPTION AND WITHDRAWAL from a course (W recorded) WED., APR. 22. No extensions allowed and decision is irreversible. Bear in mind that 12 letter-graded (other than P) points are required for Dean's List.

INCOMPLETE DEADLINE: WED., APR. 29. File required form with the Registrar and instructor. Reason must be compelling. (Refer to Dean Bornemann's memo.)

COMMENCEMENT: Beginning APR. 28 tickets will be distributed to participating graduates in 209 McIntosh. Lists of those attending graduation will be posted outside 209 McIntosh and 105 Milbank about MAY 1. Please consult these lists if you are attending. If a disabled person with special needs is among your guests, call the Office for Disabled Students, x4634.

MSM MUSIC LESSONS: If you missed the deadline to apply at the Manhattan School of Music WED., APR. 15, for May 26-29 auditions, you may still apply SAT., AUG. 1, for AUG. 25-27. Contact Ms. Dintcheff, MSM Admissions, 749-2802.

SUMMER COURSES: To ensure transfer of degree credit for summer work, secure grey application form from Registrar and follow instructions carefully.

DISABILITY LECTURE SERIES: Braving Epilepsy's Storm, Kurt Eichenwald, New York Times staff writer, THURS., APR. 23, 6-7:30 PM, Brooks Living Room; Silent Barriers Notwithstanding, Michael Schwartz, Manhattan Assistant District Attorney, THURS., APR. 30, 6:30-7:30 PM, Sulzberger Pavilion. Please call x4634 or x4636 for more information.

You've Come Too Far Baby: The Baby M Controversy

By Mary Jane Brennan

I'm still thinking about it, that at first I was with the Sterns. At least until Judge Harvey Sorkow read the whys and wherefores of his decision. Then I changed my mind.

I guess I hadn't realized that the Sterns would make more "suitable" parents, or that they would provide a more "stable" and "intellectual" atmosphere for That Baby, due to their professions and income and their level of education. I'd forgotten that these factors necessarily pre-determine a stable home life—and using Miss Clairol does not. I didn't realize that, somehow, the Sterns *wanted that baby more*—after all, it *was* father Stern's sperm. Plus, Mary Beth already had two kids of her own. That seemed like a pretty rational argument.

Until I thought about it some more. Suddenly, it struck me as odd that William "The Sperm" Stern *was* so intent upon continuing his genes and lineage, even though he did lose his last blood relatives in a Nazi death camp. But I know I'd be more convinced if Mary Beth White-

head was Jewish. Call me naive, or call him a class A narcissist—this sociobiological excuse seems more fitting for an Intro-Psychology class discussion, not regarding a bouncing baby girl. Besides, isn't such ego-testicle narcissism supposed to be unconscious or unspoken?

What it comes down to is this: Mary Beth Whitehead, in losing Baby Sarah, lost control of her body. Let's face it, the sperm won. The baby she produced is not her baby; doesn't it follow that her body, upon rental, was not hers either? She served as a vessel, not a conscience, not a human, a machine. Sorkow stated that ruling the surrogacy contract void would be to deny women the right to decide what to do with their bodies. Since when have women had such power of choice?

Would Mary Beth Whitehead have been able to force Stern to take Baby Sarah if she'd been born deformed, as easily as he took her away? What validity would the contract have had then? Surrogacy should be outlawed. It is nothing but the right of women *not* to control their bodies. It is the trafficking of women—reproductive prostitution—and Mary Beth White-

head is its most recent puppet.

Mary Beth Whitehead, paid to breed a baby, has been exploited. William Stern's desire to have a child is a medical "term" for buying her body. And it is lower class women who have babies for people. I rather doubt it was out of "love" for the Sterns that Mary Beth signed That Contract, just as poor women, once wet nurses, were not in search of the perfect orgasm, but money. Is there any difference between surrogate mothering and prostitution? For a fee, either can be gotten. And why \$10,000? Why not \$500,000? What price?

I don't know who would've made the better parent, and maybe Stern will, but that's not the issue here. The issue is the surrogacy itself. In the quest to reproduce his own male image, William Stern used Mary Beth Whitehead as his vehicle. But it wasn't that easy. We soon learned that a woman has a conscience—and that if, like Mary Beth, she listens to it, *she* isn't listened to. It was the "sperm" versus the "womb"—and the sacredness of the "sperm" (expendable though they are) that won.

It frightens me that this judge's ruling may determine a trend in other surrogacy cases. But then, I'm not surprised Sorkow ruled as he did. Remember, I too was originally pro-Stern. I suppose I was convinced there was something inherently more *honorable* or *official* about a contract involving thousands of dollars than there was about one woman's emotional plea—something, I'm afraid, rational beings aren't moved by. In the wake of finding the affordable apartment, or financing the perfect mortgage, renting wombs and buying babies has become a "practical" issue. And come to think of it, \$10,000 was a steal.

A piece of paper, a few signatures, and one judge's decision determined the fate of Baby Sarah—but what does anyone really know of Mary Beth's attachment to her baby? Sorkow's ruling "upheld a contract," but what about what's behind that contract and how it reflects our social system? He ruled for what was "best" for Baby Sarah—but who gets one's parents chosen for one anyway?

Can we buy babies? Can we sell humans? Can we *do* that? We're doing that. That scares me.

Besides, who says a woman can't change her mind?

Of Being Incapable of Studying

By Derin Tanyol

If I were to say to you right now 'I feel like an idiot,' chances are you'd ask why. If that chance by chance happens to happen, my answer would most probably be, chances are, 'I don't know.' I do not know why I feel like an idiot, because I'm not an idiot, or at least I don't think I'm an idiot. But one can *feel* like something one is not, so I just feel like an idiot. If I were an idiot, then things would be a little different.

Things such as this. If I were the aforementioned noun (which just so happens to be a very adjectival noun), I would be incapable of writing this. This is not to say that all idiots are illiterate; there are a great many idiots who can write, and do, unfortunately. If I were an idiot I wouldn't be able to write this because

idiots don't think of things like 'what if I were an idiot.' They're too stupid.

But since it's already been established that I am indeed *not* an idiot, let us discuss why I do indeed *feel* like an idiot. I am not under the influence of any drugs, nor have I just done something stupid, nor am I wearing a dunce cap. In fact, I am sitting at a large, important-looking desk, with a pen in hand and a lot of books and papers in front of me, and I'm wearing sweatpants and glasses and am drinking coffee and chain-smoking. So, in other words, I should, in fact, feel quite scholarly.

But I feel like an idiot.

Maybe I should be enjoying this. Maybe it's good to feel like an idiot. It builds character. It makes one appreciate that one really isn't an idiot. It's inspira-

tional. It makes one strive to be smarter.

It makes one feel stupid.

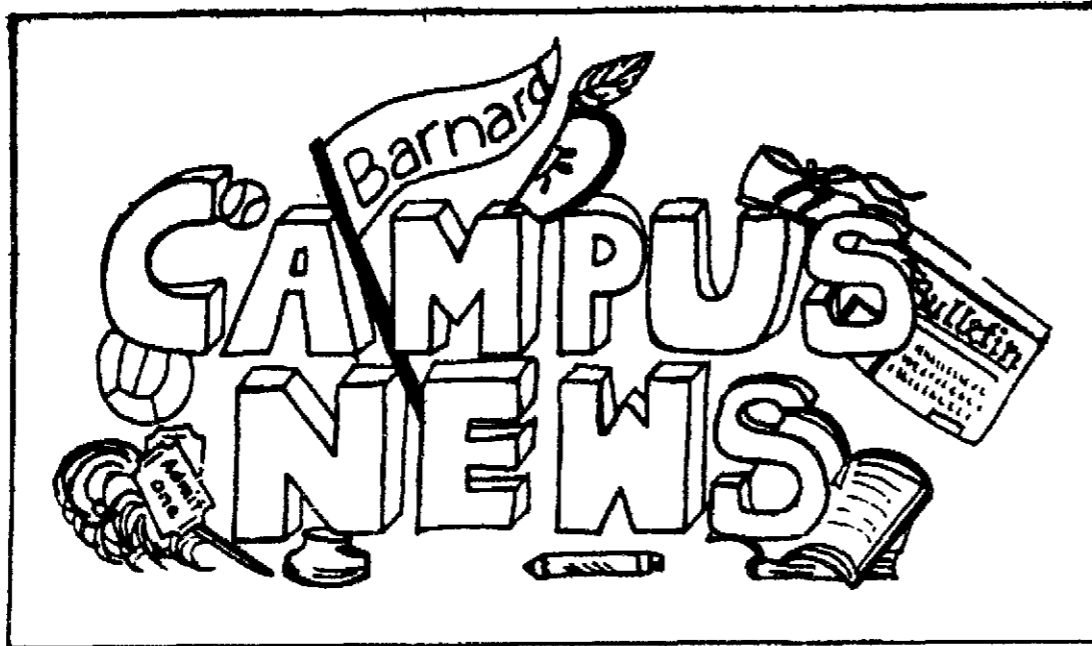
But I am not stupid (which, incidentally, happens to be an adjective). I am smart, or at least I think I'm smart, or I sure as hell hope I'm smart (adjective of Latin origin, smartumunus). I am not a genius, because if I were a genius I'd be able to figure out mathematically some sort of postulate stating why I feel like an idiot. Then again, if I were a genius, I'd be too busy calculating, postulating, and extrapolating to ever feel like an idiot. I wonder if Einstein ever felt like an idiot.

Did you know that Einstein's dying last words have been lost forever? The nurse who was with him by his deathbed didn't know German, and Einstein's famous last words were in German, and

they didn't register in the un-German nurse's head. So they are, to this day, unknown. May I hypothesize or speculate that Einstein's lost last words were 'Ich mich fuhle wie ein Dummkopf,' German for 'I feel like an idiot.'

So trying to figure out why I feel like an idiot has proven quite rhetorical. I have come to no substantial conclusions, but it doesn't matter because suddenly I don't feel like an idiot anymore. I suddenly don't feel smart anymore, either, but that's besides the point. I have managed to rid myself of the idiot-feeling, and if that means losing my smart-feeling as well, well that's okay. God or someone like that said we must make sacrifices.

I wonder if God ever feels like an idiot. . . .



Honors Awarded

By Catherine Metcalf

On Thursday, April 23 the annual Honors Convocation will be held. The evening, which was reinstated in 1974 after a nine year lapse, has grown. Originally, there were only seventeen prizes and the induction into the Phi Beta Kappa Society was not connected with this event. The Honors Convocation includes many undergraduates along with graduating Seniors.

This year there will be one hundred prizes, and it is combined with Phi Beta Kappa. Only ten percent of a class is eligible for the honor of Phi Beta Kappa. One's academic program, grades, and activities are considered.

The one hundred honors are given in the form of fellowships and prizes. Founders of a prize usually determine the conditions. This year, there are honors for a wide array of talents. Excellence in literature, art history, botanical research and geography are just a few. The prizes are funded by parents, alumnae, and many foundations. The prizes range from \$50 to \$5,000 for fellowships.

The Faculty Honors Committee, chaired by Dean Barbara Schmitter, meets and considers many of the nominations. Dean Schmitter describes the process as "exciting" because of the interest of the students in their respective fields.

Springfest '87

By Anna Mohl

Springfest '87 is here! The festivities begin Saturday, April 25th at 12 noon all across the Barnard campus. The day's activities include live bands, musical talents, games, food and much more. Don't miss this last event of the year.

Final Cabaret

This Thursday, April 23, is the final installation of McAc's monthly Cabaret. Sometimes run as a folk-style coffeehouse, the Cabaret is "a drop-in spot where the arts entertain." Previous events have included a screening of works by student filmmakers, comedy by Matt Irvine, and a Starsearch talent contest.

The last bash will feature a poetry reading at 9:00 p.m. organized by **Upstart Magazine** in celebration of their new issue, and three danceable bands: a sur-

prise debut at 10:30, **Big Fence** at 11:00, and **Repercussions** at midnight. Admission is free to all, as are the munchies.

Leaders Honored

By Catherine Metcalf

On April 22, the Student Leader Dinner will be held. It is an annual event held to "... recognize many of the students leaders on campus ..." and is the "... biggest honor since it is from one's peers ..." according to SGA president-elect, Lisa Kolker. At this dinner, the Bear Pin Awards are given out. These pins are given to seniors who have dedicated themselves to Student Activities. Juniors and seniors also receive Certificates of Distinction. There are also Certificates of Distinction for students of Columbia College and SEAS who have distinguished themselves through their involvement in Barnard activities.

This year, there are sixteen Bear Pin Award recipients, thirty senior certificate recipients, twenty junior certificate recipients and eight CC and SEAS award winners. There are also awards for an administrator who has shown dedication to student activities, an award of distinction to the most active office on campus, and an award of distinction to the most active faculty member.

Banikarim Awarded

Barnard's Dean of the Sophomore Class, Katherine Knight-Wilcox, announced Monday that Barnard sophomore Maryam Banikarim is the first Barnard student to be awarded a Truman Scholarship.

"I'm very excited for Maryam," Wilcox stated. "It is really a very prestigious award." The Truman scholarship is awarded to promising college sophomores who have shown leadership potential and a desire to eventually go into government service. Students are nominated by their schools, which are allowed to nominate three candidates. According to Wilcox, who has been active in determining selection guidelines for the scholarship committee, "it is a very big honor just to be nominated." Selection is made on a state-by-state basis, generating 52 scholarship awards nationwide. The scholarship offers \$6,500 per year for the remaining 2 years of undergraduate study and an additional \$6,500 per year for two years of graduate study.

The other Barnard sophomores to be nominated were Barrie Biddison and Veena Sud, who has been selected as an alternate winner. Last year, then Barnard sophomore Elizabeth Fuzman was selected as an alternate.

The Barnard section of Phi Beta Kappa is happy to announce the election of the following Barnard students:

Miriam Avins	Medieval & Renaissance Studies	Carolyn Halpern	Economics
Miryam I. Babic	Program in the Arts (Visual)	Susan M. Jasper	Economics
Kay L. Bender	Psychology	Mary Suzanne Keech	Psychology
Annette D. Bernhardt	Sociology	Felicia Kohn	Economics
Ruth E. Brody	Psychology	Denise R. Kupietzky	Political Science
Kristin B. Burke	English	Golnaz Moazzami	Chemistry
Susan L. Dodelson	Psychology	Erin Mullin	Psychology
Amy D. Drachman	English	Cecilia P. Nass	Mathematics
Miriam J. Eckstein	Religion	Denise L. Newman	Psychology
Kimball Y. Fenn	English	Christianne Orto	Music
Arlena B. Filipowicz	Economics	Jennifer L. Powers	Economics
Deborah Fortinsky	Economics	Dina C. Roldán	Economics
Amanda B. Friedman	Political Science	Monique Rothman	English
Tamara R. Gelboin	Political Science	Rachel L. Rubin	English & Russian
Robin J. Gitman	Economics	Shaindy Rudoff	English
Miriam Gleich	Economics	Renée B. Schwarzschild	Mathematics
Deborah L. Goldsmith	Mathematics & Psychology	Mary E. Sheehan	Political Science
Susan M. Goldstein	Psychology	Susan J. Slater	History
Allison Goodwin	English	Maria E. Soliño	Spanish
Jessica R. Gross	History	Patricia Soteropoulos	Biochemistry
		Miriam Tanenbaum	
		Spitzer	Political Science
		Judith A. Stevens	Economics
		Nancy B. Worman	Ancient Studies

The initiation will take place on Thursday, April 23, 1987 at 3:30 p.m., in the James Room, 414 Barnard Hall.



TIME MAGAZINE Publisher Robert Miller (right) congratulates Barnard Junior Michele Brody, finalist in the news magazine's second annual College Achievement Awards. Brody was one of 80 finalists selected by TIME in a nationwide search for outstanding college and university juniors. Other Barnard finalists were Shelagh Laferty and Beatrice Ellerin.

The Bulletin Board

a weekly listing of club activities

Wednesday, April 22

Shakespeare Birthday Celebration for English Majors and Prospective Majors. The Deanery (Hewitt), 3:30-5pm. Informal get-together.

Sunday, April 26

Barnard-Columbia Chorus Spring Concert in St. Paul's Chapel. Works to be performed include *Jephthah* by Carrissimi and works by Purcell, Pinkston and Brahms. Free!

Talking With Tama

By Mary Jane Brennan
and Maryam Banikarim

A while back, we set out to meet writer Tama Janowitz, inspired by a review of *Slaves of New York* we'd seen in the *Times*—a review which mentioned Janowitz had graduated from Barnard.

We arrived at her small West Village studio not knowing what to expect, but soon we were talking freely—about her rent, her dogs, her Barnard days, and her life now.

She remembers Barnard in a way it seems many graduates do—learning to appreciate it more with time. She recalls fondly English Professors Elizabeth Dalton and Janice Thaddeus, and her pleasure in shocking creative writing classes with her off-beat stories. And though she claims she was discouraged from going abroad her junior year (though finally did) she admits that if she hadn't been a Program in the Arts writing major, she'd never be where she is today.

"But I was lonely at Barnard," she adds.

"But I was lonely at Barnard," she adds. "I didn't have many friends at all but it was me, too—I lived off-campus and was writing all the time." She knew even then that a tremendous social life wasn't possible for her, consumed as she was with her writing. And as she puts it now, "If I have a boyfriend one year, then I do, if I don't the next, then I don't. I think it's a perfectly normal and healthy desire to want a good relationship. Unfortunately they're not always that easy to come by."

Her stories are set in cluttered downtown apartments.

Her stories are set in cluttered downtown apartments, trendy restaurants and artists' hangouts. The main collection in *Slaves* is about Eleanor, a jewelry designer who lives with her artist boyfriend Stash. They don't have a great relationship, but because she can't afford New York rents, she stays with him. "I am not a writerly-polished-perfect-writer," she remarks. "It is the character, humor, the life and energy that interests me." She likes to write "the way she sees it," without making value judgements. She likes the space and leisure of novels. Short stories are quicker and easier, and because of that, often much harder to write. She admires Chekhov and Grace Paley for their less-structured short stories that focus on real life—(without moments of "epiphany"). She also likes Saul Bellow, Joyce Carol Oates, and Nabokov for their great style, voice and fresh images.

Janowitz's experiences are not unlike her stories. After graduating from Barnard, she was chosen to be a guest editor at *Mademoiselle*. "They put me in the beauty section and sent me out on this fashion shoot. They said, 'Tama, there isn't very much to do. Would you mind going into the other room and ironing this blouse?'" I put the iron down and the entire sleeve melted. I burst into tears, sincerely distraught that I'd done this terrible thing to the blouse. Christian, the hair guy, just laughed it off." After four years of studying screenwriting at The Yale Drama School, she won a grant at the Provincetown Fine Arts Center where she was given a room and three hundred dollars a week. "The phone never rang, and I could hear the writers in the other rooms typing faster than I was. My big thrill was to walk to the A&P and look at the food."

She also tried a job as assistant art director at an ad agency but that wasn't much better. Graduate school looked even better after this, and it was there that she wrote her first novel, *American Dad*, about a boy's relationship with his promiscuous psychiatrist father. In 1981, when she was twenty-four, *American Dad* was published.

As to whether the characters and situations she writes about are true to her own life, as would seem likely in *American Dad*, she maintains that people come up to her all the time and say, "Hey, I know exactly who you were talking about in that story," or "that was so-and-so." "They're usually people I've never even met before," she remarks.

Presently a writer-in-residence at Princeton, Tama received her B.A. from Barnard in 1977; her M.A. in writing from Hollins College in 1979; attended the Yale School of Drama in playwriting; and received her M.F.A. in writing from Columbia in January 1986. She was born in San Francisco but grew up in Amherst, Mass. Her father, Julian Janowitz, is a psychiatrist. Her mother Phyllis, is a poet. "She has been very supportive of me," Tama explains. "She stuck with me through all the difficult times."

Once referred to as the "queen of the downtown nightlife scene."

Once referred to as the "queen of the downtown nightlife scene," Janowitz claims she rarely goes out—"I wouldn't be able to write if that was the case." "To be a writer you have to be focused, you have to have a schedule." Janowitz is up early in the morning and writes until noon, takes a break and writes into the night. Witness, here, a driven artist—her writing, it seems, an unconscious desire—and one she concedes, Barnard helped nurture.



Photo courtesy of New York Magazine

Perhaps it was the isolation she felt while in college, combined with a creative and curious mind that inspired her to explore the annals of New York's East Village. After attending gallery openings and rubbing elbows with Andy Warhol's "entourage" her career took on new dimensions. Warhol had even bought the book rights to make *Slaves* into a film, a medium he hadn't toyed with in ten years. The publication of her short stories in the *New Yorker* in December of '84, however, gave Tama Janowitz the exposure she'd been waiting for.

Slaves of New York is the collection of her short stories that looks at New York's downtown scene. She feels that she's recording the social mores of our times the way Jane Austen did. "Because when we read Jane Austen, we know how people behaved at teatime, and that they ate crumbs, and that a lot of women were concerned with getting married because they had no choice."

What's next for Tama Janowitz? "The great American novel, of course," she laughs. And paying next month's rent (a healthy perspective to maintain, we all agreed). She knows she deserves the good things she's gotten so far, and tries to convince herself that "this is the way it's supposed to be," but she's quick to add that she's always "full of insecurities."

"Usually I keep writing until I go broke. . . ."

"Usually I keep writing until I go broke, then just about when I'm ready to stop, a grant comes through. There are rejections of course, but there are enough acceptances to keep me going. A career is not made by publishing just two books." The publishing of *Slaves of New York*, might not guarantee Janowitz life long success, but it has placed her in the spot light.

Her advice to aspiring writers? "Stick with it. A talented person may quit through the difficult periods—you must stick with it."

Women's Issues

Ms. M.D.: The Problems Of Women In Medicine

By Virginia Nido

Have you ever thought of being a doctor? Since the first American woman physician, Elizabeth Blackwell, entered Geneva Medical School in 1849, many women have travelled the long and difficult road towards an M.D. degree. Unfortunately, for many women the most visible scenery along this road has been discrimination.

In the past, women were discouraged from entering the medical profession. The rule was that girls became nurses and boys became doctors. As more and more women wanted to become exceptions to the rule, men reacted with hostility. They believed that women were either too dumb or too fragile to endure the rigors of a medical education.

As women found that they were not accepted into medical schools, they formed their own. However, with the passage of legislation at the end of the nineteenth century that outlawed separate male and female schools at the graduate level, these women's medical colleges closed.

women have faced. Once accepted, some women have experienced sexist treatment from deans, professors and male students. In a 1973 report put out by The Feminist Press entitled "Why Would A Girl Go Into Medicine?" many female medical students who were interviewed reported some frightening experiences.

One woman quoted the Dean of her medical school as saying "I don't think women belong in medicine." Another relates that on one ward a resident called his male students "Dr." and his female students "Ms." Other women told of professors beginning lectures with sexist jokes, invariably encouraging the men in the class to adopt a belittling attitude toward the female students. Quite frequently, slides of nude women in provocative positions were shown in lectures. One woman reported that her professor ended one of these lectures with the comment, "Men need to look down on women, and that's why I show the slides." One male student's response was "well, if they don't like it, they don't have to come to class."

role models in medical school.

Fortunately, women and men are working to change these trends. Dean Rowland reports in her handbook that "the lecture slide of the nude female body . . . is now passe, the result of boos and walk-outs on the part of women students and their male allies."

In a recent interview, Barnard Health Services Dr. Sheehy said that personally, she has felt "no sense of sex discrimination" during her career. She also remarked, however, that discrimination often varies among particular specialties. Women in highly competitive fields like surgery, for example, may encounter more discrimination than women in pediatrics.

Men in the medical profession are gaining respect for women as competent, caring physicians. One woman MD sums it up: "As with any profession, a woman entering medical school must have high expectations, a sense of humor, and a deaf ear at times, and above all a desire to learn."



Barnard Health Services' Dr. Rubin and a friend.

All-male medical schools then began to accept women—one or two a year to fill their quotas.

Only recently have women been accepted into medical schools in numbers approaching that of men. In 1985 the average medical school graduating class was 40 percent women. Recently, Howard Medical School's freshman class was 55 percent women.

Barnard's Dean Esther Rowland writes in her "Handbook for Students Entering the Health Professions" that "women have faced discrimination in medical school admissions for a long time, but an aggressive stance on the part of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare altered this imbalance. Thus, a new and positive attitude towards women applicants has gained favor, and medicine will probably become a normal rather than an unusual practice for a woman."

Gaining acceptance to medical school has not been the only problem

Hopefully, things have improved since this report was written fourteen years ago. However, Anne Becker, a medical student, complained in a 1985 issue of the *Radcliffe Quarterly* that she felt like medical school was teaching her how to be a "successful man" rather than a successful doctor.

In the introduction to "Why Would A Girl Go Into Medicine?" Margaret Campbell, M.D., past Associate Director of Student Affairs at Harvard Medical School says, "It appears that *all* medical schools exhibit some form of discrimination against women students, if only because discrimination has been and is an accepted pattern in our society."

Women have also been slow to move into leadership positions in academic medicine. Dean Rowland notes that only one medical school has had a female dean and there are relatively few female deans of students and faculty members. Consequently, women have had trouble finding

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The Financial Aid Dilemma:

As Costs Mount, Aid Decreases

By Rae Eskin, Helen Breiwiesser
and Lainie Blum

With a tuition of \$10,900 and residential and additional fees bringing the total cost to nearly \$17,000 per year, a Barnard education is one of the costliest in the country. Most students and their parents need extra financing in order to remain at Barnard. In fact, according to Barnard's Director of Financial Aid Suzanne Guard, 65% of all Barnard students receive some form of financial aid, from work study to Barnard College grants or Guaranteed Student Loans. Recent legislative action and a dwindling endowment threaten to cut this percentage, as well as the amount of aid that they receive.

Barnard College has a need-blind admissions policy, which means that "we admit students on the basis of academic and personal merit alone," according to Director of Admissions Christine Royer. "We don't take into account a student's neediness when we make our decisions," she states. If a student is in need of money, this is a concern of the financial aid office, which bases its decision on that student's need. The admissions office only learns about the financial aid of a student "after the fact" says Royer, if parents call the admissions office because they feel that they did not receive enough aid for their daughter to be able to attend Barnard. These people are referred to the financial aid office to discuss a possible reevaluation of their financial aid package. Since "everyone we admit we want here," according to Royer, it is "agonizing" for her when a student cannot attend Barnard because of financial reasons. Yet Royer believes that "our system at Barnard—a need-blind admissions policy and need-based financial aid—is the fairest and best system possible." It can be compared to the policies at other schools that do not have need-based financial aid. These schools can in effect bribe students, athletes or gifted scholars, for example, by offering them scholarships to come to their school. With this system, a student may choose a school based on how much money the school will give her rather than on the school's other qualities. Barnard's system "insures fairness" says Royer. Without it, "we would not have the kind of rich diversity that we have."

The Financial Aid Office determines the financial need of all Financial Aid applicants in a variety of ways, according to Guard. "We don't have any specific cut off point, because every student's situation is different," explained Guard. "Often I'll get a call from a parent who says 'I want my daughter to go to Barnard, but I have four kids in college. I can't afford it even though I make \$90,000 a year.' Often, even in situations like these, the student is still eligible for aid." On the basis of the income and asset information from the federal Financial Aid Form (FAF), the Col-

lege Scholarship Service determines a base amount that can be expected as a parental contribution. "We look at this figure, but we also look at other things," says Guard. The "other things" might include other children in college, as in the example above, or whether there are any medical problems in the family, or a past bankruptcy in the family history.

Guard feels very strongly about Barnard's need-blind admissions policy. Even though the office sometimes looks at an applicant's application for admission to the college, they do so "only to get a better sense of an applicant's family situation," according to Guard. "I never ask Chris (Royer, Director of Barnard Admissions) what someone's application status is."

The problem with the need-blind admissions policy is of course, whether the college will have enough funds to

(\$29 million) forces the college to raise tuition and fees. Guard concedes the difficulty of this cycle, but adds "we're always asking the Development Office to look for other funds . . . we hate taking money out of the Operating Budget."

New legislation has intensified this and other problems. According to Guard, the restriction of Guaranteed Student Loan availability by Congress has been "most disastrous." Formerly, any family with an income of \$30,000 or lower was automatically eligible to borrow, whether the school recommended they borrow or not. Families with incomes between \$30,000 and \$75,000 per year were allowed to take out loans to cover earnings and self-help expectations by the college in question. All that was required for a student to apply for a loan was for the student to file an

It's a very serious situation."

The most frustrating thing about all of this for Guard is that she sees very little need for the new regulations. "We have a very low default rate at Barnard . . . In my experience, students are very responsible about paying back their loans." Furthermore, Guard says, "the money [from GSLs] isn't being used irresponsibly . . . The checks come straight to the schools and are applied toward their tuition costs . . . It's a very clever way to cut a program."

The Career Services office plays an integral role in the financial need situations of Barnard students. Director of Career Services, Martha Greene, stated, "Some students must work in school. We try to help them find jobs with developmental value." Many Barnard students work on-campus or off-campus jobs involving internships and the like. The type of job, number of hours, and hourly pay students desire depend on each student's financial situation. Many internships are non-paying positions, yet there are many good jobs offering salaries as well as good experience. "Students who don't need money have more freedom," according to Greene. She added that many students take both kinds of jobs (paying and non-paying), either simultaneously or during alternating semesters or years.

The College work-study program is a "self-help" financial aid plan that is subsidized by the federal government; the government shares in the payment of wages with the student's employer. As an on-campus employer, Barnard pays 30 percent and the government covers 70 percent of the wage. Off-campus employers pay 40 percent of the salary, while the government adds the remaining 60 percent. Approximately 325-350 Barnard students are presently involved in the work-study program, and according to Elayne Garrett, Student Employment Officer, "Employers are clamoring for more Barnard students for work-study positions." The monetary subsidy and the responsible reputation of Barnard students make the program attractive to employers. However, many more jobs are available than there are students eligible to fill them.

The Financial Aid Office determines the work-study awards and the criteria for eligibility. A student must apply a year in advance for the program through the office. There are two categories of self-help: a student whose need is judged as not requiring the assistance of the work-study program may qualify for the Barnard College job award. Barnard pays 100 percent of this student's earnings for on-campus jobs only. Currently 225-300 students are recipients of such awards; the number fluctuates as students are accepted throughout the year from waiting lists.

An earnings limit is set for both types

Continued on page 14



Barnard's Director of Financial Aid Suzanne Guard.

"The need to take funds out of the Operating Budget has been what Guard calls 'a strong force' behind the yearly tuition increases. This situation creates a vicious cycle which is difficult to escape from: because of high costs, more applicants need financial assistance, which, because of Barnard's relatively small endowment forces the college to raise tuition and fees."

award every deserving accepted applicant financial aid. Guard has attempted to solve this problem through yearly projections to the Board of Trustees before applications decisions are made. Based on information from past years, Guard has been able to roughly estimate the amount of aid any entering class will require. Unfortunately, every year the interest from the endowment has not been able to cover the amount needed for Financial Aid. According to Guard, "every year we have to take some money out of the Operating Budget . . . we can't maintain diversity any other way." The need to take funds out of the Operating Budget has been what Guard calls "a strong force" behind the yearly tuition increases. This situation creates a vicious cycle which is difficult to escape from: because of high costs, more applicants need financial assistance, which, because of Barnard's relatively small endowment

application with their own bank, which would then be evaluated by the school and the bank. Under the new legislation, any student applying for a GSL must fill out a complex FAF form, as well as file a Financial Aid application with their school. According to Guard, "the system is becoming so complex that people are dropping out of the program . . . I think hundreds of students are going to be knocked out of Barnard's aid system. This year, I saw very few freshman applicants with very high need. I think we are losing them to the combination of high costs and the complex procedures." In order to minimize the possibly disastrous effects of the new legislation, Guard has made extensive trips to high schools to inform high school seniors about procedures and options available for financial assistance. "I'm not just going for Barnard . . . I've even gone to all-male high schools . . .

The Water Club: Elegant Dining On The River

By Delphine Taylor

With graduation just around the bend, more imminent and troublesome than preparing those last few papers or exams is planning the entertainment schedule for relatives who will come to the city for the big day. If the only phone calls you've

Food

received from home lately have been, "What will we do, honey, where will we eat?" and you feel it's time to emulate the Club Med social director, don't fret. This will not be a matter of assigning Aunt Mae to the Blue Team and Uncle Ron to the Gold Team. The whole episode can be simplified by concentrating on man's favorite entertainment: food. If you really want to satisfy the tourist urge of your out-of-town kin as well as kill great chunks of time, take them far away for a meal they'll rave about.

The Water Club, appropriately located on the waterfront, occupies a large boat on the East River at 30th Street. The setting appeals both to the old-money-ultra-preppy-yacht-clubber and to those who simply enjoy a change from the cement horizons of Manhattan. Reservations are recommended, so call ahead at (212) 683-3333.

As one leads the family troupe by the display of valet-parked cars, one may expect parents to feel for their American Express cards and the younger constituency to press their faces against the smoked glass of the Maseratis and stretch Mercedes in search of Mick Jagger or Madonna. I don't think they eat here, though. Although owned by the proprietors of the better known River Café in Brooklyn, the Water Club at brunchtime attracts a crowd not so *rive gauche*, so to speak.

As you walk in, little men in black offer saccharin smiles, take coats, and wave you into the oyster bar or beyond into the dining room. In other areas of the boat, loud parties can be seen and heard. Other little men scurry by with beaded brows and trays laden with Bloody Marys, while guests wander up and down the stairs searching for the restroom or another drink.

The bar is dark and preppy, with a golden pine counter, a fireplace, and a tasteful smattering of small prints depicting New England yawls and schooners. At noon, this area is deserted, and the small bowls of mixed nuts on the tiny glass tables remain yet untouched.

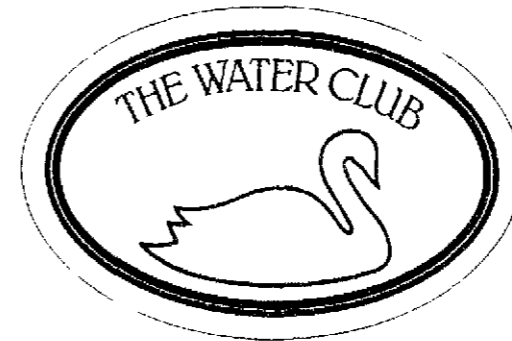
Nautical memorabilia also decorates the dining area, but the gloom and stuffiness of the previous room drifts behind as you float into this airy and colorful space. The outward walls are all glass, allowing diners to explore the view of the East River and Queens without interruption. Tables and green booths face the water, and some parties sit in silence, gazing at a passing

tugboat or pondering the fate of nearby Roosevelt Island. Festooned along the ceiling are festive yachting flags in pastel colors, and the casual green and red caned chairs recall lazy days of sunning on the deck. The tables are draped with heavy white linen cloths and set with sturdy and simple silverware: indications of the tradition and fine taste that pervade the atmosphere.

The menu also reflects a greater conservatism than one might expect in a place with such prestige, but the offerings do not fail in the least. No, the galley remains in ship-shape with the sails never fluttering. Although such perfection has a price, you may want to remind your parents that it's cheaper than a cruise on the Pacific Princess, or better, graduate school. That should keep them quiet, at least until the

first course arrives.

If you are planning on living on New York after graduation, and hoping to find a job in journalism (as I am), make sure you take advantage of the free meal (as I



did). It will be the last free lunch you'll ever have. With that in mind, you may consider ordering the Beluga caviar, or less extravagantly, the west coast sturgeon caviar. I did not have the sea legs to ask the

price of the imported marine life, but latter was a trifle \$36.00 for two. Anchovy, my friend! The smoked trout (\$8.00) appears beautifully fileted, surrounded a fine piping of mild white horseradish sauce. Gentle smoking enhances the delicate flavor of the fish and produces a firm and moist texture that makes eating it a far from a cumbersome affair. The asparagus "in season" (\$8.50) is steamed and served at room temperature with a subtle butte vegetable sauce, its fresh green taste complementing the trout.

If your desire for indulgence cannot be appeased by an assortment of starters, make a plunge into the entrees. Chef C Peuchy offers spruced-up traditional brunch fare as well as shellfish in a variety of forms. If your granny won't eat anything

Continued on page

Shoving Clay From Here To There

By Andrew Economakis

You played with it when you were a kid. Come on, admit it. And a lot of people saw you too. Why, even your brothers and sister played with it. But not as good as you. Now . . . it's back to haunt you.

Strolling into Will Vinton's "Festival of Claymation" on a warm and lazy Sunday afternoon, I found a seat among thirty

Film

or so screaming kids, sat down, and got ready for what I expected to be a colorful clay ride into happiness. Billed as "hilarious clay animated fun," "Claymation" unfortunately strikes out in a big way. Even my younger brethren in the theatre weren't all that joyous about it.

Though an interesting and innovative idea, animated clay in real form is perched on that precarious line between bad and good, depending on how well it is done. Clips of clay animation which most people



A Claymation Dude.

know through television (take "The California Raisins" ad) are uncommonly perfected by Claymation standards. In fact, "The California Raisins" (also featured in the Festival) singing "I Heard It Through The Grapevine" is (to use a celebrated Barnard Professor's catchword) the

archetypal clay film. Alone, it stands proud and is absorbingly unique. But when all these clay guys, the animators, illustrators and directors start mixing water-based paintings and chalkboard doo-



The California Raisins.

dles with clay, the archetype is literally buried under a lot of colorful yet nauseating nuisance.

Basically a whole bunch of short films, clips and advertisements of clay animation packed into a 90 minute documentary-style format, "Claymation" doesn't draw you in as easily as cartoons. Confined to small stages, the clay figures take forever to make and move while filming (something Vinton stresses, perhaps hoping people would at least appreciate the effort put into Claymation). And the final outcome, due in part to the limitations of the stage and the amount of time necessary to put the whole deal together, is not all that enthralling to watch. Though some scenes are genuinely funny (take, for instance, the Siskel and Ebert-type narrators), the overall effect is badly created Claymation clips, where unexciting plots are further confounded by unrealistic clay

motion.

Perhaps Vinton realized the restrictions on, and difficulty of making a Claymation film when he was putting together, this accounting for the kids' packaging it got (i.e. a lot of outlandish storytelling and humor). What this d-

however is severely limit its audience appeal, even with many kids (judging from this Sunday's audience).

With "Claymation," what you end up seeing is a lot of colorful clay show-

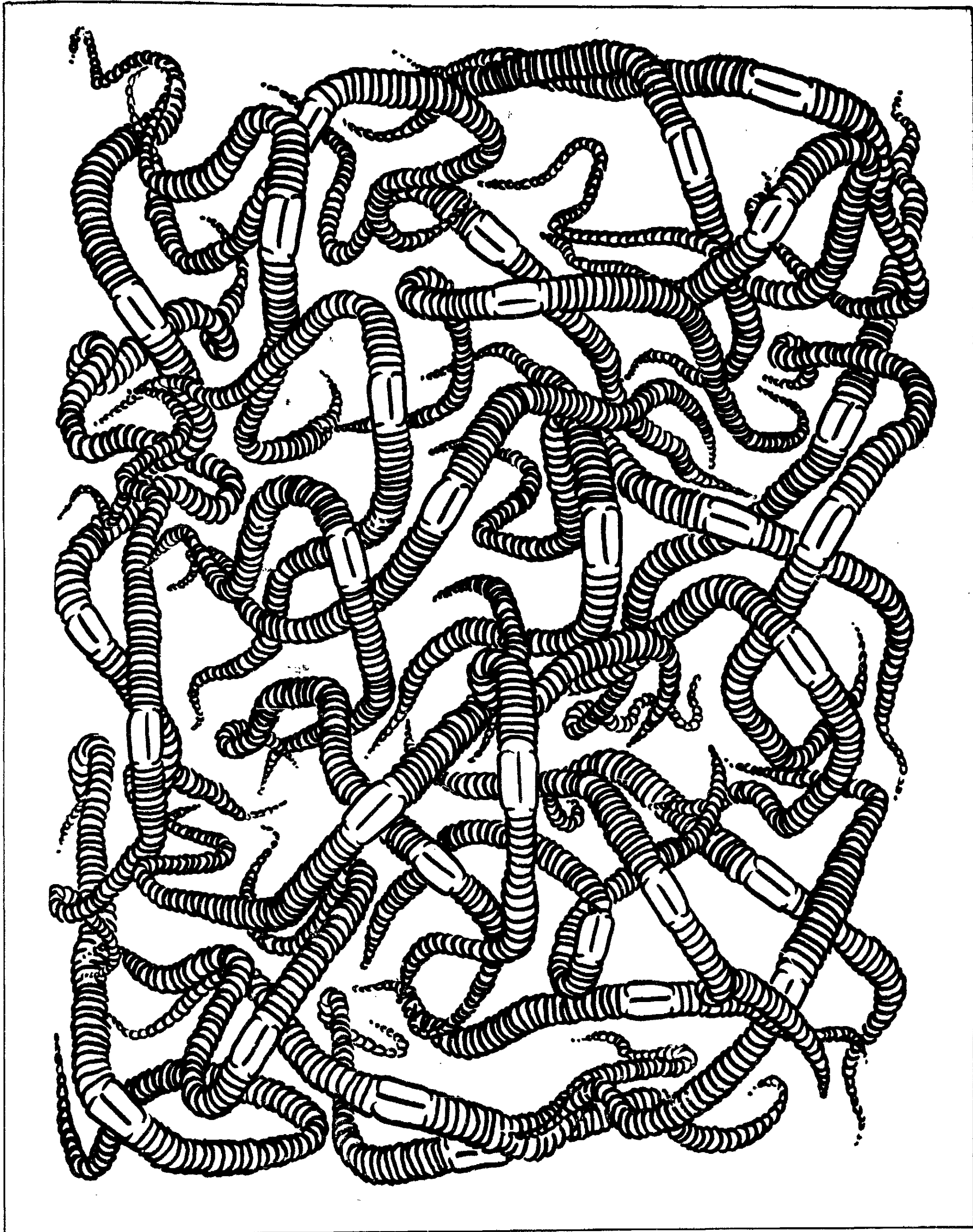


Another Claymation Dude.

around from here to there, with a whole load of stereotypical morals and religious heaped on to it (for example, James E

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"Worms" By Joanne Pocsidio



Happy Finals Folks

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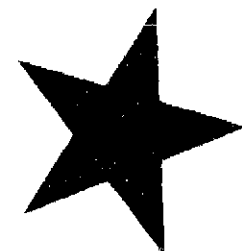
Photo courtesy of Claymation



McCarthy and Friend.



Demi and Emilio will be there!!



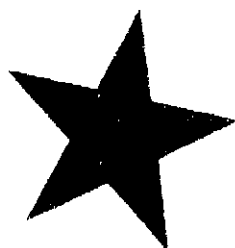
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Dick and Kim are on their way.



Listings

Theater

Broadway

ASINAMALI!—Both written and directed by Mbogeni Ngema, play deals with the 1983 rent strike in Durban, South Africa, and its horrendous consequences. Tue. through Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3; \$25 to \$35 (some \$15 seats are available at every performance). Jack Lawrence Theatre, 359 W. 48th St. (307-5452). 2 hr.

DROOD—Rupert Holmes's musical (suggested by the unfinished novel by Charles Dickens) lets the audience complete what Dickens was unable to do; directed by Wilford Leach. This version proves as frisky as the Central Park original, and the Victorian music-hall atmosphere is even more persuasive in a red-plush setting. Mon. through Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. \$15 tickets for the last row of the balcony are on sale the day of the performance. Imperial Theater, 249 West 45th Street (239-6200). 2 hr. 15 min. All major credit cards.

FENCES—James Earl Jones stars in August Wilson's drama which depicts the emotional upheavals experienced by a man whose whole life is dominated by the conviction that he could have played professional baseball in his youth, and the effect this has on his family relationships, directed by Lloyd Richards. 46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (221-1211). 2 hr. 30 min.

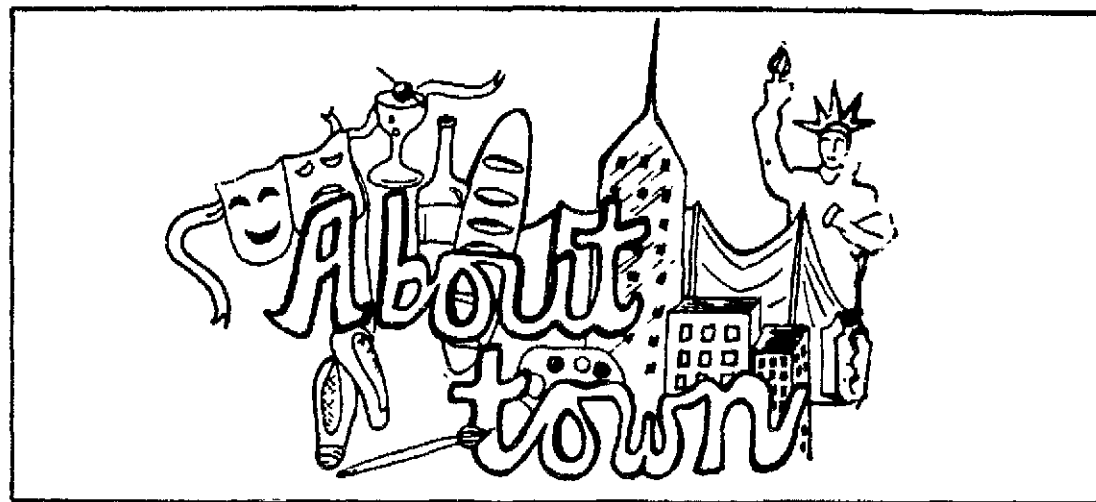
Off-Broadway

BLUE IS FOR BOYS—Robert Patrick's farce about love affairs in an all-gay college dormitory. Thu. and Fr. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7; \$15. Corner Loft Theater, 99 University Place (228-0056).

VAMPIRE LESBIANS OF SODOM—Charles Busch's delightfully funny and imaginative play, which follows the curtain-raiser, *Sleeping Beauty or Coma*, both directed by Kenneth Elliott. With David Drake and Becky London. Tue. through Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7, \$22 to \$25. Provincetown Theatre, 133 Macdougall Street (477-5048).

MAMA I WANT TO SING—A wonderfully rewarding gospel musical, by Vy Higginsen (who narrates) and Kenneth Wydro, about a young girl in the church choir who dreams of becoming a pop singer. Thu. and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2, 5, and 8, Sun. at 3; \$10 to \$19.95. Heckscher, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. (534-2804).

ON THE VERGE—Eric Overmyer's comic play, set in locations ranging from the Himalayas and African jungles to 1955 Eisenhower America, about a journey into space by three Victorian women (Lisa Banes, Patricia Hodges, and Laura Hicks, all of whom are delightful); directed by Garland Wright. The play draws you in, affectionately and mischievously.



Off-Off Broadway

APHRODITE—A tragedy of unrequited love, jealousy, and murder, adapted from the poems of Oscar Wilde and the Greek legend of Hippolytus; directed by Steven Baker. Thu. through Sun. at 8; \$5. Dramatic Personae, 25 East 4th Street (673-4382).

THE HEART THAT EATS ITSELF—A play by Rosalyn Drexler, which parallels the life of Franz Kafka and the title character of his short story, *The Hunger Artist*, is directed by John Vaccaro. Featured in the cast are Tom Cayler, Don Harrington, George Bartenieff, and Crystal Field. Thu. through Sun. at 8; \$4. Theatre for the New City, 155 First Avenue (254-1109).

TEN LITTLE INDIANS—Agatha Christie's great island-locked murder mystery; directed by Fred Fondren. Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3; 4/17 through 5/17, \$8. Prometheus Theatre, 239 East 5th Street (477-8689).

HAPPY DAYS—Samuel Beckett's theater-of-the-absurd drama telling of the problems faced by a woman who lives buried up to her neck in a sandbox, directed by Tony Tsendeas and featuring Joan Strueber. 4/16 at 8, \$6. Theatre at Barnard production at Minor Latham Playhouse, Broadway at W. 119th St. (280-2079).

HEN'S HOUSE—Bo Brinkman's play about the ravages of alcoholism in rural Texas. directed by Linda Nerine. Tue. through Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3; \$8; through 4/26. Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).



Events

RINGLING BROS. AND BARNUM & BAILEY CIRCUS—4/7-5/17. At Madison Square Garden (564-4400). This year's cast includes animal trainer Gunther Gebel-Williams, the Soaring Stars, Live Action Squad, acrobat Rudolph Delmonte, Harrison's Seals, a big clown contingent, and of course King Tusk.

NEW YORK EXPERIENCE—Multi-screen and multimedia montage of the city, past and present, in many aspects. McGraw-Hill Building, Sixth Ave. between 48th and 49th Sts. (869-0345). Mon.-Thu. 11 a.m.-7; Fri. and Sat., 11 a.m.-8; Sun., noon-8. \$4.75.

Nightlife

MRS. J'S SACRED COW—228 W. 72nd St. (873-4067). Restaurant-piano bar with pianists Keith Thompson, Paul Sportelli, and Roy Glover alternating nightly from 8.

S.O.B.'s—204 Varick St. (243-4940). A club-restaurant-bar featuring the live music of Brazil, Africa, and the Caribbean. 4/15, 16; Baba Olatunji. 4/17, 18: Loremil Machado and Sarava Bahia Band. 4/21: Mario Toledo and Choros de Brazil. 4/22, 23. Eddie Palmieri.

STAND-UP NEW YORK—236 W. 78th St. (595-0850). Club with comics from TV and the national club scene. Through 4/19, Maxine Lapidus, Milt Abel and Fred Greenlee, Sun.-Thu. at 9, Fr. at 8:30 and 11:30, Sat. at 9:30 and midnight. 4/21-26: Rich Ceisler, Liz Winstead, Steve Trilling.

MOSTLY MAGIC—55 Carmine St. (924-1472). Nightclub-theater featuring magic and comedy. 4/15: Magician Imam and comedian Terry Day. 4/16: Magician Torkova and Terry Day. 4/17-18: Magician Johnny Ace Palmer and comedian Kent Kasper. 4/21: Showcase. Tue.-Thu. at 9:30, Fri.-Sat. at 9 and 11.

THE WEST END—2911 Broadway (666-9160). 4/15-19, Irene Reid and Company. 4/20: Comedy night with m.c. Steve Solis. 4/22-26: "Big Nick" Nicholas and his Group. Jazz, Tue.-Sun. from 9.

Listings continued on page 12

The Myth Of NYC

By Eliot Nisenboim

So I came from Toronto. I figured it was time to see the "Big Apple." You know, all that stuff they say about the neon lights being bright on Broadway. I just wanted to see it for myself, the cool clubs, the dirty streets, the bums, and Times Square.

Was it a trick? Did they film *Welcome Back Kotter* in London? What happened to the subways? I couldn't believe it; there's more graffiti on my notepad by my phone at home.

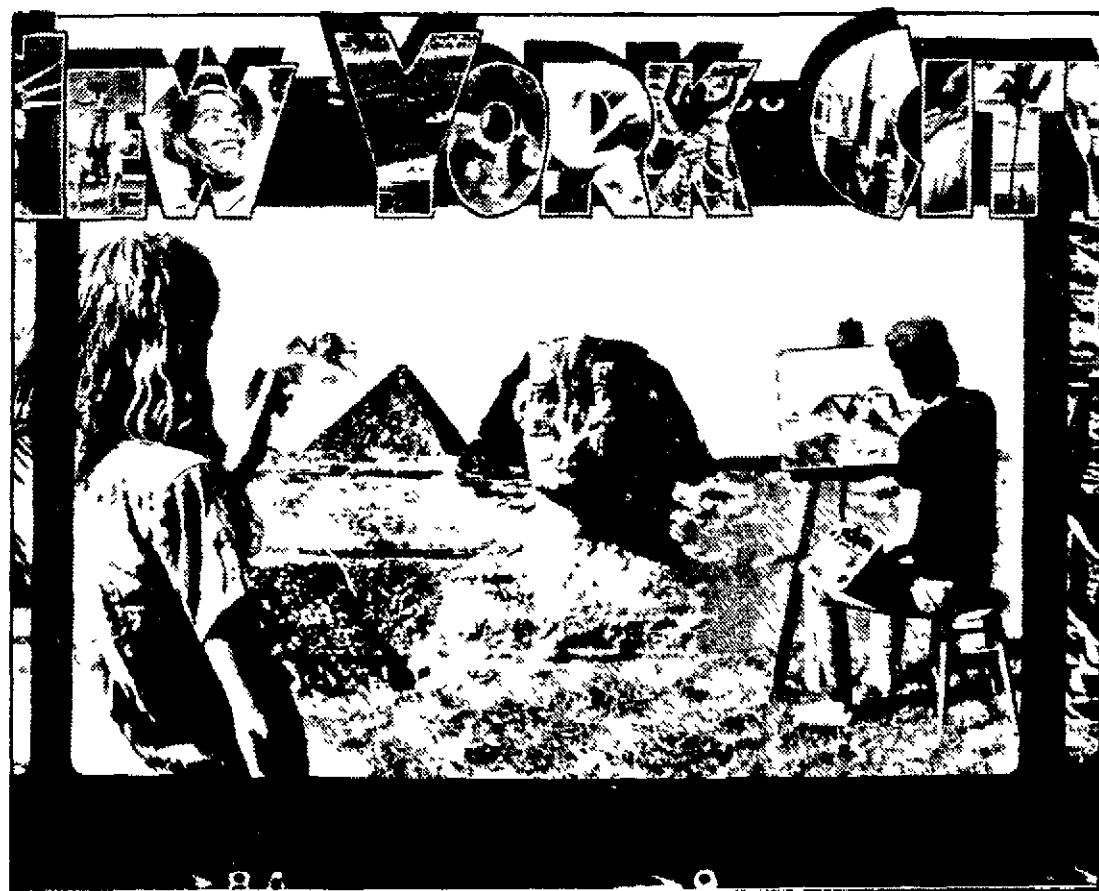
The bums . . . well, OK. There were a few, but they seemed in pretty good spirits and very creative. One guy thanked a trainload of people for giving him money for some shoes he bought the day before. He said he hoped today we would give him more money so he could augment the rice dish he was carrying.

Speaking of filth, Times Square could have been a lot worse. Yes, there were some porno movies and live dancing girls, but that doesn't shock me. In Amsterdam they have live sex shows and movies called "Barnyard Fun."

So I went out clubbing it instead, and what did I get? Some ugly basement with some guys in Italian zodiac jewelry; girls who danced together; and some pinball machines. They did have this neat crane game that cost a quarter and if you were good you could pick up toys as prizes, but it was broken.

After that we went to a Reggae/Salsa Club where there was this tribal band supposedly from Ghana who were really hot. We were jammin', we were hip, we were New York. Upon closer inspection though, the outfits looked like they were bought in a costume store. So I start talking to the singer between sets and find out she's from New York.

I had a good time; I like your City, and admit I might have seen *Fame* more times than I care to admit, but there still is a myth to New York City.



HONORS DAY EVENTS

THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1987

Phi Beta Kappa Initiation

James Room
(Fourth Floor, Barnard Hall)
3:30 p.m.

Honors Assembly

Lower Level of McIntosh Center
4:00 p.m.

Address:

BERNICE G. SEGAL
Professor and Chairman,
Department of Chemistry, Barnard College
"Experiences in Teaching Science
at the College Level"

Reception

Upper Level of McIntosh Center
5:00 p.m.

About Town

Continued from page 11

Art

East Village

Bonnie Lucas—Recent assemblages and watercolors that explore femininity; through 4/26. Avenue B, 167 Ave. B (473-4600).

RANDOLFO ROCHA—Paintings and silkscreens over already existing mass-media billboard advertisements; through 4/25. Neale, 320 Lafayette St. (431-5077).

RUDOLF WACHTER—Wood sculptures formed from the limbs and trunks of trees, through 5/17. Blom & Dorn, 164 Mercer St (219-0761)

Madison Ave. and Vicinity

DAVID LEVINE—Paintings of solitary figures and crowds whose poses and movements recall Delacroix, Goya, Homer, and Prendergast, plus portraits, figure studies, and caricatures; through 5/6. Forum, 1018 Madison Ave. (772-7666).

PAUL RESIKA—Recent paintings and charcoal drawings; through 4/25. Graham Modern, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).

DONALD SULTAN—"Cigarette" paintings from 1980, and photographs from 1980-1986; through 5/2. Blum Helman, 8th floor, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

DAVID BERMANT FOUNDATION: COLOR, LIGHT, MOTION—420 W. Broadway (334-0352). "P.U.L.S.E."—works that use light, sound, and energy, by Aycock, Duchamp, Jaffee, Jones & Girzel, Lynds, Rhoads, Seawright, Sifa, Takis, Tinguely, Victoria; through 5/23.

THE CLOCKTOWER—108 Leonard St. (233-1096). "Guerilla Girls Speak Back to the Whitney"; 4/16-5/17.

Photography

BRUCE CRATSLEY/FAY GODWIN—Photographs that imply hidden sensations and mysteries/Photographs of the British landscape; through 5/2. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

DIANE ARBUS—Early photographs; through 4/25 Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

KARL GERNOT KUEHN—Photographs that incorporate two different portraits of the same person within the same image; through 4/29. Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St. (582-8581).

ROGER FRANK—Photographs of people wearing red ties as a symbol of power; through 4/30. 4th Street Photo, 67 E. 4th St. (673-1021).

ROBERT SCHAEFFER—"Bee Bonnet Portraits"—black-and-white photographs taken through screens, grills, and curtains to create layered spatial compositions; through 5/21. Puchong, 36a Third Ave. (264-9086).

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St. Augustine tells the story of a pirate captured by Alexander the Great who asked him "how he dares molest the sea?" "How dare you molest the whole world?" The pirate replied "because I do it with a little ship only, I am called a thief, you, doing it with a great navy, are called an Emperor"

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101

No Preservatives
Deborah Pardes

I know you're saying
"What's she doing? -
Why's she writing a poem?
Does she plan to waste our time
with a poetic epitōme?"
Well, yes I do
I think I will
put my thoughts in verse
I think I'll try to make my point
and make it sweet and terse.
With pen in hand
I stop to think
How does this all make sense?
Exactly what will Ellen mean
when she says
"We Now Commence!"



Exams crept in
like bad breath
choking me to tears
I can't believe I passed those tests
and made it through four years.
I must admit
these years were filled
with days I won't forget
with midnight cruises
and phys-ed bruises
and mistakes I don't regret.
Even Quantitative Reasoning
was something of a blast
they taught us through pure logic
why our football team was last.
And the lab reports were grueling
I never got them right
but the scientific method
let me try all through the night.



When I think back to younger days
when I was most delighted
when McIntosh dances
with short romances
got me all excited
I wonder why
I took the time
to poster dawn 'til eve
when I knew
that B & G
would take them when I leave.
And what about all the fines
that they say I never paid--
Can't they count
the dimes I lost
in that xeroxing charade?
And let's remember registration
with that 'no-no' list they made
never once was I exempt
from the 'Bursar Dot' parade.
How about the office hours
with no professor to be found
and if there was
the line would be
winding all around.

I'll remember the vigil
and the blockade
and the strike
I'll always make a stink
about the "Dream Dorm"
that we don't like.
My alumnae days look blurry
I'm not sure how they will be
They're already asking for money
Get me a job!--and then we'll see...



"No Preservatives" surely
was the highlight of my year
because I felt a little closer
to the students that were here.
I talked about a community
that I struggled to define
I talked about injustice
when there was a pick-it line
But now I must stop talking
because my term is through
but this column should go on
to voice the students' view
When I return next year
(with no job, no clothes, no food)
My column's mere existence
will change my bleary mood.



The Lottery was quite a treat
I loved that guessing game
As a homeless, cranky scholar
I got a bad number for a name.
My standards went down quickly
"A roof and door will do"
And even if my ceiling fell (it did!!)
I'd have no time to sue

And pretty please remember
and never ever forget
Don't rest your feet from dancing
when you haven't started yet!

Thanx to eachother for the memories--

Deborah



Claymation

Continued from page 8

Jones' narration of "The Creation," where he booms: "And then God knelt down into the dust and created man, in His likeness"). In all, "Claymation" doesn't quite measure up to other recent animated shorts such as "Animation Celebration," a pity considering the amount of time the Claymation folks put into it.

Classifieds

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The Problem Of Financial Aid

Continued from page 7

of work-study, anywhere from \$200 to \$1800 depending on the student's needs and the availability of funds. Students may work up to eight hours per day and 15 hours per week. Placement in jobs varies from on-campus to downtown at non-profit agencies such as museums, theatres, and research hospitals. Recently, Congress passed a measure which allows 1/4 of work-study funds to be appropriated for use by for-profit companies.

The average hourly rate for on-

campus jobs is \$4.92, while the average for off-campus is \$4.75. Next year, the rates will increase 50¢. One student placed in an administrative assistant position through the work-study program stated, "I think a work-study job is what you make it. With a work-study job you get to know your school faster . . . and you come into contact with people you wouldn't otherwise." She emphasized the sensitivity campus employers have to the primary importance of a student's academic respon-

sibilities. "If I have a big paper to work on, I call up my office and they understand; I make up the hours later."

Martha Greene also discussed Barnard students career choices and post-graduation plans. Some people may choose jobs just for the money, but Greene said, "Barnard women use good judgment in career choices. Money is a concern, but they're being very wise and exploring fields in a broad way so that they're apt to find some job that will pay the bills."

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The Water Club

Continued from page 8

that isn't grey and runny, the Water Club will provide. For \$4.25, she can comfort herself with a bowl of steel cut Irish oatmeal with brown sugar and heavy cream. Ugh. She probably won't mind nibbling at the warm and steamy banana and corn bread, and perhaps will be so daring as to top it with the luscious raspberry and pear preserves.

For the hale and hearty, corned beef hash with poached eggs (\$12.25) comes attractively presented, with the poached eggs sitting like blops of whipped cream atop of the meaty mass. The landlubber can remain on *terra firma* with steak and eggs for a whopping \$22.00 or buttermilk pancakes or waffles with bacon or sausage (\$12.75), while others can search for new horizons with the rest of the menu.

For some, a fancy brunch does not exist without the honorable smoked sal-

mon, even when served benedict-style (\$18.25), hidden under rich hollandaise and delicate poached eggs. The lobster, crab and avocado salad (\$22.00) or the bay scallops with spinach pasta (\$16.00) seem appropriate to try while afloat. However, whether you choose Chesapeake Bay Lump Back crabcakes (\$18.75) or Maine lobster (priced by size), the favorite all-night diner can still be recognized in the availability of french fries, hash browns, or grits. You may be near the water, but you're not out of the city.

If all the rough sailing of your semester still leaves you with a gnawing hole in your gut, do not fail to sample the warm apple tart, à la mode. The fresh raspberries covered in a heavenly custard-like sabayon will sit comfortably on anyone's palate.

To ensure the passivity of your anxious family clan, the Water Club provides

an extensive selection of beverages that far surpass any pirate's rum. A champagne kir is a sure guarantee that cousin Wally will no longer insist that you accompany him to the Museum of Natural History later in the afternoon. The selection of wines is proudly presented, and if your folks want to make a really big show, let them order a bottle of the Chateau Latour, Pauillac 1966 for a mere \$350.00. That's equivalent to only one credit per semester, you may want to point out. The manageable and readable wine list offers both vintage and non-vintage bottles from California, New York, France, Germany, and Italy. Some are available by the glass as well. They list under champagne both *la verité* from France, and the pseudo stuff from California, palatable for only \$29.50 a bottle.

The Water Club runs a tight ship. If your relatives cannot stomach great

heights, avoid the vertiginous views from Windows of the World and bring them to these comfortable and satisfying surroundings. And if they suffer from sea-sickness, have no fear: nothing will rock this boat. That is, not until the check comes to the table.

Letter

Continued from page 2

has, to unleash the growing unrest of an alienated student body. Of course, this may not concern those of you who are here strictly on a mission of self-interest and fulfillment—Safe to look straight ahead.

Loiuse Post
BC '89

Good Luck on Finals

IN VIETNAM THE WIND DOESN'T BLOW IT SUCKS

COMING
IN JUNE



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NCAA Drug Testing: Skating On Thin Ice

Opinion

By Mari Pfeiffer

When Brian Bosworth sported a shirt saying "National Communists Against Athletes" on the sidelines (can you believe THE Bosworth, sidelined?), the realization that drug-testing of athletes in colleges and universities across the country had gone too far was clear. Although it was no new discovery that an athlete had used an anabolic steroid to enhance his performance on the field, here was Bosworth, the pride of the Oklahoma Sooners being deprived of the biggest game in his college career. The NCAA was not kidding when it announced that it intended to severely punish athletes with traces of illicit substances in their blood and/or urine.

The question that comes to my mind when I think of Mr. Bosworth is not why he took an oil-based anabolic steroid as opposed to a water-based one, the traces of which would have disappeared long before those of the oil-based one; nor is it why he took this substance, for it is well-known that steroids can improve one's performance on the field. Rather, I wonder why was it Brian Bosworth who was tested for some substance, as opposed to any other student at Oklahoma? Also is Brian Bosworth the only player on that football team guilty of anabolic steroid use? And what about the captain of the women's diving team at Stanford? Should she have been tested for drug abuse or was the Golden State just in guaranteeing her constitutional rights of privacy while other athletes across the country were being branded with the letter "D" on their foreheads?

There is a fundamental set of problems that surface when the practice of drug-testing in any context arises. Although well-intentioned the NCAA's program may be, it has too many holes that need filling which prevent it from receiving the praise and respectability it hopes to attain. The most basic of these problems is the issue of the individual's right to privacy. As a constitutional right guaranteed to the citizens of this country, the NCAA has decided to suspend this minor detail in order to enforce a set of rules it thinks will guarantee a cleaner and fairer athletic program, by catching the culprits who have succumbed to the glamor of cocaine, the soothingness of pot or the possibilities in steroids. To the NCAA, Lenny Bias, Gary McClain and

derful idea, but did he ever ask his Lions? As the most visible members of any student body and also the representatives of their respective colleges, athletes already have enough standards to live up to. Asking them to admit to taking one substance or other at the risk of possibly forfeiting a season of play is the equivalent of committing suicide. Do colleges really want this?

If the NCAA is trying to give the public the impression that it is a paragon of virtue by trying to keep its competition a clean one, then it has already failed. By violating the constitution, it has already showed itself to be an ugly monster incapable of restraining itself to the principles on which it is based. It has eagerly gobbled

student bodies to follow. Rather, it invites a set of nasty accusations and rebuttals on the part of the accused. It also threatens a substantial portion of any college's livelihood; I shudder to think what might happen to Villanova if it doesn't have a basketball team for a year (maybe a few more students will be denied scholarships and financial aid because there are insufficient funds . . .). Thus, when the NCAA imposes drug-testing on its athletes, it fails to realize that it is jeopardizing the very foundations upon which it is based: college athletics. The NCAA is playing a dangerous game, and unless it does some serious thinking soon, it may very well emerge the loser.

Is the NCAA saying the only people guilty of drug abuse in college are athletes?

Brian Bosworth are sufficient evidence of an athletic association gone haywire. Heck, in their eyes, these individuals and the drugs they have used are enough to put highly successful basketball or football teams in suspension . . . and yet these are students who take up only a small percentage of the student body as a whole. Is the NCAA saying the only people guilty of drug abuse in college are athletes?

What we see here is the fact that athletes are being singled out as the targets of a narrow aim. At the beginning of the school-year here at Columbia, our (in)famous and well-tanned athletic director Al Paul beamed as he announced plans for random drug-testing. The only mandatory testing would be at the championship level for Ivy athletes. The Ivy league's decision not to require testing seemed to him a won-

up the story that Gary McLain sold to *Sports Illustrated* about his repulsive cocaine habit during the championship game last year, and as a result, the entire basketball program is facing the prospect of a fate close to that of the SMU football team this year. It has also had to face the terrible blow of losing a court battle to the Stanford diver who decided that her constitutional rights as an athlete were just as good as those of a non-athlete. Most of all, it has had to face the humiliation of starting a program that, because of its shaky foundations, is falling down like a set of dominoes.

There are definitely problems with drugs on most college campuses; some to a worse degree than others. Yet pointing the finger at a select group of individuals does not set an example for the rest of the

Upcoming Events

THURSDAY, APRIL 23:

Track Women at the Penn Relays
Place: Philadelphia

FRIDAY, APRIL 24:

Track Men at the Penn Relays
Place: Philadelphia

SATURDAY, APRIL 25:

Baseball Varsity vs. Dartmouth (2)
Place: Away
Time: 12:00 noon

Tennis Men vs. Penn
Place: Home
Time: 1:00 p.m.

Tennis Women vs. Penn
Place: Away
Time: 1:00 p.m.

Crew Women vs. Brown, Cornell
Place: Brown

Crew Men's Lightweight vs. Coast Guard
Place: Home

Football Spring Practice Day

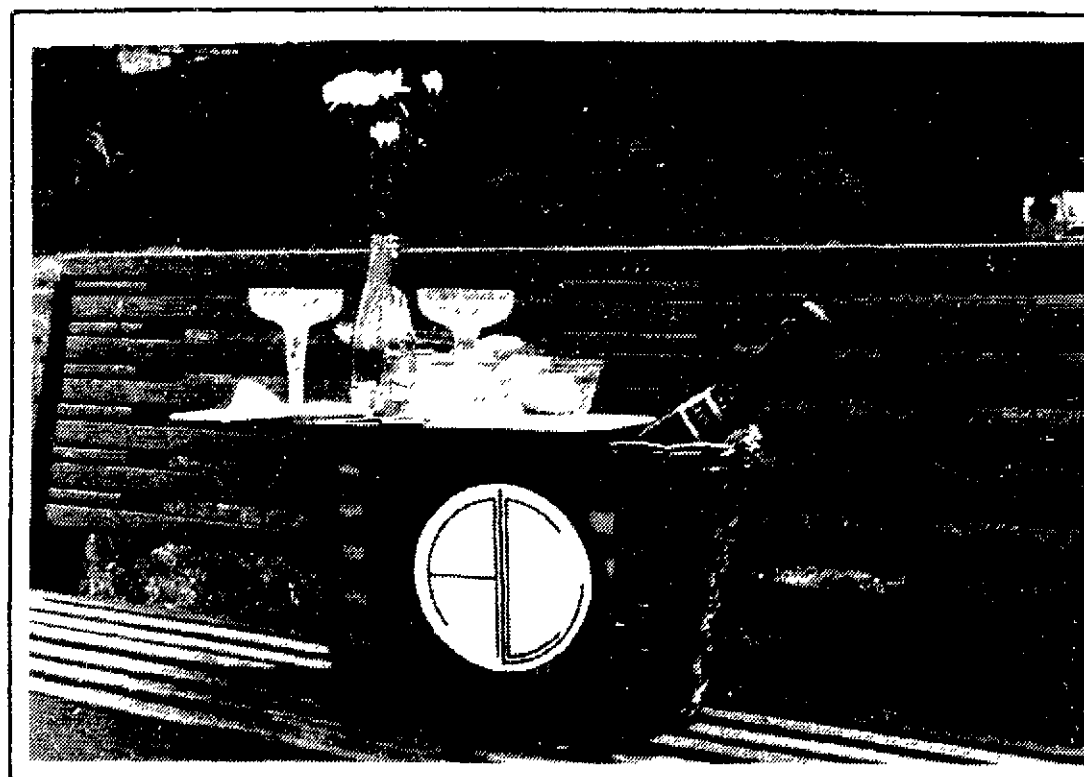
SUNDAY, APRIL 26:

Baseball Varsity vs. Harvard (2)
Place: Away
Time: 12:00 noon

Track Men and Women vs. Stonybrook
Place: Away

Crew Men's Heavyweight vs. MIT,
Syracuse
Place: MIT

Crew Men's Lightweight vs. Dartmouth
Place: Away



*The perfect
post-game
snack . . .*

*It's tough to
just say no.*

Bulletin photo/Bernie Leon