

BARNARD

# BULLETIN

February 19, 1997

Issue 3

Inside: Halogen Lamp Frenzy, Boys Are Stupid, Riot Girl





# Barnard Bulletin

## Voices:

# Shades of White

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Printed and published twice a year by the Barnard Bulletin Staff at the College of Arts and Sciences, Barnard College, New York City.

Subscription information: Single copies \$2.00 per issue. Annual subscription \$10.00. Payment in advance. All correspondence should be addressed to the Editor.

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Postmaster: Please send address changes to the Editor, Barnard Bulletin, 210th Street, New York, NY 10027.

Second-class postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices.

Printed on recycled paper. The Barnard Bulletin is a member of the National Student Press Association.

Published by the Barnard Bulletin Staff, 210th Street, New York, NY 10027. Phone: (212) 850-1234. Fax: (212) 850-1234.

Ever since students returned to Barnard from the far-flung locales of holiday break, the campus walks and hills have been clogged with one instant annoyance or another. The weather sucks. Who is so scrappy and grey and dismal and dreary? Well, guess what? For a significant chunk of Barnard students, New York weather in February seems comparatively tropical! Any student who boarded a plane, hopped a train or hitched a ride toward the American northeast and places North last December likely faced a vacation best termed "chromochromatic" — as in WHITE!

Have you seen *Love Train*? That movie, as the opening credits proclaimed, was not merely some twisted David Lynch climate trip in the minds of the board director/producer Coen brothers. Many Barnard women actually nail from a place where they grow up, distinguished, of necessity, between [Crew Aran Sweater White, Police Car White, Hurry White, Snowdrift White, and Blizzard White.

Even as international news reports throughout late December and early January waxed hysterical over Barcelona's histerever snowfall, most Minne-sotans, Alaskans, Montanans, etc. were barely fazed by nightly broadcasts showing happy holiday families emerging via their attic windows for their traditional New Year's snowshoe trek to the convenience store, three books away. Neighborhoods ponder over the familiar rhyme of "orville" next year. Idyllic James hacking swirls of frolics from the front doors to the streets through flooring, twenty foot drifts. Some newsy pers even "arrange" interviews with terrified city workers who had witnessed a "rare" fox-like snowplow trucks spitting out a "rare"

and fleet at the prospect of forcing, crims through hundreds of miles of city streets, back to the sun.

Once the snow paves, city, state, spraying, their respective turns in a cold blooded pot terms, most automobiles were unmythical, like be seen, in a minute. If not in the kinds of perpetually winter when the concept of summer is popularly believed to be a myth propagated by state government disingenuous to forestall a wholesale exodus. Here, school children cascade into trampling, bundles on the street corners as they wait for their morning buses here, glow in the dark as they lose all feeling in their gonads during the sprint to take out the garbage.

Around these lesser-known, nuaude, America accepts that there is an inverse proportion between the Fahrenheit scale and the picturesque element of the landscape — the more brilliant the blue of the sky, the lower the temperature drops, the gaudiest of shade of azules is only achieved if a wind chill of 70, which is just about when he true child in a car or star to don gloves. Believe it or not, it was the students born of the glacier as it were, actually miss many aspects of her most, she minds. However, it is true that many Midwesterners can't help but wink knowingly at each other and muffle their giggles when their Patagonia sheathed, Enzo pump wearing, Barnard comp. triots actually shiver whenever the thermometer dips to 40.

One must wonder whether these students who describe their home breezes as a menacing sewer daw, February in New York City would ever want to snuggle themselves snuggled with a warm, thick, clear blue sky, caught in the price of temperature, with a view of the Ashly Norm.

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Barred Bull

April 15 - 1985
Women
The American
February 1985
Barred Bull

HHS
Society for Cultural
Women
National Book
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News Briefs

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Barred Bull



Several Barred Bull students enjoy the winter

## **WRITE FOR THE BULLETIN.**

Drop in on a Tuesday night.

Come with your own ideas or come clueless.

Talk to your favorite section's editor.

Pick up an article assignment.

Eat some free food.

Turn in your article next Tuesday night.

## **NOW, COULD ANYTHING BE EASIER THAN THAT?**

You don't have to commit to write every week.

(But if you want to, you can!)

You don't have to warn anyone you're coming.

Just be there.

**EVERY TUESDAY. 6:30 PM.  
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If you can not attend these meetings, but would like to write for the Bulletin, please stop by the office or call 842119.



# Special Interest Housing Caters to Concerns

by Shana Cappell

As scheduling conflicts and other early semester problems slowly disappear, students worries turn toward the inevitable problems that come along with housing selection for the following academic year. Students may have seen signs for Special Interest Housing applications around campus. Few people actually understand what this housing option involves and are unaware of the many activities sponsored by Special Interest suites.

Special Interest suites consist of groups of students who share a particular interest and wish to increase the awareness of a specific theme on campus. According to Housing Director Janet Alperstein, the Special Interest suites provide an additional vehicle for sponsoring programs within the residence halls. Commenting on the suites as a whole, Alperstein notes that the groups have been particularly active this year and it has been exciting to watch as the groups complete the obligations that they set out to accomplish.

Vegetarian Collective, Multi-Cultural Diversity, and Ethnic Groups are among the special interest groups in the 11th S. buildings. Vegetarian Collective, or the Veggie Club, is an exemplar for popular nutrition. In the past they have held the

Nectar Turkey Party, Vegetarian Thanksgiving Dinner

involving a three-course meal. Two centers spoke of the event discussing animal rights, environmental dietaries. As well as hosting other activities, the group maintains a collection of library containing relevant articles about environmental issues and additional devices for the future. Look for new observations to relevant journal in the Barnard library.

The Multi-Cultural Diversity Center in 11th S. directs its energy to increasing campus students' concern of other social hierarchies. One of the suite works to incorporate and combine differing individual tastes and cultures. Says Jiny Lee (BC '98), "During Latin American Heritage Month, the suite hosted Merengue Dance where they taught Latin dance steps. Along with a sponsoring a dinner with the Native American Cultural Center, I coordinated a Strawberry and Chocolate night which featured homosexual theme." Later this semester the Diversity Suite is planning a sushi rolling study break where students can test their culinary skill. During Black Heritage Month, they will be celebrating the month with a "Black and White" event.

Future Centers include the Focus Center, which is currently under development, and the Center for the Elderly. They held a Halloween pumpkin carving contest and set the pumpkins in the

Columbia Presbyterian Hospital. Furthermore, the suite hosted movie nights and outings to a jazz club. We organized these events in the hope of involving the students and providing them with our programs. said Jan Chen (BC '99). Upcoming events will hopefully include creative arts and musical workshops with neighborhood public schools on alternating Saturdays.

Morningside Action, the special interest suite located in Sulzberger, ever sponsors community wide events. According to the suite coordinator, Cecelia Lopez, Morningside Action is a viable option for those students wanting to get involved in local activities but [who] do not have the time for long term commitments. They have performed fundraising shows at the Nightingale Elderly Home and hosted a Halloween party with a community daycare center in France. They also brought the peculiar Penny Harvest to campus. In the upcoming months they're planning a party for HIV positive children at St. Luke Hospital.

All students with similar thoughts are encouraged to join the special interest suites. They will help keep up on coming events provided by the special suites, a party on the campus to help help the environment, and more.

Shana Cappell is a Barnard sophomore.



# Dorms Spotlighted in Halogen Lamp Raids

by Jessica Wells

Lately, the prohibition of halogen lamps in Barnard dorms has caused controversy. To shed some light on the lamp situation, some background is necessary. The ban dates back seven years. In the spring of 1990, a poster fell off a student's wall and onto her lamp, causing a fire. Beginning the next year (1991-1992), the halogen lamp ban began.

When a student agrees to Barnard campus housing, she agrees not to do certain things, including bringing drugs, candles, or halogen lamps into her room. At room selection, each student signs a card saying that she has read a card understanding the terms of Barnard housing. The terms also permit rooms to be inspected.

Area Manager Paulette Suber said that the lamps are by far the most frequent safety violator in the Quad. Currently, lamps are on the Quad. "Currently, lamps are on the Quad. Not being listed mailed to students over the summer, and it is emphasized that halogen lamps are not permissible. Beginning with this summer's mailing, a special sheet detailing alternatives to halogen lamps will be included in the mailing."

Last fall, Housing Committee members reevaluated the halogen policy. After seeing a segment on the ABC about a house demolished when carbon hanging over a halogen lamp caught fire, they reaffirmed their stance. Many other colleges ban halogen lamps, including Yale, Wilham's, and Brandeis.

Over winter break, Quad rooms

were checked. The purpose is not solely to find lamps; rather, it is to check for drafts, leaks, and any other infractions of the leasing agreement. This policy of checking rooms has been around for years, and, as Suber said, "It's a safety issue, and not intended to harass students."

If caught with a lamp, students are given the opportunity to store it until the end of the year without penalty. Students are encouraged to make an appointment with their area directors to store the lamps. Follow-up room checks are made, and if a lamp has not been moved, it is confiscated until the end of the year. Also, if a student does not comply with the ban, a \$25 fine is assessed.

While enforcing the ban, the Housing Committee also sought out alternative lighting options for students. When approached by committee members, Columbia Hardware agreed to give Barnard students and residents an additional 10% discount on non-halogen lamps. The discount applies to both floor lamps and desk lights.

When Security, which performs the room checks, was asked to confirm a worker replied, "Hub? You can have lamps, just not candles. First-year Christmas-like decorations was simple enough. No candles, we get into the dorms, and it is dangerous anyway."

Some students, especially those who purchased and brought their own halogens, are not quite so convinced. Why does it matter as long as you don't bring stuff on it and it

a junior living in the Quad questioned vehemently. "I bought this lamp and now I can't even use it. I've should trust it more."

However, as far as trust goes, there is also a pure element of chance that surrounds if the fires that have been caused by date. There have been more than a few stories of houses and dorms damaged by the flames when surrounding furniture and fabrics ignited. What would be no problem for other lamps turns to danger for halogens, largely because they give off about four times as much heat as other lamps, according to a Harvard student responding over the Internet who uses halogen lamps to grow algae.

Because halogen lamps are economical and provide enough light to illuminate entire rooms, it is difficult to find a comparable lighting source. Halogen lamps are great "as long as you can guarantee that there is nothing on top, over, or near them that could possibly ignite. In a dorm room that seems unlikely, and so in the interest of safety, we have the ban. It is an effort to ensure the greatest good for the many, and though it may leave some frustrated students without the lamp of their choice, it seems prudent to not serve the regressives."

First Assistant Barnard housing manager has not received many complaints about the policy. However, she feels it is a hot topic of discussion. In her experience,

"the more people know about the

NEWS

# Tickets for Cheap

by Charli Long

I don't think that anyone can argue that New York City is one of the most culturally exciting cities in the country, not the world. As students, most of us are all too aware of just how much it costs to have fun in the Big Apple—but it doesn't mean you have to spend four years worth of Saturday nights sitting on the Low Library steps or counting the number of police sirens you hear. There are several ways that you, yes, you, a stressed-out and impoverished Barnard student—can see some of the best art theater and dance the Naked City has to offer. So get out that lovely CLID and take a few minutes to read about what some of your thrifty classmates have discovered.

If you have a free afternoon and feel like doing some deep thinking, why not check out one of the dozens of museums in Manhattan? From El Museo del Barrio and the Metropolitan Museum of Art to the Museum of Natural History and The Frick, this great metropolis offers art to please all tastes. Most museums have no real admission charge, only suggested donations. This means that a student with a CLID can check out masterpieces for pieces of change in less than an hour. New, limited-coverage exhibitions are opening all the time so keep your eyes peeled for newspaper notices and posters around campus advertising special events.

From the United Nations

Broadway to the United Nations, the world's most talented actors and playwrights work their magic on Times Square every night. With a few swaggy waiters, a scene-stealing, fat, bald, black, and white male leaning over a counter, and a girl who thinks you want front row seats in the bleachers, it's not ever a dull place to go. So why forget ticket prices? You can buy rush tickets online at TKTS tickets to the person at the ticket window a quarter of an hour before the Matinee ticket Booth.

Rush tickets are for reserved seats and are usually sold two hours before show time. The hit musical *Ragtime* is a great place for the first two rows of every show. If you're not sure when you'll want to go, check out the website for *Ragtime* tickets, but it was definitely worth the record new seat for two dollars. See you at *Ragtime*, BC. Many theaters have matinee prices, so you have a particular show in mind, call or go to the box office. One warning: some rush tickets are specifically for students with ID, which other theatergoers will not want to see.

There are a few other ways to get a cheap ticket. If you're a member of the Student Union, you can get a 25% discount on tickets. If you're a member of the Student Union, you can get a 25% discount on tickets. If you're a member of the Student Union, you can get a 25% discount on tickets. If you're a member of the Student Union, you can get a 25% discount on tickets.

Let the good work be done. It could be a respect show in mind, talk to the person behind the ticket counter at the theater. Often there are a few cheaper seats reserved for students, just in case that CLID—the seat in the first row may seem unappealing, but it's a goddamn good seat. So to last row seats to *Ragtime*, while the people in the row ahead of you paid \$17.50 to be two feet closer to the stage. Dance Theater Workshop gives students a 30% off discount on tickets to their shows, and Symphony Space sells tickets to their story readings normally \$10 each to students with ID for only \$7.

If you have time for a long, thoughtful discussion, might be a good idea. Many theaters have pay ushers, but ushers can watch the performances free of charge. Simply check with the theater you're interested in and see if they need any extra help. Finally, if you're a member of the Student Union, you can get a 25% discount on tickets to different operas, musicals, and dance performances throughout the year.

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Charli Long is a Barnard first-year and Bulletin Staff Writer.



# Ballroom Dancing for Emotional Release

by Aparna Sundaram

I've always been a mild expatriate myself through my work. My kids, who'll be 10 and 12, are in the public school system here. I'm not even a member of the church.

Research led me to the city of Chicago, where I met a woman who had lived in the United States for 15 years. Her name is Ruth. She had a lot of interesting experiences. But my respect for her opinion led me to believe that she was right. My opinion was not as strong as hers. At first I was skeptical, but after I read her book, I was convinced.

She had a long career in the U.S. She was a teacher in Brooklyn, then a principal in the same district. She had a lot of experience in the United States. My husband and I had been in the U.S. for a long time, but we had never lived in the U.S. before.

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A photograph of a man and a woman dancing in a ballroom.

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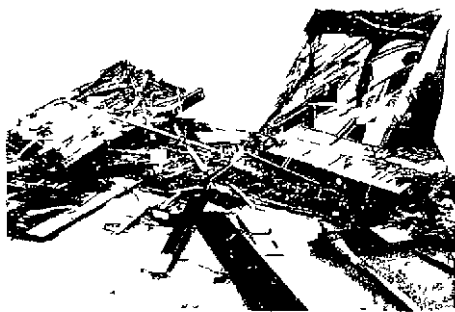
# Whitney Features Dada Revolution

by Betsy Croccoli

The Whitney Museum of American Art is one of the premier museums of 20th-century American art in New York. Always a haven for the typical white-collar white-collar art pieces that the American art world would like to embrace. The museum often shows paintings, sculpture, painting, sculpture and the like. Because it is much smaller than the Museum of Modern Art, it is possible to see all of the exhibits in one afternoon.

Currently the major exhibition at the Whitney is *Making a Mess*, by David Lauder, a New York runner-up until February 23. David Lauder says that this exhibit is especially interesting because it shows the New York side of what was

During the 1910s and 1920s, the Dadaist movement was a revolutionary movement in art. It was a reaction to the traditional art of Cubism and Futurism. As a result, the Dadaists were able to create a new form of art, one that was not bound by the rules of the past. The Dadaists were able to create a new form of art, one that was not bound by the rules of the past. The Dadaists were able to create a new form of art, one that was not bound by the rules of the past.



David Lauder's *Making a Mess*, a Dadaist artwork.

though it is a mostly European movement. A core Dadaist exhibit literature because Dadaist art was a reaction to the rigidity of Europe during World War I. It is often a cultural critique. This exhibit is a series of the great Dadaist artists by such artists as Marcel Duchamp, Man Ray, Francis Picabia, Herblock, and others. The exhibit is a series of the great Dadaist artists by such artists as Marcel Duchamp, Man Ray, Francis Picabia, Herblock, and others. The exhibit is a series of the great Dadaist artists by such artists as Marcel Duchamp, Man Ray, Francis Picabia, Herblock, and others.

must have been a very important part of the Dadaist movement. The Dadaists were able to create a new form of art, one that was not bound by the rules of the past. The Dadaists were able to create a new form of art, one that was not bound by the rules of the past. The Dadaists were able to create a new form of art, one that was not bound by the rules of the past.

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# STAB Aims to Rejuvenate Theater Scene at Barnard

by Deborah Apton

Theater is once again making a comeback on the college scene at Barnard with the revival of the Theater at Barnard (S.M. Yearly Brief) appearance in 1994. STAB has solved a problem that has plagued Belmont (BC) for over 100 years. Anna Hayman, BC '98, and directors of the group have brought STAB back to the Barnard campus with a mission to be a very collaborative open group for competitors at all levels of performance.

By working with the First Year Focus program at Belmont and Hayman want to accommodate the 300 to 400 students they estimate are interested in theater at Columbia University

campuses. They explore the theater department at Barnard, excellent and professional. However, the professional aspect is not everywhere. In STAB, the emphasis will be on its own independent part with no crossover of energy from other departments or performance.

The group has a goal to raise money for the production which will be a free production. STAB will help to be a free production. Next year, they will say for the worst. STAB will help to be a free production.

For the first time, STAB will be a group that is not just a group of students, but a group of students who are interested in theater. STAB will be a group that is not just a group of students, but a group of students who are interested in theater.



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# MUSIC CALENDAR

for the week of  
2/19-2/26

## Rock

Wednesday, February 19

Babe the Blue Ox (Mike Watt/Ehol Sharp (Knitting Factory))

Celeste (The Excaltones (Karen 1<sup>st</sup> @ the Spiral))

Thursday, February 20

Hynsonics, Marc Ribot & Spanish Fly (Knitting Factory)

Friday, February 21

Throwing Muses, Vibrolush, Mold (Tramps)

Mephiskapheles, Inspector 7, Blue Beats (Wetlands)

Saturday, February 22

Luna (Knitting Factory)  
Lotion, Fluffer (Coney Island High)  
The Connells, Odds, Poole (Tramps)

Sunday, February 23

L7, Los Gusanos (Irving Plaza)

Monday, February 24

Ben Lee (Knitting Factory)

Tuesday, February 25

Yo La Tengo, Lois (Knitting Factory)

## Jazz/Blues

Wednesday, February 19

Rev. Maxines (Blue Note)  
Voodoo Rhythm Kings (Chicago Blues)

# riot grrrl . . .

by Jen Berman

Revolution Girl Style Now is their battery. Female equality is their message. Music, zines, and web pages are their media. Who are they? Riot grrrl.

The movement took shape in the late 80s and early 90s in Seattle and Washington D.C. by women who were sick of misogyny and the male-dominated world. Their purpose was to provide a forum where women could engage in a dialogue to discuss their views on women's role in society and to propose concrete means for changing those positions. Most founding riot grrrl members were in their early twenties and shared similar experiences of sexual abuse and many other societal abuses. Some had even got forced into the sex industry to keep a roof over their heads.

Currently there are chapters in many major cities and an increase in membership has spread to women in their late teens and early twenties. They hold meetings and zine events including conferences held this summer out in New York City and Philadelphia that offer a weekend of concerts, forums, conversation, and self-defense workshops. In their wild, punked-out riot grrrl language, they've coined the term "unaffiliated work" to describe themselves. These proceeds went to help support the self-defense workshop. Riot grrrls are a scene in the Seattle area. Artists such as Bikini Kill and 7 Year Bitch collaborated with Pearl Jam

and spoken word artist Lucie Lyda Turch for this project entitled *Home Fire*.

Musicians are one of the mediums which have given women of the riot grrrl movement a means of self-expression. The sounds of grrrl bands are characteristically distorted and sometimes made up of simple riffs and chord progressions whose power is matched by a singer's vocal fury. The music and the message are so intertwined that you don't know where one ends and the next begins. Bikini Kill's drummer and occasional singer, Tobi Vail incants, "Bikini Kill are activists, not musicians."

Although there are many bands independent of any affiliation with record labels, some grrrls such as Bratmobile, Heavens to Betsy, and Huggy Bear have earned fame. Other bands such as Babes in Toyland, Hole, and the Lunachicks (whose album *By Your Side* is due out February 18) are not specifically affiliated riot grrrl bands, but have similar sounds and messages.

As with the unaffiliated bands, there are many empires, especially young suburban girls who cannot attend the meetings which are held mostly in cities where they sometimes reside. Some of them carry on their own bands. Many of these unaffiliated work grrrls describe themselves not as independent, but as "unconnected." However, they are all connected to the same culture. In fact, some of the most interesting and original riot grrrls have been in the

## hear them roar

All six organized coalitions of riot and welfare demonstrators united to form the "United Front Against the Police." The "United Front" is a loose coalition of the United Negro College Fund, the Urban League, the National Urban League, the National Urban League, and the National Urban League. It is a loose coalition of the United Negro College Fund, the Urban League, the National Urban League, and the National Urban League. It is a loose coalition of the United Negro College Fund, the Urban League, the National Urban League, and the National Urban League.

As with any fringe group you find the limitations of the movement. The fact that they were off on a wild goose chase for a movement that was not real. The fact that they were off on a wild goose chase for a movement that was not real. The fact that they were off on a wild goose chase for a movement that was not real. The fact that they were off on a wild goose chase for a movement that was not real.

The rise of the movement in the 1960s was a result of the fact that the United Negro College Fund, the Urban League, the National Urban League, and the National Urban League were all part of a larger movement. The fact that they were off on a wild goose chase for a movement that was not real. The fact that they were off on a wild goose chase for a movement that was not real. The fact that they were off on a wild goose chase for a movement that was not real.

Since then, the movement has been a mix of the old and the new. The fact that they were off on a wild goose chase for a movement that was not real. The fact that they were off on a wild goose chase for a movement that was not real. The fact that they were off on a wild goose chase for a movement that was not real.

*Jen Berman is a Barnard first-year and Bulletin staff writer.*



THE C.J. VERSION OF THE FIRST TWO RECORDS.

Thursday February 20  
Laila Milk & the V.I. D. vs.  
Clyde Blue

Friday February 21  
From Modern Kishid Ah  
Ah-Ku Theater, Knott  
Theater  
O'Ruith CF, B.R.

Saturday February 22  
Charm Gayle (Altrkn. The Ice)

Sunday February 23  
Cory Bandman Insect Band  
Jazz Quartet, Altrkn. Theater

Tuesday February 25  
Cecilia Shearins, Quintet  
B.N.T.

## Classical

Wednesday February 19  
L. Peretz Jcl Destina  
Metropolitan Oper. House

Thursday February 20  
G. Nazzari, M. J. M. J.  
Ober House

Friday February 21  
Aida (Metropolitan Oper.  
House) New York Philharmonic  
with Neeme Jarvi, Wery Fisher

Saturday February 22  
W. Zech, M. J. M. J.  
House  
New York City Philharmonic  
Strauss

Wednesday February 26  
Tokyo Str. Quartet, M. J. M. J.  
House



# Less Than Jake Draws a Crowd

by Miriam Elder

Take some punk rock and add a hard-edged funk sensibility. Then mix in a few guitars, a few horns, a few funk grooves and you have Less Than Jake. The name of the punk rock band is the result of a Guinness record played by its cut crowd at Maxwell's on Monday, June 23. It's the support of their major label debut album *Long Story* (Capitol Records).

They were three young studs, the most notable of which was Weston. With a boyishly attractive, muscular physique, catch songs, and why don't you give me lyrics that end in hard expletives played in 4 minutes, they were everywhere. The majority, which seemed to number the age of 14, got their bones and necks and feet wet by the music, but they wouldn't miss their classes. The band played it punk rock credibly when the boys started to cry about puking.

Then came the highball crowd—yes, then Jake. From the night the first of the 11 people in the audience were seen to be drunk, the band would play a few more sets. Long and long, but the band played it well. The crowd was a mix of people, but the band played it well. The crowd was a mix of people, but the band played it well.

...the band played it well. The crowd was a mix of people, but the band played it well. The crowd was a mix of people, but the band played it well.

...though he'll still welcome the independent scene on the East and West Coast. They also include members of the tube in their...  
...the band played it well. The crowd was a mix of people, but the band played it well. The crowd was a mix of people, but the band played it well.



...the band played it well. The crowd was a mix of people, but the band played it well. The crowd was a mix of people, but the band played it well.

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...the band played it well. The crowd was a mix of people, but the band played it well. The crowd was a mix of people, but the band played it well.



# Well Woman

Dear Well Woman,

I am a virgin but my boyfriend and I would like to become sexually active. The problem is no one ever really has talked to me about my birth control options and I'm not sure what works. What method of birth control would you recommend that I use?

Signed

Confused about

Contraception Options

Dear Confused,

There are a myriad of options available to you to use for pregnancy prevention and STD protection. There is no single ultimate form of contraception that works for everyone; the best choice for you must be determined by you. The Pill and the condom are very popular among college-age women. The diaphragm, when used with spermicidal cream or jelly, can also be highly effective when used correctly, as can the cervical cap, sponge, and the female condom.

The choice you make in

birth control methods depend on many factors, such as: not how easy the method is to obtain and effectiveness. Also, many personal preferences must be considered when choosing a method of birth control, such as how far in advance before sexual activity you prefer to think about birth control and your comfort level with the method. For example, some methods require insertion into the vagina, which many women are not comfortable with.

Well Woman offers a Contraceptive Education Session the first Tuesday of every month from 6:30-7:15 pm in Health Services, where you can learn more about specific methods of birth control.

Sincerely,

Well Woman

Dear Well Woman,

What is the difference between cold sores, herpes, and a canker sore? If they are different can I have my canker sore soon after a cold during sexual activity?

Sincerely,  
Confused

Dear Confused,

Canker sores most often occur in the mouth on the inside of the cheek, beneath the tongue, or anywhere on a mucous membrane. Dr. Polly Wheat, of Bernard Health Services, states that unfortunately the cause of a canker sore is unknown, thus we can't say much about transmission.

Canker sores, which always occur inside the mouth, are not herpes. However, cold sores occur on the outside of the mouth and are Herpes (usually Herpes Simplex I). Herpes can be transmitted from the oral area to the genital area. This occurs most often through oral sex. Keep it mental, however, even if you are transmitted manually. If you touch the canker sore and then touches the genital region. So if you have a cold sore on your lips, take precautions during sexual activity.

Sincerely,  
Well Woman

# The Trials of Long-Distance Love

by Shamou Herbert

Upon graduating from high school, one is overwhelmed by an influx of thought-provoking pieces of literature, with phrases such as "Surviving Your First Year At College" (The Secrets Of Surviving College: Life of College for Dummies) emblazoned on the front cover. These inspired and thoughtful manuals often highlight different aspects of the college experience ranging from possibly psychoactive roommates (as if you haven't been living with your roomy your whole life) and insights into the intricate world of the laundry room. These guides often impart advice on very different aspects of the college experience, but they all share certain points of information, such as the section titled "What to pack and what to leave at home." This is generally subtitled "Your boyfriend or girlfriend." The manuals are adamant regarding the fact that long-distance relationships are generally impossible and can only serve as a great detriment to the college experience. Every person who I met in the first week of school seemed to corroborate this view. Several cited these books while others seemed to regard it as innate knowledge—a fact that can neither be questioned nor disproved. I was concerned with my ignorance of this fact and persisted in finding its source.

Eventually, I realized that most people do not know why they say that long distance relationships will never work. Some have actual experience with others simply read from page 4 of *College 101*. Others admitted that their blind insistence regarding the failure of all long distance relationships was unfounded. It seems that there is something about people that causes them to enjoy watching others fail. It is similar to the peculiar phenomenon of "flavers" (flavoring done on a thin wire to see if one identifies a flavor) with the fun of others. It is a boost to our egos, making us feel less inadequate than it really

relationship capabilities.

It is impossible to say that there is no truth to these statements. Long distance relationships can be damn near impossible. One of the most obvious drawbacks is the sadness of separation, but there are several other side effects. One exists in an indescripable, perpetual haze and frequently experiences an overwhelming feeling of removal from one's immediate surroundings because of a tendency to live in the past when we were home and happy with our money. We live for the future as we begin counting down the days until Thanksgiving break on the first day of classes. We forsake the present for eventual reunions, which can have serious repercussions in a competitive college environment. The only things into which we pour our entire selves are checking mail, writing letters, checking messages, and compulsive calling (those actions associated with faxes and e-mail can

*Long-distance relationships can be damn near impossible. One of the most obvious drawbacks is the sadness of separation, but there are several other side effects.*

also be considered where applicable.) In my experience, this borderline obsessive behavior ceases after the first few weeks.

There is also the frustration of the cruel physical separation—enough so that

In the end, long distance relationships often result in enormous phone bills (sorry Mom), excessive patronage of the post office, and endless lectures on the inevitability of your break up (including detailed recollections of the profuse amount of heart wrenching pain that you will experience). Many relationships are ruined by the pressures of the past, which is preferable when home and find that they no longer fit together, generally to the detriment of either. However, there are a few things that help people adjust to separation and create a relationship which is quite less painful than many relationships, regardless of distance. You will realize that everything else is just a crutch.

Shamou Herbert is a Barnard I first year





# What's Fair About Welfare?

by Miriam Brodetsky

Since the concept of welfare was first introduced during the Great Depression, it has been a controversial subject. Is it the government's place to ensure people do not go hungry? If so, how should eligibility for government aid be determined? Shouldn't people have a right to work for a living? These and related questions gained the spotlight last year when both the President and Congress endorsed reforms in the welfare system. Although welfare accounts for only a tiny fraction of federal spending while defense spending accounts for over half of the deficit, everyone in government seemed to agree that welfare reform was pivotal to balancing the budget.

The statistics say otherwise. In fact, programs instituted since the passing of the Welfare Reform Bill may end up costing the government more money than the old system of welfare. The welfare system, according to one study, will cost approximately \$10,000 per family of three, including \$6,500 for day care and \$3,500 for supervisors, transportation supplies, and administrative costs. The maximum public assistance granted under the old system was \$6,900.

So what are the policy makers thinking? They aren't, at least not rationally. The battles for welfare cuts, elimination of aid to legal immigrants, and general reductions in all forms of social spending are grounded in ideology rather than facts. Justifications of these reductions evoke the image of the welfare queen—a black teenage mother leeching off society due to laziness. This typical welfare recipient is actually entirely atypical. The majority of welfare recipients are white and spend an average of two years on welfare—just long enough to get back on their feet and get a job. Most people on welfare do not fit the stereotype of a welfare queen. They have been forced out by layoffs, factory closures, and job training in declining industries with no viable options.

The welfare system doesn't think about addressing problems and simply blames America's drinking problems on those who have been hit by hard times. In the tradition of Social Darwinism, Republicans and many Democrats defend welfare cuts by saying that the

hardest should survive (in the case of a nuclear war, a corporation receiving billions in tax cuts and subsidies every year).

Upon closer inspection, the seemingly benign policy of making people work for their welfare checks revealed a far more sinister plan: get help for the poor to work in programs. New York City's Work Experience Program (WEP) puts welfare recipients into training in wage-unsaturated jobs in which they must work 20 hours a week or so in order to receive welfare (which has been limited to five years). Although welfare supporters claim that putting people into these temporary jobs will set welfare recipients on the right path to entering the workforce, it actually does the opposite. Not only does welfare offer no job training, it actually prevents many WEP workers from furthering their education—the best way to increase wages. In 1995, the City University of New York (CUNY) reported that 5,000 single adults receiving public assistance were forced to drop out because of the work-re program which made WEP workers work while taking classes.

Furthermore, the WEP program decreases the number of available jobs in both the public and private sector. What government agency or private business person would hire a regular card-carrying union member if she could get a WEP worker to do the same job for minimum money with no benefits? So, if WEP workers are competing with union members for these jobs, everybody's wages will decrease. In 1991, in New York, the 19 million only a 10 percent increase could have been earned in 1991 if the state's tax revenue coming out of the WEP program had been more directly used to get a job that before the program ever existed. In fact, the many grim conditions in the new public sector.

So, when the bill means that two have to pay for the other three, it's a catch-22. For the majority, America will just be a better place and the few million who are helped by the state will be the lucky ones. Due to the way our current welfare system operates, we will continue to raise children whose parents receive aid

## ABUSE COMES IN MANY FORMS

by Anonymous

I sat on the cushioned table in the examining room feeling uncomfortable, angry, and confused. Most of all, I felt helpless. And this made the anger that was welling up inside of me stronger. I had to see that still so it wouldn't show. I didn't want the doctor to see my discomfort nor did I want him to realize his power over me, me and my own helplessness.

I had been in and out of so many doctor's offices over the past month that all of this should have become routine. But there seemed to be something different here. I didn't have to wear the paper robe that other doctors had made me wear when they

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*All the while he was feeling my breasts, in my mind I saw flashes of my ex-husband. He was forcing himself upon me, hitting me. Then the picture went blank. I thought about ostriches, and how they stuck their heads in the sand to hide from danger. If they don't see something, they think it doesn't exist.*

---

wanted to give me a physical exam. And this office was much quieter. Nobody was here but Dr. Salwitz and myself. He had told me that everyone else had taken the day off. Maybe it was a holiday. I tried hard to think of what holiday it could be, but I couldn't think. I just couldn't relax. I was racked with fear and stress, and my heart was still a caddy from my morning loss.

I continued to sit there feeling less than I do now, wanting to leave. My instincts were telling me to get out of there. But why? I needed help. He had agreed to see me for free. He knew that I didn't have insurance. He was just a doctor. I couldn't understand my

overly highly uncomfortable feelings towards this man. I decided that it must just be another attack of paranoia induced by my chronic heroin malnutrition and months of physical and mental stress. Stress from prolonged drug use, from being pulled out from being back in school, a new school I had left school almost a year ago, after working and studying full-time for five straight semesters in 14 months. I had become exhausted. But once I left, I had a lot of time to think about my personal life. I didn't like it. I had thought that after the divorce, I would be free of all the abuses of my marriage. As soon as I had a break, it all fell down on top of me again.

I waited patiently for Dr. Salwitz to come into the room. He was still in his office writing down notes from all the questions he had asked me. The questions were always the same. I wished that I could just record all of my responses and then play them back to the various doctors who agreed to see me. The examinations were always the same, too, but not everyone examined me. Most doctors did not.

Finally, after a few minutes that seemed like hours, the doctor came into the room. He didn't have a clipboard or a stethoscope. He asked me to take off my shirt. I did, and he lifted the tank top I was wearing underneath and began feeling my breasts. He kept asking me how I paid for the heroin. What did I do to get the money? All the while he was feeling my breasts, in my mind I saw flashes of my ex-husband. He was forcing himself upon me, hitting me. Then the picture went blank. I thought about ostriches and how they stick their heads in the sand to hide from danger. If they don't see something, they think it doesn't exist. But they are not safe. All the while that they think they are hidden, they are still in prey to some carnivore. They expect to defend themselves, but they get pinned with their heads in the sand. But I wondered which is worse to the victim, the horror of the attack or more to try to defend themelves or preserving the short no-vent-to-place they find from ignoring everything on the outside? I

there is no escape either way for the strike. At least there is that moment of peace of freedom. How long does it live during the attack for someone in

*The only comfort in the world was the \$10 package of heroin stabbed in my room on 106th street. Though heroin and my trap within it escape—was out of the main reason for my suffering over the past months that was all that there was to look towards. Without looking towards something right now I would only be able to lie down and wait for death.*

seriousness of the horror of what's happening to it while I tries with all of its might to ignore it to escape it to hide from it in a world where only it can go—while it tries to make it stop by willing it to die so.

Then the doctor was finished. He had taken what he could from me, and was not going to take anything more. I would not give him more. I had not given him anything willingly. He never took my blood pressure nor wrote anything down. I knew what he had wanted, and I hated him. The anger and hatred raging inside of me was enough to murder a hundred men. And so it was repressed, withering, pain upon me.

His purpose had been to take what he could from me. He had never wanted to help me, only himself. I wondered why I had always been at like a bird that here were people who were not selfish and willing to help others without taking anything in return. Once again the miracle of love came into full contention with the selfishness of the world, and I was a creature that helped others, nothing would be of there if I had needed anything from anyone, and I hated it. If the people would not believe in the

As I started to walk in the

how would I have on Tuesday I pushed my face into the inside of me. It was as if I could not control the effects externally, in myself, or at all. I did not. My articles—eventually, my trap, the all did in

I was a heroin addict. Did that mean that I was my less of a human than everyone else? I felt dirty and worthless, knowing that this was the only way there could be. The drug, the old me, but these feelings were not mine. Was this the state of me because I am a slave to them? As if I wanted to spit on him. But even if I would not be a man, I was less so in my mind. The only comfort in the world was the \$10 package of heroin, stabbed in my room on 106th street. Though heroin, and my trap, within its escape—was one of the main reasons for my suffering over the past months, that was all that there was to look towards. Without looking towards something right now, I would only be able to lie down and wait for death. I laughed bitterly at the contradictions in my life, now often I had only been able to find comfort in that which I hated most. But then what was there, not to hate? What was there to love? And so I gathered up enough strength to harden myself a little more, and later the outside world. My life was show itself to any who got to my job.

A little more of my soul had been shredded that day, the pain echoed throughout the empty hollow space within me. I felt it. I was bleeding inside, that my soul was bleeding to death. I could feel it almost to engulf me to double over with my face down and submit until it was too dry as a bird. But I did not walk out of Beth Israel Hospital, so nowhere in the village. Outside the perimeter of the park, iron barred fence contrasted with the cell growth of the sky. Sprinkles of water fell onto my face and blended with my tears. I trembled as I walked and wiped my face, a stinging of the beads. At different stages of my existence to sweeten my moment. I never assembled my thoughts, just making my stride. They were nothing, so I tried to within myself. I had not under could understand. The sound of a spirit blowing white-cursed eyes. He really was, or how it came. I stood in front of him.

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

# Atlantic City, Here I Come?

by Sara A. Stocker

I'm sorry the 7:00 bus left a few minutes ago. The next one leaves at 8:30 with an estimated arrival time at 10:45—a droning faceless voice whined from behind a plastic booth in the subterranean Port Authority terminal.

Shrilling my feet across the sticky crown of a worn time clock and checked at my watch. Already anticipating catastrophe, my mind leapt to how long we would arrive, how much later I'd get to sleep, how tired I'd be in the morning, and how many false starts I'd miss on my second day of school.

No problem. I'll have two reaming raps, my boyfriend Jon swiftly responded. As if a secret'sress radar protruded from his back, he sensed my sudden annoyance and my growing desire to turn around and label myself a complete loser. Age? who had less all her youthful spontaneity? Maybe I lie? Maybe I didn't want to go to Atlantic City anymore.

The first day of classes was over, and I was neither waiting in line at the bookstore, nor in the library dutifully beginning a semester's reading. Instead, Jon and I purchased four tickets and headed to a concession stand to kill time before our departure. Just at a red Formica counter in Port Authority just next to Greynound Gate 80. Settling down with a Tigger or Twizzlers and a Diet Coke, we sat next to a man, another Jon pulled out a deck of cards, and I hid them on the table.

Now, he began sounding like my father teaching me how to ride a bike—we need to brush up on your blackjack skills. When we're sitting at the table with the dealer, there's no time for hesitation. You've got to keep the game moving. You've also got to work with the rest of the player at the table. Then there are the unspoken rules that you must live by to win.

Jon interrupted, "really? I don't think I'm going to gamble for bricks, is this? If so, I'll cut you people watch while you get the game built out of your system. Actually, I was not trained to let money I wasn't even sure it was in a cash tray during the first week, I shouldn't have let it go. I was nervous to get money out of my stomach. If I had a van

or, as recently? His. The position how to take risks and steer your investments and plans? The, what it, and makes you wind around and around in my head like a yo-yo until it never stops spinning. Okay, fine. I'm fed. I'll gamble.

Three hours later we staggered into Billy's Club. Another world sucked me into its dizzying orbit. Atlantic City, New Jersey.

I straightened my back and lengthened my strides, expecting to walk into a world of ritz high rollers. Seams stilette heels, tassel cigars, mountain side-draped on green felt—wires of Hollywood in their faces reaching my imagination. But this was not movie land, the dark casino—a windowless room animated by ringing machines and flashing lights, hissing hips and wrinkled faces lined over the reels. Clever eyes stared blankly into the faces of ravenous slot machines. Like a secret pocket of America, the casino stood as a hidden aspect of adult life. Addictive, disgusting, yet ironically appealing.

In this room, life's rules changed. One traded in dollar bills for colored chips. Chips, one could sip and tote to one's eye, with a few wiring circuits pat terms of winning and losing. Since the reels of cheers slipped on to the machines, the computerized loud effect. I suddenly became a slave in a life-sized Nintendo game.

Settling down at a blackjack table, I tested my \$40 by stacks of colored chips. Then, I became four then six, to a 30, but then even more five stacks. My bets became massive, my faith in the flow of the game in the tick of the draw I moved.

Start up on his car, I had covered and whistled. Deceit, I knew that. That's when you really win. When you play with your cards.

I let it roll and my first red chip. A red chip, secret that my father had been the only one to affect. Then, the red chip, I took a cup. I put my bets on my own. The red chip, I was, but I put. My bets were not to be lost. The bet, I was, in.



# Sara Stover Heads for Atlantic City

by Sarah Stover

As the bus rolled out of Atlantic City the following morning, a smirk stretched across my face. I had been spontaneous. I had won the money. So why did I feel so strange? I'd left the citywardly. Gambling offers a world of escapism. As long as you happen in those dark windowless casinos, your bills become anonymous. Appointments and personalities hide behind a streak of luck or a large stack of chips. No one needs to try in Atlantic City. Anyone can meddle, thumb the buttons on a Nintendo controller or pull the lever on a slot machine. Regardless of effort, intelligence, smarts, spontaneity, benevolence, or faith, anyone can be a winner—or a loser—in Atlantic City.

In New York, I could be a winner or a loser and have some control over it. My problem in New York was that I didn't always have faith in my own capital like I had faith in my pile of real bills. I didn't think

if I had the guts to ask a lot of use-definable people in a small town why not? I can gamble in the real world, while in running a smoky casino to try to make a cent out of a few hundred—see some rewards for me in my life. I can't help but be spontaneous and let things go. I don't know how much I lost in my real life.

Pressing my back against the tweed seat on the bus, I exhited and closed my eyes. In my back pockets, I knew a green and a white wad of winnings was stretching beyond the ends of my jeans. Okay, I've cheated. I'll start to play a more high stakes game in my real life—but maybe I was being too hard on Atlantic City. Escaping to the blackjack table once in a while isn't so bad, is it? And I don't think I'll ever be able to escape the world of Super Mario Brothers either.

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

## All Grown Up

by Taryn Roeder

shoulders and say:

Because girls are cool and boys are nerds.

I used to plague her with questions:

Why'd I let you go?

Why'd you let me go? (I'll be honest, I never really did)

Why'd you let me go?  
(I'm sure you would have stayed).

Her answer was straightforward:

Because girls are cool and boys are nerds.

And I agree. As annoying as I become, I show my love as a white, young girl, the pickup line using sex talk. I'm either:

Which is all a girl really has to do in life. I like Nintendo.

Taryn Roeder is a Barnard senior and a Bulletin columnist.

## Is Workfare Fair?

by Eric

would be a little qualitative for welfare as adults.

This just one of the first steps of the government's plan to bring us back to the country once and for all. The incoming cuts to education and the arts go hand in hand with the welfare cuts. The plan is to privatize everything, which will serve to concentrate the country's wealth in even fewer hands. To middle-class Americans, a 10 percent cut might seem like a good pickup, but it's like a knife in the back. It's not a face, but it's a knife in the back of all things, as I would expect that makes you want to punch those who are on the other side of the line. On the other side, we've got a lot of people who are well-off. I'm not sure if it's a welfare recipient in the U.S. or not. I'll probably be a little better off. I'll be a little better off. I'll be a little better off. I'll be a little better off.

Mr. No. 1000000000000000000000000000000

## Less Than Jake Draws Crowd

CHRISTOPHER

own in public, like their favorite song, "I'm the One" in Black

Year on the Less Than Jake on the 500 core tour. Having a chance to face The Pharcyde and Woodoo Glow Skulls at The Raschband on February 24 at the 500 store performance at Vintage Vinyl on February 22. You can also check out their website at <http://www.lessthanjake.com> and trying to catch the rebroadcast of the storm-themed shows. Their albums are great, but the energy they convey live is incomparable.

*Miriam Elder is a Barnard first-year and a Bulletin Staff Writer.*

## Halogen Lamp Raids Annoy Students

CHRISTOPHER

issue, the less angry they are about it.

Neither Alice nor me. Suber forces the City Long Assolved anytime soon. Suber understood that Residents of Life is aware that the lamps are conforming to strict safety regulations. However, there are still hundreds of unsafe lamps on the market which is part of the rationale behind upholding the ban.

We are not doing this to make life difficult. Alperstein emphasized. We have the interests and safety of everyone in mind.

*Jessica Wells is a Barnard first-year.*

## INTRAMURAL HIGHLIGHTS

by Pete Marchitello

There was plenty of excitement on the hardwood floor in Barnard this past week. Those who watched at court-side saw a real entertaining Basketball matchup between the Co Rec teams ROMA7 and FRISCH. Romaz trailed by just two points at the half and started to pour it on late in the second half before Frisch clamped down with their awesome defense to come away with a 28-21 victory. Andrew Dauber (12 points) and Joe Bird (10 points) each had a nice game.

In the Womell's B League the ROADRUNNERS look like the team to beat. They coasted past their opponents the always dangerous JFMS for their second victory of the season. Currently the Roadrunners have three representatives in the top slots for the highest number of points scored in their division. They are Daila First with an impressive total of 29 points, followed by Susan Palfi with 28, and Daniella Spira with 25 buckets.

All of us at the I.E. Department would like to thank all of our Intramural Athletes as well as our fans and readers. Because of you our program continues to improve.

## Go Gougoo for Dada at the Whitney

T

means of producing it, and by extension, even the English and angle. It is within its manufactured objects, the products of our culture. Like Duchamp with his ready-made, Ortiz refrains the appearance and meaning of the artwork. It is not only the way of the artwork, but the way of the viewer. The viewer's role is to see the artwork as a product of the present. It is not the artist's intention to experience, without a viewer, that is, fully active. (Laurie R. King, *Art*)

CONTRAVES, smashing, and grand pronoun. The remnants of the picture are displayed as evidence of the destruction.

The Whitney Museum is located on 945 Madison Avenue at 75th Street, not far from the Museum Mile. You can take the M4 bus on the 94th Street and walk over to the East Side turn in Central Park. The \$6 admission fee is a student with appropriate ID admission on Thursdays from 5:00 to 8:00 p.m. may be taken on the pay as you see price of the Metropolitan with it.

*Ritesh Gupta is a Barnard sophomore.*

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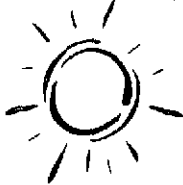


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