

Barnard Bulletin

[2.24.99: Issue 4]



Is legal graffiti an oxymoron?

Plus: writers in exile, saluting the sgt., and cruddy commodes in the quad





letter from the editor

In art class today, we were talking about where one "goes" while drawing; where the mind wanders while the hand makes the pencil draw the line on the paper. Someone suggested it was a spiritual place, like the place Buddhists go when they meditate. I don't know exactly where my "zone" is, but I sure do know that I go there a lot these days.

I don't know what I do in my zone, either. Or how come it takes so long to do whatever it is I do. All I know is that one minute I'm contentedly reading my art history text, and then all of a sudden it's an hour later and I am still on the same paragraph with no recollection of any time having passed. Some might call this "mind-wandering" a silly excuse for procrastination, but I beg to differ. An hour spent with oneself is quite a productive way to spend one's time.

I guess I do a lot of abstract thinking when I'm in my zone; thinking that even I don't understand. I must, because whenever I snap back into reality, I'm always a little disoriented and confused. It's a little like right after I am suddenly woken from a deep sleep and I can't tell if I'm still sleeping or not. It can happen while reading, or while in class, or even in conversations. I guess I still look interested in what the other person is saying, because they never seem to miss

a beat. But a lot of the time I come away from interactions with other humans a little puzzled as to what just transpired. I look around, and it seems like everyone else has a solid grasp of their reality, which only baffles me more. But I accept it, because I've always been this way, and if AA taught me anything, it was to accept the things I cannot change.

Something I have come to realize, however, is that this sort of time expenditure is somewhat frowned upon in The Real World. Children who can't concentrate are given Ritalin or put in special ed classrooms. Teenagers who don't do well in school are left in the dust of the "norm." Adults who don't fit in are marginalized and shunned.

I argue that these people are not incapable dolts, if I am any attestation. I didn't do exceptionally well in grammar school, yet here I am at, in my opinion, the finest school in the nation. Somehow, I got a lucky break. Someone recognized my potential. That may be because Barnard looks beyond grades and test scores as the sole indication of a person's intelligence. This is something extraordinary, and I am thankful for it.

CONTRIBUTORS

Trudy is a sophomore and the

Bulletin's newest addition as NYC living editor, which suits her as a NYC native. She wants to go into social work, possibly

TRUDY CHAN

abroad, and, aside from being a psychology major and anthropology minor, is taking classical Tibetan. Trudy has also worked for publications such as the *Mortarboard*, and *Paper and Street-sounds* magazines.

Staff writer Anna Godbersen is a first-year English major from Berkeley. She wants to be an English teacher, and currently helps a fourth-grade teacher

ANNA GODBERSEN

at a public school. Though she has not worked for any other publications, she has been quite a prolific writer for the *Bulletin* this semester, and has two articles in this week's news section.

Dana is a junior, an English major, *Bulletin* copyeditor and staff writer, and most hopefully a future short story writer.

DARIA MASULLO

Originally from Italy, she has lived in New York for twelve years, and was the editor of her high school paper. She is also a member of Barnard's best-kept secret, powerhouse suite 2W Elliot, which plans to eventually take over the school from the inside.

Barnard Bulletin

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cover photos by trudy chan and courtesy of www.artcrimes.com

FEBRUARY 24

Orlando Women's Difference
 Coalition Building at Women's
 Elizabeth Friedman, Assistant
 Professor of Political Science at
 Barnard College
 Altschul Auditor, 6:30 - 8pm

Student/Faculty Alumni Series
 Dauda Levine
 Ella Wood Room, 5:30 - 7pm

FEBRUARY 25

Tastes, Sights, and Sounds of
 Culture. Food, music, poetry come
 to contribute.
 UL McIntosh, 6 - 8pm

FEBRUARY 26

First Year Focus Fun Flicks.
 Sutzberger Tower, 8pm.

FEBRUARY 27

Black Heritage Month Fashion
 Show. Fashion show: Miller
 Theater, 8pm. After-party: LL
 McIntosh, 10pm - 2am.

FEBRUARY 28

Social Study Breaks presents
 "The Color Purple."
 Brooks Living Room, 5:30pm

MARCH 1

Social Study Breaks Mask Making
 in honor of the Jewish Holiday
 Purim
 LL McIntosh, 12 - 1pm

MARCH 3

Public/Private Matter: Feminist
 Theory and the Larger Cultural
 context of Clinton/Lewinsky.
 Lynn Chancer, Martha Fineman,
 Maurice T. Moore, Sutzberger
 Parlor, Barnard Hall 6:30 - 8pm

Magombe speaks about writing, exile from Uganda

by Anna Godbersen

In the second event of the Writers in Exile series at Miller theater Wednesday night, journalist, playwright and tireless activist Vincent Magombe spoke with Anthony Appiah, professor of African American studies and Philosophy at Harvard. The series of four discussions between dissident writers and American literary figures is being presented in collaboration with the PEN American center. In the cadence of his subtly accented English, Magombe

responded to the questions of both Appiah and the audience, addressing the meaning of language and exile, as well as issues of human

rights and post colonial Africa. He spoke with great confidence and clarity, but was at the same time quite personable, gesturing expressively and often inciting the audience to laughter.

Magombe was born in Uganda in 1959 to a Catholic family. His parents worked with missionaries setting up schools and at ten, he was sent to boarding school. He described this point as the beginning of his exile, for it was then that he began to lose his native language and was first deprived of his father and grandfather's oral tradition. During his school years, his consciousness of social injustice, particularly that within Idi Amin's dictatorship began to solidify. "Something triggered in me," he said, and he was inspired to transform the impersonation of Amin that he had entertained his school mates with into a play which could "reach people." The Amin regime, fearing any criticism, had banned all theater, but in 1979,

after the regime's fall, Magombe began producing his controversial "The Fall and Trial of Idi Amin." After Amin loyalists nearly succeeded in assassinating him, Magombe fled to Russia and began his literal exile.

In Russia he married and had two children, while continuing to write and work for human rights. He produced a play, "In the Shadow of the Russian Winter," which criticized the rampant racism he observed towards black students, as well as their exploitation by the KGB and Russian mafia.

During his stay in Russia, he continued to use his media skills to criticize the Ugandan government, and they eventually requested that the Russians deport him back to Uganda. In 1990 he fled to England, and has since continued life in exile there.

Pursuing his deep sense of social justice, he continues to be politically outspoken. He utilizes both his creative writings, television, and print journalism to criticize the Ugandan government. Though the present government is supported by the United States and Britain, he still finds it unacceptable and continues to protest for free elections and a multiparty system.

He is also an advocate of immigrant rights in Europe, where, he claims, racial violence is growing. He himself was attacked by a racist group in Germany because of his outspokenness. Magombe does not, however, blame his assailants, he rather finds fault in the entire governmental system which teaches people that "refugees are parasites." "I am trying to put some sense into these people," he said,

**SOMETHING
 TRIGGERED
 IN ME...**

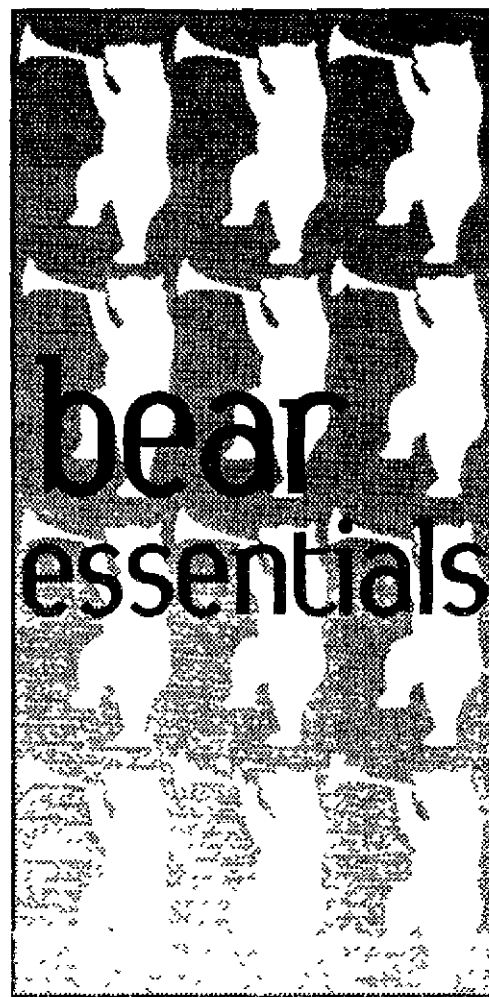
WOMEN IN BUSINESS Columbia Women in Business is sponsoring a conference at the Columbia Business School on February 26. Abby Joseph Cohen of Goldman Sachs & Co. will be the keynote speaker. Contact Dean Runsdorf (42024) for registration materials.

PUBLIC POLICY AND INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS FELLOWSHIP PROGRAM seeks students of color interested in pursuing careers in public policy and/or international affairs. Students must have junior or first semester senior status and be U.S. citizens or permanent residents. The PPIA Junior institutes offer students seven weeks of intensive skill-based preparation in policy analysis during the summer with the opportunity to apply to additional programs. **DEADLINE TUESDAY MARCH 2, 1999.** For additional information or an application, visit the PPIA web site www.aed.org/ppia. For assistance, contact

Dean Taylor or Dean Runsdorf.

SCIENCE AND MATH MAJORS The U.S. Department of Energy, Office of Science, has established a program with the National Energy Research Undergraduate Laboratory Fellowship (ERULF). ERULF students receive a stipend, housing allowance, and travel aid. Possible placements are in labs such as Argonne, Fermi, Oak Ridge, Brookhaven, and Princeton Plasma Physics Applications are available on-line at www.orau.gov/doc_erulf. Contact Dean Runsdorf for additional information. x42024.

TUTORS Students interested in tutoring for Barnard courses may apply in the Dean of Studies Office (105 Milbank). If hired, you can earn \$9.50 or more per hour worked. Please speak with Ms. Pearson.



WRITERS from page 4 pointing out that European governments, through their support of dictators, indirectly cause migration. Magombe read his poem, "Black Plus White Equals Us," on this subject. Asked about the difficulties of writing in exile, Magombe mentioned practical problems, such as impediments to travel, finding work and publishing. But he also described the less tangible, and quite significant difficulties that stem from cultural exile. Because he can not return to Uganda, he feels isolated from his own traditions and language. He said, "When I write today in English, I'm just not that good, like Shakespeare, his mother taught him probably that language that he spoke." When he uses English, he lacks the symbols and proverbs of his culture. He pointed out that language carries both communication and history, and that his history, as it exists in his language is gone. "The greatest loss to the African people is

their language," he said.

This theme continued when Magombe was asked about the implications of a post-colonial Africa. He said that many problems stem from "Africans not thinking for themselves." He explained that philosophical, political, economic, and literary thought evolve from the basic question "Who am I?"—a question that Africans once could answer. Their ability to understand the land and its potential, to answer their own questions was, however, destroyed by the European colonialism which robbed them of the language that once interpreted their own philosophies. "People in Africa are not stupid," and could solve many problems by ending the use of European languages and styles of government, he argued.

"We are not pessimistic," he said, "we must be practical about language." Magombe detailed the positive results of the "popular revival" of an African oral tradition. Theater

troops have begun public education on politics, safe sex, and women's rights, using a combination of music, poetry and humor in a way "that's essentially African," he said. As a result, "people know about AIDS like nobody on Earth knows about AIDS."

Despite Magombe's own exile, he expressed hope that his countrymen will find a homeland in their traditional language, and that it can be used to heal the wounds of colonialism. "For me," he said, "culture is not much of art for the sake of art," it is rather the backbone of his ongoing fight for the basic human rights and freedoms of people all over the world. There are two more events in the series, this Wednesday at 8pm Andre Aciman will speak with Paul Berman, and also on Wednesday, February 24, at 8pm.

Anna Godbersen is a Barnard first-year and Bulletin staff writer.

Access to Abortion Clinics Discussed

By Anna Godbersen

Is a woman's right to choose both a fundamental and accessible right in the United States? The Supreme Court's 1973 *Roe v. Wade* decision legalized unlimited access to abortion in the first trimester of pregnancy, implying to women that abortion is a basic, granted right. Yet, abortion remains a source of discussion, political upheaval, and violence. Erica Pelletreau, political director for the National Abortion and Reproductive Rights Action League (NARAL/NY), spoke Wednesday, February 17 to Students for Choice in the Center for Research on Women. Pelletreau addressed the realities of abortion access in our country, legally and in practice.

Pelletreau, who is also a grad-student at the New School, began by giving a brief history of the effort to restrict abortion. In 1976 post-*Roe*, the Hyde Amendment was passed prohibiting the use of federal funds for abortions except in the cases of rape, incest and endangerment of a woman's life. In 1989 the *Webster v. Reproductive Health Services* decision enabled states to regulate abortion as all health issues are regulated. Access to abortion, which remains legal in theory, can thus be limited by each state.

Pelletreau continued, detailing the various methods by which states can limit abortion access. Waiting periods can be imposed, which force women considering abortion to delay the operation twenty-four to forty-eight hours after informing a doctor of her decision. This restriction, Pelletreau pointed out, is both a hardship (because of problems with transportation, time off from work, and child care, particularly for low income women) as

well as an insult and emotional burden. Minors' rights to abortion can also be restricted with parental consent laws. This type of restriction mandates that either one or both parents must be notified and/or give their consent before a minor is allowed to receive an abortion. This is occasionally accompanied by a "judicial bypass" option, in which case a judge declares that a minor is fit to make the decision herself. Restrictions are also implemented via a state's Medicaid funding for abortions and contraceptives.

New York, Pelletreau explained, is what pro-life activists term a "safe state," that is, it has relatively few restrictions and there is Medicaid funding for abortions and contraceptives. The state assembly is overwhelmingly pro-choice, the state senate predominantly anti-choice and Governor Pataki maintains a pro-choice stance though he has consistently voted against Medicaid funding for abortions. Passing legislation in New York requires a majority approval by the assembly and senate and the Governor's signature. Because of the anti-choice senate leader, Joseph Bruno, New York is still without a clinic access bill.

Such a bill would clearly delineate behaviors acceptable outside health care facilities and outline strict penalties to enforce them. The Health Care Services Access and Anti-Violence Act of 1999 was passed by the assembly in January and will hopefully be voted on this year by the Senate. It details strict penalties for those who harass, intimidate and assault doctors, their families, and their patients. It also allows health care providers and their families the right to bring civil, as well as criminal, suits against their assailants, and allows the attorney general,

county district attorney, or health commissioner to file an injunction against those in violation of the law. To illustrate the necessity of such a law, Pelletreau asked a Barnard student who had volunteered at a Clinic in the city to describe the experience. Irene Xanthoudakis '01 depicted pro-life protests as frightening emotional and psychological intimidation.

The realities of abortion availability that Pelletreau described also indicate a need for such a bill. In New York state, women often have to travel fifty to 100 miles to receive an abortion because two thirds of New York counties have no abortion provider. The profile of abortion doctors, meanwhile, is getting older: fewer doctors are willing to perform the operation, and fewer residents are learning the procedure. If steps are not taken to curb the violence and intimidation of anti-choice activists, a woman's right to choose will become increasingly difficult to exercise even while it remains technically legal.

Meanwhile, on our own campus, the Columbia Law School has approved funding for the Columbia Coalition for Life's "graveyard of the innocents." 4400 wooden crosses will be set up on Revson Plaza sometime next week in protest of abortion rights. Pelletreau commented that it is precisely this sort of activity that necessitates a clinic-access bill. Pelletreau encouraged pro-choice individuals to support the health care providers by writing to senate majority leader Joseph Bruno, demanding a senate vote on the Health Care Services and Anti-Violence Act of 1999.

Anna Godbersen is a Barnard first-year and Bulletin staff writer.

The Sex of Footbinding

by Elizabeth Sosnov

On Wednesday, February 10, Dorothy Ko, Associate Professor of History and Women's Studies at Rutgers came to lecture on the Sex of Footbinding. Professor Ko spoke about the body perception of Chinese women and their cultural meaning in 19th century China.

Instead of lecturing on the straight history of footbinding, she presented two paintings that showed the power of images and illusions in relation to Chinese culture. The paintings depicted stereotypes of Chinese women in the nineteenth century. The first image, called "Bathers Getting Dressed," depicted six women in various states of dress. The one dressed had footbound shoes while one revealed her legs and was without shoes. Ko felt that its presence was meant to drive men crazy. The women, rather than engaging in the viewers' gazes, were sharing a secret moment. Painted in Europe in the 1830s, it portrays how foreigners viewed Chinese women, and gender in general.

The second painting was that of Chinese export art from the 1870s labeled, "Mother and Child." It consisted of a maid who appeared to be looking out of the painting and a baby tucked under its mother's breast. "This is symbolic of women bonded to their domestic space," commented Ko. The women's feet were also bound.

Ko added that footbinding predicated on the embodiment of female sexuality. However, by showing the mother's breast, the painting is daring and not following the

patriarchy. The patriarchy, Ko noted, is very dubious for women. "Women do not want to acknowledge their retribution to male bodies and by covering it up, they mystify the sexuality of the female." She continued, saying that if a woman were to show her body in a painting like this, it would be considered similar to unlicensed prostitution and would be an intrusion on domestic families.

The message in the exhibition of these paintings, Ko argued, is that "the power of images is more potent in shaping the expectations of the women than what the reality is." This reality includes the physical pain that women endure to fit the societal norm of footbinding. Next, Ko brought up that it is a misunderstanding to think of footbinding as a Confucian ideal. Footbinding is never mentioned in any didactic texts for women which tell them to be demure and have proper etiquette.

Footbinding is "a mystification of female sexuality on which the bodification rests," Ko stated. The sexual allure of footbinding was immense to the Chinese men in this time period—it dealt with the concealment between body and clothing and gave women something to entice men.

Ko ended her lecture by stating her interest in the art of footbinding. Even though this is a potentially harmful and painful process, the professor argues that "there is no need to condemn [footbinding] because it will never return." Footbinding is over.

Elizabeth Sosnov is a Barnard first-year



CORRIE Holds Lecture On Racial Progress

by Elizabeth Flesher

On Wednesday, February 17, the Committee on Race, Religion, Identity, and Ethnicity (CORRIE) held its Spring Lecture, a discussion on Derek Bok and William Bowen's *The Shape of the River*, led by Barnard President Judith Shapiro and the Dean of Columbia College, Austin Quigley. Vivian Taylor, Barnard Dean of Multicultural Affairs and CORRIE Co-chair, welcomed students and faculty to the lecture which was sponsored by CORRIE's Awareness Plus sub-committee.

The lecture began with Shapiro and Quigley giving a summary of the main points of Bok's *The Shape of the River*. Derek Bok is the former president of Harvard, and William Bowen is the former president of Princeton. This book details the results of a study done on the effect of cultural diversity in highly selective college communities. Shapiro defined the word race as a cultural, not biological, differences while Quigley listed statistics that gave a historical context to minority education, specifically African American education, in the United States.

In 1940, minority schools averaged a twenty five percent higher student to teacher ratio, a ten percent shorter school term and only ten percent of the African American population had completed high school. In 1965, African Americans accounted for only one percent of the student population of selective New England colleges and in law schools nationwide. Later, colleges and universities

instated Affirmative Action with three goals in mind: to rectify the race and class discrepancy present between the general population and the educated population, to provide financial aid that promotes diversity, and to produce minority leaders on every level.

This policy has greatly influenced cultural diversity in the college

community with the percent of African Americans with college degrees rising from 5.4 to 15.4 between 1960 and 1995. African

Americans now account for 7.5 percent of law students as opposed to one percent in 1965. Quigley says we must be wary and "distinguish real progress from actually having solved the problem." Continuing,

Quigley discussed the role of race in the college admissions process. He explained that race is one

way that a student is contextualized, along with his or her GPA, SATs, community involvement, and the many other factors that go into the college selection process. Judith Shapiro commented that if admissions were decided by single factors "no highly skilled admission staff would be needed."

Shapiro went on to summarize the book's argument for diverse college communities as an ideal that is not about compensation but about enrichment of the experience for all students. It was stated

Photo by Jessica Jaffe

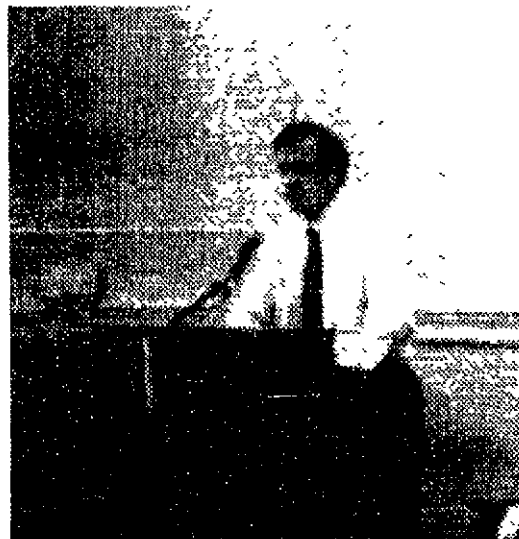
that this book emphasizes the social functions of educational institutions as well as the academic.

Discussion was then opened and the question of socio-economic diversity in college communities was raised. It was also pointed out that there had been no mention of the role of a minority faculty. The relevancy of this study of highly selective institutions to the greater role of affirmative action was challenged. Shapiro and Quigley stated that though the community studied was a small part of the picture, it was definitely a relevant one. They reminded all in atten-

dance that progress is still being made, but it depends not only on administration, but on students, faculty, and the entire community to take action if we hope to attain a truly diverse learning community.

Elizabeth Flesher is a Barnard first-year.

"... race is one way that a student is contextualized."



Dean Quigley

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Résumé

Morgan means more career opportunities

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VAGINA MONOLOGUES:

by Sandy Tang

This past Valentine's Day, professional and aspiring actors/artists and Columbia/Barnard students performed Eve Ensler's the *Vagina Monologues*. Columbia's sold-out performance was part of the V-Day tradition: caring individuals and organizations put on a show to raise not only awareness, but also funds for various women's organizations, especially those aimed at supporting women affected by violence and abuse.

At Columbia alone, over \$5,000 was raised for St. Luke's/Roosevelt Crime Victims Treatment Center and Autonomous Women's House Zagreb, "the only place in Croatia where women can find refuge from violence and get support from other women."

Dress For Success accepted clothing donations to project women into upward mobility, as well. Columbia was only one of over sixty colleges and universities that participated in the V-Day 1999 College Initiative. Other schools include Brown, Cornell, Princeton and Rice.

Last year, the V-Day tradition was started by the celebrity performance in NYC (performers included Glenn Close, Whoopi Goldberg, and Gloria Steinem). This year, V-Day starred a host of our own famous women: the *Vagina Monologues* boasts eleven Columbians and five

Barnardites. Liz Sullivan '94 was ecstatic to be part of the show and cause. "I was honored to be part of it. It felt like a gift." As an actor who had started out at Barnard, a place where she had immediately felt was a "special, different place," she wanted a place that could "nurture [her feminist] spirit

had a simpler positive effect. "I'll be able to say the word 'vagina' a lot easier."

The *Vagina Monologues*'s success is double-edged: not only does it extend support to women living with violence and abuse, but also it brings women (and men) together in celebration of women's experi-

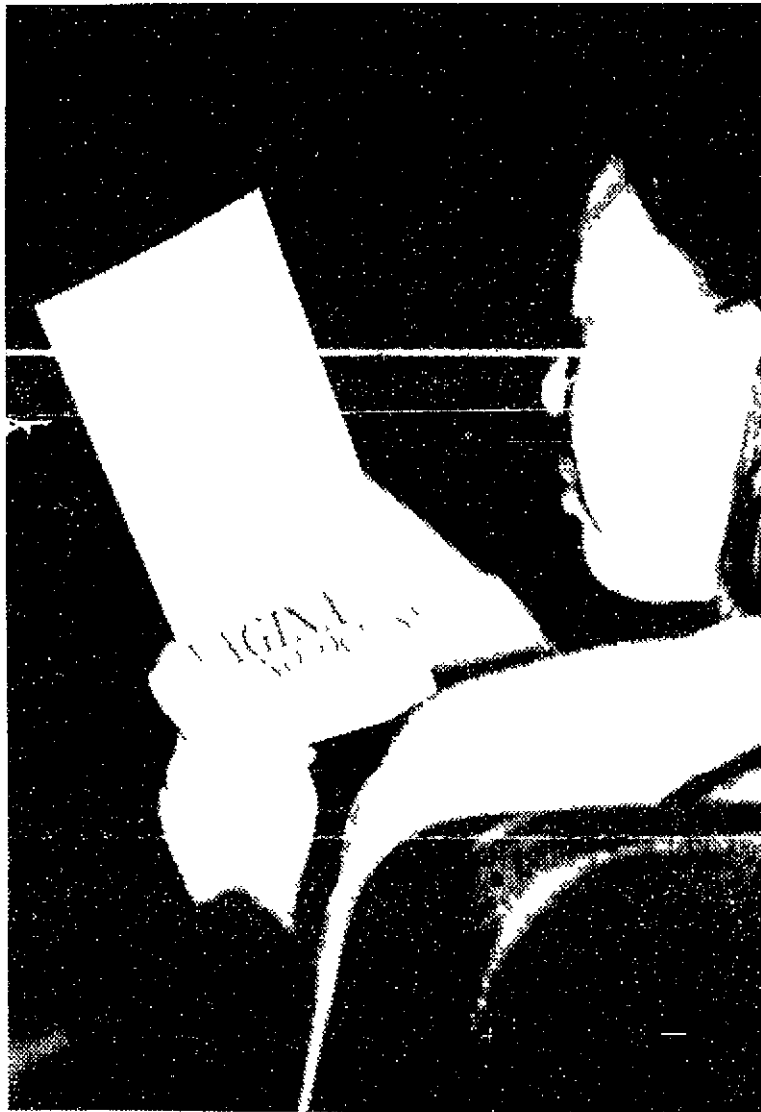
ences. Eve Ensler interviewed

hundreds of women of varying age and backgrounds where they shared their most intimate memories and thoughts on sexuality.

In the moving piece "The Vagina Workshop," a woman describes her experience in a workshop where women lay on blue mats and "reclaim their center." Here, she learns to find connection with a part of herself that she had previously neglected. "I must tell you that up until this point everything I knew about my vagina was based on hearsay or invention."

Feeling intense discomfort as she was told to locate her various parts of her vagina, the woman finally breaks into panic when told to "see if we could locate our clitoris." She relays to the audience the anxiety she felt: it was the same fear she felt as a child of ten when she lost her gold ring in a lake. She dove over and over

into the lake, repeatedly running her hands over the bottom, but each time coming up with nothing. The woman told the instructor that she had lost her clitoris, that she shouldn't have "worn it swimming." The woman's fear of and disconnection from her



Thumbing through a program before the show

"Performing this piece years after her days at Barnard was like 'coming full circle' for her. To Liz, the performance was a "microcosm of Barnard" in that "things can finally be said, it was an affirmation." For Jiji Lee '01, taking part in the *Vagina Monologues*

A V-DAY TRADITION

most intimate place was finally quelled when she found it and realized "it was me, the essence of me."

Two contrasting voices are juxtaposed in

"My Vagina Was My Village." It began with the following women's descriptions of themselves:

"My vagina was green, water soft pink fields, cow mooing sun resting sweet boyfriend touching

lightly with soft piece of blond straw"

"There is something between my legs I do not know what it is I do not touch. Not now. Not anymore Not since."

The two voices are of two women: one who has retained her innocence, and one who was robbed of it by soldiers' repeated rapes. From the beginning, the women's connection with their vaginas and themselves is apparent. In the play, the innocent woman is center stage, her face opening to the audience with no shame, her shoulders relaxed, her arms moving with her excitement. The robbed woman is at stage right, downstage. The robbed woman speaks with uneasiness, shoulders hunched. She hugs herself, as if protecting herself from a force the audience can only imagine. She looks down; she looks to the side. The robbed woman cannot commit herself to looking directly at the audience. But her words alone are enough to understand.

"Not since the soldiers put a long thick rifle inside me. So cold, the steel rod can-

celing my heart. Don't know whether they're going to fire it or shove it through my spinning brain. Six of them, monstrous doctors with black masks shoving bottles up me too.

There were sticks, and the end of a broom."

Nobody made a sound in the audience. A few audience members were wiping their faces when the robbed woman spoke, even though they were

in the safe haven of Columbia University's Miller Theater. But the audience was transported to Croatia and Pakistan, where the robbed woman was one of the many robbed women. Eve Ensler had interviewed her and many other Bosnian women refugees and

had come back to tell of their experiences. Ensler asks the audience why in 1993, "20,000 to 70,000 women were being raped in the middle of Europe as a systematic tactic of war, and no one was doing any-

thing to stop it." She also points out that "over 500,000 women were raped every year in this country, and in theory we were not at war."

The *Vagina Monologues* not only moved the audience for the duration of its presenta-

tion but also serves as a reminder for the rest of the year how much is still to be done before the next V-Day. "V-Day is a vision: We see the world where women live safely and freely. V-Day is catalyst: By raising money and consciousness, it will unify and strengthen existing anti-violence efforts. Triggering far-reaching awareness, it will lay the groundwork for new educational, protective, and legislative endeavors throughout the world" (from the V-Day Mission Statement). As Alyson, of Betty (one of the performing groups showcased hear Betty at www.hellobetty.com) put it, "it's great to see women getting together [for V-Day]. It's not just a show, it's a movement."

At the end of the show, the performing women joined hands into a circle and sang, "So we end mend, we end mend. Gather the fragments, save and mend the golden circle, sisters." Suddenly I was taken back to the years where girls were unswervingly loyal in

their allegiance to the "I Hate Boys Club," and nobody compared thigh size. It made me smile to know that while these grown women have deadlines and goals at the front of their minds, they still made time to

remember other women in need, and to remind us of sisterhood.

Sandy Tang is a Barnard junior and Bulletin copyeditor.

NOT ONLY DOES THE VAGINA MONOLOGUES EXTEND SUPPORT TO WOMEN LIVING WITH VIOLENCE AND ABUSE, BUT ALSO IT BRINGS WOMEN (AND MEN) TOGETHER IN CELEBRATION OF WOMEN'S EXPERIENCES.

V-DAY IS A VISION: WE SEE THE WORLD WHERE WOMEN LIVE SAFELY AND FREELY. V-DAY IS CATALYST: BY RAISING MONEY AND CONSCIOUSNESS, IT WILL UNIFY AND STRENGTHEN EXISTING ANTI-VIOLENCE EFFORTS.

ARTS CALENDAR

for the week of February 24

GALLERIES

Ed Ruscha

In a show called "Metro Plots," Ruscha explores angles and depth with concrete filled peopleless landscapes.

Through Feb 27 at Gagosian Gallery, 980 Madison St. at 76th St. 744-2313

Max Goldfarb

A beginning artist works with trash to make sculptures and paintings.

Through March 6 at Sara Meltzer's On View, 584 B'way 343-8256

Melissa McGill

A show somewhat reminiscent of Dadaism, with pieces made of mirror and lint among other things.

Through March 13 at CRG, 93 Grand 066-4360 B'way 343-8256

FILM

"Troika." February 25

A showing of Jennifer Montgomery's film, followed by a discussion with the filmmaker.

304 Barnard Hall, 7 - 9pm.

Jawbreaker Basically, a nineties version of *Heathers* that is self-reflexive and stars Marilyn Manson's girlfriend. Playing at Union Square 14, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Theater, and First and 62nd Cinemas

Tango Nominated for an academy award for best foreign language film, *Tango* is yet another Spanish dancing movie. At Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Angelika Film Center.

The Apple An Iranian documentary about parents who have locked their

Twosome is no dream...

By Jodi Lipper

What is a homeless person really like? This is the most crucial question for the cast and crew of *Dream City Twosome*, now playing at the Insh Arts Center, to consider. The play, by Tony Howarth, traces the unbelievably predictable relationship between a homeless woman (Michele Santopietro) and a slightly "off" man (John DiGiacomo). Making these two characters believable is the make-or-break aspect of the play. Unfortunately, all attempts at authenticity in this production are completely superficial and the result is an utter break from reality.

Homeless people wear a lot of sweaters. This is what costume designer Dawn Mar-coccia thought, and she was on the right track. Alas, she did not stop to ask why Santopietro would be wearing sweaters if she is not cold. Perhaps the blame lies with the actress herself. Her character coughs and sneezes (and wears sweaters), but does not give one realistic shiv-

er, or any other evidence that she is cold. The production team also must have realized that homeless women are more than likely dirty, and quickly smudged Santopietro's hands with dirt. However, her face and neck have a creamy alabaster complexion, her long red hair is so healthy it shines, and her eyebrows are plucked into a perfectly dramatic arch. Even her makeup is flawless.

Also completely unbelievable are the emotional aspects of her character. Romanticizing homelessness is one thing, but presenting this

woman as a completely sane, well-adjusted individual who just wants some space is absurd. Audiences in Nyack, New Jersey, where the show ran before moving to Manhattan, may have bought this character. They do not encounter the homeless on the street everyday, seeing what their lives are like. New York City audiences are not this naive. We are too aware of the harsh realities of homelessness to accept a character that chooses this lifestyle out of a simple love for the great outdoors.

Thankfully, DiGiacomo's character is slightly more believable than his costar's. Perhaps this is

Photo courtesy of Origlio Publicity because he is not so



Twosome Santopietro and DiGiacomo

simply categorized as "homeless," but as a miserably maladjusted guy who is struggling to cope with life. This is someone who the audience can somewhat relate to, and accept as an actual possibility. He is a dreamer who tries to be everything from an actor to a clown. His level of naivete, however, is as unbelievable as Santopietro's mascara. He is shocked to learn that actors actually train

for their profession, and shows up at a Broadway audition with nothing but a rubber nose and a tattered copy of *Cyrano de Bergerac*.

There are consistent parallels drawn in the play between DiGiacomo and *Cyrano*. This would actually be effective if the audience was not clobbered over the head with them. As it is, he takes his rubber nose on and off every few seconds, and believes that his preschool plays on words equate him with the poet. The emotional climax is supposed to come when he takes ► page 17

but, *Das Trio* intrigues

By Sarah D'Ambruoso

Das Trio, a not-so-new film by Hermine Huntgeburth, is perhaps not as aptly named as it could have been. For one thing, the term "trio" brings to mind a threesome in harmony, as in the musical usage of the word. The characters in this bizarre film are at each other's throats (and in each other's pants) most of the time.



Photo courtesy of Attitude Films
The Trio walks

Zobel (Gotz George), Karl (Christian Redl), and Zobel's daughter Lizzi (Jeanelle Hain) are a trio of small-time pickpockets who, literally, live in a van down by a river. Their modus operandi is the same every time: Zobel disguises himself as a blind man (cane, sunglasses) and "accidentally" collides with rich-looking folk in airports, train stations, etc. While Zobel and the unsuspecting fellow untangle themselves, Lizzi reaches into the victim's coat and lifts out his wallet in the blink of an eye and then hands it off to Karl, who has been standing off to the side, reading a mag.

After years of making a living this way, Karl becomes more and more disenchanted with life on the road and his relationship with Zobel (they're lovers). Zobel's constant verbal

abuse leads to an incident in which Karl ends up in the hospital, leaving Zobel and Lizzi at a financial loss, since their livelihood depends on this tripartite scheme. Desper-

ate, they recruit Rudolf (Felix Eitner), a car mechanic with whom Lizzi soon falls in love. Dad puts a temporary end to any sex on the job by telling Rudolf and Lizzi that one of the tenets of the threesome is always that "no bodily fluid gets exchanged within the group." But, like every other apparent convention in this film, the rule is quickly subverted by, yup, you guessed it, all three of *Das Trio*.

Gross as it may sound to those of us who would rather not sleep with someone our father has, *Das Trio's* easy-going, farcical movement forces us to take this pseudo-incestuous plot in stride, with surprisingly touchy-feely results. The story line seems to go something like this: daughter wants to get closer to dad. Dad feels neglected by daughter. So they bond over sex with the same man. And only Gotz George, one of Germany's best exports (besides Konig Pilsner), has the mature kind of filmic irony to pull off such a risqué mission.



Photo courtesy of Attitude Films
Gotz George and Christian Redl

Das Trio was actually released in Germany in 1997. It's not shocking that America wasn't quick to import it. After all, it was the American film industry that stalled for a year before releasing the much-anticipated (and very disappointing) version of Adrian Lyne's *Lolita* for fear of inciting an epidemic of mass pedophilia or something equally asinine. Definitely this ► page 17

ARTS CALENDAR

(cont'd)

Twin girls up since birth

PHOTO

Stephane Couturier

Big colored photographs of construction sites in major cities of the world including Paris and Berlin. Through March 27 at Laurence Miller Gallery, 20 W 57th St. 397-3930

Victor Schragar

A series birds held by a dismembered hand, a combination of "artifice and naturalism." Through March 6 at Edwynn Houk Gallery, 745 Fifth Ave. at 57th St. 750-7070.

Luigi Pilli

This Italian artist utilizes shadow and size in his photo exhibit. Through March 10 at Casa Italiana Zerilli-Marimo, NYU 24 W 12th 998-8730

THEATER

Bright Lights Big City

A musical based on Jay McInerney's novel. Directed by Paul Scott. Opens Feb 24 at New York Theater Workshop 79 E 4th St. 460-5475

The Hothouse

A reopening of Harold Pinter's classic comedy that takes place in a general political situation. Opens Feb 25 at Atlantic Theater, 336 W 20th 645-1242

I'm Okay, But You Keep Screwing Me Up!

This musical comedy revue of improvisation focuses on the crazy people we meet everyday. Opens Feb 21 at Duplex Cabaret, 61 Christopher 255-5438

MUSIC CALENDAR

for the week of February 24



ROCK/FUNK/POP

Friday 2/26

Conehead Buddha @ Wetlands

Saturday 2/27

Sonic Youth @ Hammerstein Ballroom

Lunachicks @ Coney Island High

Dave Alvin @ The Bowery Ballroom

Sunday 2/28

Ray Sells Fire @ Brownies

Monday 3/1

Mudhoney @ Bowery Ballroom

COMING UP...

3/5 Hillbilly Funk Allstars @ Tramps

3/6 Moon Boot Lover @ Lion's Den

3/11 Sebadoh @ Bowery Ballroom

3/17 Gov't Mule @ Irving Plaza

3/29 Flaceto @ Irving Plaza

JAZZ/SWING/BLUES

Kenny Garrett Wed-Sun 8:30 & 10:30pm
and Fri-Sat midnight @ InTuition

Tania Maria Wed-Sun 9 & 11:30pm @
Blue Note

Peter Martin Tue-Sat 9:30pm @ Carlyle
Berkmans Bar

Four Guys Named moe.

By Daria Masullo

I discovered moe. when I was sent on assignment to review them during the CMJ Musicfest in October. To be honest, the only reason I took the job was because my favorite band, Deep Banana Blackout, was opening for them. I didn't know what to expect, and I was pleasantly surprised. moe.'s sound is reminiscent of that of the Grateful Dead and Phish, a jam-band that keeps their fans happy experimenting with their songs to create fifteen minute long jams filled with individual improvisations. They combine country, folk, jazz, rock, funk and even reggae, yet emerge with a truly unique

sound. As Al Schnier, guitarist, says, "If life were a cartoon, we'd be the soundtrack."

On February 7, I went down to Wetlands to see this band once again, and I liked them even more. They played two sets until the wee hours of the morning, to a tireless crowd who danced to the end. They were in a particularly good mood, as they were there to celebrate the club's tenth anniversary. During the set break, one of the guys from Wetlands thanked moe. for having been there for seven of those ten years, and helping make the club a success. The band was then presented with T-shirts and Krispy Kreme donuts, which they shared with the audience. Continuing into the second set, the band played lots of crowd favorites, and at one point proceeded to stop in the middle of a song to just talk to everyone, have a beer-chugging contest amongst themselves, and basically feel the good vibes going around. After about ten min-

utes they burst back into the song with full energy and continued playing for another hour.

The show also marked the return of Jim Loughlin, moe.'s second (and now fifth) drummer, to the band. He joined Al Schnier, Chuck Garvey, guitar and vocals, and Rob Derhak, bass and vocals.

There are many things that make this band great. For one thing, they are the kind of guys you could hang out with, and have incredible fun. They also haven't let fame get to their head,

Photo courtesy of Sony Music



Hey guys, where's moe?

and even though they can fill Hammerstein Ballroom, they will still come play at the Wetlands, where they first got started.

Hailing from Utica, NY, moe. gained their fame not through conventional

channels, but through word of mouth and tape trading. In fact, they encourage the fans to tape the shows. Many people, myself included, discovered moe. at one of their concerts. While they have released five CDs, the latest being Tin Cans and Car Tires, their second release on a major label, these releases do the band no justice. But they don't seem very concerned with selling CDs, they are too busy playing up to 200 shows a year all around the country. Word about them travels so fast that they sell out shows even in places where they haven't played before.

moe. will play at the Hammerstein Ballroom this April. A trip there will explain why in 1997 Rolling Stone magazine voted them as one of the 10 hottest underground bands in America.

Daria Masullo is a Barnard junior and Bulletin staff writer.

Saluting Sgt. Pepper

By Vanessa Garcia

There resides on the wrist of my left arm a watch which has the "Fab. Four" on the face. Kitschy, maybe, but that doesn't stop me from wearing it. I have over the years collected a great deal of Beatles paraphernalia: posters, old vinyl, plastic figurines, blankets, T-shirts, sweatshirts, photographs, you name it. Once I even bought a CD entitled Beatles Symphonic from which I concluded that "A Hard Day's Night" was definitely not meant to be played on the violin and the cello. I very rarely adhere to pop culture and hardly ever fall into its traps, but I've been in love with the Beatles since I was four, and there's no going back. Unfortunately, nobody listens to them anymore, and I say it's time to bring them back!

On March 3, Sir George Martin, the group's legendary producer, will be giving a multimedia presentation on the making of Sgt. Pepper. If I could somehow gather \$37,500, there would be no stopping me from going. Just think: you may learn all kinds of fascinating facts like the fact that there was a time during which everyone thought that Paul McCartney was dead. The Beatles played upon the misconception by adding hidden references to the rumor on their record covers. The cover of Abbey Road, the most well-known of these references, shows each Beatle dressed as a different part of the funeral procession. Paul, presumably dead, is barefoot. The cover of Rubber Soul displays a less obvious reference. On the cover of the latter there is a picture of Paul, Ringo, George, and John framed in a particularly strange manner. The picture is meant to represent the four of them looking into Paul's grave. I believe that there is yet another hidden reference in the guitar shape composed of flowers in the lower right-hand corner of the Sgt. Pepper cover (I don't know exactly what is there but I am

sure Sir George can answer that for you)

Still not convinced? Not to worry. You can't be a lover of music and not have great admiration for John Lennon. Without him there would be no classic rock. John did not only revolutionize music but he also, along with Yoko Ono, revolutionized the TV talk show when he and his wife appeared on The Mike Douglas Show. The couple co-hosted the show for days filled with zany activities invented by John and Yoko. They brought a canvas with them and everyday they gave it to the audience members so that they could contribute to what would be, at the end of their days on the show, a work of art. Yoko also insisted on spreading her "message of love," when she took out phone book and called random strangers to tell them that she loved them.

At the core of all of this extraneous information (which is not completely worthless. Who knows? You may win a game of Trivial Pursuit because of this article), is the music. The Beatles are the only group of musicians that could go from "I Want to Hold Your Hand" to "Revolution No. 9," making me love both songs and all the songs in between. I suggest that you pick up a copy of Rubber Soul or The White Album and rediscover the Beatles. As for songs, I would have to recommend "In My Life," a song that will be played at my wedding (if I get married, that is). I also recommend "Why Don't We Do It in the Road." I must admit that song is not terribly profound, but it has a certain "late-Beatles" quality which I just love.

Thus ends my salute to Sgt. Pepper. I propose that you visit with Sir George on March 3 or, if you haven't got the money, take a walk in Pepperland next time you find yourself at a music store.

Vanessa Garcia is a Barnard sophomore and Bulletin music editor.

MUSIC CALENDAR

for the week of February 24

MythoJazz Thu-Fri 7, Sat 2 & 7, and Sun 1 & 6 @ New Victory Theater

Buster Williams Wed-Sun 9:30 & 11:30, Fri-Sat 1 @ Village Vanguard

Carl Allen Wed-Thur 8 & 10, Fri-Sat 8, 10:30, midnight, and Sun 7 & 9 @ Jazz Standard

Tony Reedus Thu-Sat 9 & 11 @ Birdland

Ned Rothenberg Fri-Sun 8 & 9:30 @ Firebird Cafe

2/25 Jim Vinno's All Star Jam @ Manny's Car Wash

2/26 The Yallopin' Hounds @ Late Night Swing

2/27 Columbian/Brazilian Carnival Clash @ SOB's

MISCELLANEOUS

Wednesday 2/24-28
Steve Turre Sextet @ Iridium
Steve Ross (from Cabaret) @ Fire Bird Cafe

Best of NYC Live at the Continental 9pm @ Continental

Dave Douglas Wed-Sun 9 & 11, Fri-Sat 12:30 @ Sweet Basil

Halle Mary! Through 3/6 @ Garrick Cafeties at Mayfair Hotel

Moses Und Aron Tues-Wed 1:30 @ Metropolitan Opera House

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JENNIFER MONTGOMERY



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Assistant Professor of Political Science, Barnard College

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► **TWOSOME** page 12 off the nose and speaks to his love in his own voice for the first time. Yet, when he does so, all similitudes to Cyrano disappear. He remains an unpoetic and uninteresting man.

DiGiacomo and Santopietro take turns transforming themselves into a myriad of other characters throughout the play. If they were skilled actors, this would be a cute device to show off their stuff. Sadly, in the case of DiGiacomo, it is nearly impossible to tell where his main character ends and the others begin. The fate of Santopietro is even worse. Each of her minor characters is increasingly annoying. They range from Fran Drescher in a beret, to Katherine Hepburn in a bad wig, to Bozo the Clown on crack. One of the most amusing moments is when she, as a casting director, criticizes DiGiacomo for acting "completely on the surface." The utter irony is that she does precisely that throughout the entire show.

Bad acting and unrealistic characters would hardly be noticed, though, if there were an intriguing story. In *Dream City Twosome*, the problems only get compounded by a complete lack of plot. The audience does not doubt for one moment that these two are going to get together, and worst of all we do not care. DiGiacomo and Santopietro pretend that there are deep psychological obstacles in the way of their eventual union. The only walls, emotional or otherwise, are those in the theater. Santopietro can escape them by choosing the romantic and dreamy option of homelessness, leaving the audience members as the only ones who are really, truly trapped.

Jodi Lipper is a Barnard junior.

► **TRIO** page 13 film is not for the Puritans among us. Those who cannot handle homosexual sex or the idea of a father and daughter sleeping with the same guy will have problems with this film.

But since this is a travel film, it's above moral reproach. The idea of the road as a kind of no-man's-land where chaos reigns and modern conventions and laws are routinely subverted is not unique to this film—see *Bonnie and Clyde*, *Natural Born Killers*, *Thelma and Louise*. Indeed, *Das Trio* presupposes an audience familiar with the customary chaos of the road film and seems to take for granted the fact that all kinds of moral principles will be broken. *Das Trio* is thoroughly nonchalant and seems bored with itself at times—even as all sorts of traditional taboos are exploded in this film. And yet that is really beside the point, which is itself not surprisingly hard to locate.

Even the landscape is self-reflexively boring. The locale is often very bleak and never really identifiable. Generic German landscape rolls by. In other words, *Das Trio's* insouciant treatment of the not-so-shocking contrasts between life on the road and domestic, static life is a decent attempt at showing the rest of us law-abiding citizens that a fast-paced, fugitive life on the Autobahn can be just as bland as our own everyday existence in Middle America.

Das Trio is now playing in New York theaters.

Sarah D'Ambruoso is a Barnard junior and Bulletin staff writer.

Well Woman: Bleed Much?

Q How much menstrual flow is normal for a petite person? I've started to notice that I don't need to change my pad as often as I did before.

A There is no "normal" when it comes to menstruation. Each woman's menstrual cycle is very different and is subject to change, especially in young women. The average cycle, which begins on the first day of your period, lasts 28 days. However, it is just as normal to have a cycle of 23 days, or 32. My point being that the impor-

tance lies in keeping track of your own cycle, its inconsistencies, and changes. You may notice that life-style alterations or changes in eating habits affect your period—stress being an extremely common cause of irregularities. And while some women are blessed with constant and predictable periods, most of us are not.

As for the amount of blood shed, on average, women "bleed" about 4 to 6 tablespoons (about two fluid ounces) in a 5-7 day period [Again, this is different in all women]. It may seem impossible that so little fluid is shed—it certainly may seem like more—but really it is not that much. The heaviness

of your flow may change a little from month to month and is really no cause for concern. If you are really worried, or if you notice drastic changes, then you may want to consult your doctor. But keep in mind that the menstrual cycle is regulated by a series of hormones which are extremely susceptible to the affects of stress, physical and emotional changes, and numerous other factors.

If you want more information, feel free to stop by the Well-Woman office at 135 Hewitt. We have a great collection of books and resources on all sorts of women's health issues.

"Well-Woman" is a weekly feature in the Bulletin. The responses, written by the Well-Women Peer Educators, answer questions from members of the Barnard community. Questions may be submitted to the Well-Woman Office, 135 Hewitt.

THE TAMING OF WILDSTYLE: Is Legal Graffiti an Oxymoron?

by Trudy Chan

As a center of visual arts, few cities can claim the kind of jewels New York holds. Art treasures such as the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Guggenheim house eternal masterpieces, while smaller galleries such as Exit Art or HERE attempt to contain drifts of artistic movements as they evolve. But let's face it: no matter how small or large, galleries and museums remain bureaucratic institutions where an artistic experience is more curated than created. But this conception of art is restrained to the operational definitions of others and labels street art as vandalism. Many are quick to cut down the validity of a genre of art perfected beneath train tracks and in tunnels.

Better known as graffiti, the aerosol art world should never be confused with the types of writings on the wall found in public bathrooms. As a friend once joked, "I'm sure JESUS SAVES and FOR A GOOD TIME must bomb together." The inability to distinguish between graffiti artists

and scribbling 'toys' leads to the irreverence that government and community leaders have for this type of art form. The MTA has launched numerous programs and spent billions of dollars to buff pieces so laboriously produced by writers.

Graffiti artists know that the very nature of their art is ephemeral—left to the natural elements of wind and rain, to the aggressions of official elects and other writers. Their talents are learned and props are earned under the most extreme of artistic circumstances—dodging oncoming trains and the "po' po'" (police), perched perilously off bridges, fire escapes and assorted ledges. Many graffiti artists play not just for the fame, power or rebellion of the life, but for their own artistic expression. Graffiti is truly art for art's sake because unaccepted forms of expression often reveal the honesty of an artists' intentions. There are many who are attempting to legitimize graffiti to those who still do not understand it.

Hugo Martinez co-founded the United Graffiti Association in 1977 with the intention of centralizing the "Masters" of the form. A permanent gallery in Chelsea is devoted to the propagation of painting on legal surfaces and showcasing those pieces in a more established setting. Martinez states, "One premise of the Martinez Gallery is that the not-so-glorious Western post-war high art tradition has shifted its tracks in the twentieth century and that popular street culture is its true heir." One reason why the Gallery is exempt from the fate of many other art houses in the city is its dedication to (forgive me) "keeping it real." In an airy space sandwiched between a taxi fix-it garage and a body parts shop (and, by the way, across the street from Twilo), the Gallery serves to encourage writers, old and new, to hone their skills in an atmosphere conducive to their native methods of work.

The Gallery also opens its metal grates to a general public who might find difficulty in recognizing art that exists directly on the wall, rather than hanging from it. Past exhibitions at the Martinez Gallery have mostly



been shows for the original New York writers. The UGA was a more conscious expansion off of the "Writers Corner 188" whose members STITCH I, SNAKE I, C A T 87, BAMA, RIFF 170, PHASE 2, COCO 144 and many others started off with spray paint and markers, but are now painting in acrylic and adapting their painting styles to sculpture. "The older writers,' daughter and manager Blanca explains, "are family men now. Their stuff is more about art than bombing in the streets."

Other older crews have also seen an open market for their unique painting style and utilized their skills in business ventures: murals, banners, graphic designs, web design, etc. Though the danger of "selling out" to commercialism by losing sight of the art is often called out, more often than not the painters will not accept works commissioned by clients who the artists would not already support.

The first known paint cans-for-hire was the collective FAB 5 headed

by Fab 5 Freddy, LEE, DOC and SLAVE in the early 1980s. They started offering their painting services at \$5 per square foot but really struck gold when five of their canvases sold in a Rome art show

For 88HIPHOP.com's first annual Sprite Hip Hop Summit, panelists such as DJ Kool Herc and b-boy Crazy Legs reviewed the history of their scene in front of a canvas backdrop painted by the TATs Cru (once stood for Train Art Theater and nowadays, Top Artistic Talent) The three-member team of Nicer, Bio and BG183 have been painting murals since 1993 and rely on those commissions for their bread and butter

Local hip-hop artists NonPhixion (aided and abetted by the Arsonists) recently shot a video for their first major single release, "Fourteen Years of Rap" The concept a time warp to the neonatal days of high fades, laceless shelltops, and 'Graffiti Rock" Who could the producers call on to recreate the set of a television show a la "The Grind" circa 1985? New York crew IMOK (If Mother Only Knew) undertook the project and deftly produced colorful "puffies" that echoed the slang of an emerging culture

Graffiti artists have also left their marks on other moving targets besides trains and trucks Custom motorcycles was the branchchild of TATs's Nicer, who has gotten Crash Daze, Futura 2000, Keith Haring, and Zephyr to encase bodies of steel in their airbrushing Graffiti styles can be also be seen on skateboard and snowboard decks Prominent New York old-schooler Futura 2000 turned to another common enterprise—clothing design With partners Slash and Bleu RECON opened on the Lower East Side just this past summer The store sells a clothing line designed exclusively by the three painters-cum-proprietors

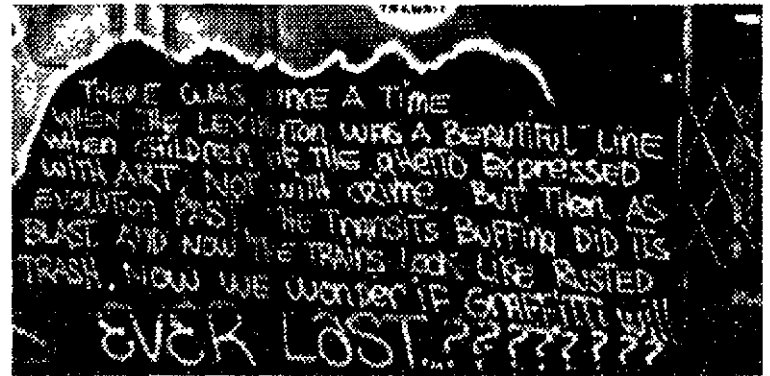
Upon leaving the Martinez Gallery, my eye caught a sentence spray-painted across the top border of a billboard It said "real graff is on the street" Really, now? I thought about this some more Many people say that the moment graffiti is sprayed on a legal canvas, it loses its claim to be graffiti Still others declare that if money ever changed hands, the art of it is lost And if the lingo of the street could be so easily co-opted by the mass media that the word "dis" was once heard escaping the lips of Tom Brokaw, what be the fate of aerosol culture? Envision good writers compromising their skills and their name just to make a buck

Local writer RAZEL puts it this way, "It works for the artist who is already a respected graffiti writer Everyone's gotta grow up sometime But when graphic designers who take the graffiti style, who don't understand the culture of it put it on t-shirts and in magazines " Shakes his head "You need to understand the culture before you understand the style."

The struggle of any artist is the battle of their heart is selling my art selling my soul? For painters whose entire foundation is built on the unwritten codes and thrills of the streets and tunnels, this struggle is

especially salient. The newbies will need a while before they can put enough empty cans of paint behind them to build up their statures. But those artists who have been paying their dues since the early 70s and 80s, and who have garnered critical respect from their peers, have nothing to fear Expanding their artistic skills through experiments with new materials and new arenas for expression is truly a laudable endeavor

Trudy Chan is a Barnard sophomore and Bulletin nyc living editor.



Graffiti Media

FLESH

- Martinez Gallery
515 West 27th St.
212-563-1075
- Hunts Point Community Center, Bronx
- Amtrak trains in the Bronx parallel to the 6 line
- abandoned freight train tunnels that run alongside the N in Bay Ridge
- ** abandoned 92nd St 1/9 station

PAPER

- "Subway Art" and "Spraycan Art" by Henry Chalfant
- "Style Writing from the Underground" by Phase 2 and Schmdlapp
- "Can Control" "Scribble", "12 Ounce Prophet", "On the Go", "Stress" magazines

MAGNETIC TAPE

- "Style Wars" from Henry Chalfant and Tony Silver
- "Video Graf" documentary from SAN 2
- "WildStyle" from Charlie Ahern

0s AND 1s

- <http://www.graffiti.org> or <http://www.artcrimes.com>, <http://www.martinezgallery.com>
- <http://www.at149st.com>

Thanks to Those Who Care

by Mita Mallick

Many turn to my column each week and think, "What's Mita going to complain about this week?" Complain? Well you can say "complain" if you like. I prefer to call it "bringing to light the not-so-bright side of Barnard." After all, I love being a Barnard Woman. It is only because I care about our community that I bring up the issues I do. Discussion is the only way to find solutions. This week's column starts off in the "Mita-esque" mode, but it is also about thanking those who do not always get recognition.

Early last Wednesday morning, I felt pains in my stomach like never before. Could it have been the bag of Cracker Jacks I had devoured at 1am that morning? The bottle of Diet Pepsi? That package of Starbursts? No, that couldn't be it. I've got a stomach of steel!

By 7:30am, I was convinced my stomach was self-digesting. Either that, or the Starbursts had come to life and were seeking vengeance on my tummy. I crawled over to the phone. Curled in the fetal position on my carpet, I waited for the doctor-on-call to save me and my tummy.

The doctor-on-call responded within a few minutes. She asked me a few questions: where does it hurt, when did the pain start? She asked me what I had eaten the evening before. "Nothing out of the ordinary," I moaned over the phone. Well, nothing out of the ordinary for me, at least.

Diagnosis: some sort of inflammation of the stomach. I could hold out for an hour and wait for Health Services to open. "Your RA has Pepto Bismol. Call her and take some. That will minimize the pain," she said, hanging up the phone. What? I could not imagine waking my RA from her slumber to ask for "the pink stuff." "Hi, I just need some Pepto Bismol." How embarrassing.

An hour later I managed to drag my body to the lobby of Plimpton. The desk attendant took one look at me and said, "Don't worry, I'll call security for you. They can take you to Health Services." I was in no condition to walk. "What? Can she take a cab? Hold on a second," the desk attendant said. "Honey," she called, looking at me, "he wants to speak to you."

I told the dispatcher my story. He then directed me to his supervisor. "Do you really need a ride?" asked the voice on the other line. What a funny question. Yes, in case you were not aware, I get my kicks abus-

ing the Barnard Security Minivan at 8:30am on a Wednesday morning.

"I am in severe pain," I stated repeatedly.

"I'm sorry, we don't have a vehicle that can pick you up right now. Can you take a cab? Mail Services has our car." Excuse me? The bottom line was that Security was not going to drive me over.

"Don't worry, I'll crawl down Amsterdam and over to Broadway," I slammed down the receiver. Enraged, I walked to Health Services, not realizing that I could have passed out or gotten sick. At Health Services the doctor told me I had a stomach virus.

Some things never cease to amaze me. I am a Barnard student who lives in Plimpton, Barnard housing. The college is responsible for me to a certain degree. A ride from Security is not too much to ask for. I am not asking them to hold my hand.

Security claims that after 8ish in the mornings, other Barnard departments use the Security Minivan to run their own errands. That morning Mail Services had taken the vehicle to pick up the mail from the post office and bring it back to campus. Considering the "extreme efficiency" for which Barnard Mail Services is so famous, how can I argue with that?

There are hundreds of women at this college, God forbid one of them gets sick in the morning and is forced to walk on her own to get some medical help. Well, I will be belligerent and say that I am not hailing a cab when I am in pain. Security should drive me, and if they do not have a vehicle available, it should be a priority. Students should be a priority. If they have time to be "abused" by students who want rides to West Side Market for groceries, they have time to drive a sick student.

When I came back to Plimpton to talk to the Area Director about the situation, she already knew about it. The Graduate Assistant had sent emails to several people in Security and the office of Student Life to ensure that this would not happen again. The Area Director said she had also alerted other members of the administration. Meanwhile, the desk attendant gave me advice on what to eat. The doctor-on-call left me a message to ask how I was doing. Who knew that so many people would be concerned about me and my tummy?

Aside from Security's inexcusable behavior, I was really touched by the amount of people who care. I think most of us have a habit of taking people like Area Directors, Graduate Assistants, desk attendants, and doctors-on-call for granted. Sure, it is their job. Yet, one can do his or her job and not care. So here's to them. Thanks for caring.

Mita Mallick is a Barnard junior and Bulletin columnist.

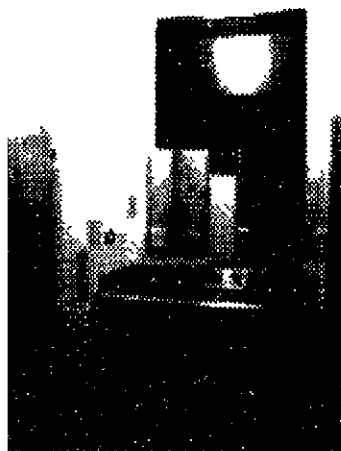


WE'RE SUPPOSED TO SHOWER IN THIS

by Chnsty Thornton

When one enters the new Arthur Ross Greenhouse, or the new elevators at 616, or the new Plimpton kitchens, it is obvious that there have been some serious renovations lately. And heck, who doesn't appreciate the fact that old, wealthy people want to give money to our school to make it greener? All of the recent advancements, such as repainted classrooms and new windows, should in no way be discredited. However, each day as I leave my room and head for the communal bathroom in my hall, I am forced to ask myself, where is that \$32,000 going anyway?

Photo by Jessica Jaffe



When I moved into my room, I was completely satisfied. The one cockroach which had taken up residence in my closet, we threw out the window, and with a little sweeping, the place actually a remade Hewitt bathroom... became rather nice. Granted, my triple on the eighth floor of Brooks is old, and there was that whole exploding water-main-episode earlier this year, but I will chalk that up to plain old bad luck. Really, it could have happened in any room. So, despite the peeling plaster and the frighteningly torn vinyl flooring, I really have few serious qualms with the room in which I live.

The bathroom that I share with eighteen other people is quite another story. Well, I say "share" as if we actually use the bathroom for anything other than late night emergencies. As diverse as the girls who live in my hall are, we all share on common opinion: the bathroom is repulsive.

"I walked in that bathroom and walked right back out," says a first year of her first encounter with the eighth floor monstrosity. It is not that they don't clean it—they bleach the floor every day and scrub the toilets as much as any other bathroom in the quad. But really, to clean this bathroom is like trying to melt an iceberg with a flashlight. It is really beyond sanitary help.

There are two fluorescent lights on the ceiling, and I have seen but one of them work in the months that I have been here, and at times even that was a bit questionable. One resident commented that the lack of light was the reason she initially did not use the bathroom. Once the light was fixed however, it simply allowed for the mold, mildew, trash, dust and peeling plaster to be more easily seen. The bathroom has two small windows in the back, two toilet stalls, two shower stalls and a small sink. The rear third of the bathroom is occupied by an enormous boiler of some type, which is concealed only by a typical stall door. This enormous, rusty, filthy piece of

equipment and its attempt at concealment not only block all light coming from the two small windows in the corner, but occupies nearly one-third of the floor space of the tiny room. There is no way to lock the small door which closes on the boiler, and combined with the lack of light on that side of the room, the atmosphere borders on scary.

"The other Brooks bathrooms are bad," said the eighth floor Brooks RA Rachel Hnatowich, "but when I'm washing my hands in there I feel like someone might jump out of that boiler room." This fear seems none too irrational when one opens the door and looks at the area around the boiler. The ceiling around the boiler, which is clearly visible to the rest of the room, brings to mind images of prisons and concentration camps—no exaggeration. The manner in which the paint and plaster are peeling and rotting would lead one to believe that the room was in a condemned building, not a dorm at an elite women's college. The decay is not limited exclusively to the small area above and around the boiler, but rather spreads over the entire room. The paint routinely falls off of the ceiling, and no attempt has been made to clean it up in the small boiler enclosure. The decay cannot really be described as being in sections of the room, really, it spreads across the entire ceiling and much of the walls. There is a constant weight to the air of the room, and the smell of the mold and mildew drives residents to leave the door closed, only further exacerbating the problem.

When asked what her first reaction was when she walked into the bathroom, her only response was, "fear." Really, residents' fear and repulsion toward the bathroom are not unfounded. It is quite the eerie, oppressive

Photo by Jessica Jaffe



and its Brooks counterpart place to be. The other Brooks bathrooms are bad, but all of the subsequently lower floors have actual windows, more than two showers and some have even been repainted. While contributions from benefactors have made studying biology hands-on much easier, and there are new windows in Barnard Hall, I feel that some sense of priorities has been lost. Right now there is an enormous amount of students who feel that they cannot even use the bathrooms in their halls, this, to me, seems much more important than housing exotic species of plants. Really, what this calls for is complete refurbishing of these bathrooms, beginning with the worst of them, the eighth floor, which has been called "quite possibly the most repulsive bathroom in the quad."

Chnsty Thornton is a Barnard first-year and Bulletin office assistant.

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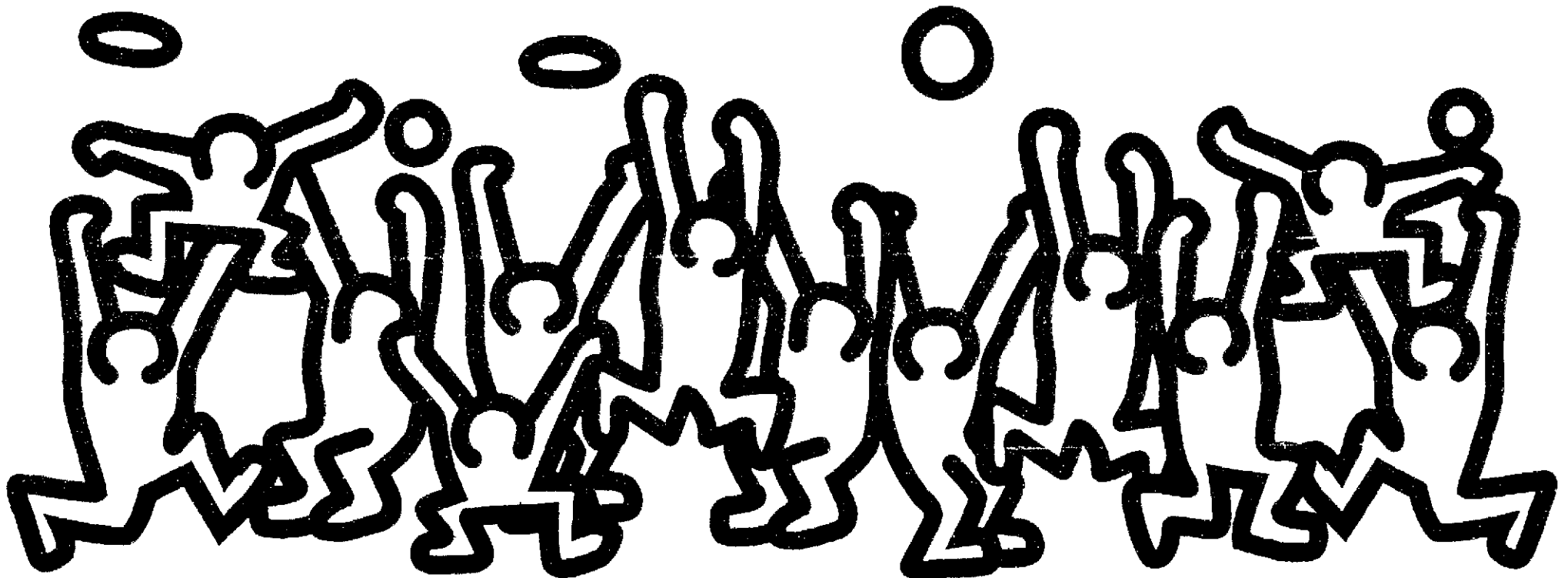
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