



New York
Short Stories

ballets
DÄMON

DANCE THEATRE
NEW YORK - BERLIN

Salt'n



Of Super
Vision and
Big Apples

Sweets

by Europa Black

On this cold and snowy winter post-Xmas day one needs to be reassured of that warm human loving spirit. Found it when I stopped at Sloan's (closer than my usual KeyFood stop) and at my turn at the checkout. The basically unkept guy breaks in to get credit for his 6 bottles (.30). The woman does this without complaint or fuss and he remarks, "Hey, now I'm rich." She says, "Yea, that's good. Three more words than I would have spoken. He goes on, "So, do you want to get married?" She says, "No, I'm

already married." He is not deterred at all but hesitates - then asks, "Are you doing anything this weekend?" "No" she replies in the most polite and kindest manner. He persists, "You know, on New Years Eve." "No, I don't think so", she repeats. I'm not agitated cause she's been checking me through all this while however, I am in awe of her patience. So is the woman next to me as we look at each other and shrug as the exchange goes on. "Do you want to go out with me?" he asks Sid Brunch....

Sugar

*Of Little
Girls and
Big Illusions*

Spice

BY EMILY WHITE

KNEE SOCKS, HELLO Kitty hair clips, Mary Janes and baby doll dresses—in the realm of fashion, women are becoming children. On a runway in Milan last spring, wrote Sarah Mower in *Harper's Bazaar*, the models looked like little girls who'd "just emerged from a play session in their mother's closets." All through the show the "associations with girlhood began to rise irrepressibly," from the model with legs "as long, tapered, and perfect as Barbie's" to the designer who declared "if you've always wanted to be a ballerina, wear a tutu!" *Newsweek* called it "tiny" fashion: "Think parochial-school uniform, shrunk small enough to guarantee detention." They interviewed a girl on Melrose Avenue wearing a tiny dress, who declared, "I don't want

to age . . . I want to be in junior high again . . .!"

For the fall collections—the beginning of school—the models are wearing grubby fake-fur coats, the kind of coats that tended to get barfed on at second-grade birthday parties.

Girliness is being heralded as fashion's big discovery—women are supposedly reclaiming their lost femininity, learning to be silly and frivolous and stomp around like princesses. This isn't some kind of pathetic regression, say fashion writers and designers, because women *want* to find the buried girl. She's what we've been missing in the bleak march toward equality. It's tragic how we've almost forgotten how to act like royalty, to throw tantrums, to stare in the mirror for hours and pretend we're on television.