

bernard bulletin

february 7 2000

alumni bring
their feminist
manifesto to
campus

balancing school

work and sex
work: the life
of a woman
dominating

pascal
rocks
lerner

musicals
make a
comeback

we go home
tonight in
big apple

students
call
for an
electoral
revamp

afri-can-american heritage
month kicks off at Barnard
we meet the college activities' Doris Miller

letter from the editor

I was told during last semester's board selection process that there are those in the Barnard community who consider the bulletin a feminist propaganda rag. I was taken slightly aback at the comment at first, and I didn't know how to react to the idea that there were Barnard women out there who think that the bulletin is too far to the left of any feminist leanings they might have. While I frequently extol feminist sentiment on this, the the opening page of the paper, I couldn't fathom that there was a population of women who used the term "feminist" disparagingly against the bulletin.

As days passed, however, and I told the story to more and more of my friends, I found myself more and more proud with each telling. Every laugh I had with a friend or colleague about the bulletin's secret feminist agenda made me more aware of how genuinely pleased I was that not only was there dialogue on campus about the paper to which I devote a few too many hours of my life each week, but that the bulletin was perceived as having a political message that was important and unique to our campus.

And so it is while I gleefully prepare this issue to be printed that I issue a warning to the anti feminists out there: you might find this one hard to swallow.

Tania Lee reports for news on the recent panel Manifesta: Young Women, Feminism, and the Future, held by two recent Barnard alumnae, Jennifer Baumgardner and Amy Richards, both of whom graduated from Barnard in 1992, returned to campus to discuss their new book on the role of the youngest set of "third-waves," and the impact generations X and Y can have and have had on the feminist future.

In celebration of African-American History Month, our own Julie Frye interviewed College Activities' Assistant Direc-

tor Doris Miller. A strong, proud, black woman, Doris is a friend to many here at Barnard, and lives each day of her life within the feminist struggle for recognition. Doris leads the women of Barnard down a solid path to a feminist future, as she leaves frequent phone messages reminding us how strong and beautiful and important each one of us is.

Finally, and perhaps most overtly, we've published the first in a series of articles by an anonymous Barnard senior who works as a professional dominatrix. She approached me with an anonymous email under the assumed name "Diana McIntosh"—asserting her Barnard-ness. After a brief set of questions to prove that she was, indeed, a student at Barnard, she submitted her first article, which you can find in the features section. I expect that the article will prove rather controversial, as is its intention. Some of the original feminist dialogue about the interaction of feminism and sex work took place on this very campus in the mid-'80s, and in that spirit, our anonymous writer hopes to get the conversation going again.

And so, my accusers, you hold in your hand an issue of the bulletin run rampant with feminism. It's also run rampant with music, art, fantastic things to do in the city, and thought-provoking commentary. Should you chose to dismiss the bulletin because it leans to the left in its feminist coverage, I think you'll be left out of some very important conversations, and miss out on a plethora of other ideas put on paper by your peers. And so I encourage your responses to the content on the coming thirty pages. After all, it's only a dialogue when more than one side is talking.



contributors

First-year Sung Ah Kim decided to come to Barnard "cuz it's a women's college smack in the middle of the Big Apple."

Now that she's here, this New

sung ah kim

Jersey native plans on majoring in psychology and education. Sung Ah loves spending time in the dark room and prides herself on her ability to go two days without sleep. Look for her fine photography throughout the pages of the *bulletin*.

Hailing from Massapequa, NY, Junior Karen Shoum is very happy to finally have settled into her psychology major and

karen shoum

sociology minor. Karen sworks hard as co-news editor to cover events that matter to the Barnard community. Among the things that makes Karen happy are no classes on fridays and her wonderful co-editor Kate.

Sophomore Renata Bystritsky claims that she loves victorian jexelery and hates pop culture. Majoring in English, Renata

renata bystritsky

was born in Odesa, Ukraine, but has been living in Brooklyn, NY for some time. Look for her weekly column in the commentary section.

barnard bulletin

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cover photo by sung ah kim
Ballet Through the Apple, copyright Harold & Esther Edgeman Foundation, 2000, courtesy of Palm Press, Inc.

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Dean Ellen Kreger leaves Barnard

By Lynn Palmeri

After four and a half years of dedication to Barnard, First-Year Dean Ellen Kreger has accepted a new position of employment at Mercy College.

Although Kreger felt mixed feelings when deciding whether or not to leave her "home" at Barnard, she felt that accepting the position as Associate Dean for Learning and Assessment at Mercy College would be a good step for her career. "I wanted to try something completely different," Kreger said.

Compared to her work with individual students at Barnard, Kreger's work at Mercy will be more "behind the scenes strategizing," including overseeing tutoring, study skills preparation, placement testing, and changing the teaching style of certain courses. These aspects of Kreger's new job are particularly appealing. "I have always been interested in teaching students things like how to study and the best way to write," she said.

Kreger had originally pursued a position as a director at Mercy. While pursuing this job opening, the Provost of the College decided to revamp the position, creating the position of Associate Dean for Learning and Assessment. Taking this newly created position at Mercy required leaving Barnard in the middle of the academic year. "As a first-year dean, the spring semester is the best and ideal time to leave," said Kreger.

Though Kreger is excited about beginning her new job, she reflects on

her experiences at Barnard as very positive. "Everyone here at Barnard is so passionate about helping students," she said. "Excellent colleagues make [Barnard] such an exciting and enthusiastic place to work, as compared to the negative energy at other peer institutes that I have visited. Students feel but rarely see how much work and support go on behind the scenes." Kreger also commented how fortunate she feels to have worked with the staff who she says are all, "so dedicated and good at what they do."

Kreger also speaks very highly of her experiences with Barnard students. "I have loved watching women I got to know as first-years come back as confident sophomores, then accomplished juniors and knockout graduates," she said. "I hope students realize sooner how good they are."

Though Kreger thinks Barnard is a wonderful institution, she sees room for further growth. "I would like to see Barnard get an (academic) learning center—a place to take study skills workshops, get tutoring, learn to tutor, learn how to run a study group—things you are never really taught but expected to

know [in college]," Kreger said.

When asked what she hopes to have accomplished here at Barnard, Kreger said, "I hope that students feel and see that the whole campus works together and supports the students. I hope I've helped first-years [to] transition and to realize that they can take care of themselves."

Although Kreger has left her position as Barnard's First-Year Dean, she wishes to still keep in contact with students while at Mercy College, which is relatively close to Barnard. In addition, Kreger will be at Barnard twice a week throughout the spring semester teaching Cinematernity her First-Year Seminar course.

Before coming to Barnard, Kreger worked for eight years at the University of Pittsburgh as an academic adviser and later as the Assistant Director of Advising. Kreger said, "Pittsburgh was very different school, much larger (10,000 students)," as compared to Barnard being, "a much smaller place, in a larger city." With her move to Mercy she will now once again readjust to a different college environment.

Lynn Palmeri is a Barnard first-year



got a beef?

Write to us about it, send commentary, questions or suggestions to bulletin@barnard.edu even if you're a vegetarian.

self-study reveals ways Barnard could improve

By Abby Clay

After almost two years of hard work, the Barnard 2000 Self-Study is complete.

The recently completed Self-Study undertaken over the past two years is part of the process of reaccreditation, which every college in the United States is required to complete every ten years. During the study, Barnard chose areas of the college environment and management to study extensively, and find ways the school could be improved. A report was then written to display the results, and this self-analysis will then be used by an outside body to evaluate and reaccredit the college.

Many people have been a part of Barnard's study, including trustees, alumni, faculty and students. A committee of 14 people headed the study, whose job was to compile the report. Associate Provost Flora Davidson, co-chair of the committee, describes the Self-Study as, "not so much a test as an assessment." She and co-chair Professor Richard Pious explain that it is not a matter of whether Barnard will be reaccredited, but rather a chance to evaluate where the college is today as compared to ten years ago, and where it is headed in the future. Davidson says, "We're no longer talking about survival levels. We're at the point where we can ask, how can we make ourselves even better?"

Students may remember the forum that took place last year (*Barnard: What's It to Ya?*) as a chance for students to voice their opinions as to what they love and hate about Barnard. This was a large part of the role that Barnard seniors Monica Mercado and Haviva Malina played in the Self-Study. In addition to attending biweekly meetings as members of the Self-Study committee, Mercado and Malina planned and carried out last January's forum. "The information that came out of this forum was really where the student input came from," reports Mercado. "The study was all the

better because of it."

Part of the Self-Study report is to show where and how the College has improved over the past ten years. The study demonstrated that Barnard has achieved tremendous improvement: the number of applicants increased by 122 percent; the endowment is three times what it was; all residence hall rooms have been networked with the ethernet.

This year's study focused on three main areas: the physical facilities, financial equilibrium, and re-evaluation of the college's mission. Focusing on these areas, the school is able to come up with a strategic plan for the future that can realistically be achieved.

A large portion of the potential improvements that will result from this study focuses on student life. Plans include improving the library, turning it into a new information and learning center, modernizing residence halls, and adding communal space on campus. Also, the college's mission statement has been rewritten and modernized so as to better incorporate the true feeling of today's Barnard. Davidson says, "Using [the mission statement] as a primary issue really gets people involved, really gets them to look at the whole picture."

The complete results of the Self-Study have been compiled into a report that will be used in March by an evaluation team who will reaccredit the college. The report can be viewed by students on the Barnard website from campus computers.

While the Self-Study and its purpose are not unique to our college, Barnard's incorporation of the entire Barnard community, including so much student input, makes it special. "It's very unique for a college campus to do that," comments Mercado. Malina says, "I'm really proud of the study and the way in which it was conducted."

Abby Clay is a Barnard first-year and a bulletin staff writer

...and the study says:

- Applications rose 122 percent between 1991 and 1999, while the number of secondary schools sending students to the College rose from 851 to 1,591.
- The endowment rose three-fold to roughly \$150 million, from roughly \$50 million at the beginning of the decade.
- A comprehensive fund-raising campaign originally targeted at \$100 million concluded with \$162.9 million raised.
- ~~Sponsored research (grants to faculty from foundations, government and corporate sources)~~ rose from \$635,000 in 1994-95 to \$1.7 million in 1999-2000.
- The College completed its most ambitious capital improvement initiative between 1997 and 2000, with \$28 million spent on important deferred maintenance projects and campus modernization programs.
- Through the implementation of the five-year 1996 technology plan (completed in three years), the College connected all residence hall rooms to the network, modernized desktop computers, and renovated classrooms to accommodate new technology.

DEGRESSIONALS

HISTORY SEMINAR POLICY Students no longer will be required to apply for undergraduate seminars in the previous semester. The seminar application process will begin **the first week in which the seminar is offered.** Please check with the History Department, 415 Lehman, x42159. <http://www.barnard.columbia.edu/dept/history>

STUDENTS SEEKING TUTORING Please speak with your instructor first, but if you need additional help from peer tutors, they're available for many courses. Fill out a tutor request form in the Dean of Studies Office. For more information contact Ms. Pearson, x42024.

LOOKING FOR HELP IN PHYSICS? For students taking any Columbia physics course, help is available at the Columbia

Physics Help Room, 413 Pupin, Mondays through Thursdays, from 1:00 to 6:00 PM For students taking any Barnard Physics course, Professor Friedberg has office hours on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 2 to 4pm (505 Altschul) for Physics 1207. In addition, Prof. Friedberg has Help Room hours on Mondays from 7 to 10pm in 502 Altschul for Barnard students taking any Columbia or Barnard Physics course. Also, Professor Mukherjee has recitation for the Physics 1207 course on Wednesdays from 2 to 3pm in Room 513 Altschul.

THE OFFICE OF MULTICULTURAL AFFAIRS is co-sponsoring an information meeting with the Dean of Studies Office about the Spelman Exchange Program on Monday, February 26, from 4 to 5pm in Sulzberger South Tower.

Calendar

February 7
Women's Past and Present: My Dangerous Desires by author and writer Amber Hollibaugh discusses her activism for women with AIDS in prison. 6:30pm in the Altschul Atrium, Altschul Hall. For information, call the Barnard Center for Research on Women at x42067, or visit www.barnard.edu/crow/.

February 11
Our 2001 Space Odyssey. A tour of the Rose Center for Earth and Space at the American Museum of Natural History. Sponsored by Barnard Business & Professional Women. For information, call Enid Ringer, (212) 961-9740, or BBPW voice-mail, (212) 479-7969, or go to www.BBPW.org.

February 13
Honoring Malcolm X: Learning From a Life Transformed. Featuring a distinguished panel—Professor Dean Dal-

ton, Professor Manning Marable and Dean Vivian Taylor. 5:30-7pm in the Held Auditorium, 404 Barnard Hall. Sponsored by Barnard Counseling Services x42092.

February 14
Rennert Women in Judaism Forum presents *Voices of the Religious Left.* Rebecca Alpert reports on the "culture wars" that have divided orthodox and liberal believers. For information, call the Barnard Center for Research on Women (see above).

February 18
A Commemoration of Malcolm X. 2pm in the LeFrak Gymnasium. Malcolm's oldest daughter, Attallah Shabazz honors her father, in celebration of Black Heritage Month. This event is free and open to the entire community. For more information, please contact x42096.

February 21
Lunchtime Lecture Series presents *AIDS: Came Home* by *Representations* in *Women in the "Spread" of AIDS.* A lunchtime lecture with Meredith Raimondo. Noon in the Barnard Center for Research on Women, 101 Barnard Hall. For more info, call the Center for Research on Women.

February 22
Centennial Scholar Presents presents *The Mob and the Press: The Growth of Political Expression in Early Nineteenth Century Oxford.* A presentation by Rachel Sussman. 7pm in the Sulzberger Parlor, Barnard Hall. Contact Monica McIntyre at x46146 for more info.

February 22 through 25
Senior Thesis Festival. Presented by The Minor Latham Playhouse and the Barnard College Columbia University Theater Department. All shows are free. No

reservations will be taken; the playhouse will open a half hour before the show.

February 22 and 23
Yellow Wallpaper by Charlotte Perkins Gilman. Featuring senior theater major Abigail Cooper. Directed by Denny Partridge. 7:15 pm in the Minor Latham Playhouse.

February 22 and 23
Wedding on the Eiffel Tower by Jean Cocteau. A directing thesis by Annie G. Levy. 9pm in the Minor Latham Playhouse

February 24 and 25
Kafka's Bucket Rider. A directing and playwriting thesis by Zuzanna Szadkowski. 7:15pm in the Minor Latham Playhouse.

February 24 and 25
Libation Bearers by Aeschylus. A directing thesis by Sally Oswald. 9pm in the Minor Latham Playhouse.

two barnard alumnae bring students their feminist *manifesta*

By Tania Lee

As *Manifesta: Young Women, Feminism, and the Future* drew to a close at 7:40pm on January 29, one could be sure that feminism was not dead. Almost 90 percent of the people at the event, mostly college students, raised their hands and considered themselves feminists.

Among them were Jennifer Baumgardner and Amy Richards, both alumnae of the Class of 1992, authors of the book *Manifesta: Young Women, Feminism, and the Future*. While the older generations of feminists—women like Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Gloria Steinem—might question whether the feminist movement is weakened by the present generation, Baumgardner and Richards were in Sulzberger Parlor to ‘prove’ that young women still care about feminism.

Before discussing their book, the two authors stated that they considered themselves to be third wave feminists, a term describing feminists between the ages of 16 and 30. Jennifer Baumgardner was a former editor of *Ms* magazine, and she currently writes about politics and culture for *Glamour* and *Marie Claire*, among other magazines. She has been quoted in many books about feminism and has written speeches for women including Faye Wattleton and Marlo Thomas. Apart from writing books and articles, she is also an activist, organizing free political events such as abortion history teach-ins, intergenerational readings and parties for equal pay.

Richards is just as active, and is co-

founder of the Third Wave Foundation, the only national activist organization for woman between the ages of 16 and 30. In addition, she is the voice behind *Ask Amy* and has worked with Gloria Steinem. She is a contributing editor to *Ms. Magazine*, and has worked as a consultant to the Ms. Foundation for Women and Voters for Choice.

Baumgardner and Richards opened the panel discussion with a reading from their book. They read from the chapter: “Feminists want to know: Is the Media Dead?” Baumgardner said, “The media ignores feminism. It ignores what feminism really looks

more and more dangerous messages, are spread through Internet magazines, which have an extremely fast turnaround rate. Richards stated, “The Internet has its potential as an organized tool. It is the limitless and unaccountable qualities of the Internet that cause the problems. People can let loose on the Internet. We must find a balance.”

Baumgardner and Richards discussed many issues of feminism other than the media, as well. They agreed that race and age should not have the ability to divide feminists. Richards stated, “Among all social justice movements, feminism is the most interacted. Not only in number, but also in style.”

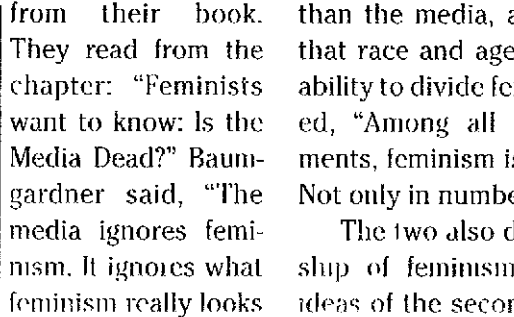
The two also discussed the relationship of feminism to men. When the ideas of the second-wave generation of

feminists were questioned by an audience member, Baumgardner answered that most of the second wave generation has been shocked yet grateful about the book, as it brings in other perspectives. But, she also admitted that the book has not been well-received by some people.

Newsweek once published an article

titled “Is Feminism Dead?”, and *Time* magazine has stated that feminism has died 119 times. Despite this, feminism at Barnard is clearly still alive, and the discussion with Baumgardner and Richards is the first event of many organized by the Barnard Center for Research on Women. The center has designated 2001 the “Year for Research on Women and Feminist Future.” This was certainly supported by this event, which concluded, “Let us embrace this year with third wave activists’ girl power.”

Tania Lee is a Barnard first-year.



Barnard alumnae Jennifer Baumgardner and Amy Richards share their vision for a feminist future with *Manifesta: Young Women, Feminism and the Future*

like. It does not focus on what feminism is really doing.”

Baumgardner and Richards accused the media of committing seven sins. First, men write most magazine articles—for *Time* magazine, 8 out of 11 editors are men. Sin number two is called the “Scared Strategy,” and says that the media always pictures women as victims of being burglarized, murdered and killed. But, in reality, men have a larger chance of being victims, thereby presenting a false sense of safety.

Another sin that Baumgardner and Richards addressed is the problem of the Internet. According to the authors,



a weekly weighing of
Barnard news

The first major snowfall of the semester descended Monday. Hope you all had fun getting pelted on the head with sleet on your way to class. Isn't this supposed to be the spring semester?



Students survive the first mini-wave of midterms. Don't worry, you still have exactly 13 days to drop classes. 12, 11, 10. . .



The Barnard Student Store opens in the Quad this week., complete with coupons and a grand opening party. Speaking of openings, Milano Market replaces Mama Joy's Deli—we hear through the grapevine that they like to give out cheese samples.



Cameran Mason started her new gig as Vice President for Development and Alumnae Affairs on February 5, and will be beginning new fundraising efforts. Don't you love that we already get requests to donate money?



This week's total. . .



= we love it



= we hate it



Friday, February 9, 2001 7:30-11:30pm

Roone Arledge Auditorium

Please join us for a champagne reception followed by a night of student theater and dance.

Semi-formal attire is encouraged. All are welcome—2 I.D.'s to drink.

Admission: \$3.00 (includes one free drink at reception).

Reservations: showcases1@yahoo.com

HONORING MALCOLM X

BLACK HERITAGE MONTH AT BARNARD COLLEGE

DESIGN BY JENNIFER SOWELL 2001

TUESDAY

FEBRUARY 13, 2001
5:30PM-7PM
HELD AUDITORIUM
304 BARNARD HALL

HONORING MALCOLM X:

LEARNING FROM A LIFE
TRANSFORMED
EACH MEMBER OF A
DISTINGUISHED PANEL —
PROFESSOR DENNIS DALTON,
PROFESSOR MANNING
MARSH
AND DEAN VIVIAN JAYOR —
WILL EXAMINE A DIFFERENT
FACE OF MEANING WITH
REGARD TO THE LIFE AND
WORK OF MALCOLM X

SPONSORED BY
BARNARD COUNSELLING SERVICES
854-2092



SATURDAY

FEBRUARY 17, 2001
8PM-11PM
BROOKS LIVING ROOM

HONORING MALCOLM X:
SHOWING OF SPIKE LEE'S
FILM MALCOLM X (1992)
STARRING
DENZEL WASHINGTON

SPONSORED BY
RESIDENTIAL LIFE

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 2001

2PM-4PM

LEFRACK GYMNASIUM

A COMMEMORATION HONORING MALCOLM X

MALCOLM X SHABAZZ:

THE MAN AND FATHER AWAY FROM THE PODIUM

ATTALLAH SHABBAZZ, MALCOLM'S DAUGHTER,

OPENS THIS EVENT TO COMMEMORATE HIS LAST PUBLIC SPEECH,
WHICH TOOK PLACE AT BARNARD COLLEGE IN 1965.

BARNARD COLLEGE

ADMISSION BY TICKET ONLY 854-1314

OFFICE FOR MULTICULTURAL AFFAIRS 212-854-9130 COLLEGE ACTIVITIES 212-854-2096

**balancing
school work
& sex work**

confessions of a

Hello. I am an intelligent, white, middle-class, second-semester senior at Barnard College. I also have the great pleasure of working as a professional dominatrix. I say professional, not because I am an expert, but because I am paid for my services. I began my work as a dominatrix in October 2000, and I am still excited to learn even more about my new field. But even though I am proud of my work, and myself, I cannot reveal my identity. Most of my family and friends are completely unaware of what I do. My work is neither illegal nor does it require nudity and intercourse, but I

dare
not
tell

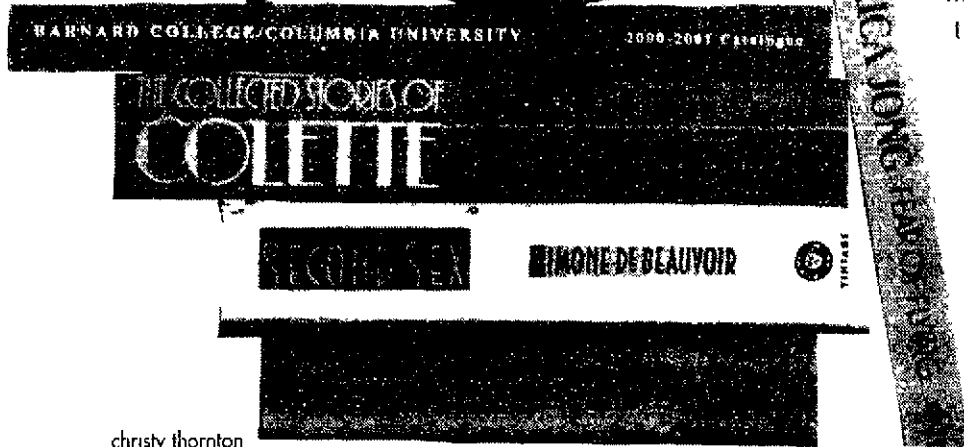
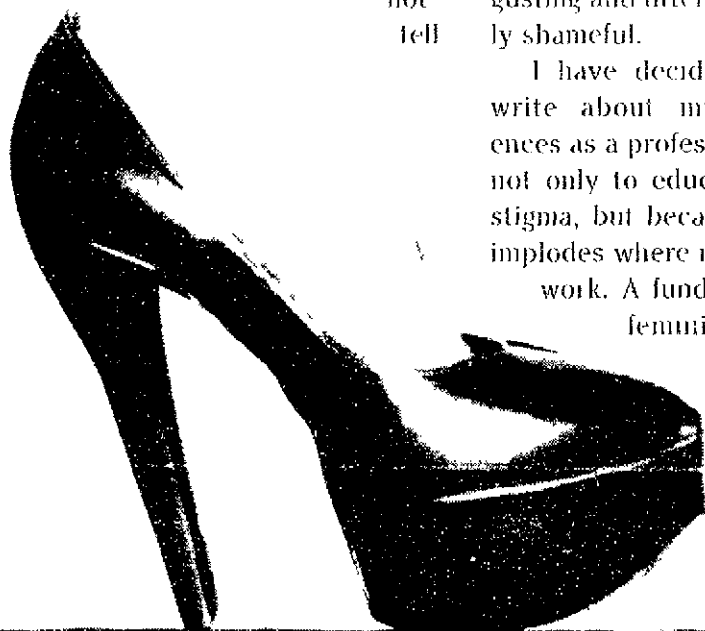
most people about it, because I am still a sex worker. I practice the taboo with involvements like "kink," which includes bondage, domination, sadism and masochism (also known as BDSM). As if receiving money for sexual services wasn't outright wanton, these BDSM practices are commonly thought of as immoral, disgusting and utterly shameful.

I have decided to write about my experiences as a professional dominatrix, not only to educate and remove the stigma, but because I think feminism implodes where it intersects with sex work. A fundamental principal of feminism is that every woman has the right to make her own decisions in all areas, including those that deal

with her mind and her body. But is charging money for sexual services inherently anti-feminist? Regardless of the common criticisms directed towards this area, I feel that I have made a healthy, well-minded decision. I do include myself in the category of "legal prostitutes," because my work is legal and extremely sexual. Webster's New World Dictionary, defines a prostitute as "one who engages in promiscuous sexual activity for pay." However, there shouldn't necessarily be a negative connotation here because such work has awarded great benefits to my life. Work as a dominatrix has not lead to the assumed horrible ramifications, but it has instead helped my become more comfortable with my sexual self, (dominant or not,) and it has helped me find a supportive place to express this sexual self.

I practice such expression in a walk-up apartment in east midtown known as a Dungeon or a House. The House is more than ten years old, and is owned by an accomplished mistress. It has two isolated dungeon rooms equipped with couches and other furniture that allow the mistresses to tie and bind their clients. There is another room with a pulley system used for freestanding or suspended bondage. In the sitting room, there is more dungeon-esque equipment and an armoire containing cloth-

I have decided to write about my experiences as a professional dominatrix, not only to educate and remove the stigma, but because I think feminism implodes where it intersects with sex work.



christy thornton

barnard dominatrix

ing used for cross-dressing. The house also has a medical room with an examining table, used for actualizing doctor/patient fantasies. There is a secretary that runs the business from an office room, assuring that successful transactions are guaranteed.

This house specializes in sensual female dominance and foot/leg worship. We refer to each other by our mistress names, which we chose when we began working at the house. We refrain from manual sex (hand-jobs), oral sex, and any acts of intercourse. We practice relatively benign dominance, meaning that we don't pierce, cut, or brand. Sometimes, we provide golden or brown showers, which means that we urinate or defecate on clients upon their requests. Clients wear condoms and we wear latex gloves whenever we touch a mucus membrane. The clients are generally professional white men between thirty and forty years of age, though we sometimes entertain minorities, women, and couples. The submissive clients are nude, except for when we dress them up in what is usually feminine attire. Our attire must be sexy and is usually black or red in color, and fetish or elegant in theme. I wear a corset, skirt, garter belt, stockings, black open-toe platform stilettos, and underpants or a thong. I also sport red lipstick and make sure to have a manicure and pedicure.

Before a session begins, the client meets all available mistresses and discusses his fantasy with them. He then chooses a mistress, pays the secretary, and is then decorated according to his fantasy. He stays for fifteen minutes to an hour. During the encounter, the mistress is usually dominant, or top, and the client is submissive, or bottom. The submis-

sive client can use a previously agreed upon word to stop the scene at any time and for any reason. This safe-word enables him to maintain the illusion of helplessness, and still agonize and plead for mercy without receiving any. We may role-play (teacher/student, mistress/puppy) and often dramatize a master/slave relationship, where the slave obeys the master's commands and accepts punishment when he falters. Mistresses may verbally chastise a disobedient slave, give him over-the-knee spankings, beat him with a whip, or give him golden or brown showers. To reward the slave, we may allow him to massage, kiss or suck our feet, worship our legs and even clean our shoes. At the end of the session, the submissive (and aroused) client is allowed to masturbate and climax.

Usually, a client will form an exclusive relationship with one mistress, visit her regularly, and bring her little gifts. I have one client who brings me a candy bar every session, to show me that he has been thinking about my pleasure. Another mistress I work with recently had a slave buy her a computer and a cell phone. However, such extravagance is the anomaly, and is never motivation for actually becoming a mistress. I find that the best part of

the mistress/client relationship is the chance to watch a person grow within his fantasy. I also admire each person that walks into the house, including the mistresses, because it isn't easy for them to admit that they are interested in sexuality that is considered abnormal and shameful. Dominants and their clients aren't immoral, weird, or gross. They act in secret because they simply crave an incredibly erotic and highly intimate encounter without the threat of mockery and public humiliation.

I had never practiced BDSM before I became a mistress, and I now enjoy exploring the different fantasies and people that it involves. My job has

Work definitely broadened my ideas about what sex is. What I share with these clients is often just as intimate and exciting as what I've experienced with lovers. I am therefore writing this because I am challenging you to open your minds and imaginations, and to question your own values and prejudices. Do you think my work is wrong? Do you think I am crazy, self destructive, or just really angry at men? Do you think I am beneath you? You may know me—we may have worked together in class or we may have hung out at a party. I'm sure you have seen me around. Does that scare you?

Work as a dominatrix has not lead to the assumed horrible ramifications, but it has instead, helped my become more comfortable with my sexual self, (dominant or not,) and it has helped me find a supportive place to express this sexual self.

Author wishes to remain anonymous

wellwoman: how does one acquire tuberculosis?

Q How does one acquire tuberculosis, and is it still fatal? Can one get immunized?

A Tuberculosis is a mycobacterium mainly transmitted through airborne droplets spread by coughing. Because TB is spread through the air, poor ventilation and close quarters increase transmission. Although TB was a serious problem in the 19th and early 20th centuries, increased quality of life and better medication have greatly lessened

the number of infections in the U.S. today. Approximately 5% of people with normal, healthy immune systems who are exposed to TB will develop active disease over their lifetimes. Tuberculosis can be treated with antimycobacterial drugs, although recently certain strains have developed a resistance to standard medication, and combinations of medicines must be used to cure such infections. If left untreated, however, the infection can spread to other areas such as the liver brain, and bones, and is generally

fatal.

In terms of prevention, a vaccination called BCG is currently used in some countries to decrease the likelihood of infection in an individual. Its use, however, is controversial, and its effectiveness is debatable. BCG is not widely used in the U.S. The Mantoux test (PPD) is the standard skin test used to determine if you have been exposed to TB. A positive test may indicate active TB, or merely exposure at some time in your life. If you do not have active TB, you are not infectious to others.

"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 information provided is for informational purposes only. Please take issues or medical concerns to your healthcare provider.

digital divas

A bi-weekly column by RCAs— write to resnet@barnard.edu with column suggestions

stop forwarding your email! you can get attachments through telnet

Ok, so your best friend just sent a picture of her new haircut to your Barnix account. But wait, how the heck are you supposed to see the picture? It's not popping up anywhere, and you can't find the "Download Now" prompt. All you see is her question: "Do you think I should leave the blue streaks in?" Well, stop forwarding your attachments to your AOL account (or Hotmail, or Yahoo, etc.) There is an FTP program that can save you! Here are the easy steps you must take in order to access your attachments through Barnix.

Open the email with the attachment.

Press the "V" key—this allows you to view the parts of the message in file form, usually it is a text file (which is the part you see) and the attached file can be any other type of file.

Next, highlight the attachment file, which is in the format "filename.xxx" (a picture file usually ends in .gif or .jpg), and press the "S" key.

The system will then ask you to copy attachment to file in home directory. At this point you can rename the file, or just press enter. The file will now be saved to your Barnix account.

But now, how do you finally get to see this file?

Open up your FTP program—many Barnard students have WS_FTP LE, which is available on the Residential Computing Webpage: <http://www.barnard.edu/at/resnet>.

Make sure that you are connected to Barnix in WS_FTP. If you don't have Barnix as a connection option, you can create a new connection profile—Barnix's host address is mail.barnard.columbia.edu. Enter your user name and password when prompted.

You will be logged into your Barnix account, so scroll down until you find your file. Highlight it.

Next, press the "<" arrow key. This moves a copy of the file to the directory specified on the left hand side of the program, usually C:\. This directory can be changed for easy access to the file. Try C:\Windows\Desktop\ and the file will be placed onto your desktop.

You should hear an "electronic" noise that signals that the transfer is complete. Check your desktop (or whatever directory you specified)...You should have an attachment waiting for you!



Doris Miller

breaking down barriers

a profile in african-american history

by Julie Frye

There is something magical about Doris Logan Miller, the Assistant Director of College Activities at Barnard College. If you say hello to her, she will smile and touch your shoulder with a gentle hand—always. Singing when she talks, her light brown eyes are as soft as the melody in her voice. And her history is the story of the great woman that exists inside the everyday woman.

She was raised by her self-employed parents on two acres of farmland in the small town of Rutherfordton, North Carolina. In Rutherfordton, in the safety of her family farm, she decided she wanted to explore more of the world, but she was hardly aware of the obstacles an African American would face once she ventured beyond the farm.

Doris decided that New York City was the only suitable destination for a woman looking to discover the world. It was 1965, and what Miller discovered was that her new world would be filled with closed doors. "When I first came here it was very, very hard," she said, "I couldn't even buy a job." Miller explains that she wanted to be an office receptionist, but employment services couldn't put a black woman in a position that would be so visible. "Women of color weren't allowed to sit at a front desk," she said.

Disenchanted with what was supposedly the city of opportunity, Miller was overwhelmed with what she calls "bad times." But in 1970, when hopelessness was beginning to loom in the near future, Doris saw an ad in the *New York Times* for a position at Columbia University. She applied for the position, became a secretary for the African Institute. She truly believed that the discrimination, at least in the work place, would finally end. However, she soon faced a discrimination of a newer and, in many ways more upsetting, nature. The Africans involved with the institute wouldn't recognize African-Americans as substantial blacks. "I couldn't believe the differences in culture," Miller says. After confronting widespread discrimination, her notions of isolation were qualified by the discrimination of people with whom she thought she could finally identify.

In 1973, she changed positions, and began working in Columbia University's business office. Though her experiences were relatively peaceful, Miller explains that after six months she began to grow weary of the job because, "you couldn't see whether the

sun was shining or not." The confines of a business office were intolerable to a woman who had come to see the world.

Miller has a personality that is too dynamic to be unshared. She is an impenetrable source of comfort and whatever she has suffered has made her more understanding, and never bitter. So when Barnard College's Registrar's Office needed to employ someone who would become a friend to all students, Miller was recruited for the job. She became the Assistant to the Registrar, and really, the assistant to all students.

"When I first came to Barnard, it was so nice," Miller said. She was thrilled that there was "more unity now," and that people were "working together." The comfort she found at Barnard was symbolic of the way the city itself was becoming less daunting and oppressive. "Hey, Dr. King had paved the way," Miller said.

Miller had come to New York City to discover the world and that is exactly what she did. She discovered that there are obstacles and oppressions that a black woman must face that will never go away. She also discovered that there is hope and fulfillment for a black woman who is persistent and brave. "The doors are open now," Miller says. Yet, she is still weary of what today and the future both hold. She explains that she will never be viewed without her blackness and without her woman-ness, and it is because of this "double jeopardy" that she feels it is necessary for her to guide younger generations.

"It is because you are black that people will judge you by your appearance," she warns, "You must learn to speak up. If someone tells you no, you want to know why. Always get an answer and stop walking out."

Miller is a woman who takes off her glasses when she has something serious to say. Miller will hold a student's hand if she sees any sign of sadness in her face. She wants no barriers. Her entire life has been breaking down barriers.

Miller is a woman married for 40 years, who has two sons and three grandchildren and thousands of students. She isn't a professor or a dean, but she has a powerful sensitivity that enables her to serve the students with what they sometimes need most—her genuine care.

Julie Frye is a Barnard first-year and bulletin features editor.

artspicks

for the week of february 7

on campus

Showcase for the Performing Arts

Friday, Feb. 9, 7:30pm at
Roone Arledge Auditorium.
Tickets are \$3.

The Showcase for the Performing Arts is a collaboration between BCMT, BTE, CMTS, LateNite Theatre, Opera Ensemble, Orchesis, and a group of students who are seeking to bring the diverse and talented theatre community of Columbia University together.

theatre

Up Your Ass

Feb 7-25 at P.S. 122 (150
First Ave. at E. 9 St.) For info
call 447-5829 or visit
www.ps122.org

This is the premiere of the play written by Valerie Solanos. Solanos was made famous in the '60s after shooting Andy Warhol because he would not produce her play. Rent the film *I shot Andy Warhol* for more insight into Solanos' life.

going back in time... the movie-musical makes a comeback



By Renata Bystritsky

Your grandparents regard them as sweet, slightly corny bits of nostalgia for the innocent times of World War II. Your parents probably like them—if they were geeks in their youth. You probably don't even know why anyone ever made them.

They are movie musicals. Golden pieces of the past captured on film and recently spiced up with Technicolor. Counting among them are some fairly famous films—such as *The Sound of Music*, *My Fair Lady*, and *Wizard of Oz*. Most of us have heard of Judy Garland, Fred and Ginger, Gene Kelly and the like. We probably cannot fathom what it was like to have "I Get A Kick Out Of You" as the equivalent to "Bye Bye Bye." Or to judge a female actress not on her impressive breasts but on her impressive voice!

However, before we put the thirties on the shelf, like so much useless celluloid, let's take a look around. Movie musicals may have faded, but they have certainly not disappeared. In fact, recently, they have been making a comeback.

Until recently, the form of the movie musicals existed predominantly in children's movies. Disney, of course, had a song to accompany every major plot twist. And, a few years ago, when a non-

animated musical was made, it was also for children—*Newsies*.

Then, came *Evita*. The fact that it was an Oscar-winning movie, which starred Madonna, completely overshadowed the fact that it was a musical, start to finish. It was an adaptation of a Broadway show, with the big names of Andrew Lloyd Webber and Madonna to boost it up.

After that, movie musicals seemed to have been forgotten again. Until this year, when, somehow, movie musicals reappeared, all with real, established Hollywood actors such as Alicia Silverstone or George Clooney—or at least thoroughly billable names, like Bjork.

Early in 2000, well-known adapter of Shakespeare, Kenneth Branagh, came through with a movie version of *Love's Labour's Lost*. The film used Shakespeare's timeless dialogue, set the story in the '30s (on the eve of WW II), and produced it in the classic style of 30's musicals.

I thought it was absolutely lovely. Alicia Silverstone had never been anyone's idea of a Shakespearean actress, but her shortcomings are neatly masked by the utter proficiency of her (relatively unknown) costars. The soundtrack of the film is culled from real musicals of the era, and features songs by Irving Berlin, Jerome Kern and George Gershwin. It is a

faithful reproduction of the old musical style—the colors are bright, the dancing skirts are diaphanous and the dancing style is taken right out of our grandparents' favorite flicks. (There is even a synchronized swim scene!)

The movie contained a bit more sensuality that 30's musicals had, warranting it a PG rating, but even a little sexy gyrating to the tune of "Let's Face the Music and Dance" (a collage of which, of course, was splashed over the front of the videocassette) did not prevent many critics from turning up noses at it. Many complain that Branagh had no business setting Shakespeare to a form of film that has pretty much been dead for decades.

Then, there was the artsy film, *Dancer In The Dark*, starring Bjork, which, somehow, won the award for Best Film at the Cannes Film Festival. *Dancer* is the story of a Czech immigrant who is going blind, eking out a living in 1964, trying to save up enough money for a crucial operation for her son—and dreaming of the American musical. She fantasizes that her father is a Czech musical star and hears music in every bit of noise. Frequently, the washed-out colors of the movie give way to glorious jewel tones—which unfortunately set the viewer up for a disappointment. The songs, written and performed by Bjork, are ridiculous. Particularly flagrant are the song-and-dance bits that take place on death row.

One has to wonder what Joel Grey, a tried and true musical performer (who has a small tap-dancing cameo in the movie) thought of the whole thing. I thought it did to movie musicals what the DiCaprio-Danes version did to Romeo and Juliet—it showed how something beautiful can be played with and "innovated" until it becomes ludicrous and unappealing. The presence of Catherine Deneuve in this film, in a regrettably small role, only accentuates the talent, beauty and grace that the film's singing (if you care to call it that) lead sadly lacks. And yet, the critics ate it up, praising Bjork to the skies, despite her stilted delivery and unchanged face and manner, even as she goes from being a happy-go-lucky factory worker to an inadvertent murderess to a statistic.

The newest offering is from the Cohen

brothers, Joel and Ethan, who had previously brought the public such movies as *The Big Lebowski* and *Fargo*. This is *O Brother, Where Art Thou?*, and while it isn't a musical in the truest sense of the word, it does document the trials of three escaped convicts who, improbably, go on to become a singing sensation called "The Soggy Bottom Boys." The movie takes place in post-Depression-era South and stars George Clooney, Tim Blake Nelson and John Turturro as the prison farm escapees.

The story (according to pre-movie credits) is based on Homer's *Odyssey*. Its soundtrack is comprised entirely of country-n-western tunes (surprisingly well chosen). It is classified as a musical, and does contain some rather nice musical numbers, such as the seductive lullaby sung by three Sirens and the gospel choir tune, performed during a beautifully shot baptismal ceremony. There were also moments that one could never have envisioned as musical-number-worthy—such as the Ku Klux Klan ceremony—set into a number that was reminiscent of a very professional marching band.

While Clooney's performance disappointed me, Turturro and Nelson both give truly funny performances as wistful convicts who are a bit slow on the uptake, but good guys nonetheless. So far, critics seem to like *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* It is not a film made in the classic style of the movie musical, nor is it a purposely artsy piece like *Dancer In The Dark*.

If musical genre ever makes a major comeback, it will have to undergo a massive makeover—in then golden age, being an actor and a singer was nearly synonymous, which forced these performers to perfect both aspects of the profession. These days, a famous actress (regardless of lack of talent) can cut a record and a popular singer can decide to become an actress with no aptitude whatsoever for acting.

Musicals would have to be adjusted to have less singing, dancing and acting, in order to cover up its stars' shortcomings or a new crop of triple threat actors will have to emerge.

Renata Bystritsky is a Barnard sophomore and bulletin columnist.

artspicks

...continued

art

Van Gogh's Postman: The Portraits of Joseph Roulin

Feb 1-May 15 at The Museum of Modern Art (11 W. 53 St. between 5 Ave. and 6 Ave.)

MOMA is featuring some of the most famous of Vincent Van Gogh's work featuring Joseph Roulin, a postman. As MOMA states the "five paintings and two drawings reveal van Gogh's deep feelings for his friend and protector."

dance

Dayton Contemporary Dance Company

Sunday, Feb. 11 at 3pm, at Aaron Davis Hall (w. 135 st. and Convent Ave.) Tickets are \$10

This contemporary dance company is known for its repertoire of African American dance pieces. The performance includes a new work by Ronald K. Brown and Donald McKayle entitled *Children of the Passage*.

not a year spent in art school

outsider art fairs offer a chance at affordable diversity

By Annarose Fitzgerald

I first thought an outsider art fair in Soho would be rather small; when you have the Met and the Guggenheim at your fingertips, not to mention the endless list of other museums in New York, why would you bother with anything else?

However, when I walked up the steps of the Puck Building on Lafayette and Houston, I found myself at the end of a long line of art collectors who knew that life does not begin and end with Picasso and Van Gogh.

The phrase "outsider art" refers to the works of untrained artists who are self taught, meaning that they have not taken many studio art classes. Its prominence and popularity has grown tremendously over the past few years; this fair has been held annually since 1993. Caroline Kerrigan, who started the fair along with Colin Smith, was working on her thesis in Southern folk art when she and Smith decided to start the Outsider Art Fair. Outsider art

galleries from all over the country have chosen the New York fair as the ideal place to show and sell their works. Will Odom, a representative of the Judy A.

Saslow Gallery in Chicago, says that the gallery representatives have been bringing their work to New York for three to four years and have not exhibited in many places elsewhere. "We do

very well here," says Odom. "We sell a lot of our work." The Saslow Gallery has mainly European works on paper; as well work made with recycled objects—I had my eye on a purse made entirely of bottle caps.

What I loved most about the exhibit was the vast diversity in the times and styles of the works. One cubicle was completely filled to the ceiling with oil paintings of beautiful landscapes that invoked (but in no way imitated) the Impressionist works of

Monet. When you turned a corner, you would find a table full of faces made out of large paintbrushes. The next room would yield a new surprise, whether it was the vibrant and chaotic mass of yarn and Butterfinger wrappers of Judith Scott's "year 2000" piece, or the order and symmetry found in an untitled 1938 oil on linen work by Augustin Lesage. "It's a really great place too see lots of different art—just about all of the really big people from all over come here," remarked Berkeley gallery representative Karen Frerichs.

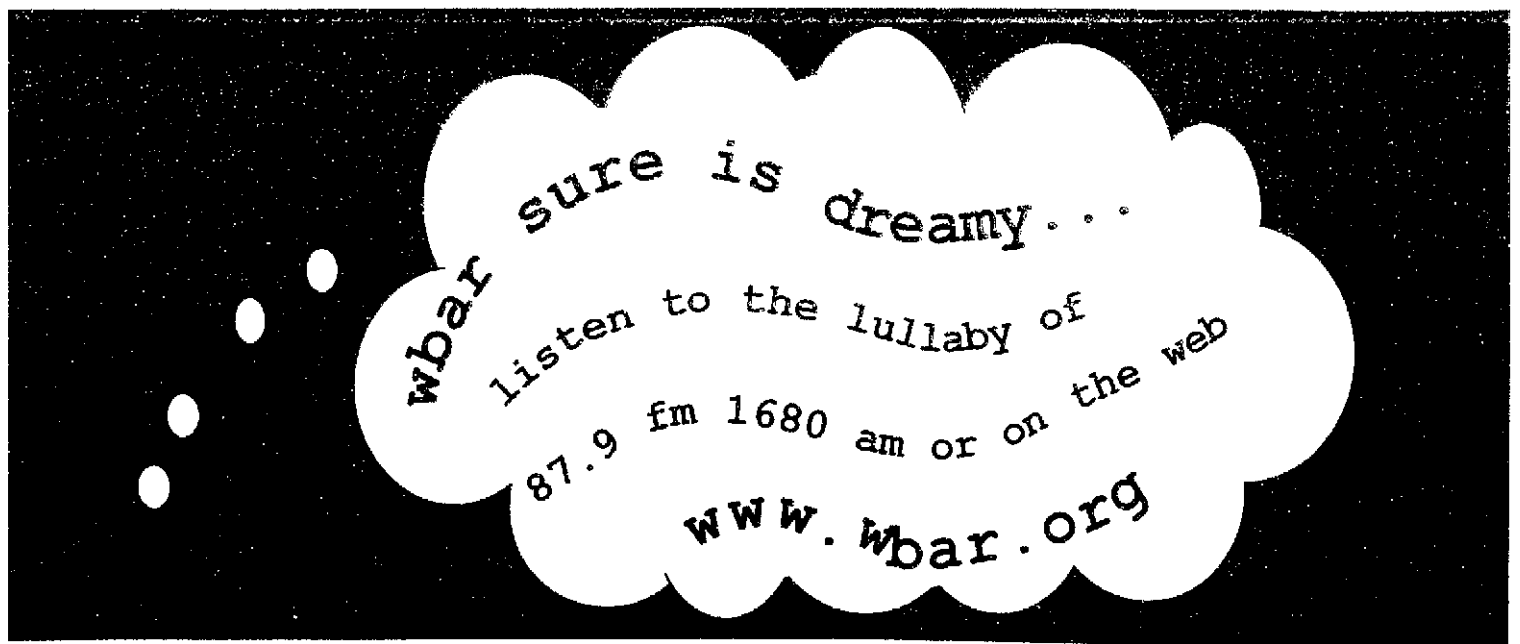
Frerichs' statement is definitely true; if you want to see a wide variety of famous outsider artists, the annual weekend-long Outsider Art Fair is definitely the place

to go. Even if you're not a follower of outsider art, there are so many different types of artwork that you'll be sure to find many things that grab your attention.

Annarose Fitzgerald is a Barnard first-year.

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BARNARD COLLEGE ACTIVITIES presents

The McINTOSH MURAL CONTEST

**Leave your mark at Barnard!
...On the walls of McIntosh!**

Current Barnard students may submit a design and/or a concept:

A design is an actual sketch of your ideal mural.

A concept is a written description of your ideal mural.

**** Themes should include but is not limited to issues of multiculturalism, Barnard life, New York City, or the spirit of Barnard.**

Mural will be placed on the stretch of wall in Lower Level McIntosh that measures approximately: 23 Feet in length and 7 Feet in height.

**Applications will be accepted by the College Activities Office
Due February 26, 2001**

The College Activities Office will judge the design based on the following criteria:

- (a) Reflection of the Barnard College community**
- (b) Creativity**
- (c) Aesthetics/ Presentation**
- (d) Inclusivity of the Barnard community**

The College Activities Office will contact mural contest winners by March 1, 2001.

Winner receives a \$200 gift certificate to Pearl Paint.

music picks

for the week of February 7

February 7

BeatleJazz: Music of John Lennon and Paul McCartney
At Birdland (315 W. 44 St.)
For more info, call (212) 581-3080

Like jazz? Love the Beatles? Now you can have a little bit of both. "Penny Lane," "Imagine," "Revolver"—who knows what they will sound like with sax instead of guitars? Find out for yourself and don't forget your blue glasses.

February 8

Meat Puppets
At Maxwell's (1039 Washington, Hoboken, NJ) For more info, call (201) 653-1703

The celebrated Meat Puppets are back, minus one half of the sibling duo. Cris Kirkwood's departure from the band has left brother Curt to regroup with some new friends from low places; even without him, this seminal group still puts on a great show.

February 9

Face To Face
At Roseland Ballroom (239 W. 52 St.) For more info, call (212) 245-5761

Label-switching, lineup-shifting punk group plans on taking over the city with their California sound. H2O and Snapcase join the party, and these guys plan a show that comes as quickly as their annual album releases.

broadway star



Renata Bystritsky

adam pascal,

Broadway in '96, becoming a huge success almost immediately. It seemed to set to music all that we love about NYC—its loudness, its diversity and its desperate passion for life. One of the original leading cast members of *Rent* was a young, completely unknown musician named Adam Pascal.

Prior to taking the part in *Rent*, Pascal had played in a band called Mute (according to

By Renata Bystritsky

some sources, they had cut an album with a very minor label; these days, a Mute album is something that, in circles of "Adamites" is referred to as something akin to a tooth of Buddha). After a stretch of Broadway, singing the role of Roger Davis, Pascal relocated to London, where a new production of *Rent* was being launched. From there, he returned to the States.

On Friday night, January 26, it seemed like an awfully large chunk of the Columbia University population was gathered in the Boone Artledge Auditorium. A closer glance at the excited crowd revealed that an impressive portion was comprised of out-of-towners, many of whom did not know any Columbia students and had trekked here from all over the tri-state area (and beyond).

Born on Long Island (in the same neighborhood as one of his *Rent* co-stars, Idina Menzel), Pascal doesn't seem to stray very far away from New York City. After leaving the London production of *Rent*, he played gigs with a newly formed band (named, enigmatically, "The Adam Pascal Band") all over the tri-state area, frequenting high school gyms, college auditoriums and the Wetlands. Then, just recently, he took the male romantic lead in Elton John's new musical, *Aida*.

Why? Simple. Adam Pascal was giving a free concert at Columbia University.

Adam Pascal is not exactly what you would term a rock star. Nor is he a performer that one would characterize as a Broadway singer. Nevertheless, he is both.

Most of us New York residents (even those who fly home on school holidays) are aware of the musical *Rent*, a loud, passionate rock opera about a group of friends living in New York City at the end of the millennium, living, loving and—invariably—dying. Its creator, Jonathan Larson, died of a neural aneurysm on the day that it was first performed at the New York City Theatre Workshop. *Rent* came to

During all this time, Adam Pascal has been steadily building a fan base that seems to rival that of Ricky Martin. There are two message boards dedicated to him on the Internet. There are tribute pages to him. There is an unofficial fan club called ALA (Adam Lovers Anonymous). All over America, people (in particular, young females) are keep-

or rock god?

eyes closed, keeps them questioning

ing tabs on Pascal's work. And—let's face it—it isn't just his vocal prowess that keeps them riveted. Posts like "God, he is hot!" or "Is he REALLY married?" (he is, and wears the wedding band to prove it) are not uncommon on Adam-related discussion forums. There is an entire website dedicated to the significance of the tattoo on his right bicep (a Celtic loveknot, the design of which is embossed on his new disc).

Pascal's debut release, *Model Prisoner* (amply promoted during his concert), distributed by Sh-K-Boom records, has not been seen in most record stores. It is sold mainly online, to the legions of fans that subscribe to a newsletter that tells of his whereabouts. On Monday, January 22, these fans received an e-mail announcing his upcoming free concert at Columbia University.

Fans arrived from other schools, other towns and other states. The lucky ones paid their Columbia buddies a rather sudden visit. The not-so-lucky ones braved the unfamiliar subways and streets, and found it all worth it.

'Rentheads' from all over the city came to Columbia, boasting plastic pants and wildly painted hair. A contingent of high school students from Brooklyn came, wearing their shortest skirts and highest heels. Even a few would-be singers came, hoping to get a chance to talk to a representative from the small, alternative record label.

Kelly Hass, a fan from Maryland said, "Well, of

course I came! I drove like a bat out of hell and I almost got lost, but I had to come and see my Adam." She giggled self-consciously, but didn't take back the possessive pronoun.

She (or the others) didn't get to see her Adam until about an hour after the show had begun, at 10:30. The opening band was 28 Orange Street, a folk band from LA, with a tight, professional sound, a diverse repertoire of songs and plenty of funny patter between songs. "It sucks being an opening band," the lead singer (also named Adam) said, then proceeded to spoof "One Song, Glory," Pascal's famous aria from *Rent*. Problems with sound were jokingly attributed to the man of the evening as well, which only fed the frenzy of the fans. Several times, shrieks of "Adam!" were heard.

Finally, the opening band left. The staff members made <<next page>>



musicpicks

...continued

february 10

Loser's Lounge Tribute to Roxy Music

At Westbeth Theater Center (151 Bank St.)

For more info, call (212) 741-0391

That fun loving spoof group is at it again, this time doing a hilarious send-up of '70s glam band, Roxy Music. They've done ABBA and Burt Bacharach with such crass style, you wouldn't want to miss this latest revue of the sparkling seventies.

february 11

Talib Kweli

At S.O.B.'s (204 Varick)

For more info, call (212) 243-4940

This Black Star member has gone solo for the time being, delivering the goods without all the hype. Reflection Eternal shows the talent of this underrated rap virtuosity, and his live performance should be even brighter.

february 14

Hot 97 One Night Stand feat. Ludacris and Mya

At Hammerstein Ballroom (311 W. 34 St.)

For more info, call (212) 564-4882

Who said V-day was about love? It's all about the things that come after the dinner and movie—and if you think of it like that, then this is where you need to be on the big day. Who needs a boyfriend when you've got sweaty men and bouncing girls packed next to you?

adam pascal rocks out in lerner, continued

<<previous page>> sure the stage was set up for the main act and out came a group of men. Even before the lights came on, the screaming began. When the spotlight focused on him, shaggy-haired, lightly bearded, wearing a sleeveless U2 T-shirt (the better to show off the famed tattoo), Pascal's name was on the lips of dozens of girls (and some guys, as well); someone actually yelled out "Take it off!" He did not oblige, launching, instead, into a brand new, hitherto unheard song.

Pascal has explained in an interview that is posted on his official site (www.adampascal.net) that he chose Sh-K-Boom over a bigger record company because they do not dictate the sort of music he plays. He cannot be neatly pigeonholed into any particular category. His music sounds like heavy rock one moment, thought-provoking alternative the next, nearly weepy the next. He writes his own music and lyrics; many of his pieces are love songs.

Although many critics have lambasted Pascal's performance in *Rent* and *Aida*, saying that he "shrieked" in the former, and "was hopelessly miscast" in the latter, he sounded absolutely fabulous at his concert, despite his claims to being sick. Even better in live performance than on his album or

either of his cast recordings, he pulled out the falsetto high notes with hardly any visible effort and slammed the hard vocals into the microphone without a trace of a vibrato wobble. If he is not a born performer, then he is flawlessly made. The energy level on that stage went through the roof, as Pascal jumped around the stage, jamming with his guitarists and making various gestures.

True to rumor, Pascal does keep his eyes closed during much of the time that he sings. He opened them, periodically, of course, and exchanged winks and cocky grins with his band members. At one point, he pulled out a harmonica and played it, to a deafening chorus of delighted shrieks. Like any good singer, Pascal seems to feed off the fervor of his audience. When someone screamed "I love you!" in the beginning of the concert, he smiled into the audience and said, "Thank you, sweetheart. I love you, too."

Of course, you can take the boy out of New York, but you can't take the New York out of the boy (and the boy is still in New York, anyway). Not all of his exchanges with the audience were quite that wholesome. At one point, when he had slightly fumbled a vocal (inserting a self-mocking "Told you I

was sick" between sung lines), and received a screaming ovation anyway, he shrugged and swigged water from a handy bottle. "Aww, you guys are so forgiving, thank you! Just for that, I am gonna show you a little something," he joked, then fumbled with his fly. (No. He did not show that. And a disappointed groan seemed to rise from the gyrating masses.)

Pascal showcased a lot of his new material, whetting the appetites of many. However, towards the end of the night, when a shouted request to sing "One Song, Glory" came from the audience, he shook his head firmly. "Uh-uh, not here, baby," he tossed back. Years after his last appearance in any production of *Rent*, after a new band, a new musical, and a new CD, one cannot blame Adam Pascal for not wanting to be 'Roger' anymore.

I suppose his adoring public will just have to take Adam as Adam from now on. The good news is this: the tragically cool 'Roger' has got nothing on this guy. Adam Pascal is talented, dynamic... and thankfully, wired.

For more information, check out his website, www.adampascal.net.

Renata Bystritsky is Barnard sophomore and a bulletin staff writer.

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ready, set, luna!

luna rocks the village underground

by Steffi Fahrion

The unmotivated, early-Saturday-evening-atmosphere that prevailed in my dorm room shortly before I left in a forgetful haste to see the indie-rock band Luna at the Village Underground definitely did not foreshadow the fame-filled, emotionally eclectic, and directionally diverse evening that two of my friends and I were about to have. Nor did the unwieldy subway ride, plagued by overfilled bladders and a general angst due to our late start, hint at the fact that we would be climbing up a narrow, shaky set of stairs in the Village Underground to hang out with Dean Wareham (vocals, guitar), Britta Phillips (vocals, bass), Sean Eden (guitar), Lee Wall (percussion), and friends in a plushy, smoky, scarlet colored room. But as those evenings with the lazy, mundane beginnings have the potential to become spontaneously exciting, our descent into the "underground" to listen to a band largely influenced by the Velvet Underground, turned into a musical mélange followed by rock star elitism and pretense.

The positive mood that Luna's guest musician John Wolfington set with a romantic and smoothly executed solo performance remained throughout Luna's first few songs, including the second, more mellow "Sideshow by the Seas," which is dominated by a whiny, somewhat cerie sounding, electric guitar jam. This positive mood reached many climactic bursting points as the obviously Velvet Underground-friendly audience picked up Luna's dynamic sound that ranges from full-sounding, perfectly executed hits like "California" to overtly sad songs such as "Bewitched" (both from *Bewitched*, 1994) to edgy, guitar dominated pieces like "Seven Steps to Satan" (from *The Days of our Nights*, 1999), in which reviewers never fail to compare Wareham's steady voice with the drone of Lou Reed.

Early highlights of the show definitely included the cleverly interwoven trumpet solo by David Lee towards the end of "Sideshow by the Seashore" (*Bewitched*) and Britta Phillips' soft yet melodious back-up singing during "Lost in Space" and "Chinatown" (from *Penthouse*, 1995), which gives us a greater sense of Luna as an indie rock rather than a classic rock band.

About halfway into the show, as Luna plunged into new material off of their latest album, *The Days of our Nights*, the

courtesy of Marko Thiele



music became rocky and the crowd more somber. (Around this time my friend's jet-black wig had also attracted a sailor who, unfortunately, disturbed our meditative White Light, White Heat experience. But then, fortunately, he invited us to join his interview of Luna after the show—apparently he and Wareham were "Harvard buddies.") The crowd was hereafter resuscitated with older, more well-known songs such as "Tiger Lily" (*Bewitched*) and "23 Minutes in Brussels" (*Penthouse*). These songs embody the typical inclusiveness that Luna is so good at—the careful blend of chorus, lyric, and backup; the mix of steady acoustic with discreet guitar tangents that leaves the listener asks for nothing more, nothing less. These songs were also an ample buildup for the last song of the encore entitled "Bonnie and Clyde" (*Bewitched*). This was somewhat atypical for Luna due to Wareham and Philip's changeover to French; however, the slightly sing-song

dialogue en français, accompanied by a dreamy yet constant rhythm, makes an energetic and simply marvelous song.

While the end of Luna's well-rounded show would have made us reluctant to succumb back to the cold streets of Greenwich Village, our adventure continued in the previously mentioned "lounge" with a group of strangers whose conversations ranged from crocodile-leather <<page 23>>

math and science rediscovers the '80s

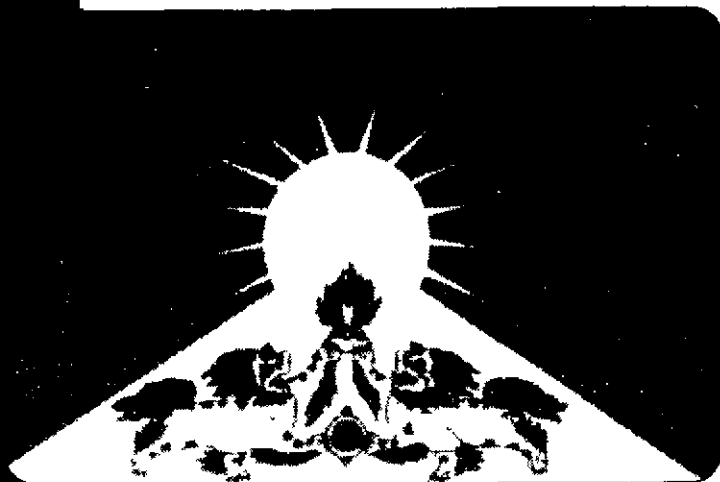
So John Wolf isn't exactly the model of the '80s upbeat music that was dominated by bands like the Bangles, the Go-Go's, and the B-52's. Yet he mimics the happy-go-lucky sound in his debut album *Math and Science*. The distinguishing factor between the music of John Wolf and the '80s hits, however, are the twist of harsh realities that remind us that we are not in our childhood years anymore.

Wolf explores a wide array of emotions throughout *Math and Science*. Songs like "She Left Me" wallow in the pain of breakup and loss, while "Disguise" provides a self-empowering turnaround from deceitfulness within a relationship. But don't think that this album completely alters a happy sound with painful thoughts; it definitely has its life-loving side as well. "Eternity" praises the love that can be found in a relationship, and "Cool Me Down" finds comfort in a special person.

Originally from Indiana, Wolf is now pursuing his musical career in Los Angeles, California. By high school, he had learned to play the drums, guitar, and bass. Now he is using his extensive instrumental talents to create all of his music. With some help from friend, P.J. Olsson, Wolf played all the instruments himself for this album and then looped them together.

This talented artist exudes a lighthearted sound that can be both seriously introspective and playfully amusing. The tunes of *Math and Science* will run through your head all day and leave you feeling joyful and even refreshed. If you would like to see what Wolf has to offer, his debut album will be released on March 6, when *Math and Science* will no longer be considered subjects that students dread.

—Jessica Corn



free tibet: a concert with a conscience

Yes, I know you were expecting the usual CD review in this space, and I'm sorry to say that this isn't a new album. What this is, however, is something much more rewarding than a disk that will ultimately get scratched, get lost, or get tossed into the trash bin. On Monday, February 26, Tibet House U.S. will be having its 11th Annual Benefit Concert at Carnegie Hall. While the prices are a bit steep for the college gal on a budget (tickets range from \$30 - \$80), wouldn't you rather spend it on a great concert than, say, more books? Yes? That's what I thought.

Who will be present at this benefit concert? Certainly not bargain-basement musicians! This year's line-up features my personal rock god, David Bowie, the everloving Moby; good old Natalie Merchant, country music queen Emmylou Harris, rock music's poetess Patti Smith; devotional Sufi singer Rahat Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan; and more. There will even be Tibetan monks on hand, to help usher in the Tibetan New Year. The Tibet House Benefit Concert commemorates the Monlam Prayer Festival, Tibet's most popular event before it was cancelled by the Chinese government. Established in 1409 by Lama Jey Tsong Khapa in Lhasa, the capital city of Tibet, the festival drew vast numbers of monks, citizens, and pilgrims from all over the country to pray for world peace and prosperity.

I'm not one to spend money for anything, but this is definitely a concert, and a cause, that everyone should support. The Tibetans have been oppressed for too long, isn't it time that the Dalai Lama and his refugeeed people are able to go back to their homeland? Go to this concert if you can; visit the Tibet House Gallery on West 15 St. if you can't; donate money if you're kind.

Hope to see you there.—Om Shanti.

For tickets, call (212) 247-7800.

—Thea Tagle

Luna plays the village underground, continued

<<page 21>> designer boots to the impossibility of sporting the sleeveless turtleneck. What was I doing here? I asked myself as I continued to get more nervous about Luna's arrival. Wareham, who arrived first with an air of arrogant, rock-star superiority turned out to be less intimidating towards the end of our stay. However, his blunt, slightly sarcastic manner was enough to cause me to forget most of my intended questions.

While I did talk to him about his recent jury duty, his pre-Luna involvement in a band called Galaxie 500, and his favorite movie, Once Were Warriors, I decided to sit back and absorb the unfamiliar scene. I found it interesting that such a self-assured "rock star" would choose this movie, a tragic story

about a New Zealand family that gets pulled apart by violence and rape, as a favorite. However, the more I thought about it, the movie's message, which expresses a need for consciousness to overcome the sadness of everyday life, somehow reminded me of Luna's own pervasive sadness that is always overcome by a vocal variation or their rich, steady sound that contains an emptiness which touches rather than depresses. Luna is indeed a very conscious band, and Wareham—the creative force behind Luna—is a very conscious person.

Here it is only appropriate to think of them in light of the Velvet Underground, especially since a Luna review would be incomplete without mentioning the influence of the Velvet Under-

ground. It is apparent that Luna can sound like the VU (listen to "Lost in Space" and "Sweet Jane" for an example in a nutshell). But they also know that they have taken the VU's influence to create a sound that becomes more distinct with each album they create. This explains their current popularity in the music community, and their collaboration with Lou Reed himself and the 1993 European Tour on which they opened for Velvet Underground. Thinking about Wareham watching Once Were Warriors definitely put him into a more humane light, but I couldn't help but wonder if the edgy superstar cried during the movie... "Yes," he answered, "but only on my birthday."

Steffi Fahrion is a Barnard first-year.

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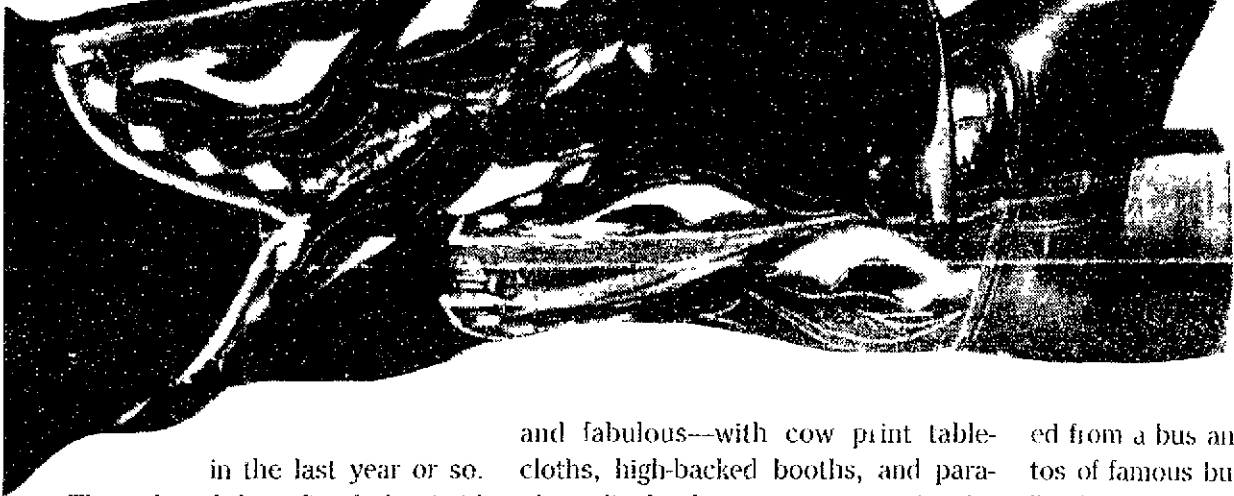
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country kickin'

doin' the western dive crawl in the nyc

by Brittany Reitherford

Western style country bars have infiltrated New York City nightlife, and with good reason. Where else could you find friends in low places ...where whiskey drowns and the beer chases (my blues away...)? And I'm not talking about establishments like those in the movie *Coyote Ugly* where hot female bartenders stand on the bartop and shake their tits and rumps while singing catchy country tunes for the customers. No—at true country bars, the customers join in too. People are drawn to country western bars because of their reputations for helping people let loose that pure and unadulterated trashy side that gives credence to life—and besides that, makes for great memories. This element of trash is the precise reason that country music as both a musical genre and a fashion trend has become increasingly popular



in the last year or so. The rich and the refined, the timid and the trendy, have all become part of the masses who are just craving a justification for their desire to act a little extra wild. As a result, the country western style has become very fashionable.

And it's about time. So let us explore the possibilities that abound in the city for a night of country western fun. I will rate them on a trash scale from one to

five: one being the trashiest and just downright dirty and five being merely trendy trash. Three favorites that I have discovered are The Cowgirl Hall of Fame at 519 Hudson, The Rodeo Bar and Grill at 375 Third Avenue (at 27 St.), and Doc Holiday's, at 141 Avenue A (bet. 9 St. and 10 St.)—and they are all of varying degrees of trashiness.

So we begin with The Cowgirl Hall of Fame. This honky tonk restaurant and bar was created for those with either an insatiable appetite for home cooking with a kick, and/or for those not willing to delve into the trashiest of country bars (at least not yet). And for this reason. I rate this country joint a 5—trendy trash. While the prices are somewhat high, The Cowgirl Hall of Fame is worth the experience, especially for large groups of friends. The décor in and of itself is flashy

and fabulous—with cow print tablecloths, high-backed booths, and paraphernalia that boasts events starring the infamous mechanical bull. Due to the fact that this place is a little more pricey and serves meals, the crowd tends to be mid-late twenties, hip, and dressed for a wild night in the Village. Obviously, this place is merely a starting point for many who by the end of the night will find themselves (not unlike us) in the trashiest of joints.

After a sumptuous meal of chicken fried steak (or perhaps macaroni and cheese for the vegetarians), and a pitcher of dangerously tasty mango margaritas, we can move on in our journey to find the trashiest of country theme bars. The Rodeo Bar and Grill is a mere saunter away and those who can appreciate country music will find this place very much to their taste. It is surprisingly large, with two separate spacious rooms, a few different levels, and at least two bars. Dinner is also served here, but by the time we arrived, they were no

longer serving (and besides, we were more interested in quenching our thirst), so I am unable to rate the quality of food. Overall however, The Rodeo Bar and Grill deserves a trash rating of 3. The peanut shells that crunch as you walk (or boot-scoot-n-boogie) on the floor along with the fact that beers on tap are served in plastic cups definitely add to the aura of being at a barn hoe-down. There is even an expansive bar convert-

ed from a bus and decorated with photos of famous bull riders and cowboys. Drinks are pretty average in price for downtown, but the peanuts are free. The best part of this place by far is the live country and rock bands that play almost every night of the week, providing lively music for some booty shaking.

Since the live bands cannot play all night long, the end of a set generally means moving on to something even more trashy—and this <<page 26>>

country thinkin'

finding a fit for your ten-gallon head

Lauren Webster

Last summer I was sitting in Beef Burger in my hometown of Greensboro, North Carolina (a.k.a. North Kakalaka) listening to a friend of mine tell me why I am not southern. It is true that I order Diet Coke, not sweet tea, in restaurants. It's true that I drive a Mitsubishi, not a Ford truck. Despite these inconsistencies, I do have a slight southern drawl, my father plays the fiddle, and I have ties to one of those famed small southern towns. None of these qualities I found the least bit interesting until I came to New York City and to Barnard. Living in such a diverse community, I found myself clinging to my southern roots. And this newfound awareness of my history sent me on a most challenging quest: finding a cowboy hat in the big city.

When I think about my home in the south and what I miss about it, I think of late nights in a 24 hour diner, eating greasy waffles, hash browns, and grits. I also remember the unnecessary friendliness of those around me, especially the ones I do not know. Here, you may get a "thank you" at the cash register but back home, you often get a "thank you, hope you have a wonderful day and come back and visit us real soon." I guess everyone feels a certain comfort with the place where they grew up and after living in the city for a while I have really begun to crave some of the simplest things that I took for granted at home.

My quest began towards the end of

winter break when I was sitting in my living room watching *Urban Cowboy* on VH1. Seeing John Travolta parading around in his southern getup, I was

struck with a funny notion. Words from a Van Morrison song came to mind: "gonna put on my hat and hot pants and promenade down funky Broadway till the cows come home" I really wanted to do that! I wanted to wander down Broadway in a beautiful, sleek hat like the one that was sitting on Travolta's mechanical bull riding-head. Now I know that there were never really cowboys in North Carolina and to be perfectly honest, you will not see that many cowboy hats in Greensboro. I fully realize that my wish for such an accessory is totally not based in reality. But a cowboy hat is a symbol of southern culture and I like the images it conjures up.

I called up my friend, Emily, and we drove out of Greensboro to a horse-riding store. It was obvious that we were city slickers and had no idea what to

do. We found ourselves surrounded by boots, shirts, and even those big brass belt buckles. All the hats were crammed into a corner and trying not to draw attention to myself, I proceeded to try them on. I had no luck. They were either too big or too little.

I decided to just wait until I got back to school. "It's New York City, of course I can find one there," I said as we left the store.

So as soon as I was settled into my dorm room I set out to find what I so desired. Being pressed for time, I decided to look for a store through the Internet. I searched night and day to no avail. There were plenty of stores located in Dallas, TX, but none in New York. I did find a place that sold boots but I was not going to settle for anything but a cowboy hat. I needed one that would be simple and poignant. Something that people on the subway would look at, not stare at. So my next step after finding nothing online was to hit the streets. Needless to say I had just started my classes and did not have much time for this. I wandered through the village and even around midtown but I still had no luck. If I were searching for a leopard print hat, I would have had no trouble. But all I wanted was a neutral colored straw one. Just as I was about to give up I finally found one at the Hat Shop at 120 Thompson Street.

It was great—just a simple straw hat. But this is where the price tag comes into play. Cowboy hats are actually made with great craftsmanship and can range from \$30 to \$150. This one cost a little too much. I decided that I could not pay \$150 for a hat until I owned a horse and <<page 26>>

<<page 24>> is the part of the evening when one can justifiably delve into the downright dirty. And so for \$2.00 cans of Pabst, a bitchy bartender, and a jukebox filled with classic country tunes, Doc Holidays is the place to go—a definite 1 on the trashy scale. This East Village establishment is home to many regulars of varying ages and states of sobriety, as well as a lone pool table and a whole plethora of broken pool sticks. But make sure to watch out for crazy old ladies with an attitude and a flare for picking fights!

I hope that by now y'all are "ready to run" out and experience for yourselves what happens when country comes to town. And I have no doubt that if you do, you will come back singing along with the wise lyrics of one of my favorite country stars Dwight Yoakum, "Well, I'm back again for another night . . . this old honky-tonk sure does feel like home and the music with the laughter seem to soothe my loneliness. Turn it on, turn it up, turn me loose..."

Doc Holiday's 141 Avenue A (bet. 9th and 10th), 979-0323.
Rodeo Bar and Grill 375 Third Avenue (at 27th), 683-6500.
Cowgirl Hall of Fame 519 Hudson, 633-1133.

Brittany Reitherford is a Barnard senior

<<page 25>> was a certified cowgirl (which of course would never happen). So this hat was out.

While my search has not lead to a purchase, I have learned a great deal about the pseudo-southern culture in this city. For example, there is a big restaurant called Dallas Barbecue on 43rd street. While the food is OK, it is most definitely the Hard Rock Café of barbecue restaurants and lacks authenticity. Back home there is Staimy's Barbecue with its fabulous collection of pig memorabilia and classic looking diner-type waitresses. There are also eating establishments like Yum-Yum's where one can buy a hotdog "all the way" for only a \$1.50 and sit in the 70's orange booths, drinking bottle cokes. I do not even want to know how much I am paying for the cheese-less tofu pizza I eat daily in Hewitt. So my advice to those that miss their homes below the Mason Dixon line is to head uptown to restaurants like Miss Mamie's Spoonbread 2 at 110 Street and Cathedral Parkway and Krispy Kreme Doughnuts at 280 125 Street (hey—it started in North Carolina!). As for the cowboy hat, I am still pretty luckless but am consoled by my ever-growing collection of Patsy Cline and Johnny Cash.

Lauren Webster is a Barnard first-year and the bulletin arts editor.

mechanical bull? we don't need no
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letters to the editor

students respond to rap viewpoints

Dear Bulletin staff and readers:

If I had only been exposed to the same kind of rap that Alison Wayne and the curiously anonymous writer have, I would have written the same kind of shallow, unfounded point-counterpoint of rap that appeared in *bulletin's* January 31st issue too. Unfortunately, these two writers misrepresented the breadth of what rap has to offer, and in so doing, stereotyped a very important American music into club mix oblivion.

Rap, in fact, is much more than Jay Z and Eminem. It is actually a constantly evolving amalgamation of artists. Contrary to what one would

believe from the content of the uninformed authors of these articles, rap artists come in many different shapes, colors, and sizes, and strain to express a myriad of experiences. Misogynist? The Roots created Black Lilly, a weekly night that showcased female poets and blossoming emcees at the Wetlands all last year. Racist? The Black Eyed Peas are a great west coast group with a rainbow of colors in its cast. Only good for dancing? I challenge you to even attempt to put your brain around some of underground hip hop's most promising young artists' lyrics: Aesop Rock, Atmosphere, J-Live. Their work challenges me more and proves to be

more thought-provoking than most of the texts I have read at this college.

These are just a few examples. Discussing the value of Eminem, Jay Z and Will Smith, and then calling it a legitimate debate over rap, is equivalent to saying you are going to evaluate the importance of female vocalists throughout history based on the career of Brittany Spears and Celine Dion. Next time you advertise your strong opinions on something, first do the math (and for God's sake, be proud enough of your own voice to publish your real name.)

Courtney E. Martin, Class of 2002

To the Editor:

"Is rap crap?" A trite question answered by two equally poorly informed opinions in the January 31st edition of the *barnard bulletin*. The ultra-sensitive writer of the "Turn it off!" response makes sweeping negative statements that throb under the weight of cliches, misconceptions, and pure ignorance. Apparently, the writer doesn't even know rap when she hears it—since she refers to R&B/pop singing group Destiny's Child as a rap group. That alone undercuts any argument she might make.

The second response, "Don't Constrain Artist Creativity", is only slightly better informed. Ms. Wayne allows that, "There is a needed clari-

fication within the genre of rap. There is 'hard-core' rap, and then there is Will Smith." Rap, and the world of hip hop that encapsulates it, is not so neatly cleaved. There are innumerable types of rap—East and West Coasts, Dirty South, Spiritual, Conscious, Old School, International, etc.—and any intelligent attack or defense of rap should at least be informed by knowledge of the spectrum of the hip hop world. Hip hop, as it has moved into the mainstream, has become 'pop hop' and it seems that most people feel that a radio gives them access to the breadth and depth of the culture.

Is rap crap? How can one evaluate an entire genre of music and the culture that necessarily accompanies it? And do we ask the same silly ques-

tion about jazz or rock or classical music? Rap was borne of, and continues to be overwhelmingly peopled by, some of the most marginalized and poorly understood members of society—young, black and brown men from the underclass. (And yes, I have looked at Eminem lately. And yes, I stand by my statement.)

In such a context, it is not at all surprising that popular conversations about rap continue to be misinformed, weakly argued and superficial. Rap began as the 'soul music' of a people. How unfortunate that as it has gained in popularity and profitability, consumerism has replaced respect and thorough understanding.

Alexis Johnson, Class of 2003

got a comment? we want to hear it.
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Renata's rambblings



I hate fashion magazines. And it's not just because splashed all over them are gorgeous, skinny models who actually look good when they pout (instead of looking like they just came back from a root canal and their lip is still numbed—as I do when I try to pull a “sexyface”). It's because those lousy sumbitches do their best to lull me into a false sense of originality!

I mean, what do you think I do when I see a neon pink and green headline, that promises to make me a “cool, independent chica who is not afraid to stray from the pack” (that was in my horoscope once). Heck, if those people are bold enough to combine those two hideous colors, then they must know how to be independent and unique. And “sexy chicas”, whatever that means. So, they must know the exact combination of cool, funky clothes that will make you look good and unusual.

I mean, really, who would think to wear a turtleneck under a torn T-shirt, right? And yet, there's the model in the magazine, grinning cheekily at the camera, looking awesome as can be in something that, a week ago, I saw a homeless person drop into a trash can. Well, what do I know, a mere mortal who is ill at ease when confronted with anything other than basic black? I guess it's one of those outfits that strangers will enviously look at and wish they had thought of wearing it first. At least, that's what the damned rag promises.

So, what do you do? Naturally, you find a turtleneck that doesn't bunch up and make you look fat, you ruin

three perfectly wearable T-shirts, trying to figure out how to rip it juuuuuust right, and you pair it up with a pair of stylishly decrepit jeans that have attained that ultra-desirable condition of damaged-but-decent.

And the day you wear this outfit, this jewel of originality that some fashion editor probably lost a few night's sleep over (yeah, right), you discover that you aren't that original after all, because at least two other girls in your class are dressed in a similarly mangled T-shirt over a turtleneck. And one of them has actually got jeans that are even more beaten up than yours.

Where, I ask you, is the justice?

Remember last year, when boots with long skirts were coming back into style? Sure, we would probably gag at the look in 1997, and say that our mothers wore this stuff, but as soon as the fashionistas who run the magazines proclaimed it in vogue, the stores were suddenly filled with 80's-wear. And remember how cool you felt when you donned a sophisticated, dark gray A-line with a pair of killer platform-heeled boots that a dominatrix would kill for? Yeah, well, rejoice. About a million other girls shared in your elation—because she was wearing the same outfit!

God, I love it when the old TV shows dramatize wearing the same dress to the prom as someone else. They should check out today's young women. The harder you try to be original, the more likely it is that you'll end up in uniform.

Life is getting impossible. How can you possibly be unusual when everything that happens to be interesting and attractive gets snatched up by Cosmo and becomes a trend? How

are you supposed to compete with that 15-year-old who turns up at the West End wearing the exact same Victorian necklace you are? Sure, you found it at a forgotten flea market in Boston, but all of a sudden, your feeling of triumphant accomplishment at unearthing this little gem of an accessory is marred by the fact that carbon copies of it are being sold to the masses who shop at Claire's Place.

Are we reduced to being clones of one another? Maybe it's because I have spent the past twelve years of my life in New York, but almost nothing turns my head these days. I've seen it all. Wildly colored or teased hair? Yeah, REAL impressive. Please, I've got my own purple hair extensions—and I am generally considered a conservative-looking type.

I suppose the virtuous, socially acceptable way of thinking is: express yourself through venues that are not as superficial as clothes. But, dang it. . . there are times when I look at a girl who is wearing something completely weird, and pulling it off like a runway model. How does she do it? What does she have that a thousand others don't?

Maybe she doesn't read fashion mags.

Renata Bystritsky is a Barnard sophomore and bulletin columnist.

...the harder you try to be original, the more likely it is that you'll end up in uniform.

a call for federal voting standards

By *Charlotte Williams and Jessica Conn*

The presidential election of 2000 raised issues concerning the process that is used to elect federal officials. This was due to the fact that the margin of votes between the two candidates was extremely small and the margin of error in counting the ballots was extremely large. The main issue that was brought up dealt with the importance of the individual vote. Never before in an election was it necessary to tally each and every vote to determine the true majority. However, the most recent election clearly illustrated the flaws in our current election procedures for both the individual voter and the state as a whole.

The electoral college works on the premise of indirect representation of the people. Each state is allotted the combined number of their House and Senate representatives as their number of votes towards the candidate for president. Because of this system, the popular vote does not necessarily dictate the vote of the electoral college on a nationwide level. In the past there have been a few cases in which the winner of the electoral college does not carry the popular vote. These cases undermined the idea of a democracy. Nonetheless, the philosophy behind the electoral college maintains the purpose for separate state governments. In essence, each state votes for president, not each person. The individual influences the state's electoral college votes, and in this way affects the outcome of the election. If the nation were meant to be a true democracy, the state governments would have never been created in the first place.

This does not mean that the individual vote has no sway in the election of the president. In fact, the most recent election exhibits how important the indi-

vidual vote is. At one point, the margin between the two candidates, George W. Bush and Al Gore, was as few as 200 votes. This election brought to attention the counting procedures used in one particular state and how these procedures even

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differed by counties. The election also highlighted the importance role that mechanical errors played in determining the President. The machines that were used in the Florida counts caused a large margin of error based on "undervotes" as well as "overvotes." A ballot is considered to be an undervote if the hole is not completely formed by the machine. In most cases the machine is not able to detect undervotes. The phrase "undervotes" includes both those ballots that

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simply have indents and those that have a chad still attached to the ballot due to malfunction by the whole puncher. A ballot is an overvote if the holes next to more than one candidate have been punched out. These overvotes should be considered invalid, however, sometimes the machine picks up one of the candidates, and not the other, awarding a vote to a candidate improperly. At this point, only manual recounts are able to distinguish between these two types of ballots, creating a situation in which many peoples

votes are not accurately counted.

In the Supreme Court Case, *Bush v. Gore*, manual recounts in Florida were terminated due to the fact that equal protection was not being provided for voters in that state. However, if the machines are so ineffective, equal protection for voters is not being provided on a nationwide basis. To ensure that the voters have equal protection in the future, federal standards should be created. These must include a similar ballot that can be used in all parts of the country as well as machines that have a smaller margin of error in computation of votes. Such regulations would ensure that equal protection was being provided to each individual voter.

The concept of federal regulations implies that the State government is unable to create standards that are fair for the people. However, regulations in the election of the president are necessary because otherwise there can be assurance that the individual voters will have equal protection. The state has certain powers as an individual government; however, these cannot override the federal power in a case when the president is being elected. In essence a system without regulations allows certain states and certain individuals to have a greater or lesser

vote on a random basis. The United States is not a true democracy in any sense, yet there is a certain responsibility to the individual voters that must be upheld. If these issues are not addressed, this nation has no right to even claim that the people are the ones who dictate the government. On the contrary, the government is dictating to the people which individuals can and cannot have a vote.

Charlotte Williams and Jessica Conn are Barnard first-years.

how early is too early to tie the knot?

By K8 Torgovnick

When my best friend called and told me that she wanted to shave her head, I thought, "To each their own." When she told me that she was going to Utah on an alien-watching expedition, I laughed and thought, "Whatever you want to do." But when she called to tell me she was getting married to her boyfriend of two and a half years, my heart stopped and I choked on my Jolly Rancher.

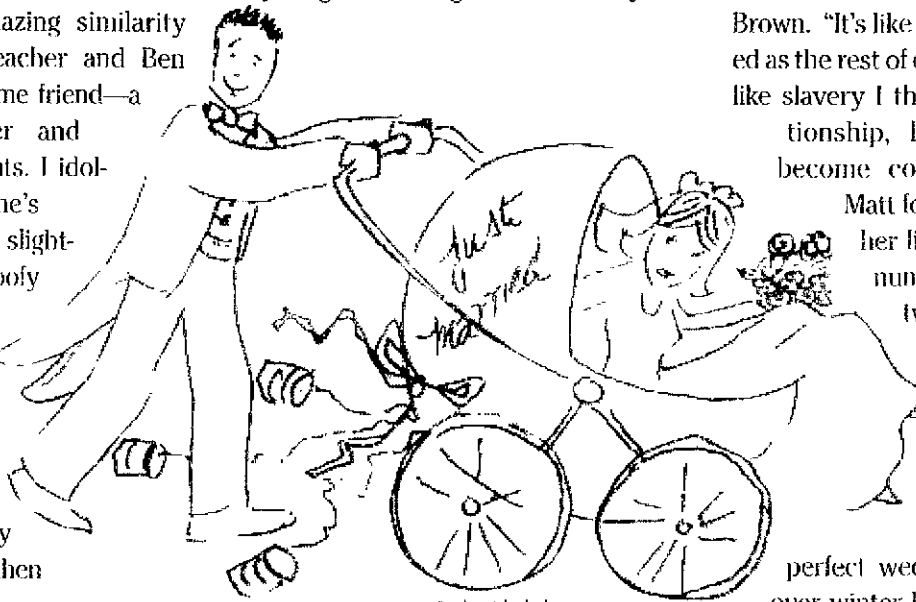
Lindsay and I go back to sophomore year of high school when she moved to Durham, North Carolina. We met in physics class. She sat in the desk next to mine and commented on the amazing similarity between our physics teacher and Ben Stein. She was an awesome friend—a perpetual pool partner and always up for crazy stunts. I idolized her in a way—she's brave and strong, though slightly insane and extremely goofy at times. Senior year I worked at a movie theater, and I introduced her to Matt, one of my coworkers. They hit it off instantly. They dated for a year, then they moved in together. And then he popped the question.

I had noticed the signs fairly early on—Lindsay had become domesticated. Over fall break last year, as we played pool at Masse Lounge, our high school hang out, she kept talking about towel sales at JC Penney's and Martha Stewart (no offense to Martha—yay Barnard alumnae). I went out to dinner with Lindsay, Matt, and his family over the summer. Most of the evening's discussion centered around Lindsay and Matt's mom discussing the preparation of shellfish. It was as if the adventurous and fun-loving person I knew had been sucked out of her ear and replaced with a forty-year-old housewife. Marriage was the last straw. I had lost Lindsay to the suburbs.

She called me immediately after Matt proposed, asking me to be her maid of honor. I said yes, trying my best to sound

excited and supportive. As I checked my email later that evening, I had a message from her—she had sent me a photo attachment of her engagement ring. How could this happen? How could my wonderful, independent friend be getting married at 20? And when did she start caring about things like the size of the diamond on her engagement ring?

Why am I so against the idea of marriage? I have no reason to be this cynical—my parents have been happily married for over 30 years and all my relationships have gone fairly smoothly. Technically 20 is not too young for marriage—I know many cou-



Beth Miholick

ples (my parents and friends' parents included) who tied the knot before their second decade.

But marrying early seems outdated—a remnant of generations of women whose identity and goals depended on starting a family. It was a different era with different values. The entire institution of marriage has been transformed in my lifetime. Marriage used to be the center of a woman's life—an anticipated moment which many strived for. I watch movies and television shows where women, not that much older than myself, describe the perfect wedding they have dreamed of since childhood. I cannot relate. I have no ideal dress, no ideal cake, no ideal location. Nor do I expect my wedding day to be the best day of my life.

I probably will get married some day—but somewhere in the 30 or 40 range sounds much more pleasing to me. Yes I would like to have a family, but it is one of many aspirations in my life. And I feel I owe myself the chance to pursue other things—and more than that to form and understand myself. A wife or mother may someday be roles in my life, but they can never fully constitute me.

At girls' night—a long practiced tradition of my female high school friends where we go out for burgers (veggie, in my case) and talk for hours—Lindsay dropped the bomb. She is changing her last name to Brown. "It's like we're a team," she defended as the rest of our jaws hit the floor. More like slavery I thought. Through this relationship, her entire persona has become completely dependent on Matt for identity. More than that, her life has become a string of numbers—they have one cat, two cars, a three-bedroom apartment, and a half-carat ring. So inconsistent with the woman I knew in high school.

It gets worse from here. As I shopped for the perfect wedding dress with Lindsay over winter break, I felt a wave of fear come over me. This is really happening. Next September. I will have to watch my best friend walk down the aisle to financial security, a house with shutters and a large backyard, and a boring future. And I will have to look happy watching it. I will have to pretend that I love my bridesmaid dress, that the best man (Matt's college buddy) is a great guy, and that I want to catch the bouquet. More than that, I will have to deal with the fact that this is what she wants and that this is what makes her happy.

K8 Torgovnick is a Barnard junior and the bulletin news editor.

PS: You must make me a solemn promise now. Please, please, please do not show this column to Lindsay. If you do, I will find you.

A WELL-BEING AND LEARNING AREA

new student orientation program CC/SEAS/BC COMMITTEE · CREW CHIEFS ORIENTATION LEADERS

APPLY NOW

Over 250 orientation volunteers will assist the NSOP Committee in welcoming new students to Columbia and Barnard during Orientation 2001. You are invited to apply for any of these positions.

Applications for all positions are available in Student Development and Activities in 403 Lerner Hall and in College Activities in 209 McIntosh. For more information please call 854-3611 (CC/SEAS) or 854-2096 (BC).

COMMITTEE:

The NSOP Committee will work part-time in the spring semester and full-time in the summer and throughout orientation to design and implement the Orientation program for new students, transfers and parents. Committee members will receive a \$3,800 stipend and on-campus housing over the summer.

POSITIONS INCLUDE:

- 2 Publication Coordinators....(1 CC/SEAS, 1 BC)
- 6 Program Coordinators....(3 CC/SEAS, 3 BC)
- 2 Personnel Coordinators....(1 CC/SEAS, 1 BC)
- 1 Technology and Business Coordinator....(1 CC/SEAS)

The deadline for Committee applications is Friday, February 9, 2001.

CREW CHIEFS:

Crew Chiefs assist in the selection and training of Orientation Leaders, lead Orientation crews and implement Orientation programs.

The deadline for Crew Chief applications is Friday, February 23, 2001.

ORIENTATION LEADERS:

Orientation Leaders welcome new students, ease their transition into Columbia and Barnard and help facilitate Orientation programs.

The deadline for Orientation Leader applications is Friday, March 9, 2001.

ORIENTATION 2001 - APPLY NOW!