

born and bulletin

students returned about 19

start getting more fo

of

head

letter **from** the **editors**

Grrrr. I think we'll just sit here and growl. After the utopia that was issue one, (despite the few layout mistakes, some spelling errors, some delivery problems....okay, so it wasn't really a utopia. Let us have our little venting moment where we distort reality here, okay?), all seemed to be going great. We had writers galore, editors were excited, we were on top of everything.

We were cruising right along. We came into the *bulletin* with the lofty goals of adding to our readership, changing our design, and even changing the focus of the paper all together. And issue one really made us feel like we were well on our way to doing that. We got all kinds of comments on the issue, and overall we felt really good about it. Yep, the *bulletin* was really going in the direction in which we wanted it.

I guess that's why it had to happen. I guess that's why the computer had to crash on Monday and lose half of our layout. I guess that's why this week decided it was going to be the week from hell—but, after eight hours of recovery in front of our aging Macintosh yesterday, I've calmed down a bit. K8 is here, her distractions put off for a couple of hours. I'm here, again, my two colloquia, my radio show, my bowling team and my directing project put on hold for the few hours that I can take. Jamie is here, dutifully plugging along, being the wise sage that she is over there on the couch. We really would be lost without her. Come to think of it, there's a lot of people we would be lost without.

The writers who come to every meeting and who turn everything in faithfully on time. The tireless work of our editors, who chase down the not-so-diligent writers and get everything to us on time.

Our printer, who never hesitates to come up and help us fix whatever little problem comes up in our layout. Our artists and photographers, who make the *bulletin* look so smashing every week. Our art directors and rag-tag layout staff, who manage to get it done despite being overworked and severely underpaid. And most importantly, our readers, who give us a reason to keep doing what we're doing.

There are, of course, our stumbling blocks. We're still in transition, and haven't quite gotten down all of our routines. But we get it done, through long nights and days where we never see the sun, enclosed in the four walls of our basement office. And then the *bulletin* comes on Wednesday mornings, and there's that first flip through the issue, looking at all of that time and effort put to paper. Then, of course, you notice the spelling mistake or the layout error on the cover, and you dive right back and put your nose back to the grindstone. Edit, layout, call a writer, edit, layout, call an editor, fix the computer, write an article here and there...it's never easy. And even with the knots that form in our backs and the cramps we get in our hands from using the mouse for six straight hours, we still come back. Every damn day. Why? Well, of course, we do it for you.

So, are you there?

contributors

Sophomore Courtney Martin is a *bulletin* staff writer who hails from far-away Colorado, having come to

courtney martin

Barnard seeking "the most extreme experience possible." She figured that New York City and all-women was about as far away from home as she could be. This week, Courtney shows us how to have fun in New York in the winter, and how to create an absolutely fabulous spring break.

Senior Lauren Elkin is an English major from Long Island, who transferred to Barnard from Syracuse when

lauren elkin

she decided not to pursue musical theater. She studied in Paris for a semester, and plans to move back there after graduation. This week, Lauren reports on the Israeli Ambassador's visit to Columbia.

Katya Schapiro is a sophomore, just having tentatively declared her major in theater. She made

katya schapiro

her decision to come to Barnard at 3am one morning, choosing it over Tisch. Her goal for the *bulletin* is to see the staff make the world cup some time before she graduates. Katya gets up close and personal with poet Olga Broumas for this week's *bulletin*.

barnard **bulletin**

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Israeli Ambassador visits Columbia

by Lauren Elkin

Barnard, Columbia, and Jewish Theological Seminary students had a chance to reflect on the role of Israel in the United Nations with the newly appointed Israeli Ambassador to the United Nations, Yehuda Lancry.

The event, *Challenges of Israel in the International Arena*, took place Tuesday, January 25 and was sponsored by the Israeli Consulate and the Office of Student Life at JTS. At the time of the event, Israel was involved in peace talks with Syria. As a condition for peace, Syria asked that Israel cede the Golan Heights. Since January 25, peace talks have been abandoned and fighting has begun in the Golan Heights area.

Beginning the event, Lancry said, "I have come to understand the position of David Levy, who offered me the seat on the UN." Lancry's message was clear—Israel must be recognized as a state by the surrounding Arab countries.

Lancry stressed that the way to be recognized is through peace—not fighting which leads to needless loss of life. He called for patience from Israelis as Israel attempts to meet the international challenges that exist before Israel.

According to Lancry, in order for Israel to earn a place on the Security Council of the UN and gain respect from its peers, Israel has to be acknowledged as a state by the Arab countries which surround it.

Lancry is frustrated with Israel's position as a floating member of the UN, which does not formally belong to any regional group. Geographically, Israel is grouped as part of Asia. But this grouping does not work for Israel, since Israel does not get along with its surrounding nations and does not feel connected to the rest of Asia. "Because we do not live in peace with all of the surrounding countries, we cannot identify ourselves regionally with them, which leaves us without a local UN ally," Lancry said. "Israel is in debate with the Arabs on a variety of fields and

activities, but we have a lot to add to the world community in terms of agriculture, science, technology, and culture to alleviate the suffering of humanity. Having the backing of the UN, we will [be] more efficient."

Israel finds itself allied to the Western Europe and Others (WEO) in the UN. Lancry is finding European support helpful in the struggle to feel part of the UN. "They are considering our application [to the security council] from an angle of justice and equity, with an eye toward fulfilling the rights of a member

Eliza Bang



Israeli Ambassador Yehuda Lancry

of the UN," he said.

But the unresolved issue of peace keeps Israel from being perceived by the UN as a stable country. Lancry outlines his agenda for his tenure at the UN to include the restoration of confidence to the UN, the normalization of the State of Israel, to bring the advantages of Israel to this arena, and to change the Israeli and Jewish perspective of the UN. It is perhaps most important to the UN's reception of Israel that the state be normalized. This means that above all, peace must be achieved. The UN-Israel relationship which Lancry envisions is one which will be mutually beneficial, each helping to develop the other.

When asked to speak a bit on the peace processes with Palestine and Syria, Lancry explained that the underlying motivation for the 1993 Oslo

agreement was an existential, philosophical foundation of what he termed "mutual recognition." Lancry said. "[Mutual recognition is a] diplomatic buzzword being thrown about in the peace talks, and it basically means that the war of rejection between Israel and Palestine is more or less negated. A space of dialogue begins to appear as the two countries move from rejection to acceptance of each other as states. This requires both countries to accept some even violent contradictions. Due to terrorist activity, we have lost an Israeli Prime Minister [Yitzhak Rabin]. But basically we are moving away from this area of rejection and negation. We are a driving force to resist all kinds of contradiction and spur forth changes in political ideology. Thanks to mutual recognition, we can transcend the changing political circumstances."

Today the problem is figuring out how to move beyond the initial Oslo agreement. Problems such as Israeli settlements in the West Bank, the release of Palestinian refugees, final borders, and the ownership and division of Jerusalem must be solved. Lancry said, "We have no precise idea what should be the outcome of this process because the principle of Oslo was to first have the field of convergence. The final stage will be the field of divergence, when the countries will live apart, but in peace, no longer the uncomfortable bedmates they are today."

Peace, according to Lancry, is Israel's biggest and most immediate task. "The first challenge facing Israel is to get almost the full recognition of the first ring of Arab countries surrounding it, save for Iran and Iraq, who are nuclear countries, capable of mass destruction. Saddam Hussein's target is to eradicate Israel. We will isolate them so they have no choice but to make peace." Peace, according to Lancry, will lead to the normalization and full recognition of Israel.

Lauren Elkin is a Barnard senior.

beaessentials

JUNIORS The Clark Fellows Program provides fellowships to students with a strong academic record and a demonstrated interest in management and leadership of non-profit and community-based organizations. Those selected will receive \$30,000, which includes a stipend and tuition assistance toward an appropriate master's degree. Contact Dean Runsdorf at x42024.

FINANCIAL AID Applications for the year 2000-2001 are now available in the Office of Financial Aid, Room 14 Milbank. All materials must be submitted by the Wednesday, April 19 deadline.

LOOKING FOR HELP IN MATH? Come to Barnard's Math Help Room, located in 333 Milbank Hall. Hours: Mondays, 9:30am-5pm and 7-10pm; Tuesdays, 9am-5pm and 7-10pm; Wednesdays, 10am-5pm and 7-10pm; Thursdays, 10am-5pm; and Fridays, 10am-5pm. See the schedule on the door for particular instructors or check the Help Room website at: www.math.columbia.edu/~my/Help_Room_Milbank.shtml

THE ERICA JONES WRITING CENTER has reopened for the Spring semester. The Writing Center's specially-trained peer tutors and faculty-level writing consultant can work with you on everything from first-year English essays to

lab reports or your senior thesis. You can come in at any stage in the writing process—for brainstorming, revising and rethinking, or polishing. Sign up sheets for appointments are posted by the door of the Writing Center, at 121 Reid.

PRE-HEALTH PROFESSIONS STUDENTS If you are planning to apply to medical, dental, veterinary, or optometry school during the 2000-2001 academic year, you must inform Dean Bournoutian or Ms. Abdo (x47599) in the Dean of Studies Office by Friday, February 25.

PREMEDS The MCAT registration booklets are now available in the Dean of Studies Office, 105 Milbank. The registration deadline for the April test is March 10. However, if you want to request a fee reduction, you must submit the application by Friday, February 25.

THE OFFICE OF MULTICULTURAL AFFAIRS is sponsoring an informational meeting about the "Spelman Exchange Program" on Tuesday, February 22, 4-6pm in Sulzberger North Tower and co-sponsoring with the Women's Studies Department a lecture by Minnie Bruce Pratt, "Making Revolution Irresistible: The Artist's Role in Social Change" on Thursday, February 24, 12-1pm in Altschul Atrium.

barnardeventscalendar

Thursday, February 17
Speaking of Women presents *New Voices in Fiction: Elizabeth Stark and Sylvia Foley*. 6:30-8pm in Sulzberger Parlor, third floor Barnard Hall. For information, call x42067.

Senior Class Dinner. 6pm Lower Level McIntosh.

Career Evening. 7-9pm in Sulzberger Parlor, third floor Barnard Hall. For more information call x42067.

February 17, 18, 19, 25, 26
Senior Thesis Festival. 8pm in the Minor Latham Playhouse, Milbank Hall. Sponsored by the Barnard theater

department. Tickets are \$5; \$3 with CUID. Open to the public. Reservations recommended. For information or reservations call x45638.

Wednesday, February 23
Speaking of Women presents *From School Girls to School Teachers: A Feminist Choice*. A panel discussion. 6:30-8pm in the Altschul Atrium. For information, call x42067.

McAC Alumnae Speaker Series. TBA. 6pm in the Sulzberger North Tower.

Thursday, February 24
Speaking of Women presents *Making Revolution Irresistible: The Artist's Role in*

Social Change. A lecture with Minnie Bruce Pratt. 6:30-8pm in the Altschul Atrium.

Friday, February 25
WBAR Event. The Clocks, Dirt Bike Annie. Drive on, The Hissyfits. 5pm in the Altschul Atrium.

Saturday, February 26
BSBC Fashion Show. 8pm in Lerner Auditorium. *After Party*. 11pm-2am in Lower Level McIntosh.

Saturday, February 26 to March 3
Celebration of Black Womanhood. A week-long celebration.

Sunday, February 27
Not in My Community: Healing the Mind, Body, and Soul of Jewish Women and Men. Registration begins at 9am in the lobby of Barnard Hall. For more information call x45111.

Centennial Scholarship Program presents *Putting Your Mouth Where Your Money Is: Managing Endowments at Barnard and Columbia*. A presentation by Catharine Slack. 7pm in Sulzberger North Tower.

Tuesday, February 29
Closing Reception for Black History Month. 7pm in Lower Level McIntosh.

lecture discusses feminism's viability across cultures

By Samantha Katz

What should be done when the claims of minority cultures clash with the norms of gender equality? This complex issue, which was discussed by Susan Moller Okin initiated a discussion forum on Tuesday evening, February 1, in the Altschul Atrium. It was then that Barnard Center for Research on Women and the Office of the Dean for Multicultural Affairs dove into the topic of *Competing Loyalties: Can you be a feminist and a...?*

After Dean Vivian Taylor initiated the discussion, the moderator of the evening, Lynette Jackson, Assistant Professor of History, introduced the six

speakers. Each woman was then allotted five minutes in which to discuss her perceptions about and experiences in being a feminist and being a member of another minority or culture

Licia Fiol-Matta, Assistant Professor of Spanish, introduced herself as a woman proud to call Puerto Rico her home. She explained that although her culture may be "patriarchal and sexist" she experiences no problem in calling herself a feminist. Alexandra Suh, Associate Professor of Women's Studies went on to say that "not only can we be feminists, but we must be." Working in the Rambow Center, a homeless shelter for Korean women, Professor Suh stated

that feminism is for people of all cultures, not just for privileged white women. Afsaneh Najmabadi, also an Associate Professor of Women's Studies questioned why it is so hard to imagine that one can be both a Muslim and a feminist. In fact, Amna Akbar, a Barnard senior, contended that Islam and fem-

Because she grew up in a feminist-oriented family, it took her a considerable amount of time to notice that there seemed to be a conflict between the culture of the feminist movement and African-American culture. Dean White acknowledged that, even today, it is easier to declare that one is black to a

Eliza Bang

group of feminists, than that one is a feminist to a group of black people. Still, she looks forward to a time in which the boundaries of individual groups will widen, and their members can share and respect the beliefs of their fellow humans.

The forum concluded with a lively discussion between members of the audience and the panelists.



lecture panelists await their turn to speak

nism are intrinsically linked as the Koran, which serves as the cornerstone for the Islamic way-of-life, preaches equality of all humans. She asked why if God sees women as equal to men, often men think they are above their female counterparts. Sandra Chefitz, who is also a Barnard Senior and from an orthodox Jewish background, stated that although one can be both a religious Jew and a feminist, she chooses not to define herself in that way

The last speaker of the evening, E. Frances White, Dean of the Gallatin School for Individualized Study at New York University, told the audience, "I experience myself first as black"

Among the topics brought up were the marginalization of feminists in their respective communities, and the hope that the younger generations can help the future of feminism.

Feminism's roots lie deep into the philosophy of Barnard College, and are obvious in the curriculum offered here. As one first-year explained, "Regardless of my own thoughts on feminism, I think that it's wonderful that the school puts together strong programs such as this one, which support the ideas that many of our professors attempt to convey during class."

Samantha Katz is a Barnard first-year

Every year, Barnard College honors an outstanding faculty member for excellence in teaching and devotion to students.

The choice is yours!

Nominate your professors for the Emily Gregory Award!

Deadline: Monday, February 21, 2000. Submit in the College Activities Office, 209 McIntosh.

Nominations for Barnard Faculty should be submitted in the form of essays of approximately 500 words (typed and double spaced). Although more than one person can nominate the same faculty member, each student must submit her own essay.

The winning professor will be honored at the 26th Annual Emily Gregory dinner and awards ceremony, to be held on Tuesday, March 28. This is your opportunity to thank your professors and to tell the entire Barnard Community why they are so special!

safety concerns raised by recent fire alarm

by Zehra Mamdani

On Monday, January 31 at 2:10am, the residents of Plimpton Hall had to evacuate the building for an emergency fire drill.

As they stood outside in the freezing rain, without umbrellas and in their pajamas, they were frustrated, wondering why the alarms had gone off. Perplexed, baffled and angered, rumors circulated that someone in suite 10D had burned a pop tart.

The main concern for many of the students was not being ripped from their sleep, however, or the risk of catching pneumonia while waiting for the fire department to arrive—but the fact that it took 23 minutes for the students to evacuate the building. Of the buildings double doors and multiple exits, only one door was open, causing a bottleneck and bringing the movement of evacuating students to a standstill. Not only that, but when the fire department did arrive, they were forced to fight their way through the crowds because students were blocking the entrance to the building.

"[It was a] horrendously inconvenient hour in which [the alarm] was set off" said Jean Mary Bongiorno, the Graduate Hall Director in her letter to the residents of Suite 10D. But Bongiorno said fire safety should be taken seriously at any hour. She is concerned about residents avoiding fire alarms by covering their smoke detectors. She said, "Covering your smoke detector should never serve as a remedy for setting off the fire alarm. This is a safety hazard and a violation of BC housing policy."

Sophomore Mara Torres, a resident of Suite 10D, feels that often times the smoke detectors in Plimpton are "dangerously sensitive." "It's like the boy who cried wolf. They should only go off when there's real danger." Torres complains that the detector in the suite didn't go off due to the smoke in her kitchen, but when she and her suitemate opened the door to clear the air, the detector in the hall sensed the smoke and signalled the alarm.

Torres and her suitemates realize that it was an inconvenience for students to evacuate the building so late and feel sympathetic. Torres clarified the incident saying it wasn't a burned pop tart which set off the alarm, but butter which dripped on to the bottom of the oven and began smoking.

Although this was an accident, Torres says, other students did not view it the same way. Several students shouted throughout the halls wanting to know who set the alarm off and after the drill one student poked her head into suite 10D and yelled "Assholes!"

The time it took to evacuate the building raised safety concerns among many students. Dean Dorothy Denburg says the fire policy at Barnard is "up to code and beyond." She said, "In my twenty some odd years at Barnard there haven't been serious problems with fire safety. Our response time is very quick." Denburg feels that students' behavior is very important, noting that students must evacuate a building quickly and properly.

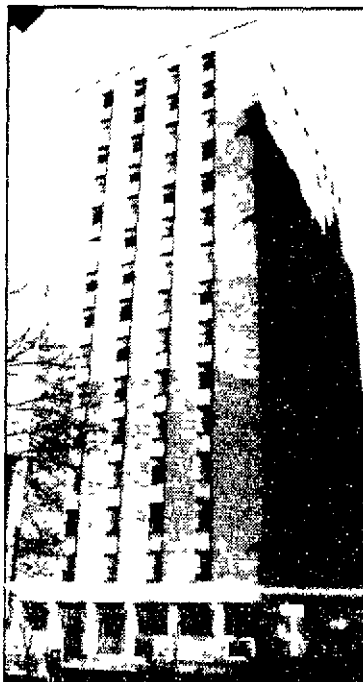
Sophomore Megan Robertson, also a resident of Plimpton and a witness to the events of January 31, is concerned that students still stay in the building when the alarms go off. This can be life threatening in the case of a real fire. In order to eventually put a stop to this problem spot checks will be conducted and fines assessed to students who have not properly evacuated the building. Though Barnard has had no life-threatening fires, a recent fire in a Seton Hall University dorm which claimed several lives serves as an unfortunate reminder of the perils of fire and the consequences when the fire safety rules are not followed.

Due to the events of January 31, Bongiorno is informing students that there are only two planned fire drills per year mandated by the fire department. All other incidents are fire alarms that require serious attention and evacuation.

Janice Gates Kelly, Associate Director of Residence Life, says that relaying this information might influence students to take fire alarms more seriously. "[When] people have an understanding of how many [drills] we have, and what that means, [they] will respond to the alarms in a more appropriate manner."

With increased communication and cooperation between students and administration, Kelly believes that future evacuations will run more smoothly and be taken more seriously.

Zehra Mamdani is a Barnard first-year and bulletin assistant news editor.



Plimpton Hall

got a beef?

we want to know about it
send your commentary,
questions, or suggestions to
bulletin@barnard.edu
even if you're a vegetarian.

Suzyn Waldman a sportscasting pioneer

by Anna Isaacson

Although the women's movement of the 1960s and '70s is now three decades past, it is still wishful thinking to believe that men and women now stand on an equal professional ground in America. Particularly for women who are attempting to enter careers in sportscasting, the pre-eminence of men in the field can prove particularly disheartening.

There are a few women, however, who are positive that they have something to offer the sports industry, and have stubbornly borne the hard times that they have faced in the male-oriented world of broadcasting. Suzyn Waldman is one such heroine.



Suzyn Waldman

The first woman to provide color commentary and do play-by-play for a major league baseball game, Waldman knows very well the poor treatment, condescension and contempt that women face in the sports world. She became the first female voice ever heard on the first all-sports radio station, WFAN, in 1987, and says that her first few years in the field nearly intolerable. "What you notice with being a female is that you are in a business where they don't want you. If you can handle that you are okay. I'm not sure that it has changed all that much, it is just less blatant now because it is the law." She has suffered the humiliation of having colleagues doctor her tapes to make her look bad. More painfully, she has received so many death threats that to this day she insists on personal security.

An alumna of Simmons College, a women's college in Massachusetts, Waldman never thought about entering the sports world in a professional capacity as she grew up in Boston in the 1950s. Although early in her life she idolized Ted Williams and the Boston Red Sox, sportscasting never entered her mind because there were no women in the field to emulate. Instead, she pursued her other passion, theater, and spent fifteen years doing Broadway musicals and touring productions.

By the early 1980s, however, Broadway musicals had shifted gears and Waldman was no longer trained to perform the shows and music that had taken center stage. Dissatisfied with how sports were being reported and annoyed at the fact that there were not women on the air, she turned back to her other passion. She began taking journalism and film classes, and applied for WFAN. She was accepted and began

doing score updates, and later became the first electronic beat reporter—male or female—to cover a baseball team. She covered the Yankees on a 24-hour basis, as well as covering but every other game she possibly could. She drove her own car to home and road games for the Mets, Knicks, and Nets, and even area college basketball teams.

The discriminatory problems that Waldman faced were rarely with the players, although there were a few like Keith Hernandez and Lenny Dykstra who tried to make her life miserable. One summer after a baseball game, Waldman approached Wade Boggs, who was playing third base for the Yankees. Boggs had struck out swinging at a ball that was clearly in the dirt, a highly uncharacteristic action. Waldman walked up with her tape recorder and asked him straight out, "What the hell were you thinking about?" He told her, with no sarcasm that by the time he realized where the ball was going, it was too late to adjust. A few minutes later, a male reporter walked up to Boggs and asked him the same question. Only this time Boggs snapped and answered, "Why, what would you have done?"

The greatest difficulties she faced were from her own colleagues and the people that had hired her. "I sat in that press box for a solid year and nobody talked to me. Never, never. Never said hello, never went out to lunch. Nobody," she said. In fact, Waldman could not name one person who stood by her during the roughest years.

Despite her treatment, the thought of quitting never

courtesy of Suzyn Waldman



Waldman on the job

entered her mind. "If you look in the mirror and can tell yourself that you have something to contribute," said Waldman, "you can't let anyone tell you that you don't." Her perseverance has paid off. She has been honored by many organizations, including being

awarded the North Jersey March of Dimes Sportscaster of the Year Award. In 1996, after the Yankees had won their first world series in 18 years, she was awarded the New York Sportscaster of the Year Award from peers in the National Sportscaster and Sportswriters Association. Despite being involved in a courageous fight against breast cancer, she managed to maintain her dedication to the Yankee organization.

Waldman says that there are benefits to being a woman in the sports world. She refers to being a female sportscaster as a double edged sword. "While the play- << page 12 >>

new programs boost school spirit

by Tiffany Bennett

As an Ivy League University, where academics are a main focus, and sports scholarships are not awarded, Columbia may not have the same sort of athletic tradition as other schools. But that does not mean that no one here ventures into Leaven Gymnasium or up to Baker Field to cheer on our Lions.

Lately, attendance at sporting events has jumped markedly. To what do the athletes owe this increase in support? From the new impossible-to-miss sign above the entrance to the Dodge Fitness Center, to promotional schemes such as the Lion Pride card, schedule distribution, and 'Barnard Night,' the athletic administration has done its share to entice students to attend games. The unique opportunity that Barnard athletes receive with the athletic consortium is also extended to the fans.

There is a common complaint that Barnard students do not know when the games are, but perhaps that is because they just have not looked. "We are trying to do everything we can to keep Barnard students informed and get them to the games," said athletic director Merry Ormsby. Three times already this year, the athletic directors along with Student Activities at Barnard have held 'Barnard Night' for particular sporting events. The most recent event

was women's basketball versus Dartmouth on Friday, February 4. All Barnard students received free tickets to the game in the hopes that many would go and discover, perhaps for the first time, that athletics is such an integral part of the college experience.



interest in student athletics is on the rise

In addition to boosting school spirit, several things have been done to improve the image of the athletic program at Columbia. The webpages have been upgraded and are updated regularly, and the Lion Line (854-3030) provides 24-hour access to scores and game reports for those who can not

make it to the games. Over winter break, a Columbia basketball game was televised over Direct TV for the second year.

In order to improve the image of Columbia athletics, it was essential that the national TV audience saw a full house. Filling the stands is often difficult especially when most of the University is away for winter break, but thanks to fantastic publicity, at this game the bleachers were not only full with students and families, but also with alumni, faculty, and other members of the community. Half-time promotions, music, sound effects, and band choreography all add to the excitement of that and every game. A "Sixth Man Club" has even been proposed to support the basketball players, a club which undertakes the job of getting fans excited, and being the loudest, rowdiest, and often strangest looking people in the stands.

With the increased publicity, Ormsby hopes that students will no longer have an excuse not to come out and support their athletes, be they from Barnard or Columbia. School spirit within the University community is on its way up—and you can help by getting out to cheer on our Lions, and keep them roaring.

Tiffany Bennett is a Barnard first-year and a bulletin staff writer.

wellwoman: self defense

Q I want to take a self-defense class. Do you have any information about classes or courses on campus or in the area?

A You're in luck! College Activities is sponsoring a 6-week mini-course in self-

defense. Each week, participants meet for 2 hours to learn basic self-defense skills, using martial art techniques. The cost of the course is \$40 and you can register at a table in LL MacIntosh during the week of Feb. 14-18, from 10-2. The course meets on Monday evenings, beginning March 20, from 8-10pm in the Sulzberger South Tower.

The Rape Crisis / Anti-Violence Support Center has also sponsored self-defense workshops on campus throughout the year and you can call x44366 for more information on their next workshop.

Off-campus courses can be found by calling the Center for Anti-Violence Education at 718-788-1775.

"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 in this column is for informational purposes only. Please take issues or medical concerns to your healthcare provider.

spring break—not just beer,

By Courtney E. Martin

Designing your Spring Break is kind of like choosing a dessert. No matter what you go with, your choice is most likely going to be sweet and satisfying to some degree (with the occasional misfortune of a fruitcake). It all just comes down to some careful consideration of important factors, namely how much money you are willing to spend, how far away you want to go, and what kind of social experience you want to have.

The first and most obvious options are the spring break packages that companies like Spring Break Travel (www.springbreaktravel.com) have refined to an exact science. You pay them something around \$1000, usually a little less, and they fly you to an Americanized resort town in Mexico, give you a place to sleep (although you probably won't be sleeping much), feed you, fill you full of cerveza, and not so discreetly, hook you up with another drunken college student of your choice.

This option is attractive for a couple of reasons. First of all, it is a no-brainer. You are not burdened by figuring out where to stay, what kind of food is safe or appropriately priced, and what to do while you are there. Basically you pack a bag with as little as possible (the rule on these sort of vacations is clothing becomes optional) and walk on to the plane in mid-March and they deliver you back to New York a week later with a relatively hazy recollection of the last seven days of your life. These trips are infamous for their wet T-shirt contests, foam parties (clubs fill their entire establishment with shaving cream-like foam up to the waist which allegedly serves as a nasty cover-up for anything going on "down below"), completely random hook-ups, and absolutely no authenticity whatsoever. If that's your sort of thing, than you better jump on it

because most companies specializing in college Spring Break tours sell out very quickly, or heighten prices as the season approaches. Don't expect any kind of cultural education at all, other than the scandalous differences between various students representing the colleges of all fifty states. College Tours, one of the most popular and well-respected of these companies, would like to remind you, however, that you never know

in comparison. She said, "Last year I took a big group of my friends down there and all we had to pay for was food and airfare."

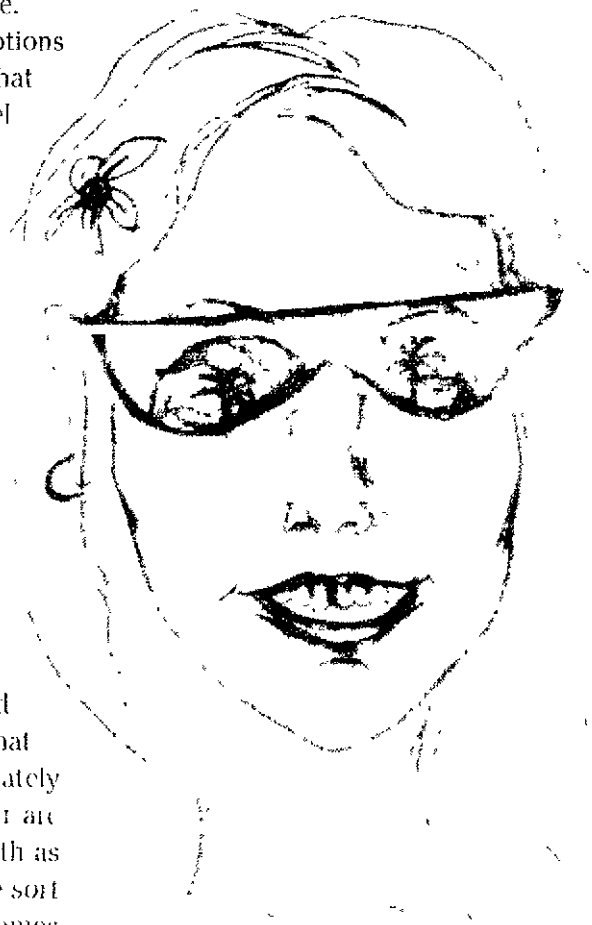
This year Zakim has other plans. "I'm going to London, Paris, and Ireland to meet some friends who are studying abroad," she said. "My mom got me a really cheap fare to London through our travel agent and I'm taking a couple of days off school. Going to Europe is really not that big of a deal. People fly from New York to Europe all the time."

For those of us without travel agents and attentive mothers, websites are popping up all the time with pretty amazing airline deals to Europe and some South American destinations, some of which are www.priceline.com and www.eleventhhour.com. The

trick with these deals is to have a nose for scams. After all, poor college students with European travel angst are a pretty targetable population. If you find a deal you don't want to pass up, but have questions about the company's validity, your safest bet is to call the Better Business Bureau and investigate. The challenging aspect about this more independent and less packaged option is that you are truly on

your own. The independent ideal appeals to a lot of Barnard students. "I would just love to go to Rome," said Maria Coleman, a Barnard first year. "It's just amazing and it's got everything you could ever want."

If you have a lot of cash to throw around you can find whatever hotel accommodations suit your fancy once you get there, but for most of us the last thing we will be doing come March is throwing around cash. The most frugal options are youth hostels, of which



by Louinne Marshall

what to expect. On their website (www.collegetours.com) they write, "with the romantic tropical setting fueling your senses, you might even meet the love of your life." Wow.

Jordana Zakim, a Barnard junior, reports that she would never go on one of the packaged trips to Mexico for Spring Break. She said, "I can just watch it on MTV." Zakim's choice is made easy by the fact that her family owns a house in the Caribbean. Mexico seems to pale

bikinis and beaches this year

there are many scattered across Europe for \$7 to \$15 dollars a night. Besides being cheap, usually respectable, clean, and safe, youth hostels are also a great place to meet other young student travelers if you are having a difficult time connecting with the natives.

Some other things you have to think about when designing your own Spring Break adventure are the language barriers and the social climate. Most European cities are going to have a large portion of their tourist information in English as well as the native language, but it is always helpful and more fun if you speak the native language. Socially, some cities are more American-student-friendly than others. All of this kind of information can be found in student travel guides (which you can just thumb through at a local bookstore) or through friends who have already taken the European plunge.

Websites aren't the only way to go while designing your own trip. Student Travel Association, located at 2871 Broadway (865-2700) offers close, free, and friendly help in finding cheap airfare for nearly almost any location. Their only requirement is that you purchase an International Student Identification Card for \$20, which is not so bad considering the discounts you might receive by using their services and from using the card in various places around the world.

The much neglected, but very enticing option of a road trip is kind of diffi-

cult under most of our circumstances in the city. If you live nearby, the train ride home can be well worth the possible access to a car. Sometimes a road trip can be the perfect reunion with friends from high school. Hours upon hours of listening to an old mixtape and reminiscing about "the old days" may be just what you need after the first half of a stressful semester. Road trips are, of course, cheap (just gas and tolls to worry about) and there are no foreign worries unless you are planning on a really epic adventure. Canada is not so far away, and those of us still dependent on fake IDs might find a little relief from the 18+ drinking age in the friendly, if not a little frigid, cities of our northern neighbor. There's always spring skiing upstate as well, but the snow can be bad and the prices high if you don't pick a good day.

Heidi Yu, Barnard senior, will probably take the road trip route with a couple of close friends. "We will probably end up just driving somewhere around the country," she said. "My friend has a car, so we can use that."

Other students are taking a little more indulgent approach to this break, such as Noha Elbaz, Barnard sophomore, who reports that, "I'm going to the Bahamas with seven other girls from my sorority. One of my friends got a deal where we pay half the price to stay at this very nice resort." Sounds like the stuff of dreams to Sandra Callison, Barnard junior, who imagines a

warm climate as the perfect spring break. "If I could go anywhere I would want to go to Hawaii. I've never been there, but everyone I know who has been wants to go back. I can't start planning until next month though because then I'll know what my money situation is," she said.

Aliza Arenson, Barnard first year, has been planning her spring break for awhile. "I'm going to Boston for an Israeli Dance Festival there," she explained. There are, contrary to widely held belief about spring break, some constructive options like Aliza's. A company called Alternative Spring Break runs two programs in Oklahoma, one on a reservation in Anadarko, and one in hospitals working with AIDS patients in Tulsa. The mission of the company is to provide students with an option which "encourages positive social action and education," according to the website at www.alternativespringbreak.com. Other companies recruit students for similar work like Habitat for Humanity. There's nothing like coming back to school knowing that you have actually done something useful with your time off.

Whatever you decide, the most important thing is to make the best of it. Whether you end up with the Tiramisu of spring breaks, or grandma's slightly over-cooked fruitcake version, enjoy yourself.

Courtney Martin is a Barnard Sophomore and bulletin Staff writer

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digitaldivas:how to ICQ

A weekly column by RCAs—write to resnet@barnard.edu with column suggestions. This week's Digital Diva is Anastasiya Lebedev.

ICQ (stands simply for I Seek You), is an internet powered communications program that has been around for about 4.5 years and was originally developed by Mirabilis, an Israeli company. A similar program to AOL instant messenger, ICQ allows users to communicate using a series of message windows which allow them to exchange not only words, but files, pictures, and sounds. Since it's inception, the network of ICQ users has grown into the millions, often with as many as 500,000 using the service simultaneously. ICQ can be downloaded at <http://www.icq.com> and is free. I'd like to discuss the ways to customize your own little ICQ window and have more fun with ICQ. (Note: feel free to fool around with options not discussed in this article as well—you can always change back what you don't like or even restore to default settings).

ICQ emits various sounds to signal a received message, file, URL, chat request, or other events, and all can be changed to suit the taste of the individual user. To change the sound associated with a particular ICQ event, you must have a sound file you want played instead. Then, click on the left-hand, lower-corner *ICQ* button on the ICQ window and choose *Preferences*. In *Preferences*, select the *Events* tab—on the bottom you should see a checked box labeled *Play sounds* and a *Configure* button next to it. Click on *Configure* and you will see a list of all possible ICQ events and the sounds currently associated with them. If you click on one of

the events to highlight it and then on the right-hand button, labeled *Select*, it will allow you to browse through directories and select the sound file you'd prefer played at the event.

Next, of course, are the colors. Go to *Preferences* again and choose the *Contact List* tab—one of the options on the right hand side, under the *Contact List Design* heading, is to *Customize Colors*. When pressed, this button will present a list of all the fields in the ICQ window—background, online users, offline users, etc. Select one of these options and a color selection window will pop up.

If you are among those for whom simple colors are not enough, fear not—there's a solution for you: skins. When you download one of the skin files, you can turn your ICQ window into your favorite image. The place to start is <http://www.icqplus.duru>—the site where you can download ICQPlus, which enables you to change the look of your ICQ window. They also have a nice collection of links to sites that provide the actual skins. Once installed, ICQPlus adds a *Plus* button to your ICQ main menu, which, when selected, allows you to choose between the skins you've downloaded. The look of other programs, such as the Winamp media player, can also be modified this way—just do a search for "skins" on any search engine.

That's it for this week's digital info! If you have questions, ICQ me at 18139862 :)

<< page 3 >> ers will test a woman more than a man, once you earn credibility and they trust you," Waldman explained, "they will tell you things they would never tell a man. I'm not in competition with the players, and they know that."

There is still a long way for women to go in the field of sportscasting, and to Waldman, it seems like only yesterday that she was being spit at and humiliated in locker rooms. She feels that women still cannot make mistakes on the job. She believes that when a male broadcaster makes an error, it is allowed to slide. "However," she said, "if I refer to George Steinbrenner as the owner of the Mets, something I would

never do, I'm just a stupid broad." At the present time she is still the only woman working for a major league baseball team in the broadcast booth.

Suzyn Waldman was a natural born feminist though she denies the label. Waldman believes that there will always be competition, but she feels that women have often been forced into competing with each other since they often found themselves fighting over the one position allotted to them. "Even today," Waldman says, "if you see a woman walk into your station, you know one of you isn't going to be there the next day." She thinks this is slowly changing, but she believes that the next generation of female sportscasters has

to end the practice of having only one token woman in any sportscasting team.

Today, the one aspect of her job that gives Waldman the most pride is witnessing young girls attempting to emulate her in her field of work. She knows that she has helped change the sports industry forever and has paved the way for other women to follow her. "Unlike the men out there, you are doing it for who is coming up behind you," said Waldman, "and that is very exciting. You are changing a paradigm, you are changing the way people think about women- and that is pretty heavy stuff."

Anna Isaacson is a Barnard junior.

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artspicks

for the week of february 16

film

Kadosh

At the Film Forum (209 W Houston Street). For information call (212) 727-8112. Tickets are \$9.

A story of two sisters from an ultra-orthodox Jewish community: Malka and her husband Meir, in love, but childless, are pressured by their rabbi to divorce so that Meir might fulfill God's commandment to procreate; Rivka is bullied into an arranged marriage. Amos Gitai's film examines religious faith in light of contemporary feminist ideas of self-fulfillment and equality.

Through February 29

theater

All's Well that Ends Well

HERE (145 6 Avenue). For information call (212) 647-0202. Admission is \$12.

Shakespeare's comedy about a girl who cures the king, and is rewarded with the husband of her choice. This production involves 10 actors, 12 chairs and a jazz piano.

Through February 27

an evening of Greek candor and song:

By Katya Schapiro

"When I close my eyes and open my mouth, that is audio-visual."

So said poet Olga Broumas, when she was offered the expanded technological opportunities that come from doing a poetry reading in the massive black box theatre of the Kitchen. She stood in a square of light in the cavernous space, with only a table and a glass of water. It was indeed a performance.

Her work harks back to the early constructions of poetry as a performance art, often composed on the spot, but always made to be heard and sung. In person, this is a very different art form from the literature of today. Rocking back and forth on her heels, eyes closed, voice soulful and half-finished, she really did give the impression that she was doing great spiritual work. The audience felt that they were not in the presence of reading, but of a channeling. Everything seemed immediate and urgent.

Broumas is a Greek-American poet of the sensual, the sexual, the sacred and the rest. She is also a bodywork masseuse and a teacher. She read from her new compilation, *Rave: 25 years of Ecstasy and Light*, and from various works that she has translated for the Greek Nobel laureate Odysseas Elytis. Broumas looks like a new age college professor in her early 40s. Dressed in black, her simple and unassuming appearance does not prepare one for her voice and delivery.

Her voice is breathy and unfinished, musical in rhythms that have more to do with syllables and sounds than with meaning. It makes one wonder if she has ever screamed, ever fully committed to a

sound that she made.

On Saturday, January 29, at the Kitchen in Chelsea, she half-whispered all her incantations and her introductions too. In classical Greek, where the stresses are expressed in the length of time that the syllable is held, rather than in emphasis, the music of the words is an actual readable pattern, rather than the author's choice. Clearly these poems, her own and those of Elytis, are not so mapped and formal, but she still chooses to sing many of them, caress them as songs, rather than speak them.

She began the program with a reverent reading of many poems by Elytis, clearly a hero of hers. Many of his works, like her own, combine nature, love for Greece and deference for lovers into the same images. They run the gamut from long elegies to three-line fragments. It was easy to get lost in the



poet Olga Broumas

rhythms, losing the words, and hearing only the cadence and the occasional repetitive phrase that punctuated the elegies. She also read shorter poems, with images of gardens, lovers and artistic hopes.

Broumas said that Elytis himself had asked her to translate his work, saying she "captured his music." She said that this was not always easy. Elytis often included linguistic constructions which were impossible in other languages, but should not be disarranged, because, as the poet's wife said, "you can't do this in Greek either." He plays with the possibilities of language and meaning. In order to illustrate this fully, Broumas read some poems line by line, first in Greek, then in English.

About two-thirds of the way into the

Olga Broumas cooks at the Kitchen

evening, Broumas moved on to her own work. She read poems from various periods in her life, ending with some early works.

Some were not as gentle as the few contemplations of a sleeping lover that she performed, and more than one word or phrase stood out oddly when whispered in her accented voice. One of her stated aims is to transform the "language of embarrassment and ugliness into language of confidence and love." She believes in the power of lyrical frankness, and is true to that goal in her erotica.

Most of the poems used varying imagery, with words that served a musical goal, as well as the immediate statement of the poem. One more straightforward piece was a poem about herself as a masseuse. She called the physical work of massage her "active state of religion" but said that it had been hard to write about because it is not a verbal part of her. The result, while illustrative of what she tries to accomplish in her bodywork, was more labored than many of the others. She finished with several short, ethereal 'Verses to Sappho.'

Broumas' words are often exciting and erotic, but they can also seem sappy, or too new age-y to retain meaning. They are usually saved from this fate by the verbal inventiveness and irreverence for poetic conventions that appears in her best poems. In writing, without her presence and delivery, the poems would be very different creatures. Her many published books and awards attest to the importance of her words on paper, but her performance of her work and her translations add a dimension of history and immediacy to the works that is very clear to see.

"I get so dizzy when I read," Broumas said at one point. She possesses the power to ravish herself in the process of her own performance, and it is this, even more than her work, that is ravishing about her.

The Kitchen Center for video, music, dance, performance, film and literature is located on West 19th street. For more information call 212-255-5793 or visit their website at www.thekitchen.org.

Katya Schapiro is a Barnard sophomore

artspicks

...continued

art

Walker Evans (1903-1975)

At the Metropolitan Museum of Art (1000 Fifth Ave. at 82nd street). For information call (212) 535-7710. Met admission free with CU ID.

175 of Evans' prints are on display at the Met, and together offer a unique documentation of American life, ranging from images of the depression and photo-essays in the 1940s to the photographer's work with Polaroids in the 1970s.

Through May 14

dance

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At the Brooklyn Academy of Music—Harvey Lichtenstein Theater (651 Fulton Street, Brooklyn). For information call (718) 636-4100. Tickets are \$15.

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Cecily Brown defies the death of painting

by Kelly McCoy

The art world has always relied on momentum. At times this forward thrust seduces artists so skillfully that they begin to compromise content and individual conviction for fad and phenomenon. Conversely, a lack of impetus in the art world results in a stillness that is tantamount to extinction. And painting, with its demise in the '80s, has slowed so greatly that some have, in hushes, declared it dead.

However, the suggested death of painting seems ridiculous when regarding the efforts of young artists in New York and London. Cecily Brown, in her show at the Gagosian Gallery, proves that the language of painting still has plenty to say. Her show runs through February 19 and features eight recent works. This is Brown's first solo exhibition at the Gagosian, signifying her increased presence in the New York art scene and a promise of excellence in the coming years.

Brown, although currently residing in Chinatown, began her art training and career in London. There she discovered an irresistible draw toward painting, despite the unfashionable view of this medium at the time. London is also where she realized her attitude toward the art form. "I'm reluctant to say I want to capture the sensation of sex, but in a way, I want to transcribe the feeling of heat inside your body, inside your mouth, the feeling of skin on skin, and flesh grasping," she said. "The subject is perfect for painting; painting is metaphor for sex. So I want it caressing; I want it brutal and I want it tender and everything at once."

Brown's career thus far has been marked by attempts to translate these sensations through visual language. The works of her younger years are known for their depiction of sex in abrupt, figurative images and the sensual representation of various sexual circumstances. Works often displayed men in only a shirt or underwear, and then there are her notorious paintings of bunnies in all sorts of physical predicaments. Past paintings have raised questions of orgies, infatuation with male genitalia and penetration.

Although Brown maintains the vivid aim of portraying a sensual and ephemeral moment, there is a shift of method in her new works. Her paintings now are less up front in their depiction of specific sexual acts, and somehow manage the space between figure and abstraction. Brown found her previous paintings faltering in that they made reference too concretely to

actual acts, and that viewers were reluctant or unable to understand a deeper sensuality beyond the figures represented. She said, "The place I'm interested in is where the mind goes when it's trying to make up for what isn't there. When something is just suggested."

Brown's shift toward abstraction proves effective, as is evident in her recent paintings. The works in the Gagosian show a maturity, sensitivity, and skill that were lacking in previous efforts. Brown allows herself to explore color range, adding green and blue to her usual flesh toned pallet. Blank canvas is contrasted with heavy, quick strokes to produce complex depth. Shapes, body parts and actions are hinted at but never fully revealed. The patient viewer is rewarded with each extra moment spent gazing into streams of color and space.

Space seems to be a concept that Brown visually understands. Each painting is, in some sense, a meditation on space. Most works are characterized by a bare central axis, with a concentration of strokes at or near the edge of the canvas which create depth. There is a sense of a complexity of space, mass, movement and weight. Although Brown says her work is best described as fictional, there seems to be a way in which the

courtesy of *Tim Out New York*



Cecily Brown, Suddenly Last Summer, 1999

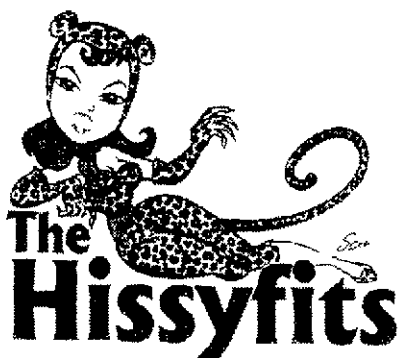
visual understanding of space, as present in her paintings at the Gagosian show, is somehow greater than our everyday, real comprehension allows. Although her skill for depicting density, mass, and shape is acute, this is not a new visual subject by any means and has been addressed by many virtuosos before Brown, including De Kooning and Pollock. Brown shows talent, but lacks distinctive insight. The triumph, however, of Brown's work is that it proves there is still plenty of vitality in the medium of painting.

This show is worth checking out because the viewer is asked to jump into the paintings. If only for twenty minutes, one can contemplate what it is about the body and its capacity for sensation that the mind can't even begin to understand. It is worth checking out because for all this writing, there are some things the brush can say better than the pen, and the eye can hear better than the ear.

The Gagosian Gallery is located in Soho at 136 Wooster Street, between W. Houston and Prince. Gallery hours are Tuesday through Saturday, 10am to 6pm and there is no admission charge.

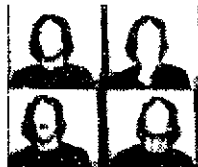
Kelly McCoy is a Barnard Sophomore and bulletin staff writer.

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music picks

for the week of february 16

february 17

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2537 Broadway (95 St) For
info call (212)-864-5400.
Tickets are \$18.

Come to sit and watch as the best of the best battle it out, cutting records back and forth. Every hip hop DJ in NYC will be there. This is a world-renowned event.

february 21

Yo La Tengo

At Other Music (15 E. 4th Street, 2 blocks south of Astor Place) For info, call: (212) 477-8150
Admission is FREE, but capacity is limited so get there early. 10:30pm - 1 am. There will be a DJ set and live performance by the band, plus free food and drinks. Be among the first to buy Yo La Tengo's highly anticipated new album at midnight. Yo La Tengo, godfathers (and godmother) of indie rock, are masters of innovation. They may have been around awhile, but they truly have one of the youngest acts around.

february 22

Elliot Smith

At Town Hall (123 W 43 St)
For info call (212) 840-2824
Tickets are \$14
He may have played at the Oscars in a white tuxedo, but if you live in

continued...

Schiff celebrates Bach

by Katrin Stamatis

This year marks the 250th anniversary of Johann Sebastian Bach's death. In honor of this milestone, Lincoln Center is presenting the Great Performers concert series, which offers a variety of concerts, discussions, and seminars on the works of Bach. On February 2, Andras Schiff performed the six English Suites by Bach at Alice Tully Hall, part of a colossal undertaking which includes performances of all six of the English Suites, the six French Suites, the Six Partitas as well as the French Overture in B minor.

The English Suites were written between 1717 and 1723 and are in the style of a popular form of dance music of the era, performed by members of royal courts and at social gatherings. While Bach's suites and partitas stem from this tradition, they are very difficult and complex. As a result, the pieces in the English Suites were never actually used for dancing. Instead, people preferred to listen to them in small concert settings or in their own homes.

Gradually, this tradition has changed, and now Bach is performed in great concert halls throughout the world.

Andras Schiff performed his rendition of the Bach pieces deliberately and with poise. When he appeared on stage, he acknowledged the audience with two quick bows and then sat at the piano. Just as everyone had settled, and without all of the usual fanfare of last-minute, on-stage adjustments, he simply began to play.

Slightly hunched at the piano, his unassuming position created a feeling of intimacy, as though one were watching him play in his living room. Indeed, he seemed unaware of the sold-out audience that loomed around him as he

played with complete composure. The program lasted two and half hours, and included all of the six English Suites.

It is a pleasure to hear Bach played by not only a terrific pianist, but also by such a scholar. Schiff has a deep understanding of Bach, and it was obvious that his every note had been carefully considered. There is often controversy over how Bach should be performed in this century, now that we are so removed from the way his music was originally performed. The instruments are far different today than they were in the late

courtesy of Andras Schiff seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, during the Baroque period. Bach originally wrote these suites for harpsichord or clavichord, which are far more delicate instruments than the modern day piano. In a recent *New York Times* article, Schiff defended the usage of the piano, stating that one should not squabble over the authenticity of the instrument when it is far more important that the music is played well. "Bach performance on the piano, however "inauthentic," can in fact be historically



Concert pianist Andras Schiff

aware and well informed," he said.

Schiff's performance illustrated his point exactly. He communicated the message in the music, thus proving that the medium is of little importance as long as the music is well interpreted. He played with extreme delicacy and articulation throughout the performance, which did indeed seem to evoke the spirit of the harpsichord. Since harpsichords cannot sustain notes, he correspondingly never used the sustaining pedal on his piano, giving even greater authenticity to the performance. His delicacy sometimes seemed to prevent some of the notes from taking their full place in the piece, but this did not detract from the performance. Within the Suites, he

moved swiftly from one movement to the next, building a sense of continuity and coherence. The last Gigue (from Suite no. 6 in D minor) was perhaps the most memorable; he seemed to have saved himself for this finale, and his most powerful playing was done in this movement. In the last moments of the concert, Schiff invoked the sound of an organ, (for which Bach so often composed) as he sustained (without the pedal) a bass chord, while gliding through an organ-

like sequence in the top voice. His rhythm was controlled throughout the movements, and only slight rubatos served to accentuate the melody in some places.

This was a spectacular performance. It is essential that everyone hear how Andras Schiff plays Bach, and I highly recommend that you attend one of his concerts in this series at Lincoln Center.

Katrin Stamatis is a Barnard ????

album reviews

Kool Keith truly *Lost in Space*

Keith Thorton, self-titled Kool Keith, is so 'kool' that he's freezing. While others may consider his style to be innovative and pushing the limits of hip-hop, judging from his latest album *Black Elvis/Lost in Space*, I consider his work to be in its experimental stages—lacking rhythmic quality and creativity.

Keith has been in and out—more out than in—of the hip-hop scene for the last decade. He has been on the cutting edge since his first emergence in 1987 with a New York group, the Ultramagnetics, but has never brought him farther towards stardom, critical acclaim or major record sales.

Black Elvis/Lost in Space will certainly not guarantee him a seat at the Grammy's. Song titles such as "Supergalactic Lover," "Livin' Astro," and "Static" were neither inspiring nor thought provoking. The repetitious, technologically distorted racket that should have been left on the editing room floor during production overshadowed his talent in lyrical mastery. It's possible to hear moments of originality in "Black Elvis" and "I Don't Play" but there's not enough content that would urge me to run down to Tower Records to buy this record.

Though I can appreciate artists going out on a limb and moving away from the stale, insipid beats of mainstream music, Kool Keith was way too far out in space for me to appreciate.

—Ana Liza L. Caballes



musicpicks

...continued

Williamsburg, Brooklyn, you may have caught him putting his undies in the dryer at a laundromat. Smith is some sort of folk rockstar enigma, and his music will break your heart. Solo acoustic show, just Elliot and his guitar.

february 23

Eliades Ochoa y Cuarteto

Patria at Irving Plaza (17 Irving Place @ E. 15th Street) For info, call (212) 777-6800 Tickets are \$30.

He's been called the "Cuban Johnny Cash," but as one of the less famous members of Buena Vista Social Club, you may not be familiar with his name although his presence in the Club's music is strong. At his last NYC appearance, crowds nearly knocked The Bottom Line down trying to get inside, so get your tickets now!

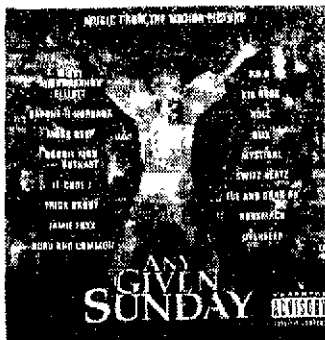
february 24

The Swirlies

At The Knitting Factory 74 Leonard St., between Church and Broadway. For information call (212) 219-3006.

The Swirlies are returning after a two year hiatus, during which the trio picked up two new guitarists. Bring your pillow and some valium and prepare to hear the soundtrack to your dreams.

Any Given Sunday soundtrack: testosterone fest



If you've ever felt the intensity of a sweaty locker room in the moments before a crucial game, you already know what listening to this CD is like.

A dramatic mix of hip-hop and hard rock, this soundtrack is a testosterone-pumped ensemble of big-name artists, such as LL Cool J, Kid Rock, DMX, Hole and Missy "Misdemeanor" Elliot. As for the quality of the music, it's nothing really out of the ordinary, but the hip-hop tracks definitely outrank the rock. "Shut 'Em Down" by LL Cool J is my personal favorite. In a nutshell, this soundtrack can be likened to "JockJams," without the techno and a hundred times the aggression, reflected in the rampant explicit language. Worth listening to, but only if you really like rap or are preparing to go kick the other team's a**!

—Eltza Bang

Turkish baths steam away stress

By Margaret Lee

You enter a small, bustling room, with a makeshift deli on one side and a small counter on the other. It is occupied by older Eastern European men, who, after giving you a cursory once-over, return to their tasks. There are no signs or directions to indicate where you are, what you should do, where you should go, or even what you are about to experience.

Standing on a small single-file line leading up to the counter on your right seems like the only sensible thing to do. Once it is your turn, the counter clerk gives you a long tin box and instructs you to place all of your valuables inside. You follow his instructions, and then he gives you a set of keys and motions to



if you're modest, bring a suit

the next customer. It is then that you give him a nervous look and confess your ignorance of the workings of the establishment. His stoic facial expression turns to one of amusement as he says, "Oh, first time. We have robes and towels, just go down stairs, there are four different rooms, it's heavenly. You'll have fun." With those reassuring words, you begin your exploration of the Russian and Turkish Baths.

The Russian and Turkish Baths are located on a relatively quiet stretch of 10 St between First Avenue and Avenue A. A small, antiquated sign which hangs above the nondescript brownstone in which the baths are housed, is the only indication of their existence. However, the baths have been located at 268 East 10 St since 1892. While many baths were established during a national movement to promote public bathhouses that occurred during the late 1900s due to crowded tenements which lacked adequate bathing facilities, this particular bath was not part of that

movement. The use of public baths declined in the early twentieth century with the passage of the Tenement Housing Law of 1901, which required running water on all stories of buildings. Commercial bathhouses, which catered to a specific clientele, began to thrive, and the Turkish and Russian Baths on 10 St were

germaine halegoua

the most well know in the city. More than half of the commercial bath houses in New York City were owned and used by Jews from Eastern Europe seeking to uphold religious and social bathing traditions.

Although it has been over 100 years since its establishment, the Russian and Turkish Bathhouse has not lost its Old World feel. The changing room consists of twenty-five lockers, a bench and a scratched mirror. The bathhouse

provides towels, flip-flops and robes. Bring a bathing suit, as the robes are not designed for modesty.

Downstairs, there are four rooms which offer various types of heat. The Russian baths are steam baths, and the Turkish baths are hot air baths. I would recommend

beginning with either of the two Russian baths. One of them is a typical sauna room, and the other is a wet steam room. The wet steam room is a large stone-walled room with wooden bleachers

along the walls. Jutting out of the bleachers are a series of cold-water faucets and large buckets. Because the room is almost unbearably hot, you should dip your towel in the cold water buckets and inter-

mittently towel yourself off with the ice-cold water. However, the more exciting and exhilarating method is to withstand the heat for as long as possible and then dump an ice cold bucket of water over your entire body.

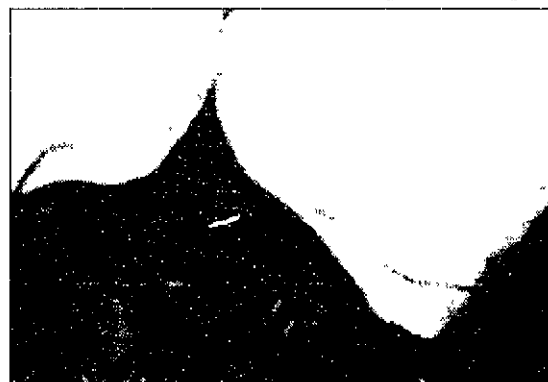
The sauna room is quite small, but because of the extreme thickness of the steam, you will not experience any discomfort from the close quarters. The temperature and moisture of the air in the sauna room give it a womb-like quality. The slight presence of eucalyptus makes it a haven for anyone suffering from sinus congestion. Overall, this room is the perfect place to sit and sweat all those academic anxieties away.

The Turkish baths are a bit less tolerable. The extreme dry heat is a nice change from the moisture of the Russian baths. However, I found it difficult to sit in either of the two rooms for more than ten minutes. The larger of the two dry-heat rooms is equipped with a cold water shower nozzle, which helps greatly to alleviate the fiery conditions of the room. The other room, unfortunately, provides no relief from the heat. However, against the advice of the regulars, you can jump into the ice-cold polar bear swimming pool in the hall afterwards to return your body temperature to normal.

If this is not enough, massages and body scrubs are available, with prices ranging from \$26 to \$45, in addition to the

germaine halegoua

\$20 single admission rate. For those who prefer to bathe in the nude, there are women and men-only hours. Co-ed hours are Monday, Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday from 8am-10pm, and Sunday after 2pm. Women only



flip-flops are provided

hours are Wednesdays 9am-10pm. Men only hours are Thursday 8am-10pm and Sunday 8am-2pm.

Margaret Lee is a Barnard junior.

steppin' out in the freeze: winter fun in new york

By Courtney Martin and Kelly McCoy

So the snow is falling, and you're trying to remember what it is about these crazy little flakes that got Bing Crosby all misty-eyed. Clue: it's beauty. And unexpected spontaneity. Let it take you with it, and remember that snow angels increase in power the more you make.

In Riverside park on any given snowy day, there is a gathering of kids who haven't forgotten why they've been saving that sled in the back of the closet for almost a year. There are always those amazing snowmen, snowdragons, and abstract snowsculptures just longing for you to give them form. A mischievous message scrawled out in the snow will brighten the day of those who take time to read it. For a religious moment, solace can be found by simply lying on your back and watching the sky paint the earth.

Bing Crosby sang deep and lovely, but we all know even his song eventually came to an end. The freeze comes faster than finals and you are slipping all over the glossy sidewalk; now is time to embrace the slick. High-tail it to the nearest ice skating rink, the prettiest and most accessible of which are in Central Park. There are two rinks to choose from—the Wollman Rink, which is mid-park at 62 St (call 396-1010 for info) and the Lasker Rink (396-0388). So head to the Park and strap on some skates that would rival Kristi Yamaguchi's. Your moves may not be refined, and it's admittedly been a while since the pizza and rink birthday parties of your youth, but don't underestimate the allure of falling right into another skater's lap. Your bum may be wet, but your disposition will be warm and chummy after sharing this fate with another clumsy skater.

Speaking of warmth, there is certainly a call for some inside activities too, especially when the wind kicks up and makes it virtually impossible to brave the sidewalks of the city. French Roast, a twenty-four hour bistro, is ready to warm you from the inside out. There is a French Roast not too far from campus, located at Broadway and 85 St, and for those of you too frozen to make the hike, the 1/9 stops at 86 St. The other location is at Sixth Avenue and 11 St. Entrees cost from \$6-15, and they serve specialty coffees. The bowl-like cups of hot chocolate will have you feeling like a Campbell's soup kid—and you thought only mama could make you feel this safe. But the techno music in the background and the couple

in black sitting next to you make sure you don't forget you're in New York City.

It's possible to find remnants of summer to oppose this winter weather - a trip to the Brooklyn Botanical Gardens will leave you breathless, as will the butterfly exhibit at the Natural History Museum. The Natural History Museum is located at 79 St and Central Park West, and admission is only \$5 for students. Watching butterflies land on your sweater is well worth it. The Brooklyn Botanical Gardens can be reached by taking the D, Q, or S to Prospect Park. Entrances are located at the corner of Flatbush Avenue and Empire Boulevard, and the corner of Washington Avenue and Eastern Parkway. Imagine—orchids in February.

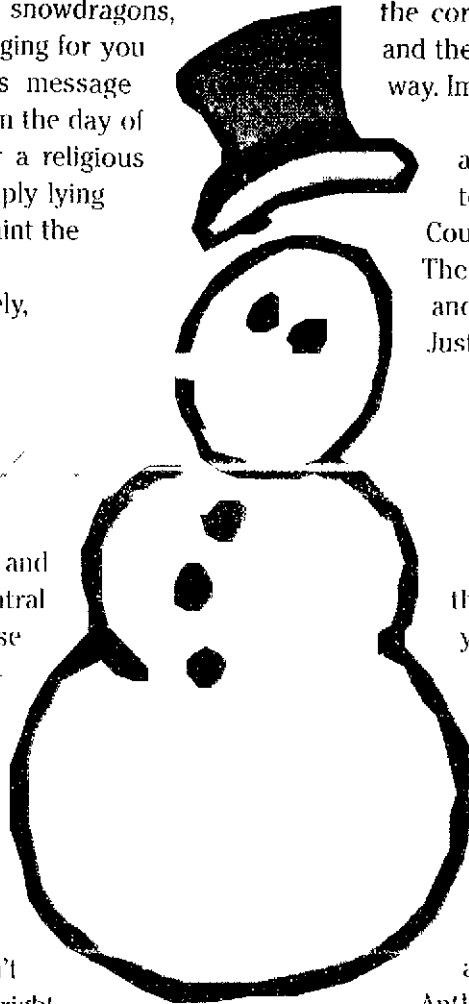
If you are not in the mood for a museum, there is always the virtual opposite to partake in: your television debut at the Manhattan Mall, where Court TV tapes audience reactions live and uncut. The Manhattan Mall is located at 33 St and 6 Avenue, and filming takes place at lunchtime every week-day. Just don't forget to mention the *bulletin* in your Emmy award speech!

Eventually all good things come to an end. The pristine winter wonderland becomes a dirty brown world of slowly melting snow and slushy conditions. Could there possibly be a remedy on those days when you come home from class with your socks so wet your feet are pruny? The slushy day calls for childhood puddle-jumping (rather than the soggy cornflake mentality). Hike up those jeans and take a leap into one of the slushy pools around campus.

Hop your way right to that avant-garde movie you've been meaning to see. If it's a true art film, by the time the credits roll your socks and shoes should be dry. Angelika Film Center, Anthology Film Archives and Film Forum are all worth checking out. The Angelika is located at 18 West Houston at Mercer and Anthology Film Archives is located at 32 Second Avenue at Second Street. Film Forum is located at 209 W Houston Street between 6 Ave and Varick St.

If all else fails and you just can not bear to brave the cold (wimp!) than there is always the nestle-up-in-the-dorm-room option. Rent some classic island paradise movies that will at least give you the illusion of warmth—*Cocktail*, *Blue Lagoon*, and *South Pacific*, to name a few. Brew up some apple cider, throw a little belly-warming Tuaca in there, share a blanket and get chummy via Eskimo kisses with someone equally afraid of the cold.

Courtney E. Martin and Kelly McCoy are Barnard sophomores and *bulletin* staff writers.



mita's musings
mita's musings
mita's musings
mita's musings

romance for sale

by Mita Mallick

"Romance is fake," exclaims Christina's father. "All that stuff from Hollywood movies and TV—fake!" he continues,

waving his arms in the air. She always laughs, skeptical of what he says, as she shares these tidbits with me. No decent person is in the street after ten o'clock. Don't trust anybody. Guys are only after one thing. My best friend's father has always been full of insightful advice.

Valentine's Day, the holiday which perpetuates this notion of romance, has snuck up on me. I had convinced myself that this year I would harbor no resentment towards it; I hadn't given it a second thought. No plotting on the various black outfits I might wear, no fantasies about throwing snowballs at people dressed in red sweaters with heart earrings. Then one afternoon I walked into my kitchen last week only to find that the evilness had pervaded into my very own home. My suitemates, Mia and Kiwa, had fallen prey to the madness. Little bowls filled with various assortments of red and pink candies covered the table. I was blinded by the colorful foil wrappers twinkling in the dim light.

I was enraged! I thought that there would be no such ridiculous celebrations in my suite. My suitemates were now all over taken by the madness: the illusion of romance. My friend calmly rationalized to me that other people should be able to enjoy the warmth of this wonderful holiday season in peace. After all, who am I to be "The Wench Who Stole V-Day?"

Valentine's Day is one of those holidays which brings in astronomical sales in terms of greeting cards and chocolates. One of my suitemates spent sixty dollars during one stop at Cardomat for her sister and her sweet. The Barnard Residence Halls will be overflowing with flowers and gifts waiting to be picked up by residents. I have often contemplated sending myself a dozen red roses. "To Mita, the love of my life. Yours, Ricky Martin."

What bothers me most about the holiday is the mass commercialization of it, the way in which it dictates the way a relationship can turn out. Consider the six-month turning point in a relationship. Buying a box of Brachs chocolate from Rite Aid. Buying a box of Godiva chocolates from Madison Avenue. The two options could have seriously

different outcomes.

By coincidence, or maybe not, my suitemates are all now embarking onto the first stages of relationships. Besides Ting who is in a two-year relationship, Kiwa, Mia, and Deena all have up coming first, second and third round dates. I wonder how it works if you start seeing someone a week before V-Day. At any rate, I am convinced they'll all get some token of affection. I am hoping it's chocolates so I can scrounge a piece or two. Okay, so I might be opposed to the practice of this Valentine thing, but who can resist free chocolate?

Valentine's Day has seduced society. We are filled with red, lovely thoughts of sweet chocolates, soft, cuddly stuffed animals and sparkling jewels to decorate ourselves with.

Since when do I have to designate a day to be thoughtful? One day a year when a red heart will show how much I care.

It goes without saying that thoughtfulness should be a

part of your daily interactions. As a poor student, I may not be able to afford Godiva, but I'll buy my friend a candy bar when she's stressed. Send a card to a friend who I haven't talked to in awhile. Hold doors open. Smile at people. Make conversations with strangers in elevators. I don't need a grown adult in diapers flying around and shooting people in the butts with arrows to tell me that.

Props to Well-Woman though. On their calendar, the date of the fourteenth of February is untouched. Nothing like "buy chocolates for your sweet." A blank square. Who knows. Maybe they customized a special calendar just for me.

Joe, my seventeen-year old brother, said it best. "This is why I play the field. Having a girlfriend on Valentine's Day is stress. They're too expensive!" Well, we are. It's ironic the amount of stress a holiday of love can cause.

The aisle of red in Rite Aid is a surreal experience to walk through. You'll be surrounded by some of man's ugliest creations. For only \$7.99 a pig will oink for you, "Be my Valentine," if you beat its pink stomach hard enough. The pink pig in the aisle of red is at Rite Aid an insight into the many complicated facets of our culture. If romance is fake, for once a year—on the fourteenth of February—it can be purchased by any one of us. Even romance is for sale.

Mita Mallick is a Barnard senior and bulletin columnist.

dreams deferred...too early?

By Courtney E. Martin

Home for the break and restless from all the obligatory family outings and high school reunion drama, I resorted to my father's collection of home movies that sits in our basement collecting dust. The first was a collection of unfocused scenes from various childhood birthday parties: my brother's fourth when the clown never showed up and he dismissed every present that didn't have a Star Wars insignia, my ninth when all I cared to share with the camera was my very snooty clique of best friends. They went on like this in a torrent of who I have been, and more significantly, what I have dreamed. I found five-year-old me staring thoughtfully into the camera after my father had asked what I wanted to be when I grew up. With my head tilted to the side, my knotted ponytail falling over one tiny ear I announced, "I want to be a part-time waitress and a part-time doctor."

Okay, so the whole dual waitress-doctor option is not exactly commonplace. I realize that this announcement was spurred by sensational movie dramatizations of the two occupations rather than anything close to reality. But I walked away from my retreat into my father's fuzzy VH version of my childhood with a very important lesson: we are too young to get cynical about our dreams.

As I approach the sophomore rite of passage of declaring a major I am stunned at how easy it is to sell out. You entered Barnard sure you were going to be a sculptor and buy some little dive in the Village where you and your lover (you never marry in the real artist fantasies) would eat exotic fruit all day and be famished at night by your long hours of creating, creating, creating. You want to open a coffee shop where volumes of amazing poetry cover the tables and coffee sippers are forced to deal with the brilliance of Sanchez and Rosetti along with their biscotti. You want to teach kindergarten in public schools and look into eager eyes every morning, knowing that, though your wallet is virtually empty, your investments are meaningful. You want to be a mad scientist who spends lonely hours in a lab, blasting Bjork, in order to emerge after a year with the cure for cancer. All this you dream.

Then, you leave Barnard and become an investment banker. You head straight for the corporate rat race where you churn out hypothetical figures fit to make somebody as disproportionately wealthy as a king, and sit around in your own two-story family home feeling safe and satisfied like some suburban queen. You have taken the route that made sense and sounded good at the dinner table with your parents' friends. You have made the choice that is saturated in safety and pragmatism.

But, you have also sold out very early on.

It just isn't right that so many of us enter Barnard committed to following some real inner calling, like visual arts or writing, or maybe even teaching, and leave thinking that unless we make six figures, we are wasting our tuition money. For those of us inclined towards the sciences, the story is the same. As a third grader did you look into your teacher's eyes, and filled with hope and promise, declare "I want to work for a big biotech firm that invents the latest disposal plastics." No. You wanted to save the world with your genetic discoveries. You wanted to grow flowers as tall as buildings and make your grandmother's hand stop shaking. Then you decide to major in

It just isn't right that so many of us enter Barnard committed to following some real inner calling . . . and leave thinking that unless we make six figures, we are wasting our tuition money.

chemistry and high-tail it to the highest paying powerhouse of chemical engineering which supplies Dupont with the latest, tightest-sealing form of Tupperware. A big salary and the immediate gratification of a corporate position outweigh the stress of the MCAT and of years of frustrating residency. Dreams seem too demanding.

Right around major declaration time is when it seems to hit the hardest. You mention to your

parents that you were thinking about majoring in French and they miraculously convince you to go to France for Spring Break but major in economics. You get misty eyed and inspired just thinking about sitting in philosophy classes for the next four years, but then you get a headache with the undeniable echo of what your great aunt had said about your possible major, "Philosophy?! What the hell can anyone do with a major in that?"

I challenge everyone, including myself, not to let Barnard be the start of your cynicism. I understand that when we will be in the real world, making money to put food on the table, we will have to be pragmatic and consider working a nine-to-five in addition to sculpting; but right now, at least for a few more years, I think we should let ourselves make wishes. We should still be dreaming, following our hearts, and all the other idealistic over-the-rainbow hype, because childhood doesn't last forever. College is an incredible opportunity to explore the most sentimental, hungry parts of who we are and if we sign up for another math course when what we really want to do is sing, then we are wasting that opportunity.

There is no food service major, and, truthfully, I can't stand the sight of blood, but I promise to spend more time listening to the five-year-old in the video. Although her logic was faulty and her pony tail nappy, she knew a little something about following fantastic dreams in spite of impracticality.

Courtney E. Martin is a Barnard sophomore and bulletin staff writer.

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